

Craccum

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VOLUME 45, ISSUE NO. 2

Free to students

Commerce Faculty try to seize student land

At the last meeting of the Commerce Faculty a decision was made to present a Faculty Resolution before University Senate, asking for situation of their new offices on land previously set aside for Student Union development. Their subsequent efforts at Senate failed but may be seen as a mere introduction to what could become a concerted battle for Student Union land.

In fact, there has been some history of conflict over the Union site. When Mr C.J. Maidment was Vice-Chancellor of Auckland University, he favoured giving the land bound by Princes Street, Alfred Street, Symonds Street and the limits of the new Chemistry Buildings to the Student Union and its ultimate extensions.

However, when he left on Sabbatical in 1968, some of this area was reallocated for academic buildings despite the strong objections of the Students' Association.

The situation was rather confused by Mr Maidment's return. He decided that a completely fresh approach was necessary. Professor A.A. Wild of the Faculty of Architecture, was asked to prepare a report based on an overall development analysis of accommodating 10,000 students. Professor Wild set about this project and asked every Faculty to list their requirements. These were then discussed at every stage by Buildings Committee.

NO OBJECTIONS

By the end of 1970, not only the overall University plan was completed but a complete scale model had been constructed. This model was first displayed in Maidment House, then at a special Senate Meeting. It is now on display outside Dr Maiden's office. Plans were available for inspection at no stage of this careful and considerate process did the Commerce Faculty or any other Faculty raise any objections to the Student Union Area, which was actually Mr Maidment's original proposition of the three streets and Chemistry Block enclosure.

The Senate therefore adopted Professor Wild's overall plan in principle. The University Council later formalized the matter

further by also adopting the plan in principle. The Students' Association took these 'in principle' approvals with good faith and began finalizing plans for Union extensions which will eventually include a Theatre, greater catering and cafeteria space, a Gymnasium/squash court complex, new meeting rooms, publications rooms, Caretaker's flat, new shops, Undergraduate library, Staff parking facilities and a Tavern.

Only at this stage did the Commerce Faculty decide to renege on their acquiescence. They put forward their Resolution to Senate (1st March), and also tried to have one of their own Professors (Johnson) placed on Buildings Committee. These attempts were seen by the rest of Senate for what they were and were consequently rejected.

It is understood that the Commerce Faculty wanted the corners of Princes and Alfred Streets, where the proposed Student Union Theatre will be sited. Plans have already been completed for this building and any delays caused by the tactics of Commerce Faculty or other Faculties would seriously hinder progress.

Work has already begun on cafeteria extensions and buildings are now being cleared for the first stage of a Gymnasium complex.

The Commerce Faculty have been promised offices in the new Architecture Building, which they

seemed pleased to accept only months ago.

The Student Union needs to be located on a central site and needs to be kept together. It cannot be placed in several little 'spare spaces' here and there around the University.

UNAWARE

Professor Tapp of the Commerce Faculty might think (as indeed he has stated), that present Union facilities are enough. It is clear that he has not been inside the Union Common Rooms on wet days when the overcrowding is quite manifest. It is a clear case of squabbling little academics trying their best to be unaware of student needs.

A.U.S.A. President Bill Spring had this to say:

"I am surprised that the Commerce Faculty who it appears accepted Professor Wild's plan for University Development at Senate late last year, have come forward at this late stage with this petulant demand. I only hope they realise the critical situation regarding present Student Union facilities and consider future student needs.

"It is my opinion that a third Department in the Commerce Faculty related to Industrial Management besides the Economic and Accounting, should be set up in the immediate future and this expansion will require special considerations for space that could best be filled elsewhere on the site. I feel sure that all the demands at the Faculty would be fulfilled by the proposal of this Faculty north of the Architecture School. While this is not close to the centre of campus, it could not be more noisy than the present position."

lazy), so that at any one time the Medical Professors could make up an entire third of that body.

Many of their Professors are actually also attached to the Hospital Board and give few lectures during the year. So that they are 'name' Professors only, even though they receive full Professorial rights and salaries.

It might explain how the Medical Faculty is able to spend \$100,000 on a single lecture theatre. As A.U.S.A. President Bill Spring said "it's all becoming just a little bit ridiculous over there".

Further to the 'ridiculousness' that Spring talks about is the plan by the Medical Faculty to set up its own independent register of medical students. Any student who is considered guilty of 'inappropriate behaviour' can have his name struck off the register and his studies automatically curtailed.

This is totally against A.U.S.A. opinion, which stresses that a student's personal behaviour is a student's personal responsibility. As there is no question, at student level, of professional medical activity, even the suspect good social reputation of practitioners cannot be invoked.



Squash courts springing out of rubble

INJUSTICE

One of the more glaring anomalies in the functioning of public 'justice' in this country today is the abuse that enables the police to bring a prosecution against a citizen, who, upon being proven innocent, still is granted no redress through the courts that may aid in paying the costs of defence.

Unfortunately, the legal profession itself seems to endorse an attitude which can ask of the poor the same prodigious fees afforded it by the rich. Surely a more adequate system of legal aid than that now existent could be instituted to avoid the obvious injustice of the case

below.

At the beginning of this academic year, a woman student of this university is faced with a lawyer's bill of some \$500. The courts found her innocent after a lengthy hearing. There is no provision for her under the present legal aid scheme. The police case against her was an absurd fabrication of bric-a-brac and pseudo-detection. In fact, the root cause of her being charged was a previous conviction which gave the police grounds for highly unjustified assumptions about her. They charged her with attempted theft and possession of cannabis.

As things stand, this woman is financially crippled and forced to abandon her previously successful university studies for at least a year. We are appealing for contributions to aid this woman. We would also ask that there be a review of the inadequacies of legal aid, and that the courts in this country assist in paying the costs of those they find innocent.

Donations: Please leave with S. Chan, Craccum Office or K. de Nave, Town Planning Department, 85 Symonds Street.

Medical profs and the Senate

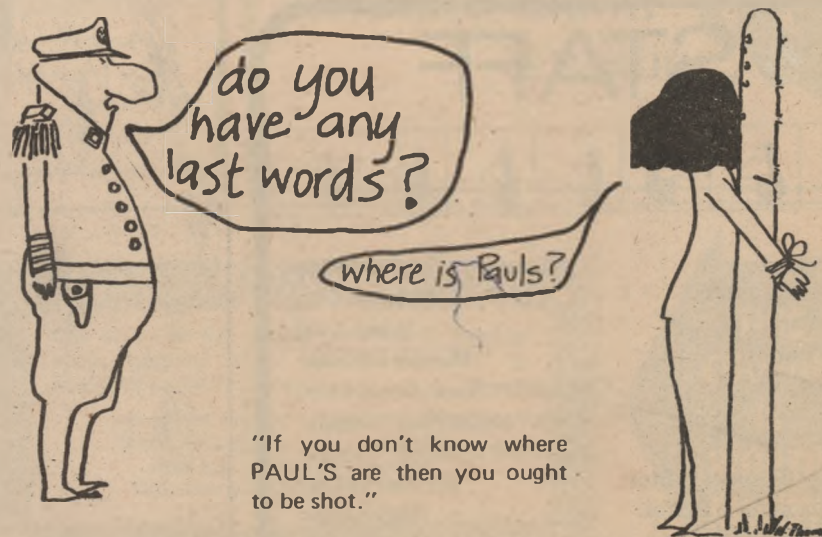
At the Senate meeting of 1st March, the proposed change in the medical degree was accepted after long debate. From now on, a medical graduate will be awarded an M.D. (Doctor of Medicine), instead of the M.B. and Ch.B. (Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery). This move was against official Students' Association policy. A.U.S.A. feels that the M.D. would tend to cheapen New Zealand Medical Faculty standards in overseas eyes.

In England, the M.D. is a postgraduate qualification, earned only after considerable detailed research. In the U.S.A. however, the degree awarded on first graduation is also called the M.D. This is differentiated from the English award by the attached category of 'first professional degree', and is not considered an academic doctorate in anything but name.

The following of the American example is likely to associate the Auckland degree with the American versions and thus lose the association with the more highly regarded English awards. It

also raises the problem of inventing a new name for any Auckland postgraduate degree. Again, the tendency will be to follow the American precedents: a list of all the different degrees offered by their universities takes up seven pages of double column close type. Most of them are worthless.

Senate voted in the new M.D. 36 votes to 24. It is interesting to note that the Medical Faculty has twenty Professors and Assistant Professors. This means twenty Senate seats. The average attendance at Senate is only sixty (many Professors are incurably



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It might be stressed that Craccum publishes its own policies rather than those of the Students' Association. No excuses are offered for the 'offensiveness' or otherwise.

Craccum will especially attack conservative University Government. This amalgam of vaguely brilliant gentlemen will never cease to amaze me with their liberal stands in national politics and their last-ditch, tooth and nail defences of anachronisms in their own field.

I can only admit spending an intensely disappointing three years in the English Department. I had made heroes of many literary personages, had conspired to be placed in their tutorial groups and lectures. Their standings in literature have survived, somewhat tarnished by a spurious critical faculty, but their heroism has disappeared completely. In short, these gentlemen were comfortable only in their self-made and self-perpetuated worlds. Their inclinations were wholly towards the impressive forms they had constructed. They cared little or nothing about experimentation and were at pains not to recognize experimentation in others.

Their attitudes are probably representative of attitudes at large throughout most University Departments. The result is a cumbersome and archaic monolith, talking loudly through its hat about learning and knowledge, but propagating a reality of rules, regulations and traditions.

Their assorted impotence might be seen in their complete failure to reply to Government criticism, even when this criticism is based on false figures and tenuous interpretations. Exhaustion perhaps, from their own petty politics.

The University is neither leading society, nor attempting to be contemporaneous with society. This University does not even have the academic processes to analyse society, unless a two man, half-active Sociology Department and a timorous, hesitant Political Studies Department can be thrown up as the appropriate provisions.

Now the university has a Vice-Chancellor with clean teeth and a block Governmental grant, largely decayed by inflation. If ever any effort is to be shown, it can at least be shown now, in the form of strong representations and lobbies to Wellington. For all the half-words, University buildings are overcrowded, faculties are crammed with underworked, overpaid old men babbling on about minute somethings, courses are badly taught, out of date and wrongly examined. Block Grants, half-grants or decayed grants, changes should be made quickly.

Imagination might be a forbidden activity at Auckland University, but a little might help right now.

The New Rubicon

SUSAN KEDGLEY

With all the cunning, enterprise and audacity of the veteran student (although an uninitiated one, being a foreigner from further south), I was totally incapable of finding anything I wanted to find inside this bulging, bursting, sprawling, frenetic edifice that facetiously refers to its collective self as 'Auckland University'.

My first simple desire was to find out what was on and where it was on. (I vainly hoped that the pervading campus atmosphere of inertia, disorganisation and ennui was merely a deceptive facade).

Immediately, I made my first tactical blunder. I assumed that notice boards in this institution would perform the normal sort of function of communicating information. This assumption proved disastrously fallacious, so I set out to discover some alternative fountain of information.

A notice with an arrow pointing to the sky spelled the letters CONTACT. As this was what I seemed to be badly needing at this stage I attempted to follow the arrow. This proved a foolish endeavour, so I began to inquire of its meaning and whereabouts among my fellow students. The mystery remained unsolved, although one of our number did suggest that it was some sort of elitist organisation of well meaning philanthropists whose duty it was to help lost students like myself. I never did discover whether this mysterious body was more than a charade, for it was about this stage that someone informed me there was this sheet called 'titbits' (I winced) that was printed for the sole purpose of informing students. It was now only a question of finding the sheet. After tramping up and down a maze of corridors, fire escapes and steps (and being pushed, shoved and much abused in the process), I stumbled upon the Executive Office of this institution, where none less than the President himself handed me, personally, a copy of this information mine. Go first, 'not last, to the pinnacles of power, I firmly resolved.

It was with considerable delight that I discovered that I was right all along—there was something on at the 'university': I was just in time to hear James K. Baxter speaking in B.24. (Where the hell was that?). Although I was disappointed when the poet didn't show up, I felt it was almost entirely excusable. What did find less acceptable was turning up, as my information sheet advised me to do, at seven thirty at McLaurin Chapel Hall, for the first meeting of the

International Institute of International Affairs Committee, to find only a dark and abandoned hall.

PANTING

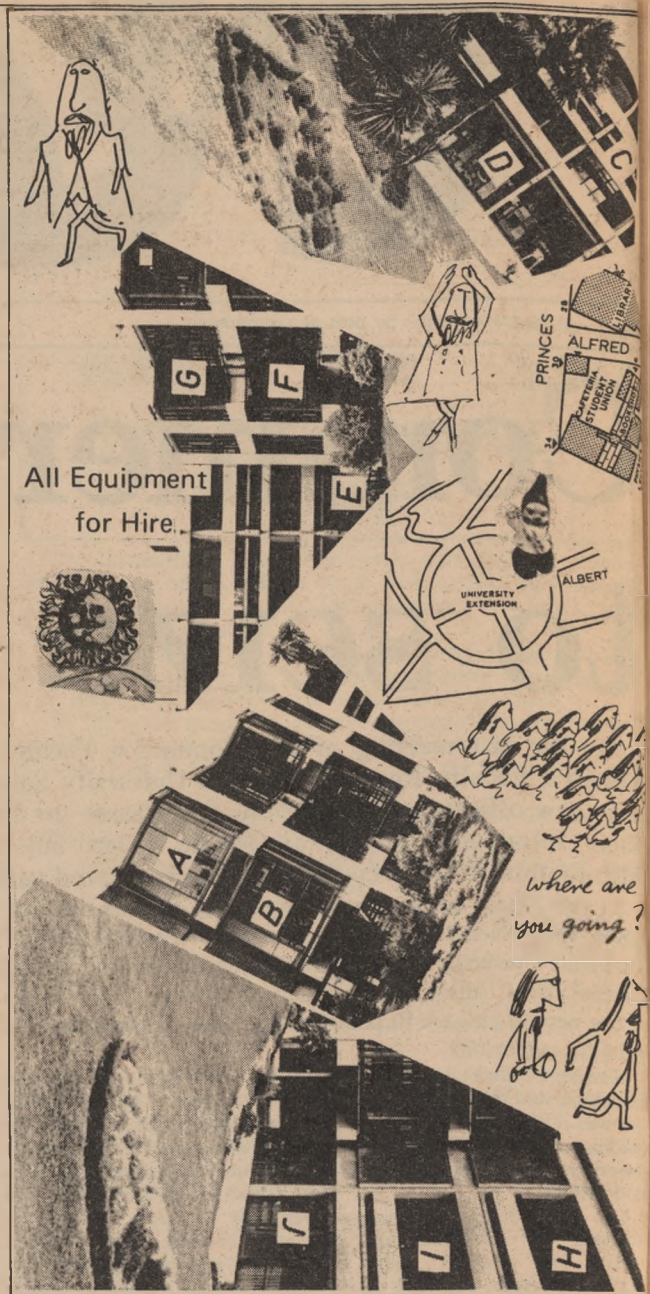
When the secretary of that auspicious body informed me, the following day, that the Institute had never asked for the notice to appear in 'titbits', my confidence in the green sheet began rapidly to evaporate.

My next adventure involved an attempt to find the Craccum Office, so once again I was forced back upon my jaded wits and wilting perseverance. I was directed up two storeys, down another four, across to Herne Bay, back again, into the Vice-Chancellors suite, before I happened upon an empty and remote room with a minuscule sign hidden on the back of an open door. Was it arrogance or self effacement that was responsible for this anonymity, I wondered bitterly.

Exhausted after all this gratuitous exercise, I fell down a few more stairs to resuscitate myself with a milk shake. Another error of judgement. For in order to obtain a common or garden milk shake in this institution it is apparently first necessary to prove the strength and genuineness of one's thirst by waiting approximately 17 minutes at the end of a daunting queue of panting students.

I wanted to get some textbooks, but by now I was feeling considerably less enterprising and a lot more discriminating, so one glance at the heaving mass of fighting bodies inside the bookshop sufficed to convince me I should defer that battle until I was in much better shape.

So it was almost with a sense of relief that I sought refuge (along with several thousand others) in a lecture theatre. For one hour we were treated to a smattering of mass culture, then the real stampede began. The lecturer, in his esoteric wisdom, prescribed in the lecture a certain, compulsory text. Even before he had begun his concluding remarks determined students could be spotted slinking out of the lecture room, headed towards the Library.



HOBBLE

My pace, needless to say, was by now reduced to a weary hobble, so by the time I made it to the library, it was denuded of all relevant texts. I put a book on reserve, which the friendly librarian confidently reassured me would be ready about August next year... I wanted one other book—a book, published in New Zealand, on New Zealand migrants, last year some time. Although its card was sitting dutifully in the reference index, the book itself was not to be found anywhere. "Too soon," I was informed—"It was only published last year." I pointed out that this same book had been personally spotted, four months ago, at the University of Papua New Guinea, but this did not seem to impress this officious

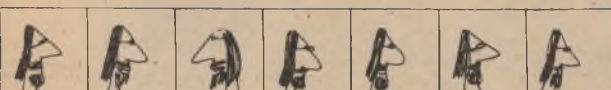
librarian one bit. So I put the book, too, on reserve.

