

CRACCUUM

Registered for transmission by post as a newspaper.

VOLUME 44, ISSUE NO. 4

Free to students

COPS ON CAMPUS...

Council Fails to Act - Buck Passed to Senate

The University Council, at last week's meeting, failed to call for a public enquiry into allegations that police overstepped their instructions concerning police use of the University grounds at the Agnew demonstrations in January, but passed a motion calling on the Senate to examine the question of the use of the grounds by students and staff.

Vice-Chancellor K.J. Maidment reported to Council that the policy committee had received submissions from staff and students. He said that the complaints amounted to the fact that the police had departed from a previous understanding that students could move freely around the grounds.

He said he and Chancellor W.H. Cooper had been to Wellington for a lengthy talk with the Commissioner of Police, Mr G.C. Urquhart, and further that they had been to see the acting-commissioner of police in Auckland, Mr P.A. Byrne, with Studass President Mike Law, Professor Percy of the Association of University Teachers and education lecturer Eric Braithwaite.

Chancellor Cooper said that the police had been very afraid that missiles might be thrown.

"This would be most unfortunate from the point of view of the University if such a thing should happen," he said. "The police said that if people did jump over the fence, then they had the right of pursuit if they felt those people should be arrested." Mr Maidment said the same would apply if the people used any bad language.

"DIRTY WORD"

Mr Justice Speight asked if the Council wished to query the right of students and staff to be on the grounds 24 hours a day, seven days a week. "The University is becoming a dirty word because of the actions of a small minority—activities going on within a small sanctuary."

"The good feelings which have been generated within the last few years are being dissipated by their misdoings," he said. He said he was not happy that the University grounds were regarded as student property where students could do what they like.



Bill Rudman

Student representative Bill Rudman said that while everyone agreed that the present deterioration in relations between students and police should not continue, Mr Byrne's letter did not answer any questions raised about incidents either inside or outside the grounds.

"I and Mike Law, with full identification, were stopped and turned away when we were well away from any demonstration. Secondly, it is obvious that the police were under pressure from the American Secret Service."

(Laughter from some Council members) "You may scoff," Rudman continued. "But the police did not act as they normally do. For example, they were looking for people up trees. I think the allegations made should be answered and discussed openly. No other part of society conducts its own inquiries. Very few students are giving the University a bad name, and it's the same with the police."

"We are missing out on the whole question. We still don't know what really happened. The police scoffed at the allegations, the Prime Minister scoffed, but the University's policy committee accepted some of these allegations."

"MERITORIOUS"

Mr E.V. Dumbleton said there should be a resolution from the Council giving the Vice-Chancellor authority to order people in certain parts of the grounds to disperse, and if they did not disperse, to call the police. Mr Justice Speight commented that this was a meritorious suggestion.

The head of the Law School, Professor Northey said that the Government had refused to hold an open enquiry and the University should wait for comment from the police in Auckland and Wellington. He suggested that the University senate should be asked to devise acceptable rules for the use of University grounds and buildings by the student and staff.

Dumbleton: The Senate should consider the responsibilities of the University in relation to demonstrations.

Maidment: We have no sovereign remedies for these things.

Rudman: We are jumping the gun long before it's needed.

Lecturers' representative Jim Dart pointed out that the Agnew demonstrations had been placed on the Council agenda so that Council could consider the actions of the police, not of staff and students.

A motion from Sir Douglas that Senate should consider rules for the use of the grounds by staff and students was eventually passed.

"It's clear," he said, "That there was a lack of communication in the police chain of command. While we agreed to certain things, those instructions seem not to have percolated down, largely because the situation was something unprecedented. It's the first time the University has been in Government House grounds and the police had to improvise rather more than they had expected."

Mr Maidment said that Byrne had told them individual complaints were being looked at by the Commissioner in Wellington. Mr Maidment said

that the council should request that the University's dossier be passed on in the same way to make sure the complaints are being dealt with. He said that the police wanted nothing less than to create any illwill with the University and students.

"They are there to protect the University rather than to attack it or its members. They will do everything to prevent it happening again," said Mr Maidment.



Chancellor Cooper

He said Urquhart had told him that any attempt to demand identification in the future would be quite wrong as it led to confusion and bad tempers. He said there would be a very minimum of police there in the future.

"They would not interfere with staff, students or their proper guests. They would be in the background."

"NOT AWARE"

Mr Maidment read a letter he had received from Byrne last week which said in part that the inclusion of Government House grounds in the University had been comparatively recent and that the older members of police may not have been aware of the rights of students. The letter said that in the future, all police would be thoroughly briefed on the rights of students and staff.

Printers reject Capping Book

The Waikato Times Publishing Company, which printed last year's Capping Book, has refused to print Capping Book '70 because they have been advised that the copy submitted so far is "both defamatory and indecent".

A letter received on March 18 from Mr R.C. Fuller, the manager of the Times' commercial printing division, stated that two sections of the book had been submitted and the Times' solicitors felt that both were defamatory and indecent. The letter said that the Times was mindful of the fact that the subject of the printing of

Who is the Isle of Wight

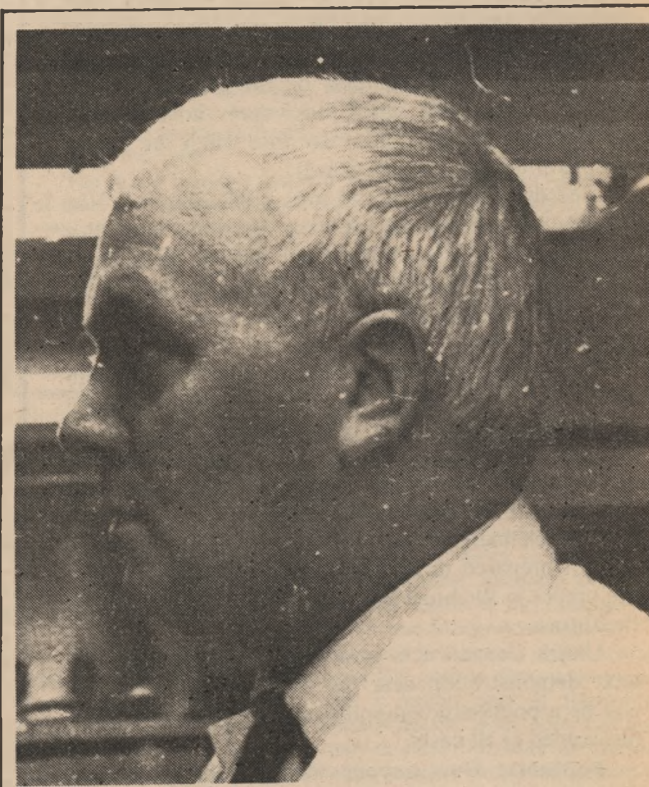
The following item appeared in the English paper, The Observer on March 8.—

Any chance of the royal pop concert that swinging Auckland is staging later this month for Prince Charles and Princess Anne turning into another Isle of Wight?

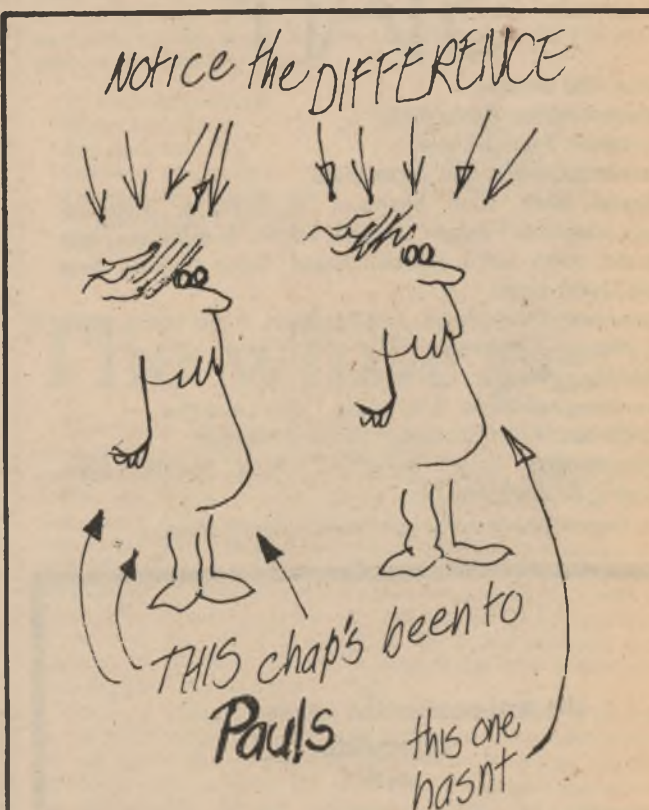
Hardly, say experts of the New Zealand pop scene. Western Springs Stadium where it's all going to be at is more suited to motor racing and Fijian firewalking spectacles.

What is there for the Prince and Princess, then? Five professional pop groups, 30-odd semi-pros and some amateurs dotted round the sheep stations, they are all as hairy as the ones back home, but they've got names like early-Elvis - 'The Rebels' and 'The Avengers', for instance. 'The Fourmyulas' (sic) are currently No. 1 in the N.Z. charts. The best female group consists of three jovial, married, Maori Ladies whose singing resembles the Beverley Sisters, and there's a favourite disc jockey called Neville Chamberlain who's jokey and fortyish.

Right now everyone's dancing the Crunch. Highlight of New Zealand Pop year is the Battle of the Bands, which starts at the Auckland YMCA and has a first prize of \$500, a 50-watt amplifier and return ticket to Australia.



The cafeteria manager, Mr John Agnew, has resigned his position and will leave on April 15. The appointment of the new caf manager was discussed in committee at the last Executive meeting.



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The capering puppet

Once again, the University Council has proved how out of touch with University feeling it is.

Student representation on the Council becomes a farce when supposedly respectable members of that body lack sufficient courtesy to restrain their laughter when the students' representative says something they disagree with.

Will Council members ever realize that they are not the University? That students and staff are? And that Council is supposed to administer the University for the benefit of students and staff, and not to save the Government of the day embarrassment?

These questions were raised by last week's Council discussion on the Agnew demonstrations.

Not a sound was heard (except from the students' and lecturers' representatives) querying police activities in the grounds. Instead, the only motion that was passed concerned the setting up of rules governing the movements of students and staff in the grounds.

Mr Maidment pointed out that the University had approached the police on at least three occasions after the demonstrations. And what came out of all this scurrying about?

