

CRACCUM



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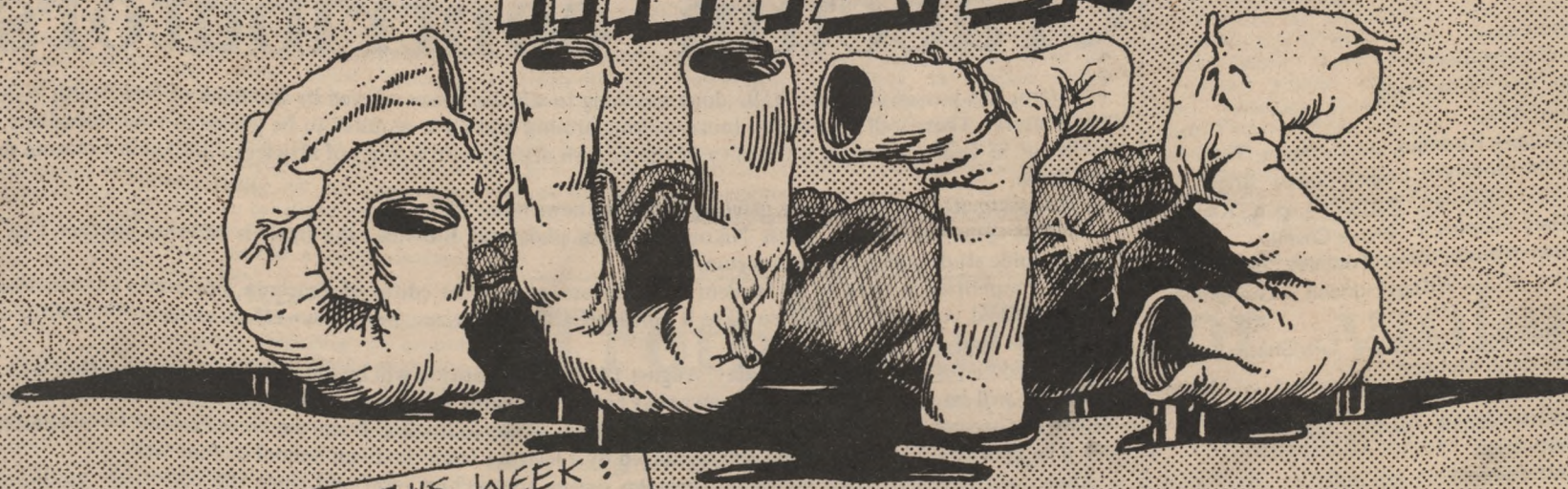
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VOLUME 44, ISSUE NO. 10

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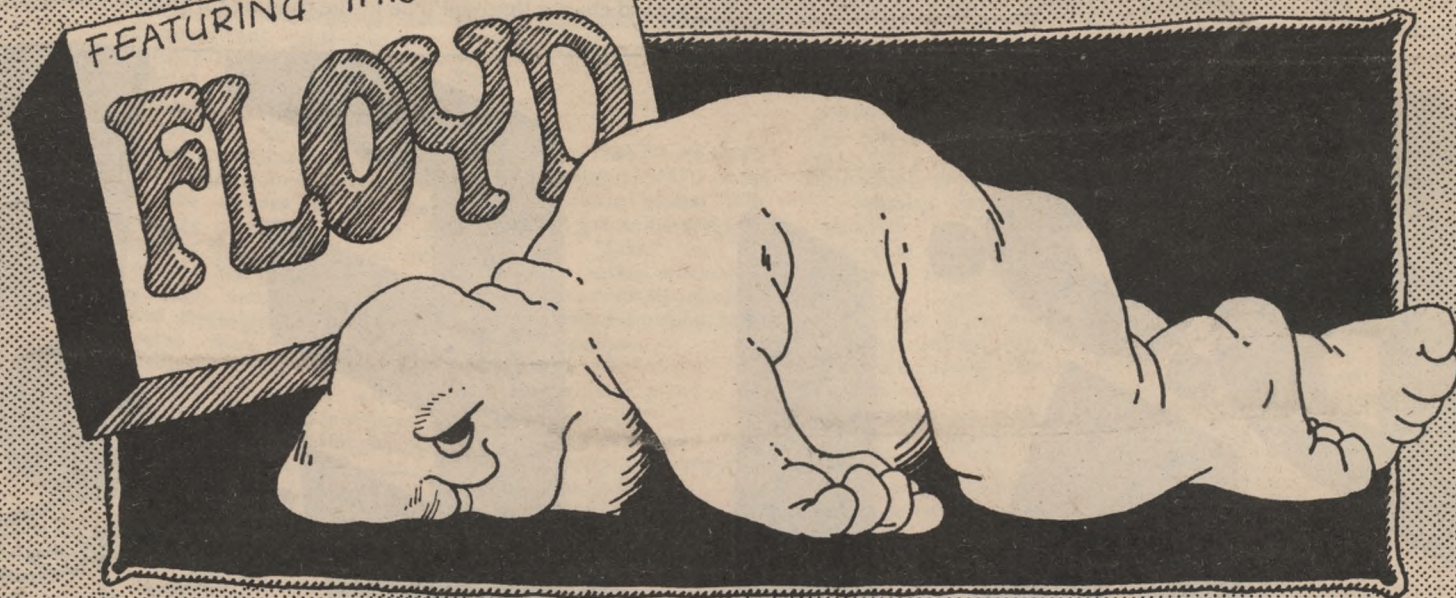
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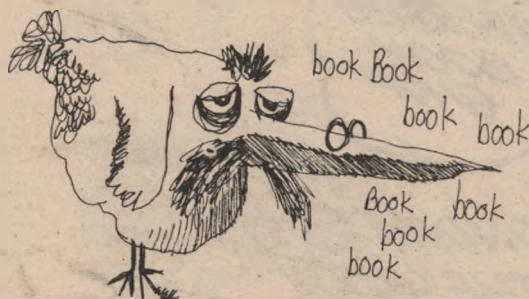
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This space provided
for armchair REVOLUTIONARIES



Sir,
The Auckland Capping Superbag 1970 is a real good scene. When can we expect Craccum to take another form? Give us something to look at, as well as just read—excite our senses. How about paper that smells good or interesting or something? Anyway Superbag is fun and a little stimulating like Capping is or should be.

John Nicol

Sir,
Thank you for your courtesy in publishing my recent article on the university in Craccum.

I was somewhat disappointed at the reception to the article in my own department. It was praised only by the more reactionary of my colleagues. Politeness on my part prevents me from mentioning their names and I can but hope their sense of humour is equal to this remark.

I was therefore delighted to receive somewhat more critical comment from a Mr. W.L. Jull. The name seemed vaguely familiar to me and on enquiry from the Departmental Office was pleased to find that Mr. Jull was one of my own research students.

It is true that the article contains a number of

inconsistencies as Mr. Jull has so ably pointed out. This is because the total reality I tried to describe is influencing the area in which we operate in ways that are sometimes contradictory.

On reflection I decided that I myself was not pursuing the activities advocated in the article with sufficient vigour. I have therefore resumed academic activity with renewed zest and might suggest Mr Jull could follow this example.

T.A. Turney.

Sir,
Eagle is disheartened by student apathy (so called). Why?

Their campus tenure is short, their lives are crowded, disciplines are increasingly complex, their intelligence knows political immaturity, competition for the biggest plums is a crowded occupation and bursaries require subsidy. Acceptance is easiest.

After all they are part of a system (dented but not breached) in which the great god Mammon rewards the faithful.

However, many students and staff see cultural and economic possibilities beyond the self-motive and feel the need to expand society in this direction.

Any clear call, born of reason, devoid of bigotry and dignified by

practicality will gain a substantial response.

Individual and race survival—values clash on close examination. Self-preservation threatens social preservation.

Capitalism is too easily viewed as an outside entity dominating society through the individual when, in fact, it is an individual and social condition.

Revolution akin to evolution is required: a contra dynamism in society strong enough to expose and combat that now dominant. The central dynamism of capital is the self motive: the Unself (all concern) is moving in society and allied to science could trigger constant peaceful revolution.

Wide acceptance, in principle, of instant democracy is possible in the University environment. On May 15 submissions on University Government go forward. If amongst these there was a solid plea for total democracy it would not go unheeded.

Much crusading zeal is spent on vain 'happenings' accompanied by thunder. Emotionally sound at heart but lousy P.R.'s. Emotion

should be corked up and forced through a fine nozzle to sustain the light through the long night slog to social change. The kind acceptable to 'One World' standing room only.

World climate of opinion increasingly conducive to change but the desire for peace is deeply ingrained also and change threatening blood and guts to minorities is out of date. Broken heads and sore feelings dissipate the benefits.

The status quo concept, so dear to the ageing conservative, should be seen as static and dumped completely. The fluid situation concept can serve cultural, social and scientific man into the future.

Bill Tong

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BNSW gives \$200 for Craccum contributors

A term has passed and have YOU done anything to win the prizes offered by the Bank of New South Wales to Craccum contributors? There's all that lovely bread waiting around and all it requires to be placed in your threadbare pocket is one article, or, if your prose style is the envy of the English department, a series of articles published in Craccum during the first two terms.

For feature articles, the bank is offering \$100, for news items \$50.

Whether you possess the latest Nikon or just a plain old Brownie, the bank is offering another \$50 for the best photographic study published in Craccum.


The competition is open to all student contributors, except the editor of Craccum, but once your article or picture has been published you MUST apply to have it considered for the prizes. Bring your effort along to the Editor of Craccum if you wish to apply.

Closing date for applications is Friday, August 14. The competition will be judged over the August Holidays.

Results will be published and prizes awarded before the third term exams. The judges names will be published in a later edition of Craccum but it is expected that they will be senior journalists from the New Zealand Herald and the Auckland Star. The photographic competition will be judged by a lecturer from the Elam School of Fine Arts.

There will be eight more issues of Craccum during the second term and since the editor has published just about everything he has been given, there's a very good chance that you'll be in the running for these fantastic prizes.

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The world has been puzzled by the sudden cessation of communications from that well-known country so near to Godzone. Craccum is proud to present here an exclusive report on the state of that nation.

The land of the pea-brained

It is with great regret that I have to report the results of the fact-finding tour of our close neighbour, the country of Apathia.

You will recall that for some time before our departure we had been receiving no communications from Apathia, nor had our aircraft found anything but deserted airports and surrounding areas. Indeed, even thoroughbred racehorses, much prized by Apathetics, had to be shipped back to our country as there was no one to receive them, despite their great successes on our racetracks.

We did, as it happens, achieve a little more than previous visitors. That is, we found many dead Apathetics. The reason that no one had seen them before is that they were lying in heaps in the bars of hotels, and so were not visible from the air. Tragically, however, we were unable to find any signs of life, though we scoured the whole country.

A number of the bodies we discovered were but newly dead, and our medical officer was therefore able to conduct post-mortem examinations. He could locate no organic lesions common to all the bodies, nor was there hard evidence of any epidemic disease organisms. But some mysterious plague, the nature of which we cannot even guess at, had obviously struck Apathia, for in every body examined it was found that the brain had atrophied. The average weight of the adult brain is, as you know, about 1300 grams. But we found no Apathetic brain of greater than 50 grams weight. This is far too small a brain to support human life, so that the deterioration itself was almost certainly the immediate cause of death though, as I said, we have no idea how the atrophy was brought about.

