

The Riddiford Bills : a consideration

BRUCE KIRKLAND

You may not have noticed but the parliamentary conspiracy is being effected before your eyes. I am of course referring to the proposed amendments to the Police Offences Act 1927, the Guardianship Act 1968, and the Child Welfare Act 1925. How naive they are in Wellington and how clever students at Auckland University are. The behavioural responses were all quite predictable. The well-meaning liberals and the emotion-seized radicals have all exhausted their mental capacity on that satire on legislation, produced by Air-Commodore Gill (M.P.).

The result, inevitable as it seemed to Government politicians, is that the latter legislation coasts home to an easy win, with the hounds all snapping at the heels of the 'well-meaning' Gill. The military term, as Sir Commodore Gill well knows, is a diversion. Gill makes the front page with a special 'highly commended' from the scrutineer of public morals, Noel Holmes. With a boring predictability our own President makes the subsequent news with an attack on the proposed legislation with all the liberal cliches about civil liberties and thus lends an air of credibility to Gill. Meanwhile the government has made page three with a single column and so far not a word in print has appeared concerning what in law is far more restricting than anything that Gill produced. God, they must be laughing in Wellington.

Shall we embark on a critical analysis of the three amendments. **THE POLICE OFFENCES AMENDMENT BILL**

The amendment is an insertion after S.27, to be known

as S.27A(1)—"Every person commits an offence who has in his possession, without reasonable excuse, any hypodermic needle".

Further to this the S.27A(3) states that the onus of proving

that he had reasonable excuse shall be placed on the defendant. The penalty given is not noteworthy.

This amendment is important for two reasons.

1) Obviously the feature of the provision is 'without reasonable excuse', as there is no indication of what a reasonable excuse would amount to. The Holmes article in the Auckland Star suggested that hypodermic needles should only be available on prescription, which implies use for bona fide medical purposes only. However, the government has not written this into the bill which in turn implies that one may possess such needles for purposes other than medical. Uses of hypodermic needles do vary, e.g. oiling intricate machinery of minute substance. One well known medical mind on

Auckland radio suggested that they are splendid devices for the removal of splinters. Would this amount to 'reasonable excuse'. If this was so, how then could the provision be enacted if one could merely excuse the presence of a syringe by explaining that you have problems with splinters. Perhaps then the relevant factors involved would be one's hair length, associations, type of dwelling etc which in turn would determine whether or not you had 'reasonable excuse'. In my mind it all amounts to greater police discretion with subsequent court approval.

2) The second reason of importance would concern those in the legal discipline. This is the matter of onus of proving guilt, or the 'burden of proof'. It is alarming that in recent years more and more legislation has cast the

burden of proof onto the defendant. The maxim 'one is innocent until proven guilty' has legal significance. The prosecution must prove its case beyond all reasonable doubt and it is enough for the defendant to raise a reasonable doubt as to his innocence. Thus the defendant does not have to establish a prima facie case, whereas the prosecution does. This principle has been eroded away by statutory provisions and is illustrated by this Bill. All that the police need establish is the possession of the instrument in fact, and then the defendant must establish a prima facie case for possessing the instrument with a reasonable excuse, which the police merely have to refute. It is the degree of difficulty between establishing a case and merely refuting a case that is important. This can lead to more false convictions, than to faulty acquittals, yet the common law through the principle of 'innocent until proven guilty' has favoured the latter. It is my impression that our politicians unskilled as they are, favour the former.

THE GUARDIANSHIP AMENDMENT BILL

This concerns the amendment of S.9 of the Guardianship Act 1968, by repealing the provisos to subsection 3. Section 9 of the Act concerns wards of the Court, i.e. a

child may be placed under the guardianship of the court or any agent named by the court. However the proviso in subsection 3 limits this action to children under 16 with 'exceptional circumstances' being the only exception.

The result of this Bill is to remove the proviso so that now the general rule applies to all children (the definition of child under the Act being 'any person under 20 years!'). Thus, at the application of a parent, guardian or near relation, or the Child Welfare Officer (for children under 17) any person under 20 may become a ward of the court. The practical significance of this is far worse than anything Gill has ever produced.

Clause 3 of the Welfare of Minors Bill stated that "a minor (defined as under 18) shall reside with his parents or in a place provided by his parents."

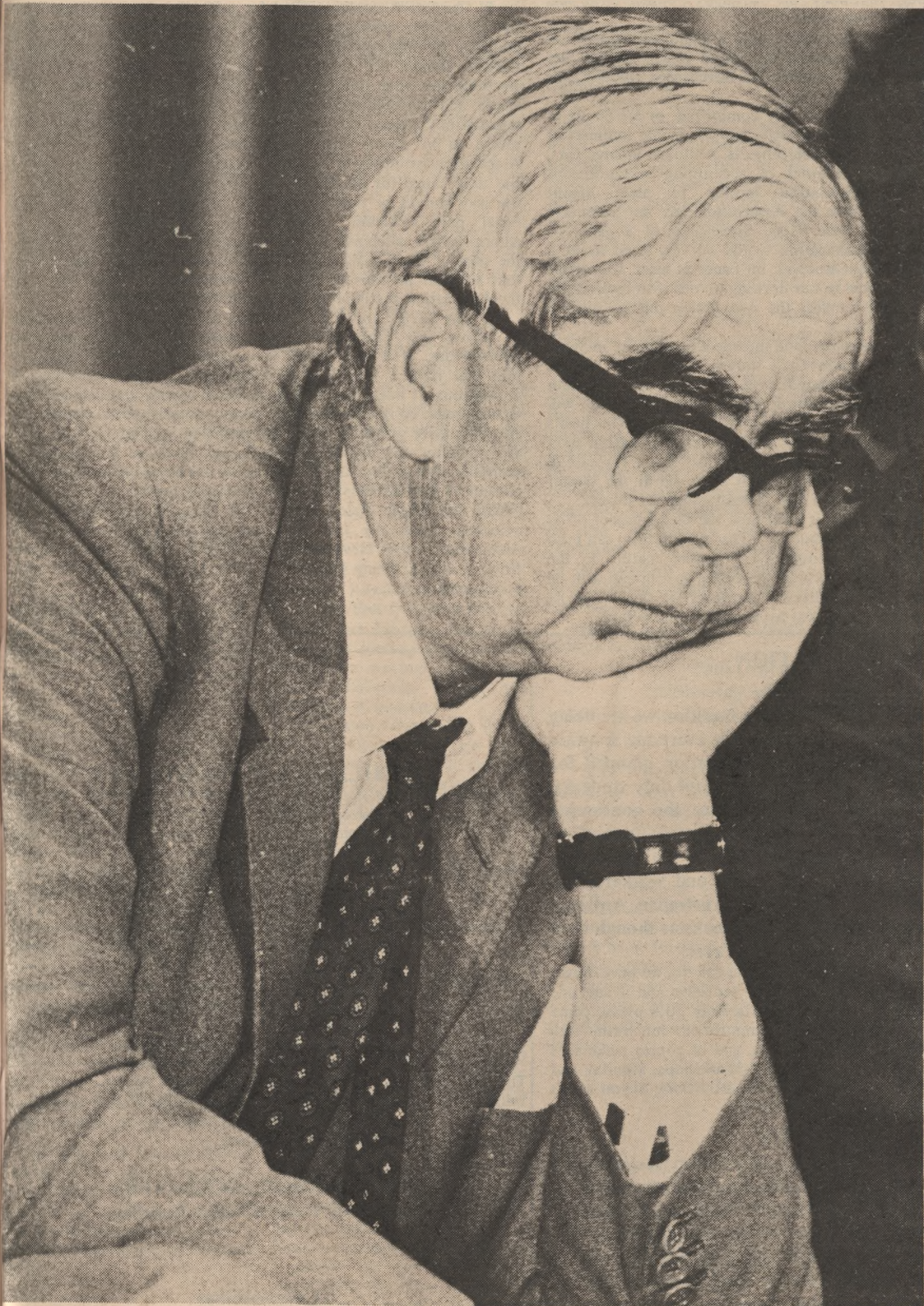
Clause 4 elaborates an alternative residence. A minor may reside at any other specific place either with the approval of the parents or a magistrate.

The seeming advantage of the Guardianship Amendment Bill is that it does not give overt power of discretion to the parents, as does the Welfare of Minors Bill. However the practical difference is nil. I cannot really envisage the courts upholding anything other than the parents' reasonable wishes, which of course may be totally unreasonable to the child. Thus the government in my opinion have produced a 'Gill Bill' in obscurity, with a two year advancement on the age limit. Therefore all the arguments that applied against the Residence clauses of the Welfare of Minors Bill (with which you are all, no doubt, familiar) will equally apply

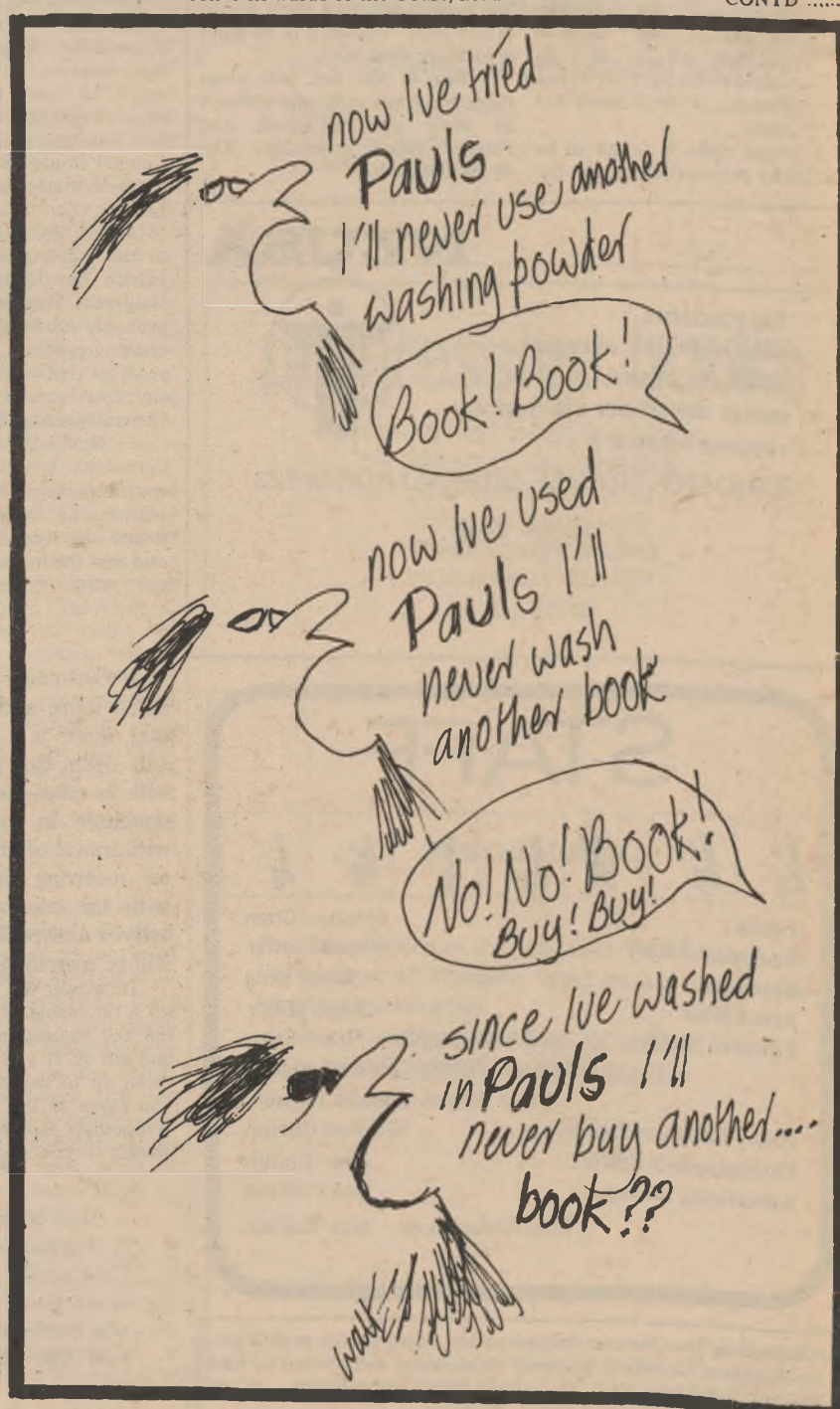
CONTD

Minister of Justice

Mr Riddiford



John Miller



CONTINUED

here. The remaining clauses of the Bill state that if a child is in contravention of the provision of S.9 of the Guardianship Act 1968, then the Court may commit the child to a) probation (not less than 1 year, not more than 3, b) detention for children over 16, c) periodic detention for children over 15.

The effect of this Bill is ludicrous. It is ultimately an instrument of the parent. A 19 year old 'child' may be excluded from choosing a place of residence which his parents and the court disagreed with. However, that same 'child' is legally bound by all contracts that he enters upon in his own regard. Thus the underlying paradox of this Bill is that the Government, through its manifesto and past legislation e.g. Minors Contract Act 1969, lowering of the voting age, lowering of the drinking age, has pursued a policy of accrediting more responsibility to the young person. Yet this Bill has produced the extreme opposite, whereby a 19 year old has been given all, except the right to choose his place of residence.

Any person over 18 is a legal entity contractually, and in my mind any person over 16 is a complete entity. So why should any person or any court dictate his or her life. Any argument to the contrary is merely producing reasons for a failure of society and the community.

CHILD WELFARE AMENDMENT BILL

This Bill amends S.13 of the Child Welfare Act 1925, extending the meaning of a "child not under proper control".

Subsection (1c) is to be inserted to read "... every child shall be deemed to be a child not under proper control within the meaning of that subsection who associates with any person who is reputed to:

- sell, give, supply, administer or otherwise deal in; or
- use; or
- have in his possession, in contravention of any provision of the Narcotics Act 1965, any narcotic (defined S.2) or, in contravention of any provision of the Poisons Act 1960...."

If the child is found to be not under proper control then the

child may be committed to the care of the Superintendent or Child Welfare Officer, which could mean detention in a suitable institution.

NB A child for purposes of this Act is defined as a person under 17 years.

It is needless to say that this Bill is ridiculous and quite inoperative. To say that the construction of the Welfare of Minors Bill is defective is understandable as it is a private members bill. But for the Minister of Justice to include the word 'reputed' in legislation of this nature, not only leads to police abuse, but is a cause of police abuse. Would Mr Riddiford, care to explain the criteria for 'reputed'. A great many people have reputations, including Mr Riddiford, but whether or not these are a matter of fact is entirely a different question. In fact I will not insult your intelligence by dwelling on it a moment longer. It suffices to say the Bill could not be enacted. Even if the reputation is established, the association provision is still of dubious content, as it contravenes public policy. For children under 17 it is unlikely that the majority of associations would be by choice as there would be few contemporaries in the sphere of reputed drug users. Likely associations would be parent/child, brother/sister, possibly husband/wife, or workmate. The result would be the innocent party of the association i.e. the child, being committed to the care of the Welfare Officer or possibly an institution, for the indiscretions (reputed) of others with whom he has no choice of association.

The combined effect of these Bills is quite incredible. Yet I must admit at this stage they are a distinct possibility. One may ask 'what can I do' (I read that in the Auckland Star). Yes, what can you do. You can continue the liberal campaign by employing all the right channels, and rational discourse. But I've heard that somewhere before as well. You can have petitions, and debates and send telegrams, and we might even have a protest. We can cut articles out of our favourite newspapers and send them to our M.P.'s (Gee, wouldn't it be great if someone sent this).

But in the last 300 years there has been only one attempt to blow up Parliament and Fawkes failed miserably. The decision is yours.

Equal Pay: that which will not be

Last week a friend told me that I should note 1971 as my year for promoting lost causes: 'There's never been any real interest in equal pay around here, otherwise students would have ensured its implementation months ago; apart from the flash-in-the-pan S.G.M. some weeks ago, you can now return to flogging the dead horse.'

Just so. Here we have the ever continuing story brought up to date. An S.G.M. called by the Executive for 14 July, to consider sources of revenue for equal pay, was held with a bare quorum. At that S.G.M. and at the S.R.C. meeting the following night, the Executive were instructed to 'implement equal pay forthwith'. This, of course, will not be done.

Executive is determined to act with strict legality. Moreover, neither Presidential candidate at time of writing, intends to deviate from such determination. What is worse, is that neither candidate has the expertise to conduct negotiations which incumbent President Spring has. Mr Spring has written to the Remuneration Authority requesting information on the possibility of launching an application for equal pay without union support. This would seem an unlikely possibility, though one which should certainly be explored. Its unlikelihood fulfilled, the incoming President will be faced with negotiating firstly, with the union, and then, through the union. The matter will grow further and further out of student hands.

The rather tempestuous S.G.M., outstanding for the crass political clumsiness of both factions, considered sources of revenue at the end of the meeting.

Treasurer Garlick refused to entertain a motion asking for a draw on reserves to be repaid from next year's accounts. Mr Garlick argued that reserves had value far beyond surface figures and that any cut into them would damage the Association's bargaining power in the fields of accommodation and Union extensions which would require financial contribution from the Association. Nor could a loan from the reserves be feasible, he said, since repaying it from next year's accounts would add to the already expected rise in fees.

Mr Garlick had a motion passed calling for an immediate levy of 50 cents per student. He said that he would hold himself personally responsible for the operation of such a levy, when questioned on the practicable mechanics of such an action.

