

3/8.95

NZGC

THE UNIVERSITY
OF AUCKLAND
- 9 SEP 1971

Craccum

Registered for transmission by post as a newspaper.

VOLUME 45 ISSUE NO 20

Free to students

Massey; Arts Festival '71

15-21 AUGUST MASSEY UNIVERSITY

Generally, this was a rather uninspired and incompetent effort. Nothing managed to approximate either its scheduled time or location; many events were totally cancelled; the Massey University Administration is peopled by self-righteous, obstreperous geriatrics; people cannot, after all, sleep in Gary Emm's Student Union.

However, those events that did materialize frequently engendered an enveloping, damp enjoyment: damp because it rained every day, but enjoyable in spite of it all.

THE RULING CLASS. DRAMA

This was probably the finest effort in theatre throughout the festival, apart from the somewhat experimental Waikato presentation. Somehow less affected and more jolly than the Mercury version some months ago, communist butlers boasted of pissing on the household cutlery, geriatric lords hung themselves in fits of transvestite glory, and beautiful women were hacked to death by God wielding a butter knife.

The play, of course, paints as ridiculous, English aristocracy. Our Lord, the hero, is convinced that he is THE Lord. To complement his conviction, he meditates from a cross, and to rationalise his divinity, he offers the following explanation:

"How do I know I'm God? Well, every night, whenever I pray, I find I'm talking to myself."

Continued on p.3



Highway

Photograph: John Miller

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM ITS FRIENDS. . .

Dear Bob Wellington,

Thank you for your letter. I shall be pleased to contribute to Craccum, especially since the new Executive has consented to the sixteen page format. You will note that last term's cataclysm revolved around debate for and against sixteen pages.

The Craccum staff who resigned in support of a sixteen page newspaper, are also pleased to work for you. We have all along insisted that our actions were on behalf of a better service to all students, and have never had any intention of making the issue into a grotesque point of pride.

Mr Shennan who edited the last two issues had access to the copy we had accumulated. Now that that has been nearly exhausted, we are pleased to provide fresh copy.

Sincerely,
STEPHEN CHAN.

Yes, Craccum is alive and well (well...!) and continues to inhabit its empyrean premises. After the second-term armageddon culminating in Editor Chan's resignation and the (presumed) pressganging of John Shennan to produce the last two issues, a normal state of chaos is gradually being reinstated to carry Craccum through four issues this term. Magnificently, like a squad of well-made Jockey underpants, Chan et al are rallying to support term 3's bemused editor.

Sincere thanks to them all.

NEW ED.

S.R.C. TONIGHT!

S.R.C. meeting tonight in B10 at 7.00 p.m. All students have speaking and voting rights. Agenda, minutes etc are available from the Association Office.

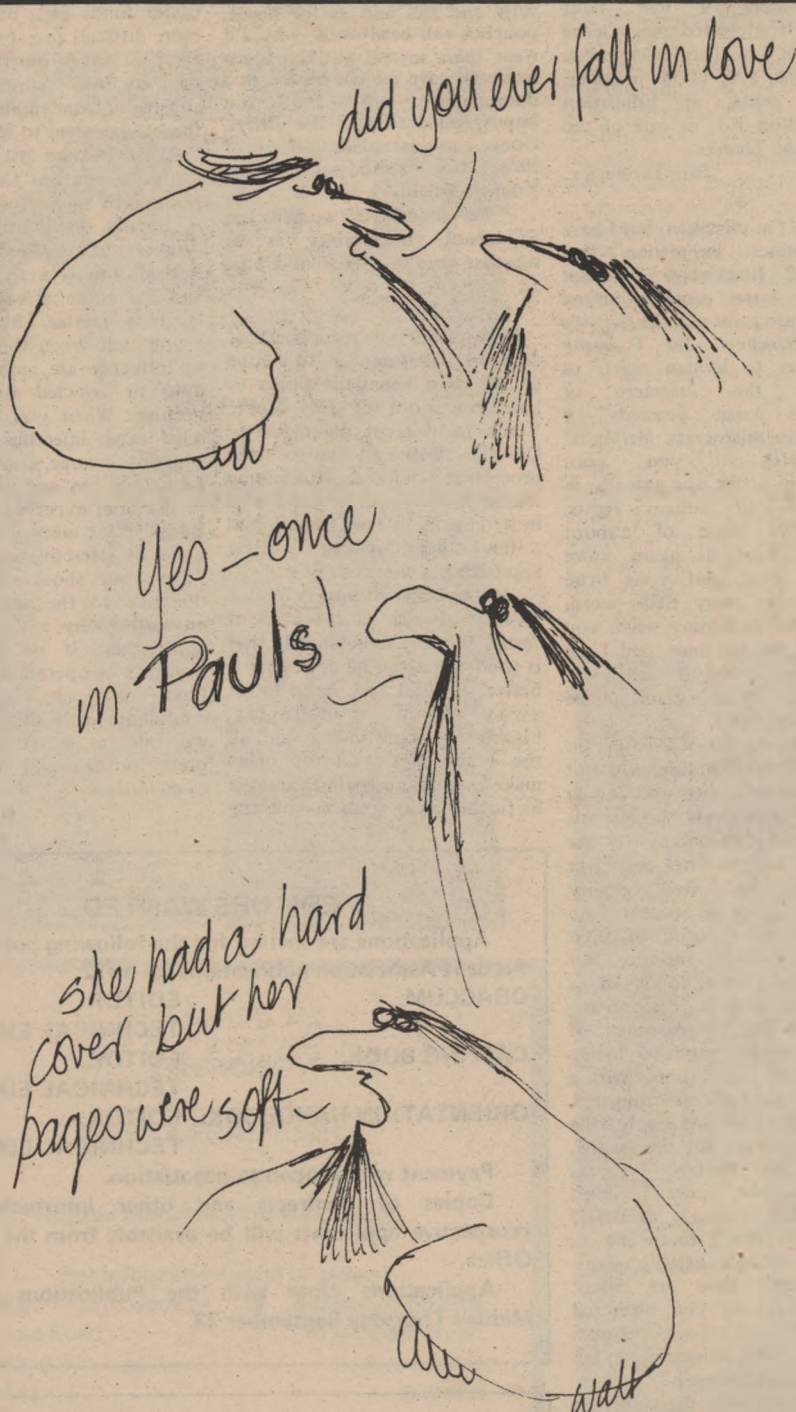
SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING

Notice is hereby given of a special general meeting of the AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS ASSOCIATION INC. to be held one week from today on THURSDAY 16th SEPTEMBER AT 1.00pm IN THE LOWER LECTURE THEATRE to discuss motions to raise the association's annual subscription and building fund levy. A full agenda with explanatory notes will appear in next week's issue of Craccum, God willing.

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS ASSOCIATION INC.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ARCHIVIST to the association. This honorary position will entail perhaps one weekend to sort out the assembled arcs followed by the odd hour occasionally. No work need be done before finals, and the position endows use of an infinitesimal room in the union. Applications close with the undersigned when a suitable person is found.

BOB LACK VICE-PRESIDENT



did you ever fall in love

yes - once
in Pauls!

she had a hard
cover but her
pages were soft -

PAUL'S BOOK ARCADE, 49 High Street

editorial

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Gosh! but what a hectic week it's been. You can imagine how thrilled I was to hear that I was the one chosen out of the hundreds of applicants to edit Craccum during the third term. Could they have heard somehow of the second place I won in that Form 2 class composition competition?

So much has happened—so many people—demigods I knew only by name—have epiphanized. Hold on—Stephen Chan and Susan Kedgley are real; I remember how I wondered—how I had them typecast as the Apollo and Artemis of the Craccum Pantheon. Indeed, Chan is being highly scrutable, succourful and charming. Kedgley, yet a disembodied telephone voice to me it is true, has manifested herself to the extent of submitting a gerontophobic phillip you'll find somewhere in this issue.

Who else? Kathryn De Nave bearded me in the office to ask a/what my politics were, and b/was I interested in whom politicians were screwing. I didn't have a ready answer for the former, and I nayed the latter, and as it turned out my interrogator wasn't interested in that either, so we moved to such disparate topics as the Mafia, P.J. Wedderspoon etc. And speaking of P. (for Proteus) J. Wedderspoon esq., that eminent chameleon frenziedly burst into the office midweek to beseech/demand that I extirpate a letter he'd previously sent for publication to Craccum and which has not yet seen print. I haven't seen that letter yet, but as his incursion followed immediately upon news reports that he had just effected another characteristic right-left transposition—well, you've got me interested P.J.

Who else? (again). Well, dishy Sue King is continuing to do the secretary bit, thank God, and husband Rick is taking time off his MA studies to see an Arden play for us. Denys Trussell inched cautiously into the office for a few well-chosen words about Spengler and T.E. Hulme among others; John Daly-Peoples exhausted himself knocking out a diatribe on a Craccum typewriter re Ken Russell's 'The Music Lovers'; photographers Alan Kolnik and John Miller have been fiddling about in the darkroom all week producing (apart from all their work in this issue) such masterpieces as shots of raised lavatory seats, and—writhing, orgasmic couples with a drastic perspective of floorboards reminding one of Baroque illusionistic ceilings; they've also been bitching about developing tanks, taxi fares to photographic wholesalers etc. Roger Fowler Craccum's Technical Editor is probably a nice chap but it seems you don't see him long or often enough to find out. He Resists, and has something to do with fruit and vegetables I believe. New ed.'s old-fashioned idea that between an ed. and a tech.ed. there should be a constant liaison doesn't seem to go down too well around here. Sweet Sara Jennings made the mistake of taking me at my word when I erroneously sent her off to interview someone I thought to be a local dramatist but who in fact turned out to be American born and bred and a denizen of that country; nobody's perfect; Mr Prime the AUSA accountant turned out to be silvery and genial with a belying mien of opulence if the fact that I'm soon going to have to climb to the top of the arts tower and megaphone my lack of anything like petty cash is anything to go by.

Enough enumeration of personalities. Things have happened also—why John Shennan was seen to smile; this being possibly a ocer since new Ed. took the opportunity to point out to him that a twenty em column is precisely that and not a ten em one. And then there was the Craccum Admin. Board Meeting: about twenty-five minutes of worrying whether we had a quorum, and about three minutes business once we decided we had. And the new Exec.'s first Meeting. Now that was fun. Graffiti boards, Radio Bosom, Tampon-dispensing machines—boy, we covered some ground. Paul Carew your amiable Publications Officer, insinuated his bit earlier than scheduled so that he could futz off to a rehearsal. Social Controller Phil Sinclair received the frost for his suggestion of a dance in a couple of weeks' time with no prepared budget. He didn't care too much; he just wanted to dance. New President John Woodroffe seemed to be having trouble coercing members to address their remarks through the chair; this was partly no doubt because of the griffins present, and partly because Woodroffe seems to be making a conscious effort to establish the personal decorum I presume he presumes his new position demands; by which I mean he was speaking slowly and carefully to achieve the necessary jussive enunciation, and between any two of his syllables there was plenty of time for an independent dogfight. Not that there were any really—a shame, because the evening seemed to drag a bit. Still, John will accelerate and the griffins will transmogrify into old hands and everything will be fine. New ed., basking in his newly-acquired 'speaking rights' status, unfortunately couldn't think of anything much he knew anything about to exercise same. Maybe next time. Everybody else—Bob and Sarah Lack (Man V-P and Student Liaison Officer respectively), Clare Ward (nothing like my picture of Lady Vice Presidents; that's a kind of compliment), Russell Bartlett (Public Liaison Officer) etc.,—had their say and then, at about thirty seconds to ten, effected a mass, wild exodus leaving new ed. clutching his pencil in bewildered fashion. He relocated them in the club bar ordering enough booze to compensate for a slightly tedious evening.

That will do. Editorials—ha! New ed. at present feels he hardly has time to soft-shoe shuffle. He will finish with a bit of literary class. The following is part of a poem by arch-chauvinist D.H. Lawrence:

ALL I ASK—

All I ask of a woman is that she shall feel gently towards me when my heart feels kindly towards her, and there shall be the soft, soft tremor as of unheard bells between us.
It is all I ask.

And all new ed. asks is that all the persons praised or defamed above, and anyone else who may have occasion to be associated with Craccum while he edits it, substitute for "woman" (with mutatis mutandis change of pronouns) something like "contributor" etc., and pay special heed to the tintinnabulatory image.

staff

Editor:	Robert Wellington
Technical Editor:	Roger Fowler
Secretary:	Susan King
Photographic Editor:	Alan Kolnik
Advertising Manager:	Leo Pointon
Much-valued Abettors:	Take your pick from list front-page Craccum Vol. 45 No. 18.

INKSHED

scrivener's corner

Sir,
I heartily agree with 'Exasperated'. Where is the fun, the joie-de-vivre, the gaiety, that one might expect from a gathering-place of the young? It is dull, damn dull, at Auckland University. How boring to listen to the perpetual earnest-minded tramp over the same old subjects: apartheid, Vietnam, women's Lib. These are old, really old - and square. All the girls look the same, two straight curtains of hair, and a blank well-washed countenance staring out; all the boys like over grown shrubberies. And everyone drifting around like zombies in their awful faded old jeans!

It may be thought that I take no interest in causes; but earlier I have participated in anti-war marches; I have taken an active part in conservation (I gained 250 signatures on the Save Manapouri petition); my brother has done a successful conscientious objection on the sole ground of holding the Vietnam War immoral. But it is boring and sickening to hear students mouthing out the same well-worn platitudes, superficially engaged in the same hackneyed causes, following like sheep the same paths their predecessors have followed. This is joyless, deadening to the mind. And, meanwhile, Debating Society, which should be a stimulating meeting-place for intelligent students, is stone-dead through apathetic lack of interest.

What about some gay activities like square-dancing to brighten up the drab scene?

Frustrated Fun-Lover/
Diana Rabone.

Sir,
The third paragraph of my letter in Craccum August 12 fails to make sense because of the typist's omission of one line from the original letter. For the benefit of those interested the third paragraph should read:

"First we need increased student participation in student affairs, and then in the affairs of society at large. This will only come as a result of increased interest in what's going on - which will only come as a result of increased awareness of issues and increased information on them."
I will probably move that an Information Office be set up at a general meeting or S.R.C. meeting next term, so if you believe we need an Information Office please keep in touch and come along. The idea is bound to face stiff opposition from some of the conservatives and reactionaries on the new executive.

Denis Frank

Sir,
I was told that New Zealand is a country of good racial harmony and there is no racial prejudice. The Minister of Immigration says New Zealand's immigration policy is not racially biased. However my personal experience contradicts the Minister's claim. Immigrants are divided into those who enter unrestricted and those who enter on permits. British Citizens can enter New Zealand unrestricted. I am a born British Citizen but just that my skin is yellow and non-European my race, I am refused free entry and have to hold a student permit and apply for extension every year or be deported. I have a friend who was born in the same place as I was and thus acquired British Citizenship and he is holding the same sort of passport as I am. He entered New Zealand without hindrance (no permit required for him) and is now doing the same course as I am in the University. He does not have to hold any permit because he is a British Citizen and because he is white. Is that racially biased?

I should be grateful if all those racially unbiased New Zealanders would straighten this up.

ALLAN NG.