There was only one thing to do. Capitulate and leave the place. But how? I looked for a bus. Surely, I reasoned, there must be a bus service to carry thousands of students, harassed, book laden and late, like myself, into the city?

Certainly not. It appears that we must pay penance for our privileged position in the fringes of the world of academe by marching, in spartan splendour, to and from our ivory tower. I remain convinced, however, that in view of the carnage that is daily lying in wait for all who dare to cross this academic Rubicon, we deserve, every one of us, to be personally and daily chauffeured to the scene of the battle.



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(THE CONTINUING STORY OF)

Presenting more pics, more info, and more raves from your favourite politicians (unfortunately omitted from Orientation Handbook because of a blunder by our typist).

Subversion Comptroller Steve Alpert:

Sedang bagi almarhum I Djajaprama seorang jang tiada sesuatu dosa di dunia jang fau ini, tempat jang ber pemandangan seindah itu tepat menjadi sevvah mahligai tempat jang aman kekel aoadi umtuk berist irahat selama lamanja.

Om Santh, santhi santhi
om om om

Administrative Secretary Brian Dreadon:

Arts/law student, painter, journalist, sportsman—Brian is truly a man of many parts. The part you will become most acquainted with is his role as Administrative Secretary, a task which calls for tact, skill and friendliness in equal portions. Admin. Sec. is a thankless, mundane job, and Brian often has cause to remember that "sticks and stones may break his bones, but..." especially on Thursday's at 1.00 pm.

Captain Arlo Org:

Formerly of Cherry Creek, Colorado, Capt Arlo says: "We must leap ahead into the Era of Poly ticks." What exactly is polyticks; "The word, from the Latin, quite literally means many ticks. Like a clock every soul will bounce with rhythm. We can tock about it now—is our byword; our goal, to watch: silvery smiling faces and outstretched hands. Touch! In caresses there is magic!"

On the darker side, it is Capt Arlo Org's main function to silence seditious elements, when possible to exile them to atmospheres of near vacuum. About this potentially ticklish job: "It would be well to remember the words of the Chinese sage: 'If it itches, screw it'". Asked to comment on Christine Lindop's eyes, the Capt demurred, proffering instead this optimistic message: 'Power will no longer be concentrated in the hands of a few grabby creeps with notched fingernails. The Fresh Order will establish every man a star for 10 minutes.'

Womens Vice President:

This position is vacant (and we mean that most sincerely). Nominations are now being called for, and should be neatly written on lined foolscap paper, signed by the applicant and her best friend, and handed into Craccum or any Administrative Secretary below 5ft 10in.

Re-Orientation

The first two weeks of the year are traditionally called 'Orientation fortnight', and show students, particularly 'freshers' what a cold, impersonal and organised place good ol' A.U. is. Don't be frustrated: it was exactly the same scene last year, and we've heard tell that it was no accident—somebody designed it on purpose!!

At last a real exec is swinging into action. Super-organisation is not our thing, we are merely working to create an atmosphere. Our Reorientation programme will start next week, and hopefully students will find out that Auckland University can be a friendly place after all.

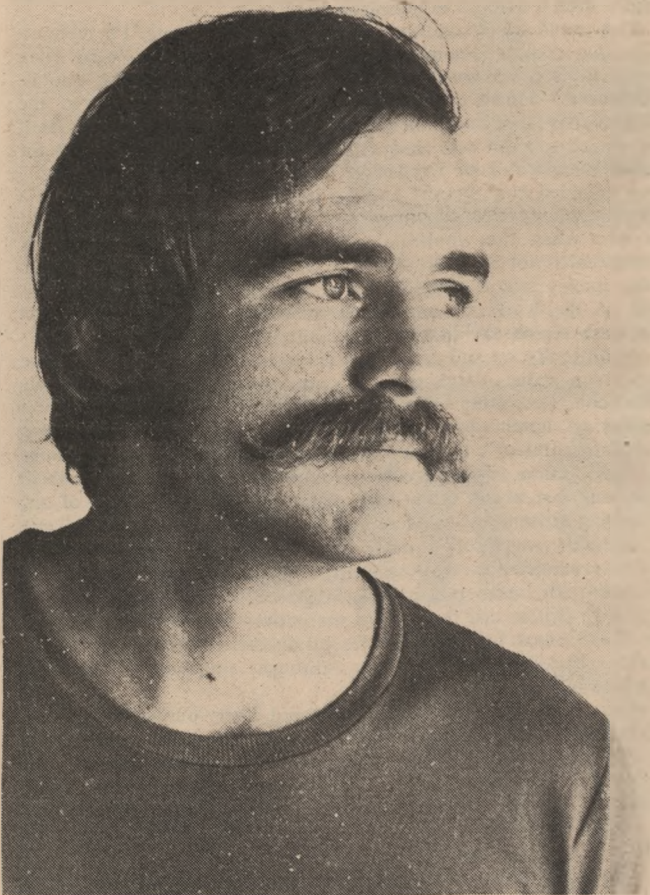
For the Exec.
by Admin Secretary Brian Dreadon.

CRACCUM NEEDS

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Capt. Arlo Org



Brian Dreadon




Steve Alpert →



Fings ain't wot they us'ter be

They're getting better
all the time.
Birds are
chirpier. Pubs
are brighter,
(carry a tie in
your pocket),

and  Brown
is mighty



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JOAN HAS EATEN
TOO MANY U.S.
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NOTHING I HAVE
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GET HER TO TUCK
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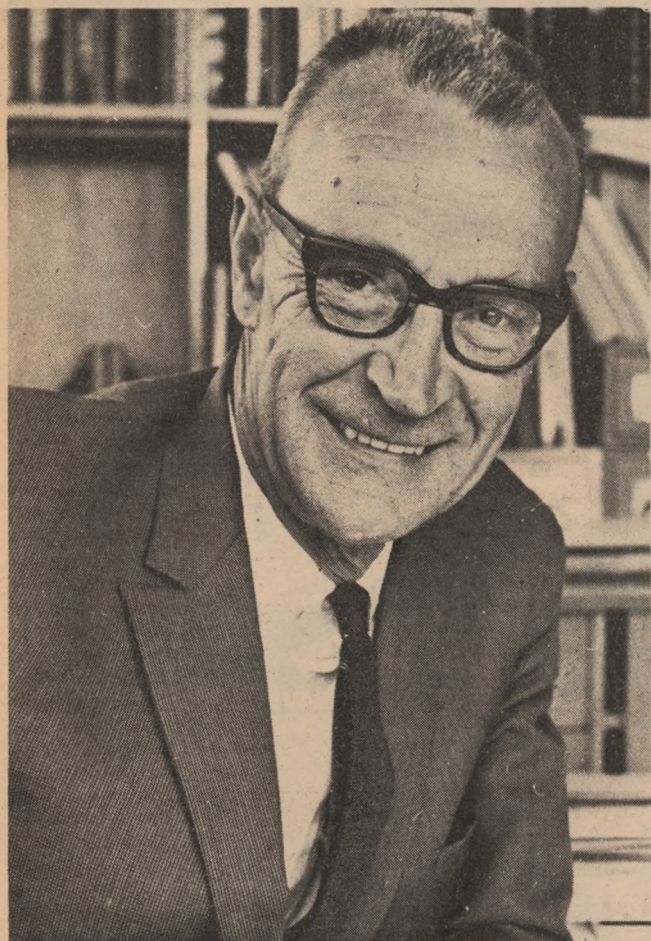
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New Zealand farmers lounge in famished ideas



An address delivered by DR KENNETH B. CUMBERLAND, Professor of Geography, University of Auckland, at the Huntly Lions Club 10th Charter Anniversary Banquet, held on 20 February 1971.

Mr Carter and I see the broad outline of the economy—and its problems and needs—in the same light. We both, I think, give proper emphasis to agriculture. Our aims, objectives and goals are the same. We may differ on methods—though Mr Carter told 300 farmers at Helensville the other night a number of home-truths I've been preaching for some time.

I'm more worried about the views and attitudes of Mr Carter's senior partners in government.

Mr Marshall, for example; Chairman of the National Development Council. Since the October meeting of the N.D.C., Mr Marshall has said on several occasions this sort of thing:

1. More resources will have to be diverted to the manufacturing sector.
2. The development of competitive industry has to be achieved if we are to meet the targets and the planned increase in living standards.
3. Targets may have to be revised to give manufacturing a larger place.

In view of the success in recent years of the export manufacturing industries (including of course the timber group and canned and preserved fruit and vegetables and woollen goods)—and the deterioration in the terms of trade for farm exports, Mr Marshall would appear to believe that the salvation of the economy lies in promoting, subsidising and providing export incentives, not for farming, but for manufacturing.

One wonders if this also reflects an inner, but publicly undisclosed, pessimism about the securing of "special arrangements" and "adequate safeguards" for New Zealand from E.E.C.

Is it sensible to base policy for the future on the trends of the last three years? Devaluation—gave manufacturing an immense boost but is a "one-off". Export incentives. Farm prices—stationary or falling up to 1970-71. Let us remind ourselves of some basic facts:

1. Our farms have persistently—for eighty years—furnished in excess of 90% of export earnings.
2. In the latest year 86% (even excluding timber, processed fruit and veggies, woollens; including scoured and carpet yarns).
3. N.D.C. targets assume agriculture will contribute 53% of the increase in exports over the target decade—and N.D.C. was not dominated by farmers.
4. New Zealand agriculture is the world's most efficient!!
5. The number of people to feed in the world increases by 75 million a year.
6. Living standards and incomes of the world as a whole increase much faster than ours—in some countries—Japan, Spain, Italy, Singapore, Taiwan etc., etc.—at least three times faster than ours.
7. There has never been a time when New Zealand has found a shortfall in demand for its food products. It has always quitted them and only occasionally at inadequate prices. This last two years—crisis years for farmers—the demand for New Zealand meat and dairy products has been unsatisfied—and never greater.

Attention is focussed at present on farmers costs—which at protest meetings all up and down, producers blame on the unions and on the government's policies or lack of them. They demand "cost adjustment"—at a cost of possibly \$100,000,000 to the taxpayer. Others demand 25% supplement of incomes—at a cost of \$250,000,000 to taxpayers. Others a further devaluation. Others the withholding of farm products. Others a ban on the use of fertilisers—if the fertiliser workers will help to declare fertilisers black, and so put themselves out of work.

WHOLLY NEGATIVE

But I've read of no protest meeting investigating the possibility of increasing overseas prices; of exploring new markets; of improving marketing policies and procedures; questioning the role and performance of the marketing agencies or the policies of the producer boards; or getting worked up about new methods of marketing wool; or becoming excited about elections to the boards. Anyone close to the Meat Board can already name those to be elected although "nominations" haven't closed.

I think it would be a shameful, degrading, wholly negative, backward looking and nationally-disastrous act of capitulation and resignation if the government were to ask the public to subsidise agriculture by finding \$100 million—or anything like it—to provide

for agriculture an artificially low cost structure so that the farmer can stay where he is and has been for decades doing in 1980 what he did in 1970 and 1940 and 1900. It would be especially calamitous if meantime the expenditure of a fraction of this sum could not be used to explore markets more intensively, to improve marketing methods and agencies, to reform or abolish or amalgamate and completely reorganise the amateur producer boards—and in effect to take positive and aggressive steps to raise returns to a point at which they more than compensate for the rise in production costs.

PANIC AND SENTIMENT

I think we could be panicked into falling into the trap of adopting in perpetuity a policy of spending millions in artificially reducing the farmers' costs, and diverted from any consideration of the real problem—and so get nowhere. This is the way to fossilise the agriculture of 1970—not to prepare for the agriculture and economy of the 1980's.

Costs are rising everywhere—not only here. And so are prices—even farm prices in other countries. Why should New Zealand farm realisations be the only permanent fixture in such a fluid, changing, inflating situation?

I think part of the answer is our negative, unthinking, automatic, sentimental and traditional attachment to one market.

We should look ahead and not backwards. Nineteenth century attitudes, preferences, habits will not do as we approach the 21st century. The British connection has served us well. But it's no longer enough. We are outgrowing it. The British economy is not expansive. The U.K. market is not growing. If Britain ties its future to Europe, that market will shrink and contract quite sharply.

Yet at the moment it is the prime concern of the government, of the producer boards and of Federated Farmers, and, by implication, of all New Zealanders to preserve the status quo. We are fighting a desperate rearward action to preserve for the future something we've enjoyed in the past, but which must be totally inadequate for the future, even if it could be preserved intact.

One could quote endless instances of this attitude. I'll mention only two. You'll remember the attitude of the Dairy Board when Britain moved to regulate its butter imports by establishing quotas. Sir Andrew Linton's comments were bitter and referred to the disaster that faced the country. Within 12 months the quota was itself sacrosanct and the best thing that had happened. Now we have Sir John Ormond and Mr Dryden of Federated Farmers talking of the long heralded U.K. import levy on lamb as a slap in the face and a crippling blow to the economy. The story will be different in a year or two when the wholesale price of N.Z. lamb (29-36 lbs) ex Smithfield is not 33 pence but 45d. Such outcries can do only harm. They show a lack of appreciation of changing relations with the U.K. and of the world of new challenge and opportunity that must inevitably replace the old order of tradition and sentiment.

In difficulty we still give complete and utter priority to preserving the apron string attachments of our innocent national economic childhood. Despairing efforts to secure "adequate safeguards", the pursuit of ignominious attempts and forlorn hopes of securing "special treatment", cynical pleas and plaintive cries for some crumbs from EEC tables to prevent a New Zealand economic "disaster"; these represent just about the whole extent of our imagination, of our prevailing attitudes of mind and of our picture of the future. All else is excluded—much of it deliberately so. For, as Mr Marshall has virtually admitted, a vigorous effort to open firm long-term avenues of trade with Japan—much less with the USSR—would prejudice our case with Britain and the six! So alternatives must at least wait until the crumbs have fallen and the fearful disaster is upon us—as they've waited already for a decade through previous unsuccessful negotiations.

Even a boy scout knows to be prepared. Every businessman is well advised to have a second string to his bow. We should be preparing our own "safeguards"—not begging them from others. Its our own necks that are on the block. We should be seeing to our own future. Then let's get on with facing the future, with building a viable pattern of trade and a prosperous economy not only for the 70's but for the next century, now only a generation away.

This means giving agriculture its due regard and attention based on a firm conviction that the national economy must unavoidably rely on agriculture (but not excluding forestry, tourism and export industries) as far ahead as we can reasonably see.

It means being prepared if necessary to recognise and to say, and say firmly, that some branches of the farm industries, viable in the past, are no longer so. It means seeing, encouraging and, if necessary, initially subsidising, alternatives. It means using public funds not to send good money after bad to protect something traditional but no longer economically justifiable, but to invest in the future.

MORE WATTIES

It means providing the opportunities and encouragement for expanding the desirable avenues of farm production. Capital will be necessary, research will have to be reoriented, farm structures will need revision and reconstruction, the processing industries will require extension and diversifying. Containers open possibilities for exporting chilled meat, but what investigation has been done on such potentialities? At what stage do you pick asparagus or peaches and at what temperature do you hold them if they are to go in container loads to New York or Rome or Hawaii or London? We'll probably have to contemplate centralised meat conditioning, cutting and packaging plants separate from the slaughtering and freezing works. We'll need more vertically-integrated Wattie-type establishments handling, processing and marketing intensified and diversified crop production.

I'd like to take one example, if I may, to illustrate some of these future needs. Sheep farming is far and away New Zealand's most important industry—more important even than horse racing! Only two countries have more sheep than New Zealand but none has nearly so many sheep in relation to population—not even Australia. There are on New Zealand farms in excess of 60 million sheep, including 43 million breeding ewes. Romneys and Romney crosses account for 85% of all sheep. Apart from Merinos, all sheep are derived from a very small proportion of British breeds. There has been little new blood introduced this century. Although sheep are our main standby, we've done far less with new blood and other than British strains than

we have with dairy cows, beef cattle, or pigs and far less than with race horses.

Recently we've realised something of the limitations of the traditional stud breeding of rams. In the average stud flock the range of genetic variability and potential is so limited that improvement must inevitably be snail-paced. Indeed the average stud ram may be reducing the fertility of commercial flocks. Pooled elite centre flocks of highly fertile recorded ewes drawn from cooperating background recording flocks totalling 10-50,000 ewes will allow a very much faster and a more clearly defined improvement in fertility. But, even so, little better than a one percent p.a. increase in lambing percentages can be expected by those commercial breeders using recorded rams from elite flocks of Romney or Perendale ewes. At this rate it could take the national flock 50 years to raise the overall lambing percentage from 100 to 125 or 130.

