

arcum

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Free to students

The Senate offers a spurious characterization of academic worth

RON MAYES
SENATE REPRESENTATIVE

A recent decision by the Senate of Auckland University, in excluding a student under Clause 24-2 (a) of the University of Auckland Act 1961, poses for me and many others the question of: "How many times should one pay for ones crimes". The relevant clause states that the Council of Auckland University has the power to decline to enrol any student on the grounds of: 'The person not being of good character'.

This has been interpreted by the University, to the best of my knowledge, to mean that the Senate must make a further judgement on the character of anyone who is convicted in the New Zealand Law Courts, as to whether or not he has sufficiently good character to re-enter University. In other words if one serves a penalty to society through the sentence of the Law Courts, society again sits in judgement to determine one's eligibility with respect to character, for a place in the University.

The decision made by Senate on 29th March with respect to a certain student will exemplify the above. On the 1st of March it was reported to Senate that Colin Lum had been suspended by the Council of the University of Otago following a conviction on a criminal charge. Colin Lum had been interviewed by Professor Northey, who had also made some confidential enquiries. His recommendation was that enrolment should be refused, on

approved by the Social and Preventive Medicine Department. The aim of the thesis was to investigate the incidence of LSD usage/abuse in Dunedin, to evaluate the people who use LSD, to inquire into their home backgrounds, etc., and generally to gain facts which must be known before a problem such as drug abuse can be resolved. Because I wanted the information first-hand, investigations for my thesis drew me into close contact

with many drug addicts and drug users. In order to gain their trust and confidence, I had to conscientiously mould myself into their way of thinking, their way of life. I wanted my subjects to respect me as a student doctor, and not to fear me as an agent from the Police Department. That my efforts were worthwhile is reflected in the evaluation of my thesis by the Social and Preventive Medicine Department. The assessors remarked how I had gained much insight into the problem, and awarded me a mark of A+ for my thesis.

In November last year, a day after my final examinations, I was collecting all my belongings together ready for sending from Dunedin to Auckland. This included transferring from Medical School to the flat where I lived in Dunedin all the materials for my thesis (notes, information and drugs which subjects had given me or which I had taken from my subjects). The drugs

advised me to make a re-application in 1972 when they will try and reverse the imposed decision, thus allowing me to complete my final year in Medicine. The penalty imposed by the Disciplinary Council seems unjust because (i) I had already received punishment for being over-conscientious in writing a thesis which contained valuable information about a very important social problem.

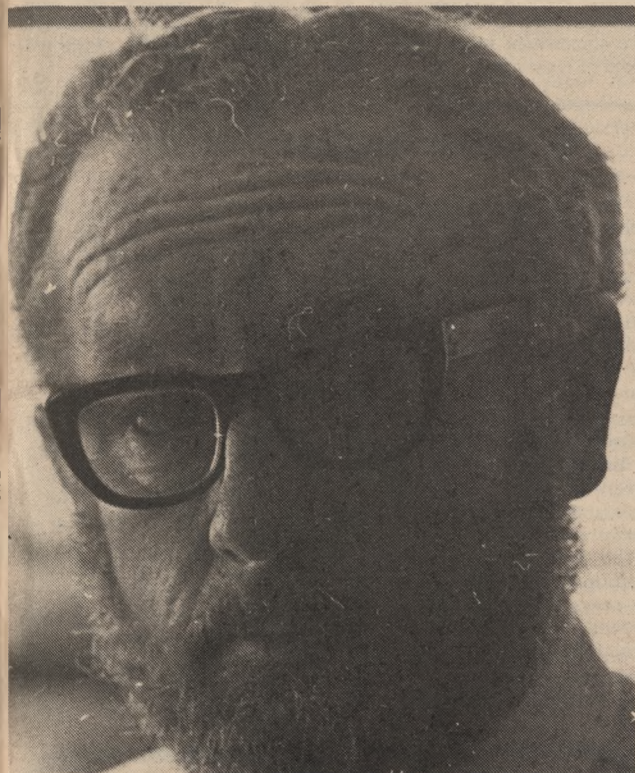
I have been advised to appeal to the Ombudsman.

In the meantime, 1971, is a year in which I am left floundering. Sympathetic members of Otago Medical School Faculty have suggested I complete by BA Degree at some other University, or else work in some para-medical field temporarily so that my academic interest is maintained until I apply for

enrolled in an MA Honours course in English. Because my sixth year course in Medicine would have brought me to Auckland, plans had been arranged by my fiancée and I and both our parents for a wedding in May. My attendance at some Southern University in New Zealand would thus mean a complete disruption of these marriage plans.

Secondly, in order to complete my degree for a BA, I require two more units, one of which must be either a Stage two or three unit. It is unavoidable that my advanced unit be anything but English III Additional. This can only be taken either at Victoria University or the University of Auckland.

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Northey . . . an academic's characterization

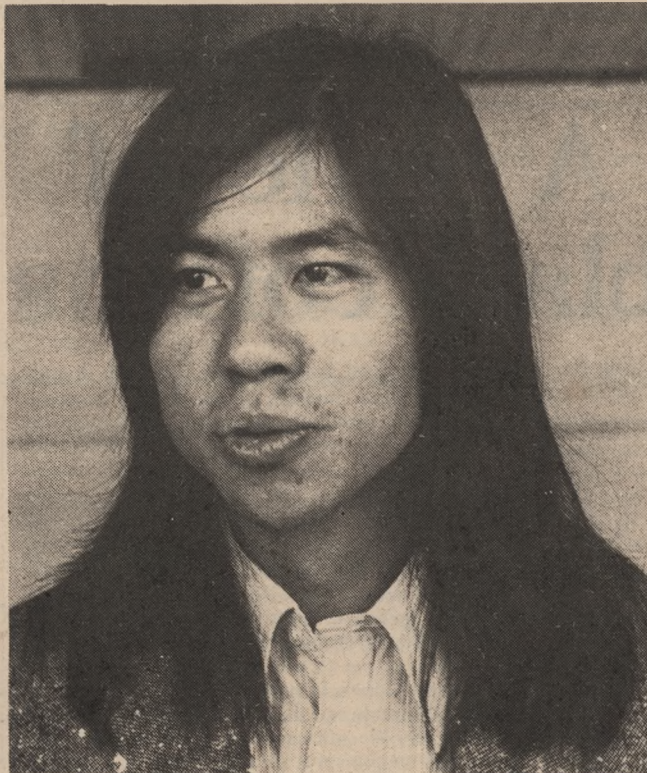
the grounds that the applicants home address was Napier and that there appeared to be no compelling circumstances for his transfer to Auckland, to continue the course for the degree of B.A. This decision was made as were many others for the purpose of keeping the student roll below 10,000.

The letter from Colin Lum accompanying his request for permission to enrol, is as follows:

LETTER

"I have just completed five years of study at Otago Medical school and had intended completing my MB.ChB. this year at Auckland. Also, while I was a medical student at Otago University, I had voluntarily studied English as an extra unit, and have passed the subject at Stage III level last year.

In 1970, as part of my course in Social and Preventive Medicine. I was required to write a thesis. The topic, which was The Social Use and Abuse of LSD was



Colin Lum . . . character in question

received, discovered me in possession of these drugs, and I was subsequently charged in the Dunedin Magistrate's Court for possession in December last year, and fined \$1000.

DOUBLE GUILT

Although I had already been punished by the Law Courts, the Otago University Disciplinary Council decided to judge whether I was guilty or not of 'misconduct' as defined in the 1971 Otago University Calendar under paragraph one of The Disciplinary Regulations. I was present at the trial which was held last Friday (12th February) in Dunedin. The Discipline Council, which excluded any member from the Otago Medical School and also anyone associated with me in my course of studies, imposed, it seems, a very severe penalty: exclusion from the University of Otago (this includes the Otago Medical School). The Otago Medical School regarded the penalty as severe, and have

re-admission to Otago Medical School at the end of 1971.

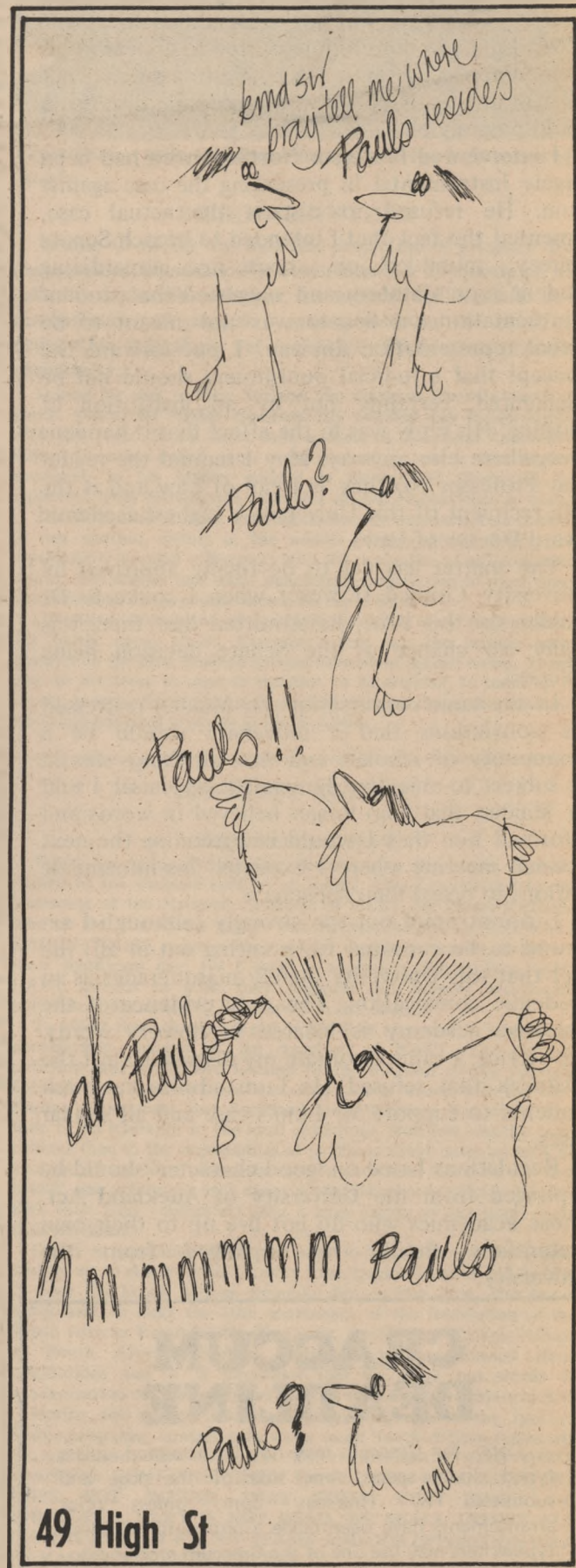
I am thus submitting my case before you requesting that you consider it carefully, and I ask for permission to enrol at Auckland University in 1971, so that I can at least complete my BA. I can make available, at your request, my complete academic record from Otago University.'

CHARACTER

Following the decision of the Senate on the 1st March, Colin Lum sent in a list of the compelling reasons why he desired to particularly enrol at Auckland University:

'With reference to my application for admittance to the University of Auckland, I would like to draw your attention to the following reasons why I desire, particularly, enrolment at your University.

I have been engaged for the past fourteen months to a student at the University of Auckland,





Most academics have curiously appended a special freedom to themselves. Academic freedom, they call it. They also administer it and tend to interpret it according to their whims. After all, it being their invention, it may as well remain their commodity.

The most senior academics of this University have recently demonstrated the worth of their pretensions. They have chosen to judge by an appeal to that vague and brutalised term 'character'. Not that this has anything at all to do with academic research or performance, but by ignoring huge lapses in their own logic our 'academic' gentlemen have refused admission to this University to Mr Colin Lum. His case is detailed on the cover.

The meanderings of the Senate meeting that decided the issue with a burst of platitudinous humanism and objectivity, are regarded as confidential. By the Senate. I do not propose to acquiesce to that notion.

The entire discussion was based upon personal prejudices, the professors of Law, Commerce, Romance Languages and Chemical Engineering being major protagonists 'good character', exactly what it entailed, who had it and who did not have it. They claimed that Mr Lum did not have it, and since he did not, he was not to be admitted.

Mr Lum was not even permitted to appear in his own defence. I am nevertheless assured that discussion was as objective as academic discussion could possibly be.

I interviewed Professor Northey, who had been largely instrumental in presenting the case against Lum. He refused to discuss the actual case, lamented the fact that I intended to broach Senate secrecy, mumbled on about my jeopardizing student representation and suggested that student representation on Senate was not meant to be actual representation anyway. I put forward the concept that a judicial punishment should not be augmented, certainly not by an institution of learning. His reply was to the effect that it happens everywhere else anyway. May I remind the reader that Professor Northey is Dean of Law and is the sole recipient of this University's highest academic award Doctor of Laws.

The matter has yet to be finally approved by University Council. However, when I spoke to Dr Maiden on this issue, he admitted that there was really no chance of the Senate decision being reversed.

In the same conversation, Dr Maiden restressed his convictions that a university should be a community of scholars and that all things should be subject to objective, humanistic appraisal. I told Dr Maiden that I no longer believed in words and informed him that I would be attending the next Council meeting where I expected his humanistic notions to reveal their substance.

I cannot point out too strongly (although I am bound to be censured for pointing out at all) the fact that this University merely masquerades as an academic convocation. The only evidence of the objective academy is located in flowery words. Lip-service. I cannot contain my disgust against the attitudes that refused Mr Lum admission. I ask students to support Mr Lum's case and all similar cases.

Regulations based on 'good character' should be expunged from the University of Auckland Act. Those academics who do not live up to their own pretensions should be expunged from the University.

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.

The price of a little peace Cr

In Craccum, March 25, we reported on the difficulty Dr Graham Jackson of the Anthropology Department could probably expect in trying to pursue the idea of purchasing land near KareKare for the use of students.

Those difficulties have begun to be realized. At the last S.R.C. meeting, the special sub-committee that was supposed to have been set up was not. Heated shouting was prevalent at the time the matter came up and the President Mr Spring said that the land in question had been sold and nothing more was to be done. General chaos at this point prevented any further statement.

In actual fact, more than one section of land was inspected by representatives of the Students' Association. The Editor and Mr Roly Metge the Man Vice President, accompanied Dr Jackson on a tour of several sites and not all of these have been sold.

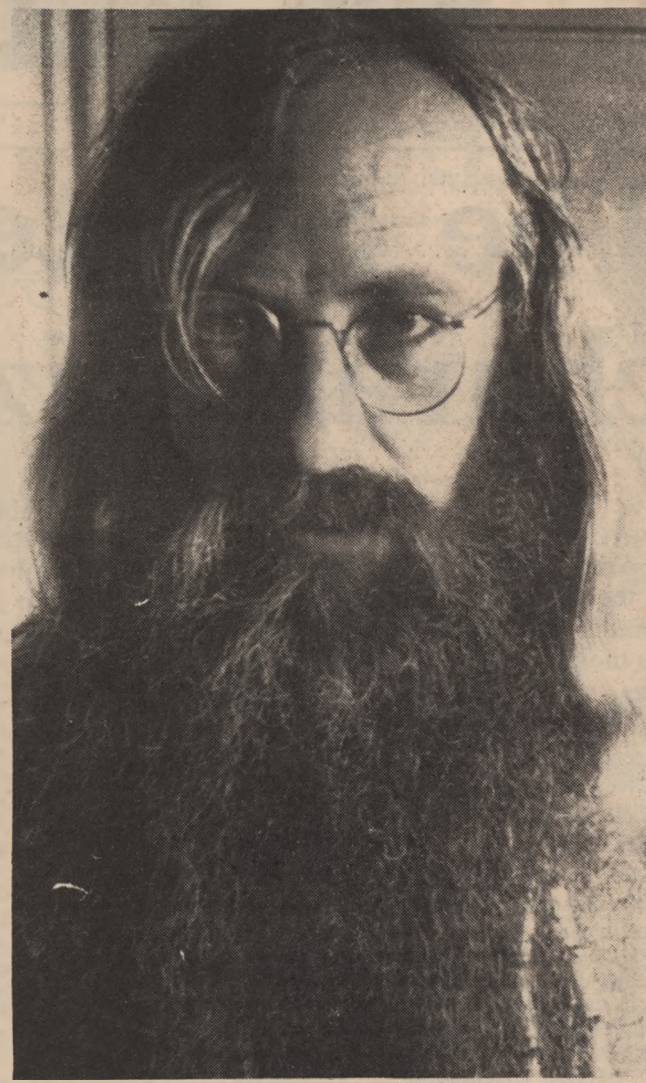
It seems that the present Executive is simply not interested in providing any land for student refuge and meetings. The practical benefits of having a place in the country for students to go to either singly for contemplation, or in number for conferences and seminars seem clear. It is also clear that present Executive will refuse to pursue the matter further, despite Dr Jackson's assurances of arranging the deposit himself, leaving the Association with a relatively small annual payment to make.

Dr Jackson wishes to stress that the project is not one of his sole origination and propagation. Many people have felt the same way for some time, including the Law Students' Society. But for anything to be done, Association Executive must undertake to support it and Dr Jackson is simply acting as the representative for a large group of people to Executive. Craccum feels that the scheme is one of great value and should not be overlooked. We invite student support for this to go forward. Here follows Dr Jackson's statement.

