

craccum

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Free to students



Training college students and staff protest at government 'lack of feeling'

As this issue of 'Craccum' goes to press, student teachers at the Auckland Teachers' Training College are holding the first of a possible series of stop-work meetings. They are protesting against the Government's attitude toward expenditure in education generally, and against the Government's attitude toward new Training College buildings and facilities in particular. They feel, that the Government is using education as a political scapegoat, allowing education to suffer before anything else.

At this stage, the effects of the stopwork cannot be ascertained. What can be seen however, is the first clear and definite protest against Government refusal to recognize education as a major priority. Past protests have not been of this nature, being more specific demands for better teaching salaries and conditions.

Auckland student teachers point out that despite Muldoon's glib statements that spending on education has increased, effective increase has never occurred because of inflation, wage rises and the general downward spiral of the New Zealand economy. In fact, in terms of effective spending, the amount has decreased.

Protest first began over the seven year delay by Government over the construction of a badly needed \$5,500,000 building complex. Apparently many arbitrary tactics have been used in delaying work on the project. Constant alterations to the plans, refusal to call for tenders, and rejection of tenders. Work finally looked about to begin in early 1971 but was postponed once again.

The MP for Manurewa has challenged Talboys to set a date for construction to begin. Talboys' reply to Amos was to the effect that he did not know.

FLOODING SEWAGE

In the meantime, present Training College buildings are regarded as earthquake risks. The parapets that surround the structures in question are especially suspect. Other complaints include the fact that there are only seven showering cubicles for 940 students of both sexes, the sewage system is inadequate and pumps have to work all night in order to cope, the women's toilets often flood despite this.

A spokesman for the students reiterated however, that they were not concerned primarily with themselves. They saw their

protest in a national context. He said that the lack of facilities at Training College were more than matched out in the schools proper and in adult education where sizable cutbacks in expenditure have been officially approved.

He said that if the stop-work had no effect, the Student Teachers' Association of New Zealand (an equivalent to NZUSA) would take the matter up on a national scale.

He said that even despite the threatened cuts in allowances, the students were determined to go ahead and hoped that Government might do something constructive with the money it would be withholding from them.

SENSITIVE

'Craccum' spoke to the principal of the Auckland Teachers' Training College, Mr

McGhie. He said that the shocking inadequacies at College were the result of a shocking lack of feeling by the Government. He said that he was very pleased with the sensitive sincerity of his students and that he was strongly sympathetic to their actions although he could not officially condone stop-work meetings. He said that if such student protests were ineffectual, he would lead students and staff in a walkathon 'right through Queen Street, in order to raise the money ourselves'.

Mr McGhie said that he felt Government had committed a breach of faith against the College and its students, not to mention future overall education. He accused Government of shirking its responsibility. His students, on the other hand, were indeed responsible and were standing up to be counted, he said.

Mr McGhie feels that Government is applying confused priorities. He told 'Craccum' that Government 'is only too ready to spend money on Vietnam, to indulge in killing rather than concern itself with the educational prospects of New Zealand's future'. Mr McGhie asked whether Government understood that priorities lie with the New Zealand people and not with 'the Vietnam kind of thing'.

He said 'of course no cuts have been made in educational spending. But the population is growing all the time. As more new schools are built, other schools receive less and less. Moreover the \$2,500,000 grant that the Government has just given to private schools means that public schools are left even further in the lurch. Of course there are no direct cuts, but I wonder how the Government book-keeper is going to balance his books in just trying to maintain the status quo on a measly 4% increase'.

Mr McGhie said that he had been most scathing about the

Government in various radio interviews and did not intend to withdraw his comments. 'There has been an effective cut in the education vote' he said 'and the Government is trying to hide this from the people'.

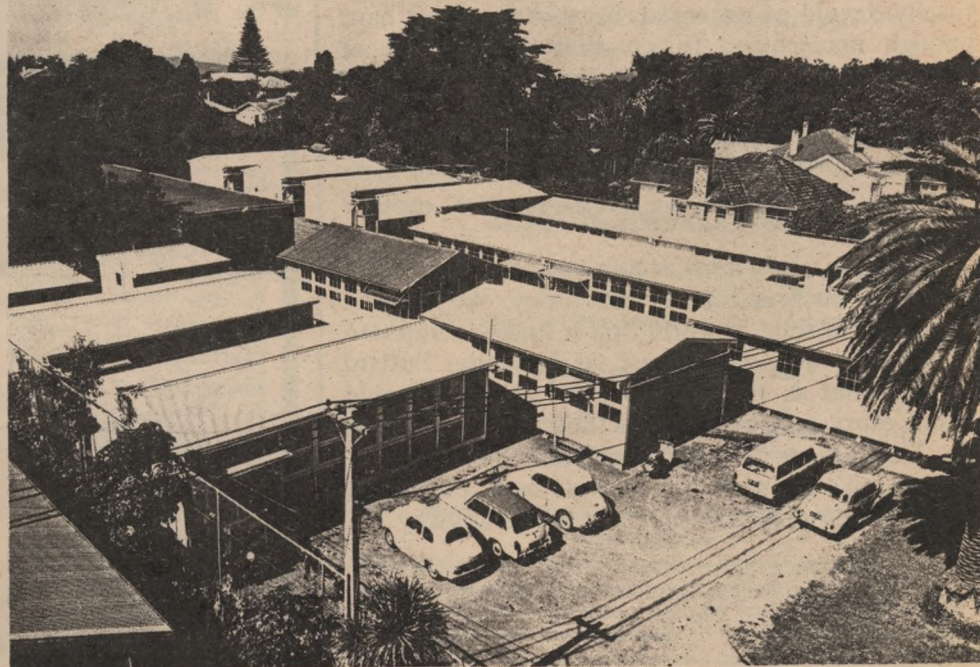
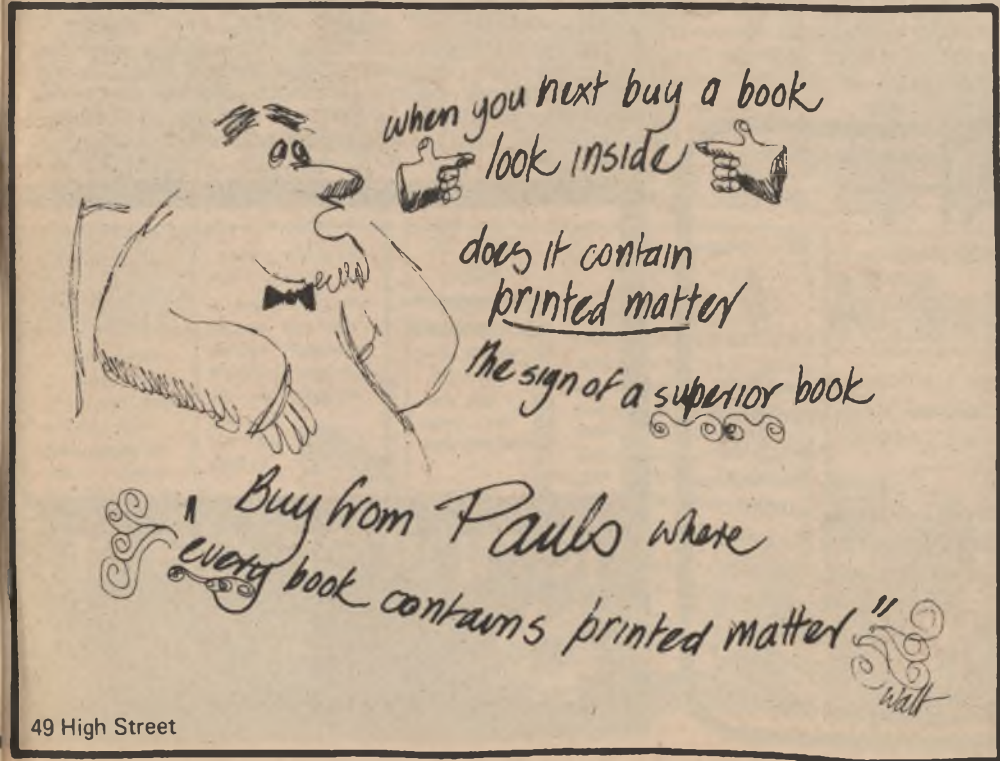
STOP PRESS

The meeting was well attended with students from kindergarten and North Shore joining 400 students and staff from Auckland Primary to make a total attendance of 500.

The meeting was orderly with speeches by representatives of the Labour Party, Social Credit, NZEI, PPTA, NZTCA and AUSA.

The prevalent mood was one of righteous indignation rather than anger or anxiety for action.

Said Mrs Mary Kelly, 3rd year student: 'The passivity of the audience and the lack of enthusiasm or emotion which characterised the speeches was itself a suitable damnation of the kind of educational system we have got and which we are now fighting merely to preserve.'



The chaos of permanent prefabs

INKSHED

scrivener's corner



These ideas are not ones own projections but are inherent in the careful layout and tones of the work. However far you go into the work it is fundamental, in technique and subject-matter, and that does not make it empty.

All I have intended to do is point out a few of the preconceptions and contradictions in this review. It is

a ridiculous way to review an exhibition of paintings by ignoring them. I hope the complex question of the connection of art to life will not continue to be elaborated in these present vague, generalising pseudo-political terms in further reviews of exhibitions.

D.A. Harold.

The New Cleft

OWEN GAGER

It would be an exaggeration ever to claim Wellington is exciting. At the moment, though, the city almost seems to have half broken through its normal semi-paralysis. The unions are threatening to go on strike at that rate of one a day. The Government is threatening to punish any union that asks for higher wages. There are rumours of an anti-union election, the only kind of election the Government could win. Meanwhile there were 125 price increases today, the Labour Party has announced it doesn't know what its policy is on wage restraint and students are demonstrating outside the Wellington Mayor's town house about lack of accommodation. To add to the confusion, an anti-Indochina War conference is scheduled for the coming weekend.

It would be tempting to report that, along with all this ferment, radicalism in Wellington is reaching new heights. But, alas, no. The unions, facing anti-union legislation unprecedented in any English-speaking nation, still will not face the fact that, although strikes are valuable and important as means of worker protest, strikes by themselves will not make those people still open to persuasion aware of the union's case. The unions need their case presented politically, but the Labour Party has deserted them, and unions themselves are not effective political agents. The Labour Party, faced with a Government which would be overwhelmingly defeated on any issue except the trade unions, can only complain, as Kirk did last week, that the Government is 'slandering' it. The line Kirk used, that 'people will be ready to make sacrifices when there is hope ahead', only goes to show (what Marxists have always warned) that Labour in power will demand as many sacrifices of New Zealand as National. All Kirk has to offer is better pipe dreams to justify the sacrifices. The non-labour left seems busy chasing its own tail at the Indochina War conference, which will undoubtedly be the most futile and factional yet. Although the war is now escalating, the effective opposition to it in New Zealand has now probably

reached its lowest point, and only a new succession of American atrocities will rescue the movement from total inanition. Indochina, although its present passion must continue to move all honest men, is now not the only issue on which protest is viable as domestic politics are rapidly moving toward polarisation. It remains true, that at the same time as the Vietnam-oriented left faces even greater and more destructive fragmentation, there are no new forces or new ideas emerging relevant to the developing national economic crisis. Even the Wellington campus seems dead at the moment. One would have hoped that some homeless students with radical imaginations could at least spend a night in sleeping bags in Sir Francis Kitts' garden. There is no real effort to bring together the various issues the left has raised—Indochina, prices, wages, rents—in a thorough going onslaught on the Government.

But of course the left cannot win now. It is too small and unprepared. The crisis that is now coming has come too soon for the left to make use of it. The Government will almost certainly beat down the militant unions with the same ease with which it ignores calls to change sides in Indochina. After that, it faces trouble; and, in Wellington, at any rate, there could then be time to make that trouble last.

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one

Sir,
I do not attend University, but was handed a copy of your magazine and as a Christian and a mother of three young sons I feel that it is my duty to write in. My boys may one day want to attend University, and I am afraid I could only say "God forbid" to this, after reading the film review of The Shame. I am doing my best, in this troubled world to instill into my sons a deep respect for Christian values and an equally deep respect for womanhood—especially in the fulfilment of its most sacred and God-given function—that of motherhood. I am sure that Mr Stitt cannot be married, and I suspect that he may even have Communist leanings, otherwise he could never write such a film review.

I sincerely beg Mr Stitt, and all the youth at University, to take these sentiments in the right manner, and to reconsider his attitudes. When any young man can write of "corrosive maternalism" I am deeply worried and shocked. And when there is no mention at all of the 10 Commandments in this film about murder and adultery and lust, then I can only repeat that I pray that my boys will grow to healthy manhood unscathed by such attitudes.

Mrs Yvonne Ashton

two

Sir,
The attack made on the Commerce Faculty in Craccum March 11, was entirely unwarranted. It spoke of the Faculty as though it were some obscure higher power. However the Commerce Faculty consists of twelve hundred students and contrary to popular opinion only approximately two hundred are part-time. This makes the Commerce Faculty the third largest and more than ten percent of Mr Spring's 'students.'

Regardless of this fact the proposal for a new Commerce building has been consistently altered and shifted from one end of the campus to the other. The Commerce Faculty had no other alternative but to apply for the

land concerned since every other site had been taken by some other pressure group. The Students' Union's ideas for squash courts, rifle range and tavern could easily be accommodated in the lower floors.

Congratulations to Mr Spring on his statement that a third department related to Industrial Management should be set up. The idea has been accepted in the Commerce Faculty for the past two years. How does he propose to house this, when the plan that was rejected by the Faculty offered only two floors in the Architects' Building and two floors in the Computer Science building?

The personal attack on Professor Tabb (note the spelling) was in bad taste. He is highly respected by the students for his relevant lectures and constant participation in Commerce student affairs. All developments in the matter have always been passed on to the Student Liaison Committee. Professor Tabb has the full support of the Commerce students.

It is time that the Commerce Faculty was not placed in several 'spare spaces' here and there around the university. Only when the original proposal for a Commerce Tower is adopted can the course offered come up to the level usual in a university of this size. There are several ways in which this can be done so that all parties concerned will be satisfied.

M.J. Walls,
President Commerce Students' Society.

three

Sir
After reading the first Craccum of the year I was deeply disappointed not to find the Racing Column, which over the previous year, had given many race fans at Varsity the only stimulating and worth-while piece of reading in that newspaper.

Considering the increasing numbers of fortune-seeking students being enticed to this noble sport (including presidents past and present when they manage to stumble out of the

Grad bar) I therefore believe there is a more than adequate case for the revival of this fructifying column. I expect your usual benevolent response.

Jack Pott.

Piss off, ed.

four

Sir,
The first part of Orientation Programme has gone. The first Forum has been conducted and the first issue of Craccum printed, for which I thank you. But the Orientation Programme—whom should I thank for that? As an introduction for the freshers to the activities of the university clubs and societies, who benefitted—last year's members or the freshers?

It will be interesting to see if the Executive can spring an answer to the personal touch of the Shadow Cabinet.

Andy Heath
(first year BA)

five

Sir,
Ten big socially-significant, bursting-with-content paintings are on display in the Salon des Independant of Gordon Clifton's head. Yet they are not as assimilatable as claimed though the slogans and banners make some revealing patterns.

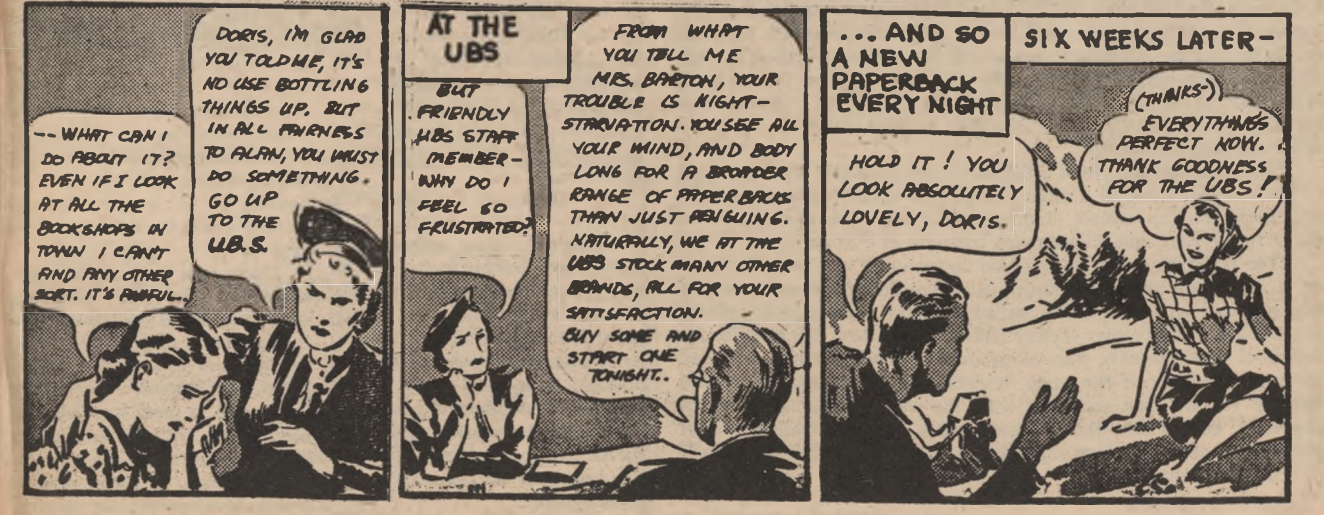
The most blatant of these is that of preconception. It is obvious that Clifton went to the Ten Big Paintings at the Auckland City Gallery with the theory that 'the art of the self-styled Free World is quickly becoming the most cramped and limited art ever produced,' to quote him quoting English art critic, John Berger. Throughout this review he quotes other people's opinions rather than his own. In not one case does he probe into a picture, drag its guts or lack of guts out. Perhaps because there are messages written on McCahon's painting he notes McCahon has 'ideas.' All the other paintings are 'colourful, empty works' though he admits 'these men are creating

in earnest.' This is a contradiction. If these painters are creating in earnest, surely their works at worst can only be failures. Saying the works are empty implies that there is no positiveness, genuineness, in the painters' instinct to create. They are not perverse or perverted though the reviewer with his slick theory has to think so.