Sir,
I have heard enough about Australia being God's own country. However, I don't know what is wrong with being Chinese. All New Zealanders can go to Australia anytime they like merely by getting an air-ticket or a ship passage, with the exception of Chinese New Zealanders. They have to go through all the troubles to obtain a tourist visa or a working permit before they are allowed to go on board the plane or the ship. What a bloody and humiliating discrimination policy.

Australia is God's own country for certain people only!
ALLAN NG.

Sir,
I am writing to confess my honesty: enclosed is a knife which I borrowed from your cafeteria (25/8/71) to spread my rolls with on the limited express to Wellington.

I give you permission to reprint this letter, in full or in part, in your student newspaper, in a bid to stimulate the integrity of my fellow criminals. I suggest, however, that in your plea for reclamation of weapons, you institute a period of amnesty.

'Poor Sticky fingers'

Sir,
Could I please use this column to ask for subjects (i.e. people) for my Masters research project on learning. If you are naive in Statistics, but interested in learning some of the basic skills, the easy way, you will find this helpful, especially if you are considering taking Ed.11, Psych. 1. Economics, etc, next year. You do not need to know any maths. It will involve you in approximately 9 half hour sessions. If interested, please leave a note, for Pam Tarulevicz, giving your name, sex, phone number, address, units, at Education Dept., Alton Rd, or care of the Mail Room. Thanks.

Pam Tarulevicz.

Sir,
Maybe I'm mistaken, but I have the distinct impression that Mr/Mz/it? Blacksmith did not read my letter properly before rushing into print with his/her/it's views. Nowhere did I imply opposition to human rights or advocate the massacre of "harmless Asian peasants"—or even Asian aristocrats. Mr/Mz/it? Blacksmith—oh you poor infant—my letter was actually in SUPPORT of human rights, specifically, those of unborn humans. Read it again more carefully dear, put your little finger under every little word, consult the dictionary when you come to the big ones, and I am quite sure what I said will penetrate even your little five-year-old mind.

You accuse me of bitching on behalf of "the establishment" but neglect to say which one. If you mean the individuals who run this country and it's economy who are generally non-students and over thirty—well no, I don't qualify either by age or occupation. I do not even share many of their political views—for instance, not so long ago I wrote to my MP (a Mr Muldoon) expressing opposition to the massacre of harmless Asian peasants, listing reasons why, and finishing with a reminder that I was of voting age, but judging by his reply the gentleman was not impressed. Perhaps the Pentagon Papers impressed him more—I don't know, but please, Mr/Mz/it? Blacksmith, don't lump me in with the oldie's establishment—they won't have me either. (Incidentally, have you informed your MP of your distress concerning the massacre of the harmless Asian peasants?)

That leaves only the youngie's establishment. To join this it is mandatory to support the conventional youngie views on Vietnam, apartheid, drugs, the right to use your own body as

you please and make considerable hullabaloo on these questions. However, one must keep a decent silence on things like accepting responsibilities for your own actions and doing your own, unaided thinking. Such matters constitute the new obscenity and are best not discussed. In addition, one must garb oneself in the conventional poncho, headband and beads so that the whole world will know one is a member in good standing of the Youngie Establishment. (Not neglecting of course to sneer at the Oldie Establishment for wearing suits and ties!)

For myself, I feel the values of both establishments are false and hypocritical, which is why I refuse to join either. Whether Mr/Mz/it? Blacksmith gets his/her/it's wish and I am refused admission here next year (either way I'm not too concerned) I will continue to think for myself and if that means having the finger pointed at me for being (horrors!) a non-conformist—ah well. Obviously that's the price for having a mind of one's own, and not being part of the collective youngie establishment mind, as Mr/Mz/it? Blacksmith so obviously is.

To finish off, Mr/Mz/it? Blacksmith, I note in your concluding sentence you call yourself "we". Are you speaking for a collection of pals? If so, why haven't they signed too? If not, allow me to inform you that the first person plural when used to denote one individual was in the past the prerogative of royalty. Nowadays though, it is restricted to 'Herald' and 'Star' editorials and Noel Holmes on Saturday. If by "we" you mean yourself singular, you obviously have delusions of grandeur but do not despair—there are people trained to help you in your suffering. Your doctor will put you in touch with them.

Ann MacRae.

PS
I haven't really got anything against suits, beads, headbands or ties. One shouldn't judge others by dress after all. In all fairness, some look quite distinguished in suits and ties and as for beads, ponchos and headbands—why, I'd wear them myself but the beads someone gave me got busted in a doorhandle and I'm too impoverished to buy the others. Guess I'm just plain jealous of those rich so-and-sos in the Youngie Establish!

* Mz—used by US womens Lib to denote uncertainty as to whether they're a miss or a Mrs.

Sir,
Toni Church's reappraisal of demonstrations appears to be one of the most beneficial things to have come out of July Mobe. Yours truly spent the night (in Ch-ch) walking beside the procession, because for some reason it didn't seem right to be in it. Thanks to Toni Church and a few other thinkers, a better approach has come out of it.

My reaction to any defect or crisis is always on the basis of "what is being done already that is good; what can be done that is better". This, I feel, helps to get away from mudslinging, blacklisting, faultfinding and all the other 'ings' that too often make only more enemies and get us further away from making any

significant impact.

Apart from the "newsworthy" aspect, the "something new/dramatic" and "public relations" aspects, as well as the "street theatre" talent around, appear to me to hold tremendous potential provided we keep two things in mind. No problem grows or is solved overnight; and no 'person' is entirely to blame for defects, tragedies, or even a hell of a slow putting things right. I refer mainly to the apparently futile and unjustified 'simple solutions' that seem to go with the traditional Nixon/Holyoake/Vorster etc. condemnations which fly around.

At this point the philosophising ends, and I would like to make a few suggestions for future attempts (next time you truly will probably be in it). Could a march be planned in three stages:

(a) here's the situation - blood, muck, disruption, displacement etc; street theatre centred on one dramatic theme etc (for example, re Pakistan; ex news report "vultures so full they couldn't fly"); we need this because we are thick through not having experienced anything like what's going on.

(b) here's what's being done - a show of thanks (funny word that; it doesn't hang around much) for any effort, however small and feeble it might appear (e.g., Pakistan again; thanks for Ted Kennedy's gang, Keith, and the \$50,000). This part can appear ridiculously childish, but it seems both necessary if our motives are straight, and beneficial to any sort of public relations.

(c) here's what's suggested - enter "self-discipline, dedication, creativity" (Church): a realistic look at the situation, the possibilities and practicalities; here we can make use of the second part - if our public relations are intended as co-operative instead of abusive, we are in a better position to approach M.P.s, P.M.s etc and find out from them just what appears to be the most practical action. We can organise something at the level at which we are capable (relief funds etc), but the other more difficult (e.g. political) lines are a bit out of our reach. I don't see any real point in sending abusive or condemning letters to those who seem to be at fault; if their motives are evil, we are only likely to confirm them in their position by such efforts.

Finally, one point in regard to "smiles and grinning faces". Agreed, this is a serious matter, and for those affected it is no laughing matter. But we have found that when those we want to influence are approached, a sly or dejected attitude gains nothing. When you think of it, what needs injecting into such a situation is hope, confidence that something can and will be done. In my brief experience with such things, a lot more is gained by a novel or attractive approach (e.g. "like your shoes shined for a donation to the appeal?") than any anti-apathy, anti-smugness etc approaches. If we are to get anyone's co-operation, surely the best way is by showing confidence in an expectancy that we will get it. This requires a pretty positive and cheerful sort of an outlook.

Harry Bowen

EDITORS WANTED

Applications are invited for the following positions on Student Association publications for 1972:

CRACCUM:	EDITOR
	TECHNICAL EDITOR
CAPPING BOOK:	EDITOR
	TECHNICAL EDITOR
ORIENTATION HANDBOOK:	EDITOR
	TECHNICAL EDITOR

Payment will be open to negotiation.

Copies of contracts and other information for prospective applicants will be available from the Studass Office.

Applications close with the Publications Officer, Midday Thursday September 23.

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.

MASSEY/C

Beginning a become God of who considers who passes her Our God loses By and by, af psychiatrist ins campaign for D Apparently, school: a stray stomp on Our numerous echo your introduct session, it is ei theatre howeve made. Massey c end.

The tempta grotesquery as of an uproari which the absu effect. Massey treatment.

Christi
12 Fro:
Auckla
695-54

THERE IS A NEGATION AND THERE IS A CONTRARY. DRAMA: WAIKATO

Dr Tony Kingsbury is your ineffable gentleman: he has long hair, a beard, and for weeks before Arts Festival was rumoured to be chuckling away madly inside the Keith Hay pre-fab which Waikato University insists is an office-block.

Briefly: the exercise should be to bore your audience to tears, hoping for a reaction, even a boo; the exercise should include one hundred cardboard boxes, painted with lovely fluorescent colours, to be thrown at the audience, and to be thrown back by the audience; the exercise requires several fire extinguishers, so that breathing becomes difficult, and an impression of serious diluvian-school drama is initiated; the exercise inevitably causes distress to emanate from unsuspecting theatre managers, with good, solid, mid-North Island views about plays with story lines, and with audience and actors carefully separated.

When the audience finally realized that it was the butt-end of a rather elaborate joke, members joined in the fun, and good-will, cheers, laughter and patriotism swept the floor.

(Continued on next page)

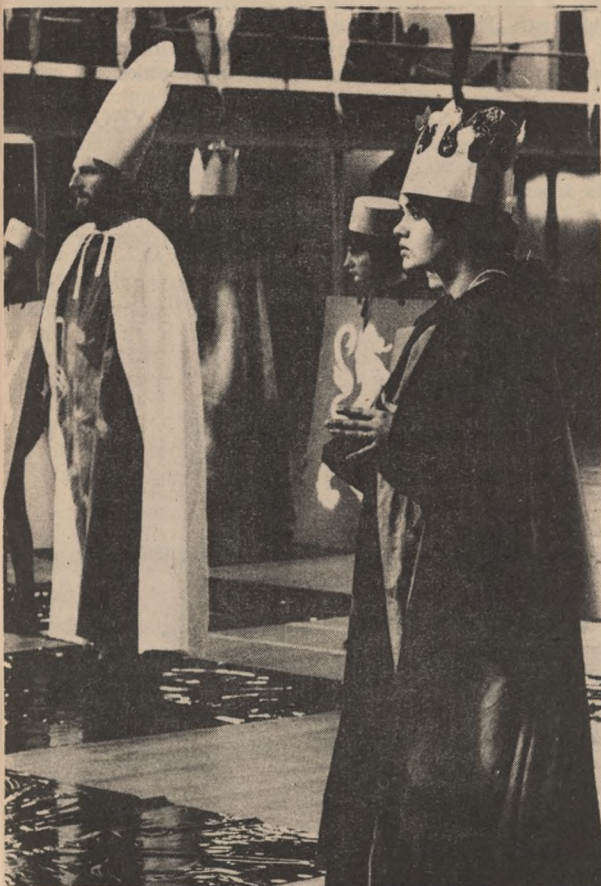


MASSEY/CHAN Continued from p.1

Beginning as God of Love, he is induced by modern psychiatry to become God of Vengeance. Along the way he meets a mad Scotsman who considers himself God of Electric Shocks, and a lower class slut who passes herself off as an Alexander Dumas heroine come to life. Our God loses a duel with the Scotsman, and has a child by the slut. By and by, after murdering his randy aunt and driving his French psychiatrist insane, Our God comes to the English House of Lords to campaign for Divine Vengeance and his official recognition.

Apparently, the play is meant to take a place in the absurdist school: a stray grizzly bear just happens to appear from nowhere to stomp on Our Lord, for instance. But most of the play carries numerous echoes from other absurdist writers: Ionesco for one. As your introduction to absurdity, plus political comment, plus guffaw session, it is entertaining enough. What made the play an effort in theatre however, was Massey's refusal to drive home the points being made. Massey decided to treat 'The Ruling Class' as farce from end to end.

The temptation would have been to emphasize the scenes of grotesquery as grotesque in their own right, instead of mere reflectors of an uproarious, though fragmented joke. That is, the surreal, upon which the absurd hangs, depends on an enveloping continuity for its effect. Massey kept that continuity there by its endless, farcical treatment.



Finally, just by the by, and whether by accident or design, Massey, instead of portraying Our Lord's self-infatuated uncle as THE danger source to egalitarian society, managed to cast the sinister, experimenting psychiatrist in that role: just who defines sanity and modes of behaviour anyway? Ronald Laing would have been proud.

COLOUR WORKSHOP— N. WOODHAMS AND DON BINNEY

Apart from the minor point of Binney's failure to attend his own workshop, all had an enjoyable afternoon. Palmerston North's Centennial Pavillion was curtained by long, clear plastic sheets. Participants were given lumps of sponge, tubes of paint, and told to smear on.

More enthusiastic artists covered their arms with paint and leapt against walls. Sedate traditionalists threw jars of water at their efforts, or spent the entire afternoon working with a single colour: how much green paint squeezed onto a single spot will it take, before the plastic curtain falls to the floor, taking everybody else's in that row with it?

While people painted, the presiding N. Woodhams sat in a corner, playing the same tape over and over:

"One day I overheard Colin McCahon talking to one of his students. And this student was saying: Painting is dead, it's STILL, it's been overtaken by films that move! And McCahon replied: Painting is not dead, because it IS STILL."

Over and over: same play with words. Everybody kept on painting; the paintings were left on display; Palmerstonians wandered in to contemplate what art might do for their city, and remembered to illuminate their city square trees that evening with ghastly green floodlights. If the Auckland City Council should be decapitated for ever allowing floodlights in the domain duckponds, its Palmerstonian counterpart should be slowly roasted with fluorescent green marshmallows.

"One day I overheard Colin McCahon talking to one of his students. And this student was saying: Painting is dead, it's still, it's been overtaken by films that move! And McCahon replied: Painting is not dead, because it is still."

The Colour Workshop however, seemed interested in demonstrating the muscular expedition available in the process of painting. As if to say: "today, we shall forget art and immerse ourselves with artistry".

Essentially, contemporary art is involved with its own mechanics. It has developed an introspective psychology, rather than depending totally upon the motivating inspiration traditionally ascribed to the artist. There is a conflict therefore, between the active agency of creating art, and art which demonstrates only its own make-up. It's all a rather mixed-up battle between subjectivism and objectivism; as if those terms really mean anything outside of the dry, scholarly debate. It's all a put-on: the only thing is to paint, and to enjoy it.



Smith & Caughey
LIMITED

JEANS! JEANS! JEANS!

We are stockists of ...

- ☐ WRANGLER
- ☐ SAFARI
- ☐ WOODSTOCK
- ☐ AYWON

MENSWEAR, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND



EXERCISE

YOUR LEGAL RIGHT

Register as a Conscientious Objector

For information write or phone

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



NEW ZEALAND BALLET COMPANY

By half-time interval, one could feel some dismay: for instance, four slips and one fall are not expected from a professional company, showing off well-ground-out, introductory tit-bits of classical ballet, even to a typically ignorant, unwashed and stoned student audience. Everyone asked the ice-cream boy whether or not he thought the New Zealand Ballet Company was being deliberately contemptuous.

The second half was redemptive however. There were no falls and no slips: possibly because the long, single piece was choreographed according to a school of creative dance, rather than ballet. This excluded the pompous, technical intricacies which do tend to look rather silly, unless carried with absolute confidence.

