

# arcum

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Free to students

## Architectural Congress: a meeting of warmth and poetic learning

F. BRUCE CAVELL

All the architectural schools in Australia (13) and the one in N.Z. form a thing they call the Australasian Architectural Students' Association. About all it's used for is the setting up of these congresses that they hold every year in May, one of the schools hosting. In their own words, the congress is "an opportunity for students . . . to review education and current issues in architectural planning and practice". Overseas speakers are invited and since it's mainly students who do the inviting, they try to get fashionable, entertaining architects usually from the States or Europe, to come down here to the South Pacific and talk and that to all these students. If you're not keenly interested in architecture, most of the guys who get invited you would never have heard of, nor would you have heard of any of the jobs they may have been involved in—they're an esoteric scene, these congresses. Of course, getting these famous people out here is a problem due to the work loads they have in order to keep famous, this means many are invited and 1 or 2 arrive.

This year it was Auckland's turn to organise the show. In the end they thought they had 4 fairly well known overseas talkers, most of these having been organised, after months of heavy correspondence, international phone calls and that, only a couple of weeks beforehand, but only 2 arrived.

These were Serge Chermayeff, a hound dog faced 72 year old Jewish planner from New York who was a pompous old shit who said 1 or 2 good things which he suffocated in great mountains of verbal crap, and to make matters worse, he would resort to cheap put downs for people whose questions he thought were below his dignity to answer; and a young (early 30's) Dutch born Californian, Syn Van de Ryn, a prof at Berkeley who was directly involved in the People's Park and following riots in 1969. He's one of the new liberals who are starting to become more numerous in places where they have some influence at a political level. Chermayeff's stuff is mainstream theoretical town planning, not really where it should be at, Van de Ryn is at the other end of the scale, if there is one, working in direct contact with schoolchildren, helping them to discover how much they can influence their environment. He, and a guy called Sanford Hirshen and some of his graduates have formed what they call Farrallones Institute, and they're really concerned with formal education at all levels and how it's not working anymore. Farrallones hardware is mainly Lulleresque—you know, efficient light weight structures—geodesics and that, and inflatables etc, but they are also into using waste materials like old car tyres for playground equipment. He was a pretty intense guy who was serious about what he was doing but he had that pessimism that a lot of intellectuals

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

### STUDENT TRIP TO CHINA

APPLICATIONS CLOSE  
16 JUNE —  
SEE MAIN  
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OUTSIDE STUDASS  
OFFICE FOR DETAILS

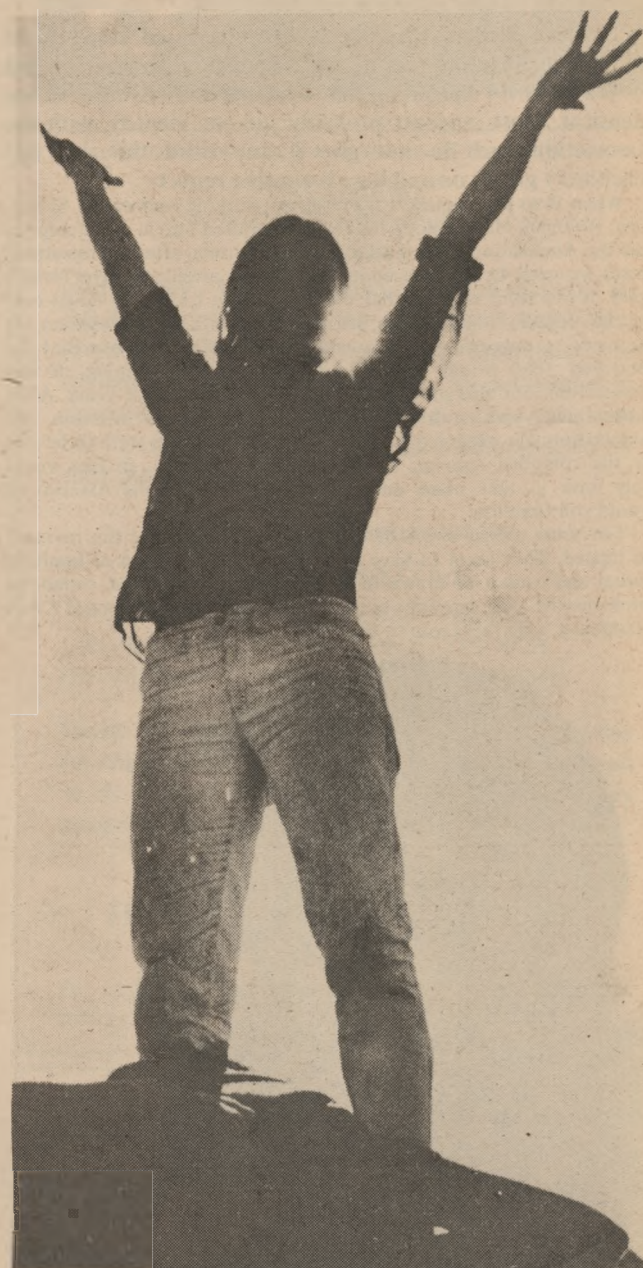


armyard in the paddocks



feeding time

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# State of the Union: CRACCUM

I imagine that by now most students are at least minutely aware of the workings of the Association, as well as its current financial plight. Perhaps I am mistaken: it is too easy to allow the assorted iota of bureaucracy to infiltrate curious mental cavities and then to assume that all and sundry have been subverted in the exact manner.

Student leaders who have always accused students of taking too little interest in the Association, can be accused by students for imagining that students and Association are identical. Most students probably do not identify with the Association and do not give it any third thought. But machinery grinds on and here is another report.

When Ross McCormick was President (working backwards: Spring, Law, Rudman, McCormick), his Executive raised fees in an attempt to put the Association onto a valid financial footing, after the disastrous losses incurred by the preceding Dick Wood presidency. (In Wood's term, losses were so great that the Association had to be taken over by the Registry). McCormick justified his significant Association fee increases by suggesting an economic pattern. The idea was that the increased fees would ensure not only smooth running of the Association, but also provide a profit for the next three years. After those three years, with expected cost increases and inflation, the Association was expected to incur losses. These losses were to be met by the compiled reserves, so that in effect, increases in fees would only have to take place once every six years and the Association would still function.

For some reason or another, those reserves cannot at this moment be tapped. They seem to have been placed in some kind of legalistic basket and cannot be drawn from. McCormick's plan then, cannot be implemented, and certainly was not implemented at the end of Law's presidency, when fees rose to their current level.



Preece ... "You have been labouring underneath a delusion."

President Spring was elected on two major policies: one of these was the gathering of finance for an Association Sports Complex (hence the Mystery Envelope Appeal with its yet unfinalised accounts), and the other was the non-raising of fees during his term.

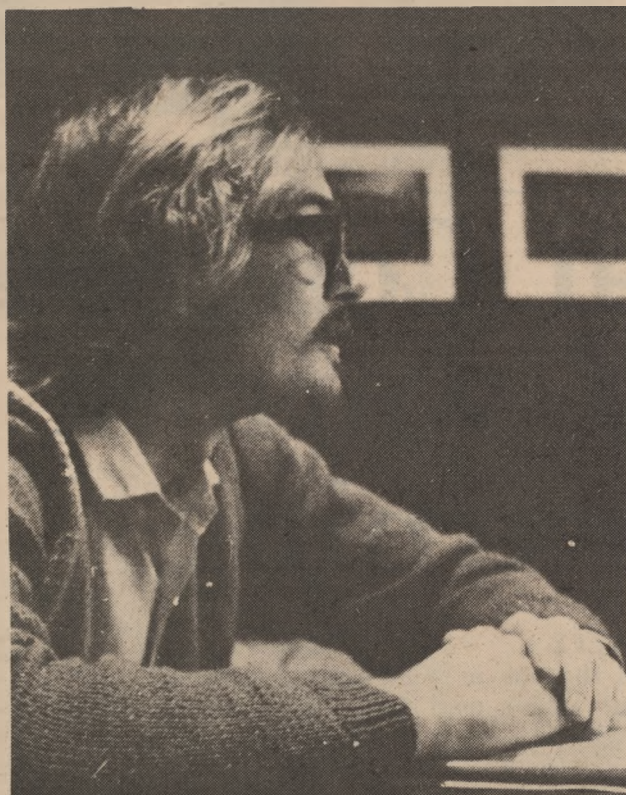
When time came to draw up the projected budget for 1971, it was discovered that incoming monies would not match expenditure. A tight budget was drawn, forecasting a deficit of some \$5000. Spring said that if everyone economised, that figure could diminish. Unfortunately it has not. Unforeseen and unbudgeted expenses have mounted. The Cafeteria made alarming losses which caused price increases for meals and snacks. Even these might not forestall the larger than budgeted loss in that area. An old theatre booking contract was finally and surprisingly sprung upon the Association, and \$1000 had to be found for J.C. Williamson Ltd who operate His Majesty's.

## CAFETERIA

The major source of concern however, seems to be the Cafeteria. It is there that Association funds are concentrated more than anywhere else, and concentrated to a much higher degree than in any other Students' Association throughout the country. Ostensibly, \$1 per student goes to the Catering Complex, of which the Cafeteria is the largest concern. No other Association matches Auckland with such a subsidy. Canterbury subsidizes 50 cents per student only. All the other Students' Associations entertain outside caterers. That is, a contract is SOLD to an independent, commercial firm to operate the Cafeteria and assorted appendages. That firm charges its own prices and makes its own gain or loss. The Students' Association can make money out of the agreement rather than lose.

Such an agreement was not arranged at Auckland for a number of reasons. Some Associations found that the outside firms monopolised the Cafeterias for their own sub-contracting for weddings, parties and the like. All that extra revenue was neither seen nor had by the various Associations. However, such a matter should surely be one of original negotiated contract and such undesirable effects could be eliminated. In any case, the Auckland Cafeteria has had a substantial drop in hired use for private functions.

It was also thought that outside caterers would misuse any student staff hired and charge the general student body exorbitant meal



Lack ... seeking an independence

prices. Again, staff conditions and yearly price fixtures can be written into contracts. Moreover, in Auckland's student-run Catering Complex, there have been disquieting reports of unduly stringent control and dismissal of student staff. Furthermore, with the recent price increases, charges for meals in the Auckland Cafeteria now differ hardly at all from meal charges at other universities with outside caterers.

A point of pride seems to be involved. Perhaps a case of a self-perpetuating machinery. Students at the coming Winter General Meeting should ask questions about such matters.

## ACCUSATION

The accusation has been made that this Association is turning into a monolithic administration for its own meal wagon. The accusation continues by pointing out that such emphasis has tended to seriously detract from projects the Association should be undertaking; especially those projects the University proper refuses to touch in its fits of ivory towerism. At a recent Executive meeting, Lady Vice President Mary Kirk had to almost beg for \$200 to finance a survey designed to discover student requirements for accommodation. The sum was finally given most grudgingly. Last year the Association raised a huge hue and cry over the utter necessity for 1% aid to underdeveloped countries. The Association pressured the Government to adopt such a policy and announced that it would set the example. This year? Just one year later? No 1% overseas aid. Why not? Exactly the same excuses offered by the Government last year, and condemned by this Association.

