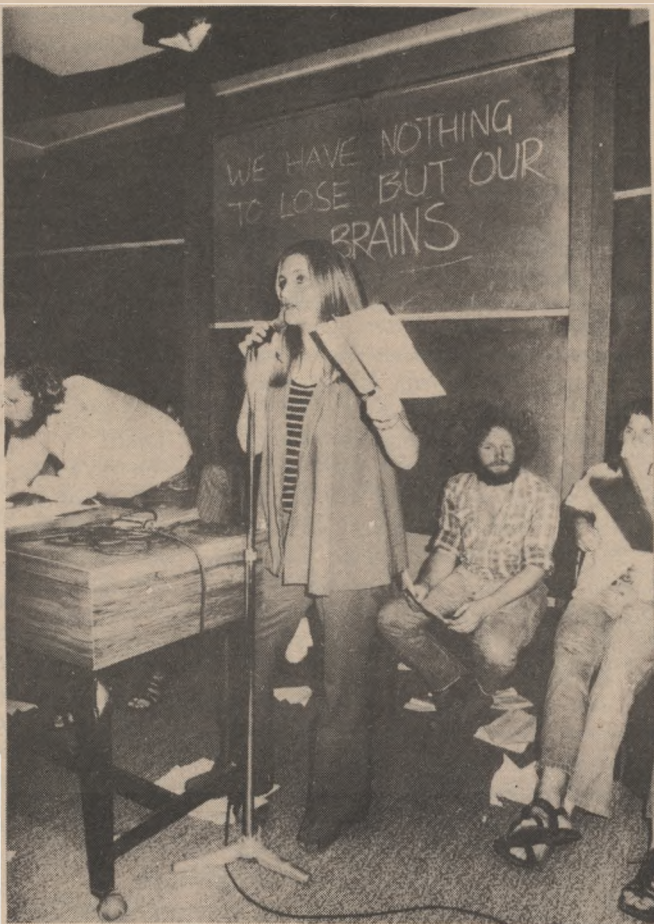


HOWLING SUPPORT FOR Craccum

Volume 46 Issue 6
Thursday 6th April
1971
Free to students
5c on the street
Registered for transmission
by post as a newspaper



YELLOW PERIL

Not only did students reject the attempts at economic strangulation of Craccum but then overwhelmingly—amid cheers, clenched fists and thunderous applause—they gave a full vote of confidence in the present Editors and full economic support for this year's Craccum. The God Squad really bit the dust and down with it went Zealandia—the paper which was largely responsible for whipping up a lot of anti-Craccum feeling. In bold headlines on the front page Zealandia proclaimed 'AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY IS RIPE FOR REVOLT FROM THE MODERATES. THIS MAY BE FORCED ON NORMAL NON-ACTIVISTS BY THE CURRENT ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT, PRO-VIOLENCE CONTENT OF THE STUDENT PAPER CRACCUM, THIS YEAR UNDER THE JOINT EDITORSHIP OF NON-STUDENT RADICAL TIM SHADBOLT'.

Zealandia which is supposedly 'The Catholic Sunday Newspaper' made a great deal of fuss about the fact that Tim Shadbolt is a non student. This moral indignation about a non student editing a student newspaper is extremely interesting when you consider that half the staff of Zealandia—the Catholic newspaper—are non-Catholics.

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY CATHOLIC SOCIETY

The Auckland University Catholic Society categorically denies any association with, or support of an anti-Craccum and anti-contraceptive vending machine campaign. The campaign was directed by individuals who are not associated with Catholic Society. The Society thanks Craccum for this space and ensures them of the Society's support.

Mike McMenamin
(President)

Even good old granny Herald who also showed front page indignation over the editorship of Craccum was strangely quiet about the results of the AGM. And now it seems that even the pressure from the University Administration has eased off considerably. So Craccum has tremendous support—even more so when you consider that most of the 'radicals' were over at the concert chamber listening to Bobbi Sykes and it was in fact the moderates who came out

in tremendous support of Craccum.

The greatest danger seemed to be what John Laird termed 'the ugly growth of liberalism'. This was particularly evident in the Craccum debate in which motions were put forward that would have totally crushed Craccum yet the students who put the motions said that they were not opposed to Craccum but were doing it in the interests of democracy (ie that no one should have to pay money for politics they do not believe in—this is a fair enough proposition but why not start by refusing to pay taxes which are used to send troops to Vietnam). Probably the greatest evils in the history of man have been committed in the name of Democracy except for the evils that have been committed in the name of Christianity.

On both motions the movers tried to perpetuate this myth that they had nothing against Craccum—maybe God was responsible for putting up stickers all over Campus—maybe God has been making all those abusive phone calls—and propounded at length on the philosophy of liberal bourgeoisie democracy—the right of the Individual etc. It sounded just like the good old days of LBJ trying to convince people that America had no vested interests in Vietnam and that we were bombing the place 'in the interests of democracy'. Although this pseudo democratic liberal approach was laughed out of existence during the Craccum debates it tragically managed to emerge again when it came to a motion by Bob Hillier to block Association funds from those sportsmen and sport bodies which collaborated with racism. It was a fine motion which The Auckland University Engineering Society hereby publically announce that a majority of its members are opposed to the Apartheid Government of South Africa and that it supports present Association policy on this matter.

(Note: We feel that this is necessary in view of the motions to be put to the Association in the near future and invite all other clubs and societies to do likewise.)

