

NZ9C 378.95
C88

THE UNIVERSITY
OF AUCKLAND
13 MAR 1972
LIBRARY

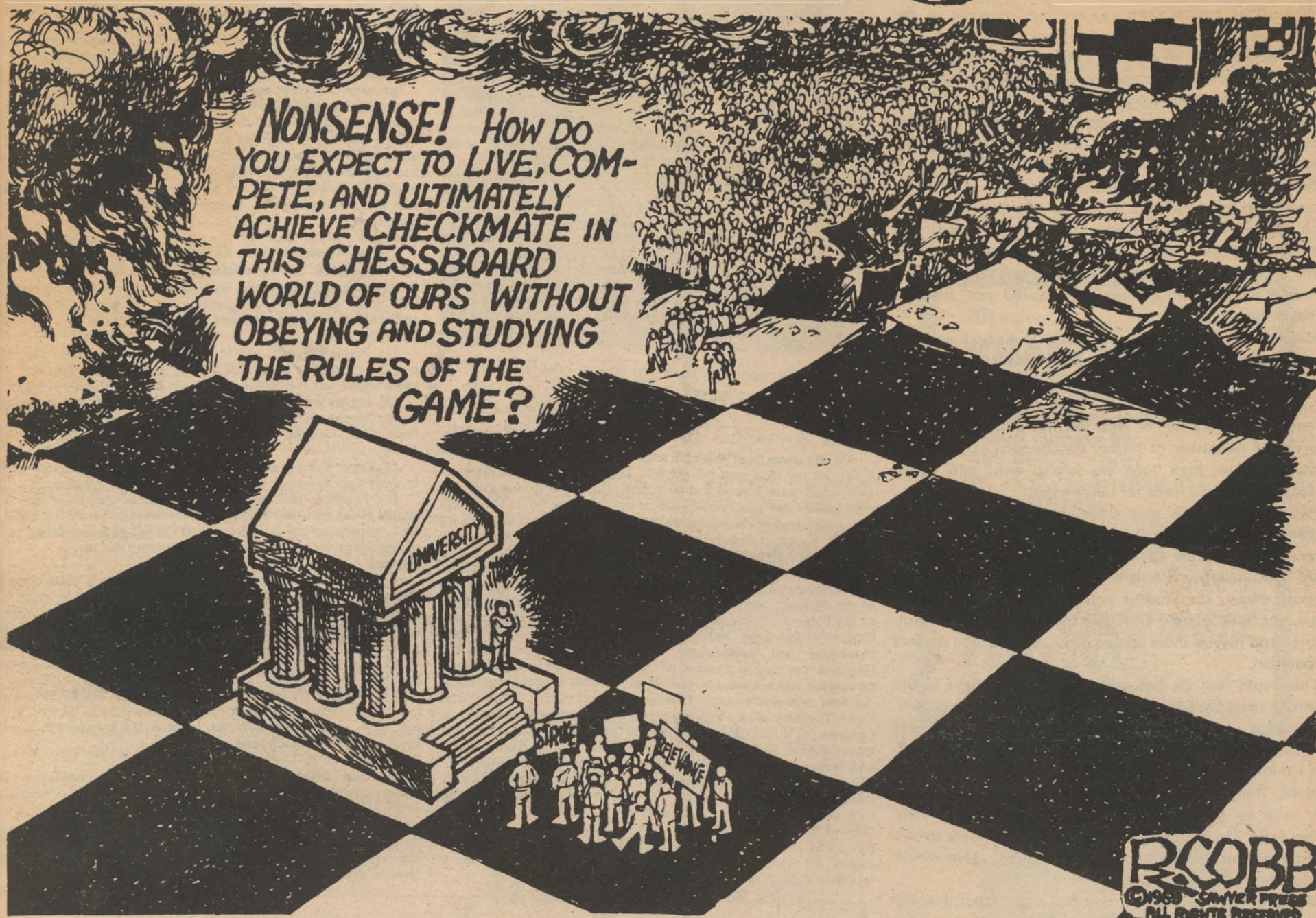
craccum



VOLUME 46 ISSUE No. 1
Thursday, 2 March

Free if you are

Registered for transmission
by post as a newspaper



for all your
TEXT BOOKS
and background books



PAULS BOOK
ARCADE

49 HIGH STREET

PHONE 32-203

claptrap

a short manifesto & warning of what is to come from heather.

The University has approximately 10,000 students. Maybe each one of those students knows by sight up to a hundred other students. Maybe that one student knows about twenty people to talk to. Maybe he/she feels he/she really knows and can talk with five people.

Maybe that person feels vaguely out of place at the university—everyone around him/her looks happy and busy and clever—but after all it doesn't matter cos he/she is only going to be there for a couple of years, and then can start doing what he/she really wants to do.

Maybe that person gets involved with one of the big clubs—a sports club. Maybe that person reads the noticeboard but doesn't see anything that he/she is particularly interested in, because he/she has heard from someone that this club is run by so'n'so who doesn't care too much for newcomers. Maybe that person reads the newspaper and wants to say something too. Maybe one day he/she goes up to the office and looks in, sees people talking and working together & feels they would not welcome his/her intrusion.

Maybe when he/she graduates, he/she looks back and says his/her university years were the happiest of his/her life. And recount lovingly the exploits of the capping clique (of which of course they were not a member), remember with contempt the professor, or with warmth a tutor. But what does he/she remember of his/her contemporaries. What can he/she say other than "ooo yes so'n'so went into public service, made quite a name for him/herself."

The point really is that although people who are not involved with a university talk about "the university community", they are talking about a fiction in their own heads. The university is fragmented, made up of cliques—the crappum clique, the student politician clique, the druggie clique, the artie clique—even the sports clubs are run by cliques. And maybe those cliques make up 1% of the student "population."

This could well be because people don't believe in the university structure & don't think it's worth changing or even participating in. But I don't believe that political consciousness is that advanced. I don't believe it exists at all. And I think that is because people are too scared to become involved. Their first excuse is that they must devote most of their time to their studies. (I don't know if they really believe that). The excuses go on to say the shit-stirrers always spoil things—but no counterplots are conceived. That would indicate there was some life there.

My point has been made if you feel angry about this. My point has been made if you recognise someone to whom this could apply. Perhaps that helps you to understand what I'm saying.

What I want us to do with crappum is to try & involve the voiceless people, the lonely people, the scared people—and that means about 9897½ of you all. Let us try to make this campus an exercise in living together & learning to live. You can be good at physics or psychology but probably you'll be no good at living. You'll vegetate, measure out your lives in coffee spoons and units, no doubt propagate at some stage, but never participate. That is the probability, and I refuse to take sociology to learn that. All I need is my eyes & ears & gut. All anyone needs to learn with is what they were born with but has been progressively squashed out of them—energy feelings imagination. I hope crappum this year can become a forum for your feelings & an excuse to all get together. Ultimately to do away with the need for excuses. I want to see the demarcations between editing and drawing and typing done away with—everyone should participate at all levels of this newspaper.

One of the ways we're going to attempt this is by opening up the crappum office, at least once a month, for a day/week/as long as you want to stay around, & having a type of media factory here.

The basic concept of a recent Media Factory was that participants should explore methods other than spoken/shrieked/whispered words to communicate thoughts and feelings to other participants. People soon realise that there is no such thing as a standard for a "good" photograph/painting/music. That its value lies solely in the fact that it is; that it is a message from someone/two/seven to someone/eighty/thousand else.

Crappum media factories will obviously be to produce the next week's newspaper. And if you contribute by painting the walls or dancing in the rubbish tin—well, I guess that'll help too.

2

Come up to crappum office TODAY—

...or how the hell did Shadbolt get to be Crappum editor?

Hello. My name is Tim Shadbolt, one of your new editors. My advice is that you drop out, bum around the country, get involved in everything you bump into (up to the hilt) and come back and re-enrol for a degree when you're about 22. By that age you'll be intelligent enough to realise you don't need one—or stupid enough to get one if you think you do.

A survey conducted by Father Donnelly found that the main problem facing students was loneliness. Besides the obvious reason that we live in a selfish materialistic capitalist society, the fact is that university has become a massive stainless steel glass concrete and plastic institution. Last year at Victoria there were seven suicides in the first term. The exact figures are difficult to obtain but roughly five students commit suicide each term, and there are dozens of attempts. About ten students per term are committed to mental hospitals and there are literally hundreds of nervous breakdowns. And it's you—the budding young ulcer freaks of the 70's—that are trying to work it all out, jostled along by parental pressure, bursary blackmail, Piggy Muldoon and a number of other guilt complexes.

On application for editorship, you have to face the humiliation of submitting a policy statement to a committee of idiots who judge you. The whole process is one great bureaucratic cow dung which usually results in the worst guy getting the job. My statement was simple and lacked grease:



On the strength of this policy statement, the committee decided I was not the ideal man for the job. They preferred someone weak they could push around and persecute. The problem was the guy they picked was so weak he cracked up under the strain before the first issue. And so the reject returned. And thus it was that Heater, Earl of Earwig, Gordon Prince of Cock, and Bishop Shadbolt of Bullshit and Jellybeans have returned to the womb via Craccum. For a secure year with Judas Lank, Leo the Christian Eater, and Paul Carew Superstar—those famous characters from the biblical fables of the dynamic very reverend Jon 'lens' Miller. We are all members of the Craccum clique, and that's just what we don't want running Craccum. So come and smash us. We want to make editors redundant and publications committees irrelevant. You are Craccum. Craccum is a means of expression for every single student on campus and not some 'in-crowd' elite like us. You are responsible for your own environment—Craccum is a part of that environment. Every Thursday we are having a media factory where you can create Craccum we'll just sit up there and write and read out articles and record events, and ideas, and paint and draw and eat fish and chips and review records and talk and listen. The days are over when an editor can use Craccum as a vehicle for his/her own prejudices or when students can set up some 'editor' on a pedestal and ditch their own responsibilities for creating. If you don't express yourselves, then we just print a blank paper with just adverts. Craccum is your paper and the editors are only the will and energy of the student masses. All power to the student masses. You are Craccum. Make it what you think it ought to be.

The only body we have that is supposed to weld the mass of individually oriented students into a healthy and thriving community is the AUSA. But the AUSA is a bureaucratic organisation consisting of demoralised radicals, budding politicians, ambitious ego-hunters, and even more tragically, a few idealists. The general apathy and cynicism of the student body soon demoralises the executive who in their frustration become introverted and involved in petty bickering, power struggles, and stab in the back politics.

Aims of Craccum: to weld the students into a community to avoid as much as possible becoming involved in the quicksand of student power struggles and petty politics to smash the main problem of student apathy

Craccum is vital as it is the only contact many students have with their association. To involve them in student life, Craccum must keep in touch constant with all the action, action being more even important than theory (e.g. if there was space for one article and we had a choice between an essay on the philosophical and sociological impact of rowing across Cook Strait, and an article about a student that had rowed across Cook Strait, we'd be more inclined towards the latter.)

Content:

(1) The University; how much do we know... about our own university. What are our suicide rates. How many students a year end up in mental hospitals. How many gain criminal convictions. How many get hooked on marryjewarna. What is our dropout rate and why. How many students graduate overseas. Why are we a university.

(2) Political, Social, and Moral issues; students have become a political pressure group in N.Z. society, and it is important that they know about, but don't get a gut full of, the major issues of today.

(3) Art reviews, Poetry; we won't spend too much time on these topics. Maybe a couple of poems and what's worth seeing at the flicks, but nothing on the scale of Stephen Chan's artistic panoramas.

(4) Being a senior rugby player, I'd like to give a bit more room to sport than is usually in Craccum, and make it interesting.

(5) Personal; perhaps the most popular section of the N.Z. Herald is the personal column. This is because we are interested in what people are doing. Like Phil O'Carroll having a baby. Those who go to prison. Those who go to the library and love it.

Finance:

Firstly I'd keep layout as simple as possible. I believe impact should be achieved by the topic rather than the way in which it is typeset. A good way to make extra money and expand the value of a student paper would be to sell it outside the university (pubs, parks, streets). Selling 2000 at 10c, and giving 5c to the seller would mean Craccum would make \$100 and four students would have a part time job earning \$25 per week.

I believe that Craccum—being the most vital link the association has with the student body, should not have to be in the least bit an economic proposition, however to keep the bureaucrats at bay, Craccum must not overspend.

General:

Craccum should be an alive provocative, stimulating, and informative student news paper reflecting the tidal waves of intellectual questioning, joyful emotions, freedom and social awareness political that continually sweep the student body onwards. Having enrolled in 1965 and keeping in touch with the university ever since, completing my unit in history and spending a term on exec., I am obviously the ideal man for the job.

DEMONSTRATION WASHDYKE: MT. JOHN against U.S military bases in N.Z.

**NEXT WEEKEND
MARCH 11 - 12**

**Transport leaves from
Auckland 9am Thurs 9th
\$16 RETURN**

Published by the Craccum Administration Board for the proprietors, the Auckland University Student's Association and printed by the Wanganui Chronicle Co. Ltd., at the printers' works corner of Campbell and Wicksteed Places, Wanganui.

STAFF

Editors: Heather McInnes, and Tim Shadbolt with Paul Carew's excited assistance.

Technical Editor: Jim Laing

Photographics: John Miller

Advertising Manager: Leo Pointon

Contributors: Ted Sheehan, Kathryn De Nave, Situationists, Stephen Chan, Henry Jackson, Steve Ballantyne and Al Hunter, Salient, Bob Lack.

**COPY FOR THE NEXT ISSUE MUST REACH US TODAY
COME UP AND SEE US ANYWAY.**

nuth

What is a m
ne to the A
ly just a nar
ple where
bers are con
re. Several fi
et a mud shar

if you don'
mes K. Baxte
ne the Big I).
ured that it
sting anyway.

Tomorrow i
neal discussi
erwards, he
n and the P
ter lunch for

Tomorrow i
ace to be. T
ctors, presen

od evening. I
n't worry. T
nesday and W

Dave Feary,
amendous pr
ollow Subm
boy on M

alintines Day
Friday night
So far the
8, so we m

theatre.
Incidentally
the Registr
man beings
perb project

You should
rogram as y
ne days are l
or Varsity we
oz everyones
own into the
ee them again
Get involve

Fick

The New
their series of
hristchurch c
In New Z
verseas grou
lunjo Jerry.
ave the coun

TICKET h
re four
ocalist—EDD
ocals—PAUL
rums. They
lay nearly al
HIGH—reache

Over the
ealand's m
performances
ney will sa
I.Z.U.A.C. ca
nd working
lorth, Hamil
So come a
ealand—in
March.

nuthin ta do

What is a mud shark? A wella mama... ma... ahm the mass d shark is a maah ahm... You may see one or three if you and thrive ne to the Arts Centre tonight at 8. "Rock on Grass" is g politicianly just a name for the evening so people can tell other idealists. Thple where they're going tonight. Cruise Lane from i demoralisbers are coming up for a while, the Original Sin will be roverted anre. Several films and nice grass—to sit on. So come and in the bagre. et a mud shark at the Arts Centre, 8 pm.

nity to avoid quicksand dsh the mar

If you don't like Rocks or Grass, don't just go home. ents have eaccum munes K. Baxter is reading his poetry at Newman Hall (next g more ever the Big I). If you have never heard him read, then be rticle and wured that it is beautiful. If you have heard him you'll be l sociologicut a studenting anyway. ned toward

Tomorrow in the Quad at 1 p.m. Brian Edwards is on a out our own ents a year nel discussing the health of the Labour Party. And convictionserwards, he will be interviewed on Radio Bosom about his dropout ragyn and the Party's aspirations. So listen to Bosom, Friday y are we ater lunch for the "mean doctor"

e become e nt that they of today. me on these Tomorrow night at 8 p.m. the Arts Centre is again the eeing at the ace to be. Theatre Action, a brilliant group of French an's artistic tors, present a collection of mime-based sketches, and more roomen five Auckland poets will read their work. It will be a ing. od evening. Friday 8 p.m. If you can't make it tomorrow, of the N.Z. nterested in n't worry. The programme is on again, Saturday, Monday, baby. Thosuesday and Wednesday at 8. t.

ieve impact which it is the value of rsity (pubs emendous program for Orientation. If you missed seeing ellow Submarine on Tuesday, be early for Midnight ould have yboy on Monday night. Also next week, he's got St alintines Day Massacre on Thursday, and Vanishing Point Friday night.

association least bit an So far the University gods have refused to let him use ats at bay, 28, so we may all have to crowd into the Lower Lecture ating, and theatre.

waves of Incidentally how about getting up a petition or marching and social the Registry to demand that students be treated as real dent body h with the man beings and allowed to use facilities like B28 and its spending a perb projector room—they were built for US after all.

You should go to as many of the things in the Orientation program as you can. Its a good time of the year. Its warm, ne days are long, and the Blue Meanies aren't pressing you or Varsity work yet. And its a good time to make friends, oz everyones more outward-looking than usual. They settle own into their cliques surprisingly quickly and you never e them again.