Several points arise at this stage: 1/ It is probable that reluctance to draw on reserves is not only fear of a disaster for long-term economics, but also a hesitation to take on Union Management Committee, and through that body, the University Council. (Who said that students control their own money?)

2/ Although student representatives hold a technical majority on Student Union Management Committee, those representatives are members of the same Executive which has disregarded student calls for equal pay throughout its entire term.

3/ Association reserves are presently committed, or are about to be committed, as loans to the University proper, in the interests of university sponsored accommodation projects. Although in large part, these loans could only be a series of accounting juxtapositions (University loans the Association money to meet urgent commitments, or to show that the Association has the monetary assets to meet them, and vice versa. Something of a game of exchange), University and Association would be very keen to see a few thousand dollars worth of reserves, on paper at least. University Council would be very adverse to our drawing on our own reserves, to implement our own policies, unless the Association put up quite a battle.

4/ The rise in fees for next year will include a possible \$2 increase in the building levy, to ensure a 1972 start on the Union Theatre (which the University has declared, will be called the Kenneth Maidment Theatre. No, the Association was not consulted), and will probably ask for additional funds to prevent a repetition of this year's catering problem. If equal pay finally bumbles into operation next year, its cost will be considered in the new budget if not forecast in any fees increase. The whole question will come up at the Winter General Meeting. Fees could rise to \$26. Attend and argue it out.

5/ Mr Garlick did not make it clear how the illegal aspect of an immediate levy could be surmounted ('The Association can't do anything illegal' etc). If he announces a voluntary nature to the scheme (e.g. 'bring your fifty cents to the office as a donation'), he knows that very little will be collected. However, at the S.G.M. he said that the manner of collection was his problem, and so it is.



Spring... expertise is not negotiable

6/ The S.G.M. motion called for a 50 cents levy to finance equal pay. If in fact, equal pay, as defined by General Meeting policy is not going to be implemented this year, as appears to be the case, Mr Garlick should not assume the power to collect any levies for anything less than equal pay. The imminent 7% increase in female wages, and the slightly less imminent 7% increase as a result of union negotiations, should not be regarded as equal pay and students should refuse to be levied for the increases mentioned. If however, the Association proposes to backdate equal pay, when it does arrive, the time called for by the first S.G.M. this year on the matter, then the levy should be paid. If the Association does mean to backdate equal pay, Craccum would like to ask whether or not our administrative machinery is keeping an eye on staff turnover between the time of the S.G.M. and the time of eventual equal pay to ensure that no staff member of the period concerned is missed out. If not, the Association should drop any pretenses to backdating.

7/ The S.G.M. and S.R.C. motions calling for the implementation of equal pay 'forthwith', can only be regarded as tactical maneuvering. If it ever comes to a vote of NO CONFIDENCE, one side will have a long list of unacted motions to support its accusations. It might just be a good idea if some constitutional wizard would dream up replacements for present constitutional clauses which give Executive power to ignore General Meeting policy. Those clauses are probably outside the constitutional limits set for incorporated societies anyway, but the Executive on this point has seen no need to consult its legal advisers. Why kick your own horse?

8/ The whole fiasco boils down to a final sarcastic piece of cynicism: How do you like the control you have over your Association, baby? Never mind, the outside world is much the same. Brick walls are being built for all you pleasant idealists to bounce your heads upon.

The Editor.

MOBILISATION

JULY 30th.

"What can I do to help?" This is a question we are being asked more and more now. It seems that everyone is aware that there is a National Anti-war Mobilisation planned for July 30th, that thousands of Aucklanders, not only students, will be demonstrating their opposition to the continuing slaughter in Indo-China and demanding the immediate withdrawal of all N.Z. and allied forces. From the support we are receiving already from Trade unions and workers, and with the coming tour of Jim Cairns (Australian Anti-war activist and well known Labour M.P.) it looks as though they will be marching in greater numbers than ever.

To answer the question then, of what you can do, we have drawn up a time-table of activities but this is only tentative and if any one has any suggestions for activities to advertise July 30th please come and tell us. If you ever have a few spare minutes or a lunch-time free come up to the Mobilisation Headquarters, and of course make sure you come to the Anti-war Action Society Workshops, Monday and Wednesday, Room 202 at 1 p.m. WEAR A BUTTON, if you aren't already, if you are, sell some to your friends.

APOLOGY


Due to an act of God (natural Disaster), we found it impossible to have the Mobilisation Benefit in the Cafe on the 17th as Advertised. We wish to apologise as we know all you students wanted to come. Well if you come to the Cafe at 8pm this Saturday you will find the Mobe Benefit Rockin' (and various other things) as planned. Please bring your 50 cent donation. This Saturday 8pm.

MOBILISATION COUNTDOWN

- Thursday 22nd, Leafletting K. Rd. Meet at Quad 6.30. 7.30 Mobe General Meeting, Mens Common Room. Antiwar documentary "In the Year of the Pig." Concert Chamber 6.00 & 8.15p.m.
- Friday 23rd. Leafletting Suburban Shopping areas, meet Quad 6.30. Jim Cairns speaks in His Majesty's Theatre on "The Labour movement and the War."
- Saturday 24th, Anti-war Teach-in for High Schools, speakers include Tim Shadbolt. 1p.m. LLT "In the Year of the Pig" will be shown.
- Monday 26th Forum in Vulcan Lane, Leafletters wanted, lunchtime. "In the Year of the Pig." on campus in the evening.
- Tuesday 27th Picket and leafletting in Queen Street.
- Wednesday 28th SPECIAL. Anti-war Forum lunchtime.
- Thursday 29th Picket of firms who profit from the War.
- Friday 30th All day forum including Jerome Frank, well known American psychiatrist. Don't go to lectures, work against the war instead.

MOBILISATION HEADQUARTERS:—
First Floor Student Union Building.

Love/Mobilise



NZUSA

for students
SINGAPORE charter
\$428.00 return
leaves december via Sydney
returns february
STUDENT TRAVEL BUREAU ROOM 223
10am-5pm

STAFF



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

Published by the Craccum Administration Board for the proprietors, the Auckland University Students' Association and printed by East Waikato Publishers Ltd., of Canada Street, Morrinsville, at the printers' works Kensington Street., Putaruru.

Sir,
PLASTIC PO
PLASTIC CUPS
- An answer
to the recent
meeting.

The big bug
pollution. This
relevant since
not burn the cu
lar. Even if the
pyron produce
and the solid res
burning such a
comparable to
burning the sa
paper.

An interesti
that for every si
world only one i
the basis of
ecological hazard

Exec p
the - gasp - not
nature of
Great - just ide
those holes whic
the council
overlasting cups.

Now it is a
cups are extr
being packed w
the mould.

fractionally
considered indivi

My conclusio
that Preece
fashionable wh
some of the misi
milkbar politica
our exec.

Mr Preece
Executive's
Conversely, he
officer for
However
Association poli
cups. Mr Preece
policy. The bel
that students sh
operation of the
if this means ult
your money, yc
policies from
disaster. - Ed.

Sir,
I wonder at
the editors of
the printing of
by one called I
recent edition o
and 9. If unadu
the measure o
god for saken
underlying tone
Prime Minister.

Sir,
Alarmed by
the Great Nort
duly appeared
International pu
ladies they "can
to the lack
facilities. Dom
duly plead the
"regulations". A
sickening distor
hardly be ma
alcoholic cartel
either implied
Statute descri
female consur
bars - only the
prejudice of
Health and Li
require adequ
which put
International its
its own uncon
liberation of t
shop" is surely
interests of sani

P.
Auckland Ci
demand that t
both males
available in all
The Royal Inte
thus a contrave
dictate.

INKSHED

scrivener's corner



AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF GRAPHIC ARTS

50 books of the Year (1970)
Selections on display from 28 July
for four weeks
USIS
27 Symonds Street.



Enjoy
the good life
with
DB
TODAY'S GREAT BEER.

GIRLS!

TRY ROWING AS A SUMMER SPORT!

Weekend practice now
Ring: Les Keys
53-838 or 576-587

progressive books

A REPUTATION TO MAINTAIN
A REPUTATION TO MAKE
and a history unrivalled
in literature of the left
PROGRESSIVE BOOKS
14-16 DARBY STREET
AUCKLAND

THE QUADRANT

Are you swotting at the weekend? Try the Quadrant
for lunch at 16 Waterloo Quadrant just down from
Hotel Intercontinental

**TEA COFFEE SOUP
TOASTED SANDWICHES**

Sir, PLASTIC POLITICIANS ON PLASTIC CUPS

An answer to points raised
at the recent farcical exec.
meeting.

The big bugbear—atmospheric
pollution. This point is totally
irrelevant since the A.C.C. does
not burn the cups from the milk
bar. Even if they were to do so,
pyron produces no toxic fumes
and the solid residues produced in
burning such a plastic is directly
comparable to that produced in
burning the same quantity of
paper.

An interesting observation is
that for every six holes dug in this
world only one is refilled. There is
the basis of an imminent
ecological hazard in holes.

Exec. pointed out
the—gasp—non-biodegradable
nature of the container.
Great—just ideal to fill up all
those holes which is exactly what
the council does with our
everlasting cups.

Now it is admitted that the
cups are extremely hygienic,
being packed while still hot from
the mould. Price is also
fractionally cheaper when
considered individually.

My conclusion over the matter
is that Preece has become a
fashionable whipping boy for
some of the misinformed, aspiring
milkbar politicians represented on
our exec.

—S. Roscoe.

Mr Preece is not the
Executive's whipping boy.
Conversely, he is the executive
officer for the Association.
However misinformed,
Association policy favoured wax
cups. Mr Preece acted against this
policy. The belated principle is
that students should designate the
operation of the Association, even
if this means ultimate disaster. It's
your money, your facilities, your
policies from here to that
disaster.—Ed.

Sir,
I wonder at the mentality of
the editors of Craccum allowing
the printing of two pages of crap
by one called Tim Shadbolt in a
recent edition of Craccum pages 8
and 9. If unadulterated bullshit is
the measure of that particular
godforsaken writer, the
underlying tones are Shadbolt for
Prime Minister. God help us.

—B. McChesney.

Sir,
Alarmed by the liberation of
the Great Northern, a notice has
duly appeared in the Royal
International public bar informing
ladies they "cannot" drink owing
to the lack of female toilet
facilities. Dominion Breweries
duly plead they are obeying the
"regulations". A more blatant and
sickening distortion of law could
hardly be made by such an
alcoholic cartel. There is no law
either implied or expressed in
Statute discriminating against
female consumption in hotel
bars—only the sickly bumbling
prejudice of male alcoholics.
Health and Licensing legislation
require adequate conveniences
which puts the Royal
International itself in the dock by
its own unconscious admission.
Liberation of this 'Old Curiosity
Shop' is surely warranted in the
interests of sanity.

P.J. Wedderspoon,

Auckland City Council Bylaws
demand that toilet facilities for
both males and females be
available in all licensed taverns.
The Royal International notice is
thus a contravention of the legal
dictate.

—Ed.

Sir,
Congratulations to Mr Phil
O'Carroll on his latest advocacy
of further sexual degeneracy! He
really must be a very (one dares
not say promiscuous) sexually
liberated young man. His personal
views on marriage and sexual
morality are very exciting and
avant-garde but they are
nonetheless his personal view and
not, as he would have us believe,
those of Christ.

He informs us in his article—
"That extramarital sexuality is
traditionally seen as immoral
can only be understood in
terms of traditional 'church'
morality—I'm not sure that
Christ would have wanted to
be identified with the
'Christian churches'."

It's good of Mr O'Carroll to be
so patronizing towards what he
suspects are Christ's views but I
think he should examine these
views a little more closely before
he claims them as his supports.
After all, Mr O'Carroll, it wasn't
Charlie Brown who said.

"Blessed are the pure in
heart—they shall see God."
(Matthew 5 v8-9).

"It is from within the hearts of
men that their wicked designs
come, their sins of adultery,
fornication etc—"" (Mark 7
v21-23).

"You have heard it said, Thou
shalt not commit adultery. But
I tell you that he who casts his
eyes on a woman so as to lust
after her has already
committed adultery with her
in his heart." (Matthew 5
v27-29).

No Sir! These are hardly the
words of a sexual liberalist. They
are the words of a strong man and
a firm one—a man who held the
sexual act as an act of love to be
performed by two who have
pledged their lives and their love
exclusively in marriage—that
institution which you in all your
wisdom write off as "a piece of
paper."

In future, then, Mr O'Carroll if
you will continue to startle us
with your bold, new morality
don't lower yourself to the
hypocritical level of dragging
Christ in as a support. It's your
morality, Mr O'Carroll, not His.
You can defend it Sir, you can
publicize it, you can advise it
— You can have it!

—Mary Dunn.

Sir,
To horribly mangle a
metaphor, Phil O'Carroll is to be
thanked for bringing the sacred
cow out of its Augean stable. It is
about time we had some really
honest discussion about the
institution of marriage.

The love relationship is the
most crucial aspect of our lives,
for men as well as for women,
despite Byron's smug assertion to
the contrary. It is the crucible in
which we are most stringently
tested as human beings, and it is
also the aspect of our lives most
fraught with agonizing
possibilities for self-destruction
and for the infliction of cruelty
on another.

However, no social
institution can be considered in
isolation; there will be no
improvement in the male-female
relationship until there is a
considerable improvement in the
status of women. At the present
time, a woman is totally
conditioned by society's
expectations of her, by
commerce, by such grotesque
rituals as beauty contests, and
most of all by her own deep
insecurity, to sell herself to the
highest bidder and safely retire
from the struggle to prove herself
a person in her own right.
Henceforth she tries to achieve
her feeling of worth through the

man to whom she is legally
bound.

If Phil and other thinking
men really want to dispense with
legal marriage let them lend their
considerable intellectual and
symbolic weight to the movement
to improve the status of women,
for there will be no improvement
in the male-female relationship
until women are economically
and emotionally as independent
as men.

Toni Church

Dear Stephan,
At last the ultimate obscenity
has been printed in Craccum
'71—an achievement which I guess
might bring you a little pleasure.

But the way it is achieved I am
sure is of concern to you. I refer
to the notice from the A.U.S.A.
President in the April 29 issue of
Craccum announcing restrictions
on the use of Student Union
facilities at Auckland. It seems
the 1970-1971 AUSA students'
executive wants to see Auckland
University becoming an exclusive,
members-only preserve.

Is that what a university is
intended to be? A place which
listens only to its own voice, and
which responds to ideas only
from its own kind? Woodrow
Wilson's idea of the American
university where
calm science sits not knowing
the world which passes, a place
where past and present are
discussed with knowledge and
without passion

certainly seems to have found
its followers among the Auckland
student hierarchy.

I incline towards a very
different view indeed. It is a view
which retains for the university an
integral and active role in the
crucial social, economic, political
and cultural problems of the local
community. Matthew Arnold
expressed this ideal much better
than I could, a long time ago,
when he described his university
at Oxford the

home of lost causes and
forsaken beliefs, and unpopular
names and impossible loyalties!

It is a sad day for university
freedom when student leaders
find it necessary to regulate who
speaks at forums, who attends
campus meetings, and who uses
the Student Union facilities. I had
thought that the openness of the
university towards all the people
in the community was an
established principle accepted by
all the Students' Associations in
New Zealand. Again it seems I
have been sadly misled.

Perhaps in Craccum a flicker
of hope remains?

Paul Grocott
University of the
South Pacific

Sir,
The Friends of the
University wish to thank all
students who supported the White
Elephant Stall on Wednesday
14th by buying or donating
goods.

The sum of \$127.58 was
raised, all of which is to go to the
University Graduates' Society
Loan Scheme for Students.

We also wish to thank the
Executive of the Students
Association for making the Quad
available and assisting us during
the day.

Dawn Cornwall
Friends of the University
Society.

John,
Re your review of Lifetimes
L.P. (Turn It Over) Craccum
1/7/71 there are several points I
wish to make. I have not heard
the L.P., so whether you reviewed
it 'accurately' or not I have no
way of knowing. However, I have
seen the group live and this leads

me to wonder whether or not we
are discussing the same one.

On a purely factual basis, the
personnel is Tony
Williams, drums, your
assumption that because he was
the leader he must be the guitarist
falls into the 'Clapton is God,
Baker is a good musician'
syndrome. Larry Young organ
—he may make you want to take
up knitting, but he was recently
voted the best organist in the
world by Melody Maker I know
that doesn't make him the best,
but it is significant. John
McLaughlin—guitar—like Williams,
he's played for Miles Davis, and
Jack Bruce—bass—though there is
some doubt as to whether or not
he plays on all tracks.

To say that 'the drummer is
good' and that he is 'following
Bruce' goes against the grain for
someone who thought Tony
Williams was a genius long before
Lifetime appeared on the scene.

The consensus of opinion
about this record is that it is not
an accurate picture of the group
'live'. This is probably true, as
when I heard them, they played
only four numbers in an hour and
a half—consisting mainly of the
'controlled long solos' you wish
they would play.

I have not written with the
intention of making you look a
fool, but rather to see justice
done to a group of brave and
challenging musicians.

—Colin Jones.

Sir,
I am in New Zealand on
holiday from London, and cannot
refrain from writing to correct
some very odd remarks about
King Crimson, which appeared in
your issue dated 17th June. The
most curious of these is the firm
statement: "King Crimson of
course do not exist." Having seen
the group at least a dozen times
on stage, I think I can safely say
of course it does exist.

Crimson appeared almost
weekly in and around London
during the summer of 1969,
before touring the U.S.A. on the
strength of their British
reputation.

