

Craccum

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Free to students

An assessment of Labour's Kirk: those tender bars to credibility

A curious concept behind the two party system is that there is always a party of the 'right' and a party of the 'left.' It is further conceived that either party must always function from its identifying ideology. In the case of the New Zealand Labour Party, a leftish socialistic kind of ideology. In actual practice however, any ideological conflict seems to have been suborned by conflict over administration. That is, both parties are presenting voters with the one choice, which party could administer the existing system most efficiently.

The Labour Party which has been in Opposition for eleven years has left off the formulating of actual policy to a three yearly gambit. The meantime is spent in a supposed harassment of Government administration rather than any continuous research into ways of combating Government policy.

In fact, it might be argued that Labour recognizes the healthy aspect of avoiding ideological principles. The task of a party desperate for office will inevitably be one of seeking voting probabilities. This is not to promote a definitive alternative to the existing Government but to out-pander that Government in vote solicitation.

The most recent and conspicuous example of this was the visit of Kirk to Mt Eden Prison, just one day after prisoner protest. His visit and his remarks produced the effect he wanted. The resultant publicity allowed him to appear as a 'fine upstanding preserver of social values.' That is he utilized the case of bad prison conditions as a situation detrimental to the voting public. "The siting of a penal institution in a central area of the city was unwise, especially for public safety."

MINIMAL

His concern over those actually incarcerated inside the prison however, seemed minimal. "I wouldn't pay much attention to grievances voiced through violence."

In point of fact, the prisoners had no other way of making their grievances public, let alone attracting the attention of a party that by ideology might purport to sympathize. Kirk's comments were in fact a clear endorsement of the existing penal system throughout New Zealand as well as a careful avoidance of public concern toward the human motivations to riot inside a prison. "There is a general shortage of prison accommodation." "New medium-security facilities away from Mt Eden are needed." "Estimates for prison spending should come under close scrutiny."

In short Kirk wishes a retention of the present penal system, with the sole qualification that crowded prisons are unsafe for the public if built in a public precinct. Tim Shadbolt points out the totally inhuman aspects of prison life on the centre pages of Craccum this week. But Kirk seems oblivious to the fact that existing penal provisions and the social reasoning which creates them are outdated and barbarous. Kirk instead is intent on propagating that social reasoning. Instead of researching ways in which the number of prisons can be decreased, he proposes that more should be built. Instead of seeking for the humane treatment of prisoners, he can only advise the public of differences between medium-security and top-security prisons and presumably what kind of man should go in which.

This kind of deference to a public concerned only with its own security might make Kirk an astute politician but it also makes his party, quite painfully, one that is concerned for its security too.

CHOICE

The concept behind such an adversary system of Government and Opposition, as we have in this country, is clearly to represent the element of 'choice' that pertains to a democracy. One should take it then that the roles of the parties, especially Labour, should be to clarify and to dramatise the issues involved in that choice. In this case, Kirk's concept of dramatizing the choice was to ensure that his statement on behalf of the great voting public came out before, and more effectively than the Government's. The front page photograph in the New Zealand Herald (March 23) presented him as the man on the spot, actively protecting the public interest.

Craccum feels however, that the central and immediate concern should be the comfort of the prisoners. It is far too easy for society to mentally isolate their plight and quite unforgivable for the leader of the Labour Party to promote that isolation. Craccum spoke to other members of the Labour Party, asking for their views.

Mr Eddie Isbey (M.P. for Grey Lynn) told Craccum that "the prison is a monstrous piece in the centre of Auckland. Its desolate qualities belong to a bygone era. The conditions are quite horrible: prisoners have to double-up in cells, there is not enough work available so that prisoners are simply confined with absolutely nothing to do. I do not agree with any concept of retribution. I feel that any form of imprisonment should creatively lead to reformation. It doesn't right now of course. My sympathy for the prisoners is based on this. Society feels itself satisfied and the prisoners are just left there and there is no attempt at reformation."

Mr Arthur Faulkner (M.P. for Roskill), who is normally regarded as being on the 'right' wing of the Labour Party gave this statement to Craccum. "Five and one half years ago, it was agreed that Mt Eden Prison should be pulled down and a modern remand centre built so that both staff and inmates could live like human beings. That promise has been repudiated. When you herd people like animals and give them nothing to do, you will immediately run into human problems. I don't care who they are or what they've done, the whole setup is barbaric. That entire environment makes civilized behaviour unlikely."

CONSERVATIVE

There seems to be a slight difference of approach between Kirk and some of his colleagues. But it is Kirk who remains Labour's figure-head. Labour allows its left-wing to express its views but always finds it necessary either to minimise the impact of such views or to ensure that expression is not overtly public or contrary to official statement. So that the feeling of Labour Party personnel on prison reform is completely clouded by Kirk's relatively conservative stance.

In part, the setup of our Parliamentary system might be to blame. That is, the formal opportunities for Opposition to counter Government are effective only when used 'skillfully.' In the absence of ideological commitment, or ideology at all, Opposition must select issues on an ad hoc basis. For great part this entails 'reaching into the bag and seeing what can be found.' The record of the Opposition has been a fragmentary one with few if any spectacular highlights. Government has outgunned Opposition over such important issues as the recent 'Stabilisation of Remuneration' Act. Kirk even



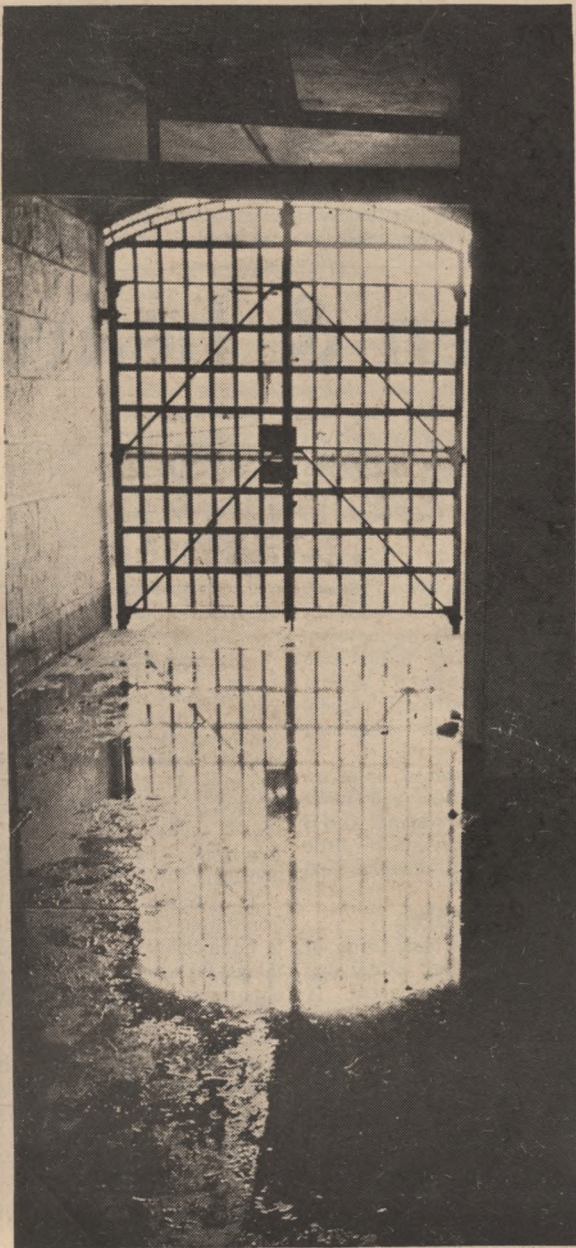
Kirk . . . anticipating a bloc vote

advised unions not to take direct action. It seems now that direct action will be the only channel through which protest can be registered against this Act.

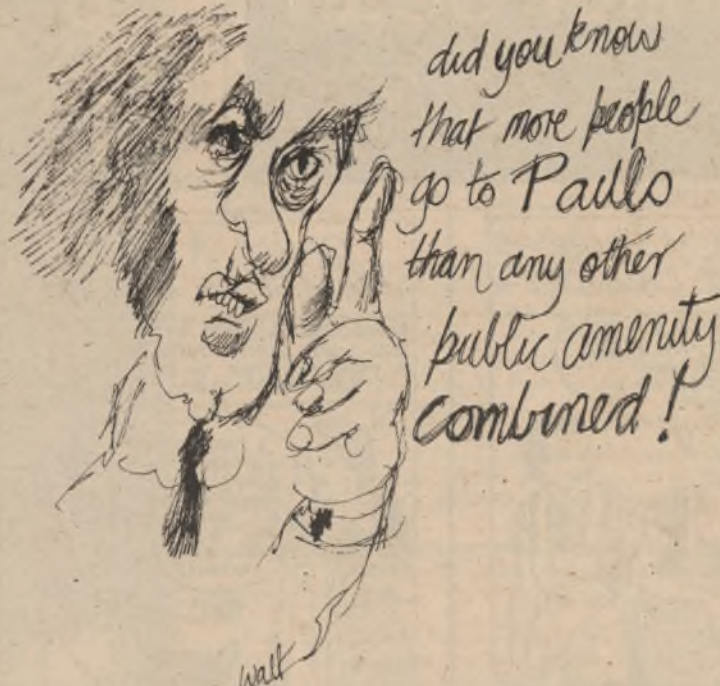
The absence of spectacular results in the life of the Opposition is because of its concentration on serving as some kind of reluctant shadow to the Government. Certainly its reluctance lacks any real substance. Austin Mitchell, in his book *Politics And People In New Zealand* (Whitcombe & Tombs 1969 P.316) said "The traditional pattern of our democracy has led to a deadlocked situation. Parties provide little dynamic, politicians accustomed to responding to popular demands have no clear goals, and the public provides no

guidelines. The system can change and adjust to new circumstances, but it needs leadership, expert skills and a public awareness." The kind of leadership and dynamic that Mitchell insists upon is not available from the Labour Party. Acquiescence to the status quo is more the rule than leadership out of it. In Mitchell's terms, and in the eyes of the editors of Craccum, Kirk is a failure and the path he is leading his party upon is one of failure.

Bringing it back finally to Mt Eden Prison, the conditions there are not to be tolerated, either by prisoners or by concerned students. And if Mr Kirk cannot foster a more progressive outlook on all national affairs, he should not be tolerated either.



Light at the end of another tunnel



49 HIGH STREET, AUCKLAND



Reaction to the last four issues of Craccum has been diverse. Most letters received have been of a very critical nature and some few have been quite abusive. The major objection seems to be against my editorial policy of criticizing both University Government and Students' Association Government. I do not apologize for my policy and propose to pursue it in future with more energy.

The effects of those four issues of Craccum to date have been satisfactory. Arts Faculty has been forced to recognize that a student feeling does exist on the Units/Papers question and would appreciate it very much if it were effectively consulted. The article on the M.D. degree provoked reaction both in Wellington and Dunedin. It was quoted from in length in *The Dominion* together with Professor Lewis' reply. It was also the first concrete source of information for the Otago Medical School. The whole issue has since had to be discussed publicly, instead of in closed committee. And that article on the Association Executive. I did apologize for its facetious tone and perhaps should reiterate that apology. But so far very few Executive members have been able to challenge the article's substance. The accusation of a detached bureaucracy still exists and will continue to be made.

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Fashions whim for him
If he goes for the long look bird

at

jennifer dean



BOUTIQUE

TWO LADY STUDENTS IN THE LAUNDRY-

SEE! MAKE NICE RICHES
IN HOT WATER-ALL READY
FOR TONY'S NEAT NEW
UNIVERSITY CRESTED
SWEAT SHIRTS



ONLY A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

NOW BRING THEM TO THE
BOIL, AND LEAVE THEM FOR
A FEW MINUTES TO REALLY
GET THEM CLEAN!



ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE U.B.S.!!

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THE ARMPITS
FELL OUT....



SRC: a house divided

S.R.C. MEETING / 11 MARCH / UPPER
LECTURE THEATRE

The first meeting of the new Student Representative Council provoked the following comment from Mr Stephen Dudding, Representative for the Law Faculty student body.

"When I was elected as Law School Representative for S.R.C. I was told by law students that the whole S.R.C. structure was just a bastion of bureaucratic Spring-type shit. I laughed. Quite confident. Good people on it, I said. But NO! In three and a half hours we didn't even finish the minutes of the Executive. I had been given a wad of minutes, about fifty pages long, just three days before the meeting. I didn't understand them and had little time to find out. But Spring and his cruddy cronies kept bringing up amendments to amendments to motions etc. I would like to report to students that at 10.30pm lacking a quorum we didn't even finish the minutes and were unable to proceed with the real business of S.R.C."

Mr Dudding's anger was representative of a large number of new S.R.C. members. Law School Representatives had many matters of business to raise in conjunction with their free legal-aid scheme but were never given the opportunity. The Editor of Craccum who wished to bring up the appointment of a Distribution Manager was not given the opportunity. Already, because of a ruling that all new appointments must be handled through an S.R.C. committee, and because the last two S.R.C. meetings ran out of quorums, Craccum has lost an estimated \$420 worth of advertising. Because the paper was prevented from employing a Distribution Manager, it has missed out on several large accounts including one for \$100 from Dominion Breweries. The ruling, which was a bureaucratic manoeuvre to check Association expenditure has already cost Craccum more than the Association vaguely hoped to save.

Miss Susan Kedgley, Arts Faculty Representative, could only voice utter amazement at "the pettiness which seems to motivate these people. I don't see how we're ever supposed to do anything, or maybe that's the idea." When asked for his opinion on the proceedings, Arts Faculty Representative, Mr Peter Calder simply moaned.

The Editor proposed a motion whereby S.R.C.'s business could be considered at the outset of every meeting and ratification and questioning of Executive minutes could take place after. The motion was not passed and the S.R.C. business never eventuated. It is true that the immense bulk of minutes members were confronted with will not be a continuing burden, but S.R.C. has always been in the distressing position of never promoting its policies as it should, simply because by the time all other matters have been investigated, quorum has lapsed or members are simply tired out. For two years now S.R.C. has distinguished itself over absolutely nothing and the original conception of itself as the highest student soviet has become a platitude. Its actual function has dwindled to the rubber-stamping of Executive minutes. I am not proposing that S.R.C. should not consider those minutes, but it appears to me that if that body is in fact the supreme soviet, its own business should be preferred.

In any case, apart from those minutes and the arguments that arose out of them, there were some new appointments to Executive. Mr Michael Starling became the new Sports Representative, Mr Matt Robson became the new Public Liaison Officer, Mr Rodney Lyon became the new Student Liaison Officer and Miss Heather Thompson became the new Business Manager.

Of these new appointments the most promising seem to be those of Messrs Starling and Robson. Starling has a superb record of efficiency in the administration of sporting clubs. Bruce Kirkland said "Starling has humility, he will work well and honestly. All these qualities are rare on Executive."

Robson gave his programme as one of unmitigated socialistic idealism. He discounted the gap between University and Society. "We are not separate from society," he said "we are part of society. If society is unenlightened, it is only because we have been too lazy." Mr Robson said that he did not intend to foster "good town-gown" relations. "We must express ourselves honestly on all issues," he said.

Of those matters that did manage to arise out of the morass of Executive minutes, Mr Kelly Flavell managed to stress that students should be informed on the decisions taken involving the Mystery



Matt Robson... fiery socialist conscience

Envelope Appeal and whether or not any Association funds were being spent on it and how much. Mr Spring replied that expenses were to be met out of the money raised and that all prizes had been provided by donors and business firms.

Mr Bob Lack in attempting to have the proposed Association budget reviewed said "we should be trying to cover all our major priorities well, rather than trying to cover all things on a mundane level only." The budget currently anticipates a five and a half thousand dollar deficit. Mr Lack's motion was defeated. Mr Spring said that he felt sure the deficit will have disappeared by the end of the year. He did not explain how.

The evening's most farcical highlight was the forty minute argument over music in the Student Union Quad. Argument is hardly the word. Shouting, screaming, insults, motions, double counter-motions, all enabled me to lose splendid track of the splendid proceedings. I think it was over the use of the Association record player. Mr Neumege's and his attempts to entertain students.

About this time the quorum lapsed. This provoked sizeable anger from many members who wished to present motions. Messrs. Dudding and Spring abused each other rather strongly, finalising their exchanges throughout the evening. The S.R.C. seems split between people who insist upon 'a proper procedure' and people who wish to make S.R.C. really mean something.

There is a move afoot by some to open up S.R.C. to the entire student body, so that each meeting would in effect be a general meeting. This has worked reasonably well at Victoria University, or at least as well as our own mangled excuse for student participation.

Let the word be seen & heard

SUSAN KEDGLEY

Why, I would dearly love to know, do we not have some mildly efficient communications system operating at this university to relay information between our diffuse and fragmented ten thousand students?

At the moment, nobody knows anything about these very basic forms of University Government—although plenty of students moan and bitch about apathy and lack of participation. Participation in what, freshers must constantly be asking themselves?

Nobody yet has seen fit to explain to first year students

Hardly anyone I asked, in a small, personally conducted,

pseudo-survey, could tell me what any of the above mentioned institutions were, when they were meeting, or what they would do when they met.

Granted, most were not in the slightest bit interested in finding out for themselves, but this is not really the point. In my opinion, this fundamental information should be forced onto the student consciousness, not just vaguely washed over an interested minority.

Unless it is—forced upon us, that is—information will never reach the average student who is seldom enticed beyond his little lilliput of lecture theatres and libraries.

DELUSION

Even the most basic forms of advertising—via the poster—has been incredibly neglected. A notable example of this neglect being the abortive SRC elections. Although the Mens Vice President, Roly Metge still asserts 'it wouldn't have made any difference to them if there had been publicity' I myself regard that view as an example of the massive delusion or the defensive rationalisation.

There is that weekly newsheet 'titwitty', but I wonder how many get to read it each week? Why on earth is it not spread

around the campus—in the cafe, the quad, the library, even lecture theatres, instead of just hiding itself in the remotest corners of the University—like the Students' Association Office. Why is there not a Distribution Officer—with the specific task of spreading the thing all over the University.

TELEPHONES

And while we are grappling with the subject of our communications problem, could anyone explain to me why there are only THREE public phones located on the windiest, bleakest spot in the quad, to serve the ten thousand? And why are FIVE booths in the quad telephoneless?