Get involved and stay sane.

Ticket 2 Ride

The New Zealand Universities Arts Council are starting their series of campus tours this year with a group from hristchurch called TICKET.

d for the ociation l., at the d Places, In New Zealand, TICKET have played with several verseas groups, including Elton John, Daddy Cool and lungo Jerry. Now they are off overseas themselves, and ave the country on 14th March.

TICKET have been together for about two years. There re four in the group—TREVOR TOMBLESON, ocalist—EDDIE HANSEN, lead guitar and some oals—PAUL WOOLWRIGHT, bass guitar—RICKY BALL, rums. They pool together their talents as writers, and now lay nearly all their own songs. Their first single—COUNTRY IIGH—reached the Top 10 in New Zealand.

Over the past year the group has been touring New ealand's main centres giving a number of concert eperformances, and working in the larger music clubs. Now ey will say farewell to the country by doing the I.Z.U.A.C. campus tour, beginning in Dunedin on March 1st nd working through Christchurch, Wellington, Palmerston orth, Hamilton and Auckland.

So come and hear TICKET at their last concert in New ealand—in the University Cafeteria on Saturday 11th March.



"Five years ago I was all for peaceful negotiation. Today I am ready to go in and fight as a guerilla,"—African Rhodesian Mrs Sekai Holland.

Sekai Holland, daughter of the first African MP in Rhodesia, will speak in the Quad, TODAY at 1 p.m.

"Until now, all dealings have been with the British Government and the White Government in Rhodesia, and they have told the outside world that the Africans are happy with the situation."—This is a blatant lie, as has been shown by the "No" replies to the Pearce Commission at present gauging African opinion to the new proposed constitution.

Sekai Holland is married to an Australian scientist. Rhodesian 'law' would prevent her and her husband from living together in Rhodesia.

FAREWELL BENEFIT CONCERT

for the

UNIVERSITY FESTIVAL CHOIR

TOWN HALL
MARCH 18th

8 p.m.

UNIVERSITY FESTIVAL CHOIR
AUCKLAND DORIAN SINGERS
ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL CHOIR
AUCKLAND BOYS' CHOIR
UNIVERSITY CHORAL SOCIETY

with Ladislav Jasek, Janetta McStay,
Douglas Mews, Symphonia Wind Octet and other
leading Auckland instrumentalists

BOOKING OPENS MARCH 3rd AT JOHN COURT'S

END OF SUMMER SALE

Jennifer Dean have a shop full of goodies, do your bit and help empty it, we need the money and the space.

jennifer dean



BOUTIQUE

SUPERSTARS OF THE SIXTIES

The world's top rock acts
on film

Next Tuesday Lower
Lecture Theatre 8pm

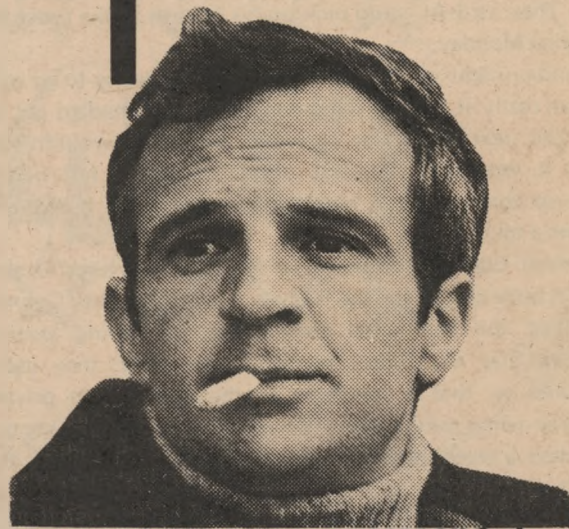
His name is

**FRANCOIS
TRUFFAUT**

He makes very special
motion pictures like
"400 Blows", "Jules
and Jim", "Fahrenheit 451".
THE LIDO has
THREE NEW FILMS by him
to present as a special
tribute to this great
director.

**THE TRUFFAUT
FESTIVAL**

3 NEW FILMS!
EACH FOR A FULL SEASON!



COMMENCING THURSDAY, MARCH 2nd.

Wild Child
(L'Enfant Sauvage) (Y)

AND TO FOLLOW...

**"MISSISSIPPI
MERMAID"**

(Sirene Du Mississippi) (R16)

THEN...

Bed & Board (A)

AT THE
CINEMA

LIDO

DISNEY DOWN THE DRAIN

steve ballantyne at
disney on parade



We wouldn't have gone if it wasn't for Al's relatives and his cheek. The relatives, small ones, probably easily impressed, told Al that they'd been to the show, and liked it, thus planting the idea in Al's mind in the first place; and the cheek provided Al with the ability to ring up the Disney people and demand a couple of free tickets to the Mickey Mouse show on behalf of Craccum and the freedom of the press. They said Al could pick up his tickets, at the show the following Monday.

Monday night we had to decide who was going to go with Al, but really it was all pre-ordained. George had to get up early the next day to go to work, and Sonja wouldn't go unless it was with me, but didn't mind if I left her at home—so that settled it. After dinner we had a smoke and rang for a taxi.

Michael Edgeley International Pty Ltd had hired Orakei Domain once before for the Russian Circus. The City Council had liked the fat rental they'd got, so having assured everyone that the Circus wasn't a precedent, they again scrambled to find a loophole in the law against private enterprise using public parks. So the Mickey Mouse gang got it six days a week, and the public were free to use it on the seventh.

The original inhabitants of the Domain area, the Ngatiawa, had had a village on the site till the Crown managed to get hold of it back in the thirties by convincing the people it was a health hazard. It was drained and made into a park. Although the Ngatiawa feel strong ties with the domain area, they weren't all against its use because it was tapu. Much of the shouting was done by Pakeha locals who didn't want the noise and traffic.

Allan, the American who played Mickey Mouse boarded in Kitemoana St with the Ngatiawa. It is possible, I suppose, that he was an amateur urban anthropologist, but it struck me as more plausible that he was working part time for the P.R. team, especially since he arranged for the kids who weren't selling programs, hats, badges etc to get in free when they wanted to.

Most of the rest of the cast lived at the White Heron.

Arriving at the gate, we paid off the taxi driver and got out. Now picture if you will a tent, a big tent, done up with flags and light bulbs like a great green pudding studded with glow worms. Add a queue of traffic half a mile long, two thousand mums and dads with their offspring, and a vast assemblage of commercial vultures of assorted ages and sizes, and you'll know just how it was. Now are you glad you weren't there?

4

The selling of the show was on a scale not often seen here. Mickey Mouse T-shirts, piggy banks, lamp shades, badges, books and balloons. Lavish advertising effectively bought plenty of "news" and "human interest" stories, and This Day coverage. An image more suited to a President than a comic strip character was created, but it did highlight for me the way information can be controlled and disseminated if you have money and know how to use it. Even to the extent of giving away free tickets, so as to present the Press with a full house at the premiere. Not to orphans as Jeni King, PR lady told me, but to doctors. One house surgeon got 14—about \$56 worth. Presumably word of mouth recommendations are more use with doctors' friends than orphans, when seats cost from \$3-\$5.50.

The show probably did cost a lot to produce—costumes, transport, electronics, advertising and so on. But at say \$4 a seat with 3500 seats and two shows a day (sold out), \$28,000 as one day's takings is to my mind excessive.

The Edgeleys strike a hard bargain too. They fired most of the Australian tour cast in Sydney before coming to New Zealand because they asked for a rise.

We were a little shy about picking up the tickets, because we had finally reached the eye-ball-to-eye-ball-confrontation stage. Al did the deed, because he knows how to front up to people without wavering. I can't, but maybe if I practice a lot . . . Anyway, the lady at the box office handed over our tickets without a murmur. They were five-dollar ones in Donald Duck Block, which, since I have always preferred Donald to Mickey, seemed to me to be a favourable sign.

The show was rather strange—in fact, I've never seen anything like it. There weren't any people involved in it at all, just a whole lot of costumes and bits of machinery. Image was the main concern. The costume standards were written into the copyright contract, as was the prohibition of press photos of any costumes without people in them and interviews with the humans inside about the parts they played.

The audience loved it. When the curtain opened the gasps and ooohs came from all over the tent, even though nothing was happening. When I was a little boy I underwent a traumatic experience, in the shape of the Farmers Santa Parade. The sight of all those big papier-mache heads scared the wits out of me, since I had in my three years of experience, only encountered small, mobile heads. Since then, I have been prejudiced against larger than life artificial heads, and the sight of about a hundred Aussie ballet students wearing big fibreglass ones left me feeling a little less than enchanted.

Of all the acts presented in the first half of the show, only the Flower Ballet/Alice in Wonderland and the Jungle Book sequences struck me as being successful. This was, I think, because they escaped pretty well from the pitfalls associated with trying to imitate in the flesh a very un-imitatable style of cartooning. Basically, the proportions of the human body are just too different from those of a pre-nineteen-sixties Disney character for a satisfactory impersonation to be possible. The guy that did Donald Duck had legs that were far too thick, much thicker than the real Donalds pipe cleaner gams, while Mickey's legs were rather too think and bony, like most human legs. Really, it would have been better had they got a seven foot basketball champion to play Donald, and maybe a dwarf to play Mickey. The relative sizes would be out, but the physical proportions would have been almost right.

The Flower Ballet got off to a good start by junking its' cartoon heritage almost entirely. Instead we got a platoon of chicks wearing big clumpy boots and pretending to be stalks of asparagus, closely followed by a delightful bunch of pansies. The whole campy business was figured out by Vander Barrette, one of the most famous drag queens of the 'twenties and a close friend of Cocteau. The best part was when a flight of butterflies ran on and started waving their wings around: the whole scene was quite: freaky, because the wings the girls were wearing on their arms were painted with fluorescent dye, and the spot lights had been replaced by a powerful set of U.V. lamps. Some of the butterflies were attached to a spinning mechanism that had collapsed earlier during the tour in Australia and came close to killing the girls hanging from it, but on this occasion all the machinery worked as it was intended to. The total effect, which depended entirely on bits of cloth glowing in the dark, would probably have gone quite well with acid.

The Jungle Book section succeeded mostly because Disney studios now use a slightly more realistic style, thanks to recent advances in animation techniques fostered by

Xerox. Baloo the bear can be impersonated by anyone strong enough to carry a gigantic furry blue bear suit and under stage lights.

At half time we went outside to see how the audience was taking it. By and large, they were a pretty straight bunch and as might be expected, pretty uncommunicative. Donald Duck impressions drew little response, as did the urgent cry "Excuse me, how are you enjoying the show" (best reply: "Aw, it's okay, I s'ppose") The ice cream turned out to be twenty cents a time, so I couldn't comfort myself with one of those as I would normally have done, the ushers tried to make us feel as if we had no right to be there.

The Cinderella and the Babes in Toyland sequences were the ones that worked in part two, because as before, they were the sections that got furthest away from cartoon. Cinderella had dancers in nylon wigs twirling around on battery powered lights glowing all over their schma eighteenth century gear; very festive. Babes in Toyland wasn't a cartoon film in the first place, so it was comparatively easy to make the cast look like the movie they had animated by-frame-by-frame photography in the first place. The only trouble was that most of the tin sold weren't nearly as-snappy and co-ordinated as those in the original film. In fact, that was the trouble right through the entire show: the producers had tried to substitute costumed for talent. Some of the costumes in the Alice in Wonderland section even had castors on them, and the girls were ordered there to push them around.

Bullens, the Circus people were contracted to supply the tent and I suspect from their actions that they knew a bit about our labour laws and union system. They employed some people full time at between two and four dollars a DAY. After a while the Labourer's Union got in touch, Mr Bullen was unfortunately in Melbourne for a couple of days.

The Union suggested that \$1.24 an hour should be the minimum wage. Shortz, the foreman, said that what we were being paid was an advance on wages (Hmmm). The actual wage was \$9 a day which is still exploitative.

In fact the workers weren't covered by any award. Working in a Place of Amusement didn't quite make it. Front House awards dipped out, and the Construction Act does not cover tents!

When it came to pulling down the Big Top, Bullens was just as cunning. They hired about 70 men at \$1.50 an hour to work from 10.30 pm after the last show to 8.30 pm the following morning. No safety precautions whatsoever were taken. Steel poles 20 feet high fell where they liked. No hats were issued.

The worst accident involved a gouged foot. Bullen refused to take this man to hospital.

There was no first aid. Most men received bruises and abrasions.

There were no rest breaks, not even a Smoko. One man was actually assaulted for not working hard enough. In this case the police were called.

The work was so hard that about half the men had given up and gone home by six o'clock without their wages.

This final performance was watched over by security men with dogs.

Anyway after the show Al decided that since things had gone so well up till then he would ring up Michael Edgeley, fiancée Jeni King and ask her for a date. It turned out that she was otherwise occupied that night, but she agreed to invite us up to the White Heron the following day. We were back to the flat in high spirits. The next day we hopped on our bikes and peddled down St Stephens Ave to the motorcade the Edgley crowd was staying at.

When we got there, we found that we were unable to have Miss King to ourselves—a reporter from the Dominion was already sitting in the lounge with her quietly consuming gin and limes on Michael Edgeley International Pty. Ltd's expense account. Jeni King was wearing the biggest diamond I've ever seen outside a museum case on her left hand ring finger, and was sucking something alcoholic that had a lot of fruit salad in it.

I asked her whether they had experienced any moral dilemmas in the process of staging the show. After I had explained what I meant she replied. "No, none whatsoever." We didn't get a terrible lot out of the interview; the man from the Dom became quite taciturn when we tried to speak to him. But we did manage to fix up for Al to shake hands with Mickey Mouse, which must be some kind of milestone in Disney-freak relations. It was a sop, though. Basically we weren't wanted, once it was discovered that we didn't fall within the range of the standard reporter type. We weren't actually told to piss off, but the message came through just the same. You really have to work for a metropolitan daily to get anything like the fawning attention a reporter is entitled to. The ride back home that afternoon was uphill all the way.

SILLY SYMP

PRESENTS THE MO



IT'S GIV
HAR
& S
AU
IST
I CO
E T
IN A
SKIN
UNED

So ya wanna be a student

The only valid reason for being at university is to destroy it. Thus spake Abbie Hoffman, and he's right about that, even if you don't agree with him on other points.

Perhaps the view is a little radical for you; you who came here with dreams of gaining academic acclaim, broadening your mind, discovering the wit and wisdom of the ages through reading, discussion and the counsel of learned men. Well that's the sort of come-on that might go on the prospectus if the university were a public company, but it's a misconception which dates from the mediaeval universities and is not valid today.

However, there's another, more modern, misconception about the university which is held, oddly enough, by an unholy alliance of liberals (derogatorily) and Muldoons (approvingly). This is the one which says the university is a meal-ticket factory. You can test the fallacy of this opinion simply by glancing at the newspapers. No-one hires graduates these days. The number of unemployed people with degrees is rising all the time. Should you be unlucky enough to acquire a degree, you'll find at the end that an intimate acquaintance with the structure of the English sentence and a deep knowledge of the influence of T'ang pottery on 17th century music simply don't qualify you for a job in this society. (That's not such a bad thing, but we won't go into it here).

Your choice then, lies between discarding your knowledge and learning something useful or becoming an academic (thereby ensuring your investment isn't wasted). Both courses are survival techniques, and, as the second is more appropriate to your present situation, we shall study it more closely.