The American tour was
followed by a succession of ups
and downs, for long spells of
inactivity, and it wasn't until last
month that they again played live
with an almost entirely new
line-up.

The 'guiding hand' behind
King Crimson is not Pete Sinfield
(as stated) but guitarist Robert
Fripp, who founded the group.

One more point—nothing was
really stolen from 'The Planets'.
Allowing Holst full credit for
composition, Crimson played
'Mars' at every live performance,
until they were pressurized by
enthusiastic audiences into
recording it. For copyright
reasons a few alterations were
made, and a new name selected.

—Sally Reid

Sir,
As a firm opponent of Mr
Gill's Welfare of Minor's Bill, I am
greatly distressed by the antics of
those who pelted Mr Gill with
apple cores and darts. Mr Gill did
not appear at Auckland
University to persuade or
convince students on the merits
of his bill. He hoped that the
stupid immature ravings of
students would bolster his case in
the eyes of the mass public. I
think his grin showed that he
succeeded.

However, if you want to
play during lunch time, do not
delude yourself into believing that
you are helping to achieve social
justice. You are preventing it.

—C.D. Nicholls.



STB

NZUSA

around the world with student travel.. STB

for ANY student
to ANYwhere in NZ or overseas
at ANY time
before we could offer you groups
but NOW
ANYTHING GOES!
STB CAN SAVE YOU MONEY
to Europe
Asia
The Pacific
USA
etc etc etc

extended hours 10-5pm monday to friday
STUDENT TRAVEL BUREAU Room 223 (Top floor student union) opposite end to grad club.

GET YOUR FACTS STRAIGHT ON TEACHING

Teaching today is more interesting and absorbing than it has ever been. *The modern educator's role is to fashion a generation of thinkers, able to survive in the complexities of our times.* The task is a formidable one, requiring imagination, tolerance and dedication.

Mr Allan Devlin of the Department of Education (and a teacher himself), is coming to the University to elaborate further on the philosophy and practices of modern-day teaching. You are invited to come and talk to him and find out what Teaching is really all about.

Talk to
Allan Devlin



For an appointment to meet Mr Devlin
please contact . . .

AUCKLAND—Appointments Board
CANTERBURY—Graduates Appointments Officer
MASSEY—Public Relations Officer

OTAGO—Union Manager/Appointment Officer
VICTORIA—Careers Advisory Board
WAIKATO—Assistant Registrar (Students' Services)

NWGI

EXERCISE

YOUR LEGAL RIGHT

Register as a Conscientious Objector

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

UBS under ALMOST regal patronage



Prime Minister
Wellington
New Zealand
19th July 1971

Dear Phil,

You may have noticed in the daily papers that I have been having a bit of difficulty in obtaining a copy of the Pentagon Papers. Both Richard and Spiro have let me down and I hear you are air-freighting copies to arrive in a week or so at only \$4.00. Do send me one, less my usual student discount of course.

You can bank on Piggy for an early payment this time. If he lets you down I'll give The Job to Jack.

Keep swinging,
See you later alligator,

Keith Holyoake

The Manager,
University BookShop (Auckland) Ltd.
Student Union Building,
34 Princes Street,
AUCKLAND 1.

follow your leader: place yr order NOW
at the U.P.S.

T
B

The s
blood-thirst
tragedies o
overwhelmi
'Guardian'
unarmed p
dormitory.
virtually fo
unshaken. C
Like the c
for reasons o
the internal
million peop
problem has
international
wrote in its
when human
of the peopl
countries mu
them to put
politics."

The Pakista
the military ac
that civilians w
as Mr Samar Se
cannot excuse
bombers. Nor
since it develo
dictator to imp
himself had or
strict sense the
India cannot tu
which are felt
East Bengali's l
the political pa
Bengali's strug
Indian Parliam
struggle and s
support of the
refrained from
but it is very u

It is most su
finger in prote
fact that the
them for exter
Pakistan regar
China, the cha
on this occasio
these days is
Chinese—they
declaring their
not on friendl
preserve a stro

The author.

The blood of Bangla Dosh

RAJENDRA CHAUDHARY

The spring in East Pakistan ended, at least temporarily, when on March 25th General Yahya Khan's blood-thirsty boys moved in. The brutal suppression of the Bengali's is without doubt one of the greatest tragedies of this century. Evidences of carnage and butchery carried out by West Pakistan troops are overwhelming. All 5 million refugees would not flee to India for nothing. Regarding the civil war the 'Guardian' of April 3 reported: "The army's action was carried out with great brutality against a largely unarmed population. The university came in for special attention and 200 students were killed in one dormitory. In another there were so many casualties that the Army dug a mass grave." Although the army virtually followed a pre-planned campaign of genocide, for long time the conscience of the world remained unshaken. Or if it was shaken, it showed no signs of movement.

Like the ostrich the world hid its conscience in the sand for reasons of politics and the desire not to get involved in the internal matters of another country. But when over 5 million people have crossed over into India, surely the problem has reached international dimensions and requires international attention. Furthermore, as the Indian Express wrote in its editorial of March 29th: "There comes a time when humanity must override politics . . . the civilised voice of the peoples all over the world in all continents and all countries must make itself heard . . . the time is come for them to put humanity above politics. Humanity transcends politics."

The Pakistani representative in the United Nations may claim that the military action against the East Bengalis is a domestic affair and that civilians were shot down because they attacked army posts; but as Mr Samar Sen, the Indian representative pointed out, this argument cannot excuse the slaughter of unarmed civilians with tanks and bombers. Nor can the immediate cause of the conflict be overlooked, since it developed from the failure, or the refusal of the military dictator to implement the results of a democratic election, which he himself had organised. Mr Sen has also pointed out that though in the strict sense the conflict may be a matter of Pakistan's internal politics India cannot turn a blind eye to the consequences of armed repression which are felt across the border where many people are linked with East Bengali's by a common culture, if not by ties of blood. Nearly all the political parties in India have declared their support for the East Bengali's struggling for their rights. A resolution adopted by the Indian Parliament assures the people of Bangla Dosh that "their struggle and sacrifice will receive the whole-hearted sympathy and support of the people of India." So far the Government of India has refrained from giving material support to the Bengali freedom fighters but it is very unlikely that this policy will be followed indefinitely.

CHINESE HYPOCRISY

It is most surprising that the western democracies have not raised a finger in protest against the atrocities in East Bengal—in spite of the fact that the West Pakistan army is using the weapons supplied by them for external defence. The Soviet Union has sent a strong note to Pakistan regarding the situation in Bangla Dosh, but Communist China, the champion of liberation movements in Africa and Asia, has on this occasion supported Yahya Khan's repressive measures. Perhaps these days ideological considerations count for less with the Chinese—they sacrificed their conscience, principles and good sense in declaring their support for Yahya Khan. The Chinese motive is clear: not on friendly terms with India it is obviously in their interest to preserve a strong and united Pakistan with India the common enemy.

The Great Powers can tell the military rulers in Pakistan plainly and bluntly that they are misusing the weapons that have been supplied to them and that aid would be cut off if they persist in their blood-thirsty course. And there are smaller countries too who could help stop the repression in East Bengal. While India has stopped all Pakistani overflights over its territory Pakistani planes are regularly flying through Ceylon. The Ceylon Government should make sure that Pakistani planes stopping at Colombo Airport do not abuse the facilities given to them by transporting arms and troops. Burma is another country which must be persuaded to desist from offering any facilities or supplies, whether civil or military to West Pakistan.

MEDIA PROTEST

Although the top leaders of most nations have remained silent on the issue of Bangla Dosh, Senators and M.P.'s have spoken up here and there and some prominent newspapers have taken up strong stands against West Pakistani action in Bangla Dosh. Mr Edward Kennedy, the American Senator, has condemned the massacre of civilians in Bangla Dosh and has asked the U.S. government to use its influence to stop the killings. The New York Times has demanded that American military aid to Pakistan be stopped. The London Times, the New Statesman and other important British papers have been giving graphic accounts of the way West Pakistani troops have indulged in mass murder in Bangla Dosh. Afro-Asian opinion has also been getting more vocal: The Jakarta Times, Indonesia's leading English language daily, has stated: "The world must unite to call a halt to this brutal repression of 75 million East Pakistani's by West Pakistani soldiers."

A significant factor which emerges out of the conflict is the fact that in spite of all efforts the West Pakistani military regime has not yet been able to find any local support. Not a single East Bengali has been found who could at least nominally challenge the authority of Sheikh Mujibur Rehman, the leader of the Awami League. The unity among the Bangla Dosh people is unparalleled in the world.

MARTIAL LAW

The war as well as being expensive economically also means that Yahya Khan's promise of a return to democracy has been postponed indefinitely. Thus West Pakistan will have to remain under rigorous Martial Law and this prospect will not be very welcome to a large majority of West Pakistani's. Furthermore there are various regions in West Pakistan, especially Baluchistan and the North West Frontier Province whose sympathies clearly lie with Bangla Dosh. Their leaders had repeatedly said that they would support Sheikh Mujibur Rehman in his demand for autonomy. In many areas of West Pakistan opinion is bound to swing; sentiment is bound to grow that the East Bengali's are fighting for a just and fair cause.

No one can deny that the cause of the East Bengali's is fair and just. Separated by a thousand miles of Indian territory the only thing common between the two wings is the Islamic religion. The Daily Telegraph (U.K.) has said. "Separation is in the very fabric of Pakistan. Not only are the Western and Eastern wings separated by 1000 miles of Indian territory they are just as much divided economically, socially and culturally." The East Bengali's quite rightly claim that they have been systematically used to subsidise West Pakistan ever since partition. It began as long ago as 1948 when President Jinnah following a policy of centralisation withdrew the provinces rights to raise their own income and sales taxes, and keep the major part of their import and export duties. East Pakistan was particularly hard hit because the subsidy it received from the central government was never correspondingly increased. Over the last twenty years 70% went to the West and only 30% to the East. 75% of the revenue was spent in the West, and only 25% in the East. Although East Pakistan contains two thirds of the countries population it received only 20% of any cash obtained as Foreign Aid. According to the New Statesman (16 April 1971), "East Pakistani economists estimate that since independence, the real transfer of resources from East to West Pakistan has been to the run of some £3000 million." Thus Bangla Dosh would certainly be more economically viable on its own.

COLONY

The grievances of the East Bengali's are many and are justified. For too long they have been exploited like a colony of West Pakistan. Repression and exploitation inevitably strengthened separatist tendencies and led to demands of autonomy and independence by Sheikh Mujibur, leader of the Awami League. In The Guardian of April 3rd, 1971, Martin Adeney analyses why Sheikh Mujibur Rehman failed. 'Failed' I suppose is not the right word for the failure



is only transitional. Although Mujib has failed in the short run. Paradoxically he has succeeded in the long run for as Martin Adeney says in the Guardian: "By its sledge hammer attack on a largely unarmed population in the name of One Pakistan the military government has made sure that Pakistan cannot remain one. Whether in two years, five years, or ten the country is going to divide." Militarily the East Bengali's failed because they were largely unarmed, disorganised and taken by surprise. While the West Pakistani troops are equipped with modern automatic rifles and have few hesitations in using them, the majority of the population has no firearms; the Naxalite guerrilla groups which operate in East Bengal are small, disunited, and have very few arms. No doubt guerrilla activity will increase and attempts will be made to smuggle arms in.

NOT NAIVE

Martin Adeney further says in his essay that "perhaps the secret of Mujib's failure to compromise successfully was that he never expected to succeed, that after 10 years in gaol he expected that something would come his way." Taking into account the long political experience of Sheikh Mujib, I think it is quite naive to believe that he never expected to succeed. It is equally naive to say that Sheikh Mujib might have taken it for granted that an honourable agreement would be reached with General Yahya Khan. What I think is quite reasonable to assume is that Sheikh Mujib never expected General Yahya Khan to unleash the army permitting it to slaughter and massacre the people. Not only Sheikh Mujib—the whole world didn't expect this. Thus no attempt was made by Sheikh Mujib to raise an army of liberation, import arms and prepare for battle. As far as Sheikh Mujib was concerned there was no need for this; in fact such action would only provoke the army and provide them with a pretext to act. At most Sheikh Mujib might have expected an 'invasion'—the type carried out by the Russians in Czechoslovakia,—the presence of the army and the threat of the use of the army subduing the Awami League and the population into obedience.

If Sheikh Mujib misjudged Yahya Khan, Yahya Khan's action in Bangla Dosh is also a product of gross miscalculation and misapprehensions. He has taken a cautious and rather conservative move for autonomy and turned it sooner or later into a revolution. In trying to keep Pakistan united through bombs and bayonets he has permanently divided it. Whether Sheikh Mujib lives or is executed the leadership of the liberation movement will pass to those elements who believe that the only solution is violence, and who can disagree with them? But for the moment the army will be in control especially in the cities. The economy will flow more sluggishly and the national mood would be one of dejection as was the case in Czechoslovakia after the Russian invasion.

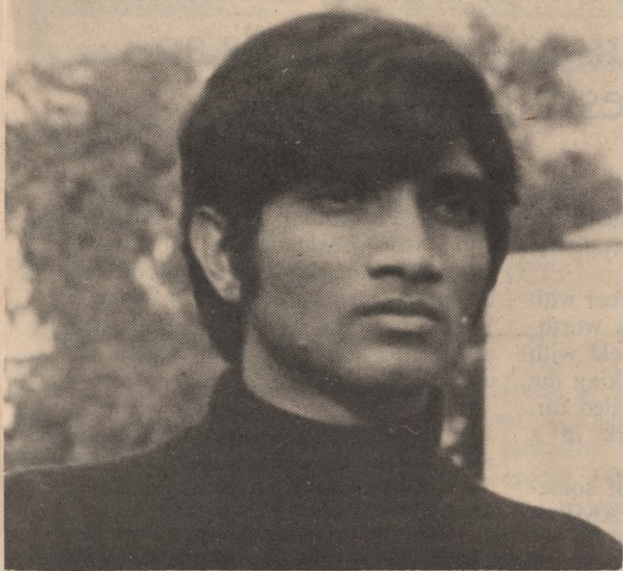
What can the world do now apart from looking after the refugees? The civil war is costing some \$2 million a day; it has swallowed up Pakistan's foreign exchange resources. The country is on the verge of bankruptcy. According to the New Statesman (4 June, 1971) the Pakistani Government has been trying to bring pressure on the American Government and the I.M.F. for a handout now and a big future commitment. Pakistan needs \$500 million to save the western half of Pakistan alone. The New Statesman further says that public feeling in the U.S. appears to have been unexpectedly hostile because 'the message has got through that this was not a little local difficulty, but a brutal attempt to crush a democratically elected majority party.' Thus unless a stop is put to the reign of terror and unless West Pakistan can produce some sort of political solution the American Senate may refuse to grant any aid. If aid is given there will have to be some sort of supervision as to how it is spent. For example, any aid in cash can be used simply to prolong the repression; if rice is given it can be used mostly to feed the army.

DENIAL OF AID

Yahya Khan needs money desperately to keep his 80,000 strong army in Bangla Dosh to carry out his policy of coercion and repression. What the world, especially the Great Powers, can and must do is stated clearly in the editorial of the New Statesman (4 June, 1971): "To deny aid to Yahya is right both on moral and pragmatic grounds. . . . Any country now offering aid to Yahya Khan and his relentless henchmen will not be able to escape the charge that it is financing genocide." The innocent blood that has been shed in Bangla Dosh has not been shed in vain for it has planted the seeds of a national liberation movement, and as history has repeatedly shown and as the Americans have painfully learnt in Viet Nam, no power on earth can indefinitely suppress or fight indigenous nationalism.

POST-SCRIPT

Since this article was written in mid-June certain developments have taken place relevant to the Bangla Dosh situation. The most important development is the American shipment of arms to Pakistan, unjustifiable action on the flimsy legality that the agreement had been made before the outbreak of the civil war. By their action the Americans are indirectly contributing to the suppression of democracy, freedom and self-determination—ideals they talk about so loudly and so hypocritically! They are trying to crush a liberation movement; what worries me is not that they will succeed. They will fail in Bangla as they have failed in Viet Nam. What worries me is when will they ever learn? How many more have to die before they learn that bayonets and B.52 bombers cannot suppress the human spirit yearning for freedom from domination.



The author. . . both China and America guilty.



get shawled

Shawls are in at the Poncho Bar!

All hand made.

Fair prices at the
Poncho Bar
368 Karangahape Road
10% discount to students

Auckland University Students

build a valuable connection
for the future

open your
BNZ savings or
cheque account
now!

USE THE **BNZ** OFFICE IN THE OLD
STUDENT UNION BLOCK ALONGSIDE THE
UNIVERSITY MAILROOM
HOURS:- DAILY 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.



Applications for Executive Portfolios close 5pm
tomorrow. Join the circus!



The Coat of Arms
HERALDIC CRAFTSMEN

SHOWROOM:

29 LORNE STREET
CITY

BOX 5746, AUCKLAND

PHONE 372-408

Quagg's

Strand Arcade...

...try our waffles



JOHN REID'S

Suppliers of ALES,
WINES & SPIRITS

The home of

TEACHER'S WHISKY

SACCONE'S GIN

GUSTAVE PIERRE BRANDY

OLD BUSHMILLS IRISH WHISKEY

JOHN REID'S OF ANZAC AVE., AUCKLAND



Read this
ad.; fold
the paper; look out
a window and
have a good
old-fashioned think.

Think about yourself. That's an
interesting subject

Ask yourself where you're going
after leaving university. Up the creek
to a dead end? To boredom, drudgery,
day in day out?