He says the 'artists freedom has become the freedom of the gilded cage and the padded cell.' Beneath the rhetoric is the implication that the artist's freedom is not a good thing. All real artists have been Free, if only in themselves, the faithful reflecting a society and its beliefs not precluding this inner freedom which is more like openness. What the reviewer is saying is that our society is materialistic, sick, that it should be changed for the better, and that artists should be showing this. If an artist can see everything in terms of economics and social injustice let him paint this vision. Not many can. It leaves out too much.

The nearest the reviewer gets to analysing a picture is when he quotes Hamish Keith at length on Mrkusich's painting. Keith says that "surely the images of this work are meant to be seen and experienced on more than simply aesthetic grounds". He—to quote the reviewer "likens the work to a piece of chamber music, then, almost in the same breath, the void." The reviewer is dissatisfied. He can't see anything in it. He's not looking.

Mrkusich's painting reveals various rectangles with the central ones light in colour with subtly y-changing tone and the upper and lower smaller and much darker rectangles having a constant tone. At each corner of each rectangle is a small triangle of subdued contrasting tones. There is no emotion in this description and yet tension within order is apparent. One could stop here but Keith went on and that's where the reviewer thinks he gets him. The four large central rectangles with their swirling sheens that at points flare are elemental. Day and night, earth and sky, the void, are in this work, and not just as abstractions.



Dear Sir,

During the long vacation I met the eminent educationist, Lord Knose. I believe the transcript of his tape-recorded discourse to me might be of interest to your readers, since it concerns the question of University examinations. As you will know, there are three possible ways of dealing with the examination system: keep it intact, modify it, or get rid of it. Lord Knose argues with characteristic fair-mindedness and clarity for the first possibility, recognising I dare say, the harm that might be done young minds by presenting the case for either of the others publicly.

Lord Knose

Lord Knose: "Now what are the advantages of the examination system to a University? Above all, it prevents students from being idle. Everyone knows that without it there would be no means of making a student do anything. How dissatisfied the tax-payers of this country would be if it were otherwise! Consider: the tax-payer has to work to earn his keep, often much against his inclinations. Why should he work to keep students in idleness? The exam system is clearly in his interests. As for the teachers, the system allays their anxieties. No student would listen to anything they say, unless he was compelled to do so. The examination is his means of asserting his just authority. Also it is very satisfying to him, to be given the power to decide, in secret, what a man is worth, and to brand him accordingly, with a permanent record on a mark sheet. The teacher can also demonstrate his high intellectual powers and at the same time show his industrious zeal in deciding difficult questions such as whether an answer in an exam is worth 55% or 56%. The painstaking care lavished on such decisions is an index of the teacher's worth to society."

"Without the examination system no university could fulfil its duty to society. Every scholar knows that this duty is to prepare the student to take his place in society. Let me interpret this very broad statement. It is clear that men (and even a few women) must work at the many intellectual tasks that a modern, organised society creates. We are not all equally endowed with brains and it is the University's task to sort out the large-brained, the small-brained, the soft-brained and the addled. To do this the various departments of the University set the student to performing tasks, like those he will meet in the great world outside. To perform these the student must absorb the opinions and learn the facts that have been accumulated over ages in our great store-houses of traditional wisdom, the Universities. By doing this he can learn to make safe decisions in conformity with the traditions of our society. He must learn to be methodical, to write clearly, to spell, so that he can make clear, legible reports on the information he has acquired, exactly as he will need to in industry, management or the civil service in later life. It is important too, that he should see both sides of an argument, so that he can combine both sides in a compromise that will offend nobody. This is the essence of moderation. It takes time for a man to arrive at this ripeness of judgement, and so the great test comes at the end of the year, when under exacting conditions of time, and without prior knowledge of the problems to be encountered, the student can demonstrate how well he has remembered the opinions he has so carefully digested, the facts he has learned, and how well he can make decisions based on them. Under conditions of stress, like those of the examination, he can show his steadiness under fire, you might say. A man that panics or collapses is too soft ever to be useful to society."

"Undoubtedly he will succeed best who has learned the wise views based on long experience of the teacher who is his examiner. His success in this process will be rewarded with a good mark. Resting in secure knowledge that this is how a university education works, employers can be certain that the suitability of a man (or in exceptional circumstances, a woman) for a job, can be accurately ascertained by finding out what grade he was awarded. A true scholar knows that he will be rewarded for his diligence, by a good job, probably pensionable, for the rest of his life. Security and even wealth may be his. He can then safely embark on marriage and family responsibilities and the ownership of a car and a house. The respectability he has gained will make it a reasonably simple matter to obtain the necessary credit facilities and mortgages."

SINISTER SUGGESTIONS

"I fear that it might disturb the solid foundations of our society, if we were to meddle with the examination system. It might be suggested that the examination is not a fair test and in the name of justice it has been suggested that other grading devices should be allowed their place."

"What are these sinister suggestions? The chief of them is that a percentage of the marks gained in essays and tests should be added into the examination marks at the end of the year. The very serious objection to this is that work done in class, say in the first term, does not correspond to the work a student is capable of at the end of the year when he has been thoroughly processed. How then can the teacher certify that a man has attained the necessary knowledge, information and opinions to take his place in society, on the basis of novice work. These first efforts of the student are clearly of no value. Indeed, it would be hard to see why these essays and tests are done at all, if it were not that their purpose is to admit the student to the next stage of his climb to the summit of Parnassus."

"Few teachers however, take this logical view. Some have claimed, though I confess I cannot entirely understand what they mean, that such exercises are an opportunity for what they call 'a fruitful dialogue' with the student. They claim that a piece of classwork is an opportunity for a student to experiment and for the teacher to see what the student is truly thinking, an opportunity for the teacher to guide a student through the problems of understanding he is facing. What nonsense! It is plain to me that a student must learn how to get a good mark by reproducing the opinions his teacher has uttered in class. I have often heard students given the freedom to say what they think, ask their teacher: 'What do you want me to say? I want to get a pass mark.' Just as they always ask in these circumstances, 'What is the use of freedom? I want to know what my teacher wants me to repeat to pass the exam.' The idea of a student exploring a problem with no expectation of a reward is absurd, when he knows that his job is to get a good mark. He must never reveal what is going on in his mind, but learn the accepted view of things. That, as I have shown above is how he can become a mature citizen. It would be disastrous for his career if his teacher were to find out that he had not understood what was said in a lecture or what was written in a recommended book. He must learn instead, the great virtue of saving-face. This will be invaluable to him in later years, in any position of authority. The teacher, in any case, has no time to worry about the feeble student. The strong are those who will succeed in later life, those who know how to produce the right answer, undistracted by imaginary 'problems' and 'difficulties'. It seems these dissenters want the student to think about the subject given him for study and arrive at his own conclusions. This is in clear contradiction of the duty of universities to society, to produce men who have been tested in the knowledge and wisdom of the ages. It is also in contradiction of the duty of the teacher to inform and the duty of the student to listen obediently."

on exams

"A 'dialogue' with a student can never be fruitful because of the great inequality of knowledge between teacher and pupil. The good teacher is one who knows all that is necessary for the enlightenment of the student. This is why, in the final test, the examination, the student's script is never discussed with him. The judge's verdict is final, incorruptible and beyond question."

"There are several other objections to using classwork marks, all related to what I have said, but I will not bore the reader with the endless and hair-splitting treatise that could be written on the subject. But there is one other important objection, and that is that over the year the student's attention and industry sometimes fails. (Some students do not appreciate the rewards society offers for success, and give way to boredom. They must fight this at all costs. I would advise every student to do everything in his power to stay awake during class hours, and to stick at his books in the library. Apart from the financial rewards to be gained, such mortification of the flesh cannot but be good for the soul.) If, as I say, many students vary in their performance, many will end up with closely similar average marks. How then can the University decide the order of merit, when all too often most of the class have been inattentive and idle, and each student is as deficient as his neighbour?"

"It is clear that confusion is the result of taking classwork into account. The teacher knows in his heart that some students are individuals; they all have different failings. He knows that the strength, health and will-power of a student is tested in the uniquely arduous examination system. He should never be confronted with evidence that would controvert this steadfast opinion. A system in which the differences between students were blurred, takes away the evidence on which all his labour rests. He must have clear distinctions of the worth of a man, with no soft, feeble-minded concessions to health at the time of the examination. The University, he knows, must have clear-cut results. It is well-known that Justice is represented blind, or at least blind-folded. The explanation of this is that she must not be permitted to see things which might distract her from the great purpose of meting out judgement. So it is with the teacher. He must not have his judgement confused with too many misleading facts and figures."

MENSTRUATION

"It has also been suggested that the performance of female students in examinations is affected by their menstrual cycles. Since this only affects the weaker sex, who are not in the main required to work for their daily bread as are we men, it is of less consequence to press the most rigorous standards upon them. Perhaps one should concede something to their weakness. It would not be beyond the skill of a committee of medical experts and administrators to devise a system, by which additional marks could be added to a female student's examination mark in accordance with:

(1) the average severity of discomfort at menstruation of a given student;

(2) the time in her monthly cycle at which she sat a given examination. The theoretical problems involved in such a computation would ensure the employment of much intellectual effort by the medical experts and much collecting and analysing of data by the administration. Apart from these notable additions to the productivity of the University, there would also be ample opportunity for legal draughtsmen to show their skill in devising appropriate regulations. No further justification is needed, especially since all this would lead to a refinement in the examination system."

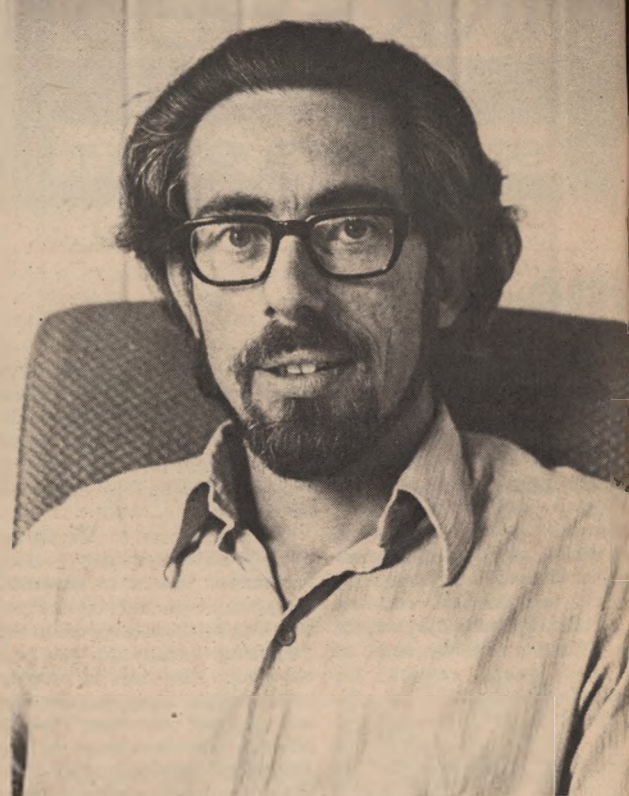
"Now the most pernicious of all suggestions, (shocking to those who have long held the views I have already propounded) is that the examination system should be abandoned. What could be the result of such a catastrophe? Students would no longer be required to digest the intellectual sustenance provided by their teachers. They would all immediately become idle, deserving only to be cast out by all right-thinking tax-payers. Why should they work any more, if they could no longer be judged for their reward by society? They would challenge the authority of their teachers' pronouncements, oppose his wisdom with presumptuous criticism, begin to think that which was not sanctioned by the authority of the printed word, and develop into self-sufficient individuals, unfit for compliance with the rules of established society. There would be no uniformity in their own views, no conformity with the existing structure of society, no reliability in making judgements based on common-sense and the wisdom of ages. They might go their own way and read books not recommended by their mentors in order to satisfy their foolish desires to pursue their self-centred interests. Such a turmoil of questioning and search for knowledge would tax the strength of administrators and teachers beyond endurance. The University could not afford to provide enough books."

"What a marvellous, healthy restraint examinations place on such wasteful intellectual activity! The student can rest secure in the knowledge that his work for the year is wisely pre-ordained, the wide extent of knowledge limited and vain enquiry forbidden him. He must recognise that the syllabus is sacrosanct, that the examination is final, that it is the main purpose of a University to judge him, that he must submit to the ordeal of fire, so that in the end, at the completion of his initiation at the Capping Ceremony, he may emerge re-born as a sober and worthy citizen."

"It is therefore on sound established principles that we must resist to the last, the views of a small minority of agitators that assessment and discussion can replace grading, hard-work, rigid maintenance of the lecture system and the hallowed tradition of examining."

"The results for society could be disastrous if men were let loose on it, who were under the illusion that the established order needed changing and who were not satisfied with the considerable material rewards and security that society had to offer. How much worse for society if the University were to produce men who could not fit into the great machine of the State, because they were concerned with learning for its own sake, or with the vain pursuit of personal happiness, or the idle philosopher's dream of self-knowledge. What government could sanction expenditure on a University such as this?"

Your obedient servant,
Anthony Green



Prof. Green ... art ultimately leads to satire

Studass Buildings

BILL SPRING

Probably the most pressing problem facing the Student Association at present is the lack of space. The present Union opened in 1968 for 6500 students and is now attempting to accommodate 10,000 students with the resultant queues and overcrowding.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE?

1. Initially a Committee on Long Term Planning was set up by the S.R.C. late in 1970. The aim of this Committee was to provide for the first time a small body of informed students interested in students' long term requirements.

2. As a result of this Committee, a proposal was circulated to all students late last year in an attempt to discern students' views on possible requirements for a Student Union. As a result of this questionnaire, a report on the computerised replies has almost been completed and will be outlined in the next edition of Craccum. The proposal was based on the extensions in the area set aside for student facilities (Particularly some physical recreational facilities where an obvious need exists) as set out by Professor Wild in his Development Scheme of the whole campus, i.e. 'the area bounded by the present Union, Alfred Street and Symonds Street.'

It is hoped that an overall plan catering for all future student needs can be drawn up and that a start can be made as soon as possible.

3. Cafeteria Extensions. The present Cafeteria is quite obviously inadequate (compare the 400 seats with 2500 at Monash with the same student population!) The Cafeteria extensions were begun in February of this year and will be open for students at the beginning of the 1972 academic year. These extensions costing \$308,000 (half of which is paid for by the Students' Association) will increase the size of the Cafeteria by one third (i.e. a total of some 650 seats) provide a large hamburger bar and 200 seats on the Mezzanine Floor, and a large Common Room on the top floor which will be available for special functions.

4. University Club. The Student Union Management Committee has asked the University Council to provide an alternative area for the Grads Bar as soon as possible so they can move from the Student Union to more suitable premises as soon as possible. Also as a result of the increased membership of the Club, the Association has asked the University Council to increase the rental to the Association by some \$2,000.

5. Milk Bar/Snack Bar. During the 1970/71 vacation, the reorganisation took place of some of the commercial outlets of the Association to provide a better and more efficient service to the increased number of students. The Utility Room was converted into a Milk Bar and in its first week of operation has worked very well. Eventually outdoor furniture will be provided to provide something similar to the Bistro atmosphere of Melbourne University. Also the Snack Bar was modernised and reorganised and appears to be working well. These two facilities will help cater for peak student demand.

6. Arts Centre. A two year lease was acquired by negotiating with the Ministry of Works for the old recording studio at 1 Grafton Road. These premises provide valuable space particularly for cultural clubs and societies, such as Contemporary Dance/Blues/Jazz Theatre Company etc. All these matters are steps the Association has taken so far.

WHAT ELSE CAN BE DONE?

1. Mystery Envelope Appeal. FRIDAY, 2ND APRIL. The undertaking by the Association for which over \$92,000 in prize has been collected, will bring in a possible total of \$50,000 for immediate Union Extensions. The scheme will rely heavily on student support on the selling day and all clubs who participate will receive hefty special grants and a vast party is also being arranged.

2. Student Union Theatre. The plans have been completed for the Theatre (to be built on the corner of Alfred and Princes Streets). The plans are at present before the University Grants Committee for Government approval of a subsidy necessary before construction can begin. The Vice-Chancellor has declared he will be discussing this matter with the Government in the next few weeks. It is hoped that the subsidy could be forthcoming this year.

These two matters, therefore, should have the vociferous support of the Association so that the expansion of Student facilities can proceed in a steady manner. Present student needs are impossible to meet but steps have been taken and will continue to be taken to ensure that many of the problems of future Student Union development are removed.



I am very fond of especially old unfortunately today not known or is referring to the con man wear at least or to keep his perspiration soiling a woman's fr man should have on in the evening with takes to the dance the last, and two in rest should be share women, who have no How nice it would be if the dance halls were run on the Rafferty rules.

Both from inimitable

Please send Verbiid

Cod

Let me state w of underpants s adequately propo there any greater c Look how nature production of Pl shrubs, Herbs, S plant-animals a perpetration throu generations (of at le arts, though the ish), has armed their Buds, Sprouts, seeds thus str covering, guarding a men with an admir purpose; with H stones and films. mds, Barks, Skins, rickles, which serve a strong and natu is evident that t these plants are r eiled and complete than any other part But on the con created man naked, fail without either defensive weapons, the first instance, m of innocence unquestionable rig enjoyment of the vegetables that grew and in a position gentle rule and domi other kinds of an fishes, reptiles and in need any other prote

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"I dwell in the
midst of a people of
unclean lips"
Isiah.

I am very fond of dancing especially old time, but unfortunately today etiquette is not known or is ignored. I am referring to the convention that a man wear at least one white glove to keep his perspiring hand from soiling a woman's frock and that a man should have only four dances in the evening with the partner he takes to the dance—the first and the last, and two in between. The rest should be shared with those women, who have no partners.

How nice it would be if these courtesies could be introduced in the dance halls instead of Rafferty rules.

ETIQUETTE

Mount Albert

We own this little house, find the pensioner is a sitting shot for the guy chasing a quick buck, 250 dollars to paint house two years ago. The paint is peeling off. The quick buck guy used 1/2 gallon of our motor mower benzine to mix paint. It sure was a fast paint job.

Suggestion—some kind of means test so the greedy ones do not wreck the scheme. All sick and very old pensioners who have paid taxes for so long should be given free telephones, radio, T.V. fees, help with lawn cutting, heating, our bill last month was 18 dollars, 48 cents. Must keep old bones warm. . . .

Another suggestion to put things in order—a free farewell pill for us old ones.

Bill and Agnes
Takapuna.

Both from the
inimitable Auckland Star

Please send Craccum your discoveries of Verbiage,
Verbicide, Malapropism and similar Nonsense.

