

Craccum

Volume 46 Issue 5
Thursday 30th March
1971
Free to students
5c on the street
Registered for transmission
by post as a newspaper

POLICE CALL OUT DOG



... the responsibility is theirs.

OPEN LETTER TO THE MINISTER OF POLICE

Mr Allan
Minister of Police.

The Editors
Craccum

Dear Sir,

On Gallery (23rd March) you stated that the use of Police dogs was necessary to protect property, innocent members of the public, and policemen who come under attack from demonstrators. Could you please tell us—

1. How many policemen have been hospitalised as a result of demonstrations.
2. How many have been injured and to what extent (eg concussion, stitches, days off work etc).
3. How many innocent members of public have been hospitalised by demonstrators.
4. How many members of the public have been injured by demonstrators.
5. What has been the extent and cost of damage done to PUBLIC BUILDINGS by demonstrators over a period of the last five years.

Awaiting your reply



"For every demonstrator castrated by Pigdogs a Cabinet Minister will be Kidnapped and likewise castrated—starting with Allan".

This was the essence of an anonymous statement given to Craccum by a member of the newly formed Auckland Liberation Army. This highly secret and militant group was apparently formed as a direct reaction to iPolice threats that

dogs will in future be used to keep down demonstrators.

The statement continued "If the state is prepared to use public castration as a means of political repression then all means necessary will be used to disable the executioners. Our attack will not be centred on the cops but the real 'Pigs in Power' who make the decisions which lead to brutality whether its in the streets of NZ or jungles of Vietnam."

The statement then outlined briefly its street tactics—oven cleaner, pepper, tranquiliser guns, bitches on heat, and even suggested that snipers may be used if the dogs get out of hand and women and children get mauled by the dogs. The statement ended—

NB. Burn this statement after it is recorded. Our only statements will be to University and underground media.

We saw all those police dogs perform for us when we were at primary school. Our friendly policemen said they were for armed criminals or tracking escaped convicts. No one said they were for use against demonstrators. It is also well known that police dogs will try to castrate their victims. Last year a youth was totally castrated at the Alexandria Blossom festival by police dogs. This year another young man was severely bitten on the penis by a police dog.

It seems we are at last following America in our Domestic as well as foreign policy.



bread



There seems to be almost a Rousseau revival sweeping the campus at present (? a manifestation of the 'new Romanticism'); many people are voicing a wish to abdicate from urban life, get a 'little plot of land' and utopically live in close harmony with nature. Fine dreams and very possible in New Zealand of all countries. But what about some practical aspects to mitigate the stringencies of an environment far removed from city services, combined with aesthetic pleasure to enhance your rural solitary splendour. For example, baking your own bread; a skill both practical and aesthetic. As you mix your dough, you have the feeling that this is a tradition that has been carried out for countless centuries, you are expressing your creative instinct, and there is the marvellous feeling of having something live under your fingers (!) as you are kneading your dough.

Bread making is not (repeat, IS NOT) difficult, time consuming, expensive or a bore. The following recipe is the simplest, quickest one possible and it costs less than buying a loaf. But one important point before you rush off with enthusiastic fanaticism to gather together your ingredients:

I use WHOLEWHEAT flour, obtainable at a wide range of shops from supermarkets to health food stores and delicatessens. Once you have tasted hot, crusty homemade WHOLEMEAL bread you won't be satisfied with the gluggy cotton wool that is being sold as 'enriched' white bread. After all, this commercial stuff is mainly starch and chemicals with some chalk thrown in for whitening, and is devoid of vitamins and minerals. It is no more the staff of life than a rubber walking stick.

So wake up to what you are consuming; become aware of food values. Wholewheat bread supplies those valuable B vitamins, essential for the entire nervous system (which affects skin, hair, etc.) and you're going to need plenty of nerve power to survive the system and the pressure to pass exams.

Enough for the commercials, now for the practical application:

For a large loaf:

- 1 lb wholewheat flour
- 1 teaspoon salt

Mix together in a large bowl.

- 1 teaspoon honey, treacle or brown sugar
- ½ cake fresh yeast

Mix together with a little warm water to a smooth paste in another bowl.

Stand yeast mixture in a warm place to froth up (oven side, airing cupboard, or in a sink of warm water). Takes about 10 minutes to become frothy on top. Add just under half a pint of warm water, pour all this into the flour. Mix well. (No necessity to knead the dough but, if you have the urge, get stuck in!). Place the dough into a well-greased bread tin, stand in a warm place, covered, for about 20 minutes to rise, or until dough is within ½ inch of top of tin. Bake for 45-55 minutes at 400 degrees. Turn out of the tin to cool.

If you want to experiment making sexy-shaped loaves baked out of a tin, just make the dough a little drier (less water) and don't let the bread rise for more than 5 minutes. There are endless varieties of shapes—ever heard wholemeal French bread?—neither have the French!—try baking bread rolls of various shapes. It's great fun playing around with the springy dough and almost makes you remember primary school art classes and plasticine modelling.

There is only one danger with this bread—you are tempted to eat too much of it at one time because it has such a good taste and wholesome smell. But be warned; you are not used to the sudden onslaught of wheatgerm and whole grain you may get the gripes from too much roughage. One remedy is to make the loaf of 50% wholewheat flour; 50% white or soya flour. And you can experiment with other grains by adding proportions of flours such as rye, buckwheat, maize, millet. Also experiment by adding different seeds as topping, for example poppy, sesame, or caraway seeds, or whole cracked wheat grain.

This recipe is based on experience, tested and proved. One day when opening a wholemeal bakery singlehandedly on Carnaby Street I made (by hand) over 500 loaves with the only mechanical aid of an electric mixer; and the demand exceeded the supply!

P.S. Want an even quicker recipe. Make an unleavened flat 'loaf', i.e. a wholewheat chappatti. Just mix wholewheat flour with water and a dash of salt. Pat out into a flat pancake and sizzle in a frying pan in hot vegetable oil. Tastes really great and you can think back to eastern traditions of unleavened bread.

Was going to include a free sample with each Craccum (hot from the press) but the thought of 10,000 leaves was just too much of a good thing!

— WENDY PRYCE



Sirs,

As one who, so it was suggested by a few members of this association, had the qualities, whatever they may be, to edit Craccum, I applied for said position as early as the late months of last year. The application, after a lengthy and thorough, but enjoyable interview, was turned down on the basis of the fact that as well as the likelihood of doing a Stage III unit I would be doing a night job. The board considered this to be too much on top of the 40 hours it felt should be devoted to Craccum. It would seem, therefore, that there are few students who could do justice to their studies and also manage to fulfill the board's requirements. If students want a newspaper it seems they will have to accept outside editors.

One point should be made clear, however. The editor does not write the paper. He edits what is written for it. To those who are planning to write and complain about the present editorship; don't. Forget the complaints and just write. If it isn't printed then you just might have a grouch. As editor I had no plans for writing Craccum — if you students hadn't written you probably would have been faced with just blank paper so you are possibly better off the way things are now.

One other point: I told the board I wouldn't give up my night job to edit Craccum. I see that the present editors (according to the Auckland Star) are being paid \$20 each a week. If the board had offered me \$60 a week it may have received a different answer.

— CHRIS ROSIE.

Dear Sir,

A short notice in your last issue dealt briefly with speculation in real estate. The suggested solutions were the hairy old ones of price control and capital gains tax.

The only sensible solution is the nationalisation of real estate with rent being paid to the state as a small portion of everyone's income. Compensation to present owners would be by the way of rent credits. Nothing less will solve the problem.

— HUGH BROOKER.

Volume 46 No 3

Page 2

You write that it is necessary to 'deal with' speculators in real estate, because they are making tax free capital gain.

They are not

Land and Income Tax Act 1954 s 88(1)(c) provides that every person must pay tax on, among other things —

All profits or gains derived from the sale or other disposition of... property... if the property was acquired for the purpose of selling... it...

Yours faithfully,

ANTHONY P MOLLOY

Part time lecturer
Faculty of Law

Sirs and Madame,

After hearing from the 'ad hoc' forum in the quad last Friday I just KNOW that the editors of "Craccum" are REALLY interested in hearing and publishing student-views particularly if they are related to controversial issues. So how about this one for a kick-off: Dear Tim Shadbolt, the emotional stance taken by you on the back page of last week's "Craccum" is a load of old eightletters. You get so bound up in your magnificent "Direct Action and Sabotage" that you forget just what the hell you're protesting about—namely the fact that the National Government is trying to butter its bread on both sides by saying it's opposed to apartheid, and then giving its blessing to the tour of a racially-selected sports team. In fact, your article becomes so involved in ego-tripping revolutionary ideas that you forget the broader issues 'as depicted in the accompanying cartoon) of many million blacks being trampled down by a few million whites.

A few weeks ago, and far away from the mud-slinging aura of the quad, Sekai Holland gave us some clues about how to stage a protest. Disruption, she said, was certainly the key. Running onto the field is good, throwing things is good, but best of all is a series of shouts, chants, and catcalls. This means that whenever the commentary is broadcast in South Africa, the protest can be heard and Africans become aware of New Zealand opposition to apartheid. Not only is a protest registered, but a great morale boost is given to some of those many million Africans. I heard this scheme and it sounded good. It still does. It's constructive and it's relevant to the problem.

But what, on the other hand, do YOU have to offer? Printing the word 'War' in letters 5½ inches (approx.) high is really great for the old emotional hubris, having a similar effect to shouting "that word" in front of the seething masses. Making some observations on Major Marshall et al. is fair comment. But what about "WE are going to have to

tear this country to pieces..."; "WE should always refer to Marshall by military title" and so on? Who do you mean by "WE"? If you mean the student body as a whole, then you can count me and thousands of others out. To use the term in the same vague emotional way that you do, "WE" are not interested in "attacking clubhouses at night", "defuncting hotels" or "examining railway lines" especially as these things have damn-all to do with the problem. Besides, when you say "WE are going to have to... put (this country) back together the way WE want it," I suspect you really mean "the way Tim Shadbolt and a few select friends want it". And that's a chilling prospect from the pen of somebody who makes so many claims for personal freedom. From "Corporal Muldoon" to "Field-Marshal Shadbolt" indeed!

It's not only the big assumptions you make that brash me off. It's also the tone of "Brothers and Sisters—prepare yourself for a long hard struggle" and "Some of us will probably die". Back to revolutionary romanticism, eh? All forward under the banner of Tim. Isn't it great to wield influence, Tim? Don't you just get a great kick from leading "us" forward in an heroic charge Tim? In fact, don't you just love it all, Tim? Revolution. Hubris. All Brothers together. Romantic Surge. Sounds of Battle. Once upon a time you could have joined the army, but that's no longer fashionable. Now you can attack a clubhouse at night... just like the Maquis.

Meanwhile thirteen, fourteen, fifteen million individuals (yes, individuals, not a faceless mass of "them") go under.

— NICHOLAS REID
REMUEUR DE MERDE

Dear Sir,

Tim Shadbolt's attitude towards Elam students is too pitiful for me to ignore. Shadbolt slithered into our painting studio in the guise of a sympathetic friend and asked our opinion of the present University Students Association. Most of us were pleased with this unexpected interest and were willing to offer our ideas. Only one student was uncooperative and in my naivety I considered him selfish, not realising he might have been aware of Shadbolt's ulterior motives.

Shadbolt has presented our case to make us appear as fools. Not only were we quoted out of context but we were also reported to have spoken words that are at best only a product of Shadbolt's over-zealous imagination.

At no time did I say "as treasurer". I did not state that Elam students have to pay \$3 to our Association. These fees are not compulsory. I also told Shadbolt that I was not yet sure of the situation concerning student parking but had heard only that students could not park their cars

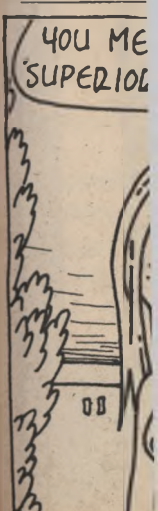
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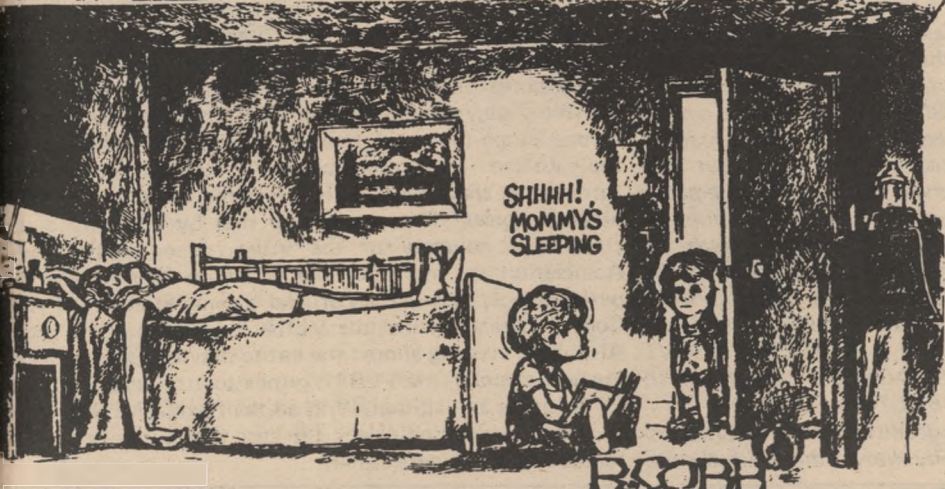
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ENDY PRYCE

LADY OF PRIVILEGE MERCY HOSPITAL



I'M SORRY MISS DENNING, BUT YOU HAVE CLEARLY FAILED TO CONVINCE THIS BOARD THAT THE PROPER CONTINUANCE OF YOUR PREGNANCY WOULD IN ANY WAY IMPAIR YOUR PHYSICAL OR MENTAL HEALTH... IN FACT, IT IS OUR FERVENT HOPE THAT THE MINOR HARDSHIP OF A FOURTH ILLEGITIMATE CHILD WILL GIVE YOU CAUSE TO BEHAVE IN A MORE RESPONSIBLE MANNER IN THE FUTURE....

TEMPERANCE ADJUDICATION COMMITTEE



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**He dedicated it to his wife. He was forever mislaying his broolly.



The quality is King Size



always refer to unless they paid \$15 or \$20. Shadbolt the reporter said that o you mean thought parking fees might possibly be the basis for a whole, then you Craccum article. If he was really concerned with this problem he might have troubled himself to find out a few do, "WE" and acts. True we have no parking rights but at the time our resident was in the process of drafting a letter to the Registrar, demanding our area back. Should further student do with the action be necessary I can assure Shadbolt it will be forthcoming.

Shadbolt's insensitive and ill-considered article inferred that we are apathetic. I suspect Shadbolt is confusing apathy with a rejection of his personal revolutionary style. If this interview is an example of Shadbolt's tactics is it any wonder that some of us want no part of them? An intolerant self-styled revolutionary who is not willing to find out all the pertinent facts of a dispute breeds wariness and weariness.

Shadbolt says that "revolutionary movements must win the hearts and minds of the people, and great revolutionaries must have love in their hearts"—a grand ideal but empty without actions.

I am sick and tired of petty people who through their own ignorance are anti-Elam. Shadbolt's words "political snobbery" and "arty ivory tower" clearly depict this juvenile attitude. As an editor Shadbolt should be endeavouring to report comments truthfully rather than re-shuffling words to suit his own opinions.

Before this can happen he must realise that he is dealing with people and not just revolutionary ideals.

— JACQUI FITZGERALD

While reading the review of Landfall 100 printed in Craccum (Vol.46 issue 4) it become glaringly obvious that the contributors, apart from being "mates" were all men.

Why the noticable lack of female representation? This attitude of indifference to women writers in general is also pervasive in the English Department here at Auckland University (are we to suppose that it is simply a coincidence that many of those represented in Landfall also have a hand in selecting the contents of English courses????).

When were Katherine Mansfield, Sylvia Ashton-Warner or Janet Frame ever included in the New Zealand literature section? They are NOTE:— the ONLY New Zealanders who have gained widespread recognition overseas—to the extent that their books can be bought in practically any bookstore in the 'States' and England.

NOTE NOTE:— they are all New Zealand women.

It is time 'shit castles' 3rd floor clique stopped their communal ego-boosting and give recognition to some of our 'major' literary figures. This chauvinist attitude is not confined solely to the New Zealand parts of the course, there is widespread indifference to women writers as such

and a latent idea that they are 'inferior' to their male counterparts.

An honest reappraisal of the whole situation is essential if we are both as students and individuals to gain a true perspective of literature.

— SANDY HALL
— ADRIENNE McGUIRE
— LINDA J. MEAD
— MAVIS O'ROURKE

Dear Sir, Madame, Mz.,

Went to this damn wimmins' libyration meeting and hell did I get a fright. Thought they were joking at first, but not so. Dem wimmin sho' nuff on the march, Hank! If there's one thing ah kin stand less'n a wimmin it's a uppity wimmin. Give them enough rope and they'll hang you. Not that they should be kept down or nothin'. A joker should let them on top once in a while just for variety's sake. No, that's a bit harsh. They don't really belong below us. Just sort of off to one side. Like apartheid. Separate but equal. Well; not really equal, just sort of different. You know, like the Utilitarians' pleasure calculus. The whole bloody thing cracked up because they tried to measure intrinsically different things against the same scale. Hell, not that I think birds and jokers are intrinsically different. It just seems to me that some models have got a few extra accessories screwed on. And some are distinctly more pleasant to ride.

