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Registered for transmission by post as a newspaper.

VOLUME 45 ISSUE NO 23

Free to students

SOCIAL SECURITY ?

What I would like to describe is the effect our Social Security set-up has on the lives of Aucklanders who are a long way down on the economic scale, people who in a simpler age would just be called poor. Those who find it a struggle just to feed, clothe, and educate themselves and their children. This article is an extended emotion rather than a logical analysis, and is based only on personal experience. I was unable to see poverty in terms of "an abstract social problem;" what I saw, however, filled me with rage against the indifference of the government and the apathy of New Zealanders in general.

This poverty is the true downhome variety, where people are finding themselves without food, power cut off, six kids to worry about and imminent eviction because the rent has not been paid for three weeks. This particular situation is a common occurrence for city social workers, and there is in fact a sort of formula to deal with it. Like applying

for a food order from the everwilling Salvation Army, ringing up landlords, or the power board to plead a reprieve, getting an emergency benefit. It is the sort of misery which should never exist in New Zealand, with its long tradition of state responsibility for each citizen. It is the sort of poverty most solid New Zealanders only catch a few glimpses of.

What it means is that a whole group of children are growing up in Auckland inadequately nourished, badly clothed, minimally educated and in an atmosphere not uncommonly associated with violence, insecurity and indifference.

Fresh from the liberal middleclass ethos, I imagined, when I became a social worker, that I was prepared for the worst. What I encountered was horrifying to me, and I could never achieve the "professional detachment" so dear to caseworkers.

BATTERED BABIES

Certain situations I encountered spring to mind—a woman, heavily pregnant, with four other kids, who had asked her eldest child to look for a soft drink bottle so that she could get the four cents to ring me. Her young child was crying with hunger, and for all the histrionic ring of this description, it was a truly horrific sound. No food in the house, and her baby due in a week; a woman trying to support her young son and a backward husband on twenty-eight dollars a week because she did not realise that she was eligible for a benefit; a young girl of 17 years who was staying home to look after her young sisters because her mother had recently died. Her father sometimes forgot to give her money and was only earning about thirty seven dollars per week. I asked her how she was coping, and she said very proudly that she managed. Their bedrooms were completely bare of furniture; a woman in her sixties, with a bad heart, three children of her own, and two others she had taken in years ago, because as she put it, no-one else wanted them. Now they were secondary school age, she could not afford uniforms, books and so on. She wanted some help for them, because she believed that education was important and they were both bright. Both children had been "battered babies," but there was no way of helping her financially. I was going to try and get her some secondhand clothes, which I did, but I felt that it was a poor consolation. She had never received any help for these children from their natural parents, except for their Family Benefit, and her husband received forty dollars a week, with the prospect of no more overtime.

None of these "cases" is at all unusual, and are all part of a case worker's daily caseload. Yet I always found that the people involved in such hardship inspired me with far more help than the government agencies set up to "help" them. Acute staff shortages, lack of trained workers, and lack of foresight and flexibility on the part of head office administration of social work agencies all make a social worker's lot much harder, and this is generally known. But what I found far more depressing and surprising was the air of hopelessness generated by the two foundations of our so-called Welfare state; State Advances and Social Security. The regular and exasperating contact I had with them over a period of eighteen

months made me realise that New Zealand can no longer be called a welfare state, and is no longer ensuring that no citizen should want. The machinery of the welfare state is only kept running because of fond tradition, and Auckland, with all its big city problems has only this tradition, unmodified from the nineteen thirties, and thinly spread, to keep it from being truly laissez faire, each for its own ratrace.

ORDEAL

I regularly used to take people to Social Security to apply for benefits; either they were too shy, embarrassed, or just plain illiterate to go on their own. The whole process was an incredible ordeal, at every floor a knot of people waiting patiently, and a seedy, furtive air in the whole place as if they were ashamed of being there. Normally there was only one person at each counter, and they really had to work fast with at least six people waiting in line. Government policy, tacit in this case, seems to be that the sort of people who apply for benefits do not deserve much service or consideration, because they should suffer a bit before they get anything anyway. They are also generally the sort of people who do not know how to make any fuss.

Application is only one of the hurdles. Each applicant must fill out and sign a number of circumlocution department type forms, and then there is the wait for payment. Processing ordinary benefits can take up to six weeks, presumably because there are not enough staff to cope with the ever-increasing avalanche. The small group of social workers attached to Social Security are always very obliging and hardworking, but it is very difficult for them to take on all the people who come needing help. It can take a week or more before eligibility is decided. I once heard a distraught woman ask the clerk how much longer she had to wait, because her husband had left her and there was no money coming in for her and the two children. She had applied a few days before but nothing could be done until the application had been processed.

One solo parent, evicted the day before, chronically ill and with five children, received his benefit, with my help, after a week. This man was very shy with officialdom and could neither read nor write, and I dread to think what he would have done if I had not taken him to Social

JUDY SCOTT, ONE-TIME A.U. GRADUATE, EXAMINES AND INVEIGHS AGAINST THE (MAL)FUNCTIONING OF OUR WELFARE STATE.



let them
eat
promises

Security in the first place, and then made a fuss about getting the emergency benefit quickly. After an initial family maintenance and backpay which came to quite a tidy sum, he was subsequently paid thirty-two dollars a week. I then applied on his behalf for a supplementary benefit, approximately one dollar extra for each child, and it arrived a month later.

To me this is not a living wage, unless it is arbitrarily decided that one section of the population should live at a very much lower level than the others, and that they should apply for a benefit as a luxury and not as their right and proper due. This man had worked with the same firm for twenty years, had no wife, and was trying to do right by his children because he loved them—he should not have had to go through all this misery and worry.

INADEQUATE BENEFITS

No person can obtain a benefit fraudulently, there are too many checks built into the application process. Why social security beneficiaries are treated so grudgingly is hard to understand. Apart from all this, I believe that every single benefit given out by Social Security is inadequate. If you compare the ordinary income enjoyed by the Aucklanders who has the fortune to be in good health, who can cope with living in a city, and who is neither deserted by spouse, illiterate or prejudiced against—it is not difficult to see that the unfortunates of our society are being penalised twice for their helplessness. Rising costs are also a factor which are not taken fully into account, and there is always a lag as a result.

The basic structure, as it stands, of fourteen dollars seventy-five cents for a single person, including widows, sick persons and chronic invalids, is not a particularly generous basis. A single parent with one child

Continued on p.9

editorial

The last Craccum this year. Partly for this reason its a superbumper 28 page issue. Another reason is we had lots of what we felt was good copy which would have gone stale over the summer vacation. And also partly because we liked the idea of going out with a bang, rather than a whimper.

Apart from that I don't have very much to say this time (cheers resound in the quad?)—producing twenty-pagers is an exhausting process, its late Sunday night and all I want to do is go to bed and forget there's exams in three and a half weeks.

By the way, we still don't have an editor signed up for next year. I haven't re-applied and probably won't. So if anyone wants a good job with regular money, here's your chance. Here are some of the things you'll be called upon to do:

Deal with enraged parents who take umbrage at the fact that the Editor dares to publish well-written, interesting articles by their sons and daughters without consulting them (i.e. the parents) first.

Put on a happy face at executive meetings.

Be present twenty-five hours a day so that Bob Lack can pass over the copy for the twenty or thirty important AUSA notices he averages per issue.

Remember to go to important SGM meetings when, in the previous week's issue of Craccum, you've lashed out at all the other apathetic students who don't.

Tell only people you think might appreciate it, you're the Editor of Craccum. Can be a risky business otherwise.

Tell all your contributors, photographers etc., that your deadline is two or three days before it actually is.

That's all. Thanks, Craccum, it's been fun.

P.s. Thank you Lorna, Helen, et al!

staff

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

CRACCUM:	EDITOR
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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, 15 p.m. TONIGHT.

INKSHED

scrivener's corner

Sir,

This is just a short note for Allan Ng who had difficulty in getting a re-entry permit to apply for a Visa to visit Australia.

Could you kindly let him know that he could ignore the re-entry business, and that he should approach Mr Gillard of the Australian Trade Commission in A.N.Z. Building concerning his visit to Australia during the coming summer vacation.

Also, he should apply directly to the Head Office of Labour Department at Wellington for his re-entry permit instead of trying at the Auckland office.

Lastly, I will be endorsed a Visitor's Visa sometime next week without having to produce a re-entry permit. Of course, I have to have evidence that I have applied for one.

Happy Lan

P.S. I am a Malaysian Chinese

Sir,

I wonder if the University Administration would explain their thinking behind the policy which requires a student to write his name on examination answer sheets in Finals.

This practice, especially at the higher (and correspondingly more important) stages, can only be prejudicial to the student, and it's a mystery to me why the student body here has submitted, apparently meekly, to the iniquitous requirement.

The method used at all other Universities in the country that of issuing students with an examination number, can hardly be administratively more difficult, and would result in a completely impartial judging of student's papers.

Colin Ridding.

Sir,

War as an outlet.

Outlet for whom? The whole human race? No! Only a nation that is trying to find the reality of Washington's dream, but could not solve the problems, actually by-products of industrialisation, economic expansion, scientific advancement, technology, manifest destiny and all the doctrines and doings by which it thought of alleviating the despair of the world. The machine did not work as dreamt of. The failing, disintegrating machine resorted to various forms of repression and war as an outlet. Steve Freeling (16/9/71 Craccum) contends that war is reality. Of course it is if reality is what you make of it!

Then Steve goes on to propound the population explosion, and the unemployment problem which has to be solved—by genocide! What rights have the Americans to go across the seas and kill yellow mothers and babies? Why don't they start in America first with white mothers and babies, or start killing humans the world over? If Americans are unemployed, it justifies them to preoccupy themselves in killing humans as an earning? Man, what are you? Hitler's semen?

Pollution, nuclear weapons, frustration are all a product of the great urge and effort to create heaven on the earth; and even if by some chances (or your own error) you receive hell at the other end of the assembly line that means this world is stuffed, human nature is rotten, hate is natural and 'Peace, Love, Brotherhood' is crap! The Western man wouldn't accept his plight and responsibility. Instead of attending his own 'burning building' (James Baldwin) he sets fire to the huts of the peaceful! Die you must, but through my hands! "Kill a Vietcong today! What Fun! Yippee!"

Here, I have to rescind Steve's alignment of 'Yippies' with the words 'Kill a Vietcong today, what fun!' Yippies don't believe in killing, they want everybody to be free, to live freely and not do what Uncle Sam asks them to do. For remember Jerry Rubin, the yippie, was the first to organise the burning of draft cards. FREE! Vietcong are our brothers, free them!

Sheep are the pearbrains who work their lives out like machines, pay taxes, go to the boozier, watch T.V., beat their wives and kids and pray to Nixon (and Holyoake) to keep them salvaged from the hands of the 'commies'. To 'believe in Woodstock and drugs and rock music, to grow your hair long, wear jeans, beads or bells around your neck' is to be Free. "Hoffman, Rubin, Cleaver, Seale, Leary, Woodstock and Shadbolt" are turning you away from the sheep and the pigs. They won't follow the herd that's made a blunder of beauty, and practise hate in place of love, war for peace, kill for kiss.

Steve baby, think again: are wars necessarily part of human nature? Do you really think the 'instinct' that you talk of is innate and not a fossil of our upbringing and a reflection of the rotten state of affairs?

You are so contradictory, for in one place you say "Let's forget the wars and all our troubles," in another place you say "Start a new war today," "Free yourself now" and "man ... an exterminator." You say "happiness is what life is" but your view of life is so abrupt with sadism, hate, death, wars, kill kill kill ... What fun? What dichotomy of an ossified parochialism.

P. Bilimoria.

Sir,

I am a Chinese and was a British Subject before Malaya (now part of Malaysia for those who don't know) gained her independence in 1957. I am proud to be a Chinese and want to remain a Chinese, because I care to differ. I do not want to give an impression that I do not want to mix around and understand people of other races, particularly the white.

Recently my Indian friend who spoke to me a lot on humanitarianism, told me one good way of mixing between races is to know one's own

cultural background and understand the cultural background of the other: and that it's high time that the white realise they are no more the 'ruling or high' class people patronising practically everything.

What I am trying to tell you Mr Editor, is that I am also in a similar position as Allan Ng (refer to Craccum issues 20 and 21).

To clarify further, I was offered a job in Australia during my coming summer vacation for some practical industrial experience. But I was informed by the Australian Trade Commission that I have to obtain a letter from the Dean of the School of Engineering that the job offered to me is 'very necessary and cannot be obtained in New Zealand.' (This, my dear editor, does not apply to white students). Of course, not forgetting to 'produce' a re-entry permit from the New Zealand Labour Department.

My eldest brother, his wife and 2 children (one being an A.B.C.—Australian Born Chinese) are permanent residents of Australia. My younger brother is doing his medical degree there. Despite all these, when I went to the Labour Department to apply for a re-entry permit, I was similarly told that I could not get it until my results are known. What then if I fail? I do not think I would be thrown out of the Varsity immediately. After passing all units in last 2 years, do you think that I would fail completely (if not pass all) this year?

You know what I think about New Zealand and Australia now? I think and strongly recommend that the Kiwis and Aussies should try to save their breaths, stop shouting 'anti apartheid', support South Africa instead. Cancellation of S.A. cricket tour does not mean anything at all if the white still patronise.

I do not ask for more privileges for students, especially the overseas students who 'took' away 'many' opportunities from local 'potential' students. But then I was well informed that once an overseas student is in New Zealand, he or she will enjoy the same privileges as the local students. Why then is the discrimination?

I am a Chinese and I want to remain Chinese. Doesn't a white want to remain white? Whether being a Chinese I shall be treated justly or unjustly, I don't care!

I do not know if anyone could understand what I was trying to say, but what I want to say lastly and plainly is I got damn sick of all the hypocrisy!

Happy Lan

Sir,

Well, Womens Lib, I've got to hand it to you. You've really done a fine job. I don't honestly know what we'd do without you. You're such a colourful sideline to university life. It makes one hope that women may never be liberated so that we may continue for years to come to revel in your antics. Certainly I was most impressed with your little diversion last Friday. You all looked so determined, so forthright, as you proudly wound your way round Albert Park. Yet at the same time you seemed so cheekily decadent, so mysteriously sensual in your ante-virginal black, rather like Amazon queens performing a fertility rite. I must say that dear old Queen Victoria did not partake in the celebrations with as much relish as might have been expected under the circumstances. One suspects that her vagina must have twitched angrily from time to time.

Anyway I myself, feel that you put on a fine display of pageantry. I end with a word from my sponsors:

"Onward women soldiers
Strip your breastplates off
Fight the good fight with all
thy might
But be wary of the Scots!"

V. Monrad.

Sir,

Jil Eastgate is doing fine. Now if she will breast-feed her baby her wonderful experience need not end at the birth, but may continue for as many months as she chooses.

Who needs pot when they can have pregnancy?

Rosemary Laing.

Sir,

I reply to Ann MacRae in the hope that she will be unable to overcome that traditional feline trait, curiosity, as she has so evidently failed to overcome that traditional female trait—cattiness.

I am not a member of a Woman's Liberation organisation but I too was in agreement with their basic notion "that women are human beings, first, and should be treated as such", before any New Zealand women believed this sufficiently strongly to try to get it across to women labouring under delusions to the contrary.

I am aware that valid criticisms can be made of Women's Liberation's mode of publicizing their aims. However, I am also aware that members of the Auckland group have sacrificed their time and energy to visit schools and factories, as well as pubs, to provoke thought and discussion on this important human issue.

Do you remember your school-assembly hall, your headmistress, the many school-friends who did not share your enlightenment concerning the 'role' of women? Imagine addressing them all one bleak Monday morning. Alone. Not good ego-tripping territory Mz MacRae.

Your use of the phrase 'invade male bars' is revealing. We're supposed to be human beings remember: not Martians. How can we 'invade' a place where we have a perfect right to be. The pub is surely a traditional human meeting place. If you think women should have separate meeting places then your position is analogous to that of a "separate but equal" racist.

I have no intention of throwing myself under a horse to publicize Women's Lib, but I'm not going to wait for another "Great War" to display my "commonsense and intelligence"; please display yours by refraining from the use of scurrilous invective to discredit women whose aim is to extend to all women the privileges you claim to enjoy at present.

Julie Burns.

Sir,

Steve Hunter's diagnosis of the economic and social origins of the troubles in Northern Ireland is broadly acceptable. But one is bound to point out that its most effective advocates in Ireland are not the terrorist militants of the Provisional I.R.A., but members of the Marxist New Left, like Bernadette Devlin. And the Irish New Left has been less ready than its friends overseas to see the I.R.A. as Vietcong in green kilts. In fact there is no reason to suppose that the 'traditional Nationalists' (i.e. Catholic reactionaries) of the Provisional group are likely to make Northern Ireland any less bourgeois than the Republic set up in the South fifty years ago—a materialist, church-dominated gerontocracy with a system of censorship and political management which compares well with those of 'such enlightened countries as Greece, Spain and Portugal' (to borrow Mr Hunter's rhetoric). In the last election priests in their raging pulpits warned their cowering congregations that it was a mortal sin to vote for Conor Cruise O'Brien (!).

Even if one believed that the Provisional gunmen were really motivated by a revolutionary ardour for all the oppressed of Northern Ireland, it is questionable whether shootings and bombings are really the best way of making the Protestant poor recognise their common interest with their Catholic neighbours.

I believe in the freedom of Ireland, an' that England has no right to be here, but I draw the line when I hear the gunmen blowin' about dyin' for the people, when it's the people that are dyin' for the gunmen. That is from a play by Sean O'Casey, a Protestant, but a better Irishman than Mr Lynch or Cardinal Conway, and a better Socialist than Jim Connolly or his self-proclaimed heirs.

Michael Neill.

Sir,

AN ASIAN's letter sounds like a backfire to my letters. He implies that I desire to be 'white'. But that is not true. I would like to draw his attention to the last sentence of the fifth paragraph of

my last letter which states "This is a privilege I could enjoy under the present immigration laws of New Zealand and Australia if my skin was white." After this, there should be another sentence in parentheses—"This is a metaphor only, I am quite proud of myself being Chinese by race"—which was deleted by the editor and did not show up in Craccum. The editor can prove this.

Another embarrassing incident happened to me recently: a Kiwi student, after reading my letter, said to me "Why don't you paint yourself white and with a bit of luck you may be able to get through immigration." I want to state it clear again to AN ASIAN and to anyone else interested, I have NO intention of changing the colour of my skin and I am quite proud of being Chinese by race. All I am trying to do is to fight for justice in the immigration laws.

A second issue was also raised by AN ASIAN. He claims, "That the Immigration Laws of both Australia and New Zealand are aimed basically at the preservation of a White Christian society cannot be doubted, and there are historical reasons for this" (sic). I wonder how much he knows about Christianity and the immigration laws of New Zealand and Australia. Firstly, a Christian who believes in 'White Christian society' cannot be regarded as a true Christian because he has violated the basic doctrine of Christianity that all peoples are brethren and are equal. Secondly, Christianity has nothing to do with the immigration laws of both countries. A Buddhist Britisher enjoys the same rights as a Christian Britisher.

He also states that because he is proud of his Asian race, colour and morality, he would not care or bother to do anything about racist attitudes adopted by other countries against him. This shows amazing apathy and ignorance. If the Irish do not air their grievances in one way or another, they will be exploited continually. If the black South Africans do not try to fight for justice, they will be wronged forever. If the Negroes do not fight for their civil rights, they will be down generation after generation. And the same with us: if we do not demand respect, dignity and equality then these basic human rights shall never be accorded us.

Perhaps the most shocking of all AN ASIAN's statements was that "The racial policy of some European countries will only strengthen my nationalistic convictions of Asia for Asians and time will tell whether the Asians should adopt a similar kind of "Yellowish immigrant policy with regard to non-Asians."

The implementation of such a course would lead only to isolationism and the continuation and strengthening of bigotry and racism. It is a retrogressive step which can only lead to the breakdown of any existing goodwill between our respective peoples.

Allan Ng.

* Allan Ng is quite correct. The excision of the line he quotes above was the result of a presumptuous piece of sub-editing by myself whilst labouring under the illusion it was irrelevant. Apologies

ED.

Sir,
Some thoughts from Doris Lessings (a woman with some ability) to set before Women's Lib.

"We have been given ample warning that the next 10 to 15 years will decide whether the human race can survive.

"Our survival is threatened by almost certain war, by famine, by contamination, by climate change due to pollution.

Perhaps the sex war could be postponed until more urgent issues are settled."