SEXUALLY PRECOCIOUS

However, English and Scottish farmers, industrial concerns and animal breeding stations are experimenting constructively and vigorously with a variety of European breeds and have demonstrated on many individual farms the possibility of doubling lambing percentages within a few years. The European breeds have lambing percentages from 180-250. They have udders to match. They are sexually precocious. They lamb twins as hoggets and they can be mated every eight months. Applied widely and successfully to the New Zealand national flock of 43 million ewes, the use of these breeds could theoretically—and within 20 years—raise the number of 'lambs tailed' from 41 millions to 80 millions; and the number of lamb carcasses surplus to replacements and domestic market requirements from 24 millions to over 60 millions; and could produce an increase in the overseas earnings of lamb exports (assuming profitable disposal) of not less than \$250 millions a year. Last year markets for lamb were undersupplied. I fancy the British market will remain and may extend into EEC. Chilling (as opposed to freezing) will open up other markets (Italy!). The Americans will be seeking 25 percent more every year—2 million carcasses in 1971, 2½ millions in 1972, and 3.1 millions—and so on, so by 1980 the demand could be 20 millions. The Japanese have scarcely had a taste of lamb as yet. If they take to lamb as they've taken to pork and beef and mutton—and the Expo experience suggests this is not optimistic—they could require as big a tonnage as the U.K. They have twice as many mouths to feed, and by 1980 might have individually twice the income. Then there are the Canadians, the Southern Europeans, the Russians, Czechs, East Germans. From being an efficient, cheap, patriotic, steady, reliable supplier of lamb to Smithfield, we could well become the source of more expensive and elaborately processed lamb for all the sophisticated and affluent markets of the world, if we are prepared to produce a lot more and take bold advantage of the techniques and opportunities available.

The Department of Agriculture recognises, from an economic point of view the importation of European strains of sheep should have top priority. Dr Johns has said as much. Its plan and proposals and actions, however, are not in accordance with acknowledged economic importance of the issue. The introduction of animal diseases is certainly a problem. I hope it is not also an excuse. It's certainly not a valid justification for relative inactivity. The new Somes Island maximum quarantine station has a capacity to accommodate at one time a mere 20 cattle, or alternatively, with adjustment and modification, possibly up to 70 sheep. Because it was designed with cattle in mind and because the risk of disease with cattle importations is less than with sheep, cattle are to use it first. Because it will be simpler and easier and cosier sheep imports are to be indefinitely deferred. As a result what is the major and most immediate economic possibility is to be shelved. This is despite the fact that anyone can import cattle semen at any time. On the other hand, no one can import sheep or ram semen. Yet while the Department of Agriculture experiments with cattle where there's little risk of, or difficulty with, disease, the entire sheep industry—New Zealand's most important—has to wait. Even when they get round to importing sheep, it will be a decade—probably two—before European strains will be released. By then the British sheep farmer will have had a quarter to a third of a century's experience with the prolificacy of European breeds: the Canadians and American sheepherders will have had Finn blood for a couple of decades. The New Zealand export trade must wait even longer—say 25 years—before the additional lambs contribute their scores—possibly hundreds—of millions of dollars to export earnings.

We can contemplate subsidising farmers to the extent of \$100,000,000 a year but we can't find the half a million dollars to enable farmers to double the productivity of their flocks and to earn for themselves another \$250 millions a year. Meanwhile we may lose potential markets; and, with a further decline in wool prices and rising costs, more sheep farmers will go the wall. If we could rear two lambs where we reared one before, wool could become a byproduct of meat production and falling wool prices would not be critical. This issue is so vital as to require consideration of a second and larger maximum security quarantine station—and a crash programme of importations and breeding programmes at a cost of no more than \$500,000. This is the sort of help the taxpayer should be asked to give the farmer.

I've asked questions on these lines before and, although the list of people replying to my argument is now imposing—it includes the Minister, the Director and the Director of the Livestock Health Division—none has replied in specific terms. One question has been quite deliberately avoided. That is, what danger would there be, if any, of introducing scrapie disease in the event of importing the frozen semen of the mature Finn, East Friesian or Oldenburg sire bred and reared on, say, one of the farms of the Animal Breeding Research Organisation in Scotland and, at the age of five years, certified free from scrapie?

Let me close—and close quickly. New Zealand's future—like its past—lies with agriculture. By all means New Zealand agriculture must produce more! But it must produce the profitable things for tomorrow's market prospects—not last century's. Farmers should be encouraged to channel their current irate energies and their still important influence and power into securing progressive aid, assistance and encouragement for forward planning, for increasing their capacity to earn overseas exchange, and for easing the inevitable changes ahead—not to bolster up hopeless enterprises and activities, which, though they may have served us well in the past, hold little promise for the future.

Any public funds diverted to aid farmers should be used not to enable them to go on doing what they've always done, not simply to cut their costs, but to extend, diversify and improve their markets, so as to raise their returns, to provide incentives to new products, new farm structures, new technologies, improved processing, rationalised handling, freighting and disposal.

The rural tide has ebbed this last few years (and with it the state of the economy). But the future, properly and positively handled, could be a flood tide of rural and therefore of national prosperity at present beyond our dreams.

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Sir,

I pass anonymous (Vol.45, No. presentation on the propriety of myself, your headline (bc tradition of Press), and the exercise of the on a proposal discussion is 'co-operate'. moved to take a student sentence, 'It question Prof in cancelling meeting'. My merely to correct the record 1. Department asked specific meetings on the paper proposal but to present view on the units, for the means of a question Department meetings; other English and Departments, one cancel a n called;

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Sir,
I pass over in your anonymous front-page article (Vol.45, No. 1), the garbled presentation of the Memorandum on the proposed paper system issued by Professor Tarling and myself, your question-begging headline (both in the fine tradition of the Establishment Press), and the suggestion that the exercise of the right to comment on a proposal that is still under discussion is 'a studied refusal to co-operate'. I am, however, moved to take exception even in a student newspaper, to the sentence, 'It is necessary to question Professor Reid's motives in cancelling such an authorised meeting'. My purpose here is merely to correct your errors and set the record straight.

1. Departmental heads were not asked specifically to call staff meetings on the matters raised in the paper proposal questionnaire, but 'to present each Department's view on the topic of papers, not units, for the B.A. Degree by means of answers on a single questionnaire'. Some Departments called staff meetings; others, including the English and the Philosophy Departments, did not. How can one cancel a meeting that was not called;

2. A staff meeting may well have been the best way to arrive at a consensus. But Departments were requested to present their views by the end of February. If there are Departments, such as the Department of Mathematics, which have not yet submitted answers, presumably they are too late (or should be too late) to be included in the survey.

3. In January and early February, only a handful of the English staff were in Auckland and available for consultation. Three members of the staff were due to return from overseas leave in mid-February and had a right to be included in any survey of opinion.

4. The last two weeks of February saw a majority of staff members involved in pre-enrolment and enrolment procedures, both at Departmental and Dean's level. A meeting at any time during these weeks would have excluded several staff members.

5. The ways open to me, therefore, were (a) to ignore the questionnaire entirely; (b) to leave the matter of a Departmental meeting until some time in March, thus risking that English Department opinion would go unexpressed; (c) to obtain individual answers to the questionnaire and collate them on a single return. I chose the latter, and was at pains to make sure that all members of the staff forwarded their replies, even to the extent of having photocopied questionnaire forms for those who had mislaid theirs.

6. When forwarding the English Department's reply to the Acting Dean of the Faculty of Arts, I reported the number of staff members who had answered the questionnaire and the number of votes in relation to its various sections, together with an

indication of varying responses to specific questions. With this letter I sent to the Acting Dean, before the end of February, all individually completed questionnaires, together with the staff's additional notes and comments, believing that, in the absence of a staff discussion, it was proper that the Augmented Faculty Committee should have access to all the arguments advanced in the Department both for and against the paper proposal.

Far from 'making everything subject to (my) interpretation', in your words, I have left the matter of interpretation of the questionnaire results to the Faculty Committee, despite a clear Departmental majority against the paper system.

To impute sinister motives to me when I have, in fact, gone to considerable lengths to make sure that every member of the Department who is a member of Faculty should have the opportunity to express himself on the matter seems to me something less than a useful contribution to a discussion of a very important and highly contentious subject. Or is it merely my senility that makes me think so?

J.C. Reid
Department of English

Perhaps, ed.

two

Sir,
In your front page article on the subject of a proposal to drop the unit system in favour of a paper system in the Arts Faculty you make a number of incorrect statements about what happened within the English Department. No Departmental Meeting was "cancelled" because none had been called. None was called because the results of the questionnaire were required by the end of February and members of the Department were irregularly in attendance during the first half of that month and fully occupied with enrolments during the second. The communication which went from the Department to the Faculty Committee was not "subject to his [Professor Reid's] interpretation only". Professor Reid sent not only a summary of the Department's answers but the questionnaires themselves as completed by members of staff. "Many members of his [Professor Reid's] staff", you write, are "rather unhappy" about this. Who are these unhappy people? None has made any complaint to the Head of Department or to any of the Professors. You are not, surely, asking your readers to believe that members of this Department would complain to Craccum but lack the courage to make their discontent known within the Department itself?

C.K. Stead
Professor of English

Yes, ed.

three

Sir,
In last weeks Craccum, much was made of Maori grievances. Some points strike my mind.

(1) Clause 2 of the Waitangi Treaty is seen by some as a Maori Magna Carta but if the Treaty were given statutory form, so presumably would Clause 3, which imposes upon Maoris the same rights and duties as British citizens. Presumably this will mean Maoris will lose their privileged position with respect to housing and housing finance, hospital expenses, education (e.g. the reserved places in the Medical School) and immunity from conscription.

(2) The pre-European Maori culture was rural communistic and personal, and has little relevance to the urban Maori living in a commercial European environment. No-one will achieve a personal dignity by apeing the customs of a superceded culture. The new dignity is in the future not the past.

(3) Similarly attempts to infuse the rest of the people with elements of the Maori culture would be as archaic and useful as returning to the feudal system of land tenure, that we may better understand the present system.

(4) The people with the purse, power and prestige to do anything about Maori grievances are not Maori, and Maori militancy will not encourage them to act.

(5) The focus of white liberal indignation is variable, from Vietnam and Indo China to pollution and now racial issues. What will be the Maori reaction when a new issue of the moment pre-empts liberal attention.

A.D. McInnes

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Art, Slugs and Rodwell Centred

If you were to look back at the cultural scene at Auckland University at the beginning of 1969, you would see eight or nine distinct and extremely static cultural groups, in the form of constitutional clubs and societies. Realistically however, these clubs had few active members, and never combined or complemented each other's talents. So the two unslugs, Alan Brunton and Jim Stevenson, gathered some disciples, and established the Cultural Liberation Front.



Arts Centre . . . exeunt

Alan Kolnik

The C.L.F. was formed to pool the talents of those few active members scattered about the clubs and societies, and to rouse to action a group of artists and technicians working together to produce spontaneous happenings. Those so roused included, apart from Brunton and Stevenson, Russell Haley, Phil Alpers, Paul Turvey, John Daly-Peoples, Sam Pillsbury, Paddy Grant, Ian Wedde, Ron and Alastair Riddell, and O'Donoghue/McGee. Together they produced the Rock/Film/Play happenings, or the first of the new type of dances in the Caf. 8p.m. 50 cents, the Dada evening, mini arts festivals, a mini bus tour and the magazines Freed I and Freed II.

The Front's main contribution was in improving the quality of University performances, and in introducing interaction between groups and mixed-media happenings. The culmination of its activities, was the Orientation Banquet at the beginning of 1970, which apart from food and wine, included Choreutics, Indian music, contemporary music, film student films, contemporary and creative dance.

It seems that by this time, exactly one year later, people were beginning to think in terms of informal happenings and a break with formal theatre (particularly ironic, as it was at this stage that plans for the New University theatre were at last becoming concrete). At this time, too, the Auckland Arts Centre came into being in the Old Synagogue in Princes St (though to this day, it seems to be used only for rehearsals by the Operatic Society, Grafton Theatre, and Choreutics).

And then it came to the notice of the pioneer group, the C.L.F., that is, that the old Astor Recording Studios at 24 Grafton Road were vacant. So the struggle began—a University Badminton Court, or a University Arts Centre? Fortunately, though, the then Societies' Rep. found a tape measure, and discovered that there wasn't quite enough room for Badminton, but there was enough room for one of the largest dance and theatre studios in Auckland. Anyway, then Mr Preece entered into eight weary months of negotiation with the Ministry of Works, but they seemed more content to just leave it standing there, empty, waiting for the gradual approach of the motorway. At last, however, tenders were called, and the Students' Association procured a two year lease.

THE NEED FOR A NEW ENVIRONMENT

Although the premises were now in the hands of the Student's Association it was still necessary to convince the new Executive of the genuine need for an Arts Centre. The results of the C.L.F.'s were obviously good, but with many of its chief workers expatriated, the cultural situation was back, at the end of 1970, to where it had been two years before. There were the same small, autonomous clubs, with few resources, little equipment, and virtually no facilities.

Film Soc. was still forced to use lecture theatres, which continually present problems of bookings and consequent bureaucracy. They needed a place to hold seminars, lectures, informal discussions, and film schools, with an intimate atmosphere conducive to the viewing of experimental and underground films, and suitable for the storage of equipment.

As far as facilities are concerned, music clubs were among the most neglected, being allocated one small room next to the television room. The Arts Centre would provide two sound-proof rooms, if some small repairs were effected, and a base in which to pool and store equipment. The Contemporary Dance Company was still having to practise on concrete linoleum floors with low ceilings in the Student Union. The large floor space at 24 Grafton Road, once sanded and varnished is an ideal area for dance, and besides, resident there, would be lighting and sound equipment, actors and musicians. And the environment would be ideal for day and night classes, workshops and seminars, with guest teachers and choreographers, and multi-media productions.

The University Theatre Company also needed such a base. In the past, its ventures had been marked by a complete lack of co-ordination: auditions held in the Lower Lecture Theatre, rehearsals

in the table-tennis room, play readings and workshops in No. 12 Grafton Road (small and damp), costumes stored in Lumiere, lights in the Student Union basement, and performances found eventually in the Hall. Actors were receiving no training in any other art forms, nor in any of the technical aspects of Theatre.

As for visual arts, exhibitions by fine art students were being discouraged by the Elam Student Society for these reasons:

1. Paintings and sculptures had been damaged in every exhibition held in the student common rooms throughout the country.
2. Common rooms do not provide any lighting, viewing arrangements or proper hanging, so that works of art may be seen in a proper environment.
3. Security is always lax, because of the nature of common rooms, and insurance is difficult to obtain.
4. At city galleries, exhibitors are either charged a hireage fee for space, or a percentage of the sales.

Obviously the major cultural clubs all needed a new environment, a base where they could continue to pool their talents, ideas, resources, equipment and technical knowledge, and keep alive the INTERACTION between themselves and between newly emerging groups such as the Guerilla Theatre, the Contemporary Music Society, the Living Theatre Troupe, and the Scratch Orchestra.

The Executive was convinced. "There is a difference between what one can do with and in a space, and the acceptance of a given space." (T.D.R. 1968).

RECREATION

In the first one creates an environment by transforming a space, in the second one negotiates with an environment, such as a University Theatre. The building at 24 Grafton Road at Christmas time was fairly dilapidated: I mean someone had dug up the lead piping, and someone had removed the copper wiring, and someone had smashed

Alan Kolnik



"Caught in that sensuous music all neglect Monuments of unaging intellect"

the plate-glass windows and someone had taken fibre-glass bats out of the inside walls. So the A.U.S.A. was faced with fixing it up to comply with the Regulations and Ordinances and things. Mr Vermy and others repaired the sewerage, power, locks and windows to stand against vandals and the Department of Health. Then the Arts Centre Committee and a small band of friends, under the technical direction of John Eaglen, worked many man-hours at painting, carpentry, digging bricks and glass out of the section, and sowing and tending young fresh green grass. Gradually the environment is being transformed by those who want to use it.

WHO RUNS IT AND HOW/OR THE POWER STRUGGLE

A concerted attempt has been made in setting up some structural organisation, to limit inherent bureaucratic trends, power struggles, and groups competing for the use of the premises. It was decided that all students should have the use of the Arts Centre whenever possible for any genuine cultural activities. The Centre is run by a committee who are directly related to what is happening there, with the Societies' Rep as Chairman, the Association Business Manager as Treasurer, Technical Officer, John Eaglen, and five others, each representing one of the major art forms: Selwyn Jones for jazz/blues, Liz Grant for visual arts, Paddy Grant for Contemporary Dance, Ken Rea for Theatre, and a blank as yet for Contemporary Music.

The committee recommends the money it needs for the year, and handles grants for cultural purposes, and has general control over artistic and group ventures for the promotion of all art forms on Campus. The Centre is financed by the New Zealand Universities Arts Council, A.U.S.A. and commercial sponsorship. Meetings of the committee are open to all students, and all students have speaking rights, providing an opportunity for everyone to present his own ideas. Well What's Happening Now?

From Ken Rea, Theatre representative, and producer for the Living Theatre Troupe:

The resident drama group at the Arts Centre will be the Living Theatre Troupe, an offshoot of the University Theatre Company. The Troupe evolved out of a dissatisfaction with the general theatre scene in New Zealand. Its aim will be to take another look at what theatre is, and see what can be got from the medium. The accent will be on experimentation. Activities will range from Guerilla Theatre, through some of the more experimental American and Australian plays, to works by local writers.

