

# ORCAUM

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VOLUME 45, ISSUE NO.4

Free to students



## Which is your surfer? The one in white! But...

KATHRYN DE NAVE

The demonstration at Waihi, March 13 was successful. About 150 demonstrators travelled there, from Auckland and Hamilton to protest at the all-white selection of the South African surf lifesaving team.

The main form of the protest was a re-enactment of the 1960 Sharpeville massacre, during which 69 blacks were murdered, most shot in the back, by South African police.

Several organisations were represented—CARE, PYM, HART, Tamatoa Council. There were mountains of leaflets, lucidly written for a change. They spoke of the actual choosing of this team. The Lifesaver of the Year in S.A. was an Indian, but because the trials for this 'test series' were held on whites only beach, he could not attend the selection. Just another little example of white supremacy.

The speeches were actually quite good, from all sorts of people. A really good one came from Mrs Mary Danell, a Waikato, Maniapoto, and secretary of Hamilton, CARE. But the lifesavers had to have their piece. Five rather pathetic lifesavers began to heckle a Maori—it's the first time I have ever seen this kind of verbal shit thrown at a Maori, before so many people. Still a couple of buddies did come and take the microphone and try to apologize for the South Africans. Repeated calls for some of the S.A. lifesavers or their big brother and consul Mr Philip to come and speak. Too busy guzzling sherry.

At 2pm there was a march past by the lifesaving teams, during which that consul of South Africa, chatted and bade his "chaps to do their best." So the demonstrators massed behind the roped off area and began to chant. Two people were arrested fairly soon.

### TWO INCIDENTS:

1. It was reported to me that a lifesaver was sent into the crowd by the police. There he grabbed a banner, and threw it

into the roped area. Its owner tried to get it, and the cop began to lay into this person. I believe that a civil liberties woman got the whole story.

2. Trevor Richards set up a loud speaker system from a car and began to broadcast. At this point a policeman had an exchange with him ordering him off the beach. There was a sign on the beach—"no vehicles past this point"—but Richards was at least 6 feet back from that. His car was quite still, but the policeman said that he had to move it. Why—because it might run some children over. ie. a stationary car might run some body over. I remonstrated with this cop and tried to get out of him which by-law he was enforcing. He would not say. I can only conclude he was exceeding his duty, and was showing the typical biased attitude that the police usually display towards demonstrators.

*Richards took the battery out of the car and began to broadcast right behind the crowd. He speaks very well, fluently. And the crowd did listen finding his words more interesting than the lifesaving.*

And it ended so well. Richards said we were packing up. Some-of the crowd were beginning to cheer and laugh.

Richards: "That woman over there, in the large sunhat, the dark glasses and the very brown skin—if you were in South Africa, madam you would not be allowed on this beach to watch this display—you would be classified a black and would therefore be absolutely forbidden on this beach. Are you still laughing at us?"

She wasn't.

NOTE: "When I began taking the sequence of Gavin Thompson's arrest however, a tough-looking Sergeant began pushing me away, saying I had no right to be there. I showed him my card, but he said it was not the pass for the day and threatened to arrest me if I did not get out of the area. To emphasise his point, he grabbed my camera which was around my neck at the time, and tried to push it into my face." Adrian Gane



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Last Saturday's outbreak at Mt Eden Prison only served to emphasise the barbarity of this society's penal provisions. Although 'provisions' might be a flattering term. The concept of physically alienating offenders against a social code that has been canonized by a legal process, is one made from a feeling for self-preservation. A subjugation of others.

The social thinking that promotes our prisons and the laws that erect them, is based only on a spurious notion of 'correct' behaviour. Since 'correct' means in effect, acquiescence to a standardized and benevolent deference to a moral and political status quo, it is the task of all opponents to this status quo to actively sympathize with the prisoners in Mt Eden.

A society which has so carefully arranged for the destruction of men's spirits should not be deferred to when it begins its usual mouthings of social security, law and order. What it wants is security for the political system and adequate legal channels it can operate through. Those legal channels need to be redirected for the operation of people at large and that political system needs a similar enlargement. A destruction of government by a self-propagating elite in other words.

The concept of 'representative democracy' in this country is a bogus one. What exists is a superficial adversary style of government and opposition. That opposition is in fact as corrupt as the government and those unions it draws a platform of support from, are as corrupt as those 'oppressive' and 'exploitive' manufacturers they tilt against.

In all cases a small handful of men have assumed 'the will of the people' when in fact that will is neither encouraged nor solicited. Merely ordered into what is suitable.

The most blatant manifestation of suitability is our prison system. Society has been convinced that it is 'suitable' to isolate dissenters unaware at the same time of its own isolation from the mechanics of power and their own channeling into suitability of electorate, representation and behaviour.

Bringing it back finally to the prisons. Craccum urges that you write long protesting letters to the Justice Department and keep their one paragraph letter-headed replies as souvenirs of sublime indifference. You might also picket Riddiford when he comes to Auckland shortly.

# Let them eat cake...

PETER RICKYS has written this article in response to a letter by A.D. McInnes in Craccum, March II, in which the demands of Maori activists were criticised, including their desire for ratification of the Treaty of Waitangi.

(i) Legislative enactment of the provisions of the Treaty of Waitangi to give them their full meaning and effect, is inconsistent with the continuity of modern government in a complex commercialised European society. e.g. compare the Public Works Act with Article the Second which guarantees the Maori "full, exclusive and undisturbed possession" of his land.

(ii) To compare the Treaty with the Magna Carta is to indulge in fantasizing and indicates the lack of a full appreciation of both documents and their historical contexts; particularly as the former is unenforceable in domestic law.

(iii) A study of judicial and parliamentary attitudes to the Treaty will show that until the allusions are made to cloak the provisions of the Treaty with the authority of statute, they have no effect in domestic law and as this is fundamentally a political decision, it is, for the reason given above, a decision present and future governments must refuse to make. People that talk of the 'spirit' of the treaty being reflected in the social legislation of past and present governments only display an ignorance of that legislation.

(iv) The real solution lies in a legislative policy which does cater for the needs and developmental necessities of ethnic minorities, but while the political decision-making organs are controlled by an ethnic majority the past has shown that it is very difficult to get legislation which adequately reflects the needs of an ethnic minority as expressed by that minority. In such circumstances compromise in the case of ethnic (and other cultural) interest clashes is a rarity. The Maori Affairs Amendment Act 1967 is a case in point.

(v) The reason Maoris must have privileges is to speed the processes of integration—this is the question your correspondent is really asking. However the popular understanding of these privileges often differs from the realities. As an example the Maori Education Foundation is in fact financed by Maori Funds not the taxpayer. On reading Article the Third of the Treaty notwithstanding what I have already said, I cannot follow your correspondent's argument that legislative enactment of Article the third (which imparts to the Maori all the rights and privileges



of British Subjects) would mean the loss of the Maori's many and varied privileges. This seems to suggest a doctrine of equal opportunity for all which begs the real issue which is that the Maori must be absorbed, integrated or assimilated into the European society and embrace its cultural values and attitudes as fast as possible because his existence as a separate cultural identity along with the existence of a different set of social values and mores seriously questions the validity of many of the values and attitudes the members of European Society have been conditioned into believing.

Let us therefore be brutally frank; we must wean the Maori away from his cultural sense of community, his capacity for enjoying basic pleasures and indoctrinate him with the viability of the Commercial ethic. We must teach him to value self-interest above all else—we must show him how to claw his way to the top of the ant heap. We must make him embrace the joys offered by participation in the frantics of the European money-grubbing rat race. We must teach him the skills of 'fast-buckism'. We must eliminate his memories of the marae. We

must teach him to forget the ways of his ancestors and the mores and cultural values of his people for they are not relevant within the commercial European environment. We must instill in him the urge to compete. We must give to him the plastic tiki of a pseudo-substitute culture with which he can bait the tourist dollar. We must let his language die because as long as it remains alive it will act as a cultural focus and a means of achieving cultural identity. We must show him that his culture has nothing to offer us and is best forgotten; for it is not relevant to our society.

We will expect his children to compete successfully with ours educationally because this is the land of opportunity and it is not our fault that he chooses to have large families—which produces a home environment not conducive to educational success for have we not given him birth control and family planning. We will ignore his socio-economic depression. We will not change our Education System because it is geared to the middle-class anglo-saxon values which we believe are supreme and therefore all other values must be ignored; for are we not offering him the means of self-betterment?

We will ignore the fact that the second and third generation urban polynesians are rapidly forming a lower socio-economic substratum in our cities. Even though the economy is desperate for skilled technicians we will ignore this large pool of potential because its tapping requires awareness of bi-cultural conflict and far too much intelligent and far sighted legislative thinking for our governments.

## LAZY AND LOOSE

We will ignore the warnings of his exploding crime rate while we have prisons in which to keep products, for we know that Maori is traditionally lazy and loose of moral fibre.

We will not look deeper in these questions because we assess these problems with our social attitudes. We will ignore urban Maori's need for a cultural identity because we are offering him the values and attitudes of our own society.

We will not support the new for urban marae which should have been built years ago because we cannot understand this strange Maori sense of brotherhood, formation of peer groups (gangs) and his deep sense of family and community. We will ignore the fact that the marae can fill a void which may be lacking in a home environment. We will not recognise the pub as a Maori substitute.

Our legislators will ignore Maori voice because too often it clashes with our interests.

## IMPOSITION

For as long as we control law making organs of the state we will impose our cultural values on him. We will slowly but surely through the use of legislation, devices and commercial sophistication draw his value from him, for if the land is the spiritual mother of the Maori, any also the basis of our Commerce ethic, the father through which we can beget the children of material wealth.

We will shunt his problem children from school to school until they are old enough to leave because we can't understand why they don't fit into our educational structure and can't cope with a problem we don't appreciate the roots of.

Yes—together we will create a country of which our children will be justly proud—a little bit of America.

## STAFF



Editor: Stephen Chan  
Technical Editor: Richard King  
Secretary: Susan King  
Arts Editor: Murray Edmond  
Editorial Staff: Kathryn De Nave; Grant Stitt;  
John Daly-Peoples; Sue Kedgely;  
Anne Gilbert; Dennis Trussell.  
Heavy Graphics Editor: Gordon Clifton  
Photographics Editor: Alan Kolnik  
Advertising Manager: Leo Pointon

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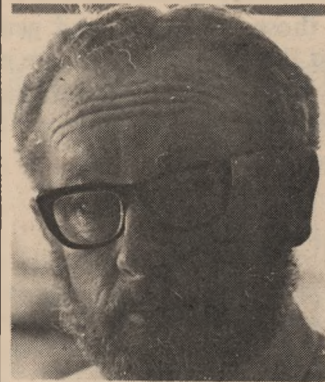
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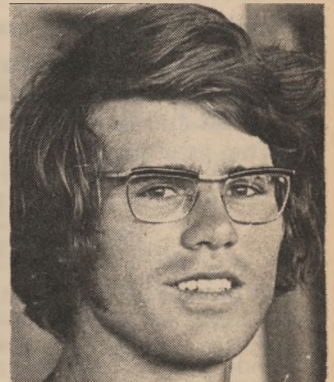
## Legal Aid on campus

BRUCE KIRKLAND

A university legal service has been in the offing for some years, however all attempts to realise it were frustrated for various reasons. Until last year there was no formal service for students and those with problems of a legal nature tended to lay these problems before various members of the law school staff.



Northey



Asher

Finally Jack Northey, Dean of the Law School, aided and abetted by Fred McCarthy and John Coster (of Student Liaison) worked out the practical ramifications of the scheme. The scheme is a student staffed bureau to which other students bring their problems. Basically it is legal referral work, the duty student (who has seniority in the law school) taking all the relevant particulars and referring the matter to a staff member. The staff member, with the help of the student, then decides on suitable advice and if action is to be taken the student is referred to a law practitioner. There are several practitioners taking part in the scheme which has been sponsored by the Auckland District Law Society. It was after this detail was finalised that the Auckland District Law Society approved the scheme and arranged for practitioners to assist. The late Mr T. Overton, the

President of the Auckland Law Society, was a tower of strength in this regard.

### SATISFIED CLIENTS

Raynor Asher of the Law Students' Society organised student participation and it is now in its second year of operation. Having learnt from the initial year, and progress so far this year has shown that the service is, and will be a considerable success. Roger Haines has worked hard in streamlining procedure to meet the enthusiasm of both staff and students. The students participating are grateful for the opportunity of putting legal theories into practical significance and the student 'clientele' has shown considerable satisfaction with the results.

If you are seeking Legal advice, the legal aid room is Room 239 in the Student Union Block. Law students will be in attendance from 12.00 to 2.00pm daily.



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gherkins, birds, Beatles,  
poker...  
you name it



and Brown is mighty

6150

## one

We are writing to correct the substantial inaccuracies that appeared in the article in Craccum Vol. 45 issue No. 2 entitled "Medical profs and the Senate."

Firstly, the article stated that "Senate voted in the new M.D. 36 votes to 24. It is interesting to note that the Medical Faculty has twenty Professors and Assistant Professors. This means twenty for a cultural Senate seats. The average attendance at Senate is only sixty (many Professors are incurably lazy), so that at any one time the Medical Professors could make up an entire third of that body."

This statement is false. The University does not allow Associate Professors membership of Senate as of right: at present no Associate Professors of the Medical Faculty represent the king in a house of lords. The motion was passed by such a significant majority that, even if most of the Medical Faculty had abstained from voting, the cultural values resolution would still have been wily but successful.

Secondly, the article stated that there is a "plan by the Medical Faculty to set up its own independent register of medical students. Any student who is considered guilty of inappropriate behaviour" can have his name struck off the register and his studies automatically curtailed."

This statement is likewise untrue. Such a plan has never been discussed in the Medical Faculty. The main arguments in favour of the M.D. as the qualifying degree are as follows:

It is in line with Canada, the U.S.A. (the centre of postgraduate study in medicine today) and the European Continent (where even Britain, under the provisions of the Treaty of Rome, is moving towards the possible introduction of the M.D. as the qualifying degree).

In countries where most New Zealand medical graduates undertake postgraduate studies mainly as apprentice practitioners outside the (commonwealth), doctors with the degree of M.B., Ch.B. are frequently assumed to be not medically qualified.

Auckland would be following the pattern of practically all those universities in the world whose graduates have attained a B.Sc. before their qualifying degree.