J. D. Green.

SWOT FOR FINALS IN COMFORT USIS 27
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What's more you can read
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Kung: the church and infallibility



absolute truth, from an absolute platform. This naturally enough, accounts for the enthusiasm for Kung from his New Zealand audiences. He was something like water in a desert. The scathing remarks from local intellectuals, that Kung was only second-rate water, might be disregarded. The man should be seen as a theologian in conflict with a concrete body. His quality should be measured in terms of his success in that conflict, not whether or not his thought follows a suitable, analytical progression. In fact, his book might be rather boring and insubstantial. Sorrow should then be felt for the Vatican committee, laboriously examining every nuance of a syllable for heresy. There are powers within the faction-ridden Vatican, anxious for Kung's excommunication, the same powers, no doubt, that prevented Hitler's.

Anne Gilbert and I managed to drag Kung away from a crowd of Auckland admirers to enforce a promised interview. Following is Anne's summary of the points Kung made during our talk:

"Kung explained that Papal infallibility concerns the inability of the Pope to err, when teaching on matters of faith or morals that involve the entire church. The Biblical source for this belief is the interpretation given to the text:

"For thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build my church, and the gates of hell will not prevail against it. And to thee I shall give the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it will be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it will be loosed in heaven." Matthew 16:13-19.

Long held tradition in the church, this doctrine of infallibility was formalized by a mid-nineteenth century council. Thus infallibility cannot formally be described as traditional Catholic doctrine. There were bishops at the time of the council who objected strongly, and who, in fact, left the council in protest. There have been equally outspoken men, making their force felt, on the second Vatican Council.

The particular doctrine of infallibility stands most in the way of dialogue and reconciliation with protestant churches. Accepting the doctrine of infallibility is tantamount to saying, in human terms, "I love you, therefore you must love me." We never love without reason, but these reasons for loving somebody will not make him love us in turn. You cannot demand love, even with reasons. If it is unreasonable for another person to love you, your reasons for loving him are never reason for him to love you. There are people who love the church more than they love each other. There are people who love the Pope more than they love God. It is the institution and not the divine reasons for its existence, that commands their loyalty and devotion.

Truth is not necessarily infallible. Infallibility ossifies the church forever, in one position. The nature of truth, perceived at any one time, may later expand and change its nature. Infallibility precludes re-examination in the light of a new nature to truth.

The Pope should listen to opinion within the church, not only from bishops and lesser clergy, but also from the laity. In fact, on the subject of birth-control, for instance, it is the laity who are directly involved, and who should have the loudest voice. There is a truth here, that the Pope is not sufficiently aware of."

Anne added a final note of her own: "Kung is warm, and enormously perceptive of motives and emotions, a scholar with a most unacademic (intuitive) insight into people."

Other suggestions made by Kung, during his Auckland lectures, concerned the opening up of clerical ranks, to admit part-time priests, priests trained according to their local conditions rather than academic conditions, and women priests. Priests should be able to elect bishops, and bishops should only hold limited terms of office.

Basically, the man does not deserve his controversy. Perhaps he is only controversial by virtue of his exalted position within the church. Certainly, other Catholics, priests included, have made the same advances for updating both the mechanics and the doctrines of the church, without the same reproach. And it is clear that such reproach hurts Kung. He would wish to be without it, but realizing it is perhaps his own cross, accepts it with only judicious complaint.

A final point: I arranged my meetings with Kung through the University Chaplain, Rob McCollough, who seemed to be masterminding a great deal of Kung's Auckland visit. Of the University's Catholic Chaplain, I have heard not one peep, nor a single measurable noise.

STEPHEN CHAN.

We can say that Hans Kung is basically a conservative man, forced by an intellectual integrity to accept postulates that carry him away from the centre of his church, to a position that approximates theological liberalism. The undercurrent of conservatism remains however. The fact that most Catholics in New Zealand, accepted him enthusiastically, is primarily an indication of the rarity of thought in local Catholic circles. Unfortunately, the enthusiasm that did accompany Kung was invariably of the kind that fastens onto a distant hero made flesh: to meet Kung, to catch a blimpse of his blue eyes, was a social achievement, a daring, tiny stab against our authoritative Bishop.

Kung's major concerns would appear to be with the structure of the Catholic Church, its democratization, the closure of the significant gap between clergy and laity. Here, Kung is on safe ground: provided the essential authority of the Church Hierarchy is not threatened, a concession here or there, in the name of modernity furthermore, is quite acceptable theoretically, even though actually given with ultimate grudging.

The relatively minor, and recent moves by Kung to suggest the bankruptcy of Church Doctrine however, have not been acceptable. Kung's suggestions concern the position of the Catholic Pope, not as Head of the Temporal Church, but as to whether assumptions about the nature of his Headship, can be sustained in the face of contemporary thought.

Contemporary thought and its historical antecedents have always concentrated less on what God is, and more on what His existence implies. Traditional Catholic thought has always regarded the Pope as a contingency of God, permanently attached, and permanently a mirror of His ways. Popery has conveniently and assiduously narrowed the implications of Divine existence, to the point of formularizing all such implications. It is easy to guess the theological twist of mind that enables the Pope to accept Divine Infallibility. Basically, infallibility has only an assumptive base, as does all doctrine. The peculiar assumption of Papal infallibility reflects a western preoccupation with God as a being, thus able to be represented, or needing representation, instead of attachment to the notion of God as Being.

The present rationale for infallibility extends itself from another point of relativity: the Pope is not only directly relative to God, but has become so through precedent. An historical vision thus comes into play. But the truthfulness of an historical vision is always ascribed to history, rather than being drawn from it. Historical thought can never escape being an excursion from a modern base. Similarly, spiritual postulation can never escape being an excursion from a secular base. The Pope is able to assume his own infallibility, and is able to dispense with it, both in terms of a modern base, and in terms of his own infallibility: if he cannot be wrong, every one of his actions must be right, including an action to disown any part of his inherited character.

This is now how Kung argues. I do not know how he argues, only presume that he offers a similar argument, no doubt far fuller and far less a simplistic bastardisation of Heidegger. But Kung does say that the Pope should disown his infallibility. It is this suggestion, and not the manner in which it was arrived, that has alarmed Catholics the world over, from Rome to Auckland. Kung complains that his accusers usually do not even read his books. It would seem that the traditional Catholic Church postulates a doctrine of

Merry Xmas all,
Ed.

AUSA: the new Executive

Although many students probably haven't realised it, the new Executive took office during the August vacation, replacing the moribund and little-bewailed hard-core survivors of the Spring Executive. Acutely aware of the fact that its predecessor must have come close to setting an all-time record number of resignations (eleven) during its term of office, the new Executive will be struggling to attain a far greater degree of unity and cohesion. And when one begins to contemplate the problems that are likely to arise during the term of office, Woodroffe and his cohorts are going to need every bit of cohesion and knowledge that they can lay their hands on. Not only is the internal structure of this Association on the brink of total disaster, but issues in the wider university/society context are almost bound to rise as never before, with issues of exclusion, tuition fees, and building programmes in the university sphere, and drug legislation and equal pay, education and racist tours all combining to create problems in the social sphere, requiring strong action and leadership from student politicians. Inside the Association itself, the problems are no less. This Executive will have to sort out a rational financial policy (we can't afford to have deficit years forever), overcome a transitional period when we change Administrative Secretaries and bring in a Union Manager, develop a more coherent policy of Association government, and show itself to be more responsive to general student opinion than its predecessor so unlamented. All of this is going to take strong and dynamic leadership, and I would stress the word 'leadership'. An Executive can not be content to merely undertake the administritivia involved in the day-to-day running of the Association; too often Exec members alone possess the details of a situation enabling them to make crucial decisions. So let us now take a closer look at the calibre of the new Executive; the people who are going to do the Moses-act and lead us through the Red Sea.

PRESIDENT: JOHN WOODROFFE

Quite frankly, I don't feel that John will rank any better than "moderate" as President. He seems to lack a certain decisiveness; always hesitating, he doesn't possess the same degree of sureness and conviction that the past few Presidents have had. What he seems to miss is the necessary forceful manner that a President has to have almost as a pre-requisite for survival around both the Association and the University. While this could be an advantage for the Association in a way, in that it will mean that much more important business is brought before the Executive as a whole, it is also definitely a disadvantage—many things are done by a President behind closed doors and are never seen by students; many things of unthinkable importance are discussed in secret, and it is here that I would like to be most sure of Woodroffe's ability to survive, and yet it is precisely here that I have my gravest doubts about him. There is also a general atmosphere of 'cliquishness' about John; often he appears aloof and almost distant from ordinary students, and especially from those who oppose him on some issue.

On the good side of the report card however, Woodroffe will probably be more responsive to the general student masses, and will attempt to implement whatever ideals he feels the Association can afford. Internally, the Association should also see a far greater degree of autonomy among the various portfolio holders on the Executive, if only because Woodroffe is not as dominating as his predecessor. He will not be a perfect President; he may be an average President; he will have to learn to lead.

MAN VICE-PRESIDENT: BOB LACK

"Even if the city folded up, the sky split asunder, and men deserted the earth, the government offices would open at their appointed time to administer nothingness. I am eternal and my paradise is furnished with archives and desk-blotterers." The quote is from one of the characters of Camus, but I can just imagine Bob saying that. A bureaucratic machine to the bitter end, Bob is a figure steeped in the traditions of many past Administrations, right back to Bill Rudman's in 1968. His vast knowledge of the Association's activities will stand the new Executive in good stead; however, other members may have to ensure that Bob's bureaucratic devices do not become ends in themselves.

LADY VICE-PRESIDENT: CLARE WARD

Perhaps the most useful thing that Clare could do during her term of office would be to concentrate on a specific field, such as accomodation, and almost totally ignore most of the other menial problems. It is more than time that detailed work was done in this sphere at Auckland and with the results of the Accomodation Survey as support, something should be able to be achieved. However, as with Woodroffe, there is perhaps a need here for greater forcefulness when representing the Association on such things as University committees, and less indecisiveness in her own field.

TREASURER: ROB GARLICK

I am sure that Rob is very capable in the field of finance, and considering the dominant role that finance is going to have on this Exec., I feel that Garlick is going to be one of the dominant personalities. Unfortunately, perhaps, he has a particularly arrogant disposition which tends to alienate many people, and which also tends to make him advocate ridiculous ideas in fields other than financial. He also has a disturbing tendency to walk in half-way through Executive and SRC meetings and depart as soon as any matters concerning finance have been dealt with. One current issue that reflects a slightly different light on Rob is the matter of the fee increases. In early July, I talked to him about a fee increase for Studass. "No, we can't take any more of students' money until we can show that we are doing the best with what we have now. There are far better ways of making money such as through travel and insurance." came the reply. Mr Garlick is now advocating a seven-dollar fee increase.

EDUCATION OFFICER:

RICHARD SOMERVILLE-RYAN

Richard seems to be sufficiently competent to keep Education portfolio afloat at least. He has served as Arts Faculty representative, and his experience there will help him in his portfolio. However he doesn't appear to be a strong personality, and with elections coming up next year and the need to have education as a priority issue, he may well have to do more work on education beyond the University and the Arts Faculty. By devoting a lot of time and energy to his position he may yet rival Wayne Perkins, if not Wendy Adams.

SOCIAL CONTROLLER: PHIL SINCLAIR

At the moment Phil is showing the characteristic trait of all Social Controllers not to become overmuch involved in those areas of Studass which are beyond his specific concern. However, the one dance that he has organised was a moderate success considering it is the third term, and with his general contacts among the people who matter, he should survive. As Social Controller one doesn't have to worry too much about matters that affect the Association as a whole unless one specifically wants to, and I can't see Sinclair really bothering, but if he can run functions, and perhaps a little more often than his predecessor, he will endure. The acid test will come in Orientation next year.

SOCIETIES REPRESENTATIVE: CHRIS MOISA

If there is a weak link in the chain of the new Executive, this is definitely it. Chris came to Auckland only at the beginning of this year, and seems to know no more than the average student about the running of Studass, or the finer points of his own portfolio. In fact, it is interesting to note that Chris is calling a meeting of the Societies Council—to find out just what he is supposed to be doing! He seems to have a definite potential for being a particularly divisive factor at Executive meetings, if the one that he has attended is anything to go by. To survive, he will have to put his house in order pretty quickly.

SPORTS REPRESENTATIVE: MIKE STARLING

One of the few survivors of the old Executive willing to come back for a second round, Mike is extremely proficient in his own field, and will manage the business of his portfolio without too much trouble. He has a useful knack of keeping debate at Exec meetings on the right track with well-timed comments, but could show more involvement in the general business of the Executive. Indications are of a minor split with the President over development of future facilities.

BUSINESS MANAGER:

This position is temporarily vacant, as it has been during the past couple of years. Hopefully some suitably qualified candidate will apply soon; the position involves being a general dummy manipulated by the Treasurer.

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS OFFICER:

COLLEEN FOLEY

She knows her stuff and has the necessary administrative abilities to ensure the portfolio's continuation, but will perhaps lack the radical brand of idealism which has sometimes characterised the portfolio in the past. She tends to be an administrator rather than an activist, and apparently would rather organise someone else to run onto a rugby field than run on herself. Also seems to be rather quiet at Exec meetings, but if she is willing to work outside the formal structure it won't really matter as the field of International Affairs doesn't overlap with too much in the rest of the Association hierarchy.

STUDENT LIAISON OFFICER: SARAH LACK

This portfolio must just about be the worst on Executive, mainly because the occupant normally ends up doing anything and everything that nobody else feels like bothering with. And on top of that combines important matters such as student welfare, overseas students, a bit of accommodation, etc. etc. Sarah knows the administrative side of the portfolio, but may have a tendency to get bogged down here. There are important matters to be covered by the portfolio, which can't be solved by administration. Like the Social Controller,

the acid test will come with next year's orientation; and beyond that Sarah will have to know enough to dispose of other remnants around the place who feel, wrongly, that they are qualified to speak on welfare matters. The portfolio will be kept afloat quite adequately, though perhaps without major innovations.

PUBLIC LIAISON OFFICER:

RUSSELL BARTLETT

An interesting character who tries to survive with his mouth. Russell is perhaps the "Exec Member Most Likely to be a Demagogue," and often lets forth with massive rambles and arguments on points where he is not fully aware. I am sure he must be doing some work somewhere in the field of public liaison, but at the moment the results of his efforts are not readily apparent. He will definitely last out the term of office, firstly because there is very little to do in the field of public liaison and this suits Russell down to the ground, and secondly because he is particularly ambitious and seems to enjoy the status. At the moment he is little more than an extension of Radio Bosom.

PUBLICATIONS OFFICER: PAUL CAREW

I think Paul is trying to do the shadowy, background, I'm-a-specialist-leave-me-alone-bit, but he's doing it so well that it's hard to say. He seems to have limited inklings of what is happening in the Publications field but at the moment doesn't appear to be doing much, although considering pre-set budgets, a new Craccum editor, and finals approaching, perhaps this is excusable. Not particularly dominant on the Executive itself, he may learn to become more forceful next year when he might have to defend increased publications budgets, but considering the lack of hostility among the rest of the Executive, even this could not be necessary. The jury is still out on Paul.

HOUSE COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN: MIKE BUTLER

Perhaps the member most likely to be awarded the title of "Court Jester," Butler is the only person I know who can mumble banalities after having already put both feet in his mouth. He may, however, be of some use to the Executive if they can just keep him suitably gagged because he seems to be fairly competent at petty administration. However, once he gets an idea into the grey matter between his ears, he normally follows it to the bitter end—and it normally is a bitter end. An all-purpose scapegoat is what Mike is most likely to become unless he can restrain his mouth, his humour, and his zeal to reasonable bounds.

CAPPING CONTROLLER: NEIL NEWMAN

Quite surprisingly, Neil may well be one of the strong points of the new Executive; he has, so far, shown himself to be aware and intelligent in most Exec decision-making. However, even Neil will have a job to salvage what has, in effect, become a social atavism around University; namely, the current old-hat style of Capping as one great drunken orgy. Neil intends apparently trying to combine some of the main features of former Cappings with a modified Arts Festival approach, and he may very well be successful. Personally, I'm not so sure that the two fit together very well, and the whole thing could end up a massive disaster, but at the moment he deserves the benefit of the doubt.

In conclusion then, the new Executive appears as relatively mediocre; it has its good members and its idiots, and time should separate them when the good members can't stand any more of it and head west! On a more serious level, I would think that this Executive is going to have to rule by intelligence rather than charisma, because there is a notable lack of charisma throughout the whole institution. Even Bob Lack is beginning to learn that it's easier to sway meetings from the floor rather than from the Chair. The Executive has good potential cohesion, but unfortunately, only because most of them aren't inclined towards prolonged and hostile debate, Moisa and Bartlett probably being the two exceptions.

In terms of what the Executive will achieve inside the Association, there should be quite a bit done. In the University as a whole, individual Exec members will have to learn their specific fields in detail to combat University professionalism. In the society at large, the Executive will probably do little, and will make most of its contribution here in the form of money, such as 1% AID, or by acting as a catalyst to allow others to have some effect in the social sphere. I would predict a minimum of resignations—definitely no more than three or four, and I would predict that this Executive will specialise in administration rather than initiation. May the powers of darkness preserve us.

RODNEY LYON.

CONFUSED QUOTE OF THE WEEK

From last Saturday's (September 25) Herald:

"If the South African golfers upset the demonstrators then let the demonstrators stay away."

Mr T.R. McIlroy,
Secretary,

Friends of S.A. Assn.

Conversely, if the demonstrators upset the golfers...

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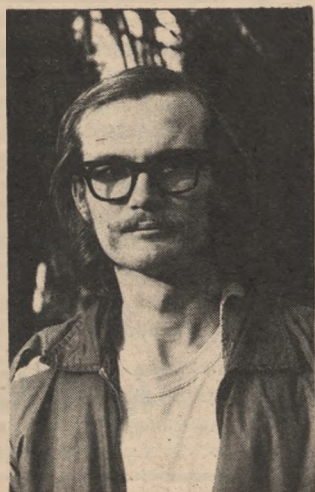
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Starling

ROGUE'S GALLERY

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know
where to aim
your
apple cores!



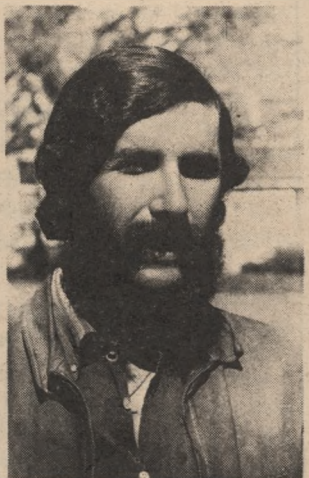
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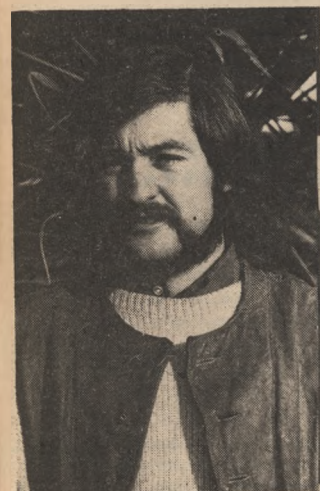
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Sinclair



Garlick



Foley



Starling



Butler



Bartlett



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S.A. TRADE BOYCOTT?

Through the efforts of HART and CARE New Zealanders now think before engaging in sport with South Africa, but every day thousands of New Zealanders unthinkingly aid and abet far greater atrocities in South Africa than could ever happen on a Rugby field.

Next time you sit down to a meal. . .

Next time you drink wine. . .

Next time you peel an orange. . .

Next time you admire a diamond ring. . .

THINK

Are you supporting apartheid?

To encourage New Zealanders to think about commercial contacts with South Africa the Apartheid Information Service was established by interested groups ranging from churches and trade unions to HART and CARE.

40c. A DAY

The goods which New Zealanders unashamedly buy because of the low cost carry a far higher price than most would care to think about. . . the suffering of millions of non-white labourers on South African farms and in South African factories. Non-whites on Natal farms are paid an average of 40c a day plus in most, but not all, cases a parcel of rations. According to the South African newspaper "Natal Mercury" these rations have insufficient protein and vitamin content and frequently rations are short-weight.

The South African farmer every day with legal sanction commits crimes which in New Zealand would bring hefty prison sentences for employers. Under South African law if a discontented worker attempts to take the normal action in demands for fair conditions he faces a prison sentence. A non-white is not permitted to join a trade union or withdraw his labour. The sentence—3 months. However, strikers at Sharpeville were shot before they could reach a courtroom.

