

LACK RESIGNS - WHAT NEXT?

Craccum

Volume 4b Issue 7

Thursday 13th April 1971

Free to students

Registered for transmission by post as a newspaper.



Dear Students, that is the 1100 of you who elected me, I hereby resign. I realise that most of you couldn't give a stuff, but if anyone did vote for me in good faith in support of my promises, I apologise for not having finished everything I tried to start. And Dear Gordon, you wanted a piece on WHY and WHEREFORE, some rave blasting the Establishment and revealing CORRUPTION and GRAFT in high circles? Something with revelations that would finally stir the students and make them RISE UP and take their rightful place in the University and the World? Sorry, I have tried and I have learned a lot, but I have also failed. So I must stop, rest, analyse, think and perhaps try again.

It seemed so easy in 1968; we knew what we had to achieve, we just disagreed on tactics: when the Executive

clique triumphed over the inexperienced opposition and when Shadbolt finally crashed at that meeting in early 69 I felt proud and self-righteous; I had been right; we did have to attack the system from the inside. I got elected to the SRC, thought I was achieving something and laughed at please get involved. Don't just leave it to other people. AUSAPOCPAH. Sorry, all.

So I've worked inside, and played the game and used the politicks and George Orwell was right after all. I would not mind so much if we had achieved anything, but the most chastening thought of all is that the arguments going on at the moment about the role of Craccum and what students have or should have in the Association and in the University and the row that will start soon about student

discipline are all the same bloody things AUSAPOCPAH started on four years ago. Only the nameless masses have been changed to protect their innocence.

I hope that doesn't sound too cynical, but then it doesn't really matter, does it? If I can make a final plea, SRC, thought I was achieving something and laughed at please get involved. Don't just leave it to other people.

There's an add somewhere in this issue calling applications for Exec and SRC: even if you feel as I do about the undesirability of little cliques running our Association, at least we can try again through their system. I'm going to grow potatoes to pass Chemistry I. And that's something else I've been doing unsuccessfully

Love,

BOB LACK



Tim's Editorial.

There's lots of things that need writing about. Like the gang brawls at Palmerston North. I'd love to follow the story from the Mongrel Mob's point of view. It seems kind of strange that of the 30 arrested only two were motorbike boys who burnt a house, wrecked a hotel, stripped a girl, and brawled in the Square. The rest must have been Maoris. It seems that bikies and cops have a lot in common. They both want to keep the blacks down. Gallery gave us the bikie, and local citizens point of view. The newspapers gave us the cops point of view. We're still waiting for the oppressed to give their point of view.

I'd love to talk about the Labour Party sop to hold a referendum on racist sport. At last the Labour Party has found the ideal way to make political capital out of an issue without committing itself definitely for or against. I'd like to talk about how suddenly Law'n Order is becoming an issue—how the papers are blowing up every possible case of violence—how the various mayors are calling for such enlightened cures as more cops and how it is funny that assaults just happen to get a greater coverage than usual when its election year.

But it was Easter so I thought to hell with Craccum for a week. My ulcer needs a rest and I'll go back to the country for a week and work on the orchard. In the process I fell off a tractor, Brutus ate one of mum's ducks, Reuben sprouted two more teeth, Mirium talked about woman's

liberation and how fucked I was and we all got fat, as one does when you go home to the folks. You feel quite spaced out in the country, especially after all the intense city neurosis of Craccum offices. As I wandered through the trees picking fruit, or playing soccer with my brothers, or listening to old mum telling me to get a steady job as a fireman, or building a pathway out of pebbles from the creek with old Bob Cameron, I thought what a lot of bullshit all this Craccum-Shadbolt paranoia is. Tim Shadbolt has become a myth—a concept. My allies are scared of me because they think I'm a fascist.

My foes are scared of me because they think I'm a communist. I get insulted, labelled, analysed, loved, hated, despised, idolised and every other pressure and shit thrown at me just because I have this funny name that people react to like a social disease.

The joke is you see that I'm a hell of a normal ordinary guy. My ambition is to work on the land which is the oldest tradition this country has from either a Maori or Pakeha viewpoint. My hope is to be treated and accepted by my fellow man as human being. I have lots of hangups, lots of problems and lots of hopes. The media have created this monster called Tim Shadbolt. OK so that's their job—to create sensations and heroes and anti heroes. But we are supposed to be students, and free from all this news media crap. Everyday letters come in to Craccum either supporting me or putting me down. All I ask is that we forget about Tim Shadbolt. He is just not important. In a world with so many social and political problems Tim Shadbolt is simply a non issue. It's true he wants you to think—but not about him. Action always has a greater effect than words so for the next few weeks until things settle down I'm changing my name to Joe Brown which will at least give us a visual rest from the mythical monster. See you all next week—

— JOE BROWN.



Dear Sir,

The A.G.M. of the Student Union last week has left me somewhat puzzled as to exactly what the highly valued "freedom of speech" in this university is really worth.

Throughout the meeting the ordinary rules of debate were ignored and some people who had gone to the trouble of actually preparing what they were going to say were subjected to a kindergarten treatment by some of the students present. Speakers were badly rubbished for incidentals of birth like accent, and the audacity of voicing an opinion contrary to the kiddies in the back row. The same child wonders offered nothing constructive themselves and were quick to shut up when any well known student (voicing a majority opinion) spoke.

Freedom of speech in this university would appear then to depend not on the criteria 'everyone has the right to be heard' but whether or not your opinion concurs with a few loud mouths who roll along for an evening's entertainment.

— JO AYERS.

Dear People,

For the benefit of the person who at the AGM asked about 1% A.I.D. may I explain the position; From last year's NZUSA accounts their total expenditure on all "international" activities was \$3,183.00 which when divided in proportion to fees paid gives an Auckland contribution of some \$891.00. Our own accounts show such expenditure as totalling \$422.00. Our fees income was \$94,688.00 and \$1,313.00 over this is about 1.4%. HOWEVER, large amounts of the expenditure involved internal activities (seminars, poster printing, administration etc.) and overseas travel to various conferences. The object

of 1% A.I.D. is assistance to underdeveloped countries and in this respect our efforts consist almost entirely of various University of the South Pacific projects in which our share of the cost was under \$450.00. Again most of this went on administrative expenses and our total expenditure on direct Aid to International Development in 1971 totalled approximately 0.0% of our income.

— BOB LACK
VICE PRESIDENT AUSA

The First Epistle to Timothy,
Sir,

We could not but be impressed by the self-effacing patriotism for the AUSA of its subjects at the Annual General Rally in B28. Here were upright young men and women who can suppress the fatal feelings of a sense of fair play, good judgement or liberal disposition to advance the cause of the Herrenvolk; youth with instant harmonic hatred on tap, waiting for the call.

Brothers, now that the revolution is almost over. Forget the pre-revolutionary concept of the university as the citadel of free speech. (Newspeak). The AUSA (RSA) fought in the mobs, the Agnew and the bullshit demos (WWII) for freedom (to agree) (Doublethink). The rules provide the riff-raff with sufficient channels of protest and reform, they can write letters to the editors, see their representatives or hope to elect a new government. (Deja vu).

Finally, remember the last remaining problem, that Resistance, of those of impure minds, fermenting unrest, the only cause of our troubles: smash the Catholics! Heil!

Yours

Jean-Baptiste Piggin.

Regtl. No. 254

Sir,

Your correspondents Sandy Hall, Adrienne McGuire, Linda J. Mead and Mavis O'Rourke who accuse the English Department of discriminating against women writers are unaware of the facts.

They ask, 'when were Katherine Mansfield, Sylvia Ashton-Warner or Janet Frame ever included in the New

Zealand literature section?' The answer is that since the M.Z. course in New Zealand literature was introduced last year it has included the stories of Katherine Mansfield and two novels of Janet Frame. In fact four of the ten set works of fiction are by women. In the past few years several M.A. essays and dissertations have been written on Jane Mander and Janet Frame, and currently there is a Ph.D. thesis being written on New Zealand women writers.

At Stage I the two collections of New Zealand stories that have been used in turn since a New Zealand option was introduced several years ago contained stories by several women, including Katherine Mansfield and Janet Frame. In the new Stage I 20th century course we include two New Zealand works, one of verse and one of prose. The considerations that weigh in selecting them are merit and the availability of a cheap paperback edition, but since they are only two works in a course drawing on the whole of American and English literature of the 20th century, it is inevitable that in any one year much good work will be left out, whether written by men or women, Maori or Pakeha, Catholic or Protestant, oldie or under-thirty. To insist on permanent sectional representation according to sex, race, religion, party, social class or age would introduce a criterion irrelevant to the development of good literary judgment and hostile to the common human values that can be found in good literature.

But we encourage students to read for themselves and I am glad that your correspondents have discovered the writers they name.

W.H. PEARSON.

Legal Aid. Room 239 Studass Building, daily 12-2.

All legal problems handled. If you are not sure whether your problem is legal come and see us anyway.

Food co-operative (fruit and vegetables).

Thursday 13 April 12 - 2.30

Anybody wanting to help leave message at Students Association Office.

Radio Hauraki—the pirate revolutionary radio station has made a firm stand on one of the most controversial nation splitting issues that this country has faced since the Maori Wars. Radio Hauraki has come out against the French bomb tests and has launched a petition—Sign at Studass.

workers

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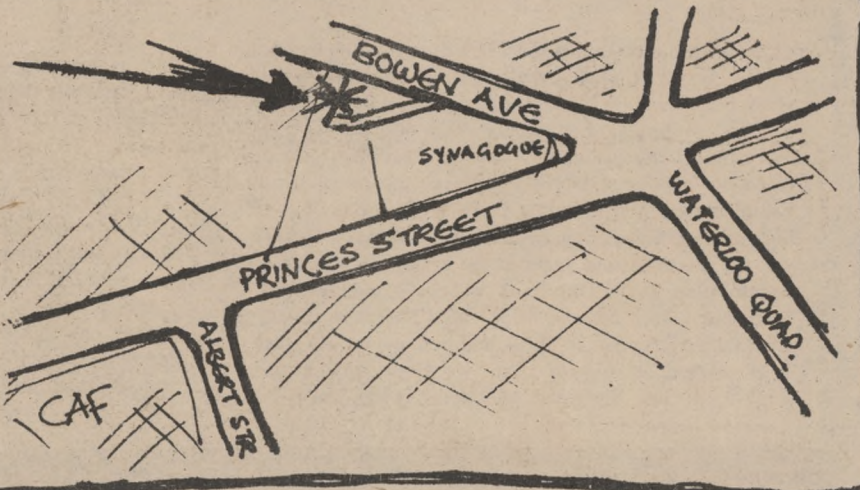
COPY FOR THE NEXT ISSUE MUST REACH US TODAY
TYPED AND DOUBLE SPACED

COME UP AND SEE US ANYWAY.

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free u

THE FREE UNIVERSITY continues to explore the nature of AUTHORITY on Tuesday at 1.00 p.m. in the Old Jewish Synagogue in Bowen Avenue. (See map). This week heavyweights, intellectuals and enthusiasts will work over aspects of AUTHORITY AND LEADERSHIP.





PRE-ROAD DOWNS

I spent an incredible Easter hitching around Northland with Bruce Papp talking jive and drinking local wares with every type of person imaginable. But one instance showed our journey.

Imagine Easter Sunday in Paihia, hub of the Bay of Islands. The road is full of cars cruising down to see Treaty House, and then trucking home. The highway was "car city" every model, make, and size paraded by. And there we were, Bruce and I, sitting, standing, lying on the grassy knoll by Paihia Beach. And did we see it all. We got the fingers, we got abuse, we got dirty looks, we got taunted. Parents pointed us out to their kids as degenerative misfits who were a danger to humanity, and the wee pencilnecks, as we call anybody with less than size 14 shirt collars, gave us a sampling of their tongues out of the back window. Old ladies gasped, old men shook their heads. It was like ancient Rome: we were the Christians, the cars the Lions, Paihia the coliseum. We were eaten, chewed, and then spit out by every motorist for 3 hours. Finally, Bruce and I wondered what reaction there would be if Jesus appeared with his thumb out on Easter Sunday, if the abuse he would get could top his trial before Pilate and the Jews. I know it would come fairly close. After that Sunday in Paihia, I am ready to rewrite the parable of the Good Samaritan.

Dwight Whitney

P.S. Thanks to those that did pick us up.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

The photograph accompanying the article on pollution on the centre pages of the last issue of Craccum was taken by John Fields.

Hamilton (NEXUS)—While controversy still cloaks the Wellington Dominion-Evening Post merger, editorial staff at the (Waikato) Times have staged a mass resignation. The Dominion (Wellington Publishing) also owns The Times (Independent Publishers) as well as Truth, the Sunday Times and the Sunday News.

When the Don. took over The Times ('Truth Without Fear'), there was a major upheaval in Radio Waikato, a subsidiary company, when the managing director and several senior staff got the boot.

After a decent interval, it seems that big brother in Wellington has decided to clean up The Times too. The editor Harkness and news editor Thompson have both left for Wellington and the departure is imminent of the leader writer. It is said that the Dominion is to be built up at the expense of The Times and the fact that three out of five Times executives have gone seems to bear this out.

In the meantime, The Times now has three general reporters (usually about 12)—two less than the local Te Awamutu Courier which is issued three times a week.

If the Evening Post merger comes off, the Dominion (which has shares owned by Australian media maniac Rupert Murdoch) will own most of the newspapers published in the North Island. The not-so-Independent Publishers also own the Morrinsville Star, Putaruru Press, Taupo Times, Hauraki Plains Gazette, Waihi Gazette, Coromandel & Mercury Bay Gazette, Plateau Gazette and the Periodical Press.

(ANS)

HAVE YOUR OPINIONS FORCED ON YOU.

(see Studass Exec 1972).

Wed 5th April, 1.00. Room 203 Anti-War Society Meets... So read the latest edition of Titwitti that ostracised ridiculer from the student right. After heading for the Old Arts Building and finding only a few darkies working laboriously our wrong-minded student realised that it must be on in the Students Union Building—heart of ill-considered policies home of every students only thoughts and opinions but not even run 100% by students.

The University Club would be on the same floor his four years experience told him. A chance to wash the cabbage he was about to hear down. Curiosity led him on and on arrival he was most impressed to find a magnificent turn-out of 9 students. A 0.1% participation of the student body. But Bob Hillier is here—upholder of all opinions and moral decay. A resounding example of the quality in Anti-War Society Meeting.

"Excuse me, sir, but what are the diagrams of a flat earth?" Down stairs for anti-war.

Oh well, we may as well stay. They talk of new theories, debates to be held in the Quad., and articles in Craccum. The latter issue being denounced. Then he begins to think, is this a cover for that ultra-leftist, revolutionary, anti-establishment, cong-loving right-minded society of anti-war? His devious thoughts were interrupted when Raewyn came in. "Down stairs for anti-war" they told her. May as well go myself... So decided three others, and flat earth were left with four members. (If the minority is always right, then the world is an elephant).