An M.D. can be properly encompassed within existing patterns of graduate degrees in Auckland without weakening in any way the standing of other research degrees.

5. The M.B., Ch.B. (Bachelor of Medicine, Bachelor of Surgery) does not describe the course content, since Obstetrics and Gynaecology, Paediatrics, and Psychiatry are all as strongly represented as the traditional Medicine and Surgery.

6. Deans of medical schools in Australia and New Zealand met in Sydney last December. A resolution was passed unanimously that there was merit in having an M.D. as the qualifying degree instead of an M.B., Ch.B. This is indicative of the swing towards the M.D. in Australia.

Innes Asher, Grant Gillett  
Student Representatives  
Faculty of Medicine

## two

Some Executive members and others around the Campus have loosely mentioned the figure of \$7,000 as the profit for this years Capping Magazine.

With a heavy financial deficit at the moment in Studass, many may come to see this as an actual return. Let us point out that while we have approached the magazine as a profit-making enterprise for the student body, and expect a greater profit than the \$1,000 odd originally budgeted, there are many things not finalised.

No budget can yet be drawn up that would include final expenditure, or even deal with the certain revenue for advertising. Even when such things are finalised, it can never be stated with accuracy, what the sales figures for this year will be.

We have brought the magazine back to a book format and kept expenses to a minimum this year, believing that the magazine can only be justified in its present low-intellectual form as a money maker. With its normal content and extremely rushed annual composition we believe there is no room for extravagant artistic expression that provides only financial loss and ego-trips for a few.

Brian Dreadon  
Editor Capping Book '71  
Jim Laing  
Technical Editor

## three

I see your paper and its contributors, notably Mr Pollard, have jumped on the bandwagon of denouncing the education system. This is hardly six months after I wrote (July 7, 1970) saying many of the things Mr Pollard now says and also suggesting the system be abolished. No doubt it is now fashionable in leftist circles to expose the education system for the evil it is rather than as in the past to demand more taxes to be spent on it.

Its (sic) typical of Craccum

that right wing views such as mine are considered barely worth printing if even that—I tried and failed another time to get your paper to print a free enterprise orientated analysis of what is behind educationism. Yet when Mr Pollard takes the subject up you proudly give him three pages to say something similar. It seems one has to be an Arts Faculty leftist quoting Mao Tse Tung to get anything into your paper.

However as Mr Pollard has repeated more or less what I wrote and got some large headlines I'll continue. He wants to reform the system. He doesn't realise that so long as a state education system exists those who believe (sic) in state interference with the individual will always move in. They never cease their attempts to control us in every possible way, most of all in our learning processes.

The only solution is for it all to be closed down and not replaced. A good place to start would be here and of course at the Teachers Training Colleges, the producers of the most blatant cadres of state interference there are.

Peter Law

## four

Grant Stitt has good cause to apologise for the superficiality of his recent Craccum review of Bergman's Shame—particularly as evidence strongly suggests that his article is simply a compressed form of Jan Dawson's review of the film in Sight and Sound, even to the point of reproducing her quotation from Bergman. A still more irritating factor in Mr Stitt's review is his inconclusive attitude—he obviously hasn't made up his mind about the film as a "very suggestive whole."

In my view, the film itself is inconclusive and unsatisfying, firstly because its representation of the horrors of war pales beside that of Wajda's Kanal—where a gruellingly realistic treatment of similar material underlines the pathetic absurdity of the artist and "other living creatures" in a way which, while being even more pessimistic than Bergman's film, was still compassionate. Bergman's picture of the artist in Shame is a metaphorical one: Jan states that his hand is injured as an excuse for not playing his violin, and he and Eva make half-hearted plans to "make music" though they never do—artistic impotence and effiteness become linked with sexual inadequacy in a way which is implausible to say the least. And what of the "nasty little war on the periphery" (to crib another Bergman quote from Sight and Sound)? The "liberators" in Shame offer as little hope for positive change as do Jan and Eva. Thus the film hinges on a paradox which undermines Bergman's on artistic

self-expression: Eva's final speech, which implicitly accuses the audience of viewing war simply as an aesthetic experience (a point raised similarly in Barry Bermange's recent TV play The Invaders) seems to indicate a self-destructive attitude on the part of Bergman towards his own film, which amounts to insincerity.

All in all, I found Shame had little effect in attempting to expose the "ivory tower" cliché without replacing it with anything more substantial, apart from Bergman's usual impeccable formalism. But nonetheless, it is surely a film which forces one to finally make up one's mind about it.

A.W. Mitchell

## five

I was really pissed-off at the time of the incident, but my fury has abated (to an extent) with the passage of these past couple of weeks. However, I feel that it is only right that I openly criticize the authorities responsible for the treatment afforded to overseas students during the Enrolment week. My complaint is (and I am sure that I speak on behalf of a great number of overseas students) why was it necessary for us to have a COMPULSORY chest X-ray.

Here is what we had to put up with: first, the damned bloody weather. The authorities are exonerated from any fault here! Secondly, you had to reach the Statistical Data room in the Old Arts Building before being asked "Are you an overseas student?" If the answer was yes, you were given a card which you had to fill in and then trot along like a good boy to the mobile X-ray unit which was conveniently stationed near the Student Union building (a distance of a couple of chains, and in that weather that was some bloody distance). While back in the Stat room the guy standing next to you had a worried look on his face wondering what the hell was wrong with the overseas students chest. On reaching the unit you joined a queue—had the card stamped—had your X-ray and then came running back to the Stat room.

For the information of the authorities, most of us overseas students have to have an extensive medical check-up (chest X-ray included) before we are allowed to leave on study-permits. So, can the authorities explain to us why we have to put up with X-rays here. Anyway too many X-rays in a short space of time, can be detrimental to one's health.

And if it is again decided next year that we "bad chested" students should have an X-ray, please give us prior warning so that we can have some say as to whether it is necessary or not.

Anik K. Tikaram.

AH-AH-AH-AH-CHOO!!

HOW THE HELL DO YOU EXPECT ME TO SLEEP WITH YOU SNEEZING LIKE THAT ALL BLOODY NIGHT? YOU NEVER BLOODY STOP!



LOOK, IF YOU PROMISE TO KEEP QUIET FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT, I PROMISE YOU THAT I'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE SOMETHING IN THE MORNING TO MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD!



HEIGH-HO! A BEAUTIFUL SLEEP! NOW, COME HERE SWEET HEART, AND GET YOUR GEAR OFF—QUICK!





AND THE LORD SAID UNTO DANIEL: GO FORTH INTO THAT IMPROPER LAND  
OF TWO-FACED DEALERS AND COWARDS



EXECUTIVE



UTTERINGS

Student politicians are those gentlemen and gentlewomen, who cannot deprive themselves of some certain glory at the hands of their fellows. They are prone to utter . . .

Some mysterious elite who bathe often. Divest them of their mandates. Grasp their infatuated shoulders and demand reasons for all their actions. Challenge everything : your own executive betrays you as often as your lecturers.

#### EXECUTIVE MEETING/18 MARCH AUSA COUNCIL ROOM

This meeting began with various iota of business, ie formal protocol of apologies, minutes, quorums and whether or not the music provided by a certain Mr David Neumegan could be permitted. Evidently some considered the provision of recorded music by an independent individual as scurrilous and improper. Granted at times the volume had been excessive and had prevented study, but the suggestions of Mr John Shennan (Publications Officer) and your own Editor, that Mr Neumegan be thanked for his encouraging attempts to entertain students and that he be politely asked to exercise discretion over volume, were firmly rejected by the rest of the Executive who insisted on 'proper motions' and 'effective action.' The final proper motion restricted Mr Neumegan's music to the hours of midday to two and five to six thirty. Even this was a compromise as suggestions were put to end the music entirely

#### LAND

Having spent twenty minutes deciding this point of mammoth importance and pride, our executive felt ready to discuss something almost objectively.

Dr Graeme Jackson of the Anthropology Department who had been waiting patiently to talk about the purchase of land at Karekare had trouble launching his first word. Little wonder since our medical refugee from New Guinea had been utterly flabbergasted by the superb games that seemed in progress.

Dr Jackson wanted the Students' Association to procure land at Karekare so that students could have a pleasant out-of-town site for study, conferences, and seminars. Poor Dr Jackson. How was he to know that the Association was teetering on the verge of bankruptcy? How was he to know that despite the massive campaigns underway to finance an Association Sports Complex, the Association Executive could do nothing else but approve politely the principle behind his scheme? How was he to know that his efforts to arrange \$1000 deposit privately and the terms of ten years at seven percent, would fail to impress those squash racket flailing guardings of student academic interest?

In any case the usual subcommittee was suggested and will be set up duly with nothing to do but present recommendations for Finance Committee to knock down. Believe it. Finance Committee controls everything with the same artifact of reason that promotes the National Government.

#### RESIGNATIONS

Miss Christine Lindop's resignation from the post of Student Liaison Officer was then formally accepted. In Mr Spring's tenure of the Presidency, his Treasurer, Sports Representative, Business Manager, Public Liaison Officer and Student Liaison Officer have resigned. In keeping perhaps with just an ounce of irresponsibility, two ounces of genuine frustration, and some definite refusal to operate any longer within a horribly expanding bureaucracy. Realize it. Students have a say in nothing. Everything is decided in advance and in triplicate.

The Vice President Mr Roly Metge then admitted a startling occurrence. Most 1971 S.R.C. members had just been elected by default, ie too few people for too many positions, caused mainly by too little advertising and too much reputation as an incompetent rubber stamp for Executive.

#### FRUITLESS

Now there came the evening's most startling feature. Are you ready? The Friends of Auckland University had fresh fruit and vegetables it wished to have distributed to needy students. Now do you think there was a flurry of Executive Members to undertake this actual project of worth? Not on your life. Your Editor suggested that Mr Neumegan's Shadow Cabinet would probably be delighted to distribute the fruit. This idea was completely rejected with mouthings of "irresponsibility" and "Impracticability." This was too much for your Editor and for Mr Shennan who promptly declared their disgust and offered to distribute the fruit themselves. Note that such responsibility is normally undertaken by House Committee. On this occasion the House Committee Chairman seemed less than willing. This scheme will be underway shortly. If you are genuinely divested of adequate vitamins please promote your feet towards my office. Or if you are so undernourished as to be unable to stumble forth from your dwelling, kindly ring me at extension 67 and I shall deliver said provisions with smiles behind my usual grisly expression.



Preece . . . that excusing precedent



Spring . . . those eyes of obedience  
that mouth of wisdom

#### CENSURE

The next business was of very serious import. Mr John Shennan brought forward a motion of strong censure against the Administrative Secretary, Mr Vaughn Preece. The background to this



Shennan . . . 'motivated wholly by ideals and principles'

motion is involved but here it is: On March 5 a hysterical young lady found herself on the Student Union premises. She was loudly complaining of rape and assault behind the University Clock Tower. The Association President, Mr Bill Spring talked to her and after some time discovered that all talk of rape had been talk after all. A day was in progress at that time inside the Cafeteria. About one thousand students were dancing or wandering about. Central Security Officers who were overseeing the dance had helped Mr Spring attend to the young lady. These gentlemen took it into their heads that some horrible rapist had no doubt fled into the dancing crowd and had been extradicted immediately.

A student, Mr Selwyn Anderson, who is associated with Central Security phoned the police. In no time, four squad cars and one blazer arrived. Mr Spring demanded to know who had called the police and was immediately told by Central Security Officers to fuck off. Some such edict, Mr Spring did. The officers insisted the matter was now wholly one for the police. This might have been fortuitous reasoning or some edict of wisdom. However the Association does have a policy of no police on campus and feels very strongly about it. But if a President must fuck off, I suppose he must.

The next day Mr Preece wrote a letter to Central Security outlining their conditions of employment. However his letter failed to affirm Association policy that police were not considered desirable on campus. Moreover his instructions were vague enough to allow Central Security Officer to call in the police on his own judgement. Mr Shennan was most upset about this and even more so since the matter was one of Association policy and as such did not come under Mr Preece's orbit of independence. Mr Preece had neither shown the letter to the President or the Executive.

Mr Shennan's motion of censure lapsed when Mr Preece explained that he had merely been observing precedent in his action.

Mr Spring who raised the matter in the first place before an informal meeting of S.R.C. members, remained strangely mute throughout the discussion, although he had been very angry with the Administrative Secretary before the S.R.C. assemblage. Perhaps he was unsure of his true standing on matters other than the employment bureaucracy to offset sad finances. It will be interesting to watch his actions for the remainder of his term of office.

#### TRIPLICATION

Finance Committee was next assigned the task of finding as little money as possible for the Architectural Society Conference, to be held in May. Not that these words were used but everyone knows just what a bunch of screws Finance Committee is. The Conference, with or without Association token support will be a living-learning village community. A project which could set a precedent in New Zealand educational history, but which was glossed over by Executive.

But if Finance Committee is meant to be a practical way of keeping Association finances in order, it is certainly also the last word in pettiness. Miss Sally Rodwell (Societies Representative) must wait about three weeks for a simple padlock and chain to be approved for the protection of the Arts Centre lawn from unauthorized cars. She also has to wait the same period for approval of the purchase of seven cent notebook. You too can run your own empire. Hallelujah! Mr Rob Garlick is the real president. The Treasurer and his Committee are not to be defied. Spring is to Garlick about as much Holyoake is to Muldoon. God save the species.

Which drew this thrilling meeting to a close. I apologise for my facetious tone. You too should be made (by contract too!) to attend these idiot sessions. The finest torture my ancestors never devised.

Considering you're the intellectual cream of the nation, a student sub of a mere \$1.00 is chickenfeed. Consider . . .

#### RATIONALISM

Rationalist and humanist societies are springing up all over the world. The emphasis on Science and Education is creating a new public impatient of obsolete dogmas and theologies.

This is the turn of the tide!

If you have rejected belief in the supernatural, go all the way and become a member of organised Rationalism.

Membership application and information posted.

Apply Secretary,

NEW ZEALAND RATIONALIST ASSOCIATION INC.

Rationalist House, 64 Symonds Street, Auckland 1

Phone: 375-131

Opp. O'Rourke Hall

**blood days**  
**march 24-6**  
**STUDENTS'**  
**UNION**

**9AM-5PM**

Ant  
Con  
Obs

The Nationa  
March 13 and  
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# Anti - War Conference Observations

STEVEN RADICH

The National Anti-War Conference held in Wellington, March 13 and 14, found itself with as many purposes as it had delegates.