ON THE WAY

meant that instead of just moral support for the struggle against Apartheid we were actually putting our money where our mouth was. But democratic principles triumphed over action by 10 miserable votes. Until students start looking at issues from a revolutionary point of view instead of from a liberal democratic point of view then we will wallow in milky morals forever instead of taking firm and direct action.

But all in all it was brilliant. In the words of John Woodroffe "the most lively action packed and overcrowded AGM that this Association has ever had. People were packed in the Isles. It was as humid and sweaty AU's own white Africa.

The usually dry accounts motions were full of humour as eagle eyed critics discovered that the containers were almost the same as the cost of the liquid that was put in them. Altogether we lose 18,000 dollars on food and there was an amazed PHEW until someone pointed out that 16,000 of that was in depreciation. Bob Lack's ideas on student democracy were shelved until some later date. It was good to see that overwhelming support was given to the liberation armies in South Africa—a motion that was heavily defeated last year.

Then it came to general business the most revolutionary motion being from AU's very own Pat Bartlett Miss, Mary Dunn, who not only opposed Craccum but tried to abolish the contraceptive machines on the ground that they were immoral and illegal (she forgot to mention that they made you fat). She was heavily defeated.

After attempts failed to abolish the contraceptive machine the Grads Bar came under attack. By now the control of the meeting was more in the hands of the fervant and inspiring Brent McConachy. The caretaker tried to close the meeting and was invited to depart; I think "fuck off" was the term used. Yes it was a good healthy exercise in student participation and we can all feel proud with some of the motions passed—now the time has come for action.

—TIM





CENSORED: CRACCUM LOSES ITS BALLS

The issue before last of Craccum (No. 4) appeared a day late with four pages missing out of the centre. The article on the centre pages which the printers refused to handle was a brief history of the deregistered Seamen's Union, covering the last four years. It was compiled and edited by Peter Lee from discussions with seamen and from notes taken by them at the times of the major disputes. The printers considered it defamatory as, in no uncertain terms the article presents a devastating condemnation of the present Union leadership for its actions AGAINST the seamen during the major disputes. It is believed among seamen that their Union president actually supported the Shipping and Seamen's Amendment Bill as a means to consolidating his own control of the Seamen's Union.



Dear Editors,

Congratulations! For the first time in two years it has been possible to read "Craccum" from beginning to end without either falling asleep or suffering severe doubts as to one's intellectual capacities when the level of discussion became so keep as to be abysmal.

For the first time "Craccum" has dropped all pretence at being objective and has fallen heavily on the side of socialism. While it might not be possible to agree with all the ideas propounded, at least the rhetoric is amusing when the logic becomes non-existent.

Chris Nicoll

Sir,

Influenced slightly by propaganda urging me (and 9,998 others) to "shit-stir", "shit stir"! but more out of idle curiosity, I attended the A.G.M. of the Students' Association on Thursday night, 29th March.

Shadbolt (who remained noticeably quiet, except for occasional chest convulsions whenever Craccum issues arose) Chan, Hillier, "That" Volkerling woman, they were all in attendance along with side-kicks and stirrers.

The blatant ignorance of many of those present, was, quite frankly, astonishing. Not able to offer anything concrete, these people spewed forth a hackneyed array of interjectory diarrhoea that even had Woodroffe rattled.

I arrived as Garlick was embarking on his marathon report of the past year's finances and other monetary matters. He was able to keep his composure fairly well.

Lack was next. His tirade was listened to (probably because no one really understood just what he was talking about) frequently amended, point-or-ordered and finally voted on. Congratulations Mr Lack (who, as yet, has not been sacked).

Newman and Foley were raucously received, but eventually triumphed after a couple of riotous votes.

Then arose an unwary, but nonetheless courageous first year, Piggan. He was stolidly rubbished from start to finish by the Craccum people and their followers. Shadbolt, scribbling furiously, remained quiet—though he had a competent mouthpiece in Chan.

Brosnahan and Eyre ("you've got lovely boobs") weathered the storm fairly well, or at least received a better reception than Stenhouse and Dunn. (I suggest you try and get a copy of the proposals put forward by B & E—they're worthwhile considering).

Several years ago Conrad Bollinger wrote a history of the Seamen's Union entitled "Against the Wind". This recent history is aptly titled "Against the Stench."

The printers sent our layout sheets for the seamen's article direct to the Studass office. They are in the hands of the students association solicitors at the moment and it is unlikely that we will have our hands on them this side of the revolution.

Overseas the defence of libel, defamation and obscenity is the responsibility of the publisher. The printer does what he is paid to do—print. In this country the responsibility also lies with the printer which tends to turn him into an arbiter of public taste—preferring to stick with jam tin labels rather than risk controversy. Chris Wheeler, editor of "Cock", our only homegrown muckraker and satirical magazine, was turned down by thirty printers over his first issue. He eventually scraped together enough money to get a small, clapped out press of his own. This is an idea worth looking into regarding student newspapers.

In case you didn't notice the balls were also censored out of a drawing in the issue before last as well.

—GORDON CLIFTON

Gestetnered copies of the seamen's article will be available at the Craccum office for those interested.

Stenhouse and Dunn (calls from mob—"is she pregnant?") were quashed by an audience inflamed after Chan's speech, brilliant for its emotionalism and subtle praise of Tim and Co. ("as far as I'm concerned—Craccum is better this year than it has ever been before"—Chan).

It appeared to me that anything arising which had to do with Craccum was jeered and hooted at by the mob in general and forcefully spoken against only by such stalwarts as Ballantyne, Clifton, Chan and those two incredible women who kept on shouting "right on brother" and supported their claim by raising clenched fists. The rest of the meeting centred on those old favourites, military service and apartheid.