SENEX

It is clear, however, from earlier events in Apathia that the disease (which, for obvious reasons, we have provisionally named Apathy) strikes a long time before it kills, and is progressive and deteriorating in character. The most important indication was the relationship between Apathia and its ancient homeland, Senex. Although every adult Apathetic must have known that Senex proposed to cut its links with Apathia in favour of an alliance with New Gallia, and that this would mean an end to profitable trade ties, virtually

nobody tried to do anything about it; with the result that through lack of alternative markets for its primary produce and failure to diversify its manufactures, Apathia almost overnight reverted to a subsistence economy. The two basic defects here were a lack of effective discussion about national objectives, and no political leadership. The party in power could only reiterate endlessly its continuing faith in Senecian promises, while the opposition spent its time in carping criticism, without even a hint of constructive alternatives. And the mass of the people did nothing at all. This, surely, was a clear manifestation of Apathy, for it is inconceivable that a people in full command of its senses could so unresistingly have permitted such a situation to continue to its bitter conclusion.

Two other events were the introduction of a new currency and later trading hours in hotels. These proceeded so smoothly that they were hailed variously (depending on the motives of the spokesman) as tributes to good organization, native good sense, cooperativeness, or the immense adaptability of the Apathetic. With the benefit of hindsight, we can now see that it was Apathy at work, and in a fairly advanced stage, too.

TELEVISION

Then there were a number of incidents concerning the control of Apathia's single television network. On several occasions, programmes were modified or cancelled at the behest of politicians. How often this happened we do not know, for we heard only of the cases that resulted in members of the network staff protesting or resigning—and it is significant that none or almost none of these were native Apathetics. On other occasions, the broadcasting authorities themselves refused to show programmes or parts thereof on the curious ground that someone might be offended or that the opposing view had not been put. Had the causes not been so tragic, such reasoning would seem laughable. For instance, a doctor made some remarks favouring contraception and abortion as possible ways of reducing the miseries of unwanted illegitimate children. Her remarks,

part of a television interview, were not broadcast. Had ordinary commonsense prevailed, it would have been obvious that a) there is nothing that does not offend someone, and b) the case against abortion, etc., has been put to us all by every means of communication during the past thousand years or more. This is only one of numerous examples, but, like the others, it provoked virtually no response from the public at large.

FOOTBALL

All of these incidents serve to show the insidious advance of this dreadful disease among the Apathetics. But perhaps the most striking recent symptom was the failure of any member of the public to meet its last victorious touring Rugby players upon their return home. Of course, Apathia had by then become a peasant economy, and we all thought that the people's ignoring of their football players was a good sign, an indication that they had turned to pursuits involving them as participants rather than as mere spectators; perhaps, even, to some pursuits of a cultural kind. We should, however, have recognized this as a superficial judgment, in view of the religious veneration with which Apathetics had always regarded footballers.

At this point, I should mention that during this last fateful period of their unhappy country's history, young people were the most vital force. They protested at everything, they rejected their elders' ways, and they tried—how they tried—to carve out some sort of future for themselves. But it was to no avail. Absence of good organization, lack of political power, and the debilitating influence of the adult community; these eventually sapped the resistance of the young, who went down with their parents.

It is, perhaps, fitting to conclude here. Apathia is not far from our own country, and we must therefore consider ourselves at risk from Apathy and take whatever preventive measures are possible. I hardly know what to suggest, but one thing seems clear from what we do know: the young appear to have a built-in resistance to Apathy. Resistance is not, of course, immunity, but I judge it likely that if we can find some way to insulate young people from contagion by the adult population, they at least might be saved if this disease should ever reach these shores.

I am
Your most obedient servant
E.W. BRAITHWAITE

"Truth" calls for violence

We are sure that Craccum's readers will be delighted to learn that that other weekly publication (we refer to the NZ Truth) has at last realized the nature of its own stories. This happy enlightenment came in the issue of May 12 when Truth headlined a front page story by the editor attacking New Zealand students as "VILE RAVINGS..." Having recovered from an attack of heavy chuckling, philosophy student PHIL O'CARROLL sent the following comments to Craccum.

The Editor
Craccum
Dear Ted,

I have just read the NZ Truth of Tuesday, May 12, 1970. In the front-page feature, headed "Vile Ravings...", the writer urges the readers to "Stand on the students." In several articles (pp. 1, 4, & 7) the country's university students are condemned for their:

- demonstrations
- disorder
- rabble-rousing
- assault of police
- vile abuse of police
- often unlawful behaviour
- filthy expletives
- being inconsiderate
- being holligans o
- inviting violence and disorder
- inviting confrontations with society
- desegregating toilets (Victoria University Student Union)
- misleading the public into thinking that most young people share their views
- writing propaganda for distribution in high schools
- being the "brains" behind

the formation of dissident secondary student groups.

- being long-haired, scruffy-looking and continually protesting
- shouting about American atrocities in Vietnam but remaining silent about the Russian rape of Eastern Europe and atrocities committed by the Viet Cong.
- conveniently overlooking the communist terror in Cambodia
- wanting to pollute our society by having marijuana legalized

These allegations are made in highly emotive terms. Emotive language is not always bad, but when it is used to condemn people on the basis of wild generalizations, it is dangerous. It appears that Truth has little respect for the truth. However, for certain sectors of the public, the student image is as Truth somewhat dramatically draws it; even though it bears little relation to reality—the actual men and women who go to university.

It is my opinion that students should not concern themselves

with the "student image". Students should continue to do and say whatever they believe is right. Rationality and morality are often incompatible with popularity. But respectability can be won or lost overnight. It is not worth losing one's sense of purpose just to maintain one's public reputation.

Then Truth makes various suggestions as to how to "stand on the students":

- taxpayers—already footing a high education bill—should not have to put up with them
- the rebels should be expelled
- those who disrupt order must leave, including the teachers and professors who encourage students to demonstrate and agitate
- the silent majority should express opposition to the militant radicals now claiming to be speaking on behalf of youth.

These are suggestions directed at the politicians, the university administrators, and the "silent" students. It is for them to reply publicly, as they think fit.

But it is the sentiment expressed on the Truth posters that is most disturbing to me. It is an incitement to official violence.

The posters read: "Let's hit ratbag students hard". What is advocated by way of before—and after—trial violence is a threat not only to students but to the whole country. The second front-page headline reads "...and now it's time to stifle the agitators". This is followed in the text by a series of exhortations:

- fines should be imposed to rattle the teeth of these people
- otherwise a spell in jail should cool their capacity for violence and abuse.
- and when faced with dangerous situations, let the police openly unsheath their batons.

And on page 13, the final paragraph reads:

- police brutality—a belt on the rump with a baton would do some of these demonstrators more good than any jail sentence or fine.

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Strife at Lincoln

CACLIN PRESS RELEASE

For the second time in succession five Lincoln College Exec members, including the President, John Hayes, have used walk-out tactics to prevent an Executive motion from being passed. The motion was:—

That in the opinion of the LCSA Executive the meeting held at lunchtime March 24 1970, was unconstitutional, and therefore all business conducted thereat is not legal business of this Association.

The AGM of March 23 was chaired by the then acting President, Roger Payne, and this meeting lapsed through want of a quorum during discussion of NZUSA remits. The following morning Mr Payne ruled that as the new Exec. (ic. 1970/71 Exec.) had not been introduced, "to office" the previous evening, he was still acting President. Together with Mr Hayes he decided "to continue with the AGM" as there was insufficient time to conduct an SGM before Easter Council. At this meeting a motion was passed to disassociate LCSA from both National and International Commissions. The motion was moved by Hayes and strongly supported by Mr Payne from the chair.

VIOLATION

The proposer of the Executive motion, Education Officer, Don Moore, believed that it was of vital importance that the LCSA abided by its constitution, and that it was the opinion of many students that the meeting had been an outright violation of the constitution. At a previous meeting, Vice President, Cliff Stockwell had quoted from J.E. Joshe. Law and Procedure of Meetings:—

"In the event of there not being a quorum at the beginning or during a meeting, the meeting lapses unless the rules provide otherwise, for example, that it is to be adjourned to the time and place of the next ordinary meeting, 'and' Where a quorum is necessary, he, (the Chairman) must see that it is present throughout the whole of the

meeting, and if at any time during a meeting there is not a quorum, and it cannot be obtained, the meeting should be terminated, or if the rules so provide, adjourned."

As the constitution of the LCSA does not provide procedure for a quorum lapsing, such as adjournment, as soon as the quorum lapses the meeting is deemed closed. Mr Stockwell contended that the issue was clear cut and that members of the Exec should be able to interpret the constitution for both themselves and the students they were elected to represent.

UNACCEPTABLE

When the motion was first proposed, the Chairman Mr Hayes ruled that the motion was unacceptable to the chair. This ruling was disagreed with and Mr Stockwell took the chair. After some heated discussion including a lengthy, emotional dissertation from Mr Payne in the gallery, Mr Stockwell moved from the chair that the motion be put. At this point the President and three others walked out of the meeting, forcing it to be concluded through the want of a quorum.

A week later another Exec meeting was called. This time the motion was 'on the books' and had to be discussed before any further business could proceed. Chairman Hayes pleaded five times "as President of this Association and Chairman of this meeting" for the motion to be withdrawn. Amongst protests from the Exec, Hayes made a lengthy speech from the chair, claiming that the Executive in bringing up this "very minor

issue" was blocking more important business of the Association. However he saw the issue as important enough to walk out and in so doing preventing a democratic, majority decision.

CRUNCH

Hayes claimed "the crunch comes when policy, especially on

International Commission, lapses if this motion is carried." However, the secretary, Miriam Palmer, claimed that this was certainly not true and that Mr. Hayes at Easter Council had decided to disassociate from International Commission on a 1969 SGM motion. He would abstain from National remits except where he had a clear directive of Lincoln policy in such

fields as the All Black tour and marijuana. At Auckland he decided to ignore the decisions from the 'continued AGM' adding that "the meeting sounds as if it was unconstitutional under the terms of the Incorporated Societies Act." All this was denied by Mr Hayes at the meeting even though there were four witnesses and a set of notes taken at Auckland which verify Miss Palmer's claims.

The second walkout came when five members left the room, leaving only seven, one short of the required quorum. Mr Hayes' last comment before leaving the room was "this bloody Executive needs a good kick in the backside."

BLACKMAIL

The aftermath is now

somewhat confused. One hears little or no support for Hayes around the Campus and yet the Exec majority are being blackmailed into withdrawing the motion. Mr Hayes accuses the Exec. majority of blocking "the important business" of the Association. Surely it is the minority group, who by refusing to let the motion be voted upon, is holding up further business.

It appears now that Moore and Robinson must withdraw their motion under political blackmail and take it to an SGM after the May holidays. Most students are sick of the issue, but those who support the motion feel that the importance of the constitution must be upheld whilst those who oppose it would just like the issue to be conveniently forgotten.

New V-C an engineer

Dr Colin J. Maiden, a 37-year-old Auckland engineering graduate, is to be the next Vice-Chancellor of this university.