## CRACCUM

And so, on to Craccum. When I was appointed last year, it was on the clear understanding that the paper would be expanded. For the first term, with some difficulty, it was expanded. For Mr King and I, the term was to have been one of finding our feet, trying out basic experiments (since both of us had only worked on quarterly journals before and as free-lancers), with the view to presenting an extremely innovative paper by the second term.

At the year's beginning, the Craccum Administration Board was asked to present its own proposed budget. We told the Executive the paper could be produced well for \$11,000, produced in an above mediocre fashion for \$9000 and barely produced at \$8,000. We were given \$7,000. Our figures were realistic, based on increased printing costs, increased transportation costs etc. The Executive's allocation was a pipe dream.

We decided to try it. Throughout the period of trying, the Executive has harassed the Board to conform to the pipe-dream. Following is a report by Board member, Mr Bob Lack:

## REPORT

"This report does not cover the present state of the paper, such being the prerogative of the Board's Chairman. Rather it comments upon the actual functioning of the Board: to this end a short history of the Board may be in order for the benefit of uninitiated students.

The Board was set up a couple of years back as an experimental attempt to free Craccum from the political and financial interference of the Executive. It was charged with "administering Craccum within the budget allocated annually by the Association", and to this end it was envisaged that the Executive should delegate their full powers in respect of Craccum to the Board, and the then Executive in fact did this. To prevent any abuse of its resultant power the Board was carefully structured to consist of the President, Publications Officer, Business Manager (who was also created Business Manager of Craccum), Editor, Technical Editor, Advertising Manager, two SRC representatives and one Craccum staff member: a not unreasonable structure—three Executive members to protect the Association, four employees (three bound by contract) and two interested students to hold the "balance of power" if necessary. There appears to be no reason why the Board should not function successfully with this structure, as indeed it has in the past.

Unfortunately, however, the present Executive has for some reason refused to allow the Board to function: the very first motion discussed by them is indicative of several things—this was: "That the Craccum Administration Board's recommendation that the Craccum Secretary's wages be increased to \$1.00 per hour (from 90c) be accepted." Lost 7-6 (by casting vote)."

In his annual report presented in September only a month after this Executive took office the Editor was driven to recommend that "the Board obtain clarification of the opinion recently expressed that the Board has no right to spend money".

This year several Board motions concerning finance have been thwarted by the Executive, and in at least one case this has resulted in a fair amount of financial loss. Other Executive actions have resulted in loss of contributors, severe inconvenience to the staff and financial loss to the Editor.

Not content with interfering after the Board has made decisions, two of the Executive members on the Board have seen fit to ignore their obligations to it: The President has been represented at precisely two meetings since he took office, and at the latter of these he showed his interest by refusing to vote on an important motion to reduce the size of the paper. Curiously the Business Manager has attended only

those same two meetings, with little contribution, and has in no way acted as Business Manager to the paper, which to some extent explains its present financial position.

The Board was completely ignored in the recent libel case which was handled exclusively by the Executive, who have also recently seen fit to demand a report from the Editor and to reprimand him with in neither case any reference to the Board, to which he is responsible.

Finally—to show the regard the Executive pays to your representatives on the Craccum Administration Board—I recently went to an Executive Meeting and after enduring five hours of boring back-biting bullshit was ejected at 11.45pm because the Executive wished to move into committee to discuss Craccum."

## INTERFERENCE

It is evident then, that even apart from finances, Executive has not upheld the independence of the Board, even though the Association Constitution expressly states that the Board exists to administer 'Craccum within the budget allocated annually by the Association'.

Given our meagre \$7000, we set about managing it. Our management was not to the satisfaction of the Executive. There have been many instances of interference.

As Mr. Lack mentioned, the Board's recommendation for an increase in my secretary's salary was refused. The reason given was that there should be a standard secretarial wage in the Association and that the Board's recommendation would have altered that. I do not accept such a concept of standardized salaries. The business houses I am aware of, pay secretarial wages in accordance with merit rather than immutable standardizations.

The huge extended fuss made by Executive over the appointment of a paid Distribution Manager for Craccum finally lost the Association more than the Executive hoped to save. At a recent Craccum Administration Board Meeting, the paper's Advertising Manager, Mr Leo Pointon, gave his estimation that \$1000 of advertising receipts had been lost because no distribution of an effective sort had been available at the year's beginning.

The most recent example concerns myself. The Board met and approved my travel expenses to NZUSA's Winter Council at Lincoln. The Editor was not to be shown any special treatment. He was to travel in the same manner as Executive delegates: air to Christchurch and second class surface return. The Executive meeting subsequently altered the Board's recommendation to second class surface to and from. Their alteration was made on Tuesday night. The delegates were scheduled to leave on Wednesday. On Wednesday morning, I was telephoned by Administrative Secretary Vaughan Preece, and informed of the Executive decision. I said that there was insufficient time to travel by surface to the Council as it was to begin on Thursday. Mr Preece replied by saying that an air ticket was available, provided I made up the difference in cost between air and second class surface. I stressed that I was not asking for exceptional treatment, that I was not seeking a mere holiday, that I did feel that students should be informed of NZUSA, that the Board had a constitutional right to recommend any fashion of travel for me that it pleased.

## DELUSION

Mr Preece replied that I had been "labouring under a delusion, the independence of the Craccum Administration Board you talk of is a myth, the travel arrangements are to be according to Executive decision, take it or leave it".

I took it. Rather angrily, but all my affairs had been already arranged to allow for the trip, and my bags had been packed for that afternoon.

Now whether you like Craccum or not, the issue at stake is one of assumed independence on our part, and one of interference on the part of the Executive.

The Executive claims, rightly, that we are having trouble keeping within our pipe-dream budget. But as Mr Lack has pointed out, the constitutional Executive members of the Board have been very amiss in their attendance. The Executive speaks of the incompetence of the Board, when they themselves constitute a large portion of that Board.

Moreover, if Executive members do not care to attend, then subsequent discussions of Craccum at Executive meetings are conducted in states of unawareness over the reasons for Board decisions. The Association Business Manager has just recently begun to attend Board meetings and the President's permanent nominee not yet (the President must either attend or delegate a permanent representative).

But now Craccum has been cut down to twelve pages, a new Technical Editor, Mr Roger Fowler, is working in Mr King's place, and the basic, much curtailed experiments, have to begin all over again.

## ANNOYANCE

I am consequently rather annoyed. The financial difficulties the Executive imputes to the paper would be less imputable if Executive members of the Board had given their advice from the start, first hand; in that case, relations and economics would be better. Mr Preece once told me that I should keep my own rough record of issue to issue expenditure. At the very next Executive meeting, Publications Officer John Shennan asked that the Business Manager should not only attend Board meetings, but should present rough issue to issue expenditure estimations as well. Then, Mr Preece informed Mr Shennan that such a request was impossible to meet since receipts and invoices involve a period of transaction.

I shall no longer beg Craccum's case. This will be the final essay on its plight. From now on I shall work to produce what can be produced.

## CONCLUSION

I only wish to conclude by stressing that this Association, in the face of financial difficulties, whether unforeseen or carelessly unexpected, should have singled out priorities. What has transpired this year, has been the unsuccessful attempt by the Executive to cover all its undertakings in as minimal a fashion as possible. Everything has consequently suffered and I daresay there are many other angry voices about the Association.

McCormick attempted to set up a continuum for Association finances. The Association has chosen to continue only its year to year mode of operation. No overall projected developments, outside of buildings are undertaken and a special S.R.C. sub-committee set up by Mr Spring to oversee the Association's development has not been heard from.

## THE EDITOR

|                        |  |
|------------------------|--|
| Editor:                | Stephen Chan   |
| Technical Editor:      | Roger Fowler   |
| Secretary:             | Susan King   |
| Arts Editor:           | Murray Edmond  |
| Editorial Staff:       | Kathryn De Nave; Grant Stitt;<br>John Daly-Peoples; Susan Kedgley<br>Anne Gilbert; Denys Trussell. |
| Heavy Graphics Editor: | Gordon Clifton   |
| Photographics Editor:  | Alan Kolnik  |
| Advertising Manager:   | Leo Pointon  |
|                        | Rob White house, Max Wallace.  |

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The Sisalahon

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Lecture thea anything else, y on. All these g anyway, was fab for the talks, b there. The previc has its problems and this kind of especially if it's architecture is s scenes. They're t to really hit it i kind of precon really was a co things affected r setup changed—y in the city, the money.

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And the darl the dark's one t cook house area flare things that ground was so n sticking up eve walking about v took you didn't whole week, on everyone was c the feel of the where the enter all these high r or anything bu pole with the ov



CONTINUED FROM THE FRONT COVER

everywhere have and it's a real downer. No one seems to know what's going to happen over there. He talks seriously about generation warfare—a real war this is too. The People's Park incident really hit him hard.

Anyway, the Congress got underway in town on Sunday in the Chemistry lecture theatre with poetry reading by Kendrick Smithyman and M.K. Joseph and a talk by Prof Toy putting our heads and Auckland into context within the whole cosmos, and then lectures and questions and that which continued through Monday. On Monday night they had a kind of dance over at the Architecture School except that most people stood around drinking and dreaming. Five bands played through to about 3am, being OK Dinghy, Ringbone from Whangarei, Orig Sun, October and a Wellington band, Farmyard.

But all this is really just to ease you into the amazing following days when on Tuesday the whole scene moved up to the old cement works at Warkworth.



The Sisalahoni pyramid

DOING THE EXPLORATIVE

Now this Congress aimed specifically at "planning an example community to be designed and built by students . . . and so promote innovative and explorative work in the nature and structure of a community and its physical shelter and services". This may sound like pretentious bullshit to you, but in fact this is what nearly happened—in fact, given another week to run it would have. The great thing about this congress compared to others was that once everyone was at the site, out there in the country among all these really good ruins—modern ruins too, the whole thing was about doing it—fuck the talk. And this is what happened—the talks by the invited speakers went on, but somehow, they really didn't matter that much anymore.

Lecture theatres are ugly like they are because if they were anything else, you wouldn't listen to that prick down there talking on. All these guys did their speaking, some of it, what I heard anyway, was fairly interesting but the week will be remembered not for the talks, but for the place, and the real things that happened there. The previous congresses had always been held in cities—and this has its problems what with people spread all round the place in billets, and this kind of attitude you have when you go to a strange town, especially if it's big, about having a "good time" and that, and architecture is strictly masculine stuff, and chicks are rare at these scenes. They're there, but not in force. And you need a lot of money to really hit it in the city, especially if you're a visitor. But all the kind of preconception vanished with a site 48 miles from town. It really was a community out there. And the good things and bad things affected nearly everybody in the same way because the whole setup changed—you couldn't rely on what comforts you had at home in the city, the things you build up over the years if you've got the money.