STATEMENT

The university has long been so large that any idea of a community where everyone knows everyone else is totally impossible. In small classes, in clubs, in the quad, and the cafeteria, people can get to know one another, but this is not the same as spending a few days or a week with one group of people thrown together more or less indiscriminately, as anyone who has been to a congress at Curious Cove can testify. Various clubs have camps and discussion groups but the university has no accommodation for such activities which will readily take more than about 20 people. Finding a suitable site is difficult, and get more and more difficult as time goes by and one place after another is barred to students because they drank beer there or sang too loudly and disturbed the caretaker. In my opinion students (including myself for about 15 years) have let themselves down badly by not buying some land and putting huts and a hall on it long before now. Suggestions have been made time and again but no one has been prepared to work hard enough at finding something suitable and persuading the grey people on exec. to vote with the coloured ones and spend money on something that isn't a club subsidy, a booze up, or the student union building. A camp site is not something that has to be budgeted for every year, not an accepted running expense, not the kind of thing that comes first to the mind of a chairman of a finance committee, it seems awkward, so it's always pushed aside.

I'm not impressed by arguments about the cost. When \$35,000 plus subsidies is being spent on squash courts, untold thousands on a sports complex, and with plans of around \$1,000,000 for student accommodation, a few thousand to provide facilities for something which seems much more part of university life than organised sport or going home to bed is little to ask. The Association might be hard up this year but for the land that has been looked at deposits are only



Dr Jackson

\$500-\$1,000, most of which the Association would not have to find itself, and the balance is on five year terms. Suitable land is very hard to find now, and in a short time will be unavailable, except perhaps at astronomical prices if land previously subdivided and sold comes back on the market. If land is purchased I will collect from staff members to help pay for it (several have already promised donations). Staff and students have a responsibility to at least buy suitable land now. Buildings should be added as soon as possible, but the main thing is to have somewhere to put them if an executive on which a majority is coloured is ever elected.

A mile of black coffins

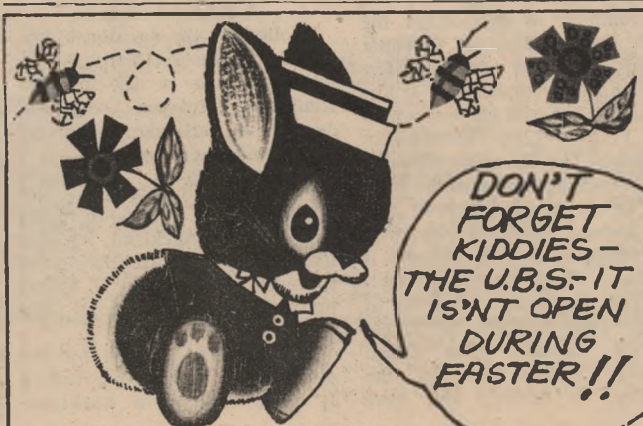
During the somewhat spurious festivities of Capping, a mile of black coffins will advance through Queen Street, borne by students who are able to exercise their disgust against the Viet Nam war.

The Golden Mile will be psychologically impressed if not shocked by the interruption to their traffic and trade. If students are to believe that the time has indeed come to take a stand, they might do more than merely believe. Materials consisting on cardboard, twine and wooden slats are being donated by various sources and the editors of Craccum are providing ten gallons of black paint. Assembling will be in the form of working parties in the Student Union Quadrangle with everybody invited to help.

To make the operation a success, at least five hundred students are required as coffin-bearers. Organiser of the scheme is Reg Nichol, who can be contacted at 766-680. He will have a desk in the Quadrangle everyday for an hour, until the project is accomplished.

We urge all students who are not impressed to merely pay lip-service to the suffering of the Viet Nameese to offer their assistance. It is essential that the Auckland public realize the horrible consequences to the Viet Nameese from its refusal to concern itself, or even become aware of the true situation. Nothing as ambitious as this has ever been tried before. We are hoping that students are able to differ themselves from the national apathy by more than the mere device of words.

MOBE IN APRIL



CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

Finally, because it is necessary that I maintain some contact with medicine until I re-apply for Otago Medical School in 1972, I have been offered a para-medical position (evening duties) at Oakley Hospital while I pursue this course in English at Auckland University. Enclosed please find the relevant correspondence with regard to this situation.

In the event that I am accepted for enrolment at Auckland University, I would be totally prepared, for the sake of public interest, to accept any conditions you wish to place on my course of studies whilst I am a student. For example, I could perhaps see some member of the University once a week to ensure that I remain satisfactorily as a student.

The Senate meeting of 29 March not being able any longer to refuse Colin Lum admission on residential grounds, invoked the clause of 'good character', justifying their use of it by pointing to his criminal convictions.

Personally I am against the legalisation of any drugs, but with the information presented by Colin Lum I am unable to see the wisdom of the decision in excluding him on the grounds of 'not being of good character'. I am very disappointed that this University has chosen to impose a double sentence on Colin Lum, and therefore question the purpose of Clause 24 2(a), if it is going to be used in this manner.

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Crowth, Richards & Woodroffe — hand in hand, locked in chains

ADDRESS GIVEN BY TREVOR RICHARDS AT A
PRESS CONFERENCE 31st MARCH 1971

For my organisation, the HALT ALL RACIST TOURS ORGANISATION, and for myself personally, today is a most significant day, for I wish to announce that as from today HART intends to both fully organise and support the massive nation-wide non-violent disruption of racist sport in this country.

I am fully aware that this is a dramatic departure from our previous policy and one no doubt which will have clearly dramatic repercussions. I am not sanctioning violence against either individuals or property. I know not how to make a Molotov Cocktail, and neither do I care to learn. What I am sanctioning, and what I am calling on all opponents of apartheid to assist us with, is a massive non-violent disruption of all sporting and fixtures of which racist sport is involved. HART officers have made considerable plans towards implementation of this course of action. 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 just as 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; if the tour was going to be stopped it was going to be stopped by a massive outpouring of public opinion. Given the moral sterility of the N.Z.R.F.U. and the extreme reluctance of Government to come into the 1960's, it seemed that only public opinion would have any impression on these two bodies.

Yet on June 13, 1970, an Air New Zealand Electra Jet took off from Rongotai with a team of New Zealand rugby footballers bound for South Africa. In the narrowest sense, HART's aim was not achieved; in the broadest sense it is difficult to actually ascertain what had been achieved.

Why did we fail? The moral, religious and intellectual leaders of national and international community did weigh in with us. Over 30 New Zealand organisations supported us in our stand against the All Black tour. Only one organisation, The Friends of South Africa, came out in support of the tour. Clearly, both in terms of depth and breadth of sport, our campaign had been successful. We had achieved what we set out to do.

And while the New Zealand Government and New Zealand sporting bodies have ignored the evidence and the people, now, in 1971, the United Nations designated Year to Combat Racism and Racial Discrimination, we find the Administrators of 9 New Zealand sporting bodies either seeking or having had contact with all-white South African sports bodies: surfing, golf, women's hockey, cricket, women's cricket, rugby, softball, water polo, and bowls. Despite the clear evidence that the 1970 tour achieved nothing, and despite a specific condemnation of the All Black tour by the U.N. Special Committee on Apartheid, the N.Z. sporting scene remains one of ignorance irresponsibility and evasiveness as far as sporting relations with South Africa are concerned. It is clear that N.Z. sporting bodies, traditionally impecunious, find the financial offers of the South Africans too hard to resist. They do not seem to realize, or care, that the South African racist sports bodies are now banned from nine tenths of the world. South African sporting bodies are now devoting their considerable financial resources to promoting new sporting ties where quite often they never existed before, in Australia and in New Zealand.

FRUSTRATED

Those who have been actually involved in the question of racism in sport have become increasingly perturbed and increasingly frustrated.

Sporting bodies, with the exception of the New Zealand Surf Life Saving Association, have never entered into any sort of dialogue with us. Whether this tight-lipped stance is the result of studied arrogance, sheer ignorance, or brutal nonchalance I know not. Clearly nothing short of Government intervention would have or will stop them from maintaining sporting contacts with all-white South African sports bodies. Governments position throughout the whole affair has been one of stubbornness, hypocrisy and narrowmindedness.

In this situation what are we to do? Sporting bodies will not contact us and the Government only ignores us. In the face of world condemnation, is it enough for HART to just talk? An answer to this obviously involves the question of violence.

Two months ago, I read in a report of the New Zealand Race Relations Council:

"Violence entered the 1960 and the 1970 campaigns. In both 1960 and 1970, the teams left amidst almost unprecedented scenes of protest, with New Zealand divided as it had not been divided since the riots of the early 30's. One thing is unmistakably clear. If the 1973 tour eventuates, the violence will be greater, and the division in the land more acute. This may be deplorable, but saying so won't make the possibility of violence disappear.

There are several factors which lead me to the above conclusion. Firstly, the Springboks will be playing in this country, not the All Blacks in South Africa. The physical presence of the Springboks in this country for weeks on end will mean the possibility of violence is ever present. Once the All Blacks left for Jo'burg, there was little point in violent demonstrations up and down the country. With the Springboks here however, there will be every point, it will be argued.

Secondly, between now and 1973 many New Zealanders who are in favour of suspending sporting contacts with South Africa, and against violence as a method of protest, will, if the 1973 tour is not called off, become increasingly frustrated and will end up supporting the use of violence out of sheer despair.

If the confrontation spirit does manifest itself, and New Zealand is split between the establishment and the demonstrators, the situation could become very ugly. This is the likely cost of sporting contacts between this country and South Africa. This country will have to decide whether it wants rugby, or peace.

Where does HART stand in the midst of all this. In the past HART's attitude towards violence has been unequivocal: we have been opposed to any extra-legal form of protest, and for a variety of reasons. Violence is abhorrent, it is utilizing the same tactics as the regime against which we are protesting. Above all, from a

PLEDGE TO SUPPORT HART'S NON-VIOLENT ACTION TO STOP APARTHEID IN NEW ZEALAND.

PART A.

I wish to join a HART group which will take action to prevent apartheid sport taking place in New Zealand.

I understand that such action will be decided on only by those who will themselves be taking part.

I agree that when my group has decided on such action I will abide by the decision completely or withdraw my pledge in writing to the group leader.

If such actions should lead to my arrest by a police officer I will not physically resist arrest.

Signed:

Name:

Address:

Phone No:

PART B.

I wish to do all I can financially to support HART'S Non-violent Action Campaign to stop Apartheid Sport in N.Z.

I am prepared to help as follows: (tick box)

1. Make a cash donation now of \$

2. Send a weekly/monthly donation of \$..... to

HART ACTION CAMPAIGN, P.O. BOX 2843,

3. Working in pairs, to make personal calls on Church, Trade Union and other groups which have stated their opposition to apartheid sport to solicit donations from them for this campaign.

4. To help with the necessary clerical work to back up this fund-raising campaign.

5. To help organise concerts, art exhibitions etc. etc. to raise funds for this campaign.

6. To offer my services as an artist for any such occasions as may be organised in 5.

7. To offer my services to the campaign as follows:

PLEASE SIGN EITHER PART A or PART B and
RETURN TO HART P.O. BOX 2843.

purely cynical politically pragmatic viewpoint, it is politically inexpedient. The one thing the New Zealand establishment knows how to handle is violence. Should we maintain this stance in the future?"

That was two months ago. What of the situation now?

Violence to either individuals or property I cannot personally countenance. Neither can my organisation. Passive democratic process is not enough. The last three years are complete proof of this. Wherein lies the answer? What is the course of action to be taken?

MASS RESISTANCE

The course of action which HART has now adopted is the tactic of non-violent mass resistance, a massive non-violent disruption of racist sporting fixtures, and of those events either associated with or symbolically linked to such sporting fixtures. The techniques of implementation have yet to be worked out, but the plan has been accepted. And in fact, it is supported by no less a person than the Prime Minister, Sir Keith Holyoake:

"I have said on many occasions that it is not the Government's place to intervene in a situation like this. The Government has always accepted the responsibility of declaring the standards of conduct in which it believes; at the same time it has refrained from measures which might appear designed to impose such standards on others. It has always felt that individuals and organisations should be free to make their own decisions and has had confidence in the capacity of New Zealanders to assess for themselves the implications of whatever declarations the Government might make."

Details of demonstrations and other activities will be released at the appropriate time. At this stage, only a brief outline of proposed activities will be given.

Demonstrations will be held to mark South Africa's Republican Day (May 31st); the anniversary of the departure of the All Blacks to South Africa (June 13); South Africa's Freedom Day (June 26); and United Nations Day (October 24). In addition to this, protests will be held during all racist sporting fixtures held in this country. It is also intended that a massive national campaign be mounted to inform people as to what, in human terms, apartheid really is. This national campaign will be aimed at both union leaders and the public at large.

Racist sport is engaged in a losing fight against logic and the world; it's architects are men who have been described by U.N. Secretary General as "amongst the most emotionally backwards and spiritually bankrupt members of the human race"; it is a concept which denies the basic brotherhood of man and consequently is contrary to the Christian ethics; it is, in the fullest and most terrible aspects of the word, immoral. I want nothing to do with it, and think that the New Zealand sporting bodies should have nothing to do with it.



Crowth... only action can compensate the hollowness of words

BISHOP CROWTHER

Bishop Crowth has that fine projection of presence that characterises his ideals. His condemnation of apartheid, his calls for a peaceful solution, his support for dramatic civil disobedience, all suggest a man poised on the brink of devastating radicalism, yet motivated still by some peaceful christianity.

During his visit to New Zealand, the supposed Consul-General of South Africa, Mr Phillip conspicuously avoided any confrontation with the man. In his lunch-time address at Auckland University, Bishop Crowth called upon every student to take a stand against apartheid. In his smaller address in Room 202 afterwards, he supported Tom Newnham's examples of civil disobedience to come.

The disruption of racist sporting fixtures by demonstrators chained to one another, sitting in the middle of the playing fields. The organisation of small cell-groups with the prerogative of self-conceived action. The deeper and more penetrating preparation to meet every South African touring team chosen on racist lines.

Crowth's description of apartheid was what every student knew but barely cared about. Crowth's visit was the turning point however in the New Zealand protest movement against racism. It will now be necessary to care, to sacrifice, to be arrested, to stand up in courts, to wear literal chains as symbols of those chains that bind our black and coloured brothers in South Africa.

THE FIRST ACTION

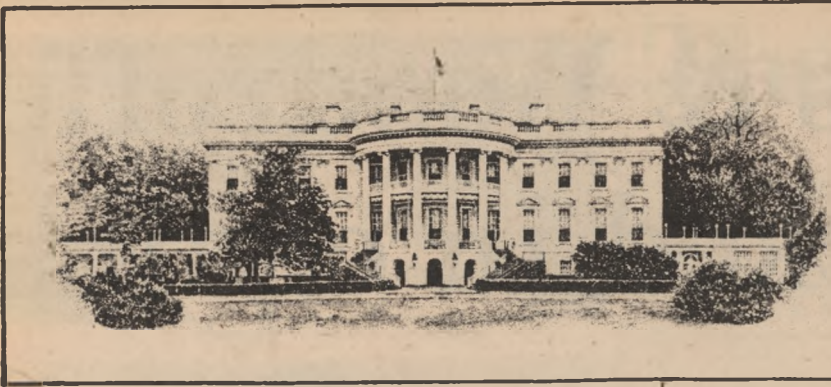
JOHN WOODROFFE

There has been considerable discussion in the media over the change in the declared policies of HART. This was initiated by the statement of the National Chairman of HART, Mr Trevor Richards, who on the 31st March stated "For my organisation, the HALT ALL RACIST TOURS organisation, and for myself personally, today is a most significant day, for I wish to announce that as from today HART intends to both fully organise and support nation-wide non-violent disruption of racist sport in this country."

To effect these changes in policy it will be necessary to bring about considerable changes in the structure of HART. The previous structure was ineffective because of the location of the National Executive—in Auckland—and a marked lack of liaison with the other centres. This meant that Auckland made decisions that could have little or no relevance to the local conditions. Nowhere was this more obvious than in the organisation of petitions where dates set took no account of the local circumstances. To overcome this there are now HART area officers in each major centre. These area officers together with their local committees have a large degree of autonomy in all their decisions.

HART in Auckland will shortly begin to organise a series of actions leading up to the Womens' Hockey tour. Demonstrations will be held to mark the South African Republic day on May 31st. This day is being held to mark the 10th anniversary of the foundation of the South African Republic. Neville Curtis, president of National Union of South African Students (NUSAS) has condemned these celebrations and it is important that we mark our words of condemnation of South African policies with action on this occasion.

During this period intensive campaigning against the sporting bodies proposing contact with white racist South African teams will be maintained, BUT SHOULD THEY CONTINUE WITH THEIR PLANNED CONTACTS; THEY HAVE BEEN WARNED. HART DOES NOT INTEND THAT THEIR VISIT SHALL GO UNMARKED. HART IS NOT DEAD, WE SHALL OPPOSE ALL CONTACTS WITH RACIST TEAMS AND OUR OPPOSITION WILL BE MADE ABUNDANTLY CLEAR.



from the WHITE HOUSE

Dave's Desk

Today I thought I'd do a public service by telling readers about the grads bar, you know, that posh place on the second floor of the Student Union just above the milk bar. It's not a bad place, probably best described as a private licensed club (with emphasis on the private). What impresses me most about the club is the quality of its members, for it's the only pub in Auckland where you can mix with the right type of person. There're no dirty common people, or barefeet, or coarseness or swearing. In short the place honestly fucks me off! Imagine a bar filled with boring bourgeoisie dicks, many of them graduates with an old school tie complex.