We start with the basic assumption that everybody's job at university is to survive. For you, that means preserving your mind, your independence and your anger. Blowing up the university is one way to do this, but if you don't feel up to

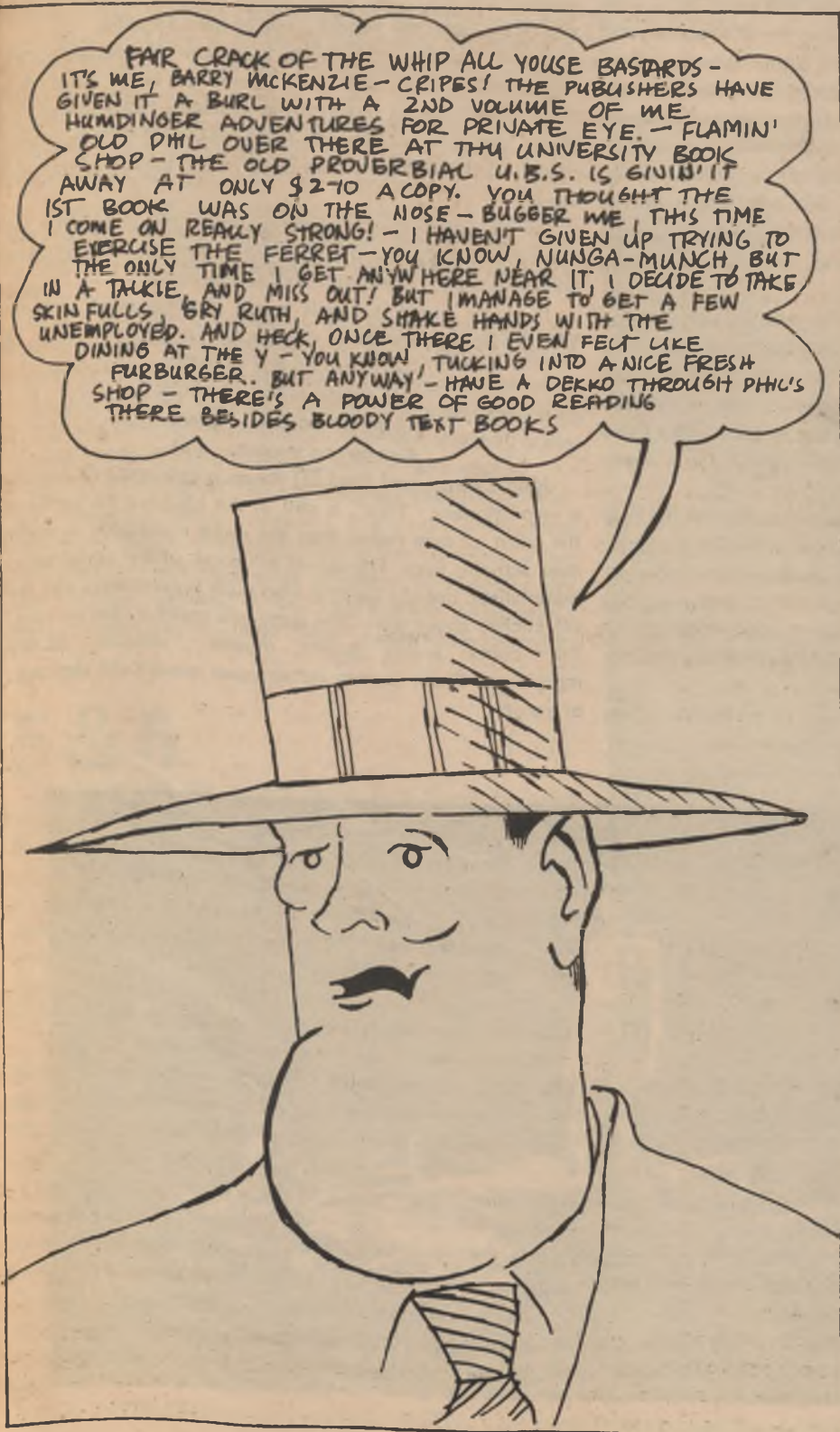
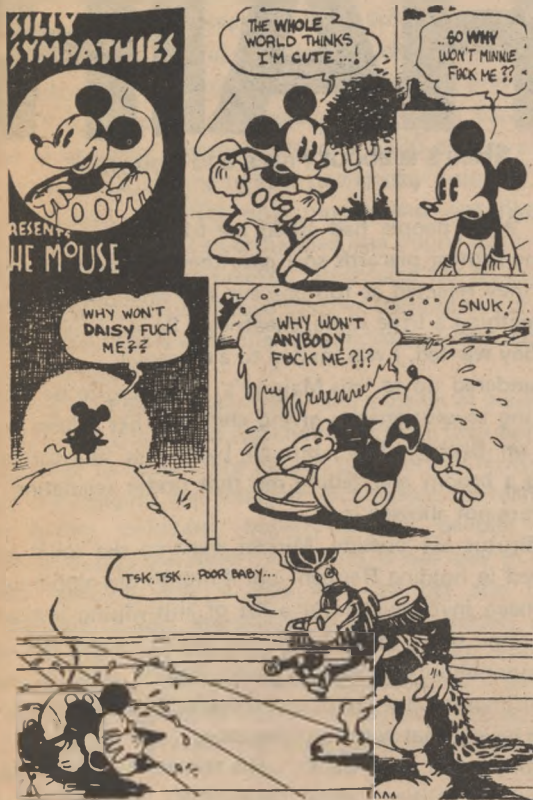
that, then the next best way is to be aware of the sources of danger to you.

The major source is the academic who lectures and tutors you. You see, once the graduate is admitted to the halls of academe, he realizes his carefully-preserved knowledge isn't worth a thing and he panics. How will he survive? What is there to stop him joining the unemployed graduates not fortunate enough to be called academics? Desperation born of need quickly shows him how. He must acquire a camouflage, a means of not standing out so that his lack of knowledge won't become noticeable, so that he can preserve his facade of being educated, even knowledgeable.

The camouflage, brothers and sisters, means getting you. Your mind must become indistinguishable from his, you must not leave his tutelage with any vestiges of independence, and, particularly, your anger must be dulled, replaced, dispersed.

This is the academic's method of surviving and it clashes with yours, so it must be resisted. How you do that is your affair, this is just a warning.

A final cheery note for those who wish to escape from university with as few wounds as possible—there are exceptions to the general mediocre herd of academics. Unlike the majority, they don't claim papal infallibility and can be distinguished by this characteristic alone. Again, how you find them is your affair, but an attitude of humility, not obsequiousness, is a start.



★ ★ ★ ★ ★
SALE!
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**Beginning Thursday
2nd March, another
spectacular TASTE
Sale.**

**CASSETTES
RECORDS
everything
reduced.**

**TASTE RECORDS
4 LORNE ST CITY
PHONE 370 317**



Led Zeppelin



LED ZEPPELIN — WESTERN SPRINGS — 25 FEBRUARY 1972.

COURTESY ROBERT RAYMOND AND RADIO HAURAKI

LED ZEPPELIN unleashed their Blitzkrieg last Friday night with a ferocious firepower that would have done the S.S. "Deathshead" Panzer Division proud.

A roar went up from the crowd at 2 minutes past 8, as the group—Jimmy Page, John Paul Jones, John Bonham and Robert Plant—took the stage and blasted into the "Immigrant Song". Suddenly the hours of waiting, the discomfort, the hype and ripoffs in the form of posters, T-shirts and high ticket prices were all forgotten. Page made a few volume adjustments and "Heartbreaker", "Black Dog" and "Celebration Day" followed. These songs are typical Zeppelin. That is riff-based songs with the bass and guitar playing in unison at maximum volume. Sure it's formula rock and it is not particularly progressive, but then the group does not have any pretensions to being "progressive" or "experimental" like the heavy German groups "Amon Duul 2" and "The Can". Their aim is simply to generate excitement and this they do extremely well.

A change of pace was provided by "Since I've Been Loving You"—a slow 12-bar blues with an unusual chord change at the end of each sequence. Page played his odd twin-necked Gibson (a 12-strung neck and a 6-strung neck attached to the same body) and Jones dropped his bass and played organ and electric piano. A good atmospheric number which illustrated Robert Plant's amazingly powerful voice, and stamina that would put a marathon runner to shame. Indeed, his voice appeared to become increasingly stronger as the night wore on.

The acoustic set which followed and included "Travelling to California", "That's the Way", "Tangerine" and "Bron your Stomp" was not received with much enthusiasm by the crowd. Perhaps such numbers weren't expected from such a heavy group, even though most of these tunes appeared on side two of "Led Zeppelin 3".

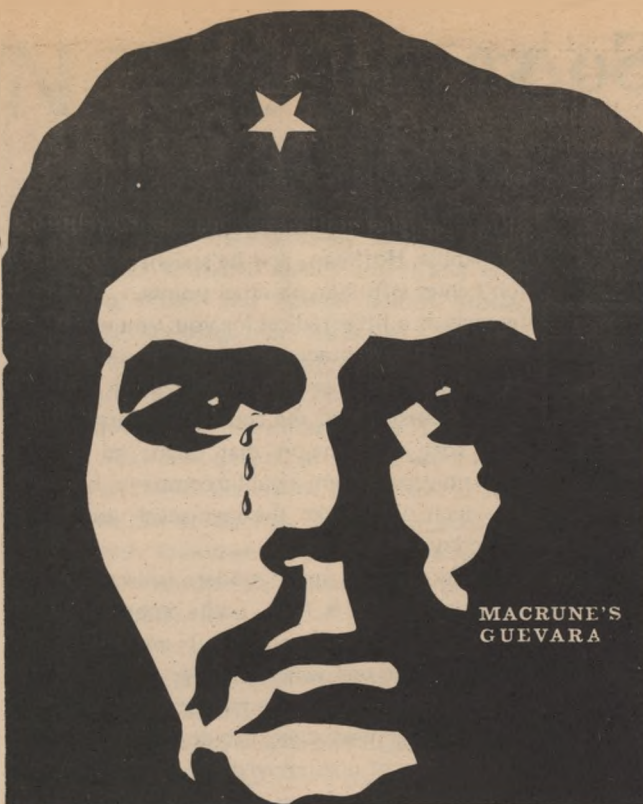
With the return of the electrics we were treated to the Indian influenced piece "Dazed and Confused" in which Page extracted some extraordinary sounds out of his Les Paul by using a violin bow. In "Stairway to Heaven", possibly the best track on the fourth Zeppelin L.P., Jones played keyboards once more and Page utilized his double-necked Gibson to great effect. This tune had an incredible build-up and showed Zeppelin in a more melodic mood than usual. "Rock 'N Roll", "Out on the Tiles," "What is and Should Never Be" (the last using slide) revealed Page's amazing speed and dexterity and the white-hot excitement he can extract from his guitar. He does not have the ability to develop and extend a solo logically as Zappa, for example, can do so effectively. Rather he relies on piecing together isolated phrases which range from growling bass runs to high pitched screams in the treble. "Moby Dick" saw drummer John Bonham swing into action. His solo was most remarkable as he used his bare hands to hit not only the skins of the drums but the metal cymbals and the huge gong which stood behind him. He is not a particularly "technical" drummer but is a powerful propelling force in the group and his solo was rightfully applauded as one of the high spots of the evening.

The audience leapt to its feet as "Whole Lotta Love", with a medley of John Lee Hooker's "Boogie Chillun", the Everly Brothers' "Hello Mary Lou" and "Let's Have a Party", pushed the show to an ever higher peak. Howling Wolf's "Going Down Slow" came next and the show closed with an encore of "Communication Breakdown."

Overall, a most remarkable concert.

6

HENRY JACKSON.



DIRECTED BY DON FARR—MERCURY

Or: Never have I been so bored in my life. At the end of the performance, the after-show, trendy chit-chat was painful, and the reviews twenty four hours later were painfully predictable. Guevara as a copywriter's dream, was presented and ridiculed; so much for the glossy red and black posters of Che—we all know the man was as much bastard as anyone else. But everyone was taking it all so seriously! As if their casual flirtation with radicalism had been artfully undermined—their possession of the appropriate poster and the appropriate Penguin reprints, betrayed—and in the name of serious theatre moreover! Guevara's faithful will not enjoy this play, screamed assorted headlines.

Oh well, there you have it—to have such glibness screeching out from assorted mouths and pens, is to judge the audience, not the production. But the production itself was lacklustre, and it never achieved author John Spurling's aim: certainly Guevara's trendy legend has about as much substance as a Hollywood musical, or a rerun of Peyton Place. The legend deserved to be undermined. Spurling set out to do this, while undermining art, criticism, critics, theatre, and his own play. Oh, but everyone soldiered on—bravo for the polite but confused reviews, for the seriousness with which old, strained, 'artistic' cliches were accepted.

On and on. Ladies and gentlemen, here we have the end of revolution (dying with Scotch asthma), and the beginning of the feeble attempts at revolt. Albert Camus would have been proud. Then, the second half of the play set out to destroy its introduction, but all and sundry knew they had to be transfixed by THE MESSAGE (!) as if any writer could have been so clumsy.

There you have it: my chief complaint against the play was its turgid clumsiness. Your editor asked for a slightly longer review (bash bash) when he waved tickets under my carnivorous nose two hours before the curtain rose, but why congratulate stupidity by adding to it. You can all open up your dull little ORIENTATION HANDBOOKS for your FREE poster of THE HERO.

Stephen Chan

You can shit on about Peace
You can shit on about Pollution
But you aint saying nothing
Till your talking Revolution Tim Shadbolt

HAIR

\$Hair\$ is about Peace and Pollution.

The 'Hair' people had asked me to give them some help with the protest placards so I gave them a few good slogans which they rejected as too obscene and libellous; they asked for something a little more 'theatrical'. So that I could know what they wanted, I was invited to a rehearsal.

I wandered up to 'His Majesty's' expecting to be greeted by young revolutionaries giving clenched fist salutes and 'Right on Brother Tim', but all I got was 'the caretaker' holding a broom and telling me that under regulation 14, Dogs were not allowed in.

So Brutus sat outside. Miriam went to the toilet and wandered in holding Reuben—our 4 month old nipple-sucker who's been involving me in a lot of shit-wiping instead of shit-stirring since he's been on earth. Everyone goes 'ooooooooohhhhhhhh! what a lovely baby!' and this young negro girl comes and holds and snuggles him so I wander on stage to have a chat with the director—

"Gooday, I'm John Banks". His stoned eyes let me know he hated formalities. "Now listen, man, let's just get this straight—it's a show to turn on middle class New York—that's all it is, ok!"

He seems to be apologising to me for putting on a liberal production.

In came 'the caretaker' again and ordered all members of the cast who were smoking to go outside. So while they were going over their lines about Freedom, they all huddled outside the door, taking last desperate puffs on half-smoked cigarettes under the watchful eye of the caretaker.

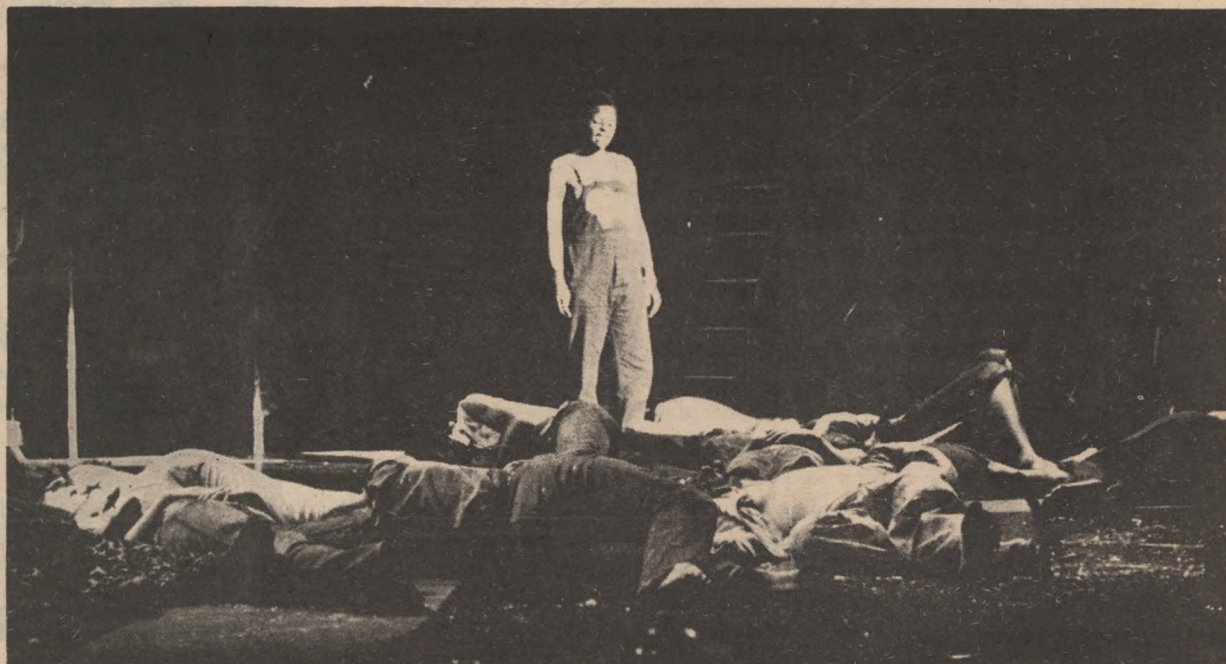
Lights, sirens, a brilliant backdrop of mangled cars, nightclubs, and an old truck parked on stage! A spiritual circle of life ripples out into the audience, swirling, dancing, giving the audience flowers. Height Ashbury may be an old scene but it still hasn't been done in NZ theatre—yes, it will work.

As the dancing and singing moves on, I become less cynical and analytical, drawn in by the energy and expression and movement. It's exciting. It's exhilarating.

It looks good; it smells good; it feels good. It's the Western Springs Speedway of theatre.

'Aint got no Pot — busted
Aint got no faith — Catholic
Aint got no God — Good
Aint got no smokes — shit.'

John Lennon said the LSD dream is over and he's become a revolutionary. "Hair" is still in the LSD era the battle of the spirit of man rather than the social conditions in which man actually lives. The satires are good; of the conservative materialistic uptight parents who push lawnmowers and reel off cliches about how "the army will make a man of you." The corny avante garde movies. Pollution. SEXual inhibitions. These themes are wrapped around the depravity of youth.