Seated and comfortable, anti-war society meeting commences. Within five minutes wrong minded student asks — "What war are we discussing?" Hoping for an answer of the Middle-East, Ireland, Africa, he got a sarcastic "INDO-CHINA". Of course this means hate the United States aggressors, bombers, rapists and mass murderers. We ignore all reports of long action in the last five years — Hue genocides, civilian massacres by communist scum, and this week's invasion by North Vietnamese over the demilitarised zone.

Meeting continues over our thoughts — bored comments are made from time to time by the wall leaners and helpful suggestions from the floor. But why is that one little tart doing all the talking? Has she been liberated? Decidedly YES.

Yes, there are now thirteen people at this meeting. "But where are the others?", "What others?", "Those who support you..." Silence.

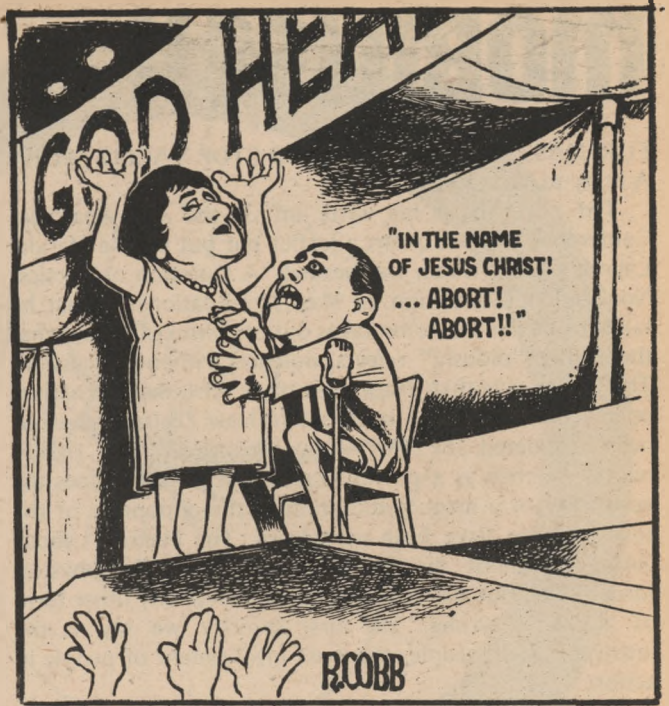
They talk of the conference—yes another—posters to be got, mailing lists to be made out, and registration duties. She finishes talking. Two lovers leave, and it appears that this one-eyed side-show is all over for another week.

Why is it that 10,000 students have their opinions forcedly dictated by so few people—thirteen in Room 203 and a small student executive who have been pressured.

Students are compelled to pay \$24 a year to join an association that many detest and in complete disagreement with, which supports financial and puerile organisations and has so little co-ordination the whole place is a disgrace.

Finally I would like to thank the editors of Craccum for publishing this article and hope that it gives hope to some moderate thinking people, and creates a smile on the face of the others.

— G.J.L.



A TALKING SHOP

A meeting each Friday evening in the top common room. What do those who turn up have in common? An interest in human problems, a rejection of dogmatic approaches to them and an openmindedness towards unconventional ideas, values and practices.

Sometimes someone presents a paper as a basis for discussion. Other times discussion ranges around topics of current interest, usually showing a great diversity of points of view within the group. Attention occasionally focusses on the interactions within the group and the feelings of its members, which some find a rewarding experience.

Newcomers are always welcome and often contribute much. The atmosphere is informal with coffee more or less continuously available. While the society engaged in few activities as a group, its members are active in other more specific groups and their experiences add interest and variety to the discussions. Whether or not you have any interest in humanism as an "ism", if this sort of group appeals then Humanist Society welcomes you.

A RANK AND FILE VIEW OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

Our AGM was well attended—surprise! The behaviour was no better than usual. Those who dared to propose "conservative" (right-wing) motions got shouted down and generally rubbished—tremendous fun and quite the best part of evening's entertainment.

Firstly the Treasurer's report which dragged on too long, then various highly interesting constitutional amendments and lastly, various motions on principle—some excitement here.

Legalistic squabbles caused some motions to be dragged on for too long. A knowledge of the constitution was used to remove obstacles, stifle discussion and bypass motions certain groups wanted ignored. In this respect our constitution was dragged in more often and to less beneficial effect than in any recent meeting.

The usual chaos was helped along by a president who couldn't control the meeting, his attempt to gain/regain control came too late to be effective and anyway the left-wing was not having anything to do with his attempts to conduct an orderly meeting.

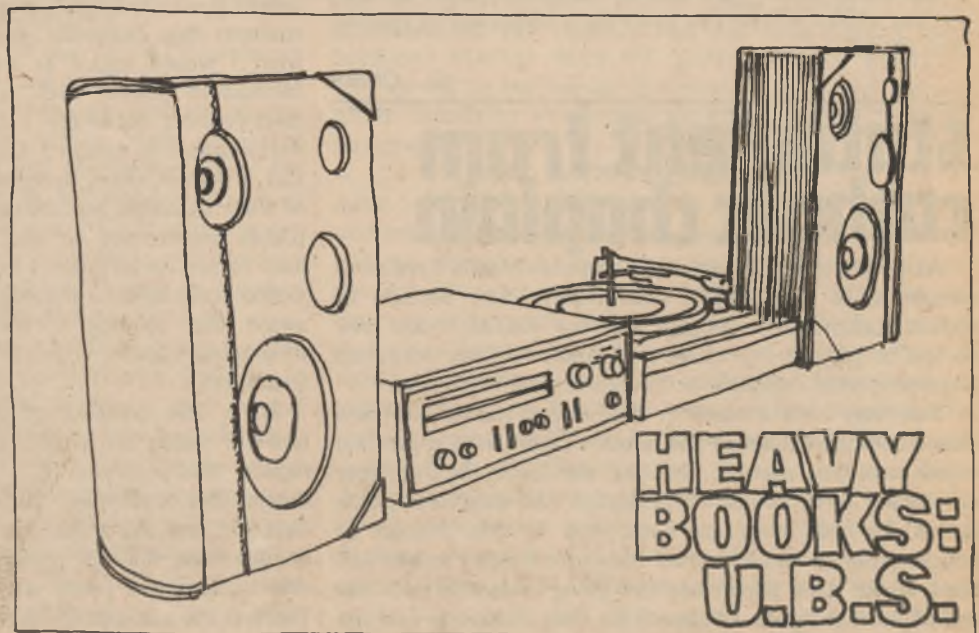
The meeting was good tempered and discussion was heated if nothing else. An interesting phenomenon for Womens' Lib; the young ladies who seconded (never proposed) motions obtained a much quieter hearing than the male proposers who spoke. In this perhaps an example of ingrained sexist attitudes!

For those who wished to know exactly what was passed there should be copies of the minutes at the Studass Office. The decisions of the AGM are supposed to be the

Continued on p.4

"Uncle" Tom Pearce CHAIRMAN OF THE ARA. addressing THE FIENDS OF SOUTH AFRICA

Mr Pearce said people like the Mayor of Auckland, Sir Dove-Myer Robinson, Mr Richards and Mr Newnham had driven in wedges where they had never existed. "Suddenly these people come along with their pernicious propaganda — they are making us conscious of a colour bar that we never knew existed," he said.



MOBILISE!!

FOR MASS MOBILISATIONS TO STOP RACIST SPORT
A reply to Ted Sheehan.

Ted Sheehan in his write up of the Anti-Apartheid Conference takes to point a leaflet put out by the Marxist Labour Group, which was headed "A Question of Tactics: Non-Violent Disruption or Mass Mobilisations?" What he takes from the article he takes out of context. He says that the leaflet "piously" rejects violence without discussion. The leaflet says that in the first place ALL the alternatives open to anti-apartheid positions in New Zealand have not been considered. the HART News broadsheet, No 1, rightly rejects violence as a possible tactic, but nowhere does the possibility of a mass mobilisation of the opponents of the tour seem to have been considered. The Marxist Labour Group is against the use of physical force for physical force's sake, but also believes that to renege any other form of action is wrong. The first priority we say is the involvement of people, the mass involvement of people in action.

Ted Sheehan goes on to say that the leaflet calls for mass demonstrations outside rugby grounds. The leaflet does NOT call for this. It states that, above all else, the opponents of apartheid must concentrate their efforts on publishing the merits of their case. The latest survey states that 66% of New Zealanders are for the tour, 21% are against and 12% have not made up their minds. These surveys published in the Pro-South African press in New Zealand concede that approximately 20% of the people in this country are opposed to the tour, the leaflet goes on to say. No real attempt has been made by us to MOBILISE these people en masse to express their opposition. In our view if these people or a substantial part of them could be persuaded to demonstrate in the streets, a very large number of OTHER New Zealanders would stop to think. They would be prompted to examine the merits of the case of those opposed to racism. IF once they did this they could not fail to change their views and condemn both racist sports bodies and our racist politicians.

To illustrate our point; if there are 600,000 people within accessible transport distance of Auckland's Queen Street it should NOW be possible to find 120,000 who oppose the tour. If half of these (say 60,000) could be persuaded to demonstrate in the streets does any one doubt that this would have a tremendous effect on the rest of New Zealand and indeed the world?

The non-violent disruption in Australia at the games which the racist all-white Springbok team played at, last year, has not helped the plight of the Aboriginal people who are forced to set up tents outside Parliament House, Canberra. This was because the opponents of racism had not published the merits of their case enough and they had not mobilised the mass of people into the streets before the tour. Also non-violent disruption no matter how courageously carried out, will not by its nature involve large masses of people, and don't forget, not one game was stopped in Australia by non-violent disruption. So if we are to reach the 80% of the population who at present go along with the Government and the racist sports bodies, we must not wait for the tour to start, but must now reach more and more people as the tour draws closer.

— ARTHUR JOHNSON.

Continued from p.3

expression of the majority of students ideas on any particular issue. In effect they have been the expression of a majority of those attending which might be very different from those of the whole student body. But if people will not attend then they can have no real complaint about the decisions made. By their presence they might have caused a different decision, by their absence they negate their right to be considered and acquiesce to the decisions made.

So in the future when referenda are held everyone will be able to express their opinion by ballot, and hopefully student affairs will be run more by a consensus of opinion than by cliques.

— G. LOMAS

statement from catholic chaplain

As I have stated in last week's Sunday Herald I prefer to remain aside from public controversy. Yet, because of recent statements in Forum and the A.G.M. I am now forced to present my views as Chaplain on my presumed alignment with Zealandia in its comments on Craccum.

You may have noticed in the Sunday Herald interview that I complained about the public's inability to appreciate either satire or rhetoric. In fact the report in the paper condensed to a couple of paragraphs an interview which lasted for well over an hour, and in the process of condensation is eliminated all the satire which I myself had used. If our daily papers are now going to deprive us of the use of normal figures of speech we shall all have to join the

Flat Earth Society. I continue to recognise Craccum's right to use hyperbole and rhetoric, even to indulge in the shock-tactics traditionally associated with student journalism. Socrates was happy to describe himself as the gad-fly on the rump of Athens. Again, perhaps we are not in bad company.

In defence of the Herald, I should add that my views were quite well presented, and that I fared worse at the hands of Zealandia in a recent report.

However, my main reason for wanting to disassociate myself from Zealandia's comments is my wish to state to all students that Zealandia does not represent on many issues what I would regard as an informed Catholic view. It's method of dealing with many topics is no more than a do-it-yourself sociology, reflecting largely a 19th century Victorianism in religion. Modern Catholic theology has in fact, I believe, many enlightening things to say about most of these situation, but the reporters in Zealandia seem to be totally uninformed on what recent Catholic writings may have to say on an issue. I don't suppose in fact, Mr Booth would claim to be a theologian, but he doesn't seem to be aware that implicit in his points of view are definite theological stances, which often have little connection with Catholicism.

It is the method of controversy employed which however makes my work as chaplain so difficult. Both sides reduce the problem to a false polarisation of equally indefensible extremes. There is an assumption by both Craccum and Zealandia that the question of sexuality can be discussed only in terms of liberalism or legalism, the only alternatives being either condoms or chastity-belts. There is the assumption that whatever appears in the local

diocesan newspaper is the latest from God.

As a Catholic I feel great irritation that I should be saddled with the theological emotionalism of a local journalist; and as chaplain I feel ever greater irritation that so many Catholic students are made to presume that they can no longer remain part of the church because this is what they suppose to be its official teaching.

We must recognise that part of the price we must pay for the wider involvement of laymen in church affairs is that although the general result may be better, particular statements will now carry only the authority of the individual official who is involved. Church policy is not enshrined in the idiosyncrasies of the local church organist. Zealandia is not an official church paper in the sense of representing positions on faith and morals which Catholics must hold. It is a paper financed by the church, independently edited, which we had hoped would have presented an informed Catholic contribution, to help people understand the relevance of Christianity at the present day. Could we say that it represents Catholic opinion in somewhat the same way as Craccum represents student opinion.

As you may well suspect I do not always find myself in agreement with the solutions offered in Craccum, but I certainly don't approve of the club-footed manner in which Zealandia tries to deal with the questions you are raising. Though you don't always do it very well, I think you are right to raise the questions, and I think that society and the church had better come up with a more satisfactory reply than legalism and extra police powers.

Fr. Eugene O'Sullivan, O.P.,
Roman Catholic Chaplain to the University.



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First National Women's Liberation Conference

The Women's Liberation Movement: Perhaps, for the West, the greatest revolutionary force in the twentieth century? The Peace Movement? Yes . . . Never again will any Western government be able to flourish a flag, shout "freedom" and "democracy", and be sure, really sure of eager waves of cannon fodder hurling themselves into the business of slaughtering their fellow man. This is the ONE positive thing to come out of the Vietnam war, and a revolution in men's minds it is. But if our creaking and corrupt society is to be radically restructured, it will perhaps have to come from the Women's Movement. Men, who control all the source of power, are not going to rechannel that power along more constructive lines unless perhaps forced to do so by women. But the question on my mind as I went to the first National Women's Liberation Conference was this one: Will women, whose lives have for centuries been totally structured around the one fact that they bear children, use their newly-awakened political awareness, and their recently-activated social energy merely to wrest from men on their own little piece of the status quo, or will they, in fact, demand more than a redistribution of power, but a radical reshaping of our entire social and economic structure? To me, this is the basic question confronting the Liberation Movement, and it is, of course, also the essential impetus behind any schismatic tendencies in the Movement.