I left at 11.15 p.m. along with several others amid shrieks of "quorum, quorum". Of what transpired after my departure I can't say. All I know is the caretaker/custodian had a late night and will have a helluva job sweeping/picking up the cigarette butts. I will not waste my time attending another A.G.M. just for the sake of a few exhibitionist, back-stabbing bickering clowns.

I hope this letter is not too far to the right, which will mean its exclusion from Craccum, whose administrators swear they will publish any well-argued, slightly to the right—but preferably to the left—blurb, you, the avid readers may care to submit.

Think of poor Tim brow-beating himself 50 hours a week to think up drivel for the paper and driving himself mad at the same time. There are quite enough lunatics/fools/apathetic pissheads on this campus, so let's not have one more.

G.F. LYONS

P.S. For those who say A.U. Students in general must be in favour of Craccum because it is always "snapped" up on distribution day, consider two points:

1. Everybody will take something which is offered for nothing, even if the object offered is of no conceivable use.
2. All A.U. Students have paid for Craccum so whether they are for the paper or against it, they are entitled to a copy even if they strongly oppose its presentation/content.

Besides that, it is impossible to voice disapproval of the paper if it has not been read.

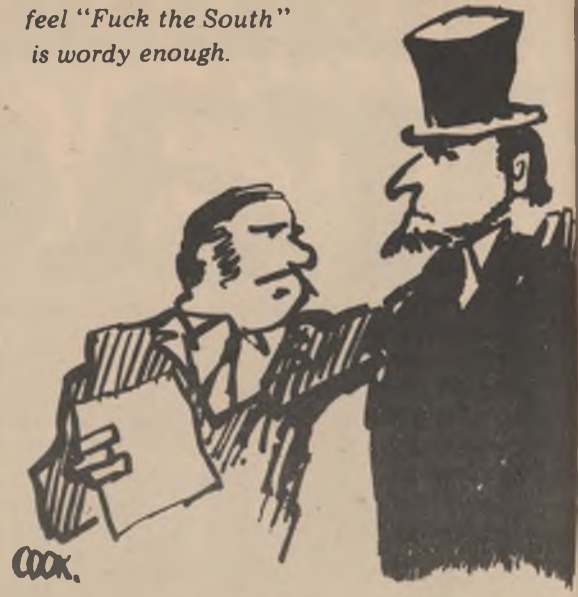
G.F.L.

Dear Sir,

Some of your articles are badly written—eg. the "story" on the Elam students and their car park. Do other students have free parking? Are art students any more impoverished than other students? Do "poor" students run cars? Do lecturers want to park at Elam because they can't afford a space at their own faculties?

F.G. Debenham

We've been looking at this draft for Gettysburg Abe, and frankly we don't feel "Fuck the South" is wordy enough.



Students All

"Shads" bit of an extremist you say, but so what? This is the first year that Craccum has shown any imagination in layout reporting and subject matter so if you want milk and sugar treatment of controversial articles then piss off and buy Readers Digest. Craccum gets you thinking instead of sucking. Keep up the good work.

Stephen Jen

We have received a stack of mail giving editors and Craccum support. Almost a backlash against all the criticism and pressure that's been put on us. Thanks a lot for your encouragement but we won't (out of modesty and space) print all the letters but thanks anyway—you've no idea what a boost they were—we almost had the feeling everybody hated us. Thanks again—Editors.

Dear Sir,

As you have FREEDOM with your press could you do anything to bring the attention of the government to the urgency to control advertisements and competitors for a good settling effect needed in New Zealand today—concerns turn out tremendous advertisements etc—prices up again, we pay all the time. Profits are absolutely unwarranted at this rate. Also specials and below cost items just risen in price. Newspapers will not print complaints—they are making money.

Yours hopefully

Mrs Eula Quintal (pensioner)

Dear Sir,

Does Craccum have to publish letters of ego tripping intellectuals. A typical example was 30th March (page 4) had a letter by an Ian Reid. He said nothing constructive and showed frightening fascist tendencies. He denies Shadbolt freedom of speech, labels discussion of Apartheid "infantile romanticism" and generally carries on. It is so well easy to knock things but like all armchair critics the only thing he will achieve is piles.

Up the Revolution

Graeme Rom

Editor: I realise that most of the critical letters have been simply anti-Shadbolt, anti-radical, totally destructive and often vicious. We print them to show how anti everything most reactionaries are. If only all that destructive and negative energy that is used to criticise Shadbolt and Craccum could be channelled into questioning issues such as pollution, war, racism and other such issues that Craccum has raised during the year.

workers

Editors: Heather McInnes, Tim Shadbolt

Gordon Clifton

Photographics: John Miller

Advertising Manager: Jim Laing

Technical Editor: Jim Laing

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

COME UP AND SEE US ANYWAY.

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DIP

I don't know there are a lot of them, who have and, well, who play with.

The game I've taken my course. The



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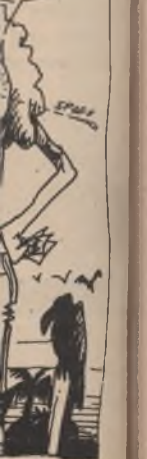
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The quality is King Size

HOW'S THIS? ELLIOTT GOULD IS A
FLOWER CHILD AT BERKELEY, DIGS
THE REVOLUTION, BUT DOESN'T
DIG VIOLENCE.

JANE FONDA IS A WOMEN'S-
LIB, BLACK STUDIES MAJOR
WHO WANTS TO BURN DOWN
THE CAMPUS.