I presume the House Committee Chairman is supposed to be in charge of these very basic things. Perhaps he would take this opportunity to reply in Craccum and tell us all about why the crucial function of communications in this disorganised, chaotic, centrifugal jungle is so lightly regarded and amazingly neglected?

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Apartheid - the grim realities the hideous evil

LINDSAY G. WRIGHT, RESEARCH OFFICER,
NEW ZEALAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS'
ASSOCIATION

Before I went to South Africa in January of this year I fondly believed that that Country's national Government was tackling, as best it could, a difficult and complex problem. I did not like the idea of apartheid insofar as it suggested racial inferiority. Nor did I like some of the stories I read about specific actions of the South African Government. I guess I suspected that there were some unfortunate by-products of an otherwise defensible attempt to cope with peculiar difficulties.

In a brief talk I won't be able to tell you all the experiences I had. I won't be able to take you round all the places and people I visited and to share with you all the things I saw and heard.

I will try, however, to take you briefly to Capetown and to tell you a little about life in the black townships and settlements there. I hope that a little of my own inner anguish will show through.

A country is its people. The quality of life in a country is the quality of life of its people. The symbols of repression and prejudice in South Africa are the symbols of the lives of our fellow human beings. Let us take a look at the city of Langa.

WIRE SURROUND

Langa can be surrounded by a fully-armed white force within ten minutes. The perimeter of Langa is surrounded by a solid wire mesh fence topped with three or four strands of barbed wire. Only three or four road exits lead out of the compound. In a concrete shell of a room, black from the soot of an open coke fire, that serves as a cooking facility, are a couple of dozen concrete bunks each with a mattress. Men live in this room and their wardrobes of a couple of battered denim work overalls are hung from strings around the wall.

Langa is a black township outside of Capetown—one of three sister cities that house 90,000 blacks who work in menial jobs in Capetown itself.

The houses are drab, dreary symbols of man's brutality to man. I visited Langa. I left that city close to tears. I can tell you of the filth and degradation of the living conditions. I wish I could adequately portray in words the air of hopeless apathy and despair in the people of that city.

Langa, like most of the black feeder cities attached to white cities, is rigidly controlled. It is a black city, but it is, in the language of the South African Government, a proclaimed "urban area." Thus, under the Urban Areas Act no black can stay in Langa for more than 72 hours unless—

1. he has since birth resided there continuously.
2. he has worked continuously in that area for the same employer for at least ten years.
3. he has lawfully resided in the area continuously for fifteen years and has "thereafter continued to reside in such area and is not alienating his employment outside the area"
4. he/she is the wife, unmarried daughter, or son under the age of 18 years of anyone who qualifies under the first three criteria
5. he has been given permission to remain in the area by a labour bureau official.

These are rigid restrictions, rigidly enforced, and rigidly policed. What are their results? Let me describe two places in which the results were forced home to me in all their pathos and tragedy.

PASS COURT

First, the Pass Court at Langa. I sat, need I say, in the seating provided for whites—having first sat down on black seating until a court official redirected me. Langa's pass court deals mainly with that city's Xhosa people. Most of these speak Xhosa, not English. The trials were conducted in English through a Xhosa interpreter. Each trial while I sat in that court lasted about 45 seconds. The sentences—usually a 10 Rand fine or a 30 day jail sentence.

Close on a hundred prisoners were marshalled into the corrugated shed at the rear of the court. Dressed in tawdry factory overalls in most cases, the accused were pushed into the dock, submissive and bewildered. Who are these people? What are their crimes?

They are people charged under the laws for what is officially referred to as "Bantu Control." In 1968 more than 1,100,000 blacks were charged under such laws—nearly a tenth of the total black population of South Africa.

They are the people who are picked up every day, 2000 or more every day in South Africa for breaches of the Pass Laws. Picked up by missing police vans from which police accost black people at random. They are the people who cannot, on the spot, produce the reference books that every black must carry to prove his right to be in an urban area.

I met a young Xhosa man in the second place I want to refer to. A young man who could very well have been picked up a couple of days after I met him.

I spent one morning at the Althone Advice Bureau just outside Capetown. This young Xhosa man was 18 years of age. His mother was under medical supervision from the Groote Schuur Hospital in Capetown but was not sufficiently ill for full hospitalisation. Her son was given a three month contract to do work in the Hospital so that he could look after his mother. At the end of three months the Hospital was forced to terminate the contract.

EXPULSION

Why the contract was terminated I do not know. Maybe it was another result of the rigid job reservation system by which white trade unionists protect their jobs or prevent blacks from gaining skilled employment. Whatever the reason the young Xhosa man no longer had any right to stay in Capetown.

Under the Pass Laws he must return to his so-called homeland. If he does not return, if he stays to care for his mother, he is guilty of a criminal offence. He will be jailed or fined and then deported back to where he came from.

This case is not unfortunately an isolated instance. A black may have been born in Capetown, he may have lived there for fifty years, but if he leaves the town for as brief a time as two weeks, he has no

right to return to Capetown for more than 72 hours. Let me explain what this means in human terms by detailing a case that came to the attention of the Athlone Advice Bureau. It is a case I picked at random from a file of some 30,000 such cases built up by the Bureau.

Mrs Bessie Moko was living with her husband in a house in Guguletu, Langa's sister city outside Capetown. Not their own house, mind you. Blacks cannot own their own land and very, very, few can raise the money to build their own houses on the land they rent.

Mrs Moko was "endorsed out" of Guguletu in 1966. Endorsed out because the couple could not establish their residential rights. The official written records on the couple showed a gap in Mr Moko's record during part of 1953 and 1954 during which he was said to have worked in Stellenbosch—some thirty miles inland from Capetown.

Mr Moko claimed, but was unable to prove, that he had never left Guguletu. His claim was rejected and his right to remain in Guguletu when he was found some thirteen years after his alleged temporary absence became dependent solely on the permission of a labour bureau official.

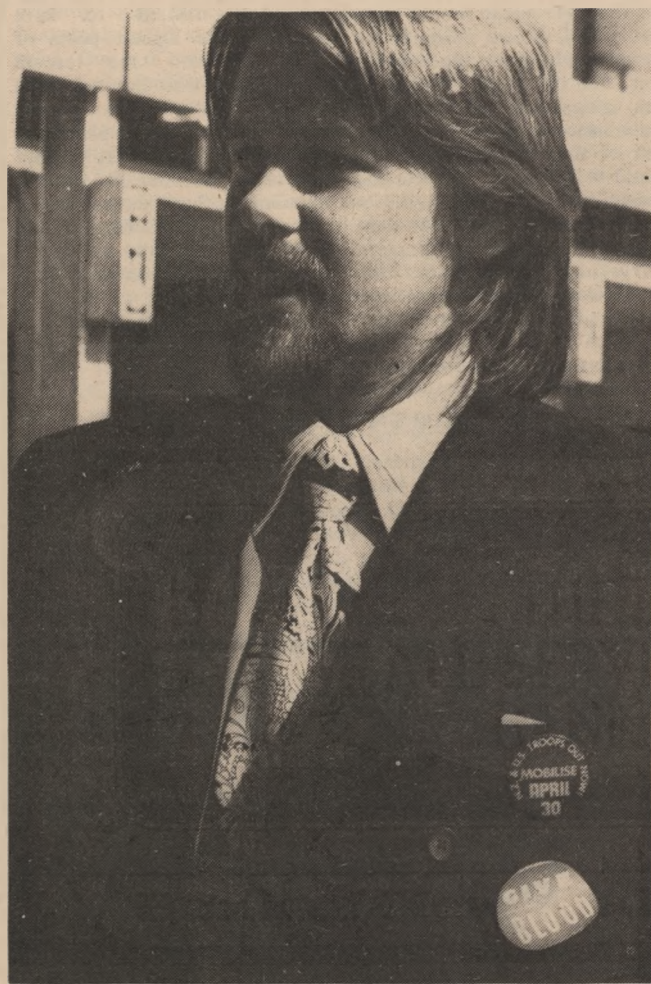
Mrs Moko, because of that temporary absence was no longer the wife of a qualified man in terms of Section 10. 1c of the Act and was forced to leave Guguletu. Her husband was moved into a bunk in the so-called bachelor's quarters of the town. Mrs Moko and her family of five children went to Ngamakwe to share a hut with her brother-in-law and his equally large family.

Apartheid has broken up that family. What can Mrs Moko do? Ngamakwe is not the home of her own family. She is living in an area to which the South African authorities have allocated her husband's family. If she remains married to Mr Moko she cannot by law leave Ngamakwe because no-one can be transferred from one Territorial authority to another unless they have forfeited their rights in the first. If Mrs Moko divorces her husband she may earn the right to go to a so-called "resettlement township," and to have a small hut for her own family at the nominal rental.

NO PROSPECTS

What kind of prospect would Mrs Moko face at the resettlement township? Already her family is torn apart and she has joined countless thousands in a similar position. Between 1959 and 1969 some 900,000 blacks were "resettled" in the resettlement townships. The provision of some 65,000 houses meant a supply of one house for each fourteen people resettled. Each house cost about \$750 New Zealand currency.

The resettlement townships are filled with people who are classified as "unproductive"—that is in the words of General Circular No 25/1967[6] of the Secretary of Bantu Administration and Development, "the aged, the unfit, widows, (and) women with dependent children."



Lindsay Wright

—Andrew Riddell

I didn't get a chance to visit one of these townships while I was in South Africa. And I don't intend to give you a synopsis from material I've read since I came back from South Africa.

In Johannesburg, however, I had a long chat with a young Catholic priest whose book, "The Discarded People" will shortly be republished by Penguin Books. That priest, Father Cosmas Desmond, has spent the last two years making a detailed study of the South African Government's resettlement policy.

WORDS OF DETERIORATION

In a draft for the epilogue for his book Father Desmond wrote: "Since this book was published in South Africa the removals have continued unabated and with the same lack of preparation. I have revisited many of the settlements described there and have seen them steadily deteriorating. The new ones I have visited present an all-too-familiar picture. For example, in August 1970 I was travelling between East London and King William's town and saw a cluster of tents and shacks not far from the main road—obviously yet another settlement. I went in and found that there were about sixty families who had been moved to this place, Chalumna, from Macleantown, near East London. The only respectable building was a four-room brick school. As usual, there were no shops, no clinics, no sanitation, and no employment."

The nearest thing I saw to a resettlement area was the so-called, Valley of Plenty on the Cape Flats outside Capetown. Families of up to a dozen people living in tiny tin shanties on the sand dunes—living in squalor and disease simply because they are not members of the white community. Endorsed out of Capetown's white areas.

Mrs Moko's future is, like her past, one of sadness, and grim poverty. I wish she had some other choice. I wish she was one of a tiny minority who face hardship. She is, unfortunately, one of very, very many in South Africa who are penalised for the sin by being black.

My time here today is brief. I can only give you a very brief account of a small part of what I saw and was told. I don't know if the South African Consul Mr Philip, has been here to address you at any stage. He, apparently, has never seen the bachelor's quarters at Langa. He is a good debater however, he has all the facts and figures at his fingertips—all the "facts" and "figures", that is, that can be used to mislead and persuade. I wish he would go back to his own country and bypass the cocktail parties and the lunches round the private swimming pools, and pay a visit to the squalor of the black townships. I haven't got all the "facts" and "figures"—and I don't have a heart of stone and a callous indifference to the misery of oppressed blacks in South Africa.

ON THE MAT

Mr Philip tells us in New Zealand that South Africa is a multi-national country—a collection of different peoples, with different cultures, and a country that is trying, with all the resources it can muster, to bring its majority black population up to a civilised level.

Mr Philip suggests that the policies of apartheid are a South African solution to a distinctively South African problem.

Let me put Mr Philip solidly on the mat. I am not an economist; I am not a politician; I am not a sociologist. My concern is with the physical and psychological horrors that are inflicted by a minority white Government on a majority non-white population.

Apartheid is not—let me emphasize not—a South African solution, it is a white man's solution to a white man's problem. The policies of apartheid have not been and, as far as I can ascertain, will not be, endorsed by South Africa's non-white population.

The Pass Laws, the Group Areas Act, the resettlement towns, the segregated buses, trains, and post office entrances, the lower wages for blacks, the exclusion of blacks from skilled trades in the so-called white areas of South Africa; the forced break-up of families, these are not things that any black could voluntarily accept and endorse.

The application of these things filled me with horror and despair. Mr Philip is a persuasive defender of his Government—he does not represent South Africa—he represents only South Africa's white Government. His avowed rejection of the rights of South Africa's blacks to participate in the Government of the country of their birth is unqualified and arrogant racism. His defence of the barbaric treatment meted out to blacks is sheer sophistry and diplomatic double-talk.

South Africa is a wealthy country, an immensely beautiful country, and its Government and its policies are, in my view, inexcusable. As a tourist I could doubtless have confined my visit to the normal tourist routes. I chose to do otherwise.

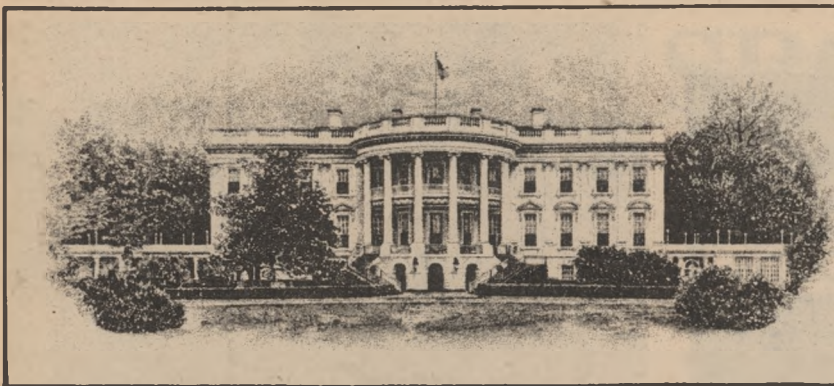
I chose to go outside the modern, high-rise splendour of Capetown and Johannesburg. I chose to leave the eight-lane highways and the luxury of the white community.

If you could retrace my steps, visit the homes of South Africa's Blacks, sit through the Pass Courts, look at Langa's bachelor quarters, listen to the stories of enforced deprivation and still come home and defend South Africa's apartheid system, then your hearts are harder than I imagine.

If the pathetic sights I saw, and the tragic events that were narrated to me, are the successful result of Apartheid, then God help that Country.

And may heaven forgive those who by sporting and trading contacts with that country help to preserve the subjection of the black people of that country.

I wish I could stand here today and be cool, objective, and totally detached. The day I talk about apartheid without recollecting its grim realities is the day I have forgotten what I have seen. Thankyou.



from the WHITE HOUSE

Dave's Desk

On behalf of the executive I would like to thank Sue Kedgley for her article in last week's issue of Craccum. As she mentioned we have encountered a lot of opposition from the "repressive forces of the Powers that Be."

Apparently we have been given permission to play music in the quad, but only at certain times during the afternoon. [We have not officially been notified, but we believe they are from 12-2 and 4-6pm]. The basis of the objections to the music is that many people felt it was interfering with their studies. This seemed to be fair enough so we decided that no-one could possibly object to entertainment in the common rooms. A snap opinion poll revealed that everyone there was in favour of the music.

No sooner had we started when I was privileged to get a visit from Mr Student Union himself, Vaughn Preece. Now I had nothing personal against Mr Preece, in fact some people I know who regularly drink up in the grads bar say that he's "a pretty decent bloke, especially when he gets his own way." Mr Preece was very polite, even though he implied that I was a dishonest, self-centred untrustworthy fool. Now criticism has never worried me at all, in fact I welcome it, but I must admit I was embarrassed; I mean, how would anyone feel if Mickey Mouse came up to him and called him an idiot!

I quickly found Vaughn to be pompous and officious. He kept impressing on me to realise what a reasonable person he really is. He had even told some professors not to bring the matter before senate, as he could handle the problem himself, but if I continued he would refer it to that body next time there was a complaint. You certainly can't complain about Vaughn's fairness can you!!

Most students are not aware that the equipment we are using is all privately owned. The amp and speakers belong to a band. The first week we used Bob Hillier's turntable deck, which was later generously replaced by Film Soc one. This equipment is no more than adequate, imagine our delight when we heard that the students association has its own turntable, which is never used. To find out more about it I visited Mr Preece in his nice little office on the ground floor of the union buildings, where I found out that "the association" did have an extremely good record player installed in the Caf. Its wholesale value was \$2,500 but "the association" acquired it for \$1000. When I told Vaughn that I had never heard it being played he was very rude, and accused me of being deaf as "it was used at least two or three times a week." I do know it was used at Bill Rudman's wedding!!

I asked Vaughn (nicely) if it would be possible to bring "the association's" set up to the common room to connect to our existing gear. His comments were completely out of character with his self-styled image. They appeared self-centred and hinted at sour grapes. He stated that it would be impossible for us to use the equipment as one of the conditions of the generous donor was that it be locked up in the caf at all times. I suggested then that someone approach the donor and ask him for his views on the subject. At this point Vaughn became very stubborn—his face became contorted, his cheeks flushed and he bluntly refused to give me the benefactor's name even though I asked several times. His reasoning too became very strange. He seemed to be talking in circles. He did say that as far as he was concerned the music in the quad was "a non-private private deal, or a private non-private deal whichever way you looked at it."

John Davidson, a first year science student approached Mr Preece again later that day. He told John that I had emphatically stated that I would set up and look after the music as my own private concern [lies?]. Interestingly enough a large number of students have offered their services in supplying records and supervising them being played—a very private concern indeed.

One gratifying result of the music is that the custodian [who in contrast to Preece is a nice guy] considers that the common room is being used more than ever before.

Next week a private opinion poll will be run to determine what students feel about the current situation. If you are behind us, please come up and tell us, we definitely need your support.

DAVE NEUMEKEN [PRESIDENT]

Humble Cottage

OR ANY OTHER FINGER PIE

It's out of the bag said the Sunday News a week or two ago. But no-one else seems to know much about this year's Capping mag. In a startling interview with the editor, we of Humble Cottage Column, discovered he was sworn to secrecy by constitutional bureaucracy.

But the 'new' look capping is in, the old Student Rag humour is out. Capping magazine this year will appear under the title 'strange' and at the suggestion of a one time student will be sold as a three course meal.