The theme concerned the creation and fall of man. In order to convey such a weighty consideration, banalised countless times in the name of art, New Zealand Ballet Company worked to an atmosphere of stark religiosity: careful use was made of lighting effects, and dancers wore monkly habits or loin cloths.

Man's timid entry into the world, his original innocence, his breaking of divine injunction by discovering how to screw, and his eventual release from sin by crucifixion, were all set against an authoritative grouping of godly scrutineers, who walked on and off stage, bearing by turns, copulating couples, and large crosses, with wicked, sinning couples attached.

Music by Stockhausen made it impossible for performers to dance, in the ballet sense of the word. Dance had to become a feeling, created by the slow pageantry of events. The major activity was therefore, walking. Bodily grace had to be evoked, rather than counterpointed to a set movement.

Such evocation breaks, slightly, the dictatorship of the choreographer. Ballet has always been one of the most brutal arts, in that a creative sensibility can be subordinated wholly to the mechanics of a body. Such subordination has also made ballet one of the more silly arts, in that endless queues of companies will attempt contortions far beyond their capabilities and temperaments, and with such stupid smiles maintained in spite of falls and all.

In terms of classical ballet, the New Zealand Company might make claims to being better than mediocre. Its excursion into creative dance however, was a success at the Arts Festival. Now if those silly, titillated, purple-haired socialites, who usually pay seven dollars to enforce the ever-continuing production of Swan Lake could just drop dead...



FOUR POETS. FILM: NZU ARTS COUNCIL

Reston Griffiths purported to make a film of four, young New Zealand poets. That someone had the enterprise to make the film at all, was refreshing: that someone chose representatives from the new generation of poets (ie post enzed-mythmakers who still cling to life sufficiently, to make anthologies with deadly predictability), was daring.

But in terms of direction, it seems that the four poets were left to themselves. So that, after the Captain Pugwash type screen credits exhausted themselves, Messrs Arthur Bates, Murray Edmond, Russell Haley and David Mitchell read from white basements, with naked chests, while walking across the domain with a shopping bag, from periods of sleep on tombstones, about wives, lovers and friends, who sat about in a nice attentive circle.



Our poets were exceedingly unrelaxed before camera: the presentation meant to suggest a fairly casual, everyday encounter with four everyday people who, just by the way, happened to be brilliant writers. Only Arthur Bates appeared at ease, perhaps because he was on-screen for the least amount of time. Russell Haley, shouting his work, without a shirt on, glanced at his manuscript for every new line: if a poem is read, well and good; but declaiming should not involve the kind of visual punctuating found in reading. David Mitchell, normally calm, seemed tense and irritated. He was finally seen, wearing a harlequin's costume, and tinkling bells, as his audience walked around him. Murray Edmond simply seemed shy.

These are directional faults, rather than the faults of the poets. Their poetry however, was quite splendid. Murray, Russell and David all read from their forthcoming volumes. Arthur read of an actress giving birth on stage to 'a born actor'.

Some of the sequences lacked any significant lighting contrast, and sometimes, the soundtrack misbehaved, but generally, the impression created was pleasant, even slightly naive. Certainly well worth seeing, unless possessed of a mind which carps incessantly at minor technicalities. Somehow, the atmosphere generated by the poets was warm and unpretentious: your favourite writers immortalised on celluloid!

EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE

Being, a hazardous negotiation of sundry depots and warmly splendid events. Meaning, wine is present, a large group of people simply walk off into an inexhaustible direction, with smiles for all who timidly join, hidden under cloaks of inscrutable reticence.

THE BOSTON STRANGLER. FILM: HOLLYWOOD

Apparently, American audiences, disappointed from the film's lack of action, took the 'deep, probing' psychological investigation into the second nature of our strangler, with great faith and serious thought. The psychological investigation was indeed filmed with great faith and serious thought. The pity of it all, is that it appears highly ridiculous.

Tony Curtis, with double chin, pot belly and blackened teeth, plays the schizophrenic strangler, wearing a black costume, complete with gloves and woollen hat. This strangler has a wife, a son, a daughter with blond curls, admires John Fitzgerald Kennedy, while harbouring unconscious desires to cut Jackie's throat. While he strangles his victims, he switches off his everyday character, so that his only memory of his murders takes the form of events in his daily work e.g. a screaming woman becomes a noisy machine; the tearing of rags to twist around a terrified throat becomes the mending of a furnace pipe.

So that, the and diagnose irrevocably s moustached, Professor of L to the case by and a stock of Now, unde in any way, w "He might "Where?" "I don't k gone somewh expression, de Under ord concerned pu detective must To do this, Then he is fo night, in his st eleven inches i "Are you c "Yes, I thi "That shou "No, I'm enjoying this t For those detective than



Alexan beautifully Very p A folk Rimsky-K Of its c Available PRO



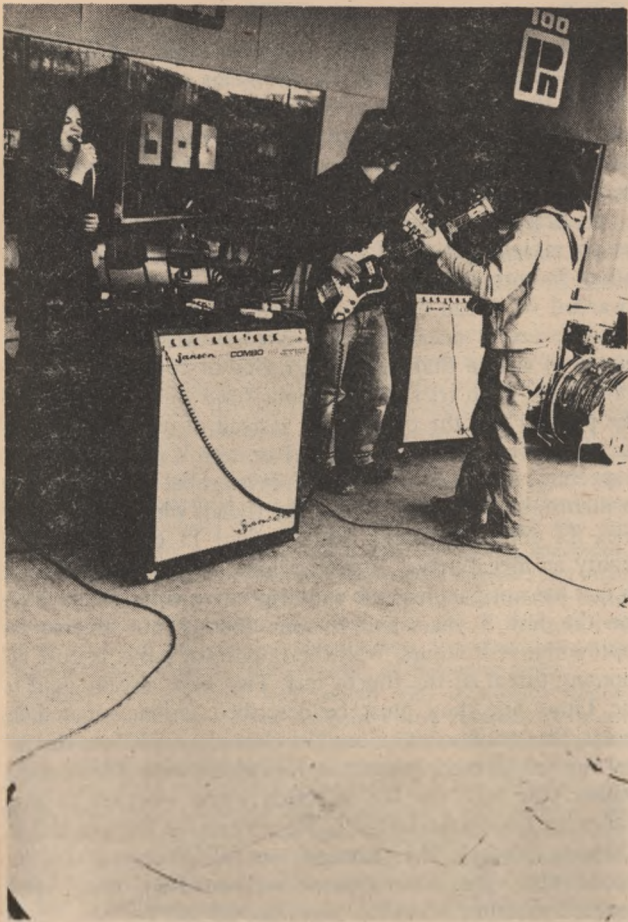
GLENVALE



Sparkling
White
Leibel.

PICK UP
A BOTTLE
TONIGHT

MORE PEOPLE CHOOSE GLENVALE



POETRY READING:

JAMES BAXTER AND SAMUEL HUNT.

The Massey Student Centre Coffee Bar is large, is new, is cluttered, is decorated with utterly tasteless squares of coloured perspex. Because so many events were cancelled or reprogrammed miles away, and because the Festival organisers forgot to intensify bus services, this basement room, with white walls and toilets on either side, became the centre of all those with nowhere to go: which meant it was crowded day and night.

In one space of the coffee bar stood a cheap Pearl drum set, with cymbals made from scrap metal, one piano, courtesy of Beggs, one Liedstrom organ, courtesy of Beggs, two Jansen amplifiers, courtesy of Beverly, Bruce and Goldie.

Associated musicians played these instruments; assorted musicians made horrible noises; assorted musicians once achieved the impossible task of clearing the coffee bar. No musician succeeded in playing the organ properly, partly because Liedstrom have the ability to make a reedy, electronic organ, sound like a reedy, electronic organ.

When Baxter and Hunt read however, some clever soul had removed all the instruments, and the coffee bar was packed to its last square inch.

Baxter had just been driven in from Jerusalem by Massey chaplain Father Keble. Hunt had just hitch-hiked from Bottle Creek. Neither was too tired to fulfil their images: Baxter read in his monotone, glancing up every now and then with an air of spiritual impartation; Hunt drank whiskey as he read, and blew a harmonica, and shouted out 'Wheeeeeee!' and 'Whooppeeeeeee!'

This is a somewhat derogatory view: both are fine poets; both are slightly over-rated; and both realize that they are minor New Zealand legends.

The interesting comparison is that Baxter appears as a far better poet, when read, than reading. Whereas Hunt reads his work with great charisma attached to every syllable, and only narrowly escapes labelling as pedantic when placed on paper.

Such observations become nonsense however, if one is prepared to allow one's mind to slip into the currents floating about at a good poetry reading. And a good poetry reading is made up of drunken shouts and spiritual poets.

Other writers read after Baxter and Hunt, and the event ended with one bearded, grey-jerseyed gentleman reciting some pretty diabolic pieces, saved by a stirring description of being fellated in the dark by a girl-friend determined to prove her love with a great, heart-rending swallow.

PHOTOGRAPHS: JOHN MILLER

WE HAVE 100 FEET
of reference books on the United States, that is, they start with "American Men of Science" (6 vols) and go to "Where the Fun Is: USA". Funnily enough, nothing that begins with Z. But there are things in between like The Negro Handbook, the Encyclopedia of Space, and Folk Songs of North America. If none of these subjects grab ya, how about the Statistical Abstract of the U.S. for 1969, or Betty Crocker's Cook Book? All gripping stuff. 27 Symonds Street, over the Wynyard Tavern.

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY FESTIVAL CHOIR

If Palmerston North's St Peters Church is characteristic of Presbyterian taste, then the group responsible for every collected iota of bourgeois imposition in New Zealand interior decoration has been found.

That apart, the Auckland University Choir, formerly known as the Auckland University Choir of New Zealand, gave a polished, professional performance of works from a wide historical and contemporary repertoire.

The Choir also showed its reliance on its conductor, Professor Peter Godfrey, who has moulded it to the standard required for international competition. This choir is in fact presently engaged in such competition, in New York.

Little can be said in description, except to mention the overwhelming nature of choral music.

POSTSCRIPT:

THE HONG KONG RESTAURANT: CUBA STREET

For those stranded in the town square with little to do and nowhere to go: Wung Tung soup (described on the menu as 'short soup'), with a totally different taste to the Auckland variety.

Actually, many 'chinese' dishes have been especially concocted for european consumption (chop suey), and many of those with true ethnic origin have been watered down in flavour to appease the limited european palate: so that most chinese restaurants do not serve chinese food. This particular restaurant, however, provided a paradox: ghastly chow mein, but superb wung tung. Moreover, outside of Auckland it appears to be the only chinese restaurant in the country to serve wung tung; a grand tour of all the chinese restaurants in Taupo, Tauranga, Mt Maunganui, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin, failed to unearth any other. For the uninitiated, true wung tung consists of tiny balls of pork, mushroom and spring onion, wrapped by paper thin leaves of pastry, sealed by egg yolk, and either served boiled in soup, or fried.

STEPHEN CHAN



So that, the film revels in the situation of our strangler, captured and diagnosed by a silver haired, fat cheeked psychiatrist as irrevocably schizoid, being confronted by our tall, scholarly, moustached, thin cheeked detective (who also happens to be a Professor of Law; who also happens to have been especially appointed to the case by a negro mayor with an english accent, Saville-Row suits and a stock of french cognac).

Now, under orders from the psychiatrist, our detective must not, in any way, worsen the psychological state of our strangler.

"He might go somewhere."

"Where?"

"I don't know, but we have an entire ward of people who have gone somewhere, but we don't know where." (Here, a puzzled expression, delivered with scholastic aplomb.)

Under orders from the mayor, and under pressure from the concerned public, not to mention an embarrassed clairvoyant, our detective must also present a proper confession from our strangler.

To do this, he first worms his way into the strangler's confidence. Then he is found in a tormented state, by his wife, at eleven one night, in his study, with a single desk lamp on, surrounded by books eleven inches in height with red spines:

"Are you concerned about tomorrow's interview dear?"

"Yes, I think he's about to crack."

"That should please you dear."

"No, I'm beginning to question myself. You see (pause), I'm enjoying this too much."

For those of you who want to know: he did crack, and our detective thankfully returned to his office at the university.



Alexander Pushkin's 'TALE OF TSAR-SULTAN'. A beautifully illustrated little book at 50c.

Very popular with students.

A folk tale in the traditional style—dedicated to Rimsky-Korsakov.

Of its class content we make no comment.

Available at:

PROGRESSIVE BOOK SOCIETY LTD
14-16 Darby Street



Gerontocratic Goings-on

SUSAN KEDGLEY

A compulsory chore of every citizen of Auckland should be a visit to one of the monthly, three hour City Council meetings, to personally familiarise oneself with the manner in which the City Grandfathers are running our City.

According to personal temperament, and taste, the three hour Pantomime will be found to be thoroughly entertaining or unspeakably dull.

Personally, I found the last Council meeting grim but illuminating. It closely resembled a satire of a Student Executive meeting, staged in vastly more pretentious surrounds, with a cast of bickering student politicians disguised as rather niggardly old men.

Quite amusing, really, until one reminded oneself that it was not the fate of cardboard milkshake cartons in the cafe that was at stake here, but, in many respects, the lives of thousands and thousands of innocent Aucklanders...

BLACK CLOAKED FIGURE

The evening commenced auspiciously to the striking chimes of 7 o'clock, as a corner door was flung open and a black cloaked figure strode into the Council Chamber, bearing in his white gloved hands a gold embossed club.

This enigmatic figure later revealed himself to be none other than a Master of Arms, whose particular responsibility was the ceremonious carrying to and fro of a miniature mace which was symbolically laid on a centre table for all and sundry to admire. Having discharged his undeniably essential task this mysteriously attired figure retired to the outer circle of the Chamber where he remained a silent spectator for the subsequent three hours, enabling me to derive momentary amusement by contemplating the symbolic implications of replacing him with a female club-carrying Mistress of Arms...

Behind him came the Mayor, in this instance the Deputy Mayor, appropriately named Mr Tongue, who chaired the meeting in His Worship's absence. Clothed in flowing scarlet, the Deputy Mayor strongly resembled an unhappy Father Christmas, minus his headgear.

NO NATIONAL ANTHEM!

All present in the room rose and stood in silence for this awesome entrance, but the national anthem was not played. Instead, the Deputy Mayor climbed to his elevated wooden throne, where he seated himself and surveyed the spectacle, flanked on both sides by flags and, of course, the benevolent gazes of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip.



With the scene thus so appropriately set, we resumed our seats and business began.

A militant housewife complaining of backyards and drains opened the proceedings with a tirade that appeared to reduce Councillors to a cowering silence.

After vitriolic exchanges with the Mayor and a despairing 'obviously no one is going to answer me', she finally got her way. Instead of having her troublesome drains referred back to the Works Committee again, she managed to exact a promise from four willing Councillors to sacrifice a few more of their hours in the public good by personally inspecting her afflicted backyard.

This initial exchange seemed to sour the Councillors somewhat. When the next delegation confronted the Councillors (this time a Labour Party delegation complaining of Council's apparent refusal to do anything about enrolling Auckland citizens for local body elections) the hairs on the back of their necks (ie the Councillors') could be seen visibly to rise.

The Labour Party delegation of two, aided by a blackboard packed full of statistics, pointed out to Councillors that the numbers on the local body electoral roll had declined quite dramatically in the last few decades, even though Auckland's population had been steadily increasing. This meant that this year approximately 25 thousand citizens were not able to vote—in my estimation a daunting figure.