Codpieces

MARK PULSFORD

Let me state without hesitation that a strongly built pair of underpants should be the first concern of every adequately proportioned young buck in the country, for is there any greater organ that deserves better protection.

Look how nature in its prolific production of Plants, Trees, Shrubs, Herbs, Sponges and plant-animals and careful perpetration through successive generations (of at least kinds and sorts, though the individuals perish), has armed and fenced their Buds, Sprouts, Shoots and seeds thus strengthening, covering, guarding and fortifying them with an admirable sense of purpose; with Husks, Cases, Stones and films, Shells, Ears, Rinds, Barks, Skins, Ridges, and rickles, which serve them instead of a strong and natural codpiece. It is evident that the Sperm of these plants are more closely veiled and completely harnessed than any other part of the whole.

But on the contrary nature created man naked, tender and frail without either offensive or defensive weapons, and that in the first instance, man, in a state of innocence with an unquestionable right to the enjoyment of the fruits and vegetables that grew abundantly, and in a position of calm and gentle rule and dominion over all other kinds of animals, birds, fishes, reptiles and insects, did not need any other protection.

THE FALL

But then under the sign of Jupiter man became perverted, malice and corruption and jealousy developed in men's hearts so that thistles, thorns and nettles started to grow and the animals revolted, doing all they could to annoy and resist him. Man then to maintain his power and knowing he was the cleverest produced weapons with which to maintain his domination.

The first of his defensive protections was the fig leaf, as Moses affirms. The fig leaf was chosen for its solid stiffness, sharp notches, ability to curl up, sleeky smoothness, large size, together with its colour and smell, only huge donkey like (Lorram Cullions) were excepted.

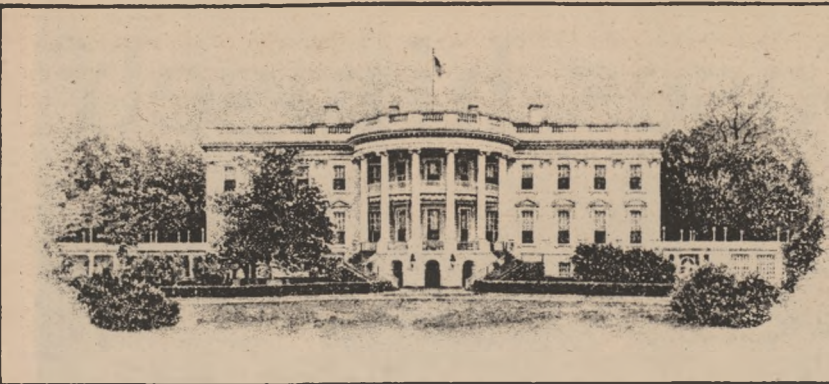
There is a very old battle hymn that says:

Have a care of the Wine pot (skull)

But have a greater care of the Milk pot, (i.e. the testes)

By the horned fiends of Hell, the head may be cut off, and a single person will die,

But if the balls are marred the whole human race will perish, and be lost forever.



from the WHITE HOUSE

Doing it on the Sabbath

JOHN CALDWELL

Gone forever are those lazy days of endless cricket, croquet, boating and picnics with which our father's fathers graced the English Sunday. However, here to stay is the Gentlemen's Sunday Club the ultimate outing experience. This club has completely open membership, exists solely to allow people to have a good time. It is the only completely volunteer group on campus on the grounds that to be a member one needs only want to be a member. As mentioned in Orientation Handbook, various outings and activities have already been tentatively arranged. However, there is room for more ideas and many more fun-filled-things-to-do.

The inaugural outing, and first general meeting of the club will be held this Sunday. This will take the form of a zoo-picnic. So, turn up outside the main gates of the zoo at 11 am sharp, laden with hampers, thermos flasks and all other necessary picnic paraphernalia. Hoping that it doesn't rain, WE'RE ALL GOING TO HAVE A GOOD TIME!! families, friends, young and old-everybody welcome (pay at the gate).



The Sabbath was made for man

Dave's Desk

As re-orientation slips quietly into gear, it's time for all of us to forget about the nasty, cold orientation fortnight and to get to know a lot of our fellow students. To start off reorientation, your executive have called this week 'Meet-the-people-week', a week devoted entirely to Exec getting to know students, students getting to know members of Exec, and students getting to know other students. Features instigated as part of Meet-the-people-week include continuous music in the quad, the first issue of a weekly newsheet 'coming attractions', and the very first meeting of Gentlemen's Sunday Club (of which you can read about elsewhere in this column).

As I stated in my Orientation Handbook message, the third Thursday of the first term (that's today), is traditionally Fancy Dress Day. On this day you can see all your friends in their fancy dress. Take a look about and you will notice that everyone here wears a uniform, although most people won't or don't admit it. Look, for example, at the first years with their well-pressed walk shorts and socks, because their mums told them that's what students wear! Look at all the nice boys and girls from the Law school in their nice bright orange and purple law school t-shirts. If you see somebody wearing one, be sure to ask "You don't do law do you?" They'll be glad you asked! Notice all the smooth people around who wear a suit and tie. Most of them are lecturers, graduates, retired student politicians, or just plain dicks, and once you get to know them, they'll wave to you from the Grads' bar everytime you go past! Look at the 'lefties' and 'arty-crafties' in their desert boots and ban-the-bomb pendants; and everyone else with their jeans, beads, tie-dyed shirts, dog collars, maxi skirts, and trendy sandals. Yes Varsity's certainly a great place isn't it. Everybody here is so natural!

Another feature of this week is the introduction of an important student service, the President's Hot Line. I'll be interested to hear any of your ideas, complaints, suggestion, information and raves. Please don't hesitate to ring 75-762—extension H.O.T. anytime. Our Students' Advisory scheme proved a great hit and the Counsellors have decided to make it a permanent service.

Your Exec has also undertaken to be responsible for the distribution of Craccum each week. We would like students to help us. If you notice an empty Craccum box on Thursdays could you pick up a bundle of papers from the pile in the quad, and dump them in it. It would be appreciated, not only by us, and the Craccum staff, but also by people who might not otherwise get to see a copy.

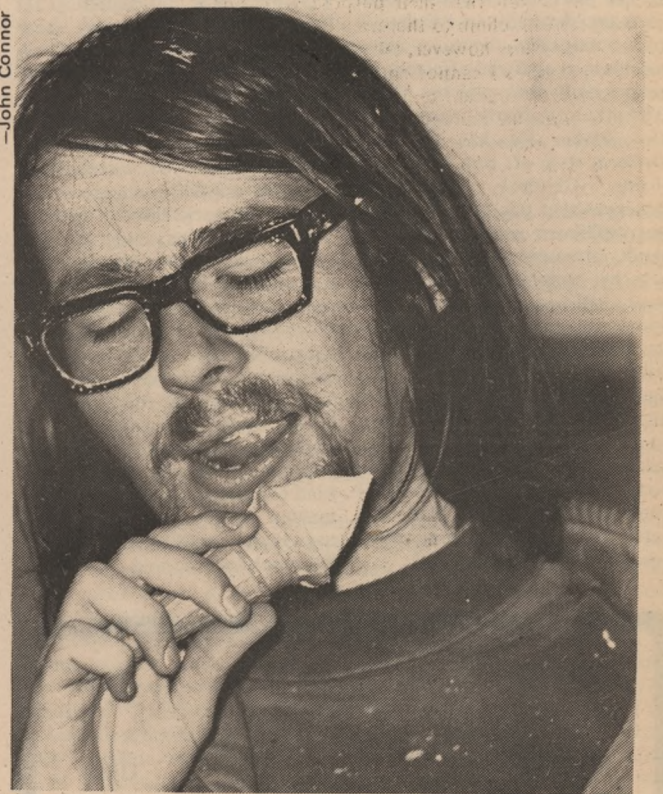
Finally could the student from Howick who rang up about diplomacy earlier this month, please contact Steve Ballantyne (75762, Ext.4) as we have mislaid your phone number.

Yours (as always),
DAVE NEUMEGER Student President.

If you try to stay off the streets when you eat ice-cream, if you like Christmas cake except for the icing, if you really believe that Corban's Dry Red is nicer than Coca Cola, then you might just as well be reading a column on horse racing, because I'm not writing for you. The true ice-cream eater is basically a fatso (even if, like me, he disguises himself as a beanpole) capable of guzzling sufficient quantities of chocolate malted super-thick shakes to empty the stomach of a normal man faster than you can say "Mr Whippy". He is to food what the Marquis de Sade was to women and little boys; a libertine who will, when he grows old, thoroughly debauch himself on vast quantities of Sacher Torte and Baba-au-Rhum. He will die of heart failure and cholesterol congested arteries, if the stomach ulcers don't get him first.

Dear greedy-guts (for only you could have read this far): ignore the snide glances of naive Freudians, and the sickly dismay on the faces of the soft-boiled egg set, and follow me into a chilly pasteurised world of refrigerated delights. The New Zealand ice-cream, one of the finest in the world, has been ignored and insulted—even by those who produce it, sad though it may be to say so—long enough!

Next week I shall start getting down to particulars, with a column about some of the more interesting commercial ice-creams.



—John Connor



STEPHEN BALLANTYNE

Any competent amateur psychoanalyst will tell you that there is, of course, something sexual about ice-cream cones. The cone, or rather, the globe of the ice-cream that tops it, is reminiscent of the female breast in both shape and composition—it is made of milk.

By sucking this gorgeous iced mother-surrogate, the ice-cream eater obtains oral satisfaction and—particularly if his oral-sexual inclinations have led him to tobacco addiction—a soothing anaesthetic effect at the back of the throat. As the ice-cream is pushed down into the body of the cone, however, a transformation takes place; the probing tongue of the gelatophile begins to explore a definite cavity, an almost vaginal passage. His grip on the phallic exterior surface of the cone becomes tighter, and his efforts to gain access to the ice-cream itself leads to an increased vigour in his tongue's motions. (As an act of love, ice-cream eating compares interestingly with cunnilingus, in which the male asserts the essential sexual fellowship of his female partner by giving the clitoris an emphasis that elevates that organ to a position of prominence equal in the mind of the fellator to that of the penis—thus denying the fellator's castration anxiety and producing sensually satisfying feelings in all concerned). Finally, the ice-cream forced back into the tiny end of the cone, the cone itself nibbled almost completely away, the eater pops what is left into his mouth in a last orgasmic gesture. Satisfaction is complete.

Of course the sort of sophisticated clown who sees ice-cream cones in terms of the above will never find true enjoyment in ice-cream; he will always suffer from feelings of embarrassment when he buys and eats ice-cream, which he will rationalise away by blaming the ice for being "childish", or "kid stuff"; but in reality he will suffer the same anxieties, the same embarrassment (albeit on a smaller scale) as a man who knows his fly is open.

Ballantyne's surrogate →

CRACCUM NEEDS

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photographers
artists
ad. sellers



JASON Secondhand books

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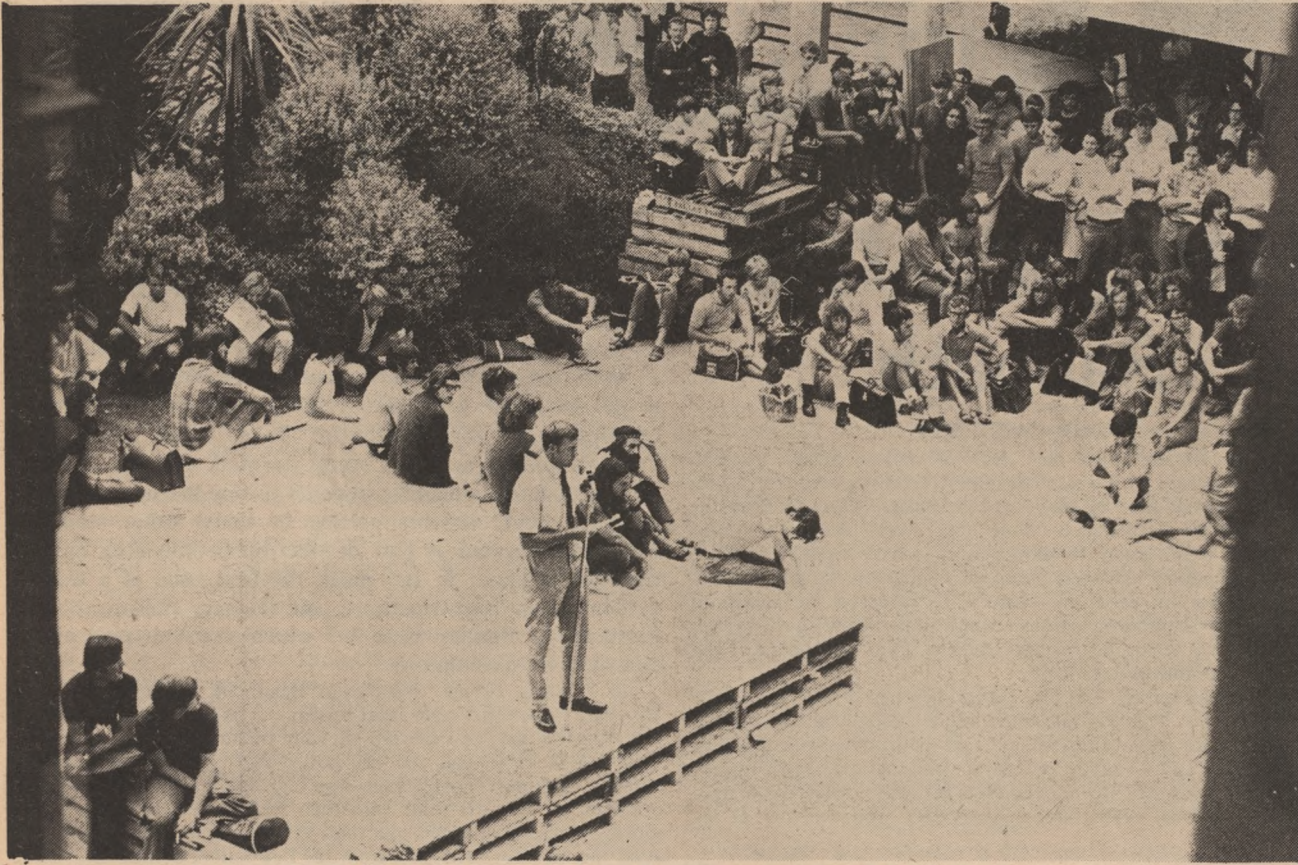
Poetry — Science — Art — Philosophy
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P & C Arcade

(opp. Whitcombe and Tombs)

50 High Street
ph. 370-266

V-C exposes himself



"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"



At one stage W/ expanded version in any case, the : do not apologise read it you would

When, after teaching one fi (why do I do i the first thing raised in debat centred on the 'what', but 'ho' 'How does on word!) be impro with two prior a there". A fact of produce a reall Education'). The good thing". And that is that the v these two sentenc If one were "Education (1) e "Education (1) = legitimate to st improve". Indec with is predictab forth and multip (suggestive phras puzzled that the quality does not e

Don't kick against the pricks—please

WYSTAN CURNOW

It was the right idea. Speak to the students. In the first week. In the quad. At lunchtime. And here he comes: fresh, young, clean, strapping, in broad daylight like an ordinary bloke in shirt sleeves and SLACKS. The V-C! You could tell he was a Rhodes the way he came up to the mike—on the jog.

I remember Bill Airey. He was a Rhodes, too. Past sixty and still running for buses. None of you remember Bill Airey, so I'll tell you that he was a beautiful History Professor around here who was also a pinko who was pelted with orange peel and booed when he spoke at a lunchtime protest meeting called when the Yanks invaded Lebanon. There's plenty to live down around here. But I don't think Bill Airey went jogging when he got depressed like our healthy mind/healthy body V-C tells us he does. But the way he came up to the mike was good to see. But what happened after, that was not so good to see. Or more particularly to hear, for at that point he began to speak.

Of course, you've got to make allowances. It's a new line of country for him. With his experience he must be dynamite in committee. And you've got to have sympathy, because he's a kiwi and we are kiwis and we know that kiwis are naturally inarticulate—I mean naturally because being articulate is artificial affected, unnatural, is it not?—and the V-C is evidently an ordinary, inarticulate, kiwi bloke. He has the kiwi platform style off pat. The whole thing. Cliches, platitudes, sentences that pile up around the feet, still-born gestures with the hands, attempts at humour that pass by unnoticed because they were half-hearted anyway, the downward curve that accompanies the realisation that every word is not wowing them. Behind it all is the message: I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE DOING THIS. How would you like to be up here talking to you, eh? It's all right for you, you're not a V-C, you don't know what it's like. . . . Well, he'd better be dynamite in committee, because in public he's a bomb.

Now that our Oxford man has gone how are we going to impress the town? What did he have to say? Yeah, it's a rhetorical question. Again, allowances. He does not know students and being an engineering student here way back's not much help either.

I'm no student myself but I think a student would like it if his V-C laid a few ideas on him. Kept his soft-sell inane for Rotary or some such.

It's good to know the V-C is very concerned about, thinks important: research, good staff, good education, good relations with the community, good student life, swimming pools for students to get healthy bodies in between breaks from learning to REASON. Yeah, it's good to know he thinks it is important to learn to REASON. How else will we learn to be RATIONAL BEINGS?? What is not so good is all this stuff about MODERATION, TOLERANCE, DESIRE TO COMMUNICATE. I mean those things sound good but when you get right down to it what they mean is that the V-C don't approve of calling Yankee Imperialists by their right names.

Think about everything, question anything, engage in the healthy give and take of vigorous debate, but if anything sticks in your craw, makes you ecstatic, disgusted, DON'T let it all hang out, don't let any of it hang out. Maybe, I jump the gun on this one; for too long was I in the States and on campus. But that's where the V-C has been all this time, too. We've both seen that kind of liberalism. Not that I feel paranoid, but to me, to me at least, I find that kind of talk in awful bad taste. As a maiden speech—only a stronger man than I could leave it alone—it left much to be desired.



Like biting into runny snowballs

SUSAN KEDGLEY

He strode forward to the microphone, fearless, with the inimitable stride of the Success Man. It didn't take us long to sort out why. He offered the information himself, immediately, with no pussy-footing around, as he launched with visible pride into his own hard sell.