Then come
into the audie
about grass a
Others read: '
had realised
truck me the
It's not tha
of the men a
itchy and te
to see young
young kids si
oot. Still I
sucked in at
The wages vai
Though th
hippies and
to lived at th
week, but sai
her with 50 c
manage' on tl
Its true th
on a big hipp
the opposite
happy and s
often borec
remember du
radicals dar
dancing—but
types dancin
'cool' to dai
and have liv
have I seen
dancing.
It has or
marches, mu
guerilla thea
It is this as
to ridicule,
druggy, hipp
As far
watching th
and good m
people wen
from the U
winter. I
audiences,
buying for
Edwards St
They have
They kno
undoubtedly
theatre.
"Hair" i
father is a
indication o
It's good ju
just makes
life easier f
Yes, it's
Music brill
show. Son
Kiwi mind
bucks to l
expect to

58
Even i
being at
University
poetry. It
one hand
Edmond,
Wedde, a
other the
led by Fr
Theatr
developin
approach
will be a
suggestin
to impro
will be c
also be s
back fro
Theatr
New Ze
just wha
been rig
in Paris.

Then come the placards. The placard bearers move out into the audience. I began reading them. Most of them were about grass and acid. So far from being a protest scene. Others read: "Fighting for peace is like fucking for chastity". I had realised all along that "Hair" was a commercial show. It struck me then that it was also an anti-revolutionary show.

It's not that the caste aren't great people. Of course most of the men are camp but they seem much happier and less bitchy and tense than most theatre people. It just hurts me to see young kids paying 5 dollars a ticket to watch other young kids sing and dance while fat cat Miller rakes in more loot. Still I suppose many young singers and dancers get stuck in at wages between \$80 and \$130 dollars a week. The wages vary according to how strong your union is.

Though they talk like poor hippies and look like poor hippies and sing about poor hippies, the young girl I talked to lived at the Intercontinental which cost her 84 dollars a week, but said she would have to move because this only left her with 50 dollars a week spending money and she 'couldn't manage' on that.

It's true they are a happy tribe—like a bunch of young kids on a big hippy trip... Its just that everything they portray is the opposite to reality. The hippies they portray on stage are happy and singing and dancing. But hippies in reality are often bored, unhappy, poverty-stricken people. I can remember during the Albert Park days, it was easy to get the radicals dancing and it was easy to get the liberals dancing—but it was impossible to get the hippie, druggie types dancing. They were usually too 'hung up' cynical or 'cool' to dance. I went several times to Baxter's Jerusalem and have lived on almost every commune in NZ but never have I seen in any of the communes or tribes anyone dancing.

It has only been with the protest groups; during street marches, mobilisation buildups, Woodburne campaigns and guerilla theatre, that I have seen anyone dancing and singing. It is this aspect of youthful exuberance that "Hair" seems to ridicule, while concentrating on the pseudo-spiritual, druggie, hippie, flower culture.

As far as relevance to NZ is concerned, I preferred watching the Brian Edwards show. It was good local satire and good music. It wasn't as professional as "Hair" and few people went and saw it, so you'd better buy lots of books from the University Bookshop so Noonan can survive next winter. I suppose its because Kiwis are such insecure audiences. They like to know exactly what product they are buying for their money and no one knew what the Brian Edwards Show was all about. But everyone knows "Hair". They have all heard the record and the big media publicity. They know exactly what they're getting and will undoubtedly feel secure enough to pack out His Majesty's theatre.

"Hair" is exotic. There's only one Kiwi in the caste—his father is a scout leader and loved the show which is a good indication of its political impact. Still I'm always an optimist. It's good just to see a happy group of people and even if it just makes a long hair a little more tolerable, this may make life easier for some frustrated schoolboy or bank clerk.

Yes, it's a good show. Singing beautiful. Dancing spirited. Music brilliant. Direction excellent. It's a fully professional show. Songs about masturbation being fun may blow a few Kiwi minds and will cause a big sensation. So if you've five bucks to blow, and feel curious, go and see it—but don't expect to get anything out of "Hair" except entertainment.

5 & 5

Even if you're not an arty farty, '5 + '5 will be worth being at. It's the Orientation Arts production at the University Arts Centre and it's a mixture of theatre and poetry. It will be worth being at because its different. On the one hand there are the poets: Arthur Baysting, Murray Edmond, Russell Haley, David Mitchell, Robert Orr and Ian Wedde, all pioneers of radical poetry readings, and on the other there's Theatre Action the international theatre group led by Francis Batten.

Theatre Action makes great use of improvisation in developing their material. It's a difficult but creative approach to more experimental theatre. Now the audience will be able to test the actors' skill in this delicate art by suggesting at one point in the programme, subjects for them to improvise on. And it won't be all one-sided. The actors will be dragging the audience into the action too. There'll also be some work with character masks. These were brought back from the famous Basle Festival in Switzerland.

Theatre Action is one of the very few theatrical groups in New Zealand that are actually concerned with finding out just what theatre is all about. Their background training has been rigorous—two years studying mime under Jacque Lecoq in Paris. Lecoq differs from the Marcel Marceau type mime

tradition in that he advocates a fuller, more rounded kind of theatre. You won't see any white painted faces in Theatre Action—in fact you'd have a job to pin the label 'mime' on them. They use words, masks and conventional theatre techniques where the occasion demands.

From their Lecoq background, Theatre Action are now branching out to see what discoveries they can make. If you asked them just what their scene is, they would probably tell you they're doing theatre research. Come along and see the results.

'5 + 5' isn't the first time Baysting, Edmond, Haley, Mitchell, Orr and Wedde have read together. Last year they gave a reading at the Arts Centre in June, and toured to Downstage in Wellington where they packed out the late night show that busy Friday when the beer strike broke. What interests them in reading poetry in public is the performance aspect of a reading. A poem read is a unique momentary even like a theatrical performance or a musical concert. The second aspect of the reading that they have chosen to develop is the 'group reading'. Poems are shared and swapped at a reading; magical chance poems are created on the spot in what the poets call 'circular poems'—each poet in turn contributes a line and thus a totally new poem is born.

As a group these poets represent the most exciting young poets working in New Zealand. Their work has been published together in an irreverent little magazine called **The Word Is Freed**. In many ways this reading marks a point of transition for these poets. Robert Orr has just had a book, **Blue Footpaths**, published in England which will be on sale here shortly; a collection of Russell Haley's work, **Walled Garden**, will be published at the beginning of March; similarly David Mitchell's book, **Pipe Dreams in Ponsonby**, will be in the shops very soon; and Arthur Baysting and Murray Edmond along with Alan Brunton, the founder of **The Word Is Freed** who now lives in England, are collaborating on a book titled **Three Audiences** which will be out later in the year. Ian Wedde, who recently returned from overseas brought out a book **Homage to Matisse**, at the end of last year. Thus this reading will mark the transition from little magazine publication to something more substantial and permanent.

—KR



BOSOMS EXPANDING

If you've been in the Common Room or the Coffee Bar much this week, you've probably heard what sounds like a radio station coming out of the walls. Well it's not one of your run-of-the-mill downtown stations. We operate our very own University radio station.

Radio Bosom began regular internal broadcasts last year, between 11 and 3 each day. As well as non stop music, a complete soap opera serial "AMANDA" was written and recorded in their own studio. Muldoon, Gair and Professor Geering were interviewed. A complete documentary on the Albany site controversy was compiled.

This year Selwyn Jones, Bosom's driving force promises us better quality and continuity, to get a smooth running daily

program on the present closed-circuit system. Bosom is then likely to be granted a licence to broadcast in a radius of five miles round the University. We will have our own station, broadcasting into the heart of the city.

So there is a lot of work to be done. Selwyn needs people to compile programmes, people to report events and research information. Most of all, he needs technicians, especially from the engineering school, who are willing to help build and operate equipment to complement the excellent gear Bosom already has.

The Bosom studio is on the first floor, above the Studass office and right down the end of the passage.

Selwyn hopes to be ready to apply for the small radius broadcast licence at the end of the first term.

Keep listening...

JASON SECONDHAND BOOKS

We stock books on

Art, Literature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Social Sciennces, Biography, Travel, Sport, Novels, Light Fiction, etc., etc.
Also N.Z. books and Rare Books.
Some university texts still available.

P & C ARCADE 50 High Street

(opp. Whitcombe and Tombs)
Phone 370-266.

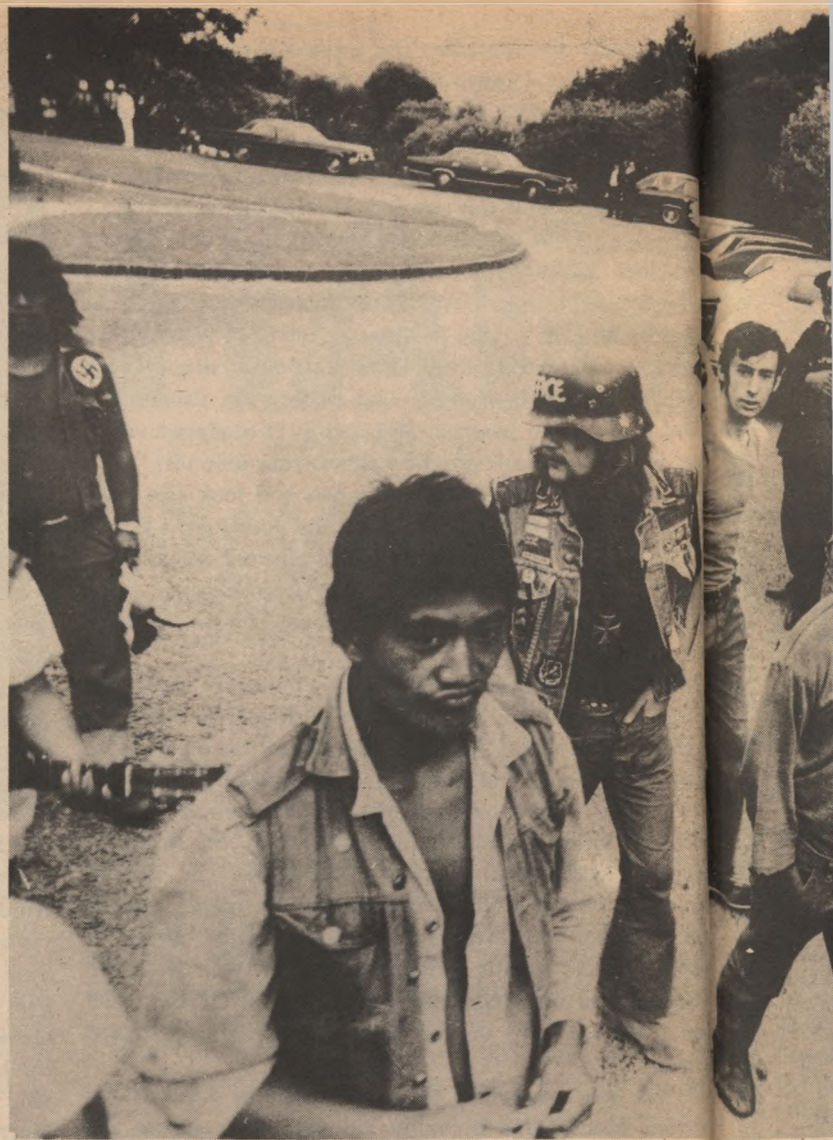
IMPORTED JAZZ

ORNETTE COLEMAN
CHARLIE MINGUS
HERBIE HANCOCK
JIMMY SMITH
JOHN COLTRANE
HORACE SILVER
ART BLAKEY
GRANT GREEN
ERIC DOLPHY
JUEAN-LUC PONTY
MILT JACKSON etc.

BLUE NOTE \$5.75
Other labels \$4.99

Lewis Eady
EADY'S LIMITED

192 QUEEN ST.
AUCKLAND, N.Z.
Phone 34-829



Waita 19 Tama tu a tama nohca

I noticed an incongruity almost at once: the kids in the back of the bus, going to Waitangi, singing kitsch popular songs, and the kuia (respected old women) singing old Maori and religious songs, in the front. It was like that all the way there. The gap was bridged by Tame, Rua's grandson; and he looked it. He was the only young Maori who had a great knowledge of his culture.

The next day we fronted to Waitangi marae, which incidentally is not the treaty area. We were led onto the marae by Kawiti, a chief, and strong opponent of the pakeha celebrations. We were ignored by the tangata whenua, the people whose marae it is. We were a bit upset, but they didn't fall over backwards welcoming Dougie McIntyre, the pakeha Minister for Maori and Island Affairs either.

The Maori Council was there for one of its Meet the People chats. This partly occupied our Saturday morning. The idea is that the average chap can ask the Council questions about what it is doing. This meeting seemed pretty much a waste of time, with the Council seemingly determined to skirt every major issue. A number of speakers pressed home points on language and education:

- That the education system at present is racist.
- That Maori language and culture are not taught enough in this country.
- Until there is equality in the education system, there will never be equality.

Then we all had lunch. Waiting for Dougie McIntyre. I'm very ambivalent in attitude towards him. He's probably just the best of a bad bunch. Well he arrives, gives his speech. But he has learnt something from last year. He's learnt that there is more unity amongst Maori people, he's learnt that it is not much point playing one tribe off against another which is what he tried to do last year. This year he tried another trick—the bribe. The people of the Waitangi marae are expected to feed many hundreds of visitors. While the visitors will give donations these never cover the costs. For some time now, the people have been asking for

contributions from the government to help these costs. And there is Dougie, flourishing a cheque, which he leaves under a rock, *which he has brought for the purpose.*

And the questioning of the Minister began. Shellfish . . . the buck was passed to another Minister. Maoris have been fined for taking more than their quota. The point that shellfish beds are being depleted by commercial ventures, not ordinary people, seems not to be understood by McIntyre.

Then Nga Tamatoa spoke. Dr Doug Sinclair is muddled aged, balding, a doctor, middle class, and absolutely a man with a gut and heart. He gave Nga Tamatoa mana. He knows the traditions of his people and speaks the language. He asked a question that made everybody doubt—the government had just taken some Maori land at Greymouth under the Public Works Act, and had put it up for sale. He asked McIntyre why Maoris weren't allowed to buy this land? He asked why pakehas were the group permitted to buy this land? No answer. Perhaps if Mr McIntyre had a number of letters asking him about this land, he might just have to find an answer to this discrimination.

So many points were raised with McIntyre, who was now visibly shaken each time a Nga Tamatoa speaker got up. Questions like

- why wasn't there a *Maori* Minister of Maori Affairs?
- why was the Race Relations Act passed for reasons of international prestige, rather than for the welfare of the people of this country.
- why was this Bill introduced without any consultation with the Maori people?
- why were the hearings of the Parliamentary Subcommittee held in secret, chaired by 'Gin' Monroe?

Evasions. That's all the Minister gave out. Hana Jackson gets very impassioned very quickly. She pleads from her heart which sometimes makes people very uptight. Dr Pei Jones the chairman of the NZ Maori Council asked her to sit down. She wouldn't. She said her piece and then sat down. Things became more impassioned so a little officious man named Jack King, a north Auckland delegate

to the Maori Council tried to stop Tamatoa by closing down the meeting. Some 40 minutes before the official programme ended the meeting.

At this stage So we decided, some of us, that the best thing to do was to go to the pub, i.e. the Waitangi Hotel, with whites in one bar and Maoris in the other.

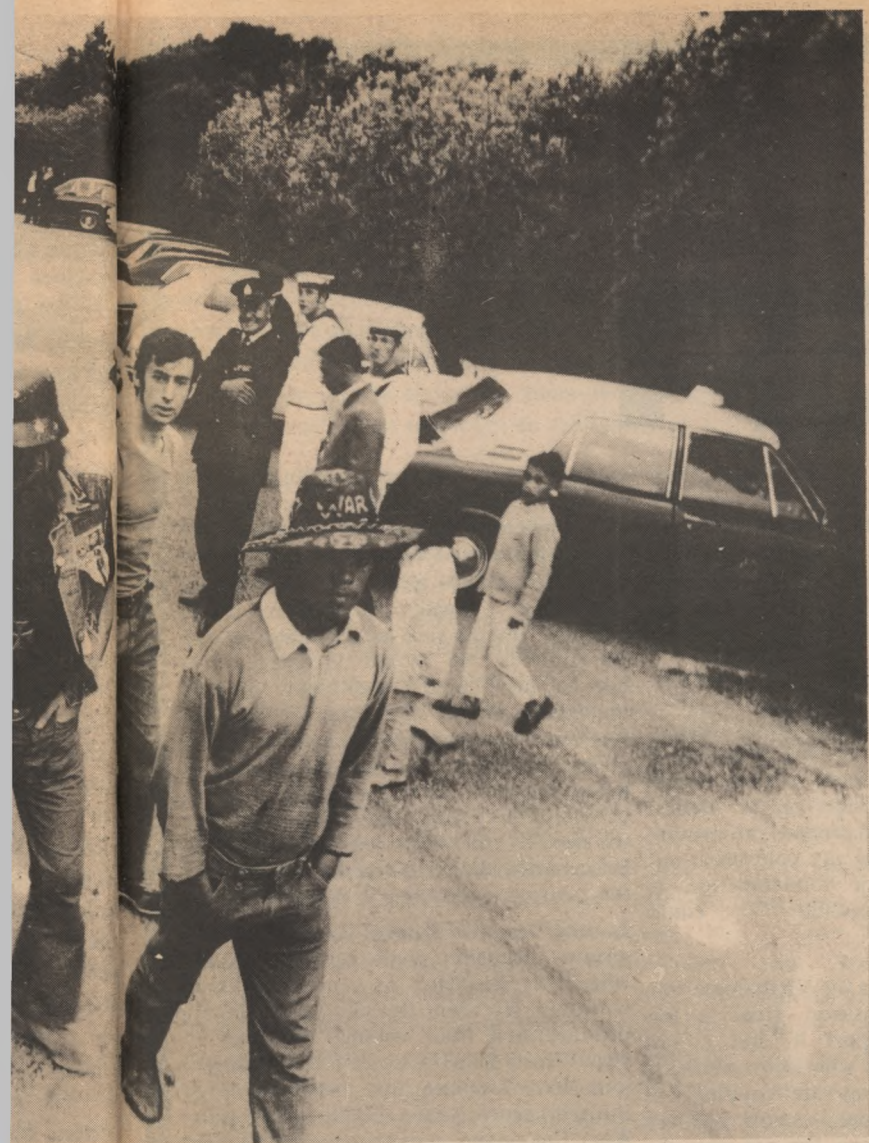
And that was where we met the Stormtroopers. We were pretty shy, pretty self-conscious, but after a while it was ok. A couple of Stormies were pretty interested in the Treaty, but they were doing up there. Talk, drinking. Yet and back to the marae.