Not to worry. It seems that they grow out of this rebellious phase. How many middle-aged or older ones are still on the march? I do feel that increasing age can still be equated with increasing wisdom. Much as the current crop of "piecemeal social engineers" feels to the contrary. Perhaps the earlier exponents of this current madness came to realise the falsity of their premises regarding equality; the simplistic absurdity of seeing the bogey of male domination behind every historical bush; of seeing wars as simply the projection of male aggression. (Such militant Queens as Elizabeth I being insignificant aberrations in the pattern.)

Perhaps they came to see that such stirring and readily-mouthed catch-phrases as "chauvinist" and "liberation" disguised a fear to come to terms with the complexity of the question. Perhaps they realised that males did after all generally remain objective in their assessment of past human achievements and failures; that female historians likewise saw no reason to bemoan the relatively unspectacular but no less important role of women. Devious and often unacknowledged, but always there, damn it!

The distressing thing about this current epidemic is its widespread nature. It can safely be attributed to the hypnotic effect of propaganda; not to any significant

increase in the gullibility of women. Or can it? The totally illogical and primitively religious manner in which liberationists warp the facts of history to suit their thesis is the dominant impression one gets from studying the movement; this smacks of gullibility. It is but minimally offset by their occasional rational action in attacking the marginally inferior position of women in a few minor fields.

One can only hope that the propaganda effect will become dulled through over-exposure, and the light of reason will return.

Yours sincerely,
— PAT O'DONNELL.

Dear Sir,
Comrade Shadbolt seems to take himself very seriously, if the Craccum of 16/3/72 is any indication.

He opens his editorial, petulant at Germaine Greer's refusal to accept his and his supporter's police baiting session outside the Magistrate's Court as a valid or even sincere protest. He then continues, with a singular blindness to any form of perspective, to associate N.Z.'s archaic obscenity laws with the political and moral chaos of Northern Ireland, as if seeking some vicarious thrill through an imagined association with people having real and not plastic principles, and a real cause to which to dedicate them.

Similar infantile romanticism was evident in the specious polemics with which he littered the page (re apartheid.). He seems to conceive of himself as a latter-day Che Guevara, and in doing so prostitutes every valid political cause, in an attempt to further the "Big Brother Tim" personality cult. Such comments as "Some of us will probably die" (referring to planned anti-apartheid demonstrations) are either evidence of such romantic self-delusion on his part, or constitute an act of murderous irresponsibility.

As a means of giving a semblance of cohesion to these fantasies, the myth of "the revolution" lies forever providing support. If Mr Shadbolt finds some therapeutic value in this concept, then I have no quarrel with his continuing to entertain it. However I would dispute his right to receive such medication in public, and further believe that mindless cliches such as this, are an insult to the intelligence of every university student subjected to them.

In conclusion, if Craccum must have Mr Shadbolt, as it seems it must, then rather than monopolising the paper as an organ for the dissemination of his dim-witted propaganda, could he not attempt something bearing more the stamp of reason, and leave his intentions to have all 2½ million New Zealanders marching behind the Shadbolt banner, to the psychiatrist's couch, where surely they would be more appropriate.

— IAN REID

WORLD
RELAX



YOU MEN 'ALONE' AND 'SUPERIOR', SEE MY EYES



YOU DONT HAVE TO PROVIDE FOR, OR SUPPORT ME



NO-ONE NEEDS YOUR RULES AND SELF PROTECTION GAMES



NO NEED TO FALL INTO LOVE. LOVE IS HERE



In reply to Zealandia.

"How the hell did Shadbolt come to be editor?" The answer is not difficult to find. Mr Shadbolt was asked to be editor by the executive of AUSA after the former appointee withdrew on the grounds that he could not devote himself to his studies, and be editor of Craccum.

After the first two issues of the paper had appeared and criticism from inside and outside the University started to mount, a lunchtime meeting of students (Tues. 14 March) was called. At this meeting Mr Shadbolt explained his editorial policy; articles which would provoke discussion of the role of the student at the University, the nature of our society, etc., and as little censorship of submitted articles as possible. Mr Shadbolt saw his task not as one of editing (ie censoring) but as one of taking responsibility for the paper being produced, and being of a reasonable technical, not moral or intellectual standard. The underlying assumption was that the political, moral and intellectual standards should be determined by the contributors, not the editor.

Students, and indeed anybody present at the meeting, were invited to express their views on the role of Craccum in general, and the appointment of Mr Shadbolt in particular. The point was made by Mr Shadbolt that he had not yet signed the formal contract with the AUSA executive, he was not at all anxious to be co-editor of Craccum, and would accept the decision of the student body as expressed at that meeting. Several students were interested enough to speak, and these points were among several conflicting views offered: Craccum was a load of rubbish; it was of very low technical standard, but that Shadbolt's editorial policy deserved our support; the paper was full of obscenities and a waste of student's money; if we bowed to pressure we would end up with an "establishment type" school magazine, produced for the egos of parents—but of no intrinsic worth; etc etc. After those present had listened to all the speakers a vote was taken. **AT LEAST 90% OF THOSE PRESENT CONFIRMED THAT THEY AGREED WITH THE APPOINTMENT OF MR SHADBOLT AS EDITOR.**

On Friday 17 after the third edition issue of Craccum had appeared and it was generally known that both the NZ

Herald and Zealandia had published articles condemning Craccum, while pressure from the public and the University Staff increased, Mr Shadbolt again took to the public forum, and again invited open debate on his editorship specifically on whether the editor of Craccum should be free to accept or reject particular advertisements. Views both for and against were put forward, and when a vote was taken, **SUPPORT FOR MR SHADBOLT HAD INCREASED—AT LEAST 95% OF THE STUDENTS PRESENT VOTED THEIR CONFIDENCE IN HIM.**

— MICHAEL DERRIN

on the nose

The Living Theatre troupe, in response to all the recent stirrings re obscenity/indecency, produced a play in Vulcan Lane in which God decreed that noses shall be indecent. Adam and Eve thus cover their noses coyly with fig leaves. The first lunchtime they performed the ten minute play, the response from passers-by was warm and enthusiastic. On Wednesday however, when they marched down for the second lunch-time performance, their arrival was greeted by the Vulcan Lane Businessmen's Association members turning up their piped-music systems, thus drowning out the player's voices. They were also met by TV cameras and a news crew. The courtesy of the Vulcan Lane Businessmen's Association so impressed the NZBC crew that after the performance, they laid an official complaint at the Council offices against the VLBA for disturbing the peace. Also, that evening almost the entire play was screened, and the next evening, the VLBA's gripes about 'Layabouts'—but for business and all that. With all their exclusive little show and exclusively high prices, I'm sure that Muldoon can't be too good for business either.

GOVERNMENT POLICY ON POOR KNIGHTS ISSUE

By Roger Grace, PhD Student — Zoology.

The recent controversy over the possibility that the Government may allow oil exploration to within half a mile of the Poor Knights Islands has brought an explosion of public support for a proposal to have the area surrounding these islands declared a Marine Reserve. The announcement by Norcom Oil and Minerals Ltd., who hold a prospecting licence for the area, that "due to unfavourable results of an earlier seismic survey the company is not interested in the Poor Knights Islands portion of its petroleum exploration areas" is not sufficient safeguard for the area. Norcom has stated that it would not agree to a 3 mile restriction on its prospecting area around the Poor Knights, and still reserves the right to prospect where it likes. At a public meeting at the University last week, Professor J.E. Morton of the Zoology Department pointed out that "the safety of the area should not rest on the good will from time to time of the prospecting company."

The question is not merely whether or not a few sub-tropical fish should be saved. The whole marine environment of north-eastern New Zealand could suffer if the wrong decisions are made. Strong evidence exists to suggest that much of the marine life of north-eastern New Zealand, including commercially important fish species, is ultimately dependant upon past and present events in areas with a strong sub-tropical influence. The Poor Knights are influenced more strongly by sub-tropical currents than is any other part of the New Zealand land mass or islands.

The New Zealand Underwater Association is already trying to safeguard the Poor Knights marine life, having placed voluntary restrictions on its members. The Environmental Defence Society shortly file an application for a Marine Reserve around the Poor Knights, and the scientific case for such a reserve is very strong. Yet even the declaration of this reserve would not finally secure the area against exploitation by powerful industrial concerns, because of deficiencies in the Marine Reserves Act 1971.

It seems a pity that in this age of awakening enlightened thought on conservation and anti-pollution, some sort of provision could not have been made in the Marine Reserves Act 1971 for reserves to be inviolate for all time. At present only a Ministerial decision is required to allow activities such as mineral exploration or mining within any Marine Reserve, even though the apparent intention of the Government is to protect such areas from interference. Why can't the people of New Zealand have some areas which they can feel are secure for all time? This would avoid the sort of soul-destroying wrangling that went on over issues such as the Coppermine Island affair. It would appear to be time to revise the powers of the Minister of Mines in the initial granting of prospecting warrants, and perhaps the discretionary powers of the Ministers involved with National Parks and Reserves, with respect to granting permission to carry on certain types of activity within these areas.

The time has come when the Government must decide whether to act in a responsible way towards protecting our environment, or to allow financial considerations to be over-riding. Economic greed has won the battle in most cases overseas, where people are now paying for the folly of their decision by suffering in a desecrated environment. Will the present government of New Zealand make the same mistake?

poor knights



Auckland University Underwater Club divers examine a 15-foot black coral tree at the Poor Knights Islands. The largest black coral trees in the world are found in this area.

ON THE FACE

The other day I was suddenly struck by an uninspiring atmosphere one more than the Main Street. Everyone sees their faces, rare anyone here knows the Campus and face with one, cheerfulness.

As I walked towards Alfred dreary, conceited because I was I came across the hearing the right. Whatever it was "Face of the Year."

By now I believe Milkbar where (forbid) happy. Vietnam war is suit the mood of milkshakes and conversation we

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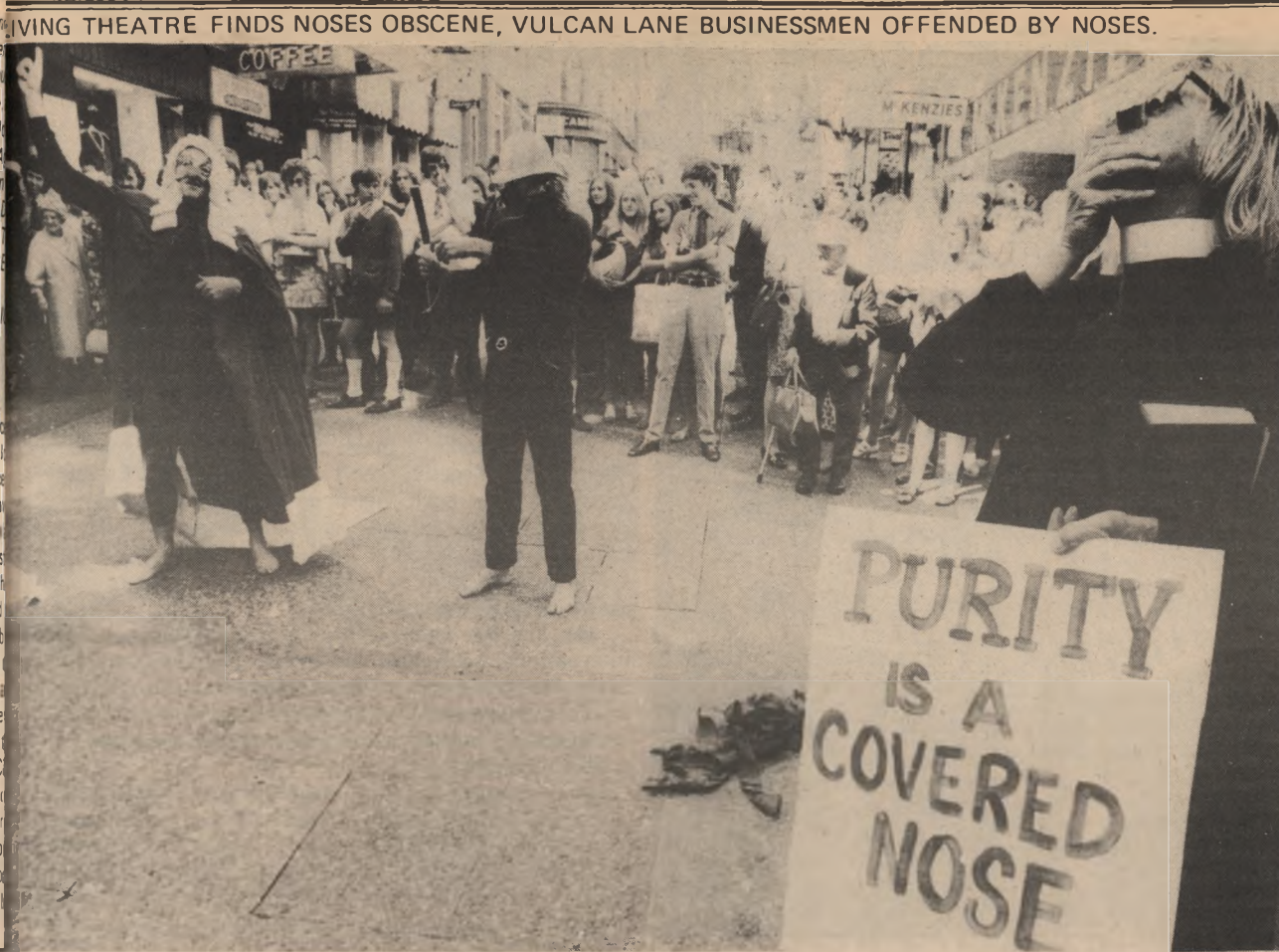
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articles condensed and the University of Auckland to the point of his editorship. The Craccum should be a place of advertisements. A word, and when ADBOLT HAS 95% OF CONFIDENCE

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Lennon Ono Letter

"THE LUCK OF THE IRISH" by John and Yoko Lennon.

Our song, "The Luck of the Irish" stirred up a lot of people in England; we're glad it has caused the English people to discuss what's going on there. All profits from the record will go to the Civil Rights Movement in Ireland.

Of course we sympathize with soldiers who are killed or wounded, anywhere, as we feel for the American soldiers forced to fight in Vietnam, but our deepest sympathies must surely go to the victims of British and American Imperialism.

Our song says, "blame it all on the kids and the I.R.A.," which means, let's not kid ourselves that the cause of the troubles in Ireland is the fault of the Irish people themselves, whether they be children, religious freaks or the I.R.A. The real cause of the problem is British Imperialism and, as the song says: "Why the hell are the English there anyway?"

Blaming the problems of Northern Ireland on the I.R.A. is like blaming Vietnam's problems on the N.L.F. Some British politicians say the policy of the I.R.A. is to goad the security forces into going "berserk", firing blindly, etc. How "berserk" do they think the Catholic minority feel—especially with EVERYBODY KNOWING how unjustly they've been treated?

The idea of asking a third of a population to vote to join the majority is INSANE. If there is to be any referendum, it must be by the whole of Ireland, North and South, voting on its OWN future. Most of the so-called "Northern Irish Majority" are of Scottish and English descent—people who were sent to Northern Ireland to "colonize" and "anglosize" in the 19th century. Does anyone really think those 'bastard Irish' are ever going to give up their power over the native Catholic Irish, vote or no vote?

Sincerely,

— JOHN AND YOKO ONO LENNON

ON THE FACE OF THINGS

The other day as I was wandering around the university I was suddenly struck by the loneliness and completely uninspiring atmosphere of the place. This place depresses one more than any other place in the city, it is even worse than the Main streets at rush hour.

Everyone seems to walk around with hard cold looks on their faces, rarely does one see a happy smiling face—does anyone here know what happiness is? On this particular day, as it was too hot to study, I decided to walk around the Campus and see how long it would take me to find a face with one, or better still, all the uplifting qualities of cheerfulness.

As I walked from the back of the Old Arts Building towards Alfred Street, I seemed to come across the most dreary, conceited and uninteresting face I had seen—was it because I was looking for a face quite the opposite that I came across these dreary ones or was it because I was nearing the rigid domain of the Commerce Department? Whatever it was these were definitely not candidates for "Face of the Year" or were they?

By now I began to feel depressed so I headed for the Milkbar where one is meant to be relaxed and even (heaven forbid) happy. But here depression was as ripe as the Vietnam war is rotten. People ("cabbages" would better suit the mood of the place) were just sitting there guzzling milkshakes and staring into space. The only audible conversation went something like this:

"Chocolate". (demandingly)

"What?" (stereotypedly)

"Chocolate". (unspeakably awful).

Notice the cheerfulness and the gaiety and the lift a person in low spirits would get, "lift" is the right word—down to the ground floor. A few more pleases and thank-you's would give the place a much better atmosphere.

One of the most noticeable things so far in my travels, up till now, were the number of people walking by themselves. A few groups of twos and threes, but scarcely larger, so you might imagine my surprise when I saw a group of—yes, SIX LAUGHING people. But I was to be disappointed, they were laughing at a picture of a child on an advertisement for the IHC appeal.

My journey carried me up the stairs, past the notice boards and on towards the bookshop. The only noticeable thing about this so-called masterpiece of contemporary architecture and engineering, was the chilling grey concrete, and for one who was feeling blue this dullness only made me feel almost purple.

Groups of individuals moped around this barren place in their hundreds, why they did not talk to one another I shall never know, maybe it just wasn't done, speak to your brother that is. They all seemed too conceited to lower

themselves to the standards of a stranger, possibly it was because he wore a collar and tie—denims are the "gun" thing this year.

Finally the cold, grey depression really got to me, so I headed towards the green acres of peacefulness and tranquillity (not heaven, Albert Park). On my way to this memorial of an age gone by I thought that at last I had seen a gleaming, happy, cheerful, face. But as though everyone else had seen it the vultures moved in, a groups of "the depressed" passed between the face and myself. When they had gone the face had disappeared.

— KEVIN MENZIES.