Not for you. You want a career with
soul. Think of yourself doing worth-
while work in a worthwhile field with
worthwhile people. People making the
right use of what you've struggled for.
People recognising your work in a
practical way.

Think of yourself as part of some-
thing big and active. Like the AMP.

It's an exciting prospect. AMP is
the largest mutual office in Australia
and New Zealand and operates a
branch in the United Kingdom. The
business growth is rapid. It's tripled in
10 years. The selection of careers
within the AMP is vast. So are the
opportunities.

When you've finished thinking and
want to start talking, call Mr. Dixon at
74-630, Auckland. Or write to him at
Box 55, Auckland.



AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

Elgar's
Britain's la
while, peo
detractors,
seen a spat
at least one
present rec
including
which was
account, th
at a time v
by the war
disillusions
large-scale
derivative.



elgar

ELGAR.PIANO QUINTET/CONCERT/
PIANO PIECES
JOHN OGDEN/ALLEGRI QUARTET.
ASDM 2501.TASTE

Elgar's reputation disappeared about the same time Britain's lands of hope and glory disappeared. Then after a while, people began listening to his music instead of his detractors, and the Elgarian revival set in. Recent years have seen a spate of first recordings, including the excavation of at least one masterpiece, the oratorio "The Kingdom". The present recording contains four pieces new to the catalogue, including one literal discovery; the 1901 Concert Allegro which was lost until 1969. Three short piano pieces of little account, then the Piano Quintet of 1918. This was written at a time when Elgar's spirit had been more or less broken by the war. Most of these late-period works are sombre and disillusioned in tone; the quintet is the opposite—a large-scale assertive work. It is impressive, but too derivative. It is as if Elgar was trying to recover the

opulence and confidence (though these are dangerous oversimplifications) of his pre-war music, and found only the large comforting shadow of Brahms. A shadow of Brahms, with a tinge of Elgar—that is the Piano Quintet; but it's much more attractive than it might sound. What's more, Ogdon and the quartet make it sound more attractive than it actually is, which is what first-rate players should be able to do with essentially second-rate music like this. This performance is full-blooded, cultured, Brahmsian. One is persuaded into thinking that the first movement has genuine drama and pathos, that the slow movement rises at times to the level of epic, and that the last movement has some nice quiet music, if also some bombastic loud music. The only point on which I could fault this performance is in the first part of the last movement allegro, which surely needs more assertiveness if it is not to sound "soggy", as it does here.

The Concert Allegro is another matter of influences; this time of Bach and Liszt. It is an impressive piece, with a rhetorical power that compensates for a slight

nondescriptness of material. Ogdon's performance is completely authoritative, making intellectual and emotional sense out of a work that might sound rather chaotic in the hands of a lesser pianist.

The other three piano pieces are "charming" and so placed on the record that one does not have to listen to them unless one wants to, which would not be very often, I imagine.

Don't write this off as a curiosity record. It's that, but it's got some real music on it as well. This trouble is, not enough of it seems to be by Elgar.

GAVIN KAY

played by
ogden

Chicago Blues Snapping Symphonies

KING OF THE DELTA BLUES SINGERS VOL II

Robert Johnson CBX SBP 473828

This has been released by C.B.S. to complement their album 'King of the Delta Blues Singers' (1967) and, I feel, to cover an almost identical bootleg L.P.

With its release all of Johnson's recorded songs are now available to the general public, although several takes of some songs do exist. This album will not only help provide a fuller idea of Johnson's range and depth of artistry and of his great influence, but also should be important to anyone seeking to interpret Afro-American culture.

Some of the tracks are in the same basic structural moulds as tracks on Vol I, notably the Kindhearted Woman blues, (Phonograph Blues, Dead Shrimp Blues, Little Queen of Spades and others), but all are infused with genuine emotion and in all there is a wonderful and instinctive balance between voice and guitar. There are surprising, almost eccentric choked off guitar breaks (*Malted Milk*), strange stilted rhythmic underpinings, and always the agonised, often acutely sexual imagery. 'Beatrice, I Love my Phonograph, but you broke my windin' chain and you taken my lovin' and you have it to another man.'

'I'm going to wind your little Phonograph just to hear your little motor moan' (*Phonograph Blues*).

On *Dead Shrimp Blues*: 'Everything I do baby you get your mouth stuck out, At the hole where I used to fish you got me posted out.'

Some tracks stand out as magnificently individual, above all *Sweet Home Chicago*, *From Four Until Late*, *Love In Vain*, and the familiar *Preaching Blues*. *Sweet Home Chicago*, is warm, easy-going, with the heavy rocking boogie figure Johnson did so much to pioneer and which has been so often (and often boringly) used in so many ways ever since. This song possesses a curious lyricism, an unconscious statement of the duality yet organic wholeness of all things. He runs through a series of additions e.g. 1 + 1 is 2, 2 + 2 are 4, I'm heavy loaded baby, I'm booked, I've got to go", using these as the vehicle for a series of loosely linked statements. It is a song of yearning and yet of reconciliation. To avoid confusion, by the way, the terms *Sweet Home Chicago* and *My Land of California*, are in the context of the song, interchangeable. Both, to the Southern Negro, were possibilities of escape. Johnson had possibly been to Chicago—whether he had or not is immaterial; he undoubtedly knew they were different places, this too is immaterial.



'Sweethome Chicago'



Roadside Juke

What is involved in the quality of the Afro-American mind, a world of brilliant and, to the uptight Anglo-Saxon, disquieting epigram. It is easy to see why fascist Amerika so ostentatiously overlooked this sort of music for so long, and now, since its presence can no longer be ignored, does its best to pervert and exploit it. When two Pigs in San Antonio worked Johnson over and smashed his guitar for no apparent reason, they were trying of course to smash more than his guitar or head. They were attempting, in their incoherent and swinish fashion, to express their fury that a black man should dare to express himself in any way whatsoever.

From *Four Until Late* will be familiar to many as 'that Cream song'. It is a beautiful song, one of Johnson's best. Even better is *Love In Vain*. We have no need to

romanticize Johnson's emotional involvement with his material on this or any other song. Both from what we can feel in his work and from what we now know of his personality he actually recorded some of his numbers in emotional states normally considered outside 'normal experience'. Technically, I think there is definitely something of Leroy Carr in this song, although Johnson absorbed a myriad of influences so thoroughly that it is usually difficult to point to any particular artist. Those familiar with the Stones recordings of this song (I mean the live recordings) may be struck by just how close the Stones come to Johnson's essence, (far closer than any other rock group). When asked recently what he thought of Johnson, Mick Jagger replied 'A diamond'. (there is incidentally a superb rendition of Mississippi Fred McDowell's *You Got to Move* on their new album *Sticky Fingers*).

Preachin' Blues is an alternate take of the track on Vol I. It sounds even on a close listening to be the same track. However, the use of sophisticated electronic equipment has proven that all of Johnson's 'alternate takes' are just that. He must have played incredibly stylised tightly-knit versions of some songs in a way that is very rare for a bluesman.

One interesting oddity is *They're Red Hot*, a 16 bar jug-band type number, the only good time song Johnson ever recorded and which apparently he got from his brother Red. It gives rise to speculation as to just what else Johnson must have played live. Certainly, he would hardly have relied solely on his more intense and poetic material to entertain in barrel-houses and jook-joints. Also present is the original of the famous *Dust My Broom*.

I would like to add just a few notes of general interest. Although much that is said about Johnson will always be confusing or misleading (if everyone who claims to have 'run with Robert' at one time or another were bona-fide, Johnson would have been followed around the countryside by a mob of about eighty people) much more is now known to researchers than a few years ago. He was almost certainly older when he died than the popular version would have it, probably about 25 or 27, not 19 or 20. Although much has been made of his shyness and alleged inability to fend for himself both his music and authenticated first-hand accounts show him to have been an experienced albeit extraordinarily sensitive man who had seen a lot and done a lot. He certainly was shy at times, and was generally kindly, but he could also turn violent on occasion and was a heavy drinker who would sometimes simply drink until blacking out. (Perhaps reflected in *Drunken Hearted Man*). I feel the most likely version of his death is that given by his close friend Sol Henderson to Nick Perls in 1965—Johnson was killed one Sunday night in late 1937 or 1938 while playing in Friar's Point, Mississippi, stabbed by a girl friend he had slapped on the face. No one, said Henderson, was very surprised at his death. It is fortunate that he was recorded before his death for his work is a unique synthesis of a great number of blues elements and yet stands remarkably by itself. It is the finest flowering of the country blues tradition both in a literal and symbolic sense. Johnson was exactly the right person in exactly the right place, flung up from the obscure heart of a disenfranchised and oppressed people to give expression to the unconscious and unnameable. It is above all one of the highest achievements of the Afro-American people and testimony to the survival of their courage and sensitivity in the face of one of the most brutal and hypocritical systems of exploitation ever devised.

—STEVE HUNTER.

SATURDAY NIGHT WITH SNAPDRAGONS

When Andrew McAlpine, producer orientator of snapdragons, spoke to me of his plan to get together everyone interested in a cultural event I wished him luck, noted the dates of performance—and waited. As time progressed the plan appeared to involve the usual artists around Auckland who contribute to the struggling scene. . . . the difference in this attempt was that we are to be treated to a culmination of their abilities all in the one night.

The idea can be said to have worked. Good use was made with the space the arts centre had to offer. The place had never vibrated such a warm feeling before, and the lighting was some of the best I have seen Keir do. His effect on Beckett's womb figures was brilliant and the opening phases to 'clear light' clear spirit' showed that the thought and care and time put into the lighting expression by Keir had all been worthwhile.

Linda Taylor's performance in 'clear light, clear spirit' is worth mentioning. Her solo performance done in silence and within a triangle of light was artistic and good. . . . the group dance became annoyingly esoteric, autumn leaves flowing scarves and all. . . . with the rendering of the familiar 'harmonious blacksmith' played on acoustic guitar had distracting variations of foot stamping and sniffing.

The best part of the night came with the invitation for all to dance and people began to create their own game of shadow figures with the light. David Mitchell subjected us to fifteen minutes' tourist view of his kiwi poetry, complete with tourist slides which included a few of David himself, reclining moodily kiwi cemetery. The nostalgic twinge was



In the court of Leontes



A jealous touch means nothing

"THE WINTERS TALE"—CENTRAL THEATRE

I went out to Central Theatre to see the production of *The Winter's Tale* in rehearsal, with about two weeks to go until the season opens—its a three week season opening on Saturday July 24th. Already the play looked in surprisingly good shape.

With a newly written play I guess one gives an interpretation as close to the dictates of the text as possible, presuming for it its own relevance—but with Shakespeare the question haunting a producer (at first) and of course the actors finally, is how to extract a play with some meaning, perhaps some relevance, and with some dramatic sense from out of the mass of conventions, pretensions, expectations, and academic, cultural and theatrical machinations which crowd in upon a well-known Shakespeare play—which the *Winter's Tale* is. So often these factors accumulated like barnacles on the hull of the play stop it ever sailing, leave it high and dry as nothing but two or three incoherent and inconsistent conventions plus a text resonating with memorables. There are other dangers too, opposite—that a producer will, in a desperate gesture to rid himself of the burdens present in the play, lapse into sheer and mere exploitation of the script (and thus finally of himself) employing all the bright strobes and McCluhan circuitry supposedly of this age.

From what I saw at Central Theatre, Mary Amore and Ken Rea have managed to extract a coherent and original play from out of Shakespeare's text—sometimes done with delicate scalpels, occasionally with plyers and monkeywrench. In their interpretation they give careful attention to the play's imagery, to the use and value of the verse for a modern audience, and to the shifting and varied moods of the play. On the other hand the basic orientation of the play has been given an idiosyncratic twist, so that it coheres under the producers' hands and moves in a definite direction.

I have always felt that *The Winter's Tale* is something more than, other than finally, the pastoral-romance and that tradition, which it so obviously draws on; and that the danger for a producer is to get seduced by the bourgeois may-day dream, an erection of anglophilic nostalgia for country lanes et al. In the Central production the producers seem to have got nearer to the heart of the play—innocence and experience, age and youth. So the production has been split, based on these contrasts. There are two courts, two moods, two styles of life—and a producer for each. In Sicily the Sicilians inhabit the world post-fall, the world of experience, perverted by Leontes from a place of wisdom to a place of tyranny. Mary Amore has handled this section (the first three acts) with metallic costuming

too much.

His poetry was followed by 'Burning Bells' a dada play written by David. It just didn't work, it became uncomfortably depressing as we were introduced to more and more supposedly bizarre figures, the lushed pensioner with his repeated line of 'what time's the third race' caused a bit of honest laughter, but that was it. The play was brushed aside and probably forgotten with the demonstration of Indian music and dance which followed. It could only be described as a demonstration, it lacked excitement both musically and visually. It would have been better if the dancer had worn her traditional dress and Chris

The estrang

Pastoral pr

(Leontes: "with angul; formal mov see somethi is the new Ken Rea ha simple moc smooth vige up using t theatre. Th two large set—and at to Bohemia hourglass, t of scene and Thus the been given latent energ set in juxta we have th achieved w provides ma The acti no one get situation. I professional attempt to to make a Shakespeare entertainme with Autol see-through interesting Theatre wh worthwhile

Serinsen le

The mi we watch running fro sometimes evening w of Ron and Tanner of It relax thinking b spend Satu

Symphonies and Ken Rea in Winter



The estrangement of two friends



Pastoral princess making poselytes of 'all she but bid follow'

(Leontes: "How he (Polixenes) glisters/Through my rust"); with angular motifs decorating the sets; with slow and formal movement, speech and blocking—a court where we see something dying. Bohemia, the other place of the play, is the new world, of youth, where innocence can flower. Ken Rea has produced this section as a place of primal and simple moods set against flowing floral motifs; with full smooth vigorous movement; he has built these rural scenes up using the group methods of improvisation of tribal theatre. The motifs for the two 'worlds' are suspended on two large mobiles which together comprise the total set—and at the change-over of the play, the shift from Sicily to Bohemia, when the figure of Time symbolically turns the hourglass, these mobiles too are turned to reveal the change of scene and mood.

Thus the play has been heavily simplified, but it has also been given a definite meaning, a clarity of intention, of its latent energies. Two timeless, but relevant worlds have been set in juxtaposition—and in the tension between these two we have the drama of the play. Sound and music are all achieved with the use of a single acoustic guitar which provides many of the scenes with a basic rhythm.

The acting looked to me pretty solid—though of course no one gets much of a chance to get going in a rehearsal situation. But the play doesn't pretend to be a brilliant professional Shakespearian production. It is rather an attempt to present the Winter's Tale in a new orientation, to make a coherent dramatic statement out of one of Shakespeare's best plays—and also to provide good entertainment (there's plenty for everybody—low comedy with Autolycus, high drama in the trial scene, and even see-through costumes for those who can't find anything else interesting in drama these days). So go along to Central Theatre when the season opens on July 24—it should be worthwhile.

—M. D. EDMOND

Serinsen learnt how to play sitar.

The mime tale of 'Mokery Pokery' became drawn out as we watched the silhouette of someone who just kept running from side to side of the lighted sheet, for variation, sometimes adjusting his hat. But the success of the whole evening was saved and rejuvenated by the superb jamming of Ron and Alastair Riddell from the Original Sun and John Tanner of October.

It relaxed everyone into enjoying themselves and I guess, thinking back to snapdragons; it was a pleasant way to spend Saturday night.

—PAULA WORTHINGTON

FREELANCE WRITER'S IMPRESSIONS OF SNAPDRAGONS

The washing curdled dankly in the tub that Sunday. As a bachelor and agnostic, I usually do two things every Lord's Day, break the Sabbath by vigorous chores and manipulate my malodorous socks and skid-marked, semen-stained underwear, through a tub full of cold water 'Surf'.

I tried to think how Pepys would record the dazed anguish and emptiness of mind if he lived now and stood as a scrivener in my shoes as they wheezed down Parnell Rise. (He had too much stamina, to feel my brand of melancholy and self pity I thought). Hadn't he written something about a similar Sunday? 'Up this day my wife being ill of a blow that I did in a passion give her. And so to church. . . .'

Or something like that.

I visited friends; they beckoned me to a car. 'Hop in' they said. 'We're off to a show of the Grafton Snapdragons'.

A light hearted assembly, of men women and children, were crowded into the University Arts Centre Hall, dimly lit on Sunday last for Andrew McAlpine's Snapdragons review.

A rock band was pulsing through feedback squeals while joyous infants jiggled in the clear spaces. A good band I thought / No question of that. Vibrating images of stacked oranges were flashing on to a screen and behind my chair, I sensed, that an adroit electrician, was moving rheostats like a laundry man's abacus. This was theatre. No stage. NO audience. No actors clearly noticeable, at this stage. A lithe girl in saffron danced and beckoned smiling archly, and undulating her pelvis, as yellow fabric slapped numbly against her spreadeagled crotch.

'What was this?' I thought. 'Another pseudo ethnic erotic dance programme?' 'More sham yoga a la Hugh Hefner?' 'More carbohydrate-packed Ponsonby backsides?' But no, this girl could dance alright—she was generating something—something tribal and human. No question, of a few limp erections in young men's trousers, this time. She was a true dancer. "You're too sceptical, Bell' my moulting muses hinted, 'She's a real dancer all right—Cop THAT!'