ELLIOTT WANTS JANE TO DROP OUT WITH HIM
TO SET UP AN ALTERNATIVE LIFE STYLE.
JANE WANTS ELLIOTT TO GIVE UP DRUGS
AND BURN DOWN THE CAMPUS.



THEY HAVE A CONFRONTATION.
ELLIOTT FREAKS OUT. THE PIGS
COME TO GET HIM. JANE OFFS
A PIG. THE PIGS OFF JANE.

AT THE FADE OUT ELLIOTT LEARNS
THAT ONLY BY UNITING ALL FAC-
TIONS CAN WE WIN THE REVOLUTION.

NOW WHAT WE
NEED IS A
GOOD PROPERTY
FOR DURING
THE REPRESSION.

HOW'S THIS? ELLIOTT
GOULD IS A DELLU-
SIONED REVOLUTION-
ARY TURNED NATI-
ONAL GUARDSMAN
AT BERKELEY—



Dear old Tim, you do try to stir things up don't you? Your rave on Wednesday (I know Craccum isn't supposed to report the doings of forum but it was a Wednesday and it did seem more like the Timothy Shadbolt Hour, with guests) was, I hope successful—a packed AGM and masses more power to students. Very clear, Tim old chap, how powerful you are—1000-2000 in the quad and, with eyes popping and mouths agape, they really hung (or is it changed?) on every word. Only trouble is, you now and then diverge from the facts (I never did like calling anyone a liar)—which is fine as long as there isn't someone around to take you up on your straying.

That I'm about to do—in print because it just might stick in the minds of some of your readers.

You mentioned, in your Show, that the powers that be in the university like to give the appearance of being liberal—inviting the odd student on to a committee, now and then giving a student the chance to have his say—but in reality the student has no say, no votes, no power.

Sorry to disappoint you, Tim, but meet a student who has a vote—and I can introduce you to three more, all of us on the Arts faculty. And when the four votes are put together and used with a modicum of intelligence, the power develops.

Now, how has this strage state of affairs, which you, Tim, suggested did not exist, come about?

Well, all you dear readers must, at some stage of your university career, heard of something called a class representative, even if it was only to hide if anyone should suggest that you be IT. Surprise, surprise, someone actually did become your class rep. For most of you that was the end of your connection with the class rep. system. But what happens to the rep—who was probably coerced into the job anyway?

It is possible, especially if the head of department is at all interested in students (some are, some aren't—and we get to know fairly quickly who's who), the rep will find that many staff are quite approachable and no more or less human than a lot of students. Perhaps he might gain a little information on why some things in his department happen the way they do—information, which, if he is a reasonable sort of rep, he should pass on to his class. And, at the beginning of the year, he will meet with the rest of the class reps in his department and elect one of their number to represent the department.

Where?

You might well ask.

Before every meeting of the Faculty of Arts (once a month) department representatives (there are 17) meet with the dean and a committee of faculty members to discuss the agenda for the faculty meeting. It is a give-and-take session, a meeting especially created to give the reps a chance to air their views, griefs, gripes and groans. It has no power but the tenor of the meeting is reported to faculty by the dean.

At the first meeting of the faculty committee and the department reps four reps are elected to voting positions on faculty, positions which have the same value as that held by any other member of faculty—definitely not less, and if the votes are used sensibly, possibly more. Four more department reps attend faculty meetings as observers; they do not vote but they can be accorded speaking rights.

Tim old chap, it does seem to add up to little bit more than your version of it. Mind you, your remarks do serve to underline a major question: Has the system been at all successful?

Obviously (because otherwise this article would never

have needed to be written), as an information channel, it has not. And for two reasons. General lack of student interest (as usual); general lack of co-ordination between faculty rep, department rep, class rep., student—in that order.

Will it work in the future;

At this point I can only say that there has already been this year a meeting of the department reps, independent of the faculty committee (for the first time in over a year), and that it seems that this will become a permanent monthly feature. From there it is over to the individual department rep and his class reps.

And it is over to you, dear reader, to feed back.

Considering the students at the meeting of department reps last week, I believe that there is every chance that the rep system will be a success (as you said, Tim. I'm something of an optimist). What the motivation was behind each student who now finds himself a department rep, I know not. Many of them, like myself this time last year, don't know what they are in for. But I do hope they will find that the staff/student, us/them barriers can be reduced and that, to me, is an achievement on its own.

So don't undermine us, Tim. The rep system is alive and kicking. And perhaps, with a few words on your pages in future issues I might be able to let you and your dear readers know how the child is developing.

A final word, Tim—rave on, rave on! Sometimes you hit the nail bang on the head. Only trouble is that those pegged to every word cannot discern the substance from the crap.

And that, theoretically, is what we are in these hallowed halls for.

—CHRIS ROSE



DIPLOMACY

I don't know how well this is going to go down, but there are a few people around campus, and I'm one of them, who have this group THING, actually it's a game; ... and, well, we'd sort of like to have some more people to play with.

The game is called Diplomacy, and if you're thinking I've taken my time getting to the point you'd be right, of course. The reason why I've been rather nervous about

stating my piece is that one can never be sure quite exactly how apparently reasonable, un-hassleable people are going to react to the game. Kathryn deNave, for example, a very picture of reason and kindness, played the game once and now refuses ever to play again. Diplomacy, she says, is "thoroughly fascist". She's absolutely right, as you might expect, but I don't think fascist tendencies are really a sufficiently good excuse for not playing the game. In fact, I think that because the game is fascist, it should be played by just about everybody, in order to give a wider knowledge of what is involved in power politics, and to show people what it's like to be an imperialist.