He told us first all about his 'extremely demanding' public relations job, about how many committees he was on, and of course, his own Success Story. He was an engineering student himself, a couple of decades ago, at this university, and he did then all those things that he ought to have done. He played lots of sport, was on the Students' Association, and passed his degree. He then did a doctorate at Oxford, then something pretty impressive in Canada, then, wait for it, he worked in General Motors, U.S.A. He even told us that his wife was a New Zealander, just to prove he really was 'one of us'.

Next he wanted to tell us what a swinger he was, what a liberal he was, what a reasonable sort of bloke he really was, so we wouldn't need to waste our time with any of that radical nonsense. He spelled out his areas of concern—take a guess—buildings, staff, University Government, and discoursed about the stunning progress he had himself observed at Auckland University. Measuring sticks used were, once again, buildings, hostels, services and the growth of University Government.

It was now time for the real 'coup de grace'. His own opinions on the role of the university. His theory was that people came to

University to "study and to earn a bread ticket". But he hoped they would "learn more than just facts". He hoped they would learn the ability to reason, and, most important of all, the ability to communicate. This latter was 'terribly important'. He wanted us to exert judgements and to learn to discriminate, and thought we would do so by participating in debates (soliloquies) like the one we had just heard. But he did want debate to be conducted in a 'reasonable manner'.

If only we would treat all subjects in a reasonable and well balanced fashion he was sure that the public would 'attend to us', and we could 'exert great pressure on the thinking of New Zealand'.

One last bit of advice: 'There will be ups and downs at University, it will not all be fun and joy. At times you will even feel depressed about things.' But he comforted us with his very own panacea: He was a great believer in physical exercise, and when he gets depressed, he goes for a run . . .

In these concluding remarks he also told us to 'clean our teeth' each night, but I'm not quite sure where that fitted in or why.

A regular vice

RICHARD KING and STEPHEN CHAN

"The new vice-chancellor of the University of Auckland bounded up the stairs, stuck out his hand, and strode into his office. He apologised disarmingly for being late, but he'd been meeting the lecturers wives."

Thus began a blithe and polished PR job in the Herald on Friday, March 12; a day in the life of Dr Colin J. Maiden. The man who emerges is forever sticking out hands and striding to and fro and as the Herald puts it, 'thriving' on the administrative 'hot seat'. Leaving aside the anal ambiguity of this sedentary position, the most immediate impression of the Strider is his emphasis on cooling it. His 'attitude' apparently, 'should spark little trouble on the campus', although he admits that somebody lurks somewhere in this seething 10,000 'who wants to stir things up'. Fortunately Maiden 'seems to be on the brink of ushering in an era of American-style efficiency in administration'. This cybernetic juggernaut will doubtless fold, crush and mutilate dissent before it creeps from the murky dens of sedition. But dare one remember the glowing embers of Berkeley, Columbia and others or the sterling example left by American efficiency at Kent or Jackson?

Somewhat like the Consul-General for South Africa, Mr P.H. Phillip, M.B.E. the VC is 'buzzing about speaking to a bewildering variety of organisations'; with a similar brief of urbane jokes and soothing generalisations he is motivated by the same desperate determination to excuse and justify a system of government, a whole mental process? Dr Maiden sometimes 'toils' at his desk in the 'big room overlooking Albert Park . . . until 10.00 o'clock at night', the servant of an institution which requires students to queue up for vital and expensive text books in a library which is congested an hour after opening.

A conscientious slave? Yes, in the manner of the government. The 'immediate and long term future' is being worked out, the whole organisation is 'under close scrutiny', its separate elements are 'under re-examination'. Bulging files squatting in various baskets labelled 'scrutiny', 'review' and 're-examination'.

I HAVE A DREAM . . . But Dr Maiden 'The Visionary' strides out, dragging our community into the larger community, where the basket labels are greeted with recognition for they were made there—in the society which 'feeds' on

I would like, in perambulate the qu Why do people (an other words: what i The first questio function. This mea "Education is a goe meaning of the worc suggestion that a community In the phrase "I outside the traditional structur Ideal, the Aspiratio of a capitalist and bourgeois citio the Mystical box might better teach by example as yet-unrealised, than assimilation. No suggestio has it?). In the phrase ' outraged refusal to comply with Education System. I the brutal—in both physical an (like myself) run economic senses—way of listudens) over whic sanctified by the neon chatter of the concrete reality Queen Street. That 'little gre studied, the here-a diaries' of social engagements a difference. I agree that an E is marching with little red boo which would raise l of social revolution. And Th thing. But I have m Herald suggests that "Dr Maid Education (2) is what the students might ca Of Education (1) 'clued-up'."

Dr Maiden is a schizophrenic 'exists', one can ne his time and masks divide (1) is in these peop between club joining (2 squashe dreams is a sure s a golf and a tennis), flinging startlingly unorigi himself about on concrete and colleagues—briefly. greensward, scribbling, whipping out files, quoting freely, orating. I dream of an Ec meeting and handsticking and the above all Fratern other, contemplative, role assumption that ea keeping it all so cool. more than the

His call for rational debate can Authoritarian rela only mean working within the Equality. —An Education seem to accept the prospero interests of the S validity of the status quo. 'The orthodox, non-part average student', he observes, 'the State, which much the same sort of person as "schooling" is to b you and I were when we went the means to ori through university . . . the only tick!); to participat thing is, you have to pull the hair (tick) to run his life aside to peer in at them'.

Dr Maiden; there is no average student, because of economic inequality not many of your generation could proceed through university, long hair and other freak manifestations are a conscious effort to avoid and reject any easy identification with your generation and its beliefs. We are equally as desperate as yourself-not to win the Pascoe Cup tennis tournament next year but to stop the drunken insanity of a world, and more especially the American super-power, which accepts the demands of big business (and General Motors is the epitome of big business), which perpetrates wars of unspeakable horror upon emergent peoples (and General Motors has military contracts), which grabs resources and spills their wastes into our atmosphere to choke us and surround us with the litter of affluence (and General Motors' vehicles add to the lead canopy over our heads)

So the first fun increase the Gross citizen. This Education-as-a-plac Noschools. With have to spend me streets' Why? Be come. If the aim

CHURCH

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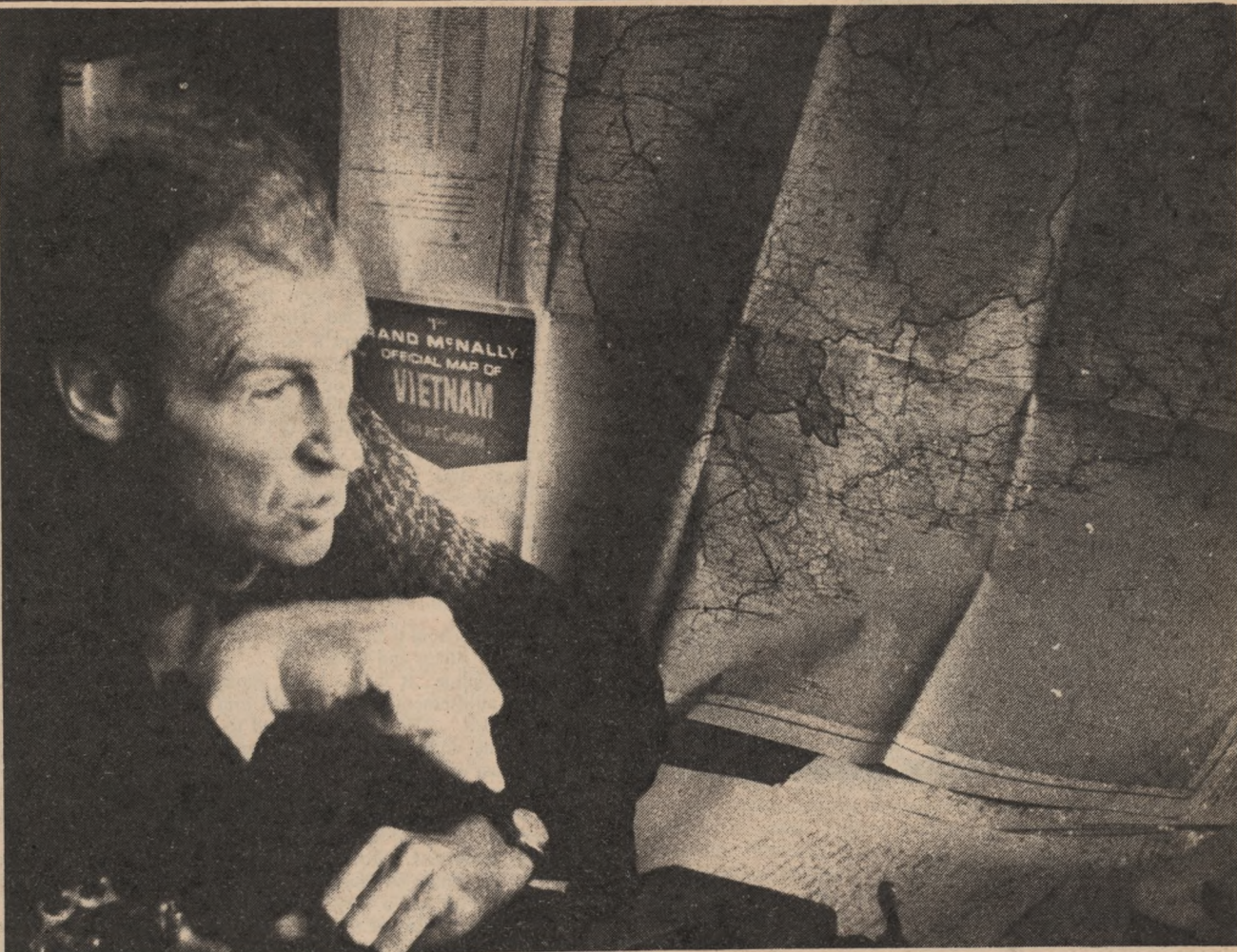
USIS

At one stage WALTER POLLARD was going to publish an expanded version of this article in book form. We have here in any case, the article and all that it stands for. The editors do not apologise for its length. If you would just bother to read it you would understand why.

When, after 13 years—sombre number!—in teaching one finally gets around to thinking about it (why do I do it? What am I supposed to be doing?), the first thing that strikes me is that the questions raised in debate, on panels, in articles all seem to be centred on the problems of 'how'. Not 'why' nor 'what', but 'how'.

'How does one teach?' 'How can one's technique (lovely word!) be improved?' This sort of question already begins with two prior assumptions: the first is that "Education is there". A fact of life (and I am waiting for the Studass to produce a really shocking pamphlet on 'Living with Education'). The second assumption is that "Education is a good thing". And there is a third, now that I think of it, and that is that the word 'Education' has the same meaning in these two sentences.

If one were to accept these three presuppositions: "Education (1) exists" "Education (2) is a good thing" and "Education (1) = Education (2)" then, I agree, it would be legitimate to start with the questions "How can we improve". Indeed when we do so the answer we come up with is predictable: increase. The Biblical imperative "Go forth and multiply". So we multiply the "contact hours" (suggestive phrase!) with students and remain pained and puzzled that the mysterious transmutation from quantity to quality does not eventuate.



The tears of learned responses

I would like, in this paper, to ignore the question of 'how' and perambulate the questions of 'what' and 'why'. What is education? Why do people (and their Governments desire it—or submit to it, in other words: what is it for?)

The first question concerns its nature or structure, the second its function. This means that I do not accept a priori the axioms: "Education is a good thing" "Education exists" and I deny that the meaning of the word "Education" is the same in these two phrases.

In the phrase "Education is a good thing" what is meant is the ideal, the Aspiration, the Abstract, the Platonic Idea or the Essence of the bourgeois or the Mystical body as it were. This is the Hope, the Dream, the as-yet-unrealised, that which raises Man from the level of the Beast (or No suggestion as it?).

In the phrase "Education exists" what is referred to is the Education System. Here-and-now: a collection of milk-soaked zombies (physical and like myself) run by Mr Talboys, plus some human souls (the way of the students) over which the System has passed like a steam-roller. This is the concrete reality, the actual institution, the phenomenon to be studied, the here-and-now situation. There is, you will perceive, a difference.

I agree that an Education System exists, I agree that an Education title red book which would raise Man from the level of the Beast would be a good one. And the thing. But I have my doubts about the identity of Education (1) with Education (2).

Of Education (1), the Ideal, we can say that it 'is' in the sense that it lives in our Dreams and our Hopes; but one can not say of it that it 'exists', one can not point to a group of people and say "Education exists" (1) is in these people, in the institution, it exists." To talk about one's dreams is a sure sign of senility so I will dispatch mine—which is (1) is, flinging startlingly unoriginal and shared, I would imagine, by all my colleagues—briefly.

FRATERNITY

I dream of an Education designed to promote Liberty, Equality and above all Fraternity. That is: an Education based upon the assumption that each successive generation is going to have to know more than the preceding one, and that consequently, an Authoritarian relationship is counter-productive. So much for Equality.

An Education designed in the interests of the student, not in the interests of the State. The State desires conformist, un-original, orthodox, non-participating little shareholders in the business that is the State, what I imagine the student desires, after all that of person a "schooling" is to be finally allowed access to an "education". That is: the means to orientate himself in the world, (to know what makes it tick!); to participate in running his Society (to know how to make it tick!); to run his life as he wishes (to know what makes him tick); and to study whatever he pleases (the right to be original). So much for Liberty.

An Education which did not have as its end-product a group of people ready to march off and slaughter other groups produced by similar institutions a few miles away. So much for Fraternity.

If you ask me what use such dreams are, I will simply quote Marcuse at you. "Day-dreams are the Negation of Un-freedom". Without dreams you end up by accepting the Concrete Reality as the Ideal. The Dream is what permits you to come to grips with the Real, to measure it, to judge it, and, if necessary, to reject it.

To return to our questions "what is Education?" and "Why is Education?", it appears to me to be a fruitful approach to leave aside for the experts the whole question of the Ideal (Education from Rousseau through and on to Dr Beely) and to confine ourselves to a study of the Real.

To find out what Education really is, all one has to do is to imagine our society with Education excised from it.

No play-centres or Kindergartens and what happens? Mum goes crazy. Mum can not go to work.

GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT

So the first function of education is to give them a break, and to increase the Gross National Product by adding one more working citizen. This function is performed by the Education-as-a-place-of-Detention (for pre-delinquents?).

No schools. With large bodies of children around the city fathers would have to spend more either on the Police ("to keep them off the streets") Why? Being physically on the pavement is not a sin or a crime. If the aim is "keeping them from sin or crime", why can sin

and crime only take place on the streets.) OR, on Public Facilities, play centres, non-commercial T.V., sports grounds, theatres, auditoriums, places for creative activities, workshops and gymnasiums and what have you.

So the Function of Education is to keep the non-productive elements of society from becoming the consuming elements of society before they can pay for the consumer goods. The School as a Place of Detention is another form of Compulsory Saving.

Note that once it becomes possible to put these elements to work then the need for Education suddenly takes second place. The child should obviously play and create when young and study as he matures. Our system forces the young to study when they are not ripe for it and then when their interest awakens, it sets them to repetitious and soul-destroying work.

The System of Education seems designed—from its Borstals and its other Universities, back through the Schools, further back through pre-schools, on to the play centres and Sunday-schools—to have as its over-riding ambition the capture of the original spirit of the child at the earliest possible moment and the beginning of the business of "processing the Mind" of the future citizen as soon as he or she emerges into the light of day. (Karitanes, Parents Teacher Assn., Marriage Guidance, Family Planning etc). Why does it seem as if the one thing our Society fears above all is an Un-processed Human Being? Why does it seem that our Society is absolutely convinced that no-one can do anything unless properly guided and controlled? And what is the end-product of all this Processing? A nice clean lad prepared to go anywhere to kill anyone his Government tells him to. (Not to reason why!)

You will tell me that Savage Societies also go to war. Precisely. We can get the same result so much more cheaply without Education so why educate?

None of these aims seems to be the over-riding one (possibly not even the devious goal of setting man against man by fostering archaic and atavistic Nationalism, a toxic by-product of our Systems of Education in this post-Hiroshima World). What does seem to be the key function of the Education System is the division of Society into Classes.

LEGITIMATE COMPETENCE

May I quote from Ivan Illich, who in spite of his name is not a wild-eyed revolutionary, but a Monsignor of the Catholic Church, and Head of the Institute in Cuernavaca for the study of Hispano-American Sociology and Culture:

"The graduation rite that we solemnly celebrate today" (Monsignor Illich was addressing the graduating class of the University of Puerto Rico, 1969), "confirms the prerogatives which Puerto Rican society, by means of a costly system of subsidized public schools, confers upon the sons and daughters of its most privileged citizens. You are a part of the most privileged ten per cent of your generation, part of that miniscule group which has completed university studies. Public investment in each of you is 15 times the educational investment in the average member of the poorest ten per cent of the population, who drops out of school before completing the fifth grade.

"The certificate you receive today attests to the legitimacy of your competence. It is not available to the self-educated, to those who have acquired competence by means not officially recognised in Puerto Rico.

"The degree which the University to-day confers upon you implies that over the last 16 years or more your elders have obliged you to submit yourselves, voluntarily or involuntarily, to the discipline of this complex scholastic rite. You have in fact been daily attendants, five days a week, nine months a year, usually without interruption. Governmental and industrial employers and the professional associations have good reason to believe that you will not subvert the order to which you have faithfully submitted in the course of completing your "rites of initiation".

"Much of your youth has been spent within the custody of the school. It is expected that you will now go forth to work, to

guarantee to future generations the privileges conferred upon you . . .

"Puerto Rico has been schooled. I don't say educated, but, rather, schooled. Puerto Ricans can no longer conceive of life without reference to the school. The desire for education has actually given way to the compulsion of schooling. Puerto Rico has adopted a new religion. Its doctrine is that education is a product of the school, a product which can be defined by its numbers. There are numbers which indicate how many years a student has spent under the tutelage of teachers, and others which represent the proportion of his correct answers in an examination. Upon receipt of a diploma the educational product acquires a market value. School attendance in itself thus guarantees inclusion in the membership of disciplined consumers of the technocracy—just as in past times church attendance guaranteed membership in the community of saints". (New York Review of Books Oct 9 1969)

Mr Mgr Illich seems to be saying here that Education has taken over the function of birth in the feudal epoch, or the function of wealth in the capitalist era, that of dividing humanity into possessors and possessed. This thesis can not be dismissed without investigation, nor ignored without cynicism. Any system of education designed to make happy exploiters of us should, perhaps, be called by some other name.