Not to seasoned Councillors, however. Hardly had the delegation put forward its simple requests to get more people on the roll—putting booths on the street etc—than Mr Tongue had put forward motions declining to do ANYTHING about the situation at all.

PREPOSTEROUS SUGGESTION

Councillors, with the exception of Labour Party Councillor Dreaver seemed to be solidly behind Mr Tongue, and joined him in a

chorus of protest against the preposterous suggestion that citizens should be encouraged to vote. Indeed, so determined were they in their efforts to denounce Labour's submissions that one suspected they all imagined the 25 thousand non-voters were Labour supporters who, if enrolled, could well sweep them out of office. (Which could indeed well be the case since their traditional supporters—ratepayers—are automatically on the roll; it is only residents in flats that have to fill out special enrolment forms to vote)

Mr Tongue, seemingly considerably rattled at this stage, insisted that 'Council was anxious to have people on the roll'—provided they didn't have to spend any money on it.

WEAK MOMENT

Councillors accepted this amazing and probably contradictory assertion without a quibble, and proceeded to refuse to buy any advertising time to publicise electoral procedures, or indeed to do anything at all to remedy the situation. In a weak moment they grudgingly conceded to allow labour party candidates to set up booths in certain streets, but this was only after lengthy battles with Mr Tongue, who possibly interpreted the suggestion of enrolling booths as a personal threat to his cherished position in the Council Chambers.

EXHAUSTED

The whole debate was petty, acrimonious and dismal, and seemed rather to exhaust these ageing gentlemen, for the rest of the evening, with one brief exchange on 'vandalism and law and order' in Auckland, passed in relative silence and haste.

Indeed, the Councillors managed to get through a gigantic folder full of reports and minutes with astonishing alacrity (given their age), with pages being turned at approximately three second intervals. This could well have been regarded as an admirable feat in itself (considering the pace student executives proceed through their minutes) until one examined more closely what it was that was being so rapidly dealt with. Then one discovered that motion x777z passed unanimously in four seconds without a hint of discussion was in fact a several million dollar project to build some possibly unnecessary parking building. It all made one a little uneasy.

BOLD VOICE

At one point when a report on vandalism in the city was being summarily passed, a bold voice was heard to tentatively suggest that 'we are passing over these matters of environment rather blandly' and so perfunctory discussion of law and order ensued.

The bold voice continued to question 'when are we going to get around to discussing what Council can do to counter these problems?' and suggested they move into Committee to fully discuss the matter.

This proved far too radical and embarrassing for his fellow Councillors to handle, since, as one of the more honest of their number confessed, none of the Councillors had any suggestions or new ideas on this important matter. There was, in short, nothing they could discuss, since they clearly felt somewhat out of touch when attempting to deal with the problem of alienated youth.

GENERATION GAP

The whole matter, which rather rubbed home the Generation Gap, obviously made them all extremely uncomfortable, so they tactfully swept that problem under the Council's carpet as well, mumbling instead about the expected success of the Mayor's Join a Club scheme.

This cheered them up a bit and they all congratulated themselves on Council's tremendous initiatives in this sphere, and sped on their way to the conclusion of the meeting—at 9 o'clock sharp. All Auckland's problems dealt with in three hours flat. Eminently satisfactory. These Councillors clearly knew what they were on about. Indeed, they didn't even need to discuss things to know what they were on about, which must, it is presumed, testify to the sharpness of their collective mind.

GENTLEMEN AGAIN

Anyway, with the meeting finished, they all were able to become impeccable gentlemen (and gentlewomen) again. And they made the transition graciously, with no less than the Deputy Mayor inviting Labour Party candidates to supper with them afterwards. (Someone suggested the 'Last Supper' but I am not so optimistic.)

So, to the chiming of nine, Councillors adjourned to tea and chocolate eclairs, there to congratulate themselves once again on the good work they had done: 'passed hundreds of motions, thrown out the Labour delegation's suggestions, promised to go to a lady's backyard. Good work, old chaps, we can't blame the problems of our city on you. Tonight you proved conclusively that you know how to run our City alright. No doubt about it. Indeed, I felt almost compelled to resign my candidacy and suggest you all received honorary life time positions. For how could anyone do better than this experienced, representative team of outstanding Auckland citizens? How indeed?...

RUGBY

Hello there! Well its been a long time since we had Rugby in Craccum but lets admit the problems a bit on the urgent side at the moment. As you all will know the British Lions are touring once again. In their tour so far if you'll allow me to recapitulate they have scored 78 times 82 conversions 311 penalties and 11 drop goals.

At first sight these statistics tend to suggest we have with us an attacking side of rare genius but when we consider other factors such as games played 72 and penalty tries awarded 60 it can be seen that the Lions have only crossed our line on 12 occasions; that is once every 6 games. This means of course that out of their total of 136 points only 36 have come from tries. It is obvious from this four that both the penalty and the penalty try instead of receiving 3 points should of course be relegated to 1 or even ½ point if rugby as a spectator spectacle is to survive. It is probably not my place to mention this but Barry John the flyhalf who has scored 27 tries 82 conversions 311 penalties and 11 drop goals is in reality an illegal player. Investigations in Wales show that he in fact has not paid his club subscription in whatchumaycallit for the last 3 years and is consequently not eligible for representative honours. Well the important point is now the looming threat of the fourth test. Two have already gone to the Lions but they must be described as being incredibly lucky. Due to injuries among fist class players before the 3rd test no first class representative forwards were available and a debate was held by the selection panel whether to play Wanganui Collegiate fullback, Ron Smith, at lock or call ex Allblack Captain, B.J. Lochore out of retirement for his second test. The latter course was unwisely taken. One doubted whether he could keep playing till the cows came home.

Still on the day there were no excuses, or beg your pardons for that matter. Well what's your pick for the fourth test here at our home ground Eden Park. I for one will be picking the Allblacks but I'd suggest the selectors make a few minor changes in the team. For what its worth here's my selection:

Fullback	Don Clarke *
Headquarters	Jack Steel *
	Graham Thorne †
	Dave Palmer
2nd 5/8	Sue Lawrence
1st 5/8	Bob Burgess
½ back	Sid Going
No. 8	Stan Meads *
Side Row	Ian Kirkpatrick
	Alan McNaugater
Locks	Colin Meads (Captain)
	B. J. Lochore (Captain)
Props	Wilson Whineray (Captan) *
	Kevin Skinner *
Hooker	Frank Cothurst

Reserves	
Forward	Hopkinson, Denholm Unlich
Backs	Hopkins, Hunter, McCormick

* Denotes out of retirement.

† Denotes return from France where he married Petula Clark after the last Springbok tour.

Note that Hopkinson is available only if cleared of an assault charge brought against him for allegedly striking another player in the Rugged Lions v Canterbury game earlier in the tour.

It is not known whether such an action will succeed in a Court of Law there being no cases directly on point. However, in the case of Hadley v Nichols in 1927 an Umpire at Wimbledon successfully sued the champion of that year, Mike Nichols, after the player had struck the umpire several times after a hotly disputed line calling. The judge ruled on that occasion that although arguments with umpires had in the past been tolerated they were outside the rules. Thus as there was no consent from the umpire to be struck (e.g. as in boxing) then Nichols had no defence and was bound by the law.

Although it is less clear in Rugby because of the physical contact typical of the game, there is no doubt that punching another player is outside the rules of the game and no official is likely to argue otherwise. Dangerous play may not be actionable but the deliberate striking of a player may lead to a conviction for assault.

Sue Lawrence

BRIDGE TOURNAMENT WINNERS

The Auckland University Bridge Club was extremely successful in the inter-University Bridge Tournament held annually as part of Arts Festival (this year at Massey). Auckland teams came 1st, 2nd, 4th and 8th of the ten teams competing, and Auckland pairs came 1st, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 13th and 19th out of twenty. The teams event was won by the Auckland team of K. Juventin, D. Nelson, J. Drummond and R. High, by seven points from the second Auckland team. This result was phenomenally close when it is considered that over two thousand points altogether were involved. The pairs event was won by the Auckland pair K. Juventin and D. Nelson.

Next year's competition will be held at Auckland and don't forget that the Auckland Varsity Bridge Club beholds with delight all new members.

australia is only \$136 away
student travel bureau - room 223 10-5pm daily

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS ASSOCIATION INC.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of BUSINESS MANAGER of the association. This honorary position entails upwards of perhaps ten hours work per week (reducible to nil over finals) and applicants should possess a rudimentary knowledge of working capitalism. APPLICATIONS CLOSE with the secretary of the association at 5pm on THURSDAY 23rd SEPTEMBER. Each applicant should be prepared to appear before the selecting body that evening.

Ivory Tower Tolerance

ROGER COWELL


Since I came to Uni. about eighteen months ago I have learnt much. I was once very naive about the position of the campus and those on it in relation to the rest of society and within itself. For a while I thought that it should be a place of discussion and life, of questioning and vigorous counterthrust. Here, I hoped, one would find a community of people willing to listen to all points of view, accepting or rejecting them on their merits, not on the basis of emotion but sound thought. For surely it is the mark of the intelligent and mature man or woman that they do not allow prejudice or emotion to sway them to one point of view without due consideration of the other points of view? I thought so, and so I think still, but there seem to be very few who speak out.

I was sorely disappointed with the intolerance of some vociferous members of the campus community when anyone dared to question the sacredness of any "popular" view. Brave is the person who gets up at forum and forwards the out view on the Indo China War, South Africa, East Pakistan, Pahlavi, and any other of the places of injustice. Such people deserve as fair a hearing as anybody who speaks for the "right (but 'left') thinking" student. And I say this as one who does not support apartheid, one who does not support any hostilities in Indo China, deplores the situation in Pakistan, and who has marched with others in demonstrations for these groups concerned. How can students expect or hope for sympathy or support from other sectors of the community when we act so hypocritically? Some students accuse "The Public" (whoever they are) of being narrow minded, intolerant and without understanding. Yet when they get up on their little hobby horses they are guilty of these same faults.


Similarly one sees how well tainted with mediocrity student politics are within these sacred cloisters. I have followed the scene with interest (God, I must be mad) since first enrolling, attending forums, General Meetings and Exec. meetings, and joining S.R.C. as an Arts Rep. at the start of this year. When I first went to S.R.C., and once or twice since, I believed that it could work effectively, if only people could act coolly and sensibly. More fool I: with very few exceptions I have found that the level of wit and intelligence displayed at these Thursday night meetings could probably have been surpassed by primary school children. I quote here from "The Union Recorder" (Sydney) of April 8 this year, when they were discussing their (larger, more political) S.R.C. Columnist William Glaser said: "... there should not be any need for an S.R.C. meeting to last all night; these heroic meetings of the Council reflect an inability to see and discuss issues in a logical and disciplined fashion rather than any real concern for the issues themselves. Namecalling and accusations are very effective methods of debate because enough mud always sticks. The student politics of little ponds housing big fish also provides the egotistic stimulus for inspired discussion the quality of mind which characterises (?) University life has been entirely destroyed. If it is ever going to redeem itself, the S.R.C. must resurrect the mind that will not only qualify itself by wit and reason but will also address itself to the true activation of this university and this world."

Now, as the new Exec. takes office, and moves into General Election year, it is time to take stock. I will support tolerant, clear thinking people, and I hope the incoming Exec. have these qualities. I hope too, that the other students will get up off their apathetic rears and take an interest in uplifting the spirit of the campus. I would wish the new Exec. luck, for they will need it, and they will need guidance and support. By support I don't mean blind faith, for no Exec. deserves or gets that; but there is something called constructive criticism, something which stems from concern, not bigoted intolerance. The present state of the S.R.C. has been reached because of stupidity and the apathy of the majority. I supported the experimental developments of S.R.C., although they did not improve

the quality of debate. I would continue to support a search for better student representation and the opportunity for more participation. But altering the Constitution or innovating ideas will not automatically improve the state of the Union. Only a conscious and determined effort will lift us out of the situation of pessimism and mediocrity we are in now.



20 ST. GEORGES ROAD - AVONDALE



Screenings:
Sept 9-15 at 7.45
Also Sunday 7.45

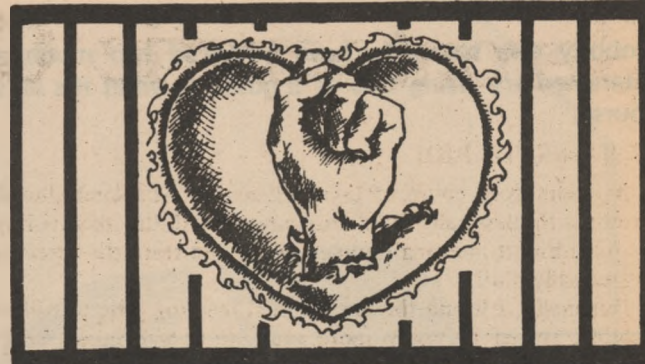
A Carlo Ponti Production
Antonioni's BLOW-UP
starring Vanessa Redgrave
David Hemmings • Sarah Miles
COLOR An MGM Release

Also!

ANTONIONI'S
THE PROUD AND THE GLAD
THE GREAT SILENCE

MGM in Metrocolor

STUDENT DISCOUNT
50c week nights.



The greatest enemy of Womens Liberation at present is not men, as so many people suppose, but the media. Newspapers, TV, radio and magazines seem to be determined to exploit Womens Lib as a sensational, controversial subject. Most people seem to have a very limited idea of what we are trying to do and this idea is entirely supplied by the media. Consequently people are very hostile. Once people find out what we really are trying to achieve the reaction is usually agreement because what we are trying to achieve is a better, more equal life for men, women and children.

Since April I have been keeping cuttings of references to Womens Lib and I am amazed at the volume. Scarcely a day goes by without a reference in either the papers or magazines. People are very keen to offer opinions on new topics and these opinions on Womens Lib appear to be based entirely on what the media has distortedly presented as being Womens Lib. I am sure that most of these opinion-offers have neither met Womens Liberationists nor discussed the topic with them. For example when Mrs Henry Ford came to New Zealand she told Eve magazine, "Womens Liberationists, they are nothing but a lot of silly women. They are trying to take away all femininity." Princess Anne was reported in the Star, 27/4/71, as comparing Womens Liberationists with Amazons and saying that she had "no sympathy" with the movement. The Mayor, Sir Dove-Myer Robinson in his Sunday News column of 16/5/71 did at least admit his ignorance and said "I don't know what is actually implied by the Womens Lib movement—or how far they want to go." However he then went on to say "Women are greatly handicapped by their prime responsibility for bearing and rearing children. And as long as they have children I cannot see how they can abandon their homemaking role. They are pre-committed to it, and it will be a poor partnership if they do not face up to the fact." The Mayor seems to have forgotten that most children also have a father, who to my mind, should have equal responsibility for child rearing.

We see large headlines screaming "Womens Lib a frustrated outburst," "Womens Lib not for her," "Womens Lib is expensive," "Our Women Under Siege," "Do Working Mums Rear Misfits?" (The answer was of course, we don't know), "Are You A Man's Woman," "When equality feels the Pinch" and so on. We even made the billboard for the Herald once with "Women Liberate Hotel Bar." However less sensational items are given much less coverage. For example in July when the Pope received 1550 feminists and assured them that the Catholic Church favours their battle for equal rights with men, the Herald favoured this staggering (coming from the Catholic Church which is one of the most oppressive institutions in the world as far as women are concerned) item with one inch. When 100 women workers went on strike at Reckitt and Coleman on a Friday, for better conditions, the only coverage I found was 2½ inches in the next Monday's Star.