Diplomacy is played in World War I terms, using a map of Europe as it was in 1900 for a board. Each player takes one of seven major powers, and controls (with the exception of the players ruling Russia and England) a couple of armies and a fleet. By capturing territory with their armies and fleets, players are able to build more armies and fleets, which can in turn be used to capture more territory. You can see where that's going to lead. In practice, any expansion of territory after about the first move is made at the expense of some other player, which makes Diplomacy, unlike knucklebones or Snakes and Ladders a war game. The object of the game is absolute control of all the nations of Europe, which is an extremely nasty, evil object, and hence very revealing about the minds of politicians.

What makes Diplomacy really work is the ten minute talk period before each move, when players can hold little private conferences, form alliances, and generally decide who's going to get done next. The really important thing about these little diplomacy periods is that no matter what a player may tell his fellows, he is under no obligation whatsoever to make his actual move match his promises. In theory, this means that no-one can really rely on any one else. In practice, though, the game is usually won not by the player who most ruthlessly stabs his allies from behind, but by the player who can persuade the largest number of

other players to do his fighting for him.

So much for the game itself. We were thinking of having a meeting and perhaps even a game this coming Monday night. If we get enough support, we hope to form some kind of War Games club, or possibly a Simulation Society; there are lots of other interesting games like the Fletcher-Pratt Naval War Game that just don't get played anymore, but which look like a really find way to pass an evening. Anybody with about four hours to spare who feels interested should phone either Chris Morris at 371377 or me, Steve Ballantyne, at 75-762. We'll figure out where to meet, and may put a notice in Titwiti.

up against the law

At 18 years of age, and with my university course ahead of me I still had the basic subconscious conviction that the law was OK, police were all good men who merely want to ensure that everyone is protected and no-one unreasonably molested, and that a court or magistrate's decision would always be fair and consistent, and that for a given offence one would be given the appropriate (and the same) reasonable treatment by whichever magistrate one was confronted.

At 22 years of age and starting my fifth year at university without having become involved to more than a moderate degree in student protests, or court cases except the odd speeding ticket, I find my esteem for the law is about as sound as a concrete parachute. A brief scan of the court pages of a week's newspapers is enough to give you diarrhoea, especially if you are waiting to appear in court for a charge of, say, smoking a bit of grass, growing a few plants, or tripping. One magistrate might fine you 500 dollars for cultivating (Star Wed 29 March), one might

(Continued on next page)



...and
so
on

(Continued from previous page)

discharge you without conviction for smoking, or you might get fifty bucks for a tab of acid. This sounds a bit strange, doesn't it, but more is to come. On the same day, a magistrate by the name of Rosen who is well known by those who have appeared before him, sentenced a friend of mine to a total of 16 months in the can for importation (12 months) attempted cultivation (3 months) and possession (1 month), the terms to be served concurrently thank God (of Marijuana seeds). There were a few less than 200 seeds. I believe, and not a single one, not a bloody one, could the DSIR persuade to germinate. The probation officers report was a good one, and the penalty recommended was a fine of 200 dollars.

I was told by a friend who went down as I couldn't make it to the sentence hearing, that at the mention of the recommendation of Nixon's Commission of enquiry into the use of marijuana by the defendants lawyer for consideration in this case, the impartial and unbiased administrator of justice looked like blowing his stack.

If you still have the good nature to believe in the words of Bob Dylan's satirical "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll" that "... Alls equal, and that the courts are on the level ...", and if you feel like checking up to make sure, stroll down to the courtrooms one day and take in a few trials.

Make a small analysis of the variation of penalties for comparable crimes from one magistrate to the other and see if one magistrate's penalties and attitudes vary according to such things as, day of the week, time of day, length of hair, disposition after preceding cases, proximity to smoko etc. You may make some discoveries and even if you don't Justice is the only free Circus in the World.

ABM

starch and fat not diet

In the good old days the standard punishment diet consisted of bread and water. In our enlightened times, with justice adopting an "humanitarian approach" offenders are liable to get

- 8oz. white bread
- 2lb potatoes
- 1½ pints milk
- 1 oz. dripping

(No. 1 diet, Penal Inst. Reg. 1961)

A group of students will be trying the diet for 1 - 2 weeks, from 10th April, outside the Central Mission Building - come along if you're interested, talk about the prison system, see the effects of the diet.....

DAMN LABOUR

Those "damn good ideas" that Labour's got, according to Ralph Chapman, need closer examination.

- a) The immediate withdrawal of all New Zealand's troops from Indo-China, including those training Cambodian troops is very nice indeed, but when is the Labour party going to denounce American and allied involvement in Indo-China and call for the total withdrawal of all troops from Indo-China, including American advisers to the south Vietnamese, the Thai, the Laotian, the Cambodian armies? And the removal of American planes and air-force bases within those countries? And call for an immediate halt to all bombing in Indo-China?
- b) Instead of giving 1% of the Gross National Product to foreign countries, giving it to those New Zealanders who need it, such as live in those ghettos of Ponsonby and Otara by providing essential welfare services which at present rely on charities and volunteer organisations.
- c) Not only abolish Compulsory Military Training, but also make New Zealand a totally non-aligned nation by abolishing all collective defence agreements with the U.S., the U.K. and Australia, thus relieving us of the need for an army, navy or air-force and tremendous waste of money.
- d) Repealing the section of the Narcotics Act giving the police entry to private premises without a search warrant is a good idea. How about extending it to repeal the inane and Victorian Indecency Acts and the Idle and Disorderly section of the Police Offences Act plus other Dragnet Legislation.
- e) Automatic increases for pensioners, including the aged, widows and disabled persons, is great, but on the present basic rates totally inadequate. What about giving them a realistic pension and exemptions on electricity and telephone bills, rents and rates?
- f) Instead of restoring the subsidy on doctor's bills, make the Social Security System do what it was originally envisaged to do—provide FREE medical, dental and hospital treatment for everybody.