The pre-conference vibrations were somewhat confused. We were worried about divisions in the Movement, divisions common to every social movement, but worse in ours, because we are women and women tend to interpret events in terms of our conditioned sense of inferiority. When difficulties inevitably occur in a male-dominated movement, it is due to personality clashes, ideological clashes, or disagreement over methods. When it happens in a women's movement, it will be said that it is because women are incapable of doing otherwise. In the Peace Movement, dedicated and avowedly non-violent pacifists came to physical blows in their despairing battles over methods. The Radical Activist Conferences were bogged down in endless and pointless controversies over this or that party line. My consoling memory of the R.A.C. of 1970 was that the Women's session was the only one worth attending, because they were not bogged down in dogma, but were able to state their grievances and needs clearly and emphatically. But as this Movement hardens into a political and social force, the inevitable fragmentation will occur, because we are individuals, and not because we are women. Wellington put on a great weekend for the conference . . . no vicious winds, no drizzle, just sunny, crisp days and clear nights, full moon, etc. All the indications were that the gods were favourably inclined towards the conference. Saturday, April 1, 1972

The women came from as far away as Dunedin. They were students, workers, mothers, housewives, teachers, lecturers, high school women, and one lawyer. They ranged in age from about 15 to 55. They were single, married, and in between. There were two or three lesbians. Every other large gathering I have ever attended has displayed a sort of uniformity of type in its membership. But not here. Altogether about 500 people gathered for the first day's Teach-In, including about 30 men. A valiant group of women and men ran the creche which took care of over forty children from 9 a.m. until after 5.30 p.m.

The Conference, held in the comfortable Vic U. Upper Lounge, was opened by Donna Hedgland, who read messages of support and greetings from Women's groups and others (including M.P. Dave Shand) all over New Zealand. She stated that the aims of the Conference were as follows:

1. To educate the public with regard to the special problems of women, and
2. To direct the energies of scattered groups of women and to unify them for common action and solidarity.

EMPLOYMENT

The first speaker was Anneka Vooram of Wellington using notes prepared by Jane Arbuckle of the Christchurch Women's Liberation Movement, who was ill. The topic was "Women in Employment", a subject which was to be re-examined in depth the following day in the Issues



Workshop on Equal Pay. Essentially the speech outlined the reasons why women have been discriminated against in employment, and emphasized that the mere fact of equal pay will not necessarily mean equal opportunity. The conditioning of girls must be altered to change their attitudes to work, and the restructuring of jobs is necessary to suit individual needs. Other matters touched on were sickness benefits and the loss to the country of essential talents under the present rigid employment system. In the discussion that followed, it was pointed out that in demanding equal pay, we must not also demand equal exploitation. A job should be viewed in terms of the individual worker and not in terms of family support, as it is seen as present. Other comments from the floor dealt with the Woodhouse Report which failed to recommend that women working at home be entitled to compensation for injuries received in their work. (Apparently, the National Council of Women is attempting to get this rectified.) This question of housewives not being regarded as workers was to become a stimulating focus of action in the Workshop on Housewives the following day.

HIGH SCHOOL WOMEN

The second speaker was Robyn Stewart of the Christchurch Women's Liberation Movement, and the Canterbury Union of Secondary Students. She dealt primarily with the adverse conditioning female adolescents receive, which influences her away from self-confidence and the fulfillment of her potential, and towards seeing herself only in terms of wifehood, motherhood, and as a sex-object. Current sex education in the high schools is inadequate and based on conservative morals. Birth control information should be a basic right of the female adolescent, particularly as an unplanned pregnancy can end her education. It was pointed out from the floor that schools do experience difficulty in providing adequate sex education as parents exert a great deal of control in this area. Another speaker from the floor added that it is presently illegal to give contraceptive advice to those under 16 and that this unrealistic law must be changed. A further discussion centred around vocational guidance which traditionally offers segregated jobs, and it was recommended that girls insist on being given information about jobs other than those traditionally



thought appropriate for women.

POLYNESIAN WOMEN

The next speaker at the Teach-In was Ngahua Volkerling of Auckland, who dealt with the particular problems of the Polynesian woman. If any of the audience were inclined at this point to doze off in the late morning sun after their weary journeys of the night before, they were forced to attention by Ngahua's rousing opening challenge—the traditional Maori greeting. She then spoke of the double burden of the Polynesian woman who is oppressed both by her man and by the Pakeha economic system. She particularly objected to the "commercialization and degradation" of Polynesian women in using them as bait to entice tourists. She talked about the difficulty of Polynesian girls in relating to the Pakeha education system and the pressures on them to leave school and get "good jobs". A speaker from the floor commented on the difficulty of white, middle-class women to relate to these oppressed women and to get them interested in the potention of the W.L.M.: their first loyalty would appear to be to their fellows and not to their sex as a whole. Ngahua, in reply, suggested a more subtle approach, that is, she suggested women talk to women about problems of work and other areas of common interest, and leave the talk of the Movement until a real relationship is established. She went on to commend the Maori Women's Welfare League for its active and successful work—"an expression of true sisterhood." Her final summary was a positive statement about "the Maori Way": that menopausal neurosis does not occur in the Maori system, and that the extended family offers a superior way of living to the nuclear family. In the light of these remarks, it was rather typical of media sensationalism and injustice that the local evening paper headlined MAORI WAY OF LIFE ANGERS WOMEN'S LIB. It was an outrageous distortion of the speech and was nicely calculated to alienate all Maori support from the Movement.

\$1.90 PER WEEK

After morning break the speeches dealt with the matrimonial property laws, the "sexploitation of women", and our attitudes to men. Jane Delahunty, standing in for another ill sister, read Betty MacNeill's notes on the matrimonial property laws, which are apparently so complex that even lawyers have difficulty in interpreting them; a recent submission to the courts constituted 86 type-written pages. The present law states that property acquired after marriage must be divided in accordance with the relative contributions of the parties, but the calculation of these contributions is biased in favour of the husband, in that the wife's contribution is impossible to calculate. A recent decision awarded \$16,000 to the husband for his contribution, and \$1,000 to the wife for her "services and prudent management." This meant she had contributed

\$1.90 per week throughout her marriage, despite the fact that the court agreed she had been an exemplary housewife. The speaker urged that all property coming into existence since the start of a marriage should be divided 50-50 as it is in other countries.

SEXPLOITATION

Next, Jill Brasell of the Wellington Women's Liberation Movement, denounced the exploitation of women as sexual symbols to sell products to men, and also their exploitation as consumers of useless products. The market, in fact, trades on the very female inferiority complex it does so much to create. (The cosmetic industry alone raked in 24 million dollars in N.Z. last year.) Whereas in the animal world it is the male which has to be the most decorative creature, in the human world it is the female who tries desperately to be beautiful in the hope of acquiring some measure of economic and emotional security. It is in this respect that sexual exploitation cannot be removed without the other forms of exploitation, and it is essential that women acquire a total awareness of their situation. Our value must lie in our whole selves and not just in our sexuality. During the lively discussion that followed this speech, an Auckland member cited the case of the Henderson Squash Club "party", in which two women involved were degraded and fined heavily, while the men who had organised and enjoyed the entertainment got off scot free.

ARE MEN REALLY NECESSARY??

The next speaker, Debbie Jones, of the Wellington Women's Liberation Movement was scheduled to speak on "Living with Men". We were hoping to get some tangible advice on this delicate situation, but instead we got a bit of a rave that came out like a western film with us (the women) playing the goodies, and them (the men) playing the baddies, although she admitted that "some of her best friends were men." She made some important points however: that women are totally conditioned to need and idolize men; that the qualities of drive and aggression are those which are respected in our society, but which are by conditioning the prerogative of men; that the male ego is largely supported by woman's need and devotion, and that they succeed because of this support. But it was during her statement that "all our relationships are based on sado-masochism" that a young father carried his baby out for a nappy change for the third time that day. The discussion from the floor following the speech tended to take a positive view of the male/female relationship: We must educate our men and liberate them too. We must work to break down sexual stereotypes. We must be aware that we are valuable people of intrinsic beauty and worth, and we must love our men enough to FORCE them into a real estimation of our true worth... Those who classify Liberationists as man-haters shoulda bin there...

BALLS UP & BOOZE

When we broke for lunch it was with the good feeling that things were going well. There was just enough dissension to make for stimulating discussion, but not so much that we felt bogged down or oppressed by it. Rather incongruously, Vic was also hosting the Easter Sports Tournament, a bastion of virility, the social events for which were characterized by such names as "Dangle Hop" and "Balls Up." Occasionally, a few of these sporting types would inadvertently blunder into the Women's Conference, only to back out hastily and horrifiedly on seeing and hearing what was going on. Also, at one point in the meeting, proceedings were almost disrupted by the entry of four jovial Kiwi booze-handlers noisily hefting in large crates of grog near the speakers. Grins all around when they see by the signs its a Women's Liberation Conference. Head grog-man advances, chest out, one hand stuck in belt, other hand holds bill outstretched—expression of mock-urgency on face—marches past podium ignoring speakers. Would this ever happen at a male assembly?

IDENTITY FIRST

In the afternoon we again dealt with the problem of men. Lynne McGimpsey of the Christchurch Women's Liberation Movement spoke on "The Need for a Women's Movement", and explained why she felt it necessary to exclude males. Building our own identity as separate human beings should be the prime aim of the Movement. When men are present at meetings, they tend to take over and women are intimidated. She said that the Christchurch group had found it best to permit men to attend monthly open forums, but to exclude them from weekly meetings. Women have proved able in organizing themselves and have lived in a male-dominated society too long. We must demand our rights from the government with the strength of a powerfully-based sisterhood. A questioner from the floor wanted to know why we were not more concerned about joining other oppressed groups in our society, for she felt that only by uniting with these groups can we accomplish anything. The speaker re-emphasized that we must first build ourselves and our identities before we can be effective with other groups. Another speaker from the floor maintained that the W.L.M. cuts across all classes. He stated that if we try to make it a worker movement we will lose contact with middle-class women. Yet another comment insisted that we keep the class analysis in mind and make the middle-class woman aware that she does



Photographs by Robin Scholes.



function within a class of exploiters. Lynne again insisted that our first priority is to build the W.L.M. The discussion on class and capitalistic exploitation was apparently distasteful to one mother, who carried her baby up to the microphone and stated emphatically, while the baby attacked the microphone with gusto that we must realize that a capitalist is one who lives on the interest from the investment of his capital, so almost all New Zealanders are workers, under that definition.

THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE

Next we heard Kay Goodger, of the Wellington Women's Liberation Movement, on "Abortion and the Feminist Movement." She noted that the N.Z. law making abortion a criminal offense was passed in the same year that women got the vote. Woman's control over her own body is the real argument; the question was not whether a foetus is or is not a human being. The Pill has not meant an end to male oppression; there seems to be an assumption that women do not have the right to sexual enjoyment and that our bodies are under the control of the State when we become pregnant. Sex should be a beautiful, integral part of our lives, and laws which deny us control over our bodies deny us this right. There was a comment from the floor concerning the rights of the foetus, but Kay re-iterated that what we want is a choice. No-one has to have an abortion if they do not wish one. She said we must not ask the question "When can we condone abortion?" What we should ask is "How the hell can we justify compulsory child-bearing?" We must not settle for a half-measure, and have to plead for abortions as is happening in England. We must have abortion on demand. Comment from the floor emphasized the need for better contraception, with abortion only as a backstop. Others wanted sterilization legalized and simplified, and one talked about the rights of children to be born as WANTED CHILDREN. A speaker from the floor stated emphatically that abortion was anathema to her personally, but that the question must remain the decision of individuals and she will personally fight for a woman to have this choice.

TERROR STALKS THE LOO

Next Ngahua Volkerling came to speak on "Rational Bisexuality." She talked about the sufferings of lesbian women who must cope not only with the pressures of being a woman, but also with the pressures of being a "sexual deviant." She said she defied the concept of "submission to the inimitable cock," and went on to state that humans are fundamentally bisexual and that society is at present dictating what should be a matter of personal choice. We should be able to have relationships with each other regardless of genital structures. "Loving is the most consciousness-raising experience" one can have. Why should we deny ourselves this experience in as many forms as possible? She deplored the fact that lesbians have to confront prejudice even from their own sisters. It is understandable that Liberationists are afraid of the issue, but sexuality must be looked at realistically; it is only a hang-up because society has made it so. "Why must we as people remain hidden? Beg? For something you as people simply take for granted?" The discussion following dealt with some of the problems of gay women and men, and society's attitude to them. Ngahua concluded by telling us that since she has proclaimed herself a lesbian and has had

her picture in the loo applause.

Next Sonja Childcare "Childcare talk reveals and publishes 'women's' from their 35 to 40 mothers, a situation and when government 90% of the urged that that unless will be in not supported expressed but Sonja what more comment Security that some suggestion while in to allocate

The last the Nation Issues of decided among what we probably guess the Also, out have got daughter irrelevant our polit women; Legislativ e.g. an employer use this concentr those wh question take a establish support have been cut across together can lobby recogniz take a central oppressi new par wanted insisted we desp get it un at prese That ev The pla enjoyed Sunday

The next exuberant the Café truly b muscle to men absent inform out age the bal almost explain permiss an all conspir would action, about distract

The final activity Auckland

her picture in Craccum, little 'Varsity girls confronting her in the loo—flee in terror. She retired to tremendous applause.

THE NEED TO CARE

Next Sonja Davies, President of the N.Z. Association of Childcare Centres and a Trade Union official, spoke on "Childcare Centres—Why is N.Z. So Afraid to Care?" Her talk revealed an appalling picture of government neglect and public apathy. She stated that it is not a case of "women being forced into factories and children wrenched from their bosoms", as some people imagine. It is a case of 35 to 40,000 pre-school children NOW with working mothers, needing proper day care. She contrasted the N.Z. situation with that in Sweden which she recently visited and where the child-care is excellent. In N.Z., local government doesn't feel it has an responsibility; in Sweden 90% of the day nurseries are municipally supported. She urged that we make this a live political issue this year, and that unless women demand these services as a right, nothing will be improved. We must not support politicians who will not support child-care centres. A comment from the floor expressed concern about government control of child-care, but Sonja replied that there is no alternative. We must get what money is available; the need is so imperative. Another comment from the floor concerned the amount of Social Security funds taken from women's earnings, and suggested that some of it should be used for child-care centres. Other suggestions involved getting space in new sub-divisions while in the planning stages and pressuring the Government to allocate space for this purpose.

FLABBY POLITICAL MUSCLES

The last speaker of the day was Sue Kedgley, representing the National Organisation of Women and speaking on "The Issues of Women's Liberation as Election Issues." Sue decried the "rhetoric of revolution" and called for unity among women; unity and action, not rhetoric. She asked what we have gained since 1893 when given the vote. It was probably a myth that we got the vote; one would never guess that women were 51% of the voting constituency. Also, out of a total of only eleven women M.P.'s only three have got in in their own right, and not as widows or daughters. Politicians think women are politically irrelevant—we lack "political muscle." We have failed to use our political strength; we must force the issues concerning women; we could hold the balance of power if we wished. Legislative reform is important in changing social attitudes, e.g. an employer must reconsider his attitude to his female employee when he has to pay her more. The W.L.M. must use this election year to mobilize women, and we must concentrate on marginal electorates. We must vote only for those who support what we want. Sue suggested that we question politicians at election meetings and force them to take a position on the issues we support. Then we can establish lists of those who support and those who don't support us. We must take a bi-partisan approach; all parties have been negligent where women are concerned; we must cut across race, class and political barriers; we must fight together. By regarding each politician as an individual we can lobby him together. Election manifestoes fail to recognize that women exist, so we must force individuals to take a stand. The discussion following revolved around the central argument of whether to work within an existing oppressive system, or whether we should try to create a new party and end oppression by ending the system. A few wanted us to work within the Labour Party. Another insisted that we run feminists for office. Sue reiterated that we desperately need legislation and that we are not going to get it unless we work with all the means we have available at present.