FRUSTRATION

There are people who fully approve of the division into Classes. I have no quarrel with them (here!). But some other Social Institution should be charged with that function. Because I, personally, believe that the fulfilling of this social function militates against "Education (1)".

Whereas the function of a wall is to divide man from man, the function of Education is to serve all men. Can we claim to be an educator if one is at the same time operating a machine for rejecting half the population?

"Strangely, New Zealanders, who argue strongly for the principles of egalitarianism, also support a system which defeats and rejects many of its young. If, indeed, the education system is designed to provide an education for which each individual "is best fitted" it goes about the task in a quaint manner by rejecting, or staying beyond the reach of, more than half the population". (Article by J. Shallcrass in "Prospects in New Zealand Education, Hodder and Stoughton, 1970).

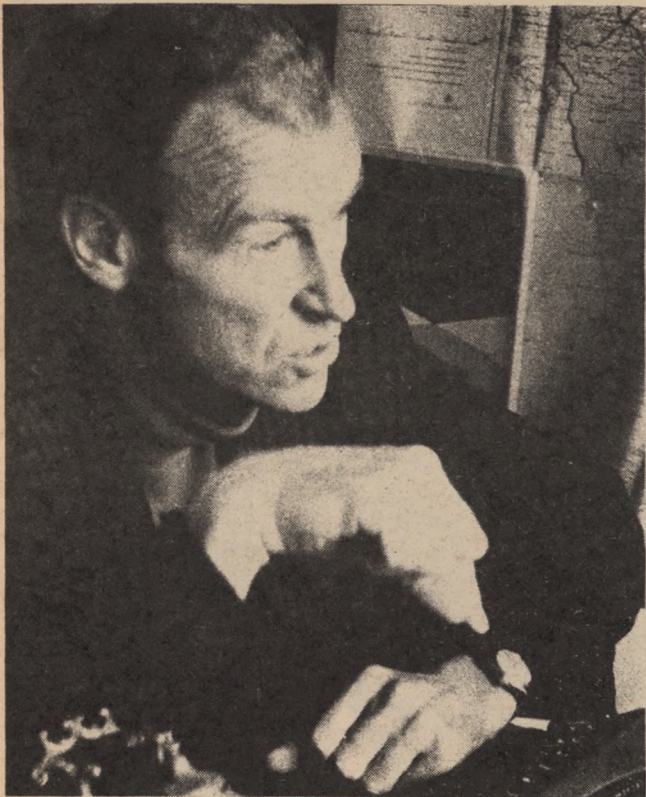
All this just because those of us who want a divided society can not think of a better way to get what they want!

In support of this statement may I quote:

"The University no longer serves as an exclusive club for the children of the ruling class and a few privileged souls co-opted from below. It still retains the old functions: it trains professionals and high functionaries of the traditional type, and, more important, it trains the managerial elite and performs direct and vital services for the corporations and the government" (my italics). C. Lasch & E. Genovese. "The Education & the University we need now". New York Review of Books. 9 Oct 1969)

If the 'real' function of the modern University is not to educate but to sooth to sleep the social conscience, not to sharpen people's awareness of reality but to certify that they belong to the possessing class, then all those who really desire an education are doomed to ever-increasing frustration.

May I again quote: "... prolonged academic training is far from indispensable, even for many highly skilled jobs. A recent study by the sociologist Ivar Berg (Trans-action March '69) suggests that in many cases there is no correlation at all between education and industrial efficiency, and that academic credentials are usually more important in getting jobs than in actually doing them. This helps to explain why so many students, both in the high schools and in the universities, experience education as an arbitrary confinement and as something "irrelevant" not only to the search for truth but even to qualification for honest employment. It also helps to explain why so many students, both in secondary schools and in the universities tend to be concentrated in the humanities and social sciences. In the scientific and technical disciplines, academic training still bears a



discernable relationship to work and is often indispensable to the process of qualification. Students in these fields know that their futures depend upon mastering an exacting discipline.

What many employers value, however, is not academic training itself but the academic degree, and a large number of students, knowing this, naturally gravitate to subjects which, since they are irrelevant to employment in any case, at least have the advantage of being relatively undemanding. The erosion of academic standards in the humanities and social sciences reflects, among other things, the school's attempts to provide job training that is irrational even on its own terms." (Article by Lasch & Genovese, previously quoted).

INTELLIGENT FLEAS

It would seem that it is this widespread feeling of Futility and Irrelevance which lies at the root of the trouble. But I think that there is something else involved as well. It is not merely Irritation and Boredom which lie at the source of Student Unrest, but also the phenomenon we call "alienation". That is the feeling of "not belonging" to the society, the feeling of being unable to "identify" with it. This alienation is very widespread in advanced societies of the type we hope to catch up with very shortly, but even in New Zealand,

IT TAKES 16, 17 OR 20 YEARS TO REACH THE UNIVERSITY FROM PRIMARY SCHOOL, DURING ALL THIS TIME YOU HAVE NO POSSIBILITY TO SEE A VEGETABLE GROW, HOW WORK IS PERFORMED, HOW PEASANTS CULTIVATE THE SOIL, HOW A BUSINESS IS RUN. AT THE SAME TIME YOU RUIN YOUR HEALTH ... AND THE MORE BOOKS YOU READ THE SILLIER YOU BECOME.

MAO

I think, the student has grounds for feeling alienated. It seems to me (speaking as an immigrant) that in New Zealand the basic idea is not so much to "educate" people as to "train" them. This is the distinction Mgr Illich drew between "education" and "schooling". Let me express it thus: In France, for example, the basic idea seems to be that Man is an Intelligent Animal and that if you give him a wide field of knowledge and lots of mental stimulation (education, in a word!) he should be able to perform almost any function to general satisfaction. Whereas the Anglo-Saxon attitude seems to spring from the basic idea that Man is a Complete Idiot. However, as with performing fleas, if you take him and train him for 16 years, 9 months a year, he might just be capable, under strict supervision, of carrying out simple bureaucratic tasks.

In New Zealand the Educational System seems to be geared exclusively to the passing of exams ("the doctrine that education is a product ... which can be defined by numbers ... numbers which represent the proportion of his correct answers in exams") and the whole system seems to resemble a race in which the winner takes all, and in which everyone who is not the winner is a loser. This is due to a confusion between education-as-a-process and exams-as-a-proof. The fact of failure is regarded (it seems to me) as obliterating or nullifying everything that has gone before. A failed candidate is not someone who has been educated but who has failed an exam, but is someone who has failed to achieve an education. The passing of exams appears to be the sole criterion, the student who fails regards himself as a failure, his family is in agony, and society adopts "a damned disinheriting countenance".

Under these circumstances, I feel that the student has grounds for feeling alienated because it must appear to him that his education was merely to train him, to fit him into the slot that society wanted filled. Education must appear to be the means whereby society fills the gaps, it wasn't for him, it wasn't his education. This is the crux of the matter, our system of education gives the impression of being only concerned with training people to fulfil the needs of society, and not at all concerned with helping people to grow, to mature, to blossom, to become more ...

Education is not of the student, by the student (through the teacher) for the student, it is a race, the outcome of which decides who has—and who has not.

ALIENATION

"They (Technical Institutes) are not concerned with education in a broader sense—encompassing the development of the individual intellectually, socially and spiritually ... they are the practical training arm of production in a capitalist economy" (Article by Harrison—whose initial I have mislaid—in "Prospects in N.Z. Education" Hodder & Stoughton, 1970).

But is this true ONLY of Technical Institutes?

There is also a price to be paid for this system.

In a Society founded upon the division into classes and the rejection of the uneducated, what do you expect the uneducated to feel except alienated? And if he feels alienated what do you expect him to do except join a group in which he doesn't feel inferior and rejected? So what have you got now? A whole group which is held together by a common feeling of rejection, inferiority, vulnerability and insecurity. A group which as a whole is regarded by society with the same fishy eye as that which drove each individual member to join the gang! And what can the group do? either accept society's contemptuous evaluation of them or attempt to assert themselves by adhering to other values: sex, toughness, drugs, crime. Anyone wanting a short article explaining the genesis of alienation should get hold of the magnificent article by G.L. Sweet which appeared in the Herald on February 12th 1970 from which I take the following quotations:

"Because school is an alien environment, he becomes aggressive and difficult or sullen and ineducable ... He knows the meaning of the word 'discipline'. It means harsh, repressive, painful and inconsistent physical punishment. It has taught him not to voice an opinion or form an idea ... He is being trained to be a "successful" inmate of a boy's home or Borstal, where he feels very secure ... The world in which most of us live is a closed and alien world to him. It is a world of opulence, cars, appliances, possessions, and high success goals. He has no means to reach these goals, either by education, trade or profession ... So he wanders in a world, already convinced that he is inferior, unwanted, unloved and unacceptable ... (his) problem is far more basic than stealing, promiscuity or aggression. He has no self-respect, he has a very poor or weak self-concept". But if this describes the genesis of alienation among the least-favoured elements of our Society, these same forces are still operative, in a money-oriented society, at the middle level. In an article "Time" Magazine referred to my generation as "the sleaziest in History" and by the types of misdemeanours to which the article referred—shop-lifting, petty-theft, padded expense-accounts, false income-tax returns, perks, cuts, free tickets, and the blonde waiting for you when you come to sign the contract—it was evident that it was the middle class which was referred to. Which leaves us with only the elite in which to believe, and of course we do all believe that these forces cease to operate at the higher echelons, don't we?

Since we have been brought up to respect people exclusively for what they possess ("world of opulence, cars, appliances") and not at all for what they are, or for what services they might perform for the community, what else can be expected on the part of all sections of Society, (except the elite) other than widespread alienation? Even education is money-orientated, "how to qualify for a well-paid job" would be a generally acceptable definition of "education". However in any society divided into privileged and unprivileged it is unwise to propose money as the only goal, for if you do, there are bound to be an awful lot of crooks and revolutionaries among the under-privileged—what else could one expect.

I attribute this situation to long conditioning in NOT asking WHY one does the things one does from never considering the possibility that one is unlikely to function efficiently if one has no idea of why one is doing whatever one is doing, the idea that one is unlikely to reach one's goal if one simply has no idea of where one is going—and when the masters simply can not answer these basic questions what can they do except rely upon Authority?

"Students at both colleges are concerned that insistence on what they regard as arbitrary Gilbertian rules—compulsory attendance and conformist dress—is tending to obscure the real function of a training-college, namely, the formation of a genuine group—participatory environment" & "The authors of the reforms maintain that "the present approach whereby the tutor has almost absolute discretion works from the assumption that tutors know everything while students know nothing" & "the permanent appointment was given to Mr X, whom some students regard as the "chief architect of confusion and boredom in his previous area" (Craccum June 25th 1970) and still nearer home "I largely disagree with what the lecturers say. And I cannot see any point in much of what they teach. But I don't get the chance to explain why I disagree with it and to present my own point of view for consideration. The tutorials are taken up by the tutor's explaining the set lectures on the set texts ... I have two goals. One is to pass the exam. The other is to develop my understanding of the problems the subject is supposed to be about. I feel that this is a case in which I can't kill two birds with one stone" (Letter to Craccum, last year, reference lost).

A fascinating book appeared in late 1970 called "Prospects in New Zealand Education" (Edited by R.J. Bates. Hodder & Stoughton) from which I have gleaned the following gems: "Most Maoris have passed through our schools as failures ... trainees appear to have regarded school as a harsh, inhospitable place, a source of frequent humiliation ... spend their school days in a thick fog of bewilderment and frustration" (article by J. Shallcross—compare to this extract: "In one fifth-grade classroom, a black youngster raised his hand to ask a question. The Principal, visiting for the day, snapped: "Put your dirty hand down and stop bothering the teacher with questions" Time Nov 2nd 1970. Such behaviour is unthinkable in a New Zealand school, but the point I am trying to make is: is it not possible that the American has bluntly expressed what the Kiwi is too cultured to express, but that they both share the same attitude, which could be expressed thus: 'The teacher is paid to teach, therefore a child who is not being taught is "showing the teacher up" therefore the blame must be transferred smartly to the child"?)

"The inadequacies of our educational system (short on staff, facilities, money and imagination)." (Article by N. Harrison)

"What is most noticeable about this sorry saga is not that the wrong decisions have been taken; it is, rather, that no decisions have been taken. There is a very simple reason for this; the structure of educational politics—Governmental and extra-governmental—is one which is nicely calculated for the maximum avoidance of conflict, and therefore, of decision-making" (Article by R. Butterwood) Compare this to: "What is mostly wrong with the public schools is mindlessness—a failure to think seriously about purpose or consequences ... It simply never occurs to more than a handful to ask why they are doing what they are doing" (quoted from "Crisis in the Classroom" by Charles Silberman in review in Time Nov 2nd, 1970)

schooling is education

WE HAVE BUGHT UP TO RESPECT PEOPLESIVELY FOR WHAT THEY DO NOT AT ALL FOR WHAT THAT ELSE CAN BE EXPECTED PART OF ALL SECTIONS OF (EXCEPT THE ELITE) OF THE WIDESPREAD ALIENATION?



"Who does what, and who decides"? This is a basic question established has in everyone avoids or ignores, as though someone had sworn in the Teacher is to sti company. (Article by Harrison Perspectives in N.Z. Education) ming ... The Univ And these are sufficient, I feel, to show that the minor signed to meet tea New Zealand Education does follow the pattern of the major better documented, crises which are occurring overseas.

RELEVANT SOLUTIONS

And yet, in a broad sense, the solutions lie close to hand:

"We can't get rid of them, especially the little ones" said Headmaster Mr V.E. Hill "They'd sit here and read all night if we them". What makes reading so popular at Richmond Road, English is a foreign language to 87% of the pupils is an unconventional reading programme in which the primary aim is to make it enjoyable" (Herald August 11th 1970).

The New Zealand authoress, Sylvia Ashton Warner has pointed that if you teach what is important, teaching becomes easy, no importance of "knife" and "ghost" to her Maori pupils who bored by the "cat on mat" textbooks. The extreme example comes from overseas:

"The Brazilian teacher Paulo Freire ... discovered that any can begin to read in a matter of 40 hours if the first words deciphered are charged with political meaning. Freire trains his to move into a village and to discover the words which describe current important issues, such as the access to a well, or compound interest on the debts owed to the patron. In the evening the villagers meet for the discussion of these key words. They realise that each word stays on the blackboard even after its sound faded. The letters continue to unlock reality and to make manageable as a problem. I have frequently witnessed how discussion (sic) grow in social awareness and how they are impelled to political action as fast as they learn how to read ... My friend since 1962 has moved from exile to exile, mainly because he refused to conduct his sessions around words which are preselected approved educators, rather than those which his discussants bring to the class "Mgr Ivan Illich. Why we must abolish Schooling" New Review of Books July 2nd 1970). The implications of why he can't read are really frightening if one broods on all the implications concealed in that passage.

Similarly the critic Serge Doubrovsky has seriously put forward theory in "Pourquoi la Nouvelle Critique" (Mercure de France), that the real role of the University Lecturer in Literature is to deconstruct the texts, to render them scientific, fragmented and above all to least the student should be awakened upon contact with Literature you find that far-fetched meditate upon the fact that the Sacred Texts of the French Educational System, probably the most centralised in the World, were severely mutilated before they reached the Class-rooms of the colonies and that the Age of Enlightenment and the Sacred Principles of the French Revolution remain a mystery to the Vietnamese until they were able to read the Chinese Translations, unbowed, in the Thirties.

reiterate, some of even into the fabric of the complex. I hope I can see, they may be a people. Primarily aggressive education generally connects the child.

"It is opposed to traditional liberal education, science, in the knowledge, a pattern of the child was a "Oh! "Experiments. Under the practicalities of life recognition of the created upon fostering condensed for Craccum here, too, the extreme less than four years technical training I to be changed studies, the courses, teaching methods etc. inction, those who are the possessors of intellectuals, take care yourselves, read be the Elite of Tor takes 16, 17 or 20 school, during all this time, how work is performed is run. At the re books you read



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CLOSE AT HAND

reiterate, some of the solutions lie close to hand: "The theories
ven into the fabric of progressive education are numerous and
nplex. I hope I do not misrepresent them by saying that, in
nce, they may be described as a methodology—a way of educating
ple. Primarily associated with the teaching of the very young,
gressive education tries to find incentives for learning, and
erally connects the process of learning with the manual activities
the child.

"It is opposed to the almost purely linguistic culture of the
ditional liberal education. Interestingly enough, its proponents saw
science, in the methods used by science to acquire and test
nowledge, a pattern by which all knowledge could be acquired and
ted. The child was to learn from his environment by a series of
uctions"—Oh! "Emile!"—much as the scientist learns from his
periments. Understanding and knowledge were to be tested against
practicalities of life. A strong component in progressive education
ecognition of the creativity of the individual, and much emphasis is
ced upon fostering this creativity" (Article by Professor Titchener,
densed for Craccum, 18th June 1970).

Here, too, the extreme example comes from overseas: "It has taken
less than four years of discussions on the principles of scientific
technical training before agreement could be reached... What
to be changed in the old system? Everything: structures,
tudes, the courses, the relationship between teacher and student,
ching methods etc... "The old type of intellectual is doomed to
inction, those whom the rulers of old addressed in these terms:
ou are the possessors of learning, the Future of the Nation, behave
intellectuals, take your time, create ideal conditions for study,
ate yourselves, read whatever interests you... Prepare yourselves
be the Elite of Tomorrow"... In 1965 Mao Tse Tung declared:
akes 16, 17 or 20 years to reach the University from Primary
ool, during all this time you have no possibility to see a vegetable
w, how work is performed, how peasants cultivate the soil, how a
iness is run. At the same time you ruin your health... and the
ere books you read the sillier you become" "The radical reform
established has inserted the University into Society... The Role
ad sworn in the Teacher is to stimulate the intelligence, not to stuff heads with
Education) ming... The Universities run and direct their factory or farm,
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their knowledge and carry out research and divide their time between
the workshop, the laboratory and the classroom" (Le Monde, 1st-7th
October 1970, article by Alain Bouc).