Unfortunately most students will never get to see the inside of the grads bar because it's the hardest place in Auckland to gate-crash. To be admitted you have to be a member, or you must be signed in by a member, and they must know that they're on dangerous ground because they pay a security man to check everyone who enters. All the old members have a hand in selecting which applicants are to become new members, to maintain the high standard, and sometimes they let students join, particularly if they are on exec, or law students, or know somebody on exec, or know law students, or if they spend a fortune buying drinks for all the regulars.

What really pisses me off about the club however, is where they put it. I suppose some sort of scene is necessary for the credit man set and the greasers, but did the Students' Association really have to give them the best part of the whole building? There they are, large as life, sipping their brandies and cocktails, surrounded by plenty of brainless chick hangers, looking down on the dirty students below. What a rude scene! who's idea was it? If they must have their little club, can't they take it off the campus now? Their swinging members are so out of sight I wish they would stay out of sight!

One day last week I was invited up there. I was glad I went. The nice security man turned out to be none other than good ol' Sexy Selwyn (a popular former Social Controller). He also acted as cloakman. Inside I was quickly warmed to the friendly atmosphere, even if I got a surly look from the manager, but he

was very nice to some well-dressed ladies so he must be a nice guy! I had a meal up there, and surprisingly it only cost 45c, very nice considering that it was about twice as good as your normal caf swill—even the peas were nice! The whole place was very tastefully decorated, I was most impressed by the nice comfortable seats up there, very comfortable, much more so than the ones we kids have to use in the common rooms.

I didn't stay there too long because some dicks tried to drag me into a political conversation, in which they were plotting the affairs of the world. How boring; all those clichés too! My conclusions were that the grad bar was attracting the wrong sort of people to the campus (it was interesting to see how many of the old Rudman/Law/Spring crowd were up there), and should thus be removed as soon as possible. It makes you wonder how it got there in the first place doesn't it?

Last week my column featured Mr Vaughn Preece, and it has shocked me to learn that a great deal of people do not know who this important man is. With this in mind your always willing to follow up an issue exec is organising CONDUCTED TOURS of the Student Union, starting after Easter. We'll show you where House Committee is, where the exec offices are, and where Vaughn Preece lives. If he's home you might just be lucky enough to meet him.

That's all for this week. See you in the next ish!

Yours etc
Dave Neumegan
(Student President)



STEPHEN BALLANTYNE

It's been a long time since I've been beyond the shores of our fair island paradise, so I'm going to have trouble writing about overseas icecream as I promised I would last week. You see, I had planned on basing this week's column on an interview with a couple of guys who have just been over in Aussie, but—as so often seems to happen to your favourite icecream columnist—I was thwarted by fate. You see, the batteries of my girlfriend's tape recorder turned out to be flat, so as I didn't want to run the risk of misquoting anyone, I had to call the whole plan off. Australian ice cream isn't that good anyway. As well as all that, there is the dreadful realization that this is the fourth scoop of the ole' custard and there isn't really that much that can be said about ice cream by way of explanation for this column being shorter than usual. I expect my muse will have returned from whatever low dive she's in now by next week.

The first question is, who makes the best ice cream in the world? That, as you've probably guessed, is a tough one. Now I don't honestly see why this country shouldn't be the home of the world's finest ice cream because, after all, we do have the cows for it. New Zealand ice cream is certainly better than Australian and British ice cream (by the way in case you haven't noticed, I'm talking about commercial ice creams of wide distribution; I'm not really interested this week whether or not the finest ice cream imaginable comes in little plastic boxes from Harrods) both of which, to continue with what I was saying before all that, can be pretty frightful. English ice cream practically isn't; companies like Walls and Lyons Maid compete vigorously at selling the most prettily wrapped mock cream rubbish to the poor Anglo-Saxon, and only in obscure places like Cornwall where, as here, they make a fetish of milk, can a decent Pommie lick be found.

I suppose everybody expects the best ice cream to be Italian; after all, they do seem to have precedence in the matter of discovery. Well, Italian ice cream is good, but it isn't the best. Nevertheless, I can recall some great ice cream moments provided by the Italian industrial giants, like the time I found a real wild strawberry in a wild strawberry sundae in Rome. Or the little cafe near the Florence Museum of Science (notable for owning the preserved right middle finger of Galileo, as well as a number of other pieces of Galileian memorabilia) that sold me a small chocolate coated stomach emptier that provided the inspiration for

the infamous Bombe Abominable d'Etienne Jacques Ballantyne, the recipe for which I shall publish in this column at a later date.

I have never had much of an opportunity to sample American ice cream; once I came across a half melted Babe Ruth ice block (which in itself was a surprise; I had always believed the Babe Ruth to be nothing but a sort of candy bar) at the bottom of a freezing compartment on board the S.S. Monterey. Unfortunately, I could see that the thing was, despite the constant refrigeration it had been subject to, at an advanced stage of decomposition. E. Coli had got there first. Anyway, Yankee ice cream can't be better than ours if we can do ice cream export deals with them.

No, the best ice cream is the socialist kind. It's been a long time, but I still have fond memories of that delicious Soviet ice cream spooned into silvery goblets at the snack bar in the basement of the Hermitage museum, Leningrad. In true Soviet tradition, every customer received his fair share, a pair of scales being used to ensure accurate weight. It's been ten years since I tasted that ice cream, but there hasn't been a month gone by since that I haven't thought of it since. There are times when I really do wish I was back in the U.S.S.R.

Competition: this week's Ice Cream Cornet contains an allusion to a very famous American film of the forties. I will give a Gaytime chocolate sundae to the first person to name the film, the director, the script writer, and the star (that might be construed as a clue) Members of FilmSoc had better keep quiet about it if they want to pick up that prize.

NOTE
CRACCU WILL NOT APPEAR NEXT THURSDAY.
THE NEXT ISSUE WILL BE ON APRIL 22.

Those puffed up squatters

SUSAN KEDGLEY

How much longer will we suffer that emblem of elitism and effiteness, the University Club, to sit, gloating at us every day, from its privileged penthouse position in the very hub of our Student Union buildings?

How much longer will we allow this often deserted sanctuary to languish mockingly in our seething squirming midst—a sort of living daily testimony to lack of foresight, bureaucratic parsimony and arrant stupidity?

For quite a long time, it would seem, if we just sit back and follow our Leaders. For the Management Committee of this University (half Executive members, half geriatrics) has recently seen fit to renew the Club's lease for a further 18 months, without consulting you or me or any one it seems except for themselves. (The decision was conveniently taken during the holidays, when we were all elsewhere).

Said our President Leader: Bill Spring, "I don't regard the lease renewal as a matter of policy, therefore I don't see why we ought to have waited to consult the S.R.C." If this issue is not policy, we can assume the Executive has, by its own definition no 'policy' at all.

His cohorts appear to concur with this strange Presidential notion, for not a mention has yet been made to us by our Leaders regarding this vital decision. The President's own words, "the issue is dead, finished, gone, unless the S.R.C. chooses to bring the matter up again", seem distressingly final, for one wonders if the S.R.C. is in any position to do any such thing.

The lease renewal issue was cunningly and very quietly deflected by our Leaders in a rental quibble, bickering has gone on apparently, for several months between the University Council and our very own Leaders, over whether the Club's rental should be \$1.20 or \$1.40 per head. Undoubtedly considered crucial in many minds, but not, in my own, nearly so crucial as the more gutsy question of why we should rent out that space at all.

SPACE LACK

For in spite of our intolerable numbers, we must have, proportionately speaking, the minutest common room space of any of the major New Zealand universities. Nor do we have that most essential of all University amenities, a large centrally located common room, where several hundred students can gather (without trudging for miles: to do so) to hear visiting speakers or forums when these cannot be held outside in the quad. At the moment when it rains, we all have to tramp off to that far away dingy, dismal little basement-B28 I think it's called—a spot catered only to discourage student attendance.

To add to our insults, while we are over there, holding forums in cheerless basement surrounds, an enticing, under utilised, spacious, centrally located room is sitting in our very own Student Union, beckoning us: the sight of the present University Club. Such a very obvious place for us all to conglomerate in on occasions like these.

Depending on the day, the University Club might be virtually deserted, or it might be sprinkled with a handful of slick, spruce, Downtown, non-university, Business Executives, drinking wine and getting drunk. Rarely, during the day, is it ever fully utilised.

Yet, were you, like myself, to find this undemocratic reality offensive, and were you accordingly to approach our Leaders to find out why this absurd state of affairs exists, you would emerge only, I promise you, with an unsavory sense of confusion and alarm.

For clearly there is no uniform thought out defined policy regarding the future status of the University Club. Only the present ad hoc, defensive, status quo attempt to eschew or gloss over this unpalatable matter altogether.

Certainly our Leaders will agree on the view that the Club's continuing presence is strangely anomalous in our current cramped conditions. And all will point to that mild unspecific recommendation they have sent to the Council asking that another body to assist the Club in its search for an alternative site. But NONE will agree as to specifically WHEN the removal of the Club will actually take place. In two, three or five or ten years time...

The Managing Secretary, Mr Preece, pragmatically pointed out that what with financial problems, building problems, sitting problems and inflation problems, it will probably be three or four years at least before the new quarters would be ready. Men's Vice President Roly Metge on the other hand, was adamant that 'we will not renew the lease when it comes up again next June (1972)'. The President, astonishingly enough, prevaricated. He pointed insistently to the Council recommendation (as an example of stunning Executive action) skirted the issue of renewal next June and agreed that it would be some years—2, 3, or 4 before the new quarters would be ready for use.

In such an obvious absence of unanimity and decisiveness from our Leaders, I suggest we clarify our policy on this matter ourselves, and stipulate emphatically, that the lease be not renewed, under any circumstances, next July.

Granted graduates contributed to the cost of building the Student Union. Granted the University Club, in many peoples eyes is an unblemished success. Granted, in spite of its oppressive air of self congratulation, smugness, etiquette and patrician splendour, it is a pretty harmless refuge for the besuited, be-tied and privileged amongst us (only 10% student members are allowed).

But these are NOT sufficient reasons to perpetuate the present anomaly of students being exuded from areas of their own precious Student Union. Or being forced into sundry corners of the University while non students occupy their space. We should order its removal, categorically, at the next meeting of the S.R.C. (if indeed there is a next meeting).

One final thought, since we are lumbered with the presence of the Club for another 18 months at least, why not turn the Club over during the day, to students for their use, at least during the lunch hours in the winter months, when I am told the Common Rooms degenerate into heavy ugly masses of writhing bodies—fighting over any vacant seat. This occurs to me as an equitable, compromising way out of an intolerable situation, which would involve minimum reorganisation (except perhaps a battle with the Licensing Commission).

At least I believe, our Leaders should actually investigate its feasibility, instead of just apathetically resigning themselves to our acute shortage of space.

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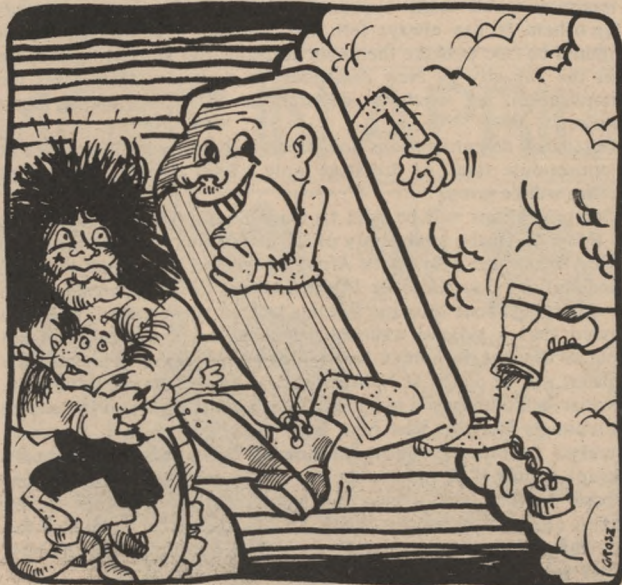
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The phenomenon of femininity

SUSAN KEDGLEY

A female in our society, from the moment she is born, is systematically conditioned and groomed and contoured and shaped and moulded towards an idealised condition—being 'Feminine' . . . That is, being a soft smiling, servile, submissive sex object, existing, essentially, to make men happy.

Our heroines, or ego ideals, ranging from sex object Brigitte Bardot and Raquel Welch to soft feminine caricatures like Mia Farrow of Peyton Place, testify to this.

So does our upbringing. The little girl, in our society, dressed in pink and ribbons and lacy nylon dresses, is taught to be cute, coy, pretty and dissembling. She is taught, by a subtle system of rewards and encouragement, to exploit her cuteness, as she is coddled and kissed for being sweet and lovely and feminine and false. By contrast, she is spanked and reprimanded for indulging in any sort of 'tomboyish' behaviour, so she slowly learns to adjust her behaviour to avoid negative social sanctions and to earn positive ones. To enjoy, in short, what she is supposed to enjoy.

As her conditioning develops, the little girl learns more and more that it is her role to be feminine smiling and simpering, as she comes to discover that her success and popularity, in our society, are contingent upon being attractive to the opposite sex. So she soon learns at an ever earlier age the passive role of waiting for the phone to ring, of not appearing too eager, of pretending she doesn't really care. She learns to cook (the way to a man's heart is via his stomach) and to be a lovely little housewife: Simultaneously, to diet and stay slim, for men do not like little girls who are fat.

She learns that to flatter a male she has only to look lovely and listen in awed and fascinated silence. She learns to exploit the male ego, in a whole series of ways, even, later on, to the point of simulating orgasmic ecstasy to appear good in bed, and hence, more 'appealing' to a male. But as she learns and masters all these tricks, so her autonomy, her spontaneity, and her individuality are slowly whittled away. She finds more and more that her behaviour is not impulsive and genuine, but inauthentic and contrived. Geared to male expectations, societal pressures and her entrenched conditioning. She finds herself moving, irrevocably, sometimes unwittingly, along a certain, narrow, predetermined path—leading to marriage, dependence, child bearing and old age.

MATING

A staggering premium is placed, for the female, on the snaring of a Mate, since her economic security, her status and hence her emotional security are all contingent upon the capture. Since, in the majority of instances, she is unable to derive self esteem, emotional identity, (or even equal pay) through work and recognition, she has to try to derive, this, vicariously, via the Male who will ask her to be His Wife. She must, in short, to validate her existence in her own and society's eyes, be more than just a woman. She must be a mother and a wife.

If she does not succeed in Catching her Man, she will be labelled a Spinster, an Outcast, a woman who has failed to fulfil her destined Role. A woman who will be forced to carve out, by herself, an all too often drab and penny pinching existence, struggling every inch of the way for mere survival.

Hence the urgency of the Manhunt. Hence the great fear of being considered 'unfeminine'. Hence her refusal to do anything (like being assertive or self willed) that might be regarded as 'unfeminine', thereby lowering her esteem in male eyes. Hence the perpetuation of female submission, meekness and subservient status.

Besides, in our society, with its slavish insistence on the female stereotype, women are encouraged to feel insecure, vulnerable, anxious, and inferior:

It doesn't matter if a man is spindly, fat, ugly, acned or even bald. He is judged, not by his appearance, but by his success, generally measured in terms of employment.

MEASUREMENT

Women, by contrast, must measure themselves, and be measured by their men, constantly, by the pervading Female Stereotype. Every time she opens her newspaper, every time she reads a magazine, every time she watches her television set, she is reminded of her imperfections by contrast with the idealised image that is pouting, smirking and endlessly laughing at her almost everywhere she dares to look.

Women, insist the almost universally endorsed stereotype (relentlessly exploited by the Media), must be young, with glossy lips and flowing, shining, glorious, extraordinary hair. She must have flawless fingers, she must look expensive, well groomed and fashionable. She must be happy, idiotically happy. She must smile interminably. She must sleep unruffled. She must shower impeccably, with no flaw appearing in her perfectly contoured, breathlessly thin figure or her unblemished face. She must learn to study perfectly made up, painted, coiffed and attired paragons of womanhood, appearing in Nova, Vogue and every Woman's magazine. She must learn to define herself by the Media.

This constant insistence, this incessant reminding of the Idealised Woman she must strive to emulate, must make the majority of women feel grossly inadequate, insecure, helpless, and neurotic. They must battle unceasingly, self consciously, unhappily and generally hopelessly to cover up their blemishes, but how must they feel when finally they are exposed, naked, flat legged and flat chested, before the men they are so anxious to impress. Too often they must hate themselves. Hate themselves for not being beautiful and long legged and lovely, for being instead inconspicuous, flat nosed, ugly, mousy haired, or anything in fact that is not conventionally applauded and admired.

So she takes refuge, if she is lucky, in becoming a wife. In becoming legally, economically and probably psychologically subordinated to her husband, in her eternal gratitude for being taken Off the Shelf.