That evening there was an informal social and play-reading. The play concerned the abortion issue, and seemed to be enjoyed by all.

Sunday, April 2

NO MEN ALLOWED

The next day we found that the athletes had indeed had an exuberant "Balls Up" the night before. When we arrived in the Caf, all the tray racks leading to the cash register had truly been ballsupped. Some of us developed a bit more muscle than we had before. Sunday's activities were closed to men, except for one in a paisley shirt who wandered in absent-mindedly and sat down at the back. He was gently informed of his error by the nearest woman, so he ambled out again. Another lone male was discovered "hiding" in the balcony taking notes during the plenary session. He almost caused a riot until the organizers of the conference explained he was there as a friendly reporter with their permission. Apart from these two brief appearances, it was an all-woman day. It was not that there was any great conspiracy against men going on, or that shocking things would be said, but in formulating policy and planning action, it is best for women to make up their own minds about things which concern them; also some find men a distraction and/or inhibiting.

WOMEN MOBILIZED

The first hour was taken up with brief reports on the past activities of groups throughout the country. From Auckland to Dunedin women have, for the last year or two,

been organizing themselves, thinking about the issues, sponsoring teach-ins, writing articles and pamphlets, making speeches, protesting against injustice and discrimination, demanding an end to sexism in school readers, picketing beauty contests, and generally building up their feeling of sisterhood. Even in such a rural-based city as Palmerston North, the women have made their presence felt. The groups generally wish to retain their regional independence, but will co-operate on specific issues on a national level.

WORKSHOPS

After the reports had been submitted, we split up into Issues Workshops. In the five workshops: Equal Pay, Abortion, Childcare, Gay Liberation, and Legal Questions, all aspects of the problems were discussed, policies formulated and action contemplated. Discussion in all the groups was extremely lively, and sometimes hilarious, but the underlying seriousness of our mood remained throughout. After lunch we again split up into what were called Area Workshops, that is, to consider the special problems of women in particular circumstances. The Workshops were for working women, Students, High School Women, and Housewives. By the end of the allotted time period, most of us wished we had another day to spare.

REPORTS & PROPOSALS

The late afternoon plenary session was designed to present reports from the issues and area workshops and to pass resolutions where appropriate. These findings, recommendations and resolutions will be printed next week in Craccum, as most are long and detailed . . . Craccum editors have been kind to accept ALL THIS in one gollup. After passing on all the resolutions most of them unanimously, there remained a few matters to clear up. The meeting voted to object to the abbreviation: Women's Lib. instead of Women's Liberation, and also the same abbreviation in Gay Liberation, "because they have derogatory and flippant connotations." With regard to the libellous newspaper heading formerly mentioned, the meeting voted to demand a public apology from the newspaper and a complete retraction of the statement. Finally, it was agreed that all the groups present would maintain greater contact and cohesion, and thanks were offered to the Wellington women who had done such an excellent job of organizing the conference.

I left the Conference with my question almost answered. The women are not only determined to change their position in the scheme of things, but they manifest the sort of confidence which will ultimately ensure their success. Woman's role IS changing and will continue to do so. In the course of this on-going process, the structure of our economy, of our society, of our entire pattern of living, will inevitably change too. What we must try to do is obvious. We must take the best along with us, and leave the rubbish and the heartache behind.

Toni Church



The Importance of the Grads Bar

What use is the Student Union Building—apart from a place to eat cheap food and use commodious toilets? If it has some wider value, and I believe it has, then the University Club is an important part of this greater cultural? intellectual? stimulating? mixing? civilizing? revolutionary? value.

The University Club had its origin in the concern of the students who planned the Student Building that more contacts between staff, students and ex-students, were needed. We thought that if a place was provided, with the attraction of grog, for senior students, staff, and ex-students to meet, the effects of the resulting mix would benefit both the University and the Community.

It can't work completely; many staff think they see enough of students anyway; many ex-students are not interested in the University or what it does, and the licensing laws and the necessary costs prevent us from catering to all students.

The Club does work however, to a sufficient extent to be valuable. It has been criticized on the grounds that it caters only for a "handful of slick spruce Downtown non-University Business Executives drinking wine and getting drunk." In fact the major users of the Club are undergraduates and research students. Any student who doubts this fact is welcome to come up and our Secretary, Henry Bull, will show him around. Those "Business Executives" who joined seeking a "slick Spruce" atmosphere have long since resigned.

The Club is not under-utilized. When the rest of the Student Union is crowded, it is crowded, and there are often quite a few people in the Club at times when the rest of the Student Union is deserted.

There is no doubt that the students suffer from inadequate space, particularly at lunchtimes, but the completion of the extensions to the cafeteria block will give three floors of extra space for students—each floor almost as large as the existing cafeteria. The club will then occupy only one seventeenth of the total area of the Student Building. Students who begrudge it this area should remember that the promise of the inclusion of a University Club in the Student Building was of crucial importance in getting through the building levy at an S.G.M. in 1960. The levy of \$6.00 at that time was approved overwhelmingly by students who would have no opportunity themselves of using the building as students.

A graduate of any University is entitled to join and all qualified applicants have been admitted to membership. There is no waiting list, apart from that imposed by the time necessary to observe the Licensing Commission requirement that all members be able to vote on new members. Students who are interested in becoming members should put in their application now to be included in the May list.

If the Club existed only for its social life it would be of value but its importance lies in other directions.

In the past, the University—apart from the annoyance of occupying 50 acres of prime land—has been of little relevance to the community in Auckland. More than it realizes however, the community needs the sociological, anthropological, linguistic, architectural, engineering, town-planning and ecological skills the university can provide if the university takes the trouble to be relevant to problems of the city outside the campus.

There are two aspects to this contribution. Firstly, people in our city must be made aware of what ideas the University can offer and how valuable they could be if applied. Secondly, the University must be made aware of the particular problems of the city in which it exists so that it can develop its more general theories to have a particular application.

The University Club has the potential to be a meeting place where part of this exchange can take place. The benefits of such co-operation can be seen in the working of organizations such as the Civic Trust, which have made a positive contribution to the quality of life in Auckland. Such groups, although outside the University, usually draw the majority of their active membership from former members of the University. Moreover, when they make their efforts to improve the quality of life their arguments are usually based on research available through the University or done by the University itself.

To help foster such developments and such exchange of ideas is the reason why the University Club is important, and why it should be at the centre of the University. If it shifts away from its close involvement with research students and staff then it loses touch with its source of new ideas and may tend to become, like some other clubs, an organization that resists change in the community rather than an organization which assists in bringing beneficial changes. It would, in fact, lose its opportunity to make the University more relevant to Auckland, and to enable Auckland to benefit from its University.

To keep the Club close to University life we are seeking another site somewhere on the campus itself and each member is levied \$5.00 per year to raise money to build our own building which will have the space to cater for those of the thousands of future graduates who will wish to join. Discussions are being held with the University for a site but for the next three or four years while the finance is being raised and the building erected, the Club needs to remain in its existing premises.

By being the thin end of the wedge for more liberal drinking on the campus the Club has already helped the students. In this respect it has lead the way in New Zealand. Clubs in other centres were for graduates only and were too expensive to interest research students. If the drinking age for students is lowered to 18 then I am hopeful that even when the University Club shift elsewhere it will be possible to continue with a liquor licence in the existing premises in the form of a student bar.

Is it true that Barry Humphries is coming to Arts Festival? Well . . . details are being finalized to bring Bazza McKenzie, and Edna Everidge to N.Z. for the week. Barry Humphries, the creator of the above characters in his famous comic strip featured in 'Private Eye', is well known in England and Australia for his famous Australian caricature, and hopefully will be here in August, to take Auckland by storm. This talented comedian will most certainly have something to say about the great way of life we Kiwis have in Godzone etc., etc., etc. Oh yes, the other overseas artists that are lined up, well, Zappa's got a broken leg, so we were thinking of . . .



The Religious Music Festival to be held in Holy Trinity Cathedral will be an important part of Arts Festival. With choirs, brass and string quintets and mass participation in a poetic narration, the festival (to be held on the Wednesday evening only) will provide a new aspect to University Arts Festivals. A nihilistic actionless attitude in this or any other area of the Festival as a whole will successfully destroy any attempt to achieve a provocative and total arts festival which the organizers hope will be achieved during that week. The University's Arts Festival should not be a Spectator Sport — Heil Hitler!



Its a SUFI notion that the very life we live is in fact music . . . Rhythm manifests itself metaphysically . . . when we're in harmony we're singing . . . polyphonal minds in synch; and physically . . . pulsing hearts and breathing lungs . . . our voices . . . the hearts communicating diaphragm; Confucius's idea is that music is the heart's response to the external world endorsed by a classical Indian notion "that the reason for making a piece of music is to quieten the mind, thus making it susceptible to divine influences." A sign I saw in a Nandi picture theatre: 'Silence is more musical than any song.' These ideas have been around in the East for a long time, and yet from an early English text, probably monastic, comes 'The reason for writing a piece of music is to quieten the mind, thus making it susceptible to divine influences.'

We've learned from Oriental thought that those divine influences are in fact the environment in which we are. "A sober and quiet mind is one in which the ego does not obstruct the fluency of the things that come in, through our senses and up through our dreams. Our business in living is to become fluent with the life we are living." (John Cage).

Many say that the life enters the human body by the help of music; but the truth is that life itself is music . . . (HAFIZ—SUFİ poet).

Scratch Orchestra.



Parks streets lecture rooms common rooms quadrangles toilets—they're all yours—plenty of space—not just for sitting and shitting in.

A circus on sawdust where everyone can perform.

Put up a stall at the fair.

Stand on your head in the sawdust.

Paint, clay, timber, tape, calico, nails. Build things when you get here.

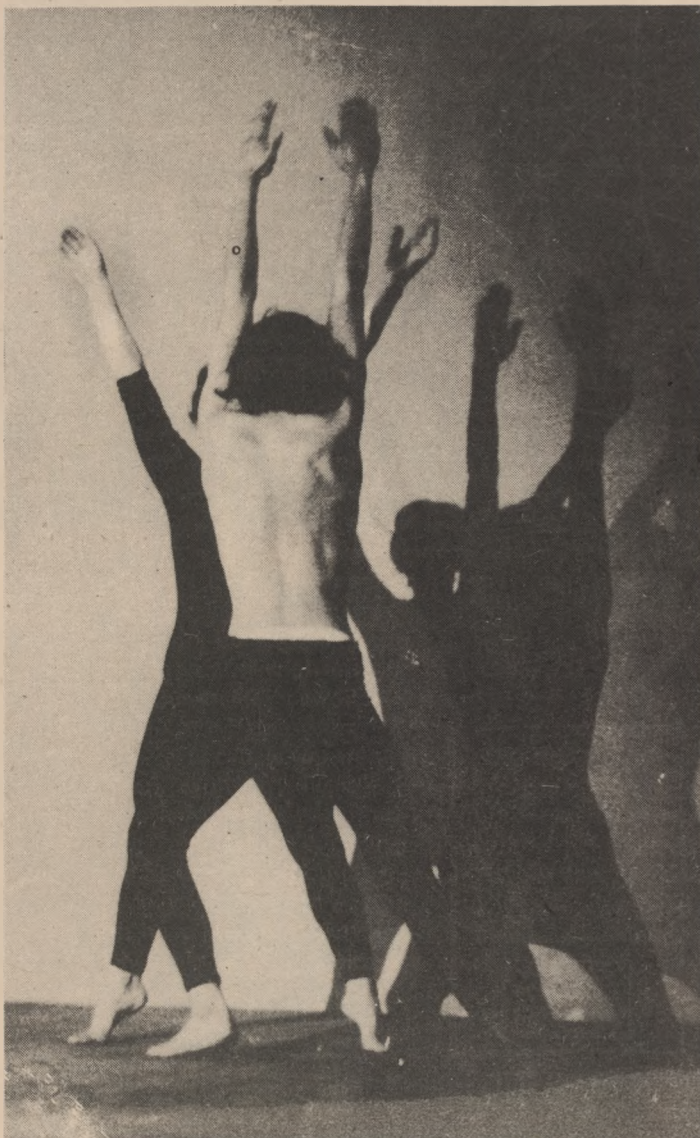
People should not be able to buy tickets and queue up for three hour rock concerts, three hour dance concerts, three hour folk concerts, three hour etc.,

People won't be trudging round Auckland staring at maps and programmes going from theatre to hall to theatre to hall.

ARTS FEST august

The Campus must be the centre of the Arts Festival.

What is Arts Festival? I dunno, I spose it really depends on what you want Arts Festival to be to you. Whatever your involvement with cultural activities may be, Arts Festival should be able to cater for your (warped) taste. Activities during Arts Festival week (August 20-27) will include, Bridge, Blues and Rock, Chess, Concert Music, Drama, Painting, Sculpture, Design and Graphics, Photography, Folk Music, Films, Jazz, Debating, Law Mooting, Literary Yearbook, Poetry, Modern Dance and Ballet, Modern Language Drama, Religious Music, Pooh Readings, Environmental Building, Variety Shows, Street Festivals, and whatever else you feel may be relevant and which you feel motivated to do something about.



maybe genghis might have conquered libya in time, but anne mocked him. no grandfather from the was surely tall balmy towers would step in such atrocious deserts. for a finish gave michael the flower of remembrance. this was once high, trip to me, but we must all share.

