

# craccum

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## POLICE BRUTALITY AT MT JOHN



The demonstrations began at Washdyke on Saturday afternoon. Most of the demonstrators had marched through Timaru earlier, then travelled on to Washdyke.

That morning Timaru residents had been treated to an outraged anti-demonstrator tirade in the Timaru daily newspaper written by one of the newspaper staff, a woman, whose husband is one of the US servicemen stationed at Washdyke. Owen Wilkes said that the servicemen have taken considerable effort to fit into Timaru society, joining the usual P.T.A., church and scout groups, using this to their advantage.

We all arrived outside the small concrete block building that constitutes the Washdyke Communications Centre. The usual casual, arms folded, strolling policemen were there, plus a few locals out to see the "hips."

As we left for our various means of transportation one of the locals tried the old trick of running down a demonstrator. He hit one. His car was surrounded and his keys were taken. The cops with their normal impartiality did they'd charge the guy later, compare this with their reaction to demonstrators stepping out of line.

Anyway we all moved on to Tekapo, travelling through the Canterbury plains. We stop at a roadside tavern to find three cops in uniform, drinking in the private bar; we continue on the road, climbing higher up into the McKenzie country to Lake Tekapo. Tekapo, a really far-out green colour lake in bleak country windy as hell, but bloody beautiful.

After some food and pitching of tents, a few of us shot through to the local Tekapo Pub where we sang the Red flag. We didn't realize what was going on back at camp, and when we arrived back, drunk and singing we were met by a group of people supporting a guy who had been kicked in the face. Graeme Wells, one of the people on the summit of Mt John, at the base, fills in what happened that night.

"... There was a large meeting and we decided to go up to the top at about eight o'clock. We set off up the hill in groups, intending to go up and look, and talk to the Americans.

The police were waiting as demonstrators moved over the hill towards the base. When I arrived two police dogs

were barking about ten yards away from the people who were surging towards the restricted area. The police retaliated by putting dogs on to demonstrators. There was pushing, shoving, barking—and a guy was bitten—Richard Suggard. He was bitten on the penis and was bleeding profusely. During this scuffle a 16 year old schoolboy, Derek Bunn, was kicked in the face, losing two teeth, and suffering a broken jaw. (He is now in Burwood Hospital, Christchurch). The crowd became angry—two rocks were thrown at the cops and their dogs. A cop rushed into the crowd, chasing a boy. He escaped, then a third charge followed—I was booted and another guy, Ian Smith, was bitten in the leg, requiring six stitches.

During this, cops kept swearing and cursing the demonstrators, telling us to "fuck off". The crowd moved back, people sat down and began chanting "Yanks Go Home". During the second charge, Brian O'Brien was arrested—the charge "Inciting Offensive Behaviour". I accompanied a person with an injured leg into the base to be treated by a "medical orderly". I saw Brian O'Brien in the base surrounded by police. I was escorted around the base, and as we went I tried to talk to the police into removing the dogs.

I met Superintendent Dean (Timaru). He asked if I had any status with the demonstrators. "Can you do anything with them?" he said. I asked him to get the dogs out—and bring out the Yanks so we could talk. He replied implying that if we stayed behind the wire we would be alright. He left. Later I called a cop over and asked if we could use the road—he said he would escort people down the road. I left with some of the others...

The Boy, Derek Bunn was standing in the camping ground, his hand cupped around his chin. Blood was running freely—his mouth was swollen—teeth were missing, we put him in one of the cars and set off to the nearest phone, at the caretaker's cottage. The caretaker's wife was bitchy, unresponsive, charged 50c for a call to the nearest doctor at Fairlie.

FAIRLIE 11.30 p.m.

The doctor was skeptical—he had been woken up. "I

didn't believe you when you rang from Tekapo. How did this happen? A policeman kicked him! It's hard to believe." The doctor told us we must go to Christchurch Casualty Dept 120 miles away. "The boy needs the attention of a dental specialist." We set off on a long journey. The further we travelled towards Christchurch the more obvious it became that the injury was of a serious nature, as Derek became quite uncomfortable, and on arrival at the Hospital, was unable to stand up unsupported.

We arrived at the casualty department at 2.00 am.

### REVENGE ROCK'N'ROLL CONCERT

We got to the top of the hill at 11.00, gathering above the station, chanting, listening to Owen Wilkes. The Americans were watching from inside the dome. An Inspector came out and told Owen Wilkes that we could only have one speaker. He was greeted by stones. Then stones were thrown at the observation building, breaking the front-door window. The crowd burst through the fence surrounding the base. The cops threw them back. Then the people moved around to the back of the base, throwing stones at a police car. Another window at the rear of the base was broken. Someone threw a smoke bomb. The rain began to fall, and people began to disperse—as we went, we dropped rocks all over the road, stacking them up as we went. The road was left temporarily useless. 2½ miles of the road were made totally impassable. The police spent some time picking up the rocks. (Later on we saw a snow plough heading towards Tekapo, supposedly to clear the road.)

Following all this we left for home. The demonstration was over, but it is certain the issues the demonstrations raised will remain very hot here in Christchurch. In "The Press", Christchurch's daily paper, the entire front page was devoted to the Mt John/Washdyke demonstration. The injuries sustained by Derek Bunn will on their own create controversy for he is quite emphatic that they were caused by A POLICEMAN'S BOOT. This week in Christchurch many of the people are planning to continue demonstrations in protest against police action, and legal action will also be taken.

— SUE WILSON, CHRIS THOMAS.





Consider the following:

- \* Of all the executions judicially performed in the world every year, half occur in South Africa.
- \* The South African Government spends 22.9 rand per annum to educate each Black child. It spends 224 rand per annum to educate each white child.
- \* 2000 Blacks are prosecuted daily for not carrying their Passes.
- \* Backed by cash and the threat of a modern army S.A. has a sphere of influence that includes Rhodesia, two Portuguese territories and six nominally independent nations. Tanzania and Zambia who have tried to fight this have been the victims of a campaign of subversion and propaganda to supplant their radical leaders by more pliable men.
- \* Britain provides 70% of foreign investment in S.A. and actually supports Apartheid by discriminating against Black workers in S.A.
- \* Vorster, S.A.'s Prime Minister, was jailed for his activities on behalf of the Pro-Fascist Ossewabrandwag in WWII. The Ossewabrandwag worked on Germany's behalf against Britain. Vorster has since said of his fight for Hitler "If I had my life to live again I would do exactly the same. I'm quite satisfied that what I did was right."
- \* Australia's decision to host a Rugby tour was seen as an endorsement of Apartheid by the Nationalist Party.
- \* Theoreticians of the Nationalist Party suggest S.A. should join a Southern Hemisphere alliance with Australia, N.Z. and Argentina, for this reason Australian demonstrations against the tour caused great fury in S.A.

OK you apathetic crowd who say Apartheid is a few thousand miles away and there's nothing you can do, we hope you've got an eyeful of the above. Just because the Government has sold out doesn't mean you have to as well, like every person protesting about the tour or disrupting games or just on your feet at a demo is more of the crumbling dust from under the feet of the Fascist S.A. Government. Don't say we don't want to bring politics into sport, because S.A. has already done so. We don't say who can or can't be in teams but they say who can or can't be in teams visiting their tinpot land of plastic shining white gods,—like Basil D'Oliveira can't play for the English Cricket team and Arthur Ashe can't play tennis 'till he was made an honorary white.

People here have no idea how mad the Afrikaansers and the lackies got when the Australian people showed what they thought of S.A.'s Apartheid policies. Those thick necked South African pigs are unbelievably sensitive to world opinion. We shouldn't like what goes on there either, the Government for once doesn't represent the will of the people so if for the only time in your life, you wake up—DO SOMETHING, GO TO THE HART AND CARE AND ALL OTHER ANTI-APARTHEID DEMO'S. POWER IS IN YOUR HANDS—USE IT.

GEORGE RUSSELL

Tim's Editorial.

So Craccum has made it to the front page of the NZ Herald and Zealandier in just one week. Beside paranoic neurosis caused in Exec meetings by a few Bartlettian letters what has the overall effect been.

- 1) Not one single Craccum was left in any Craccum box anywhere on Campus.
  - 2) No Craccums were left in the Cafe or blowing around the quad.
  - 3) Students were seen in the Common rooms, lecture theatres and even in The Library actually reading Craccum.
  - 4) The number of contributors to Craccum has quadrupled.
  - 5) The amount of advertising has suddenly boomed.
  - 6) There have been two lively meetings and a forum of thousands of students actually trying to work out what Craccum is all about.
  - 7) There has been an increased interest in the circulation of Craccum to Training Colleges, Nurses Homes, ATI and sales in the street.
  - 8) There have been hundreds of irate parents ringing up and saying they won't SEND — THEIR — CHILDREN (study each word carefully) to University.
- Amazing what a bit of controversy can do isn't it?

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COPY FOR THE NEXT ISSUE MUST REACH US TODAY  
TYPED AND DOUBLE SPACED

COME UP AND SEE US ANYWAY.

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.

Dear Editors,

As a newcomer to this institution, I regret I haven't had the change to visit all the toilets yet, but those I have spent time in have some of the best graphitii I have ever read. For example, one booth in the old arts building has about five different versions of the "Bird in the bush" standard. It's really nice to have something that makes visit to the grot more enjoyable. I would like to congratulate Auckland University. And keep it up, you silent majority, whose art-form is appreciated by all.

BRENT PARLANE.

Dear Sir,

In the midst of the adulation of Germaine Greer I would like to add a few critical observations to put things in perspective. In the Sunday Herald, March 12th, it is stated that "she gave the interviewer an emphatic answer deploring the demonstrations in Wellington and Auckland."

In Friday night's Star she is reported to have stated "I wish those kids would go home. What's the use of me battling in court if they're going to battle down there?"

The demonstrations were not held for her benefit so much as for the general struggle against inane laws. Her words suggest she was somewhat peeved at the limelight being taken from herself, however momentary. What egotism of these "kids" to imagine that their struggle on the streets could compare with Germaine's intellectual struggle in the court!

In the Sunday Herald she was reported to have stated that she believed that "men, women, and children would never be free until society was free, until the capitalist system is overthrown"—in short she preaches revolution. For a revolutionary, her preference for a struggle in the courts to a struggle in the streets is strange.

In Saturday's Herald, Germaine is reported to have appealed to demonstrators to leave the courtroom and added "this is stopping cases going on in other courts so I would ask you to leave." One would have thought that stopping the capitalists using the coercive power of their system on the people would have been a progressive act. (Right on, on the fact of it, but unfortunately we're not in a revolutionary situation at the moment and the bullshit demonstrations were hardly likely to precipitate one. The pigs control time at the moment—they can try us any time they feel like it. ED)

In the university quad Germaine claimed that lesbian love was potentially a higher form of love than heterosexual love because of the competitiveness of the two sexes in heterosexual relationships in contemporary society. However, women in contemporary society are more sexually competitive than men. If hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, imagine two women scorned. The less sexually competitive male homosexual would be more likely to achieve a higher form of love. On the other hand there are a multitude of pressures on the non-heterosexual in contemporary society which often results in neurotic queens and bitchy lesbians.

In reality we are all likely to have maladjusted sexual relationships until a society exists which has eliminated competition and thus the motivation for sexual chauvinism.

I support Germaine Greer 90 percent. It is the other 10 percent I find repugnant: the elitist tendencies and the empty rhetoric regarding revolution which is inconsistent with her actions.

— PETER RYAN.

A Reply to D.H. Finlayson, Director of Student Health.

Dear Sir,

I feel it is my duty to point out THIS:

In Auckland, where it is well night impossible to get a safe abortion, the eucalyptus and loop methods have been tried by women we know, and have been used safely and successfully.

Sit on your self-righteous arse and rave on about the "ill-advisability of young girls" doing these terrible things.

Try being pregnant for nine months, and culminate the pregnancy with the birth of a baby you don't want—and then talk about tragedy!

Fern Keen

Women for Equality.

Editor's Note: One doctor I have asked about the eucalyptus method looked up text books and said that there was nothing in them to suggest that eucalyptus oil would have any ill-effects when used in this way. But apparently even "text" books differ on this. Could some suitably qualified person look more deeply into this matter for the benefit of many women's confusion, and let us know EXACTLY what are the properties of oil of eucalyptus, and what this means in relation to this method of abortion. —Heather.

"In the issue of Craccum of 16th March 1972 under the heading "Greer 1" was a statement inferring that Mr Hamish Keith had entertained Miss Greer to a hash party. Craccum acknowledges that there is no foundation of fact for this statement and that it was completely false and grossly defamatory of Mr Keith. It unreservedly withdraws any such suggestion and apologises for such publication."

Dear Tim,

A couple of errors in your article about Elam.

1. Parking Fee is \$10.40 for students and staff. I don't know who told about the \$15—it is not true.
2. A misquote. I did not say that Elam lacked the ask for a parking building. The whole business is NOT by Elam but by the administration of the university. (You know the little weedy men in grey that move about leaving nasty circulars under windscreen). Elam was specially privileged for having a parking space for student use. I think it something which has caught up with us now.
3. You misspelt my name.

Dear Editor

I was fascinated, almost morbidly so, by your article of the oil of eucalyptus method for abortion. What I like to know is: who puts the fire out in the woman tries your advice? If she is a prostitute you may be charged with arson for you will have helped her to burn business. Burning oil and bloody loops—it all sounds like eight letter word to me.

Yours faithfully

G. H. Gell.

Department of Obstetrics & Gynaecology  
University of Auckland

The Editor,  
Sir,

May I use your column to thank those of your readers who patronised the 'Friends' White Elephant stall in the quad last week. The sum of \$183.41 was raised—\$800 already been donated to the University Creche.