He will succeed Mr K.J. Maidment, who retires at the end of this year after twenty-one years as Vice-Chancellor.

At present supervising research projects for General Motors in Michigan, Dr Maiden was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship in 1955 after graduating Master of Engineering. He has been concerned with projects which include development studies for spacecraft heat shields.

Following completion of a Ph.D. at Oxford in 1957, Dr Maiden did research at Harwell for the Atomic Energy Research Establishment. From 1958 to 1960, Dr Maiden was engaged on Canadian government research into the physics of hypersonic flight.

Dr Maiden was a Senior Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering at Auckland University in 1960 and 1961 before joining General Motors. He has lectured on a variety of topics at several North American universities.

He is married to an Auckland and has three daughters and a son.

While a student at Auckland,

Auckland towards the end of 1970 and will have two or three months here before officially assuming his new position.

It is understood that the Registrar, Mr Kirkness, is also planning to retire in the near future.

Dr Maiden was awarded several scholarships and was, in 1954, a member of the Students' Association Executive. He gained Blues for tennis in both his years at Oxford.

According to the Chancellor, Mr W.H. Cooper, Council's decision to appoint Dr Maiden was unanimous. This followed a recommendation from Senate. Dr Maiden spent a week on campus during which time he spoke with numbers of staff and students.

His appointment has the support of Senate, the Association of University Teachers, representatives of the sub-professional staff and of the Students' Association.

Dr Maiden will arrive in

The University Council last week announced the award of an Honorary Doctorate of Laws to the retiring Vice-Chancellor, Mr Maidment, and it is understood that there are plans to have him elected an honorary life member of the Students' Association at a special general meeting later this term.

Sex instruction

Over the next four weeks, the Students' Association, in conjunction with the Student Health Service, aims to hold a series of four lectures conveying factual instruction on sexual matters of relevance to students. Controversial ethical and moral issues will not be covered specifically. The speakers include such personalities as Dr Fraser MacDonald of Kingseat Hospital, Professor G.C. Liggins of the National Women's Hospital, and

Dr. Rex Hunton of Auckland Hospital. The topics will range over contraception, V.D., illegitimacy, abortion and adoption. The series of lectures was prompted by an NZUSA policy on the subject, urging constituent universities to arrange a course of sex lectures each year. The Student Health Service, which is probably in the best position to judge, feels that there is a lack of student awareness on many sexual matters.



A HARROWING EXPERIENCE

First Gentleman: "I SAY, DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THOMPSON BEING LOCKED IN THE CELLAR ALL NIGHT?"

Second Gentleman: "EGAD! HOW HARROWING FOR THE POOR BLIGHTER."

First Gentleman: "NOT AT ALL. FELLOW WORKS AT THE CORBANS WINE CENTRE. SOME BOUNDERS HAVE ALL THE LUCK!"

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Suggestions to calm the cops

BY PHIL O'CARROLL

On Friday, April 17, we had the first police killing in New Zealand for some time. A member of the Armed Offenders squad of the N.Z. Police Force shot down a "disturbed" man, Bruce Glensor, who was armed and holding a hostage.

The man thus killed had never shot at anybody. And although the man was obviously potentially dangerous, the published information on the circumstances in which the man was shot seems consistent with his having no intention to shoot.

I am in no position to declare that this killing was unjustified, but it brings to mind all sorts of questions about police conduct. The Auckland Star published an account of the killing, adding that their own Press photographer, Morrie Hill, was ordered away from the scene at police gunpoint.

Since then the news media have been strangely quiet about the whole thing. What has happened? Suppression of public discussion of police conduct?

DEGENERATION

Although in comparison with other police forces around the world, the N.Z. police force has had a good record for non-violence, we must keep our eyes open for degeneration in N.Z. police standards. That is, the N.Z. police must be accessible to public enquiry. But there was no public enquiry into police conduct at the Agnew demonstrations in Auckland last January, despite a mountain of submissions from the public. A minor but related observation is that the large-distribution newspapers would not print the photographic evidence made available to them because of the fact that several policemen had removed their identification paulettes for the demonstration (see Craccum issue I 1970). It looks as if some policy-makers in government or media have decided that it is in the best interests of the public that police action not be bought before public scrutiny.

This I cannot understand for two reasons. Firstly, we are all, public and administrators alike, confronted with the fact that, justifiably or otherwise, the N.Z. police are becoming more violent. And secondly, public suspicion of the police, which is itself detrimental to public order, can be allayed only by genuine public enquiry into police conduct and honesty on the part of the government, the police and the media. A straightforward official admission when policemen do from time to time seriously fail in their duties, would be far more credible and reassuring than the blatant evasion and whitewashing that we at present tend to get from the Prime Minister, the various police heads and the silent major media.

SECRECY

Whatever the reason for the trend to greater violence, the general secrecy about police conduct squashes any hope of checking a possible decline in police standards. For whatever reason, our police are becoming more violent and more secret. Although our police force is still better than many others in the world, the eventual outcome of

these two trends can only be a police force which is for all practical purposes, beyond the law.

Something needs to be done. While I do not claim to know the answer, I have some suggestions: first concerning police training and second concerning police government.

I suggest that some basic social facts should be considered in the design of police training programs. It appears to me that much strife could be avoided, the number of arrests and attacks reduced if policemen were trained to avoid the simple pitfalls that await any man wielding a little power over other people.

'PIGS'

Take words, for example. In every linguistically advanced culture there are certain standard expressions whose function is to upset, anger or frighten a typical person of that culture. Most New Zealanders for example would become upset if they were addressed by strangers as 'pigs' or if this or similar insults were chanted at them. O.K., it might be argued that N.Z. policemen are New Zealanders too and are equally entitled to get upset. I disagree. It is true that without training they are equally likely to get upset, but the policeman, as one who is given special powers over other people, must have some professional responsibilities: just as a doctor, for example, is expected to remain calm where others would get upset. One can learn not to respond aggressively to verbal provocation. Many people have to. I am told that de-sensitization training of this type is carried out in some police forces. But going by police responses that I have witnessed and by countless other reports, I would say that N.Z. policemen are not adequately trained in this way.

Another cause of police over-reaction arises, I believe, from the simple fact that most policemen are, culturally, "normal" people. For N.Z. 1970 for example, a typical policeman will have average-to-conservative-1970-kiwi attitudes and habits, vaguely church christian tastes, "tidy", dull dress; short back-and-sides (lately beginning to creep down the jowls); and, of course, no beard. Now an average kiwi tends, expectably, to be suspicious of those he cannot identify with, those he can not recognize as "normal kiwi jokers". (The third photo, centre spread, Craccum, issue I 1970, is rather suggestive in this respect). This simple social principle applies everywhere, not just to N.Z. policemen. When a culturally "normal" person

encounters a culturally "abnormal" person, some "non-conformist", someone whose habits or manners or personal values are those of some minority, we might well see aversion, mistrust and even violence.

ENEMIES

It seems that at any given time some groups must play the part of the socially unacceptable—the public enemies. If one unacceptable minority disappears or becomes acceptable, "society" finds fault with some other easily identifiable minority. Maoris, for example, have become more socially acceptable since the Islanders have arrived in sufficiently great numbers to take their old place. In this culture at this time the unacceptable minorities seem to include: those who wear long hair and gay/"untidy" clothes; those men whose sexual interest is in other men; those from certain other cultures; those men who do not remove the hair which grows on their chins; those who advocate or sympathize with socialist or communist principles or who feel any sympathy for the current "enemies of the nation"; Africans, Indians, Negroes; visiting bridge-builders or boat-scrappers from Japan; those who are "unkempt" or unemployed; Polynesians; those who receive tertiary education in and pass comment on the various aspects of our way of life. How can I prove that these minorities are significantly unacceptable in our culture? Very few sociological statistics have been compiled for New Zealand, so I can't quote figures. But I can suggest an operational proof. Take any male who is seen to "belong" to one of these groups. Then take an unmarried 18-25 year-old kiwi female. Have her introduce one of these men to her parents as her "intended". Now in most cases (where the parents would not be averse to a "normal kiwi" fiancé) the parental response will be strongly negative. However, the social unacceptability of these groups is demonstrated more simply by the current prominence of the distinctly derogatory slang which we use to refer to them. Persons seen as belonging to the groups I have listed are labelled, respectively, by the terms, 'hippies', 'queers', 'wogs', 'beardie-weirdies', 'commies', 'blacks', 'nips', 'bums', 'headhunters', 'student rabble'.

DISSENT

Now it is true that some of these groups show a crime rate higher than the national average. A major reason for this is that to some extent, mere dissent from the cultural norm is criminal. The law is designed in part to enforce "normalcy", to preserve even the practically irrelevant cultural values. Much of our law prohibits not what is actually harmful, but

what runs contrary to our traditional morality e.g., homosexuality, public sexuality, drug-taking, pacifism, poverty whether voluntary or involuntary, "borrowing" without permission. Our local idea of a "crime" is tied to our local prejudices. But all this is to raise the question of law reform, which is strictly not the business of the police.

A further reason for the higher crime rate among these minorities is that, because the police, being "average kiwis", are suspicious of them, they expect more misbehaviour from them and consequently pay more attention to them. (It follows from this that an "average kiwi" has more chance of getting away with a crime). So the police "find" more misbehaviour among the minority groups. This is where the ad hoc law used, as permitted by the Police Offences Act. These laws, which are not systematically enforced, but invoked at the policeman's discretion, include: "disturbing the peace", "offensive behaviour", "obstruction", "being idle and disorderly", "obscene language" (if this latter, for example, were enforced impartially, most of our "average decent kiwis" would be prosecuted along with the students, the hippies and the motorbike boys)

TAUGHT

I believe that the crime rate among these unacceptable minorities would drop if police trainees were taught to distinguish dissent from disorder—if they were made aware of the dangers of interference by cultural prejudices in the exercise of power over people. I am not proposing that every policeman should take a degree in sociology. But I do think their selectors and teachers should. I think most police trainees would quickly assimilate these social principles if they were presented explicitly as part of their official training progress.

In my experience alone, several times I have had and witnessed encounters with policemen who were quite unnecessarily distressed and therefore incompetent, seemingly for no other reasons than the ones I have outlined above. These men are not adequately prepared for contact with their most likely customers, those of the socially unacceptable minorities.

My second suggestion concerns the government of the police force. The major problem in police government, as I see it—the reason that the increase in violence and the increase in secrecy are grave threats to our desired way of life—is that the police force is too autonomous. If the police force has to answer only to itself, it will naturally seek to increase its own power. And it goes without saying that

Further to my earlier letter, I have just received a letter from the Minister of Police concerning the killing of Bruce Glensor. The Minister advises that the Auckland Star allegation that a Pressman was required at gunpoint to leave the scene has been investigated and found to be incorrect. "He was advised from a distance by an armed policeman, who at no stage pointed the weapon at him, that he was not to pass through a cordon." "... the photographer himself has stated that the facts were grossly distorted." "I very much regret that the Police had to act as they did. No member of the Police gain any satisfaction whatsoever from taking a life as they realize that the protection of all members of the public is the main aim of their calling."

Phil O'Carroll

more police violence and more police secrecy is more police power. Major decisions on police practices and police principles are made by policemen. The danger, in short, is that the people lose control over their own police.