That liberation of the unfulfilled



DEPENDENCE

She works as an unpaid worker in her husband's house in return for which she is given security, or the illusion of it, and status. She learns to cook her husband's potatoes to perfection. To iron his shirt collars as no one else could. To make a happy little home for him to return to in the weekends and the evenings, if she is fortunate.

If she works, she is nevertheless conditioned that it is her 'Duty' to dash home and cook the dinner and do all the washing, so often she will give up under the strain of it all.

In return for her dependent status she is compensated with super soft detergent, a Home of Her Own, leisure, drudgery, a 20 cubic fridge, 'Doctor Paul' and an insatiable desire for more consumer goods better curtains and another vacuum cleaner, since this way she has the illusion of striving and goals. And of course she has her offspring, for some years at least, on which she can lavish her constant, permanent, undivided and often suffocating and stultifying attention. So, in a variety of personal ways, she tries hard to feel needed, significant, meaningful, useful, happy, satisfied and fulfilled.

The fortunate few, achieve real contentment within this framework. But far too many do not. Far too many, later on in life, when their offspring have left and/or rejected them, and their marital relationship has been reduced to a pedestrian routine of habit and ritual suddenly realise that they are dispensable, unloved, useless and miserable, unable even to reject at least their condition of dependence by going out and taking a job, since they are by now far too old and not trained for anything except housework.

They realise, too late, that childbearing was never meant ideologically to compensate for all other ways of fulfillment and achievement.

Some sublimate in the houseproud syndrome, constantly straightening cushions and dusting shelves and baking sponge kisses. Many develop that widespread symptom of malaise, the Middle Aged Spread. Some will smile complacently at their venetians and golf and their parasitical existence and smugly assert that they do not want to be liberated thank you. Some, all their drives and ambitions and aspirations confined to the home, will assume the role of the tyrannical mother, and wife, nagging, suspicious, dominating, frustrated, unhappy and vengeful. Some will suffer the suburban housewife syndrome.

Clearly, there is something abysmally wrong with a system that is accumulating so many victims and casualties. That is under utilising so many of our citizens. That is leaving so many women unhappy and unfulfilled.

LIBERATION

Why do we allow this vicious sexual circle to keep propelling in ever diminishing circles? Why do we keep insisting on the rigid polarity of the sexes, enforced and reinforced, at present, from the cradle to the grave? Why do we keep restricting real choices open to women? Why do we continue to prevent women from charting alternative routes that might offer them greater achievement, satisfaction and fulfillment?

To me, Women's Liberation is synonymous with Maximising Choice. With opening up opportunities and minimising societal pressures—particularly the slavish worship of the Stereotype and the blind insistence of Woman's Marital Status.

These, you will notice, have nothing to do with burning bras, hating men or hating women, who are, after all, only products or scapegoats of our omnipresent, omni-potent system.

Women's Liberation is not an hysterical movement of societies Drop Outs and Failures. It is a sincere and enormously important movement that is aimed to alter the System that is shaping and moulding and deforming and under utilising so many individuals, today, every day, right now, in a myriad of disturbing, irrational and tragic ways.

What we are trying to do is to liberate you from the strictures of this system, so that you can develop and flourish from infancy, in whatever direction, however 'eccentric' you might choose to pursue. So that you will be accepted, as a person, in your own terms, not only by how nearly you match up to societies Idealised version of the One Dimensional Woman. So that you will be encouraged, above all else, to be genuine, honest, uninhibited and frank, not conforming, scheming, conniving and false.

If you scoff at these aims, you must be blinded and paralysed and castrated by the system. For you we will all shed a collective tear.



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THOUGHTS BY SOME, FOR OTHERS

Man as an intelligent and evolving creature lives his life on a narrow ledge between the known and the unknown. To maintain his normalcy and his capacity for evolutionary fulfillment he must remain within, and guard this borderline of balance. If he retreats into the known he becomes materialistic, a prey to existent things—laws, possessions, theories and the like. If on the other hand he underestimates the known and throws himself without discrimination into the As-yet-Unknown, he becomes an introverted mystic, uncreative because he lacks the materials with which to give intelligent form to his experiences and ideals.

We can regard creativity as the law of evolution at work in the mind.

Just as a ray of sunshine is not the whole sun and a drop of water is not the whole ocean, so too you are of, but not all of, the Eternal. There's more to it all than you think, so have care and a bit of respect.

If things go wrong (and we all have bad things in us—maybe it just takes a while to get to them) try to relax. Take a few long slow deep breaths and maybe curl up into foetal position and hug your legs. Nothing is going to harm you and you can stay like that for as long as you like.

It's important not to do anything stupid and harm yourself. Remember the Here and Now and if you don't know what to do . . . then do nothing. Acid runs out after a while but if you fuck your body up you are prolonging the agony. It's easier to live with a complete and healthy body than with one you have stuck knives into or thrown out seven story windows or whatever. Just keep cool. A bad trip is not the end of you or the world it's just the end result of an inappropriate life style.

A lot can be learned from bad trips. One thing to remember is that if you don't do something drastic you're going to keep having them, then your sanity becomes more than a little suspect.

Mostly they mean . . . time to split the scene you're in. It may be OK for others but it's definitely not your scene. Try the mountains or maybe the beaches and get yourself together. Stay off acid for a month or two at least. The thing is that to get maximum benefit from acid it's unwise to trip more often than every few months. LSD is a powerful learning event at the very least and it takes a lot longer than most people realise to integrate the new knowledge into your life.

To avoid bad LSD session games . . .

Stay in one place

Don't talk too much

Be considerate of your companions

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the Sun and Moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Father-land,
Of child and wife and slave; but evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then someone said, 'We will return no more';
And all at once they sang, 'Our Island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam'.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson
The Lotus Eaters

Motherhood

In the past it has been practically impossible for girls with children and with no man, husband, or other means of substantial support, to obtain social security benefits if they are students. About the end of last year I had discussions with a senior person in the Welfare Department and was assured that this is no longer so. A student will be treated on the same basis as anyone else. I publicised this and a number of girls came to see me. None of them had a clearcut case, and only one has come back to say how she got on. I would be very interested to hear from any others, especially if they were refused. I am also most anxious to hear of a straightforward case so that a precedent can be established. Anyone who is interested can come to see me about this, but apart from

establishing a precedent, I most want to hear about girls who have trouble getting a benefit. For anyone who makes application, a couple of warnings. You will not be successful if you are living with the father or any other man [it's alright if you are living with a woman though]. Things will be much more difficult if you are not prepared to name the father and try to get maintenance out of him. It is possible to get legal aid to do this, and if he is a poor student the maintenance awarded will be only two or three dollars a week, which anyone who really didn't want to accept anything from the father could pay back out of the benefit. Perhaps most important of all, you have to be prepared for obstructionism, objections, veiled rudeness, delays, and apparent brick walls.

Not by any means all the staff in the Welfare Department are unhelpful, but a few are, and it seems to be the most vulnerable girls who strike them. The front desk staff—seems to be a mixed bag—there is a high turnover and it is hard to get good staff—but the staff members who ordinarily remain behind the scenes but can be reached if necessary are generally very reasonable.

Graham Jackson
Anthropology Dept.
[Basement of 18 Grafton Rd.]

The dimension of education

D.V. OTTO, Senior Lecturer,
Dept. of Electrical Engineering

Walter Pollard's article on Education (Craccum, vol. 43 No. 3) for all its stated objective of analysing the "whatness" or "whyness" of education, for all its extensive quotations and for all its excessive length, tells me very little that is helpful about the nature of education. Therefore, I am going to enter this debate with a brief exposition of my views on the matter.

It is very clear to me that like most natural phenomena, education is an entity whose appearance changes as we alter our viewpoint. A coin, for example, is a single entity having two faces. Viewed from one angle, we can place the nationality of the coin. Viewed from the reverse direction we can find its value. The wave-particle duality of matter, the freedom and constraints of society, the relationship between good and evil, are other examples. Thus an analysis of what education is cannot proceed from a single viewpoint (which I believe is the essential error of Mr Pollard's thinking), but must include a multidimensional view corresponding to the nature of the object.

What is the "dimensionality" of education? At least two, I think. First there is the historical aspect which is fixed. Nothing we can do can alter what has happened in the past. Second, there is the future aspect which is free—up to a point—in the sense that what we do now determines the progress of education in the future. These two aspects are linked in that the history of any body gives it an inertia or resistance to change. Change in education, however, is made by (i) addition (i.e. discovery of new facts and ideas), and (ii) synthesis (i.e. the unification of different branches of knowledge under a more abstract formulation.) In other words, like the growth of a tree, history is preserved, but new matter is added in a "directed" manner. The direction clearly being that of increasing complexity and increasing abstraction of knowledge.

HISTORICAL

Consider the historical aspect of education. Quite obviously, the material we are taught and have painfully to learn, is nothing other than a kind of biological heredity wherein the collective experiences of Man throughout the ages are transmitted to each one of us. It is vitally necessary that this coding or matrix be passed on to the individual members of society, for it is through the imprinting of this matrix that we are able to function in society and in the world as it is today. Without it we are dead. Aliens in an alien world.

It is understandable, therefore, why many people should be

deluded into thinking that the aspect of heredity is the only important side of education. The source of some of the alienation of youth probably lies here in that too great an emphasis is placed on this onesided view by many of our educators, by the education system and by society. But it must be realised that heredity is a necessary component of education. Therefore examinations are necessary to determine fitness for particular roles in society. Therefore, hard work and learned responses are necessary.

CREATIVITY

The other component of education is, of course, the creative aspect. But the creative act, when analysed, turns out to be dependent on our inheritance of knowledge and culture. The creative act follows, not precedes, the acquisition of some knowledge. Moreover, to be creative presupposes an attitude of mind—an openness to change—a faith in progress.

But the actual means by which we are creative is inarticulate—inexpressible—one does not learn creativity from a book. On the other hand, one can very well learn physics from a text since physical knowledge is highly articulate. Now those things which are essentially inarticulate like the essence of artistry, or music are communicated by person to person involvement. Thus creativity is not taught in the mechanical sense, but is transferred in mutual creative activity.

What we see in the passing on of a creative attitude, then, is nothing other than the involvement of a person as an individual in the actions of others. To accomplish this, however, calls for application of those great Christian sources of social advance, of charity (love of others), faith (in progress) and hope (for the eventual attainment of a goal). Application of these virtues is, I think, the only antidote to the problems of the "rat race".

Education, then, is a process of (a) the encoding of individuals with the matrix of the past and (b) the transfer through personal interaction of the creative attitude. The first of these can be bought, the second must be given. But the first must be possessed before the second can be grasped.

NZBC and Brill

NZBC staff are alarmed at the implications of the recent appointment of Mr B.E. Brill of Wellington to the controlling board of the NZBC.

This was stated by the President of the Public Service Association, Mr S.J. Rodger, on 18 March. He said that the public should also have reason for concern.

"Mr Brill was reported in a recent newspaper interview as saying there was a case for a complementary second channel

within the NZBC but that he favoured a competitive private second channel. He also expressed a preference for private competitive radio," said Mr Rodger.

"He said that for Mr Brill to advocate private ownership of the second channel was irresponsible coming from a member of the Board but appeared to be in keeping with a shareholding in his name in the Hutt Broadcasting Company which is seeking a broadcasting licence.

"One can only wonder at the reason for Mr Brill's appointment to an organisation he is so openly opposed to," said Mr Rodger. "Loyalty to the Corporation is a two-way commitment and NZBC staff should be able to look to Board members to set an example."

Mr Rodger asked how Mr Brill could give his loyalty and support to the NZBC while he maintained a monetary interest in private radio and was personally committed against the clear interest of the Corporation he was supposed to serve.

EXECUTIVE

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The endless war and ceaseless prattle

JACK VOWLES

The actions of the United States under the Presidency of Richard Nixon in Indo-China have been those of an extended bluff—an attempt to convince the world that a policy to end the war exists. In 1969 Nixon inherited a series of policies and previous decisions that formed a situation in which his ability to manoeuvre was considerably limited. Within these boundaries he has pursued a pragmatic policy of ameliorating any pressures on him he can no longer withstand, without bending his ideological convictions or his determination to keep a policy supporting them intact. There has never been a Nixon policy to end the war.

It cannot be denied but that the war continues, three years after Nixon claimed, without disclosing details, that he had a plan to end it. And the area of destruction has been expanded from that of South Vietnam into Cambodia, and then Laos. The war is bigger than it ever was, despite troop withdrawals. The volume of bombs dropped on the unfortunate countryside of Indo-China continues to increase, as does the destruction and the carnage of war. By now it must surely be clear an attitude of trusting President Nixon to do his best is no longer tenable—he has been given two years to do it, and it has not nowhere been enough. It is to be hoped that the people who used this attitude as an excuse to sit on the fence will do so no longer.

THE NIXON DOCTRINE

In June 1969 President Nixon announced on Guam the characteristics of a 'new' American foreign policy supposedly related to his claims of a plan to end the war in Vietnam. It announced a reduced military role for the United States in world affairs and a greater dependence on allies without weakening the security of either the United States or its allies. It seemed to promise no more substantial military involvements, and yet it bears what has been called 'a sensible and sophisticated ambiguity.' It is, in short, a refinement of the Kennedy era strategy of 'flexible response.' This helped to lead to the present situation in Vietnam—the guarantees given to Thailand after the airing of this new doctrine too sound remarkably similar to previous American experience in South East Asia. All that can be said is that it presents a more cautious approach without any real safeguards or guarantees of a reduced role for the United States. Provided the supposed 'subversion' can be interpreted as 'external aggression' then the position of the United States under the Nixon doctrine is ambivalent.

VIETNAMISATION—DOCTRINE IN PRACTICE ?

Vietnamisation—the assumption by the ARVN (Army of the Republic of South Vietnam) of the fighting of the war is cited by the United States as the Nixon doctrine in practice. This may well be so, and indeed the history of the policy so far seems to indicate many of the weaknesses implicit in the idea behind it. It is true that American troops have been steadily withdrawn and that by May this year over half of the 550,000 troops there in 1968 will have gone home. Yet it has always been doubtful just how far this policy can go without a collapse of the South Vietnamese position. The Saigon government is known to desire a permanent level of United States troops of over 150,000 to keep logistic supplies—communications, supplies to the battlefields, and technical assistance—under the supervision of the American army. The South Vietnamese have shown no great aptitude for these tasks and tend to fight better when supplied and serviced by the Americans. Indeed the whole capability of the ARVN tends to be in doubt. In Cambodia it seems to have been acquitting itself with some credit yet this is by no means certain. Only recently has it been unwillingly expelled from Laos in what seems the only serious fighting it has ever faced. Although American troops have not been on the ground in Cambodia or Laos [officially, at least] since the withdrawal of the U.S. army from Cambodia last year, American troops have provided the helicopters, supplies, and air power in both these campaigns. The preoccupation with ground troops in the United States defence of its part in these two campaigns is perhaps a little ridiculous. The United States is just as involved in Laos and Cambodia as it ever was in South Vietnam—not only did its troops take part but the decisions were effectively made by Nixon to take such action.

Vietnamisation supposedly aims at the reduction of American troops in South Vietnam to 20,000 to 30,000 in 1973, yet by the performance of the South Vietnamese, this appears unlikely. And Vietnamisation has never included the end of American air support, one of the major factors in the war to this date. It may be that as many as 200,000 American troops will be needed on a permanent basis to prop up the South Vietnamese regime. If withdrawals continue below this number, the possibility enters that troops could be redispached to South Vietnam if the situation worsens once more.

To support this argument it can be pointed out that to allow the withdrawal of ground troops, the role of air support has been increased. Nixon knows that American troops must come home to satisfy public opinion yet he is forced by his ideological orientation to continue his support for the South Vietnamese regime. It is a matter of face and a fear that if United States prestige declines as the result of a perceived defeat in Indo-China, its ability to function as a 'superpower' in international politics will be weakened. There is no doubt some truth in this. Nixon has set himself a moral obligation to support the present South Vietnamese regime with relatively few qualifications—the future is still open-ended, just as it was in Lyndon Johnson's time. The difference is in the addition of a 'politics of gesture' to weaken opposition to the war.