What a sight to be envisaged, a thousand students in Queen Street selling their breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and/or dinner.

Too heavy for digestion? Remember all that old smutty, playboy American and comic strip tripe is OUT. Who wants to disguise a low humour content with platitudes about the boys in the railways yards not liking it.

A heavy meal? What is heavy anyway? Well heavy is a non-commercial sound that is more popular and therefore more commercial than commercial music which is the stuff that sells

best; well not now that everybody has suddenly realised that heavy music is the REAL thing and everyone bought that instead; instead of the commercial rubbish that is; that is the . . .

Anyhow 'strange' magazine will be as light as your digestion is efficient. Try an old cliché for after, "you are what you eat".

Humble cottage column's sick saying of the week—"What are you doing this week?"

Recommendation of the month is that Proceh hires twelve brass bands and walks them backwards through Onehunga on Easter Monday playing two string harmonicas. Remember, 'Strange' has all the facts.

Buy Strange

Yours ever
Humble etc.



PAPA STEFFANO'S ICE CREAM CORNET

STEPHEN BALLANTYNE

Two Saturdays ago Quagg's Ice Cream Parlour in the Strand Arcade finally opened its doors and began selling ice creams. I had waited weeks for this; spending as I do, a fair part of my time strolling around town, I am usually aware of any changes taking place in the fabric of the city, and the fact that a new ice cream purveyor was emerging had not escaped my cognizance. But this one seemed to be emerging and emerging and emerging . . . I eventually managed to track down the proprietor as he emerged from his shop one Wednesday afternoon. I am a shy young man, and it took much prompting from my companions to persuade me to approach the busy, bustling Mr Hudson and ask him for information. Three weeks overdue, he said, and what a struggle! But everything's going smoothly now, soon there will be ice creams for all! And soon, at least as far as Mr Hudson, his employees and I were concerned, there were.

That Saturday (Quagg's is open on Saturdays from about 10.30am to 7.50pm), I removed myself from my usual Saturday afternoon seat in the Public Library Reference Department, and drifted down to the Strand Arcade. Musing on the eccentricities of city property owners, who completely rebuild places like the Strand Arcade in order to make them look more old-fashioned, I approached my destination with contemplative step.

Inside, all was go. Mr Hudson was evidently drilling his staff in sales procedure, and was obviously extremely busy—too busy for a spot interview. I therefore contented myself with sampling the goodies. For fifteen cents, or five cents more than one pays elsewhere, one receives a two scoop cone. For the extra five cents, the cone used for holding the scoops is what Tip Top describe as a waffle cone, the sort that are wrapped around their Trumpets. Personally, I believe they are worth a little bit extra, as they make a pleasant change from the routine. I left the shop holding a Rum-and-Raisin cone, which appealed to me chiefly on account of its alcoholic sounding name. Ice creams made with any sort of fermentation-product flavouring at all are, or have been, impossible to come by in this country; one might have thought that a D.B. Brown flavoured ice cream would have appeared by now, but this is not the case. I was immediately struck by the resemblance of the sweet I held to one of the component flavours found in Tip Top's now defunct Cassata Roll, a fifty cent ice cream log that enjoyed some popularity a couple of years ago. Nevertheless, despite this unexpected familiarity, I returned to the Public Library feeling pleased by my afternoon's excursion, and generally content.

The following week, I and two acquaintances returned to Quagg's, which, by the way, is named after Quagino's, Mr Hudson's favourite London restaurant. Personally, I prefer Olivelli's; for one thing, Olivelli's is closer to the university. My guess about the source of the ice cream proved correct. Apparently General Foods make them to special order, using formulae different from those used for their standard product. Flavours like Cool Mint, Rum-and-Raisin, and an extremely dark Chocolate are special to Quaggs, although the Tip Top base can still be detected by the discriminating palate.

The ambience of the place is posh. The interior decor combines luxury and cleanliness, mainly through the juxtaposition of black leather and white Formica, but as yet lacks that lived-in feeling. I hope that the careful interior decorations attract customers, for I wouldn't want anyone to miss out on Quagg's Lemon and Passionfruit Sherberts, the finest lines in the shop.

Made, or so I am told, by freezing a carbonated soda mixture, whatever that means in practical terms, these two novelties well justify a trip down from campus. No one can consider himself to have examined the highest peaks of New Zealand ice cream manufacture who has not tried one or other of these splendid water ices. The Lemon Sherbet in particular is so good that I cannot adequately describe it without sounding either hackneyed or over-extravagant. Suffice to say that I believe it to be one of the most refreshing lemon water ices I have ever tried.

Next week, I hope to compare New Zealand ice cream with some overseas varieties.

GENTLEMAN'S SUNDAY CLUB

well well well, it happened . . . and it's happening again this Sunday at devonport. catch the ferry . . . get some salt air in your hair . . . bring parents, family, pets, picnic hampers . . . see auckland from mount victoria . . . whenever you like, mainly all day at devonport . . . see you there.

P.S. dont forget the thermos flasks this time

MR BANJO

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"Yesterday, within hours of President Johnson's speech, United States bombers carried out more raids on North Vietnam than on any other day this year. The 'progress' that President Johnson talked about . . . is towards the destruction of the country, both North and South."

Editorial, *The Guardian* (London), June 1, 1966

Euphemisms

D.S. LONG

We have lived now with the war in Vietnam a part of our foreign affairs for over five years, and so far South Vietnam and its allies have managed to cover up the enormity of what is happening there with the customary euphemisms. Among these euphemisms a new category has recently appeared: "pacification," "rural development" and "Operation Counter Fair" among the more common. It is to the programme behind these words that we must look in the face of a recent story in the Times.

There was a time about when this country entered the war as a military participant that officials of our government and many of the people who listened to them imagined that our military mission was to help a friendly population repel a foreign invader. Our troops there soon came to realize, though, that most of the population supported the enemy and, in actuality, regarded the allies as the real invaders. If some doubts did exist in the minds of the South Vietnamese people they were quickly dispelled by the strategy of the allied forces. It has been interesting to note that while officials of our government have not seen fit to announce that we are fighting a war against nearly the entire population of the northern provinces and a large percentage of those in the south they have announced it to the South Vietnamese. Leaflets with titles like "Ultimatum to Vietnamese People" have announced a policy of reprisal against villages that supported the N.L.F. The effect of this policy over the last two years has meant the shelling or bombing of over half the villages in the northern provinces and the incarceration of about half the population there; well over half the rural population in that area. At the same time our government told us that people had been "deprived" of their homes in order to deny the enemy their support.

SALVATION

The problem for our government has been that adopting and assisting with this strategy has obliterated the very purpose for which we originally moved into Vietnam. The aim had been to save a society; the method was to have been counter-insurgency, for which we had especially earned a good name in recent S.E. Asian

actions. Now this policy reversed; killing the guerrillas the aim, and destroying the society the means. The truth is that the New Zealand government misled us in the first place; its original job was never there to be done. Our troops have been luckier than their families at home, though. While we were comfortably able to live in the imaginary world of our prime minister's head they had to fight in the real world of Vietnam.

A recent development in the sad country has shown us that this mis-conceived war has finally got out of hand. If there was ever a joke, and I don't think there ever was then it is over now. It has been announced that a project to deport most of the remaining population of the five northernmost provinces of South Vietnam to the south is "now in its final planning stages." Official language has been cast to help believe that this is really just some rather grand real-estate deal; in reality, if this brutal project carried out it will be the first time since some of the early Maori land deals that New Zealand will have engaged in such a cruel act. The closest precedent in recent history is the Soviet Union's inhumane deportation in the 1930's of Ukrainians, White Russians, Armenians, Jews and Georgians to Siberia and Northern Russia. There are enough survivors of those days, particularly White Russians, in this country for most of us to get first hand accounts of what our troops in Vietnam are about to assist in.

Ordinarily, we regard people as having problems, but in Vietnam we seem to regard people as problems. Once South Vietnam has got rid of the whole civilian mess, with its crying children, its torn mothers, its Ma Lies, then that government will have solved its problems.

"My solution? Tell the Vietnamese they've got to draw in their horns and stop aggression or we're going to bomb them back into the Stone Age."

General Curtis Le May

An Co

Mr Sharpe
Commission
New Zealand
WELLING

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An open letter to Commissioner Sharpe

Mr Sharpe
Commissioner of Police,
New Zealand Police Force,
WELLINGTON

Dear Commissioner Sharpe,

"Justice must not only be done, it must also be seen to be done." This quotation summarizes perhaps one of the most fundamental aspects of the law in this country. It is taken as read by anyone about to have dealings with either the N.Z. Police Force and/or the N.Z. Courts that they will be treated fairly and justly, regardless of their age, sex, income, status, occupation, political, religious or other beliefs.

Reluctantly, I am forced to write to you at this stage, in this form, about an incident which I believe to be of serious magnitude. It is a matter which I believe throws seriously into doubt the validity of the beliefs stated in the introductory paragraph. It is a matter which has affected and worried a great many well-meaning and responsible people. Many of these people have approached me and urged that I take this matter up with you. That I have done so in the form of an Open Letter is because I believe the matter is far too serious to go unacknowledged by the community at large.

It concerns the actions of members of the N.Z. Police Force on duty at Waimairi Beach, Christchurch, on the afternoon of Saturday March 6.

On the day in question, The New Zealand Surf Lifesaving Association were holding a carnival on Waimairi beach. Also taking part in the carnival was a team from the Republic of South Africa, a team which many believed to have been chosen on racial lines.

Feeling genuinely compromised by the presence in this country of such a racially chosen team, a group of people resolved to demonstrate their opposition to its presence. It was resolved that a demonstration should take place at Waimairi beach on the afternoon of March 6, during the running of the Surf Lifesaving carnival.

The organizers of the demonstration had beforehand had discussions with members of the Police Force. One of the key matters which came out of this discussion was that there was a feeling that there was a real possibility that trouble could erupt when the demonstrators and spectators meet on the beach. We were assured by the Police that as long as we stayed within the area which had been allotted to us, we would be protected at all times. The right of peaceful dissent, it was stated, would be upheld. The meeting between the Police and the demonstration organizers had been cordial, business-like and worthwhile. We each knew where the other stood. Or so we thought.

On arrival at Waimairi beach, a demonstration of about 200 people proceeded to walk directly to their allotted area and sit down. The spectators on the beach then seemed, as a person, to turn, and in a horseshoe shape, surround us. About twenty feet separated the demonstrators from the crowd—at least nine or ten deep, and in excess of 1500 people.

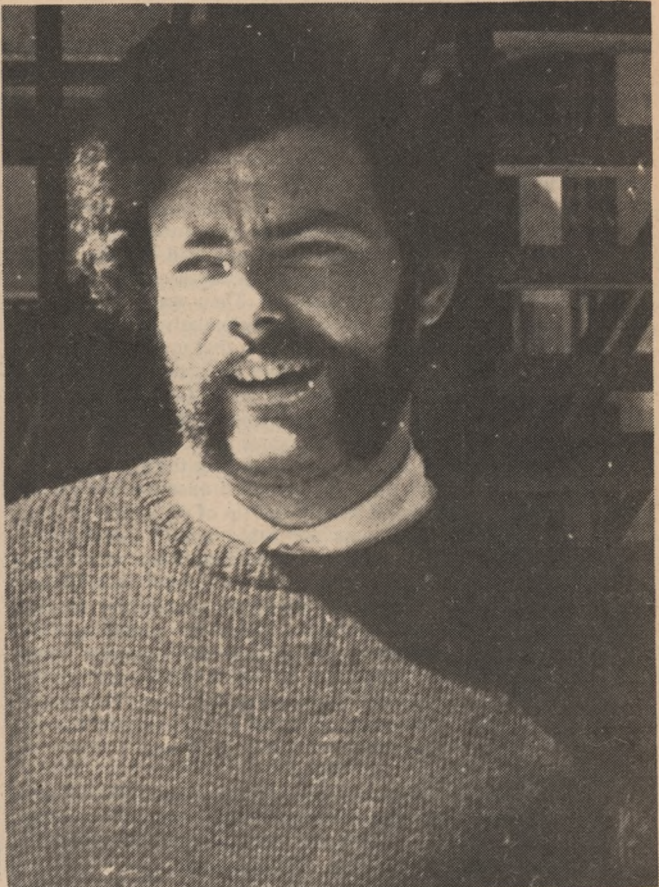
For the next fifteen minutes two forms of activity ensued. The demonstrators, still seated, as they were in fact to remain throughout, enacted, in the area which had been set aside for them, a mime depicting the consequences of violation of South African miscegenation laws. At the same time I attempted, with the assistance of a loudspeaker, to address the crowd, trying to explain to them why it was we were demonstrating on the beach.

While this was happening the demonstrators became the targets for eggs, sand-bombs, pieces of wood, brandished fists, pies, and obscene and provocative language. Any number of demonstrators are prepared to give sworn statements to this effect. They are also prepared to give sworn statements stating that at no stage was there more than five policemen in sight, and that those that were present did little if anything to stop any of the above mentioned missiles being thrown at us. The mood of the crowd was ugly. Several of the demonstrators were genuinely fearful as to their immediate safety. The promised protection had not been delivered.

This situation became so serious that the leaders of the demonstration, seeing that the police were making no real attempt to control the crowd, decided that the demonstration would have to be abandoned. In the words of one of the demonstrating organizers, 'I was not prepared to have anyone who turned out in support of a demonstration which I had organized, beaten up by the crowd. This is what I considered would have happened had we remained on the beach any longer. I consequently instructed those present that the demonstration was over.'

Commissioner Sharpe, I consider that the 'protection' given us by members of your Police Force was pitiful. Because your force at Waimairi beach was either incapable, or undesirous of controlling the crowd, the democratic right of dissent was severely curtailed. After the demonstration I was confronted time and time again by demonstrators who asked me what on earth the police thought they were doing. To many of them it seemed that had we, the demonstrators, been throwing eggs, pies, pieces of wood, etc., there would have been at least several, if not many (justifiable) arrests. There certainly would have been more than five policemen standing around.

A very serious situation is developing in this country Commissioner, one which you and the community at large should be aware of. It is a situation which relates back directly to my opening observations. A growing number of people are increasingly coming to believe that members of your Police Force, either on instructions, their own accord or latent prejudice, consider that the rights of demonstrators are not equal to the rights of non-demonstrators. Whether this is, or is not true, I do not know. What I do know, is that this is what appears to be true. And not without justification.



Richards . . . some new heart

Please realize that the majority of demonstrators do not live for, or even vaguely want a 'stoush up,' with the Police. The vast majority of demonstrators are young idealistic sincere and deeply committed. Unreasonable unwarranted and indefensible Police inactivity, such as witnessed at Waimairi, can only but give credibility to those elements which wish to paint your Police Force as being comprised of a bunch of 'fascist pigs.' Stripped of rhetoric, emotional connotations and translated, this phrase simply means that 'the police are with you if you are shorthaired, establishment and unquestioning, but against you if you are longhaired, anti-Government and establishment policies and beliefs, and questioning.' Clearly, Waimairi could only but confirm the validity of such extremist cries.

Commissioner Sharpe, on behalf of those demonstrators at Waimairi beach on March 6, I ask you publicly explain the non-performance of your Police force at Waimairi beach.

Silence on your part can only increase the credibility gap presently existing between the N.Z. Police Force and certain sections of this community.

I look forward to your reply.
Yours faithfully,

Trevor Richards,
National Chairman,
HALT ALL RACIST TOURS.

Demonstrate by all means

JOHN WOODROFFE

There are at the moment at least eight New Zealand sports bodies engaged in negotiations for sporting exchanges with South Africa—rugby, cricket, womens hockey, bowls, golf, softball, water polo and surf life saving. To any New Zealander who opposed the 1970 All Black tour to South Africa these tours must be of vital concern. Too often proponents of apartheid have attacked those opposing sporting contacts by saying they only oppose rugby tours as they are unhealthy dirty longhairs, resentful of a disciplined sport; or are mere children out for attention; or the ever present accusation of willing dupes of the international Communist conspiracy. Arguing against these fallacious but deeply ingrained prejudices is all too often futile, we must show actively our opposition to all racially selected sporting tours.

Trevor Richards, national chairman of HART, in assessing the failures of the 1970 Rugby tour protest said "Like a large number of liberal orientated pressure groups, HART believed that success would come as a natural right: the case it put to the country was self evidently right: the case of the opposition was barren in thought and lamentable in its simplistic naivety. Their case was wrong, ours was right. This is of course a gross simplification but none-the-less it does point to the fundamental cornerstone of our whole campaign."

In any discussion of the faults of the previous campaigns it is essential to question the basic philosophy behind any demonstrations and protest activities. Trevor Richards sums up the basic philosophy of HART by saying that "at no stage would the extra-legal tactics be countenanced, the democratic process was declared inviolable". What the anti-apartheid movement must now decide is whether it works within the legal system or whether it involves itself with extra-legal tactics. Recently Lindsay Wright, the NZUSA research officer had this to say on his return from South Africa, "I am convinced we are living in a wealthy detached cocoon in New Zealand, unaware of the depths of poverty and subjection that mark the blacks and coloured from the wealthy whites in South Africa. New Zealanders who cry that politics should be kept out of sports are missing the point. The central issue is that racism should be kept out of sports and that New Zealand ought not to maintain sporting contacts with the so-called representative teams of a country in which a minority white government enforces total segregation in almost every aspect of life."