Farmers encourage black workers to go into debt in an attempt to provide the necessities of life for their families. This debt on death is passed on to the eldest son in a similar way to the 3 strips of land in the Feudal system in medieval Europe. A worker may not change jobs until the debt is paid and as wages are insufficient this is never possible. The debt passes from generation to generation ensuring a never ending cheap labour supply. Morally this is slavery. In return for food, clothing and shelter of the minimum required to sustain life a worker gives the labour of his family and all his descendants. While it has not been known to occur a farmer could sell his labour simply by selling the debt—the workers must follow—or die.

As well as supporting these crimes against humanity New Zealand by trading with South Africa is jeopardising a market of 200 million in black African states. New Zealand was in 1966 labelled at the UN "No 1 enemy of Africa" a label she has done little to shake off. Since that date New Zealand has been awarded many other dubious titles and has often been criticized. The day is approaching when New Zealand will find herself thrown into the same boat as South Africa. The time to act is now!

RACIST SUPPORT

The historical background of New Zealand's support for South Africa dates back to the turn of the century. At this time both countries were fighting for complete autonomy. When South Africa's race policy came under attack from Britain who tried to intervene New Zealand rushed to the defence not out of any belief in South Africa's race policy but rather in a belief that the Dominions should be free from home rule. South Africa has now ably demonstrated she runs her own country and as such the traditional New Zealand support for South Africa's right to do as she pleases and endless statements that South Africa's race policy is a domestic affair and no business of Commonwealth Prime Minister's Conferences or the UN are 70 years out of date and appear nothing short of racist.

At this same time the New Zealand and South Africa Trade Reciprocity Act of 1906 was drawn up in an attempt to persuade Britain to accept the idea of an Imperial (British Preferential) Tariff. As South Africa is no longer a member of the Commonwealth the continuation of these preferences is contrary to the spirit of the act and parliament which is at present reviewing tariffs should give considerable thought to the desirability of continuing with these preferences.

The lower labour costs and trade preferences available to South Africa result in products being marketed at prices that Pacific and Asian countries, required to pay workers a wage they can live on, cannot compete with. In the years ahead it is planned that these nations should become self-sufficient and that props to their economies may be removed but there is little sense in spending millions on this aid while tolerance of the exploitation in South Africa continues to prevent the development of industries based on the products of these areas. There are very few products that cannot be supplied by Australia, the Pacific or south and east Asia that are imported from South Africa and none for which South Africa is the only possible supplier.

Trade between New Zealand and South Africa is insignificant to the economy but the effects of a boycott would be noticeable temporarily in South Africa as manufacturers found themselves faced with cancelled orders. The effect to the South African morale would be damaging—South Africa would be deprived of one of her most consistent supporters. As a result of sales campaigns in the late '60's there is now a substantial market for New Zealand goods and some orders are turned away. Eager markets await any New Zealand produce diverted from South Africa. New Zealand better than any other country in the world is able to make a far-reaching blow against South Africa by applying a trade boycott:

1. New Zealand has a traditional exchange with South Africa which, if broken, would do more than has ever been done by any country in the past to make South Africans think about their future.

2. New Zealand has no dependence on South Africa for trade routes. Alternative routes via Panama involve no further distance.

3. New Zealand as a charter member of the United Nations has an obligation to answer to the repeated calls (the last made in May) for an economic boycott of South Africa.

4. Continued trade with South Africa is hindering the development of our Pacific territories.

5. Every Bantu leader in the last 15 years has called for the boycott. Contrary to statements by white South Africans the non-whites have nothing to lose. The wealth of South Africa is based on exploitation of black workers and end of the exploitation can have only beneficial results.

BOYCOTT NOW

It is time New Zealand's leaders stopped remembering with nostalgia the days when New Zealand lead the world and did something to restore the respect New Zealand should command. An enlightened attitude towards South Africa would do much to bridge the gap. The future of South Africa's people rests with you, the customers of South Africa's racist industries. Pressure can get results. New Zealand Insurance Co. now pays equal wages; several New Zealand companies have bowed to world opinion and have not established South African branches. The fight is not a losing battle and you can help. So:

1. Don't buy South African goods.

2. Persuade your local grocer not to stock South African goods.

3. Write to your MP calling for end to a government policy of non-involvement.

4. Join the Apartheid Information Service. Contact Mike Butler or Gary Clover (Phone 52-415) for further information.

5. Tell your parents, friends and neighbours about the atrocities of the South African commercial world.

By not opposing South African trade and apartheid you are responsible for the continuing misery of 16,000,000 non-white South Africans. Demonstrate your concern for the people of South Africa by doing as they ask and imposing a complete boycott on South Africa.

MIKE BUTLER

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 5 pm tonight. Each applicant should appear before the S.R.C. this evening at 7.30 pm in the Upper Lecture Theatre."

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S.A. Sport : an investigation GARY CLOVER

"If this [cricket] tour of Australia goes on, it will put back our cause many years. For God's sake ban them! Make them feel as we are made to feel all the days of our lives—unwanted!" (1) — Owen Williams; brilliant Coloured cricketer and former team-mate of Basil D'Oliveira, who with Dick Abed was excluded from the South African team to tour Australia by the intervention of the South African Government.

"We in our country are lovers of sport, but there are national interests which go far beyond even our desire to maintain international sporting contacts". (2) — South African Sports Minister, Mr Fred Waring; former Springbok international rugby representative.

In these two statements, both put forward with conviction, is summed up the dilemma that is apartheid sport in South Africa. On the one hand, non-European sportsmen are pleading to be recognised in South Africa's international sports ties, and white sportsmen under sentence of isolation from the international sports arena are beginning to respond to the justice of the non-whites' case. On the other hand, the Vorster government with one eye warily on its Afrikaaner hardliners, remains immovably determined to maintain the principle of apartheid segregation in South African sport, except for minor concessions which retain the substance of discrimination and which are but logical continuations of the apartheid policy, and at one with the principle of "separate development".

Sport is an explosive political issue in South Africa. The issue of multi-racial South African representative teams has become caught up with party politics as both the Opposition United Party and the Progressive Party have called for the relaxation of apartheid in South Africa's international sports ties. "Mixed" sport is so politically hot too because in the sports mad country that is South Africa there is no better way to reach into the heart and mind of the average South African than through his sport. This much is vouched for in the ferment of comment that greets each new tour cancellation, and each new expulsion from a world sports authority; Danie Craven and the government being lonely exceptions. And it is vouched for by a South African journalist, G.H. Calpin, in an article for an Afrikaans newspaper entitled, "KEEP SPORT OUT OF POLITICS: SPORT DOMINATES S.A. LIFE". According to Calpin, sport absorbs at least 25% of the thinking lives and working time of over 50% of the population. More than half the newspaper space allotted to news items is devoted to sport, and a disproportionate amount of radio listening time. Moreover, Calpin claims the influence of sport on politics is greater than the influence of South Africa's economic needs. The problem of inflation arising out of the country's overall manpower shortage "scarcely makes a bulge on the Government's apartheid thinking. What the man-power problem cannot do, the sports problem can do!" (3).

DISINTERESTED SPECTATORS

But for some three quarters of South Africa's people, all this "sporting consciousness" which has produced such stars as Dawie de Villiers, Barry Richards and Mike Proctor in cricket, Gary Player and Sally Little (golf), Paul Nash and Emile Roussouw (athletics), and the 16 year old world swimming star, Karen Muir, means nothing. To the non-Europeans of South Africa, apartheid, and the sports discrimination it is accompanied with, is merely a swear word. They cheer and barrack for white South African teams' opponents. In the words of Mr Morgan Naidoo to the Conference of National Non-Racial Sports Organizations at Durban, September 6, 1970, that South Africa continues to be isolated from the world sporting community is "an action which does not matter to the black man. We are merely disinterested spectators." (4).

For some 70 years now, the system of white supremacy, with few exceptions across the colour bar, has applied in South Africa. All internationally recognised South African sports authorities, with the single exception of table tennis, and most international representative sports ties, have been with the white sports authorities which excluded non-whites from membership and participation. Without exception, the white South African administrators have been adamant in refusing to remove the race barrier from their respective sports. (5). Indeed until about 1960, many, if not most, white sports bodies had racially restrictive clauses in their constitutions. It took the threat of investigation by the respective world body concerned, and the threat of expulsion, to have these restrictive clauses removed, yet in practice, in most cases the racial barriers have remained. For example, on the advice of officials of the International Federation of Football Associations, in 1956 the white Football Association of South Africa deleted its whites-only clause in order to forestall a move by the non-racial S.A. Soccer Federation to seek affiliation to the world soccer authority in its place, but declared it "would continue to follow the laws and custom of South Africa." (6).

In doing this, the F.A.S.A., along with other white bodies, has been open to the charge of voluntarily sheltering behind a government policy hostile to inter-racial sport in order to continue to practise racial discrimination in South African sport. Yet the legality of mixed sport in South Africa is clearly established. The situation was summed up in 1963 in this manner.

"Sportsmen of different races may lawfully compete with one another provided; (a) members of the 'wrong' race groups do not make use of club facilities; and (b) the body or person controlling a public sports ground has not laid down conditions restricting its use on racial lines". (7)

This summary of the position in law of "mixed" sport is based on an analysis of the celebrated decision, in October 1962, of the Natal Supreme Court which ruled that it was not illegal for persons of different racial groups to play football together, and the government's failure to appeal against this decision. In essence, the colour bar is applied to sports facilities, but not to the playing fields themselves. Hence Miss Mary Draper's summary concluded:

"It is true that the policy of the present Government is hostile to inter-racial sport. There is, however, a big distinction between law and policy. Laws have to be observed, and are enforceable by the courts. Compliance with policy is a matter for choice on the part of individual citizens and organisations." (8).

Despite this legal judgement, ever since the first moves, instituted by non-white weightlifters in 1948, to seek affiliation with the white sports bodies on the basis of equality or amalgamation, not one white sport has responded favourably. At the same time, inter-racial sport, particularly between the three non-white groups in the last few years, has faced police harassment, though never followed by criminal charges, and a growing amount of municipal denying of permission for municipal sports grounds to be used for "mixed" sport. In fact the

Natal Supreme Court decision arose out of the "prosecution" of Indian and white soccer players who played "mixed" soccer in Durban.

HARASSMENT

Yet still the harassment of "mixed" sport between non-white groups, who until this quite uncalculated intervention had played together for years, "happily and peacefully" with no friction or any other dire result which the pundits always predict will accompany such events, has gone on. (9). But official harassment of the legal past-times of non-white sportsmen is but one disadvantage faced by them, and overcome. The lack of equal financial encouragement of non-white sport with that of white sport is another. Officially, as stated to Parliament in June 1967 by Prime Minister Vorster, government policy "is to grant every population group the same facilities in their own areas and among their own people, that I grant the whites." What this meant in practice, the Minister of Sport and Recreation proudly announced three months later. According to the Minister, the Johannesburg City Council devoted half its budget to non-whites. What the Minister omitted to say, Morgan Naidoo pointed out to the Non-Racial Sports Organization conference, was half the funds being distributed went to two thirds of the population of Johannesburg, its 887,000 non-whites. Half went to one third, the 407,000 whites. "Providing half the budget for two-thirds of the population and providing the other half for only one-third of the citizens is certainly not 'equal'." (10)

M.N. Pather puts the situation even more graphically: "Hitherto, only codes comprising of White Membership receive subsidies from local municipalities, governmental departments and from sports foundations. These monies are not available to the so-called non-white teams and should an application be made to the municipalities etc., the non-white teams are requested to affiliate to the white codes of sport, which no doubt is on a subservient level, and only after affiliation do they consider the grant of a subsidy. As a result of this, and because non-white bodies are not willing to affiliate to white bodies on a parallel or subservient level, the promotion of the game has a setback." (11)

When assistance is given to non-white sport, it does not compare with that given to white sport. The Ministry of Sport subsidises whites to the tune of R10,160,000 a year. Black sport gets a tenth of this figure. Business sponsorship follows the same pattern exactly. South African Breweries would only assist affiliated, white recognised non-white sports, and then with only R2,000 to black soccer teams, compared to R20,000 to white soccer. In 1966, Coca Cola donated R500 to black soccer, tennis, and golf. In the same year Coca Cola donated R12,500 to white professional golf alone. The R50 of R500 the non-white Natal Cricket Board of Control had sought from Coca Cola also in 1966, was returned as an insult. (12)

LACK OF FACILITIES

Hand-in-hand with unequal financial assistance has gone an unequal, or total lack of a share in facilities. Again listing the situation in Durban alone, Naidoo pointed out that black golfers do not have one championship-sized golf course; a statement borne out by the recently published letter from the Non-European Golf Union. It reported that the "golf courses used by non-whites have no fairways, bunkers or greens thus putting [its] players at a disadvantage when having to play on a properly laid-out golf course." (13) Non-European golfers are dependent on the charity of white golf clubs in order for them to hold their annual championships.

Soccer has one "decent" playing field; all the others are open patches of ground. There are no tennis facilities for non-whites, no proper athletic track, or suitable venue for indoor sport, in Durban. By comparison the whites have Kings Park (rugby), Kingsmead (cricket), first-class tennis facilities at West Ridge Park, an "excellent" cycling and athletics track, and though only being but 20% of Durban's population, 6 swimming pools. Indians who make up half the total population, have 1 swimming pool, and the other for non-whites, is 1 for Durban Coloureds. (14)

But discrimination against non-white sports goes more subtle and deep yet. With few exceptions, the South African news media simply does not report non-white sporting events. In particular, the South African Broadcasting Corporation's policy is frankly stated: "We do not broadcast multi-racial sport." The scheduled national coverage of the South African Open Golf championship was cancelled when the Indian golfer Sewsunker (Papua) Sewgolum won the championship. His victory was not even covered by S.A.B.C. news broadcasts. (15)

But more broadly, socio-economic conditions of South African life work to the detriment of non-white sport. In contrast to white South Africans, non-whites have very little leisure, very low economic resources, and, apartheid. They are denied the incentive of inter-racial competition at home, and until very recently, international competition entirely. Their national championships and records are downgraded or not recognised. Sometimes the enforcement of apartheid policies in South African sport has led to farcical results; such was the 1962 visit by Japanese swimmers and gymnasts classed as "honorary whites" in order not to embarrass an important iron ore deal. The experiment proved so embarrassing it has never been repeated.

Sometimes apartheid in sport has had frankly comical outcomes. For example, in 1962, in order to impress the International Olympic Committee, a "mixed" marathon trial was staged. But though the two African runners were made to start half an hour after the white runners, they still passed most of the white athletes. This experiment, too, has never been repeated.

At times apartheid has been insulting, as when Papwa Sewgolum was forced to receive his South African Open Trophy in the rain, while the runner-up by one stroke, Gary Player, and other white competitors celebrated inside the clubhouse at a banquet served by Indian waiters.

But mostly apartheid sport has been tragic—"in its denial of human dignity, its enforced waste of human talent" and its cruel restraint upon the development of non-white sporting ability, to satisfy the prejudices of the white minority. (16)

FRUSTRATION AND EXILE

In essence, the history of non-white sport in South Africa has been one of "frustration and exile". Nevertheless, black South African sportsmen have accomplished some notable feats.

In soccer, weightlifting and boxing in particular, non-whites have always featured well. The non-racial South African Soccer Federation in 1969 controlled an estimated 46,000 players; more than double the 20,000 whites under the F.A.S.A. But in 1946, in order to gain international recognition, the non-white soccer star, Steve Mokone, sought exile in Europe, becoming in time, international representative for Holland, Spain, and Italy. A host of others have followed him into exile since.

A similar story is found in weightlifting and boxing. Ron Eland and Precious McKenzie consistently out-pointed white rivals but were never recognised as South African champions. Finally in 1964, McKenzie emigrated to Britain to become within two years, the Jamaican Commonwealth Games champion and then a British Olympic representative. Likewise it took exile into Britain to make Jake Ntulu, a British Empire Flyweight Boxing champion.

Cricket repeats the same story. The Coloured Charles Bennet Llewellyn named by Wisden one of the five cricketers of the year in 1912, represented South Africa 15 times from 1895-1912. (16) By more modern times, apartheid had intervened, and his compatriots, Basil D'Oliveira, Owen Williams and Dick Abed have not yet represented their country. D'Oliveira is in exile. Williams is about to emigrate to Australia. Starved of first-class competition, or being allowed to play only against African states the government rules South Africa has had "traditional" ties with (i.e. Kenya), but not the West Indies, India, Pakistan or the white Commonwealth, exile is the only future for these Coloured cricketers.

Non-white tennis has produced D. Samai, a 1962 Wimbledon quarter finalist, and J. Dhiraaj and H. Abraham, the 1968 Bournemouth Hardcourt Doubles title holders. Golf has its Sewgolum who would now be a millionaire in professional golf had he but been white. (17)

So this list could go on—into swimming, surf life saving and hockey. But the fight for recognition at home, and for full participation in South Africa's sports competitions abroad, has not gone by default either. Since 1946 when white representation of South Africa was first challenged, by the representatives of non-white weightlifters, coloured South African sportsmen have set up their own, usually non-racial, organizations which have sought international recognition in place of the whites'. They have found the going extremely difficult. The greatest friends of white South Africa's sports discrimination have been the leaders of white countries which have enjoyed traditional links with "colour-bar" sport in South Africa. Particularly to be found in this category have been Australian and New Zealand rugby, cricket, and Olympic Committee officials. And it has been these white countries, and officials, which have enjoyed an undue preponderance of influence in world sports authorities to the detriment of multi-racial sport in South Africa. (18)

GOVERNMENT PERSECUTION

In South Africa, the cause of non-racial sport has been beset by government persecution of the officials of the South African Sports Association and the South African Non-Racial Olympic Committee, such as Dennis Brutus. Brutus was arrested in 1963, following some two years of restrictions, and was shot while attempting to escape from the Johannesburg police station in order to publicise his fate, in August 1963, and is now in exile. (19) For his success in having the non-racial South African Table Tennis Board representing 80% of South African players recognised by the world table tennis authority, Mr Singh, its President, was placed under crippling house arrest.

The cause of non-racialism has also been beset by splinterings and defections. That some non-white sports officials have sometimes thrown over their convictions and accepted apartheid conditions and subservient status to the white bodies is not surprising. During the height of the controversy surrounding his omission from the M.C.C. side to tour South Africa in 1969, D'Oliveira was offended, and turned down, a tempting R8,000 per year, a car, and a house, by a Johannesburg firm to coach Coloured cricketers in South Africa. (20) In 1970, the non-racial S.A. Cricket Board of Control rejected another bait of \$60,000, during the height of the storm surrounding the South African visit to England. But in rugby, the South African Rugby Board (Bantu), and a splinter Coloured S.A. Rugby Federation under Cuthbert Loriston have accepted apartheid status, while the recognised Coloured national body since 1897, the S.A. Rugby (Coloured) Union, remains proudly aloof. (21) For this desertion, Loriston's Federation has been treated to a "Coloured" rugby tour of Britain this December. In tennis, the non-racial Southern African Lawn Tennis Union in 1964 was on the point of being recognised by the International Federation of Lawn Tennis in place of the whites-only S.A.L.T.U., when the S.A. National Lawn Tennis Union (Bantu) was revived and broke away from the non-racial union, and claiming to represent 20,000 members, saved the day for the white Union by agreeing to accept subservient associate membership. (22)

Almost invariably, though the South African Sports Association, formed in January 1959, represented some 70,000 non-white players of cricket, cycling, weightlifting, tennis, table tennis, softball, baseball and netball, its efforts at achieving amalgamation with white sports bodies have been fruitless. (23) White officials like the white cricket president, Mr Jack Cheetham, have sometimes responded to S.A.S.A.'s overtures with belated and perfunctory calls for selection on merit, concerned with non-white sport only for reasons of constructing a multi-racial front for the benefit of the international authorities. When this purpose for dealing with the non-white bodies had passed, their interest in non-white sport disappeared. (24)

Most white sports bodies, however, responded to these non-white overtures merely with offers of "affiliate" status. The case of the 1969 affiliation of the S.A. Bantu Football Association to the white F.A.S.A. reveals exactly what affiliation means for non-whites. The Bantu organization affiliated on the same level as the white provincial associations with 3 votes in the national soccer council. The white association had 3 representatives at the "top level" also, plus a white chairman, and the Bantu association could not amend its constitution without the consent of the national council. In this way, "affiliation" is meant to preserve white supremacy in South Africa's sports codes. (25)

UNREPENTANT APARTHEID

So it is, with the South African Government unrepentant in its upholding of the policy of apartheid, and the white sports bodies embarked on a devious path of "affiliation" coupled with the bribery of non-white officials, the fight for non-racial equality in South African sports seems certain to remain a long and bitter fight for many years yet. In this light I leave the last word to Chris de Broglio, himself a former South African lightweight champion in weightlifting and now an official of S.A.N.-R.O.C. in exile:

"To bring South Africa back to international acceptance as a non-racial sporting country, the privileged whites in South Africa must be made aware that they are completely out of step with the rest of the world. The few who want a change will be encouraged and fortified in the knowledge that they have the active support of countless millions everywhere. Each protest demonstration, each expulsion of South Africa from an international sport, until final and complete isolation, will be a message to non-white sportsmen in South Africa that the days of non-racial sport are coming closer." (26)

NOTE:

Appended to this article as received was a full list of references for all the facts and quotations contained within it. This is now on display on the notice board in the Craccum office for anyone who wishes to inspect it.