DARKENED HEAT

A week meant that tendencies of social and individual layering didn't have time to develop and the conditions out there hampered any elite forming, except for the hard core of organizers. It was pretty strange; normally a day can go all night, if you want it to, because it's warm inside with heaters and electric lights and that. But out there, the darkness lasted more than 12 hours—by 5.30 it was nearly dark and getting colder all the time until by 8 o'clock it was too cold for anything except huddling round a fire somewhere and as the night wore on, the coldness would get colder and your breath would be steam as you hunched your shoulders with scarf and gloves. The thing about fires is that there is an optimum point to be at where it's not too hot or too cold, anywhere closer and you can't stand it more than a few minutes and any further away and you get cold. So while the bands were playing or the singers singing or even when the movies were on, there would be these people constantly moving between the 2 big fires in the entertainment area and the one by the cookhouse—getting through the circle of permanent sitters to where it was too close for more than a few minutes and you'd see them standing—jesus I was one myself—and I'd stand there warming my hands through my gloves and then open my coat to warm my body then turn around and lift up the bottom of the coat to warm my arse. All the time oohing and aahing, because the warmth—something you normally take for granted—man, it felt so good, so really good just standing there soaking up the heat and looking at the flames and faces. When I could smell the cloth in my pants smelling the way it does when the iron's too hot. I'd move away again, stepping over all these people sitting there on logs and planks, and as soon as I was through, boy I could feel the coldness coming back and I'd move over to the other fire.

And the darkness there's no street lights out there or anything and the dark's one thing that wasn't really planned for and except in the cook house area and entertainment area, they only had these kerosene flare things that lit up bugger all. It was fantastic though, because the ground was so muddy and lumpy and there were bits of wire and pipe sticking up everywhere and trenches and ditches and that, so that walking about was really a pretty slow thing because every step you took you didn't know where you were going to put your foot. In the whole week, only one guy got his foot cut, because it was so tricky, everyone was careful. So, because of the darkness, I never really got the feel of the site, except for a vague feeling of the area close to where the entertainment was held—in an open area in the middle of all these high ruins—and the cookhouse area which wasn't a building or anything but these big strips of dark green plastic draped from a pole with the ovens and serving tables underneath.

DURAFOIL

On Thursday, we got out there in the early afternoon, when it was still sunny and warm, and, well, it was pretty amazing to see all these new things—all through these old concrete ruins—a lot of yellow plastic and paint and silver durafoil and metal roofing were used for these shelters that all these architecture students were actually living in out there where it was so bloody cold. They were mainly pretty loose kind of things—most people didn't worry too much about finishing anything off too well and from up the hill that the road to the site comes down, it looked a big like a dump filled with brand new shiny clean rubbish. But down where they were, it was really a very quiet kind of dreamlike thing just to walk around looking at this wierd variety of forms and materials—paper mache—some guys had houses made out of paper mache on chicken netting—one was sort of entwined around this willow tree—you know, walking about in the sun, and saying hullo and that to people who you knew from town—picking your way through the mud and over the trenches and up this big grass mound.

I stayed out there for the last 2 nights—we slept in a digger's tent 3 in the 1st night, 4 the 2nd—the dampness out there made the coldness worse but we had a plastic ground sheet under these 4 sheets of corrugated cardboard covering the 5'x8' floor of the tent which we slept on so it wasn't too bad. But it was the mornings that made the stay out there worth it. To get up with the freshness in the air and the damp dewy grass, and to piss behind a tree and see the steam really rising and the sun up in the sky, so bright and clear and no traffic noise—just these human voices and birds and this coldness of the earth mixed with the warmth of the sun. And the most beautiful thing was that it kept getting warmer—the cold in the evenings was negative—you knew it wasn't going to get any warmer, but in the mornings it was positive—you could leave your jacket off because it was going to get warmer and warmer all the time. Breakfast was ready about 8.30 or so—all these seedy looking guys queuing quietly—cornflakes or weetbix and hot milk, fresh local bread—cottage loafs and jam—marmalade, plum, apricot or marmite and tea or coffee. The food was mostly precooked, partially or wholly and then frozen, a Watties product—convenience foods is what it's called—the vegies are half cooked and then frozen and kept in these multiwall bags. The meat is prepared, cooked, sauced, sliced etc., and put in these aluminium trays about 18" x 8" x 2" with peel off aluminium lids. They heated the vegies in water in these big pans, and the meat in racks in a big oven—all gas fired with rockgas. All the food was stored in 6' x 6' x 6' freezer—it was full to the brim at the beginning of the week, and empty at the end. The quality was amazing and of course to be tucking into delicious hot chicken casserole, peas, potatoes and bread and butter at 8.00pm in the near dark in the freezing cold was too much—and they usually had second helpings. The quantities of food eaten were amazing—one night for tea they prepared 75lb sausages, 2-125lb pigs wrapped in aluminium foil and roasted in a fire and 125lb of potatoes as well as 50lb peas, and the same night for supper 7-5lb fruit cakes were eaten—that's 35lb of fruit cake—amazing. Lunch was a hot meal and there was one supper, sometimes 2, every night . . . No one complained about the food.



Murray Edmond's dance with Ken Rea's Living Theatre.

WARM & SITTING

By late morning everyone was up and awake (and they even had hot showers out there which were fantastic too—they got burnt down on the last night when a kerosene flare tipped over and set the durafoil used as a weatherskin alight. The next morning all that was left was this charred timber skeleton and these red plastic hoses leading to the hand held spring loaded nozzles) and just kind of sitting around on the bank of the river or somewhere soaking up the sun. The quiet and warmth and sun during the 3 hours before and after midday made everything feel really dreamy and although the talks went on, I just strolled about the shelters that had been built and gazed into the middle distance and sat and talked occasionally to friends. Very dreamy. The thing was, by 3pm, it was starting to get cooler, and the premonition of night falling made everyone really make the most of the sun. You could strip off to your singlet at 1 o'clock, but by 4 o'clock, it was back to coat and by 5, on the scarf and gloves, and another cold night and darkness again. And the fires.

The sewerage disposal too started off really well—its some sort of electrolytic action which converts all that shit and paper and that to pure (drinkable) water and a white powder. It was invented by a couple of engineers. They had about 8 bogs connected to this thing as well as 4 holes in the ground on the other side of the site—just as well they did because someone switched off the generator early in the week, and to get the white powder machine working after a power cut, you need to carefully prime it—it works to pretty close

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BOUTIQUE

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Applications are also called for

**SENATE REPRESENTATIVE**

**ASSOCIATION REPRESENTATIVE ON  
UNIVERSITY COUNCIL COMMITTEE FOR  
UNIVERSITY GOVERNMENT SUBMISSIONS**

Senate representatives must be graduates. Candidates for the other position advertised should be prepared to sit on the mentioned committee for several hours several times each week.

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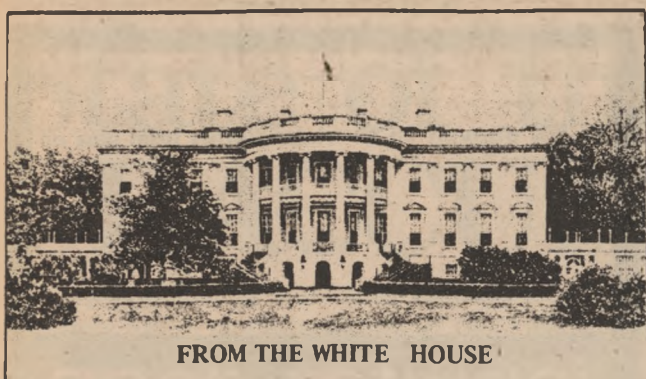
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tolerances—and these engineers weren't about, so all the bogs connected to it were, naturally, of no more use except to take photo's of. By the end of the week, the holes in the ground bogs were barely holes.

And in the evenings all this entertainment had been arranged. 2 bands, OK Dinghy and Farmyard were out there all week. Farmyard, were not really my scene, but they went down well with the architectural populace out there, and they'd organised people like the Scratch Orchestra and a Chamber Music group and folkies and Paddy Grant (who never performed—the stages were too small or something) the King of the Dance, and there were movies, and even the Living Theatre group too. But you know, all this kind of stuff, it's interesting and that but I'll always remember the cold, the sun, the dark, and Jock's food, and the good vibes all these made in everyone's heads.





FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

## radio bosom

There has been a lot of controversy about the "music in the quad". Recently I read in the Auckland Star that a bunch of professors (Senate, or Council or something) were not too happy, as the noise had been interfering with study in the library, and members of the public had complained. Apparently the issue has been held over until they see what the position is in the second term, and since they have not asked me themselves, nor in fact contacted me at all, I thought I would tell everyone what is happening.

Over the holidays Selwyn Jones, president of Blues, Jazz, Rock Soc, has set up a studio at the Arts Centre (24 Grafton Road) from which we intend to pipe music to the Student Union, by arrangements with the Post Office, and it should be installed by the time you read this, that is, if we don't encounter too much opposition from "Mr Student Union" and his lackeys! Selwyn is a former director of Radio Atlanta, which applied unsuccessfully for a private licence with Radio I and Radio Hauraki in 1969. They then planned to start an off-shore 'pirate' station, but this fell through for want of a suitable boat. At the Arts Centre Selwyn has set up Radio Atlanta's equipment, consisting of two turn-table decks (NZBC quality), a mixer, and a tape recorder.

As both the Coffee Bar and the Milk Bar have sound systems built into them, it will be easy to connect up to them, and the amplifier, used for 'music in the quad', will be sufficient to use in the common rooms. Because several of the other organisers (including myself) were connected with RADIO BOSOM—set up in 1969 for Capping Week—we have decided to call this venture RADIO BOSOM. Our ultimate aim is to apply for a private licence, perhaps next year, for it is a well known fact, that the next private licence to be issued in Auckland will go to the University. The Public Liaison Officer is approaching established stations, for student time on Sunday evenings, and if he is successful, these two efforts combined should give students enough experience to confidently apply for their own licence some time in the future.

Initially we will run programmes for at least three hours a day, but this could easily be increased if enough people are interested. Unfortunately, as we have not received one bit of help from the Students Association, the scheme has been financed by Selwyn and myself, and frankly we do not have much to come and go on. We are desperately in need of interested would-be announcers, owners of private record collections, and anyone else willing to help in any way what-so-ever. All ideas, or suggestions will be gratefully received, and interested persons may contact either Selwyn Jones or myself, or come down and have a look at the Arts Centre.

We will definitely not sell out to middle-of-the-road tastes as all the Auckland stations have; we exist only to play the music you wish to hear. Disc-jockeys from other stations are to be invited to front guest shows, and we will be experimenting a lot, so the result should be interesting. At the very least RADIO BOSOM should encourage students to think more about music, and provide advertising for any groups who wish to use it, but it will only work if you get behind it. RADIO BOSOM for ever!

President Dave Neumegen  
**BOSOM THRUSTS OUT**

Radio Bosom cranks into action Monday week. This is the new music system for Studass i.e. a system owned and operated by students from our studio at the Arts Centre. We intend to pipe music from the Centre Monday to Friday, 12.00 to 3.00pm via a telephone line provided by the P.O. We hope students will bring along records to play and host their own shows. We have ex-N.Z.B.C. equipment (belonging to me which I'm lending) and speakers provided in the Coffee-bar/milk-bar/top common room. We have a lot of enthusiasm and interested people behind us and we hope you will help by promoting for us in Craccum—I don't know if you'll give us a full page advert or not but it would be a good idea. Hope you will help as this is an attempt by us to get students interested in music and to reduce impersonalism at Varsity. The services provided by us are advertising functions ONLY for societies, etc. I have N.Z.B.C. and private radio D.J.'s whom we will get to do one show a week—all the rest will be by students who have had previous radio experience.—hope you groove.

Selwyn Jones

vote.

ron mayes  
for president

## a letter...

Sir,  
Look, man, see that little old grey building on the corner opposite the cafe? The little one with the pokey little windows overlooking the quad? Well, I Betty Wilson, individual, am bidding you a none too fond

farewell. I have listened to your force-fed music for nigh on three months, now, and before I am carted away I am leaving. Satisfied?