All right I said to myself, I'll cop that/THAT! and that! and anything else and then I'll think it over. Well the cold fact is, the show started with a joyous community dance. The ballerinas succeeded in weaving myself and two thirds of the audience into a spontaneous hoe-down. The music was fine. The lighting was exceptionally deft. The play(following) was hilarious. A solo performer, David Mitchell, garbed in The Motley, read verses that pin poned between whimsy and droll egocentricity—while projected slides exposed the lit fuse of his true purpose. I construed it as delayed action / social criticism, and a cunning broadside on Antipodean blue fascism / the RSA / and NZ's mindless support for the Indo China war. In its own quiet way, his music hall clowning, struck home, to the uneasy audience, that had freshly read the reports of the published Pentagon papers.

Well, that was it. Poems / Complete audience involvement / Indian dancers / hilarious shadow graphs of mimes leaping to amplified dinosaur farts, and New Orleans jazz.

Was it a success? Yes AND YES AGAIN. From where I sat.

What had I seen? A tense, DADAIST uproar, or a sublime Grafton Gulley Smoke Concert? I don't know. But I was overjoyed. Overjoyed by a sense of combative and genuinely creative talent emerging in the Isthmus named Auckland.

—BRIAN BELL

AS YOU LIKE IT PRODUCED BY ANTHONY RICHARDSON FOR THE MERCURY THEATRE

Last year, in the programme to Othello, Anthony Richardson revealed that this erstwhile tragedy was actually the dramatic ancestor of a game of rugby and the Mercury team dashed off through scrummage, three-quarters and all, despite Edward Brayshaw's brave determination to play the Moor and not the ball. Now for As You Like It Mr Richardson has discovered another startling pattern of cultural heritage. This play apparently corresponds to Cliff Richard's pastiche In The Country and the magic box commedia of Frankie Howard and Alf Garnett. The titillating, bourgeois aspirations of the Mercury are evident enough without drawing these desperate analogies. Fortunately the play and this production escape the banal implications of these programme notes.

The success of John Roberts' set depends upon an uncertain interpretation of his intentions. A silver semi-geodesic dome encompasses the action and creates a totally new stage below the yawning proscenium arch. The programme mutters about Buckminster Fuller and spaceships, timelessness and wombs but this Kubrickesque vision never achieves significant realisation. Although the facetious programme doesn't mention any deliberate attempt at period fidelity, this set, in fact, approaches the probably conditions of an Elizabethan stage, with two rear entrances, two columns on either side of centre stage and a projecting platform. The set establishes its own sphere of theatrical reality without any concessions to 'representation'—if one ignores that spurious spaceship. Maybe the Mercury is working within a strict budget but

even the simple expedient of using one actor for several roles with no more pretence than a cloak change during a light fade is effective and suggests the Elizabethan convention.

The cross currents of Shakespearian comedy are difficult to sustain without assuming that the audience is familiar with the text. There is an obvious temptation to 'explain' the jokes with clumsy gestures and apologetic calls for forced, sympathetic grin. The free stage concentrates attention upon the actors and their dialogue and As You Like It demands a more conscientious response from the company than the usual Mercury production which provides the distractions of tottering stage machinery. Jan Bashford, Pam Ferris and Waric Slyford interact with a joyful and spontaneous empathy which communicates enough of the humour by action and expression for those unfamiliar with Shakespeare's bawdy or the various philosophies examined—love and time, court and forest, the stuff of romance. Raymond Hawthorne as Jacques was a fairly hesitant melancholic—a little too subdued by the vitality of his affirmative opposition, his role could be considered more seriously in the light of his important speeches. A few minor quibbles—the inaudibility of Adam increased in proportion to his shuffling, Charles the wrestler is given to operatic postures which defeat the style so well achieved by the rest of the cast.

By resisting the urge to modernise and elaborate, the Mercury has at last come much closer to a sense of courageous theatre with As You Like It; the sort of theatre which might drag people away from the stultification of television (although Anthony Richardson seems to consider that only by emphasizing the compatibility of the liberated stage and 625 shimmering lines, can he make theatre pay). It is imperative to argue that a living theatre has nothing to do with a box squatting in the living room whispering its electric nonsense. Theatre is shouting and dazzling, real people laughing and making love, dying and discovering why on wooden boards before a community who shouldn't be allowed to remember their knitting and newspapers. People make an effort to see theatre, it is foolish to pretend that they bring their T.V.—living room expectations with them.

RICHARD KING

NZBC SYMPHONY SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS

I arrived in time for his rendition of the Mozart Symphony, late in the first half of the second concert. It was played with a small orchestra. It was scratchy and unfulfilled—not because of technical incompetence but because of the lack of any principle of unity amongst the players. The conductor did not provide this, and the Mozart fell flat.

Mendelsohn's Violin Concerto saw a general improvement. Alan Loveday—a New Zealand violinist gave a fine though not absolutely accurate rendition of the work. He captured its lyricism and its melodic richness, but did not seem to span the few 'big' passages in the work as smoothly as he did the rest. Indeed he was not a 'big' player. He is a very undemonstrative violinist, and moves around his instrument almost laconically. I enjoyed his playing, because he never forced the music, because he had a reasonable rapport with orchestra and conductor, and because he was temperamentally at home in Mendelsohn.

Barsukov's symphonic poems, had a New Zealand debut under Van Remontel. They were disappointing. Barsukov has captured most of the lements of 20th century pessimism—its alienation, its terror its loss of confidence, its powerfully structured cacophony etc ad nauseam. But he has made nothing of all this. Everything is merely stated and nothing is created. emerges that transcends the neurotic bullshit. At times the music was little better than the piddling 'atmospherics' of film-music.

Ravel's Bolera was all there. We heard all the gradations in dynamics, all the orchestral coloration, all the intricate blending in of instrument after instrument as the whole piles into its gargantuan climax. But the performance did not really take fire. It was not more than a job, accurately accomplished. It was as if the orchestra were disgruntled and working to rule.

The third concert was a solid programme of Tchaikovsky. Mr Van Remontel overloaded us I feel. The 'Romeo and Juliet' overture—a traffic vixion dramatically conceived—was conducted by a melodramatic man. There seemed to be a long struggle, between the necessity of performing the work correctly, and the inclination of the conductor to let his ego run rampant in some gigantic histrionic fantasy. However the orchestra had sufficient discipline to hold the work together. There was no disasters.

In the Liszt Piano Concerto, the presence of the soloist—John Lill—had a very sobering effect on the conductor. He became intensely careful. The concerto was played quite well.

Such of this series as I heard were marred by erratic conducting. This dampened the will of the orchestra. It must be dispiriting for an orchestral player to wonder when one is going to be let down next by a conductor. I usually enjoy the NZBC symphony orchestra concerts very much. This time I was disconcerted.

DENYS TRUSSELL



John Miller

CROWTHER:

"WHAT'S HAPPENING IN AUSTRALIA?"

Crowther said he arrived in Perth two days before the Springboks. Why did he go? — because he had been invited by the Australian Union of Students—he and Peter Hain were the two brought in from outside to speak to people on the moral issues involved and to mobilise potential recruits in advance of the Springboks. His purpose had been to speak to the maximum number as possible on these issues i.e. the coming of the Springboks to Australia in the light of the U.N. resolution that no member state should play racist sport with South Africa. Crowther and Hain were not supposed to actually lead the demonstrations but merely to be the outside celebrities who would raise the moral issues of playing racist sport. Crowther's visit three months before had been to test out whether it would be right and feasible to have a full-scale national demonstration organised around the Springboks. The students decided it was right, and they paid Crowther's air ticket "not the Kremlin" and he, all his living expenses since—hence he is selling his book:—

C.E. Crowther "Where Religion Gets Lost In The Church" New York, 1968, to defray these expenses.

Crowther said the result of his and Hain's efforts to mobilize Australian opinion against the tour had been blessed "with amazing results". The anti-apartheid movement in Perth started off with 400 demonstrators—"the brave ones". They were the pioneers, feeling their way in hostile territory who staged the first anti-apartheid demonstration, and confrontation with uniformed NAZIS.

The media wrote off this first test of the movement. But at Adelaide the numbers had increased tenfold to 4000. Crowther's job had been to recruit and mobilize those Australians with a conscience, and getting a dialogue going on the issues involved in each centre, and by Adelaide the movement had grown not only in numbers but it had considerably broadened its basis of support. To join the students in an as yet uneasy and mutually suspicious alliance came the labour movement. The A.C.T.U. came out in a big way against the tour with Hawke coming out strongly on the moral issue, exactly as Crowther had hoped to express it, by presenting Australia with a clear budget account and ledger on the rights and wrongs involved in the playing of apartheid sport. "I did not pay Hawke to say what he said. He just took the words right out of my mouth". As well, Hawke made a clear call for Australian labour to use its right to withhold its labour from bodies and institutions which co-operated with the tour.

TACTICS AND GOVT

But labour and the students were not physically together at Perth though they spoke the same language. At Adelaide the two were coming together. But at Melbourne there came out a clear united front. And at Brisbane, Crowther recruited labour and students so that on the 24th Brisbane labour has completely blacked out the ground—all facilities and utilities from the water supply to hot food, from walking of the building of the grandstand to blacklisting the armoured cars being employed to transport the hoped for gate takings

to be banked. Motels which have agreed to accommodate the Springboks are black-listed for three months—no beer. At Canberra Crowther claims the movement is the best organised in Australia and the ground there is impossible to defend.

Crowther talks about an amazing change of tactics and line by the government and the media. The anti-apartheid movement was written off at Perth, and admittedly it was not successful in stopping or even disrupting the game, but at Adelaide the demonstrations came off. The Springboks were in a nightmare. They travelled seven hours in light aircraft from Perth which had to make four fueling stops and arrived at Adelaide bone weary, even having the indignity of having to carry their own luggage. Crowther: "We made them feel just how their non-white brothers are made to feel every day of their lives"—they were forced to use the back door everywhere they went and were incessantly hounded day and night even being followed and jeered everywhere they went by a group of motorcyclists. The Springboks were made to behave exactly as the black South Africans are forced to enter not one front door on their itinerary and every movement so completely directed by what the demonstrators did that Crowther legitimately claimed the Springbok manager may as well return home; whose function was taken over by Crowther. Crowther was the Springbok manager.

At this point in the tour, violence arrived in a big way. At Perth and Adelaide the demonstrations had been specifically non-violent in tone and instruction, except for the Nazis attacks and police indifference to them. It is from this point, the violent scenes at Melbourne that McMahon has thought seriously about calling a snap election on law and order.

The press etc. all along had anticipated with glee the prospect of violence and it is this aspect precisely, which they have played up. Unfortunately, the moral right of the anti-apartheid movement has been entirely underplayed if not ignored. The media got a little of its violence at Perth, but thanks to the sensible attitude taken by the

Crowther. . . protest of deep sincerity.

police at Adelaide were disappointed very largely in South Australia. Thus they were determined to smell blood at Melbourne and it was at Melbourne where if violence was really going to occur at all in Australia it would occur; there it was most likely. The first reason Crowther gave for the likelihood of violence being most great at Melbourne was because there the movement had swelled to 10,000 and it involved here the headquarters of the N.U.S. and Greg McCaulay. Melbourne was the headquarters of Australian protest movements.

HIGH TENSION

Secondly, by the time of the Melbourne match the pressure was really building up, what with Bolte's statements, the media gunning for some headline violence, and tension amidst all participants from police to demonstrators being really high.

Thirdly, Crowther said that there at Melbourne were already all the ingredients for a massive confrontation. In 5 days Melbourne was to experience three different major demonstrations; the moratorium, anti-apartheid, and the 4 July.

Three days before the arrival of the Springboks, 80,000 led by Cairns, Spock, Crowther and Joan McLean head of the "Save Our Sons" movement had carried out a massive but dignified and non-violent protest. The police had been exceptionally co-operative. Crowther spoke of a general rule which he says Melbourne highlighted; whether a demonstration remains peaceful or becomes a riot depends primarily on the attitudes and tactics of the police. With the arrival of the Springboks, police attitudes changed. The demonstrators remained basically the same as those who had marched in the moratorium, and remained under the same instructions. Police were to break up the demonstration and prevent any demonstrator from entering the sports grounds whether he paid or tried to gatecrash.

The march began peacefully, even in a carnival spirit with whistles blowing and balloons. At the ground the march was met by a solid "phalanx" of 100's of policemen—a solid wall of men determined that not one demonstrator was going to enter the ground, though many in line with instructions wanted to pay to go into the grounds.

At this point when the demonstrators were denied even a legitimate entry, attempts were made to break over the barbed wire.

Then at this point the police, mounted and on foot, charged the demonstrators. There were excesses on both sides. For instance, some severely damaged the anti-apartheid cause by throwing home-made bombs armed with nails and brought out razor blades and cans of insecticide. Thus the media were given the pretext to publish a report in front page headlines that the demonstrators had been urged to throw insecticides at the horses, and marbles under their hooves caused utter chaos with horses crashing down on demonstrators and flailing hooves causing many casualties.

BARBED BATTLE

But unknown to the police, 4000 demonstrators in anticipation of entry trouble by the smaller mass of demonstrators in the march had previously slipped into the ground and with passions aroused by the ugly affray outside, it was these people inside who fought the "Battle of Melbourne". Incredibly, 7 actually got over the 3 separate lots of barbed wire installations between which mounted police galloped around; "the heroes of Melbourne" included one girl.

As a game of rugby, Melbourne was a disaster. It was officially called off 5 minutes before the end, and few in fact knew the scores. All attentions were on the melee in the terraces and embankment, and on the incredible scenes of hundreds of police pouncing on a few demonstrators. The A.B.C. television commentator did his best to present the government attitude and broadcast as if there was no demonstration in fact taking place. But occasionally his view was obscured by a police horse running down a demonstrator, by the dense smoke from the smokebombs and by scenes on the ground no matter how hard the camera-man tried to keep the camera off any such scene. The irony was that as the commentator broadcast on the game's movements, the camera was inadvertently catching brief glimpses of the mid-field fighting while the game was in fact halted, and the commentator's voice was often made barely audible by the cacophony of whistles, screams, curses, and whinnys. There was in progress everything but a game of rugby.

Sydney too, was extremely ugly; demonstrators were dragged over the wire and beaten and transported in a giant black maria from the scene. Whereas up till this time, the maximum bail demanded of a demonstrator had always been \$25. Now the minimum asked for was \$200 and most were up to \$600. Thus the student's associations are broke from paying over bail money despite a \$10,000 bail fund. In one city alone, \$28,000 was paid out in bail.

The government has been saying all along that it was neutral in this matter. But the mere fact that despite the appeals of many, prominent churchmen and lawyers amongst them, the tour has been allowed to go on, indeed the government has provided every facility up to and including the use of the R.A.A.F. (the Royal Apartheid Airforce), reveals the government's support for this racist tour. Indeed Crowther says the rugby tour was stopped at Perth and ever since then has been "a massive travelling political circus". The use of police and clubbing and sheer brutality to stage a football match can show only one thing; through its police, the Australian government is implementing South African foreign policy. "Who is running Australia? — Vorster". 670 people have already been arrested and the really big boycotts and demonstrations have still to come.

SUMMARY

Bishop Crowther in summary said the anti-apartheid movement had had three results in Australia:—

1. it had forced McMahon to come clean and reveal his true colours to be firmly on the side of South African racism. It has revealed that the Australian government's stand of neutrality is hypocritical, and that it is prepared to override the considered opinion of the U.N. and the sentiment of the overwhelming opinion of the nations of the world.

2. the tour and anti-apartheid movement has taken the lid off white Australian racism. Previously, Australians had always been able to avoid facing up to these latent attitudes. The aborigines had been out of sight and of mind and had been too weak to demand their rights with any degree of noise. But Australian racial attitudes have been polarised and for the first time Aborigine needs are at the forefront of Australian opinion. At first begrudging the liberals hypocritical concern for the white man's involvement in another white man's racism, after centuries of neglect of Aborigine rights, many Aborigine leaders are realising the anti-apartheid movement is the front door for the dealing with by Australians of Aborigine problems. Witness the numbers of Aborigines wearing Springbok colours who joined ex-wallabies in wallaby colours in attempting to storm the barbed wire at Sydney, and the 5,000 mile walk by an Aborigine leader from Sydney to Brisbane to dramatise the Aborigine's demand for land rights to be recognised—not mentioned in the press. Australians can no longer hide behind pseudo-liberal masks but are being forced to take a stand either as open racists or non-racists.

3. for the first time Australians have been shown some idea of the appalling cost of apartheid as the violence of apartheid has even in Australia begot violence. The responsibility for this violence should be stuck right on the door of the rugby union and the government where it rightly belongs.

I WA
WOULD
coffee? That
egg broken i
pan)? That D
Sundays? Al
many more
NEUMEGEN

You may a
would envy, an
from numerou
chance to help
intriguing epis
Shortly after
fondly by the
real friends we
Though Dave K
humble pentho
Wilson, sincere
468 Queen St.
never forgets
functions Bui
there was a v
application an
not at all sur
elapsed before
in my life. Im
not only to v
DAVE'S Batm
It turned o
only am I DA
On one memo
took my advic
this is a gener
thrill of meet
assures me th
retirement.
So, readers
DAVE. I treat
years as a sm
engine that is I

Ed

Wendy A
conducting a
(so far) vain
the aims of
first at the
passed callin
aims of edu
that many p
value of our
that he defin
His reply s
know". He fi
that it was c
present syst
education cou
and curriculum
were or even g
has now writt
a Minister of
without need
As yet, he has

The Educa
talks, discuss
Some dates ha
and posters in
be a panel di
within the ed
the N.Z.E.I.
that they do.
Secretary
Education—R
In the high
prove to be a
arranging a m
bringing togeth
direct relevan
one of the m
we hope to r
have also arr
This is Profes
of 'The Ecolo
date, but I be

Notice to
be receiving
suggestions
departments
committees,
increase your
staff-student
suggestions th

NZUSA night trip

ROGER COWELL

When in Wellington over mid-term break I did a bit of sniffing about, and came up with some interesting smells. Over a period of two days I met people at Vic., Wellington Polytech., and NZUSA.