The Exec of the 'Friends' would like to pay a tribute to AUSA President John Woodroffe and to the PRO Russell Bartlett both of whom put in many hours helping us prepare for the sale. I'm quite sure the financial success of the event owed a great deal to the vital skill (in auctioneering) of Tim Shadbolt. To Tim and assistants Chris Moisa and Russell Bartlett who cheerfully got drenched for our cause, thank you very much.

DAWN CORNWALL

Physics Department

Monday 13th March

To the Editor of Craccum,

Dear Sir,

When I was younger I rode a motor-bike (a nice Velo with straight handle-bars—we laughed at "Easyrider" style as affected and American, and at them "sit-up-and-beg" handlebars, which I've always considered a most colourful and apt name for them—that's a digression). I joined what was then the Communist Society, and I used to go to their meetings and field-days and when I came banging up on my motor-bike climbed off, old ladies used to say "It is nice to see someone young taking an interest. Young people are apathetic about things like pollution and soil fertility. There, we're only young once, and I suppose young people should enjoy themselves."

I recount this story because there are two or three morals attached to it, especially now that the state of the environment is rocketing up the hit parade. The first moral is that this cause is not one you've suddenly raised yourselves out of a vast morass of public apathy. Some of us have made it our thing for quite a while, and stuck to it although the University students called us cranks and ignoramuses to demonstrate their solidarity with scientific age. (A little while ago, to be an intellectual had to make a formal obeisance to science.) "Muck mysticism" they said, and "Afraid to live in the 20th century." Anyhow, there's no resentment, and we're glad you're joining our cause, as we've hammered it for long enough.

Another moral is this; that you're not entitled to be self-righteous towards the ordinary stodgy middle-class footy-loving New Zealander on this issue, because a lot of them are concerned about the environment too, see, started doing something about it long before you did. The thing they usually do is to take a bit of care of the environment themselves, as a start. This doesn't always occur to some more vehement reformers, who decry about pollution and spoilation across a quad inches deep in scunge and rubbish. A few bushells of scrap paper may seem infinitesimal compared to the massive abuses of industry, but man, their absence would make your mess sound a lot more credible. No-one is going to listen to a man ranting about cleanliness when his home base looks like a deep litter chook-yard. So why not clean up the quad? It's not enough just to refrain from chucking stuff



own. Some of us will have to go the extra mile (who said  
 Flam. nt?) and pick up what someone else has dropped.  
 And you do want to make your message credible, don't  
 u. and persuade as many as you can to listen and act?  
 u wouldn't want to enjoy your own superiority to other  
 people's apathy and general horribleness, would you?  
 cause if you approach the general public with ruse and  
 self-righteousness it will look as if you do. Anyone who  
 ally believes in a cause, any cause—Christianity,  
 amposting, Marxism or the preservation of old  
 onuments—will give this a preference over his own  
 estige. He will answer anger with courtesy, and sneers  
 ith a quiet statement of his motives, all to win an advance  
 or his beliefs. He'll be a bit like an insurance salesman, but  
 ith a somewhat higher motive. If, professing an intense  
 concern over some issue, he proceeds, while speaking on it,  
 u may vilify and insult the society he lives in, he must either be  
 absolute twit or else incredibly Pharisaic and  
 self-important.

There's a third moral to the story (Aesop never did as  
 G. H. Gell!!). If everyone forgets the limelight and works for a  
 sult, a lot can be done, even in a capitalist society where  
 the purpose of industry is profit and not utility.

So far I've meandered on about attitudes and conduct,  
 ut seeing that I regard these as fundamental this was  
 ntentional. The remark about capitalism highlights its basic  
 eakness. It doesn't do things because they need to be  
 one; it does them to facilitate the flow of money. Money  
 ould be a means of distributing production and services,  
 ut in Backwards-land it's the other way round. The  
 espective effects of profit-farming and peasant farming on  
 oil fertility are demonstrated very clearly in a book called  
 "The Restoration of the Peasantries" by G.T. Wrench, if  
 ou can get hold of a copy. Citing Roman history, and the  
 changes wrought by the British in India, he presents his  
 onclusion: Capitalist, or profit-farming destroys the land.  
 Incidentally, I'm not a Marxist.) An indictment of  
 laissez-faire economics in general can be found in "Unto  
 his last," by John Ruskin.

Whatever it may be in any other section of society, the  
 priority given to the profit motive is fatal to good farming,  
 and inimical to the fertility of the earth's crust. The old  
 cliché that "farming is not just a job, it's a way of life" is  
 now commonly answered by the statement that it is a  
 profit-making industry, like any other industry. The truth  
 ay in the cliché. The need for monetary profit leads to  
 mono-culture, with its attendant ills, forced growth,  
 extreme susceptibility to the spread of disease, and  
 economic brittleness. These in turn demand specious and  
 convenient remedies, the poisons, the quick-acting  
 fertilisers, and the easy disposal of spare products (I won't  
 call them "waste products"—waste is what we do with  
 them. Waste is a verb, not a noun, in my book).

So roll on, Silent Spring. It was the destruction of the  
 countryside that turned me against the American  
 involvement in Vietnam, rather than any stories of  
 imperialism and aggression. It's always seemed to me, and it  
 still seems to me, that a majority of protesters are only  
 willing to see half the atrocities committed in this world;  
 that is, those perpetrated by right-wing groups (or by  
 non-left-wingers anyhow). Ethics seem to depend on  
 politics in Back-wards-land, but that's another red-herring.

Some things that should be done immediately—and  
 made economically possible—are as follows. We should stop  
 filling up mud-flats, because filling them up with garbage is  
 a dirty habit, and the garbage could be put to better uses;  
 and the mudflats are needed to provide a sufficient volume  
 of water to scour out the harbour channels. (An example of  
 ruining a harbour—Southwold, in Suffolk—is described in a  
 book on Norfolk wherries called "Black-sailed traders" by  
 R. Clark. It's in the Library). We should compost all our  
 garbage, instead of filling up harbours with it. Mixed  
 farming should be encouraged—a mixture of arable and  
 livestock where the country permits. Specialised pastures  
 are afflicted by specialised pests, so an absolute dependence  
 on rye-grass and white clover, grazed by dairy herds and  
 grass-grubs and topdressed with super and poison should be  
 OUT. Phased out—you can't rush up to a man with a  
 written order to change everything.

Above all we should plant more trees. There should be  
 rows of them along all the streets and the suburbs should be  
 almost invisible in a haze of green (most of my suburb is).  
 Trees eat pollution and hide ugliness. They enrich the soil  
 and render the climate less extreme and hold up the  
 hillsides. Planting them makes you happy and seeing them  
 broken by young idiots or commercial interests makes you  
 angry. Richard St. Barbe Baker said, "Timber is a  
 by-product of forests." A healthy environment is the main  
 product.

R. M. DICK.

# Students,

Those of you who attended Forum on Thursday 9/3/72  
 will have heard a young man decry the name and existence  
 of Jesus Christ. Although somewhat belated and perhaps  
 cowardly, this is a reply which I hope will be read and  
 considered, as it is relevant to the way in which we all live  
 the short time which God has allotted to us on this earth.

When we talk of Jesus Christ, we talk of a Divine Being  
 being born as a human child for the specific purpose of  
 undergoing suffering for the people of this earth—people  
 yesterday and ourselves today. He was brought up in a poor  
 family, and experienced all the joys and trials that each of  
 us has experienced in our lives. In spite of being a trained  
 carpenter, He chose to become a tramp (if you like) and in  
 this role He wandered many miles around the Middle East.

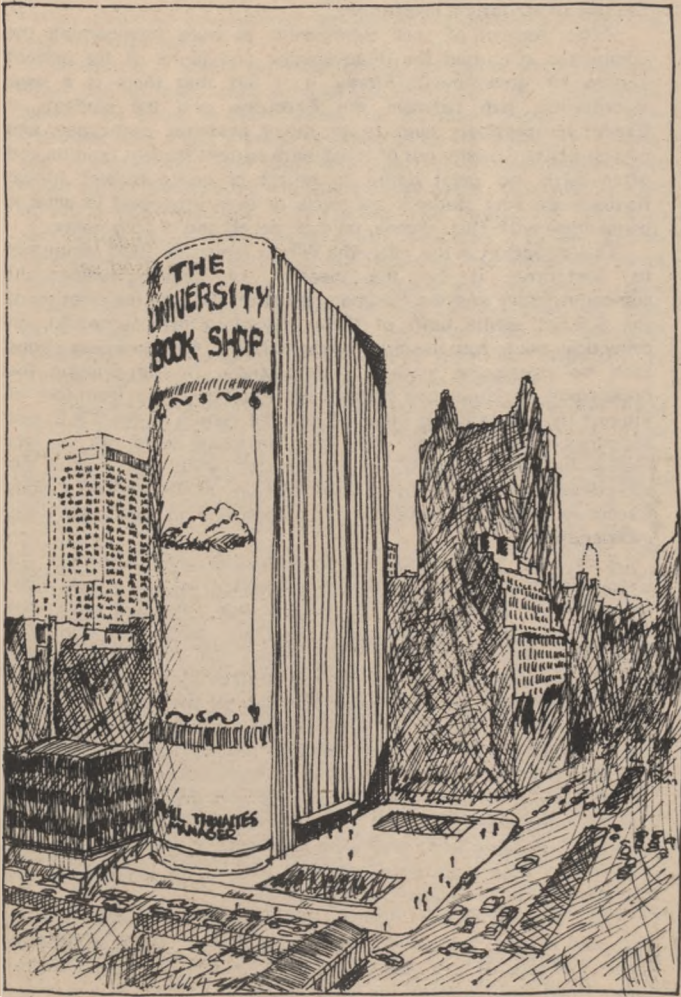
Although spiritually, in some mysterious and  
 unexplainable way he was God, emotionally and physically  
 He was a human being with human interests, concerned  
 with human needs and problems. Certainly He did not want  
 to die; in fact we are told in the Bible that He prayed for  
 release from His task of dying on the Cross. We know that  
 because of his Divine Power, He could have decided to  
 perform a miracle and delivered Himself from His captors.  
 Yet because of His love and compassion for us—the same  
 love and compassion that prompted Him to heal lepers,  
 cripples, to restore sight to the blind, and even to bring the  
 dead back to life—He chose to endure the pain and  
 humiliation of death on the Cross—a death normally  
 reserved for murderers and thieves.

This innocent and blameless man died hanging on a  
 Cross in the hope that perhaps—just perhaps, since man has  
 always had a choice as to his decisions in life—perhaps  
 somebody, or a few people, or even a lot of people, might  
 choose to accept His gift of sacrifice, His gift of Eternal  
 Life. Jesus went down to Hell from the Cross. For a time  
 that we call three days, but who knows how long when we  
 remember that time in Hell has no meaning, he underwent  
 extreme and unimaginable suffering. Only because of his  
 love for us.

Such love as this does not deserve abuse, nor does it  
 deserve indifference. With gifts such as these (Forgiveness,  
 Eternal Life, Peace, Joy) at stake, how can we stand by and  
 say "Jesus can't be real" or "Christianity has no meaning."  
 Of course Jesus is real. Countless people have proved this  
 with their testimonies of personal relationships with Christ.  
 Christ is real to me and to thousands of others throughout  
 the world. There is no racial or class distinction as to who  
 goes to Heaven. God does not discriminate. Christianity  
 without a doubt has meaning—ask a practising Christian. He  
 will tell you of a new kind of life, a new kind of love, a new  
 peace, a new joy—these things and more besides.

Finally, the choice for or against Christ is merely a  
 matter of a decision—something personal between you and  
 Him—BUT A DECISION MUST BE MADE. And when  
 you make it remember it is a matter of Life or Death—  
 Eternally.

N. B. ROGERS.



Massey Students have dumped their President. At their  
 Annual General Meeting about 700 students split in two  
 and toppled the President, Don Swann.

Senior Agriculture students, led by a former President,  
 Rob Anderson, had run a petition to get rid of Swann, who  
 was excluded from university this year.

Six of the other seven Massey Exec. members also  
 wanted Swann out. The vote was approximately 400 to 300  
 against Swann.

The Cultural, Educational and International  
 Vice-President of Massey, Kay Baxter, was the only one to  
 back him. She says the reasons for getting rid of him are  
 mainly personal—other exec members can't get on with  
 him. According to her, they saw Swann is a bad public  
 relations guy because he makes no effort to fit in with  
 other people's opinions. She regards public relations as  
 being irrelevant.

Kay Baxter also says "Don's not a fence sitter—he  
 doesn't shy away from issues and presents the student view  
 honestly."

"The others don't think that MUSA should be political.  
 He thinks that if an issue is important, the student  
 Executive should act on it." This applies to stands on rugby  
 tours, war, elections and so on.

The leadership battle isn't over. Liaison Vice-President  
 Alan Carrick, a leading Swann antagonist, is  
 acting-President for a month. Then there will be another  
 presidential election, and Swann will be standing.

BARRY SLACK

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HIS MAJESTYS



## more on the beats

### WHY SHADDY'S SHABBY ON LABOUR

The trouble with Shadbolt is that he can't see past his own meaningless patter like 'Vote with your feet'. It's easy to be negative and dismiss what you don't understand, such as political parties. But if enough people used their heads and voted Labour we'd see some social change.

The crux of the Labour position is that, although they (and particularly Messieurs Kirk and Watt) could have been more radical on certain issues such as the Suharto/Westmoreland issue, nevertheless, the guts of their policies and proposed legislation is right-on, and way ahead of any real alternative i.e. National.