- g) Equal pay for equal work—great, but how about discrimination against women for jobs usually reserved for men?
- h) Repeal of the Payroll Tax—will the Labour Party promise that prices will drop? What about lowering the taxes for everybody, not just the big business interests?
- i) Three weeks paid holiday instead of two is very nice, but how about lowering the working week to thirty-five and giving people a LIVING wage so that they don't HAVE to work overtime or send the wife out to work so they can afford to pay the mortgages and the bills.
- j) A coherent plant for regional development giving subsidies and incentives to companies—what about giving them to people—companies make enough money now.
- k) Increasing the number of Maori seats to give a corresponding reflection of the percentage of Maori people is admirable, but when is the Labour Party going to appoint a Maori to a safe WHITE seat?
- l) On the Manapouri Issue the Labour Party's policy has changed. Didn't they institute proceedings when they were the government with a view to raising the level of the lake? (I know that it was not to be raised as high as the National Government intends, but they set the stage).

The Labour Party has really no alternatives to the National Government. They both believe in private ownership of land and industry, and retaining the status quo except with minor changes designed to mislead people into thinking the Labour Party offers a viable alternative to National.

—GRAEME MONTEITH

Anyone wishing to take part in the capping festival of ONE HUNDRED GAMES please come to a meeting tomorrow Friday in the Exec Lounge at 2 pm. (after pipesoc) to discuss details dates venues etc.

capping..

I very much want to thank all those people who have come forward to offer their assistance in the organisation of this year's Capping. Their enthusiasm is most welcome to one who has become very disenchanted with the thankless job of trying to get students to enjoy themselves. If I haven't yet got in touch with you, fret not for I shall do so very soon. The timetable is all but finalised, and you will all be assigned something and will be able to get into the swing of things (with, I hope, the minimum damage to your academic programs).

To all the rest, I hope that in some way you will be able to entertain others. All that I can do for you at the moment is to outline some of the things that will be going on at Capping time and to give you an idea of what will be expected of you.

We kick off the proceedings with the sale of Capping Books, which should grab most of you because there is plenty of bread to be made by selling the thing. This will happen on Friday 28th of April, and sellers will be required for the whole of the North Island.

Once everyone has made their pile out of Capping Books, we settle down to the main activities of Capping Week. During the Week there will be something happening every day. Most of the things will be of the nature of concerts, filmshows, exhibitions, dances and dinners; things that require little or no effort on your part. Some things, however, will require a little effort and imagination on your part.

ITEM: The Vietnam and Ponsonby Murals. I shall erect large blank canvasses in the concourse by the Caf, supply pots of paint and brushes, and leave it to you good folks to create the murals expressing your views and interpretations of Vietnam and Ponsonby. Go to it, peoples!

The main aim of the whole deal, of course, is the Charity Collection. This year we support the Community Chest concept and will be collecting throughout the Auckland region on behalf of the various Community Chest appeals. We need many, many collectors to come forward on the Thursday to rage throughout the city and extract money from all these bods who have been saying nasty things about us. A function of Herculean proportions and great quality is promised free and exclusively to all who take part.

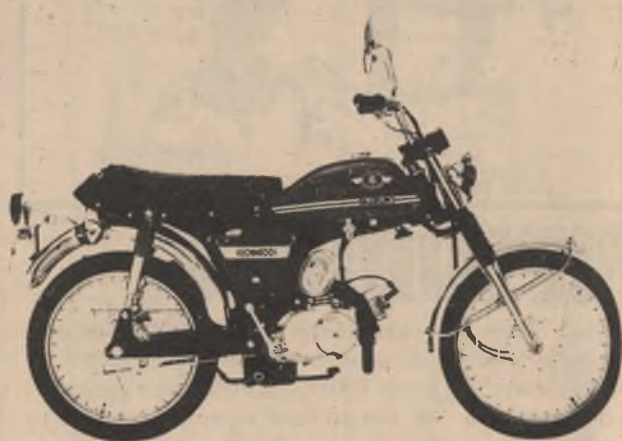
Finally, on the Friday, we salute those more fortunate and diligent than ourselves at the Graduates' Ball, at the Mandala Lounge. For the time being this must be restricted to 1972 Graduates only, but sales may be thrown open to fill the place up at a later date. The cost, for the information of those interested, is \$13.00 double, all inclusive. Tickets available from the Capping Office.

I hope you will enjoy what has been planned for you, since so few of you helped do the planning. It's your Festival, after all. Do what you want with it!

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the revolutionary

On reading an excellent article by John Laird concerning the Necessity of Violence, I was encouraged to consider the psyche and motivation of the revolutionary.

It is not enough to say that the revolutionary is concerned with the class struggle and the double standards of justice and morality that exist in our stratified society, for the liberal is similarly concerned and yet there is a world of difference between the revolutionary and the liberal. Perhaps one can penetrate the revolutionary by comparing him with the liberal. It disturbs the latter to observe an illogical and irrational world. He is concerned with injustice and exploitation as the contradiction of an ordered pattern which he believes could operate at any time if we only so desired. The liberal is disturbed by injustice in the same way a mathematician is disturbed on observing an irregularity in a geometric pattern.