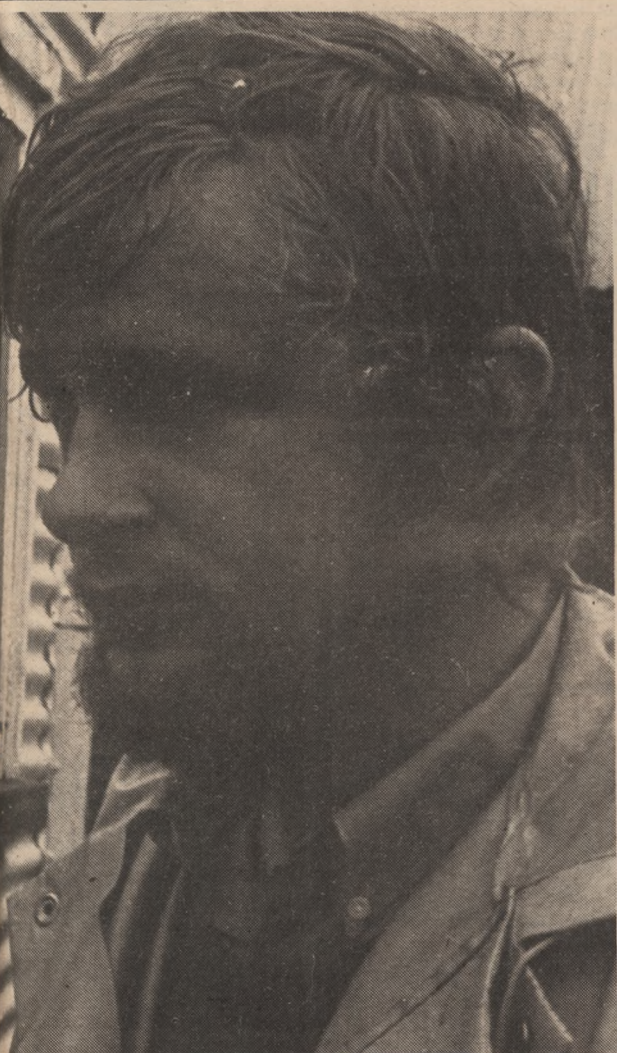
It would be universally accepted by those opposed to sporting contacts with South Africa that we must continue at every opportunity to oppose all sporting contacts with South Africa, the only question is how. Lindsay Wright concluded "I have no hesitation in calling all New Zealanders to take any actions within their powers to disrupt and stop our sporting and trading contacts with South Africa." Trevor Richards in his paper 'HART, where to now' states "One thing is unmistakably clear. If the 1973 tour eventuates, the violence will be greater, the division in the land more acute. This may be deplorable, but saying so won't make the possibility of violence disappear."

A P A R T H E I D
IS NOT A GAME

DECISION

The protest movement must decide now what it is going to do—to continue at the present level of sporadic protest or start now to organise effective protest against future tours. We have not in the past initiated violence—at the Waihi Beach surf life saving demonstration the Waikato Times noted that to mid afternoon the only 'violence' had been eggs thrown by surf lifesaving supporters. When several demonstrators attempted to join the march past the police were assisted by several surf club members in the role of (self appointed) vigilantes.

We must continue to organise marches, demonstrations and petitions, but should any South African team visit this country, or at any trials to select teams to tour South Africa, then every effort must now be made to disrupt these fixtures, not by inflicting injury on participants but by mass invasion of playing areas. On an emotional level this situation can be assessed by saying are we prepared to sit here in affluent, comfortable, detachment while our government and sporting bodies acquiesce the continued oppression of the majority of the South African population.



Woodroffe . . . that tired expression after Waihi that look forward to the future

CRACCUM DEADLINE

Copy for Craccum may not be accepted unless typed double-spaced one side of the page and submitted by Thursday 5pm, unless prior arrangements have been made. Contributors without typewriters may use one of the Craccum machines.

FILM SOC

RICHARD LESTER

APRIL 1st.

LLT

THE KNACK

8.00 THURSDAY

Well, the question over N.Z. relations, trade, sporting or otherwise, with South Africa has been figuring again in the papers. Right on! And just as Rudman took every opportunity to talk about God, as distinct from doG of U.S. Constitution fame, last year in this column; just as Shadbolt harped on about prison reform and the John Bower case with equal zeal and religious fervour in this column; so too will I take every opportunity to have a slam against any contact with South Africa while their apartheid regime reigns supreme. Friends of South Africa and Rhodesia—you have been warned.

Occasionally though, lucky you may receive a bonus. I might, for reasons ranging from alleviating the possible monotony to just broadening your horizons, talk about the University's best friend Robbie. Certainly at least until October when he and Shadbolt will be out there in the streets, fighting tooth and nail for the coveted mayoral seat. Rumour has it that the latter is already grooming several candidates for the possible mayoress job. Then again Vietnam may leak into these pages. Or if I am feeling particularly ambitious I may try and emulate John Daly-Peoples and top that masterpiece of a cat show review he did last year. I still cannot understand why he didn't get an award for that. And who knows [as in Lord Knose], if the cause isn't lost, I may even reaffirm my stand on the nebulous—dare I say hopeless?—question of papers and exams.

But then again I might not discuss any of these things.

Be further warned that while the apartheid question is uppermost in my mind at the moment, it is only the tip of an iceberg of issues. Below the waterline then there are other serious questions—the meaning, if indeed there is any, of Waitangi Day; more Maori representation in Government from 4 to 7 seats, how the 1967 Land Axe, pardon me! Act, affects the Maori; the desirability of urban marae; how the Education system is geared to producing brown pakeha's instead of educated Maoris; Marshall's apparent 'white' immigration policy; the desirability of Maori being mandatory in schools; and thousands of other issues pertaining to the welfare and I daresay, equality of the ethnic minorities of The land of the long white cloud. An iceberg big enough to sink H.M. Titanic.

Were there any blacks on the Titanic?

By now it should be abundantly clear that I am against any contact with South Africa while their sonovabitch apartheid regime remains operative. Quite vehemently so. And I categorically advocate isolation of this same fair isle until this black veil has been lifted.

For every action there is an opposing reaction . . . and whenever my view is promulgated and hardliners all line up, bringing joyful platitudes like we must build bridges. The Rev Bob Lowe loves this line and propounds it all the time, as regularly as the yearly commercial: Peace upon Earth, Goodwill to all Men. But they say more. The idea is that we should maintain all possible contacts with South Africa, not so that we can sell South Africa arms like Britain, but so that we can bring the whites to a level of understanding and insight (presumably as demonstrated by the kiwi's in their dealings with their ethnic minorities) which would eventually facilitate equal opportunity for the suppressed majority of South Africa.

LOVE & ITS REACHES

I wonder if Bob Lowe would have advised Abe Lincoln to take a love thy enemy attitude to the to emancipate or not to emancipate the negro slaves. Or whether instead he would have blessed Abe as Abe embarked upon the only course of action, civil war, that would free the slaves. I suspect that Bob Lowe would have supported Lincoln somehow. You see the question of rugby wasn't a vested interest then.

Recently in the Herald a Bishop E. Crowther has been coming under fire for his ostracism of South African policy.

One critic, R.C. Griffiths, who sounds like an admirable successor to Mother of Five, attacked the Bishop for his "anti-christian" premises saying that the Bishop should take a love thy enemy and not ostracise the enemy attitude. After all, if J.C. Superstar were here in the flesh today, he would seek closer contact with the whites with the hope of solving the problem. The whole argument being tantamount to building bridges a la Lowe.

Curious isn't it? We now have three Christians talking here. The whole concept of love thy enemy [and not isolate him] is curious too.

Personally, I am suspicious of people like R.C. Griffiths and the reverend Bob Lowe. I wonder whether these creatures take a love thy enemy attitude to those people who offend the public morality as manifest in our statutes. They probably do each Sunday in God's name.

Yet lets stop and think what happens to these offenders. Given that they are determined guilty, are these offenders or more correctly criminals, not isolated or imprisoned, for an appropriate time during which the criminal rehabilitates himself, reorientates himself to the social norms of our society which in turn equips him to participate more meaningfully in society?

I was always taught that apartheid is a crime too. By righteous pakeha sunday school teachers no less. I wonder what I would have learnt in Bob Lowe's sunday school?

Why is it then that Lowe and Griffiths grant preferential treatment to the apartheid king? Send all your guesses into me c/- of Cracccum and we will try and run a Bob Lowe crossword puzzle.

Keep the faith you the people.
Arohanui, Taura Eruera.

My hangup: Your problem

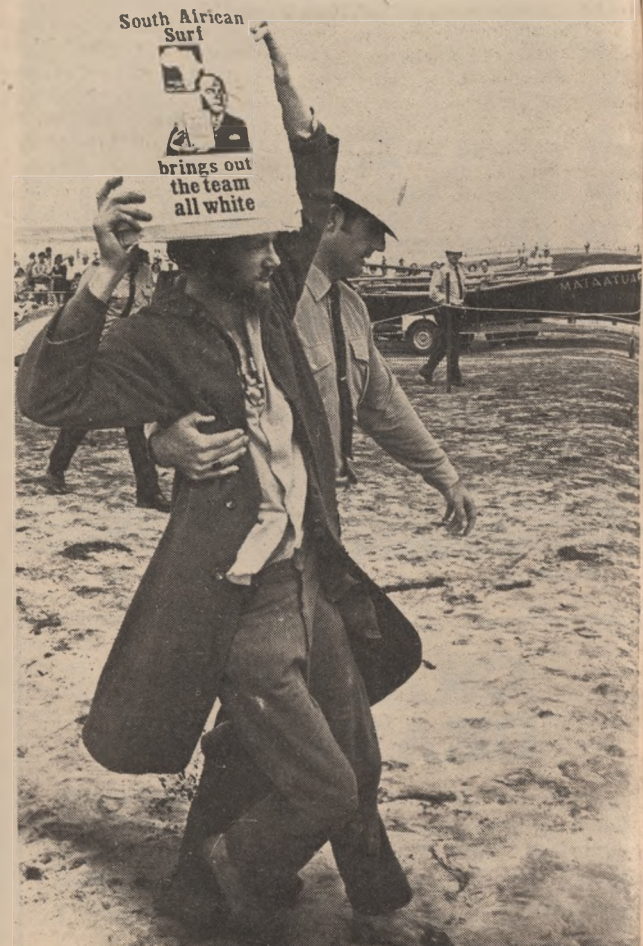
TENA KOUTOU KATO A
TAURA ERUERA



OFFENDING ALL RIGHT-THINKERS



Andrew Kay at Waihi . . . the bravest of gestures



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Woe unto you, lawyers!

BRUCE KIRKLAND

The question that jurisprudential scholars have probed unceasingly is when, or if, the word 'justice' is capable of being anachronistic. Yet to approach any semblance of an answer we must begin in the scholarly manner by prefixing our response—"It all depends. . .". Too often injustices are perpetuated under "the cloak of justice" and the lay observer scoffs at the notion of justice as applied by the courts of our land. I cite the cover story of Craccum, entitled 'Injustice,' dated 11 March, whereby a young woman is acquitted of all charges laid by the police, yet is left with a \$500 bill for lawyer's services.

Certainly justice was sought and justice was found, as the court unconditionally upheld the defendant's plea of innocence. Furthermore there may even be justification on the young woman's behalf to pursue an action against the police for malicious prosecution. One is prompted to ask what more could a person want. Well again 'it all depends.' If one's notion of justice is a 'remedying of a grievance of judicial proceedings' then the obligations owed to the individual have been fulfilled. However a different criteria produces the irony that exists in this particular case. If we are to equate justice to a notion of fairness then surely this person should have been returned to the state that existed prior to the police allegations. Rather she is indebted to a solicitor to the sum of \$500.

Thus the argument on justice becomes referential, which is unfortunate as surely justice was never meant to be anything but fairness. Our whole legal system is based on this premise.

Inevitably this discussion must be turned to the question of legal aid. If society is to adhere to justice as a principle of fairness at law, then it is society that must take positive action to ensure that the individual is accredited with justice when judicial practise has failed to meet the necessary requirements. Therefore in this case the woman was innocent of the alleged offence and theoretically should be restored to her initial status in society. Judicially this was not possible. Thus the onus is on society, or the state, to fulfil its obligations to the individual. This would be part of the principle of legal aid, i.e. reimbursement by the state for 'judicial injustices'. Examples of these would be heavy court costs against the individual, excess time away from one's employment and various other individual penalties against the individual, not fully compensated for.

However these aforementioned grievances are infinitesimal when compared with legal aid on the broader scale. The case in illustration refers only to the innocent party. What if the person had been found guilty and was still liable for payment of \$500 lawyer's fees, and was just as unlikely to be able to offer payment. Would the moral of the story alter if the person had the case against her dismissed yet could well afford the services of a solicitor? This type of question necessitates the formulation of broad principles as to the law in relation to society and its general availability to society.

Perhaps Rousseau's Social Contract theory provides some insight into the general aims of the legal system. An individual contracts with the general will (whoever that may be), whereby the individual surrenders his free will in exchange for the protection of the general will, expressed in terms of legislation binding on the people. With this theory goes the notion of equality, for the reason that the general will must offer the same protection to every party to the contract (in the loose sense of the term). The legal implication from this is that there can never be injustice as if the general will protects the interests of all the parties i.e. every member of society, then, who would be unjust to himself. Rousseau himself said that every person is "equal by convention and legal right." But obviously Rousseau did not reckon on the general will (the will of all) being replaced by the general will—let us call it the so far undefined entity that creates the obvious injustices which are alien to the pure form of Rousseau's theory.

EQUAL IN LAW

Clearly then if we are to follow the theory then equal justice should be available to all. Similarly Mr X should have equal access to a legal remedy as Mr Y. There should not be a law for one and not another. But more important from the point of view of this discussion, the law should be expressed in equal terms to X and Y, not only in content, but economically. How can any society maintain that its administrators justice, if in fact certain persons are able to manipulate the law by virtue of their economic status, yet others are excluded from a legal remedy for the simple reason that it is economically intangible. Yet this is the situation that exists in New Zealand justice. Too often is the advice, plead guilty and offer yourself to the court's mercy. In short justice has become an anachronism, a facade of learned judicial ramblings.

The reasons for this become more and more obvious and all the while it lends some validity to the cliché, "there is a law for the rich and there is a law for the poor." Obviously the law keeps a constancy about it, yet a certain percentage of the population has been 'priced' out of its use. Extensive studies in America have proved just this. In Legal Representation and Class Justice by Jerome E. Carlin and Jan Howard (1965) UCLA Lr 381-431, statistics are supplied that prove that the use of lawyers is far more prevalent in upper class families than those of the lower socio-economic groups. Two-thirds of the lower class families in the study had never had resort to lawyers. Endorsing this was the fact that 70% of lawyers said that the average income of their clients was \$10,000 yet for the State of New York, less than 10% of the population receive such income. This is conclusive evidence that the law tends only to serve the monied class and there is no evidence to the contrary that this does not also apply in New Zealand.

However the counter argument advanced is that this inequality is not tantamount to injustice for the reason that the lower classes are less likely to need the services of a lawyer. Their needs are seen as socio-economic, being specifically non-legal. This argument has no merit whatsoever. It is conceded that the lower class structure will be less included in contracts, wills, land transactions, company and commercial ventures. But this is in no way exhaustive of legal functions. Job rights, social security, unemployment compensation, insurance claims, retirement funds are all within the scope and often the exclusive prerogatives of the working class person. All should be handled by legal representatives but are not in New Zealand because of the prohibitive cost. From the lawyer's point of view there is more money to be made in land conveyancing and company work and the like.

The conclusion from this is that the working class are poorly served by the legal profession. This is fully endorsed by the article 'Thou Shalt Not Ration Justice,' by Michael Shapo. An American legal services programme, the Office of Economic Opportunity, reveals that 2/3 of its appeals filed to prevent eviction notices were won, also 62% of its hearings involving cut-offs of public assistance were also won. Legal service in these cases was free and presumably the applications would never have been heard had this not been the case.

These problems are running rife in New Zealand; exploitation by landlords, consumer exploitation, wage exploitation, neglect of the



—John Connor

Bruce Kirkland

old. All are quasi-legal problems yet there is no representation to be found, unless one can afford it. Other factors are to be found that further increase the gap between those that are adequately serviced and those that are not.

[a] an individual not knowledgeable in legal matters may not even realise that he or she has access to a legal remedy. In fact the person may not even be aware that there exists a legal problem. The average person is not aware of rights in relation to his capacity as a tenant, a creditor, a consumer or even an individual.

[b] if a person is aware of a legal right, often there is an unwillingness to take action. If persons have had unfavourable encounters with the law on previous occasions then it is more than likely that they will not give the courts credit for ensuring them justice a second time. They may be completely alienated from the court process or may have suffered a reprisal from another source other than the court, subsequent to a court ruling in their favour. Also courts are to be avoided often for social reasons.

[c] the working class individual has generally less immediate access to the lawyer in the physical sense. The pomp and ceremony of the legal profession; the disinterested pose of the lawyer behind his desk; the concentration of offices in the city area necessitating valuable time off work resulting in loss of wages; the lack of personal acquaintance to actual lawyers and the absence of a suitable directory—all these factors result in an inadequate representation as they are all important considerations for the working individual.

[d] on many occasions a lawyer may screen clients and thus turn away the working person as he would result in less financial gain and also less prestige.

Thus we have objectively analysed a situation that exists without querying the motives for its existence. It is suggested in an article by Karl Renner (The Development of Capitalist Property Norm), that the law is structured to a capitalist society. Society is based on property and its implications and the law upholds a system that conforms to this norm. Thus all other needs are superfluous to the one basic principle.

The motives for the system though are quite irrelevant in this context. It has been established that the system is inadequate for certain purposes and we must now approach a remedy.

These may be considered under four headings:

- [1] State Legal Aid. [2] C.A.B. [3] Neighbourhood law centre. [4] Further Developments.

STATE AID

[1] There exists in New Zealand the Legal Aid Act 1969 and the Offenders Legal Aid Act 1954. The 1969 Act is specifically for civil actions and the 1954 Act pertains to criminal matters. Both Acts are of no real worth in as much as they serve to quash the problems outlined above. Legal aid under the Legal Aid 1969 Act is granted as of right if one qualifies for legal aid then theoretically your legal proceedings are covered financially by the State and the solicitor involved may recover 85% of the normal fee, as would a doctor working under social security. But the act contains glaring anomalies (as pointed out in an article by S.D. Ross—The Future of Legal Aid in New Zealand). The Act does not cover proceedings under the Matrimonial Act 1963 (which effectively cuts out divorce.) A survey however by the London School of Economics in Britain has revealed that the bulk of British legal aid applicants since 1961 have been matrimonial cases. Thus the result of S 15 [d] of the Legal Aid Act 1969, is the negating of an obvious need for legal aid.

The Legal Aid Act only covers legal proceedings \$15 [i] [a]. Thus legal advice is not covered, perhaps one of the more important parts of the legal process.