Developing some kind of 'New Zealand Theatre' is a neglected task, but the Arts Centre could play an important part in it. In the past, writers have had trouble finding groups to present their work. The Living Theatre Troupe hopes to work with writers in developing plays through workshop sessions, using improvisation techniques. This tests the workability of a theatre piece, and guards against becoming over-academic.

During the past few weeks, the Living Theatre Troupe has gone out of doors, performing short plays in the tradition of the Commedia dell'arte. These were put on very successfully in the Domain and on some of the beaches around Auckland. The actors wore colourful costumes and masks. A small backdrop, painted at the Arts Centre by Gordon Clifton, a Fine Arts student, was used, and the rest of set consisted of two sets of low stairs, designed by John Eaglen. Whilst rehearsing at the Arts Centre, the Troupe found Paul Turvey. He, with three others (together playing violin, double bass, saxophone, drums, flute and a bassoon) formed a band to provide music both before and during the plays.

WHAT IS HAPPENING NEXT?

After Orientation will be held: regular classes in dance at all levels, workshops and seminars in music and film-making, classes in technical aspects of theatre, from make-up and mask-making to sound and lighting, weekly acting workshops (but it is hoped to absorb all the floating talent with continuous productions which will include more people than in the past), and from time to time photographic displays and art exhibitions, and showings of experimental and underground films.

So if you are interested in what is happening here, ring the Arts Centre—we have a phone, 371-121, or leave a message at the Students' Office. The Centre needs people to keep it working.

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Who as a slug....

by
ALAN BRUNTON AND JIM STEVENSON

CHANGE HAGGLES LIKE A SEED IN ITS EARTH, YOUR BLOOD IN ITS LEAVES

Students as a transitory community. By nature scattering from a native centre; by nature deviant. Yet our purposes really unify us for social and apolitical action.

The anti-Vietnam protest was successfully organised because of the importation of methods from the United States and from France, but also for greater reasons.

For the first time we were united in challenging the established concepts of the Kulaks and, further, the absence of moral and humanistic obligations from their political decisions.

In Wellington, 26 June, 1968, the actual ceremonial trappings of Bureaucracy were disrupted, the mere sight of the Prime Kulak was sufficient to excite violent feelings unused in us until then.

For you must push the Factory to the end of its patience in order to grasp what power you can possess as a group. Then you may realise that a system of misalignments and ill-considered ideologies is irrelevant.

We must either accept or reject fundamentals. Abandon them or capitulate to the Factory.

CUT IT OFF! CUT IT OFF! THE BEAN SCARLET RUNNER OF YOUR MEDIOCRITY!

The University is under seige for its supposed failure to produce sufficient technicians for the dependent economy. The University itself has failed to counter this threat of famine for it fancies itself in the terms of Factory production of these self-same emasculated technicians. The time has now arrived to expose this fatuous argument.

It is our own conditioned concepts that must be usurped. We must return all disciplines to a coherent order and resurrect the silent ghost of Imagination.

The University has NO "social" role in the sense of providing education for the spoilt progeny of the Kulak class. Nor again to elevate the litter of the State Dependents. The essential need is for a new logic. A protest against the idea of functions; the fragmented intelligence; the anti-psychology.

This sterilization is actual. We need only consider the negative form of our Student Union.

A fastidious mausoleum acharge with muldoons and betas. Excused as necessarily functional. Resemblance to bureaucratic purposes. Caste rooms. Television room in a grotesque tribute to the minds most insidious enemy.

A ping pong room for the mandarins. The collect club of the downed town's ha-ha-money. Muldoon room lined with daguerreotypes of past mis-Administrations in cluttered egocentricity. Soup kitchen and tavern for the stomach syndrome.

Designed all in a legalistic rebuttal of Imagination.

EXHUME HIS SPIRIT NOW FROM THE "CULT OF STATISTICS"

BEWARE THE KULAKS STRUGGLING YOUR MIND IN A CONTRACEPTIVE DEVICE!

The University should NOT have the economic role implied by its separation into the faculties that emphasise the technical usages of our subjects. The alienation this produces is the system's own condemnation. We are constantly asked to detach ourselves from our researches: the only purpose for this can be to fit our minds to the jobs demanded by the Kulaks.

Look at yourself! You are being conditioned for their essential lackwork.

The University itself courts Kulaks after their own assiduous manner. This is not a fanciful paranoia;

For modern society demands that its teachers neglect the old humanistic values in favour of supraspecialized sciences. -Cohn-Bendit

FREE THEM! ABORIGINES OF THE KULAKS!

Change is not a conflict of generations. Or any other "pseudo-revolt". Yet we MUST be impatient. We have no duties or obligations to a system that exists for no other reason than that it is there.

Our feudal politics betray our piecemeal sense of Reform.

We extend by our own default the policy of Appeasement and the invasion of Ha-Ha-money from the town.

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Can you just give an indication as to why you are here?

I was invited out to this place because of the centenary of Auckland. And this church has contacts with the kind of thing that we are doing in Iona. George Jeffrey who is the minister here has not merely a church where there's morning and evening service but they have all sorts of works. He spends a great deal of his mornings in the courts and is very interested in delinquent boys and also prison work, and they have, as you probably know, hostels for women who have had a nervous breakdown. Hostels for alcoholics and so on. And we are concerned in the community, with this sort of approach also—and I happen to be the chairman of the visiting committee of one of the big borstals in Scotland, and we run camps for borstal boys—so we're of one mind also in the fact that we must materialise the faith and it's getting too airy-fairy, and not in touch enough with the world in which we are.

With regard to your social work; do you have any set ideology that you apply?

No, I wouldn't understand that. No—the gospel is the set ideology which is sufficient for the occasion.

Yes. Now you say that you want to get away from the airy-fairy kind of approach. Exactly what kind of approach are you implying.

Well I was implying the approach of the incarnation—which is not airy-fairy and last night I was reminding them of the parable of our Lord whereby people go to heaven or to hell—it is not whether we've said our prayers or been partistic or gone into a monastery to save our souls, but it is whether you have fed the hungry and clothed the naked and released the people in bondage. 'It is what you do to these my brethren that you have done to me'. And they replied 'Lord when saw we thee in hunger and fed thee. When saw we thee in bondage and came to prison to visit you.'

In other words the basis on which people go to heaven or hell, if you want to use that language, is whether they've been political. Feeding the hungry is political. Clothing the naked is political. Releasing people from the bondage of illiteracy or the bondage of tyranny is political. And it is on this materialistic basis that the Hebrew tradition is based.

I see. Now this is the political and the concrete ethic. Well what is the airy-fairy, by contrast?

The airy-fairy is how to save your soul by withdrawing from the strains and stresses of the world and becoming so spiritualised that you go out of commission altogether.

Do you think there could be some kind of balance between the spiritual and the material?

Indeed I do.

Well at what stage is this balance reached?

James says: 'Pure religion and undefiled is to care for the fatherless and the widow and to keep oneself unspotted from the world'. And caring for the fatherless and the widow is politics, and keeping yourself unspotted from the world is party. And keeping yourself unspotted from the world is your relationship with man, and if you try to do them both at the same time, you create a cross attention in your life and you get crucified for it.

Now this tension: this keeping yourself unspotted from the world which produces this kind of tension or aids it—exactly what does this entail?

Well its realising that this world really belongs to God, and the standards of this world are fallen standards and Gods standards are different.

Well can you elaborate on that. Exactly what standards are fallen in the world and how do God's standards differ.

Well I would say that our standards of clothing the naked are a little bit down, if clothing the naked covers also building houses. If a person wants to build a house in Britain and he borrows money to build a house for £4000 he has to put down £20,000 before he gets the key of the door. And this money goes in interest to the mortgage company who lend him the money through the years in order to pay for the house. The money racket, and banking racket is completely out of control, and Pentecost is round one of our great feasts when all the nations of the earth were gathered together and they had all things in common. And if we are going to be Christians we've got to realise that there's no such thing as race differences and that the world's got to have all things in common. But we're living in a capitalist world in which everybody's got to export more than they import otherwise our economy breaks down—someday there's going to be a smash up if everyone tries to export more than they import. These are the laws of economics and they are alien to the Christ laws of economics.

Well there are many secular groups who hold these same opinions, that the capitalist system and all that goes with it is very very wrong. Well are they in any way keeping themselves unspotted from the world in the Christian sense.

No I think they are unaware of what the Church has come to tell us about the nature of man, and that is there in Genesis, that man was made in the image of God: he was meant to be alright. He rebelled against God and he took the apple and so sin entered the world. And Christianity is not a matter of better rules and regulations than secular socialist societies; it is a matter of dealing with man. And the mystery of man is not that he is immoral; the mystery of man is that he is immoral when he wants to be moral. "The good that I would, I do not", said St Paul. "That which I would never dream of doing, I find that I've been and gone and done it. Who shall deliver me from this frustration? I thank God Christ will." In other words, we've got to be born again. We've got to be made new creatures if we are going to live up to the ideals that we have as old creatures.

Well what kind of new creature do we become recreated into?

Well we become recreated into the son of God. We become a child of God by adoption and we now run by the rules of the way of the cross. This means being a pacifist, if you want to get back to politics, in national situations. And it means concerning yourself with South East Asia, not to keep it down in order that American capitalism can take control of the thing. They are producing the cheap raw materials while the rich nations are processing them and selling them back to them.

Well back to the St Paul thing for a bit. Paul was already converted by the time he wrote this to Corinthians and yet the fight still continued within him for control of his spirit. So this is a constant battle; one is never saved once and that's all.

No. No. Indeed. He said this as you say, after he was converted. And this fight goes on right to the end. I know in whom I believe, but I find it convenient very often not to believe in him. I know I ought to be a pacifist and I find that I hate the guts of a lot of people whom I shouldn't hate the guts of.

This is an internalised violence though. Many Christians seem to respond to this situation by renouncing all kinds of external violence and replacing it by a very very subtle internal violence in approach to things. Can this in any way be reconciled.

Well I think we all agree that it's a start to the solution. At least lets start by stopping external violence.

Well where does the new man come in then?

Well the new man comes in because he now knows that by grace, he is a new man in Christ. He is capable of getting over it. I was an officer in the First world war—and I am now a pacifist, and this is because I believe that this is Christ's word for the atomic age and so on. This is not to say that I don't hate the guts of certain people, and I know I oughtn't hate the guts of certain people. So I say I'm sorry God, and start again.

O.K. Now this concept of Christianity. Many people masquerade behind this and still perpetuate all manner of violence. For instance



Alan Kolnik.



McLeod: rioting tu light? C

you were talking about the Indo-China situation and we have all these Christians platitudes coming out of American politicians. What's your opinion on these?

Well I've just read a book by Felix Greene who was spending some time in China, and Felix Greene has written a book called *The Enemy*, and the enemy is imperialism and it is demonstrated at the present moment by what they are doing in Vietnam. Even more by what they did in Indonesia with Suharto and Sukarno, and all that kind of business. And I was told that they executed 300,000 people after the war was over, and this is the figure admitted by the Suharto Government, and this was all done by C.I.A., and so on and so forth.

Yes but their impetus comes from politicians with some kind of Christian background, or so they claim.

Sure, sure—well let them claim. I don't think they're expressing the Christian view and I think it's probably the Churches' fault for not telling them what the Christian view is.

In terms of final heavenly renunciation and whatever, you mentioned the scripture from Matthew 25 when all these people approach Christ and Christ says go away I never knew you. What exactly is your concept of this final judgement at which all those pretenders to the title of Christian are sent away.

Well I think this whole Bible message of expressing it—how can you possibly express man who is meant to be in touch with God, and who is given freedom otherwise he couldn't be God-like, and he must be able to say no to God if he is to be able to say yes to God. Therefore there is the tree in the Garden of Eden. These are such immense concepts that if the ordinary people (the majority of them can never become Phd's thank God)—you must have a fabulous way of doing it. A fable is a way of declaring the story, and this I think, is right through to the cross; the way in which the simplest people can understand the ultimate truths.

I see. The ultimate truths themselves. Must they be hid behind this kind of illustrated fable. They can't be embarked upon in strictly philosophic terms?

Well perhaps they can be embarked upon in strictly philosophic terms. But that seems to be a get-out from the real need of man, which is not a philosophy but an enabling. What a man wants is not a new set of ideas; I've already said man's moral but he can't make the grade, and therefore what is wanted is a saviour; and its interesting that Wycliff gets through the whole of his translation of the New Testament, without ever using the word salvation. The word he uses is health. And when he's coming to the phrase 'knowledge of salvation', Wycliff translates 'the Science of health'. Well science of health is quite a modern kind of a phrase.



Well this is virtually setting up a concrete symbol as a channel—he seems to me spirituality. Do you think this is entirely plausible. Many people too communion in to reach the concrete stage and stay there. With fixations on communion with me, and i worship and things like that.

I'm not sure that I quite understand you. I think you can say me and partake of sorts of things against the Christians if you speak in these terms. Thing to the rights o failure to express their own ideal. But I'm not worried by being have to wait for by somebody outside of the acceptance of the Christian faith, because where we'll all b outside the acceptance of the Christian faith all these things are asked and I am a brot present. If I found that the philosophers or the sociologists or they call me a hereti psychologists had the answer, I would tear up Christianity tomorrow drew me a circle But I find that now the psychologists are slightly more in numtlove and I had the than the denominations of Christians, and the sociologists are drew a circle and b from analysis paralysis.

Well this still doesn't excuse the Christian church itself, which there must have divided into so many different camps. You said, I think, that yurward to in your don't see a tremendous future for church union and that it should s? have been done years ago if it was to have been done at all. Well interest in New Z you see any way at all for the various churches to co-operate. e could believe in

Well yes, you see if you are in Christ, and from the fact that yeat phrase now in know it's Matthew 25 you've gone into all this sort of thing. If we all know what are in Christ, if the church is not an institution but a divine creatialise that magnitu and is in fact the mystical body of Christ on earth, then if you're and larger and the Christ then you can't have a lot of people being in different Christd there are now you can't have a Roman Catholic Christ and a Protestant Christ, the Common M. whatever it is, a Quaker Christ, all of whom are competing for the on which we li interpretation. If I am in Christ I have been remembered to him anies in Britain. An am a brother of the Roman Catholic Bishop with whom I'm going for US. And we have lunch on Friday. I'm already a brother of his. If he says there it doesn't look can't come to the mass because I'm not a Roman Catholic, then than't look to me as il



Alan Kolnik

ngtudents are the nt of God



Alan Kolnik

doesn't look to me as if Switzerland is going to go bankrupt, and these are all little small countries. And if they get into the Common Market they will just become part of this amalgam fighting communism. But N.Z. is gloriously placed to be the new society—to be the representative of the fourth world, which is going to be sufficient unto itself and run its own banking system and not be dependent on the international banking system, and where that part is concerned you've got a heaven on earth. You've got the race problem solved, or on the way to being solved, and what's the name of this famous conference you're having just now about the treaty between the Maori's and the whites—the Waitangi Treaty—there seems to be a shuffling of feet by the whites on that one, but I think New Zealand has a great future, but not if it becomes an appendage of Australia or Japan or the Big money boys.

But it has long been an appendage in any case.

I know, the sooner it pulls away the better.

Well Professor Huberman once coined the phrase the Fourth World, with regard to student riots. In which way are you applying it, just to New Zealand or to a whole group of emerging nations as well.

Well to a group of emerging nations. The fourth world I would apply it to rioting students; rioting students in Japan for instance are rioting against the fact that in the peace treaty it was written in that Japan shouldn't have arms and now its being armed heavily hand and foot by Americans who are making a lot of money out of Japan by arming it. And some universities are now closed because they are led by the living God to refuse to have anything to do with this damn war method.

I see. Do you think the students in Paris were led by the living God?

I think on the whole they were led by the living God yes—they weren't deep enough and so the big boys have taken over again. They have got a semi-fascist state there and you are going to have a semi-fascist state in Germany very shortly, when Mr Willi Brandt pulls down.

What exactly is the living god on about in the world today? What are his own methods? How does he manifest himself in other words.

Well almighty God in whom we live and move and have our being. Augustan's definition of God is an infinite circle whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere—and he's either all or nothing. Right—who is he? And I think that Christ has revealed him. And we know enough about it that love reigns and if you stand for love reigning you will get crucified, "but in fact from henceforth let no man trouble me for I bear branded on my body the marks of the Lord Jesus. In the world you shall have tribulation but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world" and we must just take each situation as we find it and keep within our Christian obedience and see where it leads to. It's the truth that leads to crucifixion.



Hippies have been crucified. Are they in any way a manifestation of God.