However this vast reform turns out, the Mandarins can not
complain, they have had a long, long innings. Try to date the
following quotation:

"The formation of a class of men, the depositories of the elements
of the sciences or processes of the arts, of the mysteries or ceremonies
of religion, of the practices of superstition and frequently consulted
for the secrets of legislation and policy. I refer to the separation of
the Human Race into two parts; the one destined to teach, the other
to believe; the one proudly concealing what it vainly boasts of
knowing, the other receiving with respect whatever its teachers shall
condescend to reveal..." Well? Mao Tse Tung? Marx? No, it is from
"The Progress of the Human Mind, written by Condorcet in... 1793!
And no less than one hundred and eighty-seven years later we arrive at
this: "Many students, especially those who are poor, intuitively know
what the schools do for them. They school them to confuse process
and substance. Once these become blurred, a new logic is assumed:
the more treatment there is the better are the results; or, escalation
leads to success. The pupils is thereby "schooled" to confuse teaching
with learning, grade advancement with education, a diploma with
competence and fluency with the ability to say something new. His
imagination is "schooled" to accept service in place of value. Medical
treatment is mistaken for health care, social work for the
improvement of community life, police protection for safety, military
poise for national security, the rat race for productive work... Not
only education, but social reality itself has become "schooled"...

"The poor have always been socially powerless. The increasing
reliance on institutional care adds a new dimension to their
helplessness: psychological impotence, the inability to fend for
themselves.

UNCARED FOR

This modernization of poverty is a world-wide phenomenon... it
is probably most intensely felt in U.S. cities. Nowhere else is poverty
treated at greater cost. Nowhere else does the treatment of poverty
produce so much dependance, anger, frustration and further demands.
And nowhere else should it be so evident that poverty—once it has
become modernised—has become resistant to treatment with dollars
alone and requires an institutional revolution... Universal schooling
was meant to detach role assignment from personal life history: it was
meant to give everybody an equal chance to any office... However
instead of equalising chances, the school system has monopolised
their distribution" (Mgr Ivan Illich, "Why we must abolish Schooling"
N-Y Review of Books, July 2nd, 1970).

This is how Education appears to a Sociologist, how does it appear
to a disenchanted Academic?

If official society does not trouble itself for the opinion of
academics, it is simply because the opinions are not there in the first
place. Academic societies do not enter public debate. No one expects
them to. They are politically irrelevant, and so everybody—official
leaders, the press, the public—treats them as irrelevant. What academic
societies do and say is—academic!

It is this public irrelevance, this esoteric professionalism of
scholarship in the humanities and the social sciences that makes it so
very difficult to take seriously (squabbles) between "Technicians"
and "Humanists". For is not the scholar's lack of moral
responsiveness really equivalent to the technicians' lack of moral
discrimination?...

"What are the imperatives our students would find inscribed upon
their teacher's lives? "Secure the grant!" "Update the bibliography!"
"Publish or perish!" The academic life may be busy and anxious, but
it is the business and anxiety of careerist competition that fill it, not
that of a dangerous venture... The American warfare state has had
no greater difficulty finding academic hirelings for any project—bar
none—than its totalitarian opposite numbers... A full listing of such
activities—including the prestigious employment academics have
sought at military think-tanks like the Rand Corporation—could go on
for dozens of pages. And it would have to include the governments'
use of scholarly 'names' like Arthur Schlesinger Jr for the purpose of
authoring cover stories secretly devised for the most cynical and
unworthy purposes... so that the multiversity progressively becomes
to resemble nothing so much as the highly-refined, all-purpose brothel
Jean Genet describes in his play "The Balcony" (Professor T.
Rozak, "The Dissenting Academy" Penguin 1969).

But an "Education"—or "schooling"—which is so blatantly
irrelevant is the phenomenon of alienation made manifest. When one's
Education is sundered from reality, divorced from the acquisition of
competence, despised by others and recognised as futile by one's self,
then you have the alienated student in the pure state!

"What constitutes the alienation of schooling? First, that the study
is external to the student, that it is not part of his nature; and that,
consequently he does not fulfil himself in his work, but denies
himself, has a feeling of misery rather than well-being, does not
develop freely his mental and physical energies, but is physically
exhausted and mentally debased. The student, therefore, feels himself
at home only during his leisure time, whereas during studies he feels
homeless. His work is not voluntarily chosen but imposed, forced
labour! It is not satisfaction of a need, but only a means for satisfying
other needs. Its alien character is clearly shown by the fact that as
soon as there is no physical or other compulsion it is avoided like the
plague... We arrive at the result that the student feels himself to be
freely active only in his animal function—eating, drinking and
procreating, or at the most also in his dwelling and in personal
adornment—while in his human functions he is reduced to an animal.
The animal becomes human and the human animal!"

In the above text I have substituted the word "studies" or
"schooling" for "labour" and "work" and "student" for "worker",
the text is the definition of alienation by Karl Marx in the "Early
writings" quoted by Shlomo Avineri "The Social & Political Thought
of Karl Marx" Cambridge University Press 1969.

After this interminable catalogue of the functions, difficulties and
shortcomings of the Educational System the reader may feel that
reforms must be just around the corner. With regret I must point out
that while the Student Risings in Europe in 1968 can be compared in
their ubiquity and intensity to the Revolts of 1848, neither in 1848
nor in 1968 were the Revolutions successful. This crazy mandarin
has a function to perform which is so important that its continued
existence is guaranteed for many years to come. Education, as I have
endeavoured to demonstrate, divides Society into two, and this is a
function, essential to this society, and which only Education can
perform, in this otherwise egalitarian country. The following
quotation should make this quite clear:

CLIMAX

"In the phase of transition from capitalism to communism, the
success of the proletariat or, on the contrary, the resurgence of a



bourgeoisie, depends upon the control by one or the other of these
classes, of the technical organisation of production and of
technical-scientific development.

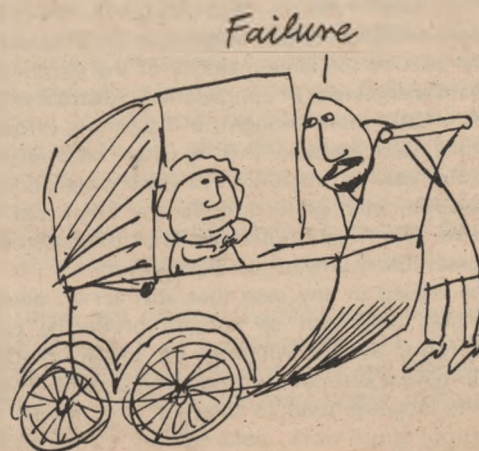
First of all, by the bourgeois division of labour, the bourgeoisie
assures for itself the proprietorship of technology, of intellectual
work and it prevents the working class and the masses from taking
possession of them. This is implemented by the limitation of the
number of technical schools and Universities but above all by
reducing manual labour to a simple carrying-out of actions thereby
preventing inter-reaction between manual and intellectual work...
The proletarian revolution must therefore, on the one hand, overcome
the restraints imposed by the bourgeoisie upon the technical-scientific
education of the working masses (all socialist revolutions have
immediately vastly expanded the educational sector) but it must also,
on the other hand, overcome the bourgeois division of labour which
represses the creative energies of the working class and prevents the
whole people, by taking possession of Science and Technology, from
participating in the development of the forces of production.

The bourgeoisie imposes its division of labour because this is one of
the two fundamental sources of its privileges (the other being the
private possession of the means of production). The minority which
possesses technical competence can arrogate to itself certain privileges
without which it will refuse to work efficiently, the consequences of
this attitude will have repercussions on the entire production of social
wealth. Even if it is deprived of the ownership of the means of
production, the bourgeoisie can maintain its privileges by maintaining
its division of labour, that is by remaining master of technology. The
bourgeois division of labour and its privileges are therefore linked"
(Marco Maccio "Party, Technicians & Working Class in the Chinese
Revolution" Temps Modernes, August-September 1970).

When the students at Pekin University began their Cultural
Revolution Mao Tse Tung sent them a telegram. "I assure you of my
enthusiastic support". When the Students of Paris University began
their Cultural Revolution De Gaulle sent them the Riot Police and so
did every other Western Leader. This being so it would be ridiculous
for the reader to expect from me any concrete suggestions towards

ANY ADULT CAN BEGIN TO READ IN A
MATTER OF 40 HOURS IF THE FIRST
WORDS HE DECIPHERS ARE CHARGED
WITH POLITICAL MEANING
THEY ARE NOT CONCERNED WITH
EDUCATION IN A BROADER
SENSE—ENCOMPASSING THE
DEVELOPMENT OF THE INDIVIDUAL
INTELLECTUALLY, SOCIALLY AND
SPIRITUALLY... THEY ARE THE
PRACTICAL TRAINING ARM OF
PRODUCTION IN A CAPITALIST
ECONOMY

the changing and amelioration of the Educational System. This Pope
has no divisions! And yet I would like to end upon a note of hope.
Recognise only that what Teilhard de Chardin calls "encephalisation"
is a Historical Process. The Ancient Regime confined Power, Privilege
and Education for Power and Privilege to approximately 3% of the
population. Very small quantity of educated grey matter! Revolutionary
France gave Power and Privilege and Education (higher) to perhaps 30% and with the extra grey matter available ruled
all Europe for a quarter of a century and irrevocably started the
modernisation of Europe. The New Societies in the East appear to
educate everyone, if this is so then 1968 was the long-term suicide of
Europe, a clear case of "planned obsolescence"! We face the
Toynbee choice of fossilisation or mutation—obsolescence or violent
change—unless we are intelligent enough to emulate the Scandinavians
and embark upon an open ended process of negotiated reform.



fate of privilege



TEN BIG PAINTINGS/CITY ART GALLERY

It is very easy to fall down on the idea behind the Gallery's exhibition of ten big paintings. From almost every point of view—sociological, cultural, economical—it is artificial. So are parties and certain kinds of respiration, so the word needn't imply lack of meaning or lack of success, although it often does. In this case we are faced with a state of suspended reality in which a number of artists are stimulated (artificially) and asked to do something which, in the main, is outside their normal run of activity. I fail to see anything inherently wrong in this, especially when one considers that most significant art has been produced under very similar circumstances, with perhaps even greater direction, and, consequently more restriction. The only difference is that here, the 'positive patronage' comes to an end when the exhibition closes and the possibility that the pictures will then become simply another herd of white elephants cluttering up the gallery's depots is quite distinct. In other words, the reason for producing them, the reason for their existence is rather transitory, or at least can be seen as such.

That the Gallery should do this, I see as being a valid move, totally within the prevailing cultural system. The problem is whether or not you are prepared to accept the system. Art and patronage seem to be fairly co-requisite, to use a familiar term, and since the church isn't buying much today and all but nature's aristocrats have vanished, it doesn't leave much of an outlet for the artist except the galleries. The circuit today tends to be—studio/dealer/gallery/museum, and this appears a little cheap and nasty when put so bluntly, but I don't think it is necessarily so. It is always open to abuse, and no doubt frequently is abused, but in this, the onus lies with the individual artist. Provided his heart is in the left place, there is no reason to predict the proximity of doom.

In Gordon Clifton's review in *Craccum*, March 4 he gave the very strong impression that something was rotten somewhere, and that artists were producing for this system rather than for the world at large. I tend to disagree with this, because although it may be true that artists do produce for the system, it isn't the small coterie of initiates which he seems to think it is, at least not in theory. In fact, it's wide open—provided you can afford to join. The price is a little effort in going out to meet the artist, but the fact that the art world does appear to consist of a relatively small group of addicts indicates how rarely people are prepared to do this.

The further implication of his remarks is that this lack of communication between artist and public is caused, in part at least, by the tendency towards abstraction and that if artists would be a bit more to the point then the system might break down because the source of patronage would become more broadly based. The alternative to abstraction, presumably, is some kind of realism—after that produced in Classical Greece and Rome, and in Europe between about 1400 and 1900—which the majority feel that they can understand quite readily. In my experience, this ready understanding has always proved a false hope. The best art never has been for the 'people' in more than the most oblique way and unless there is a radical change in human-kind, no doubt it will continue in this vein. One has only to consider Petrarch's remark about a Madonna he owned, painted by Giotto, the great initiator of European realism, that he doubted whether the people meaning in the purest sense of the word, 'peasants' would appreciate it, to realise that appreciation is closely related to a person's total awareness. Boccaccio was considered to be a sorcerer by the people of his village because he read and studied the classics in order to widen his own experience and vision.

The reasons for this lack of understanding hardly apply today, but the gap between the artist and the public is as great as, or greater than it has ever been. I consider that the fault lies with the public rather than the art, simply because the average response to a work of art is quite emotive. To see is to understand.

Not true, and never has been. There is work to be done, even with the most realistic (and therefore the most apparently easily understood) painting, and it is the failure to do this on the part of the large majority of the public that leads to a certain shallowness of appreciation. Abstract art, in general, needs a little more thought, a little more effort, a little more time, but because this is often necessary, it shouldn't be dismissed in frustration as yet another kind of esoteric hieroglyph, intelligible only to the artist and his immediate circle. The Huge Confidence Trick of Modern Art is one of the great folk myths of the 20th century.

It might be argued in any case that abstract art doesn't exist, if by that we mean an activity producing pure, unadulterated form, because whatever the image or object created, it will have a distinct anthropocentric basis. This is reflected in the language used to interpret and discuss the creations—vigorous brush-work, bold colours, strong shapes

The Big Ten are resuscitated McCahon and Driver saved



Ritchie . . . dreams of conception

—Alan Kolnik

etc. etc. Nothing that we give life to can have these qualities inherently. We project the ideas into them. A colour, for example, is only harsh in as much as we have experienced harshness, perhaps at the hand of another human being, and in as much as the sensation produced by that experience is akin to what happens to us when we look at a patch of paint. Abstract art could be seen then as a kind of Super-Realism which deals with essential experiences rather than with objectively observed fact.

However, this is extending into an area which needs wider discussion than is possible here. The point, if I can find my way back to it, is **Ten Big Paintings**.

Whether you accept the system, or reject it, this exhibition that was produced by it exists, is there, and its success or failure depends on the paintings in it.

It is impossible, I think to establish an ultimate criterion for success in a large painting, because any such definition will inevitably need to be widened to embrace each successful work that has discovered another set of laws. Nonetheless, this exhibition has pointed quite clearly to two pitfalls which lie in wait for the artist if he attempts to work on a scale comparable to the paintings in question.

It is often the case that two strokes of the brush can produce the most exquisite piece of painting, if the artist is working on a canvas three feet by four. Expand this image to fifteen feet by twenty and he will have to work five times as hard to produce the same effect. Often, unless the whole concept is altered, he is left with nothing more than a vacuous remark, because the image is unable to generate enough force to maintain itself on that scale. The preciousity evaporates.

In a similar way an artist working on several medium sized panels—having the intention of gathering them together in

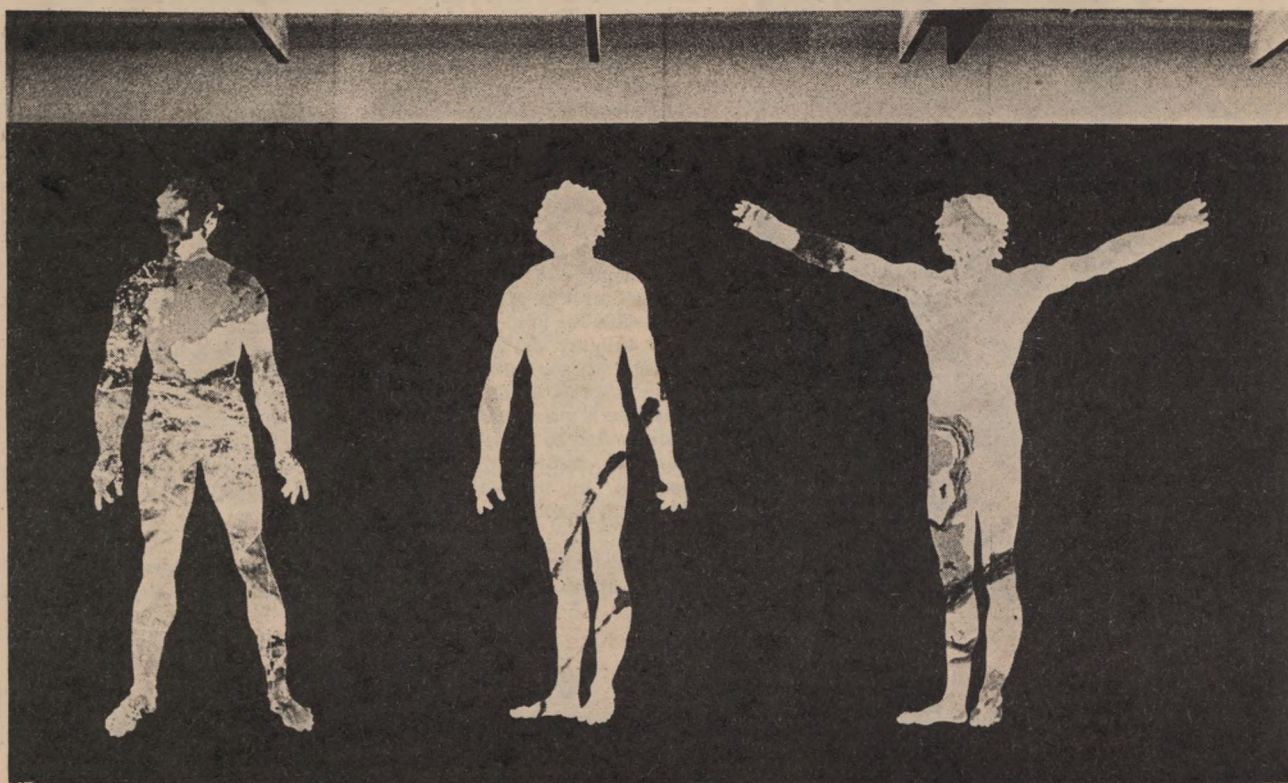
one large picture—must work hard to make certain that the final assemblage is more than just a physical fact.

These are the two holes, and with the exceptions of McCahon and Driver all of the artists represented fell into one or other of them.

They appear to divide quite evenly. The Ritchie, Hanly, Sing Tai and Ellis tending towards a certain vacancy, and the Eaton, Mrkusich, Peebles and Hotere appearing somewhat piecemeal.