—EDITOR

SUPPRESSION

The following article is reprinted from "VARSITY", the Capetown University student newspaper, in which it appeared in their issue of September 8, 1971. It was smuggled out of S.A. to Craccum. We are informed that, directly after publication, a visit from the Security Police effected its immediate withdrawal. This is borne out in the second reprint, from a Capetown commercial newspaper (Cape Times, Sept 15), from which it also appears that the same body (i.e. the Security Police) perhaps helped engender that "profound disquiet" expressed by the university SRC. The "Varsity" article was headlined "TORTURE, MURDER—ALL IN A DAY'S WORK". It also included a list of 13 people it claimed had been "killed while in detention."

The last fortnight has seen the issue of police brutality in South Africa coming to a head. Two weeks ago the civil rights league asked the Prime Minister to appoint a judicial commission to inquire into allegations of torture and ill-treatment in prisons: especially to detainees suspected of political crimes.

Only a week later 2 policemen were convicted of having assaulted a suspect, Mr Temba Godfrey Mkize of Port Elizabeth, by handcuffing him, forcing his knees through his arms, thrusting a broomstick under his knees and then suspending him between two pieces of furniture and repeatedly shocking him with a hand-operated generator.

Derek Page, 27, got six months—three suspended, Phillopos Claasen was fined R100.

Recently again a policeman admitted to hitting a pregnant coloured girl of 19 in the stomach "although I had no intention of doing it". Her brother was being arrested for the heinous offence of "drinking wine in public", and she is supposed to have helped him. Mr J. Havenga, a Cape Town magistrate fined her R30 (or 60 days) for "resisting arrest".

The police in this country seem to care little for the rights of citizens. But then their superiors don't attach much importance to it either. Last year, the Minister, Mr S.L. Muller, revealed, 455 policemen were retained in the service after being found guilty of crimes of violence. 75 of these had previous convictions. In the same year 7 out of 96,000 British policemen were found guilty of violent crimes—all were dismissed. In South Africa police shot dead 54 people including 5 children. In Britain, where police don't carry guns, a spokesman said, "Our men are very reluctant to use their truncheons, except against firearms".

South African cases of ill-treatment in prison are well-documented—and they combine with magisterial bias and warped laws to make the prospect of any black prisoner pretty grim.

* 9 Arcadia High School pupils allegedly assaulted during questioning at Bishop Lavis police station.

* 6 black prisoners thrashed, slapped and throttled by a Hartebeesfontein constable—he was fined R20 for each.

Of course most of the recent publicity regarding detainees has been that surrounding the death of the Imam Haron. What are the facts behind this?

The Imam Abdullah Hadja Haron was arrested on May 28, 1969, the anniversary of the birth of the Prophet Mohammed. In his early forties, he was married with three children: Shamila, 19, studying radiography in England, Mogamet, 13, and Fatima 5—both still at school. Although he held a senior church post and was editor of the "Muslim News" he drew no salary, and earned a living as a representative of a chocolate firm.

The Imam was detained in terms of the Terrorism Act, Act 83 of 1967, subsections 6 and 7, of which empower senior commissioned officers to arrest and detain without trial any person believed to be either a terrorist or someone withholding information on terrorist activity from the police.

What the Imam's role was, was, of course, never revealed. Answering Mrs Catherine Taylor in the House of Assembly twelve days after the Imam was first held, the Minister of Police, Mr S.L. Muller said it was "not in the public interest to disclose why or where the Imam was being detained". He would not confirm any charge, would not say whether criminal proceedings were being contemplated and stated only that his family was not allowed to visit him, he would not be permitted to see a magistrate daily, and he would have no access to attorneys.

On September 27, just four months after he had first been arrested, the Imam Abdullah Haron was dead. A post-mortem was held, and an outside pathologist was allowed to attend. If the laboratory tests showed the Imam had died of natural causes, there would be no inquest, said Lt.-Col. C.F.J. Pienaar, head of the Security Police in Cape Town. He added that the Imam had first complained of pain in the chest and stomach two weeks previously. "He was examined by a doctor who prescribed pills to be given whenever he was ill."

On September 26 at 11 am the Imam complained of pains in the chest and was given pills. The following morning he again took pills.

When the police made their rounds of the police cells at Maitland at 9.15 on September 26 he seemed in good health. An hour later he was dead.

His family had not seen him since his detention.

The facts we know are these: That on February 18 the following year a Cape Town inquest was told that several bruises had been found on the Imam's body. Major D. Genis, the officer in charge of the Imam's case, submitted a report in which he alleged that the Imam had fallen down some stairs the week before his death. But, testified a state senior pathologist, the bruises were very extensive—totalling 560 square centimetres—and could not all have been caused by a fall down stairs. Furthermore some of the bruises were distinctly older

than others. On March 11 the inquest magistrate found that according to the police evidence he was unable to determine how the balance of the injuries was caused. It was in the interests of South Africa and the Security Police that a judicial commission be appointed to establish the facts. On March 19, 1970 a police inquiry headed by Brigadier Lamprechts was reported to be investigating the possibility of a criminal charge in connection with Haron's death.

In Parliament on September 18—just under a year ago—Mrs Catherine Taylor, in the privileged atmosphere of the House of Assembly, alleged that the Imam had been assaulted by the Security Police. She had information from confidential sources which suggested that a Sergeant Andries van Wyk had attacked the prisoner and that his attack was directly responsible for the subsequent decline in his condition leading to his death. The Imam had had a medical examination only two years before his death which revealed no evidence of any cardiac trouble, and it seemed certain that the heart disease the police story suggested was a lie. Sergeant Van Wyk, Mrs Taylor claimed, had caused his death.

Sergeant van Wyk, incidentally, is the same man who allegedly had two years previously beaten Stephanie Kemp's head on a prison floor until she lost consciousness—the charge was denied but she was paid R1000 compensation.

The Government refused, however to take responsibility for the Imam's death and his widow, Mrs Galiena Haron, announced that she was suing the Ministers of Police and Prisons, Messrs Muller and Pienaar, for R22000, because her husband's death was caused "by violence inflicted by persons unknown to her during his detention".

In May of this year the Imam's widow was made an ex-gratia payment of R5000.

Mrs Haron, in deference to the wishes of her ailing 85-year-old father-in-law agreed to take no further action. Said S.L. Muller legal action "would never have got off the ground".

Catherine Taylor once again demanded a judicial inquiry into the Imam's death re-iterating her information. The Security Police's integrity is at stake, she said.

On August 19 the Rev. A. Wrangmore began a forty-day fast in a mosque shrine as a personal protest against the Imam's murder. He turned down vitamin pills saying he was "fit" and "happy". He plans to fast until September 27, second anniversary of the Imam's death.

SOME OF THE FACTS ABOUT POLICE BRUTALITY IN THIS COUNTRY REMAIN A MYSTERY, AND PROBABLY ALWAYS WILL. OTHERS ARE DOCUMENTED AND WELL-SUBSTANTIATED: THERE ARE, SAID A JOHANNESBURG MAGISTRATE, AN INCREDIBLE NUMBER OF ASSAULT CHARGES AGAINST POLICEMEN.

One thing appears obvious—certain political detainees are being tortured and killed because they refuse to yield to the pressures of a group which will only show mercy to men who perjure themselves so as to convict their fellows.

And the record of the Security Police in the "defence" of South Africa is a disgrace. They have had no scruples about injuring citizens whose views they do not respect. They have given no thought to the families and friends of upright men whose lives they have shattered.

They are a cowardly timorous bunch of cheap murderers whose actions should be thoroughly examined by an impartial judicial commission.

And then we'll see an end to these "deaths" in detention.

AND FROM THE CAPE TIMES:

The University of Cape Town's Students' Representative Council said in a statement yesterday that an article in an edition of *Varsity* on September 8, concerning alleged assaults and deaths of persons in detention, was published without its authority or prior knowledge.

The report, which called for the appointment of a judicial commission of inquiry into this matter, resulted in a decision to stop further distribution of the particular edition of *Varsity* in which it appeared.

While the SRC expressed its profound disquiet at the many reported allegations of assault, torture, ill-treatment and the number of deaths of persons in detention and supported the appointment of a judicial commission of inquiry, it strongly deplored and dissociated itself from the objectionable features of the article in question, and regretted any harm that might have been caused, the statement said.

An additional statement issued by the SRC president, Mr Geoff Budlender, said that at a full meeting of the SRC held yesterday, the editor of *Varsity* was called on to give an explanation for the publication of this article with the objectionable features.

The council then resolved to censure the editor.

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receives twenty-six dollars

seventy-five and a dollar fifty for each extra child. A deserted woman with six children (hypothetical in this instance, but by no means uncommon), would receive maybe thirty-four dollars twenty-five per week, if she was ineligible or did not apply for a supplementary benefit. If the rent was ten dollars a week, this would leave her to feed and clothe six children on twenty-four dollars a week plus Family Benefit. This is real poverty and should be totally unacceptable in our society. Working with people who are trying to manage on these benefits, I have realised that they are just not enough, and in some cases ridiculously inadequate. This is particularly so if the beneficiaries have been waiting weeks to receive the money with the subsequent pile-up of debts.

Thus there has evolved an extraordinary mixture of the laissez-faire capitalism and unimaginative bureaucracy which is a particularly stifling combination. The rules originally set out to safeguard a person's rights are now being used to put him through a fairly humiliating process, so that he suffers a blow to his self-esteem and is not permitted to live at a decent level at the end of it all.

STATE ADVANCES

The other major branch of our welfare network is of course State Advances. Here the basic principle is that the government provided cheap good housing for those who cannot afford their own house, or, with recent developments, cannot afford to pay high rents. It has been traditional that there is a long waiting list for state houses, and that people live in alternative accommodation until their application has been considered and dealt with. However, this is no longer working. Applications are flooding in, there are not nearly enough houses, and there is no alternative accommodation. Housing problems with people of low income is a constant daily headache for any social worker.

I remember one family of eight living with relatives with six children of their own, all in a three-bedroomed house. The father was very ill. The application for a state house, in spite of testimonies from a doctor who said that the worry and overcrowding could prove fatal to the man, was held up for six weeks because of a hitch in proving eligibility. The family finally moved in desperation to stay with friends, had to leave there after a couple of weeks, and ended up in a temporary house with no heating or furniture. During these moves, two of the children became ill. It was only due to the charity of the church that they even managed to find this house.

Another family of seven children lived in a basement flat for two weeks due to the kindness of a total stranger, who had come to hear of their homeless plight. This was two-roomed with no toilet facilities, but it was all we could find and we were "lucky" enough to get a state house two months after they had been evicted.

Gross overcrowding is a phrase which never conveys the sordidness, tension and lack of cleanliness resulting from two or more families trying to live together in a small space. Bad or overworked sanitary arrangements, the misery of continually worrying and waiting in this very high stress-inducing situation are all necessary results. I remember in one house where I visited, the baby had nearly died the night before, because the

house was old, damp and very unhealthy. The doctor had warned the family (with four other children) to move out, as it was affecting all their health. Their application, I discovered, had been in for a year, and they probably had not realised that this health problem should have been mentioned on the application. The house was kept absolutely spotless, and they paid something like fifteen dollars for it per week. In another house I visited, I was absolutely staggered to find that one child had a little bed laid out for him in the bathroom each night, because there was literally not enough room for him anywhere else.

Lack of concern for the individual is also a by-product of staff shortages and lack of a clearcut policy. One woman waited for a house for her family for eight months, and at last came to me in desperation. I rang them to discover that she was ineligible because her income was over the limit. She had not been informed that all this waiting was in vain.

TIME GAP

It is six weeks before eligibility is decided, and unless great pressure is brought to bear, this is usually inflexible. If therefore, a family comes into the office, with notice to leave the following day and nowhere to go, there is literally nothing a social worker can do, except maybe fluke finding a flat, and this is usually out of the question because of rents.

With both institutions, the shortage of staff makes things almost impossible for remaining employees to deal with the incredible volume of work, and it is these people who also have to bear the brunt of the public and their justified complaints.

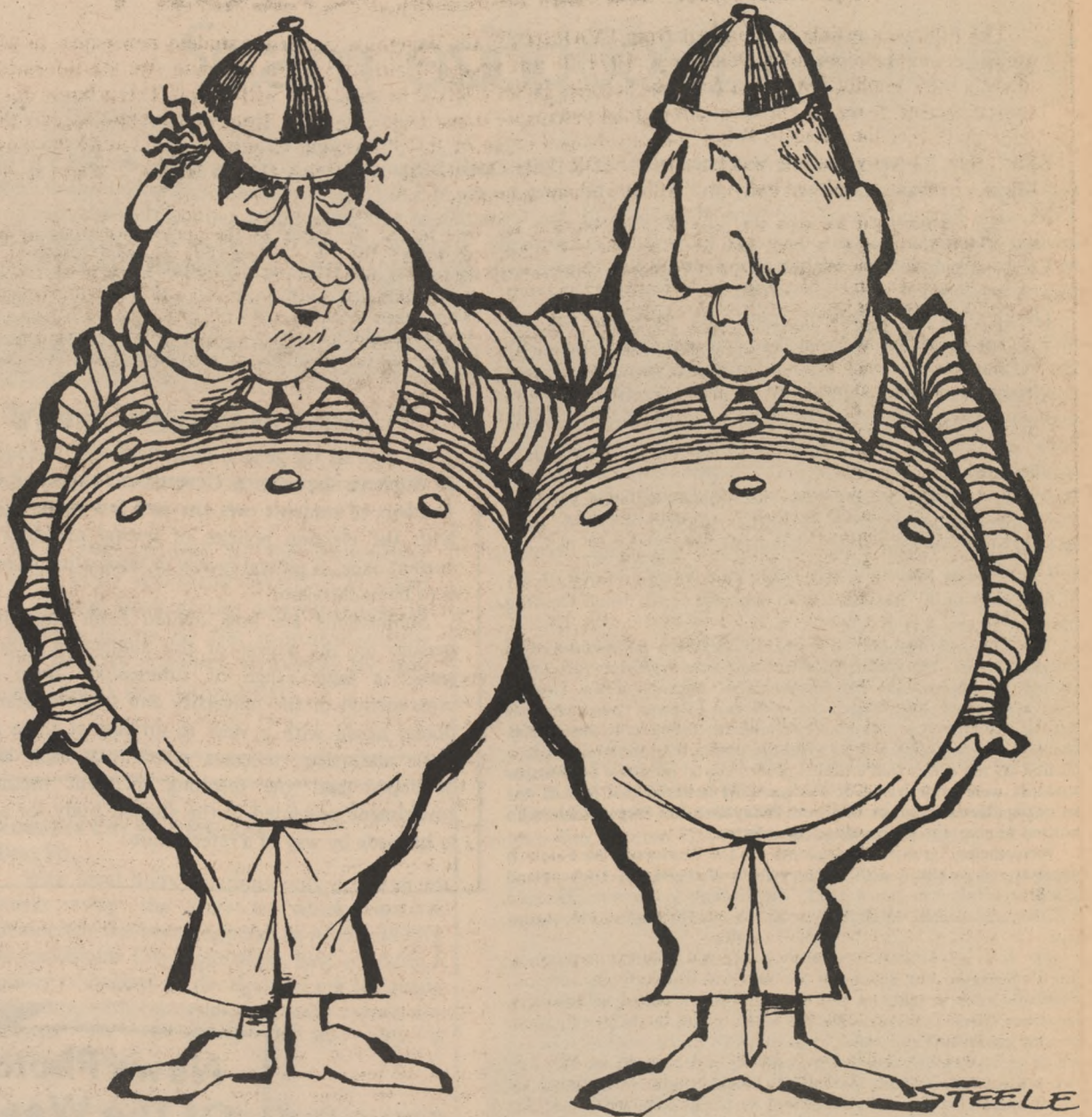
These "cases" seem no doubt unusual, taken in the broadest view, but to me, it is a crime that any of this degrading misery should exist at all. There are too many people in Auckland who are in genuine need, and the situation is, as various staff from both institutions, have attested to me, getting worse. The cycle of poverty is admittedly not a picturesque one, and all the attendant ills of alcoholism, child and wife beating, sordid surroundings and lack of scruples concerning bill repayment tend to outrage the ordinary middleclass citizen and turn off any charitable feelings he might have had. However, two facts remain: that there are a number of remedies that can be applied by a capitalist society (short of the complete reorganisation of the whole economic system), and secondly that there is a question of immorality in allowing a section of people to live at such a substandard level, while there is a surfeit of material goods for the others, who are smugly proclaiming their egalitarianism.

A welfare state presumably cares for the helpless, the sick, the children, the insane, deserted women with families, unmarried mothers, and ensures that they do not have to pay twice for their misfortunes. Our society, and I mean Auckland, is beginning to exhibit the worst kind of materialism, in its smug denial of the sufferings of these people right in their midst. The original brave ideals of the founders of the welfare state were based on the gentle premise that every man (with no condition attached) had the right to be housed, fed and employed decently, and to be able to bring up his children in the same way. The slide from these ideals has been a long and slippery one, and all New Zealanders have contributed to it by their silence.

NOTICE YE WELL

On Friday 24th of September the A.U.S.A. fees for 1972 were increased to \$12 for building funds and \$12 general levy a total of \$24. In an unparalleled burst of idealism the S.G.M. saw fit to (1) reject a motion to provide finance necessary for 1% aid, and (2) to reject the finance (and by implication the policy?) of equal pay.

J. WOODROFFE, PRESIDENT



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A CONTINUING SAGA

It seems that stealing has become a bit more popular or we are becoming better at catching thieves. I don't know which, but we have caught a number this year and have rattled the old cops on campus and I've had a few notables come in to brow beat me with advice on what to do.

Well, what I do is call the cops and have a court of law decide who is the unfortunate 'first timer' and who's making a living by stealing—not that there's much difference. You see when you catch a thief it's always the same super-bluff, either it's tears and what will my family say or "what do you mean? I haven't stolen anything" Perhaps I'm a bit soft but every story I've ever heard has been a good one.

And I don't believe all this crap about people stealing because they're hard up because I've never met a hard-up thief. Anyway why let being a bit short of cash turn you into a thief. You can always charge it up and ask for a bit of credit. Now if you really believe that the method of distribution of wealth in our society is wrong, or stuff like that, then as manager of the bookshop I can't agree; but I've never met a thief like that either.

Thieves are more like Cyril Sneed (the name has been changed because while he didn't think stealing from us was wrong he'd sue me if I told you his name). Now, well-known but ageing student personality Cyril comes into the shop and asks to look at some pens, selects a couple and being well known and trusted is OK'd to pop out the back and charge them up. But he circles around a bit (real stylish) pops pens in pocket, goes out the door and gives a victory wave to his friends. When accosted he turns real uptight doesn't know what we're talking about and all that then admits that he did steal the pens. But he's no thief—he stole because he knows we are half owned by a big firm, so it's O.K. but he's bright enough to work out that it's the honest customers who pay for theft not the owners, though the owners are real people too. He stole from people not from some anonymous corporation. Then he moves on to the "I needed a pen bit". But he stole two and super smooth pens at that usually used by architects when he could have stolen a two cent model and not felt so bad. Now this joker is a good friend of mine with enough brains to know he is an ordinary petty thief and he still gives me all this crap. We had also given credit to Cyril for over a year because he was having a few money troubles and he stuffs us up by pinching. I'm really hurt personally but as I like book selling at University, I don't like to see people shag me up either.

The worst thing about thieves is the bullshit they give themselves and you and the fact that they really go under to the police. We caught a girl we will call Mary Poppins. Now she was cool, wouldn't tell me a thing, but with the police she soon remembered the names of the people she was with and all that. The real surprise with Mary was she stole sale books reduced to quarter price about \$2.50 worth. She was also studying social problems and all that and I wonder how she worked that all round in her mind but she did.

Why do people steal? Well I don't know. I think mainly for kicks. It's bad among male university students till they tend to grow out of it at about 23, and among middle aged women. Why? I don't know. You can get a bit famous, you know, steal something big and be admired.