I think many hippies are fairly near to God. I like to think of Francis of Assisi. He came at a time when the Church had become ecclesiasticised and institutionalised, with paper flowers and everything artificial, and he was the son of a rich man, and he walked down into the main square and took off all his clothes and stood there naked, and said—for the love of mike, start again. And so he dressed up all his new Christians—flower power, and love power—he ought to be called Francesco because he was an Italian, but he was called Francis because he set all his hymns to the music and songs of France—in other words he used pop records instead of using Gregorian chants. And set the whole thing going again, and I think he has his counterpart in, shall we say Woodstock where you have 400,000 hippies coming together for love power and for peace and flower power and four hundred of them take off all their clothes and go into a lake. And some people say its just salacious sex nonsense and it may have been for some of them, but I don't think it was for all of them. I think it was an instinctive action. After all its only 400 out of 400,000 to say—let's start again, let's start completely naked, let's get the real thing built up. And I think myself that the new truth may come out of men like Garaudi. Garaudi was a member of the executive of the communist party of Paris and was opposed to Moscow going into Czechoslovakia and refused to allow this to happen and was subsequently dismissed. He is now working with the Franciscans in Paris. They're leftist Franciscans—sort of Parish workers, and these parish workers have got a magazine and he has just written an article called Christ the First Commune-ist. And I think that new communes will arise based on the Christ. I can give you the names and addresses of six boys who have been out as hippies, who have been out on the permissive role and gone all the way, and been out on the hard stuff all the way, and now they're fed up with the whole thing and they're coming back and finding their unity not in society as it is but in Christ.

Well do you think this is a general trend—getting away from the ultra-permissiveness to a concrete faith.

It's not a general trend yet, but I think it is beginning to happen. It can happen in two ways—sometimes people who get apprehensive of Christ again become very strong conservatives as is happening in the southern states of America—retaining their negro doubts and so on, but being very much in Christ and very much to the right. And I think there are people on the left who are nearer the truth of the matter and are these hippies?

I see. Well what are your views on the ultra-permissiveness of many of these organisations.

Well—I just feel that ultra-permissiveness is just chasing up the wrong street—it's going for love in the wrong kind of way. If you're talking about sex permissiveness. It's just that they can't stand it any longer and they've got no north star—they've got nothing to pull them, and they just go into nothingness or try to go on a trip and try and get away from it all. Either by drink or by drugs or something.

There's a Taoist doctrine that says that this is the only thing which makes sense in life anyhow—recognition that everything else in life is just totally absurd and that all one can do anyhow is to reduce oneself to a nothingness.

Well I believe that the Taoists and the Buddhists have their eyes of God closed and there's nothing in the material situation but that Christ has his eyes open and the whole creation groans waiting for the revealing of the sons of God. When you get to the ultimate form of matter its light energy, and that's the ultimate point in matter, and if Christ's the light of the world he's the life of the world—and he's the answer of the whole blessed thing. Not just the spirit of things but of the thing itself. Because there is no such thing as dead matter; it's all Christ and Christ is all in all. And this is a positive approach to the thing. I think God wants us to get to the moon, because he wants us to have dominion over the whole of creation and we've gone too materialistic and left god behind—because we haven't known that God's in the whole thing.

Well how will God deal with materialism—how best to restore some kind of peace to the earth. How will God bring peace to the earth?

I don't know—our Lord said—"when the son of Man cometh shall he find faith on the earth." God has left it to man to be free and if man really wants to go to the devil well there is nothing to prevent him doing so. When the son of man Cometh shall he find faith on the earth. But Jesus says there shall be wars and rumours of wars and then cometh the end. And therefore I, because I have tried to become a Christ man, or a Jesus man as they call it now—I personally don't believe in everlasting progress—I don't think things are going to get better and better. I think that life is in becoming—and that life is in becoming like Jesus by grace alone because I can't do it on my own. And I think there will be wars and rumours of wars and then will come the end. When there will be a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth right relations.

This end will be brought about by man or by God?

This has all been brought about by God and the measure in which man is responsive to him. But if man likes to say boo to God—if every man on the earth tomorrow wants to say boo to God, they can say it and blow the whole thing up.

But Luke's gospel says that every eye shall see him—referring to Christ. Well how does this come about.

Because when the whole thing has blown up, if we're going to keep to that terminology, then cometh the end and then cometh the judgement. And people will at last see that the Christ way was the true way. And those people who have stood by it go to everlasting life and those who haven't stood by it are in darkness until the end when Christ is all in all. I don't believe in a universal and everlasting hell, but I believe that if there was this acaysm those people would go there. Nimoa said to me once, you know the German man who was in prison for eight years under Hitler, said to me, that he had had that week, the worst dream that he had ever had in his life. He had this great white wall and behind it a voice came out—the voice of Hitler, and Hitler said—"nobody ever told me about God".

Well this is probably a very good excuse for Hitler or anybody else to use. But how far do you think the Church should go out in telling about God and say, condemning the way the trends are going in world politics today. Exactly how far do you think its able to go? You say that rioting students in Japan may be motivated in some way by the light of God.

No, the essential purpose of the church is to declare the world in Christ terms and to bring people to Christ and then people will go out because they have been brought to this Hebrew tradition of the relationship of the spirit to the body. This is there in the year of Jubilee, is there in the social prophets, which is there in Malachi, when they say 'let us see if God will not open a window of heaven and pour out such a blessing as the earth itself is not able to contain it. And at evangelical meetings I've heard this referred to 'lets pray pray that we'll have a lot of conversions', but if you look up Malachi it's about the stock exchange. It's about false weights and measures—if we get our monetary systems right then let's see if God will not open a window of heaven and pour out such a blessing.

Malachi also says that God's going to get very angry and boil over like a pot spilling its lid.

Yes he says that at the end. There is the last word in the Bible—this looking forward—and that God is capable of blowing up the whole thing if people are disobedient in the situation. Then it will have been the people who have done it and not God. He has done it because the people have told him to.

Stephen Chan talked to Lord McLeod.

as a channel—he seems to me to be less than the best. I will ask him to let many people into communion in the Church of Scotland because he's a fellow nation on earth with me, and indeed the Fathers Berrigan, whom you may know of in America, who are in prison for burning up the draft cards, you can say and partake of the sacrament of the Holy communion these terms. Thing to the rights of the Church of Scotland. In other words we are led by being to have to wait for some ecumenical occasion at Geneva or in Rome, because where we'll all blow our trumpets to see us through. It's all these things are ailed and I am a brother—biologists or they call me a heretic, something to flout. Humanity tomorrow drew me a circle to keep me out. I'm more in numb love and I had the wit to win, biologists are dying a circle and brought them in.

itself, which there must have been certain highlights that you are going to think, that forward in your New Zealand tour. Certain specific problems that it should be?

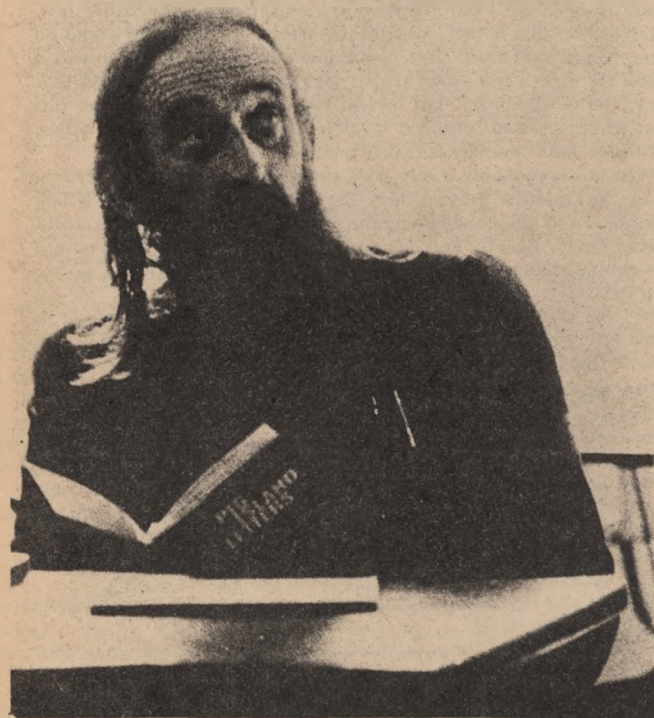
at all. Well interest in New Zealand is that it might be heaven on earth. If we could believe in the fourth world instead of the third world. The fact that that phrase now in Britain is the fourth world. And the third of thing. If we all know what this is—but the fourth world, is those people divine creatures that magnitude is not going to save us, and we are getting then if you're larger and the Common Market is just a big businessmen's different Christ there are now 20,000 American businessmen who are now estant Christ the Common Market in Brussels. 40% of the exports from petting for the on which we live are produced by American controlled ed to him amies in Britain. And U.S. stands for United States but it also om I'm going for US. And we are all part of the same dying constabulary. f he says there it doesn't look to me as if Denmark is going to go bankrupt, olic, then than't look to me as if Sweden is going to go bankrupt, It certainly

JERUSALEM SONNETS/JAMES K. BAXTER/
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If Mr Baxter is a Catholic, baptized and anointed, and I understand that he is; if, as he stalks around the edge in the twilight he is a sage, as well; if he is also a friend and a comfort to the poor-wearing no heels—and the needy—begging alms at the pub door—and the wretched—without any option; if it is true, and not mere hearsay, that he stops and embraces people in the middle of troublesome intersections; should he be against the pill and for the rhythm method; whether he washes rarely or sometimes or not at all—if he is all of these things, and I have heard that he is, then I must at the outset, dim my sights, and say, that of the many, and varied—and probably ennobling—aspects of Mr Baxter I am only interested in his poetry; and not his poetry as a whole—all eight books, dating back to 1939—but in this one slender, soft bound volume — *The Jerusalem Sonnets*. Should such a concern seem unduly, even savagely, restricted I must say that that is intentional. Personally, I do not know Mr Baxter; nor am I familiar with the circles in which he figures, for some at any rate, as “brother”; finally, and, even more pointed, I have not been commissioned either by Mr Baxter himself or by the state department (the latter is a commission which I would refuse; the former simply would not arise) to write his biography. My qualifications, being confined to the poems, rule out-as far as commenting on them goes—much which is interesting, and much which should perhaps be mentioned. However I have been asked to say something, and because I only feel comfortable writing about what I know, I have decided to comment on these sonnets; these I have read first hand!

The poems then—this one aspect—the *Jerusalem Sonnets*. Limpid, loose slung, relying more on direct statement than on irony, these poems add up to a modest achievement. They are pleasant to read—and for those to whom poetry is difficult or obscure or merely a flowery way of saying something simple—they will come as a relief. Each poem is in itself a contained whole. Beginning with a scene, usually stark, but often benign, Baxter proceeds to sketch it in with a few, well placed and deft touches. The first poem, like many of the others, has the quality of a light etching. In mock humorous fashion, Mr Baxter refers to the louse mucking about in his beard, as “small grey cloudy”; correcting his detractors he denies that this is “a pearl of God”—rather, and more impressively “it is a fiery tormentor”; but tormentor only because it wakes him at “two a.m.” This manner of speaking—dazzling rhetoric followed by domestic itches—is very much Mr Baxter’s mode. Speaking of the “Lord”, in this same poem, Baxter has a moment’s compunction: what does the Lord spy in his mind?: not devils, not fear nor any tortured visions—but perhaps “a madman, a nobody, a raconteur”. In short Mr Baxter prefers the Lord as “joker”—a bit, one is tempted to say, like Mr Baxter himself, but not as human, and therefore as fallible. The Lord can take a joke, but a joke is a joke, and one too many is likely to earn Mr Baxter a stern rebuke.

The natural world is frequently invoked in these poems, both for itself, and as a starting point, leading to some pious and some human, and some banal reflections on Mr Baxter himself, his plight, his fortunes, and those of his friends. It is the fertile insect world of nature which impresses Mr Baxter



A fine poet . . .

Alan Kolnik

Too much cleanliness sterilizes the blood — Baxter's 39 sonnets



Alan Kolnik

most: the sleepy louse nesting in his beard—too much cleanliness sterilises the blood; a hive of bees, some of which are “killed by the rain”. Things are fallible and mutable in Mr Baxter’s world; erosion is present, but, if as an evil, also as a guarantee of the human. The lavatory is outside, not modern, not sterilised; bracken resembles a “fortress” but not a modern grim cracked one; man and creature cohabit without friction or incongruity—the “fat green frog” which Mr Baxter finds “squatting in a trench” he lifts out, “against his will” and “sets free”. Yet the frog, whose “fatness” is enviable, is more fortunate than Mr Baxter; for the latter remains in the ditch, the real ditch where spirit can expect no benevolent hand to lift it out and set it free. More specifically, Mr Baxter describes the ditch as a “ditch of ownership”; ownership is indeed for Mr Baxter the plague; yet the alternative, is not only not edifying but uncomfortable as well—“to shit naked”. Ending of this sort-pulling matters to an abrupt close, which turns back on the poem—are frequent.

In No. 4, Mr Baxter ascends a hill, significantly named “Mount Calvary”, and going up observes a “grove of trees” which leads him to think of—

“rafters, roof trees
And ocean-going canoes”—

man made artifices which complement, rather than defile, nature. Going down however is not so pleasant; for he observes a calf with “Tubular protruding eyes”—the calf runs from him and he judges “wisely” so—for Mr Baxter, in his own words, is

“the master of all who is never himself”.

Nature then for Mr Baxter is not a self world, cut off from other worlds. His moments of oneness with it are too spasmodic, too fleeting for him to succumb to any such whim. More often looking at nature sends him back to reflect either on himself or on some incident which he was party to. An empty house in poem six reminds of a solitude which both attracts and repels. The Maori in the same poem suggests a world beyond worlds, neither European nor Christian; yet Baxter is not at his best in meeting this neither world. He leaves it by and large unexplored, and many of his poems stop at the point where he mentions it. Poem six ends with the words:

“having loosened the safe coat of becoming”

This line could be applied to the collection as a whole; loosening, albeit gingerly, his hold on the familiar world, Mr Baxter seeks to venture a little beyond, but never too far, and only rarely without throwing a backward glance.

One might, if one wished to be ponderous, describe these poems as poems of discovery; they all begin from a known premise—a scene observed, a snatch of conversation remembered, a personal friend, a bird or animal, a house or an incident. From this point they reach up and outwards, inquiringly, seeking always a foothold—something firm to hang onto, something solid to rest on; but the enquiry is restless and curious—curious, I think one can say, more than astringent. Moments of rest are brief, and are never quite the same. In poem eight, Baxter remembers a comment of his son’s:

“live sparsely; laugh at money”

for the moment this serves as something to “go by”. Or, as in poem nine, where he refers, uproariously to the crabs which “dig in like the troops”, he ends “they have got me stuffed”—benign resignation. In the next poem the setting is night. Here God is both mother and father; protective and comforting but also regal and haughty like an “eagle”. In another he finds comfort in “a muddy spring of

poems”;—writing poems is a natural process, life giving and richly fertile; it is a bonus, a relief from the “rack of the real-world”, “middle world”. Opening his vision wider Baxter sees a nurdow. The real whose predicament parallels his; she is haggard with workpity is expected but she is also stiffly solid and curtly prosaic: “without workpity, nobody gets to heaven”. Often between the lines, one sees the last poem the image of Baxter as a repentant dog—tail between legs—speaks of a fest shuffling away out of sight. In poem 14, he wonders whether addressed—he “can carry the weight of God’s passion”; resigned, now words relate to knowing he waddles home “in peace”. Here as in previous thirty nine—th poems, Baxter is satisfied to let things be.

Poem 19 brings out, with striking plainness, one of Baxter’s before by other recurring motifs—“the child” who is praised because he has mine; yet it is the “Power to grip the lightning unharmed”. The sentiment is marred by a pr though is revealing; the word is unharmed not ignorant for self-pity and

Baxter seeks not knowledge in the manner of an adult but regretted for it comfort and reassurance in the manner of a child. “The sleep show, at all in of children, sweeter than marihuana”. His fears follow from Baxter is limited the same premise—from the “rock of unknowing”, or “to course valid, b shit naked”; before the Almighty he sees himself “as a poor deals directly v idiot”—the image of the cringing child is hardly concealed seen, and taster here; working in the fields he reminds himself mildly—“Now but to extend i don’t be proud that you are poor”—the uncertainty implicit in articulate self- sensory feeling

In poem 25 the natural humanised world is juxtaposed often achieve. with the modern garnished one; on the one hand, the brilliantly evok taniwha, the inner threat, denied and rationalised away in either limp or n our secular world; and on the other—the modern car with In my openi huge slogan scrawled on its side, advertising “Rides for the limits of m tourists on the jetboat at Pipiriki”; modern conveniences like is great, to acco jetboars imply ignorance and lack of fear, they are arrogant his childhood h without due humility; they forget the taniwha which lurks in the river and which once “sucked under a young girl”. Death is denied, and because of it, man is reduced—he becomes like the jet boat—an appliance to be used and when useless to be discarded. Significance or meaning no more applies.

Poem 36 takes the form of an interrogation; referring to himself as “Brother Ass”, Baxter reviles himself for complaining too much, and too loudly, the true line is to accept one’s lot—to accept “the true weight”—“Heavy on your back”. And though “the stones are sharp”, and the “hide” on your back itches this path is in keeping with one’s station; particularly as

“the battle was fought and the issue decided
As to who would be King”

Yet this poem, for all its nobility of statement, remains unsatisfactory; “weight”, “battles”, “little donkey”—the words have a self dramatised ring; they are too general, and their very splendour, though attractive in itself, suggests not a true stance but a pose. Dress the poor in ball dresses, whether real or metaphorical, and they become so much more acceptable. Take the low road, but rejoice in one’s humility, and the authenticity of the act is undermined.