But where the liberal is disturbed the revolutionary is angry and where the liberal is angry the revolutionary is violent. The difference is NOT one of degree. It is a fundamental difference in the mainspring of their beings.

If there is a common motivating factor to be observed in all revolutionaries, I would suggest that it is a commitment to living, a commitment to experiencing life and to being continually susceptible to all its sensuous moments.

The revolutionary, therefore, is a fairly diverse character and is found in political and social group such as the Hell's Angels and the Otara Storm Troopers. He is also often found expressing himself through the medium of art, music etc.

The protagonists of the Western film "The Wild Bunch" provide the contemporary audience with an inside view of the revolutionary. These men were fully aware of the futility of striving to obtain power and wealth and life itself. Their wealth was their freedom and this was not to be limited by a rigid sociological or religious framework. They had lived and experienced the true freedom of making genuine decisions at each point in their lives. In short, they had complete control over their destinies. Their ultimate act of freedom was a conscious decision to die violently for a revolutionary cause. Only a free man could make such a decision and appreciate its beauty. Life for the freedom addict is worth nothing if it cannot be free.

Observing and appreciating the revolutionary's mood of pride and love of freedom, one can understand his disenchantment with logic and reason. They counter his instinctive passion for freedom—something which he may realize consciously or

unconsciously.

However, one does not have to discard one's commitment to reason to be a true revolutionary. Creativity arises from the tension inherent in the rational-irrational dual nature of man and is expressed in a startling variety of forms. By ignoring the rational part of their nature, groups such as the Hell's Angels have perhaps lessened their social impact.

The social revolutionary does not ignore the inescapable fact of his dual nature. His impact on society lies in the fact that his reason gives him a social conscience and this channels his creative energies into violent social comment. I use 'violence' in John Laird's sense of a transcendent and creative act.

The liberal observes the ills of society and argues logically to obtain causes and effects. But he argues himself into inaction because he is unable to find justification for violent action in logical argument. The revolutionary goes one step beyond logic, intuitively accepts his basic premisses and acts on them.

The social revolutionary is saddened by curtailed freedom and by potential achievements stifled because of rigid frameworks of beliefs. He is saddened by people's inability to recognize that their freedom is curtailed in a myriad of small ways and is angered by the institutions which the architects of our society use to restrict our growth and freedom. These institutions are of course the prime targets of revolutionaries—the police force and legal system, the churches and education system, including universities.

The revolutionary is accused of being selfish. In one sense, but not a detrimental one, this may be true because the revolutionary does live for himself and not to satisfy some pattern which others try to impose upon him. But the social revolutionary, having experienced the sensuousness of freedom and having recognised that a blind commitment by society to rationality is progressively curbing our freedom, then feels forced to make other people aware of the problem.

It is with these motives that the revolutionary is attempting to destroy contemporary society. There is no rational reason to justify his program of destruction, just as there is no rational reason why the establishment should be so determined to maintain the status quo. If asked to pick which attitude was the most creative and imaginative, it would undoubtedly be that of the revolutionary.

It is not hard to see why the establishment has such a paranoid fear of revolutionaries. The revolutionary is threatening our cosy little world, forcing us to think independently and causing us to lose faith in all the myths and superstitions which release us from the responsibility of making genuine decisions. Also the establishment envies the revolutionary's freedom and his ability to wholly enjoy life.

Man will cease to be man when he loses his creative tension and until this happens there will always be revolutionaries and revolution.

—MICHAEL TOWSEY

MOSEXUAL LOVE: a demand for an end and a new beginning.

Throughout the established society of Western culture, more so perhaps, English speaking, there remains a Christian orientated set of moral values which totally discards, in its ferment, bigotry and delusion the sexual, moral, emotional and political feelings of different colours, variations and cultures within itself. New Zealand being a child of its English speaking mother has not escaped the predicament of its mother's morality.

For this reason in New Zealand a group of people are specially selected to receive repetitive crap-slitting and a variety of names and reactions. Towards this group is directed a barrage of names like queer, poofter, fairy, queen, and towards whom society expresses a mixture of reactions ranging from mild toleration to outrage disgust and embittered hatred.

However in New Zealand as has happened elsewhere, society itself is being doubted, scrutinized, bombarded, abused and fought against. It finds itself bewildered by the growing feelings against it. Inevitably the social and moral protest revolution has hit NZ in the presence of the student protest movement, Women's Liberation, Black Power movements and, now, in the newly formed presence of an active protest movement to liberate homosexuality, to liberate bi-sexuality, to liberate heterosexuality, to liberate the human sexual animal from nearly two thousand years of repression, oppression, slaughter, murder and Christian crime. The NZ Gay Liberation Front shares with its overseas counterparts this basic objective—the right of sexual self-determination, the right of a thinking human being to choose for himself his own sexuality. The need for complete sexual group contact and the eventual breakdown of sexual group barriers so that a person is no longer a heterosexual, a homosexual, a bi-sexual, but merely a sexual being. The heterosexual world need not shudder at the awesome prospects it imagines of a bi-sexual world. In the world at this moment a population stabiliser wouldn't seem impractical. There then remains only the vast argument of morality, a morality which hardly bothered Greece and Rome where homosexuality was normally accepted and expected but, a morality borrowed from Hebrew mythology and exhorting by the Jewish philosopher, Jesus Christ and, his follower, the sexually frustrated soul of Jesus.