Its suggested aims were to organise action against the war in Indo-China, or in South East Asia, to end all wars, to bring 'our boys' home, to support the Vietnamese People's Revolution—or just to screw the whole meeting. A strange amalgam of ideologies and their attendant bodies arrived to propose this multiplicity of motives and non-motives.

With Titmen and Gagers and the Socialist Unity Party trumpeters amidst the pacifist old ladies, Trotskyist and Maoist factions, and sub-factions, it is small wonder that little constructive activity took place.

Michael Uhl's early speech proved to be the meeting's highlight. He spoke of the anti-war Veterans' Groups stand on atrocities and the Citizens' Committee against War Crimes. This information was new and first-hand and much needed in this insular non-aware country. Typically however, most New Zealanders will continue to sleep easily for the discriminating news media failed to cover this address.

## GAP ON THE LEFT?

Patty Liyama presented her Auckland speech with a few vital figures alarmingly altered—a credibility gap on all sides causes some concern but perhaps my ears deceived me. Barry Mitcalfe, the liberal patron spoke at length but here and there some important contributions emerged. He initiated some of the better resolutions to be passed.

On his recommendation a Peace Council is to be established—a political force to lobby against the military. A Liaison Committee will research and propagate pertinent anti-war material to interested parties. A permanent media project was convened to study techniques of publicity in the face of a hostile mass media: Anti-War activity will now be co-ordinated as much as possible on a national level using information from the Liaison researchers.

## LATE NECESSITIES

These institutions are sadly rather late—the war appears in the and one blasphe public eye, to be de-escalating as it broadens its reach into areas where led the polinforation is deliberately difficult to glean. It maybe that public to fuck off opinion can be directed against the whole idea of military ie matter intervention by the work of these new committees and perhaps we en fortuitous shall be made to feel some guilt for our part in this singularly brutal ocation of adventure.

The final afternoon saw extended debates and repeated points of order, with haggling and rephrasing obscuring the issues. Somehow fourteen resolutions were pushed through—it took over an hour to decide that the assembly wanted New Zealand troops withdrawn from South East Asia rather than just Vietnam.

Criticism of the Conference must however, await its results, the to allow national mobilisations, one of which to be held on April 30th. Some judgement of the speeches heard at the conference will be printed in Craccum e so since then together with any material released by the Liaison Committee.

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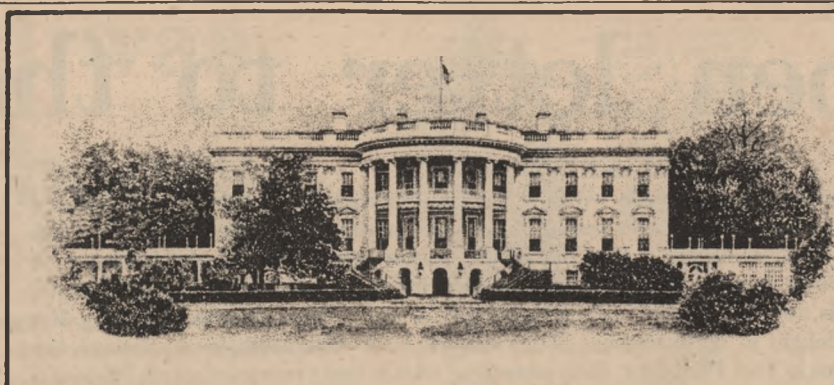
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## from the WHITE HOUSE

## Dave's Desk

Well as I write to you, the first week of your exec's re-orientation programme is running very smoothly. Our continuous "music in the quad" has proved extremely popular and lots of people have brought in their favourite records to share with everyone else. I have been impressed by both the variety and quality of the music being played and intend to make sure that it is kept up all year.

Unfortunately we have encountered some opposition, mainly from dicky bureaucrats and the library staff, who seem to be complaining all the time. What we envisage is some sort of informal record club, with members working on a roster system to look after the records and to play them. Anyone interested in helping out may leave their name with either Brent, John Davidson or myself.

We all think that the common rooms are not being used enough and therefore we are turning them into our Head Quarters. Hopefully students will bring their lunches up there and enjoy the friendly atmosphere. Everyone up there is approachable and we would appreciate hearing any of your ideas or opinions.

Later in the year we will run parties in the common room every Friday night (an idea put forward by Sue Irewin, a second-year arts student).

If you wish to have anything printed in "Coming attractions", our weekly newsheet could you please leave copy at the desk in the common room.

Please remember we are not trying to organise you. We are here solely to help you do things you want! Nothing will work without your help, so come along and help yourself.

Your campus buddy,  
**PRESIDENT  
DAVE NEUMEGER**

## Return of a profit

The first monthly report of the finances of the White House, Feb-Mar. 1971 by BOB HILLIER Chancellor of the Exchequer or Treasurer.

The first month of administrative activities has left us with a well balanced budget. In fact our books show a slight profit.

However we must analyse carefully the situation both in regard to past, present and future trends, and of course capital readily available, or in this case, the lack of it.

The truth of the matter is that past and present trends continuing, we should increase our profit margin by 100% in the next financial month; and in 12 months a savings bank account could be a feasible proposition. However, we can only speculate at this stage.

The future?—the future looks bleak. You don't find 1c coins in Symonds St every month, and pending speculative ventures could severely tax the exchequer, to the point of an overdraft.

Consider!—all our labour is volunteer i.e. unremunerated, our offices are overcrowded, telephones overworked, treasurer overworked. And we need capital to finance our existing ventures.

The problem of acquiring ready, cheap money is being looked into by our Admin Secretary Brian Dreadon, and no doubt a solution will be forthcoming.

If any students would like to contribute to our cause, then send your traffic finds. C/- The White House, 13 St Benedicts St, Auckland.

Fig. 1. Income and Expenditure A/c

INCOME		EXPENDITURE	
	\$ c		\$ c
Fees & Levies	0.00	Equipment (on loan)	0.00
Functions	0.00	Labour (on loan)	0.00
Manufactured Goods	0.00	Sundries	0.00
Entertainment	0.00	Balance i.e. petty cash on hand	0.01
Sundries found in Symonds Street	0.01		
	0.01		0.01



Scene from HOA BINH the next feature at the LIDO.



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# An open letter to the Editor

GARY WALLER

I'm sorry that the editor of Craccum didn't enjoy his three years with the English Department. We should worry when a sharply-ground mind gets blunted by our teaching—although it was perhaps a mistake to waste time plotting to sit at the feet of a particular guru. What most university teachers believe is that the subject matters primarily; not who teaches it. A University education ought to be a group of people faced with a bewilderingly exciting bombardment of ideas, concepts, contradictions, challenges, impossibilities. This is how it seems to me and how many of us try to conduct our teaching. If a teacher can simply convey his enthusiasm and delight in the intimacies of his subject, be it community race relations, the chemistry of sheep turds or the 1591 sheep census in East Flintshire, then something vital is being communicated. Because a teacher must assume that a student is in a class because he is at the least willing to believe the subject is interesting or important or both. In the teaching situation one assumes this to be so and tries to treat the student always as if it is.

But there's no point in scoring heavy-handed points of this kind against anyone, especially against the author of that incisive interview with Lord McLeod. In this case the English Department's loss is Craccum's gain. Something else is more important—the root cause of Stephen's remarks. What follows is entirely personal, but backed up by talking to colleagues and student friends. What disturbs me is the number of ways the University, by its assumptions and work-habits as much as by certain institutions, legislates against what many of us feel to be its prime importance, the sense of a common academic pursuit, a belief in the University as an academic community. Complaints about barriers between students and teachers, about verbally constipated classes, blanket dismissal of lecturers' opinions before the quivering idiots even deliver them by the editor of Craccum (whoops, sorry Stephen) cries for studies to be relevant from students or of frustration from living in an academic backwater from researchers, the substitution of faculty or student politics for learning—all, whatever their individual merits—point to a radical lack of belief in the University as a structure where a sense of common belief and commitment to learning can develop. This, I know, is old-fashioned and liberal; the latter I don't apologize for—the former I worry about.

## ABSTRACTIONS

Schools of various studies, centred on the humane importance of these studies; areas where qualities of discrimination, rationality, cultural value and shared enthusiasm can develop. These are easy abstractions to throw around in Auckland, where they can be made to mean anything or nothing. I'll try to explain. Any institution or organisation undermining any potential sharing of commitment to one's subject should be scrapped or at the very least politely and subtly undermined. Formal examinations, for example, do have a certain limited value; but in their present inflexible form, of course they largely date from the late nineteenth century when they were introduced into English universities to sift out appropriate candidates for the Civil Service. Carefully organised, any amelioration of the psychological burden of the once-for-all three hour, unseen paper is to be encouraged. Where workable and organic to the development of a course, oral examinations, greater credit for the year's work can be useful; above all, a genuine sharing of the student's genuine psychological burdens built up by examinations. The intensity and interest of the study and the teaching ought to aim to make examinations incidental. In my tutorials, for instance, I make a (flexible) ruling of discussing examinations early in the year, then declaring them a banned subject unless requested. The subject is the centre of attention, not an examination.

## PERFORMANCE

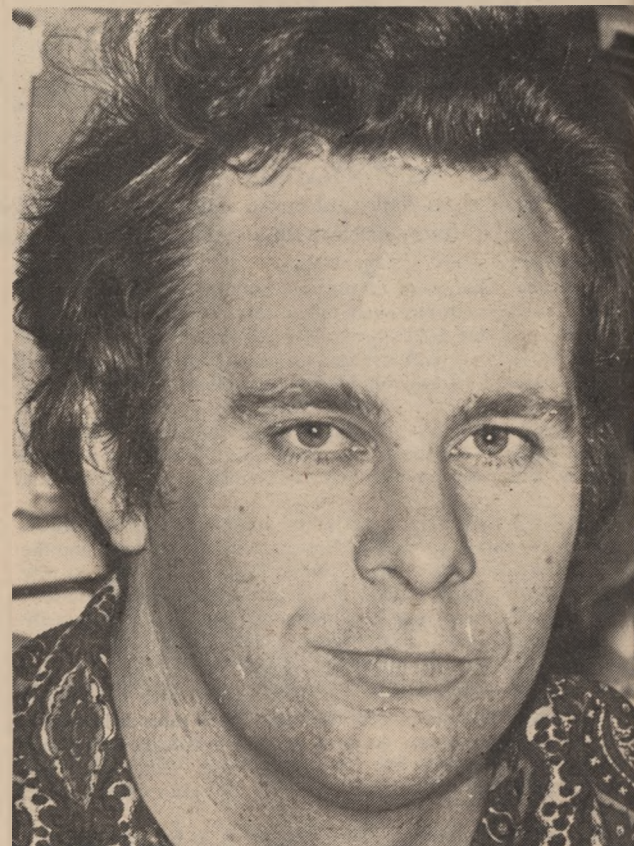
In general, institutions should be made to serve the subjects' needs—an easy cliché again, but one that needs much of the subtle undermining I mentioned to make operate. Lectures, for instance, should stand and fall by their effectiveness—which more often than

we care to admit means their popularity; at Universities where there is a choice of concurrent lectures on a subject, lecturers soon realise where they are effective. One can regard a lecture as a performance, a public exemplum of one's belief in the subject. It should convey not, as too often occurs, a lecturer's rather tired and dutiful survey of second-hand opinions, but instead a sense of active exploration of the subject—that the lecturer is posing unanswered questions to himself as well as to students, and inviting them to participate with him in the exploration. If a lecturer fails to do this, he isn't really worth hearing; equally, there are times when I feel, given the pressure of numbers at Auckland, if a student doesn't believe the subject itself matters, he shouldn't bother with it; he'll only get in the way of those of us who believe it does.

The lecture exists, it seems to me, as well and as importantly to point onward to another, more intimate area of engagement, the tutorial. Here no longer exhibiting himself in a public performance, he is free to listen, to be profound or make a fool of himself as he chooses, to make mistakes along with his students, and especially to try to bring out the spark of imagination most of us want to believe exists in all our students. The tutorial is a situation of risk and intimacy. In so far as he teaches; the tutor, I think, should do two things—he provides students with a vocabulary for their dimly felt intuitions, whatever they are; or else he opens up new areas of experience (with their attendant vocabulary) for them. And, it ought emphatically to be said, he finds the same enormously valuable processes operating upon him insofar as he, too, is part of this group.

## A LEAD OUT

Again, the tutorial should point beyond itself. And here, at Auckland, is where the ideal of community suffers its biggest drawbacks. Too many students and staff have only a 9 to 5 commitment to their subject; too many of us check in and out as if the process of discovery and education weren't in a genuine sense a vocation. Perhaps it isn't: then why are we here? The tutorial, I believe, should lead beyond itself—to corridor arguments, coffee bar discussions, informal seminars, dinners and meetings in flats and houses. At Cambridge, admittedly in optimum conditions, my students and I would drift in and out of one another's rooms all day; once a week, a group would come out to my home for dinner or a seminar or just a continuing argument. Frankly, New Zealand parties are a poor substitute. I even was given \$50 a term to cover expenses by my College—much to my initial surprise. But it grew organically out of an assumption about one's studies. Indeed, 2 or 3 nights a week there would be congenial little groups of the kind all over the place; they expressed a mutual delight in one's subject, and in other people's and became a natural extension of the teaching situation. The same thing, of course, goes on elsewhere—Wystan Cumow tells me of a weekly Wallace Stevens group in Philadelphia that brought



Dr Waller . . . writing of a spurious literary history.

together people from various universities in the area. Here, then, only occasional evidence for the assumptions that lie behind the practices. Too many of us use the University—"go to" is the phrase—as we use a public library; even among students of encounters mutual surprise when one tries to get something going on a very small scale. And yet one's most stimulating academic contact should come not from gloomily glowering at foot-notes or the bottom of a beer jug, but in the face-to-face encounter of fellow explorers, whether colleagues or students-as-colleagues engaged on a common pursuit.