A few of the areas where Labour's got some damn good ideas are:

- (a): Immediate withdrawal of all NZ troops in Indochina (e.g. those training Cambodian troops) right back to N.Z.;
- (b): Reaching 1% foreign aid within 5 years (present 'National's level is only a fraction of this);
- (c): Abolition of Compulsory Military Training;
- (d): Repeal of the section of the Narcotics Act allowing entry of police officers to private premises without a search warrant;
- (e): For pensioners: automatic increases in pensions as the cost of living rises;
- (f): Restore subsidy on doctor's bills to levels which existed before the National Govt. erosion set in.;
- (g): Immediate start on legislation to force introduction of Equal Pay for Equal Work — not 2 or 3 years of waiting around... as National intends;
- (h): Repeal of the Payroll Tax.
- (i): Implementation of the Woodhouse Report provisions on worker's compensation; also, inclusion of housewives under these provisions.
- (j): Introduction of three weeks minimum paid holiday (up from two).
- (k): Coherent plan for regional development (incentives, subsidies, etc.)
- (l): Repeal of the Maori Affairs Amendment Act (typical iniquitous National legislation).
- (m): Increase number of Maori seats to 7 i.e.: 8% of seats in Parliament corresponding to Maoris being 8% of population.
- (n): Will set up at least one experimental community college.
- (o): Will definitely NOT raise Lake Manapouri (National shows every sign of raising it, at present).

RALPH CHAPMAN.

## AMERIKA as a dying civilisation

America is going through a period of incredible deficiency in its supposed quality lifestyle. Unfortunately, the age of the "throw away" has settled in solidly, and appears to be building momentum to the day of the "Great Throw Away" when we'll have to dispose of the country, because of all the refuse. Everything is disposable; bottles, cans, packages, plastic; just meaningless rubbish garnishing the ever-growing number of trash cans. Quality production has virtually ceased in most fields. Cars are made about as well as the cans we drink from, and made from virtually the same materials. Americans buy a car, drive it for 2 years, and then dispose of it. And you can't even be sure of new cars. Books have been written telling you what to do if you have bought a "lemon". And this shoddiness has even spread to the production of food. Last year there was an incredible number of cases of bolutin poisoning because of faulty packaging, resulting in a series of deaths. Quality and integrity have gone into the bin with the rubbish, and it looks for good.

But there is one "product" that will most definitely not be thrown out for another four years, and that is the venerated President, Richard M. Nixon. He will not be affected by this "throwaway complex". And he is a "product" his 1968 campaign illustrated this vividly. To me he epitomizes this quality deficiency in the country. His policies have a fluctuating, faulty quality about them. His stand on communism is rather strange to me. In the 1950's he was recognised as a talented "prosecutor" in the Joe McCarthy style; a fervent anti-Communist. But his policy, in a relatively short time, has reversed itself totally from this burning drive, to the "bridge" between the Free and Communist worlds. Why the total reversal in policy, and the careful preparation of his China trip? Could this trip be a genuine gesture for peace, or a skilfully constructed ploy to facilitate his re-election, for this is what his campaign needed. The positioning of the trip so close to the New Hampshire primary raises my beliefs as to the underlying motives for a political boost. This double motive in Nixon's politics upsets and shocks me. Granted there are benefits in his N.E.P. or Vietnam policies, but the decisions always seem to coincide with a new bill he has introduced into the legislature, or when his popularity is low. This is my gripe with Nixon, these practices in such an important job. His is the used car salesman dishing out his policies with the same sneakiness as selling a car, and people are buying from him.

Why won't America practice their tendencies more completely and dispose of Nixon. Unfortunately America is known for fickleness, so it looks like the trashman won't stop by the White House for another 4 years.

DWIGHT WHITNEY.

## mt john

"They acted like animals, so animals were used," spake Timaru Police Superintendent of the Mt John demonstrators. Which is like saying of yer normal law'n'order Tory-thinking members of society "He acted like a cretin for years, so I felt justified in attacking him and cutting out the frontal lobes of his brain. He would only see what he wanted to see, so while I was at it, I thought I would whip out his eyes. He never showed any feeling for anything but the trivial, so his heart had to go as well. We may as well be consistent in these matters I thought, wiping the blue blood off my meat cleaver." Roll on 1984.

It is interesting to note that the police didn't find their justification for using the dogs until AFTER they had used them.

### WEDDERSPOON: ON POWER

Fintan Patrick Walsh and Papa 'Doc' Duvalier I take as terrific examples of angels doing their best to rule this hell-ridden world. You know I'd love to live in a shack above Karori way up in the mountains and give the country good old hill-billy government from on high. A sort of Howard Hughes recluse I would wake up at dawn, cook toast and a pot of tea over the fire hearth before tearing off to state banquets where you mustn't be too hungry (diplomacy and all that). In the back seat of a gleaming 1930 limousine I'd shave myself with a raw blade and throw the cigarette ash out the window on the way down to parliament buildings. If I saw any of my mates or a guy needing persuasion I'd let him hop in.

As a real good Labour man in the bosses seat I'd have carrots dangling above the assembly lines with whip masters behind the worker. Let's face it I wouldn't be in power for nothing—I'd want my pound of flesh the same as everybody else. As a good Social Democrat I'd have Cederman and Kedgley in the Nauranga Freezing Works cutting sheep's throats; Ngahua Volkerling would be sweeping out Plunkett Rooms; Brooks and Basset would be coal shovelling in West Coast mines; cousin Dreyfuss would have the job of cleaning state files with Ajax and running Kapiti as Devil's Island for Young Tory Turks. Sinclair would be sent back to the wharves and Edwards given a taxi-driver's job. Muldoon and Marshall would be made to share the same cell at nights; with Gill and Gair pressed into running the Seamen's union.

Now and again I'd have public hangings and floggings of opponents who got too serious. I'd turn up in Harris Tweed britches and golf clubs—it would be a capital offence not to applaud me when I raised my little finger. As I mounted Parliament steps brass bands would play "Land of Hope and Glory". I would kiss the babies and wave to the fans.

P.J. WEDDERSPOON.

## AUSA reform report

### COMMITTEE ON ASSOCIATION GOVERNMENT — DRAFT REPORT.

The Committee was set up by resolution of the last A.G.M. to "collect" and collate submissions from all students and student organisations in order to report on AUSA Government structure and the role of structural institutions."

After receipt of such submissions as were forthcoming the committee discussed the disadvantages and faults of the present system of government. Firstly it is felt that there is a large information gap between the Executive and the students — Executive members tend to be senior students, part-timers and non-students, usually out of touch with current student opinion and often with no great desire to reflect or enact student ideals: furthermore few students are aware or even interested in what is being done with their money, on their behalf and in their name.

This situation is not new—the Wilson report of 1966 attempted to overcome it by the creation of largely independent sub-committees and the Rudman report of 1968 by the creation of the S.R.C.: while both of these seemed initially successful, on reflection each has merely slightly enlarged the governing clique with no particular increase in efficiency. In our opinion the breakdown of these two systems has resulted partly from lack of interest by the students involved, but the demise of the S.R.C. was encouraged by the fact that most members were not in fact responsible to any body for their performance, and that of the sub-committee system by a disinclination on the part of various Executive members to permit the committees to decide anything independently.

A second and possibly more distressing fault is the lack of Executive involvement in the administration of the Association, especially in matters of finance. This was predicted when the Accountant and Administration Secretary were first employed about five years ago: while it was hoped that all activities of the Association would remain under the control of elected groups of students this has become increasingly so over the years: the prime example was of course last year's mysterious envelope appeal, but even reference to Executive minutes for the past six months indicates that of the 804 payments of Association funds approved by the Executive in this period some 28 were discussed specifically and the remainder passed on 3 omnibus motions without Executive members knowing what they were approving: furthermore the vast majority of these "approvals" occurred AFTER the payment had in fact been made by Association employees.

Only half a dozen matters of any great importance were discussed during this period: the Annual Budget, a couple of large loans, the fate of this year's Charity Collection, the new Theatre, Shore Road development, the appointment of a Senate Rep. and the fate of the Theatre Co.: it has been suggested that the Executive as

such should be disbanded but the committee believed the keeping of a proper control over all facets of the Association administration and the performance of its employees is of importance and that it could well occupy all the spare time of a dozen students: hence we recommend the retention of an Executive in a reduced form and with different responsibilities to those presently discharged.

This proposal is a reversion to the system in force prior to 1966 and is similar to that in force at Canterbury: it consists basically of a small Executive elected as an Executive rather than to portfolios, these people being directly responsible to the students for all facets of Association affairs. The portfolio system introduced largely to combat the hassles previously caused by the process of dividing the work among Executive members, but the conflicts and disadvantages have appeared over the years, especially involving people picking any old portfolio just to get on Executive and those willing and able to do a portfolio job but not wishing to be involved in general decision making. It is of concern to the committee that important decisions such as those mentioned above when not able to be referred to a General Meeting should be decided by people elected by the students as being reliable/acceptable/knowledgeable administrators with opinions akin to those of the students rather than by a purely arbitrary collection of the person best suited to be Social Controller, the person most interested in Publications, someone with a knowledge of International Affairs etc. etc.

The argument has been advanced that the Executive must be a representative body and that to achieve this the fifteen people devoting the most time to the Association are as good a selection as any, but the committee feels this is no longer valid simply by virtue of the amount of work now required of an Executive member: at least three positions on the present Executive would be full-time jobs if performed fully, and in only a couple of cases can the member perform his portfolio work fully and do full justice to his other responsibilities as an Executive member and also hope to go on like a moderately successful student, and this is increasingly difficult in the tightening academic requirements.

The committee therefore proposes the establishment of a new Administrative Executive, consisting of a President, a Treasurer, five elected students to manage the administration of the Association and the Union and to control the Association's finances, employees and to pay special attention to financial matters: if you have been agreed for some time that the Association must find its own sources of finance and it seems important to us that the Executive should be able to do this and to manage them efficiently rather than have to rely on sub-committees and employees.

To perform the work of the present portfolios the committee proposes the establishment of "officerships", no number specified, but rather the creation of new ones left to the Executive as they arise, the holders to be elected or appointed and removed by the Executive, not necessarily annually, each to be responsible to the Executive for his particular area.

The place of the Education Officer in the Association and University was discussed at length and it was decided that the Association must adopt a more active role in the student representative system of the University, and to this end the committee proposed that an Education Officer be elected annually and that he chair a standing Delegates Committee comprising a delegate from each Faculty plus the Association's Senate Representatives in order to co-ordinate their efforts.

The whole of this organisation must be responsible to general meetings, and the committee proposes that these should have a higher quorum than at present but that they should be easier to call. It also proposes that general meetings should be held weekly to receive reports from the President and to act thereon, and to discuss anything else forthcoming.

If the Association is to continue as an Incorporated Society, which seems desirable, it must have a Constitution. However, the committee has tried to keep this as short as is legally possible for two reasons—firstly the needs of an organisation like this are constantly changing and we believe the political structure must be able to change and develop as necessary. Secondly we believe that matters and problems arising, especially during the course of meetings are better settled by discussion of the particular case than by reference to an outdated set of rules that cannot possibly allow for every circumstance that will arise.

A few minor points—we have not tried to rewrite the election rules, but for the transitional elections we suggest the Secretary appointed Returning Officer with full powers on the understanding that the Executive are the five with the highest votes and that anyone standing unopposed must gain at least 50% of the votes. Yes—No ballot.

We have not mentioned Craccum—since this Year's Editors have signed a contract with the Association the Board must continue to exist but we recommend that the Executive investigate the feasibility of legal independence.

Because of the workload involved in an Executive position and the vital necessity of proper performance of these we have recommended the provision of honoraria. These need not be large—say \$250 each plus an extra \$500 for the President for the holiday period. In return we could demand at least 25 hours work per week.

We have recommended the removal of the Executive's power to fine members except for the cost of material damage done.

The Executive year at present runs August to August. We recommend that it be changed to coincide with the financial year (January to December) with elections held in the third term. To permit the immediate introduction of the revised system we propose that elections for a new Executive be held right after Easter, to be in office from the beginning of May to the end of this year.

In conclusion: for a committee that began by bemoaning the lack of student involvement in the Association our proposals may seem elitist or fascist. This is not so—we have attempted to provide satisfactory administration by rationalising and streamlining the Executive system while simplifying the Rules as much as possible to provide a flexible structure which can accommodate different student needs as they arise. The key to the whole thing is obvious: the regular General Meeting with power to make policy and DIRECT the Executive—the proper functioning of this will depend on a maintenance of student interest and on a vigilant performance of duties by the Information Office and Craccum, but we believe that the advantages accruing from this system if it works well justify the experiment.

—STEPHEN CHAPMAN  
—BRUCE KIRKLAND  
—BOB LALOR

THIS PROPOSAL WILL BE DISCUSSED AT THE AGM NEXT WEDNESDAY EVENING AND AT A LUNCHTIME MEETING ON THURSDAY 30TH MARCH. A REFERENDUM WILL BE HELD THAT AFTERNOON AND AS WE HAVE NO ELECTORAL ROLL YET, AVAILABLE PLEASE BRING YOUR I.D. CARD TO VOTE.



# an open letter to the P.M.



Dear Prime Minister,

You have now issued two major statements on matters racial as well as holding press conferences, replying to your critics and so on. You obviously think the subject important. And there, of course, I would agree with you. In fact, up until your statement on the rugby tour, I was quite looking forward to continuing the jolly little private correspondence we had struck up on this very matter of justice. It would have been ever so comfy and cosy if we'd been able to go on like that. Of course, deep down I knew you were a Tory; but I knew too that you have had the kind of intellectual training which is supposed to produce clarity of thought and skill in distinguishing between valid arguments and phoney ones. I still believe that you can probably spot an undistributed middle with the best of us up here in academe. And that being so, the most charitable construction I can put on your statement is that you yourself have been misinformed about South Africa. It is also possible that your statement was the work of a committee.

Up and down the country, many people read your statement with great attention. Those who, like myself, are teachers will have recognised the symptoms—the bright boy who knows the right kind of words and how to spin them is often tempted to skimp his homework. [I have to admit that sometimes students get away with this approach right up until their finals year. Now this, as you are aware, is your finals year and you may have noticed that even the editor of *The New Zealand Herald* has found you out at last. As you know, I personally would be only too happy if you were to fail your finals in November. But I am a teacher and this is my adopted country and you may well scrape through and be given your licence to practise for a further three years. So on all those counts I do have a duty to point out the error of your ways and show you how you can improve your performance. I can't have it on my conscience that I have sent a prime minister out into the world believing that he could get away with sloppy thinking, still clinging to the notion that the world is a frightfully nice place for everyone to live in.