Only that the police were very anxious to avoid creating any ill-will in the future between the University and themselves. Of course, they reserved the right to pursue offenders onto the grounds and the right to arrest offenders on the ground. Trivial points really, it's just that they cover every conceivable situation likely to arise when the police wish to enter the grounds at will.

And did the Council call for a public inquiry? No, indeed, sir. After all, it was pointed out, the Government has stated that there will be no inquiry. As though the Government attitude was based on solid rock. Politicians are elected to be used, not genuflected to.

Student feeling on the matter was well brought out at last week's SGM where, among other motions, it was decided to reject proposals governing future demonstrations near the ground until complaints arising from the Agnew demonstrations had been dealt with to the satisfaction of SRC.

Council members should take note that students are not prepared to see these complaints swept under the carpet in the hope that all will be pie-in-the-sky in the future.

Unless Council acts positively in this matter, the next demonstration near the Hotel Intercontinental will be a police-student confrontation—and that must be avoided at all costs.

Footnote: Does anyone want to lay odds that Council will go into committee when it discusses the results of the police inquiry?

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This space provided for armchair REVOLUTIONARIES



The following letter was received by Ellis Gilmer, Billingting Controller, last week.

"To whom it may concern;

Re your letter to the Editor of the Auckland Star asking people to billet university students over the Easter period. To the majority of the people in Auckland, the name "University Student", offends the nostrils, and would not have one inside the gate, let alone living in the house. While anti-Royalist anti-American, and pro-Communist W. B. Rudman, and his stooges carry on, and make the public statements they do, the students image will get progressively worse. The remarks of Rudman in the Herald today clearly indicate that he is also anti-police.

Citizen of Auckland." The letter was dated 17th March and posted in Panmure.

Sir,

Just a few observations re Tim Shadbolt at Forum of March 12. If we take his complaint re cops on campus to its logical conclusion then we would have to exclude Tim himself. Why?

Because at least the cop is a student at A.U.; whereas Shadbolt is not a student—nor is he a member of Studass. So from where does he derive the right to speak at Forum?

Also I accuse him of fascist tendencies—yes fascist! Did you not hear him alluding to half caste Maoris as "social climbing bastards" and saying that such Maoris are the worst type. Yet presumably he supports HART—what then are his motives for supporting HART?

Again he referred to the magistrate Rosen as "a 5'6" Jew" and "you can imagine what kind of inferiority complex he's got". Surely this is radical snobbery at its worst. Therefore in Shadbolt we have someone from outside the university doing an Enoch Powell under the guise of liberalism—I ask you, didn't Hitler start the same way? Perhaps the Studass Executive could give a bit of thought to this.

Fourth Year Student

J. Devritt.

I'd prefer you not to print my name.

Footnote—Under AUSA's Constitution, Shadbolt, a student last year, is a member of Studass until March 31, 1970. Further, Forum was designed to be an opportunity for uninhibited

speech. To place restrictions on the qualifications of Forum speakers is to defeat that purpose. The place to answer these speakers is at Forum, not in the letter columns of Craccum.—Ed.

Sir,

I am amused at the audacity of the editor considering—much less publishing—A Kiwi Classified (last issue) by Mike Seguin MA, Dip Tchg (mustn't forget the letters to bolster his inferiority complex). It's the biggest bunch of codwalloping-lowdown-drivelling bullsh. ever written on the subject of the average New Zealander. Mr Seguin's opinion is valueless as he is not even a New Zealander, has taught only in primary schools, and has never attended that marvellous institution, the New Zealand secondary school.

I did learn about "racial and social bigotry, about the political alienation of yourself from decision-making, about the manipulation of your life by mass media, advertising agencies and economists" and also by psychologists, even if Mr Seguin's American education was not so kind. So little does he even know about New Zealand education

that he does not realize that six hours a day are spent at school—not five.

My parents did not "dominate" my thoughts and "control" my every action, and from my experiences other parents are not guilty of these gross atrocities either. Obviously these crimes are of American origin, not New Zealand, and are the cause of the great American Monster.

Mike Butler.

Sir,

The teacher and organizers of the 1969 Yoga Society wish to make it clear that classes this year will continue to be run for the benefit of those interested in Hatha Yoga.

An agreement has been reached with Mr Postlethwaite of the Divine Life Society, whereby two classes will be held; one class in Hatha yoga, taught by Jane McLeod, on Tuesdays 7-8 pm in the Judo room, and one in Scientific yoga, taught by Mr Postlethwaite at a time and place to be arranged.

Peter Boyd, Yoga Society

Here's a fascinating snippet from the People's Voice of March 4, 1970:

"... a fraction of every penny dropped in the slots of public lavatories in London parks goes to the Queen."

A 20-year-old fourth-year law student, Alan Stones, has been appointed Social Controller on the Studass Executive. He fills the gap left by the resignation of Graham Camp.

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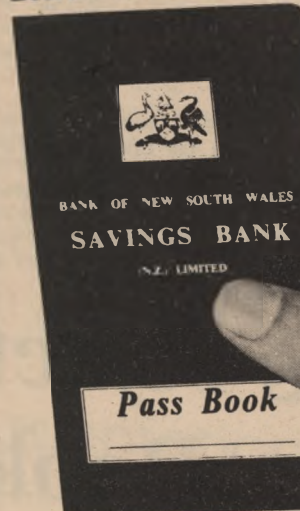
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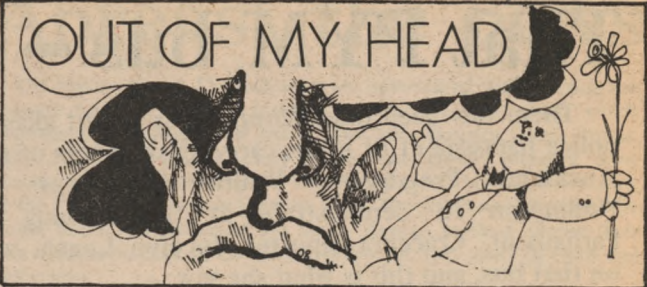
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Lizzie lashed

BY TIM SHADBOLT

Poor old Lizzie—I mean what's this poor, simple passive figurehead of past power got to do with modern day protest? Well, no one is particularly upset by the inoffensive Lizzie, but the whole concept of monarchy is basically pretty sick.

The British monarchy is an embodiment of inequality of power, inequality of wealth, inequality of property, based on the iniquitous hereditary principle of power by right of birth, which means that we may be blessed with King Charles III in the future. What power has Elizabeth got? Although no longer having direct administrative or executive power, she has the very considerable power of consultation, and advises the Prime Minister at weekly meetings.

As supreme spiritual head and patroness of the Church of England, she heads the second largest Church in Christendom, and one of the principal bodies of mental repression and dogmatic soulmurdering in the world today. Her elevated birth supposedly gives her dignity, and dignity supposedly gives her moral power. Has she ever used the moral power given her as titular head of the Commonwealth? All she did was declare the reprieve of 3 Africans condemned to death for acts of guerilla war in Rhodesia. They were hanged. She did nothing to stop Britain arming the Nigerian genocide of Biafra, or even to help millions of starving Biafrans. She has said nothing about Australian and New Zealand participation in the Vietnam War, or the plight of Africans, Asians, and "Coloureds" in both South Africa and Rhodesia, Indians and other Asians in Kenya, French Canadians, Indians and Eskimos in Canada, Moslems and untouchables in India, Hindus in Pakistan, aborigines in Australia, Maoris and Islanders in New Zealand, Catholics in Northern Ireland, Africans, West Indians, Irish Commonwealth immigrants, and the homeless in Britain. Her silence on these damns her so-called moral authority—the Pope does more than her for the "poor of the Earth".

The Royal Family's name of Windsor is simply an Anglicization of their real German name of Saxe-Coburg, a family which provided some of the greatest reactionary despots such as Wilhelm II, the last Kaiser of Germany who plunged the world into World War I, and Nicholas II, the last Tsar, killed by the people in the Bolshevik Revolution. Prince Phillip comes from the minor Danish princeling family of Battenberg (now Mountbatten), and his father narrowly escaped execution by the people of Greece after he had usurped the throne of that country. The Royal Family has very considerable property holdings in both England and Scotland, with the Queen being accounted one of the three richest women in the world. As well as financial wealth, and the vast assets involved in the palaces and property holdings, she has an extensive collection of art treasures, for her eyes only, and a stamp collection worth £1,000,000. Prince Charles last year surrendered 50% of his financial holdings and hereditary property (including, as Duke of Cornwall, Dartmoor Prison), yet he is now Prince of Wales, an independent nation with distinct cultural, ethnic, linguistic, historical and social traditions, brutally subjugated by the English in the 12th century and ruthlessly exploited for its people and resources ever since.

The NZ Government and local party bureaucrats still encourage the belief that Elizabeth is Queen of NZ, both to distract the people from local social problems with a regular orgy of flag-waving patriotism and mindless royal arse-kissing, and in the hope that they shall emerge from the royal tour as Lord Holyoake of Pahiutua (V.C. and bar for services rendered to an apple orchard in Nelson) or Earl Douglas of Ponsonby.

Elizabeth is the highest survivor of an English monarchy founded on blood, sweat and tears—the blood of those who opposed its self interested empire-building; the sweat of the enslaved peoples to enrich the empire; and the tears of those who lived to see the symbol of aristocracy and monarchy survive into the twentieth century. For those that still doubt that the underlying nature of the monarchy involves political power, vicious war mongering, bludging, and supporting the vice squad, here are a few lines from the 2nd and 3rd verses of *God Save The Queen*

"O Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their Knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all!"

The choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour
May she defend our laws,
Long may she reign!"

The white peril

The Pakeha problem in NZ dates back to their arrival. With a vanguard of missionaries, rum, and gunboats, the 'white peril' was unusual in that it wasn't just a paranoid illusion created by the defence department to justify greater military spending. The white peril—armed with cannons, arrogance, greed and selfishness easily over-ran the New Zealanders who only had generosity, honour and a few clubs. The people of New Zealand were almost completely exterminated by disease carrying whites, for despite the hordes of health inspectors, doctors, and pills, the Pakeha was sick and dirty so much so that within a few years, the air and seashores were polluted, the drinking water chemicalized, the land eroded, the rivers dammed, and the forests burned.