Assumptions are more difficult things to change than institutions, but I believe they must be tackled where they exist, in our minds. Otherwise, the best students and lecturers will become soured professors' lectures and those of their underlings will be all you see, they are, Stephen; more and more students will lose the potential richness of the common pursuit. I'm sorry you didn't enjoy your three years in the English Department; if you'd been in my tutorials, you could have made all your criticism and found that some of it was checked that, so they might have started to build that fierce sense of commitment you evidently missed, and which the University must satisfy if it is not to blight the sensitivity, richness and delight inherent in academic studies which it exists to foster.

## Sexual retailing

ELIZABETH TIMMS

I prefer not to stress Women's Liberation but rather the liberation of both sexes from the restriction that their respective social roles place on their individual developments. For procreative purposes the sexes are interdependent and the continuance of human society depends on this relationship. However, the biological complementarity of the sexes has been embellished with social connotations which have become rigidified. Not only are the sexes assumed to be biologically different and complementary, but the assumption is extended to social differentiation of the sexes. This is particularly marked in urban society where home and workplace are more usually separated.

The vagaries of the reproductive process, which were once reasonable grounds for keeping women in the home and men in the workforce to support them and the children, are now more easily and reliably amenable to control. Educational and technological developments offer women the opportunity of real choice in relation to their procreative role. The flexibility and choice available to women can logically offer a complementary flexibility and choice to men. Provided women accept their opportunities men may no longer be so bound to their role as breadwinner.

In other words it is becoming possible to question the necessary social positions of both men and women in both family and workforce.

This in turn may mean a reassessment of attitude and organisation held of and within families and the workforce. Both are very sensitive areas for there is much emotional investment in the current economic and family systems. However, some changes are already apparent. Role differentiation within the family is now more frequently blurred. Women are increasingly assisting with family earning. Outside the home a similar, if less dramatic impact may be felt if women exercise their opportunities to affect the organisation of the workforce.

There have been examples of the increasing employment of women in a particular sphere leading to improvement in the working conditions of men in that sphere, i.e. articulated law clerks in major New York legal partnerships—McLelland, I understand, has observed a recent trend away from a strong drive for achievement amongst American men: perhaps this is a

sign of some rejection of the pressures of a materialist society.

Amongst radical youth it has been interesting to see the predominantly male pressure on the political system and the predominantly female pressure on the family system, a traditional pattern of division of labour that is all too often carried through to role playing in their sexual relationships.

It is time for weeping and gnashing of teeth to give way to some positive thought and action. One could pinpoint the educational processes—formal and informal—that encourage the restrictive division of sexual and social roles and press for their modification. A new series of primary school reading texts would help. A change in retailing procedures for children's toys would not come amiss. Thinking along these lines may prove less frustrating than complaining at, about and to each other. Let each one who is interested in self-liberation or the full realisation of his/her potential take a long hard look at his/her present life. Does he in fact really capitalize on all his current opportunities for self-liberation or



Elizabeth Timms.

is he acting out the hangups of archaic and restrictive role definitions? It would be timely to add a leavening of practicality to the current movements.

Because of the dependence of the human infant the liberation of either the male or female adult necessitates a liberation of both to be worked out, as appropriate and agreed, on a person to person basis. Organising the liberation of one sex through an attack on the other is not only ineffective but surely invites failure. Men are no more the oppressors than women are the parasites. Each sex, in its own way can restrict the opportunities of the other. Both need liberating in order that the full potential of individuals may be realised and each needs the support of the other in pressing for such change.

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# A blocked quad was turned off by boors

SUSAN KEDGLEY

An incredible thing happened on campus last Monday. Under the pulsating influence of the Rolling Stones, blaring strenuously from amplifiers on the second floor common room, the Student Union underwent a startling metamorphosis.

The prevalent campus air of desolation, glumness and academic self-righteousness was briefly abandoned, as the student mass began to demonstrate that it did, after all, know how to enjoy itself occasionally... the quad was soon bulging with students, standing around talking or just lying around listening, all patently relishing in this novel addition to the normally lifeless, grey and non-existent campus non-atmosphere. Even the odd part-timer, grim faced in dedicated pursuit of his lunch time accountancy tutorial, was seen to pause briefly, relax his face into an almost-smile, before hastening on his earnest way. The quad became almost a lively sort of place.

But not for long, if mean minded little Kill Joys have their way. Hardly had the music begun before this irrepressible species could be spotted, tight lipped and grim, scurrying from their sundry holes, to insist that the music be turned down—preferably to an inaudible level or right off. Already the electric power has mysteriously gone out. Horrified by the heresy of Happy Students (and no doubt envious too) they have already begun what will almost inevitably be an unrelenting battle to restore campus 'normalcy' and dreariness to its self appointed place.

Although the 'shadow executive' (responsible for the noise) are adamant that 'this is a student building, no bureaucrat is going to keep us from doing our thing in this building', students will obviously have to give flagrant displays of collective support if our Middle-Aged-Friends are to be prevented from rallying their forces yet again to suffocate subversive student attempts to start acting as though life were not solely a miserable daily quest for survival.

As the Shadow Executive pointed out, the Music does not disturb people in the library (they checked that), so there is no

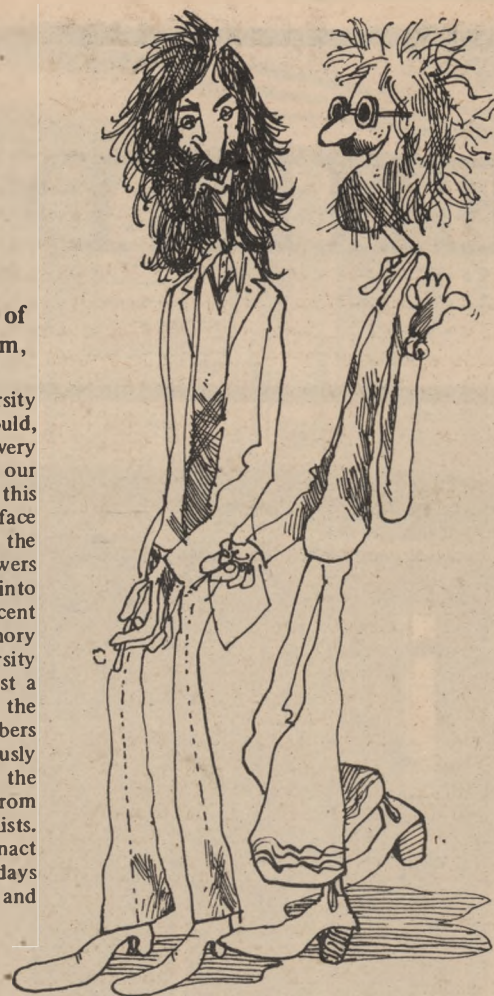
reasonable reason at all, Kill Joys aside, why the music should not continue—and at its present volume.

The musical novelty is part of the 'Shadow Executive's Reorientation Programme'. Correctly judging the official orientation (to what it was never established) as an almost unmitigated disaster, they are attempting to reorient students to a different aspect of university life: "Our whole aim is to live in the place up (already partly achieved). To create a cheerful atmosphere and make the whole place more relaxed and friendly."

A noble and much needed, although wildly ambitious goal. "We hope to turn the common room into a real common, communal room, where everyone will come and do their thing." (Not just sit there silently devouring prescribed reading texts). This week they didn't have much planned, but they hope to produce weekly their broadsheet 'Coming Attractions'. And to set in motion a whole array of informal non-elitist functions where all students, not just self-styled minorities 'will come along and join in the fun.'

Personally I find this latest venture one of the few redeeming

features of Auckland University Campus, and believe we should, every one of us, in every conceivable way, demonstrate our unequivocal support for this valiant struggle, waged in the face of an inevitable mustering of the repressive forces of the Powers that Be, to make this place into more than just a magnificent Mausoleum dedicated in memory of those days when the University was something more than just a mere recruiting vessel of the Establishment, to enlist members to their ranks, by scrupulously separating the Goodies from the Baddies, the Conformists from the Deviants and the Hedonists. All endeavours to re-enact those glorious, historical days should be wildly applauded and feverishly supported.



## But the war goes on

BOB LACK

Tim Shadbolt's "The Return of Pope Timothy" (Craccum 2) is a fine re-statement of his two-year old dismissal of Gager as "not up to a radical's arsehole", but it leads me to question what has been achieved by the activist story Tim relates. Sure, the City Council have changed a couple of childish by-laws—but they have plenty more. And what effect have we had on the important issues? A last minute withdrawal promise from Labour, who promptly lost. And that is about the sum of it: we cannot even get an enquiry into police behaviour when the Ombudsman agrees we're right—while all the thousands of people who have marched 'against' American policies and Omega installations have had not one iota of effect—no more than Robbie and the PYM did marching against the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia.

But then peaceful demonstrations on national or international issues have achieved nothing since the CND sit-ins in Trafalgar Square ten years ago. However, they do provide a marvellous surrogate for action: after Agnew, having been pushed and shoved, threatened and assaulted by police it felt good—"Man I really done my bit against the war tonight." I saved my conscience.

And getting arrested, roughed up and fined or jailed seems to me to be just that much bigger a bloody salve, so you can think you've done that much more. But it achieves nothing towards stopping the war. True enough, a fair number of people who previously believed in police power have seen a little of the other side since election night and Agnew. But the war goes on. And we still get stupid articles in papers where idiot coppers claim police dogs are under control at all times. But the war goes on.

### ACTION

There are really only two courses of action likely to have any measure of success. One is education, by all the means we do not have at our control—news-papers, radio, tv, films; show the bastards what they are doing, especially the kids. Some of the photos published in the past year would be enough to turn most people off the war kick. (Remember that photo of one of our allies holding up about 1/6 of a Cong. Show that to your little sister). And I believe that wide showing of "The War Game", especially in schools, would do more towards developing a sane foreign policy, than all the marching we've done in the past four years.

Or we can go the other way. Show the bastards in three dimensions. They weren't impressed by a blown-up flagpole or airforce depot; would it have any effect if the Prime Minister got doused in napalm? History seems to show that violence

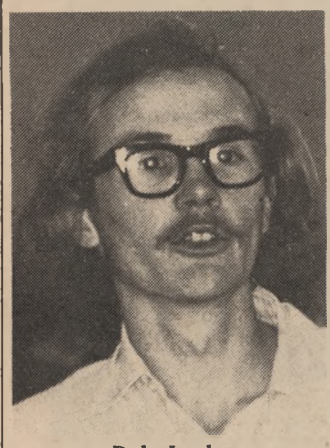
But those Friday evenings three years ago outside 246—"Excuse me madam, what's your attitude to the war"—or those buttons—"Stop me and discuss Vietnam"—it was always "its nothing to do with me" or "rather them than us". And that soldier who stopped us carrying a sign "Peace" and "Rather red than dead"—"What do you know about it, you been there?"—"No, have you". "Yeah boy, and I see those little yellow buggers out to kill me and boy I killed them first. That's what it's about".

And God save our Gracious Queen he believed it.

Tim is right in one thing—we must have action. When the revolution comes and they hold the inquisition or (if you prefer) when you finally stand before God and he gets out his slide-rule there will be just one question. Where were you;—where were you when we needed you, or where were you when I was naked and ravished?

But what about here and now? Anyone got any decent plans for taking over the NZBC, or providing a decent alternative? Because if not we might as well blow the bloody thing up so they can't use it.

And we wouldn't want to do that.



Bob Lack

## Papers meeting today

After an inconclusive meeting of two and one half hours last Thursday, Arts Faculty Committee on the Unit/Paper question will be meeting again today. The members of this Committee, none of whom are students, must present some clear working proposal to the full Faculty meeting of March 31.

Departments within the Arts Faculty seem almost equally divided over the issue. The Faculty questionnaire which asked Departments to canvas their staff opinion as to how a Paper system could be implemented, also allowed for an overall opinion vote as to the viability of Papers.

This might be seen as too much anticipating the actual meeting of the whole Faculty where all members including student representatives, will have speaking and voting rights. It has definitely allowed a great deal of politicizing over exceedingly tentative and informal 'results';

just who leans where and how it can be utilized.

Following this approach however, the History and English Departments seem divided, Mathematics, Anthropology, Philosophy and Sociology are the only Departments strongly in favour of a Paper system, most other Departments are committed either way without enthusiasm except that Education and Psychology very much favour a retention of Units.

An abnormal amount of politics has come into play over this issue. In effect it has become a struggle between staff progressives and staff

conservatives. This is probably a healthy sign except for the fact that the student body was not included in the select Committee and was not circulated with the Faculty Questionnaire.

Apparently students need not be consulted until the very final stages. This is why 'Craccum' has taken such a strong stand on this matter. We are simply asking for representation and effective voting rights at every level of University Government. We do not feel that staff have any sole dominion over issues which effect directly, the student body. Student policy is quite clearly in favour of the Paper system but student opinion has not yet been solicited by the Arts Faculty.

Next week Craccum will print the Reid-Tarling memorandum which initiated this controversy.



Neumegan... a holy music.