I could, naturally, write to you again privately; but there is always that possibility I mentioned of your essay being a collective effort and in that case I want to be sure that everyone concerned reads the comments and criticisms I have written in the margin.

When I first read your essay, I found it so muddled and woolly that I didn't know quite where to begin in correcting it; so I did what teachers commonly do in these circumstances. I set it aside for a while so I could think about your whole approach and then I read it again with a view to correcting it step by step. I'll begin therefore with some general comments and then I hope you will read carefully the notes I have made about each of your arguments in turn.

My first impression remains with me still after careful consideration and I am bound to tell you that the spectacle of a body of grown men, many well past middle age, collectively wielding the full power of the state, quavering before the assembled bloody-mindedness of the Rugby Union, is not one likely to enhance the dignity or confirm the legitimacy of the state. I wonder, incidentally, if you have thought to draw to the attention of those worthies a growing trend towards soccer as the preferred game; I wonder if indeed you yourself are aware of the way young Maoris these days seem to favour soccer over rugby? One of the things you must learn to do is examine the relationship between phenomena. The trend is not "just one of those things"—scarcely anything ever is.

The next important thing for you to learn is that there are two forms of consistency, both of which are essential if you are to survive as a politician. What you say must be internally consistent; and it must be consistent with the known facts. On both of these counts you are failing badly and I hope my marginal comments will show you how. Let's take it from here step by step.

You say: "It would do much to improve relations between our two countries if South Africa would select their teams on this basis," i.e. "without discrimination."

Now this is a very curious statement and I can't help but wonder if you thought about it at all. It implies that relations are not good. But Mr Marshall, we trade with South Africa, we assist and sustain it by our abstentions at the UN, we exchange sporting teams, we vote for it in international sports bodies. Was there something else you had in mind? An exchange of state visits, perhaps, with a 21-gun salute for Vorster—that would be jolly. What would you do with him to broaden his education? Let me guess . . .

What's the name of that picturesque rural slum hard by Rotorua? You'd want to show him that, of course; and our racially integrated school certificate results. How about a trip to Paremoremo goal? He'd like that; we do as you say, have a lot to each South Africa and they don't have anything quite so sophisticated for dehumanising people — Robben island is really very crude. But then, you see, they don't actually feel the need to spend money dehumanising their blacks because it's a fundamental tenet of the system that they aren't human anyway. And there's the crunch point.

You say next: "We are against racial discrimination wherever it may occur. It occurs in many countries besides South Africa but we would not wish to boycott any of those countries." Prime Minister, we are not talking about racial discrimination; we are talking about apartheid—the systematic, planned enslavement and starvation of millions of our brothers and sisters who are denied, ON PRINCIPLE, the most basic human needs and rights.

As we both know, one of the virtues your supporters will be talking about come finals time is experience; and you will want to be examined in that subject. "Experienced" is a kind way of saying you've lived a long time. Well, I've lived quite a long time too, so

I'm inclined to view the argument favourably. But it's not much use claiming virtue for having lived a long time if you can't remember or apply the lessons taught by experience. One of the things I hoped you might remember without my prompting, for example, was a little incident called the Munich Games. You might get Ron Scott to look up the story for you if you're a little pushed for time yourself.

As a prime minister, you might find a study of Neville Chamberlain of more immediate relevance. His policy, you will remember, was called "appeasement" and the fact is that he was so shit scared of the "enemy" in Russia that a few million jews dead were neither here nor there, let alone Czechoslovakia destroyed—by agreement, naturally—in the interests of the ruling classes. You don't see the connection? Well there are a few million blacks in Southern and Central Africa who would be happy to tell you—if only they had voices.

I won't go into the tangible parallels here; but I do think you ought to consider the less tangible consequences of that particular horror enacted daily in the Nazi gas chambers. Western, liberal progressive society has never recovered because, you see, the Nazis destroyed the illusions that were the major premiss of that creed. You see, we were all guilty of genocide because we are all connected by a common humanity; so we are all and each capable of genocide and that being so we are none of us NECESSARILY rational or reasonable, only CONTINGENTLY so. And whilst the contingencies in New Zealand are such that it is still possible to appeal to reason, the contingencies in South Africa are such that we can share no assumptions with them—any more than Neville Chamberlain could truly "talk with the dictators" as he so proudly boasted (and believed).

"It is better to build bridges between nations than walls," you say. No doubt. What sage bromides we do all have handy for these occasions. Mr Vorster would particularly agree with you. He has been busily building some very interesting bridges recently. Like the joint security conference that links South Africa with Rhodesia, Portugal and Brazil—a merry band of practitioners in the gentle art of genocide, you must agree. By the way, you'll find a list of suggested reading at the end of this, in case you are a bit short on information about any of these matters.

Bridges, as you imply, are functional structures. You don't say so, perhaps because there were too many cliches in your essay already, but you obviously mean that we should walk across it, drive across it, "hold hands" across it. What you don't say is with whom you propose we should sup or hold hands when we get to the other side. Maybe you don't realise that the only people we'd be allowed to sup or hold hands with would be whites—that's what "petty" apartheid means. What you may not know either is that not even godzown are tolerated in South Africa if they step out of line—even quite quietly in social conversation. If you would like a list of New Zealanders who have been declared prohibited immigrants or otherwise bundled out of South Africa, I and many others would be happy to oblige with a select list. But surely even you must have noticed the case of that chap with the funny name—dean of something or other; he's so "square" he doesn't even think the blacks should be enfranchised, but that didn't prevent his arrest and trial for "subversion."

Of course, it is very enjoyable dining with South African whites. Hitler and his Nazis were spawned out of Weimar, hasty, somewhat crude. The South African whites, on the other hand, well, they are—how shall I put it—they're educated, quite delightful people, and of course they play sport very well. And so they bloody well ought to, Mr Marshall, so they bloody well ought. Living off the fat of the land on the back of the blacks with servants in Victorian abundance—and at pre-Victorian prices. That way they get time to concentrate on sport; indeed, it is a necessity. For when the future uprising of the slaves is prefigured in Mozambique and Angola, not a million miles away, then brother, you need that oval ball. And that, by the way, is an intended pun, for the slave master is castrated along with the slave, the schizophrenic rendered impotent by precisely the circumstances which produce his sickness.

You say: "New Zealand has a well-earned reputation for liberal policies in race relations and is among the advanced countries in this field." Oh dear! Look you really must try harder. Prime Ministers in their finals year simply cannot afford to offer so many hostages to fortune, as, for example, in the phrase "liberal policies in race relations." Please attempt a definition which will allow you to sustain this proposition for the period since 1950. Remember, your definition must stretch to include the 1967 Maori Affairs (Amendment) Act, the 1972 Race Relations Act and the inequity of Maori parliamentary representation.

You go on to declare: "Against this background of tolerance and co-operation on racial issues, I believe that New Zealand is entitled to say and is justified in saying that it is better to build bridges of communication with South Africa than to cut off all contact." Well, here we are again, back with the old cliché mill grinding out the corn. Some parents do, to be sure, reward their children with lollies when they scream; but you wouldn't say publicly that they were very good or intelligent parents, would you—except that that's what you just did say, Mr Marshall. Perhaps you have been too busy in recent years with labour relations to notice the work of another man called Skinner. In any case, I recommend him to you, the initials are B.F. and you will find the reference in the attached reading list.

Communication, admittedly, is a very difficult subject—though I'm sure your colleague Rob Muldoon can tell you about it, for he at least is known to have kept up his reading in the political science field. We all like to think that the existence of language presupposes

the possibility of communication; even without it there are things called "non-verbal messages" through which we establish contact and obtain reinforcement. New Zealand has been sending non-verbal messages of support to the racists in South Africa for many years—in the shape of sports teams. Now you have sent a verbal message. I am sure that with your years of experience with the press and with audiences of many kinds you will already know that what goes out isn't by any means what gets transmitted and even if it is, it isn't at all like what gets received at the other end. You yourself, I notice, have complained about inaccuracies in criticisms of this very essay. If you want to say something that will discomfit the South African regime—and that's what you claim—then it's got to be a very strong message, surrounded with supporting actions which significantly alter the environment. If you wanted to teach the South Africans, in short, the only message available to you to send was: "No Tour."

It is possible that you yourself are scanning out uncomfortable evidence. Just in case you didn't get the import of the South African message in reply to yours of the 7th ult., let me spell out what that "we are delighted" note shows. You won't recognise the message they received from you—for a hoary old politician you seem to have retained what in other circumstances might be a refreshing naivety. The message you sent and they received was as follows: "You already know that the NZ Rugby Union loves you, now hear also that the NZ Government agrees with the Rugby Union; sport is greater than principle; the game's the thing; please find enclosed herewith my country's subscription to cover entrance charges to your Dream Society, the White Commonwealth." Well, I suppose in the process of Americanisation this was an inevitable development. We've had Kennedy's New Frontier and Johnson's Great Society; what more symbolic assurance of the final collapse through the Looking Glass than Marshall's Dream Society.

Your next proposition would seem to prove this point almost without further comment: "It is argued that we should discontinue sporting and other contact while apartheid continues, but it is not in the liberal tradition of New Zealanders to extend hatred of apartheid to hatred of the people of South Africa, whatever their colour may be. It is not the intention of the New Zealand Government, even though our policies on race relations are diametrically opposed to those of the South African Government, to impose this opposition in any personal way against the South African people, many of whom would like to see changes in their own Government policies".

It's difficult to know where to begin sorting this one out; but one must select, so I'll leave aside the "liberal tradition" bit, except to say that maybe if you fail in November you could find employment lecturing to the police and magistrates on this intriguing topic. Let's begin instead with the hatred of apartheid not being extended to the hatred of the people of South Africa. I'm glad to see you remember your theology course and the lesson about hating the sin but loving the sinner; it seems, however, that you were absent on your European trip when the class dealt with the bit about millstones being hung around the necks of those who offend against God's creatures. Perhaps you didn't know, by the way, that a black man cannot receive the sacrament in white churches in South Africa. There is, as you say, an official (white) opposition to Mr Vorster's government. Would you, though, tell me, please, what is the difference—essentially—between De Villiers Graaf, who would like a little easement of the petty apartheid laws so that his supporters could get more work more efficiently out of their slaves without breaking the law, and Mr Vorster, who blinks whilst the law is being broken in order to maintain and further his major apartheid programme?

Apartheid, Mr Marshall, is not simply a momentary aberration. It is a whole way of life. It is written in blood and gold, scored onto the skin in gunpowder and written in flesh by the sjambok and the hangman's noose. It is written into the cells of brain damaged children with pellagra and kwashiorkor, transmitted through the generations and carried in the hearts and minds of whites so blind with fear and sated with self-indulgence they live permanently behind barred windows, a revolver and alarm bell by the bedside and a shotgun at the door.

And you still imagine, Jack, that these people are likely to receive the message you hope we will believe you intended to transmit?

I see that you do, for you repeat the nonsense in your next paragraph: "I believe there is more chance of getting the South African Government to modify its racial policies by this kind of moderate and reasonable approach than by the use of boycotts, sanctions and force." Come now, and you a lawyer, trained in the development of evidence. But of course, you're an advocate rather than a judge and thus inclined to concentrate on favourable evidence to place your client, the South African junta, in the best possible light. There is, however, no evidence that the junta is open to your kind of approach. Quite the contrary. Only since the boycotts has there been any ostensible shift and that has been mainly verbal shuttling. You will have observed that the devices adopted by the regime to ensure the continued participation of white South Africans in international sport have been rejected by the black organisations.

"The New Zealand Government", you say, "will continue to oppose both in the United Nations and in other international forums, all forms of racial discrimination wherever they occur, but we will do it by giving a more constructive lead in support of policies of reason and restraint, which I believe will prevail in the



end". You'll have to forgive those of us who haven't noticed recently much opposing going on from our corner at the UN. Abstention in most people's books—and certainly in that of the South African Government—means support for the white junta. But I have to admit, your words are very comforting.

I remember when I was a child, I used to repeat the Hail Mary to myself all the time I was at the dentist, over and over; it was a familiar charm, just enough to divert attention from reality. But this reality won't go away; it isn't about to be drilled or lanced or drawn with rhubarb noises from Wellington. The black people of Southern Africa have been reasonable and restrained for upwards of a century. Tell me, Prime Minister, can you produce a single example from history of a ruling class voluntarily relinquishing its power and privileges? In the face of reason and restraint, the whites of South Africa have not only given nothing away; each year they have taken a little more. Surely even you must have noticed—after all, you are a lawyer—that the rule of law has been abolished there now for more than a decade.

I won't comment here on your use of evidence from the polls. Mr Kirk has already dealt quite adequately with that. But I must comment on what you say about opposition to the tour. "There is", you say, "a small but articulate minority who hold sincerely and strongly to the opposite view. But the exercise of this right by some must not infringe the rights of others." Fine words, as the saying goes, butter no parsnips and it is my duty to point out to you that this is why the young—who are gentle and kind, considerate and loving and thoughtful—are also radical and even some of the time disposed to violent gestures. It is also the reason why people like me, whose every conditioned reflex screams towards the comfortable liberal position have become increasingly, with many misgivings and much heart-searching, also radicalised.

Decoded, your finely-worded message reads as follows: that it's permitted to hold views contrary to those of the government, provided you don't make a fuss ("create", i.e. point out, "tension and dissension"); and that it's alright for some people—the Rugby Union—to do wrong in the eyes of the world, but not for others—HART—to uphold the principles to which the global majority aspires.