THE ALTERNATIVE OF NEGOTIATION

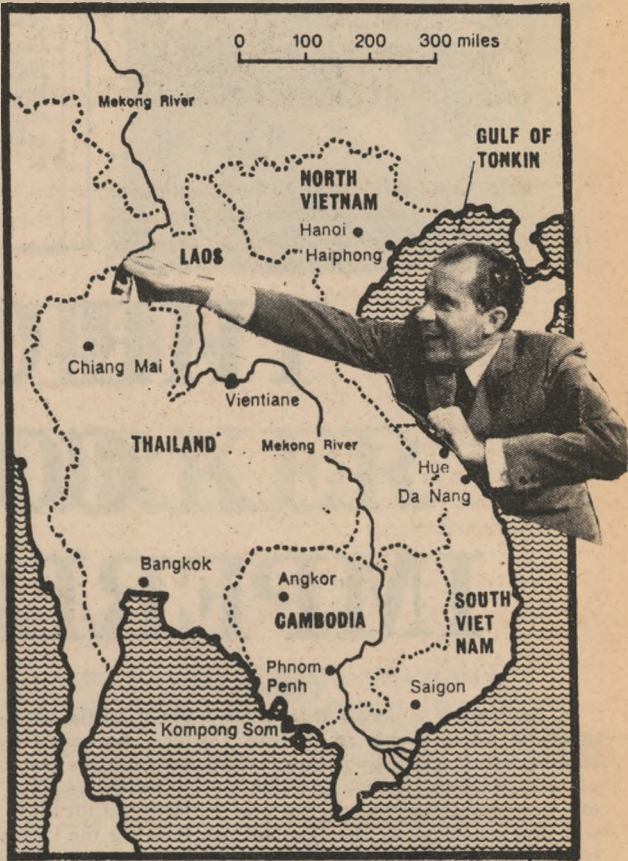
The peace negotiation began a steady fade into the background on the accession to power of Richard Nixon. Under Johnson, after his spectacular reversal after the Tet Offensive, the negotiations promised to hold some hope for the future. Yet the United States refuses to unconditionally grant the two basic demands of Hanoi before serious negotiation can begin. These are a commitment to withdraw all American troops from Indo-China at a specified date, and the formation of a more dependable government in Saigon that is prepared to accept a compromise peace. Both these demands have fallen foul of Nixon's continued support for the regime of ex-colonial bureaucrats in Saigon. This support means an extended war. This is where a change of policy must come for a meaningful settlement to the war as quickly as possible. Vietnamisation is the alternative policy—an attempt by Nixon to win a military victory by withdrawing troops, while continuing to pump technical, financial and bombing aid into South Vietnam.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE WAR?

On the basis of the last three years it has been claimed that the position for the United States and South Vietnam has improved remarkably in this period. Evidence for this view is admittedly strong. The scale of fighting in South Vietnam has been reduced, certainly. Yet observers have pointed out the continued survival of the Viet Cong organisation and infrastructure throughout the country. Standards of pacification set by the South Vietnamese have never been particularly high. There is no doubt the NLF retains a strong capability in South Vietnam, even though its interests are elsewhere at present. The Cambodian campaign appears bogged down and advantages for the South Vietnamese were minimal. The Laotian campaign was more of a threat, yet the strong defence of the Ho Chi Minh trail suggests a strong reservoir of strength on the side of Hanoi. The campaign also underlined the continued dependence of the South Vietnamese on the U.S. army. North Vietnam and its allies appear now to be playing a waiting game and are dug in for a long struggle. Their cause has no doubt suffered somewhat in the last three years, yet there still appears no hope for a military victory for the Saigon supporters—this is as far away as ever.

THE REAL NIXON POLICY

The real Nixon policy has already been suggested—a 'politics of gesture' to remove opposition to the war without removing the war itself. United States actions in Vietnam over the last three years have been calculated to do this. An already complex issue has been further fogged and complicated, making a strong opposition more difficult. Nixon claims to de-escalate while escalating. He claims to be negotiating while in fact pursuing alternative policies. He claims to be ending the war while in fact promoting its continuance—the only end Nixon has in mind is one favourable to United States' interests. This cannot be achieved without a continuation of fighting. By withdrawing troops the draft issue in America will soon be dead—no more conscripts will be sent to Vietnam, thus weakening opposition of American campuses. The American protest movement has lost its broad impetus and only revives strongly in the face of the occasional outrage displayed over dramatic events such as invasions and renewed bombings.



Nixon has been extremely lucky although his pragmatism may perhaps contain a few grains of misguided genius. He has had to gamble heavily and has usually come out on top. Within the limited area he had for manoeuvre he has, basically moving in the same direction as Lyndon Johnson before him, continued a policy of war in Indo-China by marginally reducing American military commitment, and emitting a continued barrage of largely empty rhetoric on peace and negotiation. In this way he has confined opposition to the war within tolerable limits. Yet there is as much to oppose as there ever was, and it is to be hoped a credibility gap will again begin to open between what Nixon, always a slippery and ambivalent figure says, and what he can be seen to be doing.

AUCKLAND ANTI-WAR
MOBILISATION COMMITTEE

PUBLIC MEETING

To organise the April 30 Mobilisation
ROOM 202 — STUD.ASS.
APRIL 8 — 7.30pm





Matt Robson ... 'we are to fight a great bureaucracy'

How students will wince at such emotive left wing propaganda phrases like this. It offends our feeling of neutral objectivity—the rational observer—the cold analytical student intellectual barriers that shield us from the horror of human or political emotions. Many students love Time magazine—that reduces all life to a game of political gambling—The Laos gamble—the Sepone test—Nixon's low profile, Cambodia—Nixon's trump card—or is he backing another loser. Our minds rest easy as we forget that war means guts and shit in mens pants and vomit and smashed teeth and stomachs falling mobility, prime targets, Vietnamisation. It makes such pleasant reading. (That's why lots of people got upset about this year's Craccum—Stephen hasn't even pretended to be neutral but sees this paper as an expression of himself. If only he would be a hypocrite and pretend to be objective people wouldn't mind—it's just that he refuses to be sneaky.) Not at all offensive—it flatters the reader—makes them feel that they too are part of this aloof assessing of the situation—and definitely in no way relevant to it.

THE CAPITALIST COLONIALIST IMPERIALIST PLOT

CRIMS

A capitalist is a person that makes a profit on the labour of others. A lot of people ask me why I defend criminals. I try to explain that at least they're honest criminals—There are two kinds of crims—the ones that rob you with a pistol and the ones that will rob you with a fountainpen—the one to watch out for is the one with the fountainpen. The fountain pen boys are the Capitalists from the car dealers and land sharks up. Most of us have got some idea of what a capitalist is, they're all around us. It's this colonialist business that's the hangup—I mean we don't have boatloads of armed Americans and Japanese landing on our beaches and raising the stars and stripes or rising sun and proclaiming us the fifty first state or a Japanese Imperial fishing base. As with our propaganda our imperialism is far more subtle—a group of businessmen arrive in a jet and simply offer us 'help', 'aid', 'assistance', call it what you will, it simply means screwing the arse off us for a bit of our bread and there are plenty of official arse bandits in N.Z. who are quite willing to turn it up whether it means a beach, a lake, a military base, or a mutton quota.

The Manapouri project at which I worked for a year was a prime example of Colonialism. The Kiwi firms were too small to cope, so typical of our national inferiority complex, we called in the experts. Utah Mining Co arrived on the Scene. "Of course we'll help". And our 70 million dollar national white elephant gradually grew into a 140 million dollar project.

That meant Southern American bosses on 15,000 bucks a year calling our Maori labourers 'boy'.

That means we owe someone a hell of a lot of dough at interest. Take a look around at who's been getting lots of mining rights in New Zealand.

Take a look at who owned most of the Comalco shares. What you're looking at is modern-colonialism based on finance rather than flags and gunboats. You don't conquer countries anymore—just buy them—and our leaders are selling New Zealand right down the line—foreign policy, mining rights, oil shares, brains, we're losing the lot.

Imperialism is simply the force necessary to hold on to what you buy. You see the trouble with screwing the dough out of these financial colonies is that the people in them usually get poor, degraded, and finally desperate and they try to take back what they feel is theirs. For example one day New Zealanders might say "fuck off Uncle Sam we're going to drill our own oil, and mine our own minerals" etc. To discourage this it's a good idea to set up a few military bases in the countries you're 'helping' like Thailand, Vietnam, N.Z., Czechoslovakia etc., to protect them and, oh yes by the way, your own interests as well. Then if they try to get any independence you call them commies (as in Vietnam) or anti-socialists (as in Czechoslovakia) and bomb the bastards to hell.

SUPPRESSION EXPLOITATION AND FASCISM

Again we like to think of such phrases as jokes over here in New Zealand (happy smug little land of the Wrong white Clod). Like our propaganda and our colonialism, our suppression is very subtle. It bears the label of happiness, but is materialistic pandering. Give people lots of fridges, pop up toasters, plastic ducks for their bathroom walls, lawnmowers, seals with chrome balls on their noses, suburban houses and a tin can on wheels and they'll think they have lots of wonderful things—an advanced form of giving beads, trinkets and shiny mirrors to the natives except ours are chrome plastic objects whose doubtful desirability is countered by masses of advertising saying that these objects are the key to happiness, security, beauty, or any other goal they can grab hold of—the advertisers are unscrupulous—even revolution, is way out, groovy, love has been used to pander the people. Then the news media try to create the myth that we kiwis are easy going happy people—forgetting our suicide rates, mental breakdowns, heavy reliance on drugs—pills, tobacco, booze and our escapism into gambling, reckless driving, crime, and all the other indications of an unhealthy society.

Our education system plays a part in this suppression. The emphasis is on selfishness and competition. I am not a Maoist yellow domino or anything else but in China the kids at kindergarden have such big playing blocks that it takes 4 children to move one block.



TIM SDBOI

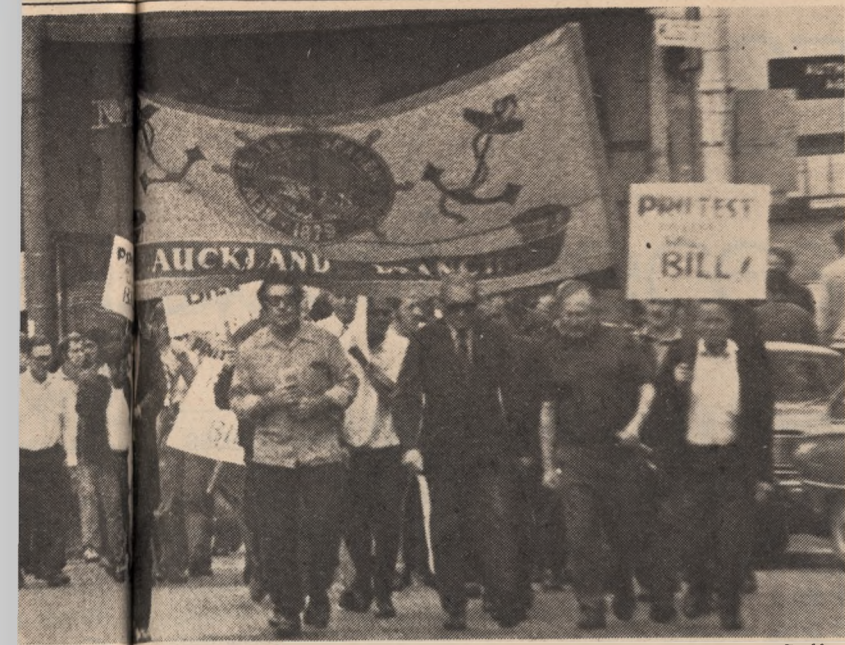
OUR JOB IS SIMPLE—RY MOVE EV
INCRAY.BROTHERS AND SISSEME HAS COM
MIND.

That means they have to learn to cooperate and work together men with more before they can build their castle/bridge or whatever—when we as a bigot will ann kids, we clutch our little block in our little hand and build our little castle and if the bastard from next door comes to grab your block, you smash him in the teeth if he's smaller or run to a higher authority like mummy if he's bigger. The worst form of political power is encouraged by new comfortable

If you're not totally self orientated when you leave the education, possessing the papers will soon develop within you a guilty conscience—complex—that you're lazy, cruel, anti-social etc. For example the recent case where lambs died in the abbatoirs. The media howled with pity for those poor little lambs who died because the workers were on strike. But none said anything about those miserable bastards who wouldn't cough up a bit more of their profits. Surely those bosses would pay anything—I mean what's money compared to with those poor suffering little lambs. They should have showered such state



Tim Shadbolt . . . resist every bleeding inch



—Ruffo

Our propaganda is so much better than theirs. Where they use capitalist colonialist Imperialist plot we use subconscious imagery—like the headlines for the Cambodian invasion read 'Sanitising the sanctuaries'.

This very subtle little phrase that conjures up the image that this isn't an invasion in which people get killed but simply a toilet cleaning operation. Another favourite was 'Delousing the Borders' another seemingly inoffensive phrase which relies on the image impression on the subconscious which registers once again a cleaning operation. Another beauty you have to watch for in our neutral analytical unbiased-impartial, observer press is the small toilet phrase 'Flushing out the Vietcong'.

So I'm going to embarrass you all by talking about Capitalists and Colonialists but I'm going to succumb a little to your egos and try to define a few of these things—that's the other favourite intellectual stunt—you define every idea to death—any emotion that comes along you define, label, categorise, redefine put in a box and gently bury.



—Andrew Riddell

M SHADBOLT

IS SIMPLE MOVE EVERY
INCA.S AND SISTME HAS COME TO
MID.

work together men with money, food, anything to stop the suffering. Here the
—when we a bigot will announce with great moral fervour—Oh but that is
build our little blackmail, forgetting what it was when the tables were turned.

The worst form of suppression is the development of inferiority
political powerlessness. The weakness of the people is greatly
encouraged by newspapers that create absolute credibility gaps (the
comfortable word for lie) about the numbers of people
concerned with various issues. For example the media reported the
anti-Bill march as 'Over 100'. Now any reasonable person reading
that would assume that over 100 means about 120 to 170. It could
mean 29,000 people marched. In fact there was about 1,000.

Another way to encourage people to feel weak about issues that
directly concern them is to promote the 'I am an expert' myth. This
involves such statement as when Hillary pointed out that we had a

UNITED ACTION STUDENT WORKER SOLIDARITY

bunch of weak gutted leaders Muldoon raved about Hillary knowing
as much about politics as he knew about mountain climbing. The
formation of thousands of committees, bureaucrats, official
channels, and other padding that keep people out of the issues and
also encourage them to shelve their responsibility by forming a
subcommittee.

The New Zealand people have been suppressed by selfish chrome
plastic materialism and fat.

Exploitation. We call it "being under developed". It's much more
comfortable talking about the developed and the underdeveloped
countries of the world—there's no such thing—only the exploited
and the exploiting countries of the world. And fascism—that's the
method used to stifle any dissent against this system. It means
arresting people who go on protest demonstrations, it means "law
and order", it means persecution of any minority groups in society,
it means fighting in other countries to stop the spread of
communism, Hitler did all these things. In principle if not in extent
we are doing very similar things.

FARMER—STUDENT—WORKER SOLIDARITY

You still find left wing jargon a little corney—embarrassing
perhaps. In 1951 when the workers were fighting for better
conditions on the wharves they brought the farmers into town on
horseback and armed the students with clubs to force the workers
back to work. Students used to be the sons of aristocrats—destined
to be the future rulers, heading for the dizzy heights of a twin
garage and indoor swimming pool. But things have changed since
then and if they armed the students with clubs, things wouldn't
quite turn out the 'right' way. Today's students are often from the
lower classes and those who no longer see material success as the
ultimate achievement for mankind. Instead of the dizzy heights,
they sink to the sordid depths of mission clothes, protest marches
and marihuana. Students are no longer the elite—they are now mass
produced for industrial factory fodder, come in all shapes and sizes
and fit into any neon niche.

And the farmers. They used to be the aristocrats of society too.
But how the farms are being taken over by large business
corporations and the small farmers are being forced off their land.

THE STABILISATION OF REMUNERATION ACT

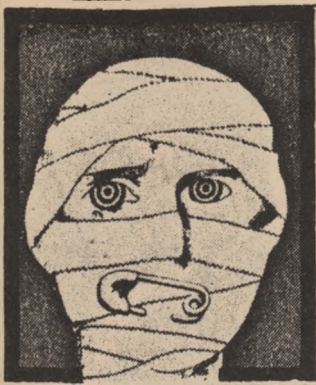
New Zealand's economy is a real bummer. Once you start
borrowing you get poorer and poorer and once you start selling out
you have to sell out more and more. Already N.Z. pays more on the
interest on her debts than all our social security system and police
force put together.

Once we start selling out to overseas monopolies it means that
rich people will get rich because monopolies make lots of bread but
poor people will get really poor because little men can't exist once
the big boys move in—and that applies to everything from
supermarkets to superfarms. The capitalist ideal you see is that one
little cobbler at one end of the village makes his shoes and the other
cobbler at the other end of the village makes his shoes and all the
people in the middle can choose whose shoes they like best and they
both have to sell cheap which is a good scene for all the people in
the village. The trouble is today that ALL THE COBBLERS ARE
OWNED BY ONE FIRM—the village is the whole world and they set
the price to suit themselves and if you don't like it then you lump it
because there ain't no shoes for you buddy. But you need shoes for
the kids see, so you borrow—and, you spend the rest of your life
paying the interest on that debt. That's the mortgage system.

In a way that's what's happened in New Zealand. The first thing
you try to bleed are the social services—the pensioners are too old
and too hungry to moan. The schools are next because Kiwis think
it's manly to be dumb and then you try as always to make the
workers pay. If you're really cunning you can even make it look like
they are responsible for rising prices.

The Act means N.Z. is in the shit again. There's two things you
can do in an emergency—tighten up or expand right out. Let's face
it—we have a weak government—they're too old, too sick and when
they are healthy they piss off on overseas trips. Expanding out
would mean new ideas—initiative—Nationalising our main
industries—opening up trade with China—diversifying our industries.
They haven't the guts and they're too tired to move. So the easiest
thing to do is just shrink a little more, bleed the workers a little
more, suppress dissent a little more, control the people a little more,
sell the country a little more, lie a little more.