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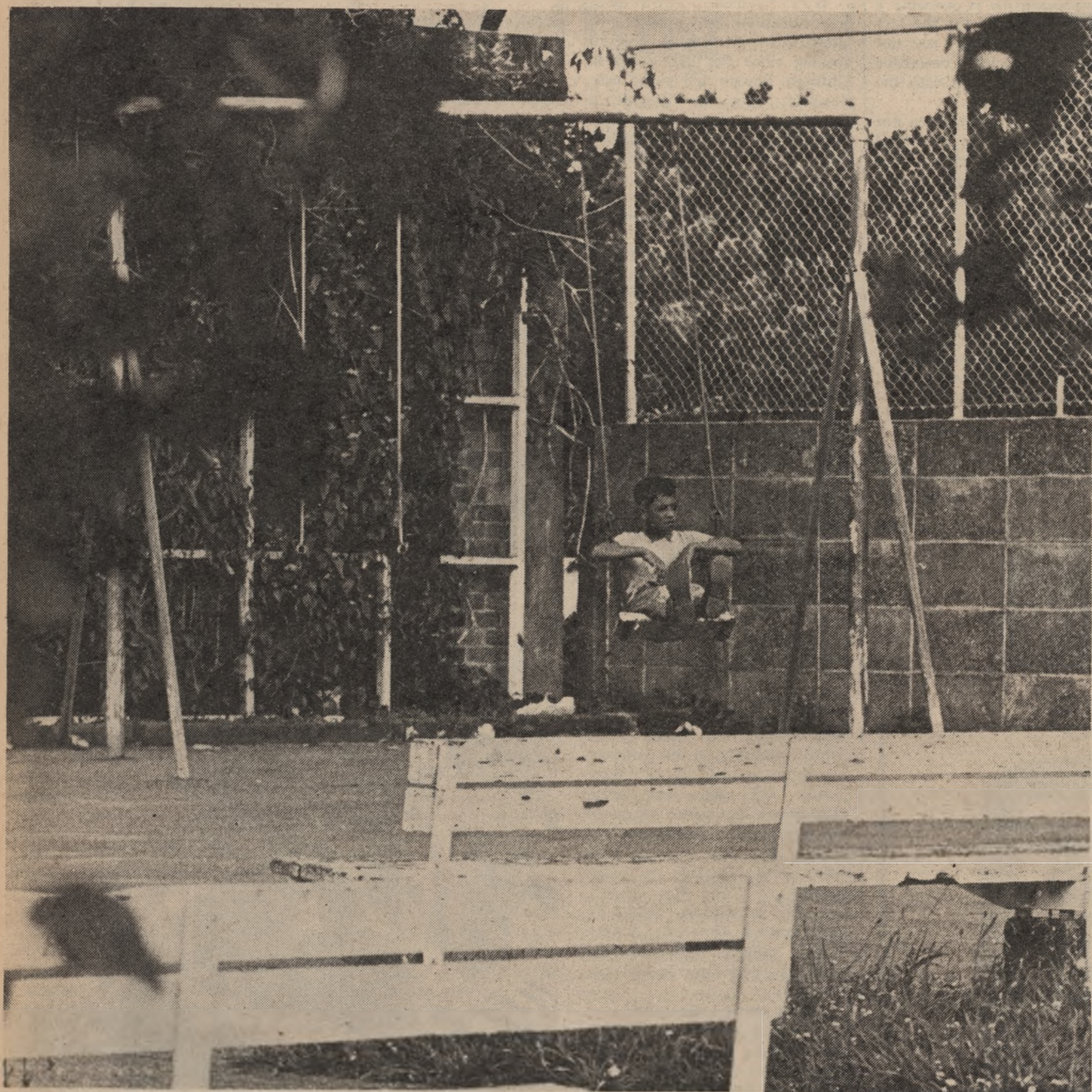
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# BEHIND THE ANTIQUE SHOPPS





QE  
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by  
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kolnik







# Artists, Intellectuals and the

## Part one: the war as history

There are two Spains to treat of in regard to the Civil War. The first is the historian's dream—the post mortem on the corpse, sprawling across erudite pages in all the dispassionate hieroglyph of causal logic: the figures that dance before the analyst's eyes as he names his future security from the past mistakes of the protagonists of the event—he supposes he progresses.

Then there is the second Spain—the Spain where all historical and intellectual perspectives wither into insignificance and all causes coalesce into the totality of the event—leaving only the ineluctable presence of blood, blackening into dry ground.

So, I will commence with history. It is known now—the dismal chain of events that took fire, now in the utmost heroism, now in the fiercest cruelty.

The war's origins are as old as Spain. They are to be found in the stark horror of the Goya etchings that depict Spanish patriots boiling the soldiers of Napoleon; in all the pathos and gargantuan ineptitude of Don Quixote de la Mancha and his dream of perfect service as also in the earth-boundedness of his squire Sancho Panza. They are to be found in the invincible sense of destiny and the depth of corruption that drove Cortez into Mexico, Pizarro into Peru—the relentlessness that made Spain strike into the New World with a bloody branding-iron in search of gold and souls for God—the great branding-iron that left the stinking flesh of unknown millions seared and dead and exploded a dream amidst the crassness of greed and the acrid horror of burning gunpowder. They are to be found in the refined passion of the duende of Lorca who can say: *"Spain is the only country where death is a natural spectacle, where death blows long fanfares at the arrival of each spring"* or again *"In every country death has finality. It arrives and the blinds are drawn. Not in Spain. In Spain they are lifted. Many Spaniards live between walls until the day they die, when they are taken out to the sun. A dead person in Spain is more alive when dead than is the case anywhere else—his profile cuts like the edge of a barber's razor. The jest about death and the silent contemplation of it is familiar to Spaniards. From Quevedo's Dream of the Skull to the Putrescent Bishop of Valdes Real . . . there is a fence of saltpetre flowers, over which rises a people contemplating death, a people who at their most austere are inspired by the verses of Jeremiah, or at their most lyrical by fragrant cypresses. But also a country where what matters most has the ultimate metallic quality of death."*

Fascist soldiers going into battle, fighting for a cause whose inward forms they could never articulate, would cry *"Viva la Muerta,"* echoing the flagrant death-consciousness that was built deep into a past, to which they are committed.

The very form of the landscape, gaunt and skeletal as much of it is, conduced to the hard and brilliant passions that the war released in all its fury. For the war was not a simple diametrical opposition of 'left' and 'right'. It blasted the bounds of all such geometer's fantasies. It was a rending wound in a people that turned to blackest anguish in every soul—an anguish and ripping captured by Salvador Dalí's ghastly *Premonition of Civil War*. It was a gigantic violation—an outrage in the blood that stunned an impotent and depression-weary western world, and brought to light all the frustrations and inadequacies inherent in the ideal of creating a better world. It is the Spanish Civil War from which emerged in its full form, the dilemma posed by the clash of ideal and reality. Both these areas of experience exist deep in the Spanish past. It is only in Spain that Don Quixote, paragon of the dream, promulgator of the heavenly city, that absurd coincidence of bigotry, beauty, heroism and bathos could achieve full articulation through the pen of Cervantes. So it is also with Sancho Panza, the eternal stomach of a demanding reality; a perpetual reminder of some great need to live in the flesh and accept its limitations.

*"The two of them stand for opposing forces that have been active in Spain. . . ; the spirit of Quixote, living in the mind, oblivious of the successive defeats his country has sustained, master of the huge ramshackle Spanish Empire whose riches invariably drained into foreign hands, a poor gentleman, concerned more with his title to nobility than the bareness of his larder; and the spirit of Sancho, the shrewd peasant whose simplicity was forever exploited, and whose poverty has never diminished."*

The Civil War witnessed the failure of a new combination of elements in Spain to achieve meaningful change. The idealism of the 'left' could not prevail against the Machiavellian jugglings of Franco, as he skilfully balanced out all the forces of conservatism, with an iron grip on the realities of the situation. The left, in particular the anarchist left, could be described as Quixotic—and its Sancho Panzas still have empty bellies, and no prospect of filling them. The temper of this historical and social context is in part explained in a discerning passage by Hemingway. Robert Jordan, Hemingway's hero in *For Whom The Bell Tolls* is

ruminating on the grim necessity of killing—*"Though how can I keep from it? I know that we did dreadful things to them too. But it was because we (the left) were uneducated and knew no better. They (the right), did that on purpose and deliberately. Those who did that are the last flowering of what their education has produced. Those are the last flowers of Spanish chivalry. What a people they have been! What sons of bitches from Cortez, Pizarro, Menendez de Avila all down through Enrique Lister to Pablo. And what a wonderful people. There is no finer and no worse people in the world. No kinder people and no crueller. And who understands them? Not me, because if I did I would forgive it all. To understand is to forgive. That's not true. Forgiveness is a Christian idea and Spain has never been a Christian country. It has always had its own special idol to worship within the Church. Otra Virge Mas. I suppose that was why they had to murder the virgins of their enemies. Surely it was deeper with them, with the Spanish religious fanatics, than it was with the people. The people had grown away from the church because the church was in the government and the government had always been rotten. This was the only country that the Reformation never reached. They were paying for the inquisition now alright."*

The ruminations of Hemingway, the intuitions of Lorca and all the myriad other visions and sentiments of older generations comprise the essential fabric, the human fact, of the history that led up to and contained this war within its time-span.

In the 1930's, the European popular front against fascism found a counterpart in Spain. Until 1930 Spain had never known a government bearing any impress of the rational temper of the enlightenment. Basically, Spain still existed as a feudal polity—an anachronistic, but deeply experienced legacy of the long-past spring-time of European culture. The Spanish poor, devoid of that full intellectual waking consciousness in social issues, that is co-extensive with the development of giant industrial cities, did not really know their suffering as a clear cut issue, susceptible of amelioration. A military-clerical elite dominated Spanish politics, the populace were minutely policed by the civil guard. But now the antique edifice that was Spanish society, was beginning to crumble. Catalonia and the Basque country had grown beyond feudalism. An urban proletariat was growing and finding a voice. This growing industrial population created the beginnings of a politics of confrontation—an opposition of exploiter and exploited. The Spanish poor began to know the nature and significance of their suffering, and had most 19th century thinkers, particularly Bakunin, Marx and Kropotkin to turn to for a full articulation of their situation. The Civil War was to decide which way it would grow—i.e. into a system of mass control or into a more enlightened system providing some meaningful liberty in which the individual could realize himself. By 1930 alternatives to a blind adherence to the forms of tradition were at least intellectually realised. At this point the feudal coalition collapsed and a parliamentary republic came into being. This republic struck against the bastions of what was worst in Spain's past, clerical and military domination of the people. An immense effort was made to re-order society within a more rational frame. This government failed. It had alienated the Spanish 'right' wing, yet failed to reform Spain rapidly enough to appease an angry 'left'.

From now on it becomes meaningful to speak of a Spanish 'right' wing and a Spanish 'left' wing. It seemed that this was an inescapable opposition which sought expression and found it in the first burst of violence in 1934. In Asturias, Madrid and Barcelona the 'left' despairing of being heard by the new rightist coalition, (governed 1933–1936), rose in armed revolt. This rising was bloodily repressed but its fury carried into the life-sense of the nation. The fact of two camps in one country had bitten deeply into the collective and individual consciousness of Spaniards. Events were becoming larger and more real than the will of individuals towards peaceful solutions. For the Spaniard in the years 1934–36 there was no longer any question of a humane apolitical scepticism that could reveal the shortcomings of any cause. The Spanish were being committed to a situation where more and more individuals felt within themselves the necessity of being 'left' or 'right'. A sense of collective responsibility to the future grew up on the left, just as on the right an authoritarian commitment to the forms of the past emerged as the centre of belief.

In February 1936 a leftist coalition won the crucial elections and formed a Popular Front government. But the basis of leftist unity was so minimal that the government could not achieve the consensus that would hold the country together.

In July 1936 Generalissimo Franco and the disgruntled cadres of the Spanish military elite, rose in revolt against the republic. From this moment there was war in Spain. This was



El Caudillo

not just another military coup. Previously, the military had intervened in Spanish politics whenever the status quo that assured their powers had been threatened. Military coups were not new.

But the intervention of France in July 1936 was carried out in a very different context to that which had prevailed before. By 1936 the will to live as one community had vanished from Spain. Even the ramshackle feudal coalition that had held the country together without major wars, had ceased to have any influence. Bitterness, terror, and alienation from many traditional securities marked individuals and groups of all political hues.

There were four focal points of sentiment in this gigantic singleness of the fact of war.

The right-wing in Spain was under the overall command, politically and militarily of Franco. It involved two major groupings. The group of which Franco himself was most representative was the Carlist. They were monarchists, and sentimentalists for a bygone era when divine right to govern as one wished was the theory of sovereignty. The Carlists were realists in wielding the power they had. However, being well versed in the ways of an old authority and an old nation, Franco epitomises this wily *realpolitik*. He was known as *el 'Caudillo'*—the chief—a traditional political figure emerging from deep in the Spanish past. His was not the demagogic fascism of the fully-fledged mass society. His authority was strongly tinged with traditionalist sanctions, especially sanctioned by the Orthodox Catholic hierarchy. Franco was too deeply involved in the cause of Spain's blue-blood to sympathise with the clichés of Hitler, the plebian Austrian. With great guile Franco gained the support of the Falange and retained it, holding these echelons of a mass-society in rigid control. He achieved something of a miracle in this coalition of the radical right and feudal elite. Spanish fascism was always tempered by an old authority. It is to be distinguished from the fascism of a fully developed society en masse. It is also important to note that by no means all of Spain's Catholics were with Franco's 'right' wing.

The Spanish 'left' is at once its pest and its most pathetic in the tale of its anarchists.

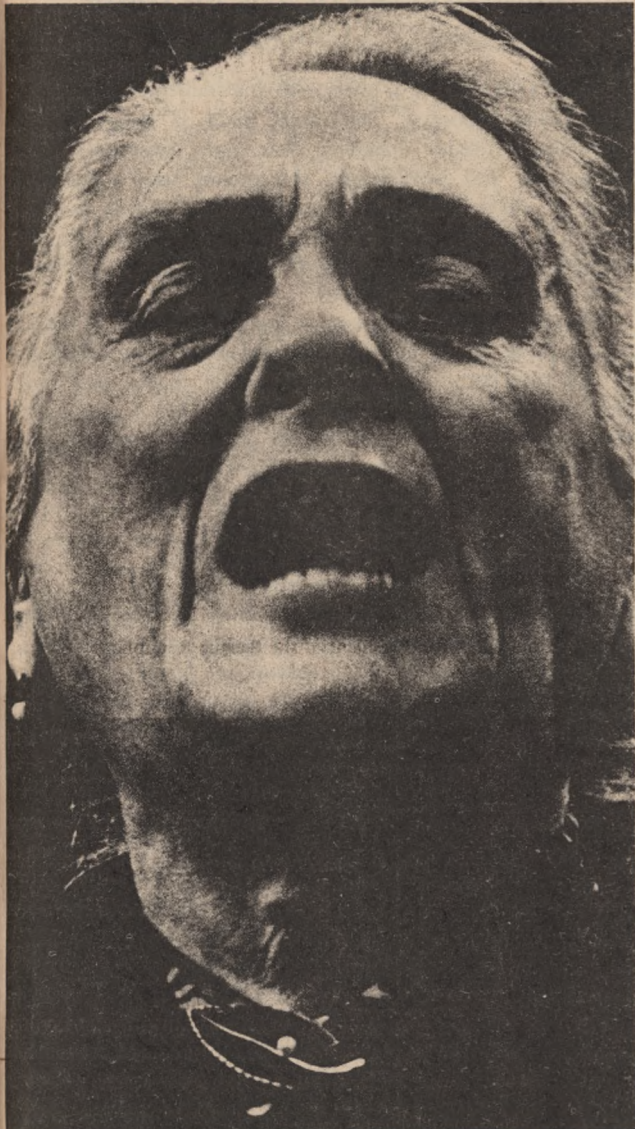
*"In relation to the rest of Europe, Spain has always been an isolated land, geographically, economically, historically, a land at once conservative and revolutionary, living by tradition and given to temperamental extremities; a land whose people are violent and generous, independent and morally rigorous; a land where most men live—as well as they can live—by the soil, and where to be poor is not to lose dignity. In the harsh face of this land and in the proud spirit of its inhabitants, anarchism found the most congenial of all its homes, and for fifty years long after it had ceased to be an*

important movement in Spain an idea that caused that country among the fact of Madrid, and at Aragon, of L circumstances made it overlap parts of Spain new religion. numbers but a Europe."