One of the most ridiculous obsessions of our magazines and papers is with bras. Truth did an article on a new type of bra with the heading "Who'd burn this?" May I point out that to my knowledge no bra has ever been burnt for Womens Liberation in New Zealand. I have also been informed by groups in the United States that their media had a very bad case of exaggeritis (a common media affliction) over this question. On the cover of Thursday, 1/10/70 we had "Womens Lib, are you going to burn your bra?" Eve, not to be outdone, titled their story on Womens Lib in Wellington in their October, 1970 issue with exactly the same title but added "Vive la Difference." The Sunday News is also concerned with the non-issue. They sent a reporter up to Auckland University to try to discover whether the girls had burnt their bras or were still wearing them. They titled the story "The Girls Who Don't" and it was a masterpiece of distorted quotes and sensationalistic garbage. Even advertisers try to get in on the act. Dishmaster ran a nation wide, full-newspaper-page campaign with the heading "A New Way to Liberate New Zealand Women." Spread right across the page was a photo of a brand new burning bra. A few phone calls of protest and the campaign was recalled after only one insertion.

Another unfortunate and unexpected side effect has arisen from our concern with equal pay and opportunity. It is an extremely wide misconception that Womens Lib is merely a matter of whether or not a woman goes out to work; that we are trying to push women out of the home into the work force, and that we think that women who choose to stay at home to look after their children are "cabbages." I would be very interested to find out where this term originated as it certainly was not with Womens Lib. I suspect the media again are at fault here. Organisations such as the National Council of Women, the Plunket Society and the Homemakers Club which could be working with Womens Lib instead of wasting strength insisting on their opposition to us have been misled into this opposition by the media-imposed image of Womens Lib.

What we are trying to do is to break down sex stereotypes which are forcing men and women into roles for which they may not be suited. We are trying to maximise the opportunities available for both men and women.

SHARYN CEDERMAN.



Nobody else seems to have bothered too much; the exhibition has 2½ weeks left to run; if you're interested try using this as a guide to what it's all about. That's presuming you don't already know, of course.

The exhibition RECENT BRITISH PAINTING at the CITY ART GALLERY until Sunday, September, 26, is the most comprehensive showing of British art here since the Recent British Sculpture exhibition of 1963, which was sponsored by the British Council. That exhibition enabled New Zealanders to see perhaps for the first time the work of sculptors such as Reg Butler, Lyn Chadwick, Kenneth Armitage and Eduardo Paolozzi, as well as Barbara Hepworth and Henry Moore, and it had a wide-spread influence on the taste of the New Zealand public, if not so much on the work of local artists. By the time the exhibition reached New Zealand most of the works were about five years old, and in fact represented almost the last of the work in the old style before the emergence of new materials, concerns and forms with younger sculptors such as Phillip King, Anthony Caro, Brian Wall and others who emerged as significant during the early sixties. It would have been possible to show the works of this new generation of artists here in 1963, and it is amusing to imagine what the reaction would have been to an Anthony Caro at that time, when there was such controversy over Barbara Hepworth's 'Torso II'.

It seems likely that the present exhibition will be similarly effective on public taste, but most New Zealand artists and art students are already familiar with these works, the latest of which are by artists who were well known at least in Britain in 1964. The work of some of the artists represented was seen here in 1967 in the British Prints exhibition. But the artists represented in that showing were not primarily print makers, and it is good to be able to see some of their paintings for the first time now, although they have been familiar from magazines and even books for some time.

However, it would be unfair to criticize this exhibition for not fulfilling a function which is beyond its intentions. The preface to the catalogue clearly states the scope of the collection, which ranges from 1951 to the work of those artists who exhibited in the first Peter Stuyvesant exhibition at the Whitechapel Gallery in London in 1964. It is intended to show the main tendencies in British painting since the late 1950's. There has been no attempt to include any younger artists, any who are non-British nor any whose work is not primarily as a painter. Within this brief it would be difficult to criticize the

Graham Sutherland's La Fontaine



Text: Rod Burke / Photographs: Alan headline Lett

selection made. The selection included Lilian Se and Alan Bowness who were for the 1963 exhibition (the third selected, present director Tate Gallery). The exhibition, out of the nine paintings of the Stuyvesant painting collection artists are represented. The significant one except that of Richard Ha is not represented although his major work is part of the St collection. Less significant include Michael A Patrick Procktor and perhaps Frank Bowling go beyond this would be scrapping.

To be faced with such a comprehensive selection of art of over a decade of work has been particularly prominent in world art during perhaps dauntingly overwhelming. How is one to approach these fifty many unfamiliar to most New Zealanders? The paintings readily enough into groups, again do not. For there is a strong section of work called 'Post-Blake, Anthony Donaldson, David R. B. Kitaj, Peter and perhaps Tilson and Richard

Bridget Riley 2



Another group consisting of Peter Sedgley, Riley, Jeremy Moon and Michael should be classified art. There is also a section of 'Men' of British whose work is very well-known, Francis Bacon, Hitchens, Alan Davie, Graham, Ben Nicholson, Scott and Ceri Richards. There may be called 'Constructivists' i.e. Anthony and Michael and Victor Pasmore. Peter Laszlo, John Wells, Wynter could be said to comprise regional group Denny, the brothers Bernard Cohen, Gwyther I Henry Mundy, together with Richard Smith and have exhibited together in London group titles 'New London Situation' exhibitions have associated with 'post painterly' Britain.

Many of the other artists in the show follow individual which are virtually impossible, notably Jack creating a 'language' of purely graphics; Sandra B is a follower of the Italian and Patrick Caulfield combines Op, Pop and 'Hard-edge' and makes a style more than the sum of its parts.

These classifications show that artists have themselves in international movements that their work is eclectic. The difficulties of pointing out individuality, in some cases almost entirely of the There is no recognizable British as such, 'constructivism' originating in art and 'Pop' painterly abstraction' being American. Many of painterly artists, as in the Cori, take their ultimately from Paris or such as the Cori and de K America. But the temperate art of Britain, when considered 'good form' to overs, to admit that professional rather than a gentleman, to issue more or be too passionately revolutionary for the foreign something perhaps more human to live with. The seen as a strength or a weakness on one's tastes.

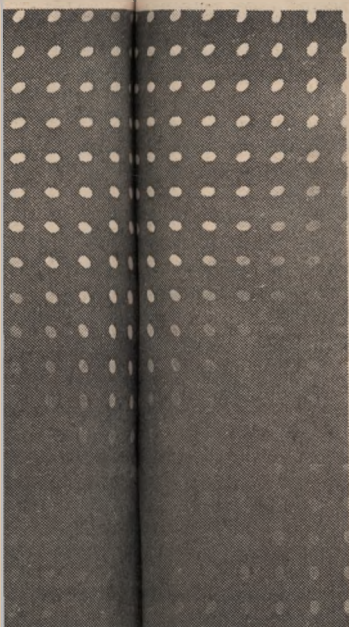
As it is impossible in this article to mention every artist in I have chosen the ones that came personally, modified this to the extent that mentioned is re



graphs: Alan Headline Lettering: Judy Leechman

e. The selection included Lilian Somerville, a woman who won for the 1963 sculpture. The third selection, present director of the exhibition, is out of the ninety-eight in the Stuyvesant painting collection. Fifty presented. The significant omissions, of Richard Smith, not represented here, major work is part of the Stuyvesant collection. Significant omissions include Michael Andrews, and perhaps Frank Bowling, but to would be scraped. With such a comprehensive selection of the decade of art has been particularly world art during is perhaps daunting and. How is one to approach these fifty artists, or to most New York. Many of the paintings fall into groups, which do not. For instance, a section of art has been called 'Pop': Peter Donaldson, Dr R. B. Kitaj, Peter Phillips, and Richard.

Bridget Riley 2

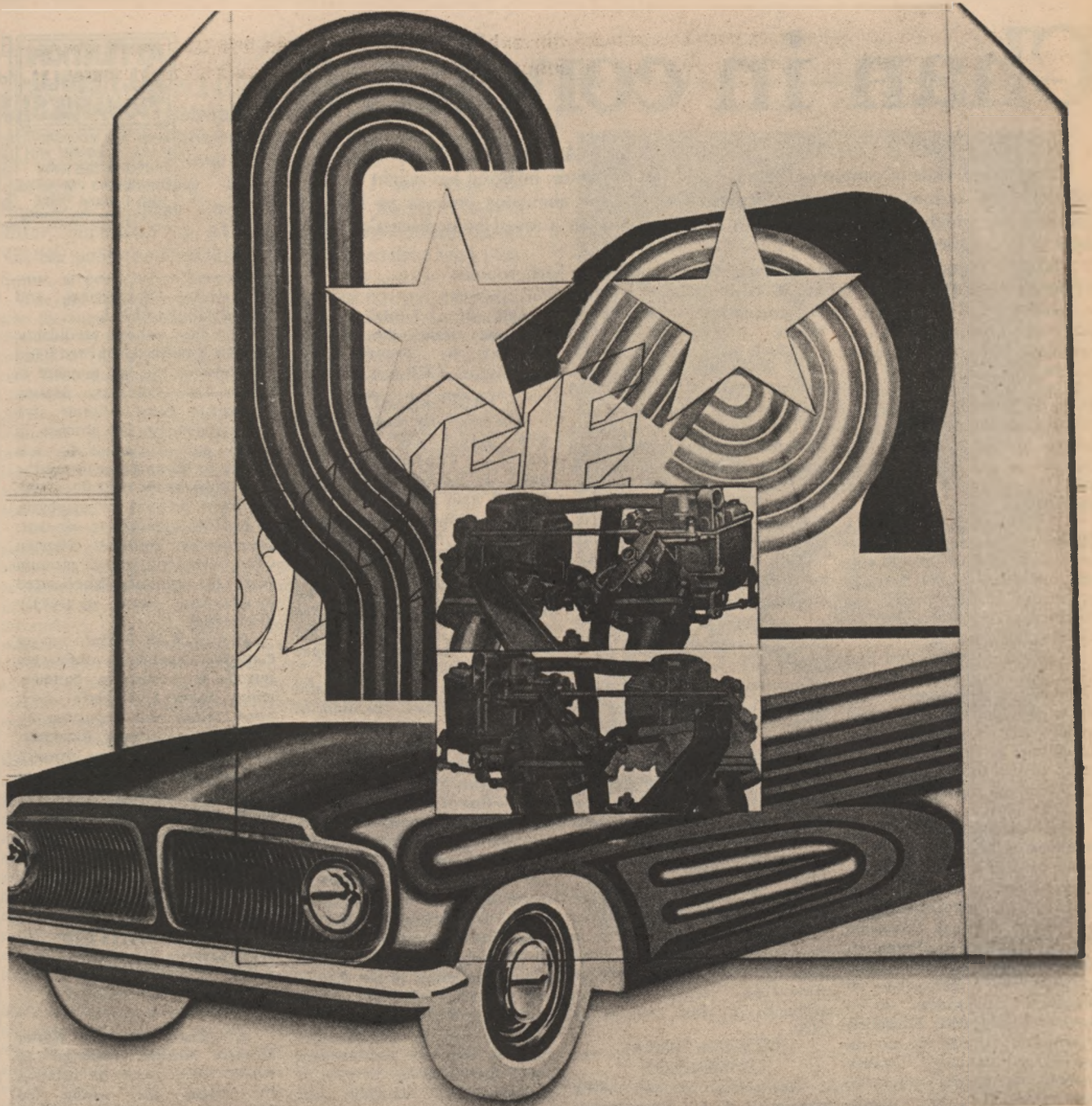


group consisting of Peter Sedgley, Bridget Riley, and Michael. They could be classified as 'Op' so a section of 'Men' of British Painting, very well-known, Francis Bacon, Ivon Davies, Graham, Ben Nicholson, William Richards. There is which may be conveniently called 'Op' i.e. as Kenneth and Mary Martin. Peter Lanyon, John Wells and Brian. He said to Cornish regional group. Robyn Denny, Bernard Cohen, Gwyther Irwin, and together with Richard Smith and others, together in Lanyon group titles 'Situation'. London Situation exhibitions have become 'post painterly' in Britain.

Other artists in the show follow individual paths, usually impossible, notably Jack Smith, 'Image' of purely metaphysical; Sandra Blow, who of the Italian and Patrick Caulfield who 'Op' and 'Hard-edge' and makes the whole the sum of its parts.

Difficulties show in artists have involved international movements that their work is to that. The difficulties point out the some cases almost identity of these artists. Recognizable as such, 'Op' and 'originating in art and 'Pop' and 'post-modernism' being shared. Many of the more, as in the Cornish, take their inspiration from Paris or such as de Kooning in the temperate art of Britain, where it is not 'form' to oversimplify, to admit that you are a painter than a gentleman, to issue manifestoes, to revolutionize the foreign styles into something more human to live with. This may be a or a weakness in one's tastes.

Visible in this article every artist in the show, the ones that are personally, but have the extent that is mentioned is represented.



Peter Phillips' Autokustomotive

POP

Peter Phillips' 'Autokustomotive' is typical of 'Pop Art'. This term has caused some confusion when it has been taken to imply a kind of art which is popular or part of popular cultures. Pop art is no more 'popular' than any other kind of fine art, but it uses the images, and sometimes the techniques, of mass-produced urban culture. The motor-car is an obvious subject for such paintings and the custom, sorry Kustom car even more so.

The background of this painting is like a colourful package, a common 'Pop' motif which Richard Smith has treated in a rather different way in Gift-Wrap which is based on cigarette packet forms. Both paintings use shaped canvases, but Smith's is built out three-dimensionally and this tends to lessen the distinction between sculpture and painting.

OP

For the non-specialist the most entertaining paintings are probably the 'Op' works of Peter Sedgley and Bridget Riley. Both artists were represented here in last year's 'Art of the Space Age' exhibition. All painting is of course concerned with optical effects, but we tend to call paintings 'Op' art if they utilize optical illusions such as the apparent pulsation of the Sedgley paintings. Unlike most artists, he is not content with merely producing satisfying form and colour but is attempting to use these elements to produce a further effect, which he calls the 'characteristic'. Such 'characteristics' utilize a 'keyboard' of colours and a 'metre' capable of modulation. Thus he composes his paintings like a musician and scale, counterpoint, and modulation are relevant considerations, with the illusion of movement utilized to provide 'tempo' as well.

Unlike Sedgley, to whom colour is all important and form to be minimized into simple shapes like circles, Bridget Riley limited her palette to black and white in all her work from 1961 to 1965. Her two paintings in this show date from 1965 to 1967 at which time she was experimenting with greys mixed with warm and cold colours. Since 1967 she has used colours, but this was too late for examples to be included in the collection, which was first exhibited at the Tate Gallery in November 1967. Although she uses optical effects, as with Sedgley, these are vehicles of expression, not the total content of the work.

Her content is to do with creating an active surface, a fluctuating space in which the changes in behaviour of given elements become a metaphor for change, disintegration, reformation, and interplay in human affairs.