The applicant must also pay \$30 towards the cost of litigation unless exempted. Due to the stringency of the exemption students would be included in the clause that bestows the \$30 payment and thus the act effectively reduces the feasibility of small claims. The more capital assets and capital income that one possesses, the more one subsidises the government, who in turn is subsidising you. If payment is not rendered then a charge is levied on your land or property. Thus the Act is far from philanthropic in its nature and if the poor person has to pay for his advice plus \$30 for litigation then he will obviously not use legal aid.

The Offenders Legal Aid Act 1954 is granted in criminal matters at the discretion of the court. There is no need to state the obvious as to the courts criteria applied in determining whether or not legal aid will be granted.

The state of legal aid at present then does nothing to enhance the average wage-earner's opportunity for legal recovery in matters that he chooses to avoid at present.

ADVICE BUREAUX

[2] Citizens' Advice Bureaux are common in Britain where they number over 500. Auckland has one function in Ponsonby with a full time Community Advisor appointed by the Auckland City Council,

and supported by others in a voluntary capacity. These Bureaux cater for all the needs of the society. From a legal point view I feel they fail. Certainly they are an asset to any community but in essence they fall short of granting the solution to the lack of legal representation afforded to the relevant sections of the community. The National C.A.B. Council in Britain maintains that the Bureaux must be completely impartial so as to be acceptable to all. In effect they operate only as a legal referral centre. The person applies for help, has his problem diagnosed as legal by the attending solicitor and is then channelled into legal circles where he must come under the same criterion as any other person. The Law Societies should welcome these services for the fact that they provide additional custom.

LAW CENTRES

[3] Neighbourhood Law Centres: these are operated in the U.S.A. and there are offices of a similar nature in Britain. They are offices in the working class environment, designed to overcome the difficulties that the working class may have in consulting a lawyer. They operate in the evenings, much like a doctor's practice would. They have no means test for applicants and will deal with any legal problems. Most operate on contributions and are thus very restricted as to funds. However they have been very successful in that people have swamped these Centres necessitating expansion and a serious undertaking by the state to maintain them. In relation to New Zealand, there is a definite need for their introduction in areas such as Ponsonby, Otara and Mangere. These would operate co-extensively with C.A.B. and would be well on the way to solving the legal aid problem. However salaries for legal staff to ensure adequate personnel would be purely in the hands of the government. If these offices were not attractive enough for law graduates then the people would either receive poor representation by way of second rate lawyers or only more humanitarian inclined lawyers would attend to these problems.

OTHERS

[4] Other Developments: The question now is whether or not legal aid can be considered on a broader basis than that already outlined. In New Zealand legal aid exists only through the relevant acts. Having compared the scope of the Acts to the scope of the legal problem, one may only conclude that other developments are necessary. But are we to belatedly follow those institutions established in America and Britain or are we to gauge the problem in its true perspective and legislate accordingly. If C.A.B. and neighbourhood legal centres were introduced certainly this would be an admirable concept and would certainly be favourable in introducing law and justice to a wider section of the community. But I feel we would still have anomalies due to too few of these centres or problems of a similar nature. It is estimated that 70% of all persons that appear before the courts in Britain are without legal representation (majority traffic offences). Yet the British and New Zealand system is based on the adversary system whereby one argument is weighed against the argument of another and the judge is to decide as to which is the better case at law. Yet in 70% of British cases only one side of the argument is offered. I have no doubt that figures are similar for New Zealand.

Other suggestions for the remedying of the situation have been a report of the British Law Society whereby allowance is made for all solicitors to work up to \$50 free legal advice a week and be fully compensated for it by the State.

Similarly, U.S. Wall St law firms are opening offices in the poorer neighbourhoods, fully sponsored by the firms, and offering free advice.

But I would suggest all these schemes are superfluous in the light of considering the question; need any person pay for legal service. Surely justice is in the interests of society as a whole and society should be wholly responsible for the fact that justice is secured.

Lord Beveridge in the report on Social Income and Allied Services [1942] said the society must "regard Want, Disease, Ignorance and Squalor as common enemies of all." I would add to that Injustice. In New Zealand we have our hospitals and we have our schools. We have Social Security and State Housing schemes, all included in the term Welfare State. If we are to regard injustice as an evil similar to want, disease, ignorance and squalor then surely we should be thinking of the legal profession in terms of the Welfare State.

DISCRIMINATING CHARITY

As far as the government is concerned to enable an individual access to legal aid then the norm is that person's poverty. It perpetuates a situation whereby some people are 'normal' yet there are a class of others whom we must allot charity to by way of state legal aid. Yet does any mother in Remuera realise that she is accepting charity when in fact she sends her children along to school or to the dentist. Does she feel the loss of dignity that a person applying for legal aid does, when she goes to the post office to collect her child benefit when in fact her husband may be on \$6,000 or \$10,000 a year salary. This is the crux of the argument. When the state ceases to discriminate as to allotment then the programme gains political strength as those of the lower socio-economic levels are raised to the level of the more fortunate.

Yet indirectly the government finances the programme through the tax payer so that one pays according to one's income. This is how it is done in education, medicine, etc., so why not the legal profession. The lady in Remuera draws her child benefit every month, yet more than likely, her husband is paying twice as much in tax to finance the system as a whole. This would be justice. Similarly the landowner would receive benefit from the state legal service, yet he would be financing it twofold to the benefit of the 'once in a lifetime' litigant with no finance at all.

But it may be argued that there is a need for the legislature, the executive and the judiciary to be separate entities to ensure a balanced society free from coercion. People would have no faith in government sponsored solicitors, freedom being the essence of the protection of one's rights.

I would contend that this is invalid as an argument. In October 1967 a Californian rural legal assistance programme invalidated Governor Ronald Reagan's regulations reducing Medicare services by \$200 million in the State of California. This was a state financed bureau and even though it had considerable pressure put on it by the State Legislature it remained intact. So it appears that as long as laws are legislated as the will of the people then the separate nature of the judiciary and legislature is observed. This is a further endorsement of the fact that Judges manage to observe the law yet are also in the pay of the government. Similarly doctors, teachers, M.P.'s etc. all relatively free from coercion.

While the legal profession under the Welfare State may have some practical difficulties, I would submit that this is the attitude that must prevail in gaining a general perspective as to the role of the law in relation to society. The law and promotion of justice is a function of society as a whole and should not be denied to any one member of that society. If it is then we must think in terms of ensuring that the law does reach every such member and I would suggest full state compensation as an answer.



Ruffo - Resistance

It would be totally unfair to say the men in our jails are treated like animals. It just wouldn't be true—the animals are far better off. The lions get better food and an exercise yard with far more stimulation and ten times as big per lion as society's prisoners get. When the animals need calming down they use tranquiliser guns when they want to calm the crims they shoot them. Yes it may have been a ricochet and it was just a sheer coincidence that out of the 82 men it just happened to hit the ringleader.

Rationally speaking our criminals make excellent scapegoats—they are totally deprived of all their rights—they can't write letters to the papers, they can't use phones to talk with newspapers, they have absolutely no union or association of any kind, they don't have the vote and they are not allowed to study law while in prison. Besides this many are new to the city coming from country areas or the Islands—many have had very little education and are not trained in how to be articulate in any way—especially when it comes to dealing with the slippery bureaucrats of the justice department. They have absolutely no protection. It is easy for Riddiford to sit back and philosophically propound with righteous indignation that prisoners should use the correct channels to protest when they don't even know how our democratic system works—how our legal system works and have never been taught how to protest effectively and peacefully.

Yes they are excellent scapegoats—and are well thrashed as such. Both political parties launched a fear orientated law and order campaign—'Walk the streets in safety—Vote Labour—Vote for us or the bashers will get you type of rubbish.

When the politicians aren't riding the Law'n Order bandwagon the commercial interests fill in the gap. How safe are You—buy our locks. The growth of private armies such as Securitas. And then there's always a certain weekly newspaper whose Title has little connection with its contents that is always prepared—when sales are slacking off to launch a Birch the Basher campaign. The politicians—the businessmen the news media will all willingly exploit the crim and arouse fear as much as possible when it comes to selling the wares or gaining a few votes. All these things are stacked against the crim—and if he tries to complain they really put the boot in—shoot the bastards—hoses, dogs, more prison—that's what they need. The only thing missing is gas chambers.

PRISONER'S DEMANDS

Do you know what it means when they complain about food. It means mass cooked washed out unhealthy stuff that's so old it makes

your shit really stink and you know it stinks because you don't have a toilet—cells have potties. Three men in one cell eight foot wide. You shit and piss and eat and sleep in that cell. Do you know what that does to a man. Food means rations ½ an ounce of butter, 2 spoons of sugar, five slices of white bread, half a pint of milk. Try it sometime—for a year or two. Wages. Prisoners get 65 cents for a whole week's work. Try it sometime—for a year or two. 65 cents means you can't support your wife and children. That strips a man of his whole dignity as a husband and father. It means his wife and children have to go crawling to the Social Security department and plead to the bureaucrats—or starve. This means you leave jail after say a six month sentence with ten dollars—no food—no home—no job. Ten dollars and a police record. That means no government jobs. You're not allowed to enter a race track or TAB for the rest of your life. You can't own a hotel, or licensed premises. That means he has his freedom. You can call anything freedom these days—Watties produces the labels and they fit on any can from the Vietnam War to Auckland's by-laws.

But for some men pay is no problem. They don't have work. No boring menial job for them. They are the large group of unemployed. That means you rot. That means there's a twenty foot circle you just walk around and around 8 hours a day—try it sometime—for a year or two. When you get young strong men and lock them in a stone box whether they're prisoners or boy scouts they'll soon get up to mischief. Men are idle. They can talk. But there's nothing to stimulate healthy discussion—no talks, modern films, debating, acting or anything to create interest. So they talk about crime—the only thing they all have in common. I learnt how to use dynamite, how to blow a safe. How to use a knife. Which shops in Auckland take hot gear. There was no effort to help anyone adjust to society. In fact it was exactly opposite. It helps you adjust away from society. Booblif has a whole new set of values—a monetary system based on tobacco. A whole new language—screw, turnkey, peter, fig, round, bomb, foreign stuff, digger—this is boob talk. It's a whole new world and after a few years it becomes the only world some men can live in—they go back and back. This country has a staggering recidivist rate.

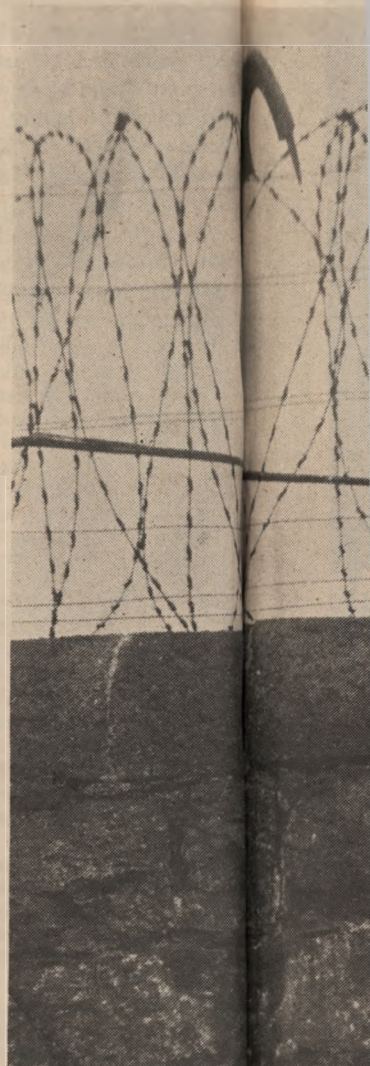
MORE & MORE

Radios are vital—your only link with the outside world. They are controlled by the main office and you have a choice of two stations. In many cells they don't work. Sheets are vital as some men sleep 10 or 12 hours a night—there's nothing else to do. Normal sex life is nil.



Herald

Anything goes when you're attacking New Zealand's goat. Nazi Ge We just make do with crims. It's hard to talk about who you don't believe could be so vicious towards those who make a mistake to know a prison get a friend to lock you in your bedroom for just one night. W of years and you might just grasp what its like.



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Zealand's goat. Nazi Germany had Jews they could treat like this. k about who you don't believe that our 'nice' easy going little society ke a mistake to know a little bit about what it feels like to be in room for just one night. When you come out multiply it by a couple its like.



Ruffo

That means you either join the homosexuals or masturbate.

Yes they do send homosexuals to jail. That's the mentality of our judicial system. They send homosexuals into jammed packed prisons—packed with virile young men. That's to cure them. Clean sheets mean something vital to men.

And if your still not demoralised they have strip searches. This means several guards force you to strip naked in front of them while they search you. Visiting is once per week. That's when you see a six year old son clinging to his father's leg and pleading—mummy please let me stay with daddy. You see woman and children must suffer as well. Hitler didn't just send the males into the chambers.

Yes I could go on and on—censorship of all mail, shocking medical facilities, poor training of guards who are often new immigrants, the large numbers on remand—young—not even tried yet who mix with old lags, the grey shabby conformity of clothes and hair. It all adds up to one thing. We are totally degrading demoralising and breaking our fellow human beings. We are breaking these men's spirits. They have no hope, no future, no purpose. They are fighting for human survival.

There's something else you ought to know about New Zealand jails. A phenomenally high proportion of prisoners are Maoris. This means white policemen shooting brown prisoners. It means firemen hosing brown prisoners. It means white turnkeys locking up brown prisoners. Except for a few Uncle Toms it means white men are oppressing brown men and that's not a strange situation in our lovely little land of the long white cloud.

We need a complete reappraisal of our prison system and many progressive changes. In Sweden prisoners have private huts, telephones TV, concert socials and their wives can stay with them on weekends. There is plenty of work and they get almost full wages—pay board and support their own families. There are no locks bars or walls. The results are that Sweden has a far lower crime rate and recidivist rate than NZ.

NATIONAL PENAL CODE COMMISSION

"It is impossible to turn an offender into a law abiding and decent member of society by creating in him rebellion against its methods of disciplining him or preparing for him a parasitic life after his release by removing from him all opportunities for initiative and the development of social responsibility".

Our politician's last answer to Mt Eden's rioting was Paremoremo—a large concrete block symbolic of the heads of our

judicial administrators. It turned out to be the biggest ever abortion in a long history of justice department miscarriages. Dr I.F. McDonald, senior lecturer in Criminology at AU at the time described it as "a monument to the spirit of vindictive retribution". How right he was.

This time their answer is to rebuild Mt Eden and to add a high wall along the motorway so that no one will see how bad it is or be able to demonstrate against it. A type of blinker system.

And the Minister of Justice—the go-ahead, imaginative progressive young turk of the hospital brigade. First he made a statement saying that overcrowding was only temporary—and then trying to hide his own guilt at making such a statement he made another statement saying that prisoners often tell lies. This was followed by his Law'n Order statement. Then when it came to facing a crim on a TV debate he presented this incredible excuse that he didn't want to make any statements until an official enquiry was held. They then tried to get the Secretary of Justice and he also dipped out. There was an ex crim left alone to do a Gallery programme on prisons so they eventually raked in a prison officer who appeared on the programme but was able to set his own terms which was that there would be no debate between us. So Gallery with it's magnificent buildup of fires and rioting prisoners fell a little flat.

Kirk wants more guards and higher walls with the emphasis on security and makes 'we'll fight them on the beaches we'll fight them in the fields' speeches about 'those few those gallant few' 'the thin blue line' while he carefully counts the potential votes.

No one has yet complemented those who really have suffered from our primitive prison system and bumbling politicians. Since 1965 they have been waiting for things to improve. Waiting ... Waiting.

These riots are a plea from the heart—please listen to us—look at what you're doing to us. Why why why. Smugly we think that torture is banned. But we're not torturing their bodies anymore just their minds and souls. Vicious subtle psychological torture—degradation humiliation fear brutalisation. We like to see prisons as their punishment but we are only punishing ourselves.

We brutalise those men and then cry out with self pity when they brutalise us. But it's no use just blaming a primitive judicial system, prejudiced magistrates, police brutality and incompetent ministers—none of these things would survive without the solid support of our silence.

THE TIME HAS COME TO MAKE A STAND



Ruffo



It is, above all, the artist who conveys the spirit of any great cataclysm. He is bound by no thesis or dogma if he so chooses. All he can do is to recreate through the medium of his own vision, the truth of the experience in all its strictly personal yet universal significance. The artists of the civil war probed thoughts of the Spanish situation. Theirs are monuments fashioned at the cost of the utmost pain, often with the very blood of the event still coursing through their veins. They created because they had to, and they brought to birth something terribly poignant and alive.

Picasso, creator of *Guernica*, has never returned to Spain; Lorca died violently near Granada in 1936; Pablo Casals has never returned to Spain; Antonio Machado, Spanish poet and republican, died a refugee, in a French intern camp in 1939; Arturo Barea survives as a refugee in England; Arthur Koestler was captured and condemned to death by the fascists, but reprieved and released because of his contact with English newspapers; Auden and Hemingway both survived to write on; Francis Cornford, English poet and republican, died in the Sierra Moreno; Miguel Hernandez, communist and poet, died at Alicante gaol in 1939; Unamuno, one of the great humanists of the 20c, died in Salamanca, while under house-arrest by Franco; Artega y Gasset, a prolific philosopher, social thinker fled the republic that he had helped to found in 1936, disillusioned by the ruthlessness that the left showed in facing Franco; Roy Campbell, Salvador Dali and Rafael Alberti, survived; Andrew Malraux author of *L'Espoir* survived to be French Minister of Culture under de Gaulle.

These are a few of those who were deeply involved in the fate of Spain in the 30's and during the Civil War.

"For intensity of emotion the Second World War sometimes seemed less of an event than the Spanish war. The latter appeared a 'just' war as civil wars do to intellectuals, since they lack the apparent vulgarity of national conflicts. The Spanish War looked, at least at first, when the parties of the left seemed to be co-operating, the great moment of hope for an entire generation, angry at the apparent cynicism, indolence, and hypocrisy of an older generation, with whom they were out of sympathy. It was also a conflict small enough to be comprehensible to individuals. As a result, many polemics, much argument and several masterpieces sprang out of it. The struggle gave birth to a burst of creative energy in many countries (as well as in Spain, on both sides of the trenches), which can be plausibly argued as comparable to anything produced in the Second World War. The few real masterpieces that were produced survive as monuments to those who died." (i)

The emotional temper of the war was founded in the bitterness of blasted hopes and a sense of catastrophic loss.