"All moderate people", you say, in a last pathetic appeal, "would wish to avoid the tension and dissension which only a few would wish to create. In a situation where contrary views are deeply and genuinely felt there is a need for restraint on all sides." You'll forgive me if I don't follow you round the mulberry bush again here, for I have no need to be reassured about the depth and genuineness of my own feeling. Indeed, feeling scarcely comes into it, for we are talking—at least I am—about the rather nasty facts of life for many millions of very moderate black people, not about feelings at all. And those on the other side of the fence from yourself don't need to be warned of the horrors of immoderation.

They have already accumulated ample experience of the behaviour of the immoderate racist rugby yobs in this island home of ours—the obscene phone calls, the threatening letters, the physical violence offered. I must confess I'm a little disappointed that someone so much older than myself should need to be reminded of the dimensions and characteristics of Nuremberg politics. You may not see the connections, which I admit are complex; and I realise you have a tendency to reject these "clever" parallels when the warnings come from "articulate people". But as a lawyer you will be familiar with circumstantial evidence and so I would urge you to enquire of the Quakers among your acquaintance about the fate of the women of the Black Sash when they stood making their reasonable, restrained and silent protest. They were, of course, set upon by howling mobs of whites chanting rugby slogans as they bashed and battered, tore at and spat upon their sisters.

I think that's about the last useful marginal comment I can make on your work. I hope you will read the comments carefully and also read the books on the list I am sending you. If there is anything you don't understand, please don't be shy about asking me or any of the others I have mentioned. We are all here to help you and each other and we have a duty to go on doing this whatever our personal political beliefs. This is because, as I have tried to explain, we all share the burden of guilt, as we share a common humanity. But I'm damned—and I use the phrase advisedly—I'm damned if I'll share that guilt in silence, or acquiesce, without protesting, in its increase.

Ruth Butterworth

## Nurse Power

The hospital system is in uproar because someone's attacked the system from inside.

In a flood of publicity . . . a hard core of student nurses from the four Auckland hospitals, have started up an Action Committee committed to change.

The committee's chairman, David Wills, says that student training is virtually unchanged since the 1880s when student nurses were admitted under a form of apprenticeship scheme.

He says the backwardness of the system has caused crippling staff problems, and that the staff shortage is snowballing.

David Wills wants only his name mentioned because of possible victimisation by hospital authorities.

But the committee has a hard core executive of eight and early last week it had a rapidly growing membership several hundred.

\* \* \* \*

The committee intends to try every channel it can to change. It wants implementation of a report on New Zealand nursing, compiled by the Canadian World Health Organisation nursing expert, Dr Helen Carpenter.

- \* better training, through university courses and colleges of health.
- \* rationalising of existing training. Reduce the schools of general, community, psychiatric, psychopaedic nursing to 20.
- \* students and nurses be relieved of non-nursing duties
- \* higher entrance standards.
- \* revision of salaries
- \* Nurses Homes be improved. (The SNAC wants nurses' homes abolished in favour of flats, and it endorses Dr Carpenter idea of counsellors being introduced.)
- \* a public relations campaign be launched by the Health Department and nurses associations.

Action Committee leaders are fed up. They say existing student nurses association is "apathetic" and "failed to gain the confidence of the students."

Wills says the SNAC has formed because there's a need. He says it'll break free of the hospital, whose administrative staff attend ordinary students' association meetings "by invitation", and where the attending matron enjoys virtual veto.

Action Committee meetings are being held away from the hospital.

Immediately SNAC appeared the administration went uptight. Posters they put up throughout Auckland Public Hospitals were ripped from the walls. Senior staff asked Student Nurses Association officials who was behind it, but they refused to give names, even though they had a good idea.

Auckland matron, Miss Cleland, asked the SNAC president, Sue Till, "what's the moaning about? Where are the grievances?"

It's no secret that the hospital system's having problems with several thousand people on waiting list for years for minor operations, wards being closed because of staff shortages, and understaffing.

David Wills has compiled a 35-page report on the system with the results of two surveys he's conducted among student nurses and qualified staff.

He says a profession which fails to bring change where change is clearly needed, has failed to earn self-respect.

Besides the Carpenter Report, the SNAC wants:

- \* an emphasis on social work in training
- \* a student voice (and a nursing staff voice) in the running of hospitals.
- \* an end to sexual discrimination by nursing administrators. (Wills, whose family has been involved in nursing since way back, has been virtually accused of being a queer because he's a student nurse.)
- \* ban on nurses homes. Although Auckland area homes are rarely full, despite compulsory living requirements for nurses in early stages of training, another huge home is being built.

143 student nurses were surveyed by Wills, with the result that 83 percent of them believed criticism of nursing was justified.

Furthermore, most of those who didn't think nursing and hospital standards were so bad, had very little idea of reforms proposed by Dr Carpenter.

Right now the SNAC is building membership; running petitions on specific issues, such as the staffing of specialist hospital wards; and trying out all conventional channels to seek action on reforms.

But it's fighting against a system as steeped in tradition as the army, run on army lines. Hospitals, says Wills, have very bad staff relations, and this doesn't make staff stay.

Staff nurses and students get hacked off and leave. Students now frequently control specialist wards, where they're not trained sufficiently to have such responsibility.

The dropout rate in the general nurse training service is 39 percent. This rises to 61 percent in the psychiatric service and 57 percent in the psychopaedic service.

And few nurses remain on graduation.

They give a wide range of reasons for resigning—from study and marriage to health and personal.

But Wills says more likely the reason is dislike of the system. His survey showed that support for change increased with the number of years spent in training.

He also alleges that a Middlemore matron refused to accept dislike of the system for wanting to leave. She told registered nurse in one specific case, that she couldn't leave for that reason, but she'd accept one like "personal" or "health".

As a result student nurses still in training are loaded down with non-nursing duties and patient overload. Hospitals in England and Wales have refused to accept nurses from many New Zealand hospitals because of this.

And, because the students are the largest group in hospitals, they must act . . .

Make the hospitals liveable. Join the Student Nurses Action Committee (if u r l) through PO Box 24118, Royal Oak.

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**MUSINGS ON THE NEW CHRIST** A thought struck me the other day. Since we are living in era of media saturation (what I like to call hyper-stimulation) and the so-called Jesus "revolution" (which is an indication of the emptiness of modern life, and yearning for meaning)—what would happen if a great prophet merged; how would he (or she) get his message of salvation across?

I don't believe fairy-stories about supreme deities. Although Erich von Daniken is very convincing in his book "Chariot of the Gods" which demonstrates gods as space travellers visiting earth and breeding men in their own image. Christ then, was merely an extraordinary man, spreading his message in an age of simple communication by face-to-face encounters. The presence of individuals to one another is primal communication; it is emotional, engrossing, and total experience. It was effective in Christ's time, but what about today?

Societies are more divided now than ever before, in terms of differing values, differing styles of life, and just the huge amorphous nature of mass society. We are also living inside institutions and structures which at the same time isolate people from people, but provide an enormous flow of information and symbols. Face to face contact seems hopeless as an answer.

So would the New Prophet hire an ad man? He would only then have to compete with the consumer economy (things go better with Coca-Cola) not to mention the politicians, all promising salvation, and often having a few million dollars to spend convincing us of it.

He could appeal to the bourgeois press, but even if they would listen, it would mean equal space with Women's Liberation, Social Credit, and the Returned Servicemen's Association: probably six inches of column on page 12.

I don't think a Christ-figure would prostitute himself on the exploitative capitalist market. This would exclude television and books—these media are pretty well tied to market functions, and at any rate, are institutions filled with jealous people. The number of messages put across in this way is also enormous, the competition with other ideas would be prohibitive for one man. Besides is it possible to have a religious experience from a page of linear print, or a flickering TV screen?

So what, if any, are the conditions that could give one man a chance to reach a wide audience with the immediacy of a face-to-face (religious) experience? Could this be happening now?

Dear reader, don't despair! Three paragraphs will sum up my thoughts on this burning question:

Recorded music provides a direct communication, as opposed to an edited, transformed, or diluted form such as the institutionalized media. Over the last six or seven years, popular music has provided a revolution which has not yet quite become stultified and institutionalized, meaning that inroads by new and gifted personalities have been comparatively open. The growth of the recording industry has led to a demand and need for good artists. Recorded music is the prophet's medium.

The LSD experience is completely engrossing in nature and ranks with the religious feeling which the ancients must have lived through. It throws the subject into a perceptive-organic relationship with his environment. It is a drowning of the senses and loss of self (ego) to the extent that the self becomes an intense spiritual experiencing of the world. And music with a message of Love strikes at the heart of an individual's needs and feelings more (probably) than any other communicated message.

Jimi Hendrix is (i.e. was, since he crucified himself with sleeping pills in London in 1970) the best candidate for a new Christ I have experienced. He is not only the greatest musical figure of this century, but also one of the most selfless in his message. One of love, tolerance, unselfishness and perception of the richness of life. He was not on an ego-trip like Mick Jagger, who is on top when he has power over his audience. His music is not the tortured sex-self muddle of Robert Plant (Led Zeppelin), or the cynicism of Paul McCartney, as revealed on his latest LP. Hendrix' "Cry of Love" was his final masterpiece and embodies all the agonies of a world-love. "Axis Bold as Love" is an earlier LP of Love. Hendrix acid-tripped a lot, and knew that most of his young appreciators would turn on. (a point of interest is that Hendrix, as a cosmic consciousness, on every studio-produced LP, portrays himself as a paternalistic space visitor coming (back) to earth. Shades of Erich von Daniken here?).

Hendrix composed his music to get the full effects of LSD tripping. He was aware of the implications of his genius and the times he lived in. Are there any more candidates for Christ? All you need is some acid and \$200 worth of stereo equipment.

#### SHULAMITH FIRESTONE & THE DIALECTICS OF SEX (BOOK REVIEW)

Shulamith Firestone's work is the kind of deep analysis and general statement which anyone who has intellectually and emotionally responded to the partial statements of Greer will be looking for. She shows the political (power) divisions based on such "personal" divisions as sex are in fact class divisions, in the same way that the Marxist analysis points toward. And although a socialist revolution is an integral part of her vision, her view that there is a level

of reality which does not stem from economics would offend some "pure" Marxists. The depth of her work cannot be readily summarised, and because her book isn't easily available I will entice you to read the whole by quoting sections from her chapters on Love and The Culture of Romance.

#### Firestone:

A book on radical feminism that did not deal with love would be a political failure. For Love, perhaps even more than child bearing, is the pivot of women's oppression today.... Contrary to popular opinion, love is not altruistic. The initial attraction is based on curious admiration (more often today envy and resentment) for the self-possession, the integrated unity, of the other and a wish to become part of this Self in some way (today, read: intrude or take over), to become important to that psychic balance. The self-containment of the other creates desire (read: a challenge); admiration (envy) of the other becomes a wish to incorporate (possess) its qualities. A clash of selves follows in which the individual attempts to fight off the growing hold over him of the other. Love is the final opening up to (or, surrender to the dominion of) the other. The lover demonstrates to the beloved how he himself would like to be treated. ("I tried so hard to make him fall in love with me, that I fell in love with him myself.") Thus love is being physically wide-open to another. It is a situation of total emotional vulnerability. Therefore it must be not only the incorporation of the other, but an exchange of selves. Anything short of a mutual exchange will hurt one or the other party. There is nothing inherently destructive about this process. A little healthy selfishness would be a refreshing change. Love between two equals would be an enrichment, each enlarging himself through the other: instead of being one, locked in the cell of himself with only his own experience and view he could participate in the existence of another—another window on the world....



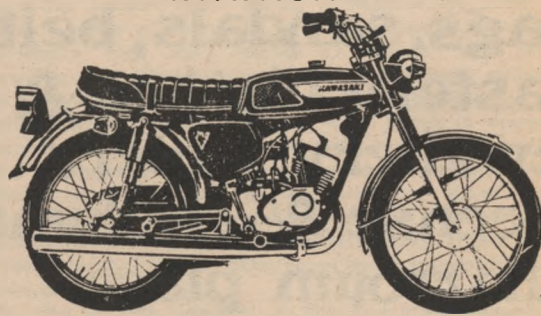
A man must idealize one woman over the rest in order to justify his descent to a lower caste. Women have no such reason to idealize men—in fact, when one's life depends on one's ability to "psych" men out, such idealization may actually be dangerous.... The Manhunt is characterized by an emotional urgency beyond this simple desire for return commitment. It is compounded by the very class reality that produced the male inability to love in the first place. In a male-run society that devines women as an inferior and parasitical class, a woman who does not achieve male approval in some form is doomed... because the woman is rarely allowed to realize herself through activity in the larger (male) society—and when she is, she is seldom granted the recognition she deserves—it becomes easier to try for the recognition of one man than of many; and in fact this is exactly the choice most women make. Thus once more the phenomenon of love, good in itself, is corrupted by its class context: women must have love not only for healthy reasons but actually to validate their existence.

In addition, the continued ECONOMIC dependence of women make a situation of healthy love between equals impossible. Women today still live under a system of patronage: with a few exceptions, they have the choice, not between either freedom or marriage, but between being either public or private property.... To participate in one's subjection by choosing one's master often gives the illusion of free choice; but in reality a woman is never free to choose love without external motivations. For her at the present time, the two things, love and status, must remain inextricably intertwined.... Eroticism is only the topmost layer of the romanticism that reinforces female inferiority. As with any lower class, group awareness must be deadened to keep them from rebelling. In this case, because the distinguishing characteristic of women's exploitation as a class is sexual, a special means must be found to make them unaware that they are considered all alike sexually ("cunts").... When a man exclaims "I love Blondes!" all the secretaries in the vicinity sit up; they take it personally because they have been sex-privatized. The blonde one feels personally complemented because she has come to measure her worth through the physical attributes that differentiate her from other women. She no longer recalls that any physical attribute you could name is shared by many others, that these are accidental attributes not of her own creation, that her sexuality is shared by half of humanity. But in an authentic recognition of her individuality, her bloneness would be loved, but in a different way: She would be loved first as an irreplaceable totality, and then her bloneness would be loved as one of the characteristics of that totality.... the exclusivity of the beauty ideal serves a clear political function. Someone—most women—will be left out. And left scrambling, because as we have seen, women have been allowed to achieve individuality only through their appearance—looks being defined as "good" not out of love for the bearer, but because of her more or less successful approximation to an external standard. This image, defined by men (and currently by homosexual men, often misogynists of the worst order), becomes the ideal. What happens? Women everywhere rush to squeeze into the glass

slipper, forcing and mutilating their bodies with diets and beauty programs, clothes and makeup, anything to become the punk prince's dream girl. But they have no choice. If they don't the penalties are enormous: their social legitimacy is at stake.