The great white Syphilisation has stripped the people of all their morale and honour. The communal pa life has been replaced with the arid futility of Ponsonby and Otara ghettos. His excuse was that the Maoris were cannibals. The great Pakeha wars were imposed on the Maori—atom bombs, massacres, hatred, the impersonal destruction of the enemy's civilian population replaced the Maori's club battles where only warrior fought warrior. Even if they did eat the enemy, at least that's some reason for killing. The Pakeha kills for killing's sake, and his wars left thousands of corpses strewn across Europe to rot in the sun. But the worst feature of the Pakeha is his greed. Pakeha greed is stripping the Maori of his last national heritage—his land. They move the Maori off his land and let him drift into the city life of crime violence, boredom, futility, and exploitation by white businessmen.

Not content, however, with economic degradation, the Pakeha is moving into a new stage of demoralization—the sending of a white-washed all Black team to play the apartheid game with political-propaganda-orientated white South Africans. The Maori culture will receive the final Pakeha insult when they leave the shores of their homeland as honorary whites.



—Clive Townley

—Clive Townley

All the way to Jo'burg

The question of racism in sport is exercising the minds of more and more people as the year goes on. The Halt All Racist Tours organisation is currently campaigning against the proposed All Black tour of South Africa. LIZ KAY interviews HART chairman Trevor Richards...

What are the aims of HART? Our primary aim is to force the abandonment of the proposed All Black tour of South Africa. We are also, as our name implies, against sporting contacts between New Zealand sporting bodies and other sporting bodies who select their national teams along racial lines.

What do you hope to achieve by petitions and demonstrations? We hope to show that there is a large diversified group of people who are opposed to the tour. It's



Trevor Richards

mean the proposed cricket exchange between New Zealand and South Africa. But secondly

and more importantly, I would like to see HART develop a long-term, carefully worked out campaign aimed at educating further the public on the matter of racism in sport. Perhaps the campaign would be planned for a two year period, the final result of the campaign being the creation in this country of a very large and very well informed body of the public against any further exchanges with South Africa, so that should the occasion arise where another tour was mooted, the outcry against it would be so immediate and so decisive that any plans for such a tour would be killed, before the N.Z.R.F.U. or any other body had time to realise what had happened. If this tour goes ahead, it will be the last.

Piggy the GNP

By Tony Steele

Out of my head is right! I went nearly right off it listening to the Muldoon-man telling us why we were there. It was bad enough that we'd even asked him of all people, but when we heard him giving us the word, it all became too much. And if we believe what he said, then it's the end, folks, because he'll have won. He'll have persuaded us that we owe it all to him and the Government, and that we'd all better turn out according to plan or else.

The plan being to turn out as responsible citizens. Its a good phrase, nice ring to it, but when you put it in its Muldoon-context it rings more like 1984 than Responsibility—it's on a level with the "defence budget" type phrase and it means the opposite of what it says.

This is the man they're tipping to run the place one of these days—and the way people are soaking up his answers it's going to be sooner rather than later. Everybody's asking him for the Word—the employers and the financiers, and now the budding intellectuals—all short of ideas and waiting to be told.

And the answers are all worked out—up there in the Muldoon-mind's eye, there's our New Zealand society all worked out. It looks like a whole lot of little round holes, and there's a whole lot of little round pegs jiggling happily up and down in them.

They're all responsible pegs what's more, because they've stopped even asking why they're there, they're happy just jiggling. Any questions? asks the benevolent controller. No questions say the happy pegs. And every now and then they get an encouraging word about how the Gross National Product has increased, and how there's holes for everyone, and not a single peg realises that he's a Natural Resource and that he's being exploited.

And if you don't believe it, it happened the other day. He said it out loud—he said that we were there to be exploited, that Someone (who?) had invested in us, and wanted returns. And he threw in a few more 1984 phrases like 'don't blindly follow,' which mean't 'don't follow your conscience' but follow the Government Plan as blindly as you can. What's more, he's nearly won, because there's a fair enough proportion of students here, particularly Arts Students, who keep saying what can I do with my degree?

It all started for them back in secondary school, when someone streamed them, and all the science students got the idea they they were Useful, and that the language students weren't, and the idea of the Useful/Useless studies thing grew. Then they were threatened with School Certificate, and had their careers planned by an officer, and they all started working hard, in the hopes that there would be a niche for them when they stopped. Some of their friends got snatched straight from school into the (capitalist) system, and are living in Muldoonian bliss polishing out fridge carcasses six days a week with their minds gone, or at best postponed to the weekend. The rest came on to varsity and are waiting for the round hole to appear.



Well they'd better wake up before it's too late—because Muldoon's looking to them to be his Responsible Citizens, and it won't be long before he's calling them his Silent Majority (hark, what is that sound?) And they'll spend a life of bliss doubling the export figures for Quick-Stick labels, or increasing the consumption of panti-hose. Or worse still, they'll become experts in their field and turn into technocrats or New Mandarins or whatever catch-term you like to call them by and they'll push rats in the right direction along mazes by giving them electric shocks and then advise the Government to do the same thing with Laotians and bombs.

So wake up, Muldoon-fodder, and make sure that this University anyway doesn't go under. If you came here a square peg, make sure you stay one, and if you came here ready-rounded then get some corners put on. And then get out into Muldoon's Ready Made Society and knock the round holes out of shape.

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That PYM bus — eyewitness

There has been much controversy about alleged police harassment of a bus carrying members of the Auckland Progressive Youth Movement to Wellington to demonstrate at the opening of Parliament. Craccum reporter, Jocelyn Logan, was on that bus, and this is what she saw: —

"I am not a member of the PYM, and I guess I knew little about them before I joined their bus going to Wellington on the night of Thursday March 12. The bus was only half-full: 20 guys and one girl, the kind of crowd you might see in the varsity caf any night of the week (except that few of them were students);

company he was told by the tours manager that he would have to ring the chief manager as they had had a ring from the police about it. In the hour before he could reach the manager by phone, Bill found out from the Drivers Union that the company could not refuse to hire the bus, under the terms of its licence, so long as the

Royal Family for entourage: two ordinary police-cars and a Black Maria. What exactly did they think we were going to do? Surely

public grot, two men in identical 'Mormon suits' strolled up the main street "Fuzz! Plainclothes!" muttered some of my companions.

"What's this then—the basketball trip?" Asked one of the two. Pretty uncool for a cop I thought, and anyway, since I

eventually lost us, when a WCC bus got in between at the traffic lights.

"But sure enough on the next turn we were joined by not one but two yellow plainclothes cars. One of these stayed with us right to Aro Street where the passengers went to a private house for coffee. It is this car that one passenger did manage to photograph following us. When we alighted it parked right behind us and two of the occupants got out and took photos of people getting off the bus. It was like some scene out of an American spy movie—broad-shouldered, grey-suited, gum-chewing, cops with dark-glasses and telescopic lenses. Only it was somehow unreal, because they were taking pictures of me here in N.Z. simply

because I had come to Wellington to stand up for my beliefs about the Rugby tour, Vietnam, and Manapouri.

Threats

The whole thing might now seem a melodramatic comedy if it wasn't for the fact that Bill Nash, one of the finest, most likable and intelligent citizens I have ever had the luck to meet, has since had his motives publicly questioned, and his family were threatened with bombing, simply because he tried to lay a complaint about it. He was understandably made nervous by the events of the trip. I think these events and their repercussions could make all of us more nervous about fundamental things like the degree of political liberty in this country.

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Jane H last week's domination level, we ha tried to don all subjecte power.

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Picture taken from the PYM bus on the way into Wellington

people with enough of a political conscience to sacrifice half a pay-packet to go down and demonstrate their beliefs at the opening of Parliament. But scarcely a manifest danger to the Establishment—I didn't notice anyone carrying anything more dangerous than a Mao badge.

Ludicrous

"Therefore I found the story the bus-driver told of the difficulty the police had caused him in getting the bus to have somewhat ludicrous tinges. Bill Nash had accepted the booking as an opportunity to go to Wellington to see his brother, and had brought his wife, Pat, along for the ride. He had originally heard of the party wanting the bus through a chance meeting in Albert Park, and had made arrangements to hire it for them in the usual manner. But when the PYM confirmed the booking and he rang to make final arrangements with the bus

money was guaranteed. This being made clear the company allowed him to have the bus. Why, if New Zealand is a 'free' country, should there ever have been any doubt about it?

Farce

"Because I didn't join the bus until it stopped at the 'Fat Landlady' coffee-bar, I didn't see the policemen at the bus terminal, and I didn't take much notice of the ones following us through Auckland. It was at Ngauruwhia that I began to realise that the whole cops-and-robbers farce was for real. We had stopped for a hamburger there and noticed a police-car parked nearby. When we pulled out he pulled out. When we stopped for petrol he passed and waited not far ahead. Mr Sharp says this was a coincidence. There were more such coincidences to come.

"By the time we reached Hamilton we were rivaling the



Picture taken outside Aro St house, Wellington

nothing as dangerous as one of their cars did, following the bus so close to the back-bumper on the open road, that had the driver been forced to brake suddenly in an emergency, there would have been no chance for either vehicle. The driver's story has been questioned on this point—how, apart from relying on the word of his passengers, did he know how far back the car was? Well it was dark and the car's lights reflected up into the back of the bus. Had it been following at safe distance behind he would have been able to see the car itself in the rear-vision mirror. That's how Bill knew. But I know it's true because I saw it, as a first-hand eye-witness. I was even incensed enough to take the number of that car as it cut in front of us when we pulled over - EG 1237.

Tailed

"But back to Hamilton. It was quite obvious here that we were being tailed, as we had to wind through a number of back streets to find the house where we were to pick up another young demonstrator. The three police vehicles then with us turned right down these obscure streets and parked one at either end of the bus and one across the street and waited. A couple of local bikies joined in the procession for the apparent fun of it.

"After that I tried to sleep, until Taupo. We stopped there sometime around 4 am. As everyone wandered across to the

come from Taupo I knew there wasn't any CIB closer than Rotorua. Surely they wouldn't spend the taxpayers' money sending them that far? But I had to wonder when, the minute our two friends were out of earshot, the local police-car rolled up to take a look at us.

Camera-Shy

"Our incredible journey continued on into the morning of Friday 13, and even closer to Wellington. Finally as we came down the motorway, through the Ngauranga Gorge we spotted another plainclothes police-car watching for us on the opposite side of the divide. It drove across the grass strip in the middle and shadowed us into the city. At one time when we stopped along the waterfront to let out 3 young hitch-hikers this green car passed us and stopped just ahead. It was however, distinctly camera-shy and dropped a long way back when one of the passengers tried to take its photo. This was how it

At Cuba Mall the students joined members of the PYM from Wellington, Auckland and Christchurch, and people from the Maori Organisation for Human Rights, the Freezing Workers Union, the Wellington Council on Vietnam, and the Manapouri Committee, which brought total numbers to well over 500.