You will march down bannerwaving in front of a crowd and revel in the attention you demand for the poor of Vietnam. Yet you heed not the pleas of your fellow man. I, too, walked with you on that Friday night of the 30th and am as deeply concerned as you are, but I believe in the freedom to live and let live and the practice of that belief. It is but last month that I heard, myself, our little friend, Tim Shadbolt, on a Sunday afternoon in Albert Park, complain bitterly about our news media and what is forced upon us. I heard him complain about Princess Alexandra's hotpants. I also heard him say—"and what about piped music. You go into a department store, and what do you hear... PIPED MUSIC". I said, "What about the Students Union?" A boo was the loud reply. You talk about double standards. It's OK for you but shouldn't be done in Woolworths.

One day, and it won't be very long, when your student days are over and you are making a crust of some kind (honest or otherwise), you will have a wife, and babies (in spite of the Pill). You will have to work, whether you like it or not and you try to answer three phones and compete with a loud speaker adjacent to your head. Try to do any work which requires concentration during a prolonged ride of the Valkyries at full volume. Have your eardrums actually 'bent' with a pound, pound, pound? Although I speak as an individual, I feel that I speak with many voices on this issue. I speak for anyone anchored firmly in one spot, unable to move away. You students can float around about and are at liberty to leave at will. Give some heed to your fellow man. Come back from Vietnam for just a little while and think of the HERE and NOW.

You talk about Democracy. When I managed to pull someone to my office to demonstrate the validity of my complaint, the one handling the volume turned it down.

I have listened to the story of sewerage in the Mouse House. I have listened to the story of no hotwater or heating in the Student Union. I regret that I was able to hear the requests from the Student Union. At times I have had to ask people to phone again when the 'music' was supposed to be off. Talk about 1984—Everyone is being fed a cacophony of sound specially selected by a certain section of our populace.

I have vivid memories of people melting away from my small section of the Community—I was an Art Student. Now, in Art, people are free to like what they like and discard what they do not, and I believe in this freedom. You deny this basic right to people as far away (ref. 'Star', Tuesday 18th May) as Kitchener Street. Over Easter I heard two people talking about the din. One was the wife of a doctor living further down Princes St., and the other was a graduand in Commerce. Neither was aware I worked right on the trouble spot. One's husband has difficulty listening through his stethoscope and the other is no longer using the Graduate's facilities in the Student's Union. I hope you are more than satisfied. You have really made it.

Apart from having been on the receiving end and the closest to this travesty of music, I think, that in your search for something in which to 'Buck the Establishment' you have indeed found it in this essentially middleclass THING of piped music.

Will you print this, or are you, also, dishonest with yourselves, and only believe in the Society of Mutual Admiration?

Betty Wilson

I must thank Messrs Fowler, Miller and Riddell, for working all night on Sunday, redeveloping all the photographs for this issue. Would the person who stole the originals please regard himself as a shit.

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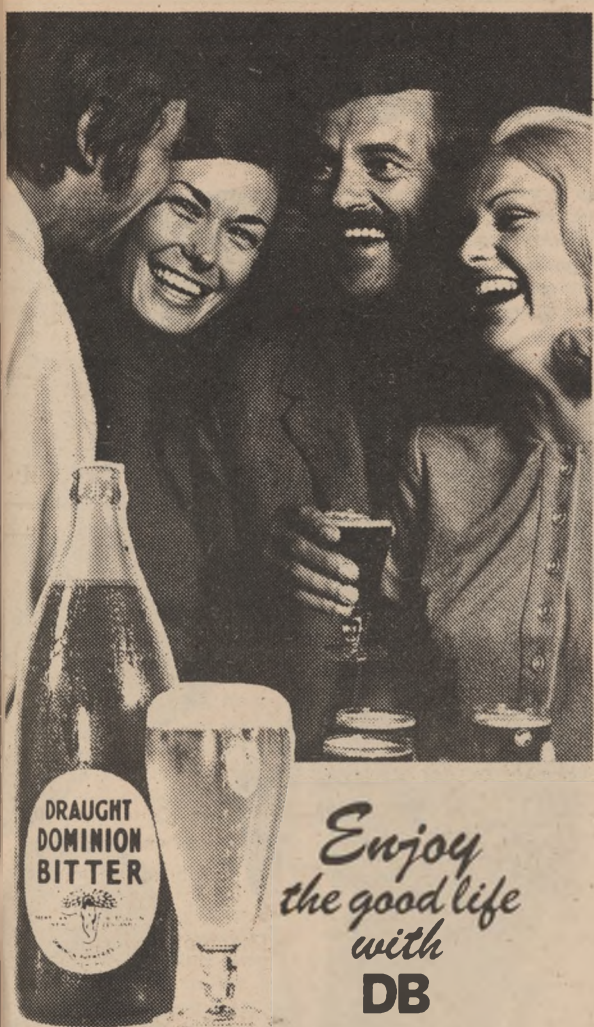
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# Forgettable forgotten: the tearing d

JOHN CLAPHAM AND JOHN HASTINGS

Another Pakistan tidal wave: this time an outward flow, this time away from terror, this time of people.

People, people, people, swamping the villages in the thousand miles of border surrounding East Bengal. Occupying homes, markets, schools in India and Burma. Grateful for shelter under trees, lining the roads to all the nearest towns. In Calcutta too, pleading for living space, jobs, education, money, and other means of survival. Two million as we write this. At least. Nonsense, says Mr Agha Shahi for the Pakistan Government, there are no more than 40,000. But one of our relief teams alone is working a camp of 42,000, and as we move round the border calling on other teams it is obvious that there are more than fifty times the number of that single camp, and that only accounts for half the border area. The flow continues. At some crossing points 10,000 a day arrive, with terror lodged in their eyes and often with bullets in their limbs. Last week 96 villages near Khulna were cleared out and 100,000 arrived in the southernmost West Bengal area. Many had completed 50 miles on foot, and as they touched Indian soil they collapsed. Exhausted, but free.

But for two weeks in succession the most horrifying mass barbarity since Hitler gets no mention in the Guardian Weekly's summary of news, and the Economist has not a word about it anywhere. Now the May 15th Guardian Weekly has Mr S.R. Chauri's smooth talk of 'inevitably the central figure in this bloody drama is the poor Bihari'. So he dismisses the massive election majority in Pakistan as a whole and Yayha Khan's failure to recognise it. And he sees the tragically inevitable hurt to a small minority within East Pakistan's 70 million in order to draw the eye from the West Pakistan's Army's barbaric attrition against the mass of Bengalis and their Murti Pouj.

Is it that the Murti Pouj is unable to withstand the onslaught of heavy weapons, so the cause it stands for must be pushed aside too? Or is it that while real war makes news, the modern mass media cannot bear further repetition of the continuing horror and the bloody trail it leaves? Or has Mr Woodrow Wyatt been nearer the truth—nearer the bone—when he has asked, "Are they too poor, too far away, too unimportant for us to bother about?"

We are not reporters with little time to spare, looking for the best stories. We have each lived in West Bengal for most of 20 years and we have talked at random with hundreds of refugees in the course of our relief work amongst them. The total picture of what has been happening in East Bengal is clear to us without any shadow of doubt.

There are scores of survivors of firing-squad line-ups. Hundreds of witnesses to the machine-gunning of political leaders, professors, doctors, teachers and students.



Dying Spirit

## PATTERN OF DEATH

Villages have been surrounded, at any time of day or night, and the frightened villagers have fled where they could, or been slaughtered where they have been found, or enticed out to the fields and mown down in heaps. Women have been raped, girls carried off to the barracks, unarmed peasants battered or bayoneted by the thousand. The pattern, after 7 weeks, is still the same. Even the least credible stories, of babies thrown up to be caught on bayonets, of women stripped and bayoneted vertically, or of children sliced up like meat, are credible not only because they are told by so many people, but because they are told by people without sufficient sophistication to make up such stories for political motives.

Many babies will grow up with the name Joy-Bangla—the motto of victory for the freedom movement—through having been born during a pogrom against their own or village, or beside the road during flight, or under a tree in an Indian market-place.

At Hili we saw a three month old baby girl who should have been brightening a home in a peaceful village in East Bengal three miles across the border. But she had just died a victim of panic. Her mother had fled from her burning village and 'The Khans'. Even in India the rain of bullets and shrapnel continued. Who was she, a sixteen year old mother, to try to draw someone's attention (whose?) amongst thousands of others with individual needs to the drying up of her milk.

## DELIRIUM

We saw the amputation of a mother's arm and a child's foot. These were too far from the border, and gangrene developed from their bullet-wounds. Many saw their daughters raped, and the heads of their children smashed in. Some watched their husbands, sons, and grandsons tied up at the wrists and shot in more selective male



This child has no name. She is with her pregnant mother and has no milk. The child is 6 months old.



Temporary shelter in a small railway station for 5000 people

elimination. No sedative will calm a girl now in Bangaen hospital—she is in a permanent delirium crying, "They will kill us all, they will kill us all..." Next to her is a girl still trembling from day-long raping and a vaginal bayonet wound.

About 400 were killed at Jhavadanga while on their way to India, surrounded and massacred. Why? Lest they take tales to India? Or because choosing a certain 'democratic system under Sheikh Mujib means forfeiting the right to live in any country?

We have seen the Pak Army burning villages and destroying rice-stocks. One aged man says, "Even my coconut palms, even my eight coconut palms they destroyed".

## BETRAYAL

Most vicious of all perhaps was the attempted annihilation of the East Bengal Regiment. Few of the first Battalion escaped through a curtain of bullets fired by those who the previous day were their mates in the mess. The insensate fury follows the contempt of years: exploitation has been chronic—rice had become double the price it sold for in the Western Province. Mujib's men were ready to re-establish justice democratically and peacefully, and gained an overwhelming mandate from the people in the December elections, 167 out of 169 seats. But Yahya Khan's military junta and Mr Bhutto could not stomach the humiliation implied. It is claimed that a document has been intercepted in February setting out a plan to reduce the Bengali population to two per square mile. Atrocities provoked brutal retaliation—the murder of Biharis, the live burial of spies and torturers. The deeds in themselves are just as bad, but they have been stupidly exaggerated (unarmed civilians do not frequently massacre heavily armed military units), and let the fact of their being provoked be underlined.

Millions remain helpless and cowering in ditches and groves in inland villages, unable to be sure of gaining a safe route of escape. With food scarce, the least-principled are easily bought over as collaborators, and now it is difficult to know whom to trust.

## REFUGE

In India, already over two million have taken refuge. Bengal alone, already impoverished and struggling to develop, has 1.8 millions. Tube-wells meant for West Bengal farmers have been diverted for the camps. Cultivable lands have been yielded for tents. Yet the local people have been marvellous hosts, and the Government officers and volunteers recruited on the spot have done a fantastic job of organisation and service. The queues for rations are quiet and endless. Inoculations and vaccinations have been carried out with remarkable speed and efficiency—though inevitably many have escaped the net and cholera outbreaks are happening. In a large part of North Bengal, education has come to a standstill—all the schools and colleges are crammed full of people. Private houses and market-places are choked

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# ingf dogs and a haunting of ghosts

Photos by Sandra Hall

with the homeless, unwanted where they belong. Acres of tarpaulin, tents, shacks, sheds go up. War casualties come in—sometimes carried in by Indian rescue squads. The public health needs of encampments of tens of thousands, not for an Isle of Wight weekend but for months, cannot wait a day for fear of epidemic. And then the normal statistics of life: how many births per day among such a number? How many deaths? How many doctors needed? How many hospital beds? Where will India find them? How much water will be drunk? How many million pounds a month is going into Operation Hospitality?—for those who have come all but naked, with no clothing, blankets, utensils. And all this stupendous human task of organisation, schooling, occupation, and of hope and morale to be kept alive towards the only possible prospect for return—Bangla Desh, a homeland to be their own.