That evening before the long korero on the celebrations take place the next day. Old man Harawira spoke eloquently on time, the value and quality of work and how the kaumatua (elders) hear only what they want to hear. He said Nga Tamatoa would not succeed because it has no faith in the church. He is a Methodist minister.

Then Syd Jackson spoke. He asked that the celebrations the next day be boycotted. His main reason for this:

- That the government should recognise that the so-called 'special measures' which Maoris have, such as the Department of Maori Affairs, be regarded as rights not privileges.
- That the government should immediately repeal the 1967 Maori Affairs Amendment Act and make legislation to replace it *after consultation* with the Maori people.
- That the government should take immediate action to discontinue commercial exploitation of tribal fishing grounds and establish Maori fishing reserves.
- The government must make an extensive reorganisation of the prison and judicial systems in this country.
- The government should be helping with the financing of urban maraes.
- The government should provide the finance to suitably qualified Maoris to study the pakeha problem.

Syd: "We're asking for your guidance and help. Why do we have to be divided? How can we progress together? Stand together, Maoris! Today we ask that you support us."



lita 1972

u ama ora ncoma mate



closing down our Treaty. The list is quite long, Dr Paewai, but I programme are ashamed of your people and want to be as pakeha as

At this stage of the evening, things were beginning to look ng to do tyressive. Nobody disagreed what the grievances are (a great Hotel, wilance on last year) the disagreement was about tactics to used for remedying these grievances. There was also a s. ter clash between Nga Tamatoa and the Maori Council. Dr but after ies got up and said that the government was looking into ty intereste Treaty, petitions had been lodged, delegations gone to Talk, drinliament. Yet he and his kindred could not understand that , indeed they had been active, doing the same things for ebrations t last 130 years and getting into a worse mess in most e eloquentias.

id how th Matt Rata tried a compromise situation but failed, ear. He said ause by this time most of the people had made up their : no faith inds either to go or not to go to the ceremony. Most had ided to go.

And then he happened. Dr Paewai, a man recently asked celebration the Friends of South Africa to be their national president. his: the so-called a Maori could consider it disgusts me. He is going on a ch as the to South Africa this year. I hope he enjoys being an s rights not orary white for a few weeks. His exhibition in the s ing house was disgusting. He said he was going to the al the 1967 eha celebrations because he was grateful for a pakeha gislation to cation. I suggest that he looks on his education as eple. nensation. Compensation for stolen land. Compensation e action to stolen language. Compensation for a bastardised Rotorua ibal fishing rist culture. For shellfish. Compensation for the 50% of prison population being Maori. Compensation for a anisation of sible. I suggest you anglicise your surname.

Pat Hohepa: "Your own land has been rated out of hand. Financing of is not Tamatoa, but the government who wants you to ebrate at Waitangi. The government has closed the paua to suitably is because of pakeha commercialism worth \$1,000,000. at the kaumatua are facing is the new wave of young lp. Why do ple who will not go through the things you have suffered. ther? Stand are not willing to go to Wellington with a huge petition to us." e to the Great White Fathers. The hard line is coming."

The meeting closed, tempers were high, and Nga Tamatoa were pretty unhappy. We went back to Te Rapunga, Kawiti's marae, feeling heavy and dispirited. But there was one thing that made Nga Tamatoa happy. On the way to our bus after the korero, somebody noticed the Stormtroopers who had come to help with the cleaning were sleeping on bare boards in the huge entertainment marquee. It appears that they had not been invited to sleep in the house with the other visitors. So off they came with us. We talked with them and they said that even though they themselves wanted to join us, they were from only one chapter (Otara) and would have to consult with the other three chapters in Auckland.

We couldn't decide what to do the next day, but Doug Sinclair talked about psychological warfare i.e. they expect us to do something violent so we would not inform them that we would be doing the exact opposite

We started talking about tactics again, but still couldn't decide precisely what would be done. We had decided to give the cops their money's worth.

Pat Hohepa arrived, saw we were despondent and talked to us and began to elevate our spirits a bit. He pointed out to us that the main chiefs and kuia of this land don't go to the ceremony. Only two important chiefs were there this weekend. These important chiefs, simply do not support the ceremony, but this is not well known because they have not made public statements. Hohepa said that Nga Tamatoa must do what is right even if it annoyed the kaumatua.

And the protest itself. The ceremony starts at 7 pm. We arrived at 5 pm. We went off into groups and measured, checked, watched, wrote, drew maps, photographed between three photographers every cop and meatwagon. After half an hour of this we went to the meeting house there and began to sing. Small foray groups going and coming with "information". About 5.45 we went right down to the back of the Treaty area. We heard a copy radio saying "They're coming" and felt that our plan was succeeding. We decided that what would be done would be to walk in a dignified manner out of the celebrations after having shitted the cops.

The Stormies, who had been with us till now, walked out. Despondency. But a few more 'spies' went out bringing back false information and some true facts eg. there were 100 cops, many of them from Auckland, including a sweet little poleazeman Sergeant N31, the notorious bail refuser. There were, at this stage 100 sailors.

At about 6.25 we began to feel vindicated. We were pretty quiet, and suddenly two more busloads of sailors arrived ie there were now 200 sailors to protect god knows what. Ratio 6 of them for everyone of us.

The ceremony started. We got some support from an unexpected quarter—from some people in the navy!

We stood up. The cops moved in, trying to close us in. The Stormies returned looking fantastic. We turned on our heel and walked out. We even managed to sit down for the Anthem.

After Tamatoa had left the ceremony, Tame Iti, complete with moko on his face and black flag in his hand, stepped forward on to the marae. As he stepped over the rope, a few cops tried to pull him back. He told them he was going to speak on the marae, that surely he had more right to speak there than the governor general, and that in fact MacIntyre had told tem that the previous day. Although the cops got progressively more pissed off, they did not try to remove him again. While the Governor General was wishing everyone happy birthday or whatever, Tame did a haka, then spoke in Maori, directing his comments especially to Bishop Bennett and Kingi Ihaka, calling them traitors for entertaining the pakeha like this. He waved his black flag and pointed to the Union Jack, saying it should be pulled down, and used to wipe their snotty noses. He continued to haka and whai korero throughout the length of the ceremony.

Most us felt the protest was a success. Many people noticed us, but probably because the Stormtroopers looked so mean. The greatest victory is that Nga Tamatoa has shown the elders and the Maori Councils that it *can* make a dignified and peaceful protest, and that it is determined to fight every injustice with the tactics it sees fit.

—Kathryn de Nave.

THE STUDENT AS A NIGGER

Past the Bullshit

Students are niggers. When you get that straight, our schools begin to make sense. It's more important though, to understand why they're niggers. If we follow that question seriously enough, it will lead up past the zone of academic bullshit, where dedicated teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and to the nitty-gritty of human needs and hang-ups. And from there we can go on to consider whether it might even be possible for students to come up from slavery. First let's see what's happening now. Let's look at the role students play in what we like to call education.

Into the Cafeteria

Here at Vic the students have separate dining facilities. I am not allowed to take them into the staff club, and if I eat at the student cafeteria, I become known as the educational equivalent of a nigger-lover. In at least one building there are even rest rooms which students may not use.

Academic Mississippi

Students are politically disenfranchised. They are in an academic Mississippi. Many of them can vote in the national elections - their average age is about 21 - but they have no voice in the decisions which affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have toy government run for the most part by bureaucrats and concerned principally with trivia. The faculty and administration decide what course will be offered; the students get to choose their own toy parliaments. Occasionally when students get uppity and rebellious, they're either ignored, put off with trivial concessions, or get manouvered expertly out of position.

He'll Fail Your Ass

A student is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member "Sir" or "Doctor" or "Professor" - and he smiles and shuffles some as he stands outside the professor's office waiting for permission to enter. The faculty tell him what courses to take; they tell him what to read, what to write, and frequently, where to set the margins on his typewriter. They tell him what's true and what isn't. Some teachers insist that they encourage dissent but they're almost always jiving and every student knows it. Tell the man what he wants to hear or he'll fail you out of the course.

Lobotomised

Even more discouraging than this Auschwitz approach to education is the fact that the students take it. They haven't gone through twelve years of secondary school for nothing. They've learned one thing and perhaps only one thing during those twelve years. They've forgotten their algebra. They write like they've been lobotomised. But, Jesus, can they follow orders. Freshers come up to me with an essay and ask if I want it folded, and whether their name should be in the upper right-hand corner. And I want to cry and kiss them and caress their poor tortured heads.

Two Truths

Students don't ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to make sense long before they leave primary school. Things are true because the teacher says they're true. At a very early stage we all learn to accept "two truths", as did certain medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your tongue, your fingers, your stomach, your heart. Inside class things are true by reason of authority. And that's just fine because you don't care

anyway. Miss Widemeyer tells you a noun is a person, place or thing. So let it be. The important thing is to please here. Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers love children that stand in nice straight lines. And that's where it's been ever since. Nothing changes except to get worse. School becomes more and more obviously a prison. Last year I spoke to a student assembly and then couldn't get out of the school. I mean there was NO WAY OUT. Locked doors, High fences. One of the inmates was trying to make it over the fence when he saw me and froze in panic. For a moment I expected sirens, a rattle of bullets, and him clawing the fence.

No Spades in Pointy Shoes

Then there's the infamous "code of dress". In some high schools, if your skirt looks too short, you have to kneel before the principal, in a brief allegory of fellatio. If the hem doesn't reach the floor, you go home to change while he, presumably jacks off. Boys in high school can't be too sloppy and they can't even be too sharp. You'd think the P.T.A. would be delighted to see all the spades trooping to school in pointy shoes suits, ties and stingy brims. Uh-uh. They're too visible. What school amounts to, then is a 12-year course in how to be slaves. What else could explain what I see in a first year class? They've got that slave mentality; obliging and ingratiating on the surface and hostile and resistant underneath.

"... the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which teachers can exercise their will to power ... students do what you say - or else ..."

As do black slaves, students vary in their awareness of what's going on. Some recognise their own put-on for what it is and even let their rebellion break through to the surface now and then. Others - including most of the "good students" - have been more deeply brainwashed. They swallow the bullshit with greedy mouths. They honest-to-God believe in grades, in busy work, in General Education requirements. They're pathetically eager to be pushed round. They're like those old grey-haired house niggers you can still find in the South who don't see what all the fuss is about because Mr Charlie "treats us real good".

Some students are expert con artists who know perfectly well what's happening. They want a degree and spend their years on the old plantations alternatively laughing and cursing as they play the game. If their egos are strong enough they cheat a lot. And, of course, even the Toms are angry down deep somewhere. But it comes out in passive rather than active aggression. They're unexplainably thick-witted and subject to frequent spells of laziness. They misread simple questions. They spend their nights mechanically outlining history chapters while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what's in front of them.

Fresh Pimples

The saddest case among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly introjected their masters' values that their anger is all turned inward. These are the students for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to the professor, who go through an emotional crisis every time they're called upon in class. You can

recognise them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples: their bowels boil audibly across the room. If there really is a Last Judgement, then the parents and teachers who created these wrecks are going to burn in hell. So students are niggers. It's time to find out why.

A Cattle Stampede

Professors were no different when I was an undergraduate during the McCarthy era; it was like a cattle stampede as they rushed to cop out. And in more recent years, I found that my being arrested at demonstrations brought from my colleagues not so much approval or condemnation as open-mouthed astonishment. "You could lose your job!"

Now of course, there's the Vietnamese war. It gets some opposition from a few teachers. Some support it. But a vast number of professors who know perfectly well what's happening, are copping out again. And in the high schools you can forget it. Stillness reigns. I'm not sure why teachers are so chickenshit. It could be that academic training itself forces a split between thought and action. It might also be that the tenured security of a teaching job attracts timid persons and, furthermore that teaching, like police work, pulls in persons who are unsure of themselves and need weapons and other external trappings of authority.

As Judy Eisenstein has eloquently pointed out, the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which teachers can exercise their will to power. You neighbours might drive a better car; gas station attendants may intimidate you; your wife may dominate you; the State Legislature may shit on you; but in the classroom, by God, students do what you say - or else. The grade is a hell of a weapon. It may not rest on your hip, potent and rigid like a cop's gun, but in the long run it's more powerful. At your personal whim - anytime you choose - you can keep 35 students up for nights and have the pleasure of seeing them walk into the classroom pasty-faced and red-eyed carrying a sheaf of typewritten pages, with title page, footnotes and margins set at 15 and 91.

Irrational Authority

The general timidity which causes teachers to make niggers of their students usually includes a more specific fear - fear of the students themselves. After all, students are different, just like black people. You stand exposed in front of them, knowing that their interests, their values and their languages, are different from yours. To make matters worse, you may suspect that you yourself are not the most engaging of persons. What can protect you from their ridicule and scorn?

Respect for authority. That's what. It's the policeman's gun again. The white bwana's pith helmet. So you flaunt that authority. You wither whispers with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with erudition and heavy irony. And, worse of all, you make your own attainments seem most accessible but awesomely remote. You

conceal your massive ignorance - and parade a slender learning. The teacher's fear is mixed with an understandable desire to be admired and to feel superior - a need which also makes him sling to his "white supremacy". Ideally, a teacher should minimise the distance between himself and his students. He should encourage them not to need him - eventually or even immediately. But this is rarely the case. Teachers make themselves high priests of arcane mysteries. They become masters of mumbo-jumbo. Even a more or less conscientious teacher may be torn between the need to give and the need to hold back, between the desire to free his students and the desire to hold them in bondage to him.

Another result of student slavery is equally serious. Students don't get emancipated when they graduate. As a matter of fact, we don't let them graduate until they've demonstrated their willingness - over 15 years - to remain slaves. And for important jobs like teaching, we make them go through more years just to make sure. What I'm getting at is that we are all more or less niggers and slaves, teachers and students alike. This is the fact you want to start with in trying to understand wider school phenomena, say, politics, in our country and in our countries.

Raise Hell

Educational oppression is trickier to fight than racial oppression. If you're a black rebel, they can't exile you, they either have to intimidate you or kill you. But in high school or Varsity they can just bounce you out of the fold. And they do. Rebel students, renegade faculty members, get smothered or shot down with devastating accuracy. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. This may be a mistake though. Dropping out of Varsity for a rebel is like going north for a Negro. You can't really get away from it so you might as well stay and raise hell.

How do you raise hell? That's a whole other article. But, just for a start, why not stay with the analogy? What have black people done? They have, first of all, faced the fact of their slavery. They've stopped kidding themselves about an eventual in the Great Watermelon Patch in the sky. They've organised; they've decided to get freedom now, and they've started taking it. Students, like black people have immense unused power. They could, theoretically, insist on participating in their own education. They could make academic freedom bilateral. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration rather than fear and respect, and, lay down their weapons. Students could discover community. They could learn to dance by dancing on IBM cards. They could make colouring books out of calendars and they could put the grading system in a museum. They could raze one set of walls and let life come blowing into the classroom. They could turn the classroom into where it's at - a "field of action" as Peter Marin describes it. And believe it or not they could study eagerly and learn prodigiously for the best of all possible reasons - their own reasons.

They could. Theoretically. They have the power. But only in very few places, like Berkeley, have they even begun to think about using it. For students, as for black people, the hardest battle isn't with the system. It's with what the system has done to your mind.