After speeches had been made by representatives of each organisation, the demonstrators moved off down Cuba St, through Willis St and Lambton Quay to Parliament, handing out leaflets explaining their causes as they went.

Despite the general decision not to protest against the Queen

Parliament grounds were already crowded with people waiting to see the Queen when the demonstration arrived. At this point the situation became confused. The Press has publicised the behaviour of those demonstrators who pushed through, traded abuse with the crowd, and blocked the view of the public trying to see the Queen. However, many demonstrators stayed at the rear, at least 15 were counted lifting children on their shoulders to let them see, and some of them engaged in constructive dialogue with the public about the issues they were on about. One elderly woman in the crowd grabbed a large banner reading 'Hollyoake's War Is A Shame To N.Z.' and tried to pull it down.

As the afternoon went on most of the demonstrators drifted off but one group waited until the official party left Parliament.

The police throughout behaved with restraint, as there was no reason to do otherwise.

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U on You

Jane Hanne, lecturer in political studies, opened last week's Free University session with a plea against domination of one individual by another. On the personal level, we have all probably been hurt by someone who has tried to dominate a relationship. On the political level, we are all subjected to domination of the masses by the few in power.

Does the individual realise he need only be dominated if he so chooses? If he chooses to compromise between what he wants and what they (the dominators) want.

If your wants conflict with those of the government what do you do? You generally compromise what you do to fit in with what the government wants you to do. And your own ideals are thus sadly neglected. At first you feel disappointed in yourself and hypocritical. But after years of failing to live up to your ideals you come to accept this as quite O.K. How do we avoid becoming little 'yes' men? The only way, Jane urges, is through self-government. That is, each person is his own dictator. You control your own behaviour. This is the Individual Revolution. Each separate individual must try to act in accordance with his own personal ideals. This is how to defy political coercion.

Questions were asked: 'Are there limits to the extent to which one can do as one wants?' 'Surely some compromise is necessary?'

It was pointed out that acting in accord with one's ideals does not necessarily entail absolutism. One can strive for and attain one's ideals, or one can fail. But it can be possible to achieve what one wants. In fact it would be irrational to aim for an ideal that was unattainable. Thus the noun 'ideal' does not mean a platonic dream that it is impossible to realise.

This was the mistaken preconception of one persistent speaker. Nobody could convince him that it is perfectly rational to act in line with one's ideals. It seemed that at this point a chairman would have been useful to give some sort of order to the discussion. Apart from repeated quibbles about the definition of 'ideal', the speakers darted from subject to subject often touching on important issues only very superficially. This, I feel, is the main drawback to this completely 'free' university setting. Would it be compromising the ideals of the Free U. to have the main speaker act as an informal chairman? It could help the ideals to be realised.



Jane Hanne at Free-U

—Alan Kolnik

At present there appears to be no channel of feedback between the organisers and those who make up the rest of the Free University. Perhaps there could be a sheet available for people to write down what they would like to speak about or discuss.

Apart from these minor suggestions, the Free U. seems to

be filling a vital gap in university education. Those present had to consider the fact that 'power corrupts' as Jane put it. They were challenged to decide for themselves whether they are prepared to think for themselves and act upon their conclusions, or have their actions dictated by another.—Jil Eastgate.

about the range of opinions you get from 9000 students. For in the absence of any evidence to the contrary it must be assumed that the views of students are represented by the local periphery. And if this is indeed so, it means that a lot of students are suffering from what is normally considered to be one of the symptoms of drunken driving—tunnel vision. For what else could cause such a remarkable degree of agreement focused on such a small segment of the political and social spectrum?

It is about time that some of the older students (who have had a chance to weigh issues up and form an individual view) took more of an interest in adding to the range of student view. It doesn't take long to write an expression of opinion—on any bloody topic you like—and splatter it around in Craccum. Which is, after all, a rag for students to express themselves in.

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Left cortex down a bit

BY P. G. O'DONNELL

Granted it is a good thing for students to question Establishment ideas now and again; but the near total domination of the left-wing point of view amongst a large segment of students makes you wonder whether these people have shown a remarkable degree of unanimity in arriving at their private conclusions, or whether they have decided that—after having fulfilled the profoundly reflective task of adopting a Leftist viewpoint on every important question of the day—they are now entitled to call themselves independently minded.

But independence of mind is not a quality which miraculously descends on the demonstrator when he demonstrates or the orator when he orates or the debater when he debates. They may indeed be doing a real service in throwing a spanner in the machinery of society, but the very fact of being the spanner-thrower carries a hell of a risk with it. And the danger is in the equating of 'independence of mind' with the idea of getting stuck into the Establishment over every 'important' issue that comes along. By all means sock it to society by means of a demo if that's going to make you develop the ability to form your own judgments; but if it's only going to develop a taste for the sensational you'd be a bloody sight better off shutting up.

If you can't get a thrill without a hell of a great windmill to tilt against, how are you going to keep your independence of mind over the 40 odd years of humdrum existence which will probably befall even the more radical of us upon leaving university? And let's face it; if true freedom of thought hasn't filtered down to your basic personality you are going to get bugger-all chance to display your individuality in later life. Because the issues are nearly all going to be 'small' personal ones. And the

superficially controversial Campus Prophet is going to fly in ever-diminishing circles looking for 'important' issues until you know what happens.

No matter what career a person graduates to, honesty of thought will be his greatest asset. And probably the hardest to obtain. In dealings with other people on the most intimate level it really doesn't make a hell of a lot of difference whether you are a doctor or a lawyer or a mechanic or a scrubcutter. Each thinks on his own level, and at that level each has the same opportunity to either form his own judgements or chicken out and think along the lines proffered by convenience—which may be quite pleasurable as long as convenience coincides with honesty of thought; but the rub comes when it doesn't.

But let's sweep the dreary forebodings of the mundane future back under the carpet and blast off again into the esoteric issues of the campus. Just think how much more fruitful—in terms of genuine questioning of values—it would be if students holding right-wing views (and presuming a University to be a place where independent views are formed, it seems reasonable to

Abreast the news

On Friday March 11, students were entertained with a lunchtime concert by the 'Human Instinct' a New Zealand group which specializes in underground music. The trio, Maurice Greer, drums, Billy T.K. rhythm, and Larry Wade, bass guitar, returned three months ago from their second visit to England to take up a residency at the "Bo-Peep" club in Durham Lane. The group was originally the 'Four Fours', but assumed the name 'Human Instinct' during their first visit to Britain where they worked for two years in clubs and ballrooms.

Maurice Greer commenting on the current music scene said:

"It certainly is getting better: musicians are playing with more feeling and they are capturing the mood of youth today. Nowadays there is a constant interplay between different instruments, not possible before, because the melody used to be the important feature of a song. Because we improvise a lot, we never play the same song the same way twice."

A 45 by the group Think I'll go back home is currently on New Zealand hit parades. An LP Burning up years will be released shortly.

Auckland University was visited during the second week of March by the eminent psychologist, Prof. Melvin Marx. Prof Marx who is on a lecture tour of New Zealand and Australian universities, is a visiting lecturer at Monash university in Melbourne. Although his primary field is research which he has been pushing forward with great vigour at the University of Missouri for the past 26 years, he has edited five books and written two. At present he is conducting a cross-cultural observation learning project in Japan, Australia and at Massey University.

He gave one lecture on the "observer effect". This is found with certain learning tasks. Subjects who actually perform the task, learn less quickly than those who only observe a model performing the task. This was interpreted in terms of performance of errors: subjects who performed the task inevitably made errors; which interfered with the learning process. This interference did not occur in observing subjects. An attempt was also made to separate the effects of information and performance on the "observer effect."

Commenting on student representation last week, was junior lecturer in psychology, A.H. Davis, who was the representative for Psych STAGE III in 1968 and for Honours in 1969. "Although we didn't solve any big problems, the main advance was that communications became settled and some areas of misunderstanding were cleared up. Representation was not the sole cause of Stage I tutorials being introduced this year, but it certainly was a contributing factor."

Dennis Brutus will speak on the All Black tour "What it really means" at Western Springs Stadium tonight at 8.00 pm. He will be supported by a variety programme composed by "Personality Square's" Syd Jackson and including the University Maori Club (bigger and better than ever), Paul Marks, the university group, the Original Sun and the High Revving Tongues. Also on the programme is Maori singer Donna Awatere, last year's winner of both the Stuart Barker and John Court Arias.

In spite of the fact that 9 students returned their invitations to meet the Royal children at the YMCA on Tuesday, Auckland University was well represented by members of St Mary's Choir. Members of the all-female choir who are at university are Shirley Kauter, Angela Edwards, Margaret Rothery, Donna Awatere, Lorraine Dunn, Susan Pao, and Pat Toller.

The choir was dressed in stunning outfits of lemon and coffee linen entertained the guests with a sparkling array of songs. They are trained and conducted by that well-known personality Sister Mary Leo.—Donna Breiteneder.

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When the Auckland University Student Union building was opened at the end of 1967, it was praised as being an architectural masterpiece and adequate for student needs for years to come. Today, just over two years later, Craccum reporter TONY HASZARD takes a closer look at this marvel of the age and finds it has not lived up to expectations.

It had to happen, and now it is—fast. Auckland University students are discovering that ten thousand people into half a building won't go. Serious overcrowding of the Studass building is already a fact of life, and it's getting worse.

When we moved out of the hopelessly outgrown students' wing behind the old Arts block at the end of 1967, the new pad must have seemed like a dream of spaciousness to most of its 7,000 occupants (for whose needs it was, in fact, barely sufficient). Few, including the planners, could foresee how soon, with spiralling student numbers, the dream would turn to more sombre reality.

It is not that the building has the serious design shortcomings that plague most of the other recent structures on campus, as a Craccum survey showed last year (Craccum Sept 25). On the contrary, we are fortunate to inhabit a complex which, though its overall concept was not related as carefully as it might have been to student needs, is nevertheless very commendable in much of its detail work and especially in its use of the available space. On the whole, it is by far the most successful structure so far erected on the difficult site.

Nor is it entirely a question of inadequate planning, for the present building has always been viewed as only the first stage of a final design which will really cater for the proposed maxim roll of ten thousand—though one of the main problems is that government financial backing is based on grossly underestimated space requirements (more about this later.)