Is this to be regarded as India's problem? It should be no more hers than any other country's. What is the West doing? The big event is over, the heavy print of Pakistan reced's, the tragedy is stale, the previous exciting, dangerous coverage is turned elsewhere. Who will fund the relief operations? Who will campaign for this?

## NO SETTLEMENT ENOUGH

How many millions have to come before the world will realise that they have not come for a picnic, that the things they believe in are valuable not to them only but also to the world itself? Even then, will the world realise that a 'settlement' with the present regime will not be enough, that these millions must remain displaced until living in the homeland again is made safe by the establishing of Mujib's style of Government? Anything less than his may be a solution for immediate peace, and very acceptable to the supporters of the military regime and the Muslim League and the opportunist collaborators traitors to their cause, who will share between them the vacated lands: but it will be compounding justice, and it will be no solution for India, with the colossal human problem of the unabsorbable population. The 240,000 who came from East Bengal last year have not been accommodated yet. The present refugees are very different; for the previous ones their fears were often imaginary and often they had dissipated their resources. These do not come as beggars, but as men with a homeland crying for their human rights. So the major relief is the regaining of lebensraum.

Meanwhile other problems pile up: what of the next harvest? In East Bengal now many farmers have been compelled to grow only jute in place of rice ... In the cyclone-havoc area the worst flood since Noah (?) is already in the mythical past to our roving television eyes nearly a million had no harvest last year. Large tracts of countryside have been ravaged and seedlings have been destroyed. Is starvation the weapon now?

The barbarous continuing unbridled sheer bloody fury of Yayha's boys, the open murderous rape of the Eastern province, and the treachery stemming from the loss of face by someone hurt by democracy—all this brings back silence from the West.

Are the political complexities so much a gag? Has no Government or people the voice that can sound out with authentic ring of passion in support of the victims? Is there no consensus out of which can be heard a creative answer.

The essay above was sent to Craccum by John Hastings. It is a first hand account as is the essay following. Sandra Hall was travelling overland from England to New Zealand and was on the East Pakistan border when the violence flared. She is now living in Auckland.



The pool that served as water supply, bath, dump.

## SANDRA HALL

Early in 1970 the people of Pakistan—East and West voted by an overwhelming majority to elect the Government of Sheikh Mujib in place of the military dictatorship of Yahyah Khan. The 'Khans' refused to relinquish control. To avoid bloodshed the Sheikh agreed to compromise and become leader of East Pakistan only and establish the separate State of Bangladesh. The following story was told to us by a close friend of the Sheikhs who escaped into India.

"On the day of the 25th of March Yahyah Khan was to meet the Sheikh to continue the talks to settle the situation. He drove past the Sheikh's residence to an army base (west Pakistan) and then returned. The Sheikh rang to ask why he had not come to the meeting. He was told Khan was ill. That afternoon Khan and his chief advisors left for West Pakistan. That night military cantonments, student hostels, universities, the homes of leading Bengali politicians and some office buildings were surrounded. Their inhabitants were slaughtered in 'state 1' of a genocidal plan that rivals Nazism. The Sheikh was spoken to on the phone as the trouble began. He has not been heard from again. He is believed to be held prisoner in West Pakistan".

Two weeks ago, in comparative comfort 34 miles from the Indo-Pakistan border in a Methodist Mission in Calcutta we could



Queues for registration in 90 degrees heat.

hardly imagine the endless streams of people—refugees now swarming into India, Assam, and Burma.

The Rev John Hastings an Englishman who has lived amongst and cared for the Bengalis for 15 years and speaks the language fluently, a man without political attachments nor motives, in India, was our host. He had seen the Pakistan situation as it grew and is now caring for the refugees and fervently supporting the cause of Bangladesh—Independent Bengal. We were taken by him and some Indian and Pakistan friends to the refugee 'camps' and 'hospitals'. With an instamatic camera and a broken pencil we tried to capture the horrible reality of it all.

In the small area we visited there were already 1½ million refugees in five camps—and still they came most of them peasants leaving small subsistence level farms—sometimes carrying a few clothes or pots sometimes carrying sick or wounded or perhaps an aged parent. A man who had carried his father 50 miles to escape the Khan's that had killed his mother and taken his wife and daughter. Another who has made a stretcher out of flax to carry his small son, who had been shot in the leg, on his head. By the time they reached the hospital, the leg was gangrenous and was amputated. The boy was 4 years old.

On a beautiful Saturday morning we watched the many cholera victims being brought to the only 'hospital' in the area. With 1 building, 4 tents, no toilets, only 2 hand-pumps to supply water the attempts at healing seemed pathetic. The stench of sick and dying bodies mingled with the chloride of lime laid down—hopefully to prevent infection. The nurses and doctors too busy and illequipped to notice the dogs that roamed from building to tent, the unemptied and consequently re used bed pans, the waiting relations that were possible spreaders of the disease. In one refugee camp we visited there were 500 cholera cases among incoming refugees if they do not reach treatment in the six hours after the illness begins they usually die. The cries of both children and adults have no doubt as to the agony of such a death. Some patients too sick to walk inside the building were left, moaning, in their own filth—there is also a lack of organised helpers.

## SAVED BY DEAD BODIES

And the wounded—by bullets and bayonets—mount up. Their tales so horrifying many of them have become insane. Most are children—their limbs amputated because they could not reach the hospital in time to stop gangrene developing. Adults rarely escape a Khan attack on their village—and how could an amputee support a family in India! Many had been the victims of firing squads—their own lives saved by the dead bodies of their families and friends.

The camps we visited, were rapidly growing—the few tents and the rapidly erected, often communal, straw huts housed barely a quarter of those waiting. The Indian Government desperately trying to help, have instituted a scheme 'or system' of registration, vaccination (against cholera and smallpox) and only then ration cards—to supply each person with 400 grams of rice, 300 of dahl, 200 of vegetables and 50 of salt and 8 ozs of weak milk solution per day—but the queues to register numbered many thousands. How can a year old baby survive on 8 oz of milk per day? A woman who had had no food for 4 days fell screaming at the feet of an Indian friend. Most remained staring impassively at us, some were too weak from travelling to join the queues and lay down with their bodies protecting their few possessions.

We met an English speaking student who told us how he escaped the slaughter that killed his best friend as they walked towards their hostel on the evening of the 25th. An official from Pakistan International Airlines told us how he'd walked with his sister from a virtually deserted Dacca the next morning. They had hidden from the soldiers all night after their parents were killed—they cannot find the rest of their family. He said he had seen children tossed in the air to be caught on bayonets.

## TRANFUSED TILL DEAD

But most of the stories were the same—an attack on a small village or town, a firing squad, perhaps attacked again while on the road. Some of the women had been raped, some had seen their families killed—or some both. Often the Pakistan army would take the fleeing peasants to be blood donors for their wounded soldiers. These people

generally did not return.

But what is the world doing. These stories are not exaggeration—there is no other reason for the thousands of refugees than the planned slaughter by a small but powerful minority. The Indian Government has enough problems with her own people the influx of refugees only serves to worsen the internal conflicts. Her own newspapers try to undermine the horror of the situation for fear of repercussions.

These people will only return to a country that is safe ie. a government they can trust—India can't support them therefore the United Nations must act and return their country to them. They are not only a Hindu minority, approximately 25% of those registered are Moslems.

On the night of the 25th an East Bengali regiment—realising that they were surrounded told the West Pakistani's amongst them to escape—minutes later the same men were firing at them. How can these refugees know who to trust unless someone helps them?



A handful of rice is all





# toni church reviews kate millet

*"It may be that a second wave of the sexual revolution might at last accomplish its aim of freeing half the race from its immemorial subordination—and in the process bring us all a great deal closer to humanity. It may be that we shall even be able to retire sex from the harsh realities of politics, but not until we have created a world we can bear out of the desert we inhabit."*

Kate Millet  
Sexual Politics

Kate Millet, one of the leading theoreticians of the women's liberation movement has written an important book for those who wish to understand just what women are protesting about these days; it should also serve to raise the consciousness of women, and act as an inspiration to students, blacks, and women engaged in a radical coalition against patriarchal, militaristic society. Primarily a sculptor, as is her husband Fumio Yoshimuro, Kate Millet has also lectured in Philosophy and Literature at Barnard College. Like a madly-mutating amoeba, the book tears off in all directions—History, Psychology, Sociology, Biology, Anthropology, Law, and Literary criticism—which is, of course, what always happens when one tries to discuss "the female", or sex, or politics. Millet's interpretations will be considered radical by many, while her sharp thrusts, biting wit, and cool self-assurance may infuriate the average male chauvinist. However, no oppressed group in history has ever got anywhere by being polite to its oppressors.

## OUR SOCIETY PATRIACHAL

The major thesis of the book is that the female is subordinated by the male and has always been so. The techniques by which the supremacy of the male is maintained are documented meticulously, as are the rationalizations which support them. She views the male-female situation as a political one because it is a power-structured relationship. Our society is patriarchal in that men control all the major avenues of power: the military, industry, technology, universities, science, government, finance, the police, and religion. (Even God is a white male, is he not?) And the essence of politics is power. Millet's position has evolved from a study of race relations in the U.S. wherein one group by right of birth dominates another group. The relationship between males and females is a similar instance of dominance and subordination. Male power is upheld through the socialization processes with regard to temperament, role, and status. Traits such as aggression, intelligence, forcefulness, and efficacy are encouraged in the male; passivity, ignorance, docility, 'virtue,' and ineffectuality in the female, e.g. Rugby and mathematics are suitable for the former, embroidery and 'home science' for the latter. "In terms of activity, sex role assigns domestic service and attendance upon infants to the female, the rest of human achievement, interest, and ambition to the male. The limited role assented the female tends to arrest her at the level of biological experience. Of course, status again follows from such an assignment." She points out that much of the superior status of the male grows out of the assumption that the psycho-social distinctions of temperament and role are due to biological differences between the sexes, but that the best modern research indicates sexual stereotypes have no bases in biology. The superior physical strength of the male is biological in origin, but is also culturally encouraged through selective breeding, diet, and exercise. Superior physical strength in fact counts for little in a technologically advanced society. Only those at the bottom of the socio-economic ladder, whether or not they are strong, perform strenuous labour. (Ironically, it is often when a job traditionally assigned to women is made easier by the application of machinery that men will take it over, e.g. (a) the invention of the plow and other agricultural tools took farming out of the hands of women in the Neolithic period, (b) commercial cleaners with machinery are often men taking over from 'charladies' with water on the knees. Superior strength may be a source of male pride, but it is seldom a functional attribute except on the Rugby field or in drainage ditches. Certainly it counts for little in the real areas of power.)