COUNCIL

To overcome this, I suggest that the police force should be governed by a partially independent body—a police council. The type of council I am thinking of would consist of police heads along with representatives of various sectors of the community, particularly those who come into most frequent contact with the police. This would provide a realistic link between the people and their police. The police could respond to the public's points of view and the public could respond to the police points of view. And both, possibly, could be guided by some expert points of view. The composition of such a council might be as follows: provincial police heads, Minister of Justice, a member of the opposition (maybe the shadow Minister of Justice), a representative from the Law Society, a representative of the Polynesian peoples, a representative of the country's students, a man engaged in welfare work with young people generally, a sociologist, a social worker actually engaged in prison work, etc. From time to time the composition of this council would change as the social trouble spots changed, but at all times, it would predominantly represent the people. It would not be the function of this body to make or change law, but to make or change policy on police methods of upholding the law. Its proceedings would be public. As well as controlling the police force, this council would answer queries into police activity and issue public reports whenever there was a call for them. It

would receive, consider and reply to submissions from the public concerning police methods. The establishment of this council would relieve much of the misunderstanding that eventually leads to high prosecution rates.

LONG-TERM

Another advantage in having a genuine police council of this sort is apparent when we take a longer-term view. Consider the possibility that a future government may abuse its position and foist unwanted decisions on its people. What seems to have happened in countries where the government has acted in this way is: the more unpopular the government policy is, i.e., the more the government abuses its power, the more the people dissent; the more unrest there is; the more the people disrespect the government and the law; the higher the crime rate; the higher the occurrence of police violence. What this amounts to is that such a government indirectly uses the police force to impose itself against the people. By arresting and prosecuting great numbers of people whose offences are motivated by dissatisfaction with the government, a police force is indirectly enforcing undemocratic government policy. And when this happens, that is, when the police force becomes in effect a political faction, degeneration in police methods invariably seems to follow. The end result of this is the Police State. And surely it does not need to be argued that where there is a police state, there is not government by the people.

This is a suggestion. It may not be workable. But the establishment of something like such a police council might well be all that could save New Zealand from the internal sickness that afflicts so many other peoples and has already infected us—the cold civil war.


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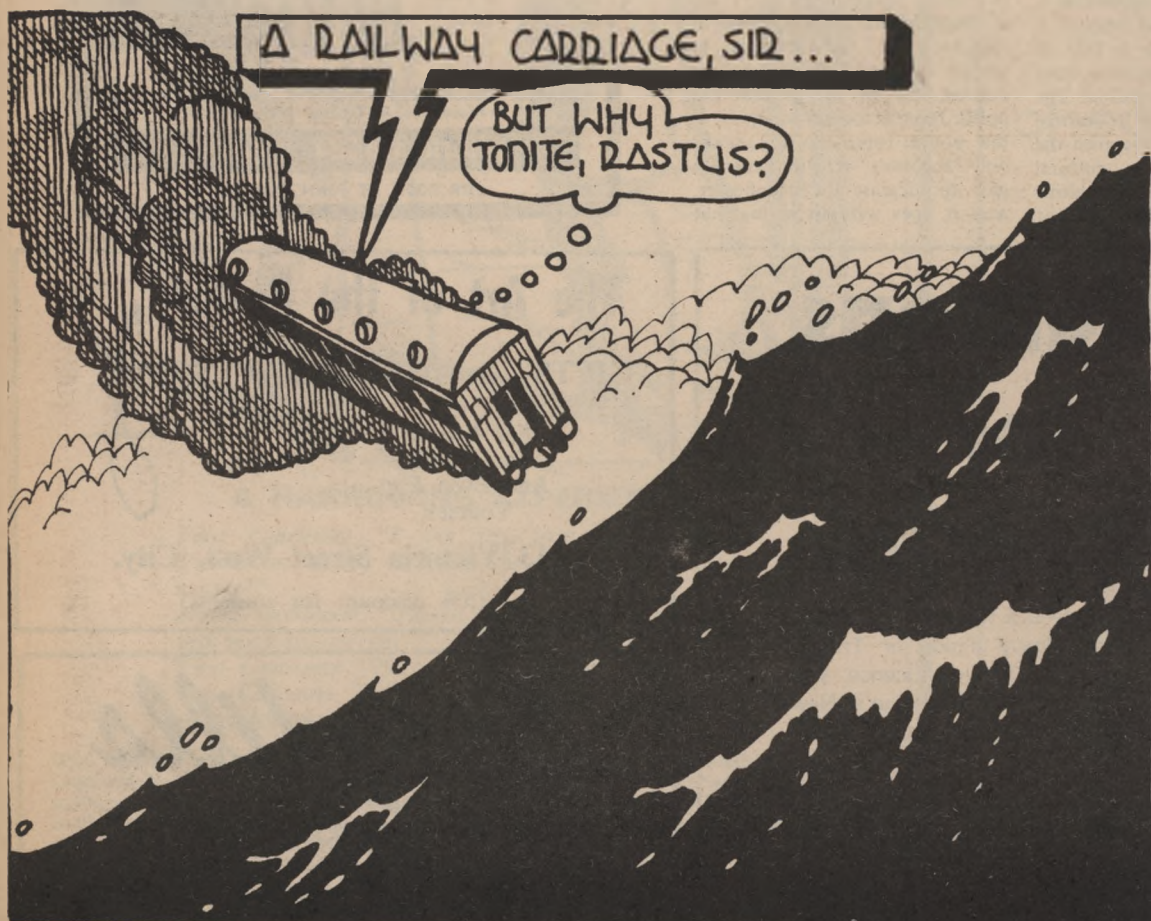
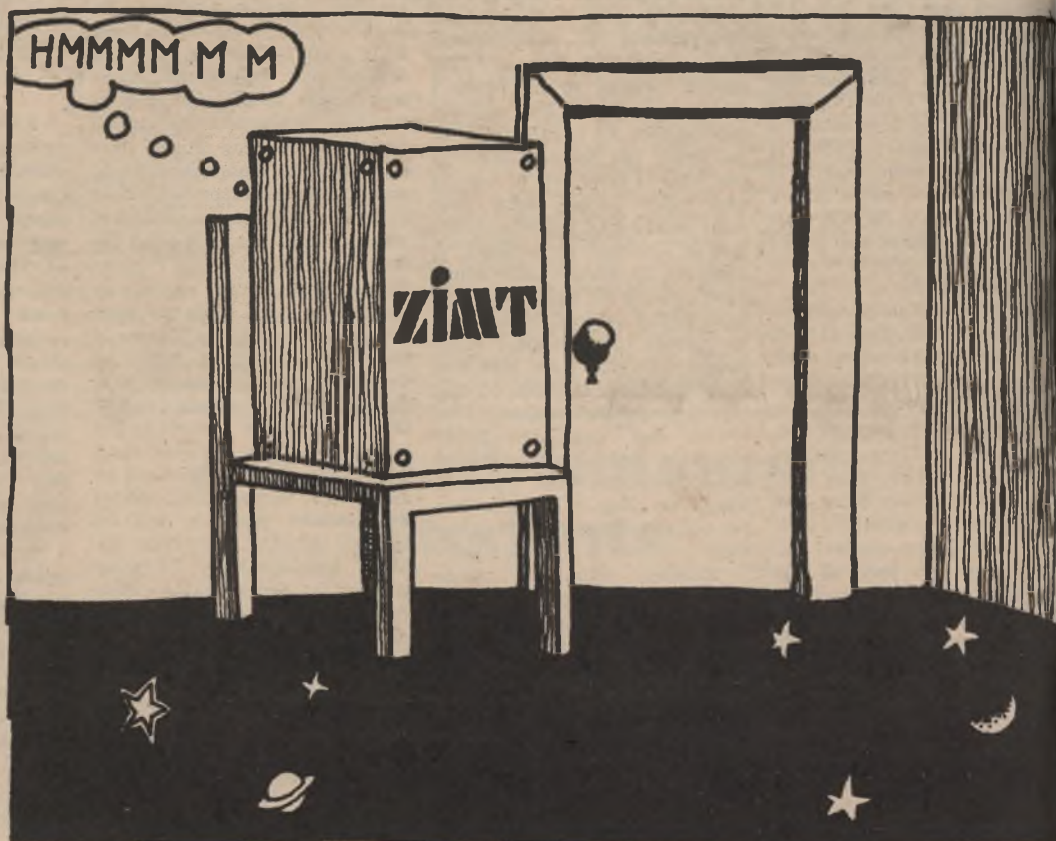
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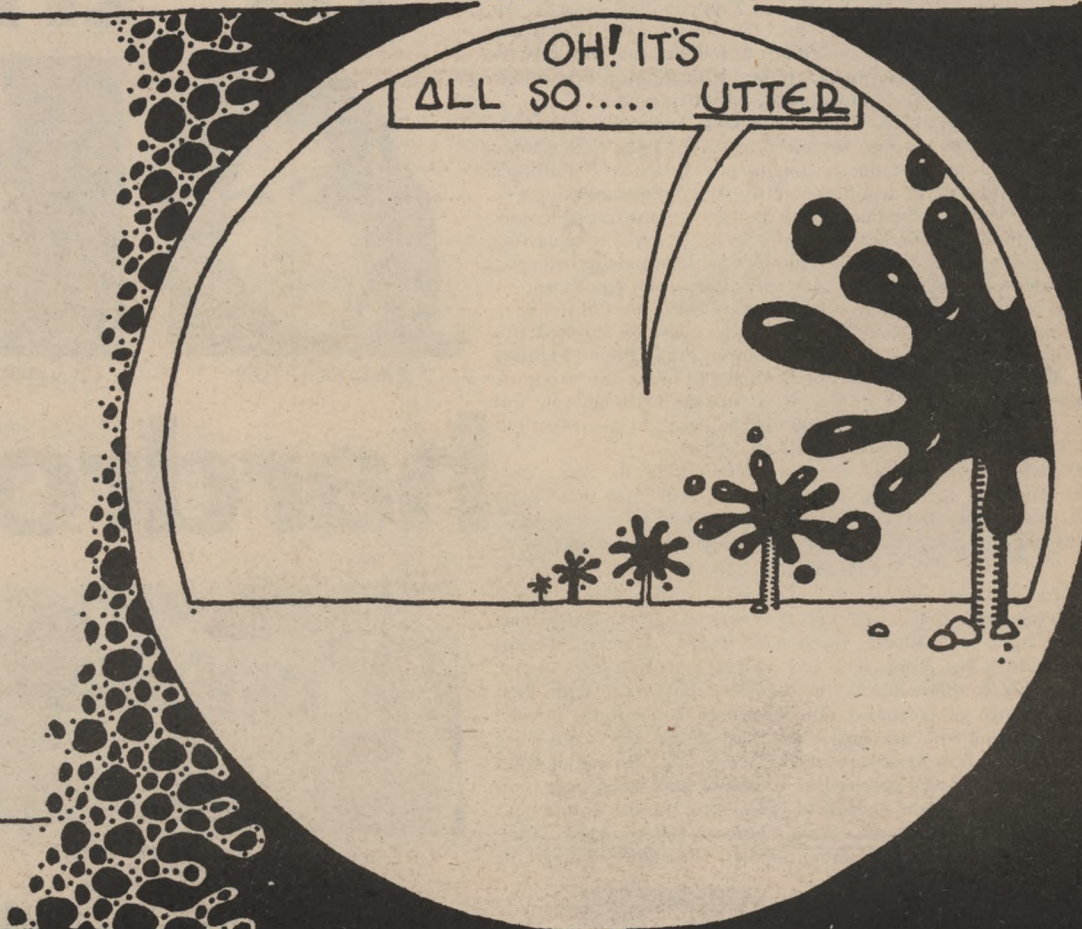
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If you can't afford that fat tome in the University Bookshop that tells you all about the history of rock and where it's going, then read this report from Craccum reviewer DEREK KING and you'll be well up on what's happening. (You can even quote from it at parties for no extra charge and prove your erudition.)