ENROLMENT INCREASE

The brick wall we are up against is the same one that has suddenly confronted the university in so many ways—an unexpected and drastic increase in enrolments, bringing the ten thousand maximum and the need for accommodation suddenly much nearer.

Facts and figures from the Studass office illustrate the situation in detail.

The existing building was designed to cater for a roll of six or seven thousand students, and was financed by Association funds with the aid of a \$1 for \$1 government subsidy based on a planned allowance of ten square feet of gross building area per student—that is, a maximum of ten thousand square feet by the time the maximum roll is reached.

The gross area means what it says—everything, including corridors and other 'dead' areas. As our building is (with good reason) designed around a central circulation path uniting it with the whole university site, (this path at present consists of the open area between the cafe and administration blocks, the central quad and the area over the coffee bar) a lot of its present area of about 65,000 square feet is taken up in such areas. Only about 53,000 square feet is left.

On top of this, a total of another 4,500 square feet is let to the Graduates' Club and the bookshop. Few people would wish it otherwise, as these are both desirable facilities, but the effect is to reduce the space available for general student use to a final 48,000 square feet. This still doesn't take into account smaller specialist areas such as Exec. offices.

So with this year's roll of just over nine thousand, we have come a long way from our planned allocation of ten square feet for every student.

But how does that figure measure up in comparison with accepted standards elsewhere? It is, in fact, pretty meagre. In Britain, for instance, the University Grants committee accepts a figure of 18.75 square feet per student—and this is excluding catering and sports facilities. An extra allowance of five square feet per student brings the total to nearly two and a half times our present figure, with apparently unlimited space still allowed for catering.

Nearer home, Australian standards are perhaps more comparable—some are as low as 11 square feet per student, but most universities manage around fifteen.

FEATURES LACKING

The building, as it stands, lacks two important features called for in the original scheme—a theatre and a gymnasium—squash courts block. Both of these are now in the planning stages, and until they are built, many inconveniences will remain, for instance the permanent takeover of two rooms by judo and related clubs, and the need to find other accommodation for theatre rehearsals, performances and similar activities.

The two buildings when completed (hopefully two years' time for the theatre, one year for the gym) will total 44,000 square feet. Add this figure to the existing 65,000, and the 100,000 square foot quota is already exceeded. To anyone who regularly sees the building during the midday and evening rush hours, the facilities provided within this total are obviously quite inadequate.



Lecture in B 28



One of the ugly results of overcrowding



Outside front

The most obvious trouble area of all is probably the caf. In spite of the recent modifications and additions to the servery, the present setup just can't cope with the ever-increasing flow of hungry students..

Business in all catering sections in the first weeks of term is significantly more than that for the same period last year, but the worst is yet to come: experience shows that use of these facilities increases during the year as the weather (and study programs) become more rigorous. If this year's second and third term crowds increase at the same rate as last year it will virtually spell panic for catering staff and equipment.

What is hoped to be a permanent remedy for this serious situation is already in hand—an extension to the main caf area to the southwest (that is, towards the science building now under construction) which will bring the main eating facilities in the building to their full ten thousand student capacity. This extension has been approved and is now in the planning stages. But it will take 18 months to build, so we can expect increasing frustration for both caf staff and student patrons at least until the beginning of 1972.

The caf project brings with it more complications of the problem of building within our government grant, for the area of the extensions is additional to the 100,000-plus total already described. Proposals to overcome this difficulty include financing the squash courts on a users' fee basis, and a suggestion that the theatre be built using university finance.

Less obvious to a casual observer of life around Studass, especially at this time of year, is the drastic shortage of seating available throughout the building. The present total seating capacity is in fact 2020, including the caf, the common rooms, the coffee bar and smaller areas such as the T.V. room.

The problem is simply solved during most of the summer by students' sitting outside in the quad or across in Albert Park. But the occasional rainy lunch hour has already given the student population a taste of the crowded winter to come.

Most serious but perhaps least obvious deficiency—and the one with least hope of an early solution—is that of storage space, which is virtually nonexistent in the present building. Such is the lack that it was recently necessary to take over part of one of the male toilets in the basement for storage rooms for the theatre company and general use.

DISADVANTAGES

The Association has also been forced to look beyond its own premises for space, and at present is hiring 1280 square ft of storage space in a commercial building in Lorne St—at commercial rates—and has taken over an old house at 12 Grafton Rd. Both these sites have the obvious disadvantage of being at a distance from the main student centre as well as costing the Association money. Finally, negotiations for the use, probably for sports clubs, of a 3500 square ft ex-Ministry of Works building in Grafton Rd were well advanced at the time of writing.

These then are the practical problems: nine thousand students this year, soon to reach ten thousand, trying to eat, shelter, relax and play games in space that was inadequate by overseas standards for seven thousand; and a government aid policy which does not allow anything approaching adequate facilities to be built.

What relief can this sardine generation of students hope for in the near future?

All too little, it seems. The only new buildings we can expect in the next two years are the caf extensions, which

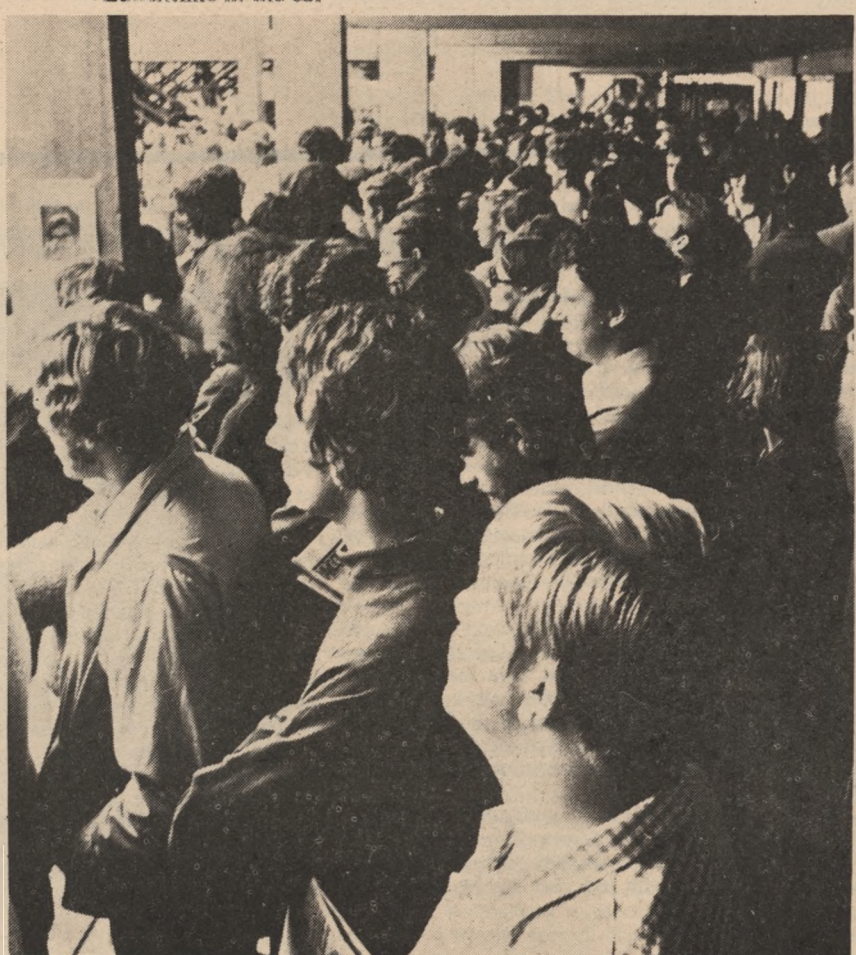
If building wont go



Lunchtime in the caf



Outside



In front of the bookshop

of the summer deviate, with more efficiency than comfort, the lack of cross in Albert, and (if the University is generous with its finance) already given theatre.

ed winter to prospects for the squash courts and gym are more pointing. Plans call for their siting to the southeast of efficiency—and present buildings—on part of the site at present taken up n—is that of several old houses and a parking area, and bounded by n the present ends St.

necessary to until recently this site was understood to be earmarked basement for Studass use, but last year the University Senate decided, ral use.

at advice, that it should be reserved for teaching ings and rejected an application to go ahead with ing for the recreation centre.

k beyond its following Association protests at this decision, the 1280 square on of the land use is undergoing a reappraisal which Lorne St—at best mean serious delays for this addition to our house at 12 bes.

disadvantage worst, if the decision is upheld, it will mean a tre as well as making rethink of all future plans for Studass tions for the mon, with new buildings sited, as Senate appears to 0 square ft haphazardly on spare sections around the campus. In d were well et of overseas experience, and from an administrative mint, such a proposal is almost unthinkable poor ng.

INCREASING

y delays are bad enough when one considers the time as to put up a building—the gym would take a year, the e two, and the caf extensions 18 months as stated. er additions, not yet in the planning stage, would take ger—during which time the overcrowding problem can et worse even if student numbers do not greatly sions, which n, for use of the building is increasing far more quickly

“All these people have a right to rooms of their own without having to intrude on general facilities,” said Law,” but we have reached the stage now where there is just no more shuffling to be done, and we’ll simply have to turn the requests down.”

“As it is, Executive members spend too much time literally wandering around looking for places off campus. The discovery that the MOW building in Grafton Rd was available was pure luck, and we hope to take it over after prompt negotiation.”

The University had been able to provide some extra assistance such as the conversion of the old Government House ballroom to a study and lunchroom. It was hoped to provide coffee and snacks here before long, said Law.

The main measure taken to improve the general facilities, the \$10,000 modifications to the caf servery, was working well, Law reported, but with the increase in numbers “we are just holding our own”.

It was also hoped to convert the table-tennis room to another partitioned common room for the meantime.

But all these measures are merely unsatisfactory stopgaps—the important thing now is obviously to make as much progress as possible with the more ambitious plans; Exec thinking is now directed along these lines, said Law.

The first requirement for any such plan is finance: how do our resources stand at present?

“If the building levy fee stays at the present \$5 per student we will be getting \$500,000 a year for the building fund when the roll reaches the maximum of ten thousand,” said Law. “At this figure I think we can just keep ahead of all our projects.”

“But to be really safe it would be well worth considering raising the Studass building levy fee. The ironic alternative, if we don’t get all the facilities we would like, is that the cost of administering the poorly-planned ones we have will go up—and we may have to raise the basic fee instead.