POLICE vs RHYS GARDENER

13/3/72

Rhys pleaded 'GUILTY' to a charge of 'Obstructing Police'. His lawyer handled everything; he didn't contest the Police evidence, just said a conviction would lose him a U.S. Postgraduate Scholarship; asked for a discharge under Section 42.

VERDICT: Convicted & Fined \$100 plus Costs.

Afterwards Rhys complained that his lawyer let him down, Police lied, etc.

MORAL: ALWAYS plead 'NOT GUILTY'. DEFEND YOURSELF, using a lawyer for Legal Points ONLY.

Protesters told to see for themselves

ANTI-APARTHEID elements in New Zealand should tour South Africa and see for themselves, said the New Zealand singer John Rowles at a 25th birthday party in Auckland last night.

The Sunday Herald, March 26, 1972



FROM THE BANTU ADMINISTRATION ACT, NO.38 of 1927

Whenever it is deemed "expedient in the general public interest", any African may, without prior notice, be required by an official order to leave his home and go to another place anywhere in South Africa and to remain there for such period as may be proscribed without the right of recourse to a court of law at any time. If he fails to comply with such order, he may be summarily arrested, detained and thereafter forcibly removed from his home.

workers

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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.

ANTI-APARTHEID



CONFERENCE

To go to Wellington. To attend an anti-apartheid conference. To start the fight. To see who else is interested. To see who will be supporting you.

8.40am. Saturday. Jim was taking me to the university. We passed through Courtenay Place. We see a "Dom" poster. POLICE PLANS FOR BOK TOUR. Oh, yeah? However, it's just a bullshit story saying they are making plans. Hardly news.

I arrive. There are quite a few familiar faces. Good. Auckland will have some action this year.

9 am. It begins. First speaker, Terry Bell, feature writer on the 8 O'clock, born in South Africa, father a white railway worker. Terry has spent at least two periods of 90-day detention under South African security laws, has worked in other African countries, Britain (on the "Daily Worker"), he'd have trouble getting back into South Africa (legally).

Terry sets the tone of the conference, very high, factual, a controlled and constructive rage. He says, "Hit Peter Hugh Philip M.B.E., South African Consul-General in New Marshall Bridgebuildingland, with facts."

A sampling of facts.

Bantu-speaking tribes are recorded as living in South Afrika from 1300. Philip says the whites should have the land because they arrived first. Whites are recorded visiting the Cape of Good Hope from 1500. The whites claim for themselves 87% of the land, blacks are designated "aliens" in these areas.

South African international propaganda is highly organized. Individuals are actively encouraged to write copious personal letters overseas, the best form of salesmanship known to modern marketing. Professional journalists are often, consciously or unconsciously vehicles for South African propaganda getting into the daily media. Terry recalls that while working on the "Rand Daily Mail", he knew a journalist whom he's been to school with and who was highly competent at his job. During his later detention, Terry found out the man was agent Q018. (The Q Branch was the precursor to the Bureau of State Security BOSS).

There are many, many more facts.

Terry's opinion: South Afrika is an expansionist, racist state, dedicated to spreading its doctrine throughout the world, the Nietzschean, Herrenvolk Superrace. (The president of the South African armaments board, Professor Samuels, says South Afrika is now spending more than \$100 million on weapons manufacture alone—triple the amount being spend in 1965. He says this means an international arms boycott would have little effect on South Afrika's military capability).

It continues. Michael Dean, New Zealander, BBC interviewer for the past twelve year, worked on the "Rand Daily Mail" in 1958. Also struck trouble in South Afrika, can't go back. He confirms Terry's observation of the Herrenvolk idea.

The liberals get shafted.

Dean: The South African government says it has a genuine opposition. These are the liberal Press in the form of the (you guessed it) "Rand Daily Mail" and the Progressive Party.

(An anecdote: On his first day on the "Mail", Dean wrote a story about a black who'd saved a white man's life.

He asked for a 2-column wide photograph of the black. Was told that blacks only got ½-column wide pictures).

The Progressive Party is represented in the South African Parliament by Mrs Helen Suzmann. She lives in a rather large house in Johannesburg with 17 black servants and her party is bankrolled by Harry Oppenheimer, of diamond and goldmine fame. Harry is also big in the South African Foundation, an allegedly independent, much-monied, liberal balls-clutching bunch.

Question time: this is when it became apparent that people were serious. Questions were direct, there was little bandstanding.

Exceptions: the various Wellington Communist Party factions, splinter groups, Marxist Labour, Trotskyites, theorists. One of them starts a rave about the class struggle, international capitalism being at the root of racism. He was laughed at. Why? Everyone there knew and had accepted that. More important, they'd gone beyond that and were asking what could be done. The rave was unnecessary. The urge towards action by the conference becomes apparent.

The afternoon session: Chris Laidlaw and Bod Burgess. Laidlaw, Rhodes Scholar, toured South Afrika with the All Blacks in 1965 and 1970. He begins out front: going on the tours was a mistake. He thought at the time that the contact might have some effect on the racists.

Neither he nor Burgess will play against the South Africans next year, unless there are genuine mixed trials and a mixed tour. Both say there's little hope of that.

Laidlaw, articulate, puts down present NZRFU Council. He says there'll be no change in present rugby union policies until the passing of the present council.

Burgess, less articulate, yet quietly and deeply opposed to racist sports tours. Both came over as very human, troubled, everything not fully worked out but starting to make a stand. A standing ovation ends the session.

Liberation movements in Southern Afrika. It is impossible to consider racism in South Afrika without looking at the whole colonial structure of Southern Afrika. Portuguese territories; Angola, Mozambique, Guine. Liberation movements in the lot and being fiercely resisted by the white, racist, capitalist nation.

The most obvious examples; the Cabora Bassa Dam being built in northern Mozambique. This dam will tap the power of the Zambesi river, turn four million acres of barren land into arable fields and open a sea route from the African interior to the Indian Ocean. The Portuguese government should know this. It spent 11 years and \$7 million to find out. Economic and social advances will be enormous. The Mozambique liberation movement sees it differently. That four million acres of land will be farmed by a million imported white settlers, while 25,000 blacks who've lived there for centuries will be shunted off to reservations. All that hydro-electric power will be carried by a thousand miles of cable to the booming industries of South Africa and that waterway to the sea will be of most benefit to the racist Smith regime in Rhodesia, currently hampered by trade embargos.

South Africa has already put up about \$2574 million for the project, international banking concerns, including Barclay's Bank of London, are also contributing. American, European and South African firms have also been granted massive mineral rights to the area.

This lengthy digression brings us to the next speaker Dr Szuskiewicz, director UN information service Australia, New Zealand and Fiji. He spoke of UN aid to liberation movements but said he was there to observe conference and would be reporting back to the UN.

Logan Moodley: black South African, expelled back once illegally, can't get back now. Currently Australia, has been fighting for aboriginal rights. Person to be served with an injunction forbidding him enter Australian Federal Territory at Canberra. It's believed this had something to do with his plan to burn down South African embassy.

He, like the various Marxists from Wellington, spoke international capitalism and racism. But the distinction plain. He spoke facts, figures, named countries and firms involved. However, the Marxist word merchants later go forthold and started coming on with all the labels again went to the pub.

8pm, Saturday. Miss Frene Ginwala, African National Congress, banned by the South African government, flew from London on short notice to address the conference. Had been told it was a church affair and spent most of the trip looking up the Dutch Reform Church. Terry Bell met her at the airport, a hurried brief and there she was in front of us. She was beautiful. Followed relentless fact. Details and more of the same. Ammunition for the fight we have in front of us. A brief sampling of those facts:

An African working in a white area, such as Johannesburg. He can't live with his wife. He earns between \$1 and \$19 a month. If his wife wants to visit him, she can only do so for the purposes of conception and must get a pass from the local administrator for 72 hours for each purpose. She has to state her reason when getting the pass.

Great for maintaining cheap labour. The significance of this procedure that the South African government doesn't realise is that you get three days to breed children and the rest of your life to breed a hatred which can be passed on to your children.

An objection overcome: won't trade boycotts hurt blacks far more than the whites? That's right, says Frene, but when you've been kicked around and killed for years, a few more hardships don't matter if they're bringing freedom nearer.

Violence: you heard her on TV. There comes a time when a responsible leadership cannot tell its people to stand down in front of the train. There is a time to pick up a gun and fight.

(In the light of the Mt John demonstrations and threat of more police dogs [on short leads, f'chrissake. They'll be elastic leads you can guarantee], we must reconsider the use of violence as an effective tactic. There's too much emotional rejection without full consideration).

Later that night we heard of the Maori Council meeting held that day. Dr Pat Hohepa sought the council's support for his visit to the UN apartheid committee in New York. They didn't mind his going, but were not too keen on him speaking for them. In the words of Tom Potae, Pat put on the chairman Dr Pei Jones, that all he wanted was knighthood and Dr Jones left the chair in a huff.

9am Sunday. Before the start of the conference, the Marxist Labour group handed out a leaflet with the brilliant question: "A QUESTION OF TACTICS—NON-VIOLENCE OR DISRUPTION OR MASS MOBILISATION?"

This piece of bullshit then went on to piously reject violence without discussion, put down non-violence and call for mass demonstrations outside rugby grounds. They instanced last year's anti-war marches and said these were responsible for troop withdrawals from Vietnam.

I was in those marches and I sure didn't see no war stopping.

This was the only bad feature of the conference—the continual attempts by arrogant groups to push some party line about an illusory united front at the expense of the united front which was already being demonstrated.

Sunday was business day. After a review of New Zealand's anti-apartheid groups and their origins, the conference broke up into five groups to discuss specific means of getting the message about apartheid across to the sports administrators, government and the people.

I went to the trade boycott and worker action group. Some good stuff was forthcoming, although the official union reps there could not give any commitment from the unions.

The arguments that arose showed fairly clearly why conflicts can be expected to arise within the unions as they decide their attitudes towards the tour. There will be disappointments but this is not ground to attack the union on.

Later that day, Pat Kelly, of the Northern Drivers Union, gave an able speech in which he asked for support from the intellectual left, not criticism or misplaced advice. He has a valid point. The final decisions of the conference won't go into. They're extensive and if you have any feeling on the subject at all, make it your business to find out what they are and what you can do to put them into action. But for godssake don't just talk about "those poor blacks". They're in the shit and we CAN help. They've asked us to.

— TED SHEEHAN

STEPHEN CHAN RETURNED FROM THE Free University of West Germany by not a part of W. G.

You say that the Berlin universities really started in the students' reaction was rather would like to universities were There was so much breathe in the air that this would occupy buildings looking into the down much more philosophy, Marx How do they mean University?

The demand they as a great shock their domain. The form of physical centres, rooms (difficult thing) principles the get free institutions is the university students?

Not all the university. The financial present huge buildings by revolution. Now different, some is that university of self-determination University where on the expressive they would have reactionary to the same sort of co-

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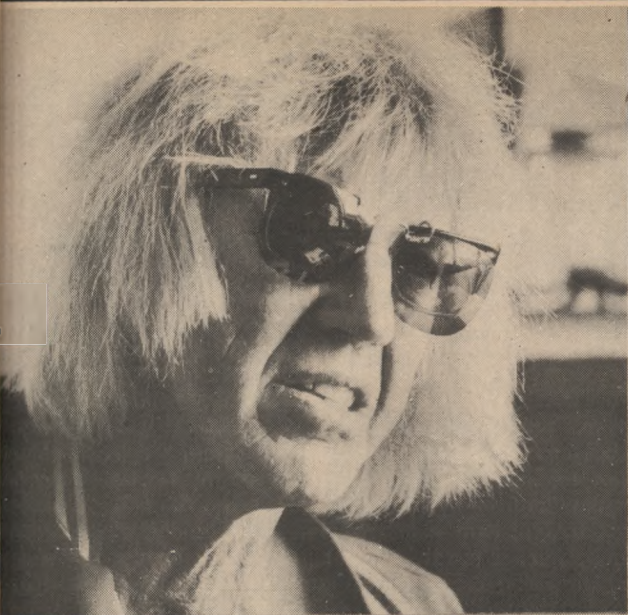
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STEPHEN CHAN INTERVIEWS ODO STEWE, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM WEST GERMANY.

The Free University was founded in 1948, in West Berlin by the Americans. It is used by approximately 15,000 students. It is attended by many draft-resisters who can avoid military service in West Germany by studying at a West Berlin university (W. Berlin is not a part of W. Germany).

You say that there is a great deal of revolutionary activity in the Berlin universities, now what is the state of student power?

It really started in 1968 when the French had their revolt in Paris and the students and the workers nearly took over. But the German reaction was rather typical... very thorough... before I go on I would like to point out that the German, like the French universities were run on medieval principles... really out of date. There was so much dust floating around that you could hardly breathe in the universities and it was accepted by the old generation that this would go on ad infinitum. Well the revolt started by occupying buildings, lecture rooms, a small group of activists really looking into the matter. The really active students have settled down much more to the job of studying the principles of Marxist philosophy, Marxist economy and people like Marcuse and so on.

How do they make their Marxist feelings felt in running the Free University?

The demand they have a part in the running of the university came as a great shock to the professors and lecturers who thought it was their domain. They have now bit by bit broken this down through a form of physical violence—the occupation of buildings, telephone centres, rooms of the professors. To call in the police is a very difficult thing in a European university, it transgresses all the principles the generation has upheld pretending the universities were free institutions and the police would never be called in. Is the university run mainly by the professors or mainly by the students?

Not all the universities have reached the high standard of the Free University. The Free University is at present of the Americans, a financial present billed at their expense. It is amazing to see these huge buildings bedecked in red flags and drawings of martyrs of the revolution. Now how do they run it? The running of universities is different, some are still quite reactionary. The aim of many, though, is that universities be run by the students themselves, and this form of self-determination is very much in the foreground in the Berlin University where the lecturers actually depend for their nomination on the expression of the student vote. The students realized that they would have to force the lecturers that were extremely reactionary to leave the university and that had to be done with the same sort of coercion that the professors used against the students.



When the students vote for the appointment or retention of a lecturer—how is this vote taken then?

The students vote in councils that represent them... there is a real battle going on to get hold of the student council amongst different political groups. I'm glad to say it is not a question of right or centrists or fascists who intend to take hold of the group. Each group; the Maoists or the Leninists, Communist Students Association or the Socialist Labour Party Students Group, tries to get as many people in a parliamentary sort of way on to this council. This council then decides if a lecturer, after presenting his credentials to the council, is acceptable.

And the students don't allow any lecturers or administrators' representatives to sit on their council?

No, it is entirely run by the students. The students' council represents the interests of the students. The university is run by the student council and the lecturers. But not like in other countries where the students are outvoted—in this case it is the other way around.

Now in France during the riots they had what they called Grand Soviets where all students came together to discuss important issues. Has that ever been tried?

The council can not pass important issues without taking them in front of the students.

And any student is allowed to attend and make his voice felt?

That's right, but they don't want to... apathy is a worldwide disease. The council would very much like to have more activity and more students taking part.

How many students would you say took an active part in the running of the university?

After 1968 nearly all, but now as the enemy retreats the old story. The lecturers have formed freedom organisations, freedom for lecturers, which have come under sharp criticism. What they really want to do is reintroduce the old methods—no self-determination and no democracy in the universities. They want to preserve their own interests.

What say do the students have about what they are taught and how they are taught?

They have a very great say in it. The freshers when they arrive at university are asked questions. They are interviewed by students to find out how politically mature he is. If he comes from an ex-Nazi background, we mustn't forget that was only 25 years ago, or if he comes from an extremely non-political family it is felt that there is something lacking and that he might fall victim again to some form of fascist propaganda. The Nazi newspapers exist in West Germany and there is no censorship. Now the student councils consider that a political education is necessary—anybody who has not been acquainted with the works of Karl Marx, Engels, and the earlier



materialists—it is suggested to him that he better take first, a course in political science.

Who teaches the courses in political science?

Lecturers appointed by the students. As well they have a lot of tutorial classes taken by senior students. All students that take part in student meetings or sub-councils get paid for it. It is very ironical that here a dying form of culture is paying the student to help to expedite him into a nirvana of private enterprise.

There is a struggle going on all over Germany to abolish examinations. The students are also fighting for the right to determine the method and content of their examinations, naturally conservative lecturers will object to that.

If the conservative lecturers continue to object and their position grows any stronger, will there be any kind of confrontation again?

Yes, that is already happening. Political lessons are now given in some West German schools. The students are confronted with political happenings like strikes. The point in this education is that the teacher does not offer a remedy, he wants to bring the student, as far as possible to the conclusion that there must be change. The teacher makes the students find out why these things are happening... and they all bring forward their own solution. The teacher will be silent and will not say "this is THE solution."

Also there is a new wave going through Germany known as Student/Apprentices solidarity. The apprentices are less conservative than the workers, this might be partly the result of a more progressive education in the schools.

How are the students trying to fulfill the Marxist maxim that there should be a proletarian revolution based on workers in industry?

The students have found out that they must arm themselves with more theoretical knowledge. Some students break their studies for a year or two and start to work in factories. So that they do not become just an isolated group preaching to the worker but really go and find out what it is like.

I think that what the students consider to be most important, is to have as much knowledge as possible of how to run a society. What I heard constantly were two words... POLITICAL CONSCIOUSNESS. This is so important. The socialisation of the means of production has not necessarily solved the problems, not even workers control of factories has solved the problem in Yugoslavia or the centralist system of socialised production in the Soviet Union. We need much more. A political consciousness plus the socialisation. It is better to have a few thousand who really know what they want than have a wild demonstration in the street with red flags and then go home and not understand the whole thing. The students think they failed in 1968 because of their lack of a revolutionary theory. They are developing their own now as a combination of Marxism and their own experience.