Today's hardrock sound has direct roots in the rock and roll revival that threatened to put pop music back as many years as rock and roll had lain dormant. In the early 50's when rock and roll was king, and Presley was too, and there was Buddy Holly, Chuck Berry, Bill Haley and the Comets, Little Richard and on it goes... and weren't they great... remember them? A gyrating explosive, sound, alive and vital... the stabilizing catalyst in a pop world which had little else to offer. After all to make it then you had to be a devout Christian with short cropped hair, sport a large and well-behaved family and generally be a credit to the community. Well... there were the Pat Boone's weren't there? Apart from the perennial blues and rock and roll there was really nothing else of consequence. Rock and roll had a good run but something happened; it seemed to burn itself out and all these damn crazes took its place or obscured what was left. The twist and that Limbo rock thing where you put your head between your legs and turned yourself into a complete idiot... but it had roots in Outer Mumbo which gave it just enough mystic to sustain it. I suppose the next craze was going to be hulla-hoop music for secondary school Proms but I didn't hear it got off the ground.

Out of this frustration and lack of direction came the pop groups headed by those ego men: Brian Poole (and the Tremeloes), Freddy (and the Dreamers), Gerry (and the Pacemakers), and on it goes again. Of course there was Cliff Richard and the Shadows—they were great—good clean lads—wore suits on stage, all the same and did those step things for a while.

THE SLUMP

It's easy to knock it all but it's also just as easy to see the slump the pop business had got itself into after rock and roll fell off the stage. Bill Haley, Presley and others must go down in history as the greats in a truly great period of pop culture—and really, when you think back weren't the Shadows good? Their music was original, clean, fresh. What happened after that isn't history—no, it's more a mishmash of ballad and second rate nonsense.

But in the middle 1960's a group emerged that was to have more influence on the rock scene than any other since the Comets. It was the early Yardbirds. This group was to be the training ground for three of the world's best and most innovating electric guitarists: Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page. Eric Clapton's first taste of recognition came with the Yardbirds. It was when the group had its first commercial success with the hit single 'For Your Love' that Clapton quit to join Mayall's Bluesbreakers and return to his first love—blues. With Mayall, the Clapton legend grew until in 1966 with Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker he formed Cream. It was then that Clapton's popularity spread to America and consequently mushroomed on a world scale. But despite its financial and musical success the Cream was an uneasy alliance and the inevitable split came in 1968 when Clapton and Baker went on to provide half of Blind Faith. Today Eric Clapton is at the crossroads on his career.

Jimmy Page, a highly respected session guitarist, was responsible for Jeff Beck's joining the Yardbirds and later joined himself replacing Beck when he left to form his own group. So much can be said of Clapton but what of Beck and Page.

PROTOTYPE

Jeff Beck was to form a group which could be called the prototype of today's hardrock music. Formed in 1966 the Jeff Beck group was as original then as Buddy Holly was in his day. Ahead of his time, Beck waited about two years to record his first album. It was about this time one of the many rock revival campaigns got under way. But in 1968 this one was for real. There was even talk of bringing Bill Haley and the Comets back on stage (they must be all old and balding now), leap frogging and jumping about the despondent, remembering audience that is today's teenagers. What a heart breaking business venture that might have proved had it caught on, but nothing came of these revivals and after the first attempt failed Gerry and the Pacemakers continued walking through a storm, Cliff Richard and the Shadows drove a double-decker bus into the sunset on their Summer Holiday, and Elvis kept right on seducing his wooden chair.

Later Jeff Beck showed the pop promoters just what they were looking for—HARDROCK—a happening thing and its happening in Ernest now (Ernest plays bass) with Led Zeppelin and Company. An extension of rock and roll—sure—but using the electronic advances and sophisticated recording techniques of the day. A necessarily different form of music. In key with the pressures of the 20th century city life—screaming brutish, ear-splitting rock.

Beck seems to have faded after a shocking second album but his first album 'Truth' bears listening to even today: electronic gimmicks galore, but it stands up on its own. Listen to the group's vocalist Rod Stewart; he has a distinctive style unlike anything I've heard before. Although the Beck group has been concentrating mainly on touring America (making the quick buck) at the expense of cutting any worthwhile tracks, the vocalist Stewart did take time out to cut a recently released album. An old raincoat will never let you down. A distinctive voice with competent backing not unlike that of the Beck group's early recording success. Among the numbers featured is a good version of the Jagger-Richards composition 'Street Fighting Man'. Man of constant sorrow and Dirty old town are two more well known songs given the Rod Stewart treatment. Rough, raw, but at times a little disjointed, this album may be hard to take at first but wait—it'll get to you and it's well worth the effort.

The many categories of rock are represented by some very talented groups at the moment. It is well to note that there is no easily definable boundary between any of the rock influenced styles but I will mention groups that fit into fairly discernable categories.

COUNTRY

Country rock, an essentially American derivative is represented by The Band of which enough has been written: so too for the jazz influenced rock of Blood Sweat and Tears, Chicago Transit Authority etc. The Byrds, the old men of the folk rock scene, haven't as big a following as they deserve but what with their continual change of personnel (Jim McGuinn is the only original member remaining from the early Mr. Tambourine days) and a few mediocre albums it is understandable. It's a shame Notorious Byrd Brothers wasn't as well received as it should have been as it is an exceptionally good album—beautiful tunes, ultra smooth harmonies. Perhaps with the exposure of 'Wasn't born to follow' from Easy Rider it might become a little more popular. I certainly hope so for it's the Byrds at their peak.

Soul rock represented by Joe Cocker, Jimmy Cliff and company is a little more commercial, has less staying power, and certainly the least likely to have been influenced in any way by the current rock revival—more an extension of the pop ballad—Janis Joplin might fit in here somewhere I guess; you really can't fit Janis Joplin anywhere really (perhaps a hysterical Nina Simone). Creedence Clearwater

HARDROCK 70 or



ELVIS

the year



CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL

of the



ERIC CLAPTON

JIMMY PAGE

hardrock



LED ZEPPELIN

giants

Revival have had a great deal of radio time and it's heartening to see as talented a group so popular on the commercial top 40. Their music is a bayou country sound, distinctively American. They must be one of the biggest groups in the business at the moment with sell-out concerts throughout England, a wild vibrant stage act, and a recently released album that is outselling everything in its class. Their album Bayou Country was revolutionary (excuse the men's troupe advertising term), their second Susie a little disappointing, their third Green River contains four of their hit parade successes, their latest Willy and the Poorboys (apart from the last two tracks on the second side) is nothing short of brilliant—who else would step out from behind the security of their electronic equipment and lay a number like Poor Boy Shuffle on the line, using harp, acoustic guitar, wash tub bass, wash board and get away with it.

ZAPPA & CO

A little about another good American group. (There really aren't a lot of them at the moment—America seems to be still recovering from the underground music phase of Frank Zappa and company, which having sprung from the hippie era, shot any serious attempt at pop music in that country to hell). It's Steppenwolf—that raspy, raw, vocal, driving fuzz guitar, pounding bass line that is Steppenwolf. Like the Byrds, the group is at last getting the exposure they deserve with two numbers from Easy Rider. The first Steppenwolf album, I think, was probably the best thing they've ever done. Born to be Wild, The Pusher are both there with others of equal calibre. Also a track that is just so good it defies criticism—it's John Kay's Desperation. Their last album At Your Birthday Party also makes excellent listening.

1969 certainly saw some first in the pop business. The year went out of doors: the Stones in Hyde Park, Bob Dylan at the Isle of Wight Festival. The year John and Yoko did their thing (God knows how long they can get away with it) leaving the Beatles, as a group, out on a limb. The year of the supergroups and talk of the ultimate for 1970 in Ginger Baker's Airforce—what a line up: Graham Bond, Steve Winwood, Rick Grech and others. After reading several interviews with the esteemed Baker I was a little pessimistic about the group as these big name musicians seem to be a little discontented with the way Baker is handling them and Baker as the driving force behind their music might not be enough to sustain them. There are unofficial rumours that Baker is now in a mental home after a nervous breakdown but the Airforce album will have been released when this article goes to print so who knows.

ROLLING STONES

Let's sidetrack a minute so I can fit in something about Let It Bleed. Many people are a little saddened at the direction the Stones' anti-establishment image is taking them. This need to affront the older generation is well expressed in the raw rock of the early Stones but as time goes by the older generation seems to have become less susceptible to pop shock and with the maturing style they seem to have found other anti-establishment expression necessary. After the miserable flop of Satanic Majesty (not too bad a cover version of the Beatles' Sgt. Pepper's however) they did an about face and presented the pop world with an exceptionally fine album in Beggar's Banquet. Coupled with a regression to their earlier musical form and often unnecessarily sick lyrics, the Stones have somehow managed to also produce a strong, impressive album in Let It Bleed. The highlight must surely be You can't always get what you want where they throw everything in including the London Bach Ensemble Choir.

Johnny Winter has been an artist I've admired since his first album. His second Second Winter a three sided set of two records, very exciting with many differing styles representing the early rock and roll sound (a beautiful take off), Bob Dylan, folk blues, rock blues, etc. Winter must surely be the foremost exponent of the slide guitar and together with his fine vocals and guitar work he comes through well in Second Winter.

This lengthy rave would not be complete without a thorough analysis of the hardrock giants. In 1970 it must all come back to Led Zeppelin. After all they're English aren't they? The Led Zeppelin story began a little over a year ago towards the end of 1968 as the brain child of Jimmy Page. When the Yardbirds finally split up in the summer of 1968 he and Chris Dreja were to form Led Zeppelin. Dreja was soon to opt out for the management side of the pop business and Page was to go on to pick and form some of Britain's finest pop musicians into the big, new, progressive hard rock blues Led Zeppelin group. (If you think it's a rave, it is).

As a session guitarist Page was, and still is, one of the finest in England—contributing his work to tracks by such artists as the Stones, Donovan and Joe Cocker, who took the Beatles With a little help from my friends to the top of the charts. Led Zeppelin are the group that won two standing ovations and two encores on their first date in London with only six hours' rehearsal time behind them. You can't fool all of the public all of the time, (but you certainly can't stand them on their heads like that without at least some semblance of musical ability.) Not bad? Fantastic—but what about the rest of the group. John Paul Jones bass, organ piano, played bass for Jet Harris and Tony Meehan and is a sought after arranger with some of Donovan's biggest hits to his credit. He also played organ on the Beck groups Truth album, and made a rare professional appearance playing bass for Dusty Springfield during her very successful appearances at London's Talk of the Town.