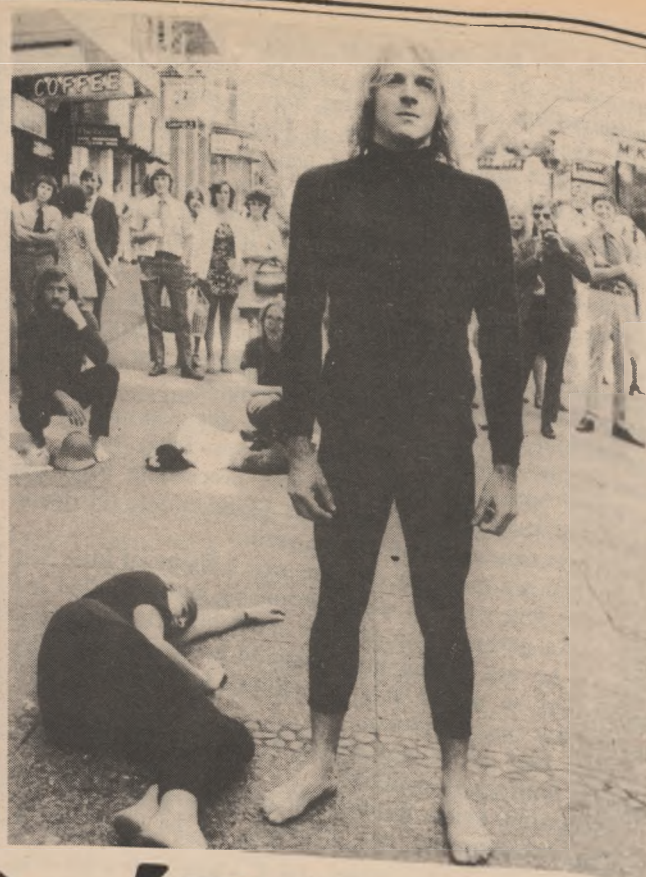
whistling with lungs that were like healed petals, elizabeth swept primrose feathers from the sky. there is an end to wars, she said. an end also to your carnal wants. but she said this with mockery and smiles. she would not explain that now she could breathe freely, the air was sharp but sweet enough. michael and stephen both forgave her.

kathryn, with her philosophers stare, opened a dead shell. a long past snail. inside, a message presented itself: tristram has been inflated. our lovers set back to regain the garden, musing on pipedreams, notebooks and audience, sure not to mention jokes for a clique. this was not strange of arthur for the flowers they had together sampled over five years, were toxic to the mind. togetherness meant survival. at time, with his ragged jan, now our mother of the priscine pools, or eleanor, asked acquitane as latter day historians prefer to call her (since she was noble, and as some say, regal in her bearing, though hardly spanish), was lost in tristram's successful afterglow. it was plain that first time in three years! yelled tristram. it was plain that, whimper felt relieved. elizabeth asked if he were not triumphant, any informs u warned against investment in sacred moments. do not up this day as a memorial, she said, otherwise you will forever measure and be sad.

now, everyone, fulfilled as they wished, or fulfilled as they were bent, linked arms, the scarred sinewy arms of those who have been very sick, or very lost, and marched with song into the evening, marching to the true fountain of clear waters. st. michael had exorcised genghis from his brain. our heroes' eleanor had caught her truest dignity; stephen had translated the yellow in his head (it meant that searches a vain, if the one searched for is alongside; all that is needed a common vocabulary); tristram had come; the apparition elizabeth had seen three skies at once; kathryn had solved her metaphysics; the beautiful countess anne had smiled into all.

they, our tiny army marching headstrong and innocent into the apocalypse, sought the statue of albiom's master, the unjealous blake spirit. saturn hovered gloomily above the hills (and vehicles with hot sirens in pursuit of the pilgrims. run! cried stephen, who had tasted scars on his back, and who had felt his kidneys beaten. run! cried michael, whose kidneys had bled from beating. run! cried tristram who had been dragged with curses into concrete cells. run! cried kathryn who had struck the sirens once, with the blow of xerxes. this is the run! cried elizabeth, anne and eleanor, who knew that others told no lies.

the great deity, knowing all from his celestial throne, unmoved by celestial flowers, heard their cries. each one of those bloody pilgrims wishes to be a new tess of the durbevilles, he raged. juno! wheres my flyswatter? i get'em just like i got genghis and william.



THE TRIP: a vivid experience in the lives of two fourth form beauties.

The story so far:

Well here we are; the Student Complex. It's rumoured those gardens were laid at a cost of \$3,500. Probably the most expensive lay in student history. It's a tactless place.

I recognise those prefabricated rough-caste wall panels. Wasn't it my first summer job that provided me the opportunity of sabotaging such panels? They refused us statutory holiday pay.

I'm to proceed down the path . . . God, gaping students mincing words, and their dinners. There's no sign, but that will be the Quadrangle (according to the student vernacular). There's something distinctly Socratic about the use of concrete in this place. Yes, the stairs by the offices, I may take either set as they both go up.

Shit, that's the Mayor of Auckland. These dignitaries really are disappointing in the flesh. Not a patch on the news media version.

Now that's the first floor, I undertake another flight. Yes, this is the second floor of the Student Union Building and the home of the University Club—not to mention Craccum Zounds, that's a Craccum reporter.

Now I proceed to the eastern wall which fortunately has a lot of directions on it. Survival, Rugby, A.G.M., Parachute Training, all meaningless.

Through the doors. Yes, distinctly a surgical quality about this corridor; perhaps a hint of efficiency emanating from it's satellites.

The first door on the left is the one, I believe. There's a little notice. Truly, it's a wonderful place for notices . . . This is the office

It's done.

— THE ARTS FESTIVAL OFFICE.

FESTIVAL '72

oya in time at genghis came to coleridge in a dream, sd st. michael (rather from the was surely th archangel of our scriptures), accusing (ious deserts. for a finished poem, for a finished poem! there, you s was once gne: high, tripping, scattering th milk of paradise like from my eyes, unknissed away. i wanted th cold n; she played her lyre in libya, really.

led petals, l sky. there isel sd it was time for th great marks of slow, thinly il wants. but sed needles; their pallid, soft burn . . . oh masters! would not est michael, give me a woman who lives in th moon. i eely, th air with sharp bursting ecstasy that comes from those cold, gave her. thrusts.

I a dead shelling, st michael sank deeply into a practised torpor; his d istelf: tristrashed gaily; his tongue hung out, smiling. then jan regain th wall was beautiful and who wrote poems (jean, elle a senti and audience, sur son front, la brulure du soleil), brought out was not stranges of arthur in his magick wand. tintagel and azured l over five longace, jan sd. st. michael's tongue smiled. he was joined meant survival time, with th laughing elbow of sir tristram out his ragged coat, for his father had been avenged). s, or eleanor gram, asked jan (since she was a thoughtful girl), have o call her (since not drunk again th love juice of morgan la fey? for i bearing, though great itch to impart for you and yours, my trembling ssful afterglow! as! cried tristram, i am still impotent as hell! silly as plain that d, whimpered jan, but not without dignity, for triumphant, any informs us she was a woman of exceeding wisdom nts. do not many experiences. wise you w

Stephen wandered in, his needle still bobbing up and upon his arm. slowlys th way to hit th yellow, he fulfilled as the d. ah! th great methadone wonder, he likewise arms of those d.

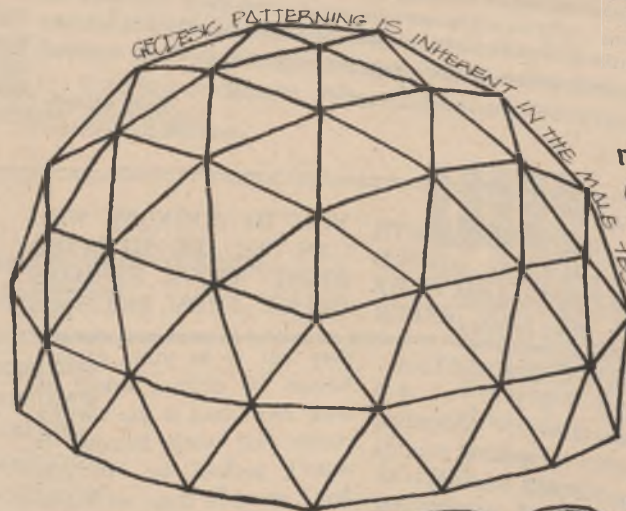
I marched with here were purple flowers with dew, in this garden. rom his brain ur heroes (st. micheal, sir tristram, dr stephen and stephen haran (some sd she was transvestite) lay in smiles and at searches a st.michael gave sir tristram an ultra-violet dildo. take hat is needed careful plastic, he sd, for with its magick you might ome; th la in apparitioned splendour. then, miss jan might surely ryn had solv himper. had smiled lo

shall leave while you inflate, sd dr stephen, leading chael by th tongue. and while we wander th great blue ories, we shall cast gentle love lyrics for ourselves and ns master, (for st.michael and dr stephen were casual friends but ily above theg lovers). thus, they wandered over blakes newest whip, he sel and hills (and mills), chanting jealousy, jealousy, go ims. run! cried we have a truer love today! these two believed in d who had fel, and triangles. in brief, for them, revolving troilism se kidneys ha art of their psychic expectations.

who had bee cried kathry their long chant, they came upon a small white house. ow of xerxe this is the rose garden of our lady elizabeth sd st. knew that ael. here, our bröther peter all at once kissed her, left disfellowshipped you and scrubbed her teeth. i think mean several peters, replied dr stephen. but no, estial thronmichael laughed, there is only ever one saint for each

es. each one v tess of the lyswatter? i

anon



ITS GONNA BE A MEETING FOR ALL THE COUNTRY'S ALTERNATIVE SPACE FANTASISTS SO BUILD YOUR DREAMS AND BRING THEM WITH YOU IF YOU CAN. IF YOU'RE INTO DOMEZ ZONES INFLATABLES IN FACT ANYTHING BRING YOUR IDEAS AND WE'LL HAVE A RAVE. JUST IMAGINE THE CITY SPROUTING A FLEET OF BREASTLUKE PROTUBIONS (SOMETHING TO NIBBLE ON?) AND CREEPING INFLATOPNEUMATS. ITS THOSE HARD LINES OF THE CAMPUS

ENVIRONMENT



WATCH FOR AUGUST

FEARLESS FREDDIE

BRUTALIST DREAM THAT HAVE TO BE CHANGED. COLOURS SOFT AND COOL TO DELIGHT THE NIGHT AND THE DAY. FANTASTIC MONTAGED TAPS TO DRAW THE HEAD OFF THE INSTITUTIONAL MONSTER. CHANGE YOUR ENVIRONMENT AND YOU CHANGE YOURSELF ☆ SELECT A BACKYARD, GREEN AND GRASSY, A BEACH, SOFT AND SANDY, A CARPARK AND LIVE THERE CLOSE TO THE ACTION COZ WHERE YOU ARE THATS WHERE THE ACTION AND WE'LL MAKE THE FESTIVAL A FEST OF ALL VIBRANT WITH THE GOOD VIBES EMANATING FROM US ALL.

THE FESTIVAL FREAK

SAYS.....



HALLUCINATION OF THE WEEK.

Are you one of those people who have hallucinations? Well, I had a pretty real one just a while ago.

I was floating out there in the universe, you see, with a complete overview of the world, except it wasn't really "looking" because I had no body; it was just an awareness apart from physical awareness. But I knew I was apart from the world because I could mind-feel the world as a whole. And the important thing I could see in this world was Man, not man as individuals, but as a sort of unified life-force, (incomprehensible in terms of matter and energy, no doubt!) But the extraordinary thing was that there was some sort of barrier around Man (as a whole), like a film, or shell encasing him and holding him back. And man was struggling against this, and I could feel the frustration of struggling against something which is oppressing, and is about to be overcome, but not quite. It was Man about to break out of this film and emerge into a new condition, like a swimmer underwater who breaks to the surface and is suddenly free in a new world, and liberated from the physical restriction in the old one of not being able to breathe.

I felt Man as a life-force struggling to emerge out of this depth, to a new freedom (with the requisite Peace and Unity, of course). But the real solid feeling was of Life, as a flowing stream through history, leading up to this new arising consciousness and striving to break through. And individual people each formed a part of this life-force, but the force itself was one unity. The great thinkers, artists, scientists, were a part of this force as individuals who were embodying and reflecting the life-force's desire or aspiration to transcend itself, to reach a higher stage. Individuals did not have their insight for themselves, but as one emerging property of the massive creative and volatile nature of the life-force. I couldn't quite see where this movement was going, but I knew what it was leaving behind.

Floating out in space, I looked at the Vietnam war and saw a body (humanity) attacking itself, tearing at itself. And it was apparent that this was so futile, and that it formed part of the film which was encasing man. This was part of what the life-force was trying to escape from.

A question: what is the relationship of the individual (You) to the life force the life that has been, and to the life that will be? How can an individual measure his own brief participation against the endless river of life?

I should perhaps add that this hallucination started with a search for the beginning of the Universe, and what is material existence? and why should matter exist to start with?

... and for the excited confusion of this episode, tune in next week, folks.

?? % + % \$ (((

THE NEW RADICALISM

I found this hard to believe when confronted walking to unit to type out this week's column:

Ageing businessman, balding, grey sideboards, creased terylene shirt humped over furrysteeringwheel. He was driving into his contemporary New Zealand-ugly factorywarehouse. The car was new yellow. The name, in raised chrome italics, on the back was "Rebel."

¾ ¾ ¾ , ,

Can you imagine coming across this—the ultimate freakout for stoned motorists: a large standard black traffic sign, complete with glowing white letters and white border, in the standard position beside the motorway, but instead of the standard authoritarian command, just the symbol "?".

It's enough to send you leaping and chortling into your own mindspasms (red and purple in this case, but I hallucinate in full technicolour).



Let us get away from endless debates about the intricacies of a relativistic society. Let us cut through verbalisations about the fallen state of man suitably laden with theological clichés. Let us forget about condemning judging and rapturing. Let us just expose ourselves to the facts of one man's life and see if upon it there is the stamp of any alternative to the existential escapism of the age.

This man, a footloose wandering rebel. In the last three years of his life he covered perhaps 200 miles of talking, loving and helping people. A simple message involving peace, love and centrally himself. Formal historical status was nothing, neither king nor statesman but for some reason his impact on history was incredible.

Of him Goethe said "I esteem the Gospels to be thoroughly genuine, for there shines from them the reflected splendour of a sublimity, proceeding from the person of Jesus Christ, of so divine a kind as only the divine could ever have manifested upon earth."

Of him we must say that he was a figure of love. Yet with this love went an uncompromising authority that led him on the pathway to a death as inevitable as it was brutal. Even if he was wrong his deliberate perseverance in the belief that he would help his fellows testifies to a love beyond our comprehension.

From him we cannot retreat if we wish to be honest with the heritage of mankind.

Generations before his birth the prophet Isaiah said—

"He was oppressed and afflicted, yet he never said a word.

He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter

And as a sheep before her shearers is dumb

So he stood silent before the ones condemning him."

(Isaiah 53) (c.f. Luke 23)

Generations after Jean Jaques Rousseau wrote:

"If the death of Socrates be that of a sage, the life and death of Jesus Christ are those of a God."

This kind of impact hardly fits the picture of a poor misguided philanthropic wandering teacher. It is hardly conceivable that any individual human being could have the

FOR CATHOLIC SOCIETY

The Christian sees each person as being important for his own sake, rather than for any contribution he may make to society as a whole. This principle is today becoming increasingly important, as the individual is being submerged by the group image. Queen Street, for example is becoming a collection of symbols of great or imagined "empires", where any particular person is hidden behind the uniform glass facade. If each floor was not carefully numbered it would frequently be impossible even for the occupants to tell where the lift had disgorged them. The problem in buildings is not just one of scale. The computer is in fact more efficient than the human being, and there comes a point where we must either computerise human beings or humanise our computers. In buildings we tend to make the building system or corporate client more important than the individual. It is recognised that personal idiosyncracies are not only difficult to classify and accommodate. They also tend to be unpredictable. Therefore it is more efficient if they are eliminated. The question should be whether or not they are important. Is the company really so much more important than those who work for it? Or for that matter is the university so important that the student must cringe before the overpowering monuments which surround him?