## GENDER CULTURALLY DETERMINED

Looking back to pre-history, Millet discusses the possibility that female fertility was considered the most valuable creative force in a culture at a crude technological and scientific level. This value did not necessarily entail a matriarchy, but may have been part of an egalitarian society with female fertility balancing male strength. "Whatever the 'real' differences between the sexes may be, we are not likely to know them until the sexes are treated differently, that is alike. And this is far from being the case at present." New research suggests that the possibilities of innate temperamental differences seem more remote than ever, in fact it gives "fairly concrete evidence of the overwhelmingly cultural character of gender, i.e.

MAORI  
WOMANHOOD



Women's Liberation demonstration.

personality structure in terms of sexual category." Millet quotes from *Sex And Gender*, Robert J. Stoller, 1968, who uses the term 'male' and 'female' to refer to one's biological make-up, but the term 'gender' refers to 'masculinity' and 'femininity' which have no necessary relationship to the former. We are taught to be either masculine or feminine in our behaviour, feelings, thoughts and fantasies. These things do not have primarily biological connections. "Psychosexually, that is in terms of masculine or feminine, there is no differentiation between the sexes at birth. Psychosexual personality is therefore postnatal and learned." (I believe myself, that this concept—All human behaviour patterns are learned—is the most important one we must absorb before we can understand not only the male-female problem, but the potential of all human beings.)

## SEXUAL STEREOTYPES CRAMPING

Several important new studies are cited, and all lead to this inescapable conclusion: "Male and female are really two cultures, and their life experiences are utterly different—and this is crucial. Almost from the moment of birth male and female children are treated differently. The basic temperamental division occurs from the 'aggression is male' 'passivity is female' concepts. All other temperamental traits are aligned to correspond with these. 'Nature' is called upon to reationalize the patriarchal system, for aggressiveness is the trait of the master class, docility



Douches and negligees . . .

Alan Kolnik

that of a subject group". "Even the act of coitus itself is the product of a long series of learned responses . . . which are set up for us by our social environment." "Under the aegis of 'masculine' and 'feminine' each personality becomes little more and often less than half of its human potential." The situation is justified by the Victorian theory of complementary opposites, or the 'separate spheres' argument. Threadbare analogies like 'woman is a violin, man the bow, together they make beautiful music' and similar sentimental twaddle are designed to reserve the scope of human endeavour for the male, and a little hothouse for the female. It is too easy to confuse "the customary with the natural, the convenient with the inevitable." Also, these stereotypes have the effect of placing men and women constantly on their guards for fear of showing traits which are ascribed to the opposite sex. (Why shouldn't men arrange flowers or crochet ponchos if they feel like it?)

## CHattel STATUS ONLY MODIFIED

Recent legislation has modified women's chattel status but it continues in "their loss of name, their obligation to adopt the husband's domicile, and the general legal assumption that marriage involves an exchange of the female's domestic and sexual service in return for financial support." We may point to modern marriages wherein the balance of authority is maintained, but we should be aware that our "entire culture supports masculine authority in all areas of life . . . the present system serves as a citadel of property and traditional interests . . . marriages are financial alliances." (The custom of being defined by one's marital status, Miss or Mrs is particularly annoying to some women. Men are always Mr regardless of marital status. The designator poses a special problem for separated or divorced women and unmarried mothers, 'spinsters'. We should dispense with it and adopt one designator for all women. Mz. is being used in the States, pronounced Mizz. Ultimately, we should consider dispensing with Mr and Mz.)

## NEANDERTHAL QUARRY DIGGERS

Millet goes on to point out that "in a society where status is dependent upon the economic, social and educational circumstances of class, it is possible for certain females to appear to stand higher than some males." Yet, apparently not upon closer examination. Just as a poor white can still look down on a black who happens to be a doctor or a lawyer, so "a truck driver or a butcher always has his 'manhood' to fall back upon." The literature of the past thirty years includes many cases in which the caste of virility triumphs over the social status of wealthy or educated women, e.g. Stanley Kowalski dominates the better-born sisters Stella and Blanche. More recently we were shown Diana Rigg in *Man Alive*, sophisticated, wealthy, charming, the ultimate in siognee females, falling for an uncouth beast with all the charm of a Neanderthal quarry digger—because he was virile, VIRILE! Obviously written by a male, this T.V. play overlooks, moreover, the fact that these tough 'virile' types are lousy lovers both in and out of bed, for they lack sensitivity, imagination. Diana Rigg, in life the same sort of woman, wouldn't touch this guy with a ten-foot feminist banner.

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## CHIVALRY & ROMANCE A DISGUISE

Concepts of romance and chivalry actually serve to disguise the reality of woman's social position and the burden of economic dependency. They are concessions granted by the male to appease his conscience and to sugar the patriarchal pill for the female. The tendency to attribute impossible virtues to women further circumscribes their behaviour. It is the fact that women are parasites and that their survival depends upon the prosperity of those who support them which causes them to be so often conservative and so hard on members of their sex who 'transgress'. Radical solutions to their situation seem too remote to contemplate.

## WORKING WOMEN A DOUBLE LOAD

In the past, women could neither own nor earn in their own right. Modern patriarchal societies concede women some economic rights, yet what is considered 'women's work' is generally also unpaid work. This fact is crucial in a money economy where autonomy and prestige depend largely upon income. Just as woman's social position is marginally achieved through males, so is her economic position. In the U.S., of 1/3 of women who work, their average wages are half of those earned by men. The disparity is worse than it seems, for the educational level of women is generally higher than that of men in the same income brackets. Moreover, the type of employment open to women in modern patriarchies is generally menial, ill paid, and without status. Those professions which women do enter in significant numbers tend to decline in status, e.g. teaching. (In the Soviet Union where the women constitute the largest percentage of doctors, doctors have declined in both income and status.) "Since woman's economic independence is viewed with distrust, prescriptive agencies of all kinds (religion, psychology, advertising, etc) continually admonish or inveigh against the employment of middle class women or mothers." Not, however, during wars, when their labour is desperately needed. "The toil of lower class women is accepted on the basis of 'need' as they make available cheap factory labour and lower grade clerical positions and they cannot therefore threaten patriarchy financially or psychologically." Working women have two jobs, since the burden of domestic service and child-care will also fall on her. (Sick children and flooded washing-machines cause absenteeism and lateness thereby earning her the reputation of being 'less reliable' than male workers.) Housework without children is estimated to take at least 15-20 hours per week. (But despite this heavy work load, these women generally manage to stay sane. Why the high incidence of young wives in our mental hospitals, women with those 'pampered, suburban lives?' Could it be the nothingness of being a decorative appendage to the male that gets them?) Actually, the middle class ideal of 'mother home with the kids' is fairly recent. Women have always worked, and generally have worked longer hours for smaller rewards and at less agreeable tasks than have men. Before the industrial revolution it was usually menial agricultural labour, afterwards the horrors of the factories and mines. What 'chivalry' fought was the prospect of a woman using her mind rather than her hands and back. Pioneering women in the professions met with every possible kind of opposition and resentment.

## RENAISSANCE EDUCATION

The modern education of the female is "closer to that of Renaissance humanism than to the skills of mid-twentieth century scientific and technological society". It has been only in the last fifty years that higher education has been freely available to women, but much of it is segregated or oriented away from the prestigious or the economically rewarding. The humanities suffer in prestige because they are not exclusively male, in contrast with the sciences, technology, and business. (Some of us might disagree with her as to the sort of education one needs to cope with the twentieth century, but not in this matter of pay and prestige.) Real achievement in the arts and humanities is still the prerogative of the male. Which leads one to a common charge against women. Why, it is asked, if males and females are equally intelligent, have not women produced symphonies, philosophy, and so on? That it can be done has been proved by women like Jenny McLeod and Susan Sontag. The miracle is that women have accomplished anything at all considering their conditioning, the opposition they encounter, and their classic role as perpetual domestic servant and baby minder during the crucial creative years. (Another reason women don't succeed could be that they don't have "a little woman at home" taking care of the daily minutiae for them) as opposed to men who do. Checking back we find that those few women who have made the grade, Jane Austen, the Brontes, Virginia Woolf, etc. were unmarried or childless. As a British feminist put it recently: "Housework is a worm in the soul of your ideas." An entertaining guide to this problem is to be found in Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own* wherein she postulates a hypothetical sister to Shakespeare. Judith Shakespeare was just as much a potential genius as her brother Will—but every time she wanted to write a poem or a play, it was: "Stir the stew, Judith!" "Darn the socks, Judith!" In frustration she ran away to London where, penniless and hungry, she was

ravished and ruined by a gentleman. The tale illustrates the 'eternal plight' of women—domestic servitude and economic dependence. There will, no doubt, be more and more women of talent contributing to society as these factors become less pressing. In fact, we cannot afford to waste the potential of half the human race. It is not at all necessary or always desirable for the one who bears children to be also the one to have sole care of them. The present system is a convenient division of labour, but not the only possible one. Modern couples are formulating new patterns, e.g. both husband and wife may have a part-time job and can thus share in the joys and the chores of child-rearing, leaving them both some freedom to pursue careers and other interests. It doesn't make sense to invoke vague 'motherhood instincts' and other biological nonsense when women are daily battering, abandoning, and even killing their offspring. Professional care of children would certainly be better in some cases.

## HISTORY OF CRUELTY

"Patriarchal systems in depriving women of control over their bodies drive them to illegal abortions; it is estimated that between two and five thousand women die each year in the U.S. from this cause." In 1967 in New York City alone there were 2,432 cases of rape reported, which means possibly twice that number occurred. (Male victims of rape feel doubly imposed upon, as they have also been reduced to the status of a female.) "Patriarchal societies typically link feelings of cruelty with sexuality." If the works of Henry Miller and Norman Mailer are anything to go by, sadism is associated with the male, victimization with the female. Jokes about wife-beating are not uncommon, and sexual atrocities titillate as well as shock. Male-oriented pornography is often sadistic; since the lessening of censorship, masculine hostility in sexual contacts has dropped its thin disguise. The rationales re women have justified "a history of cruelty—the suttee execution in India, footbinding in the Orient, the ignominy of the veil in Islam, clitoridectomy, clitoral incision, sale and enslavement, concubinage, prostitution etc.etc." (In a historical context, the term "battle of the sexes" would appear to be a masculine euphemism; for one side is armed with H-bombs and the other with bows and arrows, or, its napalm v. unarmed peasants).



... for the services of the waiting male

## WOMEN'S FUNCTIONS FEARED

"The image of women as we know it is an image created by men and fashioned to suit their needs. These needs spring from a fear of the 'otherness' of women." The male is the norm, the female the alien other. "The feeling that woman's sexual functions are impure is both world-wide and persistent. One sees evidence of it everywhere in literature and myth, in primitive and civilized life." Menstruation, childbirth, and female genitalia are often regarded with horror by men.

## PANDORA, EVE, SEX & SIN

The use of myths to 'keep woman in her place' is not confined to primitive misogyny. In Western culture the two leading myths are the classical tale of Pandora's box and the Biblical story of the Fall... patriarchy has God on its side in both cases, and both condemn the female through her sexuality. Pandora's 'box' visits all possible calamities upon the world, while Eve who was beguiled by a phallus disguised as a serpent, is responsible for the seduction of Adam. Even in the rationalist era in which we live, the power of the central myth of the Judeo-Christian imagination cannot be ignored. "The connection of woman, sex, and sin, constitutes the fundamental pattern of western patriarchal thought."