State Of The Onion

Just a description of new Union facilities for the benefit of those who haven't seen Handbook, or an apology for those who have and can't find the services described in it.

First the cafeteria extensions: the ground floor is now open providing a lot more tables and the new servery will open when necessary. Sorry about the chairs—we inherited them and couldn't sell them to anyone so we'll just have to put up with them.

In an effort to save money we have hired no staff to clear tables this year—please take your own plates etc. back to the places indicated when you leave.

The hamburger bar on the first floor should be open now—at present it can be reached by the bridge from the old mezzanine floor or by the temporary wooden staircase outside the cafe. This serves hamburgers and toasted sandwiches and will be open 10.00 am to 4 pm. The restaurant has been extended considerably and while no longer serving hamburgers it now has available a good ham salad (70 cents), flounder (\$1) and a very nice meal of fish and salad (60 cents), each with free coffee, and this in addition to the existing lines of seafood, grilled steak or half chicken (\$1). Well worth a visit when you're feeling hungry and/or affluent (though it's still the cheapest in Auckland). We are trying to get a licence, but until then you are welcome to bring your own grog.

The other catering facilities are pretty much as before except that the snackbar is now serving soft ice cream as well as milk shakes etc. With one or two small exceptions the prices throughout the catering complex are unchanged, and it is hoped that we can maintain these right through this year.

The top floor of the extension is unlikely to be finished for several weeks, but it will cater for outside functions, weddings etc and anyone thinking of getting married should see the Catering Manager, since the service is good and relatively inexpensive.

As for the rest of the Union—an Information Office will shortly be constructed next to the Bookshop (where the Information Desk is at present). This will be run by contact, and will provide a comprehensive service, anything from where to get an Aspro to who to see about a Rhodes scholarship and will hopefully relieve the pressure on the main office. Until the room is built the desk may remain in the old Contact will operate from the old Vice Presidents' office (next to the Employment Bureau).

The small meeting room on the top floor by Legal Aid is being converted into an overseas students room though anyone will be welcome to use it and it is hoped to have a supply of overseas papers and magazines available. The adjacent former Newspaper Room is in the throes of being converted for use by the Chaplains, and the reading desks have been shifted to the main common room and should be kept fully stocked.

As mentioned in Handbook plans are underway for the

grapevine

Two weeks ago, your interested in theatre will get executive had a meeting at any of your money out of the which they wound up the Executive unless they can University Theatre Company, show that they're run by for 'gross mismanagement of bureaucrats with minds as tight as a lawyer's safe, financial incompetence.' Tombstone can probably (Actually they have cost forget about money for Studass some \$800.00 over theatre until he hears from the last four years, not an unreasonable subsidy, when the league of tired old gentlemen who will run the the Cafeteria lost \$18,000.00 New "Students" Theatre in last year, for example).

Then Tombstone Garlick, the Treasurer, and his money-minded gravediggers, having buried the body, ensured that it wouldn't be exhumed in a hurry by passing a rule that no theatre can be performed on campus by anyone, unless they first make themselves into an incorporated society before they ask for students' finance. This means paying a law-shark \$60.00 to set up some legalistic shit-heap of hierarchies and secretaries and audited accounts, so that Tombstone and his boys can legally screw you into the ground if your play doesn't make a packet out of its audience and pay them back. In effect no group of people

establishment of a Games Room in the old Table Tennis Room, but this could take some time and meanwhile the pool tables are available as before.

Other possible ventures including a wholesale meat outlet and a vegetable co-op are under consideration. More details will be given if they come to fruition. Any suggestions or complaints anyone may have about the running of the Union or the Catering should be made to the Union Manager or Bob Lack, the real Mans' Vice President.

THE AMERICAN
REFERENCE LIBRARY
27 SYMONDS ST
invites you to use its
reference material on
Americana and reading room
to study, write/type your
essays OR just plain relax and
browse
HOURS: 8.30 a.m.-5.30 p.m.
MONDAY-FRIDAY PHONE
371-633

カワサキ
川崎
KAWASAKI
whichever way
you spell it...
The Top Performers
LAURIE SUMNERS LTD
83 Mt Eden Rd.
Ph. 74-329
LMVD

Fuzz join theatre

You can't review street theatre without making a liberal prick out of yourself but roughly the scene was about two bashers getting arrested put in stocks and given a public birching.

'Hey watch where your going!'

'Eh what? Ey, looking for a fight eh mate!'

Mock punches are thrown. About 200 people gather around. Terrific we have a crowd. The fighting looked tremendously realistic—too realistic—these two guys came rushing in throwing punches—real punches. Then in came the theatre troupes police armed with batons and making violent arrests. I glanced across at my fellow cops and thought how realistic we were looking. Jesus it was the cops. The cops were breaking up what they thought was a real fight. Suddenly it clicked and these two poor cops suddenly realised it was just a play. Then the whole audience just laughed and laughed. Old ladies were wiping the tears from their eyes. Never have I seen so many people just

throw back their heads and roar for so long and so loud. And so the chaotic theatre of life went on. The two main actors had disappeared 5 minutes before the play but thin minor setbacks like that can't stop street theatre.

In to the stocks went the bashers. Two plants in the audience threw eggs at them but plants weren't even necessary—a barrage of apples and watermelon peels were delightfully hurled at the men in stocks.

'People of Auckland! We have here two bashers—do you find them guilty or not innocent!' 'Guilty!' roars the crowd. 'Birch them!'

'People of Auckland, is there anyone here prepared to birch them?'

'Perhaps you madam—you look interested in Law and order.'

But no-one is prepared to birch them so a man is hired.

With sensual groans the birching is executed.

We don't want birching and we don't want stocks. We want dancing and poetry and freedom. The streets belong to the people.

A guerrilla theatre troupe meets each Tuesday night at 7 pm outside the Museum. Everybody is welcome. They perform around town on Friday nights.

Those who saw the Chicago trials on TV will be pleased to hear that Judge Julius Jennings Hoffman, 76, the Circus master at the conspiracy trial who was described as "a diminutive pile of black laundry bizarrely topped with an over-ripe watermelon" is at last retiring from the bench.

After the success of Bullshit and Jellybeans, (1st issue sold out in 2 months), Alister Taylor, a past President of NZUSA and ex member of the Young Nationals is Publishing the Little Red Schoolbook. Publishers in Britain and Europe have been jailed for up to 6 months for releasing this book. It will be interesting to see what the reaction is in NZ to this manual for High School students.

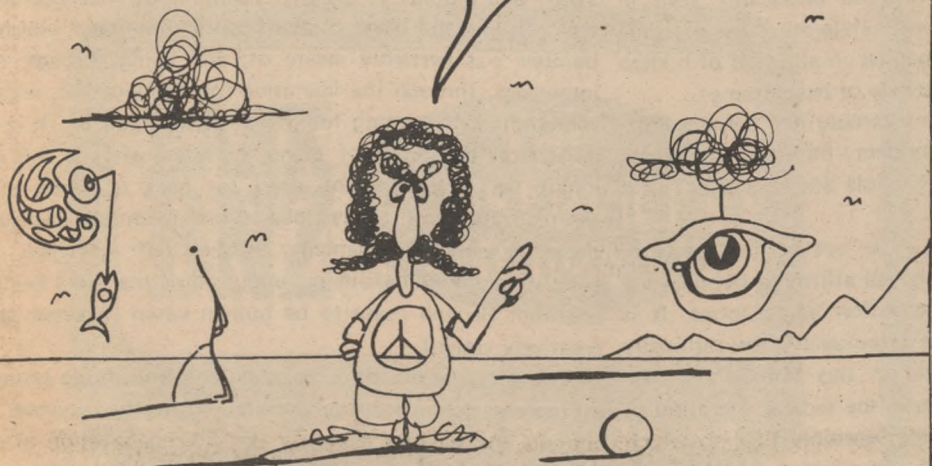
After the success of Bullshit and Jellybeans, (1st issue sold out in 2 months), Alister Taylor, a past President of NZUSA and ex member of the Young Nationals is Publishing the Little Red Schoolbook. Publishers in Britain and Europe have been jailed for up to 6 months for releasing this book. It will be interesting to see what the reaction is in NZ to this manual for High School students.



Executive Lounge 1p.m.
Societies Council Meeting
Monday 13th March 1972

It is of imperative importance that Representatives of all SOCIETIES and CLUBS are present. The purpose of the meeting is to re-affiliate all Societies and clubs, the election of the Grants Committee and the formation of a Cultural Committee.

Love
Tombstone
(Societies Representative)



One of the more interesting experiences you will have as you struggle to topple the New Zealand government and bring about the revolution in NZ is that highly dramatic performance—the Court appearance.

And I emphasize the word 'dramatic' since that is precisely what a court appearance is—a play, i.e. a form of entertainment performed by a selected cast who act out their roles before an audience.

The revolutionary significance in this form of play is that it is one of the few occasions in which you star and can influence the course of the performance.

Nowadays it has become the custom for producers to call upon their actors not to attempt to upstage the rest of the cast but to subordinate one's abilities to the group effort. This is good advice in China where they're making their own socialist revolution but we live in a capitalist State which we are doing our best to fuck up.

Therefore, as you stand in the dock, reject all such bourgeois advice. Think of yourself as the BIG STAR of the show and resist all attempts by the magistrate, the prosecuting pig, the lawyers and all others to upstage your performance. Remind yourself that if it wasn't for you and your actions none of them would be in that courtroom. This should put you in a suitable frame of mind for the ensuing action.

One of the first dangers that the fledgling star must look out for is the fact that the magistrate, the pig and the lawyer have all been through it before and have developed their own ideas of proper behaviour. Beware of this danger—it's YOUR performance, don't let them set the pace, retain the initiative at all times.

(Note: it is a foolish revolutionary who hires a lawyer. There are several reasons, financial, ideological and dramatic for this. The first is that you can't afford it; the second is that by paying a lawyer you are helping support one of the worst capitalist parasites and the most important reason is that a lawyer will do everything to upstage your performance and grab all the attention and headlines himself. This *must* be avoided. It's ok to use the lawyer and not pay him).

We come now to the first stage of the play and here an intelligent use of one of the props, namely the dock, can immediately gain you the initiative and also the applause of the crowd, not to mention a special headline.

Observe the dock. Is it not shaped much like a balcony? Appearing in court in the court in the costume of a mediaeval Italian lady may get you busted for being a transvestite but it also gives you the chance to lampoon the whole proceedings from the start by getting off a few lines like

"Romeo, my Romeo.
Wherefore art thou.....?"

Again, the dock has the appearance of a tumbrel. By entering the court in the robes of a late eighteenth century French nobleman with your hands tied behind your back and standing in the dock with a noble and

forgiving look on your face a la Sydney Carton while a friend with a concealed taperecorder plays the sound of rumbling cartwheels and roaring mobs shouting "A bas les aristos" you are bound to create havoc, gain the headlines and infuriate the magistrate who will realize you've upstaged him. He'll probably fine you for contempt of court in which case you should congratulate him for realising that you *do* despise the court. You can then enlarge on the topic by pointing out that the entire NZ system of the administration of justice is corrupt and rotten and exists merely to protect the property-owners. You then state calmly that you have no intention of paying the fine and he'll jail you. Hey, ho, another martyr for the revolution.

If you have been charged with contempt and don't feel like a rave on the evils of property, then another tactic is to deny the charge furiously, and point out that the magistrate and his court are *beneath* contempt. This should guarantee you at least three weeks' free board.

(Note: a rave on the evils of property from someone dressed as a French nobleman entails a bit of role confusion. It's ok if you are just some sort of anarchist yippie. If you want to be an ideologically pure revolutionary however, it is not recommended that you appear in the garb of one of the privileged classes.)

Having got your entrance over, you are now charged. I assume that you have been busted at a demo so the charge is something fatuous like disorderly behaviour, obstructing the footpath, obscene language and the like.

(There are several courses to follow here. The obscene language charge is the best. The normal procedure is that the clerk says "You are charged that on some date you did use obscene language in a public place." He then shows you a piece of paper on which the words are written. You are supposed to hang your head in shame and mutter something like "Guilty."

A better tactic is to take the paper from the clerk's hand, study it until you feel that the court is hanging on for your voice and then say calmly, "Yes, I did call the pig a motherfucking bastard."

Conversely, you can say, "No, I didn't call the bastard a cunt, I called him a cocksucking queer son of a faggot."

You then smile beautifully and wait for all hell to erupt.

If you wish to plead not guilty to a charge, wait until the clerk asks you, then say, loudly, "Guilty," long dramatic pause "of nothing."

This will really piss them off as the clerk, the magistrate and the prosecuting pig will all have to change their records and that upsets any parasitic bureaucrat.

When they've finally established that you are pleading guilty, the prosecuting pig, who is usually a sergeant or a senior sergeant (distinguished by the crown emblem on his sleeve), will start reading out the details of your offence and arrest.

For some reason, this always starts with the time day like "At 3.10 pm on March 84, the defendant is seen . . ."

At this point you interrupt politely, "Excuse me constable, (always call him constable, it bugs him if you've got it wrong. It was really 3.13 pm.) (Always check your watch when you're arrested. The pigs always get it wrong.)

This interruption in the interests of accuracy will really rile them as it gives you a very firm standing to handle any objections. If the magistrate tells you to shut up, you can point out sweetly that you are only interested in making sure that the court hears the facts. The implication is that the pig is telling a pack of lies, which of course he is.

After the pig has finished reading, the magistrate will turn to you and ask you if you have anything to say.

You then say, "My oath, baby" or a similar expression and start handing out your cyclostyl 50-page prepared statement of defence. Make sure the magistrate, the pig and the Press bench get copies. The first two will disregard it but the Press will lap it up if they don't have to try and get it all down in shorthand and will probably quote large chunks of it in their stories.

You then proceed to read it aloud to the court. This is your right and if the magistrate intervenes asking you to keep it short and relevant, you will be correct in regarding this as a sneaky attempt on his part to ruin your performance. Fix him with a steely glare and demand indignantly if he wants to hear both sides of the case because if he doesn't then his court is another example of fascist, police state . . . and so on.

If he says your statement is not relevant, ask loudly how he can judge as he hasn't heard all of it yet.

The next act in the farce is the magistrate summing-up and sentence.

If you're unlucky, he'll just say, "\$50" which doesn't leave you much comeback.

Generally, he'll launch into a rave concerning the evils of demonstrating, your morals and motives, your disgusting behaviour in his court and so on. None of this will have any basis in logic or the evidence. Don't let this deceive you, however, as the Press will quote it as though it were the words of Solomon. It's your revolutionary duty to interrupt, play the fool and generally distract the attention of the Press from what he's saying.

Suggestions have ranged from shouting "Motherfucker" at him to taking off your clothes but this is best left to your initiative. A more subtle way of upstaging him would be to applaud loudly at the end and beg him to give a performance of Hamlet's soliloquy as you're sure he's a better actor than Lawrence Olivier.

After all this, you just refuse to pay the fine and go inside. It's still one of the few free things in this fucked-up society, so you may as well be in on it.

as a stage

The Court

The Necessity of Violence

Violence Beauty Creation Orgasm.

In the process of life, all these are One; each is the other. They are at the core of human existence, and necessarily so.

The necessity of creative, transcendent and artistic violence was manifest several weeks ago when the Supreme Court was rocked on its foundations in an orgasm of gelignite-fire.

The beauty of creative action shines through at its best when violence is multi-dimensional. A hypocritical and decadent facade of justice is slapped full in the face. Fire wrestles with wood and stone. Tranquility instantly becomes chaos. This is the essential and creative quality of violence. It is not violence in the common, banal sense, but in its destructiveness bears the seeds of beauty and transcendence. Violence is a pebble dropped into a pond. Violence is a bird suddenly thrown into flight from a still landscape. Here lies the tension between present and past (whatever they are), between being and non-being, between life and death. A transcendence is created and lived through, exhilarating in its moment of tension and chaos.

Violence is the centre of creative activity and the dynamic world; the established order—the existing state of things—is torn apart by the pure and emotive injection of creativity. It is a tension of opposites, the confrontation of the real by the non-real. It is the radical overcoming of the real by the striving-to-be-real, which bursts into existence through violence, transcendence and creativity.

A system is in decay and decline from the moment it is born. It can only move away from the ideal moment of

conception. Witness the decline of Christianity as a system being lived in its pure form, or, more recently, the decline of the hippy movement, which was pure and transcendent at its moment of conception—a radical appearance—but soon became exploited by selfish capitalists and hangers-on. The pure creative moment is the axis of past-present-future. It necessarily becomes stultified; it came from no-where and becomes no-thing; it is remembered as an event in the world, in historical time, and thus is no-thing. Only relics of the creative moment, the scars of its inception, remain to testify to its transcendent violence. And these are at best pale, insubstantial shadows of the originating moment of creation. The pure act, through its relics, is then in decay and distortion. The creativity of violence necessarily rests in human beings. It is a transcendent, exhilarating and orgasmic experience. It exists in some manner in all levels of human activity and is essential to the activity of being human.