In fact in writing this I fear I will bring some on so that they might have a go at stealing. Well it's pretty easy and it only gets rude if you get caught and you don't get caught often. Anyway my line is to call the cops if you do and while we do our best to put you off we also do our best to catch thieves. We do hire a security firm from time to time with the man who looks like a rent-a-cop to scare some off, along with the joker who doesn't catch those who don't scare easily. We will end up not letting coats in our bookshop and get turnstiles and all that. A real drag? Sure and expensive too, but what can you do? Give it all away?

Of course there are not many who steal you know, only a small minority and all that. Well if you do steal and get caught you won't wash away your sins with tears because friendly Phil Thwaites thinks you're a real piss-off and he will send you to court. Now in writing this I've exposed a part of the shopkeeping business I'd rather not know about. I've written this because someone said I should because perhaps I've mislead people into thinking that I would not send anyone to court. Well I do.

PHILIP THWAITES.

will a.u.s.a. recognize m.s.a?

Until 1969, Singaporean and Malaysian students in New Zealand shared a common association, the M.S.S.A. (Malaysian and Singapore students Association). But, in fact, the need for the M.S.A. (Malaysian Students Association) arose as early as 1965 when Singapore separated from Malaysia. With the formation of two independent nations, the Malaysian government advised Malaysian students overseas to organise accordingly. Dunedin was the only centre in New Zealand where the M.S.S.A. was dissolved, and the M.S.A. and S.S.A formed in its place in 1969. Other centres retained the M.S.S.A. while the M.S.A. was formed at the same time.

The traditional argument against the formation of the M.S.A. has been that Malaysians and Singaporeans, especially the Chinese, feel that the division between their two countries need not spill over to affect their social ties overseas. Most Malaysians and Singaporeans feel at home both in Malaysia and Singapore which have a strikingly similar cultural base. The M.S.S.A. is primarily a social club. It acts as a liaison between the Malaysians and Singaporeans, the University, and the New Zealand public. A.U.S.A. does not officially recognise the formation of the M.S.A. because this new body automatically challenges the status quo of the M.S.S.A. which has been a valuable and long-standing member of the A.U.S.A.

The strongest objection to the M.S.A. has been the method of its inception. The Malaysian government issued circulars in 1968, strongly recommending the formation of separate M.S.A. bodies. Most Malaysians and Singaporeans took this to mean 'coercion', and felt that political pressure should not be brought to bear upon students overseas. N.Z.U.S.A. when discussing the problem, passed a motion to the effect that external governmental pressures on overseas students were undesirable. It was generally believed that M.S.A. was an unpopular concept, among both Malaysians and Singaporeans who wanted to combine for purely social reasons.

Nevertheless groups of students in the University have felt it necessary to go ahead with the formation of the M.S.A. In Auckland it was established in March 1971. The students voluntarily organised together and agreed on the following reasons for a purely Malaysian club:

1) It is an unrealistic view to ignore the political situation at home. Malaysia and Singapore are now two separate autonomous countries, each developing and forging their individual, nationalistic identities. Some students left their home countries before this split became prominent and may not be aware of the new trends at home, which are becoming more pronounced daily. Hence the existence of two separate associations is desirable, provided both groups continue to co-operate at a social level. This is being done at Otago, and consequently, much friction has been avoided.

2) It is all very well to say that students overseas should not concern themselves with political problems at home. But political awareness is becoming more and more essential, especially if a large proportion of overseas students will form the future leadership of the two countries. Therefore, it is more realistic to be aware of the present divergent needs and trends of Malaysia and Singapore. Malaysian and Singaporean problems are now different. And this must be acknowledged.

3) The M.S.S.A. is not recognised by the Malaysian government, and therefore cannot act as an official channel of communication with the Wellington High Commission and the home Government. The M.S.A. has this important task of liaison between students and government. The importance of this function cannot be overstressed, because in times of crisis, the most relevant channel would of course, be the High Commission. It has been argued that the Malaysian Government should heed the importance of the M.S.S.A. and recognise it. But political issues at home render this impossible.

4) The M.S.A. is an effort to bring all Malaysians together regardless of race. Malaysians would like to solve their own problems by themselves before they can look outwards to the other issues.

5) With the separation of Singapore, there is now a need to present a separate and distinctive Malaysian image in New Zealand, and only the M.S.A. can fulfil this.

The M.S.A. in Auckland has experienced great stressed since its formation. It was severely handicapped by other Malaysians and Singaporeans who still maintain that it is an irrelevant association. It has been alleged that members of the M.S.A. are 'government spies' and 'saboteurs' of the M.S.S.A. This overlooks the fact that there are Malaysians who genuinely believe in the necessity of M.S.A. There are now Malaysians who have recognised, and others who are beginning to realise, the necessity of new response to new challenge. No political situation is static; though Malaysia and Singapore have been an organic whole for centuries, the fact today is different. Likewise, if Singapore and Malaysia were to recombine with a change in political circumstances, the dissolution of the M.S.A. and the reformation of the M.S.S.A. would be the obvious consequence.

Hostility towards the M.S.A. is well represented in an article in Truth dated 13th April 1971. It alleged that M.S.A. members were 'coerced' into forming the association; were 'bribed' to sabotage the M.S.S.A. and were offered lucrative jobs at home as rewards. Also, Colombo Plan scholarships would be discontinued for those who retain M.S.S.A. membership. These allegations are plainly absurd. Firstly, the decision to form the M.S.A. in Auckland was totally free from government coercion. No member of the present committee would consent to serve if they felt they had been forced. Secondly, it is ridiculous to suggest that there are lucrative jobs waiting at home for members of the M.S.A. All Malaysians are subject to certain government requirements when seeking employment at home, for example, knowledge of the Malay language is an essential requirement. (The secretary of the M.S.A. hardly speaks Malay, and is aware of her bleak prospects in government service at home). It is also incorrect to maintain that the Malaysian government has threatened to discontinue C.P. Scholarships. It has issued no official directive concerning punitive actions taken about students' commitment to either the M.S.S.A. or M.S.A. It only endorses the latter association.

Co-operation between the M.S.S.A. and the M.S.A. is rendered difficult presently because of M.S.S.A.'s and A.U.S.A.'s insensitivity to the new needs represented in the M.S.A. What the M.S.A. hopes for now is not its survival, which is assured because it is a relevant response to a new set of circumstances, but that Malaysian students be free to organise as they like, either in the M.S.A. or M.S.S.A., and both be recognised by all parties involved. New Zealand, especially the universities, has a reputation for liberalism, and it might be hoped that these principles of free association could apply to M.S.A. as well as M.S.S.A. without raising any hysterical cries of 'sabotage' and 'slander'.

HENG PEK KOON
MSA SECRETARY

AUSA GOVERNMENT REVIEW

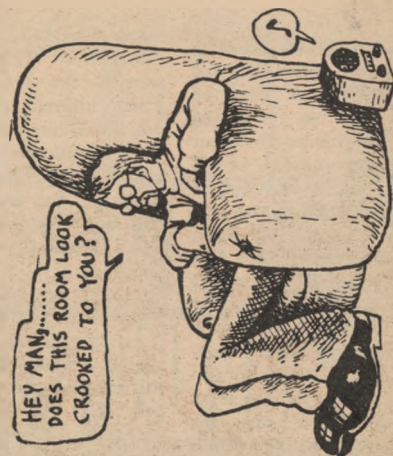
In view of the general discontent with various aspects of Students Association Government expressed by large numbers of students over the past few years, and in line with the election policies of several members of the current exec., a general review of association government is to be undertaken.

Submissions are now invited from any interested persons on any aspect of this subject; it is hoped to gather a large range of submissions from a wide cross-section of the university and to hold hearings on points raised with a view to arriving at three or four basic alternative schemes which can each be fully developed and the resulting different methods of government presented to the student body for a choice to be made by way of a referendum.

Because of the closeness of finals and the necessity of ensuring that as many people as possible are involved in the discussions and the necessity of widely publicising the alternative schemes in Craccum before a choice is made, this referendum will not be able to be held until the beginning of next year, and therefore submissions will be accepted until at least Christmas.

However, in order to give us an idea of the numbers of people likely to take part, it would be appreciated if anyone who intends or desires to make submissions would notify me to that effect: a small bureaucratically designed form is available from the office for this purpose.

BOB LACK.



News Photo Of The Week

In keeping with our policy of presenting our readers with all the vital news in these troubled times, here is an exciting photograph of a jackal retching.



S R C LAPSES

From tolerance we must move to improve the situation on campus. It seems a particularly pertinent moment to comment on the state of the Union, even as the term ends. Events have reinforced the feeling that the University has been a duckpond, gradually drained of water, revealing the weeds and mud below. I am sitting typing this script now, up in the Student Liaison Office, at 8.20p.m. on Thursday the 23rd of September, after what was supposed to have been an S.R.C. meeting.

In an historic sweep at 7.30p.m. the Chairman of S.R.C. said that S.R.C. had "folded up." (his words). Once more S.R.C. lapsed for want of a quorum, and by several members having missed two consecutive meetings of the S.R.C. a number were deemed to have resigned. The S.R.C. was thus killed. Anarchy was then proclaimed, and people left B 28 in a daze and/or fed up. A few, tragically, were triumphant at the end. These were notably those who have continually treated S.R.C. as a joke, and have succeeded in making it one. Perhaps the nadir of this body is a result of a lack of interest by most people, and a consequent usurping of discussion by some who speak before they think. Now, even more than before, a new attitude must come if student involvement is to revive.

S.R.C. has departed for this year, but now is the time to look at the basic roots of the difficulties. There could perhaps be more spreading of information and student interaction—in the Quad, the cafe, common rooms and lecture halls. This could be seen as a time of depression, but despondency will only prolong the hard times. I know that some constitutional amendments might help, but it is still true that only optimism and positive action can lift student politics from mediocrity and pig-headedness.

So a coup d'etat was staged from within. Temporarily it seemed that Exec. had been ousted too, but the constitutional hounds flurried around, and decided this was not so, and so it appears at the time of writing. But with cell meetings in several parts of the Student Union, and joustings with the press, things are in a confused state. Nevertheless it would be foolish to see this as a total and final

disaster—the Students Association lives.

Now the next stage is to think how to get things moving better. Judging from the number of non SRC members at the sadly fouled up meeting, there are some interested people on campus. The question in my mind is do we mobilise, or do we sit back and let oligarchy return? It seems rather ironic that while a few years ago there was a clamour and keenness for more opportunities to speak out, few students seem to care now. The student pleas were met, without campus violence like Paris for example, and now the results are similarly being allowed to slip away without violence. High hopes were once held of SRC making a valuable contribution, but they seem diminished hopes now. Perhaps we got it all too easily.

It is not a time for mudslinging or namecalling, for that is merely destructive. Many views must be heard and listened to with toleration. Agree to differ amicably and work toward attainable goals. Do not throw abuse at those with different views, because you cannot expect people to be swayed to your view by emotionalism and bad language. A good argument can stand on its own without the use of language which becomes tedious, and alienates more people than it convinces or even amuses. Just because someone has different views does not mean that he should be ostracised.

If students support the MVP and others in the renovation of Studass structure some things could get moving again. The underlying fact is that students will hardly ever get value for their Studass fees unless they make sure of it themselves. It does not require lots of time to find out about student affairs, or to contribute to the running of the association. But the sort of incident which happened last Thursday could re-occur if students leave it to the "student politicians" to run the place.

ROGER COWELL.



Remuera from Upland Road. Of 85,000 registered voters 42,000 are ratepayers. It is estimated that a total of 105,000 persons are entitled to be on the A.C.C. rolls.



54% of Auckland City's population lives west of Queen Street . . .



Busby Street, Avondale. . . a state housing area

The Western Area, which includes Pt. Chevalier, Waterview, Avondale and Blockhouse Bay, contains 34% of the City's population but receives 24% of major works expenditure.

As a background to the impending local body elections CRACCUM takes a critical look at the consequences in human terms of the monopolization of the city's power structure by one section of the community.

Auckland City Electoral Roll

Dear Sir,

With local body elections only a matter of weeks away the state to which electoral democracy has been neglected in Auckland City is scandalous. City Councillors have operated a policy of neglect of the electoral roll for nearly 20 years, with the result that today nearly one quarter of the voters of this city is disenfranchised.

Since 1953 the numbers of citizens on the electoral roll has been steadily dropping, so much so that when 33,000 voters turned out to vote in the 1968 elections, 32,000 of their fellow citizens did not have the right to vote.

This year, with one week remaining before the roll closes more than 20,000 voters are still disenfranchised. Many anomalies exist. A property owner may never vote yet his name will always appear on the electoral roll. A resident need miss voting only once to be struck off the roll in the post-election purge. A ratepayer who moves from a house to a rented flat will be struck off the roll. Names of those deceased may appear on the roll. The City Council does not even enter on the roll the names of the people renting the City Council pensioner flats. No provision whatever is made for new arrivals in the city.

It is not enough to toss the whole matter off by saying "it is entirely up to the citizen to put himself on the roll". Voting is a form of political participation, and the citizen can only participate if given a certain amount of information. Local authorities have the duty to make enough information easily available to citizens. In this particular case what is required is nothing less than knocking on doors and providing information face to face. A great deal of misinformation still exists. A frequent one is the belief that only ratepayers are able to vote in local elections.

At their most recent meeting the City Councillors rejected almost wholly three proposals put forward by the Labour Party to urgently deal with this matter. The Council stated that it was interested in putting people on the electoral roll "so long as it is not going to cost the Council money" (Mr Tongue in the Chair) 20 Councillors voted to maintain 20 years of neglect of the electoral roll and to currently prevent 20,000 voters from exercising their vote.

In the light of efforts at present being made by some Councils such as East Coast Bays, to enrol citizens, it is evident that City Councillors do not wish to give a lead to building a 'caring' community.

Brian Lythe
Labour Party Candidate
for Auckland City Council



New seal on Cotter Avenue, Remuera.

The Eastern Suburbs, with 40% of Auckland City's population, receive 42% of the major works budget.



. . . and is "represented" by one councillor who lives on the Pt. Chevalier waterfront.



Spring Street, Ponsonby.

8% of the population live in this area which is allocated 1% of the maintenance and minor works budget.



Remuera Primary School . .
20 of the 21 councillors on the outgoing Auckland City Council live east of Queen Street.



Newton Central School playground scene. . .



. . . and playing fields
26 of the 46 Citizens and Ratepayers local body election candidates hold executive or managerial positions.



. . . and former playing fields.
No such luxuries as grass or pressure groups here.



The Mayor with local body elec
At the A.C.C. meeting 2/9/71 ten
Centre. They range owner's qu
available—I have assu Council ha





The Mayor with al body election candidates during a recent fact-finding tour.
the A.C.C. m/2/9/71 tendered quotes were announced for an underground carpark in the proposed Civic
e. They range from owner's quote of \$4.561 million to Angus' tender of \$5.781 million. "The finance is
ble—I have and Council has assured that."—Sir Dove-Meyer Robinson in answer to a question.



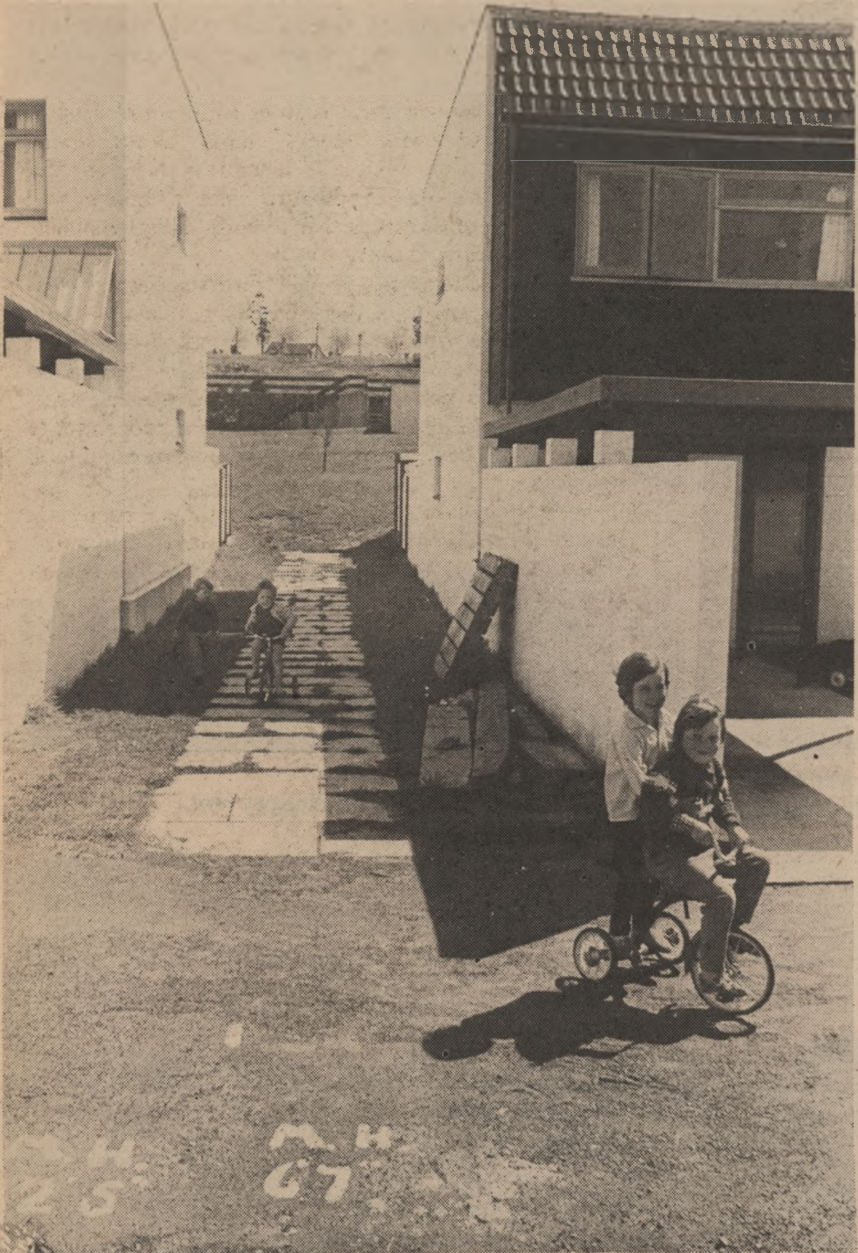
Children playing in Virginia Avenue.
In the Eden Terrace area, occupants of 65% of the housing pay rent.



Motorway construction. . . anticipating a demand for whose benefit?



Town Houses in Freeman's Bay...



...cost a minimum of \$17,500 per unit.
When asked which social group would occupy them, the Mayor replied—"Whoever who can afford them."

Freeman's Bay Redevelopment.

"The reason for my writing is to make it clear to you and the Council that I feel that the Council has done a wonderful job in the redevelopment scheme of Freeman's Bay and I hope that the actions and statements made by the Labour Party and this Ponsonby Freeman's Bay Action Group as they call themselves, are not allowed to hold up the scheme now after so much has been done. They are just about 30 years too late. I want to know, where these people have been during this time, including the Labour Party after so much hard work has been put into the clearing of Freeman's Bay and we are just beginning to see the benefit of that work today and if the Council can get the financial assistance from the Government, which they should, the next five years will show a much quicker improvement of building up the inner city area of the Bay..."

...from the Auckland City
Council Agenda of September
22nd, 1971.

R. Elsander, J.P.
Chairman,
Freemans Bay Advisory Committee:
6.9.71

A REMINDER—VOTE ON OCTOBER 9TH

.IF YOU ARE ABLE TO



Awaiting "clearance".
Displaced tenants usually move out to the southern state housing areas.



Tenders for Stages Two and Three of the Freeman's Bay Redevelopment Scheme have been called.
Plans provide for the construction of more Town House units.



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CONGRATULATIONS

This is my account of the birth of my child. Jewel laboured for about eight hours. Only I was in attendance. It was born at my flat. Her name is Jesus.

Jesus, daughter of Jewel Eastgate by Phil O'Carroll was born at dawn on Sunday, 12.9.71. All are well.