Divested of all props, in poem 37, Baxter is left with nothing—not even “rule over myself”. But this poem relies too heavily on statement; nor can Mr Baxter resist a touch of self-pity—“Like an old horse turned to grass”; without his fire, Baxter can seem oddly pathetic; he rests too easily in a convenient pose, so though all his props have been taken away, one tends to suspect the statement.

Poem 38 takes this pathetic resignation further; hanging from a tree, he mumbles—as if to say if anyone wants to do anything for me, poor me, with the stress on poor “say a prayer for him and me”. The misery however is concocted, a counterfeit; it is too much stated, and not sufficiently



... marred by self-pity

Alan Kolnik

"Art is insignificant in our time"—a polite gesture to the past



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High Country Weather

Alone we are born
And die alone;
Yet see the red-gold cirrus
Over snow-mountain shine.

Upon the upland road
Ride easy, stranger:
Surrender to the sky
Your heart of anger.

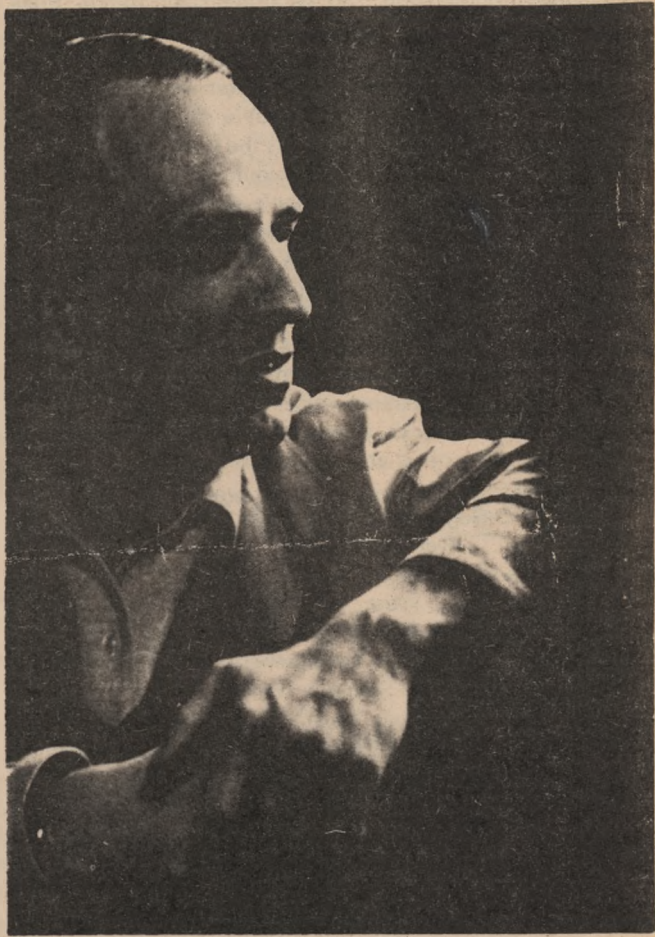
JAMES K. BAXTER

SHAME/INGEMAR BERGMAN/LIDO

In *Persona* and *Hour of the Wolf* Bergman's fascination with the ambiguous role of the artist in the world is explored and developed. In *The Shame*, the latest film to appear in New Zealand and his thirtieth picture, a further crystallisation is apparent; in some ways it seems his most disturbed vision of the theme to date. We are confronted in *The Shame* with the reality beyond art which so afflicts the actress in *Persona*, a reality which the two artists in this film at first try to ignore and finally are forced to comply with.

Jan and Eva have detached themselves as much as possible from the war which has raged on the mainland for some years by living on a small island, earning their living by selling the berries they grow. Fundamental to Jan is his music—particularly the disbanding of the orchestra in which he gained recognition. The war is of no consequence, he has become sterile (in every sense), he is hopelessly inadequate even on the most mundane level—the radio never goes, the car continually breaks down and so on, though these are of course indicative of more profound insufficiencies. It is quite impossible to do any sort of justice to what happens in the film after the intervention of the war in the short space I have here. The harmony that both the principle characters are searching for—obvious in Jan's dream and their fascination at the miniature they are shown in the wineseller's—is a fiction, the shame descends on them and even Eva, superficially the more humane, is stripped and brutalised. Her activity in the early part of the film is replaced by passivity and shameful acceptance.

The adultery episode with their protector and friend Jacobi is, of course, central. Jacobi tells Jan that the only human intimacy he has known has been accompanied by pain—obviously a truism applicable to the three of them. Jacobi's intimacy with Eva has been foretold by his giving them a radio which, its sexual implications apart, forces them into some sort of contact with the world outside. Jan's killing of Jacobi is crucial in his process of depravation. The war and Eva's adultery triggers off seeds of inhumanity that are a feature of Jan's escapism from the start of the film. And we are of course reminded that such brutality could just as easily have come from Jacobi himself—the similarities between him and Jan are not unintentional (Jacobi also has a passion for music). It is Eva's corrosive maternalism—suggested in the lovemaking sequence with Jacobi—that is instrumental in Jan's murder of the young soldier they meet on one of their hopeless journeys to escape. The horrific sequences in the boat—they literally row through masses of dead bodies—confirm Jan's failure of feeling—surely the cardinal sin for any character in a Bergman film. His shame is gone, while Eva has "forgotten". The end of *The Shame* recalls remarks of Bergman himself: "To be completely frank, I experience art (not only film art) as insignificant in our time... Religion and art are kept alive as a conventional politeness towards the past... The artist lives exactly like every other living creature that only exists for its own sake".



Ingmar Bergman... brooding pessimism

The Shame, though it continues thematic patterns set down in a number of Bergman's later films marks a return to an earlier narrative style. There is a beginning, a middle and an end (all marked by the relating of characters' dreams) and none of the cinematic excesses of, say, *Hour of the Wolf*. What we have instead is a film more obviously structured, very formal in its arrangement. Though Bergman's love of film as *film* is still prevalent—his images are as striking as ever, his construction of scenes as painstakingly visual as any in his previous works. *The Shame* is very important for Bergman's development, a work of art powerful and deceptively simple. These notes only skim the surface of a very suggestive whole.

GRANT STITT.



Liv Ullman amidst scattered symbols



Americans edging closer beyond frontiers

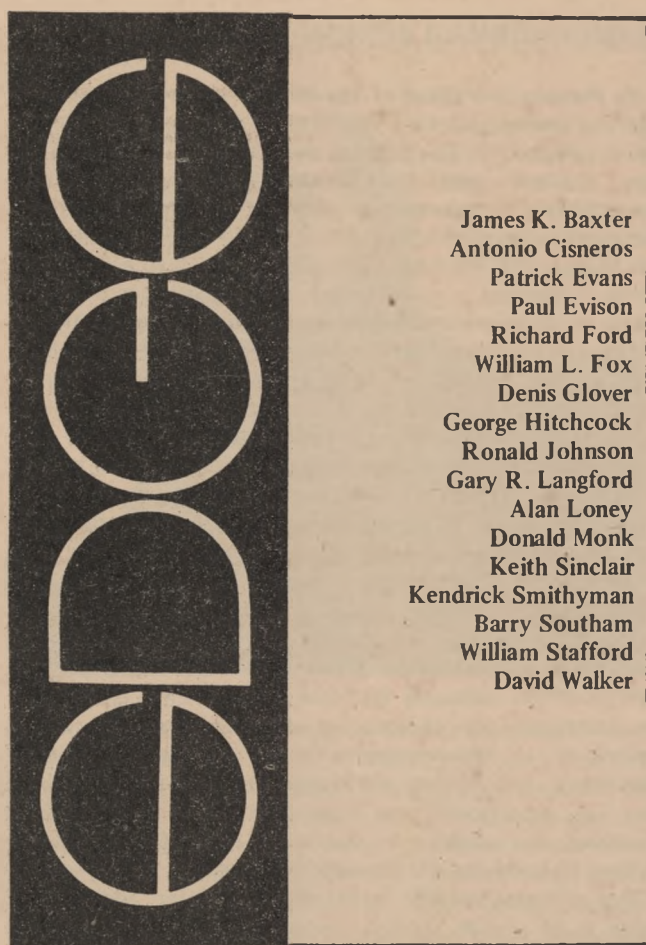
EDGE
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The Americans steal this magazine. There are at least half a dozen contributors from the U.S.A. in the first issue of this Christchurch publication. So geographically beside *Edge*, *Freed* is a provincial little journal. But the New Zealand fare in *Edge* is the stodgy old indigestible—as though to those writing here this world from east to west was nothing larger than Butler's hedge of alps without a chunk of jewelery dropped 'oddly' there to function as the poet's crystal ball to there and back. And all the rest?—some 'far-pitched perilous hostile place . . . 'to reverse Mason's vista. It is some irony that *Denis Glover* should feel an urge to have a periscope to get him out of the hills—though he makes little of this device in his poem *The Vial* and finally plumps for tying in a couple of analogous images which drop the supposed mystery rather than leaving it clairvoyant bright before us. But contrast young Langford's hill-bound poem *The Back Land*—a gruff affected humourless talking voice, posturing and crumping through a maze of rocks, streams and trivia. *Edge* shows up the gap that some of us are about getting across to the other side or where ever.

The New Zealand prose is as sad as anything I've seen in such quantity . . . ever. Gary Landford's *Last Visit* and Barry Southam's *Saving Grace* form a cancerous little lump on the great colon of N.Z. Prose, the apolitical socialist and the aliterary writer wrapped up in one concerned bundle. The innocent and the matey narrator are there is Southam's story, straight lifts from Sargeson (who at least knew what to do with them). The atragic tragedy of the N.Z. family is once more exposed, the umpteenth saggiest-dugged performance, in Langford's . . . christ, Packer did the same thing over ten years ago in *Numbers* with a brutality which one hoped might have butchered the idea for good . . . alas no. Paul Evison's *The Swimmer* once more takes the bathrobe off the workings of the adolescent gang . . . on the archetrickle N.Z. beach of course. And Pat Evans naive and meagre scrap of literary crit. gives the writer who believes that the truth grows as his 'style . . . becomes more poetic' a Lawrentian little boost. The main thing in writing about sex, we are told, is to make sure that 'sexual acts become intrinsically less important'—a kind of intellectual Nun Bartlett attitude—and I find myself groping for my Henry Miller, who, god help us (and Pat Evans) is lumped in with Frank Harris in Mr Evans' mind.

The American prose is not much better. Richard Ford's story *A Girl's Feelings*, takes us back to Salinger country, but the subject matter is updated—the sensitive adolescent discovers his inadequacies and also some small truths about human feeling against a background of racial prejudice. I sometimes wonder whether Salinger is still possibly the most relevant writer to the American middle-class. Ronald Johnson's *Guard Duty* is the best piece of prose in the magazine—it really does manage to pull a punch in the last line, which every story in *Edge* seems to be aiming at. Nowhere are the possibilities of prose writing expanded at all in the whole magazine.

The poetry is another matter. There are here some poems really worth reading: Kendrick Smithyman's *Tintern*, the



James K. Baxter
Antonio Cisneros
Patrick Evans
Paul Evison
Richard Ford
William L. Fox
Denis Glover
George Hitchcock
Ronald Johnson
Gary R. Langford
Alan Loney
Donald Monk
Keith Sinclair
Kendrick Smithyman
Barry Southam
William Stafford
David Walker

reprints from Antonio Cisneros's book *The Spider Hangs Too Far From the Ground*, George Hitchcock's *An Exorcism* and most of all William Stafford's poem *That Girl*. It is to *Edge*'s credit that they managed to include such a wide-ranging selection of good verse from overseas writers of quality for local consumption. I would also suggest a look at David Walker's poem *Father and Son*, which doesn't seem to me to succeed entirely, being cramped by over-use of rhyme and some awkward phrases e.g. 'a perpetual life trip', but the long looped conversational rhythms fall away into their own darkness of speech to complement what the poem is talking about. Donald Monk's selections from *Hourglass* are interesting though somewhat impenetrable—it is difficult to know in a selection from a poem whether one is missing much of the internal reference of the whole poem or whether (as I suspect in this case) the poem is simply a rambling monologue anyway. But its good to see something like this in a N.Z. magazine. The Baxter transfusions, the weighty traumas of Alan Loney and Langford's high country musings I wouldn't bother with.

There are no prophecies to make for *Edge*. Its a hodge-podge of uncertain editing but potentially . . . anyway it's worth looking at. And so, just a note to anyone from the Editorial Committee of *Edge* who might read this—I haven't seen any in the bookshops up here as yet. Please post them up from Christchurch as soon as poss.

M.D. EDMOND

ADDENDA

Kendrick Smithyman unknowingly drew my attention to the fact that my linking Mason with Housman was perpetuating another literary myth—exactly what I was trying to avoid. My thanks to Mr Smithyman, but as my argument was not based on this fact I feel my main points still stand.

MDE

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NZ verse cont —this week THE priestly sanction

PART III: A WET GUY FAWKES

Last year *Father MacKay* of Victoria University published a book entitled *New Zealand Poetry An Introduction* through the discussion of selected poems to be used in New Zealand schools (and universities?) in conjunction with O'Sullivan's *Anthology*. He selected what he considered the six major poets in New Zealand for special consideration: R.A.K. Mason, A.R.D. Fairburn, Allen Curnow, Denis Glover, Alistair Campbell and James K. Baxter.

MacKay was uncertain as to what to do with Mason, since he is as we all know right at the source of what has been singled out as a mainstream for New Zealand verse. However MacKay was also aware of certain limitations to Mason as a poet, and hence his nebulous assessment—'Any collection of the best poems written in this country would have to include some of his (ie Mason's).' MacKay is even more uncertain with Fairburn, whose reputation has apparently diminished more appreciably than Mason's. So, according to MacKay (who incidentally is meant to be a researcher in modern British and American poetry, or so his biographical notes claim) Fairburn was responsible for helping 'to acclimatise' in New Zealand poetry, the new poetic idiom introduced by Pound and Eliot. Stead's assessment (Landfall 80) of Fairburn's reaction to overseas influence was that Fairburn was struggling against innovation. At least Stead puts some mind to paper in making judgement. But MacKay is not content simply to congratulate Fairburn—oh no! He finally damns Fairburn for being 'secular,' for showing 'little awareness of spiritual values.' To round everything off MacKay falls back on his usual straw-clutching clichés about versification (as though that were the craft itself, and the rest all something called 'a lyric gift.') Thus Fairburn is ushered into the hall of greats on grounds of historical usefulness and simultaneously dismissed for being irrelevant.

Curnow's an even bigger embarrassment for *Father MacKay*, our literary priest giving his blessing at the confession box to all romantics with the 'true lyric gift.' The thing is that MacKay doesn't like Curnow's poetry but seems obliged to grudgingly accept it—and therefore he labels him (quote) merely cerebral (unquote). And so the church has finally gone Lawrentian! Of course *Father* includes nothing from Curnow's finest collection (*Poems 1949-57*) for consideration.

Incidentally calling *Father MacKay* our literary priest no small joke for he's also editing the *Poetry Yearbook*, go help us (or him). Oh, yes—and also incidentally—Mason was something of an agnostic and Marxist, Fairburn had no great love for the church, and Curnow's background is strictly Anglican—but not Campbell ('one of our most accomplished lyric poets') nor Baxter (the assessment of Baxter must rate as the most unique piece of critical prose in New Zealand literature, presumably written while *Father* sat at the guru's feet within the holy precincts of Jerusalem). O'Sullivan Arvidson and Sam Hunt too can, I understand, join this illustrious group of children of the Church. The whole literary clique is quite pathetic—a fizzled Guy Fawkes. But it is worse than pathetic when we realise that Campbell is singled out at the expense of Brasch, Witheford, Smithyman, Johnson and Doyle. Moreover MacKay's treatment of Sam Hunt ('the most exciting young New Zealand poet since the young James K. Baxter') is nothing short of dangerous, for young as Hunt is, with only a small amount of work behind him, he may find he winds up at an early calvary with such a literary cross to bear.

As a teaching book it is quite useless. All the questions are slanted eg 'Sam Hunt has a marvellous ear and a flair for images. What examples can you find in this poem?' My advice is that if you're a poor Marist brother struggling to educate numerous Catholic offspring, then buy this book—remember the Government's just weighted your coffers—but to anyone else who is remotely connected with the teaching of poetry in schools I would say forget it. O'Sullivan has collected the bones for the shaman to throw.

MacKay has perhaps written more bad criticism than any other New Zealand critic. He has a weak imagination, a dull eye, especially for the literary world, a shallow uncompassionate understanding of poets, an unrivalled gift for myth-making. MacKay's criticism has little variety. He ranges easily from tight opinions to tighter. A narrow view of life and a strong undercurrent of Roman Catholicism combine with a gushiness of language to create criticism that is a great farce. At times he has been attacked, but he has always avoided the truth with absolute agility. I think of him as a good bulshitter who works very close to the Papal bull. The poetry against which he pits his skill is often disturbing, sometimes dangerous, but he keeps away from it, bent on the moment of escape. He steadfastly insists on playing to an easier response by flourishing his cape at a safe distance.