The grand establishment of VUWSA has some redeeming features. The caf food for example, was consistently good, which can never be said of AU. For 32 cents I received a hot pie and vegetables which tasted like food. VUWSA caf is run by outside caterers, and they have a greater continuity of staff than they did prior to contracting the catering. As the Managing Secretary of Wellington Polytec, ex VUWSA Vice-President Colin Knox said to me, this is the significant feature.

"It doesn't matter if you are catering for 6000 or 10000, - it is the preparation that counts. With a big turnover of staff you don't get people who know to maintain the ovens at the right temperatures and all the other little things." On the Saturday I had eaten a whole fried chicken at the VUWSA cafe, costing 60 cents, which actually had visible, edible, and tasty meat on it!

The cafe itself, even in peak time, was never as overcrowded and slummy as A.U. The outside caterer can hire out two floors for functions, with the provision of long advance warning. The top floor is available only on special occasions. The system seemed to work quite well. Admittedly their cafe is designed differently, but some of their proposals are worth considering.

SRC

I also talked about SRC at Vic. They have open voting for all members of the Association, and hold lunchtime meetings. Everybody I spoke to said that although initially interest had increased, it quickly



Cuthbert... games in the office

became apparent that 20 or so people, chewing their lunch and contributing next to nothing was to be the usual student response. Only on very significant issues was much interest shown. It appeared that SRC was thus without any continuity of informed policy makers. People regard it as a dead issue, see student politics as stuffed, and general student interest in Studass affairs at an all time low.

NZUSA - Tearing myself away from the electric atmosphere of VUWSA, I wandered down town to the Marion Street offices of NZUSA. Entering the offices I saw Mike MacCallum (Welfare) chasing a secretary and having a bout of Indian (wrist) wrestling with her. She had been filling a crossword puzzle, and another was doing knitting. Perhaps it was coffee break. I talked with Dave Cuthbert (NZUSA President) and Mike MacCallum about the conference to set up an internal volunteer service scheme, of Maori Education, and the proposals for a full time Education Vice-President (in addition to Lindsay Wright as Education Research Officer). As I left, I believe it was nearly time for their lunch break. Mike MacCallum apologised for his exploits in the office, and said he had not known who I was. Touche.

It was most interesting to see NZUSA at work, and to discover my great ignorance on its work. This body is run from student monies, and is responsible to constituent Universities for work and pressure it should exert.

On then to the Polytech where I talked to Colin Knox about W.P.S.A. My main interest was their internal radio programme 'Polyrad', but I also learned a lot about the problems of the Polytech and similar institutes - bursaries, finance, communication with students and so on. Colin, a very likeable person, is experienced in student affairs, and not pushy in the wrong way. His job is equivalent to our Admin. Sec. Others at the Polytech with whom I talked said that he was easy to get on with, aware, and hard working. I talked with Harry Botham, Director of Music, about Polyrad and music, and returned on the Tuesday to hear the programme on the air.

But on the Monday afternoon I sat in on the recording of the VUWSA weekly radio programme 'The Big V Show' at the NZBC. They had a bit of music, campus news, and an interview. The half hour programme only took 90 minutes to record. Mike MacCallum and Dave Cuthbert arrived for an interview on the NZUSA China trip, and commented on my omnipresence.

VSA

The real reason for my trip to the capital was to attend the Volunteer Service Abroad A.G.M. VSA meetings took all day Saturday. Among the speakers were Adams-Schneider M.P., and Sir Edmund Hillary. The latter's speech was well covered by the NZBC TV NEWS, but largely neglected by the other media. NZBC had a cameraman there all morning, and even caught the statement:

"New Zealand has had some good leadership, - in the past." Sir Edmund's address on American society (he has just returned from a tour of U.S.A.) and the desirability of a community Volunteer scheme was well received by the delegates, who included VSA Branch members, returned Volunteers and interested groups. Dave Cuthbert was in attendance there.

That night I went to a VSA party, and had a good sleep afterwards - my first sleep since the previous Tuesday. I find train trips too difficult. My window seat companion got up and down 8 times during the night (Friday) I went down. At Waiouru soldiers and soldiers got on the express, and joked and told stories until they got off at Paekakariki. On arrival in Wellington I had a 31 cent railway breakfast - a tiny ricebowl of cornflakes, a soggy piece of toast, dab of butter and honey, and a cold cup of tea. I was too busy on Saturday to recover.

By Tuesday night when I boarded the 2nd Class non-smoker Express, I had 41 cents left. At Palmerston North I had dinner - two sausages in bread and an apple - cost 33 cents. At 4.20a.m. Wednesday I had the following conversation at Frankton:

- How much is coffee?
- 13 cents.
- How about tea?
- 12 cents.
- I'll have a packet of P.K. (6 cents).

I reached Auckland at 6.55 with two cents, and two clips on a bus ticket. I had enough leg power to get up to the Varsity free phones, ring home and take a bus over the bridge. But I'd done a hell of a lot in four days. Now I've got a Wellington complex.

SMITHY'S PLACE

459 Karangahape Rd

Also at Petticoat Lane
62 Hobson Street

Swingaway can openers	\$1.50
Single cotton bedspreads	\$5.80
Childrens Rag Story Books	20 cents each
Plastic Pegs	25 cents dozen
Shoe laces	4 pairs 10 cents
.....SPECIALS! BARGAINS!	

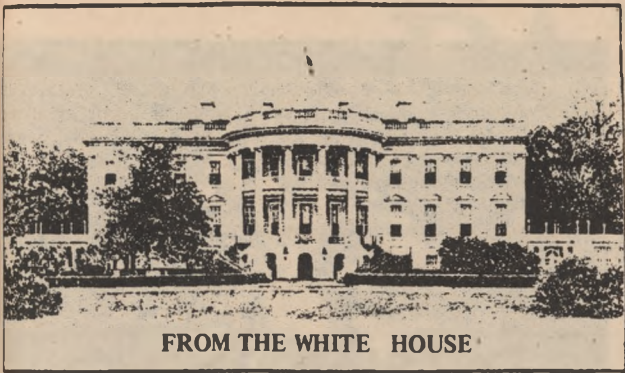
*** TO ALL SEEKERS OF TRUTH ***

These books have been presented to the University Library for further enlightenment on Religious Questions:-

Belief in Christ : A.A. Oakman
The Kingdom of Heaven is Like : 'Herald' of U.S.A.
The Restoration - A Study in Prophecy : F.A. Smith
Fundamentals : H.R. Edwards

By What Authority : R. Cheville
INSPIRED Version of the BIBLE : Joseph Smith (Prophet)
The Bible has some unique passages that are not found elsewhere. Greater enlightenment on the creation and Genesis story - the Revelation to Moses is the front piece.

Reorganised Church of Jesus Christ,
42 Leslie Ave,
Morningside,
Auckland or Ph 679-427



FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

I WAS DAVE NEUMEKEN'S BATMAN

WOULD you believe that DAVE likes two sugars in his coffee? That DAVE'S favourite meal is egg-in-the-hole (a raw egg broken into a hole in a slice of bread on a hot frying pan)? That DAVE changes his socks every day, and twice on Sundays? All these valuable snippets of information, and many more, I have learnt since I became DAVE NEUMEKEN'S Batman.

You may ask, how did I become DAVE'S Batman, a job many would envy, and none would refuse, in the face of much competition from numerous other fans of DAVE'S who would all jump at the chance to help DAVE on his road to stardom? The answer lies in an intriguing episode in the career of show biz's brightest new face. Shortly after the liberation of Albert Park, an event still recalled fondly by the Auckland jet-set, DAVE decided to find out who his real friends were by pretending to be homeless and in search of board. Though Dave knocked on many doors, it was not until he came to the humble penthouse apartment which I shared with Roger Fowler, Sue Wilson, sincere Dave Blackwell, and my childhood sweetheart Sonja at 468 Queen St., that he found a place to rest his weary head. DAVE never forgets his friends, and, after he moved into the Bodily Functions Building, naturally I was among the first to know when there was a vacancy on the Bodily Functions staff. I sent in my application and nervously waited for a reply. To tell the truth, I was not at all sure that I would win the post, and the two days that elapsed before I received DAVE'S telegram of reply were the longest in my life. Imagine how thrilled I was to find that I had been chosen, not only to work on the Bodily Functions staff, but also to be DAVE'S Batman!

It turned out even better than I thought it possibly could. Not only am I DAVE'S personal valet, but also his friend and confidante. On one memorable occasion which I recall quite vividly, DAVE even took my advice, and gave me some of the credit, too. On top of all this is a generous salary, short working hours, long holidays, and the thrill of meeting DAVE'S influential friends. Furthermore, DAVE assures me that I will receive a generous super-annuation on my retirement.

So, readers, these are a few of my impressions of life with big DAVE. I treat each new day as a challenge; I look forward to many years as a small, but, I trust not unimportant, cog in the mighty engine that is Bodily Functions.

Batman Steve, saying.
..... OVER AND OUT.

Education

Wendy Adams, the Education Officer, has recently been conducting a private exchange of letters with Mr Talboys in a (so far) vain attempt to get him to define what, if any, are the aims of the government's education policy. This arose first at the N.Z.U.S.A. May Council, where a motion was passed calling on the government to define to the public its aims of education. Wendy's letter to Talboys pointed out that many people in New Zealand have been questioning the value of our present education system, and suggested to him that he define exactly what are his aims of education.

His reply seemed to be a very long-winded way of saying "I don't know". He first thanked Wendy for writing to him and then agreed that it was certainly true that many people were questioning our present system of education. He then said the government's aims of education could be found by looking at the present school syllabus and curriculum. He did not, however, specify himself what the aims were or even give any indication that he knew what they were. Wendy has now written another letter pointing out that she had assumed that a Minister of Education would be able to define his aims immediately without needing to refer a questioner to another source to find out. As yet, he has not yet replied to that one.

The Education Committee has begun arrangements for a variety of talks, discussions, and teach-ins during the next few weeks. Some dates have yet to be finalised, so look out for notices in Titwitt and posters in the quad. On the 27th of July or thereabouts there will be a panel discussion on the role of various educational institutions within the educational process. We hope to get representatives from the N.Z.E.I. and P.P.T.A. to talk on their organizations and the work that they do. On the 9th of August we have invited George Gair, the Secretary of Under-education, to speak on 'University Education - Right or Privilege?'

In the light of Mr Gair's views on university education, this could prove to be a very lively meeting. In the last week of the term we are arranging a mini-seminar on Exams and Assessment. Here, we hope to bring together some varying viewpoints on this topic which is of direct relevance to every one of us. Methods of assessment has been one of the major concerns of the Education Committee this year, and we hope to make it so for many other students as well. Finally, we have also arranged for a visiting speaker from Berkeley University. This is Professor Libby and his talk has been given the tentative title of 'The Ecology of Berkeley University'. We have not yet arranged a date, but I believe it will be sometime this term.

Notice to all members of staff-student committees - You will soon be receiving a circular from the Education Committee with suggestions and comments on staff-student committees. Some departments have been experiencing difficulties in operating their committees, so we have prepared this circular in the hope that it will increase your ability to use the committee effectively without injuring staff-student relations. Please read it and consider carefully the suggestions that have been made.

-RICHARD GYDE

Auckland Film Festival

FESTIVAL FILMS

Salt of the Black Earth is about the most traditional in style of all the films at the Festival. It is a straight story though excellently directed.

The film concerns one family living in Silesia just after the first World War. The father leads his sons in an insurrection. The hero of the film, the youngest son, still a minor joins them with his father's permission. The story is told through the perspective of his experiences, his brushes with death and his crossing the enemy lines for the sake of a nurse and on returning home his being spanked by his father.

The film is an artistic revelation in many ways but it is impressive in the way the director has confined the colour photography almost entirely to shades of brown and black—the colours of the mining district, with sudden lyrical shots of the Polish countryside at the end of the film appearing like a vision of Paradise to the wounded soldier carried into Poland to die.

The dull colouring of the photography of **Theorem** builds a climate of emotional misery. The visit of the Messianic Stranger provokes a violent mutation in a rich Milanese family. The mysterious power radiated from this apparition enables him to seduce in turn each member of the household. All of them suffer humiliation and the shame of the fall, the sense of paradise lost, and it is the Old Testament reference that is most haunting in the film while the Messianic scenes with Emilia (Healing the sick, levitation) are the least persuasive. For Pasolini bourgeois man is unworthy of such divine presence. "These people are offered real love" he has said "instead of mere material gifts" and the experience is so new that they retreat into madness (Odetta, nymphomania (Lucia) and and uttermost reaches of art (Pietro). The final shots of Paulo as he lurches naked in the desert crying out his anguish constitute a message of despair from an artist terrified by the materialism of modern man. There is an essential spiritual craving is acknowledged and so ultimately his characters are accorded some measure of pity.

Pasolini is also very much concerned with establishing for himself a film aesthetic and this is linked with his belief in the ability of film to influence and affect people.

There exists a relationship between the Stranger and the family similar to the relationship between Film and the audience. The appearance and disappearance of the Stranger is like the exposure to art for a defined period, what occurs after is related to that experience and dependent on the individual.

The scandalous adventures of **Burakan**.

This film like many Japanese merges the new cinematic qualities with those of traditional Japanese theatre. The film abounds with much of the features one finds in Elizabethan drama, black humour, farce, mistaken situations etc. The film is set during the reforms of 1842 when severe restrictions were placed on art and pleasure. The stylised pantomime which results has a marvellous verve and vigour which does not have complete coherence where it tends to make comments on modern day Japan. The finest thing about the film is its marriage of the two forms, theatre and cinema. Shinoda exploits both forms to make us always conscious of the artistry going on.

A Gentle Creature

Of all contemporary directors Bresson evokes the strangest responses many people admire all the qualities of his films while others can see nothing but a large tendency to bore. Bresson in all his films is concerned with developing his stories using as much visual information as possible combined with his belief that it is not the way actors respond but rather the way in which the film is constructed or edited. For this reason we find that Bresson's films abound in visual imagery and symbolism. He is very much concerned with building a cinematic language of his own.

Bresson adds piece by piece visual idea to visual idea slowly building up sequences and scenes and we are kept continually aware of detail. In this way also, the language used seems more controlled, definite and absolutely essential.

Through the course of the film Bresson builds up not so much reasons to explain the death of the young wife but rather a feeling for the quality of life and internal relations of people who are unable to communicate with one another and, in the case of the man, unable to realize truths about themselves.

Eros plus Massacre attempts to explore the nature of actual events and of abstract ideas associated with the event. The event used in this film is the execution of a Japanese anarchist in the early years of this century (Massacre) associated with this is the exploration of man's concepts of freedom, the limits and the restraints imposed on his freedom. At another point in time we find a young Japanese couple who are sexually involved (Eros) who attempt to understand and recreate what the original experience was like.

Here as in many Japanese films we find a great reaction against the past especially against the pre-war War Lord idea. This results in pacifist films which use sex as a metaphor for freedom.

Yoshida is a very conscious craftsman of visual

construction and much of the impressive quality of the film derives from his ordering of stylised composition.

Ken Loach in his filmed version of "A Kestrel for a Knave" is a remarkably clear and concise film. It deals with a young boy on the verge of becoming a delinquent. Through coming into contact with a wild kestrel hawk he goes into a small world of his own. Through the bird and his attitude to it and the world about him he comes to an almost romantic association with his environment. David Bradley as the young boy gives a performance which is surprisingly authentic and believable. Unlike many child actors who tend to play their roles fairly straight this young boy seems to understand his role. Now that Performance is banned in N.Z. this film must be considered as the best English film for the last few years.

Bo Wideberg's **Elvira Madigan** has marked him for some time as a romantic idealist but this title is due only to the manner in which he visually sees things. He saw beauty and lyricism in the observed life of the couple even though script and climax showed us life as immensely depressing.

In his film of the **Adalen Riots** in 1931 Wideberg again explores the dichotomy between observed life and the actualities of it. He follows the fortunes of the members of one family during the time of the Riots. In all their afflictions we are visually aware of the beauty of their existence but slowly through the dialogue and certain scenes we become conscious of a situation which is very harsh. Beautiful landscapes begin to feel very uncomfortable. Where Kutz in **Salt of the Black Earth** used shades of brown and black to give a feeling of depression to the film Wideberg uses brilliant colours and tones which conflict with the harshness of reality.

Diary of a Teenager

Finn Karlsson is a recent graduate of the Danish Film School and **Diary** is his first film. Much of it may be autobiographical for many of the sequences show that his characterisation of the young man is very closely observed. The plot of the film is very much girl has boy, girl loses boy, girl regains boy and then loses boy again. But it is not so much the plot as the way in which Karlsson builds up a set of relationships between a young couple. Karlsson has delved deeply into the problems of interpersonal relationships. As well as showing their ability to communicate and also their failures he comes to some understanding of the problems of communication.