DRINKING SPREE

John Bonham is the drummer whose first real talent came to light with drum solos while accompanying Time Rose on his British tour in 1968 and a beer drinking spree which earned him the reputation of 'Champion beer drinker of England.' His drumming is strong, precise, and effective although his solo on Zeppelin II is perhaps a little disappointing as he chose to abandon the conventional sticks and incorporate a blend of brush and hand drumming which somehow does not come off.

Robert Plant, lead vocals, occasional bass, is nothing short of dynamic—'Plants voice is so powerful that when the P.A. system broke down during Zeppelin's first date in Sweden he could be heard at the back of the auditorium, over the entire group, and without amplification.' So he's got volume—but what about control?

Have you heard How many more Times, a track off their first album? For me it's undoubtedly the most exciting piece of pop music I've ever heard.

It's hard to believe that Led Zeppelin came into being only a year ago. Launched largely on Page's reputation, strongest in the States, their debut tour of America was a resounding success and there was talk of a new 'Cream' in the making. Over the year Led Zeppelin have proved, through a British tour and two very fine albums they are not a new anything—more a totally original musical experience.

70 Craccum's arts



Wrestling at the YMCA

Hey though, have you ever been to the wrestling? . . . I tell you, it's very good value. Susan and me, we'd been to see the circus the week before and what a pisspoor show it was—a real con. You know, I felt a real *charlie* sitting there, watching all this mediocre *crap*. When I saw this ad in the paper for the tag wrestling at the YM, the main bout between Antonio Pugliesi, Yvan Koloff and Frank Lipanovich and Bronco Barnes I thought that we should go along, just to see what it was like. I'd only ever seen it on the telly and movies and that, never in real life.

We got there a bit late, just as the first bout—there were two fights before the main one—was starting. There were these 4 guys up on the ring, 2 wrestlers and 2 other guys, one a sort of m.c. and the other the ref. They looked pretty strange to my unaccustomed eyes, the m.c. had on this grey jacket and black pants and shoes and a white shirt—he was in his mid 40's and was a normal looking cleancut sort—you know—you pass hundreds of them in the street—they all look the same, like Chinese waiters, but he had on this bow tie—big it was, and bright pink. . . well, this just destroyed the rest of his outfit—it made him look really eccentric; up there under the bright lights the pink just beamed out. The ref had on these baggy, ill-shaped white pants, white T shirt and white Badidas gym shoes—you know, those with the 3 red stripes across the arch. He was an older guy and he was telling the 2 wrestlers the sort of stuff they tell each other in that huddle before the fight—you know, “you Stan, you take a fall near the end of round three and Tim—you take one about the middle of the final”. etc etc. Well, I dunno if they actually say that.

One of the wrestlers had on blue stretch swimming togs and those black boots they all wear, he was young, I'd say about 30ish. The other guy was a Samoan—he had grey hair and was wearing more—as well as these blue stretch togs with a white island pattern on them, under these he had these thick black tights that came down to above his knees, just covering his thighs and he also had one of those knee elastic things that you wear at footy and that at school, except he had his on his bloody elbow which seemed strange to me—you know, a wrestler with tennis elbow.

But anyway, what I'm trying to get at, these guys up there, they're all dressed up for effect. Like every other activity that people do by choice and not necessity, there is this obsession with style. The European, whose name was Marks, he was the bad guy, and everytime he was at an advantage (which wasn't often) the crowd would boo and hiss and that, and these people would stand up and shout and shake their fists, and when he was being battered by the Samoan, the goody, the crowd would cheer and applaud—Yes! Yes! Kill him! and all this sort of stuff.

I have never seen a more enthusiastic crowd at any show except maybe some of the early rock shows in the old days. The hall was about three-quarters full and there were a large proportion of Maoris and Islanders there. I don't know how the crowd could all determine who was the goody and who was the baddy—they must mostly be regulars or something.

The fighters in the first two bouts fought six 4-minute rounds and they have all these stock patters of play where they take turns at beating each other into a fake semi-unconscious state—it's great fun seeing this guy, after being punched and tossed about the ring and kicked and had his ears pulled and nose twisted and being kicked and that into senselessness to suddenly in a split second recover his full strength and be doing almost the same thing to the other guy.

The Samoan won the first fight with two falls to none. He got his second fall in the final round. When a fall is scored in the final round, that's the end of the fight, even though time isn't up completely.

The other preliminary fight was between this guy with a beard, balding, who was introduced by the pink bow tie as the light heavyweight champ, Ronald Scott—his name was greeted by jeers and hisses. . . he had on this short black velvet jacket with leg of mutton sleeves, which he took off, and these black stretch togs; he also had tattoos, one on his right thigh and one on each of his upper arms, and a blond older joker called Tommy Yorke, he had on black togs too, and looked a bit camp—the crowd loved this though. . . well, he was the goody so they had to.

Scott had some dirty tricks up his sleeve, he was the one who excelled in the nose-grabbing and shouting-in-the-ear tricks. He also talked a lot to the crowd who of course just hissed and that back at him. During the spells between rounds he wet his hair with the water they used to rinse their mouths out with. (The bottles were plastic ones in the shape of a teddy bear—a nice touch for detail someone had). This made his hair ratty and sort of sweaty looking when of course these jokers weren't really all that buggered.

Scott seemed to really get the audience against him—it was really funny in the spell between rounds five and six, when this old guy in a long overcoat suddenly appeared at the ringside and started haranguing old Scott up there. He was shaking his fist and yelling, and the crowd were encouraging him, and then when he'd finished he went back to

his seat, some distance away, half way up the tier, carefully stepping his way along the row. As well as him, I couldn't help becoming aware of this young, dumb looking guy sitting at the ringside—he had on one of those black shirts with the leopard skin panels on the front—you know?, and he was with a girl. He had an Instamatic with a store of flasbulbs in this black overnight bag too, and these two were standing up there and yelling during the fight at Scott there until they were red in the face—they were really excited about the whole scene.

In the final round Tommy York scored a fall and at this the crowd just went wild—and then it was interval.

The big fight was a tag wrestling match, where these 4 guys are fighting, but only two at a time. The other two outside the ropes, hanging onto this short rope tied to the corner, and when their team mate is in trouble he must tag the joker outside, and they can swap positions. As soon as both of one team are in the ring, the ref starts counting—if he reaches 20, the infringing team is disqualified. Similarly if they are both out of the ring at the same time. They fight 4 six-minute rounds.

These four wrestlers were all heavyweights and the Russian, Koliff was incredibly huge, 20 stone—he had thighs as thick as those old timber lampposts. He had on this sort of one shouldered black singlet that turned into togs down further—like a one shouldered, surf lifesaver's competition suit. His boots fitted loosely in the calf and had no laces. They had this red furry strip around the tops. On his left bicep he had an eagle tattooed and he wore a beard, pointed, Russian style, and he had this shaved head. All through the fight he never uttered a word: whenever he got angry he just roared, like a bull.

Bronco Barnes, who was from Temuka was pink all over. He too had shaved his head, and the rest of his body—he looked like a giant 40-year-old new born baby. He had on blue stretch togs, but after a particularly energetic struggle, a sliver of his underpants appeared at the bottom of his togs, which spoiled the effect of toughness a bit. These two were the bad guys and the crowd let them know it.

Pugliesi, an Italian had black togs. Apart from these he was of an understated appearance. Likewise with the overweight potbellied Lipanovich—Auckland's favourite who had on only white togs and the boots they all wear. Lipanovich looks like a large Alfie Bass from Boots and Snudge.

The action was thick and fast in this fight, with the 1st round mainly between the 2 visitors, Koloff and Pugliesi. The crowd were screaming the whole time and during the 2nd round, Lipanovich had the Russian down, somehow he had Karloff's knee bent over and he started jumping on it. At this, this young Maori joker behind us let out his loud, strangled “Aargh!! Aargh!! Aargh!—Break his leg! Break his leg!” Great value!

Frank was the small boy's favourite “C'mon Frank—Aw—C'mon!” I heard in this high voice. By round four, one fall had been won against Barnes and then, when the fight looked almost over, with about three minutes to go, Pugliesi got thrown out of the ring. Koloff climbed out after him, grabbed him in a head lock and beat his head on the corner post. This is a normal ploy and results in no damage to either party but somehow this time, the Italian, after rolling off onto the stadium floor, came up, as the ref continued his count, with blood streaming from a cut in his forehead. Well, after this, all mayhem let loose—all the fighters were in the ring, the crowd was going incredibly wild and Koloff was making the most of the blood, smearing it all over Pugliesi's face and chest.

Somehow, Lipanovich and Pugliesi both ended up outside the ring and forgot to check on each other, because suddenly the ref was at 20, and the winners, by disqualification, were Koloff and Barnes. The fight hadn't stopped though—the only reason we saw what had happened was because the ref was on our side of the ring. Most of the crowd thought the fight was still on and then the seconds all marched on, four for each team—two each and started breaking the fighters apart. The ref raised the arms of Koloff and Barnes into the air to the hisses, boos and jeers of the crowd who by this time were all on their feet. After a few moments, the scene in the ring quietened down a bit and everyone thought it was all over but Pugliesi suddenly broke away from the seconds and started beating into old Koloff and the seconds were pulling him off again. As the Russian was passing the timekeeper's table, on his way out, he let go with a mighty boot that sent the table flying. He was humping off there, through the crowd back to the dressing room and then this bloody kid from the crowd came up behind and was raising up his broly—he was going to beat him across the back of the head with this umbrella! but a second saw him and grabbed it in time.

I walked out of the Y.M. with a good feeling—you know, what it's like when you get your money's worth. . . All in all, the whole night was like a cleansing—all these people came along to see some showy violence in the flesh—giant gladiators, puffing and snorting, heaving themselves and each other through the air—Band! . . . Bump! Thwack. . . Krak!

— F Bruce Cavell

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The traditional events of Auckland's Capping week were overshadowed this year by the expression of student protest against the expansion of the Vietnam war into Cambodia and the killing of four students at Kent State University, Ohio. Twenty-seven people, mainly students, were arrested for offences of trespassing in the US consulate and obstructing the footpath outside. Some have been fined and others have yet to be dealt with. But is this protest justified? Following is an article from R.G. COWLIN, senior lecturer in classics which puts the case for the other side.

Red better than dead?

While making my way to the Town Hall for the Capping ceremony at the end of last term, I passed the dignified and orderly demonstration at the Methodist Central Mission. I do not for a moment doubt the sincerity of the people on "silent vigil", nor do I question the nobility of their call to "peace and reconciliation". I do, however, feel that we should bear in mind its political implications. This vigil was strategically placed opposite the Town Hall, at whose entrances there were pickets of dedicated young people, offering "Cambodia/Kent" armbands to all who entered for the ceremony. The political context of the vigilantes' appear is therefore obvious, and since politics has been called the "science of the practicable", maybe we should stop to think whether their call for "peace and reconciliation" is a practicable proposition within this context.