“This effect is making itself felt even now—we are not expanding student services as we should be, yet already we are one of the tightest Associations in the country on club grants and so on.”

A probable side effect of this, noted Law, would be that as facilities became harder to provide, the worries of Exec members would become more obvious, and candidates for office, already scarce enough because of the endemic apathy, would be even harder to find.

EXCLUSION REGS

Another reason for the inevitable increase in overcrowding, Law pointed out, was, ironically, the new exclusion regulations designed to delay the attainment of the dreaded ten thousand maximum roll. One of the side effects of the measure was to increase the proportion of fulltime students—enrolments this year were up four percent, but the number of units taken was up five percent. Thus, though the increase in the number of students using the building might be small, more of them would be spending more time in it. Added to this was the recognized tendency of newcomers to make use of the facilities more than others.

Law had no illusions about the chief stumbling block at present, that of land negotiations.

“The Association was really diddled over this one,” he said. “Up till 1968 there was no question that our extensions would be on the Symonds St site. As far as I know this was always the intention of the Vice-Chancellor and, we thought, the Senate. Executive members attended, in good faith, countless meetings during 1968, even while exams were on, over this point.

“But then, in spite of the advice of the buildings committee, the Senate finally took the land for faculty use. Now we still don’t know where we stand—apparently the question is waiting while the Architecture School produces a new site development plan, and all we can hope is that the decision may be reviewed very soon.”

Until it is, of course, nothing can be done.

“I hope to see several things achieved by the time I leave this office in August,” said Law. “First, the land argument settled; second, all our requirements on this site for a roll of ten thousand finalized; third, a site plan prepared, incorporating stages, priorities and definite targets; fourth, the contract let for the caf extensions; fifth, approval granted for the theatre and gym; and sixth, the squash courts under way as the first stage of these.

“I’m a bit worried we’ll let people around the University and the Grants Committee see the caf extensions and then say to themselves ‘That’s the Auckland student union problem solved’. We must go on pressing for our requirements to make sure this doesn’t happen.”

So what we have to do seems clear enough: above all, forge on with plans for a worthy home for AUSA, and at the same time put forward a decisive case for Government to reconsider its subsidy allowance of ten square ft per student (this was recognised as long ago as 1967 by NZUSA Winter Council as an unrealistic policy); meanwhile it seems that Auckland students must put up with a lot of frustration.

If we don’t say now what we want, it could mean a temporary inconvenience will turn into an unfunny repeat of the last Studass building’s long and farcical history of overcrowding.

Craccum's arts



Monica Vitti

IL DESERTO ROSSO a film by Michaelangelo Antonioni; with Monica Vitti, Richard Harris and Carlo Chionetti; photographed by Carlo Di Palma.

Following three years after *La Notte* and coming two years before *Blow Up*, *The Red Desert* has several features of both. We are shown a world which is a representation of just one of the character's mind. The strange quality of the life and landscape hint at the estranged mind of Guiliana. Many people consider that Antonioni has been too overt in the portrayal of the individual adrift in the twentieth century, in which the mechanical environment prevents communication and where technology dominates the individual.

Guiliana, apparently unstable, has attempted suicide (which she attempts again in the film—both times with the assistance of the great technological triumph—the motor car) but she receives no moral assistance from either husband or lover, there is a complete lack of dialogue, no degree of relevance is established by anyone. When the lover, Richard Harris interviews workers he is quite bored by their questions about their wives and their own comfort, their staring rows of heads are contrasted with shots of rows of large glass bottles.

The major theme of the film is obvious. What is so good about *The Red Desert* is the cinematic presentation of the theme and of the world and the people who inhabit it.

The landscapes of waste, despoiled land and factories are first seen during the credits (out of focus, accompanied by electronic music) as a strange nether world, we are aware of the buildings and made aware of the distance separating us from them by the soft focus and music. Throughout the rest of the film the landscape intrudes dominating the life of all. The picture window of one of the plant managers frames rows of circular storage tanks, a ship sails silently through a group of trees in the country.

Antonioni however has captured not only the ideas of pollution and technological depravity but also the beauty of the contemplated forms. A giant radio telescope stretching across a plain has a beautiful ethereal quality about it. The belching chimneys seem but a step removed from nature. This combining of the beautiful and the ugly

are essential to the quality of the film, there is a constant dichotomy in what we see, and in this we are led to understand Guiliana as well as her husband and lover.

In the scenes in which we find Guiliana inside her house or shop walking we notice the way in which Antonioni forces her into a smaller and smaller area. The blankness of her mind is shown by the blank walls (granted a cinematic cliché) and is one superb scene in her house Guiliana is framed by plain wall, a ship glides past the large window, the silence and slow movement of the ship express her mood.

As in *Blow Up* Antonioni made sure of his colours, he painted machinery, pipes, houses roads, ships, sprayed water and even painted fruit. Not just out of perversity or lack of Italian colour was this done either. It serves a symbolic function (naturally) but also it enables comparison. We contrast the blues of the machinery against the greys of the sky and the grey of the fruit against the yellows and oranges of the steam pipes. Colour becomes meaningful when you begin to lose it. Guiliana's concern over the colour of her shop is not just psychological or commercial, it is the real concern for colour in the world. We are also made aware of what this colour can hide as we see in the rusted ship half painted in glorious red or the vibrant yellow and black ceramic panels in the machine room of the factory.

The dream sequence apart from having obvious relevance with the plot serves as a colour anchor for the film, we look in vain for the blue of the sea, though we do see the pink of the sand after Guiliana has made love. Antonioni enlarges the room and uses a pink filter—little bit of real colour, invading the world.

While Antonioni may appear to be labouring a pretty obvious point it seems that we are looking too closely for a message or revelation, within the plot. Antonioni does not reveal his ideas through plot because he is a visual artist, the plot is there to hang his visual observations on and these are not all related to the plot. This was after his first colour film and a director, who is as interested in film as he is would surely want to express something of the quality of life as related to colour film.

I found it a little long though.—J. Daly-Peoples.



Tane, god of the trees and birds

The Festival attraction, *Earth and Sky* at the Mercury Theatre, is a bold experiment by young author-composer, Jenny McLeod, carried out almost entirely by a youthful cast of children and students. Defying ready classification, it can perhaps best be described as an experience in 'total theatre.' The production yokes together dance, mime, song, poetry, costume and lighting into an homogenous whole: it achieves its unity because of, rather than in spite of, its diverse contributive elements.

Earth and Sky recreates Maori legend in dramatic and choric form. It encompasses the creation of the land, the birth of the Gods, the separation of *Earth and Sky*, the strivings of the gods to change the land, and the life, deeds and death of Maui, the strongest and cleverest of the half-gods. The movement is cyclical—from the first creation of land to the death of Maui and his return to Mother Earth. The cyclical pattern is reinforced by the appearance of the dancers, who at the beginning and end move lyrically in apparently endless combinations and patterns, representing perhaps the elemental forces of nature—an untapped store of potentiality.

Earth and Sky can hardly fail to make an impact on its audience. It presents a whole range of aural experience. After the opening, which is silent (mercifully there was no *God Save the Queen* to contend with), it develops with strong percussion and rhythm work by the orchestra, and a fine blend of melody harmony and sometimes near-cacophony from the choir. Interspersed with the musical effects is a spoken commentary, which ably demonstrates the beautiful sound of the Maori language.

Among the many creditable features of the production are the fine images of Creation—the stirring of the forces of the Earth, their eruption, and then the solidity with which they take root—the well staged Birth of the Gods sequence (with Jane, and later Maui, sporting

some incongruously modern suntan marks), and the delightful tree-planting episode, demonstrating the fallibility even of the God Maui, played by Val Irwin, who appears as the greatest of the race of half-gods, is a deftly realised character. His many heroic deeds are presented through mime, then he is seen challenging the Goddess of Death, in an attempt to make man immortal. The moment of Maui's own death is signalled by a climax of ear-splitting sound, then the Maori lament universalizes the mourning for the hero's death.

In comparison with the strength of the portrait of Maui, the creation of woman seems not as dramatically forceful as it might be. This episode hardly seems an organic part of the development and the First Woman herself seems to wander around dazed and incredulous at the proceedings.

While the production is necessarily episodic in nature, it is perhaps too sketchy in areas such as this. In parts the story does not come through very well. The ending tends towards weakness; it subsides where it could be fiercely climatic.

The total production is, on the whole, tightly controlled. The timing and precision is excellent, and the big children's choir is splendidly disciplined (perhaps as it has been suggested, at the cost of losing the initial enthusiasm and boundless vigour which characterized earlier performances of *Earth and Sky* at Masterton and Tauranga).

The Mercury production is highly professional; the lighting and costuming alone show this. As an experiment, *Earth and Sky* is probably something that needed to be done; and we are lucky that it is as successful as it is. It stands as a landmark in New Zealand's theatrical and cultural history—something at once intensely indigenous and yet expansive enough to include international and timeless elements.—Sue Millar



FLETCHER INDUSTRIES STUDENT PAINTING COMPETITION

I went along on Tuesday lunchtime, along with 16 other people (Yessir; I counted them—16). The whole show is pretty remarkable. It's the standard student exhibition, you know, seen anywhere, but standardized by the fact that all the boards are the same size.

About three paintings along, on top, was the label—FLETCHER INDUSTRIES STUDENT PAINTING COMPETITION. Yeh man—it's a competition . . . you know—they, whoever it was, picked a winner. It was all for \$100.00 and these students—21 of them—they all went down there to paint a 6' x 6' board each for five days, to see who could . . . win—

Well, there I was, sitting, looking at the paintings man, trying to get a hold of something to write about, but Christ, the rosettes had all vanished and I didn't even know who was . . . the winner, and that. I was . . . sitting, looking, you know, when I saw—well I mean—it hit me—about half way along, back from the others, on the Civic wall, a bit bigger in size than the rest . . . BUTCH CASSIDY!! What I mean is . . . the *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* boarding. You know, for me man, it was . . . the winner.—F. Bruce Cavell

It is cause for distress that there were so few good works here and to wonder just what is being done to these inmates of Elam. Even as their teachers walked amongst them preliminary to the pinning of the rosettes, one lone painter stayed on, varnishing his opus—a slight show for the Mesdames of the Society. No master here with mistress passing the hat, simply one dear friend passing the buck.