FIVE EASY PIECES

in five ec

STORY FOR FIVE EASY PIECES /
A COLUMBIA FILM / BY ROBERT RAFELSON
AND ADRIEN JOYCE
EPISODE ONE

Bobby climbed high on the oil rig and checked the piping. The day was hot and he was sweating from his exertion. Down below he could see Elton, and his friend waved up at him, giving his blank, friendly smile. Elton signalled at his watch. Another day was over.

He dropped Elton off at his trailer home where his wife Stoney and the baby were waiting for him, promising that he would see them later at the bowling alley.

Bobby stopped the car at the battered frame house that was his home. As he got out, he paused for a moment, feeling drained and emptied. He could hear the insistent dirge of the pop music coming from the house. When Rayette got a new record she liked, she played it until it was worn through. Bobby shrugged. Who was he to question Rayette's little happinesses, he who had struggled and wandered so much to find a purpose of his own. Blessed are those with small minds, for they will find happiness more easily.

He went in the house, and took the playing arm off the record. Rayette shouted out to him. She was in the tiny bathroom, sitting on the washbasin, doing her nails.

She got up, kissed him noisily, then moved her well-built frame past him, her luxurious red hair bruising his cheek:

"I'm gonna play it again."



Karen Black coming apart

"You play that thing one more time and I'm gonna melt it down into hair spray."

"Well, let me play the other side, then."

He caught her in his arms, and they collapsed onto the couch in a giggling heap:

"No, Rayette. It's not a question of sides, it's a question of musical integrity."

"Then let me sing one for you."

She began to sing, her voice grating against Bobby's musically-trained ear. Bobby cut it off with another kiss, then got up to change from his working clothes. Rayette pouted:

"I ought to cut off your damned water, Bobby. I swear. You're selfish. You said you're gonna help me pick a song. You can play the piano and your whole damned family play some kind of musical instrument. And all I'm asking is for you to help me improve my musical talent."

Bobby coloured angrily at this reminder of his family. Then he relaxed and smiled. Rayette was still wearing the uniform she wore in the cafe, the name plate over her left breast. Bobby pulled her down on the couch:

"Why don't you take the sign off your tit, and let's you and me go out and have us a real good time."

Before she could speak again, he had picked her up and carried her into the bedroom.

Later, as they debated getting up to dress to go to the bowling alley, Rayette said softly:

"You know, I'll go out with you, or stay in with you, or I'll do anything that you like for me to do—if you will tell me that you love me."

Bobby grinned:

"You can sing the song."

"You're never satisfied," sighed Rayette.

"That's right," smiled Bobby, but his answer meant more than the girl could ever understand.

The Bowling alley was about half full, on the fringes of the southern end of the great Los Angeles sprawl. The evening was not a happy one. Elton was performing some of his mindless jokes, producing straws from his nose, a particular trick that disgusted even his earthy wife, Stoney. The four of them had a competition, and Bobby got more and more annoyed at Rayette's inability to bowl.

At last, the competition over, Rayette sat next to Bobby:

"Are you mad at me, Honey?"

"No, I'm not mad at ya, it'll be alright. But if ya'd do just what the hell I tell ya."

Rayette pouted:

"I guess I'll go and wait in the car."

She waited for Bobby to argue, but he nodded abruptly. Close to tears, Rayette left him, and Stoney and Elton followed in silence. They knew better than to talk to Bobby in that sort of mood.

As soon as Bobby was alone, he became the object of attention for two girls who were playing at the next alley. One was plumply attractive, with a bubble haircut, the other wore her blonde hair cropped short, and her face small and sharp. It was the latter who broke the ice:

"We've been wanting to ask you. You're on TV, aren't you. She says your the guy who sells all the cars."

The other girl was leaning over his shoulder. He looked up at her and she said:

"My name's Shirley, but they call me Betty, and her name's Twinky—cause she's so twinky."

Bobby laughed:

"Well, it sure is nice talking to you girls. I wish I had some more time."

As he got up to go, Betty pressed a piece of paper into his hand. On it was written her address and phone number.

Rayette was sitting alone in the car, crying. Elton and Stoney had gone on to their trailer, and were expecting the others to follow.

Bobby looked in the car window at her, feeling sad as he watched the tears coursing down her face. At last, he sighed:

"You just going to sit here?"

"I'm not a piece of crap," sobbed Rayette. "You treat me like I was."

"No listen, sweetheart. Elton and Stoney know that I love you. And they're just going to think that I'm not too nice a guy, which I'm not, and that you're a real helluva good person for putting up with me, that's all."

"You'll find me dead one time. You'll just kill me. If you ever get up and leave me."

Bobby sighed again:

"I'm not going to get up and leave you. Now let's go over to Elton's and have a good time."

"You love me, Bobby?"

"What do you think?"

NOTE FOR SCRIPT OF 5 EASY PIECES

The following serialisation of the script of Five Easy Pieces has been given to Craccum by Columbia Films. The film, which should begin showing in Auckland at about Easter, has received wide critical scrutiny and accolades overseas. What you read printed here will give you some idea of the written material that is transformed into a series of visual images on screen (minus the technical instructions which bring about this metamorphosis). And then at the time our serialisation is half-complete you will be able to view the end-product for yourself.

The next day was pay day, and, following work, the usual ritual was gone through, all the riggers playing cards in changing huts before going off for the day. After the game was over, and Bobby was up a few dollars, he gave Elton a lift, explaining they were not going home, but to Betty's Twinky:

"I can't figure how I let you get us out here," said Bobby.

"I don't know if I'm going out there tomorrow at all. I got a lot of money tied up in everything I've got, and I don't know what I mean? I don't want no chains, and all this."

Bobby enjoyed his night with the girls. He got a plumply pleasant Betty, and felt happy, being able to switch off his mind, not thinking about his own family and the he had flown from, the conformity of his talents, a musician from a musical family, and happy to be without the increasingly whining demands of Rayette.

The next morning, he and Elton were still drunk when they reported for work, and were angrily ordered home by the foreman, who put them down as unfit to work on the rigs. As they took the road back to town, Elton was driving and on the freeway, they found themselves part of a heavy traffic jam.

Bobby impatiently left the car to see what was going on, then saw, a little way ahead, a truck piled up with furniture, including a battered upright piano.

Without any thought, Bobby climbed up on the truck and started to play. He was so absorbed in his music, that he didn't notice when the jam eased away and the truck started moving. He still did not notice when the truck turned off the freeway onto a little side road.

It was evening when Bobby reached town again, and went to the cafe where Rayette worked. He noticed that Elton had left the car by the side of the building. He went in to the near-deserted cafe and sat at the counter. Rayette made a show of ignoring him and checking all her other duties before coming over. Bobby said:

"I was at Elton's last night, Ray, that's the truth."

"You son of a bitch."

She said no more, as they drove over to Elton's trailer.

Bobby felt destroyed by the end of the evening. Elton fussed all the time over the baby, while Stoney, who never seemed to stop eating, was glued to some old film on the TV.



Jack Nicholson remembering fondly

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Robert Rafelson directing

get. Rayette, whether from fascination, or because she was still angry with Bobby, joined Stoney in this mindless watching.

The next day, out on the rig, Bobby put his suspicions about Rayette's behaviour into words—that he thought she was pregnant. The two men were sitting in the shade of a rig not far from the foreman's hut, eating lunch. Elton grinned: "What if she is, Bob? I can't see nothing bad in that. I'll let you in on a little secret. She is. She told me. She's all torn up about it—which I hate to see. It's something you'll just have to face up to. You might even get to like the whole idea. When Stoney first gave me the news, I could have shit."

Bobby got up: "Don't tell me about the good life, Elton, because it makes me puke."

"You saying you think you're something better than what am, now that's something else. But I can't say much of someone who could run off and leave a woman in a situation like this and feel easy about it, and that's all I have to say."

Bobby glanced towards the foreman's hut. The man stood outside talking to two men who had driven up in a car. He turned angrily on Elton:

"Well, I'm glad it's all you've got to say, Elton, because I'm about as goddammed tired of your mouth as I am working on that goddammed job."

He strode off to the foreman, as the men got back in their car:

"I'm quitting."

"I don't give a damn what you do," snarled the foreman. "I'm glad to get rid of both you damned guys."

Both? Bobby frowned and turned. The men in the car had stopped by the rig and got out. Elton got up and began to run, zig-zagging between the rigs. The men gave chase. Without another thought, Bobby began to run to help his friend. He caught up with Elton as the men jumped on him. He grabbed one of them and punched him to the ground. As he went for the second, who was hitting Elton, the first man rose, jumped him and forced him down. A moment later they were both pinned.

"Hey, what's going on," asked Bobby.

"They've got the right, Bob," said Elton wearily. "It's the law."

He turned to the policeman who had pinned him:

"Hey, don't you think you could just leave him. I mean, sure as hell, if he'd have known who you were, he wouldn't have done that, would you Bob?"

"What's going on, Elton?"

"I got accused of robbing a filling station down in the Indian Nation. I just got wild and jumped my bail. Now they come running at me a whole year later. Ain't that something."

The policeman let go of Bobby and said that he could go.

He watched as Elton was taken to the car. The other man turned to him at the last moment:

"Tell Stoney for me, will ya."

A moment later, the car drove away.

Bobby did not go straight to Stoney to tell her the bad news. He wanted somewhere to think, some time to get his mind in order. He drove instead to the tiny apartment that the girls Betty and Twinkie shared. Betty was there, and he made love to her like an animal, taking out all his anger on the girl's plump, curved body.

Then, at once calm, he prepared to drive into Los Angeles, to go to the recording studios and see if his sister was there. It was time to talk to the one member of his family with whom he was still on some sort of terms. Perhaps he had run too far, too fast . . .

what follows is an interplay of guitar, piano and percussion—one musician after another coming to the fore. Beautiful; fully reminiscent of "Happy Trails."

The Hat—although this is the longest (10.30 mins.) and perhaps the slowest track on the L.P., it is one of my favourites. It shows that the group is now moulded around Valenti's voice and that the guitar and piano, now more subdued, are used more as backing rather than lead instruments.

After a lonely beginning, the song picks up and progresses fluidly with Valenti peaking majestically for the refrain.

Freeway Flyer—this here next one's rock 'n roll. After a weak opening, the group blasts into a raunchy, pounding sequence which only stops momentarily to let Hopkins play a very short boogie piano line. Again Valenti's vocals steer the way; certain high points of the song being punctuated by gunshots.

Gone Again—a long (7.10 mins.), mellow, slow track. I find it too drawn out and repetitive and at the end quite monotonous and even boring. If it had been only half as long then perhaps it would have been more successful. It is unfortunate that this, one of the most ineffective tracks is at the same time one of the longest.

Fresh Air—a light, refreshing, even tropical sound; one of the best tracks on the album. Each verse ends with the line:— 'Have another hit . . . of fresh air!—the last words being sung in that early Quicksilver high-flying style. The guitar and piano breaks appear really simple, adding to the delicacy of this track.

If you like the San Francisco sound in general, you can't really go wrong with this L.P.; however if you focused on Happy Trails as a masterpiece you may be disappointed with Just For Love.

J.H.

QUICKSILVER MESSENGER SERVICE / JUST FOR LOVE / (CAPITOL ST 498)

Jefferson Airplane—Grateful Dead—Quicksilver Messenger Service; these are the San Francisco groups. they are the "resident" groups at Fillmore West and Winterland; these are the groups from which various members got together to form the musical conglomeration, Jefferson Starship.

The first Quicksilver L.P. (Quicksilver Messenger Service) was primitive yet confident acid-rock, but showed touches of brilliance, particularly on the tracks 'Pride of Man' and 'The Fool'. Then came Happy Trails, which with the genius of Cipollina's spiralling/whining/will-o-the-wisp guitar work (e.g. on the 'Who Do You Love Suite') and Elmore's drumming (as on 'Mona') has become a rock classic. Shady Grove, their third L.P. showed the arrival of Nicky Hopkins on piano; his influence on the group, and the consequent subduing of Cipollina's guitar being particularly evident on the tracks 'Shady Grove' and 'Edward (The Mad Shirt Grinder)'.

Just For Love— their latest L.P. This record is presented in a beautiful, imported, fold-out cover; the outside of which depicts a science-fiction view of the group, playing in a lush, presumably Hawaiian (where the music was recorded) landscape, with two genii emerging from a distant volcano. The main influence on this L.P. is no longer Hopkins' keyboard, but rather the new member in the group, Dino Valenti, who with his weird, screeching voice has taken over the lead vocal position.

In all there are 7 tracks on Just For Love; two being in two parts. Of these 7 tracks, the title track was written by Valenti, 'Cobra' was written by Cipollina, and the remainder were written by Jesse Farrow; apparently a pseudonym for the whole group.

Wolf Run (Parts 1 & 2). These short pieces which open and close the record, feature Valenti on flute and Elmore on



Guitarist John Cipollina

bongos. However, the flute work is uninspiring and the percussion is perhaps too repetitive. The wolf howls obtained by a combination of voice and flute are realistic but still do not make 'Wolf Run' a good introduction into, and departure from, the L.P.

Just For Love (Parts 1 & 2)—these second and second-to-last pieces on the L.P. could have very well replaced the much inferior 'Wolf Run' pieces. The introductions (particularly the vocal openings) into both parts are excellent; however in Part 1 the shallow cliché lyrics tend to ramble on throughout the song which in the end becomes somewhat monotonous. Part 2 is much shorter than Part 1 and is thus more successful even though the lyrics are not really any stronger.

Cobra—a magnificent instrumental track! It starts off with Elmore pummeling his drums breathless followed closely by Cipollina's soaring, purring guitar which is in turn taken over by Hopkins' Quick-fingers. The tempo then slows down and



Sisters creating herstory

SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL/AN ANTHOLOGY OF WRITINGS FROM THE WOMENS LIBERATION MOVEMENT/RANDOM HOUSE/ NEW YORK 1970

"You, sister, reading this, I have no earthly way of knowing if you are already involved in women's liberation, and if so, how deeply: perhaps you have never been to one women's meeting, but only read and heard about it in magazines and on TV. Perhaps you find you have picked up the book in anger, or defiance, or even as a dare, or from genuine curiosity or cynical amusement. . . I hope this book means something to you, makes you feel some change in your head and heart—and I take a terrific risk in saying such a corny thing, because I don't mean it as any sort of 'hoped you like the book' statement. No, I mean it desperately because if we who have put together this book have failed you somehow, then we have failed ourselves seriously—because you are women's liberation. . . it exists in your mind, and in the personal and political insights you can contribute to change and shape and help its growth. The movement is creating history, or rather her-story. Anyway, you cannot escape it."

To this, the Editor's plea, I would add a further appeal to: all those who have managed to crawl through our educational socialisation processes with some pretence of objectivity and open mindedness still intact.

All those (about 98% of the population) who mock and slander the movement without having the vaguest notion of what it is they are so facetiously and confidently dismissing.

All those who are in any way interested in what it is the Women's Liberationists are really on about.

For this, staggeringly enough, is no pedantic, tedious, pretentious text. Instead it is a racy, highly readable, intensely personal collection of articles written by a vast assortment of females—housewives, lesbians, prostitutes, psychiatrists, black militants and veteran feminists—whose appeal is essentially emotional and personal rather than rational or intellectual. A sort of antidote to the statistical tedium and triteness of Vance Packard's proclaimed masterpiece *The Sexual Wilderness*.

Nor does this amazing montage pretend to present a detached objective or skilfully argued case. It relies for its appeal in its devastatingly refreshing frankness, both in language used and in its areas explored. Some will find the language offensive; most will agree it is an integral part of the books style and forcefulness.

In addition to the vast collection of writings, there are poems, Liberation Manifestoes, photographs, songs (e.g. "whose Max Factor, whose Max Factor/he faces up/our make up/dirty old man/with the hollywood tan etc") plus an incredible collection of statistical and aphoristic information. (e.g. "When faced with a look at the other species argument and told about the inherent docility of the female, point out that it is the male sea horse who gives birth. The female deposits her fertilised eggs in him and swims blithely off"). There is an extensive Bibliography, including lists of Drop Dead Books to Watch Out For—Helen Curly Brown's *Sex and the Single Girl* etc are featured here—as well as papers and periodicals published on Women's Liberation, and even a list of the Movement's Contacts in major North American cities. A comprehensive coverage, if ever there was one.

Most of society's institutions are mercilessly attacked—marriage, the family, church, divorce laws, the professions, schools, business and industry, especially the advertising industry. From the plethora of problems examined in this way, several key themes clearly emerge—notably, the role of women as consumer sex objects, occupying a pivotal position in the Western Consumer Economy; The sweeping demolition of Freudian induced stereotypes of women's 'penis envy' and sexual inferiority which have tended to reduce heterosexual relationships to a sado-masochistic pattern: Society's cruel intolerance to deviants like lesbians and of course, the opposition to 'enforced childbirth' underlying abortion laws and contraception restrictions.