MT JOHN

A week ago, the Mt John demo took place, and the destruction of the access road to the base became nation-wide news (the local papers told one of the committee members they did not regard Derek Bunn's broken jaw as news!). Here in Christchurch, the reaction to the lies spread by prominent policemen was hardly in our favour. We are pictured as a wild rock throwing, window smashing, policeman bashing bunch of dirty freaks. As there are several potentially successful cases which will be taken against the police being prepared, students have decided that protest action against police brutality would be unwise.

The Mount John illustrated one thing clearly—a lack of unity which was summarized in the frequent question 'Where's Shadbolt? I thought he was coming down...' There is a tendency for us all to regard Shadbolt as a great leader when the movement as it is should not rely on superheroes. On the Saturday night the lack of unity resulted in split decisions—some of us went to the Tekapo pub, not realizing that the others went up to the base. This had rather disastrous results.

The setting at Mt John—a high isolated hill, no innocent bystanders (such as there were at the 11:45 Agnew Overkill) the setting was perfect for a spot of police 'action'. The only spectators were the ragged demonstrators, who have since been so slandered by police news and biased reporting that allegations of police brutality are easily dismissed. At Agnew, the people who gave our claims credibility were the respectable late night Intercontinental Hotel drinkers, who became caught up in the melee and were mistaken for demo scum. At Mt John there were no such onlookers. Dean and Bardwell, the two recently promoted policemen from Timaru, made good use of their newspaper access and slandered us to such a degree that by the end of last week, the stage was set for Commissioner Sharp's threats of tougher laws for dealing with the rabble rousing commie criminal fringe. One of the

organizers commented "Bardwell was speaking to the Country Women's Institute persuading them to agitate for tougher law and order legislation. That plus the statement emanating from Auckland, makes me wonder if the cops DIDN'T JACK UP THE Mt John violence, as the first move of an organized law and order campaign.

Keith Duffield, local veteran shit-stirrer, has been issued with a summons to appear in Timaru Magistrates Court on March 29th. The charge Inciting Disorder.

The 16yr old schoolboy with the broken jaw is intending to take a case against the police. He is at present in Burwood Hospital on a diet of fluids only, for the next five weeks. Generally the feeling is here that the case should not be discussed or demonstrated about until it all over as there is a possibility of jeopardizing the outcome. The case will be an interesting one as it is one of the more outright easily contestible occurrences of police brutality.

A Forum held here at Canterbury University last week discussed Mt John. The Forums here are not very good, as the university is divided. One meeting is held at the old townsite, not far from the square, and the other Forum is held at Ilam, the new site which will, the townplanners hope, eventually constitute the entire university. The townsite forum, (the better of the two) is held in a large lounge and this effectively squashes any possibility of very large gatherings and consequently any militant action being taken. (Who wants to walk into a meeting room when the door is shut and the meeting has begun?) Forum needs to be held outside in one of the very suitable quadrangles on the campus where passers-by can stop and join in. At present, Forum is effectively caged.

At the follow-up meeting on Sunday March 19 held at Canterbury University the next moves were discussed, and one of the committee members revealed the close links between the Universities here and the U.S. Military. Apparently Otago University has accepted a large donation from the U.S. Airforce, and one of the leading people in the Otago Students Association, (once a bit of a stirrer), is having a Ph.D financed by American Military money. The Universities here are in danger of subversion!

The meeting decided to spend time producing information on Mt John for the students and the public. A petition to the university council calling for withdrawal of

U.S. bases from New Zealand, and the ending of U.S. Military influence in the universities is being drawn up. Pledges of non-violent action were called for, and a form is being drawn up for collection of signatures. A public forum is being planned, the topic, 'What happened at Mt John?' The University Council meets this week and several people will be attending, to quietly remind Phillips (the University Vice-Chancellor) of the Mt John issue. If Phillips ignores the issue, then there may well be some form of non-violent protest in the Registry Office.

The Mt John issue will be an interesting one, as it is one of the first times such an effort has been made to use 'proper channels'. The people here are not so disillusioned with the judicial system and are hopeful for a fair trial. However, the police with their usual sense of honesty justice and fairness, have already held the trial and found us all guilty.

— SUE WILSON.



**Our grandchildren
are really going
to thank us for the
heirlooms we're
leaving them.**

*Survival—the society dedicated
to the survival of man*



ON AIR POLLUTION IN NEW ZEALAND

A report prepared on the N.Z. Clean Air Conference held at Mount Wellington on the 9th and 10th March 1972. AUSA was represented by R. Liu and R. Bridgeman. This is an attempt to bring to all who were unable to participate due to either transportation, time or economic factors, the progress and outcome of the two day programme.

The pattern of presentation followed thus: a paper relevant to air pollution was given by each speaker who was selected on the basis of his work and past technical background in this field. This lasted for 1–1½ hours after which time was allocated for questions directed from the floor. A general summary and discussion were held at the end of the conference.

At 9am His Worship the Mayor of Auckland gave the official opening speech pointing out the political responsibility of making the general public aware of what was happening to our environment. The little man's awareness of diminishing supplies of natural resources was remarkable! He seemed terrified of the present supplies of nuclear power, and stressed the possibilities of their contaminating surrounding air and water.

More surprises to follow:— our Dr C.J. Maiden presented his paper "Air Pollution from Motor Vehicles". It was naturally impressive, for after having served the great American Ford organisation he was able to relate what mechanical devices were available for the control of automobile emission. "The predominant emissions from an automobile are carbon dioxide (CO₂) and water vapour produced by the combustion of petrol in the engine. Neither of these products of combustion are considered pollutants; however, there is some concern that the increasing amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere could produce a 'greenhouse effect' and a consequent warming of the earth. This in time could lead to melting of the ice caps and a catastrophic raising of the sea-levels throughout the world. Some evidence of a warming effect (about 0.5 degrees Centigrade in the past 100 years), correlating with increased atmospheric CO₂, has already been observed."

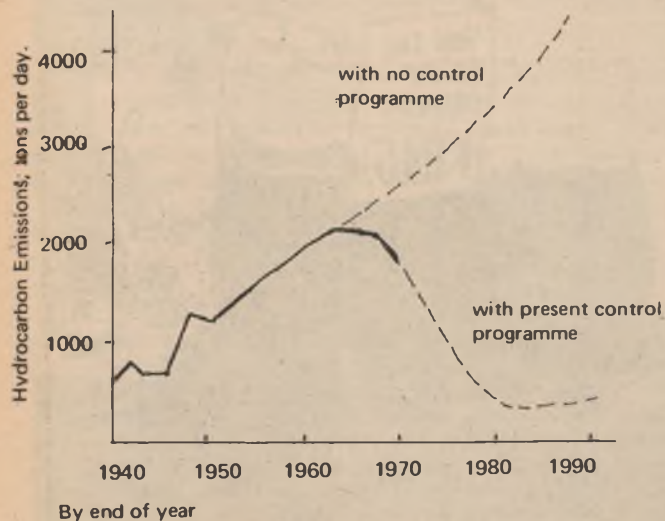


Fig. 1. Hydrocarbon and other organic gas emissions from motor vehicles in Los Angeles County. (unclear whether motorcycles were included into account.)

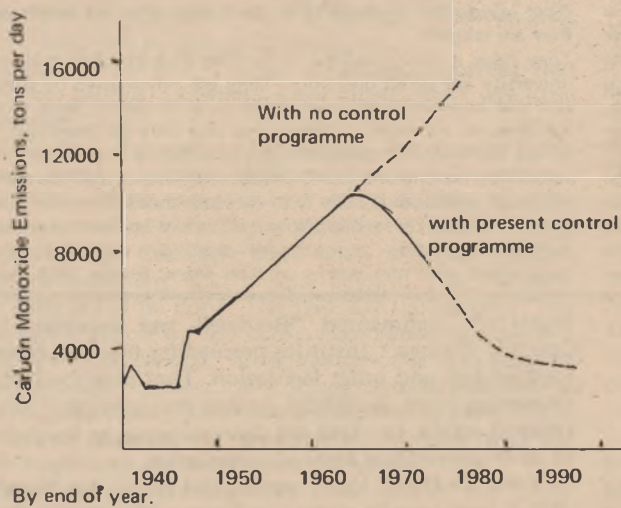


Fig. 2. Carbon Monoxide Emissions from motor vehicles in L.A. (USA).

TABLE 1

Summary of Legislation and Projections for Automobile Exhaust Emissions (values given in gms/mile)

	No	1966	1970	1972	1974	1976	1978	1980
HC	11.0	3.4	2.2	1.5	1.5	3.2	0.5	0.5
CO	80.0	34.0	23.0	23.0	23.0	39.0	4.7	4.7
NO _x	4.0	—	—	3.0	1.3	—	3.0	0.4
Particulates	0.3	—	—	—	—	—	0.1	0.1

"Carbon Monoxide (CO) is caused by incomplete combustion. Ideally, if combustion were complete, all carbon monoxide in the atmosphere would be converted to carbon dioxide. Nearly all carbon monoxide in the atmosphere is produced by automobiles, and a sufficiently high concentration could be dangerous to human health. This is because it has a strong affinity for haemoglobin, with the result that these red blood cells are then deprived of carrying oxygen to body tissues. The Californian Department of Public Health considered that 30 ppm for 8 hours may represent a serious risk to health.

"Nitric oxide (NO) and nitrogen di-oxide (NO₂) are emitted from automobile exhausts. Nitric oxide is a product of high combustion temperatures and reacts readily with oxygen to form reddish-brown nitrogen dioxide. NO₂, like CO, is toxic in that it has an affinity for haemoglobin and, in addition, it can form acid in the lungs!" Exposure to 5 ppm of NO₂ for more than 8 hours was considered to be harmful.

"Sulphur dioxide. Although some sulphur dioxide and encourage m emitted from automobiles, the cumulative output is properly maintain small compared to the amounts produced by industry. This is mit proposing and powerplants. Sulphur dioxide in the atmosphere of public transport sulphuric acid and sulphates which are both of Straight after detrimental to health."

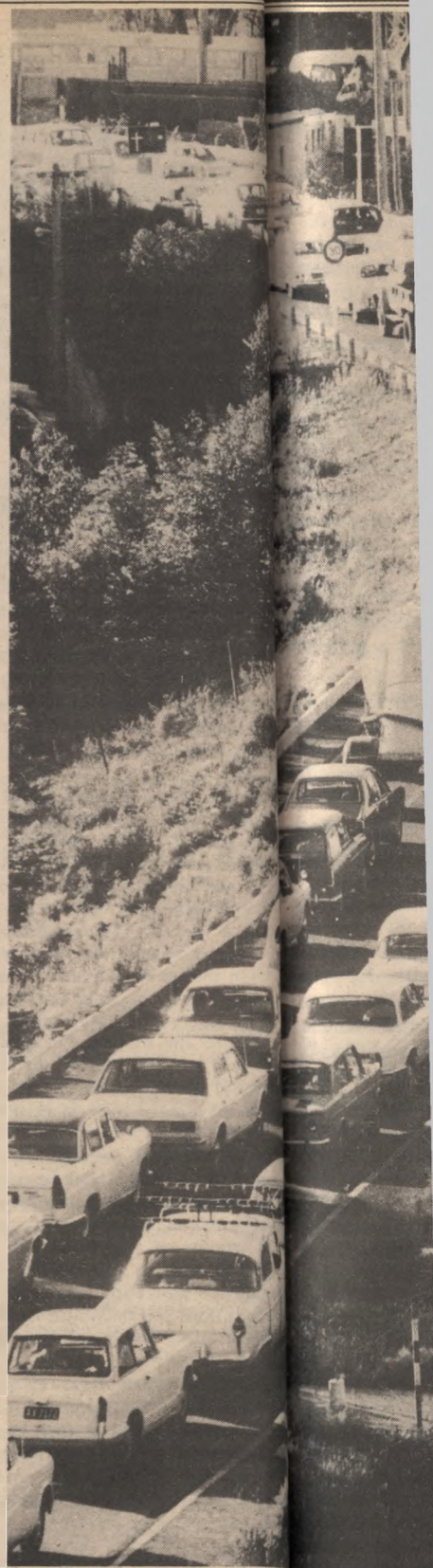
"Particulates. There is some concern about atmospheric pollution from D produced from automobiles. This lead originates from Concentrations and petrol which inhibits engine knock and at this, Mr Fish said performance... In some countries lead-free petrol is concentrations of and late-model U.S. cars are designed to run on such an engine and about 1 Other emissions include traces of gases such as examined the cause present however there is no clear evidence that the measuring instrument harmful.

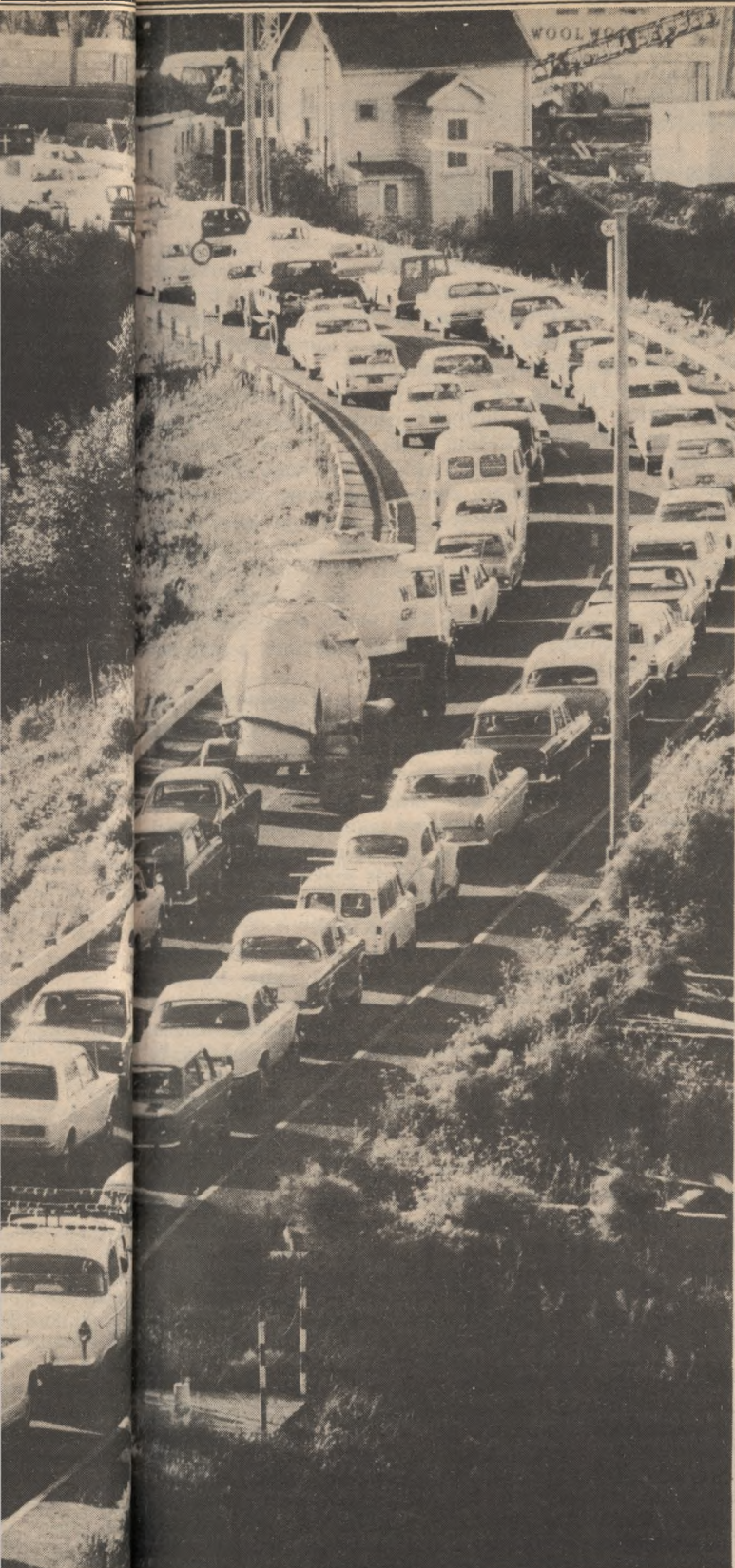
His paper also included Fig. 1 and Fig. 2. Existing modifications: (i) exhaust manifold reactors, which reduce the appearance of diesel hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide by further that they present an insulated reactor attached to the exhaust emissions from petrol (ii) exhaust gas re-circulation; which reduces awareness of the emission. criticism is often directed (iii) catalytic converters; limited practical use. gases have far lower (iv) improved carburetion; better fuel to air ratio to petrol engines driving conditions can reduce emission significantly. Also pre injection systems gives a greater control as such since lead additive: ALTERNATIVES TO THE INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE

- (i) Gas turbine—
 - a. Heavy omissions of Nitric Oxides
 - b. High manufacturing costs.
- (ii) Wankel Rotatory Combustion Engine.
 - a. Low in Nitric Oxide emission
 - b. But very dirty in Hydrocarbons and CO₂ is most likely in the future because of the reduced volume compared to the Otto engine, but Wankel will require further development for Hydrocarbon emission.
- (iii) Other alternatives include the—
 - a. Steam engines.
 - b. Electric cars
 - c. Natural gas operated engines.

These were all found to be impractical because of and associated systems.