PHIL O'CARROLL

Jewel and I alone together. We went to the pictures. Peter Sellers comedy. Leaves mind blank and easy. We roar home on borrowed motorbike—Kawasaki scrambler. We sit on our floor-bed at my house. I light the fire. All is quiet. Jewel feels a strong painful movement in her womb. And then another. And another. She tries to get comfortable. She finds herself most comfortable on hands and knees. She screams and cries. I must stroke her back gently. "Keep stroking. KEEP stroking!" Bring her water. Her mouth is dry and foaming white. Water again! She tries to lie down. Too painful. Back up on all fours. Acute pain in back. I put my fingers up her quickly, before the next contraction. I feel the hole—the neck of her womb—stretched to two fingers width. A long way to go. "How much more?" she cries. About 15 minutes. An hour later I feel again. Four fingers wide. Not enough. I can still feel the cervix crowning the head. Don't push yet. "Oh god! Jesus. . . . Christ! Ow! Ow! Owwww!" DON'T PUSH. Go ah-ha-ha-ha-ha. . . Keep breathing. Don't push down. Don't hold your breath. Can't push against your own cervix. "Oh I must push!". Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha. "Oh-ho-ho-ho-aah!" (begins to push). AH HA AH AH right in her ear. She responds. "Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha." "I'm boiling hot." The room's not hot. More hours with no break. I feel again. The cervix has gone round the side of the head. Okay, you can push now. "Are you sure I can push now? I mustn't push." You can push now: the cervix is opened. She tries to push. "Ahhh!". "Oooh." Its hard. It hurts. Again it hurts. Its hard. I feel inside. She pushes. Her muscles tighten hard as bone—blocking the baby's way. Relax. The muscles part. Push and relax. The muscles close again. Impossible. This is no good. Push from your chest and leave your open. She tries and blocks again. I take hold of her arms. PULL. PULL with your arms and leave your open. Piss and . . . and everything at once. Let it all come out. She pulls. It moves a little. She pulls again. It moves a very little. She pulls again. Such work she's never done. Such mighty effort. And no time off. No way out. No escape. It doesn't seem to move. I feel again. I feel the baby's head hard up against her bones. Maybe it will jam. Maybe I should call an ambulance. Maybe it will die here. Maybe she will die here. PULL! She pulls. "AAAAH!" She cries. "Ohhh!". A hard, hard time. Can't go Can't stop. PULL! It moves again. Its crowding into the vagina area. The top of the head is bulging with soft squishy brain, head elongated by the squeeze. It moves again: the vagina opens to a shilling. It moves down again. The whole surface is pushed out, bulging out from her body. The hole looks so small. The head is aimed downwards. Its going to smash her arse right off: can't fit through that little hole. Bulging out under stretched skin like a great fist. She stops. "Its stuck! I can't move its stuck." Maybe its stuck. Maybe its all upside down and twisted up and stuck forever. Maybe I should call the hospital so they can take it out—in pieces. "I can't push any more". Or maybe it needs an almighty push yet. I don't know. Mindless choice. PUSH! She obeys instantly and with force. It moves! Slowly and continuously. Keeps moving. The head comes upwards. The vagina opens—incredibly—from a shilling to a mile wide—just stretches before my eyes without breaking. The head moves. Up and out. The next series of events happened in split seconds—but I remember several distinct events in detail. A weird gray face moons up from under the head. Its flat: like cardboard. With only marks for eyes. A deformity. A chinese cardboard doll. Then suddenly shoulders and arms. I grab it under the armpits and pull it out. The world becomes two-dimensional. A gray oval next to a bright rectangle with rounded corners (head and back—stark space age abstract design 1950's modern art). Then suddenly a gray corpse with a 3D face. Its dead. Its cold. Its blue. Its got a bright white pipeline with purple streaks spiralling from its guts into Jewel's. A moment of anger. A corpse. I shake it. Slap it. Roll it around. Hang it upside down. Softly beat it. Puff a little in its mouth. Lick out its phlegm. A little puff again. Jewel rears her head and stares. I feel I will have to bash it to make it breathe. I feel loathe to bash it hard. SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST! My whole mind becomes the pure raw thought that I must bash it hard. If it can not live it must not! If it can it must. I beat it hard. Jewel speaks; "hit it hard!". I beat it again. I hold it upright in my arms again. And one dark blue eye half opens from the gray. The eye is looking straight at me—with deadly cool philosophical stare. What! A corpse with an eye opening. I can't believe it. A short, hesitant sound. Death to life. My mind could not follow this move. My world ended. The world stopped and started again. Now I was in a new world holding a thing with two steely eyes and short squeaks. The body I was holding grew warm and pink. I looked up. It was light. The light of day. It had been all night—it had seemed like no-time or all-time. I held it to my body. Blood and white grease all over me. (white grease from her untouched skin). My naked body matches hers. Hers? She has a But 'she' seems meaningless. This one is special. This one is new. This is neither he nor she. This is it. It is



strong and beautiful. I give it to Jewel. Jewel looks Incredibly beautiful. Completely and deliciously Incredible beautiful. She and the new character cautiously grope each other.

2 days later. Now the blood has dried on each of us. We are all whole. Each of us is still groping with each other and everybody who comes. There is no family. Everybody is the family. This does not seem my child—nor Jewel-and-I's—but our child—all-of-us's— a new person of the human family.

ON BEARING AND REARING A BABY

I am glad Jil Eastgate is enjoying her pregnancy and can live, love and disprove the many myths surrounding pregnancy. I hope she will go on to give birth to this baby and rear it and in joy disprove the modern myths surrounding motherhood. I am one of the many female students on campus who have enjoyed being pregnant and have gone on to enjoy giving birth and being a mother. On all sides I'm told I should feel:

- I am nothing but a breeding machine.
- I am a slave to my husband.
- I am an unpaid, exploited labourer.
- I will go mad because I am foolish enough to live in a split-level home in the suburbs.

I do not share any of these emotions that I'm told by my unmarried fellow students I should be feeling. I am happy to be a wife, mother and graduate student in that order.

When I was pregnant, like Jil's experience in Craccum 16th September, I felt very much an individual and not a machine. I enjoyed sex, eating and creme de menthe after the larger meals Jil says I shouldn't have eaten. I carried on with my studies and sat Stage III papers in the last two weeks of pregnancy. The last paper I actually sat in the maternity hospital so I never felt that I was just breeding, and I certainly never felt as unemotional as a machine.

I shared the process of birth with my husband and I know we both felt that culmination and heightened experience of our sexual relationship at this time. The triumph of producing a healthy living child is a shared emotional experience, that could never be called mechanical. Because we loved each other this child is born into our world wanted, desired and loved. I'd always been told newborn babies are red, wrinkled and ugly. This wasn't true. Both my babies were born pink, dimpled, eyelashed and beautiful. Jil enjoys the sensation of having her nipples sucked now. I hope she will go on to experience the delight of her infant sucking those breasts and gently manipulating them with baby fingers. She will produce her milk in rhythm with his needs and with a reciprocity unknown in a pyrex feeding bottle, or a milking machine.

Jil will find her baby does require more attention when he's born than when he's in utero. I have never felt a slave however to my babies or my husband. A baby's sleeping time allowed me to continue my study and together we worked in harmony. She slept while I read Caucher, she lay kicking at my feet as I recited french verbs and Daddy looked after her while I went to the Library because I wasn't his slave either. Now as a family unit of four we work together and we consider each others needs. It is amazing how quickly children learn to respect the individuality of a mother when her husband respects it and she in her turn has respected his and their unique needs and personalities.

I don't feel unpaid or exploited. I could never be paid for the hours I give to my family but I could in turn never pay for my husband's devotion either. My children have given me so much love and joy that they too are beyond economic value. We just couldn't afford each other if we had to be paid for what we give. Love can't be bought anyway.

A myth that must disturb many young women is the psychiatric threat involved in being a mother living with husband and children in a city suburb. I have not found students at university any more mentally healthy than I find my married female friends in their suburban homes. I love my home. It was designed by a student friend who knew what I wanted and is still being paid for by my husband who wanted only my happiness in it. Together we have slowly furnished it and every year we save up for some painting, sculpture or ceramic to enliven it. My home is certainly not a prison but a place we all love to return to. Suburban neurosis does exist but usually when women are not selective enough in choosing a mate, a section or a family size to suit.

My basic point is motherhood as well as pregnancy can be a wonderful experience and shared parenthood its healthy expression.

YVONNE EDWARDS

INSANE IDEAS MEETING

Occasionally most of us have shithot ideas about all sorts of things. Sometimes these ideas are about doing something. But most of us thanks to our educational system and the paranoia of those who control us, have been taught that when we have ideas we have to forget them. All our 'needs' are provided for in this little country of ours and only the insane will ever want to 'express' these 'needs' in any other than the 'proper' way. So a lot of us are going insane through trying to think what we don't think.

So the 'educated' Kiwi dropping out is a form of insanity. To Mr Muldoon its a form of parasitism. This leaves we dropouts sitting around having shithot ideas, by ourselves, being insane.

Now suppose that we were insane enough to think that we weren't insane but actually real people with shithot ideas. Some of these ideas we might go about doing by ourselves or with a few friends. Unfortunately often we still remain insane through frustration, because the shithottest of the ideas involve more than two or three people and insane people with insanely shithot ideas remain dispersed around the backsteps of old houses, public bars, and the jobs for the insane, of our queen city.

Strangely enough there is going to be a gathering of insane people with dumb ideas about doing waste-of-time type things. It is actually believed that some people will find they have an idea in common and may be able to meet together in large enough numbers to be able to carry it out.

Its possible that people will turn up bearing ideas about the expansion of the food co-op; a cooperatively run motorbike mart on Saturdays; a week long be-in on Mototapu at Christmas; a cooperative creche in Ponsonby; the organisation of suburban dances; some help in establishing a rural commune; a cooperatively run coffee lounge in the city; an underground local newspaper.

So if you have shithot ideas to take an interest in shithot ideas this gathering might affect your insanity. YMCA Stadium. This Sunday (3rd October.) afternoon after 2.00p.m.

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JAILED!



George Jackson



SOLEDAD BROTHERS: MINUS ONE

"The prison's employees are cruel, vindictive, dangerous men who should not be permitted to control the lives of the 2800 men in Soledad." CALIFORNIA LEGISLATOR'S REPORT ON SOLEDAD PRISON, 1970.

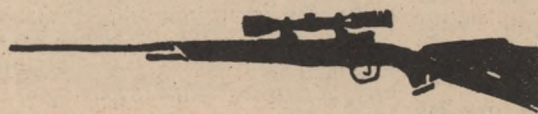
"When a white con leaves here he's ruined for life. No black leaves Max Row (maximum security) walking. Either he leaves on the meat wagon or he leaves crawling, licking the pigs' feet . . . This is not the first attempt the institution has made to murder me: it is the most determined attempt, but not the first." GEORGE JACKSON, SOLEDAD PRISON, 1970.



POWER TO
THE PEOPLE!



THERE CAN BE NO JUSTICE
UNTIL THE PEOPLE RUN THE COURTS



by KATHRYN DE NAVE



Angela Davis

George Jackson was facing a mandatory death sentence. He had been convicted in 1960 for the crime of stealing \$70. In its infinite wisdom the American judicial system gave him 1 year to life, which means each year he had to beg for parole. Ten years he spent in Soledad can; seven of those were spent in solitary, ie. for half an hour a day he was let out to shower and exercise. He was black, afrohaired and a Maoist revolutionary.

On the 13 January, 1970, three black prisoners in Soledad were shot dead by a white screw. Three days later, 45 minutes after these killings were declared to be justifiable homicide, another guard was found dead.

Three prisoners, George Jackson, John Clutchette and Fleeta Drumgo—the Soledad Brothers—were charged with murder.

They were all moved to San Quentin this year. On the 23rd August, Jackson was murdered by a screw. Murdered.

Shot in the back and back of the head. On the one day he was looking forward to—the day of the trial for the murder of the Soledad guard—the trial in which he would expose the whole of the white capitalist system.

MAN-CHILD JACKSON

"People have said I am obsessed with my brother's case and the movement in general. A person that was close to me once said that my life was too wrapped up in my brother's case and that I wasn't cheerful enough for her. It's true. I don't laugh very much any more. I have but one question to ask of you all and the people that think like you: What would you do if it was your brother." JONATHON JACKSON, BLAIR HIGH SCHOOL NEWSPAPER.

SOLEDAD
BROS. FROM
LEGAL
LYNCHING



"What makes me so angry is how the newspapers work so hard in glove in trying to humiliate. It's like the humiliation of the FBI following me when I'm burying my boy. Now what in the hell were they looking for. The only thing I was doing was putting him in the ground. They were across the street in a parking lot taking pictures. Now what do they want? Just to harass and humiliate." MRS GEORGIA JACKSON.

Just one year ago, August 7, 17 year old Jonathon Jackson was shot dead by prison guards in the parking lot of the Marin County Courthouse, California, after having just kidnapped a judge and some jurors from the same courthouse. Killed with him were two black prisoners from San Quentin. A third Ruchell Magee, was seriously wounded and is at present having a trial in the good company of Angela Davis.

"Many prisoners feel that they should get on the streets before participating in the black movement. However, we at the end of the world, in the shallow graves of death, realise that exploitation and all its racist manifestations exist over two thirds of the world, especially in the concentration camps of Babylon . . . The awareness, the new trend of black dignity, has installed in us the iron will to resist, resist, resist . . . We at the bottom of the bottom, feel that we don't have the liberty to choose battlegrounds." RUCHELL MAGEE, JUNE 1971.

And you wonder—why have these people done these

EEC and after

When Mr Marshall arrived back from France after the EEC negotiations, his ten point plan in his pocket, I had a feeling we were being led up the garden path by our big fat noses. The feeling largely arose from the omission by Mr Holyoake of that one word, 'derogation', in his TV interview. The explanation given was that his mentioning the word would have led to confusion, because, in spite of the more usual meaning of impairment, what was meant in the context of the ten point plan by the word 'derogation' was 'a continuation of the special arrangement.' English dictionaries were quoted to prove that 'derogation' really meant an increase in our butter exports, but I saw no French dictionaries quoted. According to Harraps' Standard French and English Dictionary 'derogation' means impairment. It can also mean waiving of a principle.

The word 'derogation' appears in the phrase 'derogations from Market organisation rules,' which seems to me delightfully vague. It also appears in the phrase 'transitional derogation for New Zealand dairy products' in which the translation could very easily read 'impairment.' I do think that the meaning which the French ascribe to this word is of more importance than the English meaning of the word and I also would like to point out that such obscure wording makes it possible for the British and the French to dispose of our privileges in any way that is convenient for them at any particular time. The fact that it was deliberately left out of Mr Holyoake's speech on TV is highly suspicious. Perhaps he was afraid that we would all understand it too well. From my reading I get the impression that the French people don't like Anglo-Saxons very much, and if they like those of us who live in the Pacific why have they been trying to smother us with nuclear fallout all these years?

Optimists will say the British market is not necessary, that a 29% cut in income will not hurt us, that selling our butter at a low price can be endured and that we can sell our products to Japan. But, according to my pocket agricultural expert, who was in Japan three years ago, keeps in close touch with Japanese people, and who also worked forty years for the Agricultural Dept., the Japanese can't afford to buy our stuff, and as he quotes \$14.00 as a fairly average wage for a Japanese clerk, I believe him. Apart from financial reasons there are reasons of national tastes why we are unlikely to convert the Japanese to New Zealand cuisine wholesale. After all, when did you last have a Japanese meal? Perhaps Mr Nixon's recent activities in the field of finance may also affect the amount of overseas funds at the disposal of the Japanese importers and so decrease the likelihood of our gaining a substantial hold in the markets there.

Most Asian countries are poorer than Japan, so I do not believe that Asia is a likely outlet for our rapidly decomposing piles of butter. The other alternative is South America, another poor, underdeveloped area, with little in the way of overseas funds. Probably recompense in kind would be the best we could hope for in any trading deal we made with them.

Having written the above with immense authority and even greater ignorance I would now like to appeal to the real experts to put me straight. I am not complaining about the deal we got, we should not expect Britain to wet-nurse us. I doubt if all the blandishments Mr Marshall could offer would keep her out of the EEC. I think it may not be possible for a small country closely surrounded by others to remain politically or economically independent anymore. I also realise it is nearly impossible to persuade farmers who are

amount of bail, not whether it will be granted! Normally people are jailed before the trial because they cannot find the bail. (In case the message is not absolutely clear, they are imprisoned because they are poor.)

Angela's recommended bail was going to be \$100,000. It would have been raised. She was simply denied her right to bail; typical! Refusal of bail can act as a stigma for the jury. Can the jury system work fairly then? And her "crime": Conspiracy, kidnapping and murder.

At the Marin County shoot-out she was not there. She is supposed to have purchased the weapons that were used on that day. She did other things too like go to New York. None of her actions were illegal, over this period of time between the purchase of the guns on 5 August, 1970, and her capture on 13 October, 1970. The state has not produced evidence, yet, to show she gave the guns to Jonathon Jackson. She did undoubtedly flee but because of fear and mistrust of the fairness of Californian officials. Remember she had been sacked from her university job because of her beliefs.

She has been confined for around 11 months. Confinement is punishment.

What happens to these people—the 2 Soledad brothers, Fleeta Drumgo and John Clutchette. Ruchell Magee and Angela will be crucially important to Amerika.

Write:
John Clutchette, P.O. Box B/4804, Tamal, Calif. 94964.
Fleeta Drumgo, P.O. Box B/10839, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Send money to:
Soledad—Angela Davis Defence Fund, P.O. Box 5341, Wellesley Street, Auckland.

OR:
Leave money at Resistance.

things? Something to do with the fact that we whites are part of a dying culture. Our culture is dying because it no longer allows a wide enough range of choices; doesn't give some of us any choices. The Amerikan penal system is screwed up. The courts and Law promise justice, the prisons promise rehabilitation. Day-to-day records of blacks in this process belie this. George Jackson spent 11 years in prison, seven of those years in solitary confinement for stealing \$70; Ruchell Magee was given a life sentence for the robbery of \$8. Soledad prison was supposed to have been a model prison, yet 5 black prisoners had been killed by guards.

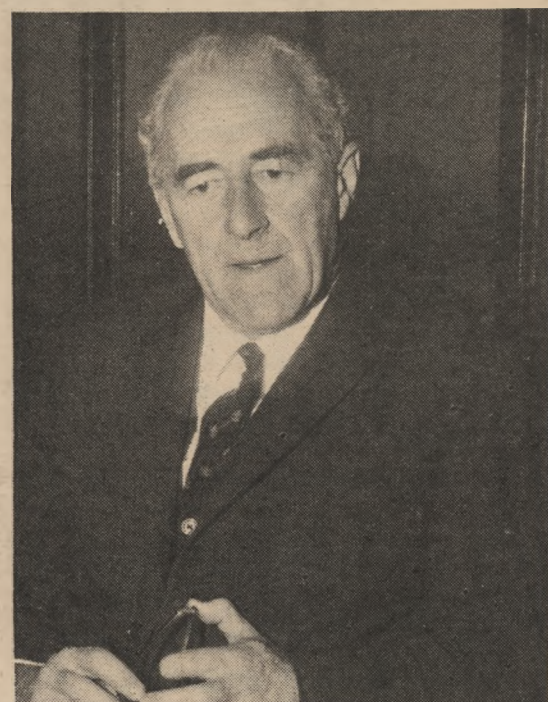
Attica we weep for thee and thy murders.

ANGELA DAVIS

Ego ideal.
On trial with Ruchell for the Marin County Courthouse wild west shoot out.

Is Marin County now going to give them a fair trial? Angela is on trial for kidnapping, murder and conspiracy. The penalty is death. By gas chamber I think. Slower than other methods of institutionalised death available.

She's had it bad all the way through. She was first indicted by the Marin County grand jury in her absence; which means the grand jury hears only one side of the case since the prosecutor is unfettered by opposing counsel. He may ask leading questions and put words into the mouths of witnesses. For black the juries are often prejudiced, composed of businessmen, bankers and lawyers and other such minimally useful people. She was refused bail. The judge thought that she was "unfit" to receive it. Yet bail is a civil right guaranteed under the constitution except in capital cases. The "fitness" of the defendant determines the



Photograph: Auckland Star

Marshall; a word for the wise?

doing well out of butter sales to diversify into untried or less rewarding lines of business. However, there is no doubt we would have been better to explore other markets at an earlier date—but it is easy to be wise after the event. What disturbs me is the feeling that we are being kept in the dark. No doubt there is some excuse for this, spreading gloom and despondency does undoubtedly have a bad effect on business, saps confidence, etc.

But, would someone please tell me what happens to this country if we can't sell our wool and butter to anyone? I would receive with immense relief any reassurance based on good solid facts that all will be well in Godzone after 1978. Otherwise I shall have to begin hunting for a job overseas at the earliest possible moment. At present all I can envisage is an army of clerks, now carrying on the export-import business, all out of work; and farmers walking off their farms; whole businesses collapsing—and I am getting very frightened, and I don't frighten easily, believe me.

GAYLE HANSON.