Tony Watkins
(for Catholic Society)

CONTACT:

CAN HELP YOU WITH
ANYTHING AND
EVERYTHING AND IF WE
CAN'T WE CAN REFER

YOU TO SOMEONE WHO
CAN (WE ARE SITUATED
RIGHT ABOVE STUDASS
OFFICE FROM 9am-5pm)

S CRATCH ORCHESTRA.

REQUIRED: 40

singers/chorus... untrained

capable of making sounds

on a number of objects as

directed and performing

actions as directed.

10... trained singers.

10... drummers

2... organists

6... players of large

instruments, bowed,

blown, or struck.

Meetings at KNOX HALL,

library end of Birdwood

Cres., Parnell. Anyone is

welcome.

'THE GREAT LEARNING'

has begun.....

WANTED: A lift to

Wellington, early in the May

holidays. Willing to pay.

Phone Gayle 81-701 (Pop).

NOTICE TO MEMBERS OF

THE FOOD CO-OP FROM

THE MIDDLETON ROAD

SORTING CENTRE

If you have ordered food for

the rats then make sure that

they eat it in your garage.

About 10 dollars worth of

food went bad at the sorting

centre last week because it

wasn't picked up. If you

don't want it then we'll give

it to those who need it and

that is not the rats.

CRIPPLED CHILDRENS'

PARTY. We really need

people to help, on Saturday,

29th April, with entertaining

and looking after the children

and with baking cakes.

Contact Neil Newman or

Clare Ward at the Studass

office.

FOR SALE: YAMAHA

100cc TWIN. Good

condition, goes very well

\$295 o.n.o. Ph. GLE 7267.

GLE 7693 (Bus.).

The Auckland Workers'

Educational Association is

holding a seminar on

Saturday 15 April at

MacLaurin Hall, Princes

Street from 9.30am to

4.30pm on the subject of

"PUNISHMENT IN OUR

NEW ZEALAND SOCIETY."



effect on his race that this man has had.

Well attested by the scrutiny of history, Jesus is no myth, no competent historian dismisses the authenticity and singularity of his life.

Jesus faces their hatred and their misguided jealousy. He well knows their thoughts. He knows that he risks stoning himself. He simply writes in the dust. A prayer, a device, who knows? The weight of Jewish tradition crushes in on him as firmly as does his own ruthless command of love.

He says, "Let him who is blameless among you throw the first stone." A save group of self-righteous men shrink from his challenge and leave him alone with her. This is hardly the response elicited by an innocuous wayside philosopher. The authority of his person is shown to us as unmistakably as his unwavering concern for this woman. He merely asked her to face up to the ruin she was beginning in her own and other people's lives and begin to set it right. She had to face this challenge from a man of which she had never seen the like before.

As for us it is always possible for us to avoid even looking at him. It is also possible to look and then quietly escape the demands of the effect he has on us.

If we do neither of these things but instead attempt to honestly face up to the impact of his life upon ours we will find ourselves participating in a searching and growing with him that is as unsure as it is different.

— GRANT GILLET

AN INVITATION TO INVOLVEMENT or PULL YOUR CHRISTIAN FINGER OUT.

If Christianity is seen as a movement which seeks to transform the institutional relations between men in order to express better the relationships which make them "human", then Christianity is a revolutionary movement whose message represents an attack on the values of our society and on the economic and political structures which embody these values. The world is beleaguered by war and poverty; our happy country has barely preceived its own institutional white racism; what a pity, then, that the vast majority of the Christian populace are unable to countenance the above definition of their faith! It would have them call into question their society and their values! But—here's the good news—the Christian message is precisely what liberates us from a rotten society and stirs us to bring about radical renewal. The force of the love of Jesus Christ—in his life death, and resurrection—is to call men to commit their lives to this end. To live as a neutral is to decide nothing—and that in itself is a decision. The '73 Springbok Tour is around the corner. To be indifferent or apathetic to the black African in this context is to accept responsibility for a particular brand of evil: apartheid. All of us who are Christians will have to decide just who our "neighbour" is, whether we love him truly, and how we will demonstrate our concern. Some decisions will have to be made.

Peter Deney



TODAY'S GREAT BEER.

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Jesus is no authenticity

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NT GILLETT

PULL YOUR

transform the res better the ristianity is a attack on the ical structures d by war and ved its own e vast majority ice the above question their -the Christian ciety and stirs love of Jesus en to commit nothing—and is around the African in this brand of evil: cide just who how we will e made. Peter Denee



fe

EER.

MODIFICATION



NOT DRASTIC CHANGE FOR STUDASS GOVT.

The report tabled at the A.G.M. on the reform of the Student Association Government is to be discussed at several S.G.M.'s over the next few weeks, and voted on by way of a referendum. Having been involved in student affairs for about four years, and seen the rise and apparent (to some) fall of the SRC there are several points I would like to make about the present and proposed forms of Government.

The two main features of any system should be—

- that as many people as possible share in the decision making
- that once a democratic decision has been made the members of the Association abide by it.

In student affairs there are three major categories of decisions that have to be made by the student body or its elected representatives. The first is the major policy

decisions, such as equal pay for equal work, legalisation of marijuana, abortion, apartheid, studass fees, cafeteria subsidy, council representative etc. Decisions such as these can only fairly be made by the full student body. The best method of obtaining the widest possible student opinion is by way of a referendum, for which the necessary constitutional amendments were passed at the A.G.M. just held. The second category of decisions are those that should be made by a representative and informed body of students for such things as prices of food in the cafeteria, student reps on various bodies (senate, library committee etc), budgetary recommendations (which should later be adopted by the student body as a whole), approval of executive minutes etc. The 3rd category are those decisions that should be made by the officers of the association and reported regularly to the executive e.g. minor unbudgeted items etc.

The present system is an executive of 15 elected by the student body, an S.R.C. (Student Representative Council) of approximately 65 elected by faculties on a pro rata basis (e.g. 10 arts, 8 science, 4 commerce etc), and constitutional requirements for S.G.M.'s and referendums. This system slightly modified provides a system that can adequately perform the functions of decision making outlined above.

Some of the modifications that I feel need to be made are firstly the trimming of the executive to 12 or 13 by removing one or two redundant positions, and by giving S.R.C. more control. At present the S.R.C. has power to recommend to executive, and because of this, people see it as a redundant body. S.R.C. has a wider representation of students than executive and therefore should have more control than power to recommend.

Another important factor to consider is that during the Christmas vacation the executive is the body that runs the association for four and a half months. Each year very important decision are made during this time e.g. the Association budget is adopted, the editors of Craccum are appointed etc. Experience has shown that for one reason or another about one third of the executive are unable to attend meetings during this time. Therefore regardless of what type of Studass government is in operation, the executives, regardless of its size, will run the association for over one third of the year.

The proposed system in broad terms is to have an executive of between five and seven all fully paid, reporting to an A.G.M. as often as possible (once a week). The A.G.M. has the authority to direct the executive as at present. Although this system may sound satisfactory it has certain obvious disadvantages. The proposal of weekly

lunchtime A.G.M.s is sound except that the amount of effective business able to be conducted in one hour would be minimal, especially if for 2 or 3 weeks in a row a contentious issue occupies the full hour. This will mean that the major contentious issues will be subject to close scrutiny as in the present system BUT a large range of important but not so contentious matters (those in category two above) will not be discussed by anyone other than the small executive i.e. those matters which at present undergo the close scrutiny of the SRC will not be debated or approved by any reasonably representative student body under the proposed system.

Further if 1 or possibly 2 people were unable to attend executive meetings during the Xmas vacation then an executive of 3 to 5 would be controlling the association for one third of the year. One may argue that at present 10 or 12 is not a large number to be doing this job, but it would be foolish to suggest that the situation would improve with 3 or possibly 5 people running the association for a period of 4½ months when a number of major decisions have to be made.

Finally when the two systems the proposed and present are assessed considering the above points, it would seem extremely foolish if you the student body changed from a system that although not perfect, at least allows a reasonable number of people to share in the decision making at various levels. The alternative is a system where the average student will participate less effectively than at present and the real control of the association is vested in a much smaller number of elected representatives.

FOOTNOTE:

The people proposing the system want you and I to participate more fully. It was only 5 weeks ago when they invited any interested students to help formulate their submissions. Twelve of us turned up, including 2 of the 4 of the original committee. Having debated various ideas for about 3½ hours we reached a consensus on the broad outline of studass government to be presented to the A.G.M. (this was a modified form of the present system). Bob Lack then democratically said "stuff you all" I don't like those ideas and then went ahead and presented his own submissions to the A.G.M. If this is the attitude of those who proposed the new democratic system, then what will happen to you and I if a similar group are elected as the new all powerful executive—GOD HELP US ALL.

P.S. Bob Lack put his name forward as N.Z.U.S.A. Vice-President—what vote do you and I have on this—DEMOCRACY HA! HA!

—RON MAYES

élections



Applications close with the Secretary at 5 p.m. next THURSDAY, 20th APRIL for the following vacant positions within the Association. Application forms are available from the AUSA Office: each application should be accompanied by a curriculum vitae or policy rave, about 200 words for SRC, up to 500 for Exec, up to 1000 words for Council or Senate. Where necessary elections will be held on 27th and 28th April, preceded by election speeches in the Quad on 26th and possibly 25th April.

SRC

The following Faculty representative positions, each of which is open only to members of the Faculty concerned:

Architecture (Professional)	3 positions
Arts	11 positions
Commerce	5 positions
Education	1 position
Engineering (Professional)	4 positions
Fine Arts	2 positions
Law	4 positions
Medicine (Post—B.Sc.)	1 position
Music	1 position
Science (General courses)	6 positions
Science (Human Biology)	2 positions.

SPECIAL

In addition the following special positions, each of which is open only to people within the class concerned:

Overseas Students	1 position
O'Rorke Residents	1 position
Jean Begg & Newman Hall Residents	1 position

UNI

The following positions on University Committees:

Library Committee	1 position, One year term.
Union Management Committee	1 position, to end of year.
University Council	1 position, Two year term.
University Senate	1 position, now to end of year.
University Senate	1 position, One year from June.

Notes: The Council and Senate positions include membership of the SRC, and the Senate positions are open to graduates and graduands only.

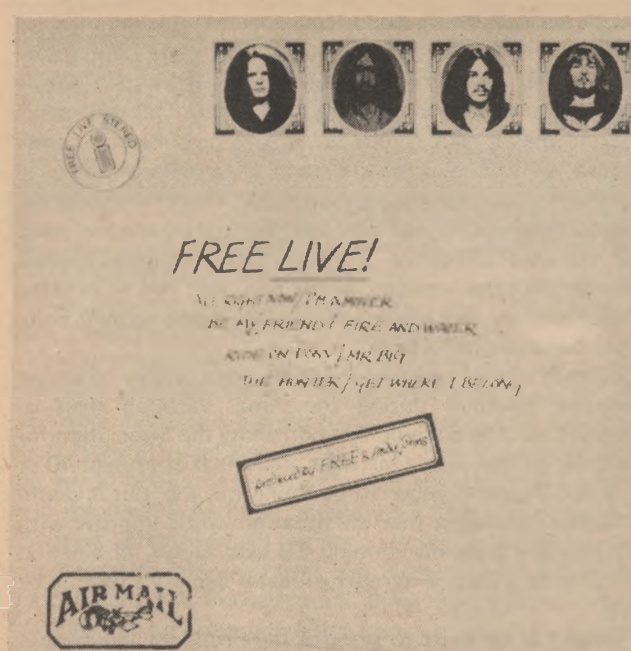
EXEC

The following Executive Committee positions, each of which includes membership of the SRC:

Business Manager
Education Officer
House Committee Chairman
Social Controller
Student Liaison Officer
Vice President.

Note: The Vice Presidential position is equivalent to the present position of Man Vice President, but it is no longer restricted to males only.

While no person may hold more than one Exec or SRC position, you are welcome to apply for as many positions as you are eligible for: for example if you are a graduate overseas student living in a hostel and enrolled in two faculties you can stand for about 14 positions but could only be elected to about 5 of them. If you stand for mutually exclusive positions (for example Arts rep and Senate) you must include a note of your preference with your application. If you find this ad confusing you are perfectly normal. The Secretary will interpret it for you. —E.



FREE LIVE ISLAND RECORDS SIL 934285

A very brief but favourable review.
Remember the blues. Three years ago the blues reigned supreme in a pure, unsophisticated form. From the tuition of Mayall came a wealth of groups, all giving rise to the recognition of long forgotten blues masters. It was their songs that these blues men played and the purer the form of the blues the better.

British groups were superb at this and there was an American appetite for this form of music. It was at this stage that the purity was tainted and the twelve bar structure lost its magic to increased decibels—the phenomenon of rock (hard).

Free are one of these groups that are incredibly exciting, possessing all the qualities of the progressive age, but at the same time there is this purity reminiscent of better days in the past. This record is a series of live recordings around Britain and must be played loud. They use the volume well and sound is good as three instruments and must be played loud. They use the volume well and sound as good as three instruments about this.

—All right now: the bass hits you like a sledgehammer — more interesting than their pop version.

—I'm a mover: good riff stuff avoiding the boredom associated with riff à la Black Sabbath. You see this vocalist is bloody good, effecting sustenance from the riff.

— Be my friend: evoking all the beauty of the minor chords.

— Fire and water: the haunting, heavy sound achieved by over amplification, and the equivocation between bass (played high on the fret board) and guitar. Superb guitar solo that puts this guy in the class of masters.

— Ride a Pony: again the skill of the vocalist establishing the riff. Something between Rod Stewart and Robert Plant. Yet in consistency with the group syndrome, he retains the purity of the more subdued sound.

— Mr Big: contains chords that rate, with the frenetic guitar solo that we have heard on West Coast of America albums.

— The Hunter: a tribute in a way to all the blues classics. But clearly integrated with the rest of the album and their group style. Such is the quality of the music.

— The final track is a studio take, totally out of place on this album.

Probably their next single.

This is the kind of album I would have with my dinner. Heavy music to me is conducive to good digestion. Not the shit that Black Sabbath emits from the speakers. Not the fanaticism of Led Zeppelin. Rather the fine qualities of a basically pure form of music enlivened with the skilful use of amplification and good musicianship.

Free is good for the ears.

heavy budgie

Budgie

MCA

MAPS 4959

At a time when the record market appears to be swamped with "heavy" pop oriental groups like Black Sabbath, Uriah Heep and Led Zeppelin, this record comes as a refreshing surprise, from the cover thru to the last track.

The line-up consists of Burke Shelby bass and vocal, Tony Bevrige, lead guitar and Ray Phillips on percussion. However on side one the first two tracks are rather disappointing. "Guts" is a typically "heavy" number with monotonous drumming, practically constant bass and lead guitar on sustain with added fuzz tone. "Everything in my heart" is simply the title of the track repeated six times and backed by a single acoustic guitar.