The sexual theme receives perhaps the frankest and most original treatment. All writers examining this theme premise their arguments on the thesis that 'women's sexuality, defined by men to benefit men, has been downgraded and perverted, repressed and channelled, denied and abused until women themselves have become convinced of their sexual inferiority.' Men are attacked for their use of sexual experiences for ego enhancement—in other words, using other people, women, to serve their own ends. The double standard is rigorously exposed 'where boys are taught they can 'go as far' as they can, while girls are taught they need sex less than boys, so it is up to them to impose sexual restraints'. Most stringent of all is the attack on the notion of exclusive 'vaginal' and desirably simultaneous orgasm 'which has women afraid to admit their own inadequacies,



A disgruntled bunny

often faking orgasm to appear good in bed'. They examine the alternative 'clitoral orgasm' as well as the less accepted thesis of the female 'multiple orgasm'.

One of the best articles, on *Media Images* investigates the role of media—especially advertising, in reinforcing and insisting upon women's passivity, servility and object status. The safely middle class TV programmes where women are invariably presented as male dominated housewives, not only perfect wives, mothers and homemakers, but ever slim, ever alluring objects of their husband's desire. It is pointed out that women are estimated to make 75% of all family consumption decisions, which is why, she remarks, for advertisers at least, women exist. The daily imperatives assailing women via the media to become blonde, stay slim, have long eyelashes, not to have underarm odor all combine to create 'people who think of themselves as marketable products and consumer goods'. Bewails one ageing woman 'the mass media tells us all day and all evening that we are inadequate, mindless, ugly, disgusting in ourselves. We must try to resemble perfect plastic objects so that no one will notice what we really are. We can only fool people into liking us by using the magic products that make us products too.'

In her article advocating the repeal of all abortion laws, Lucinda Cisler argues that the question that must be asked is not 'how can we justify abortion', but 'how can we justify compulsory child bearing?' She outlines in some detail most methods of contraception and abortion and fiercely argues in favour of women's right to limit her own reproduction (and hence choose for herself, her own particular role).

Worth reading too, are the two moving and poignant articles by lesbians who point out that they have spent years simply begging to be able to live against society's stereotyped insistence that lesbians are sick, ugly, perverted and diseased creatures who turn to each other in bitterness over their failure to 'get that prize, that prince, the Male'. Lesbians, they argue, unable to fight openly because 'lesbianism has become such a vile epithet', have fewer civil rights than any other minority group in their society.

The high point in the Anthology, without a doubt, is the first chapter of Kate Millett's best seller *Sexual Politics*. (Still to reach our cloistered shores). This is a brilliant, skilful, astringent and penetrating analysis of the sexual implications of passages from Henry Miller's *Sexus* and Norman Mailer's *An American Dream* and excerpts by Jean Genet.

Some, for sure, are of much lesser and rather more bigoted substance, like the Raves by three High School Women, And none, attain the level of sophistication, depth and originality of leading British feminist Germaine Greer, for example. Nevertheless as a spicy, wide ranging, though provoking introduction to the Women's Liberation Movement, this book is unchallenged.

SUSAN KEDGLEY

Interludes provided

ANTHONY CARO

There has been nothing of significance in sculpture in the 20th Century compared with painting—said Anthony Caro in B28 last week. The situation has not changed. Caro fumbled with the slide projector switch.

"You have to take the whole lot out and start again—said a helpful expert. Only a selection of slides will be shown due to the Post Office strike."

Caro (47) passing by NZ caught by the Arts Council as a cheap speaker—leading British sculptor since David Smith.

His early works were attempts to destroy the idea of the base and the idea of axis. He tried to get away from traditional materials and general Art Historic conventions. He uses the floor as base and scrap metal as his medium. Sculpture in its own terms with no relation to things.

Yes I think we've got it now
No I'll have to do it manually

Click Click to next slide (having to pass over most important slide because its jamming.)

Using large beams Caro sought to destroy any centre in his work. Large beams painted green, small cross beams of different colours to give some sort of logic but it all turns out to be ambiguous. The beams are sculptural pieces, sprawling on the ground demanding attention. They don't mean anything they are elements out of context with the surroundings.

In the mid sixties Caro achieved a complete refinement of technique producing minimal sculpture. From this he began adding other elements at will. He acquired a mastery of his limited materials. These materials which are his elements have no symbolism no meaning no identification outside of themselves he deals in areas and elements and shapes.

That ones in back to front
Click Click
No back another two

In his concern with sculpture Caro becomes involved with expressing the nature of three dimensional space, horizontality weight, place depth etc—verticality he tries to exclude, or did early on because so many other sculptors had used it notably David Smith who may have intimidated him.

His stay in the States corresponds to his work on really minimal sculpture. Simple lengths of steel.

Like a V.
What
Like a V.8, pressed out
I wouldn't know I'm sorry

Then builds up to his great work involving the whole idea of extension in sculpture. Works like *Prairie* (no relation to the plains—the name of a paint) are more than examples of adroit handling of materials and shapes they are rather explorations into the nature of convention and theory. He explores in an abstract way, abstract concepts.

The use of the wall and the mesh are not only for defining areas but also for understanding areas. The variation of eye level, the restriction of movement and area of viewing are all related, elements, area and viewer are interlocked in the whole complex.

The one thing I would really like to do is put up several parts of one sculpture in different parts of a gallery so that when you entered you knew that they all belonged) i havent done it yet.

QUESTION TIME

Great NZ painter Alan Thornton:
"What do all those circles and squares mean
I beg your pardon
(noticeable audience reaction)
What do they all mean what are they doing
Later other questions:
"Critics say. . ."
"question avoided to save questioner embarrassment"

Alan Thornton occurs again. In quick succession he confuses the painter Kenneth Noland with Sidney Nolan explains a *Schubert Sonata*, explains what the artist should be doing and what he is doing.

Caro, mild mannered continues his work, huge scrap beams, creating enormous boy skeletons, unpainted raw steel groping at the area around and the viewer. Anthony Caro—good sculptor—British.

JOHN DALY-PEOPLES

Fun at the Festival: Will G & S meet the muffin men?



FESTIVAL OF NO MEAN CITY PRESS RELEASE BY THE AUCKLAND FESTIVAL COMMITTEE

Have you ever walked down Queen Street, Auckland, looked at a new multi-storey building and said to yourself 'How whatever was there before?' It would be well nigh impossible to perambulate the main thoroughfare today and recast in the mind's eye the city as it was 5 to 10 years ago. How utterly impossible then to imagine Auckland 100 years ago when, a mere 30 years after the site being selected by Governor Hobson, Auckland gained city status. Hobson had selected the site for four principal reasons. It occupied a central position between the two main areas of European and Maori settlement: enjoyed the facility of internal water communication; had a magnificent harbour adjacent to smaller ports; and the timber, soil and agriculture were additional assets. Prior to European settlement the foregoing material advantages must have appealed to the Maori, for there were the remains of 20 hill forts in 1840. So rapid was the growth that in 1851 the area was declared a borough, and on 24 April 1871 Auckland became a city, and now 100 years later, the City of Auckland celebrates its first centennial.

In the post war years, with the development of rapid communication, Auckland has played an increasingly important role in world affairs and developed a Festival which is now the oldest established annual Festival in Australia and New Zealand, and which ranks in scale and content with foremost festivals held the world over.

The focal fortnight of the city's own celebrations for the centennial will be from the 17th to 30th April and on the first evening of Saturday, 17, the Society will present, under the direction of the Reverend Kingi Ihaka the Maori people's commemoration of the Centennial—'Te Rau Tau.' 'Te Rau Tau,' meaning 100 years, will portray in song and dance the development of one of the world's first and most successful experiments in creating the formulation of a harmonious multiracial society.

During this fortnight in April the Society will present '100 Years of Street Music' daily in the central city area. Many groups, consisting of street singers, accordionists, buskers, a barber shop quartet, the Salvation Army, and an ensemble on the ferry, will recreate nostalgic memories for the older members of the populace.

At the invitation of the city the Society was requested to invite international artists to the Festival for, geographically isolated as New Zealand is, it could easily suffer from the deprivation of the cultural stimulus taken for granted in other centres of the world.

The Society was fortunate to engage firstly, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, the world renowned operatic diva, who will be featured in a recital on 27 April. The following week Aucklanders will be able to hear the Zurich Orchestra under its conductor Edmund de Stoutz. In the following week John Lill, brilliant English pianist and only the second westerner to ever win the Tchaikovsky award, will give a recital.

Desmond Mahoney, the eminent New Zealand music critic, will also give a lunchtime address at the commencement of the Festival. At the conclusion of the Festival further lunchtime concerts will take place, with Graham Dreadon, tenor, and Donald Bowick, and the recital by brilliant New Zealand pianist, David Galbraith.

At the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity on Sunday, 2 May, there will be the Service of Festival Dedication and Centennial Thanksgiving, with music arranged by Professor Peter Godfrey. On Wednesday, 19 May, also at the Cathedral, will be an evening presented by the Dorian Singers, of the Sacred Music of Johannes Brahms featuring John Wells, English organist, and also Marie Therese Laurijssen and Donald Bowick.

In lighter vein, at the Mercury Theatre for a season from Tuesday, 11 May, J.C. Williamson Ltd., and Kerridge Odeon in conjunction with the Festival Society will present the hilarious Iain Kerr and Roy Cowan in their world acclaimed romp between Yiddish and English 'Goldberg and Solomon.'

For two nights at the Town Hall audiences will again be able to put aside the cares of the world with the Andy Stewart Show.

It is anticipated that the New Zealand Ballet will be presenting a season in mid-May following its national re-organisation. The N.Z.B.C. will also be presenting New Zealand composers and poets at two lunchtime recitals and there will be a specially commissioned radio play by Julian Dickon "A City in Paradise." the story will be about Brown and Campbell's adventures in early Auckland history, and will be broadcast over two evenings. With a further generous business sponsorship the Society has been able to present under the spoken word section, for the first time, a Trans-Tasman debate to be held in the ballroom of the Inter-Continental on Monday 3 May. Australia's top debaters



from each State will be specially flown to New Zealand for this event. The subject, appropriately enough, will be 'That New Zealand should become the 7th state of Australia,' and the topic will be affirmed by Auckland and negated by Australia.

At the Mercury Theatre the epic drama 'Peer Gynt' will be staged for a season from 28 April, with David Weatherly as Peer Gynt, and at the Centennial Theatre Kay Williams will present Bertolt Brecht's "Mother Courage" for a season from Thursday, 13 May.

Ever popular tours will be again organised during the entire course of the Festival and many of these will have Centennial association.

On 24 April a special event will be arranged at the Auckland Domain—'A Saturday of 100 Years Ago'—and this consists of muffin men, balloon sellers, a Punch and Judy show, and all the entertainment associated with a bygone era.

The visual arts, which always draw so many thousands annually, are also particularly strong in international content. At the Art Gallery there will be four exhibitions—'Pacific Cities' being paintings drawn from the peripheral cities of the Pacific, the Stuyvesant collection of French Tapestries, photographs by Brassai especially flown from the Museum of Modern Art, New York, and Conservation of Painting.

The Museum will present 'Auckland 1871' throughout the Festival. The Society of Arts will again present a Festival exhibition, and at the Building Centre will be shown exhibits by the Council of Industrial Design, the Centenary of the Ministry of Works, and the Qantas collection of Bark Paintings being specially flown from Australia.

Private gallery exhibitions include Walter Bakkenes, John Weeks' pastels, paintings by Patrick Hanly, Philip Trusttum, Palmer and David Barker. At private galleries will also be shown the paintings of Alun Leach-Jones and contemporary paintings specially imported for sale from Belgium.

To sum up it can be readily appreciated that the Festival is playing its full part in commemorating the Centennial of the city by drawing from all parts of the world outstanding attractions of international standard.

Concluding the Festival, between 24 and 27 May, at the Town Hall the Floral Festival Committee will present



'Growth of a City, A Floral Portrait of Auckland's Industries Today'. This is a major Centennial exhibition for which 16 leading New Zealand companies will provide background material showing the diversity of Auckland's commerce. The Floral Festival Committee will depict in magnificent floral array the keynote of each industry.

Dear Arts Pages Readers:

I'm not one to judge the classical music scene, being born in the wrong place at the wrong time. But it looks a full programme—Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, The Zurich Orchestra, Richard Beauchamp, Patricia Payne, John Lill, organ recitals, Mattiwilda Dobbs, Auckland Symphonia (x3), Maurice Till, NZBC Orchestra (x3), Student Performers' Group, Belmont Singers, Mariamba Ensemble, Patricia-Anne Shaw, Graeme Drearden, David Galbraith. Other aspects of music are covered by an evening of Music and Laughter (Gilbert & Sullivan et al) and Andy Stewart (who, you will remember, for his 'donaldwheresyourtrousers'). There is no non-European music, there is no jazz, no pop or rock—just this long parade of pianists, soloist singers, orchestras—not even any chamber music. So much for that aspect of the Festival—except to say that the Festival is just about that aspect and nothing else.

What else there is follows:

Drama: Peer Gynt (Mercury)

Mother Courage (in the Auckland Grammar Centennial Hall)

Spoken Word: Trans-Tasman Debate—'Should NZ become the 7th State of Australia?'

Visual Arts: Pacific Cities/French Tapestries/Auckland 1871/Outdoor Painting (courtesy of Fletchers)/All About Design/Bark Paintings (courtesy of Qantas)/A Century of Development/Patrick Hanly/Stanley Palmer/—how's that for randomness? Please arrange the above items into matching pairs.

Well, that's about it—thats yr festival.

Oh, I forgot to add: Ballroom Dancing/Floral Festival (plus Official Opening with Guest Artist) AND tours to UEB Carpets, Northern Bottling Co. Fibremakers (N.Z.) Ltd AND the NZ Glass Co AND the Matson Liner AND A BARBECUE/AND AND AND EVERYONE IN HOLLYWOOD HELL AND TITIRANGI (\$5.00 each)

So thats the kind of frosty-ville we get from the famous 100 year old city which so justly celebrates itself this year . . . Why not trot along to UEB or the Coke factory (Only \$1.75 each) and heckle, abuse, run riot, masturbate whatever—at least show them that art doesn't grow out of the commercial flowerpot. The question is: *What can YOU do to fuck it up, complain, bitch, or anti-festivalise?*

Remember anyway a small serious non-commercial drama group from Varsity or thereabouts are getting together to carry into the streets a free and hysterically (if not historically) accurate picture of what really went into making the kind of city which can produce this crapped-out 1971 Festival.

LOVE
MR ARTS EDITOR

PS. I just realised half way through writing this that the complimentary copy of the programme that I received, started on page 9—the organisers must have been more aware of me than I realised. Anyway, this means that my comment about non-European music is inaccurate, for on Saturday 17th April there will be Maori Entertainment in the Town Hall. Also I forgot to mention that on The First Official Day of The Festival there will be a service of Festival Dedication and Centennial Thanksgiving at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity.

M.D. EDMOND

A NEW MEASURE BY WHICH MAY BE ORDERED OUR POEMS AS WELL AS OUR LIVES.

A fourth issue of The Word Is FREED, literary magazine extraordinaire of Auckland University, will appear this term. Its publication will be accompanied by two poetry readings with all the trimmings at the Arts Centre in Grafton Rd. These readings have the charitable purpose of raising money for further and wider FREED Publications—hopefully to give a start to the printing of a series of volumes by a number of the more exciting poets in this country. Thus your attendance, apart from being worthwhile in itself, will have its return in a feast of good reading.

INKSHED

scrivener's corner



one

Sir,
In reply to your article p.4 Craccum March 25th under the sub-title 'Censure' as one of the persons involved in this incident I would like to correct a few mistakes appearing in your article.

About 11.30pm on Friday 5th March during an Orientation function a young woman (not a student) was brought to Central Security Officers in the quadrangle. Mr Dennis Hoy, the Association Representative at the function, and myself were also present. She had been found in a dazed condition in Princes Street, was suffering from shock and had a large bruise on her forehead. From what she was able to tell us it appeared she had been struck on the head and her bag taken in Albert Park. I phoned the Police and gave them the information. At no stage was rape or sexual assault mentioned. While I phoned Mr Spring opened the main office and the Security officers made her comfortable and discovered that she knew the name of the person who assaulted her. Mr David Stone of Central Security and I went onto the footpath in Princes Street and waited for the Police. A dog handler, a van and a car arrived. We spoke to the dog handler, explained the situation and he radioed for a CIB car to collect the girl. Mr Spring arrived in an intoxicated condition and proceeded to abuse Mr Stone for calling the Police. Mr Stone replied in kind and it was only part way through a heated exchange of words that Mr Spring identified himself as the President. Mr Hoy was also present during this conversation. The uniformed Police left without entering Union property and most of the people at the dance would not have been aware of anything unusual. Later two CIB officers in plain clothes spoke to the girl and then took her to the Police Station.

Central Security officers have been working at Students' Association functions for a number of years. They are instructed to take orders only from the Association Representative and this has been reaffirmed in the letter mentioned in your article. The reason for this is that in the past with large numbers of student officials floating around at social functions conflicting instructions have often been issued. By channelling all requests through one person this is avoided.

There is a widely held misconception among students including, it appears, the President, about the status of the Student Union area. When dances are held at the Cafeteria for which admission is charged and the public admitted the Cafeteria becomes a Public Dance Hall and the area surrounding it a public place. The Police are entitled to check public dances for misbehaviour and breaches of liquor regulations and in fact have done so in functions of previous years. Whether this may be extended to the Union area at all times is an open question.