This sense of loss had all the finality of death itself, and was first objectified in the disappearance of Garcia Lorca, on the very eve of the civil war. He died an unknown death probably at the hands of the Civil Guards. As he had always known, his body was never found. But Lorca's being needed no mummified relics of itself. His words, his intensity, are the very quick in the spirit of Spain. Although he would regard himself as apolitical, he became the poet most beloved of the Spanish poor. The emotional forces that found expression in his poetry, became part of an indefinable revolutionary *elan*, whether he so intended, or not. His assassination at fascist hands, forever associated him in the mind of the 'left' with its cause.

Perhaps it is that he explained poetically and evocatively, the Spanish poor to themselves. His works are strongly redolent of the soil in which the impoverished Spaniard lived and died. It is the poetry of life lived to the full within the harsh limitations of a harsh land and a tough society. It is a refined recklessness. For the poor, such vicariousness must have been the only ecstasy they knew. Lorca's poems were felt, rather than understood in any ratiocinative manner by the Spanish poor, just as he felt their despair, and knew the severe limitation that feudal Spain placed upon them. This subtle empathy is recounted by Arturo Barea—a Spanish writer and intellectual, who, when fighting in the defence of Madrid, was approached by an illiterate militia-man who produced a copy of Lorca's *Gypsy Poems* and said—"explain this to me. I can feel what it means, I know it by heart, but I can't explain"—Barea took the poem, which was the *Ballad of the Civil Guards* and began its exegesis to a man for whom every line told a fragment out of his own experience

"The horses are black,
Black are the horse-shoes,
Ink and wax-stains shine on their cloaks
They have skulls of lead
This is why they do not weep
With patent leather souls
They come along the road
Hunch-backed and nocturnal
Wherever they stir they command
Silences of dark rubber and fears of fine sand.

Artists, Intellectuals and the

Part two: the war in art and the



The People's Army leaving for the front

*They pass if they wish to pass
And they hide in their heads a vague astronomy
of undefined pistols*

*Oh city of the gypsies!
Flags on the street corners
Put out your green lights
The civil guard is coming"*

*The city free from fear,
Multiplied its doors.
Forty Civil Guards go through them to plunder*

*At the gate of Bethlehem
The gypsies assembled
St Joseph covered with wounds
Puts a shroud on a maiden
Sharp, stubborn rifles,
Sputter all through the night
The Virgin heals children
With the spittle of stars*

*But the civil guard advance sowing fires
Where, tender and naked,
The imagination burns out
Roses of the Camborias moans
Sitting on her doorstep
With both her cut-off breasts
Lying on a platter.
While other girls run
Pursued by their plaits through the air
Where roses of black gunpowder burst" (ii)*

The portrayal in this poem was something terribly familiar for the dispossessed of Spain. Lorca had tapped a well-spring, that, during the war, grew into an ocean of pain.

Pain, or the wound was an inescapable reality in Spain. It was a way of being. Such was the ethos of the people that their imagination was much more intensely engaged by suffering, by tragedy, than by happiness. Blood and tears are motifs, constantly recurring in the poetry of Lorca, and spring from a people in whom anguish is a profound and dynamic passion. The very forms of the Spanish landscape are those of an elemental rending, a seared and grotesque ferocity of mind-blasting beauty. It was a landscape of the kind that had inspired the prophets—a landscape of salt, yet sustaining all the hardy richness expressed in the being of the olive. Its flavour was the flavour of the edge—and it impinged upon the vision with all the uncompromising definition of the horn of the bull.

Lorca, whose imagination was saturated by the Spain that entered him through his senses, speaks in the *Ballad of the Three Rivers* of

*"The two rivers of Granada,
One of weeping, the other of blood"*

Such are the arteries of the Spanish sensibility, moving through the hard light of the Spanish landscape
*"Between orange and olive trees
Flows the river Guadalquivir
From the snow to the wheat
The two rivers of Granada fall"*

This was the landscape in which Lorca found the hard physical fact of death—something as inescapable as the light saturating the air—something of which pain was a foretaste; a limitation in the human condition to be accepted in dignity.

The death of Lorca's friend, the bullfighter, Ignacio Sanchez Mejias was the very flowering of death, which drew from the poet an expression of primordial lament and primordial acceptance, objectified in the hard, lifebound masculinity of all that was most enduring in Spain. Face to face with Mejias' corpse Lorca says
*"Here I want to see those men of hard voice
Those that break horses and rule the rivers;
Those men of sonorous skeleton who sing
With a mouth full of sun and flint*

*Here I want to see them Facing the slab of stone
Facing this body with broken reins
I want to know from them the way out
For this captain strapped down by death"*

*I want them to show me a lament like a river
which will have sweet mists and deep shores
to take the body of Ignacio where it loses itself
without hearing the double panting of the bulls*

*Loses itself in the round bull-ring of the moon
Which feigns in its childhood a sad, quiet bull;
loses itself in the night without the song of fishes
and in a white thicket of frozen smoke.*

*I don't want anybody to cover his face with handkerchiefs
that he may get used to the death he carries
Go, Ignacio; Do not feel the hot howling
sleep, fly, rest; even the sea dies!" (iii)*

Such was death in life, life in death, the paradox to which Lorca gave consummate expression, mingling it with the spirit of a people and the feeling of the land. He created something earth-bound in the necessity of living yet soaring into the utmost realm of refined passion.

It was within this tragic framework that the emotionality of the Civil War played itself out.

But Lorca discovered a new form of death in America in the early 30's—something hideous, alien and undignified, yet possessed of enormous energy and will and directed to the void. He had discovered the *societe en masse* in the giant American city in all its negation. Henry Miller, who understood cities spoke in the 30's "of that world that is peculiar to the big cities, the world of men and women whose last drop of juice has been squeezed out by the machine, the martyrs of modern progress." (iv)

In New York Lorca found this world and the great death that resided in it—living death. Here, amidst the abstract fantasies of the geometry of pure purpose, amidst the forms of a gigantic nightmare in stone glass and steel, amidst a multitude of living corpses, Lorca stood in horror. He wrote of the new day in New York:

*"The dawn comes and no-one receives it in his mouth
for there no morn or hope is possible.
Occasionally, coins in furious swarms
perforate and devour abandoned children"
The light is buried under chains and noises
in impudent challenge of rootless science
Through the suburbs sleepless people stagger,
as though just delivered from a shipwreck of blood" (v)*

Lorca, a simple man from an Andalusian village sensed the absolute antithesis between the vital tragedy of Spain and the new mechanized desolation of America. The Spanish Civil War was a crisis in civilization, in which one of the forces,

seeking to a society, symbol hopefully, in i for by the left much co-exte society. The expression of leavened by t traditionalism America, the fatty ice-cream Spain. Each corruption fr softens men's weakens their

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In Lorca, S Miguel Her meet Franco strength that a shepherd in who used 16c learn from. H Spain, was stil "The winds Spreading v The winds And roar in

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Republican refugees walking to France



"Anyone has a right to do it, he thought. But it isn't a good thing to do, I understand it, but I do not approve of it. 'lache' was the word. But you do understand it? Sure, I understand it. Yes but you have to be awfully occupied with yourself to do a thing like that." (ix)

It is in the Civil War that Hemingway sustained his most intimate hurt. As with Lorca, Hemingway lived his life under the aegis of the wound, which imposed its own peculiar burden, the reality of pain, and its own ethical prescription of unflinching courage. Hemingway was wounded in spirit long before Spain, and his own pain found all the externalisation it could ever want in a war where death stood in the way of any fulfillment of historic hopes. Hemingway was bitterly hurt by the death of good men as *men* regardless of whether they fought with Franco, or against him. Robert Jordan musing over the body of a Navarrese cavalry man that he shot, remembered the hospitality of the Navarrese in a happier time and says

"You never kill anyone, you want to kill in a war" (x)

Hemingway's political sympathies were rather too nebulous to please a doctrinaire communist, but they were close to the nebulous concept of liberty of the working-man fighting for the republic. Hemingway had a long-standing distrust of politicians and leaders generally. For him, the politician was a self-interested blunderer; and the man of action,—the rifleman, the underdog, the guerilla—died in a shambles of political corruption. He had long hated fascism since he had seen its beginnings in political corruption.

The Spanish Civil War had found him a saddened man coming to terms with the fact that many of his former matador friends were fighting for Franco.

Jordan's interior monologues bring to light the almost unresolvable political and moral complexities of the Spanish situation, as they impinged on Hemingway. The idea of a cause and all its endless implications was still new to Hemingway Jordan says:

"For what. So that eventually there should be no more danger, and so that the country should be a good place to live in. That was true, no matter how trite it sounded."

There was nothing to be gained by leaving them (Spain, Spaniards), alone. Except that all people should be left alone, and you should interfere with no-one. Yes, he believed that. And what about a planned society and the rest of it? That was for the others to do. He fought now in this war because it had started in a country he loved and he believed in the Republic, and if it were destroyed life would be unbearable for all these people who believed in it. He was under communist discipline for the duration of the war. Here in Spain, the communists offered the best discipline, and the soundest and sanest for the prosecution of the war.

What were his politics then? He had none now. They (Spain's leaders—republican and otherwise) all had the politics of horse-thieves. He believed in the Republic as a form of government, but the republic would have to get rid of all that bunch of horse-thieves that brought it to the pass it was in when the rebellion started.

Was there ever a people whose leaders were as truly their enemies as this one?" (xi)

The other protagonists of Hemingway's novel articulate many aspects of the republican cause, and the Spanish situation generally. Pilar, sane and resolute, knows the human limitations of small-minded revolutionaries and the predilection of the true revolutionary spirit towards atrophy. In the heart of the mountains she says—"even here one man can make a bureaucracy with his mouth." Anselmo—a humane working man aspires to what is best in the 'left'—a sense of the dignity of man. Hemingway says Anselmo is a christian—a rare thing in a catholic country.

Pablo is the revolution gone sour with death. He is corrupted by his own brutality and craven self-interest.

It was Hemingway's feeling for style that enabled him to serve the republican cause so well. There was, for him, no conflict between the enlightenment vision of the dignity of man which he objectifies in Anselmo and the style, implicit in Spanish pride. Hemingway's own 'style' became a peculiar brand that fused both these factors in itself. He found a temporary home in the Spanish cause before moving on into a renewed sense of absolute loneliness.

George Orwell turned all the clear, passionate light of his English intellect on the Spanish maelstrom and said some very uncompromising and uncomfortable things. His profound political scepticism grew out of first hand experience of fallible revolutions. For several months he lived amidst the excreta, the deprivation, and the enthusiasm of the anarchist militia who held the front against Franco at Huesca in Catalonia. As an officer he knew his men, their potential and their limitations:

"I had dropped into the only community of any size in Western Europe where political consciousness and disbelief in

seeking to accommodate itself was the emergent mass society, symbolised in the Falange as its negative form, and, hopefully, in its positive aspect by the rational society sought for by the left. The fascism of Mussolini and Hitler was very much co-extensive with the negative possibilities of the mass society. The incipient fascism of America is also the expression of the negative possibilities of the mass society, leavened by the dementia of 'progress.' Franco, despite his traditionalism has been instrumental in allowing this negative America, the America discerned by Lorca, the America of fatty ice-creams, nuclear bases, dollar notes and inanity, into Spain. Each American base in Spain is a little centre of corruption from which emanates the deadly influence that softens men's guts with the juices of chewing-gum and weakens their minds with the dream of a tin-foil Mecca.

Franco, with a little precautionary window-dressing has put the Spaniard on exhibition for the fibreless envoys of middle-America as they tour the globe sunk in the blindest ignorance of a condition without instinct.

The Spanish poor, despite the extremity of their condition still know the meaning of dignity, and, as in Lorca's lifetime, still are possessed of an irreducible core—an aristocracy of the spirit. For, Lorca, apolitical though he was the fascism of America and that symbolised in the aspirations of the Falange, would be the uttermost death—death without dignity. His revulsion against America is of fateful significance for Spain, and ultimately, for all of us. He, as a man vibrant with instinct, turned his face against the sludgery of late-city civilization and said:

"I want the strong air of the most profound night

To remove flowers and words from the arch where you sleep

And a black boy to announce to the gold-minded whites
The arrival of the reign of 'an ear corn' (vi)

His is a song of the earth as fine in its penetration as Whitman's was broad and sweeping. He died, his spirit forever turned towards the light of life, the quiet trees of dignity.

"I go seeking

Full of light, to consume me"

He wrote with the hard freshness of infinite possibility, that ever-renewing life sense that is the basis for any meaningful radicalism. His was the radicalism of perpetual renewal in the human spirit, without which, any change on the historical and political is devoid of significance. The basis of his poetic is the fundamental radicalism of the duende.

The duende—where is the duende? Through the empty arch comes an air of the mind that blows insistently over the heads of the dead, in search of new landscapes, and unsuspected accents; an air smelling of child's saliva, of pounded grass, and medusal veil announcing the constant baptism of newly-created things."

In Lorca, Spain knew the greatest pain of the free spirit. Miguel Hernandez—a poet and communist who survived to meet Franco on the battlefield is possessed of that fine strength that Lorca understood so well. Hernandez had been a shepherd in the hills, and was taught to write by a priest, who used 16c and 17c writing as a model for his pupil to learn from. Hernandez wrote of the common man, who, in Spain, was still whole in spirit.

"The winds of my people sustain me,
Spreading within my heart

The winds of my people impell me
And roar in my very throat."

I come not from a people of oxen

My people praise the lions leap

The eagles straight swoop

And the strong charge of the bull

Whose pride is in his horns."

Hernandez is one of Lorca's men who sings 'with a mouth full of sun and flint.'

He is the fibre of a people proud in the greatness and in their perversity. It is a pride that has been at once the making and downfall of Spain.

Ernest Hemingway found in Spain a highly-developed sense of style into which he infused his own Anglo-Saxon pathos, his own Calvinistic sense of a tragic limitation on life.

Hemingway was the son of a society whose greedy emasculation he could not understand (upper-middle-class American); a war wounded adolescent in that war of no causes—World War I; author of the laconic Fiesta symptomatic of a kind of moral impotence in an indifferent universe. He found something new and terrible in Spain, something that moved him in his entrails, something so hard and bright and real that he was inspired beyond his uncommitted pessimism to the extent that he could say with John Donne

"No man is an Ilande, intire of it self. Any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde; And therefore, never send to know for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee"

Previous to his involvement in Spain he had been adrift in a world lacking the metaphysical vision to carry himself beyond despair, or to ascribe soul and sentience other than absolute physicality to any phenomenon. It is Hemingway who knew the atheist despair when he wrote "Our nada, who art in nada, nada by thy nada," etc (vii) His rendering of the Lord's Prayer was the finality of existential despair. In his bleakness, all that he could do was do what he did well—write one true sentence, 'Live well, die well.' In Spain he found that a sense of style extended far beyond any code of sport or war and far beyond the limitations of physical action. It was infused into the very being of the people forming their speech, their belief, and their way of knowing the world. Hemingway's will to style had been a reaction against the bloodless hypocrisy of Angle Saxon America. Spain deepened and enriched his revolt. The poised artistry of the matador, his will to perfection in the face of death symbolises the style of Spain—a style that is free of superfluous sentiment and tawdry showmanship. Once again it is Lorca who conveys this style in all its grace and discipline.

"The bull-fighter, scaring the spectators by his temerity is not bull-fighting. He is on the absurd plane of one playing with his life which anyone can do; on the other hand the bullfighter who is bitten by the duende, gives a lesson of Pythagorean music, and we forget that he is constantly throwing his heart at the horns." (viii)

This profound sense of style—of life as an art—carried into the Spanish death sentiment. It was important to die well. In dying well the Spaniard imparts a significance to his death that is its own transcendence. Hemingway (alias Robert Jordan), the hero of *For Whom The Bell Tolls* is painfully concerned with dying well. Jordan seeks a dignified death, regarding suicide with a peculiar mixture of protestant disapproval and Spanish disdain. He ruminates on his fathers suicide.



Spain continued



The Church establishing a precedent for Spellman

capitalism were more normal than their opposites. Up here in Aragon one was among tens of thousands of people, mainly, though not entirely, of working class origins, all living at the same level and mingling on terms of equality. In theory it was perfect equality, and even in practice, it was not far from it. There is a sense in which it would be true to say that one was experiencing a foretaste of socialism. Many of the normal motives of civilized life—snobbishness, money-grubbing, fear of the boss etc.—had simply ceased to exist. The ordinary class division of society had disappeared to an extent that is almost unthinkable in the money tainted atmosphere of England; there was no-one there except the peasants and ourselves, and no-one owned anyone else as his master. Of course, such a state of affairs could not last. It was simply a temporary and local phase in an enormous game that is being played over the whole surface of the earth. But it lasted long enough to have its effect on anyone who experienced it. However much one cursed at the time, one realized afterwards that one had been in contact with something strange and valuable. One had been in a community where hope was more normal than apathy or cynicism, where the word 'comrade' stood for comradeship, and not, as in most countries, for humbug. One had breathed the air of equality. I am well aware that it is now the fashion to deny that socialism has anything to do with equality. In every country of the world a huge tribe of party-hacks are busy 'proving' that Socialism means no more than a planned state capitalism, with the grab motive left intact. But fortunately there also exists a vision of socialism quite different from this. The thing that attracts ordinary men to Socialism, and makes them willing to risk their skins for it, the mystique of Socialism, is the idea of equality; to the vast majority of people Socialism means a classless society, or it means nothing at all. And it was here that those few months in the militia were valuable to me. For the Spanish militias, while they lasted were a sort of microcosm of a classless society. In that community where no-one was on the make, where there was a shortage of everything but no privilege and no book-licking, one got perhaps a crude forecast of what the opening stages of socialism might be like. And, after all, instead of disillusioning me it deeply attracted me. The effect was to make my desire to see Socialism established much more actual than it had been before. Partly, perhaps this was due to the good luck of being among Spaniards, who, with their innate decency and their ever-present Anarchist tinge, would make even the opening stages of socialism tolerable if they had the chance." (xii)

Here was a potential for meaningful change at the historical level. But Orwell was saddened when he watched the republic turn against its own in Barcelona. By coincidence he became involved in the street-fighting when the Communists decided to break the 'Trotskyist anarchist revisionists.'