He continued that recent reports showed that general air pollution are low in comparison to overseas standards, however no room for complacency for there has been an increasing trend in concentrations of many atmospheric pollutants. This trend is anticipated to increase due to the fact that of atmospheric pollutants are from automobiles whose on the road are increasing rapidly. He said Auckland is unlike Christchurch, in that its atmospheric conditions readily lead to smog. He suggested that we adopt emission standards set by the US but with a time lag period of





the sulphur dioxide and encourage municipal testing stations for these levels to be maintained. 'Question time' followed and Robbie shot up and proposed the reduced use of cars and to encourage the use of public transport by improvement of existing facilities. Straight after coffee and bikkies Mr A. Fish, Automotive Engineer, Ministry of Transport, Wellington, proceeded with "Air Pollution from Diesel Vehicles." "Carbon Monoxide Occurrence, Concentrations and Effects on Man" by Mr H.F. Hartman followed and at this Mr Fish said "The exhaust of a diesel engine contains lower concentrations of CO and hydrocarbons than comparable petrol engine and about the same quantity of oxides of nitrogen. His paper examined the causes of diesel exhaust smoke and described various measuring instruments and techniques. The advantage of a diesel engine he said is the higher thermal dynamic efficiency and the burning of a cheaper fuel. "... concern has been voiced about exhaust emissions from diesel engine vehicles. The odour and appearance of diesel exhaust fumes creates the general impression that they present a greater health hazard than do the less visible emissions from petrol engines and in a time of growing public awareness of the necessity to control environmental pollution, criticism is often directed at smoking diesel vehicles." Diesel exhaust gases have far lower concentrations of CO and hydrocarbons relative to petrol engines and about the same quantities of oxides of nitrogen. Also present are oxides of sulphur, no lead compounds since lead additives are not used in diesel fuels. "Efforts to control diesel smoke have been instigated largely because of the possible

visibility hazard that may exist, its soiling effect, and the annoyance it causes to the public generally. A good deal of effort has been directed towards understanding and reducing diesel smoke emissions and devising methods of smoke measurement."

Three types of smoke:-

- (i) light coloured - due to starting from cold or following a period of light low running. These being unburnt fuel particles.
- (ii) blue smoke - arising from burning of lubricating oil as a result of worn rings and bore.
- (iii) black smoke - indicating poor combustion of fuel with heavy emissions of CO and hydrocarbons.

The quality of combustion and amount of smoke are controlled by (a) quantity of injected fuel; (b) the fuel/air mixture in the combustion chamber; (c) the timing of fuel injection; (d) amount of air available for combustion.

Modern diesel engines have a pre-combustion chamber which greatly reduces emissions of oxides of nitrogen and due to further improvements possible, it seems likely to become popular in future years.

Mr H.F. Hartman pointed out that very little CO comes from natural sources viz. volcanic gases, bacteria and algae, seaweed etc. Old cars emit three or four times the quantity of that produced by properly tuned new cars. "Controls in the U.S. have already reduced the emission from individual new cars by about half, but even the contribution from this source is still very high." A recent estimate for total monoxide from all sources for both the world as a whole and for the U.S. are given in table 1. These estimates which are based on different sets of assumptions giving the contribution of CO from automobiles as 63% of the total in the U.S. and as 84% for the whole world! Whereas other sources, especially industries, put dispersed contributions at a high level, the greater part of automobile emissions are put into the atmosphere in cities at constant, but accumulative, low levels.

"In view of the world wide emission of CO, thought to be about 232×10^6 tons per year, estimates of the life of the gas in the atmosphere have been made. A number of assumptions had to be made because of the many uncertainties involved. Answers varied from 0.1 to as much as 5 years, with the true value possibly somewhere in the middle."

THE EFFECTS OF CO ON MAN:

In high concentrations it is a chemical asphyxiant.

"The action of CO is due to its affinity to haemoglobin in the blood which is about 300 times greater than that of oxygen.

In low concentrations it has been reported to have been the cause of impairment of night vision, traffic accidents, and poisoning as in the case of Tokyo traffic policemen. The USSR takes the lowest levels reported to have affected animals or human beings as a suitable tolerance level.

After lunch Mr J. Schroder, Managing Director of a Sydney chemical firm and President of the Society pointed out that the present Australian Parliamentary Acts and Politics fail to halt the spread of air-pollution. He was eager to push many different pieces of technical data to the various people in local government. This he felt, together with pressure from the residents around the affected areas would cause the mechanics of the System to respond in controlling air-pollution. The terrible state of Sydney was a good example. This was so true, as the last occasion, when the plane I was in began climbing from 20,000 ft, a 'whisky-brown' HAZE blanketed the entire city. It was a shocking revelation to discover from the gentleman I was seated next to that there had been this legislation to prevent that! I sincerely hope the N.Z. government is aware and ensures they do not simply pass similar bills but maintain the control standards they set.

Mr W.E. Russell, (a respectable man) M.Sc., ARIC., FNZIC., MICHemE., Plant Superintendent, the NZ Farmers Fertilizer Co. Ltd. (Auckland) had much to say as to just how much industry was concerned about air-pollution. The air was filled with £'s \$'s and so many @'s for such % when it all ended I was absolutely insane! Nevertheless someone from the 'Environmental Defense Soc.' stood up later to ask just what the company's annual profits were since some fantastic sum (approx. \$30,000 per works annually) had been cited. "Somewhere between three and four million dollars," he quietly replied. 1% of the total profits spent on emission control! I do admit that the whole idea was misleading and it's a shame that the quality of the air we breathe should ultimately be determined by how much we can afford.

It would be unfair not to mention just how much was covered in Mr Russell's paper credit given on sections about pollutants and industrial sources of emissions, statutory requirements in NZ and methods of detection, controlling industrial emissions and costs involved. Sulphur dioxide and particulate matter were the main material industry tosses into the air due to the heavier fuels they use. "Particulates of sufficiently small size (8 microns and below) are readily entrained by the lungs while the larger ones are captured in the nose and throat and are swallowed." The smaller suspended particulates (0.1 microns and less) reflect sunlight into space producing a cooling effect, they may serve as condensation nuclei causing rain over cities rather than rural areas, and they reduce visibility.

Steel Plants, cement mills, ore processing works, various rock grinding and crushing operations, foundries and flour mills are among the industrial activities that results in the production of large amounts of particulate matter.

Estimated Emission in the US 1968

(Millions tons per year).

	Sulphur Oxides	Parti- culates	Oxides of Carbon Nitrogen	Hydro- Monoxide carbons
Stationary Fuel				
Combustion	24.4	8.9	10.0	1.9
Mobile Fuel				
Combustion	0.8	1.2	8.1	63.8
Combustion of				
Refuse	0.1	1.1	0.6	7.8
Industrial				
Processes	7.3	7.5	0.2	9.7
Solvent				
Evaporation	-	-	-	4.3
TOTAL:	32.6	18.7	18.9	83.2
				27.8

"Fortunately, the situation in NZ is different from overseas - (here) power sources are mainly hydroelectric; with a greater trend towards fossil fuels as these sources become exhausted. We are not a really industrialised society, but have a high proportion of motor vehicles." Mr Russell added, "To the chemist the boundary between fumes and mist is not clear; Do we leave this for the lawyers to determine?" stressing the importance of formulating efficient and standardised ways of obtaining data, and that I realised after Dr W. Strauss' "Assessing Air Pollution at the Source and in the

Environment".

Two more topics were covered -

- (i) "Control of Air Pollution in the Meat Industry." by Mr A.K. Fleming and Mr G.F. Martin.
- (ii) "Control Aspects of Air Pollution." by Mr N.G. Thom and those interested can have a read at the Craccum Office.

On the issue of NZ Aluminium Smelters down South, I discovered the Company and the Government had conscientiously got together to monitor fluoride levels by keeping livestock in the area. Mr D. Pullin (Health Dept) from Christchurch said that by pasture, urine, bone, sampling the town milk supply can be guarded safely. These and other similar compromises would make the operation of the Chemical inspectorate a unique one where rather than force a law upon the commercial system, working on cohesion would bring forth more meaningful results. It sounds good but I realise that because of the low population distribution this can be done only where communication between individuals is possible. A "weak" approach on the whole, but if it works and the aims are achieved so much the better. Also I was assured the air in Auckland was closely watched and am now convinced, through Mr N.G. Thoms (the local Chemical Inspector) efforts in his many reports to the central government. They need our support and that's what they will get!

The meeting closed with the motion moved that the N.Z. Clean Air Conference attended by some 150 persons comprising representatives of almost every section of the community dealing with air pollution.

- (i) Request the Minister of Health as a matter of extreme urgency to expedite the introduction of the clean-air bill into the House of Representatives.
- (ii) Request the Minister of Transport to study the papers pertaining to the emissions of motor vehicles and request that they be studied by the appropriate committee to ensure that adequate controls are implemented at the earliest possible date.

The result of the conference was the general agreement that automobiles were the major contributor to this world wide problem. A great deal was said, but not even during the panel discussion "Air Pollution-where are we going, what are we doing?" was anything said about reducing the number of automobiles on the road. They all seemed so damn interested in how to monitor the amount of stuff in the air and the future effort in that direction economically and technically that the major critical source was simply neglected. The proposed ways of keeping the levels of emission lower, the irony being that in spite of measures taken in the control of liberated gases the obvious increase in production and sale of motor vehicles would keep the overall percentages the same (note the rapid increase in the number of two stroke engines on the road!!!).

"Art is lame as science is blind", and here one sees the technical man so engrossed in his materials he forgets human nature.

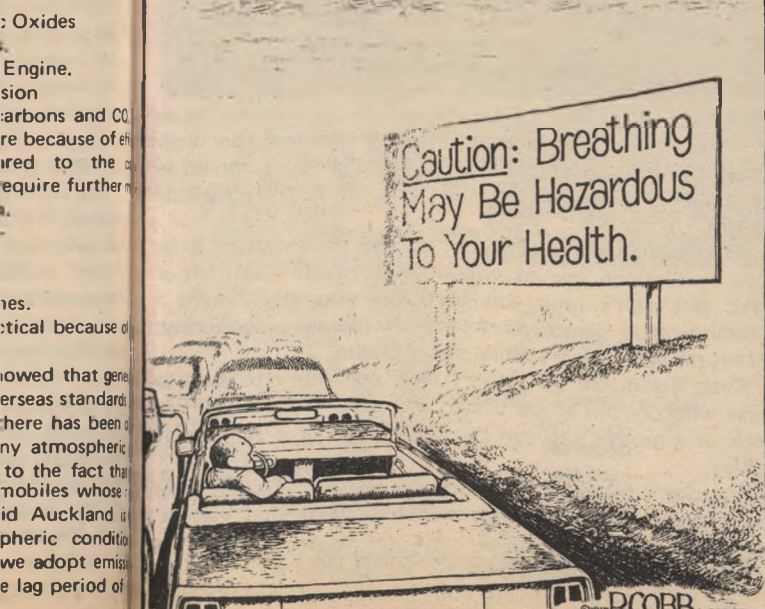
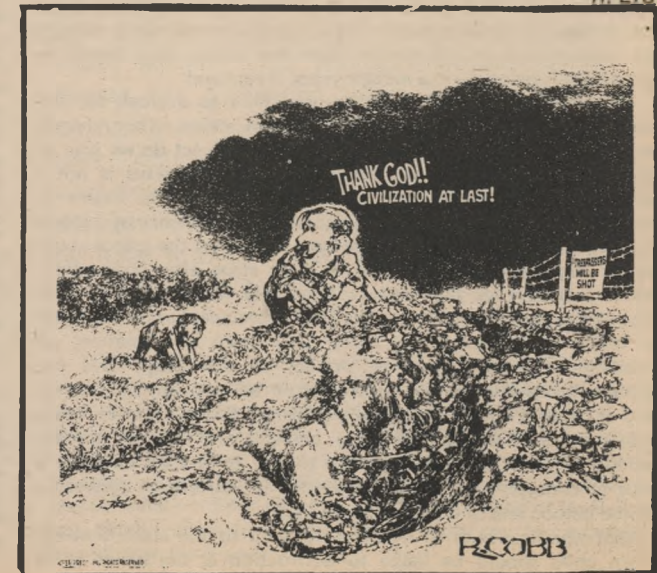
The sociologists and workers in the educational field have just as an important role to play and the absence of their mention I missed most. There was also no sign of mass education in the programme of the Melbourne conference. Would they rather push people into doing something by law than show them the facts and enlighten them on the issue.

There is a great need to examine the trend of thinking of man, his short-sightedness, one who has been led by the nose and become a slave of society and advertising. Industry has made society, instead of vice versa. Yes, a car, the ideal for every man, one for himself the other for his wife and kids-further it has become prestigious (may be the make, the model, the power and acceleration) and it has become associated with an aggressive sex symbol. This, my friends, is something to think about. Surely the answer lies in unlearning it all. We must re-educate ourselves to examine our sense of values. Food, the psychologists classified as the primary need, and what follows after are secondary and tertiary but no! oh no! we've gone beyond that to pay for the glossy piece of machinery (may it be HP or otherwise "we'd rather starve!") "The answer to air pollution must be in the reverse of this kind of thinking. Public transport, modest sized engines, doing away with all the arrogant crap pumped into our heads by the generations before us.

I have pointed the above out during the discussion and Mr Schoders' reply was that the US Government has come to a compromise with the motor industry so the standards can be met. Manufacturers warned that it may cost the automobile to be priced out of existence if these were too strict. Student idealism may not go too far but why not, to these straight ideas? If cars present such a problem can we not do away with our selfish attitudes, may we not demand a better, more human and peaceful way of living. Education and a general availability to the vast accumulation of knowledge has stimulated them into wanting a change away from the impersonalised life-style the great capitalistic machine has created. Surely, but surely through the new way of thinking it should be urgently encouraged the people's basic and imposed/supposed needs can be clearly redefined. As it is they are so confused, to be induced into buying or demanding things totally invented for the benefit of the industrial profiteers. Do we need to spend on colourful 'plastic' material things, to turn us into 'plastic' people; do we hope to keep the economy going at the cost of losing ourselves in a world of all sense of values. There is no need to give examples, just look around and observe the environment may it be at a real or intellectual level.

The Conference was a success in its own right but if more of us could've attended it, more constructive and solid arguments could be presented. If interested on such matters SURVIVAL A.U. would be only too glad to advise.

- R. LIU





Did you know the University has had its first Gay Liberation meeting? In the Union building and the room was packed with guys and gals—crowding outside too.

Well, I've just got two things to say.

First, it's about time these guys started to get active and pushed for acceptance of their way of life.

Second, what's all the fuss about anyhow? I mean, I've never really understood what these serious-minded normality-freaks have been on about with all their talk about "problems" readjustment" and "normal behaviour". I just can't understand how these people think. Why try to encase someone inside a guilt-complex just because YOU happen to feel guilty, or disturbed by his particular actions?

Anybody who would try to convince somebody else that he is sick and therefore must be cured (especially if it is intentional), is the really sick mind of the two. The language people use in trying to label other people is really indicative of their own hangups and inability to accept and love fellow individuals.

I was really amazed when I read in the Herald a few weeks ago that one of our own professors at the Medical School spouted off about how homosexuals must be "understood" in order to "help" them. This is an incredibly blatant example of sick-patient sacred-healer rubbish. How would he feel if suddenly all his associates started referring to him as sick in the mind, and in a patronizing way, too? It's incredible that anyone should apply such mental torture to any individual who is trying to work out his own life. The lamentable thing is that well-meaning people are causing unhappiness without knowing, without separating blind prejudice from their attempts to help people.

Let's start to realise now that a person is free to do what he wants in the way he runs his own life. There are still some screwed-up moralists around who take it for granted that Guilt must be instilled into people. It's a subconscious thing. It starts with early childhood.

The almighty dread of what others might think of you, the paralysing eye of Public Opinion. What worse thing than guilt can possibly happen to any individual? Imagine going around in a world of changing customs where turned-on people are creating new experiences in personal contact, sexual as well as other ways. And imagine experiencing a feeling of guilt or disgust as a reaction to these new experiments in living. What a painful kind of life to lead. Guilt is really the original sin. Mankind as a whole, through the vanguard of its free love and Gay Liberation

movements is finally starting to weed-out this ugly, flowerless sexual guilt which has been nurtured and sanctified up to the present era. The manacles are being torn off. The pearl is being cleansed of its fungus.

Technology and affluence have made it possible to enjoy all kinds of sexual relations, without any real consequences. So why Guilt?

In one sense, guilt is the functional conditioning of a system (society) which is struggling for survival. In concrete terms, if the family and male-female sexual roles are necessary to maintain the species (say in famine-ridden medieval Europe, where the death rate was high) then Guilt is a dimension of the basic survival drive of the society.

But we have outgrown that now. Post-affluent man no longer requires the family as a basic unit. The growth of Gay Liberation and Women's Liberation is an indication of this basic fact. People are starting to realize that they can be Free, that they can Do It, that Guilt is no longer real.

From another point of view, the welfare state (as atrophied as it may be) in many countries is starting to recognize the right to existence of unmarried mothers, solo parents, and sexual openness, (e.g. Denmark). But the family will not necessarily die, and will be merely an alternative (and probably a more damaging one because of its inward possessive nature) among a whole range of life-possibilities, including positive and fulfilling Gay relationships.

Germaine Greer is spot-on in pointing out the absurd doublethink now going on among "straights". In a society where the male peer group is rigidly maintained (like NZ), males gather with their same sex at school and go through the sports scene, and are oriented towards each other. At work the same—sex orientation is perpetuated. Males enter into many kinds of relationships with other men—not usually physical—which really entail Love. Whether Love is characterized as respect, admiration, adoration, etc. But not the physical! Men LOVE each other in MIND but not in body. Why accept such an absurd dualism?

The result, as Germaine has pointed out, is that ideas of PHYSICAL LOVE are directed solely at women, that is, they become objects-for-sex. Women, through competing with each other for sexual recognition, find it difficult to relate to each other as individuals. Why cannot males and females make Love *mentally and physically to males and females*? When we can abolish all sexual distinctions and roles (and you had better believe it's starting!) we will really be on the way to the New Renaissance. That's what Liberation is all about. It's the radical affirmation of EVERYBODY to live, fully.