An automobile worker on an assembly line tightens bolts all day. He is living a death. Suddenly he hurls his spanner into the machinery, bringing the whole line to a halt. This is creative violence.

It is aesthetic and beautiful as an act of transcendence from one state to another. It is self-affirming because the man lives and is made by the action he performs. It is orgasmic because the man acts impulsively, anti-rationally and emotively in his insistence on this affirmation. The beauty of the transcendence lies in the radical alteration of the present situation; the moving assembly line, to which men are slaves, becomes a halted and crippled assembly line. Motion has ceased (transcendence) and men have been liberated. The symbolic act is man's insistence to live and,

most importantly, to *create*. The creation is transcendence and is the embodiment of violence.

Violence — anti-rationality — is fundamental among humans as a force for self-affirmation. The revolution who is criticized on *rational grounds* for being destructive is in fact being criticized for being human.

Just a true art (in my view) must incorporate violence in any mode, so violence is art. If we insist that art is creative—which we will—we acknowledge the need for violence, for violence is the unpredictable, the previously unconceived achieving radical existence.

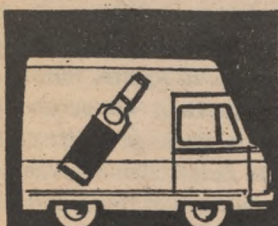
Change is not necessarily violence. Change can be relatively gradual and predictable according to the system which wish to construct around it. This is often what is meant by rationality. This is not creative, or violent. It is banal and transcendent. It is more transcendent decay.

The Establishment will hate the Supreme Court Bomb. It will fail to understand why this violence was necessary, will invent concepts of delinquency to try to explain away—and morally to justify its own hypocritical position, will certainly be blind to the beauty of the act, which the bomber was certainly aware of, and living through. More important, through the liberating force of violence, action something self-creating for individuals is realized. It is man poised on the brink of being, between what is and what might be. The constant need for man to come to his self-realization will always lead to his violent striving against decaying and dehumanizing systems of existence. The creative act will remain paramount, for man is a being of creation. He will cease to be human when he ceases to be creatively violent.

The preservation of a decaying and stultifying system, ultimately dehumanizing, for no entrenched system can contain the volatile necessity for violence-creation of man indefinitely. In Marxian terms, the content will outgrow the form and the Establishment will presently have much more to be afraid of.

NEED BREAD?
sell all you can
eat

flog off
adverts
for
CRACCUM



JOHN REID'S
Suppliers of ALES,
WINES & SPIRITS

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

JOHN REID'S OF ANZAC AVE., AUCKLAND

Auckland University Students

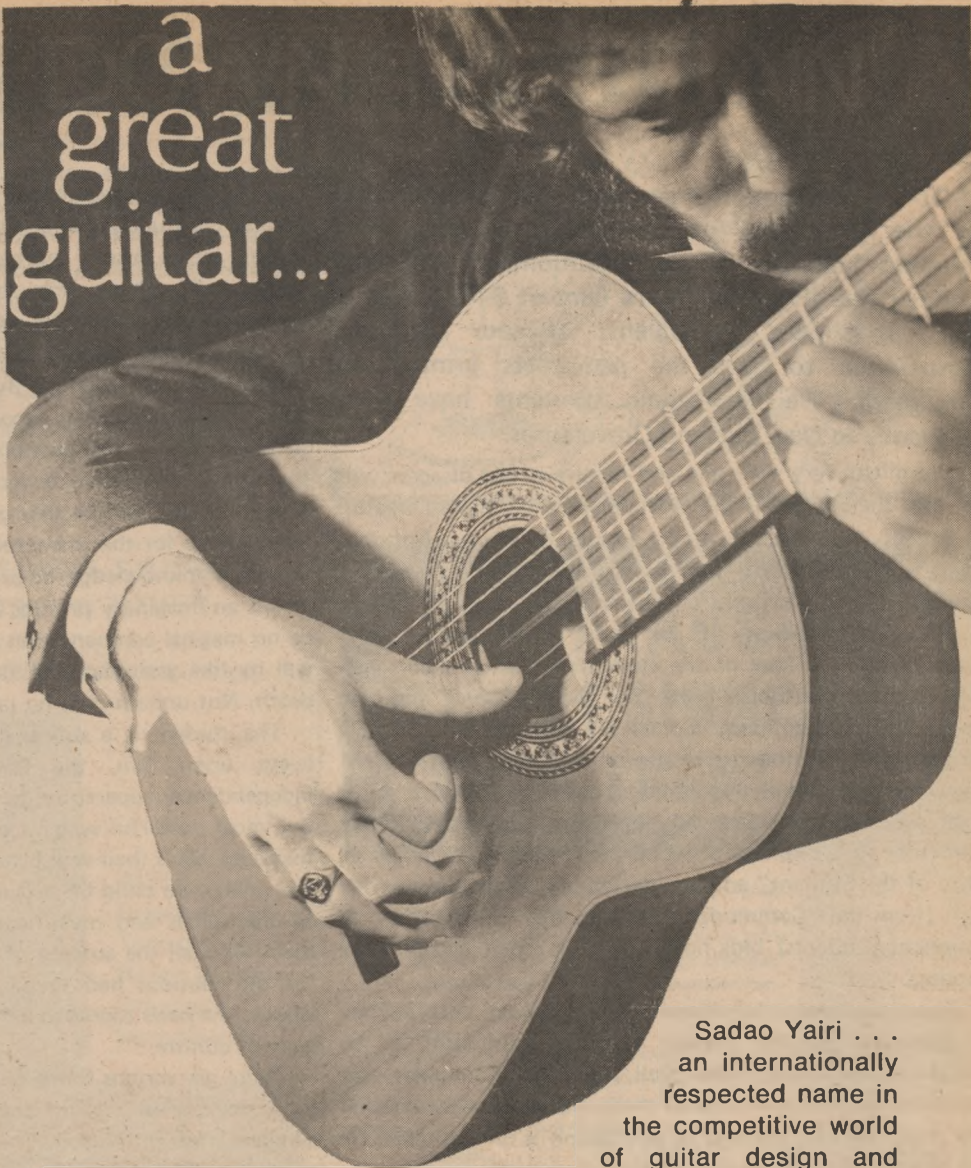
build a valuable connection
for the future

open your
BNZ savings or
cheque account
now!

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



a
great
guitar...



Sadao Yairi . . .
an internationally
respected name in
the competitive world
of guitar design and
craftsmanship.

Sadao Yairi . . . Classic guitars
constructed from the finest woods with an attention
to detail that is the hallmark of the master craftsman.

Sadao Yairi . . . for Flamenco. Fingerstyle. Or jazz.
For the master. Or the novice. Sadao Yairi is the guitar for you.

Sadao Yairi CLASSIC GUITARS

AT LEADING MUSIC STORES Musical Import Company Ltd., Petone.

Smith & Caughey
LIMITED

ACADEMIC HOODS AND GOWNS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Masters and bachelors gowns	\$39.50
Bachelors hoods	\$16.00
Masters Hoods	\$15.00
Mortar Boards	\$10.25

Good selection of hoods in stock of most degrees

EARLY ORDERING ADVISED
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR LAYBY

SMITH & CAUGHEY LTD, Queen Street, Auckland. Tel. 362-250.

capping book contributions needed
NOW words, photos, drawings. (high
quality requested) humour, satire,
intelligent thoughts, clean or dirty.
leave copy in craccum office (top floor
student union building) or ring editor
john 575294 (respectable hours only

The Real Student Poverty

This is the guts of a pamphlet that caused chaos at the University of Strasbourg recently. Five students belonging to the Situationalist Movement conned five thousand francs (almost \$1000) out of the Strasbourg equivalent of our Students Association to have the pamphlets printed and circulated. We feel their thoughts have some relevance to New Zealand Universities.

We might very well say, and no-one would disagree with us, that the student is the most universally despised creature in France, apart from the priest and the policeman. Naturally he is usually attacked from the wrong point of view, with specious reasons derived from the ruling ideology. He may be worth the contempt of the true revolutionary, yet a revolutionary critique of the students situation is currently taboo on the official Left. The licensed and impotent opponents of capitalism repress the obvious—that what is wrong with the students is also what is wrong with them. They convert their unconscious contempt into a blind enthusiasm. The radical intelligentsia (from Les Temps Modernes to L'Express) prostrates itself before the so-called "rise of the Student" and the declining bureaucracies of the Left (from the "Communist" party to the Stalinist National Union of Students) bids noisily for his moral and material support.

There are reasons for this sudden enthusiasm, but they are all provided by the present form of capitalism, in its overdeveloped state. We shall use this pamphlet for denunciation. We shall expose these reasons one by one, on the principle that the end of alienation is only reached by the straight and narrow path of alienation itself.

Up to now, studies of student life have ignored the essential issue. The surveys and analyses have all been psychological or sociological or economic: in other words, academic exercises, content with the false categories of one specialization or another. None of them can achieve what is most needed—a view of modern society as a whole. Fourier denounced their error long ago as the attempt to apply scientific laws to the basic assumptions of the science ("porter regulierement sur les questions primordiales").

Everything is said about our society except what it is, and the nature of its two basic principles—the commodity and the spectacle. The fetishism of facts masks the essential category, and the details consign the totality to oblivion.

Modern capitalism and its spectacle allot everyone to a specific role in a general passivity. The student is no exception to the rule. He has a provisional part to play, a rehearsal for his final role as an element in market society as conservative as the rest. Being a student is a form of initiation. An initiation which echoes the rites of more primitive societies with bizarre precision. It goes on outside of history, cut off from social reality. The student leads a double life, poised between his present status and his future role. The two are absolutely separate, and the journey from one to the other is a mechanical event "in the future." Meanwhile, he basks in a schizophrenic consciousness, withdrawing into his initiation group to hide from the future. Protected from history, the present is a mystic trance.

At least in consciousness, the student can exist apart from the official truths of "economic life." But for very simple reasons: looked at economically, student life is a hard one. In our "society of abundance", he is still a pauper. 80% of students come from income groups well above the working class, yet 90% have less money than the meanest labourer. Student poverty is an anachronism, a throw-back from an earlier age of capitalism; it does not share in the new poverties of the spectacular societies; it has yet to attain the new poverty of the new proletariat. Nowadays the teenager shuffles off the moral prejudices and authority of the family to become part of the market before he is adolescent: at fifteen he has all the delights of being directly exploited. In contrast the student covets his protracted infancy as an irresponsible and docile paradise. Adolescence and its crises may bring occasional brushes with his family, but in essence he is not troublesome: he agrees to be treated as a baby by the institutions which provide his education.¹ There is no "student problem". Student passivity is only the most obvious symptom of a general state of affairs, for each sector of social life has been subdued by a similar imperialism.

Our social thinkers have a bad conscience about the student problem, but only because the real problem is the

poverty and servitude of all. But we have different reasons to despise the student and all his works. What is unforgivable is not his actual misery, but his complaisance in the face of the misery of others. For him there is only one real alienation—his own. He is a full-time and happy consumer of that commodity, hoping to arouse at least our pity, since he cannot claim our interest. By the logic of modern capitalism most students can only become mere *petits cadres* (with the same function in neo-capitalism as the skilled worker had in the nineteenth-century economy). The student really knows how miserable will be that golden future which is supposed to make up for the shameful poverty of the present. In the face of that knowledge, he prefers to dote on the present and invent an imaginary prestige for himself. After all, there will be no magical compensation for present drabness: tomorrow will be like yesterday, lighting these fools the way to dusty death. Not unnaturally, he takes refuge in an unreal present.

The student is a stoical slave: the more chains authority heaps upon him, the freer he is in phantasy. Real independence, apparently, lies in a direct subservience to the two most powerful systems of social control: the family and the State. He is their well-behaved and grateful child, and like the submissive child he is over-eager to please. He celebrates all the values and mystifications of the system, devouring them with all the anxiety of the infant at the breast. Once, the old illusions had to be imposed on an aristocracy of labour; the *petits cadres* to be ingested them willingly under the guise of culture.

There are various forms of compensation for poverty. The total poverty of ancient societies produced the grandiose compensation of religion. The students' poverty by contrast is a marginal phenomenon, and he casts around for compensations among the most down-at-heel images of the ruling class. He is a bore who repairs the old jokes of an alienated culture. Even as an ideologist, he is always out of date. One and all, his latest enthusiasms were ridiculous thirty years ago.

Once upon a time, the universities were respected; the student persists in the belief that he is lucky to be there. But he arrived too late. The bygone excellence of bourgeois culture² has vanished. A mechanically produced specialist is now the goal of the "educational system". A modern economic system demands mass production of students who are not educated and have been rendered incapable of thinking. Hence the decline of the universities and the automatic nullity of the student once he enters its portals. The university has become a society for the propagation of ignorance; "high culture" has taken on the rhythm of the production line; without exception, university teachers are cretins, men who would get the bird from any audience of schoolboys. But all this hardly matters: the important thing is to go on listening respectfully. In time, if critical thinking is repressed with enough consciousness, the student will come to partake of the wafer of knowledge, the professor will tell him the final truths of the world. Till then—a menopause of the spirit. As a matter of course the future revolutionary society will condemn the doings of lecture theatre and faculty as mere *noise*—socially undesirable. The student is already a very bad joke.

The student is blind to the obvious—that even his closed world is changing. The "crisis of the university"—that detail of a more general crisis of modern capitalism—is the latest fodder for the deaf-mute dialogue of the specialists. This "crisis" is simple to understand: the difficulties of a specialised sector which is adjusting (too late) to a general change in the relations of production. There was once a vision—if an ideological one—of a liberal-bourgeois university. But as its social base disappeared, the vision became banality. In the age of free-trade capitalism, when the "liberal" state left it its marginal freedoms, the university could still think of itself as an independent power. Of course it was a pure and narrow product of that society's needs—particularly the need to give the privileged minority an adequate general culture before they rejoined the ruling class (not that going up to university was straying very far from class confines). But the bitterness of the nostalgic don is understandable: better, after all, to be the bloodhounds of the *haute bourgeoisie* than sheepdog to the world's white collars. Better to stand guard on privilege than harry the flock into their allotted factories, and bureaux, according to the whims of the "planned economy". The university is becoming fairly smoothly, the honest broker of technocracy and its spectacle. In the process, the purists of the academic Right become a pitiful sideshow, purveying the "universal" cultured goods to a bewildered audience of specialists.

2. By this we mean the culture of a Hegel or of the encyclopedistes, rather than the Sorbonne and the Ecole Normale Supérieure.

More serious, and thus more dangerous, are modernists of the Left, and the Students' Union, with its talk of "reform of the University structure" and "reinsertion of the University into social and economic life, its adaptation of the needs of modern capitalism. The time suppliers of general culture to the ruling classes, the still guarding their old prestige, must be converted into a forcing-house of a new labour aristocracy. Far from contesting the historical process which subordinates the last relatively autonomous social groups to the demands of the market, the progressives complain of delays in the completion. They are the standard-bearers of the cybernetic university of the future (which has already reared its ugly head in some unlikely quarters). And they accept the enemy: the fight against the market, which is still going on in earnest, means the fight against its latest lackeys.

As for the student, this struggle is fought out entirely in his head, somewhere in the heavenly realm of his masochism. The whole of his life is beyond his control, and for all he knows of the world he might as well be on another planet. His economic poverty condemns him to a paltry form of *survival*. But, being a complaisant creature, he parades his ordinary intelligence as if it were an original life-styng. self-indulgently, he affects to be a Bohemian. The Bohemian solution is hardly viable at the best of times, and the notanipulators of that it could be achieved without a complete and final break with the university milieu is quite ludicrous. But the student, Occasional Bohemian, (and every student likes to pretend that he is a Bohemian at heart) clings to his false and degraded version of individual revolt. He is so "eccentric" that he continues to entertain the most traditional forms of erotic behaviour. Where sex is concerned, we have learned better tricks from the elderly provincial ladies. His rent-a-crowd militancy for the latest good cause is an aspect of his real impotence.

The student's old-fashioned poverty, however, does not give him at a potential advantage—if only he could see it. He has marginal freedoms, a small area of liberty which as a Gaullist escapes the totalitarian control of the spectacle. His flexible working-hours permit him adventure and experiment. But his radicalism is a sucker for punishment, and freedom scares him to death. He feels safer in the straight-jacketed space-time of Mao's etc. His lecture hall and weekly "essay." He is quite happy with his open prison organised for his "benefit", and, though constrained, as are most people, to separate work and leisure, he does so of his own accord—hypocritically proclaiming the while his contempt for assiduity and grey men. He embraces every available contradiction and then mutters darkly about the "difficulties of communication" from the uterine warmth of his religious, artistic or political clique. Driven by his freely-chosen depression, he submits himself to the subsidiary police force of psychiatrists set up by the student avant-garde of repression. The university mental health clinics are run by the mutual organisation, which is this institution as a grand victory for student unionism and social progress. Like the Aztecs who ran to greet Cortés, sharpshooters, and then wondered what made the thunder and why men fell down, the students flock to the psycho-police stations with their problems.