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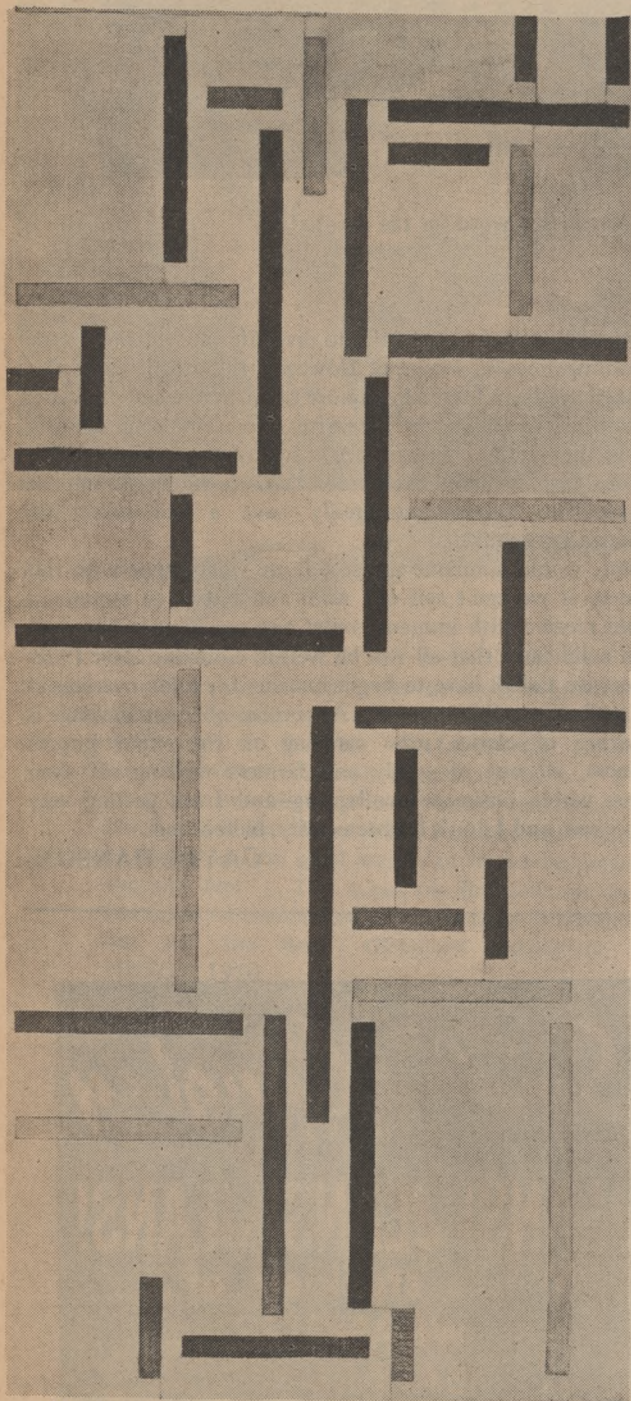
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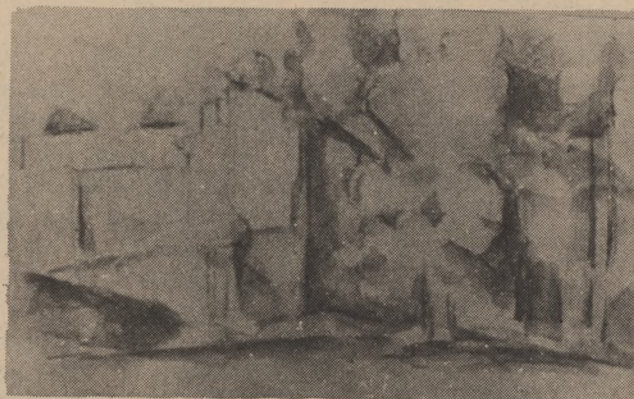
Review: 100 drawings from Cezanne



Gris; Still Life: Newspaper, Glass, and Playing Card. 1916



Van Doesburg; Rhythm of a Russian Dance. 1918.

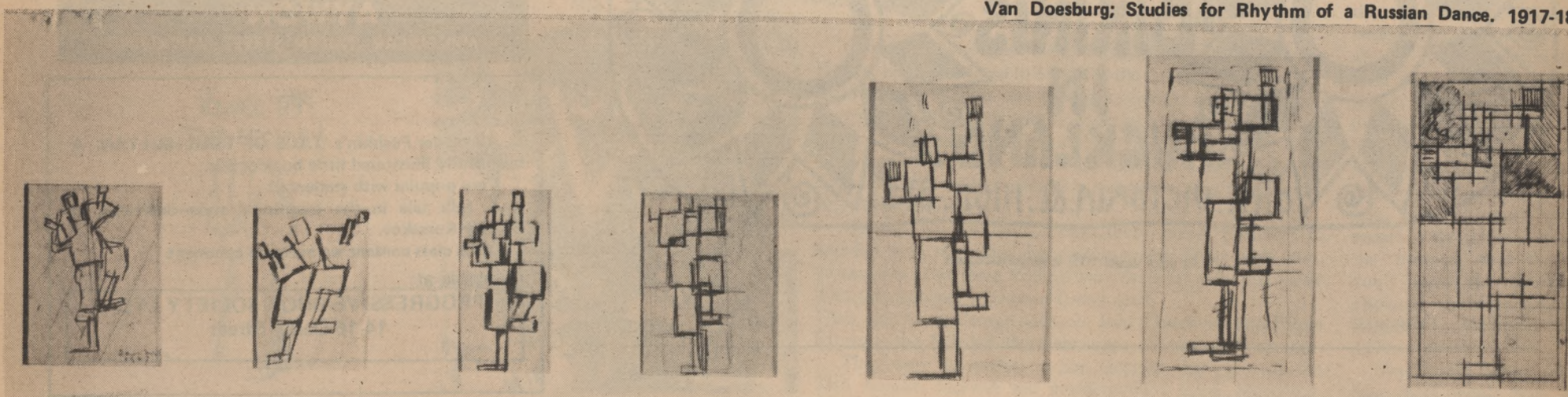


Cezanne; House among Trees. c. 1900.

Klimt; Woman in Profile. c 1900.



Van Doesburg; Studies for Rhythm of a Russian Dance. 1917-18.



MICHAEL
GALLER

Picasso;

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Cezanne to Picasso

MICHAEL DUNN VISITS THE AUCKLAND CITY GALLERY'S LATEST EXHIBITION



Picasso; Four Dancers. 1925

Do fine drawings like fine wine improve with age? This question is posed by the exhibition of master drawings on show at the City Art Gallery. The exhibition is on loan from the Museum of Modern Art in New York and for those who have been unable to travel outside New Zealand the opportunity exists for a few weeks, to see at first hand drawings by painters of the calibre of Matisse, Picasso and Malevich. In addition to the drawings there are also included in the exhibition five bronzes by Matisse and one painting by Van Doesburg. Most of the work in the show was either made in the first two decades of this century or has its stylistic origins there. These decades are a time of metamorphosis in European painting, a time of upheaval, of rethinking. It is the age of extremes, of enthusiasms, of 'isms! Fauvism, Cubism, Suprematism, Futurism all originate here, come to maturity and begin to die. Since these movements have long run their course the show exudes inevitably the air of a retrospective. Certainly the effect of these drawings on New Zealand painting today, will not be as great as it would have been if the show had come here in the 'Thirties'. Cezanne and Cubism were meaningful then in a way they are not today. But painters have often looked forward by looking back; to the selective eye alert to the dangers of imitation, there is much to be learnt from a study of the past. Let us hope this show has not arrived too late to have lost entirely its relevance for the younger generation of painters. For the historian and connoisseur it is a delight.

This is a show of drawings, but the work has to be conceived of in a wide sense to embrace a number of different kinds of work. For instance, there are some sheets of studies, or what we can call working notes made to sort out a composition for a painting. Of this kind are Van Doesburg's 'Seven Studies' in pencil, pen and ink, for the oil painting 'Rhythm of a Russian Dance' 1917-18. Then there are some carefully-considered and arranged drawings such as Balthus' 'Girl's Head' or Klimt's 'Women in Profile', which aspire higher. These are not complete compositions, rather they are tasteful studies of one problem. For example in the Klimt the relation of the line and texture of the woman's hair to the profile view of the face appears as the main statement. Distinct from the studies are some developed paintings in watercolour which demand careful contemplation. Of this kind Cezanne's 'House among Trees' c1900 is an excellent example, and in my view one of the highpoints of the show.

CEZANNE

'House among Trees' is surprisingly fresh in effect even though it is a record of thought, composition and control. Each touch of transparent colour appears for a purpose in organising the abstract mosaic of forms. Cezanne has worked up the whole drawing evenly so that no part can be isolated as the specific object of study as in Klimt's drawing. At this stage Cezanne's use of colour is no more descriptive in function than his method of drawing. Blue for instance is

used to indicate the meeting of two planes, not to describe the colour of the area. The untouched tone of the paper indicates parallel planes not the colour of light on the surfaces of houses, trees and grass. An overall feeling of spontaneity emerges from this drawing which might surprise those who think of Cezanne mainly as a kind of cubic geometer determinedly reducing nature to cones and cylinders.

Cezanne is obviously an important influence on some of the draughtsmen in the show. The cubists Picasso and Gris owe a good deal to his example. Gris' 'Still-Life: Bottle and Funnel', 1911, superficially evokes Cezanne in the use of shading to stress the intersection of planes. But the drawn line along the edges of these planes is a crudity of which Cezanne would not normally have been guilty. Comparatively speaking Gris has a greater interest in subject than Cezanne with a resultant literal quality in his drawing. His later work, 'Still-Life, Newspaper, Glass and Playing Card', 1916 is fully resolved as a composition. Here we see the transition to synthetic cubism with flattening, simplification and decoration of surface planes. Lettering, unthinkable in Cezanne's picture space now plays a role in what Gris described as his 'flat architecture'. A useful comparison can be made between Marcoussis' 'Still-Life, Zither and Brandy Bottle, Glass and Playing Cards' 1919, and the Gris. Both represent a similar phase of cubism and have points in common. Yet Marcoussis achieves a greater effect of richness in his design than Gris. Marcoussis is represented by a painting in the City Art Gallery's collection which could possibly have been introduced into this exhibition in the way the Van Doesburg was by the New York organizers. Normally the Marcoussis is seen in isolation and it would have been interesting to have had the chance to compare the painting directly with the Cubist work in the show. Cubism has a decided period flavour which does not attach so easily to Cezanne. There is also something of an academic flavour about the synthetic work which suggests exhaustion. It is now possible to see that Cubism was the end of an era in Western painting as much as a beginning.

A beginning is to be found in the drawings by Malevich. His 'Two Squares' c 1913 is non-representational and looks forward to the painting of the American, Reinhardt. 'Two Squares' can be distinguished in type from the abstractions by Kandinsky in the show, such as his 'Horseman' where references to figures, trees and landscapes can be clearly detected. Superficially the Van Doesburg painting, 'Rhythm of a Russian Dance' appears to be a non-representational work. In the painting we see bars of colour intersecting with no apparent reference to a dancing figure. But in this case the studies in the exhibition reveal that the painter began with a simplified drawing of a dancer in action. This drawing suggested an arrangement of intersecting vertical and horizontal lines. The final drawing has an order and calculation which is at first hard to explain in terms of dance movement. Why did Van Doesburg produce such a stark balanced arrangement from a dynamic source?

DE STIJL

To understand this work it is useful to know that Van Doesburg belonged to a group of artists known as De Stijl who sought to find a basis for the arts of design in the simplest forms and planes and colours. Of these artists Mondrian is now regarded as the leading figure. He once wrote, 'It is the task of art to express a clear vision of reality.' Mondrian himself began as a representational draughtsman as we can see from his 'Chrysanthemum' 1906-9 in the exhibition. But he gradually rejected this approach to concentrate on what he saw as the essential lines of movement in nature, the vertical and horizontal. With these elements Mondrian attempted in his own words to achieve 'a true reality' 'through dynamic movement in equilibrium'. As far as he was concerned this equilibrium was achieved 'through the balance of unequal but equivalent oppositions'. This is one way, and a reasonable one, of looking at the Van Doesburg. The dynamic movement of the dance has been realized in a balance of horizontal and vertical bars of unequal length which produce a state of equilibrium.

Although the painting appears in photographs to be a masterpiece of precision the edges of the colour bars are, on close inspection, irregular. Some of the bars distinctly deviate from the true vertical. This quality of sensibility in the colour bars, plus the colour, gives a needed warmth to the work. The Van Doesburg emerges as one of the most memorable works in a memorable exhibition.

Shifting from the comparative austerity of the 'De Stijl' to the works of Matisse is an exhilarating exercise. Matisse remains very much a traditional draughtsman. The use of line in his 'Yvonne Landsberg' 1914 or his 'Odalisque with a Moorish Chair' 1928 would not have seemed out of place to a 19th century artist of classical persuasion. Ingres comes to mind. The technical mastery in these line drawings is equalled in the show only by Picasso's 'Four Dancers' 1925. Matisse's 'Odalisque' reclines in opulent ease despite the economical use of line. Rhythms are picked up in the folds of her trousers which widen out in the out-thrust arm and further expand in the curving chair-back.

BONUS MATISSE

The five bronzes of Jeannette by Matisse are an added bonus to an already rich show. These bronzes are all boldly conceived and we see the artist aiming for an overall impression of the head and the rhythms of the hair. Of necessity this review can only touch on some aspects of this exhibition. Among the other drawings Klee's 'Lady Apart' 1940, a bold ink drawing on crinkled paper stays in the mind most clearly. Each viewer will find something to his taste among the works of Chagall, Dufy, Nolde, Pascin and Dali, to name a few of the other masters represented here. A final word of praise should be given to David Armitage for the design and layout of an excellent catalogue. It will make a fitting reminder of the show in later years.



Jefferson Airplane

MONTEREY POP / VEGAS THEATRE NEWMARKET / 'G' CERTIFICATE

Despite the appalling sound system which apparently is part and parcel of New Zealand movie theatres, this flick can be really enjoyed by those musical members of our community. The sound prevented one from appreciating the actual music being produced, as it got distorted and muddled and muddled. But the music WAS there, and what superb talent and finesse was displayed by most of those performing. We have to be brief in a student newspaper—so here goes (Oh—you cinematic buffs or whatever probably were let down by the photography and the colour but its a music film so that's what we're reviewing).

The Mamas and the Papas were in rough but fine style and the casual feel in John Phillips' compositions are very unique and ideally suited to the festival. Isn't Michelle incredibly beautiful? California Dreamin! Right on, John.

I hope I don't miss anybody. Canned Heat—so beautifully done. The Heat's blues rock n' roll is quite lovely on a sunny afternoon. Looking like college students, they gave us a taste of beautiful musical ability and an entree for things to come. Al Wilson is (was) a goddamn genius unknown, blues-playing-wise. Who the hell is that great bass player? Can't remember.

Was it Simon and Garfunkel next? They were delicately beautiful with a wonderful song that makes me want to charge through the gates and walk over the harbour bridge to sing it. They sure don't look like rock n' roll stars though. Hugh Masaleka did his thing well but not to too many folks appreciation.

The Jefferson Airplane. AAAH (ecstasy) the Airplane (Swoon). Probably you thought who the hell are they? They, Ladies and Gentlemen are the finest band in the U.S.A. Second maybe only to the Dead. But I should not compare, I should appreciate each for its own qualities. That was funny when Balis was singing and Grace's voice came out. The rotters didn't show my hero bassist Cassidy either. Two absolutely delightful numbers.

Big Brother and Co, the ORIGINAL long-hairs. They play real good and then this chick Janis Joplin comes along and sings real good. Janis—you were wonderful, beautiful. We all love you. Mike wants to make it with you.

Eric Burdon and the Animals—Jon Weider on violin was rather excessive and the sound system here or there really bombed out. All the same, a great treatment of a great song. The Who!!!

Well, you heard and saw them. Once again I only wish the sound had been clear so the full effect of their music had hit you. Keith Moon—the all-time great rock n' roll drummer Townshend—my idol what brash, exciting, pure rock n' roll chord structures. Entwhistle—slaving away over a hot bass. And Daltrey—raw and unpurgated Daltrey—love it! When at the Who concert I loved to smash my chair to pieces as they smash the stage—such great feeling.

Country Joe and the Fish—innocent pure happy hippies, playing innocent pure happy hippie music in ever so clever ways. Barry Melton—what a great picker. Doesn't Chicken Hirsch the drummer blow your mind?

Otis was right on form and he is THE greatest soul singer that ever was. No argument. Fine, fine backing, too. James Marshall Hendrix came on, played for two hours—you saw the end of it. I don't need to say anything really. Ol' Jimi really freaked the folksies out, now, didn't he? Mitch Mitchell must have four hands. Thank you Noel, too.

Phew! Ravi is something else again. Any of you in the audience who weren't dumbfounded by the man's expertise shouldn't bother listening to music. He and his tabla player have taken Indian music to its far reaching heights. And that was the end wasn't it? Three of the finest sets were not included, the Dead, Buffalo Springfield and the Byrds—but what can a poor boy do.

—PETER JARVIE

FAIRY TALES OF NEW YORK/ CENTRAL THEATRE

PRODUCED BY MARY AMOORE

I got the feeling that Fairy Tales must have dated considerably since 1960. Not that Donleavy's picture of New York as "the place that used to always get you in the end, but now does it in the beginning" is any less valid than it was eleven years ago, but rather that the play itself has been superseded by so many things since.

The dialogue still has enough zest and inventiveness to keep one smiling, but in order to sustain interest I found myself viewing the characters as send-ups of stock send-ups rather than send-ups of stock characters.

This is not to knock the Central Theatre's production, which I thought very reasonable. The whole thing was smooth without being too facile and fortunately without the fairy-tale atmosphere being overdone. All the actors were adequate but Ken Rea was particularly good.

STEVE HUNTER



Janis Joplin

ROD STEWART'S LATEST RECORD

You won't hear many better rock and roll albums in 1971 than Rod's third outing. Around the songs (some his, others from Dylan, Hardin, Crudup) he's constructed a carefully beauty which owes a lot to forethought; rather than duplicate the Faces' sound his albums have their own approach, with Messrs Waller, Quittenton, Powell, Wood and so on all contributing to an unmistakable alchemy. Rod knows better than anyone else how to handle the electro-acoustic sound, and he sure knows how to handle the voice! Stewart's lyrics are about the finest lyrics currently being written, lyrics constructed solidly of strong straightforward images that convey intense emotions. It will have think I'll go back home and start all over again/ Where the gulf-stream waters tend to ease my pain." He's eloquent, literate, and moving—a superb writer.

Every Picture Tells a Story, the first title cut, is Rod's very own rock n' roll, very distinctive, perfectly executed. Waller's down-home let-it-all hang loose drumming couldn't be more ideal. Some knock-out vocal descants by Maggie Bell highlight some of Rod's delightful lines—as "Shanghai Lil she never used the pill/She said It just ain't natural". Then a churning tempo change for one of his rocking extended endings.

Hey-up! and we're funky along in a magnificent version of ol' Arthur Crudup's That's Alright Mama. "WELL, THAT'S ALL RIGHT!! MAMA" sings Rod: if this doesn't bring you up out of your chairs to dance in a circular fashion you're gonna be in your chair for a long time. Mickey Waller—so good I wanna find him and thank him for rock n' rolling me into joyous oblivion.

"Tomorrow is such a long time"—Rod, I do believe could pick ANY song and create a masterpiece almost, although this Dylan song has nowhere near the effect of the version Rod did of his Only a Hobo on the second album. I know it's a very different type of song, but I can't see why Rod picked up on this understandably obscure bit of early Dylan.

Side Two drifts away with Quittenton playing his acoustic with typical precision and craft then suddenly Rod comes in with the others to give us a (where's another superlative) song about a schoolboy who makes it—breaks it with a prostitute. A wonderful tune—excellent playing—celeste punctuation here and there and breathtaking mandolin at the end that rides up and down over the tune in an altogether far out fashion.

Mandolin Wind cowboy images—prairie musical texture if you know what I mean—a break and then some rocking creamed with more incredible mandolin from Ray Jackson, is it?—the guy from Lindisfarne.

I'm Loving You—Rod with the Faces. I could write pages on each but I guess that's not allowed. This one has a beautiful construction—with Kenny Jones drumming very responsible—and amazing vocal techniques and generally subtle brilliance all round.

Which brings us finally to the last episode, Tim Hardin's sad and tender Reason to Believe. Which of course Rod takes and makes. Sing or rather play this one to your dearest love. It should make you feel so good inside.

Depending which store you patronise, the album can be obtained for anything from \$4.99 to \$5.75. Which of course is a rip-off but its one of the most worth-it rip-offs in the shop.