The third track is a promise (unfulfilled) of things to come. Starting off slowly and quietly it builds up to a tight driving number with accomplished lead guitar work and possibly some of the wierdest lyrics I've heard this year:

"Give me a bite of the apple
My hands are tied
Give me your inky pen



and come on back—come on back to me"
"Nude disintegrating Parachutist Woman", the last longest and perhaps the best track on side one, continues in the same vein. The lead guitar work is accomplished if rather uninspired, an image of Hendrix screwing his guitar is easily conjured up here. Moving on to a frenetic rhythm pushed by the bass line the singer underscores the lead guitar, a technique utilized by Led Zeppelin and applied well here.

The second side opens with a Hendrix-like guitar crescendo on "Rape of the Locks," a track about long hair, and moves into the same driving rhythm which characterizes the album. The next two tracks are again somewhat disappointing. "All Night Petrol" is slow while "You and I" is too similar to the second track on side one.

Which leaves only the last but undoubtedly the best track on the album, "Homicidal Suicidal". Here the heavy bass and solid drum line are supported by lyrics like:

"Long time loser
Long time boozier"

The lead guitar floats above them all like some lethal butterfly and emphasizes the manic-depressive quality of the track.

In summing up (to quote the cover notes) "they aren't the worlds greatest composers, they're not particularly subtle, they're not progressive." They are heavy, they are rock and roll, heavy rock and roll, Budgie, HEAVY BUDGIE

Sidewinder

SIMON SOLO

PAUL SIMON — CBS — SBP 473931 (C 30750) — 11 TRACKS.

This is the long-awaited first solo album. I don't think there are any masterpieces on it — nothing with the visual poetry of, say, DANGLING CONVERSATION, or the timelessness of SOUNDS OF SILENCE. But the album is still a fine one, and will, I feel, survive the inevitable comparisons with the past. To make one more comparison: — it has the softly-spoken melancholy of BOOKENDS, to which I feel it is perhaps closest in mood and style.

The absence of the characteristic S & G vocal blending does not detract from one's appreciation of Paul Simon's music, (as has often been demonstrated on his albums with Garfunkel). Therefore, after hearing the ten vocal tracks on this record, it is no new discovery to find that he can stand on his own.

The lyrics are all written in the first person—some factual, some fictional and some whose true identity is more elusive. However, this is unimportant. What leaves the greatest impression, in this case, is not what is said, but the beauty of its delivery—with something of the intimacy of someone whispering in your ear.

His guitar work is consistently interesting and displays a wide

range of techniques. The blues technique, in particular, creeps in and out of the record quite a lot. It is, for example, heard in passing in ARMISTICE DAY, more noticeably in PEACE LIKE A RIVER, and loud and strong in PARANOIA BLUES, which is enriched with a talkative bottleneck guitar.

The combination of EL CONDOR PASA—like serenades from the Los Incas band with Paul's gentle guitar-picking and memorable lyrics, makes DUNCAN, on side one, the highlight of the album for me. The song concludes with:—

"Oh, oh, what a night
Oh what a garden of delight
Even now that sweet memory lingers
I was playing my guitar
Lying underneath the stars
Just thanking the Lord
For my fingers,
For my fingers."

Following close behind in my preferences is the cheeky calypso of ME AND JULIO DOWN BY THE SCHOOLYARD. The front cover seems to illustrate this song particularly well.

This has been a rather hurried appraisal of the L.P. There is much of worth on it which I have left unmentioned. The whole record is really pleasant to listen to, and he still writes his words on the back cover, adding a visual dimension to the experience.

SUE BARTON



PAUL SIMON

TAYLOR TOUR

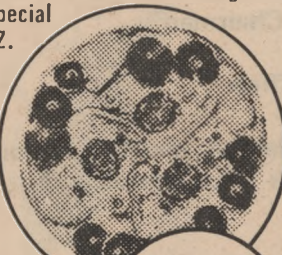
14th April—CONCERT IN CAFETERIA 8.30 p.m.

15th April—DANCE IN CAFETERIA 9.00 p.m.

NEW ZEALAND UNIVERSITIES ARTS COUNCIL last year

You haven't had a genuine Pizza until you've been to Maxi's.

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NOW IN
HANDY
TAKE HOME
PACKS



presented the first ever campus tour of a rock group HIGHWAY a Wellington group with a tight original sound. This year NZUAC have already presented TICKET for ORIENTATION and will be presenting TAYLOR in concert and dance at all campuses. On Auckland campus they will be accompanied by Dave and Harry, a folk duo, Ian Sinclair on flamenco guitar, Tole Puddle, Auckland's Folk Rock in their concert. TAYLOR is a Wellington based group but their members have lived and played in other campus centres. Rick White, Bass and guitar, played with TOM THUMB then FARMYARD. He describes these groups as rhythm and blues and jazz-rock respectively. His own style has mellowed through these group experiences and the 'rock and roll' has never quite got out of his system. Clinton Brown, guitar and bass, played in Australia for 18 months with TANGENT whose style was perhaps nearer to jazz than to rock. Keith Norris, drums, played with the same group and together they provide a tight and experienced rhythm section for TAYLOR. Steve McDonald, vocals and piano, played drums with the DIZZY LIMITS in England. The heavy English sound affected his style, apparent in TIMBERJACK, the group he last played with. Steve doesn't want this to be held against him however. Kevin Bayley, the long member of TAYLOR, originally played with SERENITY. For the last two years he was with CHAPTA.

Accompanying the tour will be the Big Deal Bubble Co., the freakiest light show ever let out. These guys have been lighting Lucifers for a few years (and never busted!). TAYLOR are a new group. They have been performing for 3 months only. They want you to listen, appraise, criticise. There is no intellectual, pretentious meaning in their sound. If you dig rock — come and listen, if you dig to move — come and dance.



CARNAL KN
Directed by M
Starring Jack
Ann-Margaret

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Sidewinder

PAUL
SIMON

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Directed by Mike Nichols and Scripted by Jules Feiffer.

Starring Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen and Ann-Margaret.

Perhaps more than anything else 'Carnal Knowledge' conveys an overwhelming sense of nostalgia, furthermore it is a peculiarly introspective American form of nostalgia. The opening sequence: read like back issues of the Saturday Evening Post and Seventeen magazine. The feeling of each decade is captured in meticulous detail. Music, clothes, that are unforgettably right all the way from Susan's black college sweater, tartan skirt, black stockings to Bobbie's fur coat and Sandy's final pseudo-hippie gear complete with moustache and Afro hair. Feiffer's brilliantly perceptive dialogue must take a considerable share of the credit—melodramatic, soul searching conversations — "I think I'm a communist," but they read Ayn Rand and John Hersey — are tinged by an underlying irony, so that Sandy's undoubtedly (temporarily) sincere declarations of new found universal love in the end fall as hollow platitudes. The recurring theme behind the film's nostalgia then is frustration. The satisfaction both 'spiritual' and sexual that is the subject of the film's first dialogue between Sandy and Jonathan is nearly attainable, always finally elusive. Apparently successful relationships are always ultimately thwarted in an aura of desolation. Sandy and Susan 'do all the right things', but there is no satisfaction, Bobbie rescues Jonathan from impotence but only temporarily. Nostalgia and frustration are woven together in the concluding scene, as Jonathan finally makes it with a professional and the film fades into the melody of the opening sequences.

All the actors give very sympathetic performances, familiar characters of their era, without being stereotypes. Ann-Margaret and Art Garfunkel are most satisfying, Jack Nicholson occasionally disappoints, perhaps this is really a directors film and he does not always seem to be as tightly controlled as the other players.

The film most impresses in its remarkable economy of style. It is free from gimmicks, although Nichols does have a distinct penchant for slow fades and the use of narrow depth of field (i.e. everything within the frame out of focus except the central character). His other most distinctive feature is the use of huge solitary close-ups.

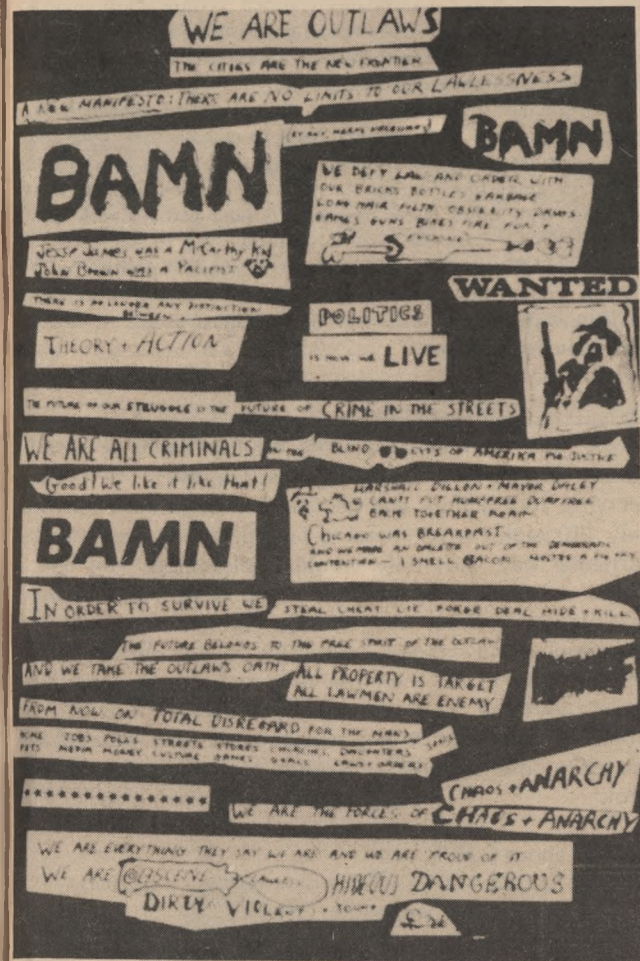


Sometimes an entire dialogue between two people takes place with only the speaker on screen, the listener's presence being invisibly implied — a highly symbolic presentation of course. The whole combination of these techniques makes for great variation of perspective and the use of fades lends conviction to the sense of

passing decades and the evocation of each era.

In the final analysis not even the censors ruthless excision of all the four letter words detracts from the impact of one of this years most worthwhile films.

— Linda Daly-Peoples.



bamn?

Outlaw Manifestos and Ephemera 1965-70.

Ed. by P. Stansill and D.Z. Mairowitz.

London 1971.

(u.b.s. \$2.25)

Everybody knows timothy shadbolt is like the crochet lift-out from the new zealand women's weekly. That is to say, he is as new zealand. The way he speaks is modest, in a slow rambling gait of sentences, hesitant, back tracking, moving forward in the process of moving backwards. In his speech he uses all those words new zealanders have always used. He uses things like the long 'we-ell', the quick 'y'know', the really quite nothing 'sorta'. He is like a story. He is like a story everyone knows, told in the same way stories have always been told: as the women's weekly, truth, barry crump, auckland star are stories, and tell them. If you forget what he says, which is really quite easy, you will see what I mean. Timothy shadbolt is the essence of a new zealand folk tale, told in the same way they have always been told. He is nothing new.

I was at elam the other day and timothy shadbolt was that day making up a folk tale about what the artist should be. It was all quite interesting. Timothy shadbolt said the artist should be a member of the community, should not possess isolation, should produce propaganda art, such as the chinese produce; which timothy shadbolt said was really good art. It relates, he said. This is what timothy shadbolt said. He also said he was a revolutionaty.

The way he said what he said was reactionary. He talks like a new zealand folk tale, which talk and always talk as new zealand

folk tales have always talked. He talks like truth, like women's weekly, like best bets, like the 8 o'clock. The way these papers talk leads as much to prison vision as their ideas do. Yet he sounds like all of them. It seems quite useless talking of revolution if the way in which it is talked about is part of the reaction.

The emperor of china who started the great wall of china also tried to destroy the written word. Like mr hitler. They knew revolutions start from the word up. Not from the 8 o'clock.

BAMN (By Any Means Necessary) shows how a word can be a revolution. The words are from outlaw manifestos; bombing statements, emergency letters, proclamations, soldier leaflets; things with words to say, quick, and words to speak. Most of the things in the book are part of a mosaic, as likely to be found in oz, ir or rat as picked up off the street after a street battle. The editors nicely call them bits which 'got away'. How they get away is what is important. They are curt, quick, lacking in circumlocutions. UP AGAINST THE WALL MOTHERFUCKERS AND INTO THE TRASHCAN. It's irony because it's like a cigarette ad (say YES to...); because its content / method stand so opposed. It's irony too because it's the same as pound and all the poets. Coincidence?

This book, BAMN, could really be the working textbook for the manifesto poet. Fuck on the city walls is a sort of poetry, urban poetry, but it could be extended a little. It is a word that hasn't got into the women's weekly yet. But what's the use of saying fuck, writing it, when the way in which it is written bases itself, without thought or reflection, on establishment culture: paragraphs, capitals, lineality. Most new zealand manifestos are based on the myth of linear thought. Revolutions start from the word upwards. A dead word is a prison.

Blake Bulcanin

Stein Stalin

PRISON

Mao

VISION

— Reviewed by C.I.

piss-off

CHRISTCHURCH JOHN MAYALL SHOW (or how the management hates to see happy kids).

On to the darekened stage a quarter with the audience casually walked Freddy becoming more and more Robinson, lead guitarist for John stimulated. This brought out Mayall's band, followed by Blue better music from the band. Mitchell (trumpet), Clifford As an answer to continual calls Solomon (sax), and Putter Smith for requests, Mayall explained (bass). They jammed for a minute that we could listen to all his old or so tuning up, and then on numbers on records, so this was walked drummer Keef Hartley, all new unrecorded music. followed by an inconspicuous Both the band and the John Mayall.

The show opened with a by this time, and suddenly about drumless number as Hartley had fifty people, including myself, just broken a drum. This was soon were on the stage dancing and replaced and the concert was on, jumping around the instruments. The audience was fantastic, Hundreds more were dancing in

clapping right through the first the aisles. Wow, the band pumped few numbers and giving a further out even harder and better blues. reception between songs.

Musically, the most powerful Mayall appeared astounded and pleased beyond belief. Shit, we blues I've ever heard. I guess just had pure fun for about nothing equals live music. The fifteen minutes until suddenly music continued for an hour and there was no noise except for Hartley's drumming. The crowd was clapping and chanting in time with the drumming. Mayall

appeared to be pretty pissed off. The power was on again, off again and Hartley kept drumming. Mayall stepped forward:

"I've been all over the world. Never has this happened Maybe this is Christchurch Without power We're fucked." With that the drumming

stopped. The concert was over. A pretty dejected crowd started leaving the theatre and for those of us who were still there, this poxy fireman came up and got shitty, so we all moved on too. I thought about it and came up with a few conclusions. Mayall is king of the blues. And the Christchurch establishment

doesn't like to see so many kids having fun. After all, nobody was in any danger, and we were having an experience which would never be repeated. Apparently, Mayall would have gone on playing until he dropped through exhaustion. Maybe there would have been another hour's music.