Anarchism is being a spirit through the be he speaks of th one has learned working-class n unbroken, and abdicated the will-to-power. of unrelated society, but a through inclina Power for its o so many revol were not contel one type of revolution, yes impulse to oss repressions. Th flux of self-re concept of org justice would b rather than a traditions that removal of a could aspire, ar vacuum which responsibility c the anarchist i and massive nothingness. H individuals. A proposition. Sc society could n one would ha education, cou ethics. But anarch



# and the Spanish Civil War



La Pasionaria

important movement anywhere else in the world, it gave to Spain an idea that stirred the imagination of the poor, and a cause that counted its adherents in hundreds of thousands among the factory workers of Barcelona and the labourers of Madrid, and above all among the peasants of Andalusia and Aragon, of Levante and Galicia. In these favourable circumstances anarchism developed a moral intensity which made it overlap the merely social and political until, in many parts of Spain it assumed the spiritually liberating form of a new religion. Spanish anarchists differed not merely in numbers but also in nature from anarchists in the rest of Europe. (iv)

Anarchism is indigenous to Spain in the sense of there being a spirit that will break all bounds, a spirit that shivers through the being of this people. Lorca describes this when he speaks of the duende that "rejects all the sweet geometry one has learned". In 1936 anarchism was very much a working-class movement. Their poverty was real, their spirit unbroken, and their dream was a vision of sanity. They abdicated the old determinism inherent in the concept of a will-to-power. They sought not a meaningless agglomeration of unrelated individuals in a meaninglessly 'permissive' society, but a society where men related to one another through inclination, not through fear, violence and necessity. Power for its own sake, the spectre haunting the postlude of so many revolutions, the anarchists wished to avoid. They were not content with the type of revolution that substituted one type of elite for another. They wished to make a revolution, yes, but they did not want the revolutionary impulse to ossify into new sets of empty conventions and repressions. The anarchist society was to live in a perpetual flux of self-renewal—a vastly speeded up version of the concept of organic change in which a will towards a spirit of justice would be the yeast to keep the whole in ferment; this rather than a constant harking back to precedents and traditions that may have lost all vital significance. The removal of a centre of power towards which individuals could aspire, and attain, and use for their own purposes left a vacuum which the anarchist theory filled, by emphasising the responsibility of the individual to himself and society. But the anarchist is not responsible to society as an anonymous and massive totality—a collective will directed to nothingness. He is responsible to it in terms of each of its individuals. Anarchism may sound a very Utopian proposition. Sceptics claim that such a minimally structured society could not function. They say that to be an anarchist, one would have to have an impossibly high standard of education, coupled with an unlivable pose in morality and ethics.

But anarchism did work in the desperate months

following Franco's onslaught. It was the non-organised anarchist units, groupings that most professional soldiers would have dismissed as 'rabble' that took initiative against Franco. Orwell who served in Catalonia with the P.O.U.M. (Anarchist) units writes:

"For the first few months of the war, Franco's real opponent was not so much the government as the trade unions (anarchist). If they had not acted spontaneously and more or less independently it is conceivable that Franco would never have been resisted." (vi)

But could find no organisation in a situation whose desperation in the long run demanded it. It could only poise a naked spirit against the weaponry of fascism. Initially the idea, the spirit, was sufficient, but as the war became more organised the anarchists loose militia unit, adhering to the most radical egalitarianism, became an embarrassment to the more highly organised republican army. The more puritanical communists, who grew into the backbone of organised resistance to Franco looked with disdain on the anarchists.

"It was the heresy of crackpots and wild men. It really was just an infantilism." (vii)

Hemingway puts these words into the mouth of the Russian, Karkov, who is serving against Franco. They express aptly the official party-line about the anarchists. The anarchists did not have the resources from abroad as did the communists; nor did they have the relentless staying power required to fight a prolonged war. Gradually they faded as an autonomous group. They would not co-ordinate their actions with the main body of the republican army.

War time was not the moment in which to conduct the anarchist experiment. Their kind of radicalism is in the final analysis, pacifistic and non-political—or non-ideological. In seeking to avoid the inexorable logic of power the anarchists left themselves open to destruction by groupings more reconciled to handling power. In Catalonia open fighting occurred between anarchists and communists, ending in a communist victory. By the time the war had been going for a year the anarchist movement was broken. The communist party obtained aid from Stalin. He exacted his price. He ordered the Spanish communists to crush the 'Troskyist' anarchists and compromise, wherever they were able with the Spanish bourgeoisie, thereby winning the war against Franco. In issuing such directives, Stalin was swayed by considerations of international politics—he wanted to weaken Hitler and European fascism generally. This was how he envisaged doing it.

Woodcock says: "The anarchists in Spain in fact failed both militarily and politically because they could not take part in governments and total war, and remain anarchists. By compromising they did not make their failure less certain, they merely made it more humiliating. . . . Given the situation the problem seems to have been insoluble in anarchist terms". (viii)

However, the anarchists did demonstrate a high capacity to conduct the peaceful activities of society in their own way. Their social reforms in the areas where they had influence were highly successful, until Franco put an end to them. They effectively put into practice Kropotkin's concept of libertarian communism. They based their society on communal ownership. This was achieved without the gigantic coercion that underlay Stalin's efforts. Three million of Spain's rural population lived and lived well under anarchist collectivization schemes. Anarchist trade unionists maintained all public services in Barcelona without any directives from above, and without private ownership.

It is the anarchist movement that highlights the whole problem of freedom within organisation, or organisation in freedom. Its successes and failures are significant for any human community. All the issues of freedom, and authority about which the civil war was fought centre upon the fortunes and misfortunes of Spanish anarchism.

The Spanish communist party was relatively small in the early thirties, having no more than 100,000 members—one of the most famous of whom was 'La Pasionaria', the wife of a miner of Asturias whose bitterly hard life was part of a common working-class heritage. The party became larger. By 1936 it numbered 250,000 and by the end of the war, it had extensive controls over the republican government.

Its great strength was that it could attract aid for the republic from Stalin. The communists calculated revolution in terms of power and policy. Ironically they were against the collectivization of land carried out by the anarchists. Always the realities of political expediency dominated communist actions. The communist vision of a future—especially at this time which was the zenith of Stalin's purges—was one that took power and its exercise very much into account. The phase of the dictatorship of the proletariat in Marxist theory, has provided for communists in the sphere of political action a period in which it is considered that a high degree of organisation is permissible.

For the communist acting strictly within the sphere of political reality, the phase of the dictatorship of the proletariat means that the community is a highly-planned extension of the state. The stress of their organisation is on efficiency, centralism and discipline. So it had been in Russia, which at this time was the only country that had conducted a successful communist revolution. The party-line, particularly under Stalin, replaced the formless elan of anarchism and its emphasis on individual autonomy.

The communists in Spain built up the Republican Army according to its own conception of order. They successfully defended Madrid against the first fascist onslaught, exhorted to battle by the voice of La Pasionaria. Communism in Spain did not balk at the implications of power, as anarchism had done. Hence its lasting predominance in the republican resistance. Theoretically, the ultimate aim of communism was what the anarchists had tried to put into practice—a minimally structured society of free individuals. But the communists envisaged reaching Marx's Utopia phase by phase with strict adherence to a dialectical process they discerned operating in history. Theirs was a planned future, where the plan preceded the fact. The anarchist was content to allow the future to unfold—to emerge of its own according to the disposition of individuals living their lives into it. The future, like the present can have no final form in an anarchist society. Instead there is an essential spirit that presides over a protean fluctuation in event and opinion, in the world of fact.

Communism is the world of rigid forms, of a framework that names a future in all its extensions . . . Spanish anarchism was that inchoate pith that Lorca spoke of in reference to the arts—'forms that rise and die ceaselessly, and are defined by an exact present'. (viii)

Anarchy is this concept carried into the world of political and social facts.

Franco succeeded in winning the sympathies of Mussolini and Hitler while the left struggled to resolve its inward contradictions. Hitler sent arms, planes and technicians. This was his chance to try out his toys. It was the German Heinkels and Junkers that bombed the Republican-held town of Guernica as an experiment in saturation bombing of civilian areas. Picasso captured the horror of this first Blitzkrieg in his giant Guernica mural.

Mussolini sent ground forces. Spain became a dress rehearsal of the warplay of European fascism. The tide turned against the republic which bloodily lost the war. Teruel and then Madrid fell after prolonged and bitter sieges. The western powers remained sternly neutral. This was a bleak example of two-facedness on the part of the Western democracies. They sent no aid to the legitimate Spanish republic. If anything they hindered its war effort, and described its fighters as subversive. It is significant that in 1946 the United States government declared the Abraham Lincoln Brigade—America's volunteers to Spain—a subversive organisation. The western governments, impotent in their basic indifference to any true libertarianism, watched its spirit being extinguished in Spain. Democracy had become a mockery to its own. T.S. Eliot's intellectualised impotence sums up the basic sentiment of non-interventionist western powers. He said of Spain "I still feel convinced that it is best that at least a few men of letters should remain isolated and take no part in these collective activities."

Western governments lived in every bit as much of an ivory tower as Eliot. Theirs was a bankruptcy of imagination, a moral dereliction, and finally a betrayal of themselves. Hitler ensured that they had saved themselves no pains.

The republic survived until 1939. Prolonged and bloody reprisals followed its collapse. A million republicans fled to southern France, where, to this day they live in hardship.

There is great controversy over what actually did happen in Spain 1936-1939; that is the deeper significance of the events. Did the communists actually destroy a radical revolution in the interests of *realpolitik*? Did the bourgeois and the aristocracy, whether fascist or republican, ultimately connive in the crushing of the Spanish poor? To this day, many Spaniards are hungry (the average farm wage is approximately 67c a day). The regime the war established still rules with an iron fist. Despite rumours of liberalisation and panderings to tourist fetishism, Franco's practice of dictatorship is thorough and ruthless. During the 60's and within the last few months there has been outbursts of guerilla activity against the regime. Until 1969 thousands of republicans languished in prison. A political amnesty was declared then, an amnesty regarded with great distrust by many expatriate republicans. Franco's peculiar brand of fascism with its compromise between church, Falange and monarchists survived Hitler and Mussolini's more radical fascism, giving Spain a harsh stability supported by the machine pistols of the ubiquitous civil guard.

What the war was actually 'about' concerns the contradictions within our own societies. It is about the





## Spain continued



Spanish Death

problems of governing a mass society with all its tensions and complexities. For a few bitter years in Spain, the struggle was physical and open, and individual liberty was sacrificed to a basically traditional authority. In our time the struggle in all our societies has become endemic, and its outcome unknown.

The war and its legacy are part of our condition.

W.H. Auden said in 1937—"The struggle in Spain has X-rayed the lies upon which our civilization is built".

The agony of Spain and its causes are still with us.

My belated tale of this war does not claim to be comprehensive or even objective. I have sought to show the history of a sentiment concerning a dire event, for this is how

it is experienced on a human scale. Therefore, I will now turn and treat the utterances of the war's protagonists more explicitly.

DENYS TRUSSELL

## NOTES

- (i) Lorca Theory and Function of the Duende
- (ii) Cohen Introduction To Don Quixote Penguin Classics
- (iii) Hemingway For Whom the Bell Tolls p336 Penguin
- (iv) Woodcock Anarchism p335 Pelican
- (v) George Orwell Homage to Catalonia
- (vi) Hemingway For Whom the Bell Tolls
- (vii) Woodcock Anarchism p371 Penguin
- (viii) Lorca On the Theory and Function of the Duende

## Who needs a gun

JOHNNY WINTER AND/CBS

We saw the music city liberals on T.V. Johnny Cash singing about the chain gang . . . tears in his eyes . . . sweat on his unduly expensive guitar. It's hard to think of Johnny Winter making good music not far away. But this is the rock Winter. He plays with the one-time Moloys (Hang on Sloopy) and there is very little of the twelve-bar blues of Second Winter, but producer Edgar Winter's influence is prominent.

But the question is Johnny Winter and . . . who? There are tantalizing snatches of Rick Derringer's playing but the record is still (sometimes disappointingly) dominated by Winter. The group is less integrated than when Johnny played with brother Edgar and Uncle John Turner. They are rehearsed without quite so much cohesion—the halting reprise in *Am I Really Here*. The sick duck second vocal by Derringer never really works—*Am I really Here*—a good song ruined by dyspeptic cascades—his high voice out of tune—"New-ew-ew", "thru-u-u". But the voice of Winter is the same, white and hoarse. He sings just as excitingly as when he did *Highway 61*. The scream before the break. The music is a lot lighter than his blues albums. Many of the songs sound like somebody else's but in the end Winter makes them his own. *Ain't That a Kindness*, is a country song. A Winwood-Capaldo song—*No Time to Live* is Traffic: a wonderful expansive pseudo-Winwood vocal inaccessibly high singing of someone's inaccessible problems. It has the smoothness of harmonic change so typical of the English groups but with gauche rhythm changes when they all move up a few keys. Beautiful acoustic guitar and tactful drumming.

Johnny Winter has looked beyond the twelve-bar cage for this album—he would never have had the heavy, hiatus drumming in earlier days. It is all symbolised by his quotations—"I sent down to the county drug-store," "I can't get no satisfaction," "Two riders were approaching"—but Winter's horse dies under him (ain't that a kindness!) because he wants it still to be Johnny Winter and not an eclectic amalgam. But I still like the flashes of earlier days—Derringer's and Winter's guitar on the pedestrian *Funky Music*. No revolution (except on track 1); no drugs except on *Prodigal Son*.

When you play this record, begin and end with *Hoochie Koo*—rock dance—who needs a gun with a guitar like that.