While not wishing to dictate opinions on films I would like to list in order of personal preference the nine films for the following week:—

Theorem
Gentle Creature
The Adventures of Burakhan
Eros plus Massacre
Kes
Adalen 31
Diary of a Teenager
Salt of the Black Earth
The Dreamer

JOHN DALY-PEOPLES



A Gentle Creature



Theorem



Diary Of A Teenager



Adventures of Baraikan



Adalen 31



Kes

Paremore
corroborate
prisoner will
officialdom.
sentences, v
officialdom f
of the inhum
the electric g
year in year
noise even v
because all c
corridor and
therefore, op

After high
from the sque
clanging of gri
these "open" c
view to all pat

If a pris
finds swot imp
commentaries
its security blo
favourable fac
prisoner once
unlock. In Par
24 hours a day
type of cage ca

For recrea
can either play
terms of years
lifers) it is ext
have the mon
finances requir
Paremoremo a
workshops, wi
permitted a sm

Do you r
the high stand
which is actual
family had eve
outside breads
family would ha
slices of bread
per day. Sprea
The only foo
sweets the foo

Paremore

PA REMOREMO

bread without butter

K. De Nave.

This is another article on Paremoro and on the justice system. One of the supposed aims of the jailing process is to rehabilitate the prisoners. Yet they are locked away from the responsibilities and realities of life. Prisoners are not encouraged to take what responsibilities they can; they are not excused from duties that could retard their rehabilitation. Nor are they discharged when they are ready to accept responsibilities of the outside world. They must serve their term. Early release for good behaviour means the man has conformed to the prison, not that he has been rehabilitated. Nor is the prisoner given any useful work to do; he is greatly hindered if he wants to study. Nor is he paid a decent wage that he may support his family or have a reasonable bank balance when he leaves prison. (The unions are partly to blame for this: it seems they do not believe in fair pay for all). It is important that the ideas of the academic and penologist are known and used; but we hear little of the consumer of the prison, written by himself.

If you want to visit Paremoro, there are many prisoners who would be very glad to see you. Some have no visitors at all, ever. Please leave name, address, age, interests, and whether you have transport, in the labelled bag on the door of the Craccum editor's office, or drop it in to Kathryn de Nave, C/- Town Planning Department, or phone 50-698.

Paremoro is indeed inhuman. Any sane prisoner will corroborate this statement. However, the problem is that no prisoner will speak his true mind for fear of reprisals from officialdom. This especially applies to men serving life sentences, who have to rely on good reports from officialdom for any hope of release by the parole board. One of the inhumanities of Paremoro is the relentless noise of the electric grilles as they clash open and shut, day and night, year in year out. There is no escape from this or any other noise even when the prisoner is locked up for the night because all cells are open ie. each cell's frontage faces the corridor and is constructed of bars and wire mesh and therefore, open to all sound.

After lights out, the cold silence of the gaol magnifies all sounds from the squeaking of the patrolling turnkey's boots to the odious clanging of grilles and rattling of keys. Another degrading aspect of these "open" cells is that often while on the john, a prisoner is on full view to all patrolling turnkeys.

If a prisoner is attempting to better himself by education he finds it impossible in his cell because of radios blaring, races or commentaries from neighbouring cells. If nothing else - excepting for its security block which has the same "open" cells - Mt Eden has one favourable factor compared to Paremoro and that is in Mt Eden a prisoner once locked up for the night gets solitude until morning unlock. In Paremoro, a prisoner is open to surveillance and noise 24 hours a day whether he be at labour or locked in his battery-hen type of cage called a cell.

For recreation in A and B blocks only at Paremoro, a prisoner can either play indoor bowls or cards. This may seem ample, but in terms of years that some have to spend there (up to 25 years for some lifers) it is extremely little. Prisoners can also do creative work if they have the money to buy the materials. Very few have the necessary finances required. Many men are keen on Maori carving (about 85% at Paremoro are Maoris) and although the prisoners work in the workshops with knives, saws, hammers, chisels etc they are not permitted a small pocket knife required for Maori carving.

FOOD LACK

Do you remember when Riddiford made those remarks about the high standard of food in Mt Eden? He commented on the bread, which is actually baked at Paremoro, as being the best he and his family had ever tasted. This bread is not up to standard compared to outside breads. Riddiford did not consider the fact that he and his family would have unlimited butter and spreads to cover their unlimited slices of bread with. Not so with the prisoner. He gets 2oz of butter per day. Spreads such as marmite, meat and fish pastes are unknown. The only food a prisoner can spend his meagre earnings on are sweets - the food that 5 year olds like. Although repeated requests for

weetbix, marmite, canned fish and bread spreads - just to name a few - are lodged by the men, officialdom point blankly refuses to sell any foods other than sweets in the prison canteen. Two of their ludicrous excuses are: glass is not allowed in the prison - although there are thousands of glass light bulbs in Paremoro - and that canned fish might give somebody food poisoning. The answer to this of course is that these days there are unlimited condiments available in plastic containers. As for food poisoning, for many years, mental patients in mental hospitals have been able to buy canned fish etc in their canteens and to date not one has suffered from food poisoning to my knowledge. As it now stands a prisoner, once a week received one of the following for his bread: a slice of cheese or a scrape of either jam, sardines or honey. This weekly issue of cheese, or whatever the issue is, or that particular week is enough to cover one slice of bread - so much different to Mr Riddiford's well stocked larder. . . .

But the damage is done in the kitchens where it is quickly denatured. It would appear that officialdom wants it this way. A prisoner with a genuine interest and knowledge of cooking will promptly be put to work in a workshop, not the kitchen. Seeing that food is always one of the main complaints by prison protestors, strikers and rioters, one would think that the authorities would do all in their power to make the menu, more palatable by selling condiments such as sauces etc in the canteens. After all, it would not cost The Justice Department anything as the men would be paying for the food with their own money. Officialdom could even make a profit - which the prisoners would not mind in the least.

For the past 100 years, beatings and kickings have been administered to prisoners by turnkeys. The usual method was half a dozen turnkeys would rush into a prisoner's cell and thrash the prisoner who usually had a blanket thrown and held over his head so that he could not identify his attackers. Although today these beatings are rare, but not unknown up until 10-12 years ago they were common and never once was there a public outcry - or publicity about these beatings. Now, because turnkeys suffer the odd, over emphasised attack, as they have done ever since goals were invented, the headlines scream and dramatise their one-sided story. However, so long as society creates such vaults as Paremoro for entombing men alive to live a zombi existence where men forget how to think, there will always be rare attacks on turnkeys by demented men who have given up hope.

PUNISHMENT ACCEPTED

A great percentage of prisoners in New Zealand gaols have had extremely poor educations. Some country Maoris there speak English poorly. Yet in times of trouble in the prison these men with little knowledge of English or education have to try and defend themselves against the prison prosecutor, the visiting magistrate. When a prisoner is placed on a charge before a magistrate he is locked in isolation until the magistrate arrives to hear the case - sometimes a time lapse of three to four weeks. During this period the prisoner cannot interview any persons that he may wish to call as witnesses. No lawyer is

permitted to appear on the prisoner's behalf. A turnkey's word is always taken before that of a prisoner's - or prisoners! The prisoner cannot appeal against the magistrate's decision, which is invariably in favour of the turnkey laying the charge. All the prisoner can do is to accept his punishment. Even if the prisoner can prove perjury had been committed there is nothing he can do. No matter what breach of law or rules a turnkey commits, including perjury against a prisoner, the prisoner cannot lay a charge under the penal laws, against the turnkeys. All he can do is to write a letter of complaint to the Justice Department which compared to any action the Department might take is simply not worth the stationery and time involved.

Riddiford has stated that classification boards are made up of doctors and psychologists. The Classification Committee at Paremoro certainly has no doctor nor psychologist on it. Paremoro has one part-time psychologist, Mr Gordon Parker, and he has refused to sit on the Classification Board, on the grounds that he cannot be expected to classify men that he does not know or has not interviewed.

Not only do the prisoners suffer at Paremoro. Visitors, women and children visiting incarcerated husbands and fathers, have to travel from Auckland via a bus in order to visit a loved one for 1/2 an hour - an hour if officialdom grants an extended visit. Then after the visit, the visitors may have to wait up to two hours for the return bus to the city.

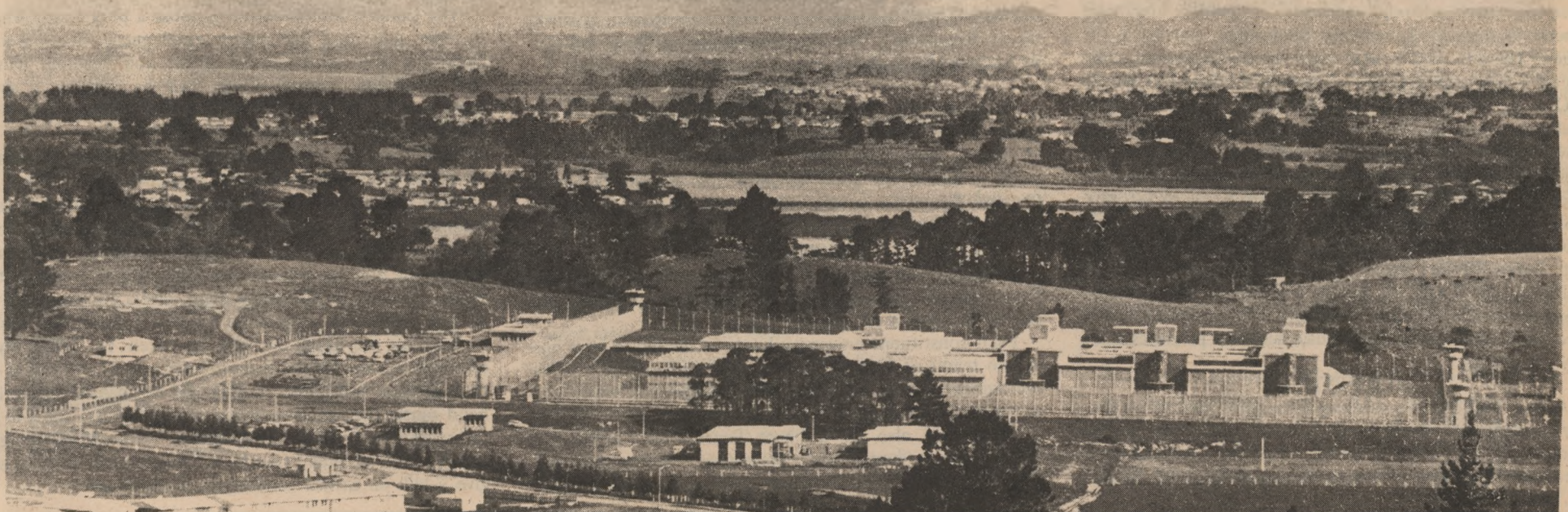
Compared to Christchurch, Wellington and New Plymouth prisons, Paremoro's visiting system is poor. In these southern gaols visitors get two hours visiting time. During visits, both visitors and prisoner can smoke - a thing not permitted at Paremoro. When confronted about the ban on smoking at Paremoro, the authorities were quick to reply that drugs might be in some visitor's cigarettes. This is a ridiculous statement because both marijuana and opium, the two smokable drugs, have strong, unique smells that would make detection instantaneous. However, in order to keep officialdom happy, why don't they instal cigarette machines in the visiting room and supply cigarettes, for a price, and perhaps make a small profit? Or is it too much trouble supplying ashtrays?

For a mere fraction of the price to build Paremoro - and not the hundreds of thousands it takes to make it partly functional - 20 small institutions holding 80-100 inmates could have been built throughout New Zealand. Institutions that would pay when their inmates when to work at such jobs as clearing bush, road making and repairs etc. Perhaps 90% of the men in Paremoro should not be there.

In ending these notes of mine, I should like to add that after being in Mt Eden and at Paremoro I have at last come to understand the place that preachers and bibles constantly rave or about - that place called HELL. I know it well, I've been there. . . .

(signed) SHADY, ex-prisoner.

Paremoro. . . not even Weet-Bix



Theorem

of A Teenager

s of Baraikan

Adalen 31

Kes

The Shadbolt Case: Bullshit

All the elements of a theatrical farce were present. Shadbolt, the author of profanity, was once again before the courts to answer for use of the words. (For a clue, see title). And what fun it was. What better way is there to illustrate the operation of justice in this country than to give you a minute by minute commentary of the play.

From the outset, it was clear who was on which side. The duty police officer defined 'reasonably seated' and thus threw out the majority of the gallery assembled for the battle. Mr Izard S.M. arrived and immediately barred Shadbolt from the 'professional tables'. Thus Shadbolt crouched on the floor until he was beckoned, as a schoolboy would be to the headmaster's office. It was only after much flashing of credentials that I was allowed on the press bench. This behaviour can only be regarded as a 'them/us' policy being pursued by the Justice Department. But at the same time, it emphasises the inadequacy of judicial channels when employed to the full and thus raises interesting thoughts. Shadbolt is informed that he is charged in contravention of S45 of the Police Offences Act and the farce takes place.

The Police call the first witness—Howard Royce Martin—suited (brown), nervous ("Speak louder, Mr Martin") but obviously a well-rehearsed police witness. The facts: he was at Albert Park—yes; how many people—about 300; does he remember the speaker—yes; there he is (pointing); does he remember what was said—yes—would you please write it on the piece of paper—shit! When asked 'what was your reaction; his machine gun reply was 'disgust'. His girl friend, it appears, carried a tape recorder and recorded the speech.

Shadbolt has his first examination of witness and immediately assumes the role of American trial lawyer and asks all the wrong questions. This was apparent by the frequency of the magistrate's interruptions which culminated in a 'don't bully the witness, Mr Shadbolt'. Shadbolt tried to establish that the words (on the piece of paper) were of common acceptance and were used on television, in newspapers, and any other medium one may think of. The Magistrate declared this irrelevant.

Shadbolt was also reminded that the Courts are not political forums. Shadbolt was also reminded that he was not entitled to ask the magistrate questions ("I'm not here to be questioned by you"). But in all fairness to the magistrate, it must be stated he wore a whimsical expression

throughout. Next witness Miss Bousefield—prim and plain from Mt Eden, a nurse aid with a Sunday School syndrome. She too was at Albert Park and yes, she recognized the speaker (indicating in a ballet-like gesture). Yes, she carried a tape-recorder and yes, she too could write the words down. What effect did they have on the witness—"They offended me". It prompted me to query whether or not a nurse aid could be offended by anything having spent the day washing old men. It was established that the witness had never heard indecent language in public before and thus had not even played the tape recording as "Once was enough." And yes, the witness was a friend of Barry Reed. But, yes, the witness stayed to the end of the speech, even though the language was still

offensive. And it was later established the language of the crowd in general was indecent through interjections. Why did Miss. B. Persevere in this assault on her ears?

Constable Roger Stevens, loud, all New Zealand good guy also wrote the words down but when asked whether they offended him retorted "I can't be offended by any word". prosecutor—"That is the case."

DEFENCE

Shadbolt in defence—hairsty, honest, quite deluded by the whole scene—occupation—writer—stated that to his knowledge he couldn't recall using the words. Those who expected a Shadbolt spiel of words in his statement were disappointed. I thought I detected a note of despair in the system apparent in that statement.

His first witness was the Reverend Borrie, "a man of God" it was established, who stated he had attended the meeting and was not offended by the speaker's words. Police asked if in fact the Rev. Borrie in his role as minister could be offended by anything. Rev. Borrie replied that he was often offended by "questions of social justice."

Jack Howard, when asked whether others in the park had used indecent language replied that he had heard the words "bastard, fucking, shit..." at which point he was reminded that the court was also a public place. That must have been an earful for Miss Bousefield.

When Brian Watson was asked whether indecent language was used in the park, he replied that he had used some himself. Mr Izard S.M. quickly quipped "this man should be charged, Sergeant". Shadbolt was quicker in saying, "you have to be called Shadbolt".

And so the Shadbolt case was assuming an air of festivity, until the mix up over what

constituted legal submissions and what did not. When Shadbolt embarked on a political rave, the Magistrate fumed and said he would hear no more and thus would "tell you the answer".

His Worship, Mr Izard, had heard these words used by "brutal and licentious soldiery" but concluded that in the context of a public place over a loudhailer were indecent and therefore the defendant was guilty.

Shadbolt addressed the court in mitigation of penalty and was told not to "hold forth in self advertisement", when he stated that he was a national figure and this would be viewed by thousands as political persecution.

WHIMSICAL LAW

Thus \$100 fine, costs of \$11.50—As your Worship pleases.

If one views this decision objectively it certainly reveals the poorer side of justice. Out of a crowd of 300 only two persons objected to the language used. So much for the majority principle. This would mean our courts are upholding the whims of people with questionable religious beliefs, when an established minister of the Church stated that he was not offended by the words used. Objectively four members of the public stated they were not offended, as against two, but we all know the courts do not work that way. The question as to indecency was clearly the Magistrate's decision, and Shadbolt was reduced to a role of disputing the facts. The magistrate stated in his reasoning that the "words used in a public place" did amount to indecency and gave reasons. Why then did he not allow evidence to prove that they were not indecent as part of Shadbolt's submissions? I felt Shadbolt blew it by introducing evidence as to the common acceptance of the words during the prosecution's case. This should have been introduced during his case.

As long as this case stands it must be regarded as political. For a person to be convicted of using words that I can use in this article hints of discrimination as to who is to be prosecuted. If anyone who sees Love Story and is offended by the frequent use of the word 'bullshit', please feel free to lay a charge against the manager of the theatre.

that results may be used in grading for the New Zealand Championships. The Chess Committee intends to hold a live open-air chess game in period costume in the Palmerston North Square.