To begin with the former group. **Ross Ritchie's** painting had a clear impact which tended to lose its force as one became more familiar with it. A little disturbing was the feeling of eclecticism which the picture projected. There seems to be a strong relationship here between **Inch** and the work of Neil Dougan, on show recently at Barry Lett's Gallery. Perhaps also there is a bit of the magical Alan Davie and certainly the technique is reminiscent of Bernard Cohen. However all of that notwithstanding, the painting failed mainly because these few delicate motifs, floating in a large yellow field, called for a precision in deciding on their relationships and final locations which was not always apparent. Some parts carried less conviction than others, particularly the two pink regions to the right of centre, which were dull as shapes and didn't work as areas of paint. This is a case where the idea would probably have worked more readily on a smaller scale.

The **Hanly** suggested, behind a black screen pierced by three images of Man, a gathering of elemental forces, and perhaps the hope that at some time they might coalesce in the form of the perfect vitruvian man. Thereafter, he would know whither he was going. The idea (if that was it) remained disappointingly unresolved. There seemed to be a hesitation in the production of the final image. Some of the



Hanly . . . 'enough canvas for four kayaks after the exhibition'

—Alan Kolnik

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Seaman's '71 Proms a modest success



TWO OF THE PROMS

I attended only two of the four proms concerts. Therefore I cannot claim a comprehensive coverage of them. The concerts I attended were both with the piano soloist, Andrew Tchaikovsky, and the English conductor, Christopher Seaman.

The Thursday night programme was fairly satisfying as a proms programme, balancing a strong, brilliant first half from Mozart and Schubert with a more promsian selection from English composers in the second half.

Shubert's Third Symphony bore the impress of Seaman's style and disposition. It was a beautifully controlled rendering tending towards the patterned elegance of the *classical* world-sense—a careful balance of vivacity passion and intellectual control. Though the symphony is one of innumerable works composed during the transition in sensibility from the neo-classicism of the ancien regime to the burgeoning and solipsistic emotionality of the romantic *temper*, it is still very poised and delicate in an 18th century manner; its passion growing out of lyrical intensity rather than gigantic tonal drama. There was a definite rapport between Seaman's temper of conducting and the content of the work, which fact made for a non-strenuous and very satisfying performance. Wherever the melodic structure devolved upon the woodwind, the colouring they provided and the quality of their playing was particularly fine.

Andre Tchaikovsky presented us with a richly textured piano solo in the **Mozart Concerto**. For me, Mozart moved in an uninterrupted yet perfectly moulded impulse of sound. The rich lyricism of Tchaikovsky's playing gave beautiful expression to this torrent of sound. But, while he reached the essence of this musically, I felt he did not apprehend its style. By style I mean the peculiarities of any expression—language—peculiarities that it appropriates to itself from the totality of the world-feeling in which it achieves its form. Temperamentally Tchaikovsky is far from the style of Mozart. Indeed, it is difficult for any of us, in the post-enlightenment world, to apprehend the style of so alien a sensibility: so I must confess to aesthetic hair-splitting and concede the pianist a damned good performance amply co-operated in by the orchestra.

The second half of this programme, I found hard to swallow. It seemed that there was too much Englishness at once. The English conductor, with three English works comprised a formidable phalanx of English moods and humours. However, within this overall British sound scheme, there was no lack in variety of idiom.

Butterworth's "Shropshire Lad" is the most languorous English melancholy. The orchestra aptly brought forth its long planar string melodies—melodies struggling to achieve form from out of the musical inchoate. So interminable and primordial were the themes that they were a kind of melodic evolution, from its point of inception. The whole impressed me as being redolent of *fin de siècle* romanticism with its impotent aesthetes and its cult of the beautiful. It is a hesitant and nostalgic sensibility that looks out on a world crumbling into ruin—a sensibility lacking in force, but not without an almost dinosaur-like pulse—slow and doomed. Any ethnicity of tune is assimilated in this end-vision.

Elgar's "Wand of Youth" suite is a huge good nature, but it does not soar. For me, in this piece, his sense of the dramatic is aborted. I find myself experiencing him as a sound progressing from nowhere to nowhere. It is difficult to discover this work as a totality. Some organic agent is not fermenting. Even the rudimentary unity implicit in the suite-concept does not impress me by its presence in this work. I do not think it is the fault of the performance. However, I have often found Elgar unappealing, so do not

Interestingly enough, Driver's picture was the only in the exhibition where the panels were not of uniform size, and where the physical variation corresponded to a variation in the image.

It can be argued, of course, that the idea isn't so marvellous, and certainly the tension created between surface and depth is probably as old as painting, but within the limitations the picture works very well, and it works on a big scale, which was after all the artists brief.

In conclusion, I think this exhibition was successful because it produced two significant paintings, but its value goes further than that. By placing these artists in this particular situation, probably an impossible one for most of them under normal circumstances, had it done nothing else, it would, and no doubt has, extended the vision of each of them. For some it may have suggested limitations, for others, perhaps, new directions. In either case a positive gain. I would hazard the guess that if these same ten painters were invited to exhibit again next year, the result would be ten times as good.

DAVID MACMILLAN

take me too seriously.

The **Berlioz March** had plenty of romantic bizzarerie, but like Napoleon III's empire, it never really left the ground. It succeeded in terms of sheer noise, and left me with a feeling of something inconsequential, undirected, yet vigorous.

I felt the latter half of this programme should have been tightened up with some piece that is more of a testicle-tightener—say a Beethoven Overture. I wonder whether it is a myth, that to initiate people into *serious* music, you play them the *easy* pieces first. Frankly, the Berlioz was a bore. A good blow in the solar plexus from Beethoven is much more convincing than the all-too-often bathetic *easy* music.

The final proms concert opened with some gargantuan humour from New Zealander, Larry Pruden. It was a kind of burlesque tone portrayal of Wellington in the 30's reminiscent of the words of Henry Miller concerning the condition of the megalopolitan wanderer.

"It means above all a dream of harmony of irrelevant facts which gives to your wanderings a metaphysical certitude."

The orchestra did not quite capture the burlesque **Odyssey**, but it did play it well and humourously. **Beethoven's Second Symphony** came as a beautiful piece of posed passion to offset the Pruden. Seamen was very much at one with this work which seems to lie very close to his own sense of style. The work is without the pathos and large drama of the bigger symphonies. It is a work to be played perfectly rather than dramatically. The conductor and orchestra captured its repose with precision, good positive string playing and good blending of all orchestral elements.

Webern's Variations for Orchestra were particles of sound suspended in light devised and performed with great delicacy and beauty of effect. Webern is devising in an acoustical realm, rather than forgoing out of a world of necessity, of directed historical drama. Webern moves in the realm of physics as fact, as acoustical effect. This sensitive soul faced with the atrophy of any disposition to belief, is left in the realm of pure intellect, and must create a kind of art without content. The alienation of the lonely intelligence confronting gigantic mechanistic forces is here in this music. The contemplative being is driven inward to confront the void, and, in this case, declares itself finally to itself in brittle portrayals in an atonal world—a world in which forward volition has died from the sound as surely as the pith has died from belief.

I do not think that the conductor quite succeeded in capturing the extremity of this world that Webern moved in. He could remould its delicacy, but not its harshness.

Wagner's Siegfried Idyll shows that Thor's hammer is still capable of delivering some feather-light strokes. A lyrical grace has softened the force of Wagner's latter-day Teutonicism. Nonetheless, the tone world he creates is unmistakably evocative of a Nordic *world-feeling*. The very subdued brass, bouncing notes from crag to crag; the slightly exultant yet subdued string songs, all bear witness of a great force held in check, of intimations of some gigantic destiny. Once again the orchestra's rendering was good, though I found myself expecting a more lavish string texture than was coaxed from them by Seaman.

Rachmaninov's "Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini" enabled Andre Tchaikovsky to display his full histrionic sense. The performance was particularly successful considering the widely differing temperaments of conductor and soloist. They made an excellent team, fitting the jigsaw score of the work into a total scheme so well that at times the performance really took fire, becoming a molten whole as piano and orchestra coalesced in gigantic yet intricately structured crescendos. Piano and orchestra easily navigated their way through the fascinating metamorphoses of the Paganini theme taking all the variety of tempo and mood in their stride.

Neither encore was strictly to my liking. The **Chopin Nocturne** lacked that final edge of refined passion and penetration which Lorca terms the *duende* and says "*it has to be raised in the very cells of the blood. All one knows is that it burns the blood like powdered glass, that it exhausts. That it rejects all the sweet geometry one has learned, that it breaks with all styles, that it compels Goya, masters of greys, silvers . . . to paint with his knees and with his fists, horrible bitumen blacks.*" In both the Chopin and the Debussy the pianist did not move this close to the edge of the wound. He gave us a fairly massive and cathartic rendering of the Nocturne lacking neither depth nor beauty. Of the Debussy it could be said, he captured its song, but not its *duende*.

If these two concerts typified the Proms season, then I should describe it as a good season. The playing was good, the programmes basically sound and well balanced, especially in the light of some of the more dreary and bathetic proms programmes of the past.

DENYS TRUSSELL

underpainting suggested that the central figure was originally placed further to the left, and a change of plan at that stage in the painting indicates that perhaps the idea had not fully matured. This remains to be verified or contradicted, but nonetheless, I left the painting feeling that something was missing, especially after having seen Hanly's molecular thing work so beautifully on a smaller scale.

The **Wong Sing Tai** was a more straightforward case of an earlier image enlarged, and I felt very strongly that the size of the image bore no relationship to the canvas it was painted on. To the left and right were large areas of dead weight. The colour relationships seemed to be rather random, and the technique was hardly adequate for this particular thing. Hamish Keith was certainly right to point to the difference between this and the works on perspex which say it with greater succinctness. It's always dangerous to repaint the picture, but the whole thing might have worked better as a large shaped canvas.

In contrast to Sing Tai, it would be hard to fault **Bob Ellis'** technique. Probably of all the artists exhibiting he was the greatest control over the medium. But this can be almost as much of a liability as an asset. It's very easy to be carried away by virtuoso handling, and forget what lies behind it—the reason why. In the case of **Journey**, despite some very handsome passages of painting, I felt that the idea didn't have the authority to justify the execution on this scale.

Of the other group, the **Peebles** was the most disappointing, the most elusive. After chasing it around the gallery several times, I failed to catch anything, and Mr Clifton's remark remains singularly apt.

Michael Eaton's Untitled read like an anthology of ideas about the triangle, presented very professionally, although the technique is fast becoming a cliché. It was a fizzle that might have worked in an extended form and hung all around a small room to form a never-ending statement, but in its present condition (a series of abruptly separated remarks) and location it failed to exist as a whole unit—as a big painting.

Ralph Hotere's work gave a similar impression. But apart from the discreteness of the four panels I had the sensation that the various 'layers' of the painting, the circles, the several-toned blue field, and the darker triangles, were quite separate and worked against each other, rather than in union.

Mrkusich's Untitled I was quite unable to read as a complete unit, and there is no doubt that the three divisions caused by the nature of the panels is very disturbing. It took a long time to grasp such simple relationships as the four dark areas at the extreme corners, and this because it is so difficult to read as a total effect. Perhaps the problem lies in the fact that the central fields, with their delicately spreading colours and suggestions of the infinite, are so rudely interrupted by the physical, and very definite divisions of the canvasses, and are uncomfortably restricted by the heavy bands at top and bottom. The edges of the canvasses also indicate changes in colour and tone which seem to contradict rather than complement each other. It is possible that a satisfying tension might be created using similar ideas, but here there is the sense of imbalance which grates.

Gate III is certainly a major work as Hamish Keith suggests. But if you expect to see this major work executed with painterly virtuosity, you're going to be disappointed. It appears that **McCahon** has deliberately rejected any kind of quality in the painting in favour of a procedure where it is used in an almost uninteresting fashion, the idea being all important. Nonetheless, it has a fascination and a drawing power which completely transcends the means of execution. Clearly the medium is not the message. What exactly that message is, is another problem. It's about the land and about man, about night and day, and about religion in the unorthodox sense that Hamish Keith suggests, and as such has the universality of a Rembrandt. But still it is the most personal and idiosyncratic statement in the entire exhibition and I must confess that although it is easy to acknowledge the strength, it is not quite so easy to put the finger exactly on the source.

In a completely different vein is **Don Driver's Five Part Work**, which is the only other painting in the exhibition to achieve a presence similar to the McCahon. It is more than simply a painting. It is becoming an environment, and as such the scale and the idea are perfectly consonant.

The impact of the painting lies in the subtle use of conventional ideas about perspective combined with, and partly negated by, conventional ideas about the effects of certain colours on the retina. The result is pleasantly perplexing because these constant contradictions of drawing and colour are held in an exquisite balance. Yet we are still forced to engage in a kind of mental juggling and to make critical movements of the body, and the tension generated is satisfying because it increases our awareness of the extents and limitations of ourselves, and enhances our environment.



I am i' th' way to study a long silence

Following are excerpts from an hour-long press conference held for Menuhin while he was in Vancouver:

YM: When I speak of contemporary music, it's not the same as when my son speaks of contemporary music. There's the generation gap. I realise that I cannot now pretend that when I'm playing Bartok, I'm playing contemporary music, or even Schoenberg. I can't pretend that I'm riding the last crest. I don't in fact know what the last crest is. It's in the airplane that I do most of my contemporary reading, and there's this young English pianist who's the last word in rock, pop, or jazz, whatever you call it. You must know his name. . . . he jumps on the piano.

MQ: Elton John?

YM: That's right. He seems rather wonderful and exciting. I can't wait to hear him. He studied at the Royal Academy, and then decided that music for him was to be something more spontaneous. I think that's all very healthy. Once you have your basis, the discipline of your studies in music or any other subject, and then to escape them and be free and improvise and create your own world, I think it's a wonderful thing. Nor do you have to have the basic disciplines necessarily. Children improvise at games. I'd like to see them do much more spontaneous music in the schools at an early age—even making their own instruments and creating their own melodies and dances. But things still have to be formalized somewhere along the line, before, after, or during. I think that's what we're seeing taking place now with people like Elton John.

MQ: Are there any contemporary composers you're particularly interested in?

YM: Penderecki and Lutoslawski . . . I did Postlude by Lutoslawski last year in New York. Then there's Blackwood, the American composer, sort of modified twelve-tone, and Ben-Haim the Israeli. I'm still primitive enough to want my music not be absolutely abstract. I like it still to move me, to move an audience.



Yehudi Menuhin

YM: We're overwhelmed today with background music. There's too much of it. It's kind of a background noise which absorbs too much of our consciousness. Just as a painting has to be appreciated on a canvas which has no other painting, so music has to grow out of silence. And there's not enough silence, not enough clarity, clean spaces of no noise, and privacy.

If you give an audience a really live performance which they don't often get (it depends a great deal on the quality of performance), if you hear a Beethoven symphony and feel it as you might for the first time and not simply repeating yourself. . . . you see, what an audience wants is an experience, a living experience and that's why the living concert will always exist, because the moment of creation, the moment the artist gets on stage and actually MAKES that performance is an entirely different impression than turning the record on and knowing that it's there. One might even say that the interest in live performances will come more and more. We are treated more and more as numbers, whether it's by the Office of Tax Collectors or the Police Department, we are not treated any longer as individuals, but as categories. More and more we are herded and we get our bills through computers and so forth. Therefore, the need for live contact, to be reassured that life is something that pulsates, that communicates between human beings is more than ever necessary. People are really starved for it. That's why the young people are going off to live in communes, why they are establishing their own set of values, which are in many cases not only legitimate, but very very important and valid.

Nothing in my life has basically changed. The extraordinary thing is that I can look back on, and find in my early years the seed of everything that interests me today. I mean, I love nature, as probably everybody does, but I remember what it meant to me from time to time when our family in San Francisco would go out to visit some people in the country who had a chicken farm. In the morning, one of my moments of really ecstatic joy was to hear the rooster crow. I thought it was one of the most wonderful sounds in the world. You can still hear in Buenos Aires today, where they have roosters and hens on rooftops in the centre of town. I wish more chickens and human beings would live in the centre of New York instead of abandoning these office buildings at night and having these vast empty spaces, and then forcing the people out to face traffic and waste their time in suburban driving. It would be much better to cut down on the number of cars and enable people to live in the centre of town and have some quiet and the advantages of the centre of town. Centres of towns are dying now because people aren't living next to their theatres, their libraries, but are driven out and the town is taken over by anonymous office buildings which remain empty and rather terrifying at night.

MQ: Are you dissatisfied with the methods being used to teach music today?

YM: It's not the methods I'm not satisfied with. It's the teachers. People talk a lot about methods as they talk about "ism's". What really makes a difference is what their values are, what kind of people they are, whether they respect life. And the same thing with methods. Obviously certain methods are better than others in certain ways. I mustn't give you the impression that there's no difference in methods. There are differences, but, they're even more important, —the teachers—even more important than the method. The most important thing to remember in teaching a child, or anybody, is that one isn't trying to impose something on the student. I think one should let the student find out himself, and find the easiest way for that to happen. Too often the teacher has posed as the authority and relied on his authority and the book. I think that a real teacher should refer very little to a book. He should keep the contact with the student direct, especially when it's with very young children. If a mother had to consult a book each time she responded to her baby, it would be very, very poor. The same thing happens with a teacher. The relationship between a teacher and the student must be direct, mustn't be devious or through the book.

I hate most instant things, but instant art has some value to it because it's an effort to make an artistic work out of living. Every moment of life can be a work of art worth doing in terms of communication and inherent intrinsic value.

**MICHAEL QUIGLEY
GEORGIA STRAIGHT**



Elton John . . . treating his piano like a civil war

Leaping John and Bruce's Lifetime on the British scene

Of the many groups I have seen over the last eighteen months in London, one in particular stands out. **LIFETIME** is quite simply, the best group of musicians performing in Britain today. The line-up consists of ex-Cream member **Jack Bruce** (bass/vocal) and three former Miles Davis members: **Larry Young** (Organ), **John McLaughlin** (guitar), and **Tony Williams** (drums). Whereas the other talented Cream members have submerged themselves in fairly unadventurous projects (**Ginger Baker** leading the rather cumbersome organisation called **Airforce**, **Eric Clapton** with **Derek and the Dominoes**, whose music is very influenced by the rock/soul approach of **Delaney and Bonnie**, two people, Clapton admires) Bruce has gone back to his roots in jazz, while redefining his approach in a highly original and experimental way.

In the eighty minute set I saw them play, Lifetime only performed three numbers—all very long complex works. The organ is used sparingly and mainly to supplement mood. In the forefront we have an amazingly complex web of broken time schemes and ever-changing combinations between drums and two guitars. In fact, to listen to, and appreciate Lifetime is an intellectual challenge.