Thus women become more and more look-alike. But at the same time they are expected to express their individuality through their physical appearance. Thus they are kept coming and going, at one and the same time trying to express their similarity and their uniqueness. The demands of Sex Privatization contradict the demands of the Beauty Ideal, causing the severe feminine neurosis about personal appearance. But this conflict itself has an important political function. When women begin to look more and more alike, distinguished only by the degree to which they differ from a paper ideal, they can be more easily stereotyped as a class: They look alike, they think alike, and even worse, they are so stupid they believe they are not alike.

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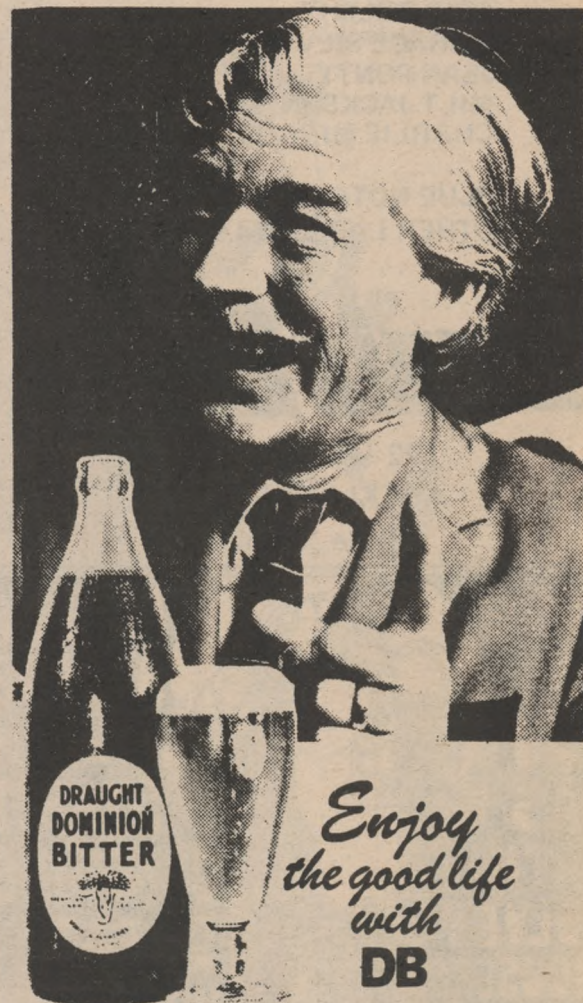
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# The man who loved Trains

"The man who loved trains" — Marie McMahon  
Central Theatre — directed by Dick Johnson

A conventional play featuring the typical NZ family (featuring the chronic anxiety of the timeserving housewife and her Kiwi husband lurching, racebook in hand, from one Anzac day to the next) is likely to be as dull as the subject itself. The direct presentation of characterlessness, in every sense, must verge on the platitudinous. The only perspective given to the reappearance of the inhabitants of lower-middle class suburbia in this play was a little parody—though the mere presence of the cliché was enough to delight the audience of upper-middle class theatre-goers. Their prejudices were the central point of reference of most of the play, not as criticism or satirical comment, but, as confirmation of their class attributes. The laughter was suitably complacent.

These appreciative people were indulged in another way. Both the programme and the play issue a clear invitation to intellectualisation. 'Comment by the author' (which includes quotes from Samuel Beckett, Chekov and the inevitable Chinese master of 1228) informs us that the play is 'in essence not a social comment but an exploration into self-deception and the youthful discoveries which may lead to self-awareness.' Exploration always means that the author has something to tell us but wishes us to believe we found it out ourselves. And no mistaking it, there is meaning in this play, there is message, there are even symbols.

With what solemnity the homilies and 'constructive dialogues' are delivered — all about life and meaning, about questions and answers, self-knowledge, starry nights and even God. All of which was pretentious and worse still, mere assertion, with little connection with character or dramatic action. This is despite an energetic if uneven performance by Jon Darvill who, as William Mondaine must impart most of the meaning to the audience. Marie McMahon is more comically successful—with the repressed Salvation Army girl's song and dance routine, or with other touches, like the train (well established as a sex symbol in Act I) appearing from between Millie Mondaine's legs as she sits vacuously in her chair; or Millie's penultimate sexual experience, when she imagines under hypnosis that she, the hypnotist and perhaps her entire women's division are having it off together to the rhythm of a steam train. A pity this and other directions were not followed after Act I, which was more easily watched. Shirley Duke as Millie and John Givens as the Hypnotist both gave good performances in fairly limited roles.

All actors in fact had to play stereotyped parts. All were adequate, though none were inspired. Of course, the whole point of the play was that William, eccentric, lover of trains, was rebelling against the stultifying conventions of family and society. No doubt they were stultifying; but Marie McMahon does not realise that the young in revolt, especially conceived as one-sidedly as William was, is also a character of convention — admittedly of lesser antiquity than the rest. And it is possible to query the identification of university students with an 'imaginative' role in the community.

But, although the play over-reached itself somewhat, the production coped well with the demands made on it, and most of the credit for the play's (for me) limited appeal and stimulation lies here. And the set for the suburban home was perfect, right down to the plaster spaniel doorstep, and the three china ducks on the wall.

Generally, however, a tired play, a conventional play about conventions, as undramatic as its subject-matter. And somehow a conspiracy between play and audience against the stock characters in the play (not that they matter). I recall the words of the Chinese master (1228):

"Even tho' the mountains become the sea, words cannot open another's mind." Apply them to the characters, to the playwright, to the play itself, to everyone who watched the play. It will scarcely seem worthwhile.

MARTIN EDMOND.

**BLOOD DAY MARCH 23rd Main Common Room  
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Anyone going to Kawerau on Friday afternoon (24th) and willing to give a list to a girl—share petrol costs. Contact Craccum Office.

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Would the young man who witnessed the arrest of John Shennan at the Greet trial please phone me at 75-908 as I have lost your address.

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## THE YOUNG NZ POETS

Copy is required for the above anthology to be published later this year by Collins. Poets wishing to be considered should submit up to fifteen poems (preferably published with a stamp addressed envelope to the Editor;

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The Caxton Press  
December 1971

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Alan Mulgan  
Charles Brasch

Bill Mahire  
Wystan Curnow  
Stephen Chan  
Denis Glover

Rex knows Ron and Ron knows Bob, Bob knows Keith and Keith knows Ron, Ron knows Bob and Bob knows Keith, Keith knows Ron who Rex also knows. Alan knows Charles and Charles knows Denis, Denis knows Kendrik, Kendrik knows Alan who Charles also knows; Alan knows Charles and Charles knows Denis, Denis knows Alan who Kendrik also knows. Rex knows Alan, Alan knows Charles, Charles knows Denis, Denis knows Denis, Denis knows Denis and Denis always knows. Frank knows no one and no one knows Frank; Frank is the one all people know. Bob knows Keith and Keith knows Bob, Bob knew Keith who Bob no longer knows. Rex knew Ron and Ron knew Bob, Bob knew Keith and Keith knew Ron, Ron knew Bob and Bob knew Keith, Keith knew Ron who Rex also knows. Alan and Charles and Denis and Kendrik; Rex and Ron and Bob and Keith; has the penny fallen.

Russell knows Murray and Murray knows Ian, Ian knows Sam and Sam knows Murray, Murray knows Ian and Ian knows Sam, Sam knows Murray who Russell also knows. Bill knows Kevin and Kevin knows Wynstan, Wynstan knows Stephen and Stephen knows Kevin, Kevin knows Wynstan, and Wynstan knows Stephen, Stephen knows Kevin who Bill also knows. Bill knows Russell, Russell knows Murray, Murray knows Ian, Ian knows Sam, Sam knows Murray who Murray also knows. When Murray knows Murray who is there left to know. Russell and Ian and Kevin and Stephen, Sam and Bill and Wynstan, and Murray, Russell and Bill and Kevin and Murray, Sam and Ian and Wynstan and Kevin. Russell, Ian, Kevin, Stephen, Sam, Bill, Wynstan, Murray. Has the penny clicked?

"This is less a summation of 25 years of growth than a promise of another 25."

Don McClean—TAPESTRY—United Artists Records (11 tracks).

Pete Seeger, who contributes some of the liner notes for this album, describes Don McClean as a "talented, unpretentious, nervous, relaxed musician trying to use his songs to help people survive in these perilous times."

The title "Tapestry," is significant, not only because it is the name of one of the tracks, but because of what it implies of the whole album. The word 'tapestry' suggests a work of art with a certain unity of theme and fair degree of craftsmanship in its execution.

The major theme is contemporary America. It is underprivileged—as in *Orphans of Wealth*, (a protest epic in the classic tradition); its lonely cities—as in *Three Flights Up and Castle in the Air*; its frequently unjust judicial system in *Respectable*; and the assaults of its industries on natural law—as in *Tapestry*; are presented with a sensitive ordering of lyric and melody. He masterfully sketches characters and situations and flashes them in movie-like images on to the wider screen of the social fabric.

My favourites are *Magdalene Lane*, (a lament on the deterioration of the American Dream, which reads well as a straight poem); *Circus Song*—a song of shattered illusions and personal misgivings; and *Castle in the Air*—a condemnation of an empty urban middle-class existence coupled with pastoral longings.

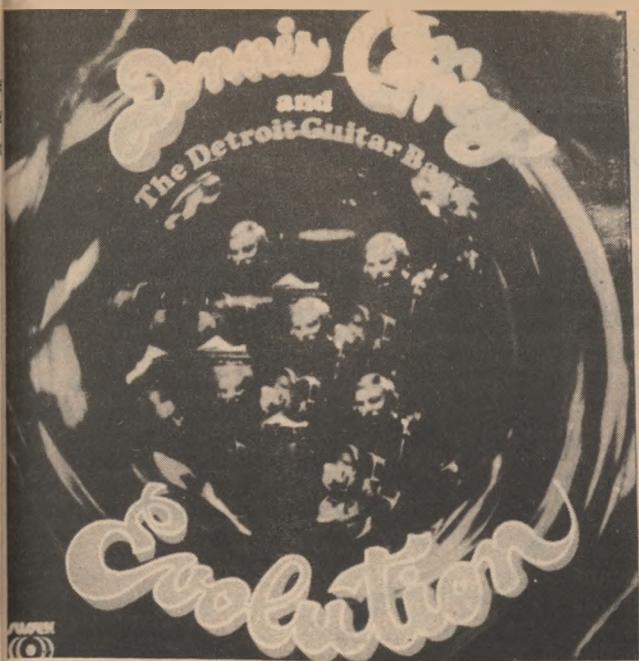
"For I cannot be part of the cocktail generation  
Partners waltz devoid of all romance  
The music plays and everyone must dance  
I'm bowing out, I need a second chance."

The only rough spot on the tapestry, in my opinion, comes with songs like *And I Love You So* and *Bad Girl* which at times lapse into an over-sentimentality somewhat reminiscent of Bobby Goldsboro.

Meticulous finger-picking characterizes his guitar work and his voice has a gentle folksy lilt. His latest album *American Pie*, is yet to be released in this country.

— S. Barton.





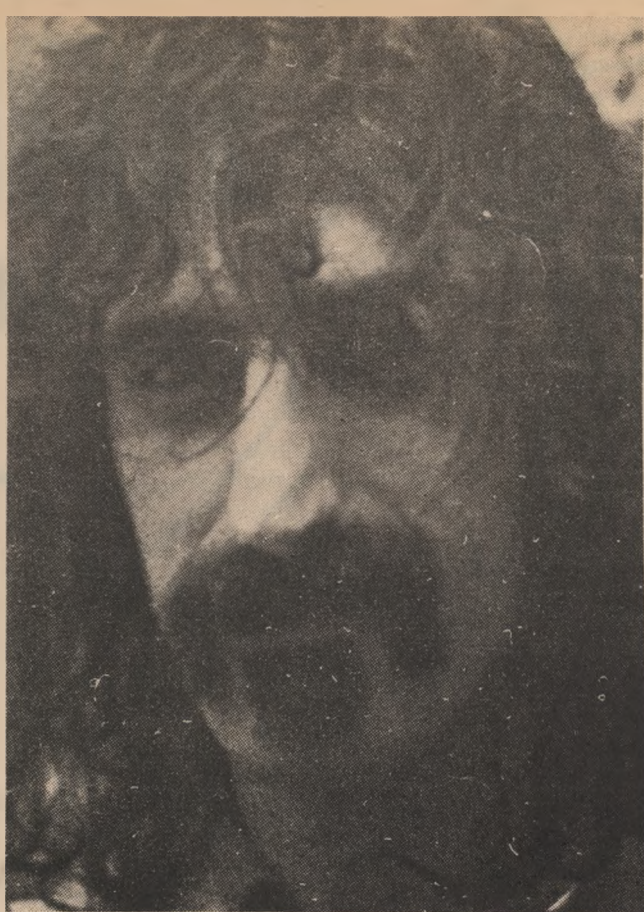
"EVOLUTION"—Denis Coffey and the Detroit Guitar Band — Sussex SASL 93421.