## EGO—DAMAGE IN WOMEN AND BLACKS

The greatest burden of sexual guilt is placed upon the female, as she is blamed most for sexual 'transgressions.' Compared to the lot of the male, woman is "denied sexual freedom and the biological control over her body through the cult of virginity, the double standard, the prescription against abortion and in many places because contraception is physically or psychically unavailable to her." She is



obliged throughout her life to seek advancement through the approval of males as those who hold power, while the total psychological effect of her socialization is lack of self-esteem and confidence. The ego-damage manifest in women is similar to the ego-damage in minority racial groups. Traits of minority status are: "group self-hatred and self-rejection, a contempt both for herself and for her fellows—the result of that continual reiteration of her inferiority which she eventually accepts as a fact." When children are asked which sex they would prefer to be, boys overwhelmingly reject the option of being girls, whereas a significant percentage of girls would prefer to be boys. There is no doubt that children 'know the score' at an early age. Many studies reveal that common opinion ascribes the same attributes to both blacks and women: "inferior intelligence, an instinctual or sensual gratification, an emotional nature both primitive and childlike, an imagined prowess in or affinity for sexuality, a contentment with their own lot which is in accord with a proof of its appropriateness, a wily habit of deceit, and concealment of feeling." "Both groups are forced to the same accommodational tactics: an ingratiating or supplicatory manner invented to please, a tendency to study those points at which the dominant group are subject to influence or corruption, and an assumed air of helplessness involving fraudulent appeals for direction through a show of ignorance. It is ironic how misogynist literature has for centuries concentrated on just these traits, directing its fiercest enmity at feminine guile and corruption, and particularly that element of it which is sexual, or as such sources would have it, 'wanton'." (I feel sure that a lot of the above is now breaking down for both women and blacks, but the comparative 'lack of self-esteem' is undoubtedly still true.)

## PATRIARCHY'S UNIVERSALITY & LONGEVITY

Perhaps patriarchy's greatest psychological weapon is simply its universality and longevity. A referent scarcely exists with which it might be contrasted or confuted. While the same might be said of class, patriarchy has a still more tenacious or powerful hold through its successful habit of passing itself off as nature. Religion is also universal in human society and slavery was once nearly so; advocates of each were fond of arguing in terms of fatality, or irrevocable human 'instinct' or even 'biological origins'."

## SEXUAL REVOLUTION & REACTION

Following the comprehensive analysis of the subordination of women, Millet (who is just getting warmed up) then discusses what she calls 'The Sexual Revolution' which is used to refer to many types of sexual freedom but mostly to the emancipation of women. She sees the first phase of this revolution as taking place from 1830 to 1930, when the reaction against it brought it to a halt. From 1960 on she sees a new drive to finish what was started in the last century. The nineteenth century woman was legally both a minor and a chattel throughout her life, in the same category as lunatics who were also 'dead in the law'. John Stuart Mill is praised for his *Subjection of Women*, 1869, a revolutionary document which argued that marriage was 'domestic slavery' for women and that most slaves had greater rights than wives under the law. His greatest contribution was to the psychological aspect of the problem; he realized that 'women's nature' was the result of conditioning and circumstance—"No other class of dependents have had their character so entirely distorted from its natural proportions by their relations with their masters." Mill urged the complete emancipation of women, not only for their sakes but for the benefit of both sexes. Despite his powerful arguments and impeccable logic he was denounced by his fellow males as mad or immoral or both. The first phase of the revolution failed to follow through its initial gains because it effected legal change and enlarge; educational opportunities but left the socialization processes of temperament and role differentiation alone.

## FIFTY ORGASMS PER HOUR.

One of the worst problems of the Victorian age was the paradox that while woman was treated primarily as a biological creature she was at the same time discouraged in her sexuality. Patriarchal myth has always used the assumed greater sexual capacity of the male to justify the double standard. Female sexuality was feared as dangerous to monogamy and paternal lineage. It was really "only the female who was obliged to be monogamous, since males have traditionally reserved for themselves certain polygynous privileges through the double standard. Prostitution is for the benefit of males, while the females who practise it are cast out of society." But, "all the best scientific evidence today unmistakably tends towards the conclusion that the female possesses, biologically and inherently, a far greater capacity for sexuality than the male, both as to frequency of coitus, and as to frequency of (contd)



## millet review cont'd:

orgasm in coition." According to the epic Masters and Johnson studies (recently discussed at length in *Newsweek*, *Time* etc), a woman may have twenty to fifty orgasms in an hour. The study was conducted with the aid of an electric vibrator; we presume even a team of men couldn't keep up with this. But the conditions of patriarchal society have drastically affected female sexuality, and many have difficulty achieving orgasm at all.

## STATUS-ENVY NOT PENIS-ENVY

According to Millet, the chief spokesmen for the counter-revolution were Freud and D.H. Lawrence. Unfortunately for women, Freud's psychology of woman, the strongest individual counterrevolutionary force in the ideology of sexual politics, was based upon clinical observations of the mentally unbalanced, and moreover, he totally mistook their social malaise for a sexual-biological problem. i.e. his 'penis-envy' is not envy of the penis as such, but envy of the male his superior role in life. His whole theory of woman is based on her 'castration complex'... the discovery that boys have something they haven't. He doesn't pause to wonder why it is that boys don't feel deprived because mother has breasts and father doesn't. Nor does he realize the importance of the clitoris, the only part of the human body which has solely a sexual function, the penis having two other functions. In Freud's view, a woman never recovers from her anguished lack of a penis, which can only be compensated for by having baby after baby. Those women who rebel against this role are accounted for as immature and regressive. Feminists are dismissed with the convenient charge of 'penis-envy'. The theory is the most convenient rationalization ever devised for the benefit of the male, for it shifts the blame of her suffering to the female for daring to aspire to a biologically impossible state. Millet's analysis of Freud's views and how he arrived at them make fascinating reading.

## MALE-ORIENTED PORNO-EROTICA

For those not interested in male-female problems, the book has another dimension. There are large doses of male-oriented porno-erotica culled from Henry Miller, Norman Mailer, and D.H. Lawrence. Here I must warn female readers that you may feel outraged. Resist the urge to kick in the teeth of the nearest male. Millet uses this material to expose male attitudes to women—attitudes which work to the detriment of both sexes. The analysis of Lawrence, Miller and Mailer cover 144 pages and cannot be summarized in a paragraph. Lawrence is in a different category from Miller and Mailer whose artistic talents are barely recognized. Of Lawrence she says: "... a great and original artist, and in many respects a man of distinguished moral and intellectual integrity." But the overall effect of his books is counterrevolutionary for women, that is, most of his women are instructed in the proper submissive behaviour to the male, which caused Simone de Beauvoir to call them "guidebooks for women", that is, as men would like them to be.

## OLIVER'S PENIS

While Lawrence is too sensitive to indulge in the sexual violence and ruthless exploitation so common in Mailer and Miller, "he uses the words 'sexual' and 'phallic' interchangeably, so that the celebration of sexual passion for which *Lady Chatterly's Lover* is so renowned is largely a celebration of the penis of Oliver Mellors." "... the male is displayed and admired so often, there is, apart from the word 'cunt', no reference to or description of the female genitals: they are hidden, shameful and subject. Male genitals are not only the aesthetic standard, they become a species of moral standard as well: 'the root of all sanity is in the balls'." Mellor's major claim to superiority over all others, male or female, rests upon his superior penis; almost no other male in the book gives evidence of potency. "Mellor's divine nature is revealed and established through this organ alone." Under her analysis, all his novels reveal a similar bias. Lawrence is, however, an extremely complex writer, and Millet may be over-simplifying his objectives somewhat.

## MALE SEX-GIFT TO WOMEN?

On discussing this Lawrentian male supremacy with a tutor friend, he assured me that Lawrence is right—women should be submissive for their sexual role requires it. What is more, "He's giving her a gift isn't he?" (What a long way we've come from the days when 'ladies dispensed favours'.) Even if it were desirable or necessary for women to be sexually submissive, does it follow that she must be submissive in other ways? As to her being necessarily sexually submissive, those cherishing this antiquated delusion should read Thursday magazine, April 29, which explains (as part of a series of how-to articles for married couples) how a woman can and should take the initiative in sexual intercourse all the way from foreplay to orgasm for both, without the male so much as moving a languid muscle. So much for the myth of sexual submission. (Liberated women will take the initiative as often as males, and after the initial shock men will find it an improvement, no doubt.)

## VIOLENCE CRUELTY CONTEMPT

Henry Miller, hailed as a pioneer of sexual freedom is actually, "a compendium of American sexual neuroses." Whereas Lawrence effects the subjection of women through "careful diplomacy and expert psychological manipulation," Miller and his gang just 'fuck' them and discard them like bits of toilet paper. According to Millet, the formula is simple: "Find, Fuck, and Forget". In *Tropic of Cancer*, a cored apple does just as well, but



## VICTORIA UNIVERSITY FILM SCHOOL

The Autumn film school, arranged by the New Zealand Universities Arts Council, was held at Victoria university during the week May 17-21. The two aims of the course were to provide an introduction to the theory and practice of film-making, and to give an appreciation into film



Greg Stitt ...

unfortunately offers no resistance, so the spirit of conquest is missing. Violence, cruelty and contempt are the basic ingredients of a perfect Miller 'fuck', its object less the satisfaction of libido than that of ego. Mailer is very similar. Pacifism is equated with homosexuality of which he has a neurotic fear. Heterosexuality must be violent. Lyrical about 'chastity', he is against birth control, abortion, and sexual relations or masturbation for young people. He worries about 'wasting his semen'. (Millet is very witty about all this, but the literary samples are not very funny, and while I accept her interpretations of Miller and Mailer's attitudes to women, I can hardly agree that they are representative of all men's attitudes).

## 'MASCULINE' 'FEMININE' ODISSEY

The writer Millet praises is Jean Genet, because he sheds light on the real power-structured nature of sexual relationships, e.g. when a male homosexual is contemptuously referred to as a 'cunt' we see that the word is not used in terms of anatomy but in terms of status or power. Most terms which concern masculine and feminine are related to praise and blame, authority and servitude, high and low, master and slave. (When a critic doesn't like a writer's style he may label it 'feminine'.) Genet's homosexual truths have been brought to bear on the heterosexual world. "Taking the fundamental human connection, that of sexuality, to be the nuclear model of all the more elaborate social constructs growing out of it, Genet perceives that it is itself not only hopelessly tainted but the very prototype of institutionalized inequality."

## OPTIMISTIC POSTSCRIPT

In her postscript Millet talks hopefully about the new feminist movement allied on an equal basis with blacks and students, and the possibility that women might play a vital part in the social revolution to come. This book must be the most comprehensive analysis of the problems and the myths concerning women available today. Since the average male seems to exhibit a real lack of understanding of these problems, I am hopeful this book will be widely read. It is a mistake to assume that all feminists are alike, just as it is an over-simplification to lump all Communists together, yet I suspect most men assume all feminists are man-hating, castrating, frustrated, and ugly. There may be a few like this but most feminists are simply women who want equality of education and opportunity, an end to restricting sexual stereotypes, a more realistic and honest relationship with men, and something other than a life of domestic servitude and baby-minding. In effect, they are asking for the opportunity to realize their best potential, which is exactly what men want too. In the long run, men have a great deal to gain from the liberation of women—friendship between the sexes is just as important as sexuality. Real friendship and meaningful sexuality are possible only between equals.