—MARTY BRAITHWAITE.

CREAM farewell
concert film
LLT tues 18 weds 19



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And Swanson Street telephone 379 092

BLOODY STATISTICS



Blood or descent.

The Maori Affairs Act 1953 (and associated acts) is precise and exclusive in defining a Maori. It states that, "Maori means a person belonging to the aboriginal race of New Zealand; and includes a half-caste and a person intermediate in blood between half-caste and persons of full descent from that race."

"This 'half-blood formula' is the basis of census definitions. At the 1966 census, over 201,000 people registered as half-blood or more. A further 48,708 (over 20% more) registered as of Maori descent but less than half-blood. For census purposes these people are counted as non-Maori and are excluded from the main statistical analyses. Thus, all reliable figures for Maori population, employment and income refer only to Maoris of half-blood or more. Restricting the definition of a Maori in this way artificially depresses Maori numbers. Yet the figures are widely accepted by government departments and private agencies as covering all Maoris and are used in assessing the rights and importance of Maoris and even their representation in Parliament. Government assessment of Maori

needs on a national basis also leans heavily on the figures, resulting in a possible under-estimation of needs by up to 20%.

All descendants of Maoris are entitled to the provisions of special Maori legislation concerning housing and education. Government agencies therefore, have responsibilities towards much larger numbers of Maoris than the census defined Maori population on which their overall funding and services allocations are largely based. This deficiency is probably a major reason behind the insufficient provision of primary schools and pre-school facilities in Otara and Mangere, the shortage of job-training and accommodation for Maori youth coming to the cities, and the inadequate provision for Maori families in State housing areas. These problems were all pointed out by the recent Commission of Inquiry into Housing (1971). Other obvious examples are the paucity of government financial backing for the Maori Education Foundation and the overloading of Maori welfare services in Central Auckland. Until census analyses are changed to include all Maoris, there is no way to obtain the necessary figures on which to base a solution.

Process of Elimination.

Use of the half-blood formula is also resulting in statistical elimination of Maoris. For example children of marriages between Maoris of less than full blood and Pakehas are counted as non-Maori in the census. Combined effects of intermarriage and the half-blood formula are clearly shown in the 1966 special census survey of Auckland, Bay of Plenty and East Coast, which encompassed most of the Maoris in New Zealand. Less than half those under 16 years were registered as full Maori compared with nearly two-thirds in 1951.

Government's pious hope seems to be that the social situation of Maori descendants is improving apace with the effects of miscegenation, in excluding them from the census Maori population. If so, then by the time they are excluded they should have achieved socio-economic equality with Pakehas. Evidence indicates that the opposite is occurring. As will be shown in later articles, Government policies and practices during the sixties made only a token impression on the gross inequalities that exist between Maori and Pakeha in education, employment, income and housing. By progressively excluding Maori descendants from Maori statistics used in policy making, without first determining that improved social circumstances warrant exclusion, Government is practicing racial discrimination by default. The simplest solution is to replace the half-blood definition with an "any descendant" definition.

No right to vote.

Only those Maoris of half-blood or more are permitted to vote Maori. Provisional results for the 1971 census count over 223,000 people as Maoris. No figures are yet available for Maori descendants counted as non-Maori, but in line with the 1966 census they are certain to add a further 50,000. Assuming that age distributions of Maoris do not differ markedly with their proportion of Maori blood, then over one-fifth of Maori descendants eligible to vote will not be permitted to vote Maori in the coming election.

The importance of this figure for Maori self-determination becomes even clearer when population distribution is considered. Provisional results for the 1971 census show that for the first time in history over half the census Maori population (over 112,000) lives in urban areas, with almost 20,000 in Southern Auckland and 16,000 in Central Auckland. The distribution of intermarriage suggests that Maori descendants counted as non-Maori may add another 30,000 to the urban Maori population, almost all living in the North Island. Yet these people, representing over a quarter of urban Maoris cannot vote Maori.

Government is unlikely to relax this restriction, especially in an election year. Yet if Maoris are going to manage their own affairs they must use the political power which their urban concentration offers in areas like Central Auckland. If census defined Maoris combine with other Maori descendants (and perhaps with Pacific Islanders) they have the best opportunity yet to get their own candidates elected through one of the established political parties. By this strategy they could overcome the curb to their voting power which has for so long been one of the unjust results of arbitrary definition by blood-line.

— MICHAEL COLGAN.



TELEPHONE INSURRECTION

Friends, fellow revolutionaries, insurgents, mutineers, anarchists, insurrectionists, rioters, demonstrators, rebels left wingers, saboteurs, and all others who are dissatisfied with something and want to do something about it.

The ultimate way of protesting has been hit upon—you too can do your bit in lousing up any system you disagree with.

Actually it all started off with listening to Operation Fuck Up being blurbled all over the Quad. Yours truly and some of his budding fresher political agitators decided to have a go at actively protesting against military service by filling out false Application forms for registration for military service in her majesty's armed forces (and we registered as volunteers of course) at the rate of one a day and dropping them off in various Post Office boxes.

This however only served to whet our appetite so we tried for every damn from we could lay our hands upon; Tax forms, parliamentary forms, etc., etc. With a little imagination and a few minutes, a protestor can louse up

any Government department he has a grudge against. Postage is no problem—if not already paid for by your friendly paternal institution, then just don't put a stamp on it at all. They're not going to refuse to deliver a letter to their own organisation.

Anyway we started to think of other ways of effectively protesting—we even thought about letter writing for a while. Do you realise that if only 42,000 people in our apathetic little country (or about 1½% of our pop.) wrote only one letter a month to Rob or Jack or Norm the poor bastard would receive about 500,000 letters a year or 1600 a day. Shit, think of the demoralising effect 1600 letters against your beliefs, a day would have. The mind boggles. Anyhow, due to our financial state, we hit upon the idea of using the telephone as a means of protest. Think of the shit that would fly and the chaos that would result in Auckland if only two people per thousand, or a thousand devoted people rung once a day to express their views to, say, a representative of the French Government or the manager of a polluting industry or the chief pig in Auckland, or the

Mayor, and we might get some results. You'd get pretty bloody discouraged if you got a call every 5 minutes decrying your actions and beliefs. And to achieve this rate only 140 people would need to ring the same person on any particular day. Not only would it discourage you but it would really louse up your job. And what is more, folks, the blower is free, and entirely legal, and completely anonymous, and requires practically no guts and very little physical effort. We therefore urge you to do something about anything you are up tight about TODAY. In anticipation of your willing assistance we have included the following phone numbers for those too lazy to get a phone book:

Uptight about C.M.T.

Ring 33-533 Ask for Northern Area Training Officer.
373-357 RNZAF Recruiting Officer.
452-536 after hours to speak to Auck's top nob.
31-333 for Army Recruiting Officer.
Burning native forest ring 33-269.
Conservation, ring 31-184, ask for Wildlife.
Justice, ring 78-073 for Crown Prosecutor.
Police, ring 74-620 and ask for Asst. Commissioner.
U.S.A. ring 30-992 for U.S. Consulate.
French Atom test ring U.T.A. 669-900
South Africa ring S.A. Airways 362-456.
South African Tour ring Ron Don (Boss of Auck. Rugby) 53-338.

Polluting Diesel buses ring 364-420, ask for Gen. Manager.

Any polluting industry, look it up yourself and ask for the Gen Manager or Company Director.

Anything, ring Robbie at 74-650 or 378-021 after hours.

— F.C.J.L.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MAYOR OF AUCKLAND FROM GAY LIB

We are grateful for the foresight shown by the early city fathers who named the main street of Auckland in honour of an important sector of the community; the gay people, us homosexuals, us queens. Indeed it is not for nothing that our fair city is dubbed the Queen City of New Zealand.

We commend the campaign to make Auckland's streets safe to walk 24 hours of the day. We consider, however, that these laudable policies could well be greatly extended. Other streets could be renamed in a similarly regal manner, bearing in mind how our Mayor recently defended our royalist tendencies so slighted at the Feltex awards ceremony.

That Queen Street be declared a morals-free zone.



APOLOGY TO OUR READERS.

We regret that in our last issue we erroneously advised readers that Peter Lee's article on the seamen's union would be available from the Craccum Office. This article was not, is not and never will be available from any agency of the Auckland University Students' Association in any form.

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Saturday night SURVIVAL

THE FINAL AND INEVITABLE PRICE OF THE ESTABLISHMENTS RACISM.

There is a lot of discussion at high levels today about the sporadic rampages of organised violence by gangs of Maoris and Islanders. Nothing has yet been done for them. They are angry, no one cares, no one thinks too much about it, they think it does not touch them.

But now is the time to think about just how bored and frustrated these people really are; because it affects YOU. If you're the kind of person who likes to meet your friends down at the Kiwi, have a drink, get a little high and some place to dance maybe have a good time at a party, there is now a good chance you may meet up with a little anger on the way.

A group of people you might not even know exist have found your lives an easy mark for a brutal kind of violent game. It could be called "BEAT-A-FREAK" or even just simply "unprovoked attack", and the rules are very simple, somewhat loaded in THEIR favour. This is how it goes

someone at the pub decides to have a party, tells his friends who pass it on; very soon the whole pub knows and everybody goes who's welcome, and everybody almost always is. Except of course nobody is expecting quite what happens next.

The heavies also have been listening, found out where you're going just the same way you did, and if by some unfortunate coincidence they're all a little bored and feeling energetic they might just decide to go along there too. BUT . . . they haven't come to dance.

These kunts are organised; some nights they come to rob and steal, some nights they come to smash destroy and hurt.

Last Saturday night at a party in Epsom, two cars pulled up outside and disgorged about two dozen orcish heavies, some of whom deployed themselves outside while the others moved at speed towards the house. On the steps they found one guy and his lady. That was just the kind of odds they really dig.

That young woman had her skull cracked open with a bottle, cigarettes pushed into her face, and was kicked screaming to the ground in a senseless, bloody and vicious attack, perpetrated on an innocent, unwitting and completely defenceless woman. Her man was beaten too.



It was SENSELESS . . . she just happened to be standing there.

EVIL . . . it was a spontaneous attempt to blind and disfigure a beautiful woman.

VICIOUS..... the entire scene was carefully planned and unprovoked.

Immediately the blood was spilled—organism reached, they split en masse back to their cars which were cruising up and down in the street outside. On the way, they surrounded four people in a small car—smashed the windows with bottles and boots, and dragged the driver from behind the wheel for a quick rerun of the pre-arranged format. Incredible? It's not quite how you read it in the Herald or the Star, but you BETTER believe it—because its very very close to YOU.

You're sceptical? Feel safe? Well, that's cool, but please don't think the cops can help you if you're sprung like

this—they generally turn up AFTER the event.

This is not a threat. This is not a call for violent retribution or revenge. It's just a little piece of information you should know and use to your advantage.

Don't be intimidated by an evil force that thrives on fear.

Don't be unprepared—(Take that just how you like, but there are many more of you together than ever they would dare approach) and if they come someplace and start to beat up on somebody,

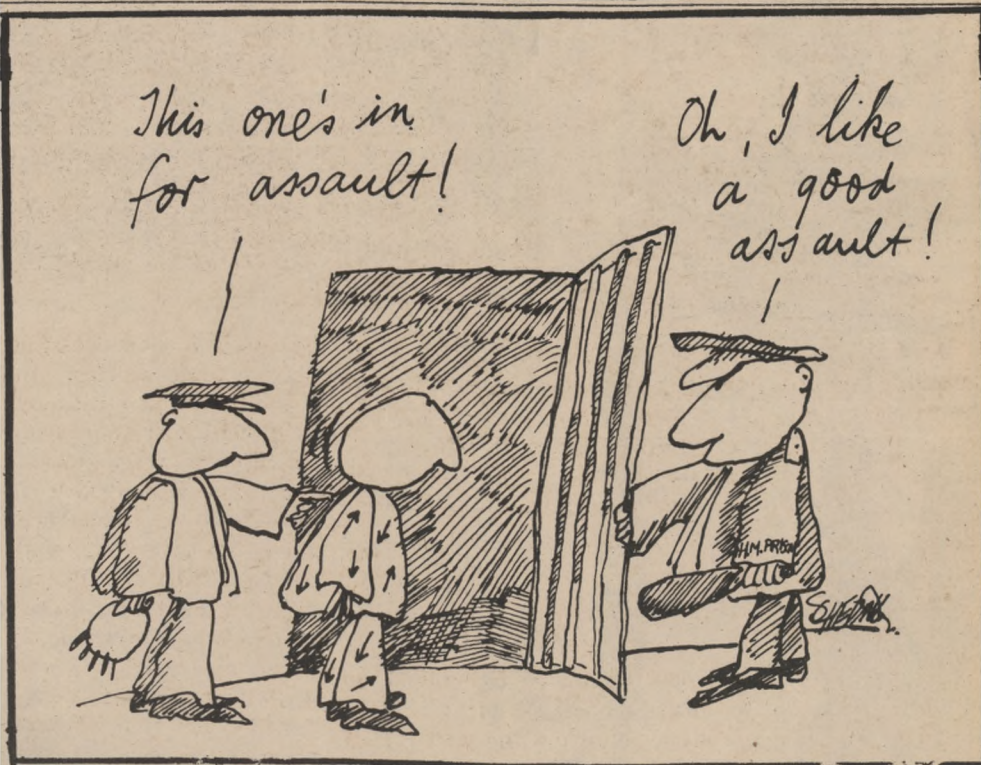
please DON'T just disappear and save your skin
please DON'T stand back and watch—close up together—stand firm together

and RESIST. If you don't, somebody could be killed.

That somebody could be YOUR lover, YOUR wife, YOUR child—

That somebody could be YOU.

survival

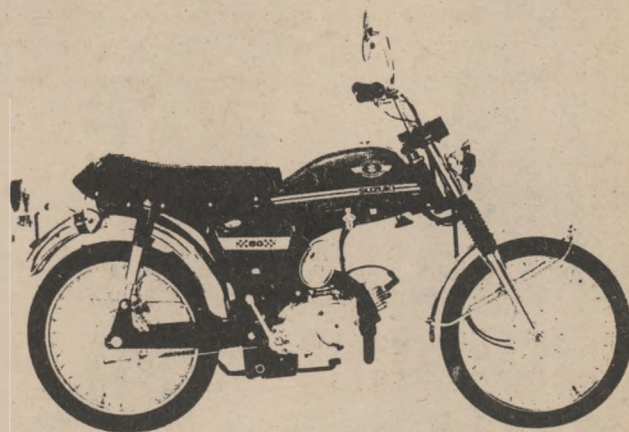


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THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE: ALL WE

NEED IS THE COURAGE TO FACE THEM

NEW TREMORS ARE RUNNING THROUGH



POETRY
WILL BE MADE
BY ALL NOT
BY ONE