Patrick Caulfield's Parish Church



POST PAINTERLY ABSTRACTION

Robyn Denny and Paul Huxley also use optical ambiguities, but static rather than kinetic ones. Denny is concerned with close, muted and unusual colour juxtapositions, and the creation of a picture-space in which traditional 'background' and 'foreground' distinctions are rejected and ambiguous relationships between the forms established. His choice of forms gives these paintings a classic kind of monumental presence. Although they seem simple at first they are intended to have a mysterious quality capable of stimulating the viewer's imagination.

CONSTRUCTIVISTS

Lessening the distinction between sculpture and painting has been a major concern of Anthony Hill whose work, like most of Mary and Kenneth Martin's, is scarcely painting at all. He is a highly theoretical artist with an interest in science and mathematics. He believes that relief, three-dimensional, and kinetic art forms in various materials, and not painting, are the relevant expressions of present and future art and accordingly describes himself as an 'artist/plastician.' His writings expounding the complex theories his works are based on are readily available, but even the briefest precis would be beyond the scope of this article.

CORNISH GROUP

Peter Lanyon lived in Cornwall all his life and took his subject matter from the rugged Cornish land and coastline. Like Ivon Hitchens he depicts English landscape in a style just short of complete abstraction with colour an important element. He flew a glider and would combine aerial aspects with other impressions of the landscape in the same painting. 'Wreck' derives from a shipwreck he witnessed on the Cornish coast.

GRAND OLD MEN

The title of Ceri Richard's La Cathedrale Engloutie Augmentez Progressivement Triptych, is derived from Debussy's composition La Cathedrale Engloutie, based on the legend of the sunken cathedral which has inspired five years of Richard's work. Augmentez Progressivement is one of Debussy's directions to the pianist which appears in the score, and which collectively, impressed Richards with their expressiveness.

The gold frames of Sutherland's La Fontaine, and Bacon's Study for a Self-Portrait proclaim their quality as gilt-edged securities in both the artistic and financial senses. Both have elements of Surrealism and Expressionism, and both are figure studies of a kind. Sutherland is attempting to capture the essence of the presence of a human figure without individuating it, by substituting another form (a fountain) for the human figure.

Bacon is one of the greatest artists of our time and a virtuoso of paint-handling, despite/because of his total lack of formal training. A close look at his Study brings home what a disadvantage it is to try to appreciate an artist's work through photographs alone. This exhibition has provided us with original impressions to balance our usual fare of overseas periodical illustrations.

Chan in conclave

NZUSA WINTER COUNCIL 21-24 AUGUST WAIKATO UNIVERSITY

The principle issue of contention at this Council was finance: inflation has caught up with NZUSA. The various commissions forwarded details for numerous projects to Finance Commission, which informed the hapless multitudes, after a seven hour discussion, that there were insufficient funds.

The sums requested by the commissions follow, with their backgrounds:

EDUCATION COMMISSION

One thousand dollars for a part-time Wellington-based Education Vice-President, to act as the political arm of the full-time, fully paid Education Research Officer (currently Lyndsay Wright). Five hundred dollars to serve as travelling expenses to and from campuses, and five hundred as token honorarium.

The Education Research Officer receives an approximate professional salary of \$3,400, with additional \$1,000 research expenses, \$200 book and periodical expenses, and \$200 travelling expenses.

Originally, it was hoped that the incoming Education Vice-President would serve on a similar full-time basis, drawing a similar salary. Realising that such an addition to NZUSA's budget would be unbearable, applications for the money were made to the McCarthy Trust.

There appears to be little likelihood of the Trust deciding in favour of such a grant. However, while holding up the Trust as a magic lantern, President Cuthbert proposed a part-time Education Vice-President, as an alternative. What may be the only action possible was portrayed to Education Commission as a provisional safeguard. Education Commission accepted the need to provide an alternative. Finance Commission decided otherwise, and provided no money whatsoever for a part-time Education Vice-President.

With the failure of any significant grant from the McCarthy Trust, NZUSA will have no officer of the kind pressed for repeatedly by constituent Education Officers, who feel that such an officer could co-ordinate national efforts to make education a politically contentious issue, thus forcing government action on any one of many problems.

The McCarthy trust could, however, provide enough funds to make a part-time EVP possible, or the National Youth Council could be so persuaded. A part-time EVP however, is a significant digression from original Education Commission anticipations, and Education delegates were foolish to accept the 'safeguard' so readily. Granted, NZUSA coffers are barren; concerted agitation for the full-time officer however, would have placed the matter in a less half-hearted light before Finance Commission.

Five hundred dollars for the New Zealand Combined Education Association's 1972 election campaign; this is a nationally dispersed effort by combined education bodies to force the priority of education in election years.

NZUSA partook in the last NZCEA campaign, and also donated money. A precedent was therefore in hand. Moreover, \$500 was a small amount in the light of grants from other organizations. Finance Commission approved the sum.

One hundred dollars for an imminent Teacher's Congress to discuss problems in New Zealand education. Education Commission was, at first, thinking of asking for \$300, but scaled the figure down in anticipation of depleted capital. Finance Commission gave nothing.

Out of a total \$1,600 requested by Education Commission, \$500 was awarded.

NATIONAL COMMISSION

National Commission detailed two items. The first was a pamphlet, to be distributed to all students, describing to them exactly what NZUSA is, and what it does with the dollar each student pays to it.

National Commission asked for \$400. Finance Commission awarded \$250. This might have been a dutiful compromise on the

part of Finance Commission, but the imagination finalizes itself in trying to envisage 35,000 pamphlets being printed for \$250. The task would have been difficult with \$400, but \$250 won't even buy enough paper.

The second item concerned a \$200 donation to a newly formed organisation, set up to fight for preservation of New Zealand's natural environment. The sum Finance Commission awarded was \$50.

Out of a total \$600 requested by National Commission, \$300 was awarded.

ACCOMMODATION COMMISSION

Requests from this Commission were mainly concerned with research, of the type Fred Baird has already initiated: \$700 for research into student accommodation needs; \$150 for its report; \$100 for an accommodation seminar to receive and discuss findings. Sums granted by Finance Commission were, respectively: \$600; \$150; \$50.

Out of a total \$950 requested by Accommodation Commission, \$800 was awarded. There is however, some money left over from this year's accommodation allocation, which will be redirected to that purpose in 1972.

INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION

This was perhaps the saddest exercise of all, for those present from International Commission anyway. The financiers remained methodical, even if with a little noise and agitation.

One thousand dollars to support HART. The noise and agitation over this request almost prevented any grant to HART at all. Lincoln has policy favouring the continuance of racist sport with South Africa, and was thus unusually vocal.

HART, being primarily a student group, depends on student finance, which, outside of the Association treasuries, tends to be necessarily meagre. HART is, also, probably the only valid opponent of racist sport left in New Zealand, and certainly the most streamlined and effective.

However, previous NZUSA Councils had requested audited accounts from HART, as a condition for any future grants. There are two embarrassing aspects to such a request: It seems to demonstrate a certain feeling of mistrust from NZUSA. HART had no accounts to present, still less audit.

After the last NZUSA Council, an attempt WAS made to piece together accounts of sorts. Using the odd invoice and receipt Trevor Richards had managed to save, the odd bank statement, a set of accounts was drawn up to demonstrate a certifiable HART expenditure of \$800 a year. With missing receipts and invoices provided, the expenditure would be closer to \$2000, mostly provided by Richards and the small HART National Executive. In any case, when the unaudited accounts appeared before Finance Commission, certain disgusted financial minds screwed them up and threw them to the floor.

Finally, after much wrangling, a walk-out in protest by the Waikato delegate, the sudden appearance of another Waikato delegate to prevent total loss, HART was awarded \$200.

A request for \$200 to produce a detailed pamphlet on New Zealand trading links with South Africa, was met with an award of \$50, though again, how that sum could print 35,000 pamphlets is for an inestimable imagination.

Other International Commission requests, such as \$1,400 (scaled down from \$1,700) for the University of the South Pacific, were met out of the separate International

Purposes Fund.

Out of a total \$1,200 requested from the NZUSA budget by International Commission, \$250 was awarded.

TABLEBASHING

The gruelling session dealing with finance was chaired by NZUSA Vice-President Fred Baird. He had to control a great deal of loud argument. At one stage, he hit the table and shouted "There are NZUSA secretaries over typewriters expecting work next year. What the commissions recommend is NZUSA's work for 1972!". His slightly exaggerated reference served its point however: treasurers stopped arguing for a while.

At other times, Baird threatened to clear the room of all spectators: mainly delegates to other commissions, murmuring slight dissatisfaction.

It seems a pity that all the ideals that finally manage to straggle out of student politics must be siphoned through such a narrow channel. Granted, there is no money, but the manner in which rejections or cut-backs are made, is distressing. That is, trained financial minds discussing all submissions in uniform accounting terms, rather than in any of the terms of original conception. Finance Commission could at least have determined sums in terms of commissions, rather than usurping the roles of commissions by detailing their internal priorities for them.

Moreover, it might be advisable if the President of NZUSA chairs Finance Commission in future, so that the priorities he lists in his own report, can be adequately covered. Commissions could also help themselves by providing detailed reasons for their planned projects, instead of a simple item and sum.

STATUS QUO

On the matter of admittance to NZUSA of other tertiary, or possibly, even secondary groups, NZUSA decided to protect its own status quo by declining to admit any bodies as full, independent members. However, local constituents are to feel free, but by no means advised, to seek amalgamation with other bodies at local level, thus retaining for perpetuity, six blocks of power at NZUSA Councils, seven with Albany.

Only Waikato is presently planning to amalgamate with another tertiary body: its neighbouring Teachers' College.

Associate membership will be retained however, for whatever it might be worth. It seems doubtful whether the two current associate members were even formally invited, much less encouraged, to attend Council. Perhaps they wisely chose non-attendance; without voting power, forced to observe only, and to depend on the will of individual meetings for speaking rights, non-delegates to NZUSA Councils rapidly develop profound streaks of masochism.

The formation of any national union of students, without the already streamlined NZUSA as a base, is a decade away.

ELECTION

By nature of its centralisation in Wellington, and by virtue of its limited budget, NZUSA entertains a tight core of experienced politicians. These individuals bear the responsibility of actualising NZUSA policy; because most of the NZUSA budget pays for their salaries, they are the ONLY effective protagonists of national student feeling.

The NZUSA President is thus the spearhead of all student manoeuvres. It came as no surprise to the NZUSA Winter Council when David Cuthbert was re-elected as President. The tough-talking Cuthbert has performed creditably during his initial term, and carries over

accrued experience and sophistication to 1972.

Of the other candidates: NZUSA Vice-President Fred Baird withdrew at the last moment in favour of Cuthbert; Massey President Gary Emms was handicapped by his absence in China and consequently was unable to be on hand to say the right thing, at the right time, with the right amount of emphasis, within the appropriate ear-shot; unemployed journalist Stephen Chan, who took sinister pleasure from his cynical, light-hearted exercise, was cynically disregarded.

Despite it all, Waikato was an enjoyable experience: meals were served in a circular building, raised above a delightful duck pond, which was populated by black swans as well! Breakfast, with sunlight streaming through huge windows, glancing off ducks and pond, made up for the day ahead, and the excuse for food in front. And there was green everywhere! Grass, in fact; Massey had it too.

AUSA WINTER GENERAL MEETING 12 AUGUST

A sparsely attended Winter General Meeting managed to resolve little, except to maintain the status quo within the Association. A report presented by Mr Bruce Kirkland, Chairman of the SRC sub-committee for the examination of the Students' Association, detailed in that day's issue of Craccum, was rejected.

Mr Kirkland's report, if adopted, would have wiped away Executive as it is presently constituted, reducing it to a hard core of President and Vice-Presidents. The report -wanted all power to be placed within a radically altered SRC, with a far wider base of representation than the present version.

Instead of adopting Mr Kirkland's report, the Winter General Meeting set up another committee to present a far more exhaustive report on changes for the Association. Submissions are invited from all interested parties. It is uncertain, just now, exactly where submissions can be directed. Nevertheless, committees with huge areas of reference can be expected to surface from time to time, from inclination to inclination.

The current numbers required to call Special General Meetings and to provide their quorums remained intact, despite efforts to have them raised. Out of self-preservation perhaps; if the required quorum had escalated, the Winter General Meeting would have grown defunct through lack of numbers. It is a healthy situation where twenty students can call a Special General Meeting and determine fresh policy for the Association: this allows any group of students, concerned about the Association, to bypass the intricate counterchecks of the Association's 'proper political channels'. What is not healthy, is that few students are ever induced to attend these Special General Meetings. The traditional publicity of six entire posters could be extended somewhat.

Now that all General Meeting decisions are finally binding on the Executive, attendance might not be such a fruitless exercise.

All future Annual General Meetings will provide all Executive and SRC minutes for scrutiny. This will prolong meetings immensely, but will also allow all students the opportunity to veto or approve the industry of their 'representatives'.

And talking of Special General Meetings, there is one next Thursday luncheon, which will raise fees for 1972.

RADICAL ACTIVISTS' CONFERENCE 14-15 AUGUST MASSEY UNIVERSITY

Timorous conservatives should cease their nightmares: the great Revolution will have a dull sense of humour, if nothing else. New Zealand's most ardent revolutionary failed to attend this conference however. He was watching the Lions win the series. Timorous conservatives, rejoice! Rugby will still be permitted.

Not that Mr Shadbolt's presence would have injected an air of studied dynamism into the gathering, it was unlikely whether anything could have done that. The atmosphere was one of light-hearted indulgence; but even the jollity was mundane, and more forced by a concrete Massey lecture theatre, than spontaneous. Ravings with a more original source than the collected works of Rubin and Hoffman might have prevented sleep.

The two extremes within the left were present: yuppies who mouthed authentic trip-book slogans, and Trotskyists who mouthed authentic text-book essays.

Very predictable and a rather interesting two day study for specimens for some inter-galactic zoo: New Zealand Radical/Yippie variety expects to destroy government by tripping endlessly and inventing war-cries; New Zealand Radical/Trotskyist variety expects to bore government to death by making endless demands from badly translated Russian introductory essays on everything.

The high point of the Conference was a Bomb Factory, conducted by the Mad Croatian Anarchist, assisted by Christopher Robin. The Mad Croatian Anarchist demonstrated how bombs could be assembled from household items, including tampons. Christopher Robin sprayed everybody with carbon dioxide, while dressed as Captain America. Fire-crackers banged,

music played, lights went on and off, the lecture theatre was almost burnt down, everyone suffocated, everyone jumped up and down with ecstatic, revolutionary glee.

It was at least a spark of originality. After last year's Radical Activist Conference, traumatized by clashes between Trotskyists and everyone else, the 1971 formality was wistfully pleasant. Next year, in Auckland, we shall exploit the capitalist system to the utmost, by providing conducted tours (see real live radical activists!), by providing sightseers with souvenirs (bottled Trot), by hanging the Truth reporter, by inviting Norman Kirk to lead our valiant struggles from the conference hall to the tavern.

ADDENDUM

The readjustment of P.J. Wedderspoon's political alignment, in the face of a furiously deceitful manoeuvre by the Socialist Action League, will make a footnote in history.

Actually, Mr Wedderspoon had the author quite convinced of his recently discovered (and now abandoned), Marxist-Leninist integrity. What a blow! Now who will vote for him? There aren't too many fascists in Auckland without a stake in Sir Dove's re-election.