M.D. EDMOND



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Future of Maori Studies

JAMES E. RITCHIE

We have come to accept a depersonalised, dehumanised mockery of what the process of education should be. The standard and standardised nature of what is "offered" (without much choice or option) in most high schools and university departments, has little to do with the enlivening of the mind, the maturing of the emotions, the exciting of the imagination, the creation of a creating personality that is the true stuff of learning. Teachers without training (who comprise, make no mistake, the majority at these levels) are not entirely to blame, though any person who purports to do something he can't do is a sham, a thief and a confidence trickster. Those who sit in the theatres of power, the Ministry and University administrations, and run the show (or are run by it—which is it?) are mild-mannered hard-working even, dare I confess it, intelligent people—which just makes the whole drab swindle more depressing. Their political masters are hopelessly amateur and hide their incompetence behind sentimental appeals to their honesty, outspokenness, pipe-smoking paternal protectiveness, or assurances that they understand, or that their hearts are in the right place. Of the location of their anatomy I have no doubt for the rest one might reasonably ask what the hell have all those virtues to do with the matter.

For the question itself remains starkly before us: why are we so unable to fashion a system of education that sharpens rather than blunts, that produces in young people hope, joy, and sense of wholeness, of vitality, that prepares people for living by letting them experience, that encourages everyone to act below the surface of things, the cottonwool and chicken feathers of most debate about social policy and issues, that give to every person his right to stand proudly? I sum why do we persist in a so-called education for bondage when that we so intensely desire is liberty. How can we put resurgent life back into dead-bleed meat?

The answers to this question may flicker and focus on this or that aspect but neither teachers, schools, nor politicians really control the mechanisms that lead everyone into a fifth of an acre fantasy of freedom. All swim in and are saturated with the premises, the requirements, of a technocratic culture. We are bewitched, entranced, enslaved by its exponential growth curves. Education is expected to produce (note the word) able people, able, that is, to earn a living, find a job, accept training, work all the little machines that make the big machine work. Look what this does to living. You have to earn your money! You protect it. Impoverish yourself insuring against its impoverishment. It has become incessantly, inextricably prefaced by the words "standard of". What of the conception that one's living is something one has, not something earned but given by one's essential being, that sees life not as needing protection but the chance infinitely to expand, that sees material standards as bondage.

There is no simple solution. To fix on capitalism as a system and advocate its abolition ignores the evidence of the technological disease in all communist countries. It isn't profits that are the blame. I'm in favour of profit. It's not machines themselves that are the rot. I don't want to live without radios and motor cars. Nor is it good nor influence nor party politics nor male supremacy nor any of the single targets but the "Leviathan industrial apparatus" as Roszak calls it into which we are all inextricably lock-stepped as tightly as if we had been designed to match the machine we have designed.

And designed we have been by means of the very education system in which we are today focussing our attention. We are technocracy's children suffering from what Paul Goodman calls the "nothing can be done disease". We are mercenaries selling ourselves for an hoped-for comfort and security which, were it given, would cause the whole thing to stop. Therefore, it cannot be given and in this country, which seemingly ought to have everything, untold thousands of people find neither comfort nor security but timidity, lethargy, generalised discontent inner bleakness, blankness, misery. The real crime seen behind most crimes is failing to work, enjoying idleness, abusing commercial trust, selling sex instead of merchandise or helping oneself to property someone else has had to work hard to procure and wishes to protect.

REFUSAL

All this persists because we go on saying yes to the premises of the system. The solution lies in saying no, in what Marcuse calls the Great Refusal. This, in fact, is what, whether they know it or not, a great many Maori, young and old, are doing. Their actions say "No, I do not accept the role you offer me in maintaining the society I see around me". And so, along with other dropouts, some but not all of the drug culture kids, a fair sprinkling of the inmates or graduates of prisons (whatever fancy name we may put over them) the few real hippies around the place, a handful of communalists and some rare deeply contemplative and religious people, those Maoris (in society's terms the unsuccessful ones) join the shock troops of the counter-culture and become the enemies and, therefore, the victims of society as we know it.

That Maoris offend against the law more frequently than pakehas does not, therefore, either surprise nor worry me. It would be a far sicker situation if that were not the case for then Maoris would be displaying a complete acceptance of their deprived status, an uncle Tom role watching, in all their lives in every action, that they give no offence. Irritated though I may be by the individual who acts offensively (by a Maori who, five weeks ago, said I was just like all the other fucking pakehas, for example) part of me rejoices to hear the Great Refusal coming through loud and clear.

For behind it is an unspoken, mostly unformulated, critique of the whole runaway tawdry machine. That voice says: I do not want your education if it means part of me must die in thy process: I do not want your law if there is no justice in it: I do not want your possessions if it means that I cannot share. I do not want your suburban living if I must reject my brother when he needs a bed on which to sleep. I do not want your morality if it means denying another the comfort of my body when contact is all that counts. In a phrase I do not want a culture that is counter to my nature.

So it is to nature and to culture that we must turn for it is in these not mathematics, literacy and scientism that real education lies. The role of Maori studies is not the rejuvenation of Maori culture, nor redressing the balance sheet of pakeha guilt, certainly not as another repressive force putting onto alienated youths (who happen to be brown) yet another set of imposed expectations, nor get a trivial entertainment along with the farce we have made in schools of art, music and environmental appreciation (nature study to coin a phrase). The role of education is to make people more wise about nature, culture and the future of these in our land. And wisdom has nothing to do with age, experience, intelligence or capacity to earn a living.

CULTURAL TRADITIONS

This said, you will see, I have little patience or sympathy with those who see Maori studies as primarily a matter of language teaching. There are secrets, the esoteric and interesting complexities of any culture unknown, unknowable except to those literate in its language. To penetrate these requires deep understanding and the kind of intellect that can open to strange thought forms and alien imagery. Most of the populace are not skilled in this way and need not be. Nevermind, so long as there are skilled interpreters, translators, poets and seers in both languages, others can understand without mastering the language. I read no German but can understand enough Freud to be a professor of psychology or to appreciate what Goethe had in mind; I trusted Scott Macneiff's translation of Proust, got what zen I know from Susuki and Allen Watts, even read Chaucer in translation to modern English. I'm the richer for all of it. But what I needed, and got neither from translator nor translation, was the

background to know what each of the original authors was trying to say and why. That I could only get from cultural understanding.

Therefore, for me, Maori studies should provide a chance for the cultural tradition we call Maori to say what it has to say and show us why this was (and is) important. Its purpose is to increase understanding, not by pakeha of Maori or vice versa but of both of what humanity means and what man's existence, with, against, in between, or crawling around, on top of nature, may mean. My own encounter with Maori culture has moved me from where I was to where I am. It has peeled the received orthodoxy off my eyes like scales, cleared the clouded cataracts so that I could see (or thought I could) what Tawhiao in exile saw when he (and later I) climbed to the top of Pirongia and surveyed these confiscated lands. And I flowed in my imagination into his feeling for these places. That may have been, on my part, an illusion—a fantasy—a head trip into the territory of the heart. Right or wrong it made a difference—to me. I have stood where Te Rauparaha climbed to the sun and the world heard the Kamate haka for the first time. I have sat on a rocky pinnacle below a cliff where once a chief sat as his captive enemies were thrown down to crash at his feet, swum in lakes and seas knowing that others had done so in tragedy or ecstasy walked the draped female snows of Ruapehu, climbed Taranaki's male thrusting cone to look at dawn on the pink softness of Ruapehu across miles of mist.

DE-EROTICISED

I know these personifications are pretence. I am sure that I can never act as old Maoris do—nor have I any wish to do so. But my own culture offers me no way of relating to the land and its forms except in terms of geopolitics, agrico-economics, settlement geography or the endless rape of bulldozer and meaningless suburbanness. Personal memories of places tie me to some localities and give them meaning but to know a place requires more than personal association: one must have knowledge of the tradition and the meanings of human occupancy, now and over time, to feel oneself settle into possession of it and it of you. That sense of nationality New Zealanders, in general, lack, hence living without mythology their unconscious reserves are thin, merely personal rather than collective or communal, depleted and unhealthy.

So too is their bureaucratized, mechanised, de-eroticised style of human relationship. Caring, sharing, giving, loving in a word has become trivialised, superficial, routinised by the flight from intensity, intimacy and integrity. We have little or no meaningful ritual or symbolic practice or vocabulary, no social framework in which community can be expressed as reality, other than the roar of response at rugby park, race-track or religious revival.

So much for social critique. What has this to do with Maori studies? Only this: If Maori studies are to be taught in a form governed by the established academic orthodoxy, or by the prevailing devitalised methods of curriculum formation and teaching practice, forget it, for it can only be destructive of human significance and purpose. But there is the possibility of a curriculum and a method that will play a major role in revising these trends and that is, I think, what we should be planning.

The job cannot be done by one person or kind of person. It requires a task force comprising experts in curriculum construction, in the developmental psychology of cognition (and we have little research to guide us on how social concepts develop and change, still less on how they may be modified by education), those skilled in what might be termed social diagnosis and prognosis (and this may well not be best served by reliance on academicians), the voice of the people (not for the people) and a sprinkling of those who might be termed experts in Maori studies (in the received orthodox translation we have available at the moment). Given that sort of initial consultancy the task of building ideas and knowledge into a viable curriculum is a job that calls for skills of master teachers, who can translate these into the practical and technical terms of his craft. And experimentation, fully and properly evaluated, to bring it down from the "gee-whizz" level of high skill to something not too far beyond the ordinary teacher's competence.

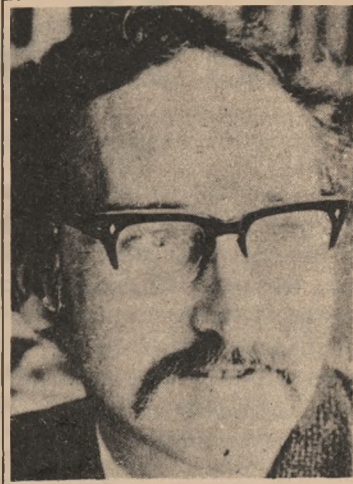
Then and only then can you start to write things down, produce the texts and the aids, the schedules of fieldwork possibilities, games, comparisons, pictures, slides, movies, poems, tales, pleasures that comprise a working modern curriculum. And then you need to ensure ways of preventing rigidity, of keeping the whole thing open to experience and change.

Well, well, you might say, that's a pretty utopian trip. Well, I say, this is precisely the nature of the project in which I am participating, building a high school social science curriculum for Papua-New Guinea. Everything I have said is real in my own experience. It can be done. But it isn't easy. It needs resourcefulness, imagination, cooperation, endless driving hard work, trust, courage to get over the problems and the rough spots, suspension of niggardly criticism, an ever-available supply of hope and real sympathy and support between all of those involved.

UNIVERSITIES

I have said little about the role of the universities in this matter. They have a role, properly perhaps of leadership but not of domination and there's the rub. By sheer historical accident (and by the Western penchant to value the intellectual life over the life of the whole person) universities and academics are subject to sets of pressures that are very bad for them. The inroads of the market place, the emphasis on useful knowledge leads, some to react by emphasising an other-worldliness and the disinterested (i.e. uninteresting) pursuit of useless knowledge (i.e., knowledge for its own sake—whatever that may mean). The result is a somewhat masturbatory idealising of scholarly superiority and snobbishness. This is usually expressed as an elitist idealism and can be detected whenever academics use the word "standards" a means by which the virginity of the university is preserved and any action which might lead to a fertile conception is castigated as naughty or worse. Academics (individually) mostly do not particularly want to act this way. But they do because they think other academics expect them to, or they are reacting against all that is summed up by the pejorative use of the name of Mr Muldoon.

But things are changing as more and more academic staff seek to act in meaningful ways for what they regard as a general social good.



The following address was given to NZUSA's Education Seminar "Maori and Underprivileged groups in our Society" by Professor James Ritchie of the Psychology Department of Waikato University. It is felt by A.U.S.A. Education Committee to contain sentiments which are applicable not just to the relatively restricted field of Maori Education but to Education in general.

Even more significantly the outspokenness of student activism has set in chain a new set of swinging balances between what is good for the university and what is good for us all. I am optimistic about this but the difficulties are enormous as the sorry history of Waikato's blighted and much misunderstood Maori Centre project shows. A proper academic may teach, or do scholarly research, but had best prepare for obscurantism, obstruction, dissembling, internecine, inter-university rivalry, financial starvation, worry, frustration (perhaps even calumny), exposure to media pressures and even harassment if he chooses action as his proper role.

Maori studies, in New Zealand, in the 1970's, requires action, collective action within and without the universities. It is not a discipline in the old-fashioned sense but an inter-discipline in the sense that the future demands of universities and teachers everywhere. Specialisation is a one-way trip that has led to dislocation and distintegration. It creates too tight and tiny an organism to have action value in itself. It can only have meaning in a wider context. We lack that context now but I think we can see the lack with clarity enough to know how to overcome it. When to do so is easily determined. Now!

The return of Pope Timothy

by TIM SHADBOLT

Owen Gager's attempts to lower Pope Timothy I to the position of a mere archbishop were political heresy. Haleluiah brothers and sisters—come unto me and hear the Word. Either Gager's got the pip again, he's trying a second attempt to hedge his way into the Auckland scene, or his hero worship of me has reached highly religious, reverend (homosexual) proportions.

To all of you new people on the scene I'll try to explain the history of 'Gager's' attack on Shadbolt.

1. Owen Gager is a thin weak 35 year old book salesman in Wellington who suffered a childhood disease which has resulted in numerous hangups, one of which is his constant attacks on Tim Shadbolt who is a virile strong 24 year old radical in Auckland. And so we have a strong sexual jealousy complex.

2. The Wellington radical movement has been dominated by various ideological factions—Socialist Action, Spartacists, Maoists—who continually fight over whose is the purest theory. In Auckland, action dominates which has resulted in greater unity. The Wellington movement has been plagued by cynicism, splitism, do-nothingism and dogmatism—a climate in which Gager reigns supreme. The Auckland movement is dominated by hunger-strikes, sit-ins, marches and action through which Tim Shadbolt has emerged. And so we have a strong provincial jealousy complex.

CO-PLOTTER

3. In 1969 Gager moved north—hoping to catch a few Auckland revolutionary waves on his political surfboard. His first brilliant speech was on fighting the 'capitalist colonialist imperialist plot'. Only one thing went wrong—one of the plotters arrived. Rogers. During the demonstration Gager and Shadbolt ran, Shadbolt tried to throw himself at Rogers' car and Gager threw himself at the NZBC disassociating himself and his entire group (one other) and denouncing the demonstrators. In theory Gager fought the capitalist colonialist imperialist plot with great vigour. In practice he was a coward and backstabber. And so we have a strong 'little man' complex.

4. Owen Gager's second stand was on the Albert Park issue. He strongly opposed liberating Albert Park because they would take Meyers Park and we would be left with nothing. A brilliant theory perhaps, but once again theory was tested in action. We successfully liberated Albert Park and 10,000 people joined us. Gager was wrong. And so we have a strong failure complex.

5. Owen Gager's last theory was to join the election with our editor as 'Independent Labour' (Rumour has it he touched a shovel once in 1938). This was to show the Labour Party how leftist people were feeling. One mighty campaign and 210 votes later the Labour Party was left shattered and the very foundations of party politics rocked and almost collapsed. And so we have a strong popularity complex.

DEBATE FLOP

In shame and disgrace Gager fled back to Wellington's theoretical hotbeds of ideological debate where he could flourish once more. But, even there in 1971 he suffered defeat. Gager's ideas were completely rubbish—not by Borrie, Dyce, Shadbolt or God—but by 200 people at a Committee on Vietnam meeting.

Owen Gager is a revolutionary failure. Never once has he been prepared to commit himself to the extent of suffering personal danger or arrest.

He is a danger and a leech on the protest movement. He is a fraud whose last wedge into the protest movement is writing sensational articles about Shadbolt joining the Church and other crap.

AMEN

P.S. Gager's ego would love a literary struggle in student journals with Tim Shadbolt. I'll now turn my attention to other fields and say farewell to Owen Gager—leader of the New Left.

What is Hecuba to us?

WALTER POLLARD

There is nothing so dead as yesterday's news, just as there is nothing so risible as yesterday's fashions, and nothing so revolting as yesterday's customs—at least that is how it should be, if societies were progressing towards civilisation. As it is, there is a timeless quality about to-day's news, for every day for the last five years, from the parts of the World we still think of as "ours", with the clockwork regularity of the Public Transport taking the employees of the World to their daily grind, planes have taken off with their cargo of Death. While below, still locked in ancient ways, the Men of Yesterday labour in the fields and cities, Modern Man, our contemporary, our Brother, unthinking and uncaring Penelope, works hard to unravel the web of life that is being woven by those below.