I expect some outraged and wounded cries in response to this review, but will critics please remember that Millet's major conclusions have been here presented apart from the scholarly and massive evidence which accompanies them in her very large book, to which I would refer them.

TONI CHURCH

## and loose improvisations

aesthetics with seminars on film criticism. In addition many films were screened, and if you were not only keen but of a superhuman constitution, you could participate from 10am to 1am the next morning every day of the week. In general the course achieved what it set out to do. The main problem was that of condensing a very intensive course into only five days—time for actual film-making was thus limited; also because of the shortage of time, film seminars often clashed with times for film-making, although this could not be justified in terms of the meagre number of people attending. Nevertheless the venture was, on the whole, fairly well organised.

The film-making side of the course included a number of morning lectures from Jim Bowman, a director from the National Film Unit. The subjects ranged from script-writing to more technical details about cameras, filters, lighting apertures, film stock etc. There was also a lecture on animation from Dick Frizell, and a visit to the National Film Unit to see the practical side of editing, which was demonstrated by a producer at the Unit, Arthur Everard.

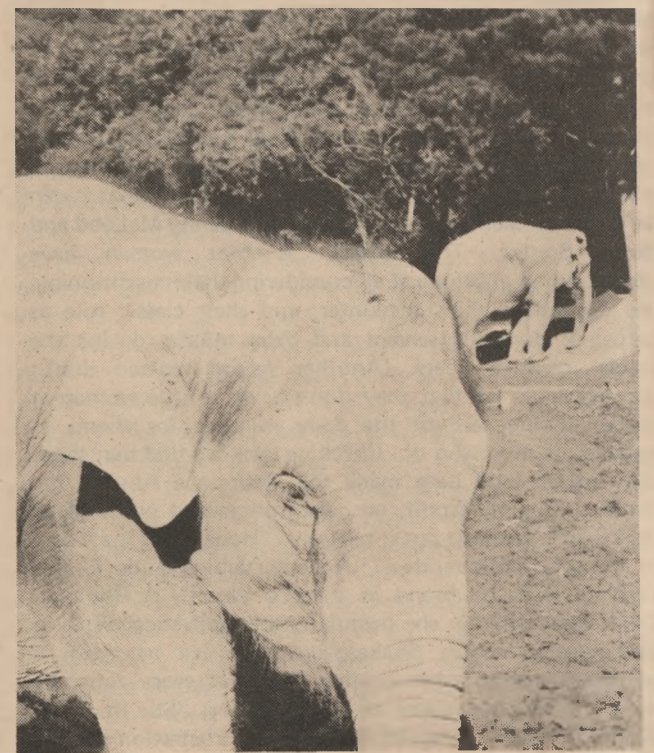
The most enjoyable part of this side of the course was the actual film-making itself. Groups of five were made up, and each group had a choice of subject and 400 feet of film to shoot it with. For most people it was their first chance to film with a 16mm camera. Generally scripts went by the board in favour of enthusiastic improvisation—the finished products (most still have to be edited) may not include classic takes, but they were certainly a lot of fun to make.

Peter Boyes, who is secretary for the campaign against censorship, gave several well-informed lectures on American cinema; and the films that were screened during the evening were mainly examples of different genres of films from America—Hitchcock, Kazan, Wilder and Losey being among those represented. Roger Horrocks, a senior English lecturer from Auckland University, presented a paper on film as montage, and this talk he later illustrated by several film clips. Censorship was a prominent topic (Neville Gibson spoke on sex and the cinema) but no-one could dare put forward a yardstick by which to measure the censor's seemingly irrational standards for excisions. By the way, those of you hoping to see Roger Cormain's film 'Bloody Mama' (highly-rated overseas) can forget it, as the picture has just been banned.

The most noticeable feature about the film school was the inappropriateness of location for the venue. Eighteen people was the greatest number I saw attending any one particular session: about 15 of these people were from Auckland, 1 or 2 from Wellington and a lone representative from the South Island! It seems that only Aucklanders have any real interest in the visual arts, yet here we don't have half the facilities available as Victoria does. The University extension courses in Wellington include at least a half-dozen courses on aspects of film-making, from editing to scripting, and there is adequate opportunity to use the 16mm cameras they have available. Perhaps next year the film school could be held at Auckland over a period of two weeks—with proper organisation it would be a guaranteed success.

For those interested in the media there are some lectures on cinema and T.V. coming up at Auckland university (June 28-July 16), and also free screenings of 16mm festival films July 5-9, before the actual Auckland International Film Festival gets underway. Keep your eyes open for further details.

GREG STITT



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# scholasticism and new genes

## CONFESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN SCHOLAR University of Minnesota Press / \$1.95

This book specifically attacks the way English Lit. is taught in American universities: More generally it attacks universities and the hollowess and complacency of American white liberals.

Under the pseudonym of Simon O'Toole the author writes a short biography of his academic life, beginning with his struggles to write his dissertation and ending with his appointment to a prestigious East Coast university. But success hasn't spoiled Mr O'Toole: his liberal conscience has compelled him to cast a sharp sceptical glance back along the track of his career. The result is a series of accusations. First he blames himself and the institutions which created him for thinking Knowledge to be the Holy Grail every academic *preux chevalier* should pursue. He writhes as he remembers how he tried to commit deep-litter education with scraps of literature picked up between Virgil and Hemingway. Then he blames himself for replacing Knowledge with Truth and he lists the eye-crossing, mind-annihilating exercises which are necessary before one becomes a fully constituted American literary scholar. And while he chronicles these two great quests he gives himself lots of blame for innumerable other follies and compromises, such as teaching what he does not know, not making himself a martyr during the McCarthy era, not being sure about Vietnam, Negroes and Women. By the time O'Toole gets to his last chapter he's not sure about anything—a state of affairs which is alright if one is a true sceptic; but O'Toole isn't. He's still an American idealist who is moaning because there's nothing to attach his idealism to. And his most recent compromise is to have written his book and kept his name a secret.

Still, whatever doubts one has about O'Toole's academic and moral competence, he nevertheless raises questions about the teaching of English Literature which have vexed others and which are hard to answer. Briefly the questions are two: how does one teach English and to whom does one teach it? The Americans have answered both by simultaneously reaching out to German philology and to the American Constitution: They convert literature into an arrangement of substantial facts and then declare that anyone is welcome to make himself familiar with these facts. Thus they can 'teach' English to everyone (democracy) and can give lectures and write articles which *prove* their opinions (philology). So it's not surprising that O'Toole, in rejecting quite explicitly the stupidities of American scholarship, should also quietly jettison the democratic ideals of American tertiary education. The reforms he suggests all smell of the typically English elitist quality—amateurism. O'Toole says that students and teachers should be left to their own devices; publishing should be a matter of choice, not of aspiration. What English departments as well as American need is 'less knowledge, fewer facts, less professionalism, less skill, less efficiency, less progress.' One suspects, although he doesn't say it, that he would also like fewer students so that civilised amateurs could flourish (tenure guaranteed—this he does mention) in an atmosphere of tranquil cynicism. In fact O'Toole frequently talks admiringly of the English academic and of the lack of restraint he lives with. It's his lack of cash that O'Toole really can't admire.

For all his double-think then O'Toole has put part of the problem into perspective. He's exhibited the difficulties of egalitarian education and indicated a preference for something more elitist. George Steiner, in his essay 'To Civilise Our Gentleman' approaches the problem from the other side (from Cambridge) and displays an odd but democratic interest in Argentinian synonyms for 'brown'.

This sort of thing he felt more 'relevant'—more relevant than Milton at any rate. At the moment the problem is insoluble. There are indications that a time may come when young people will no longer think it necessary to go to university before embarking on a career; but until it does the Americans, however wrongheaded, are more admirable than the English. Academic freedom and elegance in England are maintained (for Tony Tanner as much as for John Sparrow) by acts of exclusion. This is perhaps why O'Toole has written his book but not resigned from his Ivy-League college.

JOHNATHON LAMB

## EVERYWOMAN / DEREK LLEWELLYN-JONES / FABER / \$4.50

I started this book rather reluctantly expecting the usual condescending masculine approach reinforcing most of the old myths and inaccuracies. However I became more hopeful when on the first page I found "Studies over the past half-century have shown that Freud's view of woman as an



inferior mutilated male is incorrect and his assessment of her inferiority and her instability is more an indictment of the cultural environment in which she is brought up, than of her inherited make-up. IN other words a woman behaves in a certain way because she is brought up to believe that society expects her to behave in that way." And how pleased I was when reaching the first diagram of the female genital organs



to find pubic hair which so many books refuse to acknowledge.

Professor Llewellyn-Jones describes the anatomy of a woman and conception as a base for clearer understanding of the rest of the book. The role of parents and society in imposing its ideas of femininity on the child is briefly explored. Adolescence and menstruation are treated very clearly and myths and misconceptions continuously dispelled both here and throughout the book.

He describes the history of women's role from the earliest tribal societies where "the whole culture was predominantly feminine, centring round child-rearing, food-getting and home-making" where "man had far less responsibility". However "once nomadic tribes settled, cultivated fixed fields and domesticated animals, man began to dominate society. His status in his tribe could be measured by the number of his cattle or goats, and women became debased to be possessions of man, ranking only a bit above his cows." His view of the modern emancipated woman: "The woman can manage her home, can rear her children and can still exercise her brain whilst doing so"; a rather typical "liberal" masculine reaction reinforcing the idea that the home and children are women's domain. Children do have two parents and fatherhood should be just as important and rewarding as motherhood.

His description of femininity as "the result of a combination of physical and cultural factors and includes a willingness to be a mother and a capacity to be sexually attractive to a man" is disappointingly limited and confining.

The sexual drive, masturbation, premarital intercourse, aphrodisiacs, coital positions, orgasm, nymphomania and homosexuality are described simply, practically, clearly and warmly. "Sexual intercourse is not just a silent monotonous thrust of an urgent penis into an indifferent vagina. It is a complex, varied group of activities leading to the maximum sexual joy for both participants."

Chapters on the infertile marriage and family planning lead on to the major section of the book on pregnancy and childbirth. On this Professor Llewellyn-Jones is at his best. His descriptions and diagrams are the most comprehensive yet clearly understandable I have seen. A reluctantly pregnant friend after reading this section found much greater understanding and acceptance of the whole process, described by the author as "a most wondrous growth". Methods of childbirth without pain are explained and the chapters on the stages of labour do much to dispel fear of childbirth.

The post-natal period, the rhesus factor, pregnancy complications, breast feeding, "the things that happen to women" and menopause round off this concise understand and supportive gynaecological guide for life.

SHARYN CEDERMAN

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# NEWS FLASH!

## FREE LOLLIES AT THE BOOK SHOP SALE

The Bookshop sale starts next Wednesday and the doors will be open at 8.30. To keep the show relaxed only 1022 people will be allowed in at one time and free lollies will be presented to the first 100 lucky suckers. Rumours also suggest that as well as all the rubbish from the UBS Auckland there will be books from the UBS in Dunedin and throwouts from the publisher's warehouses. When shown some of the prices famous student president Bill Spring said, "Gosh!"



Bookshop Manager, .....Phil Thwaites.



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