Will the Ponsonby Community Association still want him, now that he wishes the immigration of Islanders to slow? Will the Western Leader still carry front page stories of his crime-busting abilities?

Jamie, Jamie! What have you done? There are SOME who supported you. Still, perhaps a great absurdist doctrine motivates you, in the light of which, we ordinary mortals with extravagantly solidified political stances, can never hope to shift. Jamie, Albert Camus once wrote a theoretical text-book about people like you. You might be a hero in a text-book, but short of being a shit in real life, you must be pretty mixed up.

STEPHEN CHAN



Photograph: John Miller

Forbes & Davies Auck Ltd

3-5 Beach Rd City

Phone 378-405

LMVD

Workshop (ph 364-338) now at 117 Beach Rd

FOR ALL THAT'S GREAT IN
MOTORCYCLING
CITY'S LEADING AGENT FOR

SUZUKI
HONDA
YAMAHA

New machines available from \$75 deposit
Don't forget 5% discount on spares and accessories

Try us for that hard to get
Suzuki and Honda spare

and Lack, too



Bob Lack

The climax of an N.Z.U.S.A. Winter Council is usually the final morning's Presidential Election, and this year's was expected to be no different with a field of four somewhat diverse candidates: Fred Baird, NZUSA Vice-President, long-time Canterbury Exec member and capitalist impresario; Stephen Chan the elegant former Craccum editor, nominated by AUSA; David Cuthbert, incumbent NZUSA politician-President; and Massey student boss Gary Emms, at present in China with Uncle Mike and Co.

The pre-Council opinion in Auckland was that Cuthbert would gain the require absolute majority on the first ballot, but once in Hamilton we found faint whisperings of anti-Cuthbertness, possibly fostered by his super-efficient dictatorial chairmanship techniques: even more surprising were the tentative suggestions of support for Chan that emanated from the most unlikely quarters. (Or perhaps not the most unlikely; one gentleman from down Christchurch way did comment that twelve months without a President would be preferable). Anyway by the morning of the election it seemed that Stephen could win the first ballot, and that if Spring could be persuaded that Auckland ought to vote for our nominee he just might win. Horrors!

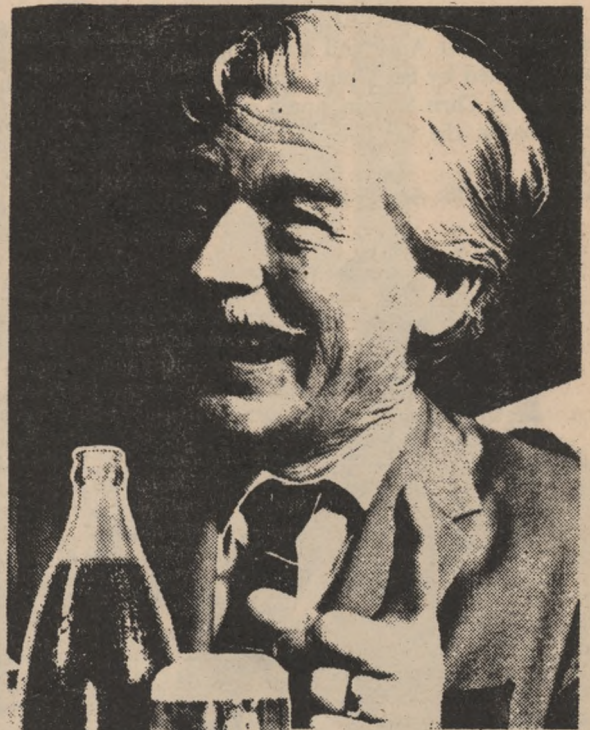
But, comes the ordeal. First Fred Baird justifies the carefully prepared rumours by withdrawing since he "knew David could do a better job." Hurried re-calculations do not look promising, but then in comes Chan in his Fu Manchu outfit, best boardroom manner and all. A low-key attack on elitism, Doogue-ish promises to get among the students ("most of them are unaware of NZUSA, let alone this council"), a few comments on various problems that had arisen over the weekend, then some half-hearted answers to some basic questions. Most disappointing; Otago President Manneh who had earlier been rumored to fear that Stephen would be too radical instead found him too conservative.

Next Cuthbert striding up the room just as white and nervous as at Massey the previous year: no Holyokean resting on laurels, instead a concentrated attack: a resume of the year's achievements, then the plan for next year, jumping from point to point: education, politics, commercial developments, professionalism, election year, overseas students. Then Spring, Don Swan (Massey) and John Howell (Otago) into the attack, finally latching on to the predominantly negative orientation of NZUSA's foreign policy. The man was rattled—maybe he feels some responsibility for the views the constituents espouse—but finally as Spring gibes at his "apparent lack of positive suggestions in the field of international affairs" Cuthbert regains control with "No I certainly haven't got a plan for the eventual reconstruction of Vietnam." Touche—neither has Edward Kennedy.

Follows light relief with Graeme Lindsay the Massey treasurer in his Gary Emms mask running a dialogue with his President-elect Swan on their absent leader's virtues. So on to the denouement, now as inevitable as it has been a week before. For what its worth it would appear that those who prevented a clean sweep thought they were voting Social Credit:—I mean we can't have him getting too big-headed, can we?

Thus I have to report that Mr David Beavan Cyrus Cuthbert B.E. has been re-elected President of N.Z.U.S.A., with full Auckland support. And rightfully.

BOB LACK.



*Enjoy
the good life
with
DB*

TODAY'S GREAT BEER.

FREE CLASSIFIED ADS FOR STUDENTS IN :

CRACCUM

WRITE TO EDITOR NOW!

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.

**BANK
BNZ**

THE
ALL-SERVICES
BANK

Bank of New Zealand

you name it DIRECTION RECORDS

Record Specialists and Hi-Fi Consultants.

have it
all the latest record albums

DIRECTION RECORDS.
20—22 Swanson Street
PH. 379-092

The Making of FUTZ

This week the UNIVERSITY ARTS CENTRE is the scene for a multi-media show, 'FUTZ'. Features of the programme include the first Auckland screening of Reston Griffiths' film on some of our local poets, contemporary dance works choreographed by Pat Grant, improvised creative dance by the Van Zon Dancers, a film by Susan Pointin, music by John Donnan and Chris Seresin, and a mime play with poetry by Murray Edmond. Probably the highlight of the evening is 'Futz' itself. That is, the LIVING THEATRE TROUPE'S production of the play by American underground writer, ROCHELLE OWENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS: ALAN KOLNIK

KEN REA, director of the Troupe discussed how the production evolved.



Director Ken Rea

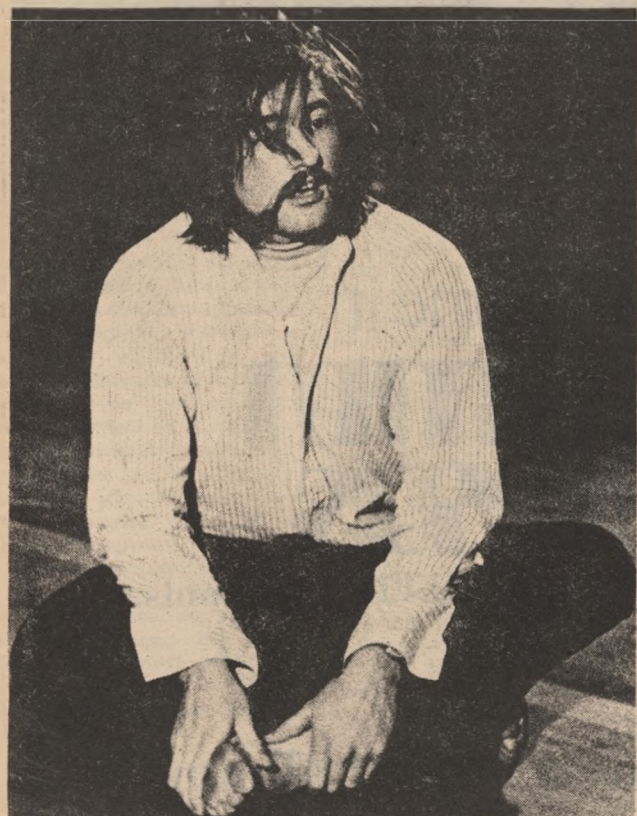
On its most superficial level FUTZ is a play about a man who pigs and the hang ups this causes among the neighbours. It's also a cynical statement on the impossibility of being truthfully yourself within the confines of any society. Step out of line and out you go. All in all, it's a pretty mighty play and we chose to emphasize the grotesque surrealism in it. We play off the humanity of the man, Futz, against the savagery of the community.

To achieve the intensity demanded by the play, our early work on it was mainly improvisation. We began in a fragmentary way with groups of two or three actors, working on a particular section of the play, taking time to develop mood and style. We deal with each scene in terms of animal movement and used exercises aimed at exploring the variety and range of the human voice. Only then did we look at the words themselves, and if they weren't working we went back to improvisation. Out of these sessions came many of the ideas which we have used in the production.

One of the first rehearsals involving the whole cast went something like this. We began with physical exercises (we nearly always do that), then relaxation exercises for concentration, followed by a kind of group meditation on pictures of Hieronymus Bosch's paintings which we passed around in a circle. This led into more voice exercises to develop sound textures, patterns and rhythms useful to the play. Then a talk about that. Next the actors started creating animals and individual sound patterns for their characters, and applied this to the various character relationships; then, finally (things were getting pretty tribal by now), we acted out the story of the play, improvising it without words, just the animal movements and sounds. This was pretty intense stuff though there were problems of truthfulness when some of the actors felt they couldn't really bring themselves to kill Futz at the end.

The production as it stands, I think, is fairly well integrated; the whole cast remains onstage all the time contributing to each scene like a grotesque chorus, supplying mood sounds and movements. The use of masks for some of the characters is to bring out the animal thing and some very freaky lighting has been devised by Dave Feary.

* FUTZ plays at the University Arts Centre, 24 Grafton Road, till this Saturday, 11 September.



DOMINION JEWELLERS LIMITED

90 QUEEN STREET



Diamonds are Forever
Overseas styles, or,
made to your own
design.

Largest Range in
Auckland.

- FIGURE CONTOURING
- WEIGHT TRAINING
- PHYSICAL FITNESS
- BODY BUILDING
- WEIGHT CONTROL

- SAUNA
- STEAM BATH
- MASSAGE
- SUN ROOMS



LES MILLS LTD. HEALTH CENTRE

For Men & Women



23 VICTORIA ST. WEST
(opposite Building Centre)

10% discount

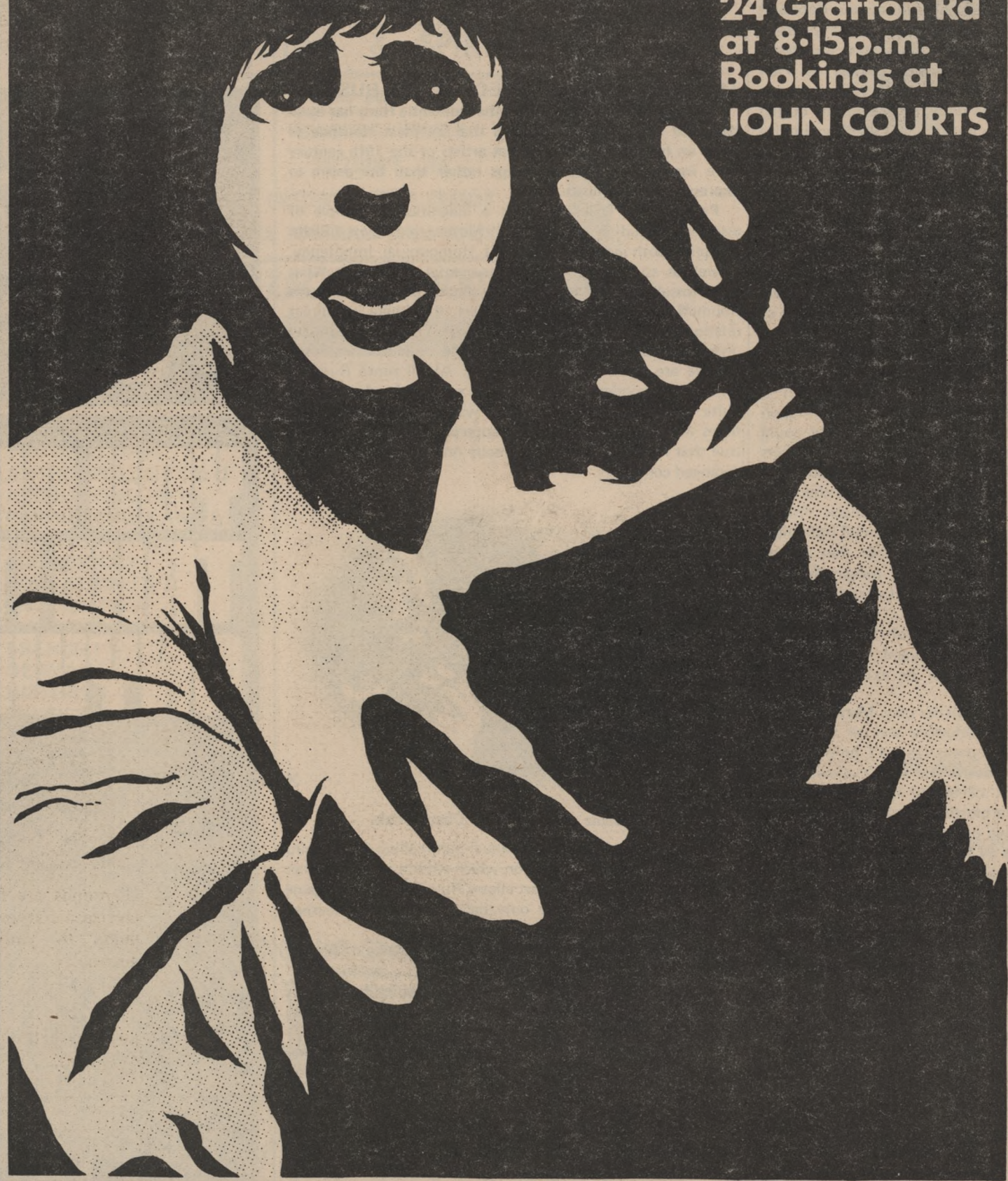
TELEPHONE
374-758

FUTZ

by the LIVING THEATRE TROUPE

**FILMS
POETRY
DANCE
ROCK**

**SEPT 7 to 11
UNIVERSITY
ARTS
CENTRE
24 Grafton Rd
at 8.15p.m.
Bookings at
JOHN COURTS**



WE LIKE TO
'SPOON FEED'
OUR
AUDIENCE



A
M BATH
AGE
ROOMS

ONE
4-758

ARTS

THE TYPISTS / THE TIGER / 2 PLAYS BY MURRAY SCHISGAL / CENTRAL THEATRE.

Things are what they have to be, that's why they are.

The Tiger, in The Tiger.