Robert Lake collected the money but can take little consolation from that; the judging was superficial, insultingly casual and a damned impertinence. Keith and his fellows were looking obviously for some intelligence of geometry and stuck their ribbon on the 1st work that had *structure*—or even, I hasten to quote—the *quality of New Zealand light*. But to pin their hopes and all on such a slight piece: surely it is not essential that the prize be awarded—if there is nothing to grab the balls, paste your merit rosettes and go away.

Nevertheless, there were signs amongst the inevitable camp gestures, the weight of badness, the failed concepts, of paintings that looked as though they had to be *made*. Annette Betterton's landscape had a small burden but had will, joy, and that mattered; of the feelings and not predetermined. Phil Butler's religious icon had its history marked a little too clearly but was worked in the authentic colours of the earth, public Virgin mother indelicately moving towards self-excitation (making the busdrivers to stop) above a superfluous text.

Bruce Barbour had an idea but failed himself technically when he failed to integrate his areas of pure colour; the derivations did not worry because the dream had been constructed between the bedsheets and not the glossy photographs pp 46-8.

And looking along these decorations for a sign of the here and now, for someone with his thoughts alive *here*, I could find only a working of the arrest of the Lady in the Miniskirt by Gordon Clifton that disappointed because it left its propaganda hanging on the broadwalk instead of recollecting the moment of crisis as a concept for the painting and not just the shouting. The signs of pity were caught in Norm Bilbrough's family group, it had an unconcerned *sentimentality*, took my tears away and held my thoughts in memory of the tribe as the remembrance of the maudlin splatters and inconsequence of the others sadly declined to nothing.—Alan Brunton

constant dichotomy
and Guiana as well

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Alan Brunton



A MIXED MUSE—ATI—1970—POETRY ????? A SCENE ?????

SMITHYMAN:

the daddy poet to both apparent pairs of brothers (Brunton & Haley v. Dane & Sinclair = a gossip) but no performer. let alone reader. if Haley had those claustrophobic airport terminal poems to scream out from the moments of stark horror in the moving chaos of jet & foreigner. ie the poems deserve more than they got (except that understated assault in linguistics & geometry call'd *SEMANTICS*)

an assured modern in juxtaposition & fragmentation. of Abbey / black flag / M19 highway / public convenience the bog / market cross cum phallic-worship-remnant / winter

AND poems in Vancouver Selby Albany Singapore Rome San Francisco! & n z

a poet (perhaps our only one) who has found his limits by going out—as Dane & Sinclair have not—the limits are not impressive, the search & finding is.

PETER DANE:

Born 1921, has given a number of poetry recitals in Auckland. He is a lecturer in English at Auckland University unquote

Botticelli / Michelangelo / Leonard / Dutch Interior / Van Gogh (Europe is a helluva long way & it costs even more. Drysdale—THAT'S AUSTRALIA

& Greece

"on the ruins of the past the sun . . ."

(on a Greek Isle Sappho wrote a poem called SOAP, which went:

SOAP

& 5 SONNETS

BRUNTON:

MU-SICK MU-SICK MU-SICK MU-SICK MU-SICK MU-SICK
MU-SICK MU-SICK MU-SICK MU-SICK MU-SICK MU-SICK
MU-SICK

our poet of the dried geranium on page our I CHING, on stage an embarrassment & a charisma

discovering rhyme (after Bob Zimmerman) in *SONGS* of *WEED*; *AXE*; *TEMPLE*; *FOR YOU*; & . . . — a poetry for performance unperformed—Haley with much more sense of Dylan's misplaced stress

& in the 2nd half Brunton, alcohol, gesture (at last), mumble & stutter (Olson at Berkeley 4 hrs '65—How many times can Olson do it? Twice. & Brunton. not yet.)

the poems — *WHERE HAVE YOU GONE TO?*
(which cld not be found

WHERE HAVE YOU COME TO?

he asked us if we got that pun

no King of May (despite a many-notched belt—DRAUGHT XX) succeeded in stuffing Haley's 2nd reading, succeeded in driving out St Cuthbert's & the matrons, but Sinclair was as suave as ever after & everyone clapped.

SINCLAIR:

the cool, the quiet TV politician manner can be as seductive as bawdric, drum-bashing & bombast. is more subtly so.

the 1st reading—even *THE BOMB IS MADE*, which was most topical then & has weathered best now, even that has dated, dated in more than time

the 2nd reading & the looser poems came across easier as their voicing did. but no wild old wicked man in love. poetry. yeats, liking the way his finger smelt in later years, cld not seduce his own thumb. Sinclair. the man. is more seductive than the poetry.

how can a romantic write abt his father?

HALEY:

despite the organised, the presumed, juxtaposition of the old & the young, despite hand in hand publishing, despite quips & drinks on stage, Haley is neither Brunton's baby, mentor nor brother.

the concern with time these are
the surreal biology of image European

& HE CAN READ (or cld 1st half

(SOLOMON RHATIGAN defied vocalisation

Haley defied the vocalisation of *HARRY LURBER'S descent*

but *COMPOSITION BUTTONS & INVENTORY OF A GONE*

WAR—the only READ poems of the evening. 2nd half he lost the

audience. as well as his place. at least aware to refuse to finish LURBER. gazed at flybuttons. sensed the decay after 2 and a half hrs.

at least did not try to sustain what he cld not.

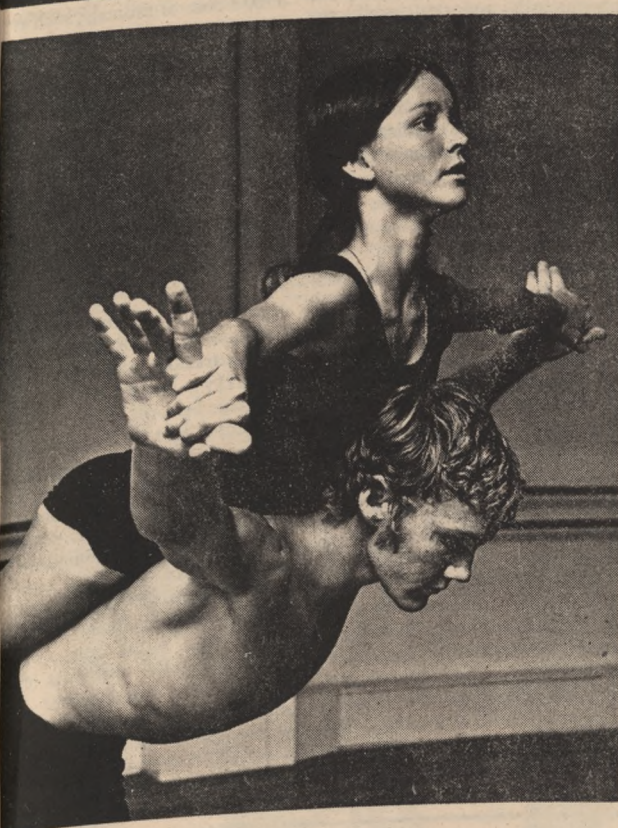
'do you want me to give it over & go home?'

the audience was a silent minority.

?NOWHERE? 3 HRS? OF POETRY?

????? 5 MEN ?????

M.D. Edmond



—Wulf Tunney

UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND DANCE COMPANY/AT THE UNIVERSITY HALL

Over the past few years there has been a proliferation of dance groups at Auckland University; all of them have been notable for lack of technical expertise. With the advent of Patrick Grant's Auckland University Contemporary dance Company, this problem appears to have been solved.

Each of the seven core members of the group has excellent technique and can consequently master the fluid sequences and exuberant lifts which are the hallmark of contemporary dance. Geer McFarlane in particular, is outstanding—his muscular control is unbelievable for a boy of his age.

The company had a three day season during Orientation which deserved far better audiences than it did get. Although artistically uneven, the pieces presented were better than any other contemporary dance seen in this university except for that of Otago's John Casserley.

Pour Amuser, the first piece was an unusual opener combining classical dance exercises, poetry reading by Alan Brunton (who was hampered by having to read in near darkness) and superb Nerve lighting—projected slides of coloured oil which made changing fluid patterns due to convection currents.

On Sunday night the piece was rough and unprepared but with tighter cohesion among the effects and greater variety of movement should prove a stimulating piece for the future.

The next piece, Able Eye could well be scrubbed from the repertoire. It had nothing to recommend it but one unusual sequence in which the woman does all the lifts. Neither of the dancers showed to advantage: Louise Lichenstein was awkward and clumsy and her movements were marred by continuous shuffling. Patrick Grant never looked to be more apathetic.

In contrast, The Cage, involving two couples is a powerful study of non-communication. The symbolism of the movements was clear

without being overstated and the two female dancers, Rosamund Hancock and Jenny Barton, performed the intricate sequences with a fluidity and skill which belied the difficulties. John Love, too, put on a performance of such technical skill that it was difficult to accept he has only been dancing for a year.

Generally with such a small group longer pieces are a failure but in this case the half hour long Legend of Porlock outshone all the shorter pieces. It is a stylised representation of inmates in a mental asylum—and this definite story line gave it an added dimension. Nerve lighting, strobe lights, electronic music and spoken word were all incorporated with the dance to make it a strong entity.

The opening sequences were marred by undefined characterization by the dancers—no-one made a good zany—although John Love promises to be a capable character dancer with more direction. However, the group did achieve a macabre atmosphere which contrasted sharply with the outstanding centre piece.

Geer McFarlane, sustained athletic feats which came close to being physically impossible in his 10 minute solo without turning a hair and proved himself to be a dancer of thoroughly professional if not yet international stature.

Although, as I have said, the programme was artistically uneven and there were pieces of little merit, it deserves praise for its high technical standard and professionalism.

Patrick Grant, the director of the company is an uncertain dancer and a derivative choreographer but if only for Porlock alone he is the best contemporary dance master associated with the university. At the very least he is striving to build a company of technically able dancers without stultifying the organicism which divides contemporary dance from ballet.

His aims need to be applauded and his efforts given every support by the university as dance has now become an integral part of total theatre—something the University Theatre and art groups must give close attention to over the next few years.—Christine Moir

THE BIRTH OF MOVEMENT, (TOWARDS AN INDIGENOUS NEW ZEALAND DANCE DRAMA.)

The evening was a whirl of dance from the Islands, Bali, New Zealand and modern origins. The Maori, Tokelauan, Samoan, Hawaiian and Tahitian items more than deserved the applause given. It was a pleasure to see these different culture developments on the same stage and to be able to compare their basic similarities. From the traditional Maori challenge to the spectacular Fire Dance it was a moving experience.