And this Satanic labour has gone on unremittingly for five long years, has become woven into the tissue of our lives, has become so much a part of our way of life that even on that most Holy of Days, when the Asswan High Dam was inaugurated, the R.A.F. punctually carried out its usual mission over the hinterland of Aden without anyone in "our" World seeing anything revolting in the juxtaposition—shown on Newsreels throughout the World—of "our" fingers on the bomb-release and "their" fingers releasing the Waters of Life. The symbolism of that moment was not lost upon the disinherited of the World.

To-day these commuting Horsemen of the Apocalypse are performing their Danse Macabre over another Eden showering wholesale destruction upon Cambodia (1).

Burning cities! When, as a child, I first opened my eyes, there were already burning cities. The first were in China, in the thirties, then they were in Spain, then they covered Europe, and then they were in Vietnam. Then they were Algerian, and then Vietnamese again, and now they are Cambodian. All I know is that for so long as I can remember the face of the Earth has been disfigured by burning cities, or, perhaps, it is one Eternal City which burns and burns and will not be consumed.

SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE DEATH

These are the visions woven into the lives of our children as they gaze at the television screens, this is the face we must wear till the end of History. For, just as the stench of burning Heretic was "socially acceptable" in the Europe of the Middle Ages, so the stench of napalmed man—coloured man—is "socially acceptable" to our society.

Western Societies, which appear so shocked at Nazi behaviour, have never ceased, from the moment they were liberated, to emulate Nazi behaviour—providing only that it was done overseas. First in Indochina and Indonesia, then in Algeria and Kenya, now in Indochina again.

Why does the last generation of Imperialists always consider its Historical Role to be the annihilation of all the positive achievements of its predecessors? Thus the welter of atrocity perpetrated by the French Army in general and the Foreign Legion in particular, has cancelled out the successes of every decent Frenchman who ever worked in Vietnam. Consider the decimation—literally decimation: one million slain out of a population of ten million—of the Algerians in comparison to the generous and honourable vision of General Lyaute. Compare the Good Neighbour Policy of a Roosevelt with the squalid Dictatorships supported by the United States in Latin America (2). Who, when the word "Rome" is pronounced—thinks of the primitive, simple, virtuous farmers of the Early Republic? They have been supplanted in Human Memory by the vision of the Super Slave-State with its Gladiatorial Contests and the Crucified Thousands along its Highways. And so with us. The hideous rictus, which is the last face a dying Civilisation presents to History as it agonises, is all that our children and our children's children will see when they look back over their shoulders at what we have been...

All this is to place the Crucifixion of Cambodia in its true perspective. A peaceful, decent people who warred with no-one, unmarred by pogrom, unsullied by hate, Buddhist, pacific, industrious, charming and gentle—no other race has so touched my heart, so that when I went to gaze upon Angkor, I stayed simply to contemplate the

Cambodians who appeared to me, as the Tahitians appeared to the Eighteenth Century Explorers, as a people still living in Eden. Whom have they wronged? In the name of what Principle are they massacred? But the race that machine-gunned wild elephants from the air "in case they should be used for transport by the Viet Cong" will inevitably be led to bomb Angkor, to slay other little children in yet other hamlets and ultimately to crucify, not persons but whole cities, whole populations.

CRUCIFIXION

Bombing has become a way of life for this people, with negotiations already in motion they just managed to drop the Atom Bomb, (3) their last act in that war was to send a thousand bombers over Japan, 999 of them with bombs, the last one with

leaflets announcing that Japan had surrendered. Their last act before leaving the smouldering graveyard that once was Asia will prove to have been the Crucifixion of one more State. (4)

I use the term "Crucifixion" deliberately, for the aim of the Crucifixion was probably more the Intimidation of the Jewish People than to placate the Jewish "Establishment" and so the Crucifixion of North Vietnam and now the Crucifixion of Cambodia both show the insane lengths to which America is prepared to go, not only against adversaries, but against anyone not in their camp. That Cambodia was a neutral, sovereign State did not matter, she had rejected American Aid thereby putting herself outside the "Free World"—and outside the Free World there is no salvation. When the French bombed Sakiet Siki Youssef the whole World rocked in horror, because the Tunisians were innocent. They were physically incapable of expelling the Algerian Army of Liberation from their territory. (5) Just as Cambodia was incapable of expelling the Viet Cong or the Lebanese the Fedayeen. But these States have every legal and moral right to live—except in the World of Adolf Hitler who described the smaller States of Europe as "those splinter-states that only exist because the Great Powers have never been able to decide who shall have them", and in the World of Nixon where the decision not to invade a sovereign, neutral State is baptised "American forbearance" just as "volunteer" means "mercenary", just as "Vietnamisation" means "retreat" just as "Withdrawal" means "250,000 Americans in Vietnam for the next five years" (6). Just as "winding down the war" means "invading Cambodia"—this litany of Nixonian semantics could go on forever.

GUILTY

How did we ever get into a situation where "the U.S. Chief Prosecutor at Nuremberg has stated that General Westmoreland could be found guilty of Vietnam War Crimes if he were tried by the same standard under which the U.S. hanged General Yamashita" (7).

What meaning is left to the colossal sacrifice of our Fathers when we now serve in wars as immoral as that waged by the Nazis? And one waged by similar methods, methods as illegal as they are inhuman. What did they die for? To be spared the heartbreak of seeing their sons play out the sad role of the

enemy they died fighting?

What was the point of bringing the Germans to trial, except to place their crimes forever outside what was "socially acceptable"? But was General "Turk" Westerling tried for the massacre of 30,000 Indonesians? Was a prosecution initiated against the French Officers responsible for the massacre of 60,000 Madagascans? What tribunal was ever set up to try those responsible for the Torture Chambers and Death Camps in Algeria? The cities and villages of North Vietnam have been erased from the map, and the fighting in the South has reached such a paroxysm of bestiality that it can only be compared to the Russo-German Front in the last War (8). But it has become abundantly clear that in this century the crime is losing a War, not breaking a Law.

How have we come to the stage when the Russel Tribunal (9) can make a convincing case of Ethnocide (10) against the Allies in Vietnam—and no-one cares. Is Pity dead? Does no-one thirst for a World with Justice?

How have we come to a situation where, knowing as we do that civilians are slaughtered, prisoners tortured, the rules of War disregarded (11); where graft, corruption, drugs and demoralisation (12) characterise this most abject of Wars—how is that we can still stomach it and find it "socially acceptable"? The Greeks of old taught us that there is only one defense against Tyranny: the monosyllable "NO".

Every decent act, every needed reform, every scientific, medical or social advance that the European may have imparted to those he commanded in the last century is now being obliterated by our callousness and our cruelty in the present. WHY? WHY? And like the cheering crowds about the stake where the Heretic suffers for reasons which could not justify one thousandth part of his agony, daily we demonstrate by our conduct that all this is indeed "socially acceptable". His Holiness Pope John XXII has said "God gave the World to all men, not only to the Rich". I beseech you to ask yourselves whether our acceptance of the grisly role we are now playing is not conditioned by the belief that HE gave it to the White Man?

And in all humility bear in mind the sobering thought that the Germans who accepted Nazism were confronted with an all-powerful regime of Terror—while we do not have even that excuse.



These photographs were taken by Kenneth Hutchison who worked at the Qui Nohn hospital for three months. Mr Hutchison wishes to point out that no ambulance service exists in the surrounding countryside. All the pictured patients walked to the hospital from wherever they were wounded. The children were simply carried in by their parents. The patients were suffering mainly from fragmentary grenade wounds and napalm burns. Patients must queue until staff and facilities are available to treat their injuries.

NOTES TO 'WHAT IS HECUBA...'

(1) "Only three cities are relatively unscathed; Phnom Penh, Battambang and Pursat." Norodom Sihanouk: "Lon Nol admitted that the Thai Air Force was bombing Cambodian territory" Associated Press, 23rd July 1970. "Thai planes blasted Phnom Krom, a mountain studded with pagodas, south of Siemreap" U.P.I. 30th July 1970 "Taing Kauk, the once picturesque town, has been totally destroyed by artillery fire and American and Cambodian air strikes. Hundreds of houses have disappeared. In five months of covering the Cambodian war, this correspondent has never seen a town or village so badly hit. The other houses have been reduced to blackened heaps of rubble through which their owners were pitifully digging today in a vain hope of salvaging some of their belongings" Jon Swain, Agence France Presse, 29th September 1970. "When newsmen arrived to inspect the damage last week, they found no trace of the deep communist bunkers described in Phnom Penh briefings, nor any other sign of a North Vietnamese occupation force. All the evidence indicated that the massive air assaults had done more damage to the Cambodian town than to the enemy. More and more U.S. and South Vietnamese planes have roared into action over Cambodia... The stepped-up use of air power there has had an impact on the civilian population. Hospitals in Phnom Penh and many provincial centres are jammed with civilian casualties. And some 500,000 Cambodians—or about 8% of the population have been uprooted by the war. Newsweek 9th November 1970. "South Vietnamese and Cambodian aircraft dropped 1,800 tons of bombs near Tonle Bati" U.P.I. 20/9/70 "The U.S. now has about 500 planes for combat missions over Cambodia" Associated Press, 25/11/70. "The town (Prey Totung) was completely bombed out... in the market place there were craters; they looked like 500 pound bomb craters about 12 feet deep. Napalm had been used... There wasn't a room left whole... I saw 150 seriously wounded, really bad, head wounds, their eyes hanging out, that sort of thing. I was told there were another 200 seriously wounded. I saw bodies... there were graves... the smell was pretty bad. Smoke, a lot of smoke. Some of the houses were still burning from bombing... and the bodies, and the smell of the untreated wounded. Prey Totung used to be a town of about 6,000".

Jim Foster (an American) from Scripps Howard Agency in a cable 16th December 1970. "Prey Totung has almost ceased to exist as a population centre" U.P.I. 27/12/70. "In a land that in Sihanouk's time was an oasis of peace amidst the turmoil of Indochina, whole towns have been destroyed, thousands killed and a vast new refugee problem created in the cities... The name of Snuol, a town wiped off the map by U.S. air-power and armour last May, has even crept into G.I. venacular in South East Asia. It is used as a verb: 'to snuol' meaning to obliterate". Newsweek 12/10/70.

(2) "Eighty-five percent of the people in Guatemala live in misery. You don't so perhaps that is why you don't worry about it. They live in misery because two percent of the population in Guatemala is determined to keep them that way. The two percent is aligned with big-business interests in Guatemala, especially the United Fruit Company. The United States government identifies its interests in

Latin America, specifically in Guatemala, with the interests of U.S. big-business, and the two percent. So any movement on the part of the peasants if it does not go... according to the way they want it... they start screaming: 'They are all a bunch of Communists' and they begin executing these people". "You say the United States Government screams and they execute people? Judge Thomsen said with some alarm 'You mean the United States Government is executing Guatemalans?' "Yes, your Honour" "The United States Government?" "Yes, your Honour" "Has the United States sent troops into Guatemala?" "Yes, your Honour" "When the judge asked firmly. 'About the end of 1966, and in January 1967' "And you say that the United States executed people?" "Yes" said Melville triumphantly "It is in Time Magazine" "All right" Judge Thomsen said, defeated. Testimony of Father Melville at the Trial (the First One) of the Berrigan Brothers. Quoted in "Divine Disobedience" "Profiles in Catholic Radicalism by Francine du Plessix Gray. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1970.

(3) Robert Jungk (Swiss Journalist) "Brighter than 1,000 Suns"

(4) "Secretary of State William Rogers said today the United States was prepared to use its air power to the fullest extent necessary in Cambodia and Laos to protect the continued withdrawal of American troops from South Vietnam". Auckland Star 30/1/71.

(5) Even had they desired to do so, for did they not owe their very independence to the heroic struggle of their Algerian Brothers? Just as Cambodia owed hers to the Viet Minh...

(6) "Some persons think of the Nixon doctrine as being strictly a withdrawal, but it is not a pullout or a bugout... President Nixon has said our problem is not how to get out of Asia, but the proper way to stay in Asia... By June 30th, 1971 we will have taken 320,000 American troops out of Asia without creating a security gap... This was because of improved weapons and training being given to the two million men under arms in non-communist countries" Marshall Green, Secretary of State as reported by SSpencer Davis (Associated Press 25th December 1970).

(7) Time, January 18th, 1971.

(8) Kuno Knoebel (Austrian Journalist) "Victor Charlie" Pall Mall Press, 1967.

(9) Le Tribunal Russel, 2 Vols, "Idees" N.R.F. 1967 and 1968.

(10) Genocide is mass-murder. Ethnocide the destruction of a People, Nation, Culture mass-bombing, defoliation etc., which drive the population from the land into refugee-camps are forms of ethnocide. Mass destruction of Schools, Hospitals, Churches and other agents of social cohesion, such as took place during the bombing of the North is attempted ethnocide. The incessant bombing and strafing which were so intense that fields were cultivated only by night and children got rickets from lack of sunshine—only time will tell whether this was attempted or successful ethnocide.

(11) Jonathan Schell "The Village of Ben Suc" Jonathan Cape, London, 1968.

(12) Newsweek, January 11, 1971.

As the gentle rain...

There exists the curious anomaly of withdrawing American troops and increasing vastly, effective American air power; ie it's much easier to bomb than to machine gun and you can't try an aeroplane for My Lai slaughters.

Nixon doubletalk of course: winding down a war by widening its reaches and its destructive power. And it's all glibly justified by astute phrases. 'We're protecting our boys as they withdraw.' Well, they're not withdrawing through Cambodia or Laos, or at least they're not meant to be. And it's more likely the American Airforce is protecting the South Vietnamese after the poor sods are kicked out of American helicopters into action. So burn on Laos.

Burn on while the astute propagators of the whole hideous affair mouthe on about freedom and humanity from their Washington desks. Allowing themselves a comfortable disregard for the most striking truths. That the prematurely praised gambit in Cambodia really accomplished nothing. The Communist forces simply shifted their supply bases into the Laotian Panhandle. Of course, to Washington that means invading the Laotian Panhandle as well. Or at least send in 25,000 South Vietnamese to do it, block off their retreat with 10,000 American soldiers, and provide curtain upon curtain of aircraft support. The idea seems to be one of amassing huge numbers of invaded territories. Thieu can make loud noises about invading North Vietnam and know that if

ever he does, he can always reach up and find an American warplane. For Nixon, the commitment upon commitment is something like moving from frying pan to fire several times over.

Tom Wicker of the New York Times News Service said that 'the situation could, of course, be much worse and no doubt it would be if the Administration had not been saved, over its own objections, from even greater folly'. ie Nixon plus cohorts fought bitterly against the Cooper-Church Amendment. Or as Wicker said 'it invaded the President's prerogative they said, as if that were original sin; it tied his hands in protecting the lives of American troops; and it was not needed anyway because Mr Nixon had no intention of doing the things it sought to prevent him from doing. Some assurance!'

So that if the Cooper-Church Amendment had not gone through it would probably be American combat troops in Laos instead of the incompetent South Vietnamese variety. Never mind: an airplane is only a radio-call away and American planes can fly so low they may as well be glorified tanks anyway.

Washington Congress at least, is now bound, and rather forcibly so, to scrutinize Nixon's policies a little more closely. But it's a little like putting balsa wood doors into place years after the horse has bolted. Mr Rogers has made it quite clear that American air power will increase as American troops decrease. It doesn't matter that the South Vietnamese army now has over one million combat troops to protect the country in the names of truth and honour, freedom and justice. American air power will protect South Vietnam. It will protect Cambodia. It will protect Laos. It will take precise care to

differentiate between civilians and enemy from way up in the air at several hundred miles an hour. It will not confuse a harmless village for a supply depot. It will not even bomb its own side by mistake.

Nixon is a brilliant strategist. Who else could bomb three countries and invade two of them under the guise of evacuating just one? Who else could also accuse his adversaries of making current peace negotiations difficult? The Paris Peace Talks began in the first place only because the bombing of North Vietnam was halted. Keep a long list ready. Tick off countries as America gets to them. Don't worry, they'll all be covered in time. Democracy never fails.

Nixon is aware that real negotiations would require him to

actually make concessions ie he might have to allow a government in South Vietnam that does not fit his Junior League Quaker ideals. He might even have to really withdraw. He might even have to stop playing witi airplanes. He would have to give up his repressed childhood dream of being a pilot just when it was beginning to be fulfilled in a vicarious manner.

We might conclude this article by quoting Wicker again: 'A wider war, more indiscriminate slaughter from the air, the continuing corrosion of American society, the mounting destruction of South East Asia—if Mr Nixon really believes that by such costly means a generation of peace can be achieved, he owes it to humanity to explain how.'—THE EDITORS.



Spring is coming!

and so are the rest of us...
to the year's biggest bash...

April 10 ...

and the beer is free.

It's the big windup do after the Mystery Envelope Appeal. All we ask is one day of your time on April 2 to sell Mystery Envelopes for the Physical and Cultural Recreation Centre Appeal. Target \$60,000. And each seller gets a free double for the party. Contact Ross Amer at the Student Association now. We need your help (and the party's the payoff).



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