PETER JARVIE

BLUES/JAZZ/ROCK SOCIETY CONCERT/ WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 15/ARTS CENTRE

It was a usual concert crowd sitting about the arts' centre which, with its lighting and spatial facilities is ideal for group jams and informal listening. Of course the usual concert crowd was its usual lethargic self; there was a lack of enthusiasm towards the musicians whose playing proved pretty good. OCTOBER, probably University's most reliable group, came up to their usual standard playing their own compositions well. PHIL TOMS joined with friends on flute and guitar to play fold material which was really pleasing—the three of them were unassuming and added a good feel to the place. KATHY PAULI sang with the DAVE SHEPHERD GROUP; she is a good singer but her material is limited to Joplin and Marsha Hunt numbers; however she does sing them well and that's something. Dave Shepherd's group's jamming turned out to be boring and unbalanced. Dave Shepherd is an adequate soul-type bassist, but neither he nor his musicians excelled themselves. MOONSHINE made their debut at the concert. Their lineup is refreshingly different with Stu McNaughton playing congos and Graham Brazier on amplified acoustic. The whole gig was ruined for them by a crapped-out amplifier, but I hope they play again soon because their compositions were good. The mysterious woman billed as LOUISE proved to have a good voice and sang unaccompanied which is a feat for the best of voices. When she had finished most of the people were leaving. Apparently there was another artist to appear who probably lost enthusiasm for appearing with the majority's departure. Apologies BUSKER STEVE, we hope to see you at the next Blues Concert.

AND NOW . . . about BLUES CONCERTS . . . Blues Society has amalgamated again to try and bring about an awareness in blues, jazz and rock music around university. We aim to put plenty of concerts on next year and other types of events which will bring people together to form appreciation of music. It is an eclectic aim—music in all forms is important. Blues Society realises this, and that's what we're all about.

PAULA WORTHINGTON.

make films, not love...

Auckland University Senate has approved top priority for a fulltime Film course in the School of Fine Arts. The man responsible for this major academic development for the screen arts is Tom Hutchins, Senior Lecturer in Fine Arts, interviewed by John Myron:

Q: This is a big breakthrough in the visual arts. What will the of strong new course be?

A: It will have the same weight as Painting or Sculpture, but it will be backed up by parallel examinable papers on film theory and history. Tentatively it's called "Methods and Techniques of Cinema." It's to cover practical film-making in the production steps from visualisation, scripting, shooting, sound, editing. But it will also cover the development of cinema as an expressive art as shown in the words of major figures like Griffiths, Wiene, Clair, Renoir, Flaherty, Grierson, Welles, Rossellini, Resnais, Antonioni, and so on. And we'll look at some of the main theorists and critics. The commitment is to practical work so a student will get a basic craft skill in the main technical aspects. We want to encourage film as a practical medium, with students who are informed and articulate on the academic side as well. Don't forget that we are a University school granting degrees and should expect our students to be intellectually experienced. Issues in the history of film should be a stimulating background to practical personal work. So our students should be kept very busy both in film-making and in film-thinking.

Q: What facilities will be available?

A: We should be able to offer a good 16mm set-up; say an Eclair, with a few Bolexes, a Nagra with crystal-controlled synch, a few editing benches, and a sound transfer recorder. This means we should be able to do professional quality lip-synch soundtracks with a fair degree of sound mixing. I think we will have to limit it to a total of about 10 or 12 at a time. I guess we will have to be very selective in enrolments, which will mean we will get the best and most enthusiastic young folk. It's not a field for dabblers. But the demand has been so strong that we won't have to worry about interest.

Q: How long with the course be?

A: It will be just the same as for Painting, Sculpture, or Design as they are now. We have a concept of "Studio" for practical work which allows a student to work a full year at a time in a major subject or in a reasonable combination of two major subjects. Usually people continue their major "Studio" course for three or four years, depending on their degree or diploma needs. The same will hold for Film, except it will entail formal examinable papers.

Q: When there is a move away from formal exams, why this in Film?

A: First, a single three-hour paper isn't a big intellectual burden, is it? Second, we are after all a university, as I pointed out before, and I think any keen creative person is well-enough informed, or should be, in the historical and critical issues of his subject to not just have the ability, but to look forward to writing about his field. I don't hold with the "inspired illiterate" view of creativity. It might work occasionally in

some of the other arts; but in a complex medium like Film such a person wouldn't get far, and if he did, you'd find that he had in fact developed quite a background of critical thinking and assessment of ideas. Whatever it feeds on, creativity doesn't thrive on ignorance, not in the technologically based media.

Q: At the last Film Festival, Roger Horrocks said that you had done more than anyone for film activity in the University. What has been done so far?

A: I began formal teaching on Film in 1966. This was just part of the First-Year's introduction to the camera arts, a discussion over a few lectures followed by a required essay on a film or television work. Then in 1967 I got all Second-Years to do a short film exercise in 16mm; they had to visualise, shoot and assemble a short film using different kinds of movement and transitions. One student, Rodney Charters, went on to major in film and finished up with his "Film Exercise", a mood-narrative-movement short of 11 minutes which was very well received at the Sydney and Melbourne Film Festivals. He did another year with us, then did his master's degree in Film at the Royal College, London, and is now doing professional documentary in England. Various other students have got an entree into professional filmwork here, and three of our films are circulating in the National Film Library. But I had to cut out the second-year exercise because it proved too popular and we got gummed up on the inadequate facilities.

Q: But wasn't there some tie-up with kinetics?

A: Yet, but only broadly. I used the film exercise also to draw attention to use of actual movement as distinct from the implied design "movement" in static images and objects. When I came, a few had done respectable Calder-type mobiles. But I got students to build expressive kinetic machines and constructions. And a few years ago when

getting ready for an exercise in floating harbour constructions for non film students I found that floating sculpture had been around in Europe at least since the 1890's but no one had considered it here. I was interested in getting attention focussed on kinetics generally, as well as an element in film. I'd like to see a systematic and sustained treatment of movement studies. But you can't do everything and I nearly worked myself into hospital with the long teaching hours. It's good to see a person like Leon Narbey continuing from kinetics into light structures and into film as his major interest.

Q: You are known for stressing technique and "being systematic" more than most at Elam. Does this mean anything?

A: It certainly doesn't mean that I think technique is everything. But you can't get far unless you make tools and materials do what you want them to, and that is all "technique" means. In photography, or a complex medium like film you just have to make things work within the physical laws of materials and equipment, or you get just a great balls-up. One or two happy accidents can happen, but if you keep at this level you soon want to make the accidental on order; and then you are in control of the medium and not the other way around. And as for being "systematic" as you say, I think it to the students' advantage to be introduced to all aspects of materials and techniques in an orderly way so they can see what is possible, what has been done, and then they can make their own choice of media more sensibly. Quite often a student comes across a congenial medium or technique quite late, because he hasn't had a systematic introduction earlier. It's just a matter of letting people become aware of possibilities of materials and gear. Most people have to experience a material or medium before finding out if it's for them.

Q: Students say you put a lot

into teaching, but do you think you can over-influence people?

A: I hope you're not suggesting I do. Yes, I do think teaching is serious, in the sense of being very worthwhile. Helping people to learn is a bit complex in Fine Arts, because you're not just pumping out facts about a subject, you're more concerned with individual development, in fields that are not too easily quantifiable or clear-cut. You feel you have to walk a line between pushing too much and imposing a false direction, and on the other hand of discouraging genuine directions by criticism that might be taken too strongly. So you have to play it by ear, being alert to another person's strengths and possibilities. I agree, it is very easy to create disciples for a movement or style or trend. But that isn't real teaching as I see it. The antidote to over-influencing students is always to encourage them to be critical of yourself and your operation and assumptions. You have to be able to take the occasional criticism or difference. As long as you're honest in your responses to people's work they sense this and can accept different points of view, even if they go their own way. That's what it's all about, anyway.

Q: Students have said that you are against the drama film?

A: That's not right. Maybe they've got that impression because I've discouraged one or two from getting involved in ambitious narrative films involving big expense and resources beyond us. And this is a big problem—before anyone can venture into narrative or drama film they must have access to reliable acting groups who are sympathetic to the learning situation. And we don't have this kind of situation at present. It should be quite different when the University theatre project is realised. This would give great possibilities for excellent collaboration between drama and film students. It is a bit tough to expect a film student who is still learning his craft to have to take on the direction of inexperienced actors, no matter how sympathetic everyone is. I'd welcome the establishment of a drama or theatre group training formally in the university. This will come eventually, I guess, because enough keen people seem to be backing it. And we could foresee collaboration with other departments like Music, or the languages. But getting back to your comment—I think you might be referring to a remark I made once about the unconvincing self-burning of

the bibliophile in "Farenheit 451", when she sets fire to her library. And the same program had a newsreel shot of the Buddhist monk burning himself in Saigon. It seemed to me that it was a fine example of the way we have been corrupted by the "art" expectations of the theatre-derived film which convinces many the bibliophile scene is "art" when most people dismissed the newsreel shot as having no aesthetic significance. The point I made was the bibliophile scene requires for our response the same old theatre-derived "willing suspension of disbelief", whereas essential cinema gives us an immediate "cohering of disbelief" in the reality of what is on the screen. That is why good film has all along either tried to get closer and closer to life itself. The first is seen, I think, in the continuing move in cinema to get out of

the studio and into the streets, to use real types or seeming non-acting, real situations, all the cinema verite characteristics which avoid the necessity of "willing suspension of disbelief" to carry a story derived from theatre or literature. Or, on the other hand, the completely abstract or "experimental" films which are not at all "like life" in the drama or theatre sense of pretence, but are in fact "part of life itself" simply as visual, kinetic or sound experience with aesthetic form.

Q: Does this mean you will encourage this type of film?

A: No, not at all. We encourage individuals, not styles as such. As I've said before, that's what we should be doing. This doesn't mean not having one's own preferences and standards. It merely means one has to be able to reconcile differences and justify assessments when you regard the different kinds of significance in other people's works.

Q: Some students say you are very formal in calling them "Miss" and "Mr" and they don't know when you are joking or not.

A: Really? Well I can so easily be rude, it's better for them that I try to be courteous. But seriously, I don't think formality of address hinders the exchange in teaching. Social forms keep things manageable in communication. What a funny thing to suggest, that I'm formal. What has life come to?

Q: What was this slogan they say you put up on a blackboard in Elam: "Make films not love"?

A: That started out as a personal message to a student who was not putting enough energy into film exercises. But it's a good general line. Sex sublimated into creative work has made us civilised. But you'd best ask a behavioural scientist about that. "Make love not war" is good for a start, but it might be a bit unproductive of images and films. War, no; peace, yes; but films also, yes! Young New Zealanders have got talent and a nice freedom from hangups about film. It's relevant and natural to their culture. They need the chance and facilities. That's what we hope to give them.



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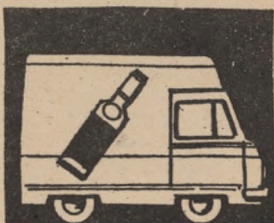
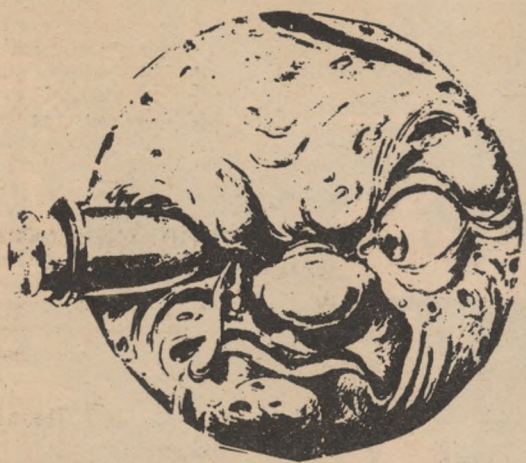
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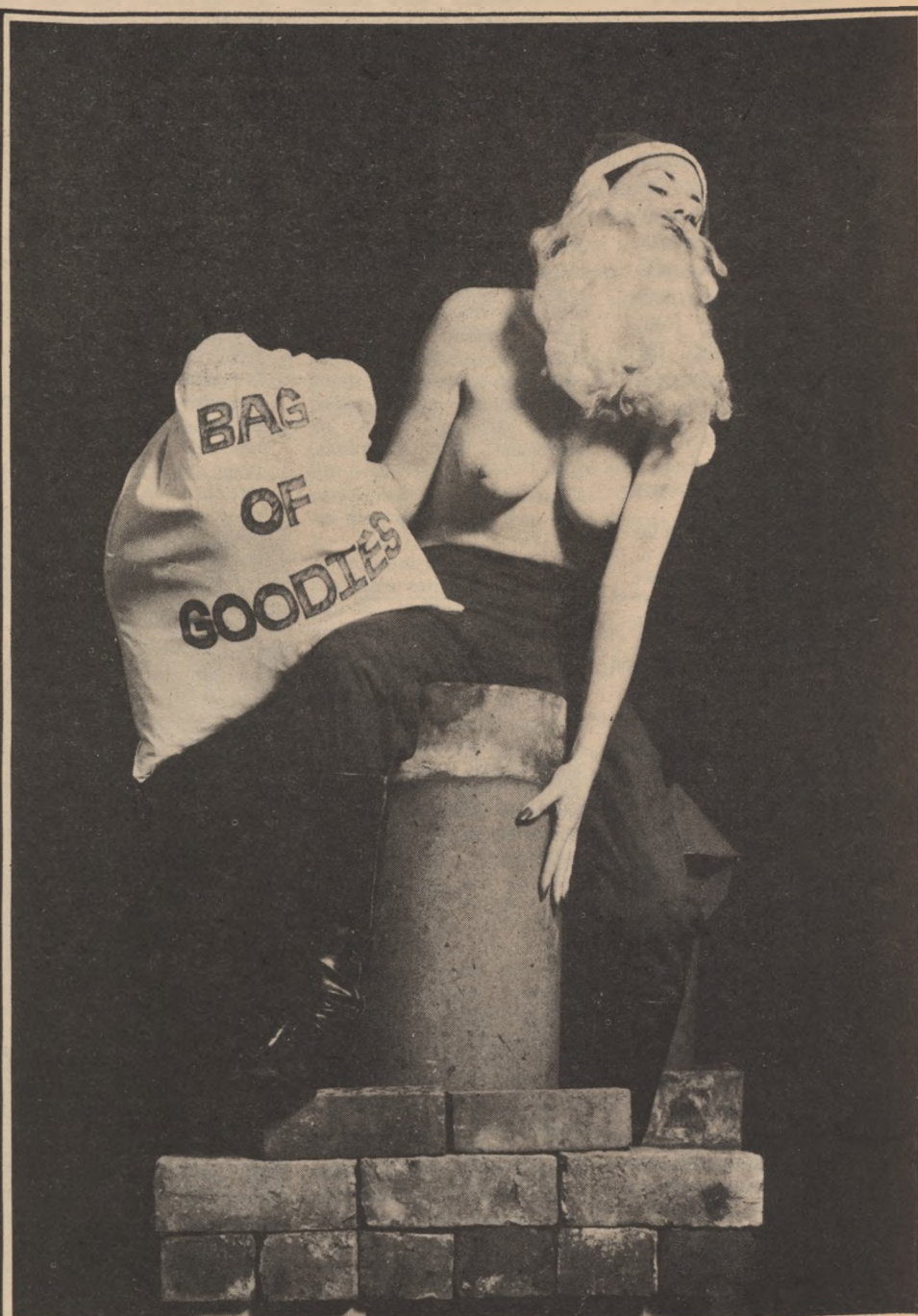
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We have also recorded a radio-drama series called 'Amanda' - the engrossing tale of a young girl's stand in the immoral world of University. A new episode each day can be heard at 12.00, 1.00, 2.00 and 3.00 pm. Written and produced by students.

News will also be broadcast on the hour as an integral part of the new Bosom and also to facilitate effective liaison between students and staff. We hope this improves the programmes. Please listen - a little moral support will, hopefully, lead to some financial support which, in turn, will lead to the very best quality Bosom.

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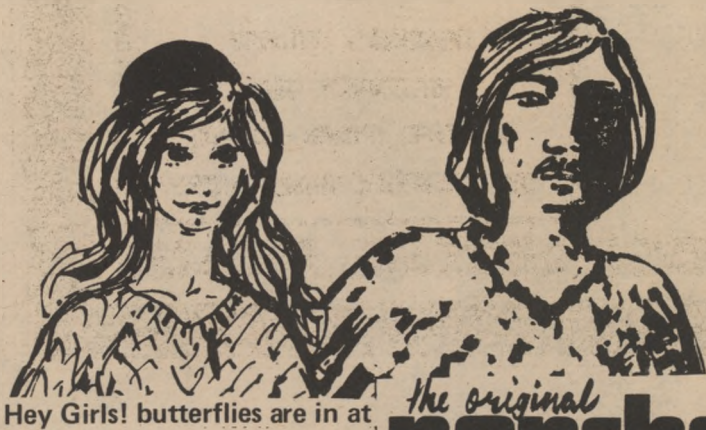
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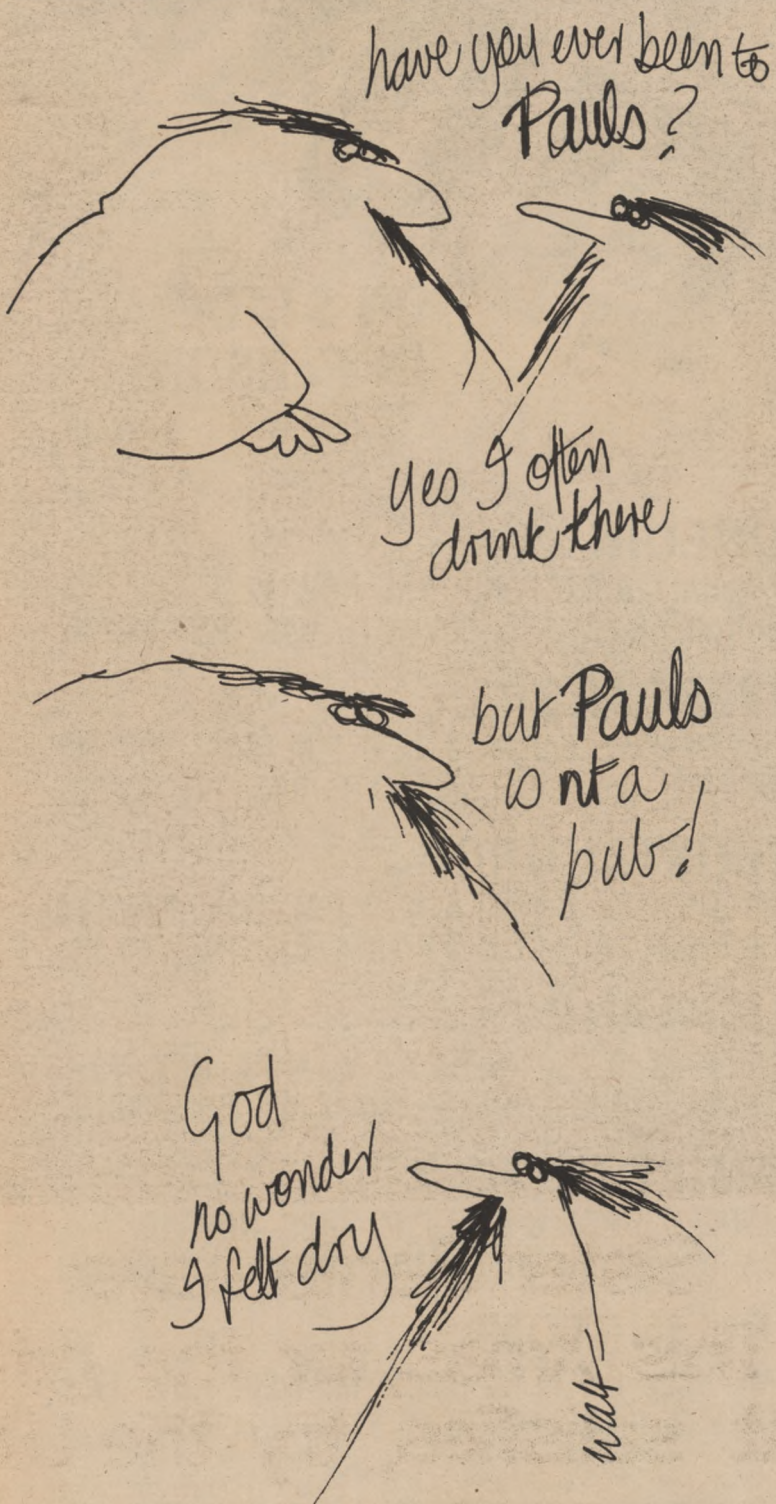


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