The real poverty of his everyday life finds its immediate phantastic compensation in the opium of culture. In the cultural spectacle he is allotted the habitual role of the dutiful disciple. Although he is close to the production-point, access to the Sanctuary of Thought is forbidden, and he is obliged to discover "modern culture" as an *admiring spectator*. Art is dead, but the student is a necrophiliac. He peeks at the corpse in cine-clubs and theatres, buys its fish-fingers from the cultural supermarket. Consuming unreservedly, he is in his element: he is the living proof of all the platitudes of American market research: conspicuous consumer, complete with induced irrational preference for Brand X (Camus, for example) and irrational prejudice against Brand Y (Sartre, perhaps).

Impervious to real passions, he seeks titillation in the battles between his anemic gods, the stars of a vacuous heaven: Althusser — Garaudy — Barthes — Picard — Leferbvre — Levi — Strauss — Halliday — de Chardin — Brassens . . . ; and between their rival theologies, designed like all theologies to make the real problems by creating false ones: humanism — existentialism — scientism — structuralism — cyberneticism — new criticism — dialectics-of-naturism — metaphilosophism . . . He thinks he is avant-garde if he has seen the latest Godard or "participated" in the latest happening. He discovers "modernity" as fast as the market can produce its ersatz version of long outmoded (though once important) ideas; for him, every rehash is a cultural

1. If they ever stop screwing his arse off, it's only to come around and kick him in the balls.

olution. His principle concern is status, and he eagerly picks up all the paperback editions of important and difficult texts with which mass culture has filled the bookstores.³ Unfortunately he cannot read, so he devours them with his gaze, and enjoys them vicariously through the eyes of his friends. He is an other-directed voyeur.

His favourite reading matter is the *kitsch* press, whose task is to orchestrate the consumption of cultural things-boxes. Docile as ever, the student accepts its commercial ukases and makes them the only measuring-rod of his tastes. Typically, he is a compulsive reader of weeklies, such as *le Nouvel Observateur* and *l'Express* (whose nearest English counterparts are the posh *Sundays* and *New Society*). Far from generally feeling that *le Monde*—whose style he finds somewhat difficult—is a truly objective newspaper. And it is not the demerit of such guides that he hopes to gain an understanding of the modern world and become a political initiate!

In France more than anywhere else, the student is passionately content to be politicised. In this sphere too, he readily accepts the same alienated, spectacular participation. He is stalling upon all the tattered remnants of a Left which was annihilated more than forty years ago by "socialist" conformity and Stalinist counter-revolution, he is once more in the mastery of an amazing ignorance. The Right is well aware of all these defects of the worker's movement, and so are the workers themselves, though more confusedly. But the students of *survivance* continue blithely to organise demonstrations which mobilise only his students and students only. This is political false life-consciousness in its virgin state, a fact which naturally makes Bohemian universities a happy hunting ground for the manipulators of the declining bureaucratic organisations. For final reason, it is child's play to programme the student's political studies. Occasionally, there are deviationary tendencies and that he cries of "Independence!" but after a period of token version resistance the dissidents are reincorporated into a *status quo* which they have never really radically opposed.⁴ The behaviour of the *Jeunes Communistes Revolutionnaires*, whose title is a joke of ideological falsification gone mad (they are neither tricksy, nor communist, nor revolutionary), have with much publicity and accompanying publicity defied the iron hand of the party... but only to rally cheerily to the pontifical does battle-cry, "Peace in Vietnam!"

He does. The student prides himself on his opposition to the high archaic "Gaullist regime. But he justifies his criticism by his flexible appeal—without realising it—to older and far worse crimes. But this radicalism prolongs the life of the different currents of thought to deathfulcorated Stalinsim: Togliatti's, Garaudy's Krushchov's, Mao's etc. His youth is synonymous with appalling *naivete*, and his attitudes are in reality far more archaic than the Gaullists do after all understand modern society well enough to administer it.

But the student, sad to say, is not deterred by the odd men. Anachronism. He feels obliged to have general ideas on everything, to unearth a coherent world-view capable of meaning to his need for activism and asexual clique. promiscuity. As a result, he falls prey to the last doddering missionary efforts of the churches. He rushes with ardour to adore the putrescent carcass of God, and cherishes all the stinking detritus of prehistoric religions in the tender belief that they enrich him and his time. Along with their sexual rituals, those elderly provincial ladies, the students form the social category with the highest percentage of admitted adherents to these archaic cults. Everywhere else, the priests have been either beaten off or devoured, but university clerics shamelessly continue to bugger thousands of students in their spiritual shithouses.

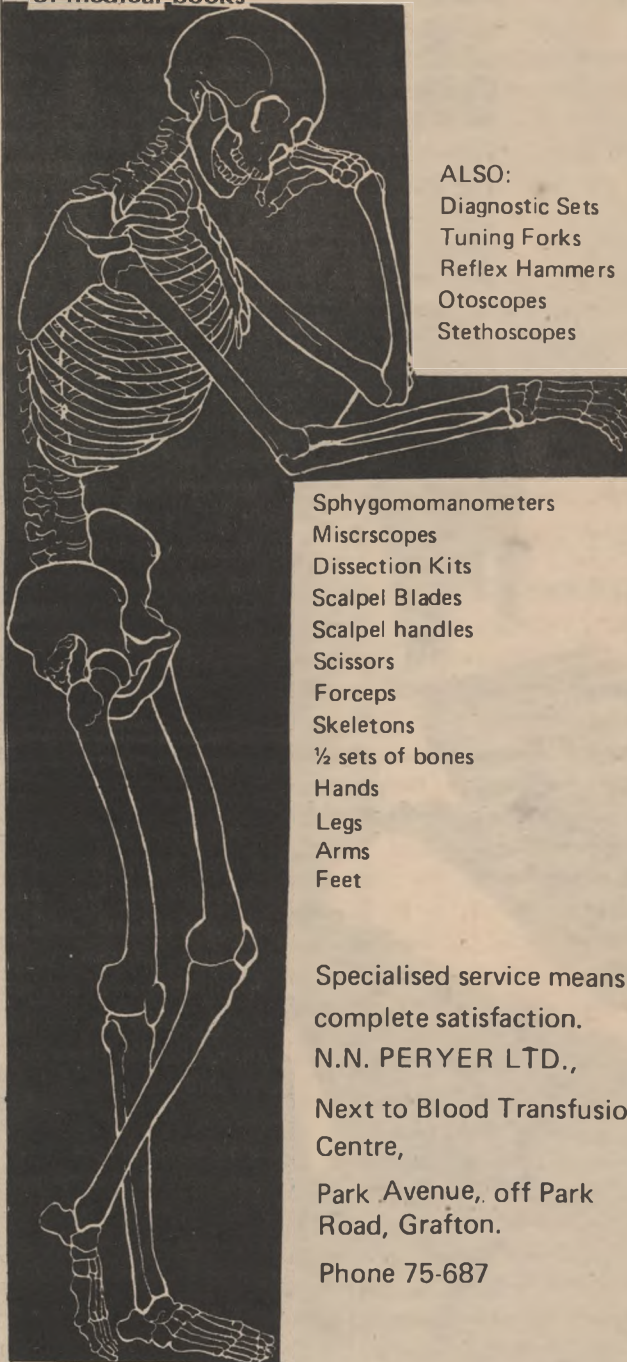
We must add in all fairness that there do exist students of tolerable intellectual level, who without difficulty dominate the controls designed to check the mediocre thought capacity demanded from the others. They do so for the simple reason that they have understood the system, and so despise it and know themselves to be its enemies. They are in the system for what they can get out of it—particularly grants. Exploiting the contradiction, which, for the moment at least, ensures the maintenance of a small sector—"research"—still governed by a liberal-academic rather than a technocratic rationality, they calmly carry the germs of sedition to the highest level: their open contempt for the organisation is the counterpart of a lucidity which enables them to outdo the system's lackeys, intellectually and otherwise. Such students cannot fail to become theorists of the coming revolutionary movement. For the moment, they make no secret of the fact that what they take from the system shall be used for its overthrow.

If he had an atom of self-respect or lucidity, he would knock them off. But no: conspicuous consumers always pay!

Recent "schisms" in both christian and communist organisations have shown, if anything, that all these students are united on one fundamental principle: unconditional submission to hierarchical superiors.

The student if he rebels at all, must first rebel against his studies, though the necessity of this initial move is felt less spontaneously by him than by the worker, who intuitively identifies his work with his total condition. At the same time, since the student is a product of a modern society just like Godard or Coca-Cola, his extreme alienation can only be fought through the struggle against this whole society. It is clear that the university can in no circumstances become the battlefield; the student, in so far as he defines himself as such, manufactures a pseudo-value which must become an obstacle to any clear consciousness of the reality of his dispossession. The best criticism of student life is the behaviour of the rest of youth, who have already started to revolt. Their rebellion has become one of the signs of a fresh struggle against modern society.

EVERYTHING THE MEDICAL STUDENT REQUIRES AND TEXTS FOR OTHER SCIENCE FACULTIES. Complemented by Australasia's widest range of medical books

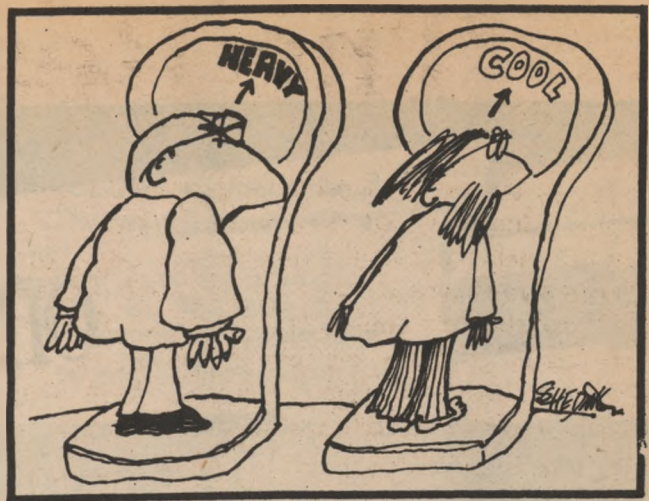


ALSO:
Diagnostic Sets
Tuning Forks
Reflex Hammers
Otosopes
Stethoscopes

Sphygmomanometers
Miscrscopes
Dissection Kits
Scalpel Blades
Scalpel handles
Scissors
Forceps
Skeletons
½ sets of bones
Hands
Legs
Arms
Feet

Specialised service means complete satisfaction.
N.N. PERYER LTD.,

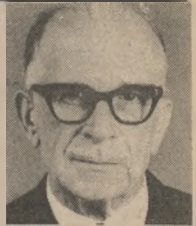
Next to Blood Transfusion Centre,
Park Avenue, off Park Road, Grafton.
Phone 75-687



"THEY LAUGHED WHEN I SIGNED UP WITH TRENT..."

"My friends believed that I'd always forget things, be un-attentive, miss appointments, and so on. But since I've started the course there have been many comments on how things have changed. Now I'm able to keep attentive and approach any problem. I find that my memory has improved tremendously."

This student has learnt the essentials of remembering — 1/Registering, 2/Retaining, 3/Recalling. TRENT HAS BROUGHT SUCCESS to many people. Read what these people say —



Mr W. Langford-Penny
Founder of Trent Course

SALESMAN — "I can't thank you enough for showing me how to get ahead in my job."

PHARMACY STUDENT — "Your methods for remembering formulae works splendidly. Before doing Trent I worked for months trying to get certain formulae to stick, without much success. Using your methods I learnt these formulas properly a week ago — I have not needed to revise them since, yet I can now remember them perfectly."

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT — "I find that Trent takes all the worry out of examinations; it makes you feel confident that you can pass with flying colours. I have found the difference in my results quite remarkable."

NURSE — "I got top marks in Psychology, Ophthalmology, Paediatrics, and Surgery; second place for Health and Hygiene. My greatest pride was when I received the Graduation Prize for candidates in the finals. All my thanks to you."

Many other letters are on file that show the help Trent has given.

TRENT WILL HELP YOU HELP YOURSELF
Post this Coupon NOW for FREE Booklet.
To: TRENT MIND & MEMORY DEVELOPMENT,
P.O. Box 593, Auckland.

Mr, Mrs, Miss Dr

Please tick here whether General Parent Student

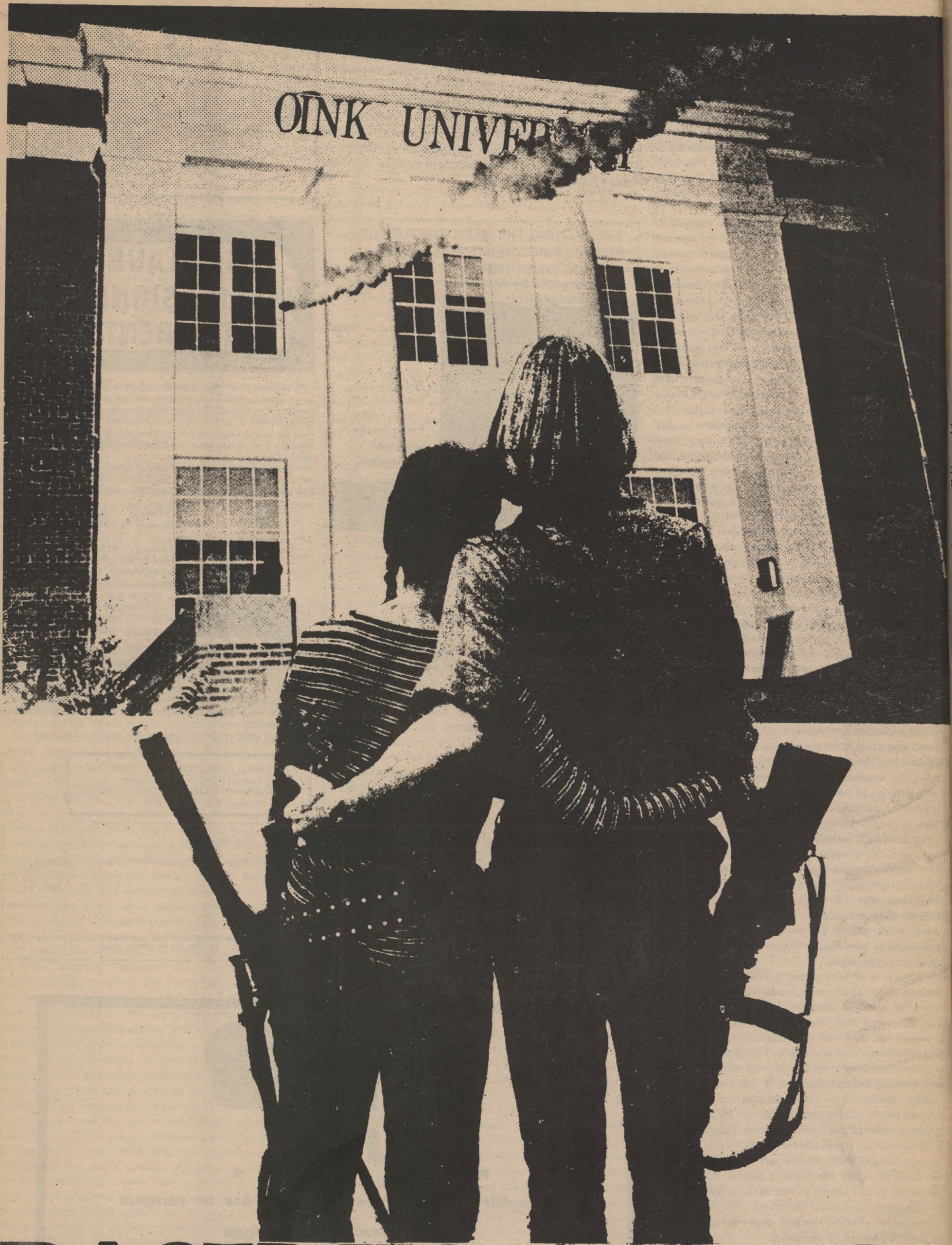
ADDRESS
(PRINT CLEARLY PLEASE)

Yes, TRENT is the course that was successfully tested by the C.I.B. of the N.S.W. Police Dept.

STB

is

- a complete n.z + overseas travel service on campus
- student travel bureau
- going to save you money on travel in 1972
- organising great group travel for 1972
- in room 223 -top floor student union
- glad you're back



BACK TO SCHOOL

378
C

1

Dear Mr E

It w
recent le
me and to

In y
in puttin
has activ
bitternes
In suppor
that the
were igno
ahead of
Even if t
some diff
sweeping
inaccurat

In i
Revision
presented
recommen
the recom
related t
the Bill
in any co
related d
number of
helpful a
the Statu
examples:

(a)

Mr Taura
President
Nga Tama
Box 7245
AUCKLAND

(b) the
Ass
cri
whi
the
cri
wor

(c) the
Ass
sug
and
dis
rac