LESTER CALDER



Johnny and mike

## A rethink

EDUCATING NEW ZEALANDERS  
JACK SHALLCRASS/REED/\$2.00

Jack Shallcrass, who is now a senior lecturer in Education at Victoria University of Wellington, broadcast a series of talks on Education entitled 'Schoolroom' in 1965 and 1966. This book, written in 1967 when he was Vice-Principal of Wellington Teachers College, is an expansion of these broadcasts, and is as lucid, succinct and provoking as they were.

In a deceptively benign style, mercifully free of educational jargon, Shallcrass examines the aims, attitudes and needs of society and the responses to these, of our educational system.

Reasoning that living in a changing society, that will accelerate even faster, the author suggests our system should be aiming to produce flexible, problem-solving imaginative minds, instead of inculcating a formally examinable body of knowledge.

In questioning traditional educational aims and practices, and by inference, the community who accepts them, this book reveals a disturbing lack of foresight, imagination and understanding of children, and particularly young adults, in New Zealand.

With a cool reasonable tone the author suggests a complete educational re-think in this country. Perhaps this book will be instrumental in bringing this to pass.

ANNE GILBERT

## Free forms – old poetaster content

ARGOT/ORGAN OF THE VICTORIA  
UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY

There's no getting to grips with any reality in much recent New Zealand poetry. The latest issue of *Argot*, Victoria University's literary magazine, has many examples of the obliqueness and evasiveness, the poems having the faded tones of little fables. Into modern free forms has been poured the old poetaster content. In the editorial, John Hall says the new generation is beginning to be proved by *Argot* and similar magazines. Proved?

The most satisfying poems in the magazine are in the ballad or prosaic style, Barry Southam's statements of situations that do not reverberate further than simple truths and ironies being the best examples. Bruton Connors has a perfect little piece about the natural vitality of the common man personified by his old man who collects junk: . . .

"see anything lying in a ditch  
we'll have that sonnyboy  
once shanghaied a tree-trunk  
from in front of the dole offices . . ."

Other attempts at the plain honest style, such as Warwick Harvey's, are incompetent both in rhythm and expression.

The fables range from a sonnet on Nero's burning of Rome with appropriate comments about fate and art, to a whimsical portrait of God as a man in a tree who sells rags that tell the universe's story and whose feet, being the only parts of him visible, are watched carefully so people won't feel cheated. There is a jazzed up version of the crucifixion and a tale of how sparrows succeeded in destroying an ant colony that the narrator had failed in wrecking, a neat little moral left hanging in the air. The best of these fables is S. Jane Leeburn's which for all its vagueness and poetic touches has some pressure behind it, that of trying to get through to oneself and then the fleeing from engulfment, the poem pausing finally on the word 'nothing'.

Rhys Pasley successfully employs the jargon of the drug sub-culture in his tale of a failed relationship but his other piece is mawkish and slack. Edmond's Now is a *Helluva Thing* is a mind-cracking poem which defies more than fragmentary understanding but which is about the only piece in the magazine that could honestly be called avant-garde.

The poetaster comes out of hiding in the banalities of that middle-aged earnest pair, Patterson and Thompson, doyens of the little magazines. Patterson likens his woman to a jalopy. Towards the end of the poem "wheels" stands for the movement and finally momentum of life. He ends with the memorable line "Move over, baby—I'm the one's driving this car". Thompson dribbles over "the hour-glass whore (nipples erect)". O Parnassus!

D.A. HAROLD

## Escaping art

DAVID MEALING EXHIBITION  
BARRY LETT GALLERIES

ie: is the therapeutic exercise to jump in piles of wool smother self in sheepish agony? maybe.

maybe ecstasy.

likewise ie again: to stick apple record labels on miniature tombstones is sendup of beatles. is new criteria to judge our gaps. that is of generations and of ourselves? probably.

then to walk innocently into that room knowing a vindictive exercise is prepared for self ie he is waiting. he and his new device of some sort, watching shattered minds leave and some thoroughly confused.

ie (to start a new line) that yellow invite: or you too: and welcome to my glaze my warp my large hard (board) paintings. ie (for another time) self stood there staring at yellow and some bronze too. self saying is more honest than Mrkusich this man ie will not indulge an elliptical philosophy will not transmute a mere buzz of spatial thought to his canvas will not formalize it with euclidian geometrics no photo corners even!

ie (for the last time) is aware that he paints colours has polished and kissed but has not invested self and works with a facetious sanctification.

to point a moral of sorts from long conversations with Mr Clifton: if art's a sentimental escape from social realities then art's a sentimental escape from social realities: provided it doesn't pretend to be something else (no critic has a perpetual storehouse of aesthetic cliches). can thank Mr Mealing and say (you were waiting for it) that self revels in the most refreshing exhibition to bounce off Auckland minds for a long time.

STEPHEN CHAN.

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# The Mercury is a dull lark

## A surfeit of misdirected energy



### THE LARK/JEAN ANOUILH MERCURY THEATRE

WANTED: Drama which can stimulate a response other than dull apathy. Plays which will clench the bowels as well as the head. Plays in which the image of the seventies will leer back at us from the stage. Plays in which the language is corrosive, rude, beautiful, vulgar, magic, obscene and lyrical. Drama with its feet in shit and its head bursting with ideas. Actors who die, shriek, love, gibber, drink, swear, vomit, piss and burn—there on the stage. Actors who *are*. Drama which is dramatic. Theatre which turns us on instead of putting us off.

For those at The Mercury who might be interested in the roots of humour, folk art, and drama, take a look at Mailer's comments on obscenity in *The Armies of the Night*, Chapter 6. And if that doesn't give you any ideas then look at Mikhail Bakhtin's *Rabelais and his World*.

What the Mercury needs is a director with the kind of imagination which will not be content with the merely competent. Because *The Lark* is competently staged at the level of costumes, props, lighting, and set. This is what we expect of a professional theatre. But we want more than our expectations to be fulfilled. We want more than competence. We need radical changes in the Mercury's ideas about play selection. We want more than a play about a good girl called Joan. In *The Lark* Warwick asks Cauchon about Joan's methods of wheeling horses and men out of Beaudricourt. He replies: 'Rather too crude for my taste. . . .' Well nothing that The Mercury has done, including this play, is crude enough for *my* taste. All the energies in that place seem to be directed towards pleasing the socialite, the school party, the person who wants to be entertained. Thus we have this emphasis on lovely costumes, clever props, nice actors with nice personalities—the sort of people one can have a drink of Riverlea Red with after the Grand Opening Night. I don't give a stuff for that kind of thing. I've got more out of University productions with their obviously cardboard props, their halting actors, that pitiful stage in the hall, than I've



ever got from Mercury productions. They have this bug about authenticity. But the kind of authenticity they are concerned with is the *trompe l'oeil* kind of deception. They

do not seem to be aware of that other kind of authenticity which emerges from an outrage with the world as it is. Why the hell have they not commissioned Walter Pollard to write and direct a play called *Hecuba*? (See *Craccum* March 11).

No—the Mercury's way of progress is to take one pace forward and then two backwards. They give us *Marat/Sade* and now they present us with *The Lark*.

I really should struggle to be more rational—to include my reasons for rejecting this production. But because I was so bored I lost the ability to reflect on the causes of my boredom. Whilst I sat there I *was* boredom. Shall we say it was because the play was excessively verbal and static? That the bogus Scots (?) accents irritated and puzzled me? That I refuse absolutely to be conned into a sentimental response when a spotlight is focussed on an upturned, imploring, female face? And that I could only have taken that reliquary, mother mary, stained-glass vulgarity of the closing scene if I had *known* that the vulgarity had been conscious and deliberate?

Didn't it occur to Don Farr that he could have directed the play as a grotesque farce? There were hints enough in the play. Anouilh himself touches the final scene with a fine note of cynicism:

*Bells, a salute of cannon, a flight of doves, a play of light perhaps, which throws the reflection of the cathedral stained glass across the stage, transforming it. The Curtain falls slowly on this beautiful illustration from a school prize.*

What the Mercury needs is incisive directing and the realisation that certain plays, I include *The Lark*, and almost everything that Tennessee Williams has written, can only be staged by a complete reversal of what the play is apparently intending to do. That way some of the audience might at least come out of the theatre feeling angry. I came out last night with a polite half-smile frozen on my face. I still feel numb.

Wanted: A new drama critic for *Craccum*. This man will probably not be given any more free tickets.

RUSSELL HALEY.

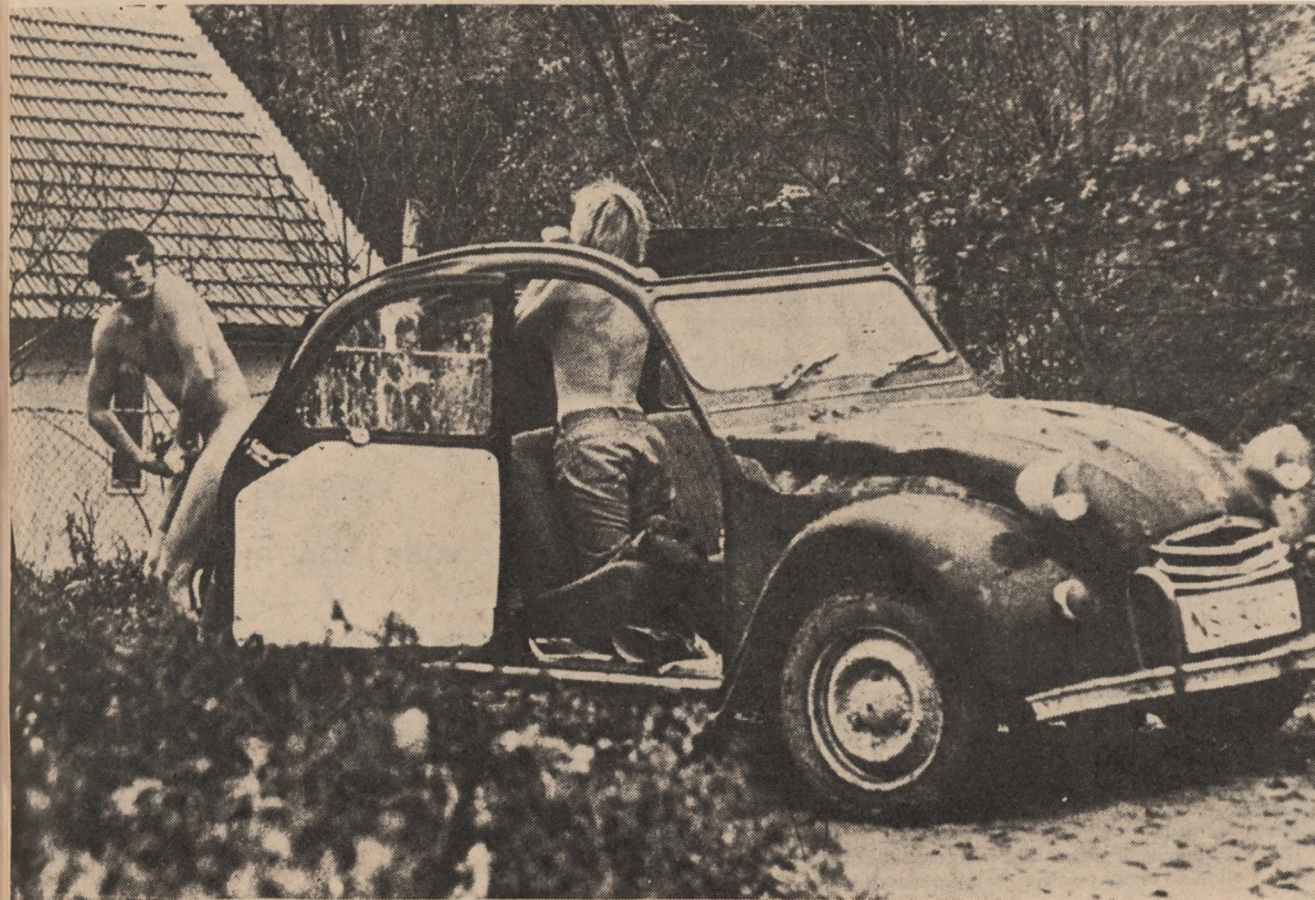
# All goes if courage goes

Jim Marquet is the manager of the Princess Theatre, Dominion Road. Unlike many theatre managers, he has an active interest in cinema art. In recent months, we have had three distinguished new releases—*The Days of Mathew*, *Double Suicide* and *An Autumn Afternoon*. All were—despite their merits—financial disasters. Films of international reputation are scarce in Auckland. If Marquet continues to lose out, the prospect will be even bleaker for those really interested in films in this country. In all depends on you. Marquet's latest gamble—a Yugoslavian film *Early Works*, which won the Golden Bear (first prize) at the Berlin Film Festival in 1969—starts on April 2nd (review next week).

A few questions I put to Jim Marquet last week:  
*How did you manage to obtain this new film, Early Works?*

I picked from *Films and Filming* titles that had gone over well at Lido-type theatres in England, then wrote to Yugoslav Films. I was sent a catalogue from which I selected *Early Works*. I paid for a brand new print—uncut—this is the one I received in New Zealand. This was sent to the censor. . . . I was surprised. . . . not much was cut out. In one sequence a girl and chap come out of the shower—there is a frontal shot that is cut. But in another part, someone pees on anti-communist slogans which is left in.

*What's the theme of Early Works?*



EASY WORKS. . . future hangs in the balance

It's about a group of young revolutionary people who are discontented with the present Yugoslavian regime.

*What of the Japanese films, Double Suicide, and An Autumn Afternoon How did you get these and were they successful?*

Neither *Double Suicide* nor *An Autumn Afternoon* were a success financially. I wrote to Toho Company in Japan and told them I was interested in Japanese films. Originally, they offered me an American-type film with Caesar Romero in it called *Latitude Zero*. . . . I asked them to switch to something more classical and finally booked *Double Suicide*.

*In view of their commercial collapse, are you prepared to bring out any more Japanese films?*

I'm prepared to bring out anything if its good. . . . even if I only break even.

*What other films apart from these are you negotiating for at present?*

I signed an agreement in July last year for an excellent Hungarian film, *The Falcons* (the film received very good notices at last year's London Film Festival). Now they're taking this film for this year's Auckland Film Festival. The producers agreed that if it was a success, there'd be more. . . . I'm also negotiating for *The Switchboard Operator*. Also *Dodeska-den*. (the new film by Japan's Kurosawa also acclaimed at London last year). And an American film *Switch Harry*, which I saw in Sydney.