But I'd better stop raving now. You know what? There's this beautiful guy I know. His mind really blossoms with good thoughts, a true creator of ethereal empires! But what really moves me is that laughing glint in his eyes, as though he knows everything going on in your mind. As though he sees how you tick, and you can tell he just grooves on it.

(What a way to get high on people!) We've been playing a little games with each other. But there's real serenity and strength, too.

New Worlds appear out of the creative tension of chaos and uncertainty.

GAY LIB

Midweek—an unpublicized meeting—on a very controversial and private issue. Yet despite our doubts, on forty of us surprised each other by turning up to found the Gay Liberation Movement in Auckland.

A heavy feeling of solidarity and understanding—appreciation of one another's needs, hangups, joys and gutliving—made this meeting historical. No one was needed to chair, co-ordinate or stand over us: everyone unfolded, idea, a suggestion—even though someone put forward (deliberately?) a few conservative words of caution and reformatory advice, this shitstirring was greeted and harp down with enthusiasm, amusement and immediacy. There was no tension, no antagonism. A group of waiting people had met at last—we united and felt a togetherness, a power, and energy and force which sustained a solid two hour rap session.

Out of this came many points for a programme of both reformist and radical action: the main issue being "getting the public used to the fact of homosexuality": educating them to see us not as child molesters, compulsive neurotics and potential rapists, but rather as people with a unconventional but not unnatural sexual preference—which should surely be enjoyed as our own business. But the social pressures of law and attitude make this preference not merely a personal concern for many of us, but a public and subsequently political concern as well.

However, of greatest importance was the understanding that within the group there were people who, for some reason or other, had to protect themselves from the system to survive within the system. The Movement includes everybody—the binding factor is sexual oppression: if some fear exposure through involvement with the group, their fear is considered and respected. We also NEED and appreciate the passive support of those Gays who choose to remain anonymous: for only through this solidarity can we as a viable political entity, ensure that in the future such caution, insecurity and hiding need no longer be necessary. Even if the support comes from within the closet, there is a greater chance of that door being opened and every single one eventually becoming empty and redundant.

Should you care to come along, then contact me via the Craccum office, or see me around Varsity most places, to find out about the next meeting time and venue. And remember, Gay is Proud!

—NGAHUIA VOLKERLING

ABORTION

In the Craccum dated 2/3/72, one of the aims of Women for Equality was discussed, namely "safe legal abortions on request."

The following argument was used in support of this aim:

"What I think is negged, firstly, is for women to be recognised by the law as people—with the right to decide what happens to their own minds and bodies. There is no need for a law regarding abortion—it should be a natural and ordinary occurrence for a woman who wants and needs and abortion to be given one by her doctor or an abortion clinic, with no fuss, preaching or need to feel guilty."

Used as a basis for the argument is the view that women have "the right to decide what happens to their minds and bodies." Presumably, then, the woman's right of disposal of her unborn child grows from the fact that it is inside her. The opinion that the foetus is a parasite is probably seen as giving credence to this "right". The term "parasite" has the unpleasant connotations of blood-sucking insects; however in medical terms, it means no more than the unborn child derives nutriment and sustenance from the mother.

But whatever may be the nature of the relationship between the mother and her unborn child, it is difficult to see how the fact that she is pregnant conjures up in the mother the "right" to kill her unborn child. It is hard to see where this "right" comes from. Who was the oracle who discovered it? Or should we ask: who made it up? Some enlightened one who saw this new revelation shining in the heavens? Or did the fact of conception, an event in nature, needed for the perpetuation of our species, by some strange alchemy, produce this magic essence—the "right to abort?"

The facts are simple; there is a conception, the beginning of everyone of us, there is the stage of growth in the womb, the pregnancy, and a short transitional phase, the birth. Midst these facts in nature, the idea that a "right" grows out of them seems a little incongruous. It is better to leave the notion of a "right" to abort where it belongs—in a metaphysical dreamland.

The notion of a right is being used here as a cloak for the occasional inconvenience a pregnancy can cause. The relevant question in this matter of abortion is: What respect do we give to human life? To forestall any argument that the foetus is not a human being, scientists have found that human life begins at conception. Last century, in the light of medical science as it stood then, the objection could well have been made that the foetus could only be regarded as human life at some stage after conception. However, discoveries this century, especially what biologists have learnt about chromosomes and the DNA molecule, have shown that the foetus is complete in every way from the moment of conception. The chromosomes present at this stage have the complete blueprint for the child's future development. A human being is thus a continuum—a single living HUMAN entity—from conception until death. The only changes are those of growth, development and aging. (Analogous to the difference between a foetus at conception and a 21-year-old is the difference between a deflated balloon and one that is blown-up.)

What significance is to be attached then to the claim that the unborn child should be liable to destruction at the whim of its

mother? Does the mother of a one-year old or fifteen year old child, have the power of life or death over that child? If we try to specify a point in time of becoming a human being, we leave the realm of nature and enter that metaphysical dreamland again. Membership of the species of homo sapiens which all of us enjoy from conception, is sufficient criteria for being human. No special magic attaches to birth. It is merely a transition for mother and child; not the beginning of a human life.

At this point, it needs to be remembered that when the Crimes Act states: "a child becomes a human being within the meaning of this Act when it has completely proceeded in a living state from the body of its mother."

The Act is giving a purely legal definition of a human being for the purposes of distinguishing in law between murder and abortion, and the definition has no foundation in scientific fact.

We cannot remain consistent with the concept of sanctity of life while we talk in "degrees" of sanctity of life. A person who kills a young child is condemned as a murderer of the worst sort—a callous brute. What then of the person who destroys the most helpless form of human life, namely, the child in the womb?

It is worth recalling that in past societies little protection was given to the young child—infanticide was legal and quite common. Parents had complete power of life and death over their young offspring, and, if they wished (and presumably NEEDED to) they could expose their child. We now consider ourselves "more humane" and regard such a practice as brutal and cruel—in fact as murder.

The weakness, the danger of the argument that I quoted above is shown by the following paraphrase of the argument:

"What I think is needed firstly is for parents to be recognised by the law as an autonomous unit—with the right to decide what happens to their own child. There is no need for a law regarding infanticide—it should be a natural and ordinary occurrence for parents who want or need to dispose of their child to expose it, or to have their doctor or a clinic put it to sleep, with no fuss, preaching or need to feel guilty."

Anyone who wears the peace symbol should remember that the circle represents the protection of the unborn child. It is not surprising that this old Scandinavian symbol was chosen to represent peace, because one of the foundations of true peace is respect for human life, especially in its most defenceless forms. A callous people with its hands steeped in human blood can surely never know a real peace with itself—or with others.

Women for Equality is campaigning for the wrong aim. What all women—and all men—should campaign for is this: Every woman (whether married or single) having a child should have the security of knowing that adequate means, both in the form of money, and help, will be made available to enable her to bring up that child, or that if she, the natural mother, is unable to cope, her child will be well cared for elsewhere.

We all hope that human beings will operate from higher motives than those of selfishness and expedience, and surely we are not going to allow the price of the life of an unborn child to be say \$1000.00, or the avoidance of a temporary inconvenience or embarrassment, or the whim of the mother.

What freedom of abortion has to do with Women's Lib I fail to see. Would Men's Lib campaign for the right to rape helpless women?

—BRUCE BROSNAHAN.



YOU KILLED HIM

Perhaps if you stopped for a moment on your ego-ambulation around Varsity, you might be surprised to see a lonely body drifting past you, bathed in desperate realism.

After checking the time in the cafe, dare yourself to let your eyes search one or two degrees to the lower left or right; but don't look too hard for you might invite a communicative glance from one of the searching lonely better, return to your stifling social clique.

Keep living like this, don't talk, and don't be open to those who cry out to be heard, and accepted; perhaps in a week or a month you can cause a suicide or a 'holiday' at Oakley.

But don't be concerned, for the media will cover it up and prevent the screwed-up selfish bastard that you are from feeling guilty.

Today you could save a life.

Talk to someone outside your group, and be really free

'Australians comparisons to Aborigines. No treatment by white hold in common

On Saturday demo in Adelaide the support an

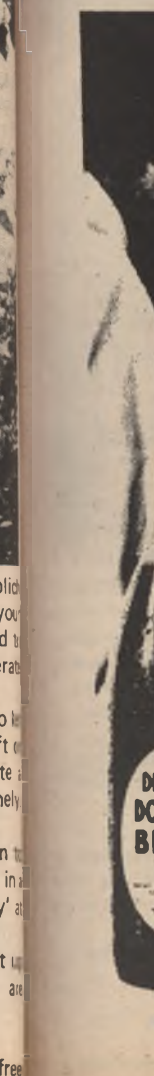
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ABORIGINAL RIGHTS & QUOTES FROM BOBBI SYKES

'Australians are making a grave error when they draw comparisons between the American Negro and their own Aborigines. No areas of similarity exist between the conditions or treatment by white people of the two races, and the only thing they hold in common is the obvious one—their coloured skin.'

On Saturday 22nd January I was able to take part in a demo in Adelaide for Aboriginal rights, and specifically for the support and release of fugitive Lionel Brockman.

At about 9.30 a.m. we assembled near the city centre. Over 400 people listened to the speeches by various Aboriginal leaders, and formed up to walk the city streets in protest at treatment of aborigines in South Australia and the other States. It was a successful demonstration in drawing attention to problems. Later that day I talked to Rod Marks of the Aboriginal Advancement League (Victoria), and he told me of his involvement with his people, who are tired of being ignored and forgotten, and are the victims of paternalism by a white bureaucracy. He said that the Aboriginal people want to be able to run their own affairs.

"In Melbourne there is a Department of Aboriginal Affairs and not one aboriginal making decisions. That's not right." Yet the above ground or establishment news media ignore the movement in general, and attempt to play up Black Power militancy, at present advocated by only a few. But will this remain so?

"The Aborigines are not assured of receiving Award rates as they can be classified as 'slow' and 'retarded', a practice easily abused to ensure a source of cheap labour. Yet another parallel with South Africa where there are different rates for Blacks and Whites doing the same job."

A member of the Aboriginal Women's Council, who I talked to, said she felt that Black Power COULD grow in its following, if action to alleviate the conditions of object poverty, oppression and undernourishment was not taken soon. She saw 1972 as a crucial year for Aboriginal rights, and looked to the rising generation for support. With the media hostile or uncooperative, few Australians or outsiders know much about the condition of the Aboriginal people of Australia. While large portions of White Australia live in relative affluence, aboriginal children die of dysentery, malnutrition and other diseases. In 'liberal' South Australia, it is only a matter of years since any schooling was compulsory for aboriginal children, and so "it was only those children whose parents thought it was a good experiment who got there." Syllabuses continue to be irrelevant to aiding advancement. The Women's Council hopes to offer an alternative syllabus for aboriginal studies. My informant, told me she remembered at school Social Studies classes on the white settlement of Australia were adjourned because the teacher didn't know how to talk about the injustices done to aborigines, with an aboriginal girl in the room.

Most people agreed that the 1971 Springbok Rugby tour was a tremendous catalyst to the Aboriginal rights movement—both for whites and blacks:

"It made my people think. If the demonstrators are against them (the South Africans) they must be for us."

In the time I was in Adelaide, only four days, I learned a fantastic amount about pass laws, which still operate, laws allowing vicious wage and job or housing discrimination and allow alienation of aboriginal land with no right of appeal. I saw and heard of numerous cases of harrassment and discrimination of aboriginal people by the police, families being suddenly evicted from homes, arrests on trumped up charges, conviction of people without legal representation or bail because they didn't know about, weren't told about or couldn't afford it. Abschol, an organisation based at the University of Adelaide, it is doing a tremendous amount, but their resources are limited and they rely on voluntary staff. One of the leaders, Mel Davies, of the Department of Economics at Uni, like all of the workers, always at the ready to get legal aid, put up bail or investigate complaints, said: "All we want is basic rights like education and health, freedom of movement, and the right to decide who we have to stay or visit, and how long they stay. For too long the government has been content to treat us as children, giving us handouts—blankets and rations to stay on the reserves and shut up."

"The recent demonstrations against the touring Springbok team could lead one to believe that Australia was against Apartheid, 'separate development', yet, if more active assistance and greater participation by white people in the correction of the social and economic imbalance in existence in the country today does not take place in the very near future, then separate development will be taking place right here."



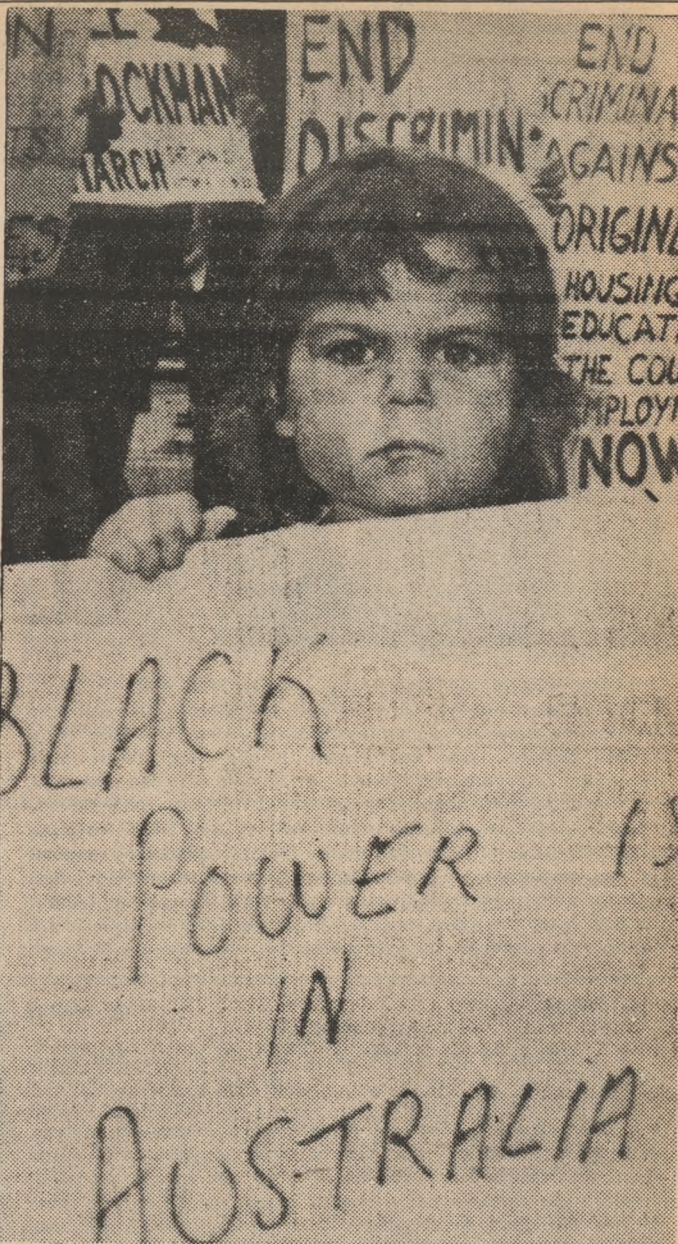
From 'People', a poem by Bobbi Sykes.

"Some of us eat
Birds meats or
Escargots or
Candied bees or
Witchetty grubs or
Each other —
But we are all people."

I also talked at length with a worker of the Department of Social Welfare, committed to his job, who saw South Australia as "the most progressive State in Australia." He was able to explain the recent "stagnation" (quote) as a result of bureaucracy as the Department of Aboriginal Affairs was "assimilated" into the general welfare setup. In contrast with other people I spoke to, he was optimistic that this was a good step, of ultimate benefit. Plans were mentioned of even getting an "aboriginal task force" for education and health, and a new deal with the Housing Trust, who don't give grants to aborigines.

"The 90 day Detention Law in South Africa is often quoted when the evils of Apartheid are discussed. On Queensland reserves the Manager can enforce "Dormitory Detention" (house arrest) for a period of six months. On Palm Island one man was sentenced to six months detention without knowing why. When he demanded to know the crime for which he was being punished, he was given another six weeks for insolence."

One of the big problems of the Welfare organisations on State and Federal levels is a lack of adequate staffing, funds, and in depth knowledge of the desires and needs of Aboriginal peoples. I say 'peoples' advisedly, because there are about 600 Aboriginal dialects existing in Australia, and a large number of tribal groups, generally discrete, and based on distinctive traditions. Official bodies have been slow to realise that even today it is not possible, or advisable, to think of Aboriginal people as a homogeneous group. Regional differences of tribal groups (or dialectal units) have been a source of pride and a focus of identity, and should not be ignored. Attempts to FORCE a breakdown of tribal differences only causes hostility.



"In Australia, the Aborigines and other black people are beginning to make their presence felt. Massive movements are forming and slowly the nation's black people are shaking away their apathy and getting down to the real work of putting themselves on equal footing with the rest of society."

Unfortunately it is widely believed that the best policy White Australia can offer the Aboriginal peoples is ASSIMILATION. As recently as July 1968 the Australian Prime Minister has stated:

"Our ultimate objective is, of course, the assimilation of Aboriginal Australians as fully effective members of a single Australian society." The policy of assimilation has been defined as seeking "that all persons of Aboriginal descent will choose to attain a similar manner and standard of living to that of other Australians." Subsequent statements have confirmed this policy which would, in ideal circumstances, require all distinctive cultural features of Aboriginal peoples to be discarded, presumably with the carrot of better treatment promises. Such an attitude is intolerable, and is only reinforced by the existence of welfare departments run by whites who decide what is good for the blacks.

Land rights is a very hot issue in Australia, because it is realised that the Federal and State Governments must either drop the assimilation policy and grant basic rights and concessions to Aboriginal people, or reinforce the assimilation policy.