Note, for a start, that the title is "Evolution" not "Revolution" but neither in fact are appropriate. From the photo it is obvious that Mr Coffey grew his hair down to the earlobes when it became socially accepted (Perhaps the only "evolutionary" thing about this album) But of course "Hair" (haha!) doesn't maketh the man anymore than clothes do. Just look at all those half-witted long-haired oafs who wander round town on on the theatre stage, equipped with all the embroidery of the hippies and/or the left but lacking their ideas/ideals.

All the tunes, on the album are instrumental but don't expect anything stamped with the finess, vitality or quality of a Freddy King, Jerry Garcia or Frank Zappa cut.

Some people, however, will find this a definite "must" for their record collection. For example heavy-footed policemen and lumbering tight forwards will require such background MUZAK to accompany scoring attempts on their shorthand-typist girlfriends. Others such as self-made businessmen, salesmen, entrepreneurs and mayors (who inevitably left school before turning 15) may also find this record much to their liking and equal to their intelligence.

HENRY JACKSON.



## ZAPPED

The Mothers of Invention  
"The Mothers At The Fillmore East — June 1971"  
—Reprise RS.2042

At first listening, this album seems quite an unexpected offering from someone like Frank Zappa. After all, he is about 3000 light years ahead of every other arranger/composer in rock, and equipped with an outstanding knowledge of all facets of music; from the classical music of Bach, Mozart, Stravinsky; to the electronic music of Varese, Berio, Stockhausen and Cage; to avant-garde jazz as exemplified by Cotttrane, Coleman, Shepp and Saunders; through to the vocal music of the 1950's — The Pelicans, Flamingoes and Four Deuces — the whole gamut of musical styles in fact. Zappa is also an outstanding guitarist (refer to "Hot Rats") and a clever satirist.

Therefore it seems a shame that since "Uncle Meat" and "Hot Rats" Frank has chosen to relegate his considerable musical talent to a secondary position. Even more disappointing is the manner in which the brilliant multi-instrumentalist, Ian Underwood, Master of Music (Hons) has been phased out from the front-line position he once occupied. Remember "Hot Rats"? Well it was Ian who played all the keyboards, flutes, saxes, bassoons, clarinets and piccolo by means of multi-tracking. Now he is confined to a strict back-up role with hardly any solo space.

However this is not a complete denigration of the album but rather an expression of disappointment for one came to expect so much more from Uncle Frank. His Mothers of Invention along with Captain Beethart and sometimes the Grateful Dead were the only USA bands who could fit easily the true meaning at that grossly misused term "progressive". Now we have a well-planned and well-executed act—a slick professional operation due in no small way to the fine vocals of Howie Kaylan and Mark Volman. Indeed the ex-Turtles are certainly superior to any of the previous vocalists. Granted too, that the old Mothers of Invention were often under-rehearsed and over-played but in my estimation the new professionalism is no substitute for "experimentalism".

The album itself does refer back to an earlier phase by including three encapsulated versions of previously recorded tracks—"Little House I Lived In"—which features some superb time-changes by Ansley Dunbar (drumming with incredible drive and vitality throughout both sides of the L.P.) —"Willie the Pimp" which features Zap himself really getting it together on guitar. He's definitely a master at controlling the wah wah pedal — apologies to Jimi Hendrix fans) and "Peaches En Regalia" with brilliant keyboarding from Underwood, Kaylan and Volman swing into action on "Mudshark" a tale of the Vanilla Fudge perveting young women by means of a fish. This track veiled largely in innuendo is less explicit than what follows in "What Kind of Girl Do You Think We Are"—a supposed dialogue between musicians and groupies who, as revealed later, are trying to "get inside each other's pants". "Latex Solar Beef" hits a definite climax with its great soaring vocal lines—definitely an outstanding vocal performance. It also includes the memorable chorusline "talking about your haemorrhoids baby — Steamroller".

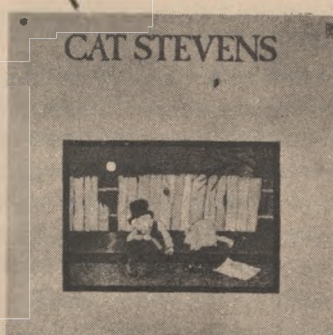
"Do You Like My New Car" on Side Two is a continuation by the group-groupie relationship theme which runs throughout the album. Before the group members "get theirs" though they have to sing "Happy Together" ("the bag hit single with the bullet in the charts") "Tears Began To Fall", — a four part vocal performance derived from the black-vocal groups of the fifties, closes the L.P.

Overall one gets the feeling that though superficially the vocal/dialogue tracks are funny they become ultimately boring and reduce genuine erotica to the level of schoolboy sniggering. Some may be offended by the album's supposed "obscenity" excesses but perhaps "banality" is a better term for Zappa's product.

When comparing the album to Zappa's earlier efforts it becomes hard to recommend this particular L.P. On the other hand taken in isolation it is still certainly superior to much of the "noise pollutant" marketed under the name of music these days. Give it a listen before you buy.

Henry Jackson

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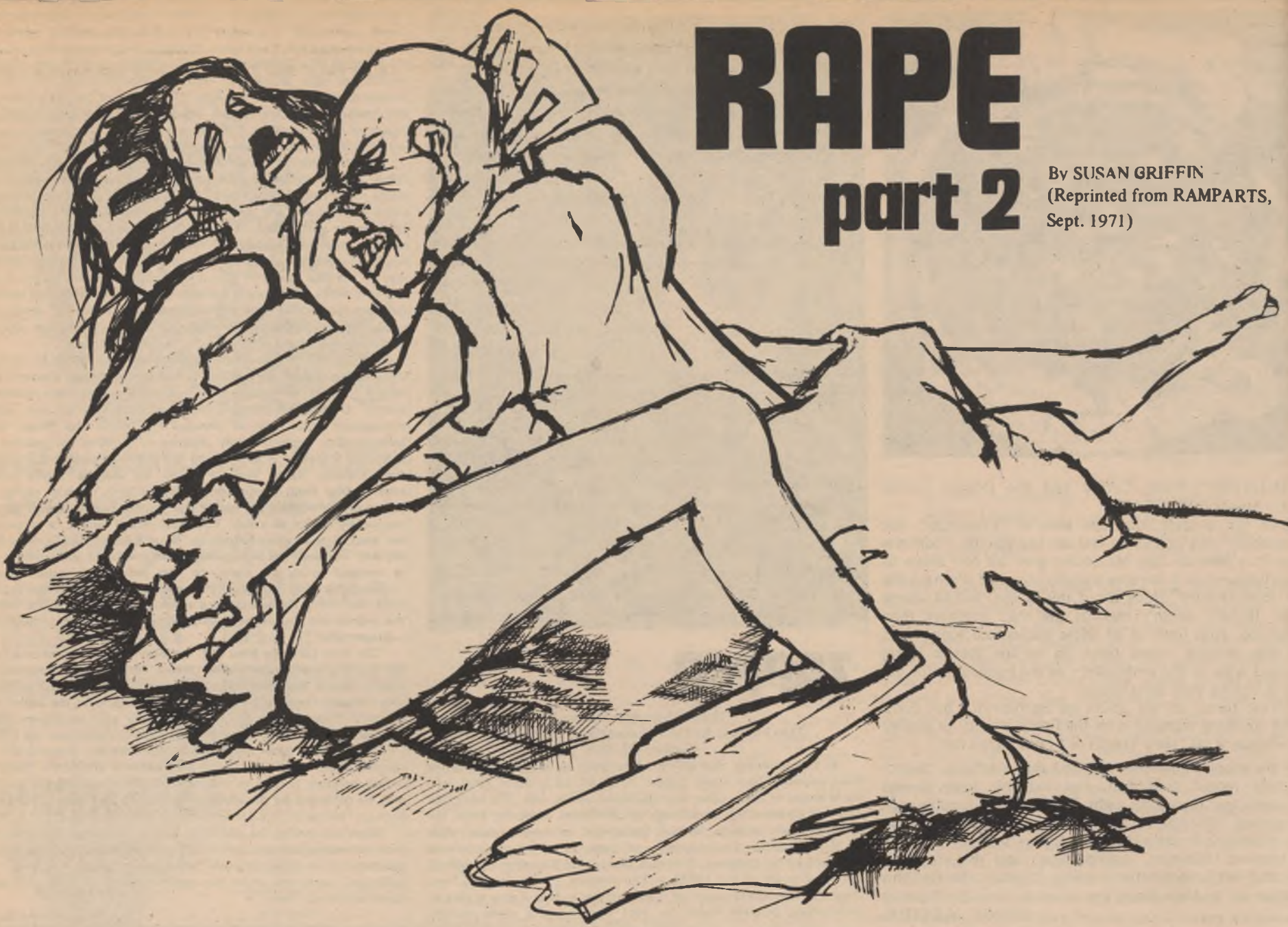
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# RAPE

## part 2

By SUSAN GRIFFIN  
(Reprinted from RAMPARTS,  
Sept. 1971)

EVERY MAN I MEET WANTS TO PROTECT ME. CAN'T  
FIGURE OUT WHAT FROM—MAE WEST.

If a male society rewards aggressive, domineering sexual behaviour, it contains within itself a sexual schizophrenia. For the masculine man is also expected to prove his mettle as a protector of women. To the naive eye, this dichotomy implies that men fall into one of two categories: those who rape and those who protect. In fact life does not prove so simple. In a study euphemistically entitled "Sex Aggression by College Men" it was discovered that men who believe in a double standard of morality for men and women, who in fact believe most fervently in the ultimate value of virginity, are more liable to commit "this aggressive variety of sexual exploitation."

(At this point in our narrative it should come as no surprise that Sir Thomas Malory, creator of that classic tale of chivalry, "The Knights of the Round Table," was himself arrested and found guilty for repeated incidents of rape.)

In the system of chivalry, men protect women against men. This is not unlike the protection relationship which the mafia established with small businesses in the early part of this century. Indeed, chivalry is an age-old protection racket which depends for its existence on rape.

Women do not get chivalry for free. For the female, civilised behaviour means chastity before marriage and faithfulness within it. Chivalrous behaviour in the male is supposed to protect that chastity from involuntary defilement. The fly in the ointment of this otherwise peaceful system is the fallen woman. She does not behave. And therefore she does not deserve protection. Or, to use another argument, a major tenet of the same value system; what has once been defiled cannot again be violated. One begins to suspect that it is the behaviour of the fallen women and not that of the male, that civilisation aims to control. The assumption that a woman who does not respect the double standard deserves whatever she gets (or at the very least 'asks for it') operates in the courts today. While in some states a man's previous rape convictions are not considered admissible evidence, the sexual reputation of the rape victim is considered a crucial element of the facts upon which the court must decide innocence or guilt.

According to the double standard a woman who has had sexual intercourse out of wedlock cannot be raped. Rape is not only a crime of aggression against the body, it is a transgression against chastity as defined by men. When a woman is forced into a sexual relationship, she has,

according to the male ethos, been violated. But she is also defiled if she does not behave according to the double standard, by maintaining her chastity, or confining her sexual activities to a monogamous relationship.

One should not assume, however, that a woman can avoid the possibility of rape simply by behaving. Though myth would have it that mainly "bad girls" are raped, this theory has no basis in fact. Available statistics would lead one to believe that a safer course is promiscuity. In a study of rape done in the District of Columbia, it was found that 82% of the rape victims had a "good reputation". Even the Police Inspectors advice to "stay off the streets is rather useless, for almost half of the reported rapes occur in the home of the victim and are committed by a man she has never before seen. Like indiscriminate terrorism, rape can happen to any woman, and few women are ever without this knowledge.

But the courts and the police, both dominated by white males, continue to suspect the rape victim, sui generis, of provoking or asking for her own assault. According to Amir's study, the police tend to believe that a woman without a good reputation cannot be raped. The rape victim is usually submitted to countless questions about her own sexual mores and behaviour by the police investigator. This preoccupation is partially justified by the legal requirements for prosecution in a rape case. The rape victim must have been penetrated, and she must have made it clear to her assailant that she did not want penetration (unless of course she was unconscious). A refusal to accompany a man to some isolated place to allow him to touch her does not, in the eyes of the court, constitute rape. She must have said "no" at the crucial genital moment. And the rape victim, to qualify as such, must also have put up a physical struggle—unless she can prove that to have done so would have been to endanger her life.

But the zealous interest of the police frequently exhibit in the physical details of a rape case is only partially explained by the requirements of the court. A woman who was raped in Berkeley was asked to tell the story of her rape four different times "right out in the street", while her assailant was escaping. She was then required to submit to a pelvic examination to prove that penetration had taken place. Later, she was taken to the police station where she was asked the same questions again: "Were you forced?" "Did he penetrate?" "Are you sure your life was endangered and you had no other choice?" This woman had been pulled off the street by a man who held a 10-inch knife at her throat and forcibly raped her. She was raped at

midnight and was not able to return to her home until five in the morning. Police contacted her twice again in the next week, once by telephone at two in the morning and once at four in the morning. In her words, "The rape was probably the least traumatic incident of the evening. If I'm ever raped again, . . . I wouldn't report it to the police because of all the degradation . . ."

If white women are subjected to unnecessary and often hostile questioning after having been raped, third world women are often not believed at all. According to the white male ethos (which is not only sexist but racist), third world women are defined from birth as "impure". Thus the white male is provided with a pool of women who are fair game for sexual imperialism. Third world women frequently do not report rape, and for good reason. When blues singer Billie Holliday was 10 years old, she was taken off to a local house by a neighbour and raped. Her mother brought the police to rescue her, and she was taken to the local police station crying and bleeding:

When we got there, instead of treating me and Mom like somebody who called the cops for help, they treated me like I'd killed somebody . . . I guess they had me figured for having enticed this old goat into the whorehouse . . . All I know for sure is they threw me into a cell . . . a fat white matron . . . saw I was still bleeding, she felt sorry for me and gave me a couple of glasses of milk. But nobody else did anything for me except give me filthy looks and snicker to themselves.

After a couple of days in a cell, they dragged me into court. Mr Dick got sentenced to five years. They sentenced me to a Catholic institution.