MAO

I shall offer no quotations from the so-called "Capitalist Press", but confine myself to sources which I think must be accepted as authoritative, and in particular the famous little red book "Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-Tung", Foreign Languages Press, Peking, 1966. Here is a selection from Chairman Mao's remarks on "war and peace": "Every Communist must grasp the truth: 'Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun' ". "The seizure of power by armed force, the settlement of the issue by war, is the central task and the highest form of revolution. This Marxist-Leninist principle of revolution holds good universally, for China and for all

other countries." "According to the Marxist theory of the state, the army is the chief component of state power. Whoever wants to seize and retain state power must have a strong army. Some people ridicule us as advocates of the "omnipotence of war". Yes, we are advocates of the omnipotence of revolutionary war; that is good, not bad, it is Marxist. The guns of the Russian Communist Party created socialism." "War is the continuation of politics by other... means." When politics develops to a certain stage beyond which it cannot proceed by the usual means, war breaks out to sweep the obstacles from the way... When the obstacle is removed and our political aim attained, the war will stop. But if the obstacle is not completely swept away, the war will have to continue till the aim is fully accomplished." So much for Chairman Mao. We may now ask ourselves the question: Is "peace and reconciliation" a practicable proposition with people like that? It seems to me obvious that it is not. We are in fact left with but two practicable lines of action: either war, or complete surrender.

Let us suppose that we opt for complete surrender: to prevent ourselves from killing or being killed, we set up our Peking-aligned N.Z. Communist Party as the government in Wellington. What next? Let us consult Chairman Mao again: "The Chinese Red Army is an armed body for carrying out the political tasks of the revolution." "The People's Liberation Army is always a fighting force. Even after country-wide victory, our army will remain a fighting force during the historical period in which

classes have not been abolished in our country and the imperialist system still exists in the world.” “After the enemies with guns have been wiped out, there will still be enemies without guns; they are bound to struggle desperately against us, and we must never regard these enemies lightly.” These quotations make it clear that the pattern of Russia after 1917, East Europe after 1945 and China even up to the era of the “Red Guard” activities of this decade, will be repeated in New Zealand. All political opponents will be swept away: it will not be enough for us to have a Communist Government, we must create a state in which all those who are not Communists are eliminated, and all who are Communists are subject to rigid Party discipline. In Chairman Mao’s own words: “We must affirm anew the discipline of the Party, namely: (1) the individual is subordinate to the organisation; (2) the minority is subordinate to the majority; (3) the lower level is subordinate to the higher level; and (4) the entire membership is subordinate to the Central Committee. Whoever violates these articles of discipline disrupts Party unity”. We may ask again, does all this bode well for the principles of peace and reconciliation? I respect and share the general abhorrence of the student body at the thought of being called upon to kill others and to expose oneself to an untimely death. But would the establishment of a Communist government in Wellington deliver us from this distasteful prospect? Would it not rather face us all with the anguished alternative : Which will we be, the killers or the killed?

But let us pursue our investigations one stage further. Let us suppose that we all become, overnight, honest, convinced, disciplined, obedient followers of the Marxist party line. Let us suppose there is no Kiwi opponent of the regime to be found throughout the land. Shall we then have peace? Surely, we shall then find ourselves enrolled for service against the "imperialists and capitalists" who remain abroad? Consider these words of Chairman Mao: "War, this monster of mutual slaughter among men, will be finally

eliminated by the progress of human society, and in the not too distant future too. But there is only one way to eliminate it and that is to oppose war with war, to oppose counter-revolutionary war with revolutionary war, to oppose national counter-revolutionary war with national revolutionary war, and to oppose counter-revolutionary class war with revolutionary class war... When human society advances to the point where classes and states are eliminated, there will be no more wars, counter-revolutionary or revolutionary, unjust or just; that will be the era of perpetual peace for mankind." We shall then have to wait till not only Wellington is communist, but Canberra, Washington, London, Paris, and all other influential capitals also have placed themselves beneath the Red Flag, and then...?

PEACE

It is only fair to point out that my last quotation was pronounced in 1936: before the word "revisionist" had loomed upon the world scene. But is the Chinese-Russian rift a miasma? is it a product of wishful thinking on the part of the "Capitalist Press"? Those who, like myself, possess a short-wave radio receiver, can tune in to the foreign language services of the Communist world, and hear for themselves the accusations launched against the "revisionists of Moscow",—Radio Tirana (Albania) is particularly useful as a source for this, being the mouthpiece of the Peking line in Europe. Some students may also remember the pamphlets that mysteriously appeared around Varsity in 1968, at the time of the Russian intervention in Czechoslovakia, when our own Communist Party,—the men whom we are now imagining in power in Wellington,—linked "Russian revisionist imperialism in Czechoslovakie" with "U.S. capitalist imperialism in Vietnam." And let us not forget Chairman Mao: as far back as 1964 he was saying: "...whether or not the leadership of our Party and state will remain in the hands of proletarian revolutionaries, whether or not our descendants will continue to march along the correct road laid down by

Marxism-Leninism, or, in other words, whether or not we can successfully prevent the emergence of Khrushchev's revisionism in China... is an extremely important question, a matter of life and death for our Party and our country." "What are the requirements for worthy successors to the revolutionary cause of the proletariat?"

GENUINE

They must be genuine Marxist-Leninists and not revisionists like Khrushchev wearing the cloak of Marxism-Leninism. They must be revolutionaries who whole-heartedly serve the overwhelming majority of the people of China and the whole world, and must not be like Khrushchev who serves both the interests of the handful of members of the privileged bourgeois stratum in his own country and those of foreign imperialism and reaction." Bearing this in mind, together with earlier quotes from Chairman Mao in this article, we are driven to the following conclusion: even if we discount the persistent reports of clashes on the frontier between Russia and China as "capitalist lies", and the pictures thereof as "imperialist forgeries", we must still concede the possibility that such an armed confrontation could take place. Indeed, in a world where all capitalist competitors had been eliminated and the USSR and China were the two great giants and leaders of the Marxist way, such a final dispute for predominance would not be unlikely,—not counting the strife that might be occasioned by the emergence of more splinter groups, like Dubcek's ill-fated regime in Czechoslovakia, Ceausescu's uncertain efforts in Rumania, and Tito's more robust growth in Yugoslavia. Supposing Wellington decreed ANZAC recruits to fight for Peking against Moscow? Where would our "peace and reconciliation" protesters be then? We have already seen that Chairman Mao regards the revisionists as in league with the imperialists. We also read that "Whoever sides with imperialism. . . is a counter-revolutionary". These protesters would thus be classed with the enemy, and their fate would not only be certain but, by

Marxist principles, just. One of the placards in the student procession, stated the axiom, "Better Red than Dead". It suggests that to turn red is to be assured of staying alive. But is it? There are, it seems, various shades of red, and when all of the conflicts have been resolved, they will still remain in the differences plenty of room for further conflict. Peace and reconciliation? The Red flag of Wellington does not seem likely to bring it any nearer.

SIMPLE?

To sum up: the cry today is "Stop the Killings". It sounds simple enough, but is it so simple as it sounds? The people we are fighting are Communists. They are people who hold strong beliefs about right and wrong; they are people who are prepared to kill—and to be killed—for what they believe to be right. Our choice is twofold: either we join them, or we do not. If we join them, we must be prepared to do as they do: to be killed, and to be killed, for what they—and therefore we—believe to be right. If we do not join them, we proclaim ourselves to be

enemies. If we do not take arms to defend ourselves against them, we lay ourselves open to be killed by them at their discretion. So far this last choice—passive submission—may seem the best way out: to meet death bravely with a clear conscience. But could our conscience really be as clear as all that? If we choose not to oppose the Communists while we have the ability to do so, are we not responsible, not only for our own deaths, but also for the killings that they will perpetrate on others? There are other ways of being implicated in killings: not simply wielding the instrument of slaughter. If we know what they will do, and make no effort to restrain them from doing it, are we not in danger of becoming, in the eyes of posterity, "accessories before the fact"? I feel that these are points that university people should ponder carefully before they make their choice in one direction or another: after all, as the Chancellor said at Capping, we are the "intellectuals", and we should surely take our responsibilities seriously and not allow ourselves to be carried away by raw emotionalism.

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NZUSA calls for conference

BY JOHN COSTER

NZUSA is to call for a joint conference of Government departments, University authorities, students and other interested bodies to discuss anomalies arising from present Government policy on overseas students in New Zealand.

The need for such a conference was made apparent during the NZUSA Overseas Students Seminar held in Christchurch during May.

The seminar also expressed concern that inadequate Government planning had forced both Auckland and Canterbury Universities to impose restrictions on the number of overseas students they admitted.

Discussion at the seminar centred on New Zealand's policy towards the admission of students from overseas, on policy relating to the exclusion of overseas students on the rights of overseas students in N.Z.

Mr A.W. Smith of the Labour Department, Immigration Division, said that there are 4186 overseas students at present in New Zealand, of whom 3440 are on non-scholarship status. They are mostly from Malaysia, India, Fiji, and other countries. Many of these students are attending secondary schools, technical institutes and business colleges.

The Government recognises that one of the ways by which it could help developing countries to provide educational facilities for their students to a practicable extent, said Mr Smith. He also said that although universities varied somewhat in their exclusion regulations, a student's

study permit will be renewed only if he passes 2 units in 2 years.

Male students who marry in

however, are not allowed entry into New Zealand.

The reason for this restriction, according to Mr Smith, was that an unmarried student 'has a much better chance of succeeding because he is free from the worries which a husband and father has to carry'.

Speaking on 'The Universities' Entrance Board Policy on Admission of Overseas Students', Mrs Caroline Rennie pointed out that the Board was concerned only with admission ad eundem status of those prospective overseas students who did not hold New Zealand University Entrance.

UNDERTAKING

Pamela Andrews of the External Aid Division, Department of Foreign Affairs, said in a paper on 'Political Activities of Overseas Students', that all Colombo Plan students in New Zealand and elsewhere are required to sign an undertaking to refrain 'from engaging in political activity'.

The undertaking is not regarded as preventing students from taking part in university and student politics, said Mrs Andrews. 'The restriction is seen to apply rather to matters of N.Z. domestic politics' and 'is interpreted with flexibility and understanding'.

Commenting on political involvement in a paper presented to the seminar, AUSA President Mike Law said, 'As the large majority of students are at an age when they are developing as politically conscious and socially aware human beings, it seems only logical that they will wish to participate in political activities. Should they wish to do so then they should be subjected only to civil action and should only have their student permits revoked if the Courts order a punishment that includes deportation'.

Mr Law added that 'Most overseas students, whether private or scholarship, completely opt out of participating fully in University life because they are unsure about what will happen should they become involved in matters pertaining to domestic politics'.

The Seminar recommended on this point that no overseas students should be prevented from engaging in political activities while in New Zealand.

MARRIAGE

With reference to the restrictions applied to students who marry while in New Zealand Mr Law said, 'It is not unusual for New Zealanders to marry while

they are at university, and I see no reason why it should not be expected that a number of overseas students should also wish to marry. The Policy is predominantly unfair to the New Zealanders involved. Under the rules only the non-New Zealand partner has to remain outside the country for two years before applying for permanent residence, but I would hope that our legislators would not recommend that a couple enter a state of voluntary separation for two years just to satisfy our myopic immigration laws'.