A question of greater importance as at what level police assistance should be sought. This is the second occasion this year on which a criminal assault has been committed on or near Union premises. On both occasions the President has expressed strong opposition to the presence of police and police action. Political and petty property offences within the union can be dealt with under Association rules but neither of these two incidents fell within the above categories. In the first, which involved a student, the police were informed two days after the offence had

occurred, and in the second, which has caused the current storm, I feel it was a matter of the duty of any citizen to report the incident as quickly as possible. Had I been given the full information at the time when the police were phoned CIB only would have been called. As it was the reason the police arrived in force was that they were expecting to search Albert Park on the basis of what I had told them in the initial call. They did not intend to search the Student Union.

S.J. Anderson

two

Sir,

It is rather unfortunate that Craccum has succumbed to the levels of some journals that criticise for the mere sake of criticism. I refer to the articles which attacked the personal life of the vice chancellor.

It seems to be a crime [at least in the eyes of Messrs. Chan, Curnow and Miss Kedgley] to be an intelligent student, to study at Oxford or to work in the United States. It seems to be a crime even to brush one's teeth. [Yellow teeth are the in thing.]

The barrage of Anti-American sentiments seem to appear to place Dr Maiden in a more important position than the president of the United States. The articles have attributed all of America's ills—pollution, war, university unrest etc to Dr Maiden. Does Mr Chan expect the V.C. to lead the world with little red books of social revolution [those little red books have caused chaos, unrest and unhappiness in Asia and most Asians are quite happy without them].

Dr Maiden has had less than four months in office. I am glad he is not rushing like a 'bull in a china shop.'

It is a pity to see Craccum become an outlet for powerless frustration. Some constructive ideas from the editorial staff would be a welcome change.

Sadha Ranasinghe.

three

Sir,

Well at least we are now getting a lot of variety. I mean as you answer more and more letters that criticize you, your underground vocabulary will be more and more developed but your little quirk last week and I quote "Fuck off" was about as much as one could ever hope to expect from you. With such profound words as these, it is quite obvious that you are hardly qualified for the job you are doing. You and you alone, Mr Chan, are degrading OUR newspaper. It is people like you who earn students an unfair reputation of being obscene when people like you should be setting a comparatively decent example. "Celebrities" like you were not made to stand up and shout Fuck Off everytime something comes up that you don't agree with. Being a female, I find it hard to tolerate these words from you, especially since I am not completely unfamiliar with the term. All I want is a good reason why you won't publish a racing column other than that your personal interest does not lie in racing. Is this too much to ask? Probably.

Paula "Trotter"

Since Miss "Trotter" is not unfamiliar with the term, I hope she is not unfamiliar with the act. And with horses, it's just so much better. Ed.

four

Sir,
Although I am not an ardent race fan I have followed with interest the correspondence between you and race fans in this column with relatively more intensity than recent events on the track.

Strangely as it seems Mr Chan, Craccum is the students' paper and your personal dislikes are no criteria for abstaining to cater for students with discordant pursuits.

Correct me if I am wrong please, but I understand that you stated in effect that the first thing you would do as Editor would be to terminate the Racing Column.

This 'Dictator-Editor' impression leads me to believe that Craccum is just an 'ego-trip' for you and a vehicle for your political appraisals.

I wonder Mr Chan whether there would be film reviews or Ice Cream columns if you disliked films or ice-creams. The principles of the matter are obvious even to the most anti-race fans.

Therefore, although a race column seems forlorn to student race-goers under your dictatorship, I demand that you explain your reasoning for the dismissal of the race column with less purile and unintelligent responses such as 'fuck off' and 'piss off'. Hail, Chan!

R. O'Shay

The Editor of Craccum is appointed by contract under normal professional and journalistic standards. These give him complete editorial freedom and do not in fact bind him to the student body at all, apart from the presentation of official Association notices. The Editor is not ego-tripping but does see Craccum as a vehicle for political appraisal. There are several weekly magazines completely devoted to the petty titillation racing seems to afford. The Editor is not a film devotee and has not eaten ice-cream for thirteen years. Ed.

five

Sir,

Contrary to Brian Jessop who pronounces Craccum as 'trash' I regard it as bloody good value and the editor well worth the meagre wage we pay him. Does Brian Jessop wish Craccum to be just a complacent, smug and unobtrusive rag, totally preoccupied with "what are people going to think of students when they read what this paper supports."

If Craccum supported the Status quo and told us all how happy we are, or should be in the present system it might be desirable and in good taste but it certainly would neither be true nor solve any problems. We need Craccum's shit-stirring to awaken us from our "typical Kiwi complacency." What Brian Jessop calls 'trouble making' I would call giving us an awareness of how much we've let slip by without question—without really knowing what's happening.

I was at the A.G.M. when Craccum's editor put forward the motion on abortion. How Brian Jessop can call this motion evidence of the editor's lack of morals, is almost impossible to fathom. The editor clearly made the point, when proposing the motion, that it was just as immoral to force a woman into an unwanted pregnancy as it was to force a woman into having an abortion—what is this if it isn't morality?

As for the Arts Reviews, well I find it very hard to believe that the majority of Craccum readers find the Arts Reviews beyond their comprehension.

FURTHER LETTERS APPEAR ON PAGE 15

EXERCISE

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LETTERS CONTINUED

six

Sir,

As a former South African, I welcome the article by Lindsay Wright on Apartheid [Craccum, Vol 45, No. 5]. I am constantly appalled at the number of apologists in New Zealand for South African government policies. Some of them return, having briefly visited that country and apparently oblivious or unconcerned by the suffering there, to expound on the difficulties facing the South African government in dealing with the "NATIVE PROBLEM."

I wish to emphasise very strongly that the "problem" has been created and is being sustained by WHITE South Africans. Moreover, only they have the opportunity and the power, in South Africa, to change the course of events there. Africans and other "non-whites" have no voice in South African affairs—all decisions are made for them, all policy affecting their lives and their futures are imposed upon them by the whites. This is explained in the usual paternalistic way: "WE know what's good for OUR Bantu."

Having created the problem, they use it as a means of legitimising when necessary, their extraordinarily harsh methods of repression and persecution. For example: ever-increasing laws [designed to control all aspects of the behaviour of Africans, ranging from common everyday activities to those considered as serious and which are severely punished] produce thousands of "criminals" each month, which serve as further "evidence" that such measures are needed. A vicious circle that claims otherwise innocent victims is thus set up and operated.

White South Africa sends ambassadors overseas [like sports teams and consul-generals] to show ignorant and naive people what fine fellows they are and how hard they're trying to solve their tremendously complex racial situation, which is like no other anywhere and therefore needs special measures which only WHITE South Africans know how to handle. Well, they handle it alright—with armoured cars and machine guns.

When are we going to realise that with regards South African leaders, and their representatives, we are dealing with ruthless white supremacists, who intend keeping their positions of privilege and power at all costs, and that White South Africans, generally, are blinded by a de-humanising racist system that socialises them well and truly from early childhood. This doesn't absolve them, for the cost of it all in terms of misery and degradation is incalculable. The consequences for Africa and the world could well be catastrophic.

John Cardwell

seven

Sir,

I quote from Phil O'Carroll 'the relation between teacher and student as voluntary self-enhancing person-to-person intercourse.' Nothing could be further from this ideal than my English Literature Tutorial which is strictly teacher on top and puny pupil sitting, or stamped under, the feet of the oracle. Most of the students present have come to University straight from school and perhaps see nothing wrong in "you're late—don't do it again" [at 1 minute past the hour]—"anyone who hasn't brought their book is naughty"—"don't come next week unless you've read the piece

and have the text with you"—"our next tutorial is in G11—let me see you write it down" etc etc etc.

Although I do note signs of faint astonishment at these Primer 1 tactics from some of them—I suppose these are the poor misguided fools who think they are all grown-up and ready for that "self-enhancing person-to-person intercourse" mentioned above! Silly twits—they'll learn. But what will they learn? Anything about the beauty, glory and depth of English literature? Or just that you had better agree with your tutor if you want to get terms. The other method of instruction, used after everyone has been firmly put in their 5 year old place is that of sarcastic goading and pinpricking to make one of us say something, anything to break the deathly silence. This of course gives the tutor a marvellous opportunity to squash the one who gushes out with some ill advised remark—which usually happens! How sick of our stupidity they must get and how amazing that it continues when the remedy lies in their own hands!

Dear tutor,

Give us a break, treat us as adults, treat us as if our view may be worth something—I think you may be agreeably surprised—that silence in your tutorial could be fear!

I like English, but I feel as if I will gain from it despite the tutor. It shows the breakdown of the system when I cannot say this direct to the English department and cannot even sign my name without fear of prejudice and repercussions from them.

Fed up second year
arts student.

GENOVEFA PESCHEL
MEMORIAL FUND

GENOVEFA PESCHEL had many friends in this University and it has been suggested that an attempt should be made to provide a practical memorial to her. As well as being a student who hoped to continue her studies this year, she had also worked as a Librarian, both in the main Library and in the Fine Arts Library, and as Assistant Slide Technician in the Department of Art History. Unfortunately, she was killed in a motor accident towards the end of the summer vacation.

It is proposed that the memorial should take the form of a book or books placed in the Fine Arts Library. It is felt that these books should be in the area of German art, probably of the 20th century. This was an area of study of interest to Genovefa. It will also take into account her association with the Departments of German and Scandinavian Studies. If funds are sufficient, it is hoped that a book plate will be specially made for the books to be purchased.

Friends of Genovefa Peschel are invited to contribute towards the memorial by bringing or sending donations to either the Fine Arts Librarian or the Secretary of the Department of Art History at 6 Grafton Road. A further circular will be sent to all those who contribute (provided they leave their names and addresses), announcing what books have been purchased, so that they may see for themselves the final form which the memorial has taken.

Prof. Anthony Green

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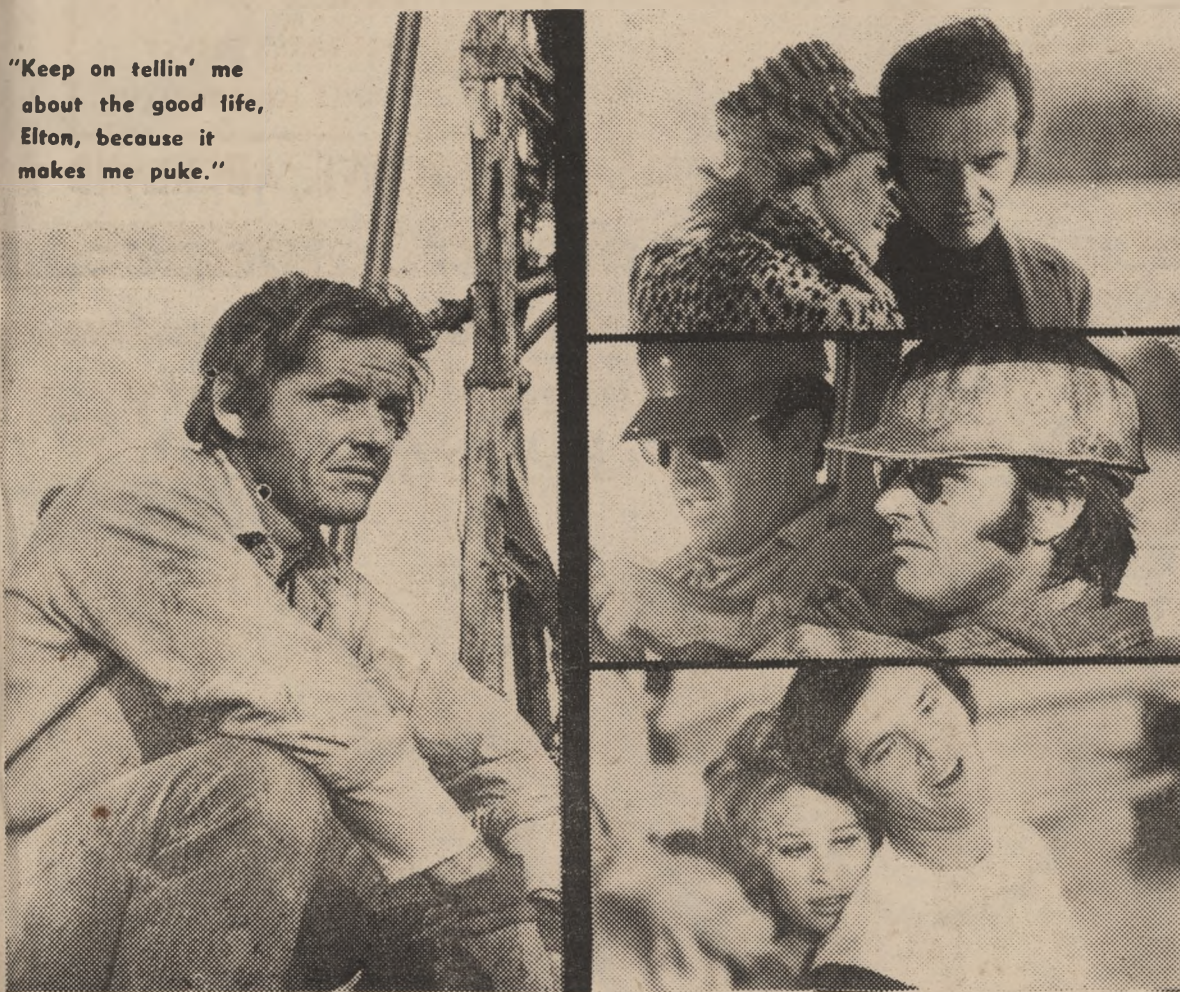
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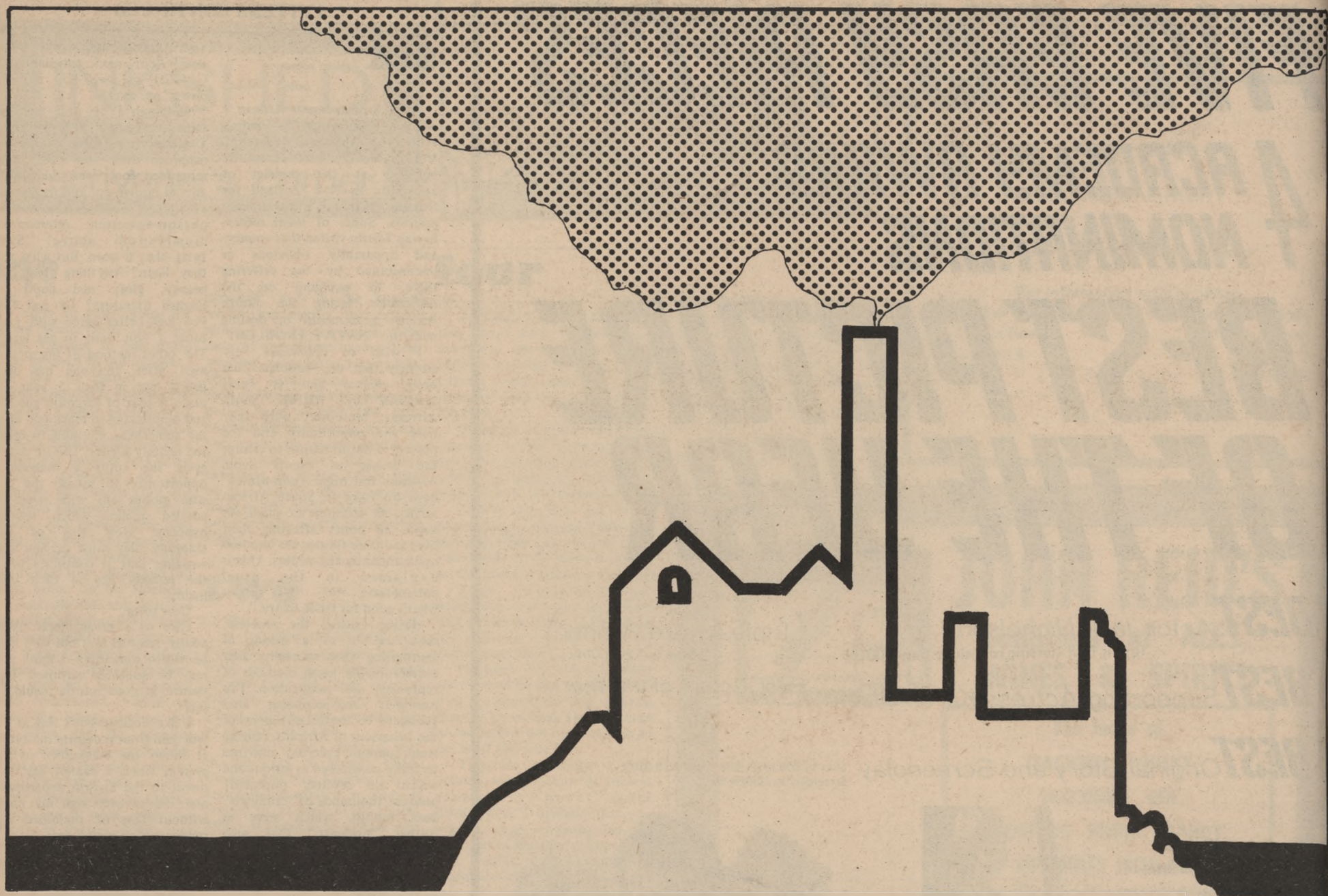
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