The Balinese items, Kupu Kupu, Tjalonarang and Djauk Murka, unfortunately left very little impression on me, perhaps this is the western mind. Tjalonarang is a mighty fight between Rangda, Queen and mother of witches and a somewhat ineffective prince. It was good slapstick if nothing else, though I am told it was meant to be serious. Kupu Kupu I have seen before, and it has not improved except in one sector, the excellent dancing of Lywa Keng—a beautiful performance. A young boy enters a sunny patch in the forest to find butterflies dancing. In an effort to catch one, he kills it. The potential in this piece is tremendous but, unfortunately, it did not show itself.

The balance of the programme was made up of modern dance contributed by several groups. "Ranginui and Papatuanuku," choreographed by Emmy Bellwood and danced by Pupils of Queen Victoria College, was a valiant attempt to mix Maori movements with dance drama. The children of the Earth Mother, (Papatuanuku) and the Sky Father (Ranginui) fight to separate them. Finally Tanemahuta forces them apart causing light to appear enabling the children to thrive. Choreographically, the piece was barely adequate but given that we are dealing with a school group, this is understandable. I am not happy with the attempt to bring traditional Maori movements to modern terms and, in point of fact, prefer to see the usually excellent original.



A group from Pakuranga College made a great fist of dance drama on the Wahine disaster. Considering their age and inexperience, I have nothing but admiration for their work and look forward to their future efforts.

"Man as he Moves" choreographed by the dancers of Music and Movement Origins, the Training College group, is a trilogy consisting of Tribal Man, the struggle to exist, Feudal Man, a reflection of caste consciousness, and Contemporary Man, the contest between power for tyranny and power used to protect the dawning possibility of a rarer selfhood. The dramatic content of the three sections was excellent but the execution tended to be scrappy. I feel that this is a group to watch and provided they can tighten up their ballets from a choreographic viewpoint, they will do well. The two boys involved, Gary Bowden and Brian Bettsworth, did an excellent job. It is pleasing to see a few males who are actually game to attempt dance.

The last of the modern items was "Night Light" which, in the beginning, resorted to technical trickery. Dancers in darkness with lights attached is an old one. In small doses it is good theatre but carried too far, as this was, it definitely palls. The duo at the end is a very different matter. Beautifully designed and danced, it took away the mediocrity of the rest of the piece.

To return to the sub-title, and, I am given to understand, the main purpose of the production. I fail to see how this amalgam will result in an "indigenous dance drama". The Polynesian forms will no doubt assimilate the best of each other over a period of years but where Balinese, except for the actual legends, fits in, I cannot see. It is sad to see good ethnic movements prostituted by the modern dancer as happened in this concert though the traditional mythology is well worth attention.

The evening as a whole was good entertainment and I was pleased to see the artistic co-operation between so many different groups.—Patrick Grant

The demonstration analysed

By Jack Vowles 3rd year politics student

The demonstration is a growing centre of controversy in modern New Zealand society. Many sections of the population are beginning to express their impatience and hearty dislike for all it stands for—especially the long-haired, alienated youth aspect. Relations with the police and the law in general are increasingly unsatisfactory. It is to be hoped that everyone is aware of what a demonstration is; the expression of a political point of view in public. The right to do this is a part of the legal and cultural tradition we share with most western societies—it is also an important part of our political system, especially as it becomes increasingly more impersonal, institutionalised, and even elitist. The demonstration is therefore becoming a centre of tension in society; into it are channelled the aspirations of alienated and semi-alienated groups having little to hope for from the established holders of power.

Critics of the demonstration base too much of their criticism on an erroneous idea of the real role of the demonstration. Similarly, those who demonstrate often exaggerate the influence they claim to have. Most would realise, however, that no rational person can really expect a single demonstration to change the world overnight—its effects are more long-term and have to be viewed in terms of the whole protest movement in question. For the purposes of convenience and clarity, the functions of the demonstration can be examined by separation into five rather arbitrary but not misleading divisions.

Personal satisfaction

The demonstration gives an opportunity for a section of society, usually a minority, to express their views, usually dissenting, and in doing so to relieve their feelings of frustration and alienation. By expressing their views on a particular issue, in a wider sense they show their alienation from a dominant value of society. Such a value would be, for instance, that the natural guide for New Zealand foreign policy is the United States. This act of dissent by demonstration has been labelled as 'expressive politics'. In the personal motivation of the individual demonstrator the expression of the view is *immediately* (i.e. while demonstrating) more important than the achieving of the aim embodied in his dissent. In a wider context, his *political* motivation is far more dominant as it exists as a part of his alienation, of which the demonstration is a manifestation. In circumstances where the aim of the demonstration is particularly remote from possibility of achievement, however, the expressive aspect becomes dominant as a kind of moral duty to follow their conscience, however futilely. An example of such a 'lost cause' would be nuclear disarmament.

Publicising issues

The demonstration can also be successful in bringing an issue to the surface and putting it in the open for public consideration. In its early stages the Omega issue was an example of this where student demonstrations in the major cities provoked an encouraging amount of discussion in the mass media. This died away only because of the lack of any follow-up action and the absence of any organisation, like HART for example, to keep up

stimulation of the issue. The Government was therefore allowed to fog the issue virtually undisturbed. With continued ferment supplied by demonstrations, this need not have happened.

Impact on politicians

Most politicians like to emphasise the fact that they studiously ignore demonstrators opposing their policies. But this in itself is a reaction to their presence which they cannot deny. Clark Clifford could hardly help noticing them when he visited Wellington in late 1967 to ask Holyoake for more troops—he even mentions them in an article in *Foreign Affairs* on his growing

of the dangers of nuclear warfare, probably helped to give a fresh impetus to the Labour Party, aiding its election to power in 1964, and helped to create a political atmosphere enabling Britain to drop an unrealistic nuclear policy based on prestige rather than economics. Considering the cause was hopeless from the start, the record is not too bad.

Similarly, it can be argued that the Vietnam protest movement in New Zealand has at least given the Government an excuse not to introduce conscription for service in Vietnam as has been done in the United States and Australia. In general, it would seem, the



disillusionment over Vietnam. They made an impression, although it must be admitted that the New Zealand Government's 'courteous refusal' to commit more troops made a greater one. But both would have been self-sustaining.

Impact on politics

The indirect effects of a movement based on the demonstration often lead some way, at least, towards attainment of avowed aims. This can best be seen from a historical perspective. Thus the movement for nuclear disarmament in Britain, it has been claimed, was instrumental in creating a new public awareness

very existence of organised protest tends to move Government policy away from extreme positions on the opposite side, especially if the Government is afraid of extremism and can therefore use the protest movement as an excuse. By doing this it keeps the movement small enough to control.

Polarisation of opinion

Apart from examining its ability to raise new issues, the basic function of the demonstration has only been briefly touched on. It is, basically, the marshalling of public opinion on an issue. This, unfortunately, involves not only converting

people but also alienating others—opinion is polarised on two sides rather than flowing magically to the side of the dissenter. Theoretically, the possibility of attracting support to the side of dissent is quite high—but in practice it depends on secondary factors involved in the particular issue and the way it is handled. If your issue is subversive, your hair long, if you have little time for 'decency in language and conduct if not in dress', and if you have trouble with the police your ability to attract support is greatly reduced. This point, however sad, is, unfortunately true.

A related point is similarly unpleasant. A demonstration should not simply express—it should *communicate* and do this in an intelligible and rational manner. The problem is that demonstrators tend to become more pre-occupied with their personal motivation and usually express their views in a manner only intelligible to themselves. By doing this they tend to forget that it should be their major concern to seek political effects for their actions; this means tailoring slogans, propaganda, and actions to the needs of capturing the interest, and not the puzzled disapproval, of the general public. It is not suggested that the demonstrator should go to the extreme of a hair-cut and a change of clothes—he should just spend a few minutes' thought on what he is aiming to achieve and how it can best be done. A compromise needs to be worked between doing your own thing and acting a part in what is basically an exercise in public relations.

Expression

Communication is unnecessarily limited in many demonstrations. Trance-like chanting of slogans such as 'HO-ho-ho Chi Minh' produces rather hysterical excitement on the part of demonstrators—it communicates nothing of significance on the war in Vietnam. Flags look colourful and are exhilarating to wave around but again do little in educating the public opinion. Placards often



Jack Vowles

bear slogans either ambiguous, seemingly irrelevant, or witty in a rather sick kind of way.

A painful example of a demonstration totally lacking any aspect of communication took place in Queen Street one Friday night in September last year. The protest was against inadequate coverage in the newspapers of political meetings at Myers Park, and especially against the fact that a meeting at which violence (police-provoked) took place was prominently reported, while the meeting a week later with no police in evidence (and therefore no violence) was totally ignored by the Herald, although reporters were present. The dismissal of an NZBC producer on the matter of the political content of a T.V. documentary was another issue. The demonstration was composed of a few hundred people—students, hippies of various kinds, and the PYM. Placards carried such slogans as 'Freedom of the Press'. This slogan was especially ambiguous because the aim of the demonstration was to *curtail* the freedom of the press to censor itself, just as worthy a sentiment but a more complex question.

The name of the NZBC producer also figured heavily—unfortunately his name was not well-known.

Most of the Friday night shoppers had little idea what the demonstration was about and most therefore naturally dismissed it as trivial and ridiculous. They could have easily been given some awareness of the issue by the widespread handout of a simple pamphlet. No one,

apparently, bothered to produce any other. More ways of diffusing information need to be explored—the 'stop me and tell me about Vietnam' method once used in Australia could be used on any issue with effect.

Further problems

A major problem for a public demonstration lies in the existence of differences within demonstrating groups. Public opinion is a hard core of radicals, such as the PYM. These people are opposed to the total social system and therefore seek to attack it at every opportunity. The rest of the demonstrators are usually miscellaneous leftist-tending people, who demonstrate when an issue appears outstanding to them—and when they have spare hour or two for a short walk. The only exception to this pattern would be when an organisation like the Council of Vietnam or HART instigates a demonstration when two or more issues emerge—moderate one-issue people and perennial radicals. It is generally extremely widely to express the divisions in such terms—but they have to be expressed somehow.

The activities of the perennial radicals tend, unfortunately, to alienate more than they convert, that is, to polarise public opinion in the wrong direction. It is the relations with the police, representing the enforcers of the established order, that cast shadows over demonstrators as a whole. They tend to make the Vietnam War protest movement less respectable than it could be.

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