A feature of their live sound is the excellent balance between the tightness essential to creating some sort of pattern from the abstraction, and the freedom and spontaneity of improvisation. John McLaughlin is a brilliantly dexterous guitarist, very fast and expressive—but what we hear is not the loud whining of a blues guitar but the melody and subtlety of a jazz instrument. The drumming of Tony Williams provides the foundation from which the tangents of sound radiate.

Whether Lifetime can maintain an audience for this avant-garde jazz, which only takes from rock its volume and intensity, is another question. Their first album has just been released here and it could revolutionise many people's ideas about listening to modern music.

Elton John is a name probably not very familiar yet to New Zealand ears, but it soon will be. Already very popular in the States, he is at present engaged on extensive gigs throughout England. In a smoke-filled little club in Hampstead I saw him performing, accompanying himself on piano and backed by two excellent musicians on guitar and drums. John's voice seems at home with either the funky driving sound that predominates, or the soft lyrical approach of several love songs also included. After his hour long set the audiences reaction was so favourable that he went into a real old rock n'roll session to keep up the fervour. It was still the same basic style, but this time accompanied by Jerry Lee Lewis type antics which had him doing virtually everything except playing the piano standing on his head.

His new album, **Tumbleweed Connection** (the previous one just called Elton John still hasn't been released here yet!) is almost faultless. Although one may perhaps detect the influence of The Band, Elton John has widened the possibilities suggested by their music. For the most part the record is funky and spirited, although two quietly tender love songs and one tortuously soulful monologue from an old soldier provide a nice balance in mood. A lot of credit must go to Bernie Taupin who wrote the lyrics. The imagery centres around Southern society about the time of the American Civil war—and it conveys superbly the prejudices, feuds and injustices of a society in transition, and the feelings of individual bewilderment and indirection resulting from the war itself. Finally, the orchestration arranged by **Paul Buckmaster**, is quite brilliant and brings out every possible ounce of feeling from the lyrics. An album you can buy without hesitation when it does eventually arrive.

GREG STITT



Jack Bruce . . . keeping it loud

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Stymied by Stereotypes

SUSAN KEDGLEY

Recently, in Auckland, to the familiar reflex of smirks and general derision, another elite group of earnest, dedicated women were joined together by the daunting challenge of Liberating New Zealand from their current confinement by cultural stereotypes and patriarchal institutions.

The dilemma which this latest formed Herne Bay Women's Liberation Movement found itself immediately trapped inside, accentuates one of the most tenacious characteristics of our resilient society—a characteristic which is likely to stymie this and all other movements advocating any form of fundamental social change.

I am referring, of course, to our national capacity to ignore, absorb, or even transform from threat into justification, all unacceptable criticism. We do this, with extraordinary ease and an almost universal consensus, by distorting, exaggerating and ridiculing our critics, until finally we have wrapped them and their dangerously subversive movements into fixed and rigid stereotypes.

This way, we are spared the possible pain and inconvenience of ever examining honestly and in depth what it is our critics are really on about. Once we have established that all P.Y.M. members are communists, that all hippies are animals, that all artists are sissies, all intellectuals 'ivory tower' egg heads, and of course, that all members of Womens Liberation are repressed, frustrated neurotic men-haters or lesbians, then it's all plain sailing. We can dismiss them, deride them, or abuse them with clear consciences and an undiluted faith in the sanctity and immutability of our own existing status quo. In this manner, ironically, criticism in New Zealand generally serves a reinforcing, confirming, even integrating function, upholding precisely those features which are under attack.

INVISIBLE CONSPIRACY

For the Womens Liberation Movement in this country, this national propensity has had a crippling effect on the potential effectiveness of the movement. Stereotypes have already transformed Womens Lib. from an avant-garde form of protest into a veritable stigma. A New Zealand woman, if she is so audacious and emancipated as to embark upon the thankless uphill fight to attempt to liberate her deluded and dependent sisters, will, inevitably, find herself categorised; maligned, scoffed at, a scapegoat and outcast in most circles. For her battle, however brilliantly campaigned, is waged against a vast, invisible conspiracy of the New Zealand citizenry to choke and muzzle it out of existence. (Already a number of incipient movements have died this sort of 'natural' death). For Womens Lib. attacks the very foundations, the very rationalisations on which are perilously based the lives of thousands of New Zealand women (and men).

As British feminist Muriel Haynes has observed: 'Since scarcely a facet of society is not affected by the traditional male/female relationship, the female emancipation is our most far reaching trend for change, simply because it is most potentially subversive of those institutions and customs on which prevailing culture relies.'

Where, in New Zealand, almost any dent to the resistant status quo is interpreted as a direct threat, and therefore places us on the defensive, it is not difficult to anticipate or understand the inevitable reaction to this new sort of female challenge.

For the intransigent idealist, such uniform resistance will merely stimulate the challenge. But for the majority of their more timorous peers, society's resistance will result in an enervating feeling of futility and apathy. What is the point, many will wonder, in hammering away unrelentingly, when you feel your activities foredoomed to failure? What indeed?

These overriding realities fell heavy and oppressive upon the frail shoulders of the Herne Bay Liberation Movement. Although



A militant sister
Another stereotype?

advertised in the inevitable Womens' Page, this group, sole surviving representative of the struggle in Auckland, managed to attract only about a dozen members. An obvious consequence, acutely felt by adherents, of the already entrenched stereotypes surrounding Womens Liberation, which have reduced the movement to the status of a 'bunch of bra burning fanatics'. This label could not have more accurately described the reality of the Herne Bay movement. While one member confessed to a violent and solitary orgy of bra and makeup burning in her backyard, provoked by reading of the activities of American Militants, the others saw such activities as futile and counter productive—catered to give fodder to the already entrenched stereotypes.

TYRANNY

Most of the assembled were, in fact, sincere, and very moderate women, who, being sensitive to the hostility of their environment, saw the demolition of the American instigated 'Militant Image' as a pre-requisite of

expanded membership and an effective campaign. While all would agree with Kate Milletts' accusation that "the conviction of male dominance is so deeply embedded in the collective consciousness and integrated so cunningly with social norms in our society that it operates almost by blind axiom, even, to be sure, with the consent of the dominated"—they remained extraordinarily realistic—the point of moderation—as to the potential influence they could exert in ending this 'cultural tyranny'.

An astonishing number of blatantly discriminatory experiences were described during the hour and a half of stimulating and wide ranging discussion:—the embarrassing and probing questioning and moralising that preceded any distribution of the pill by the local Family Planning Clinic—to married women, for example; or the Life Insurance policy that demanded to know not only how many pregnancies female applicants had had, but whether there had been any complications, and if so of what kind etc. But in the end it was decided that to focus on all of these multifarious symptoms of a

Patriarchal society would be to diffuse energies and to win, if somehow successful in demolishing any of them, phrric victories only, since the fundamental status quo would still be intact. The New Zealand woman would remain in her culturally conditioned role, predetermined in infancy with dolls and dolls houses. She would continue her early acceptance of herself as a marketable commodity, whose prime function is to be sold in the frenzied consumer oriented, competitive atmosphere of the supermarket. At an ever earlier age she will continue to learn that her most potent weapon is her sex, and that she who is packaged in the most alluring paper will attract the highest bidder. If she is not naturally alluring, she will soon learn the value of wigs, false eyelashes, and eye catching trendy gear to patch up her imperfections. If she is ambitious, she may decide to acquire the added tinsel of further education or 'overseas travel'. (Besides, in these supermarkets, especially the university mart, she will be given more conspicuous display room, with a greater number of buyers).

Beside the seaside

This article is reprinted from the editorial column of a Durban newspaper in December, 1968. It appears here as a reminder of the absurd and brutal legislation encompassed by the ethos of apartheid. A surf live-saving team, nominally representative of South Africa, is at present touring New Zealand; a team comprising solely of white sportsmen (and perhaps we need reminding that 4 million whites govern 12 million native South Africans, that 230 million rand was spent on white education in 1969 and 14.5 million on black education; defence expenditure was 273 million rand).

Despite the glib assurances that the white life-savers would not hesitate to rescue a drowning black person, there can not be many who would deign to serve on a 'black' designated beach.

It is not the danger of sharks, of bluebottles or jellyfish, or the backwash which troubles many of the frolicking bathers at Margate. It is the presence of Africans actually swimming in the same ocean 350 yards—one-fifth of a mile—away. The thought apparently appalled them so much that they complained to the authorities and the hapless Africans have been asked to leave. And so all the nannies and cooks who accompanied their employers to this resort will be unable to swim for the rest of the holiday. Margate has a limited stretch of beach which is rocky and unprotected, apart from the White bathing area. It will presumably be in order for the nannies to tend their little White charges on the beach—so long as they do not actually take to the water themselves.

None of this, to be sure, is the fault of the Margate authorities. Like other local bodies they labour under a bewildering array of Acts and Ordinances through which the Government seeks to

allocate little bits of beach to the various races along the entire South African coastline. Where this has been done—under compulsion from Pretoria—non-Whites have invariably found themselves allotted beaches in remote bundu areas or unsafe stretches such as those near Durban's Umlaas canal. Margate, for physical reasons, is unable to set aside an area which is the statutory 500 yards from the White one. Presumably one will now have to be found miles away. So much for the principle of separate, but equal, amenities.

Why is it that the Government has to poke its nose into every area of life and leisure? Why, in the case of bathing, cannot social forces be allowed to operate freely since they will probably lead to a measure of natural separation anyway? The answer, probably, is because there are Whites such as those intolerant vacationers in Margate who resent having non-Whites sharing God's ocean within their range of vision.

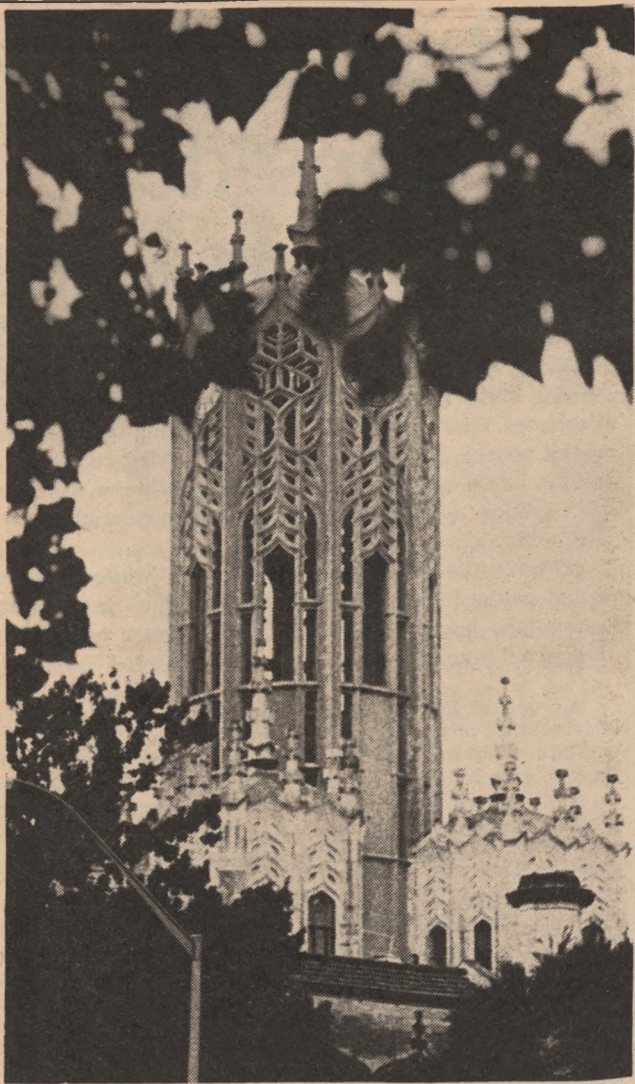
Once she is bought, her label will be altered, she will be taken off the shelf, and put to work in her biologically (socially?) determined role of producing offspring for her buyer and making him happy and content. She will continue to create for him, in her everlasting gratitude for having been rescued from the shelf, given storage space and occasionally dusted, a happy home, no matter whether her buyer seems no longer interested in his fading purchase, no matter whether her wrapping paper fades and her bows fray, no matter whether she feels she is unfulfilled

and under utilised. For this is her role, her prescribed, decreed role, her acceptable role. She is a commodity, to be purchased and consumed.

ERROR

In the last issue of 'Craccum' the credit to the full page advertisement was inadvertently omitted. The credit should have been to James Sanders Advertising Ltd who are kindly handling the AUSA Mystery Envelope Appeal.





A CROWDED, LONELY PLACE

Photographed by Alan Kolnik



Big K. fuds out

KATHRYN DE NAVE

Big K, holding some sort of senior political position, began the year by saying: This is international race relations year; all will be harmonious. Which is course is an admirable sentiment.

We can see immediately from the New Zealand voting pattern at the United Nations, just how sincere Big K is being. Remember for about the last 14 years, Big K has held that senior political position. (And also Minister of Foreign Affairs). We all know that the United Nations as a political instrument is largely impotent. But it is important to know just how badly New Zealand image comes across, in matters of formal voting on certain types of resolutions.

(see table on right)



This shows a very sad pattern for New Zealand.

1) South Africa is never censured. Our governments seem to lack any sense of morality to vote against the white hegemony over the blacks. Our governments prefer to abstain which means: we do not actually condemn your policies. We might in fact feel they are a little bad, but we must trade with them, and their government is white and not communist. However it would not be politically expedient at home for us to actually formally register our support. . . . we have our own brown population you know. And of course good old South African Rothman's might withdraw their good old support for good old rugby.

2) Whenever a resolution condemning a racist or imperialist act of a communist bloc country—there we were, condemning them. So we should—but grave inhuman practices of the North Koreans and Chinese forces are exactly the same type of practice in South Africa and other racist regimes. But of course their governments are white and non-communist and we do prefer to trade with the western bloc (Japan excepted).

3) On questions of white imperialism e.g. in Egypt—New Zealand again abstained from any form of censory vote.

4) New Zealand has not voted against Portugal's presence in Africa: it supposedly has not violated human rights. Is sucking

productivity, manpower, culturepower not a violation of human rights? No, except when a communist country has done that. A summary is simple: where the country in question has a white, non-communist government, the New Zealand government has seen fit not to censure certain policies. Where the government is non-white and/or communist, then New Zealand has been as two-faced and immoral as possible. South Africa may take some of our products but I would rather not indirectly share in the profits made from a man who has been separated from his family, followed by police spies, denied all rights and possibly tortured, because of the colour of his skin.

KEY: N = no, Y = yes, A = abstention, Lab = labour, Nat = national.

Lab 46	Treatment of Indians in South Africa	N
Nat 50	Recommends conferences re: Indians in S. Africa	A
" 50	Invites members administering Non-self governing Territories to transmit information on Human Rights to U.N.	N
" 51	Finds that Chinese People's Republic has engaged in aggression	Y
" 52	Racial situation in S. Africa — Commission established	A
" 52	S. Africa. Human Rights.	A
" 53	Apartheid: U.N. position re-affirmed (i.e. anti-apartheid).	N
" 53	Grave concern over inhuman practices of North Korea and Chinese forces.	Y
" 54	Apartheid: Commission to continue study	N
" 56	Calls for France, Britain, Israel to withdraw from Egypt.	A
" 56	Calls for Russia to withdraw from Hungary	Y
Lab 57	Apartheid deplored	A
" 59	Grave concern for the fundamental rights of Tibetan people	Y
Nat 61	Censure of S. Africa.	A
" 61	Use of nuclear weapons considered to violate United Nations Charter	N
" 61	Events in Tibet violate U.N. charter.	Y
" 62	Special committee on Southern Rhodesia	N
" 62	S. Rhodesia. U.K. urged to take constitutional measures.	A
" 62	S. Africa: Sanctions recommended	N
" 62	Portuguese policy in Angola condemned	A
" 63	Sanctions urged on supply of arms to S. Africa	A
" 65	S. Rhodesia: warning to U.K.	N
" 65	Continuing violation of human rights: a) in Tibet	Y
	b) in Portuguese colonies	N

Angela Davis

Popular recording artist Aretha Franklin says she stands ready to post Angela Davis' bond "whether it is \$100,000 or \$250,000."

"Angela Davis must go free," Aretha said. "Black people will be free. I've been locked up (for disturbing the peace in Detroit) and I know you've got to disturb the peace when you can't get peace."

"Jail is hell to be in. I'm going to see her free if there's any justice in our courts, not because I believe in communism but because she's a black woman and she wants freedom for black people. 'I have money; I got it from black people—they've made me financially able to have it, and I want to use it in ways that will help our people.'"

So far Angela is being held without bail.

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STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL ELECTIONS TOMORROW

SRC is the Supreme Soviet of the Students' Association. It consists of elected representatives of student groups and faculties together with the immediate past and the present Executive. Your vote for your SRC rep will thus help create official policy.

Faculty Societies run SRC elections. However due to the amorphous nature of the ARTS, COMMERCE and SCIENCE faculties, their elections are run by Studass.

Forum Speeches: Thurs 18 March 1pm in the Quad

ELECTION DAY: FRIDAY 19 MARCH 9 am — 6 pm

Polling Booths will be located at central points.

Nominations close on Wed 17 March at 5pm. Nomination forms are available at Studass Office. Address to Mr V. Preece, Admin. Secretary.

Overseas Student Rep.

Nominations close 5pm 17 March at Studass Office. Election will be held on 19 March.

EXEC PEOPLE NEEDED

Applications are called for these vacant positions on Executive:

BUSINESS MANAGER
PUBLIC LIAISON OFFICER
SPORTS REPRESENTATIVE

TOURNAMENT CONTROLLER
for NZUSA Winter Tournament
in Auckland during August



WHAT IS CONTACT?

Contact is a confidential independent enquiry agency run by students for students.

WHAT IS CONTACT FOR?

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Come and see us if you want to know anything (and we mean anything).

If we can't tell you straight away we can find out.

We do know about things like—the whereabouts of University Departments and Staff; when the Buses leave for Howick; where the V.D. clinic is; who runs what in the Students' Association; where you can find Club and Society people; who can help you with legal (and other) queries; and so on and on and on.

WHERE IS CONTACT?

The Contact office is on the top floor of the Student Union, above the Students' Association Office, right along the end of the corridor.
Phone 78 793, Extension 68.

We are available all day, 9am to 5pm throughout the University year.

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