*What is the problem with specialised films in N.Z.? Distribution difficulties or no audience . . . ?*

Lack of audience. Distribution is no problem. *An Autumn Afternoon* is a delightful film. . . . well photographed, had good publicity in the papers. . . . but it just didn't take on.

*So getting more films of this nature depends entirely on public support. . . .*

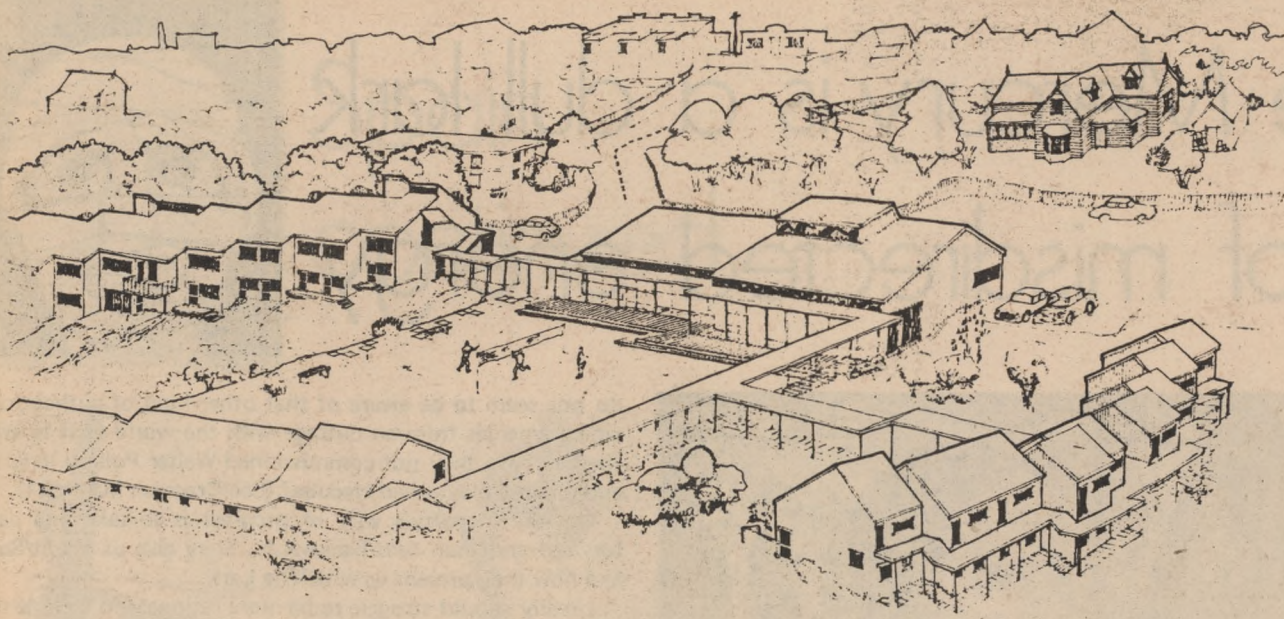
If a film has real mass appeal, one of the major companies will snap it up. We're trying here to build up a discriminating audience. I like to think there's the potential in Auckland for this. As long as I can break even, I'll continue to bring these films out. In the case of *Early Works*, if I can prove there's a little money for the producer. . . . If people won't support these things, the producers just won't be agreeable to letting these films leave their country.

*In the face of all the competition, what motivated you in the first place to bring out specialised films?*

Because these are films I feel are worthy of audience participation in this country. There is the potential. If a film like *The Falcons* comes out to Auckland, a good film, and is a failure, there's something very, very wrong. . . .

GRANT STITT





PERSPECTIVE 2.

An architect's view of the proposed village

The chronic flat shortage in Auckland this year with students forced to accept any flats available and often living in overcrowded and substandard conditions is obviously a situation that will deteriorate further with rising student population and the disappearance of traditional flatting areas. On the other hand the demands for both private board and hostel places were way down, and for the first time in years all Halls had vacancies when term started.

#### MARY KIRK LVP

This situation makes one wonder just what are the trends in student housing demands, and in relation to Auckland University what policies in planning should be pursued.

The stumbling block in planning is lack of information and statistics. Last year the University admitted that the planned 1,000 hostel places for a University of 10,000 was a purely arbitrary figure arrived at by conjecture and speculation. As Auckland University reaches the 10,000 limit admission policies will affect the number of out of town students coming to Auckland, and in ten years time Albany and Waikato will be drawing off further students to again affect the out of town number who will be coming only to the Special Schools. Planned and present halls will provide hostel accommodation for 800 but with the difficulties Halls are now facing with rising running costs and management and staff problems future developments in traditional hostel accommodation have to be closely examined.

Even if accurate figures can be arrived at for the demand for student accommodation, the question still remains on what type—are they happy with traditional halls or is there a strong swing towards flatting as present demands seem to indicate. If so do they want to live in community flats or villages or in small clusters of flats?

Canterbury and Victoria this year are both undertaking extensive surveys on student attitudes and preferences to the housing situation. The survey has been offered to A.U.S.A. and would supply valuable information and background material for planning purposes here. However at the moment the proposal—costing around \$400—has been rejected by the A.U.S.A. executive because of a very tight budget situation and because the short term benefits

are not obvious. But I intend to re-present the proposal to both A.U.S.A. and the University in the hope that they will share the cost.

Over the last 2 years various housing schemes have been looked into by A.U.S.A. such as re-converting groups of old houses etc., but none has proved suitable. The latest possibility being investigated is that of leasing blocks of flats built by private development companies which would involve Studass in only rental and maintenance and no capital outlay. In all these schemes finance again is the big hang-up. This year \$100,000 from reserve funds is tied up in a loan to the University for the Cafeteria Extensions, but hopefully in 1972 we will have funds to invest in some housing scheme.

On the national level N.Z.U.S.A. is taking the initiative pressuring for action in Student Accommodation. A High-powered 'Student Residence' seminar is to

be held in Wellington May 8 and 9, aimed at educating and informing people such as Talboys, Grants Committee, Vice-Chancellors and University Buildings people, Town Planners, local authorities, private developers and any interested staff and students on the needs, trends and problems in student housing.

At last the wheels are turning and people are realising that students have to have reasonable living conditions if their university education is to be successful. Any interested, concerned or informed students who want to do something active about the situation are invited to see me in Studass and join the Accommodation Committee.

#### NORMAN SPENCER

An experiment in student living is planned in the Norman Spencer Student village which is the only proposal in New Zealand to encompass different types of accommodation—hostel, single and married flats—on the one site.

# Hamlets or Hostels?



Mary Kirk

A wooded sloping site bounded by the Domain on 2 sides and within walking distance of the University is being used for the village which will house 150 students.

Hostel accommodation for 76 men in 60 single and 8 double rooms, 4 bedroom flats for 20 men; 4 bedroom flats for 40 women and single-bedroomed flats for 9 married couples are the provisional plans. A communal dining room/common room/recreation area is provided in a separate building.

The buildings will be constructed in composite timber and concrete block units at the average cost of \$4½ thousand a bed. They are built into the hillside in 1½ and 2 storey blocks following the slope of the land. As many standing trees as possible will be left on the site and grassed recreation areas will follow the central valley area dividing the different blocks.

Professor V.J. Chapman of the Botany Department and a member of the University Council

heads the Norman Spencer Hall Management Committee who are launching an appeal for funds once the plans have been finalized. A.U.S.A. last year approved an interest free loan to the Hall to cover costs of architects plans and student representation and the Executive have been consulted at all stages of the planning.

#### O'RORKE

Another field in which students have strong representation is the O'Rorke Rebuilding Committee which is studying whether the Hostel should be renovated, completely rebuilt or even if the site is worth doing anything at all with. If it is to be rebuilt should it be only as a hostel, as a combined hostel/flat complex, or purely as a student village.

A feasibility study is to be prepared by an architect firm to assess these possibilities from which the O'Rorke committee will recommend a line of action to the University Council.

# A skull faced capping

#### KEVIN HALL

Six weeks until we begin: I appeal to you, my brethren, to give some thought to the ways and means of making this years Capping madder than it has ever been before. Let words of wisdom pour forth from your eyes, your ears and your noses(s)—possibly even your mouth. I can sometimes interpret that more easily. You may ask how one knows when these fits of passion, which result in such words of wisdom, have so gripped your soul that it warrants a trip to the office to stun me with the said ideas. The most common symptom is known as Capping-on-the-Brain, an inability to do anything bar design floats, think of stunts, and annoy the capping controller. If you fall into this category, you are the person I want.

#### BUT WHY CAPPING ANYWAY?

Traditionally Capping began when our first students completed a satisfactory number of units and the university allowed them the privilege of wearing a gown and hood and, of course, mortar board and called them graduates. Today is no different. We gather to honour our graduates (and hopefully to get rid of them) and then to entertain the public and ourselves.

Looking at previous Capping weeks and particularly student participation it seems the average student spends one evening at Revue, an evening at a dance (or if he can get in one of the Balls), watches Proesh and perhaps the Boat race. This year we intend to develop a more flexible pattern of activities for students to choose from. We want your days and nights to be sleepless. (In fact we are considering offering a prize to the first student who reports to Capping office at the end of the week who can guarantee they have not slept since the opening of Capping. The Capping Controller, obviously, is the logical person to take this prize, but as the sponsor he is, by law, unable to participate. To claim the prize we will need reliable witnesses.)

We also want you to enjoy yourselves: the traditional Capping Week will still be there but we feel it is time a little culture was introduced to leaven the loaf.

Does the idea of a Film Festival appeal? We are thinking of rescreening "Romeo & Juliet", "The Pawnbroker", and, of course, "The Graduate" plus a few others of the same calibre.

The Free University seems likely to be around (down in St Pauls crypt) for those with nothing to do—whats more they don't change you Student Union Fees, so go and spend the odd hour, hours, days and/or nights with them; don't forget to return to the insanity of the rest of Capping.

A happening—whats a happening please? A happening is a spontaneous, combustible, inflatable gathering of you. Where? Well, wait and we'll tell you in a later issue. When? We think after Proesh—whats more it will take all your time after Proesh and its even a wandering happening because it (like Cinderella) will turn into

a pumpkin or rather pieces of pumpkin, pork and puha at a hangi—buses will deposit you there and if keen fairy story readers don't chop them up and put them in the ovens they will even take you back to town at the end of the evening, which our witch predicts will be late—very late.

Soft music, soft lights and that blond that sits in the back row at lectures—water lapping, boat moving gently away—sound like the ideal way to catch up on your sleep during the strenuous capping programme?—it is and whats more its the Varsity Harbour Cruise—run especially for you (romance only costs \$2.00 a head).

Our next suggestion for your entertainment and education is a new feature that is to be a regular part of Capping—the Aucksford Union Debate. Male students only of course—like the original we believe women are frivolous sidelines to university and should be kept out of all serious affairs—which of course our debate is—the personalities of the two teams are bound to start real sparks flying—prominent medical, political and student personalities are among those you may expect to see expose their barbed wit(s).

For the musically minded, we have a lot going—if you have catholic tastes you may go to all of them or you may prefer to be more selective: the University choir will be performing (aren't we sending them away soon?—You had better hear them before they depart).

The folk concert is a traditional student "Happen-In"—sorry I forgot about the TV Show—but really if you like folk, drop in and hear them and for those of you who prefer a heavier sound there is the Blues-Rock Festival which, if volume is any indication, should send the whole university. The Blues-Festival will finish the week off—Friday, Saturday and Sunday can be devoted to it (if you can stand the pace).

This is a sampling of some of the non traditional things of Capping Week . . . all those things you have heard so much about will also take place.

## JOHN THOMSON SPEECH AND DRAMA STUDIOS

#### JOHN N. THOMSON

DipDrama (Lond Univ.), Dip Central School of Speech and Drama (Lond.), LRAM, FTCL, FNZATSD

#### DEIRDRE SNEDDEN

Rose Burford Trg Coll. Cert., LRAM, MNZATSD

#### LOIS PAYNTER

FLCM, MNZATSD

Announce that they have moved to new and larger studios in

ST PAUL BUILDING, 47 WAKEFIELD STREET.

Private and class tuition in all aspects of speech and drama.

Adult classes in effective communication and public speaking; the basic techniques of voice production and speech; effective speaking for women; the theory and teaching of speech in the classroom and for diploma examinations; acting and stage techniques.

STUDIO TELEPHONE: 74-140.

We do want you to sell, build and collect still, but even more vital is your presence at some of these other activities.

If you, your club or society want to add to this list the welcome mat is always outside my office (even when I'm not in it). If you come often enough I can be found. Otherwise phone me at Stud.Ass. office 30789 ext 73 or leave a message at the Student's Association desk. You can find me on the first floor immediately above the Student's Association office which is beside the bookshop. The corner office with the view of concrete is mine.

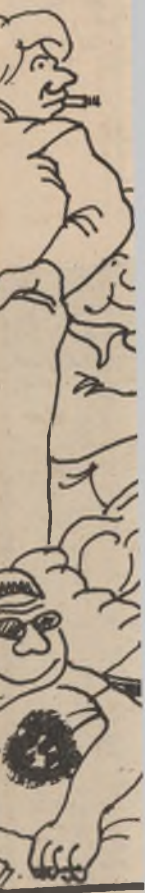
## EXERCISE

### YOUR LEGAL RIGHT

Register as a Conscientious Objector

For information write or phone

Christian Pacifist Society, or Society of Friends,  
12 Frost Road, 115 Mt Eden Road,  
Auckland 4. Auckland 3.  
695-541 606-834





# 800 ARE COMING ARE YOU?

The location's the same . . . a secluded beach, very handy to the city. Lots of trees. Nature . . . Well away from the road. Free beer. BUT THE DATE HAS BEEN CHANGED. It's now on Monday, April 5 (to miss Easter.) All you have to do is put in a day on Friday April 2 selling Mystery Envelopes and you get a free double. 800 are coming. Are you? Get your name down with Ross Amer, today.



J.S. WITH LOVE



# AND HAND IN HAND,



# ON THE EDGE OF



# THE SAND...



WAIHI PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADRIAN GANE AND ANDREW RIDDELL

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