Clearly, the white man's chivalry is aimed only to protect the chastity of "his" women.

As a final irony, that same system of sexual values from which chivalry is derived has also provided womankind with an unwritten code of behaviour, called femininity, which makes a feminine woman the perfect victim of sexual aggression. If being chaste does not ward off the possibility of assault, being feminine certainly increases the chances that it will succeed. To be submissive is to defer to masculine strength; is to lack muscular development or any interest in defending oneself; is to let doors be opened, to have one's arm held when crossing the street. To be feminine is to wear shoes which make it difficult to run, skirts which inhibit one's stride; underclothes which inhibit the circulation. Is it not an intriguing observation that those very clothes which are thought to be flattering to the female and attractive to the male are those which make it

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impossible for a woman to defend herself against aggression?

Each girl as she grows into womanhood is taught fear. Fear is the form in which the female internalises both chivalry and the double standard. Since, biologically speaking, women have the same if not greater potential for sexual expression as do men, the woman who is taught that she must behave differently from a man must also learn to distrust her carnality. She must deny her own feelings and learn not to act from them. She fears herself. This is the essence of passivity, and of course, a woman's passivity is not simply sexual but functions to cripple her from self-expression in every area of her life.

Passivity itself prevents a woman from ever considering her own potential for self-defence, and forces her to look to men for protection. The woman is taught fear, but this time fear of the other; and yet her only relief from this fear is to seek out the other. Moreover, the passive woman is taught to regard herself as impotent, unable to act, unable even to perceive, in no way self-sufficient, and, finally, as the object, not the subject of human behaviour. It is in this sense that a woman is deprived of the status of a human being. She is not free to be.

Since Ibsen's Nora slammed the door on her patriarchal husband, woman's attempt to be free has been more or less fashionable. In this 19th century portrait of a woman leaving her marriage, Nora tells her husband, "Our home has been nothing but a playroom. I have been your doll-wife just as at home I was Papa's doll-child." And, at least on the stage, "The Doll's House" crumbled, leaving audiences with hope for the fate of modern women.

And today, as in the past, womankind has not lacked examples of liberated women to emulate: Emma Goldman, Greta Garbo and Isadora Duncan all denounced marriage and the double standard, and believed their right to freedom included sexual independence; but still their example has not affected the lives of millions of women who continue to marry, divorce and remarry, living out their lives dependent on the status and economic power of men. Patriarchy still holds the average women prisoner not because she lacks the courage of an Isadora Duncan, but because the material conditions of her life prevent her from being anything but an object.

In the 'Elementary Structures of Kinship', Claude Levi-Strauss gives to marriage this universal description, "It is always a system of exchange that we find at the origin of the rules of marriage." In this system of exchange, a woman is the "most precious possession." Levi-Strauss continues that the custom of including women as booty in the market-place is still so general that "a whole volume would not be sufficient to enumerate instances of it." Levi-Strauss makes it clear that he does not exclude Western Civilisation from his definition of "universal", and cites examples from modern wedding ceremonies. (The marriage ceremony is still one in which the husband and wife become one, and "that one is the husband").

The legal proscription against rape effects this possessory view of women. An article in the 1952-53 Yale Law Journal describes the legal rationale behind laws against rape: "In our society, sexual taboos, often enacted into law, buttress a system of monogamy based upon the law of 'free bargaining' of the potential spouses. Within this process, the woman's power to withhold or grant sexual access is an important bargaining weapon." Presumably then, laws against rape are intended to protect the right of a woman, not for physical self-determination, but for physical "bargaining". The article goes on to explain explicitly why the preservation of women's bodies is important to men:

The consent standard in our society does more than protect a significant item of social currency for women; it fosters, and is in turn bolstered by, a masculine pride in the exclusive possession of a sexual object. The consent of a woman to sexual intercourse awards the man a privilege of bodily access, a personal "prize" whose value is enhanced by sole ownership. An additional reason for the man's condemnation of rape may be found in the threat to his status from a decrease in the "value" of his sexual possession which would result from forcible violation.

The passage concludes by making clear whose interest the law is designed to protect. "The man responds to this undercutting of his status as possessor of the girl with hostility towards the rapist; no other restitution device is available. The law of rape provides an orderly outlet for his vengeance." Presumably the female victim in any case will have been sufficiently socialised so as not to consciously feel any strong need for vengeance. If she does feel this need, society does not speak of it.

The laws against rape exist to protect rights of the male as possessor of the female body, and not the right of the female over her own body. Even without this enlightening passage from the Yale Law Review, the laws themselves are

clear: In no state can a man be accused of raping his wife. How can any man steal what already belongs to him? It is in the sense of rape as theft of another man's property that Kate Millett wrote, "Traditionally rape has been viewed as an offence one male commits against another—a matter of abusing his woman." In raping another man's woman, a man may aggrandize his own manhood and concurrently reduce that of another man. Thus a man's honour is not subject directly to rape, but only indirectly, through "his" woman.

If the basic social unit is the family, in which the woman is a possession of her husband, the superstructure of society is a male hierarchy, in which men dominate other men (or patriarchal families dominate other patriarchal families). And it is no small irony that while the very social fabric of our male dominated culture denies women equal access to political economic and legal power, the literature, myth and humour of our culture depicts women not only as the power behind the throne, but the real source of the oppression of men. The religious version of this tale blames Eve for both carnality and eating of the tree of knowledge, at the same time making her gullible to the obvious devices of a serpent. Adam, of course, is merely the trusting victim of love. Certainly this is a biased story. But no more biased than the one television audiences today receive from the latest slick comedians. Through a media owned by men, censored by a State dominated by men, all the evils of this social system which make a man's life unpleasant are blamed upon "the wife". The theory is: were it not for the female who waits and plots to "trap" the male into marriage, modern man would be able to achieve Olympian freedom. She is made the scapegoat for a system which is in fact run by men.

Nowhere is this more clear than in the white racist use of the concept of white womanhood. The white male's open rape of black women, coupled with his overweening concern for the chastity and protection of his wife and daughters, represents an extreme of sexist and racist hypocrisy. While on the one hand she was held up as the standard for purity and virtue, on the other the Southern white woman was never asked if she wanted to be on a pedestal, and in fact any deviance from the male-defined standards for white womanhood was treated severely. (It is a powerful commentary on American racism that the historical role of Blacks as slaves, and thus possessions without power, has robbed black women of legal and economic protection through marriage. Thus black women in Southern society and in the ghettos of the North have long been easy game for white rapists). The fear that black men would rape white woman was, and is classic paranoia. Quoting from Ann Breens unpublished study of racism and sexism in the South "The New South: White Man's Country", Frederick Douglass legitimately points out that, had the black man wished to rape white women, he had ample opportunity to do so during the civil war when white woman, the wives, sisters, daughters and mothers of the rebels, were left in the care of the Blacks. But yet not a single act of rape was committed in this time. The Ku Klux Klan, who tarred and feathered black men and lynched them in the honour of the purity of white womanhood, also applied tar and feathers to a white woman accused of bigamy, which leads one to suspect that Southern white men were not so much outraged at the violation of the woman as a person, in the few instances where rape was actually committed by black men, but at the violation of his property rights." In the situation where a black man was found to be having sexual relations with a white woman, the white woman could exercise skin-privilege, and claim that she had been raped, in which case the black man was lynched. But if she did not claim rape, she herself was subject to lynching.

In constructing the myth of white womanhood so as to justify the lynching and oppression of black men and women, the white male has created a convenient symbol of his own power which has resulted in black hostility toward the white "bitch", accompanied by an unreasonable fear on the part of many white woman of the black rapist. Moreover it is not surprising that after being told for two centuries that he wants to rape white women, occasionally a black man does actually commit the act. But it is crucial to note that the frequency of this practice is outrageously exaggerated in the white mythos. Ninety percent of reported rape is intra- not inter-racial.

In "Soul on Ice", Eldridge Cleaver has described the mixing of a rage against white power with the internalized sexism of a black man raping a white woman. "Somehow I arrived at the conclusion that, as a matter of principle, it was of paramount importance for me to have an antagonistic, ruthless attitude toward white woman... Rape was an insurrectionary act. It delighted me that I was defying the white man's law, upon his system of values and

that I was defiling his women—and this point I believe was the most satisfying to me because I was very resentful over the historical fact of how the white man has used the black woman." Thus a black man uses white women to take out his rage against white men. But in fact, whenever a rape of a white woman by a black man does take place, it is again the white man who benefits. First, the act itself terrorizes the white woman and makes her more dependent on the white male for protection. Then, if the woman prosecutes her attacker, the white man is afforded legal opportunity to exercise overt racism. Of course, the knowledge of the rape helps to perpetuate two myths which are beneficial to white male rule—the bestiality of the black man and the desirability of white women. Finally, the white man surely benefits because he himself is not the object of attack—he has been allowed to stay in power.

Indeed, the existence of rape in any form is beneficial to white males. For rape is a kind of terrorism which severely limits the freedom of the women and makes women dependent on men. Moreover, in the act of rape, the rage that one man may harbour toward another higher in the male hierarchy can be deflected toward a female scapegoat. For every man there is always someone lower on the social scale on whom he can take out his aggressions. And that is any woman alive.

Rape is an act of aggression in which the victim is denied her self-determination. It is an act of violence which, if not actually followed by beatings or murder, nevertheless always carries with it the threat of death. And finally, rape is a form of mass terrorism, for the victims of rape are chosen indiscriminately, but the propagandists for male supremacy broadcast that it is women who cause rape by being unchaste or in the wrong place at the wrong time—in essence, by behaving as though they were free.

## Falling U.S. Satellite Strews Radioactivity

Exclusive to The Times from the Washington Post

WASHINGTON—A U.S. Navy satellite that burned up in the atmosphere eight years ago scattered traces of radioactive plutonium over 12 of the most populated countries of the Southern Hemisphere.

Worldwide studies just made public by the Atomic Energy Commission show that the amount of the plutonium came to a little less than two pounds.

Nonetheless, even this small amount was one-sixth of all the plutonium that fell out over the Southern Hemisphere from the more than 300 nuclear weapons tests conducted in the atmosphere by the United States and Soviet Union.

"Weapons tests distributed most of their plutonium over the Northern Hemisphere, mostly because of wind patterns," said Dr. John Harley, director of the AEC's Health and Safety Laboratory. "This satellite happened to burn up over Madagascar and so scattered most of its plutonium over the lower part of the world."

Harley stressed that the

accident had not been a hazardous one, despite the fact that plutonium is one of the most enduring and deadly radioactive poisons known to man. It takes 80 years to lose half its potency.

The plutonium was the fuel for a thermoelectric generator aboard a Navy Transit satellite launched from Vandenberg Air Force Base in California on April 21, 1964. The satellite failed to reach orbit and fell back to earth, burning up at an altitude of 30 miles over Madagascar in the Indian Ocean.

Two years of intensive sampling on the ground show that the plutonium fell on at least 12 countries in the Southern Hemisphere: Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Ecuador, South Africa, Rhodesia, Kenya, Mozambique, Angola, New Zealand and Australia.

New Zealand got the most, almost four-tenths of a millicurie (a measure of radioactivity) per square mile. Brazil was second, with three-tenths of a millicurie, and Argentina third with one-fourth of a millicurie.

L.A. TIMES, March 13, 1972

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jennifer dean  
BOUTIQUE





## THIS MEANS

"Unfortunately, some men continue to fight for their rights."  
KEITH HOLYOAKE.

# LAW

The bashers, the hoodlums, the scum of New Zealand have had too much molly-coddling.

Let's set what a taste of the lash does to them.

The reformists have failed... (they) have no right to continue their namby-pamby policies.

We say the public of this country want action—not mere words and reproving pats on the heads for these street terrorists.

If the threat of a dozen lashes across their backs doesn't deter some of these louts who beat up innocent citizens, and who make our streets unsafe after dark, then nothing will.

Harsh crimes demand harsh retaliation.

(N.Z. Truth, 1969,—from a front page item headlined 'Birch the Bashers'.)

HAMILTON, Today (PA). — People should tell the police if they believe drugs are being used in a neighbour's home, the Minister of Police, Mr Allen, said in Hamilton last night.

"One of the worst and most sadly disturbing traits of many of our young people today is that they take their inheritance for granted, and have no thought of its cost. This is a vital part of the moral breakdown that is endangering our civilization. It shows how basic and necessary a component of faith is man's feeling of continuity and gratitude. Let us, with a faith for the future based on this very principle of gratitude to God and man, lived up to by ourselves, and made a living and articulate faith for others by both example and teaching—let us try to bring many of these young people, who are now at loose ends because of their lack of any faith, back into the conscious current of man's increasing purpose. For a code of honour and an ennobling sense of responsibility are themselves gifts to the human soul which have been won by its upward reach."

From page 144 The Blue Book of The John Birch Society.

D.J. Riddiford, in N.Z.P.D.

Vol. 328, page 2772

"Capital punishment should be retained because... it is undoubtedly of the greatest value in certain times of emergency and disorder, and we do not know when those times may recur. ... Now, there could be times of disorder when life imprisonment or imprisonment for long periods would be inappropriate because with a turn of the political wheel a man could be released from prison. If, however, the death penalty had been abolished it would be extremely difficult to reintroduce it even though it was vitally necessary on occasions of that sort."

The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might, and the republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and without. We need law and order! Yes, without law and order our nation cannot survive... elect us and we shall restore law and order. We shall by law and order be respected among the nations of the world. Without law and order our republic shall fall. (Excerpt from a campaign speech made in Hamburg in 1932 by Adolph Hitler).

"Sometimes a long war is necessary in the interests of humanity."—Sir Leslie Munro

(Good reading—and who said Craccum doesn't print both points of view).

"They were commenting on a weekend demonstration at Mt John, Tekapo, during which.

"They acted like animals, so animals were used."

The head of the Timaru police district, Superintendent B. K. Dean, said



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