Murray Schisgal writes philosophy in the tradition of J.P. Donleavy, J.D. Salinger and Saul Bellow, an American humour bred out of sentiment and the advertising world. Snappy dialogue that surprises, with its wild illogical paths of thought—especially in the second play, The Tiger. The two plays differ in mood and complement each other nicely. Two characters are involved in each. In The Typists, Valerie Lawson and Dennis Hally compete in reminiscences and maladjustment to the job of promotion campaign. Their unknown god, the Manager, lives behind his opaque door and genially agrees to hire and fire them as they wish. In the main office, the rattle of typewriters punctuates emotional outbursts, telephone calls, and lunch. Dennis as Paul Cunningham, has been hired that morning to type out every address in the New York phone book. He ages visibly during the day. The day, in fact, turns out to be his working life. He arrives aggressive, gets bored and confesses his life history of failure and regret, drinks whisky out of a paper cup, flirts with his counterpart Sylvia, has dreams of catching the next bus out, and slowly, during the metaphorical afternoon, accepts the routine of his job. His mental tragedy is echoed in female version by Sylvia. They have their moment of awareness during the play, and in a swift ricochet of dialogue each discovers the weakness of the other, their need for love, decides to do something about it, and then sits back down at the typewriter, doomed. Dennis Hally does an excellent job of changing moods and age, and his concentration at the typewriter is that of the childlike fixation of the clown. Valerie Lawson is an adequate blonde secretary but is perhaps a little too intense to enjoy her part. The production was very straight, and had representational set that could have been improved by an overflow of office junk and papers if the idea was to recreate the reality of an office. The process of aging was presented dramatically in the change of dress—tortoise-shell frames became gold, black frames became light blue butterfly wings, hair was pinned back, hem lengthened, a cameo brooch appeared—tricks that proved effective. Lighting could have been more imaginative and varied. There were several monologues that would have been psychologically stark if given spotlight.

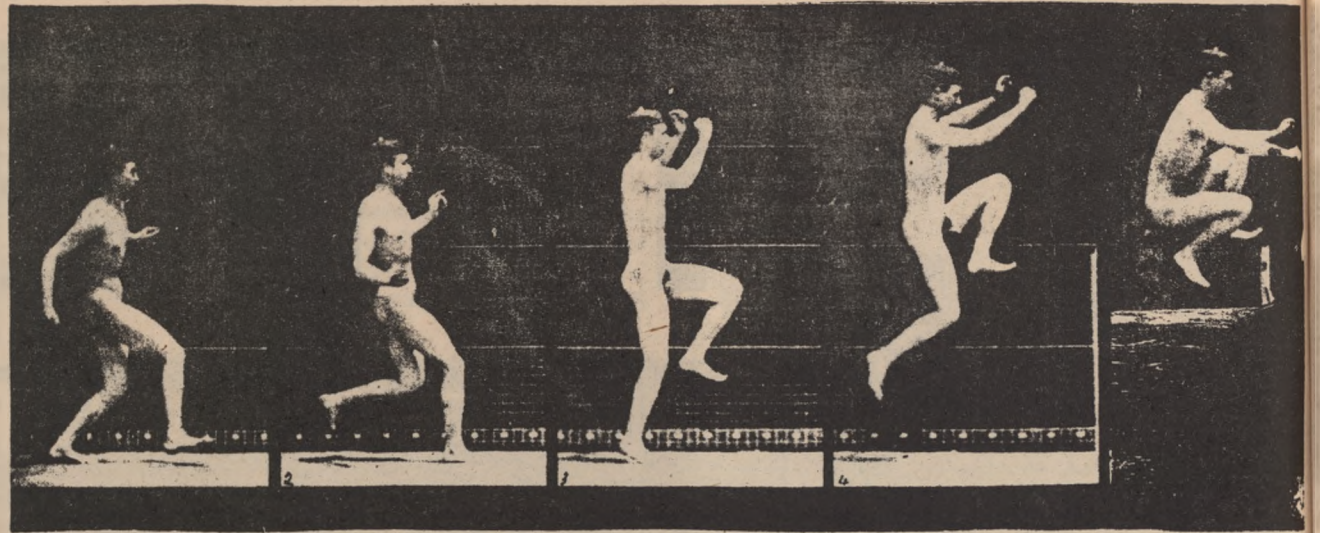
Chalked on a board at the beginning of the Tiger is: The word for today is SYMBIOSIS. Permanent union between organisms each of which depends for its existence on the other.

This was a much more lively, wittier play. Marcus Craig as Ben was a character of wild delusions and an exhaustive vocabulary in which to express them. He is 42, he is a postie, but his ambition is to be a lecturer. He wasn't allowed in to college because of his lack of ability in French. At the beginning of the play he is a blustering potential rapist who has dragged a mother of two off the street, away from her bridge evening. He demands all sorts of petty discipline from her—she has to sit rigid in her chair, must ask permission to speak, can't smoke. He struts round her, airing his self-taught knowledge, demands a spelling contest and crows with delight when Gloria gets miscegenation wrong. But it turns out that she has been to college, is now bored with suburbia and her husband and finds that her initial fear of The Tiger, Ben, has turned to a concern for his future. She starts to teach him French.

The characters were delightfully opposed in this play, from the static fear of Gloria and the physical mastery of Ben, to a gradual break down and the beginning of a communication. Gloria decides to come every Tuesday night. Murray Schisgal has used not only his sensitive sociological knowledge, but a drunken imagination to create this relationship. His language and learned references to philosophy, anthropology, his theory on the imminent loss of the mammalian glands, his logical ABC teaching methods are really hilarious. It is not just a dramatic representation of ourselves and our failings on stage, under a probe, but ourselves totally lacking any control. Through isolation and a self-selected reading knowledge, Ben has become a wild animal despising ordinary social conversation. Gloria is still a social being, in fact a sociologist, who talks in clichés, but yet appreciates the originality in Ben. However, she determines to introduce him to the regular behavioural patterns of college and normality!

The same set was used, with the adjustment of bed and chairs for the office paraphernalia. It could have been more sleazy, more in the Pinter manner, to add a stronger note of despair and failure. Gloria's costume looked too clean tartish, whereas Liddy Hollaway was portraying her as a nice placid suburban mother. The middle class was never forgotten.

But a very enjoyable, amusing evening. Randell Wackrow has produced the two plays in a very competent manner. A more abstract treatment would have been more stimulating,



theatrically, I feel, and brought out the psychological conflicts.

Murray Schisgal is reported as saying: I think of theatre as an experience. What takes part on stage is an experience and the audience is part of it. I don't think people go to the theatre for answers, they go for the whole experience.

The experience was good.

SARA JENNINGS

THE MUSIC LOVERS/DIRECTOR KEN RUSSELL

Ken Russell in his search for the Romantic Hero has again stumbled and fallen. It appears that he must continue to work on his theory that all great artists of the 19th century were inspired by their hang-ups rather than the desire to express or communicate.

Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky is a magnificent example of assorted Freudian complexes: Mother complex, Sister complex (both incestual of course), Homosexual, Impotency, as well as an assortment of other mental aberrations. What Ken Russell has tried to do is show that all aspects of a man's traumatic life are mirrored in his art, that there is a direct relationship between his life and his art. This type of critical understanding is valid up to a point. It explains everything, yet we are given no understanding. At all times Russell's sympathetic understanding of the musician's character is quite farcical. That Tchaikovsky was a composer who at times was mentally disturbed is apparently true but it is not true that his music is based expressly on his experience of his deranged condition.



Christopher Gable and Richard Chamberlain

The audience is given a continual pummeling of this third rate psychological investigation which after a while becomes so ridiculous that one almost allows Russell to win this game of wits; one feels he wins only because you were smashed into a deranged state during the film.

Where Russell really offends is in his pretence of being a worthwhile maker of film. He suffers from a severe case of eclecticism; knowing very little about that which he borrows he comes across as being a rather cloddish oaf using techniques and shots that he saw somewhere else. There is a remarkable lack of subtlety. He falls into the trap that many directors do of using visual images which are impressive by themselves but which fail to relate to the body of the work. The dreamlike situation in the brothel which turns into a full scale dream uses the traditional haunting melody wafting across the sound track and the staring face of the hero—a set piece which is quite stupid.

At one point having composed a certain inspiring passage our hero leaps to his feet and dances around the room with friends.

This is also a call for the camera to start gyrating in typical hand-held cameras fashion. The presumed intent is to make camera movement and real movement produce an expression of total joy. However, all Russell succeeds in doing is astonishing the viewer. Rather than experiencing an emotional climax the viewer registers a change in his viewing pattern. It has much the same effect as little shop girls giggling in the climax of a Horror Movie.

The characters created are all such incredible stereo types that the film is quite ridiculous; it's like reading a hack Psychology Mag.

That Russell's Women in Love was well received was due not the Russell's ability but rather to the wealth of material afforded by Lawrence himself. When Russell attempts his own creation of things he has no real ability at all.

JOHN DALY-PEOPLES.

ELAM EXHIBITION 1971

The Elam Exhibition 1971 began at the Auckland Society of Arts, Eden Crescent, four days ago on September 6th, and goes through to Friday September 17. It's been organised by senior students but contains the work of voluntary participators at all levels.

It claims to comprise neither necessarily the best nor the most representative of current Elam work, but is, rather, simply a collection of recent paintings, sculpture, prints, drawings and photography. Most of the items are for sale.



YOU CAN
TAKE IT
ANYWHERE

handy, easily chilled,
reasonably priced,
great beer in the
go anywhere can!



fiji

- workcamp
- 6 weeks
- \$127.00
- USP
- for students

Student travel bureau room 223 student union 10-5 pm daily



JOHN REID'S

Suppliers of ALES,
WINES & SPIRITS

The home of
TEACHER'S WHISKY
SACCONI'S GIN
GUSTAVE PIERRE BRANDY
OLD BUSHMILLS IRISH WHISKEY

JOHN REID'S OF ANZAC AVE., AUCKLAND

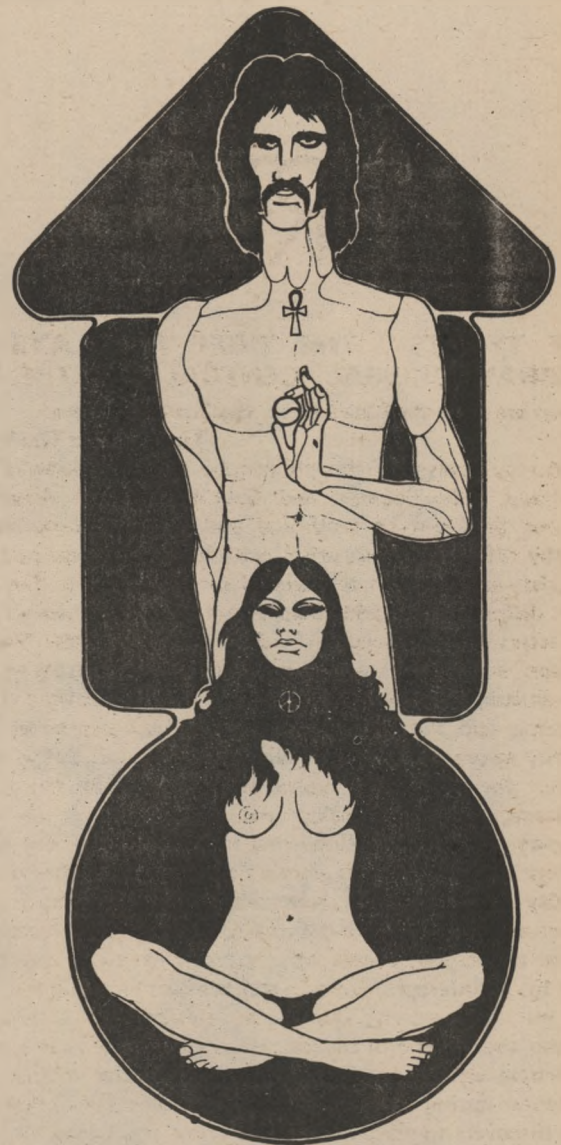
WHY GET EXAM PAPERS XEROXED

THE U.B.S. HAS:

ANTHROPOLOGY I & II
ACCOUNTING I & II
COMMERCIAL LAW I & II
CHEMISTRY I & II
ECONOMICS I
EDUCATION I & II
ENGLISH I & II
ENGINEERING 1st PROF
FRENCH I
GERMAN I
HISTORY I
PHYSICS I
POLITICAL STUDIES I
ZOOLOGY I
AND MANY OTHERS IN STOCK

ONLY 1 CENT PER PAGE

NOW AT
U.B.S.



EARTHLY

NZU LITERARY YEARBOOK

ON SALE!

Literary Yearbook
"EARTHLY"

On sale At
U.B.S.
and
Studass Office
50c.

ON SALE 50c

CIRCULAR PUBLICITY

Students, male or female, required for casual, part-time delivery of household circulars in all parts Auckland area.

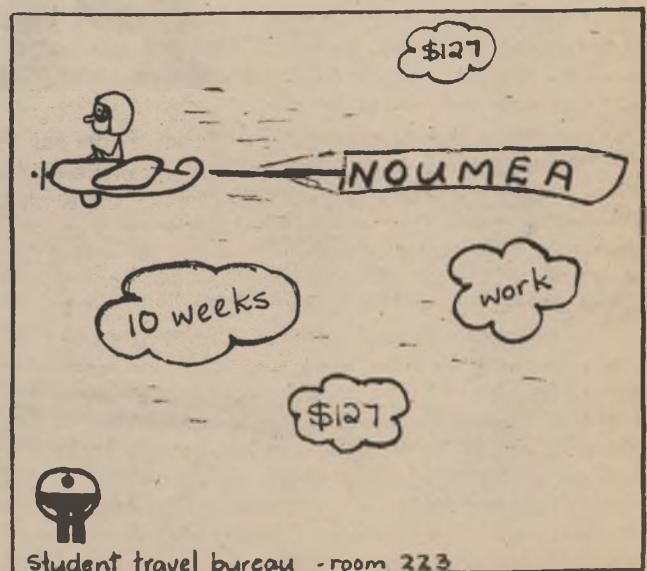
Wage approx 60c per 140.

Must be over 17 years.

Apply in writing enclosing stamped addressed envelope with Phone Number on back.

Home Publicity
P.O. Box 16028,
AUCKLAND

STORM POWER GIVES HIS SPEECH TO THE NATION *



I say, this is going a bit too far!

They tell it like it is!

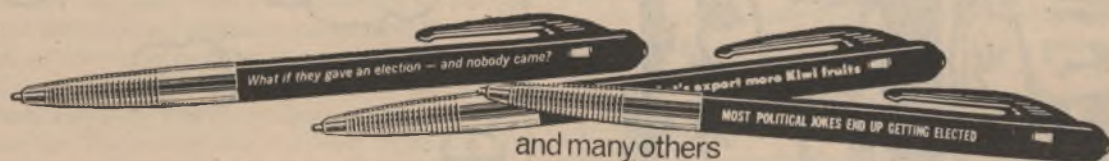
BIC

UP the ESTABLISHMENT

PENS with a message!

You can be prime minister!

Drop that banner, put down that rotten egg. Here's a protest that speaks for itself. Bic Up-The-Establishment Pens give you a solid-set of ready made slogans that tell it like it really is. Here's the usual great value Bic pens, loaded with cool slogans, like: "Most political jokes end up getting elected", "Let's export more kiwi fruits", "The Minister of foreign affairs is away on one", and many more. You get all this on the world's biggest selling ballpens. Get an Up-The-Establishment Pen. Get the whole funky set. At booksellers and stationers everywhere.



17c



Registered for

The ide
intact.
Male ps
traits, fema
Consider
task of detail
mother and v