EXCLUSION

On the problem of exclusion on academic grounds, Mr Law said, 'The Labour Department's concept of unsatisfactory academic progress differs too greatly from the requirements of the universities. The present system means that a student must prepare his appeal during the latter part of the long vacation. The decision is made by people who are judging the merits of the case from written information only'.

Mr Law suggested that committees to consider appeals against exclusion should be set up in each university town rather than only in Wellington as at present. 'The committees could then decide the appeal on evidence available from local sources'.

It was also pointed out at the seminar that N.Z.'s policy requiring students to return home on completion of their studies often resulted in them leaving New Zealand not for their own countries but for other Commonwealth countries such as Australia and Canada. The benefits of the students' education were thus lost both to the home countries and to New Zealand.

One of the main areas of concern at the seminar was the lack of adequate liaison between Government departments and universities on the question of overseas students. This was partly due to the fact that students' lecturers and counsellors were very rarely consulted on their progress, and often communications from the Labour Department got no further than university registries.

The Seminar recommended that in order to establish better liaison between the various bodies involved with overseas students, an overseas students' Counsellor should be appointed at each university, and that Student Health Services and Counsellors should communicate directly with the Dept of Labour Immigration Division and the Dept of Foreign Affairs, External Aid Division.

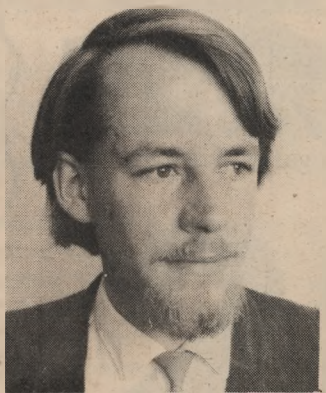
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RACING Lady at the Tote

Quite a few jokes and articles have been based on the golf-widow, rugby-widow etc, but hardly anything about the racing-widow. Yet with such a vast number of people participating in this "sport" she certainly does exist. Like her golf and rugby counterparts she can either stay at home or try to keep up. For those who opt for keeping up, here is a run-down on what goes on so you won't appear completely dumb.

There are four different ways in which betting can be done.

(1) Through a bookie. This is illegal, so just forget it.

(2) The local T.A.B. (Totalisator Agency Board). Unless you are really keen stay outside because any girl under 30 is a very rare sight and is treated as such. (It's like walking into Gleeson's in a ball gown). But if you do go in, try to take no notice of all the perving. Just get down to the serious business of fighting your way through the crowd to strain both eyes and neck at bits of paper stuck on the wall. These tell you where the races are, the number of the race and the horses in it. The numbers are furtively written down and whispered to the teller at the opposite side of the room. This is definitely the easiest and most convenient way for you as it only takes approximately quarter of an hour. But don't become too efficient, or you will find yourself down there on a Friday night doing HIS betting while he's in the Kiwi.

(3) A phone account at the T.A.B. This means he has some money deposited there and can ring up when he wants to make a bet. It saves embarrassment for you, but means the entire tedious business is strung out over a whole day. He lies in bed with phone and radio handy, carefully studying the morning paper over many cups of tea (or whatever). The only advice here is just keep pouring and DON'T talk while a race is on. (This is the most mortal sin one can commit). If the worst happens you will have to run (literally) down to the T.A.B. to pour more money into the account.

(4) The most entertaining is actually going to the course, where he can personally tell the horse, jockey, owner and trainer exactly what they should have done, and now the horse has come last, exactly what they still can do. Going to the course means studying form all Friday night, getting up early and making sure you have enough money, your binoculars, clippings from at least 6 different papers and good walking shoes. If he's a student, it's not likely he will have tickets to the members stand, so dress in warm, casual gear. Once on the course he will have a couple of drinks where he picks up two "hot" tips. Then he will go and study the Indicator Board which shows how much each horse is paying for a win and a place. The bottom number is the number of the horse, the figure above on the left is the win and on the right the place. Betting is the same as at the T.A.B. except tickets are machine punched. Now to the "birdcage", where the horses are parading before their preliminaries. Don't ask me why it's called a birdcage, the dictionary doesn't know and neither does the Racing Club. The "preliminary" is when the horses run down singly in front of the stands just to show the crowd they can raise a gallop. At the birdcage he will scan every inch of the three horses he has got his eye on, try to lip read what the trainer is telling the jockey, and then make the supreme effort and finally pick HIS horse. He has just done this and is on his way to bet, when he meets Fred who says that Bill, a second cousin of Frank, who has a brother working as cleaner in the stalls, reckons the "Big Oil" (big spenders in the Members stand) are on such-an-such a horse. All other picks are thrown aside, especially as this horse is 20/20 in the betting. So he joins the queue, but on listening to other people making their bets, he begins to get his doubts. When it actually comes to his turn, he will probably back the same horse as the little old lady in front. She backed it because of the lovely colours the jockey is wearing.

While watching the race you will hear terms such as: "... he missed the jump" (he was slow away at the start); "... he's badly pocketed" (he's completely surrounded by horses); "great, he's got his ears pricked" (this expression is based on the principle that the position of a horse's ears can be correlated to its standard of galloping). As they come down to the winning post you will hear expressions such as: "can't get a run" or "the jockey's lost his whip" or "he's being interfered with". All these expressions mean that every other horse is going faster than his.

Naturally his Friday night pick comes in first, while the horse he backed, the "big oil" and the two "hot" tips battle it out at the rear. There are three different moods he will be in after the race (a) Silence. Don't say anything. (b) Grumpy. Sympathise but not too much! (c) Yelling and slapping everyone on the back. Try and keep him sober. The last mood (c) is a very rare occurrence, however when it does occur he will probably think he is the Aga Khan and will want to do an "all up" (all his money) on the next race. Make sure you at least con a good lunch and a couple of drinks out of him.

Apart from giving advice to the jockey during the race and mumbling to himself while studying form he is not likely to say anything until about the seventh or eighth race when you will be asked: "Got any money?" Always halve what you really have then give him half of that again. This way it's likely to last longer, he won't lose as much and will be in better mood afterwards. The whole day can be very boring unless you decide to get in there and have a go at picking some horses too. Every daily newspaper and the weekend rags have at least two pages devoted to racing and then if you want to get serious about it there are at least 5 papers printed solely about racing. I haven't got the space here to explain the peculiar kind of shorthand they use but here is an example: 22-03 Sifta Sam 6 10 8

MrsNWalker-Tc Aroha(1lgOceanSprayII-RoyalReveille) May 20 H Mara 10.2 Stp 2 1/2m soon in mid, 6th 1/2m, made grnd, 2 1/2, 51, Foxrangi, C Lewis, 5-6/6-10

This means that the horse at its last start got 3rd, then somewhere beyond 9th and so on. It is the 6th horse from the rails in the starting barrier and is carrying a weight of 10 stone 8lbs. Mrs N. Walker of Tc Aroha is the trainer, it is a 11 year old gelding and its sire was Ocean Spray II and the dam Royal Reveille. It last raced on May 20, on a heavy ground at Masterton carrying 10 stone 2lbs. in a steeple race of 2 1/2 miles. It was soon in the middle of the field, was 6th at the 1/2 mile post and made ground to become 3rd. It was beaten by 2 1/2 lengths (the 2nd horse) and 5 lengths from the first horse which was Foxrangi. C. Lewis was the rider and the last numbers are what it was in the betting.

There is only one thing worse than being dumb at this game and that is knowing too much. My advice here is don't make too much money and lose a few times. It's really bad news for your love life if you get eight straight winners in a row and he is losing a packet. Men still believe they are superior at everything especially when it comes to the horses. If you are a compulsive winner—don't say anything, just hide it away for a fur coat or something. I would like to give you a couple of sure losers just to balance things up but the owners mightn't like it.

Watching horses run round a track all day is not the most exciting thing but if you are faithful enough you will stick with it alright, week after week after week...

Mrs Diane Law



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ONLY \$136.00 RETURN

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FOR FURTHER DETAILS—COME TO SEE US
STUDENT TRAVEL BUREAU. RM. 223 MON—FRI 12 - 2

INSIDE THIS WEEK

the PM's
BUSTLINE SECRETS—P.3

COMPOSITOR
required

Why not bomb
the Govt —P.5

EVIL



A typically unkempt gutter journalist

Anti-tour

The plane carrying the Blacks is leaving from Wellington on June 13. Transportation being arranged for anti-demonstrators to go to Wellington. Transportation will be very cheap and anyone interested in going can hand their name and money into 436 Queen St between 12-2 pm any day in the International Affairs Office, Floor executive offices.

POOVINGS

**.. AND NOW
IT'S TIME
TO STIFLE
ALLIGATORS**

STAND on the gutter journalists!

The public is sick of their remonstrations, rantings and rabble-rousing.

Their so-called NON-literate articles and features too often result in violence and disorder.

They denigrate the police and abuse them in the vilest way.

And incompetent, sympathetic boards of directors throughout the country sit by.

CRACCUM SAYS IT MUST END.

Decent people should not be expected to tolerate gutter journalists' inconsiderate often unlawful behaviour or their filthy expletives.

Craccum has said before that it believes gutter journalists' cries of "student violence" have hindered the spread of accurate public information.

Now society **MUST** take a stand.

BY THE TEALADY

The public expects the courts to deal as firmly as legislation permits with the gutter Press.

And the police must rid themselves of the guilt complex they labour under.

Law abiding New Zealanders **EXPECT** the police and the courts to carry out their duties to effect.

Fines should be imposed to rattle the teeth of these people. Otherwise a spell in jail should cool their capacity for violence and abuse.

And when faced with dangerous publications, let the police openly unsheath their batons.

Gutter journalists are free to write.

But when they invite violence and disorder, invite confrontations with society, it is time to make a stand.

'Guttersnipes' are cowards

MANY gutter journalists are despicable cowards. Consider what the police must endure from these dropouts from decency:

- The more radical among them armed with lead-line typewriters and acid-filled pens.
- Pens sharpened at one end and bearing the maker's brandname.
- Concerted attacks by woman gutter journalists.

It is well the public knows just how "non-violent" these "peaceful" gutter journalists are.

It is well the public knows what the police must endure.

Police brutality?—a belt on the rump with an inkwell would do some of these gutter journalists more good than any jail sentence or fine.

**where
a boy
and
a girl
touch...
and
blow
their
minds**

"ANTONIONI IS A GENIUS!"

The picture of America is not pretty but the movie is beautiful, for Antonioni is a genius and so is his cameraman. In single frames of this film there are pop portraits to equal Lichtenstein or D'Arcangelo or Rosenquist. 'Zabriskie Point' sees some of the same things 'Easy Rider' saw, but it sees them through the eyes of the superior artist Antonioni."

—Leonard Harris, WGBS-TV

"ANTONIONI HATES EVERYTHING!"

Every youth in this movie is either swineish or crazy. Every cop is a fiend. Everyone who works is mindless. All sex is loveless."

—Gene Shalit, WNBC-TV



ANTONIONI'S
THE GREAT OUTDOORS



MGM in Metrocolor

STARTS FRIDAY JUNE 5th

at the PLAZA Theatre
Queen St.

(Persons Under 16 Not Admitted)

FORCED to subdue a violent gutter journalist. . . Police in action at a recent anti-student demonstration.

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