For Orwell, it was a grim lesson, that the left had fascist potential as well as the right. He saw in the communist's actions the end of any truly radical spirit in Spain. Orwell recognized an ironical configuration of the dialectical process of history, when he watched the left turn against itself. After what he saw he was convinced that the final struggle was not against Franco— "The real struggle is between revolution (anarchism) and counter-revolution" (communism) (xiii) For Orwell the communists real politick was "fascism being imposed in the pretence of resisting facism." (xiv)

It was in Barcelona that Orwell learned the corruption wrought by the desire for power for its own sake. It was in Spain that Orwell witnessed the bland distortion of the past (and therefore the control of the present) that the communists effected to discredit anarchism. The propaganda of the left against the left in Barcelona is a grim warning against the big-lie; a warning whose tragic implications carry throughout every society to this day. Orwell, with his rather English sense of fair-play, found the spectacle disgusting, and left Spain in 1937.

DENYS TRUSSELL

NOTES

- (i) Hugh Thomas: The Spanish Civil War
- (ii) Lorca: Ballad of the Civil Guards
- (iii) Lorca: Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Mejias
- (iv) Henry Miller: Tropic of Cancer.
- (v) Lorca: The Dawn
- (vi) Lorca: Ode to Walt Whitman
- (vii) Hemingway: A Clean Well-Lighted Place
- (viii) Lorca: Theory and Function of the Duende
- (ix) Hemingway: For Whom The Bell Tolls
- (x) Hemingway: For Whom The Bell Tolls
- (xi) Hemingway: For Whom The Bell Tolls
- (xii) Orwell: Homage to Catalonia
- (xiii) Orwell: Spilling the Spanish Beans
- (xiv) Orwell: Letter to Geoffrey Gorer



Alexander Solzhenitsyn

Hitler and was now plagued by doubts, "suppose . . . of course he had no equals, but suppose . . . up there, above the clouds. . ."

Stalin's fear and distrust of his people condemned a system devoted to the resolution of competitive deception and ego-mania. Solzhenitsyn's *First Circle* discovers that the humane philosophy of the Socialist thinkers resides in the hearts of morally sensitive men who respect the demands of individual impulse but will tolerate the reasonable compromises essential to collective endeavour. The Soviet leadership has no trust in the people and its dogmatic adherence to a theoretical communism, rampant with internal ambiguities, has deprived them of access to the true significance of the social experiment which began with first desperate cry for Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. The simple imperative for communitarian values informs the art of Solzhenitsyn, it is absent from the directives imposed by a buttressed troika of scared bureaucrats.

RICHARD KING

We that have Ne free soulsranc

THE FIRST CIRCLE

ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN / FONTANA

Russian writers have a peculiar ability to project a uniform intensity of tone, a pervading and controlling atmosphere which is representative of the human condition in particular circumstances. Chekhov's sceptical, objectivity reflected back the hopeless stasis of the *fin de siècle* bourgeoisie, debating in the tragi-comic dichotomy of ideals and prevailing necessities. Pasternak's *Dr Zhivago* broods on the suffering of a people whose various gods have failed.

Like Pasternak, Solzhenitsyn's later novels have not been published in the Soviet Union; not because they overtly attack the ideological basis of Communism but rather, they have been styled 'anti-Soviet' for announcing the dignity of individuality and protest against inhumanity. A sense of the whole man, undetermined by material and political demands, springs from the narrative of *The First Circle* as much as the static and futile man is caught in the structure and cadence (or lack of it) of Chekhov's plays. Solzhenitsyn's even temperament and imbued sympathy for humanity decide his narrative approach. Judgement is not imposed by an authorial comment, it arises naturally from a character's relationship with others, by the context and style of his life—Solzhenitsyn can not be accused of any definitive statement criticising the Soviet leadership or system.

The 'First Circle' refers to that area of Dante's *Inferno* inhabited by the pagan sages who died without access to the 'true' faith. Solzhenitsyn's novel examines the individuals and society of a more recent rarified cage, Mavrino, a privileged political prison for heretical scientists rescued from the labour camps because of their usefulness. They work upon government projects in the nervous climate of post-war Russia—a telephone scrambler to indulge Stalin's paranoid suspicions, a method of voice printing to identify treacherous telephone users. Most of the men at Mavrino are imprisoned under the provisions of Article 58 of the Soviet Criminal Code which defines as high treason any attitude or activity with the remotest potential for subversion: "At the beginning of the war he had been denounced for 'Anti-Soviet propaganda' by his neighbours who wanted—and were subsequently given—his flat. When the investigation showed that he had not been guilty of any such thing, it was then alleged that since he listened to German broadcasts he would have been capable of carrying on 'anti-Soviet propaganda'. He didn't, it was true, actually listen to German broadcasts, but since he was in possession of a radio set despite the ban, he could have done so. Finally, although he didn't in fact have a radio set, it was alleged that he could have had one, since he was a radio engineer by training, and hadn't a box containing two valves been found during the search of his flat?"

It is sadly ironic that a community of 'new' men in the Marxian sense, should flourish in an institution designed to incarcerate social deviants. Solzhenitsyn, who spent eight years in prisons for expressing anti-Stalinist sentiments in letters, deliberately contrasts the intellectual vitality and communal spirit of the prison with the uncertain, outwardly orthodox and often sterile life of the 'free' Moscow society. The prisoners' vigorous awareness seems to justify the dialectical law of progress by negation; deprived of possessions and material liabilities, they can establish a Stoic stability and spiritual freedom. Those who refuse to submit to the process can maintain a peculiar state of resignation and inward satisfaction, they "were at peace within themselves," they at least would not become, in a perverse sense "fishers of men."

During the often comic rule of Krushchev, Solzhenitsyn's novel *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* was celebrated as a weapon in the anti-Stalinist crusade. The new leadership with its dour revival of oppressive bureaucracy feels itself more threatened than that absurd little fat man who once shouted 'Shit, shit, shit' at a modern art exhibition. But Solzhenitsyn is a responsible patriot. When, in a mock trial of Prince Igor at Mavrino, a sentence of exile beyond the borders of the USSR is settled, the point is made that this "amounts to spiritual exile." The author too, has been offered this t(h)reat of deportation to the West and has refused to 'escape' (he has also complained that his novels are being misused as 'anti-Soviet propaganda'). Solzhenitsyn remains committed to the USSR, suggesting that he is optimistic that a socialist system is attainable; a State which satisfies the will and needs of the people and the individual desire for freedom and sanity.

His portrait of Stalin, while perhaps not strictly accurate, provides some explanation for the brutal inconsistencies of this era which betrayed the Soviet people and Revolution. The 'Great Leader' appears as a frightened and deranged old man who "had decided to live to ninety . . . to suffer another twenty years for the sake of mankind"—whose sole ambition was self-aggrandisement although "it wasn't easy being the greatest man alive"—who had trusted only Adolf

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Political theatre —tragedy or farce?



RANDY NEWMAN/TWELVE SONGS/HMV

Randy Newman's first album of 1968 hardly even hit music lovers with a mild thump; in fact sales have still not passed 4,500 and Reprise in its infinite wisdom redesigned the cover and gave it away to any reviewer willing to listen carefully enough to appreciate its true genius. And true genius is right. How Newman's first album could have lain ignored on record shop shelves overseas for so long in beyond imagination and how he hasn't come to the notice of HMV release staff before now is hard to believe. Randy Newman's first album is still unavailable in this country but his second album of 12 songs has just been released.

Newman is a song writer and musician and his style seems drawn from a melange of blues, country, thirties, and vaudeville musical. He can sound a bit like every real soul artist of the last twenty years through Kurt Weill to Ray Charles. His material has been recorded by Ella Fitzgerald to Alan Price and strangely Nilsson, whose new album, *Nilsson sings Newman*, features ten of Randy's songs with the composer himself on piano.

Newman hails mainly from Los Angeles where he all but majored in music at U.C.L.A. and though his major initial influence was Cole Porter his only contemporaries are Van Morrison and perhaps Neil Young—though only because of their more unique and personal style. A poet once wrote, as if describing the distinctive quality of Newman's songs: "A metaphor is what happens when one looks in a certain way, just as a sneeze is what happens when one looks at the sun." Along with the Beatles and Ray Davies, Newman creates his wonderfully short and small songs, nurturing compressing and perfecting them with a passion for the particular. . . .

*"The milk truck hauls the sun up
the paper hits the door
the subway shakes my floor
and I think about you."*

(from *Living without you*).

To elaborate on Newman's first album would be unfair; suffice it to say it is a relatively big sound, making use of seventy five musicians to augment Newman's piano and is probably as good as his second album *12 Songs*. I can only hope that public response to *12 Songs* will prompt H.M.V. to release his first album and perhaps give Newman the wider promotion he truly deserves. Artists of Newman's calibre are rare and, while they may seem to only to appeal to a relatively small audience made up largely of fellow musicians, producers and the few people who may stumble upon overseas pressings by accident, I feel there is a large enough group of intellectuals who if exposed to these artists could make their more specialised albums, if released, a financial proposition. Other musicians in this dilemma would be Elton John and Michael Chapman. *12 Songs* is perhaps the more successful of Newman's two albums. The subtle nuances of the music and the unique phrasing of the singer require careful listening and Newman's performance is much more effective without complicated orchestration. Like Van Morrison's *Astral Weeks* Newman uses a small group of basically drums, bass, piano and guitars and much of the recording relies heavily on the sensitivity of these session men.

The album features three strong rockers: *Have You Seen My Baby*, sounds more Fats Domino than Fats Domino; *Mama Told Me Not to Come* and *Old Kentucky Home* — beautiful country:

*"Sister Sue, she's short and stout,
she didn't grow up, she grew out."*

Lets Burn down the Cornfield, makes use of a quiet delicate bass run with tabla effect, slide guitar and simple erotic lyrics.

Underneath The Harvest Moon, the only title Newman didn't write contains some of the most blatant racial typing ever set down in song:

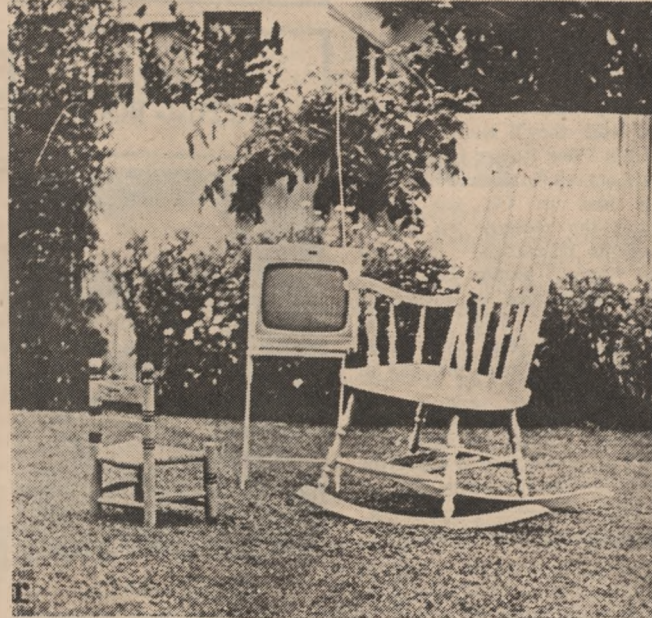
*"They just live for dancing,
They're never blue for long,
It's no sin to laugh or grin,
That's why darkies were born."*

Yellow Man, is his contemporary parallel. Newman is simply looking for a good lay in *Lover's Prayer*. . . .

*"I was entertaining a little girl up in the rooms, Lord,
With California wine and French perfume, she started to
talk to me about the war, Lord,
Said, I don't wanna talk about the war, Lord,
Don't send me nobody with glasses, don't want no-one
above me,
Send me nobody takin' night classes, send me somebody
to love me"*

Suzanne, is perhaps the album's finest track. Newman's nightmare of a rapist who picks Suzanne off a phone booth wall is a masterpiece. A strange musical paradox forms a matrix for Randy's voice; merely soft acoustic and steel guitars accentuated by an off-key organ are extremely effective in sharpening the chill of the lyrics.

RANDY NEWMAN 12 SONGS



The album ends with *Uncle Bob's Midnight Blues* which is actually merely a series of clichés transmogrified by context—let Newman tell you himself. . . .

*"I was originally going to call it In Defence of Alcohol
because I can understand why alcohol came down through
the ages bigger than hemp:*

*Going down to the corner,
Gonna have myself a drink,
Cause this shit that I've been using
Sure confuse my thinking.*

*I put in that part about buying myself a goat and tying
him in my front yard for all my so called friends to see. . . .
You see, the songs about a wiped-out comedown: I been up
so long/that it looks like down to me: Please don't talk to me
till I've gone. . . . all the clichés are there. I added—when the
blue of the night meets the gold of the day—for Bing Crosby.
And the—we love you—lines that end the song came about
because I had this fantasy after hearing the Rolling
Stones—we love you. The fantasy was that the Stones were in
their decline and McCartney and the Beatles were singing on
the record, which they were, and saying: sure, man, we'll sing
with you, so long!"*

The recording is superb so if you don't have a hi-fi set up for Christ's sake take your nice fresh unplayed copy to the nearest Hi-fidelity nut because Newman does really deserve it.

Newman's quality of special awareness is repeated in the album cover: a T.V. set on stilts, in a L.A. back yard, in front of a baby chair beside a rocking chair; good graphics in highly contrasted black and white—a photograph as *Rolling Stone* so aptly points out. . . . *12 Songs* is the announcement of the full emergence of a leading innovator in rock and roll. Hopefully with the release of this album Newman will no longer have to worry about being misunderstood.

DEREK KING.

Theme of conflict

JOEL SMITH EXHIBITION
BARRY LETT GALLERIES

Joel Smith paints life as a perpetual conflict. His paintings are highly subjective, they deal mostly with inner conflicts which are extended on to a social and sometimes global scale. The antagonistic forces are the ego and the id, the demands of the conscious and the subconscious, the animal and intellectual elements at war with one another. The symbolism Smith has used is confusing if one tries to distinguish between what he is saying directly about himself and the comments he is attempting to make about society and the present state of the world. The impression is that Mr Smith is pointing to his own inner conflicts as an explanation of conflicts on a global scale.

A man on horse back and Black and White wrestlers frequently occur as symbols of conflict. In *Too Much Noise Within* the outer segments, red (energy) and blue (intellect) blend uneasily in the purple self portrait in the centre. There is a Goya-esque ring about the title of this and many of the other titles in their matter-of-fact feeling, such as *It Happens Every Day*, *How It is* and *Vietnam Is Just Another Stage*. In these cases the imagery might have come out of Goya's etchings. With the last painting it is easy to confuse it's meaning with that of the more subjective paintings close to it.

In *Self Portrait* Smith has painted himself on horseback in a desolate landscape, half blind, with no stirrups and the use

EARLY WORKS/PRINCESS/DOMINION ROAD

It looked like yet another round of Pure Politics, tailor-made for the leftist set. And in some ways it is. But, while *Early Works*, a 1969 film made by a young Yugoslavian, Zelimir Zilnik is politics, it is the sort of politics that the western cinema rarely gives us. Centred around the activities of a small group of activist young people (three boys, one girl), the film purports to show—as its title at the end claims—that 'those who go half way in revolution . . . dig their own graves'. But it's not as facile as that. In a succession of satirical sequences, we certainly develop an empathy with the main characters. Their failure—or more precisely the failure of the girl—is the failure of youth, the romantic notion that energy is enough, that, given the enthusiasm, a Direction will present itself.

They practise their revolutionary songs, arm themselves with rifles and Molotov cocktails, even (in one very funny sequence) 'torture' their fellow comrade. They do it all, but it is not enough. Though the satire is very much directed against the unreasoned sort of revolutionary ardour the characters display, the film obviously suggests that they have good reason for grievance. In one part, our Liberated Heroine gives a lecture on birth control to a group of amazingly ignorant women; in another, as the boys come out of the factory, they call on their fellow workers to question why they work and who they are working for. The only response is the snigger the disinterested shrug. So, while Zilnik is only too convinced that their way is not *the* way, he is equally aware of the apathetic malaise that seems to be a fact of contemporary Yugoslavian life. There are political allusions in the film that certainly escaped me and, while its satirical effect is at times decidedly ambiguous (Political Theatre vs Political Reality), *Early Works* still emerges with enough sheer energy to grasp anyone's imagination.

Visually, the film is remarkably good, without the self-consciousness that marks many well-photographed English films. There are a succession of striking images, but none (with one possible exception) are lingered over. *Early Works* has a real freshness, it moves quickly from one episode to the next and, though the elements may not be wholly integrated, the film doesn't really suffer as a result. Certainly we may detect the influence of Godard here (eg the use of titles to break up the film into distinct segments, each with a specific message) but we have seen so few of Godard's films in NZ, we can only be thankful to see at least one of many European film-makers whose work has been affected by him.

Early Works is not a major film by any standard, but it is a vibrant one. And it seems to me to give us an interesting slant on Eastern Europe today. It starts tomorrow night. And certainly worth the trial of a No. 8 bus trip to see.

GRANT STITT



EARLY WORKS

of only one hand. In another painting the rider, with wings, attempts to escape from the horse but is too attached to fly.

The conflicts Smith is dealing with, are also fought out in the actual control of the medium. The handling of the paint and the brushwork varies within each painting. A small part of a body may be painted with care while the rest of it is hardly realized at all. This doesn't always work. At times the paint looks as though it has been applied indifferently or put on in a hurry to finish the painting.

In *No. 18* (unlisted in the catalogue) a white horse, ridden by a Buddha figure, appears to be dissolving. This might have suggested an end to the painter's inner conflict, in an oriental philosophy, if the horse wasn't being held by Mishima, the Japanese poet and writer who committed hara-kiri in an unsuccessful attempt to provoke a military revolt.

GORDON CLIFTON

AGM: cheap ideals

BRENT LEWIS

Sometimes it only takes an incident to decipher for us the message of what is. Such was what happened at the A.G.M. on Thursday. After having the usual constitutional amendments, the meeting progressed to a vote on allowing the Vietnam Mobilization Committee the use of resources of the association. Then came the amendments.