The alternative, almost unheard of until recently (in the Australian scene), is that Aborigines be able to regulate their own affairs, perhaps adopting the ideal of cultural pluralism. That a militant "Black Power" movement is emerging at present seems to indicate a lack of communication, white to black. It has been common, for example, for public figures to point to the existence of alcoholism and prostitution among some Aborigines as proof of their decadence and worthlessness, when it is fairer to see these problems as symptoms of anomie or lack of positive identity, not as "typical of the aborigines." At present anyway, most aboriginal people do not want violence and domination, which is Black Power as the "popular press" defines it. What is wanted is freedom to assert Aboriginal distinctiveness and for aboriginal self-determination in their own affairs. Personal responsibility in employment, hospitality, financial matters and travel should be basic; that they have been denied to Aboriginal people is criminal.

— ROGER COWELL

"Under Section 34 of the Queensland Act, the Department of Aboriginal and Islanders Affairs has the power to move an Aborigine from one reserve to any other. In doing this the Department has the power to separate families. A non-resident wishing to enter the reserve, cannot do so without permission of the manager. Such was the case of one young Islander who was forced to plead to be allowed back on Palm Island to attend the funeral of his father. He was finally allowed on the Island only to be escorted off immediately the funeral was over."



TODAY'S GREAT BEER.



FREDDIE KING GETTIN' READY

SHelter RECORDS

GETTIN' READY — Freddie King — Shelter SHE 8905

When Chas Burke Kennedy, ex-Fresh Air guitarist, returned from America, we discussed at great length the considerable artistic merits of the Grateful Dead and Freddie King's group. With much enthusiasm Chas recounted various performances he had witnessed, but concluded that these two groups were artistically and creatively the best "high" of all the bands that he had seen "live". However, despite Chas's enthusiasm and despite Freddie's exuberant stage act and his extraordinary musical talent, he has remained the most underrated and least celebrated of all the three Blues Kings. (Albert and B.B. being the other two). But Freddie IS DISTINGUISHABLE from his namesakes for he neither descends from the early Memphis

blues-shouter tradition that spanned B.B. King, nor from the soul-influenced developments of the Stax label which originated in Memphis (where Albert King records) in the 1960's. Rather Freddie's stylistic developments are analogous to the post-war Chicago-blues syndrome, perhaps epitomised by Guddy Guy and Otis Rush. They share with Freddie the same high-pitched and vocal delivery—with lines that sweep and scream into a penetrating falsetto complemented neatly by the sheer urgency and fury of the guitar lines. Perhaps Freddie is of a "lighter" voice and perhaps too, his guitar lines are less jagged and choppy than those put out by the Chicagoans, but on listening the similarities between all three are obvious.

Freddie has been around for a long time. He did in fact make his first single for the El-Bee label in Chicago in 1956, but in 1960 he shifted to Cincinnati and recorded almost non-stop for 7-8 years. He made numerous singles for the Federal label and a number of LP's for King. (the mother-label—no pun intended) whose biggest selling artist was at the time James Brown, the nation's number one soul brother. Even at this stage when music followed a predictable pattern, Freddie wasn't afraid to experiment outside the 12-bar three chord sequence and anyone who has heard Mayall's version of his "Someday After Awhile" (on Hard Road) will remember the unusual chord construction of this cut. It is during this time that Freddie recorded much of his most widely known work, "I'm Torn Down", "I Loved a Woman", "Have You Ever Loved a Woman", though it was his jumpy instrumentals such as "Hideaway", "The Stumble" and "Sidetracked" that won him most acclaim. Yet Freddie, unlike B.B. and Albert, never got through to the new white audiences of the late 1960's. Atlantic's subsidiary Cotillion attempted to make Freddie a more "acceptable" proposition by producing two albums which featured the late King Curtis. Curtis wrote all the arrangements, which, because of the arrangers predilections, immediately stifled Freddie in the soul strait-jacket. These albums went little way in satisfying either Freddie or the audience and Atlantic appear to have lost interest in promoting him. Anyway, along came Don Nix, ex-baritone-player with the Marlays, (who were just Booker T and the M-G's with a horn section) and the famed Leon Russell, once the punk piano-player on that wondrous T.V. show "Shindig". Both men signed him to Shelter and produced and released this album.

The album? — well, I dig it. The tinge is more gospel-blues than soul and places Freddie in a more contemporaneous setting than that attempted by Atlantic. Nix and Russell not only arranged and produced the sessions, but they also wrote or co-wrote four songs for King.

Nix wrote "Same Old Blues", in which Freddie explains why he's still singing and playing the blues. However what would ordinarily have been a simply 12-bar change is elasticized by the imposition of an unusual chordal riff which beautifully alters the song's structure. An acoustic rendition of Elmo's "Dust My Blues" follows, but although King turns in a good performance one associates a certain weariness with this tune. I'm afraid the basically rigid structure prevents anything the least bit innovative being extracted from the song. Big Maceo Merriweather's "Worried Life Blues", which was hit for Ray Charles, Eddie Boyd's "Five Long Years", Broonzy's "Key to the Highway" pop up but there's a mood of perfunctoriness about these cuts. Perhaps it is a statement of faith, reaffirmation of his dedication to the blues—to convince the hard-core aficionados that he ain't no Uncle Tom. However, apart from this, I can see no purpose in releasing these particular cuts since they have already been over-recorded.

Side two opens with "Gone Down" and "Living on the Highways", which are Nix-Russell originals and again involve quite spectacular alterations, variations and developments of the basic blues structures. "I'm Walking"—the Jimmy Rogers song (not the white C & W shitkicker) is a superb song that is simply structured but employs an appealing melodic line that'll have you whistling and singing for days on end. A driving 1970's version of King's first Federal hit "I'm Torn Down" leaps onward with Russell playing his best Honky piano-playing and the prevailing mood of heaviness is continued in the closing cut "Palace of the King" with its amusing lyrics sung over a granite-laden mode. If you listen to this track at three-quarters volume the bass roll should have some effect on your bowels.

This is an L.P. well worth buying in spite of the unnecessary inclusion of traditional songs on Side one. Russell and band play extremely well throughout both sides and it is pleasing to see people who have derived much of their style from black talent being prepared to aid the originators in getting their music across to a wider "white" audience.

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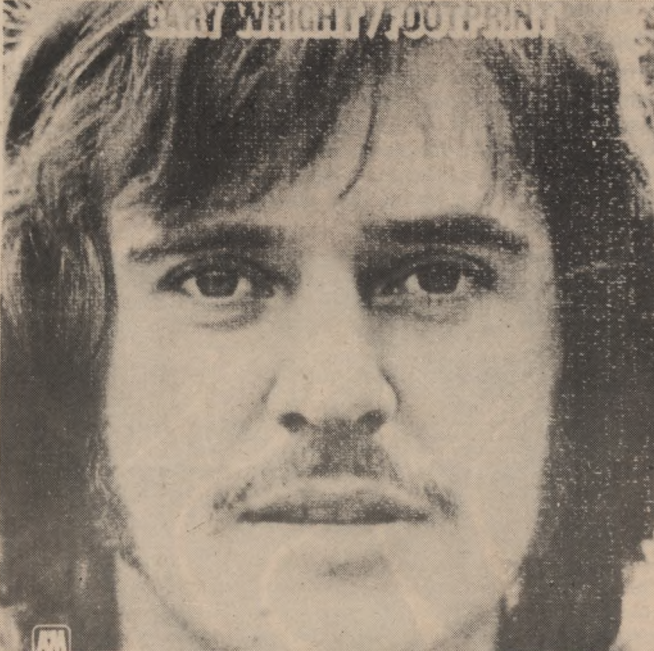
FOOTPRINT

A&M SP4096

GARY WRIGHT

Symptomatic of yet another group artist to go solo, the album displays all the characteristics of the now very popular communal musicianship. Gary Wright was an extremely vital part of the English rock group Spooky Tooth, who have several memorable albums, particularly 'Ceremony' compiled by Wright together with sound effects man Pierre Henry. His desire to go solo has, in my mind, produced one of the modern musical paradoxes. In pursuit of an identity of his own, he, like many others, finds himself a part of an even greater anonymity. This is especially apparent on this album where he swaps phrases with musicians such as Jim Keltner, Jim Gordan, Hugh McCracken, George O'Hara (George Harrison—an admirer) Klaus Voorman, Bobby Keys, Jim Price, King Curtis, Madeline Bell etc; and so the list goes on. Shelter People, Mad Dogs and Englishment, Plastic Ono Band are a modern musical phenomenon that supposedly enable solo artists to find themselves. Often they do no more than swamp the performer due to their own excellence. Rather they are an integral whole. To me, more of Gary Wright was exposed on Spooky Tooth. The result of Footprint is a production not unlike that of Neil Young (but not like Neil Young) cast in the mould of mediocrity, heavily yet skillfully arranged, revealing little of Gary Wright himself.

Technically the album is superb. Wright, the producer, has achieved a very vital, total sound, with no obvious delineations between the sections that compile the whole. Using the keyboards freely as a rhythm base, the organ permeates the whole, yet is not there unless one specifically calls it. Brass is used subtly to complement and fill the sound rather than to compete with it. Nothing at all imposes on the totality of this album. Brass, voices



and keyboards are used in much the same way as strings are used by Buckmaster, particularly with Elton John.

Musically the album is simple. Chord compositions have a

simplicitic progression yet do not become cliches, due to the skillful variations in their arrangement. You are not implanted with catchy rhythms and thus the result is less than memorable. Other than a funky bass pattern on a blues based acoustic piece reminiscent of Taj Mahal, the record leaves no impression. It may be described as utilitarian; not offending anyone and pleasing most.

The major deficiency is in the lyrics. All compositions sound as if they are the subjects of fourth form essays. From the first track whence Wright laments "I need a place where my mind is free as a breeze", to the last track where he informs that "if you treat someone right, you won't get hurt in the end." The substance of this is good and noble, but hardly credible. Yet I get the feeling that Wright is serious all the same. In between he warns of a "two faced man", tells us . . .

"we need love to survive,

we need love to survive", implores us to "stand up for our rights, fight for the freedom to live our own lives," and would you believe it "no one seems to care, money is the only big affair in our lives." This doesn't tell us a thing. It's not even real. The lyricism of Gary Wright lends itself to the destruction of any identity he might hope to form by compiling a solo album.

By what do the pretensions of analytical record reviews prove? Precisely nothing. Music is about sounds and how they hit the ear that belongs to the person with a mind that digests sensory data according to one's emotions. Gary Wright is pleasing to listen to. One gets a good deal of satisfaction from playing the record without wondering too much what it is all about. That's the way it should be.

Bullshit to you all.

Bruce Kirkland

MADMAN ACROSS THE WATER — ELTON JOHN DJM SDJL 934369.

With the aura of hype surrounding Elton John of late, he must have found it hard coming out with this album.

He has assembled a theme on it in his visits to the States in the last year, however Taupin's lyrics seemed to have become more obscure to the point of not knowing what the hell he's on about.

The usual dwelling on violence is more or less absent, except for "Indian Sunset", a favourite theme of Taupins, to be replaced with

what must be references only intelligible to the inner circle of the John-Taupin clique.

Instrumentally it is an album full of superb arrangements, with the old gang of Hookfoot backing, complimented by the splendid drumming of Barry Morgan and Terry Cox with other alumni of the British School of Rock Music present. Buckmaster's arrangements are, as ever, superb, and the rest of technical stuff measures up O.K.

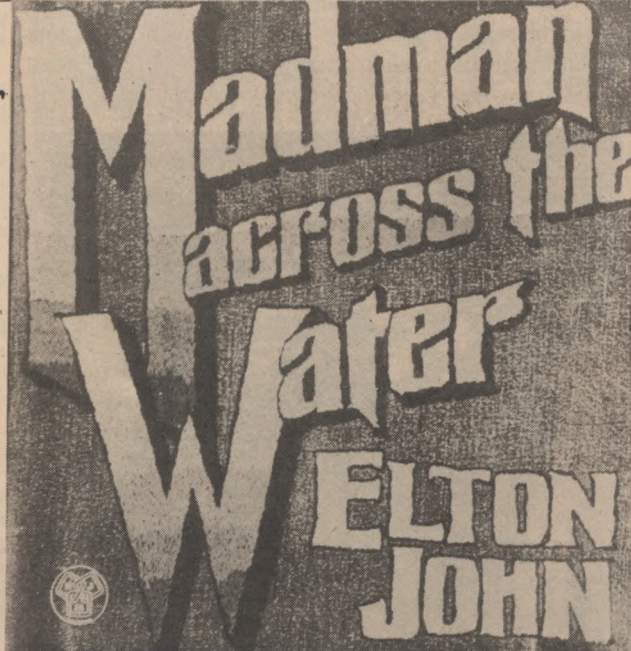
But somehow "Madman" isn't the L.P. "Tumbleweed" or "Elton John" is. It has the same feeling of something lacking that "Beatles For Sale" had which was made after a similarly grueling year of American concerts had. It gives me the feeling of despondency—the traumas of a superstar. The various references to coke and life on the road confirm this:

"Oh I've had me fill of cocaine and pills"

"I'll be your silver spoon".

"Boredom's a pastime that one soon acquired"

There's no real bumner track, but no song really attains the



heights set by "Come Down in Time" or "The King Must Die." However there are a few pearls:— "Razor Face" makes it by being different and I dig the accordion jamming at the end. "Tiny Dancer" is schizophrenic—the verses are uninspiring and it is left to the chorus to bring it all home. "Madman" is of course the monumental track and as such it works well, but it takes the string arrangement after the first chorus to make it work for me. "Rotten Peaches" sounds self indulgent with Elton over-emphasising the chorus, a similar fault of "Levon". I think these suffer from being too predictable—you can guess when bass and drums will enter and here Elton's phrasing is starting to become a cliché.

Yet they are redeemed by the beautiful mandolin playing in Holiday Inn and Goodbye—the type of song I would like to hear more of from Elton John. He seems to really excell on this type of material—"Talking Old Soldiers" on Tumbleweed was a tour de force of him as a solo artist.

There it is—readily appealing to Elton John fans but those not into this type of music yet would be better advised to get "Tumbleweed Connection" first.

— E.R. HAYSOM.

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.R. HAYSOM.

The Morning After The J. Geils Band Atlantic 8297

The J. Geils Band originate from Boston, a city known for its conservative puritanism but despite the hostile environment this band was termed by Lenny Kaye of "Rolling Stone" magazine, the best new band of 1971. This group certainly owe no allegiance to any particular idiom, though the drive and attack they produce conjures up a mood that one associates with the first Butterfield Blues Band LP (1965).

However the blues is merely one of the ingredients utilized by the group and actually only three of the albums' cuts are of basic blues construction, the rest revealing stylistic similarities with an earlier age. Quite credible comparisons can be drawn with the R&B, pre-soul genre, which was based in Detroit, Memphis and Chicago and influenced people like the early Rolling Stones. Indeed on the basis of the aural evidence there are quite striking similarities between a certain period of the Stones development and the present Geils band's performances. So listen to this, the band's second album, for it contains some mighty interesting sounds.

The opening track "I Don't Need You Baby" charges in like a bunch of gung-ho Marines. The descending chord structure boots the cut along at a galloping level with Peter Wolf coming on like all his blood-brothers, Howlin' Wolf, Wolfman Jack, and John Kay of Steppen wolf, rolled into one. He has a pretty limited howl, as have all the Wolves, but his gravel-edged vocals are just right for a group that aims to shake ass.

"Whammer Jamer" supposedly written by a friend of the band, (though it could be a pseudonym for the group) is a harp solo by Magic Dick that shows obvious similarities with Sonny Boy Williamson II though the tone recalls a fluidity associated with Little Walter. This is one of the few blues tracks on the album but gives credence to many rock critic's view that Dick is perhaps the best white harmonica player since Butterfield, Dyke and the Blazers

"So Sharp" based on the James Brown riff, chugs innocently along on the dominant 7th (with added 9th) chord till suddenly, an ascending chromatic chordal hook climbs up into the sky to be topped off by a beautiful guitar ripple, courtesy J. Geils himself. The following cut, Don Covay's "Usual Place" is reminiscent of the early Rolling Stones. Take a listen to "Mercy Mercy" (also written by Covay) on the Stones' "Out of our Heads" album and you'll see what I mean. Harp, guitar and piano all have a chance to solo on the last track on side one. The tune "Got to have your Love" is a completely modal number that features an absolutely incredible instrumental break with a series of syncopated stop-start changes from bass, guitar and electric piano.

Side two opens with "Lookin for Love" that comes on strong rock and roll, continued by "Gon'a Find Me a New Love", a basic three chord change that gets up and moves with great slide playing. "Cry One More Time" again shows the parallels with the Stones. Have a listen to Jagger's version of "That's How Strong My Love Is" (written and recorded by Otis Redding) on the "Out of our Heads" L.P. The last two tracks keep the rocking going, featuring largely Justman's honkey pianistics.

The groups strengths are that they never over-stretch themselves, apart from "Whammer Jamer" all the solos are kept to the point and you're never left with the feeling that the musicians are wearing the song out by extracting all the goodness from its structure. (This is like peeling a potato rather than cooking it with the jacket on). The group have a knack of picking up on obscure R&B songs that have a liveliness about them. Finally, the group always play as a unit and never sound like a bunch of ego-tripping maniacs all struggling to climb on the super star pedestal.

So if you are sick of the lightweight songsters and you feel the heavy weight rocksters are running to fat, buy this album. There is nothing profound about the album, it's not "experimental" or "progressive", it's just unpretentious happy, driving music played by



competent, solid musicians. If you want an album to dance to or if you just want to listen and groove, this album is a worthwhile investment.

—Henry Jackson



THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE

Directed by Walon Green and Ed Spiegel.