DRAMA

Waikato: Samuel Beckett's 'End-Game', Canterbury Arthur Miller's 'The Crucible' and Beckett's 'Waiting for Godot', Massey: Peter Barnes' 'The Ruling Class', and Victoria: 'Vasco'. Otago will perform 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and the one-act play 'The Man', while Lincoln will do a New Zealand play, 'Mr Jones and Mr Bones'. There will also be a modern language drama section in the Festival.

The International Club will be presenting an extensive programme involving overseas students and a Law Moot. Debates, and a series of philosophy lectures are also planned for the Festival.

RADICAL ACTIVISTS CONGRESS

Massey will host the Radical Activists Congress on the weekend of the 14th-15th August. Assorted subversives, liberals, ideologists, Security Service Agents and interested members of the public at large will gather to discuss everything from Women's Lib. to what happened at last year's Congress.

All bookings for travel to Arts Festival may be made through S.T.B. Group concessions and further subsidies are available for participants. Leave name, address and details at Studass office if billets are required.

The 13th N.Z. Universities Arts Festival will be held at Massey University during the week of the 15th to 22nd August this year. In true festival tradition a programme of events designed to keep patrons on their feet and out of their heads is being put together under the watchful eye of Festival Controller Max Parkin.

Every effort is being made to involve the city of Palmerston North in the Festival and with the city centenary drawing to a close, it is hoped that people from all sections of the community will combine to make this year's Arts Festival the biggest and best ever.

VISUAL ARTS

This year Kerry Riley is organising the photography section in a unique way. There will possibly be displays by Max Otteli, Mark Adams and Paul Knight.. In the competition section there will be five subject subdivisions entitled: 'If ever I am old and all alone', 'Pilgrimage of the mind', 'They flash you that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude', 'So small and free yet destined to die', 'Time shall not weary them nor the years condemn'.

Prizes will be awarded in each section and the competition will be judged by Mr Stan Jenkins of the Palmerston North Teachers' College Art Department. Entry is free, the only provision being that photographs be mounted ready for display.

Ray Thorburn has consented to open and judge the fine arts competition and exhibition in the Art Gallery as co-adjudicator, during an informal cocktail, wine and cheese do in Sunday night. Prizes will be awarded then and continuous exhibitions in the gallery will take place until the end of Festival.

BLUES/ROCK

Blues/Rock arrangements are still tentative, but the following groups are definite: '100 Proof', 'Ryde', 'Sons and Lovers', 'Forgiving', 'The Windy City Strugglers', and the new, improved 'Rick and His Rockets'. Rock concerts will probably be scheduled for Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of the Festival week. It is planned to provide low-priced public concerts, and light shows will add to the atmosphere. One formal and several informal Blues/Rock workshops are planned.

The Pooh Club is stocking up on honey in preparation for their expedition to find the North Pole. There will also be the usual Pooh Sticks on the Manawatu River and other bearly credible Pooh activities.

MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC

Jazz will highlight with several well-known groups and there will be continuous workshops from beginning to end of Festival in the new Student Centre Coffee Bar, as well as several concerts.

The Concert Music section propose a programme which includes solo vocal and instrumental music, choral works, electronic and contemporary music and chamber music. The Auckland Festival Choir will be making a guest appearance at Arts Festival Concerts and workshops will be held in the Grid Theatre on campus.

Folk music is by no means overpowered by the heavy schedules proposed by the other music sections.

Folk music activities will be concentrated into four days (Monday to Thursday) and will include three or four teach-ins, two informal concerts, a public lunchtime concert in the city Square, the final public concert in the Regent Theatre on Thursday night, and a discussion led by several well-known activists in the New Zealand folk world.

One of the teach-ins will be taken by Frank Fyfe (Wellington) and Phil Garland (Christchurch) and will be on New Zealand folk lore. Another will be on American string band music (i.e. old time music and bluegrass) and will be taken by Frank Sillay (Featherston, formerly of Georgia, U.S.A.). John Hayday (Auckland, formerly of Britain) will give a talk on British contemporary music



arts festival:

The Concert Music section propose a programme which includes solo vocal and instrumental music, choral works, electronic and contemporary music and chamber music. The Auckland Festival Choir will be making a guest appearance at Arts Festival Concerts and workshops will be held in the Grid Theatre on campus.

Folk music is by no means overpowered by the heavy schedules proposed by the other music sections.

Folk music activities will be concentrated into four days (Monday to Thursday) and will include three or four teach-ins, two informal concerts, a public lunchtime concert in the city Square, the final public concert in the Regent Theatre on Thursday night, and a discussion led by several well-known activists in the New Zealand folk world.

One of the teach-ins will be taken by Frank Fyfe (Wellington) and Phil Garland (Christchurch) and will be on New Zealand folk lore. Another will be on American string band music (i.e. old time music and bluegrass) and will be taken by Frank Sillay (Featherston, formerly of Georgia, U.S.A.). John Hayday (Auckland, formerly of Britain) will give a talk on British contemporary music in the folk vein (e.g. James Taylor, Ralph McTell, etc.) Negotiations are underway for a talk on British traditional folk music by David James (Featherston, originally from England). So the "academic" side of the folk music activities promises to be very interesting.

FILM FESTIVAL

Arthur Ranford is organising a marathon run of five film screenings a day during Arts Festival week. One of the themes at the Film Festival will be contemporary. American films of Crime and Violence: 'In Cold Blood'.

'The Incident', 'The Boston Strangler', 'Point Blank'.

As well there are many worthy European imports including the Wajda trilogy: 'A Generation', 'Kanal', 'Ashes and Diamonds', 'Medium Cool', and of course 'Marat/Sade', as well as Australian underground movies and, if negotiations are successfully completed, some Federation Films such as 'Barrier', 'Before the Revolution', and 'Hands Over The City'. There will also be screenings of two outstanding TV films 'Culloden' and 'The War Game'.

'Wonderwall' (George Harrison sound track), the comedy 'The Bedsitting Room' and three Roman Polanski films 'Repulsion', 'The Fearless Vampire-Killers' and 'Cul de Sac' are also in the offering.

BALLET

A scoop for this year's Arts Festival will be an appearance by the N.Z. Ballet Company under the direction of Bryan Ashbridge. The Company will perform two modern ballets by John Cassely and excerpts from the Classics. The performances will be in the Regent Theatre in the city.

TOURNAMENTS

A Bridge Tournament will be held during the Festival. There will be four sessions of play with morning and afternoon sessions on August 17th and 18th.

Each constituent university has been invited to send one or two teams of four players to compete in a representative tournament and an individual pairs competition which will be run concurrently.

There will also be a Chess Tournament during the Festival. It is hoped that constituent universities will affiliate with the New Zealand Chess Association in order

A walk ar

not only for quite magnif those who h sometimes t

important r Auckland's j and its Victo quality with which so oft

Those who the Domain a situated near Wildlife Societ section of the (flourishing) an of Friendship' statues, fount private citizen:

In keeping approached th plant a small The sculptor sculpture whic A member of of the Domai 'for advertis unacceptable carnage, nee commemorati

FAC

Teacl

fiction

FAC

the

favou

FAC

lege

are:

Degr

hono

ance

FAC

teact

WITH

BACH

DEGR

Plaque in the park

A walk around the Auckland Domain will be rewarding not only for those who appreciate space and grass and some quite magnificent and curious growing things, but also for those who have an interest in the city's sometimes offbeat, sometimes trivial or pompous, and sometimes historically important memorials, dedications and plaques. Of all Auckland's parks, the Domain has the most popular appeal and its Victorian primness is tempered by a free and rambling quality with few of the 'Keep off the Grass' restrictions which so often spoil other public areas.

Those who admired the doughty spirit of Robbie Burns have given the Domain a huge noble-savage statue of the poet. Appropriately situated near the duckpond is a solid four-sided seat donated by the Wildlife Society. A past Governor General interested in Kowhais had a section of the Domain filled with his favourite trees (admittedly not flourishing) and the Rotarians annually are permitted to plant a 'Tree of Friendship' complete with bronze plaque. In fact most of the statues, fountains, special gardens and trees have been provided by private citizens or organisations.

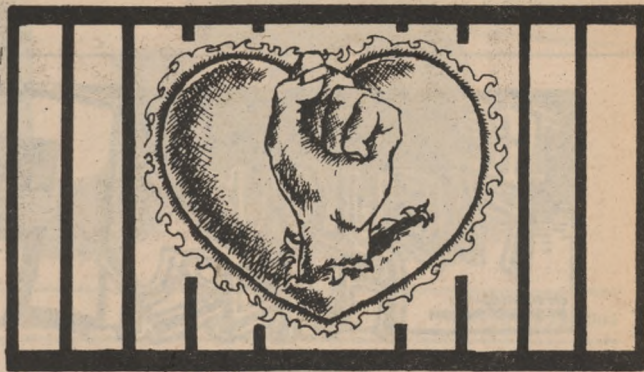
In keeping with this tradition, the Auckland Vietnam Committee approached the Auckland City Council last year with a request to plant a small grove of trees as a memorial for the dead in Vietnam. The sculptor Alison Duff willingly agreed to design a piece of sculpture which would make artistically expressive such a dedication. A member of the Parks and Library Committee, crabbed custodians of the Domain, snapped back that the grounds were not to be used 'for advertising or commemorative purposes'. This was an unacceptable and distorted response: the war, its suffering and carnage, needs no advertising and the whole Domain is commemorative in nature.

The Mayor, on television, supported the idea, as did a spokesman for the Council of Civil Liberties. Mr George Dean of the Parks and Library Committee passionately rubbished the scheme claiming that it would upset 'the landscaping'. A deputation to the Parks and Library Committee met with a similarly prejudiced response. The Star recorded their refusal in an item headed 'No Plaque or Trees for The Vietnamese'. Meantime obscure visiting Japanese (and other) politicians plant trees in the Domain and the National Council of Women are applauded for their gift of dozens of trees which can be seen on one of the slopes bordering the War Memorial Museum. The discrimination is obvious and indefensible.

The plundering of Vietnam will sear the pages of the history books of the future and yet we are not allowed to mark this tragedy because the A.C.C. minority of six pronounce that it is unfitting and would interfere with the aesthetics of the Domain. That they are out of step with current feeling about the war needs no emphasising and the Vietnam Committee has been encouraged by many supporters and independent people to campaign for the acceptance of its original offering—a small grove of evergreen trees, a plaque, and a sculpture by Alison Duff as a tribute to the people of Vietnam and as a mark of confidence that the world will aspire towards a new morality. The students of Auckland will surely make it known that they support this plan.

If you fly a kite, walk your dog, keep fit, mooch in the Museum or eat daisies up at the Domain, remember to make a little pilgrimage to the hill with the unmarked Maori grave (which is thought to be associated with an old battle truce)—the proposed site for the memorial—and think on it.

The Box number of the Auckland Vietnam Committee is 5479 for those who would like more details or who would like to be placed on the mailing list. There is no membership fee and the A.V.C. will be very pleased to hear from you.



The evening started with the audience of about 1000 including middle aged mums, assorted nuns, and priests, various do-gooders both male and female, 2 Womens Liberationists, half a dozen varied pro-abortionists and lots of dear old ducks from Remuera, all (with 2 notable exceptions in the front row) rising and singing "God Defend New Zealand". This set the tone for the rest of the evening's complacent, patronising, emotive distorted speeches.

We started with Professor Liley's first annual report as President of the Society for the Protection of the Unborn Child. His report wasn't too emotional apart from references to the "defeatist immoral" views of the pro-abortionists who want to kill the "defenceless and vulnerable unborn child" which is of course "a real person". A member of the Maori Womens Welfare League told us that their national council has adopted a remit opposing any liberalisation of the abortion laws. After imparting this piece of information the lady became rather heatedly emotional, asking "who are we to snuff out innocent human life merely for social standing" and asking of the pro-abortionists "are they prepared to man the incinerators?". My loud reply of yes did nothing to halt the flow.

We eventually came to the star of the evening "with her million dollar smile", one who "knows what is right and sticks to it", Mrs Knight. When she stood up with the first of the million of those flashing insincere smiles I had visions of Auntie Dora from Dannevirke bravely fighting for the cause of good in this evil world. But at least Auntie Dora would not have been so patronising, so one-eyed or so false. Mrs Knight informed that she had come 13,000 miles for this meeting and that she would have come twice the distance if she thought she could save just one baby. She had come to tell us what has happened in Britain since the liberalising of the abortion laws, in the hope of course that New Zealand would not make "the terrible mistake" of liberalising its laws on abortion.

Mrs Knight's so-called facts (all three or so of them) were hidden behind very emotive language such as, "we are exterminating 240 babies a day". She informed us that before liberalisation 10,000 abortions were performed in a year (it is impossible to estimate with accuracy figures about illegal activities) and three years afterwards 90,000 abortions were performed in one year. Oh the horror of multiplying the sin by nine times. She gave us a vast list of so-called facts, such as: before legalization "women did not dream of having abortions"; that nurses are having to "get rid of recognizable babies" by "just leaving them to die or by drowning them"; that women use up more medical time by having abortions than by having a child; that girls are having 2 or 3 abortions in the time it takes to have one baby; that medical ethics are being downgraded by the "abortion factories" advertising all over the Continent; that thousands and thousands of girls are coming in from Europe "to have a tour in the morning and an abortion in the afternoon"; that abortion inflicts pain on the child ("we wouldn't allow this sort of pain to be inflicted on a rat"); that no one knows whether or not a child will be born handicapped and anyway "these children find their own way to enjoy life"; that as a result of liberalised abortion laws there is a serious imbalance of age groups with not enough young people to support the old people ("and this is happening in Britain today") and that VD is increasing like wildfire because of the abortion laws.

Many of her criticisms are valid as criticisms of the system and how it is working in Britain but they are not valid criticisms of abortion itself. The overcrowding of gynaeological wards suggests to me that there should be more wards not that women should not be allowed in. The reluctance of some doctors and nurses to perform abortions on ethical and moral grounds suggests that ancillary para-medical staff should be trained in abortion methods not that no doctors should perform abortions. Her annoyance with the profit motive sounds strange coming from a Conservative MP - "These boys are only in it for the money, make no mistake about that" and her claim that a doctor specialising in abortion could make \$NZ600,000 per year seems rather unrealistic. But if people object to doctors making money out of abortions then surely a set fee to be paid by the State or some similar means of standardizing fees is a better answer than not allowing doctors to perform legal abortions. If women are having their fertility decreased by abortions then surely it is only the method that needs to be questioned. If backstreet abortions are not substantially decreasing when abortion is liberalised then surely the procedures surrounding legal abortion need to be looked at. If "poor people are still not able to get abortions" because the National Health Service wards have such long waiting lists and private clinics are too expensive then why aren't more NHS wards made available. If there is a "pretty traumatic" "psycho-social effect" on a girl who has an abortion then why aren't there more counselling services set up to help the girls.

Mrs Knight also dismissed the population explosion as not applicable to Britain and New Zealand—an amazingly short sighted and narrow view especially from one who has recently visited Pakistan.

The only statement that I was able to agree with was "responsible family planning is better than abortion". It was a pity Mrs Knight did not tell us a little more about what is being one in Britain to encourage the use of contraceptives (Despite a later question from the audience) as I feel that the lack of free and easily available contraceptives plays a large role in the size of the demand for abortion and that this is the area that needs very close attention when a country is examining its abortion laws. Ideally abortion would be available on demand not as a form of contraceptive but as a backstop where the contraceptive had failed. However as long as we have the pill (the most reliable method short of sterilization at present) costing over \$20 per year (including doctors visits) with the additional price of either a moral inquisition or else the pill pushers disregard for side effects or the past medical history of the person, then we have reluctance to use it and a consequent increased demand for abortion.

SHARYN CEDERMAN

GET YOUR FACTS STRAIGHT ON TEACHERS' SALARIES

FACT. Some people still believe that Teaching is a low-paid profession. That's fiction.

FACT. After the recent award, salaries in the Teaching profession compare most favourably with outside positions.

FACT. Allowances while at Teachers' College for the one year course for graduates are: Bachelor's Degree \$2,469, Master's Degree \$2,769, Degree with 1st or 2nd class honours \$2,905. If eligible, a married allowance of \$140 is paid.

FACT. The basic salary scales for a trained teacher with a Bachelor's Degree are:—

	Primary	Secondary
1st year	\$3,308	\$3,304
2nd year	\$3,527	\$3,567
3rd year	\$3,690	\$3,950
4th year	\$3,886	\$4,302
5th year	\$4,129	\$4,538
6th year	\$4,372	\$4,890
7th year	\$4,614	\$5,302

FACT. There are substantial automatic salary increments.

FACT. Higher rates are payable for positions of responsibility.

FACT. Conditions and opportunities for promotion are excellent.

FACT. Salaries are higher for Master's or Honours Degrees.

FACT. In secondary schools with rolls in excess of 850 pupils, the basic salaries for Principals and Deputy-Principals are:—

Principal \$9,599
Deputy-Principal . . . \$7,601

For further details on this meaningful career, contact

AUCKLAND—Appointments Board

CANTERBURY—Graduates Appointments Officer

MASSEY—Public Relations Officer

OTAGO—Union Manager/Appointment Officer

VICTORIA—Careers Advisory Board

WAIKATO—Assistant Registrar (Students' Services)

This 16 page issue comes to you by courtesy of 311 inches of advertising.
We thought you would like to read SOMETHING!

THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

COPYRIGHT © 1970 BY GABRIEL SHERIDAN



30 mobilise JULY 30

MOBILISE TO
STOP THIS BLOODY
WAR!
JULY 30th