One gentleman proposed that this be limited and was quickly endorsed. \$100 was suggested as a reasonable limit—a sum equivalent to 1 cent for every student. It seems that the new morality dictates that all values are relative to the amount we put on them. What then is the price of conscience seems to be the question. The idealism has degenerated so much that we can put a price on it.

Another gentleman, a constitutional computer, quickly found that the whole operation was illegal—he even begrudged the \$100. Finally all inhibitions as to the fundamental importance of the question were qualmed when it was resolved that due to the grave and pressing importance of the question, all possible assistance (except money of course) would be given to the scheme.

Oh what beautiful people we are—cried the meeting. We will press the strongest condemnation on anything wrong, of course its wrong—in Vietnam. But as for the money—well you know we really must have a balanced budget—why that's the great economic truth! Besides we feel so deeply on this issue, that money would seem tainted to be even mentioned beside our lofty idealism.

That's it isn't it. That's what's wrong. We'll sit around like the League of Nations saying isn't it terrible. But when it comes to action—well moral philosophers must just pander—I mean after all what can we do anyway except give our humanistic understanding to them. I mean they don't really want peace, land or bread do they? All they want is our understanding. What a beautiful day—we've solved the problems of the world. Now for the next resolution.

GREEK AID

Oh Yes ... Aid to Greek prisoners. Well money wouldn't be any good would it. I mean those Greeks are so corrupt they'd misappropriate it—I mean we love them but they're only human like us and anyway they might resent us forcing our money on them, mightn't they?

Yea—that's right. Tell you what we'll do. We'll send a message of sympathy. "Regret your situation. Kind regards, A.U.S.A."—No wait a minute just "regards"—kind is five more letters and that's five bucks more and anyway they'll get the message even if they are Greeks.

Now who's next on the list. Oh yes, Cath Soc wants us to pray for peace. No trouble there. Not even postage. Must remember that—memorandum on prayers

Hey, we nearly forgot South Africa. Oh yes—we'll condemn the white racists and how they trample over those poor blacks. I mean they've got no right to even if they are blacks. After all some of them are pretty intelligent and I mean they are human beings aren't they? Even if they aren't quite up with our civilisation. Still you wait—they'll learn. All they need is a few Rotary Clubs and a few Cocktail Parties and they'll be just like us. Oh yea nearly forgot—the message—we hereby condemn miscarriage—no better add "gross"—sounds better—the gross miscarriage of justice as perpetuated and wish—no sincerely wish that you would implement the true precepts of British justice.

Now let's wait for the applause. I mean we deserve it don't we. I mean where would the world be without people like us?

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one

How much longer do I have to live with the shit your paper is putting out. All that radical ble making for trouble's sake. It's not there enough problems in the world without your righteous attempts to make it worse? I think that most of you write is undesirable and bad taste. I don't know whether you see yourself as some student leader but you mainly appear as no more than a idiot in my eyes!

I hear you have said that you have no morals, that you don't believe in morals. Well that's what in your pushing through motion over abortion. I suppose, unless it can be used as a political propaganda.

And just how can you live without morals? Does that give you the excuse to do just what you want? I suppose you think it's well I don't. I believe in a moral code even if you think it's old-fashioned and stupid. I think your actions are bad and I'm sure that the professors you criticize think just the same way.

Do you dare you to print this letter. I want to point out to other students that they should not be such a person to edit the Craccum newspaper. No wonder the town-gown relations are the way they are with people like you living on the way you are. I am sure people going to think of students when they read what this supports?

It's not only ultra ultra writing, it's also pretentious. I think all that trash that is used to be arts review. How many students do you think can understand the rubbish that goes on those pages. And we're writing for the newspaper. We're not getting you a salary to produce it and all you do is publish radical and pretentious arts reviews.

I think that many other students think like me. We're sick of you pretending to be a man walking around the university without a shirt on and sick of the trash you print.

Brian Jessup

two

Sir,
I have two editions of Craccum and there has appeared an article in the first one about the article in the second one. It is as if this is going to be a permanent column. I am referring to Stefano's Ice Cream article.

Well, it is indeed a very entertaining column to say the least and I have enjoyed both editions of it that have appeared. I am, as apart from the usual red-down, hackneyed shit about such things as Vietnam, the A.U.S.A. executive policies, problems, Make Love not War, etc.

The column, as far as I can tell, is written by someone (the Ballantyne) who appears to have authority on the subject of brands as can be seen from his knowledge of brands, tastes, flavours etc. It seems to me that this is his personal hobby and a few students share it, as I mentioned before, the column makes entertaining reading.

What I'm really trying to get through, is why the editor has this column to be published, when he cannot be bothered with the idea of a regular Column that was put out by Jack Pott in Craccum editions ago. I, myself, am a brand enthusiast and I know the fact that there are hundreds of other students who share my

Jack Pott is a regular, comparatively successful race-goer who, I am quite sure, would willingly write the column and the editor (who shows preference to an elite little group and bows to their desires and wants and preferences instead of to the interest of the student population as a whole) answers this suggestion with, and I quote 'Piss Off' which, it seems to me, is all that he ever says about anything.

If the editor of a student newspaper cannot fill the needs and interests of the majority of students, then I politely ask that he 'piss off' and let someone else take over the job of editing Craccum—someone who will do the job properly with an unbiased outlook on issues and articles put forward for publication—so there.

Paula "Trotter"

Fuck off—ed.

three

Sir,
The Vice Chancellor certainly got the 'treatment' last week in Craccum—labelled, branded and rubbished because he happens to like sport and doesn't wear jeans; he must certainly be aware now of some of the current prejudices and intolerances prevailing amongst students.

As a student who has seen more of Dr Maiden than one lunchtime appearance I would say that so far he has impressed me on various welfare and accommodation matters with his obvious concern for student problems, his willingness to listen to and accept the student viewpoint (e.g. over the Grad's Club rental charges) and his expressed desire to help us get a better deal. Obviously his American-efficiency experience is going to be extremely useful in clearing up the bureaucratic hang-ups around this University which so often kill or squash student reforms or ideas.

Who cares what the guy looks like—it's what he does that matters so let's give him a chance to prove he can do the job before he gets totally rubbished.

Mary Kirk

four

Sir,
I think perhaps you might observe at least a shadow of impartiality and unbiasedness as Editor. It is surprising that everything that the Editor or Publications Officer do or suggest is the ultimate in brilliance, reasonableness tolerance etc etc, but that anything brought forward by an other Exec member becomes 'bureaucratic,' or irresponsible or in some way completely worthless.

I refer specifically to the report in Craccum 4 of the Exec minutes of 18 March to the paragraph entitled 'Fruitless'—a pun, I understand. The responsibility that the House Committee Chairman declined to accept was to sell fruit on the quad. This suggestion was made by the Lady Vice-President Mary Kirk i.e. He was to ascertain the current fruit prices and sell the produce at a reasonable discount—the profit to go to the Friends of the University. I myself as House Committee Chairman am in no way responsible for disposing of fruit, on campus, but I several times, in your hearing expressed complete willingness to give the fruit and vegetables away or put a donation box with it, but I refused, as you unfortunately neglect to mention, to sell it.

The responsibility you have undertaken was implicitly

understood to be the sale of fruit and I refused to be a party to a scheme whereby donated fruit was to be sold and not given away.

Chris Thomas

Mr Thomas will now be distributing the fruit together with Mr Neumegan's Shadow Executive. The Editor never offered to 'sell' the fruit. He offered to distribute the fruit and collect donations if they were freely offered. He would under no circumstances become a merchant. He thanks Mr Thomas for his concern and advises that orders for fruit can still be lodged in his office. — Ed.

five

Sir,
In reply to Peter Rickys Thursday March 25 Craccum. Concerning Article the Third "rights and privileges of British subjects" can be interpreted two ways, either (at least) the rights and privileges of British subjects, or (only those) rights and privileges (enjoyed) by British subjects. The second interpretation involved a diminution in the legal status of Maoris, the first does not.

I agree, we will create a little slice of America, or Kenya, or Sierra Leone, or Nigeria, or Guyana—or anywhere a majority has the power to crush a minority, everywhere that minority reacts in violence, anytime majority reacts to that violence, everytime black-white head counting replaces understanding. But what chance is there of anything else?

A.C. McInnes

six

Sir,
In reply to A.W. Mitchell I should like to point out the following:—

1. Your claim that my review of Bergman's The Shame "is simply a compressed form of Jan Dawson's review of the film in Sight and Sound" is quite unfounded. Jan Dawson's emphases—the film's structure and its ethical implications—are not the emphases of my review. You are right, however, in your assumption that I reproduced Bergman's quote from that article. I still fail to see how I can "crib" such a quotation. I have not been fortunate enough to speak to Bergman personally on this matter; thus I was naturally forced to rely on secondary sources.

2. Your comment on The Shame in relation to Wajda's Kanal is, of course, spurious. I could just as easily claim that the heroic ideal is better conveyed in Homer's Odyssey than in the Aeneid. I am sure you will find such a comparison as irrelevant as I do.

3. If you realise that Bergman's intention is "metaphorical," how can you find Jan's aesthetic and sexual failings "implausible"? This can only suggest a failure of sensitivity on your part.

4. I agree that the film "hinges on a paradox," but you are surely in no position to question Bergman's "sincerity" in this. Surely it is time we did away with the Puritan notion of "sincerity" as the prerequisite for good art.

5. How an "ivory tower cliché" can be replaced by "Bergman's usual impeccable formalism" is quite beyond me.

Finally, if "making up one's mind" means, as I suspect, deciding whether The Shame is an artistic success or failure, I would, of course, agree to the former. I

had thought I conveyed that opinion in my review of the film.

Grant Stitt

seven

Dear Stephen,
I was saddened if not surprised to read in this year's first Craccum that the guardians of academic decency are already trying to put the pants back on the units system. Just in case anybody is inhibited by their gesture, I have the following Message to Arts Students:

Please don't be discouraged by the efforts of the old-guard academics to block the move towards papers-not-units. Progress towards a freely-chosen curriculum is just a part of the overall movement towards the humanization of education. You will discover that they will also recite endless "objections" to other aspects of this movement, such as exam reform, realistic student participation, de-bureaucratization, etc. So embedded in the anti-person tradition of our education system, these old fools can't even conceive of the relation between teacher and student as voluntary, self-enhancing, person-to-person intercourse.

The line taken by the professors mentioned in Craccum 1 is typical of senior academics who are past it. They have been in it so long they are sure they know what is best. They have been in it so long they can't see any way out. So what you get from them is a droning, morbid, backward-looking warning—a kind of mystical incantation, singing the glory of the past: their past not our future!

Our future not their past! Do not be taken in by their claims of wisdom-through-experience. The "wisdom" based on the outlook and values of their generation of thought is the last thing we need.

One of the professors mentioned has either suffered the fate of so many of his contemporaries (his mind has begun to rot and he can no longer interpret the social scene), or he is bored and secretly hopes that through administrative suppression, the need for a more relevant university will show itself in more dramatic ways—boycotts, riots, etc.

The other is a smug, slightly cynical anglophile who thinks he knows it all. He would not recognise a progressive move until it had become establishment for some decades.

The mechanics of the papers system is perfectly practicable. It is the spirit of the papers system these guys are against, not its mechanics. Theoretically the papers system could be introduced without any change in the mechanics, just a change in terminology. But the point of the introduction of the papers system is to facilitate the removal of the mechanical barriers to the possibility of more relevant curricula. With a papers system, all the arbitrary compulsory ordering and combinations of courses in the Arts Faculty can be lifted. These guys are worried because under a papers system their most arbitrary pre-requisites and co-requisites will become more obvious and because their most unpopular, most dreary, most useless courses will die the death from natural selection.

love,

Phil O'Carroll

Dept of Philosophy
University of Western Australia

eight

Sir,
Thank you for rendering a service to the Sociology department in pointing out that we are only a two man, part-time department. It confirms my suspicions all along, that our third member is really a spy planted by the administration to detect subversive activities, and that the seventy or so hours a week we devote to the discipline are not nearly enough. Therefore, in order to correct the latter deficiency I have hastened to get busy and produce something worthwhile by writing Craccum in reply to several items I noticed in your third issue.

To Mrs Ashton:

Applause for your firm stand (in your letter) on refusing to let your boys attend the University, where they might get the wrong ideas about the "most sacred and God given function—that of motherhood". Instead, they can learn about this by reading in the original, where they might discover that God was somewhat dubious about the sacredness of motherhood, especially after He had already decided to taint it universally with original sin, resulting in the necessity of cleansing Mary of same before He would have anything to do with her. As for being "given", if I remember correctly, in Mary's case it was imposed, not only without her consent, but without even the legitimating formality of a marriage ceremony—in such cases forcible rape seems a more applicable term. And as for adultery, unfortunately history

does not record Joseph's reaction at being informed that he was not only getting a second hand woman, but had to raise someone else's son who eventually dropped out, grew long hair and a beard, and wandered about the country, stirring up unrest among the students of the time.

As I say, better to keep your sons at home to learn these things, and leave their spaces open at the University to be filled in by some narrow minded and ignorant individuals who could undoubtedly benefit by receiving a liberal education.

To Mark Pulsford on "Codpieces":

"Nor do men light a candle and put it under a bushel . . .

I am aghast that you would suggest hiding and imprisoning what must be a universal symbol of man's refusal to be kept down, that avatar of liberty that springs forth at the slightest titillating thought, and which raises its head in defiance of all social control, often to the acute embarrassment of those who would suppress such untrammelled freedom.

Codpieces indeed! Far better to wear tight and revealing clothes which would not only strike a blow for male chauvinism, and perform a public service (The Auckland Herald reports that tight pants have virtually eliminated pickpocketing in New York), but also vindicate Madison Avenue by proving that it pays to advertise.

To Lord Knose:

Bravo for your firm stand on examinations. To lend support to your argument I can cite your firm figures which show that in an actual course conducted by some blundering idiot who eliminated exams, the students overwhelmingly felt they had learned more via a superior teaching method had definitely furthered their education. Since everyone knows that this is nonsense, it clearly indicates the degree to which empty headed students, without the protection of a watchdog exam, can be led down the primrose path and have their minds filled with erroneous ideas.

As for controlling the effects of menstruation, I think I have a simple solution. A few weeks prior to exams each female should be rendered pregnant, which would not only eliminate the problem, but hopefully bring on severe cases of morning sickness which should be of inestimable value since exams, of course, are regurgitative processes anyway.

Trusting that the above will return me to your good graces, I remain, Your most humble servant,

Henry Heald

Dept of Sociology

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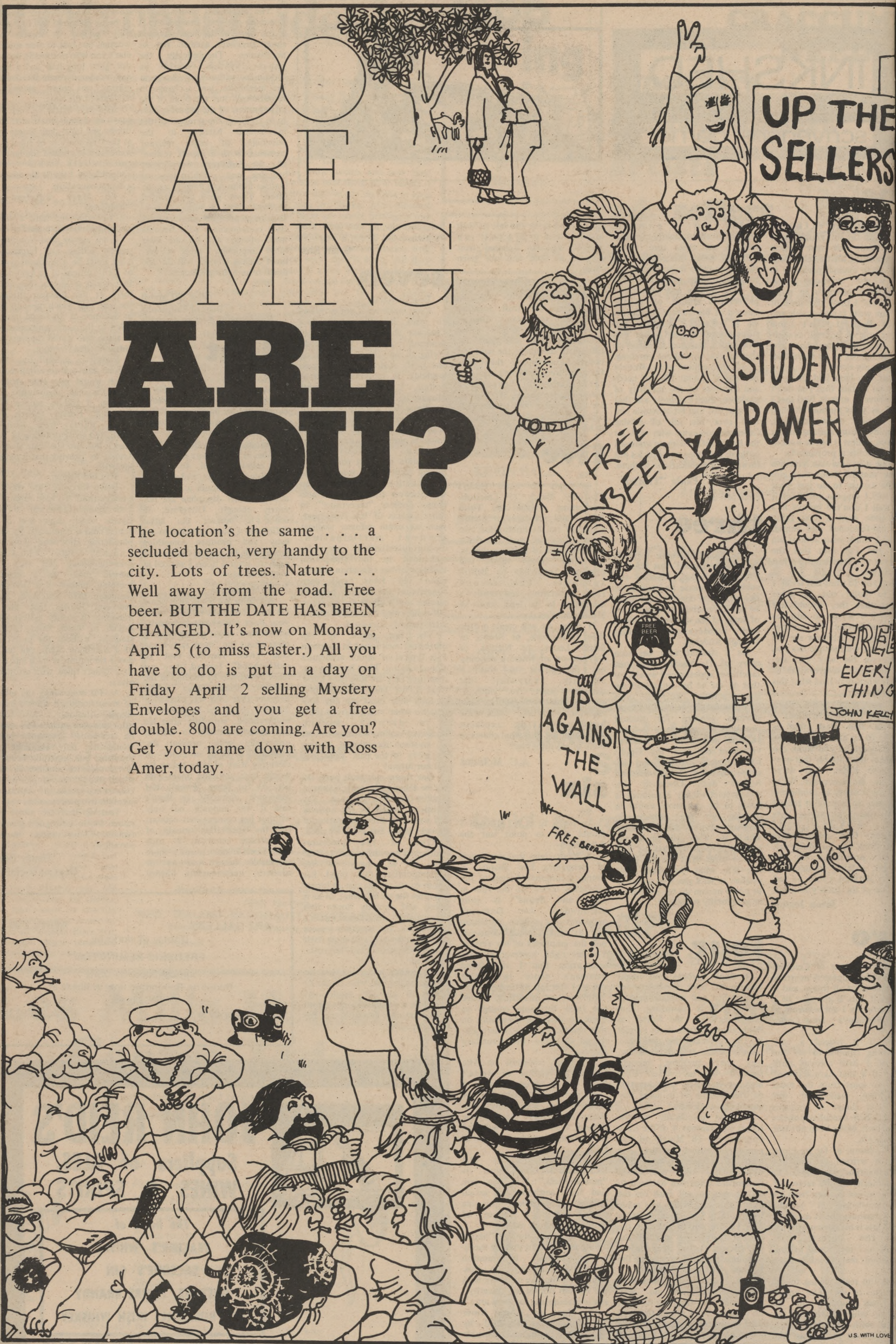
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