Filmed on several locations this film is an extension of the documentary film one sees all the time at school, on T.V. or as shorts at the movies which deal with the amazing insects and our strange planet. One of the main problems with this film however is that it seeks to be topical in that it relates nearly all the sequences to the plight of man in the 20th century. So we have an ecology bit,

a warfare bit, even a free love bit. The narration by failed Prof. Hellstrom (played eerily by Lawrence Pressman) is a collection of cliches, warning, trite observations, and pseudo science mixed into a script which essentially tries to be an honest evaluation of the man-nature dilemma in the 20th century.

The film does not really attempt to give answers, it merely shows the existence of certain problems. A farmer faced with plagues uses greater amounts of insecticide until his crops are condemned as being poisonous. In order to stop a plague of locusts which destroy vegetation over several hundred square miles, agencies use insecticides which will result in the next generation of locusts being resilient to it. There is a very good tension established and maintained throughout the film between the knowledge that what we do to the environment is 'needed' and that it is also completely useless. A dramatic tension which balances fact and fiction against each other. The fictional sequences in which we encounter Hellstrom seep at odds with the insect world and we are even further distanced by clips from monster insect horror films.

Just as the Disney film like 'The Living Desert' and 'The Vanishing Prairie' attempted to give to the animals being filmed some human characteristics so does the Hellstrom Chronicle. It is

because of this that much of the film fails for in giving human reactions to the insects we are failing to appreciate the true nature of their circumstances. So, a Black Widow devouring her mate after intercourse (shown by the way quite openly in glorious colour—violence and sex within a few seconds of each other) is interpreted in the film as a sad end to a beautiful romance, not as a natural necessity.

There are however excellent features in the film which are mainly technical. The time lapse sequences of insects devouring foliage, the incredibly romantic sequence of mayflowers floating before a full moon on the one day of their life. Also, the sequence of Hellstrom's war with a hose in his garden against the insects is superb and one is made aware of the forces man has, not only to destroy lower life forms but also himself—as we see in slow motion soil erupt under the pressure of water and small insects are flattened by drops of water.

If any impression really remains after seeing the film (the ads say you will never forget it) it is of a leering Hellstrom telling me that while it might take two million years for a couple of humans to re-populate the earth after a nuclear holocaust, it would take insects only two weeks—pretty scary, eh!

A&M presents its first fish story.

Marc Benno hasn't had a longtime musical association with Leon Russell.

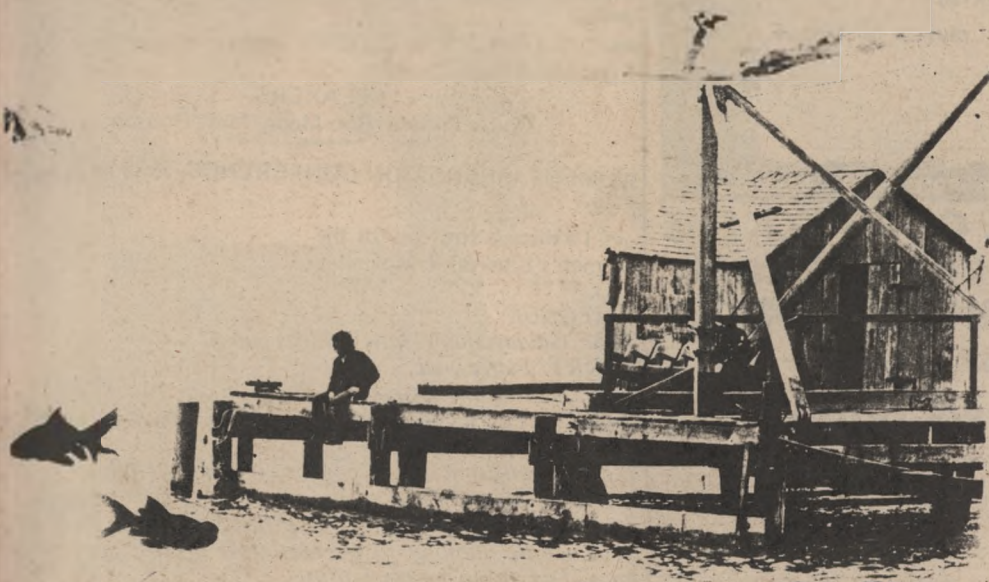
Marc Benno didn't hang out with Lightnin' Hopkins and wasn't asked by legendary Texas bluesman Mance Lipscomb to join him. (The first time Lipscomb had used another guitar in 30 years.)

Marc Benno also hasn't recently released his second solo album. And it isn't a tastefully performed collection of ten original Marc Benno songs featuring Marc himself with instrumental and vocal backing by Clarence White of the Byrds, Jesse Davis, Carl Radl, Jimmie Lee Keltner, Rita Coolidge, Clydie King and Venetta Fields.

Marc Benno's friends don't call him "Minnows."

(As you've probably guessed by now, everything you just read is a lie. So don't let this be the one that got away.)

MARC BENNO/MINNOWS



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Robert Bolt

A Man for all Seasons

A play of Sir Thomas More

Directed by Roy Hope

MERCURY THEATRE.

It is always a dangerous gamble to produce plays that centre largely around a single strong protagonist; more dangerous when what is protagonised, concerns only huge tracts of moral ground.

Sir Thomas More, the only man in Henry VIII's England who remained absolutely faithful to his own ideals, is shown in this play by Robert Bolt, insinuating his ideals into the context of the law, and defending the result against king, court, friends, family and his own physical weakness. One might expect a moral giant to take the stage, knowing of course, that moral giants simply do not exist well on a theatre stage—they have a difficult enough existence in technicolor and cinemascope.

Mercury wisely decided not to cater for such expectation. Sir Thomas More was presented as a short, hunchbacked, old man with a whining back-country accent. Played by Raymond Hawthorne, More shuffled about the stage, grimacing, screaming, gesticulating and chewing his gums. After the initial shock of such a presentation had subsided into the questions under consideration, idealism versus pragmatism, shades of idealism and shades of pragmatism, this Sir Thomas More became a most endearing and quite believable

buffoon about to become saint.

I suppose one must always beware idealised conceptions of hero-figures. These heroes were, after all, probably men forced unwillingly and accidentally into positions where stands were required. Very few martyrs, revolutionaries or impending saints can have faced the firing squad, the guillotine or the chopping block, without sweat and just a little self-remonstrance for having been so stupid.

The recipe, in theatre anyway, is to preserve the ultimate ethos of heroism, but to underplay the mechanics of day to day heroics. Enter More, a gasping asthmatic, cracking diabolically desperate jokes, on his way to bodily partition.

The Mercury production depended entirely on Hawthorne; and since Mercury chose not only to present two contradicting stances, but also the contradictions within More's own stance, Hawthorne's task was that much heavier.

I think that Hawthorne carried the play quite well; not well enough to engender ecstatic conviction, but certainly well enough to initiate some sober reassessments of life-styles amongst audience members—and this would not be wage internal debate about the integrity of jeans versus tailored flares, but to evaluate integrity in relationships, in political dealings, in formulating the wherewithals by which we justify our existences.

I really enjoyed this play; I enjoyed Lee Grant cast as a shoddy, fat bitch; rather than her usual glamorous, tinsel, sexy stereotype complete with scented pudenda. I enjoyed the set arrangement, Henry VIII blowing a tin whistle, even Paul Minifie as the Common Man. I didn't even allow the grotesquely banal programme notes to ruin my evening.

— STEPHEN CHAN.

MAYALL IN CONCERT



STEVE BALLANTYNE

MORE MAYALL PICS NEXT WEEK CLASSIFIED

LOST — green duffle bag, containing notes and the book, "Dial. Bibliography of Jurisprudence. Off motor-bike in Symonds Street Grafton Bridge, Park Lane. Please phone Alan Hawley 545-409 leave in Law Review room.

5 TICKETS FOR "HAIR" FOR SALE, Best seats \$4.50 Phone 490-285 after 5pm.

NOTICES

Legal Aid. Room 239 Studass Building, daily 12-2. All legal problems handled. If you are not sure whether your problem is legal come and see us anyway.

Food co-operative (fruit and vegetables). Thursday 13 April 12 - 2.30. Anybody wanting to help leave message at Students Association Office.

ANTI-WAR ACTION SOCIETY are having a forum in Qu. 1 pm about Indo-China.

SPEAKERS

Walter Pollard, Bob Mann, Matt Robson.

WOMENS LIBERATION CONFERENCE, Wellington April 1-2.

"To discuss strategy for the Women's Liberation Movement."

DIALOGUE

TOM: Giddy Harry, how's things going?

HARRY: Fairly well.

TOM: Playing any sport this winter?

HARRY: Yes, I joined the University Rugby League Club a great bunch of jokers.

TOM: I thought you were going to play rugby union.

HARRY: What? Fraternise with those racist, bigoted, narrow-minded supporters of Apartheid. I like the game but it would be immoral to support their present stand. I've found League the best substitute.

TOM: How do I join?

HARRY: We practise at Cornwall Park (Puriri Drive) Mondays and Wednesdays. Give Leo a ring at 594-239 after 6 pm. I'll see you there next week.

TOM: Right, I'll bring Dick along as well.

Last year, in 2 shows, over 30,000 people clamoured to see this super-star. This year, in 10 shows, only 22,000 people can see him. BE ONE OF THEM-BOOK NOW.
WELLINGTON - Town Hall Fri. April 21 & Wed. April 26 at 6.30 and at 8.30 p.m.
CHRISTCHURCH - Canterbury Court - Sat. April 22 at 8.30 p.m.
AUCKLAND - Town Hall Mon. April 24 & Tues. April 25 at 6.30 & 8.30 p.m.
TAURANGA Queen Elizabeth Centre - Sun. April 23 at 8.30 p.m.

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STUDENTS PRESENT YOUR STUDENT UNION CARD TO THE BOOKING OFFICE, JOHN COURTS, (Box 2168 Auckland, Phone 78-810) AND GET YOUR SPECIAL PRICE OF \$4.00 PARTIES OF 10 OR MORE AT \$3.60 per seat (applicable to both Auckland 6.30 pm shows only)

THE LOST SPIRIT

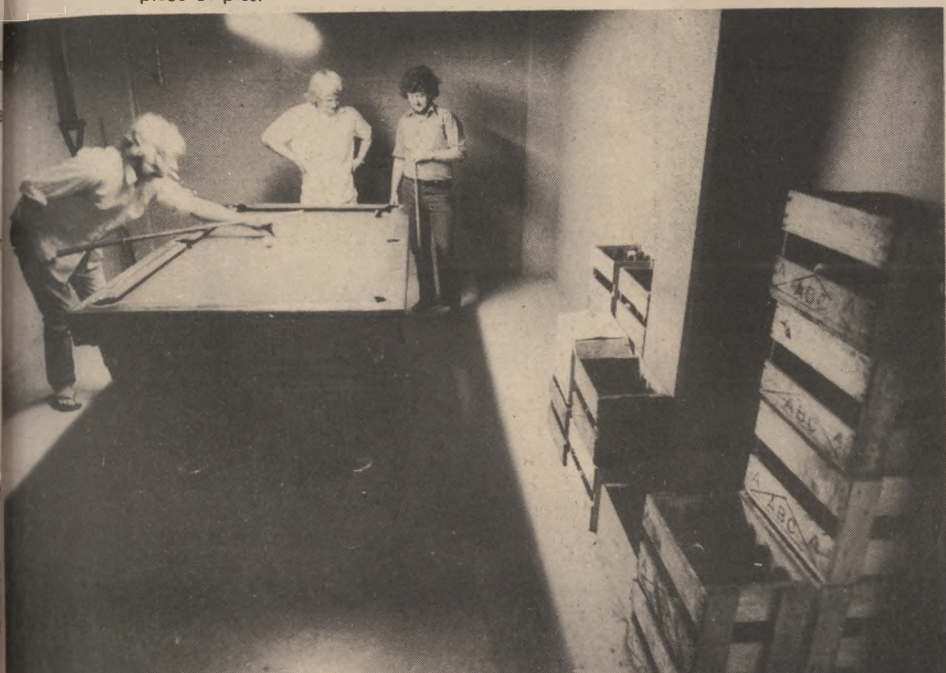
This week our friendly roving reporters Brutus Dennis and me decided to pay a visit to the engineering school in search of the lost Spirit.

The last time I remember bumping into the Spirit was during the 1968 elections when I stood for President on an AUSAPOCPAH ticket. All the politicians from town went parading out to these old army huts at Ardmore that was 'the Engineering School'. A seething yellins mass of engineers were crammed in this old hut armed to the teeth with fruit, eggs, darts and abuse; and armed to the eyeballs with booze. One guy offered us a lit cigarette and another yelled 'Fire! Fire!' Next a hose appeared through the window and a bucket of water was poured down the chimney in front of which the splattered battered egg covered candidates were attempting to give sincere political speeches. Then an enormous semi-friendly wrestling brawl broke out.

It was beautiful. The first real political anarchy I had ever seen. These guys really knew what elections were all about.

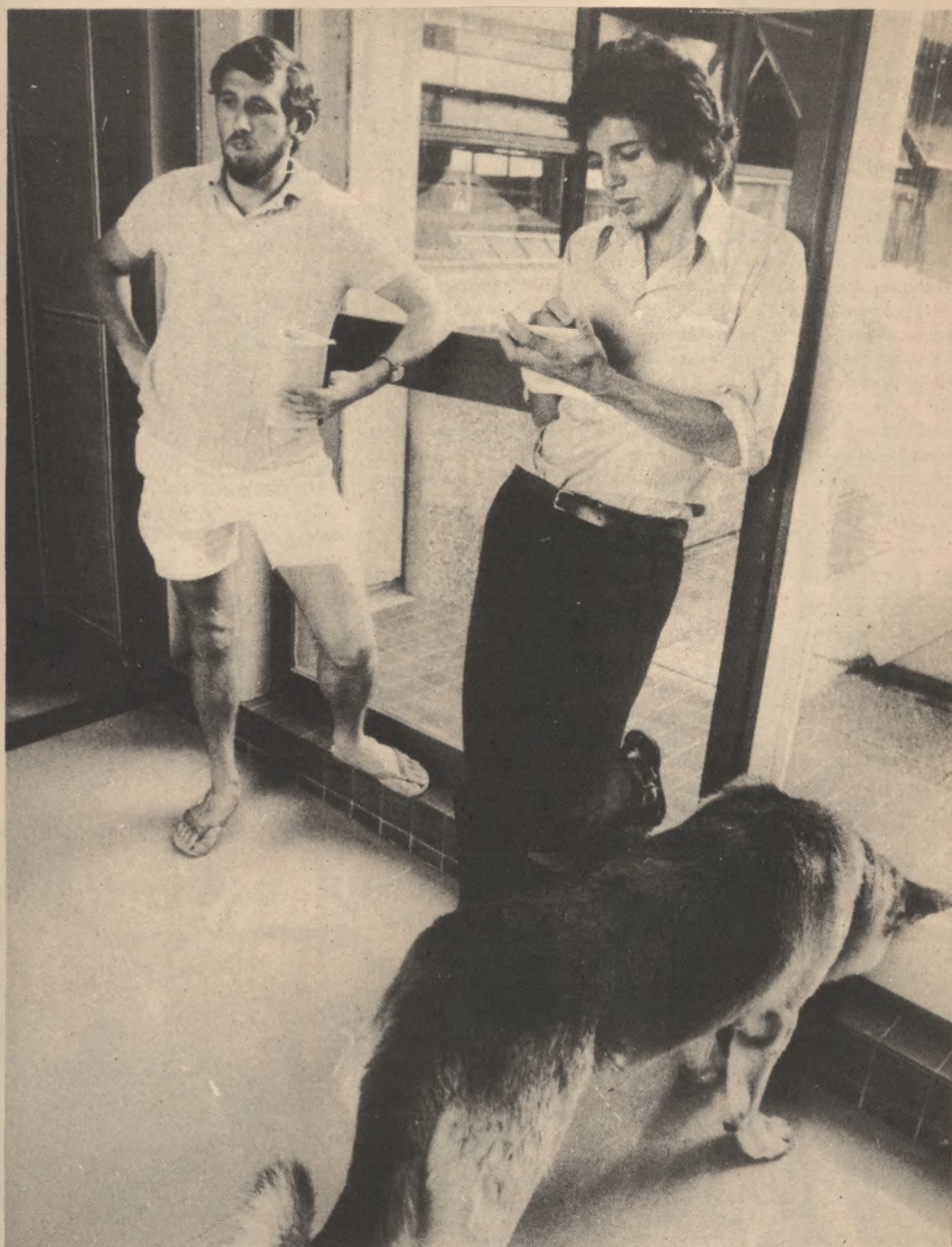


Tony was another one of the few remaining Ardmore Old Boys. "Well it was hard adjusting to this place but in some ways its probably better from a cultural point of view. I mean all the talks and Forums are good. At Ardmore we used to sink a lot more piss and have a good time but in a way we were cultural barbarians. I feel really sorry for the first year students because its a lot more impersonal here. I mean at Ardmore the lecturers just lived in old shacks like the boys, and seeing them about anything at all was a piece of piss.



With these kind old memories it felt very strange wandering into that cold concrete steel shell. Very sad watching all the new engineering students. Formal work. Formal play. Strangers all—to me and each other.

Ah there's old Ron Mays. Tell us Ron—where's the old Spirit gone. "We tried to keep it going," says Ron, "But with everyone living separately its just not the same anymore. What we need is a massive student village."



Now all the lecturers sit up in the Power Tower. It's a long walk up those stairs if you're new.



We are we are we are we are we are we are we are the Engineers. Don't mean much anymore. Maybe I'm getting old but that's a pity.



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