From then on the shit began. The records show horror, persecution and death perpetrated on those men who preferred to make love to each other. The Byzantine Emperor Theodosius I proclaimed, "All persons who have the shameful custom of condemning a man's body, acting the part of a woman's, to the sufferance of an alien sex, for they appear not to be different from women, shall expiate a crime of this kind in avenging flames in the sight of the people."

During the reign of Valentinian I homosexuals were burnt alive. Previously, under the first Christian emperors, convicted homosexuals had molted lead poured down their throats. But these were the views of early Christian

moralists. The majority of the population was still pagan at heart and it was not until many centuries later that anti-homosexuality became a sub-conscious moral ethic of western culture. Christendom did not desist, but rather with ruthless ferocity and self-righteous holy zeal she attacked a basic and natural pattern of human sexual behaviour. With the Renaissance the disintegrating Catholic realised Church that theocratically she had failed, but her work had probably done more damage elsewhere. In 1533 Henry VIII of England made sodomy a criminal offence punishable with death; this law was not repelled until the nineteenth century when it was changed to life imprisonment. By some strange quirk, helped by the bestial efforts of Christianity, the laymen actually began to think that homosexual practice was BAD. Today we in New

HOMO-SEXUAL LOVE

Zealand still suffer imprisonment, fines, bashings and abuse because of this totally misleading moral thinking. Regrettably the only thing the Catholic Church can do now is still try to convince everybody that her morals are right; maybe she should follow her Protestant sisters, who now, do not seem to worry about saving peoples souls as much as saving their own coffers.

In tending to join the social revolution Protestantism makes itself hideously hypocritical and ridiculous. It is not that Christianity should condone homosexuality, which is technically impossible, but that Christianity should stop imposing its Saint Paul morality on people who are not Christians and have no wish to be.

That homosexuality is wrong is a Christian moral ethic and nothing else. Therefore the secular government by condemning and punishing homosexual practices is maintaining a bigoted RELIGIOUS principle, thereby also condemning religious freedom and committing a moral injustice. There are, unfortunately, a few ancient, but very "respectable" gentlemen in Wellington who still believe that New Zealand is the sparkling gem of 'clean' morality, racial harmony, and sublime living. In other words they would like to suppose that New Zealand is still "God's Own Country"—if it ever was. But they are so very wrong, for the in the eyes of the world and of many New Zealanders, New Zealand is a backward, socially primitive, morally Victorian, pioneer stage, bullshit country. We are a farce and will remain one if farcical laws against homosexuality are maintained.

The law against homosexuality is repulsive to the gays in

New Zealand at last a political fighting force has begun in Auckland to combat it and have it changed.

Gays throughout the world are finally throwing off the cloud of oppression which has haunted us ever since the Apostles haunted Rome with it. In 1942 another alienated group in German occupied Warsaw stood up and demanded their right to be dignified human beings. In more recent years the blacks of America have begun breaking their shackles of oppression. They are followed by women and homosexuals. San Francisco in the summer of 1966 saw the birth of the demand for sexual freedom. The "hippie" movement evolved slowly to mean a universal demand for social and moral change of drastic proportions. We have now reached the stage where the clouds of revolution are gathering over society.

The Gay Liberation Front is the tool of homosexuals to effect change in New Zealand's laws and in society's attitudes. Society's attitudes are largely misconceived, without grounds, false and are ridiculous in context. While giving male drag queens almost celebrity treatment on television, while preferring to see effeminate poofters on her streets, on her ships and hotels, she condemns the infinitely more natural behaviour and attractions of homosexual love.

It is this Christian orientated oppression of homosexual love to which Gay Liberation is ostensibly opposed. It is the sexually hung up heterosexual which Gay Liberation intends to liberate. For society and the young heterosexual must realise that homosexual love is natural, it is attractive and it is NOT bad. To the majority of young heterosexuals Christian morals are bullshit anyway. Therefore heterosexuals have no ground to oppose or be intolerant towards homosexual love. Heterosexuals have even less right to impose their male dominating, chauvinistic, "I am a male, I fuck women, I am right" ideals on homosexuals. Heterosexuals are not right merely because they are heterosexual; and this is not a matter of religious morality but of obvious logic.

Therefore that homosexuality is wrong is groundless. Homosexuality is not wrong, and the gay people who prefer homosexual love, not a perversion, are aware and proud of this fact. Since homosexuality is not wrong there is no reason why the future should not hold out, once again, the promise of a content bi-sexual state to humanity.

—CRAIG FRASER

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FRENE GINWALA AT THE TOWN HALL



Both floors of the Concert Chamber were packed. The Friends of South Africa had arrived in force—both of them. One of them known as George—the bible packing cliché monger of Albert Park. He tried to stand up and was roared down. It really set a lively atmosphere.

There was silence as a Maori haka team began singing and dancing. A young girl whose voice was as clear as a forest stream led the singing. It was a tremendous start. Two of our three 'peoples ambassadors' to the UN—Tom Newnham and Pat Hohepa, were accompanied by Frene Ginwala from the African National Congress. Tom and Pat brought good news back from the UN. It seems we got ourselves into this mess partly because its election year and partly because of Nixon's trip to China. Nixon had to justify his trip to all his right wing mates back home so he coined the phrase 'building bridges to China'. Now major Marshall was sitting at home thinking he would like to cash in on some of Nixon's popularity, and he wanted to go bridge building too. We're copying American politics in every field he thought so we may as well copy American clichés as well. Unfortunately the parallel was not quite the same. A closer analogy would have been if Nixon had visited Taiwan and said he was building bridges to China because we are not building bridges to the majority of the people as Nixon did in China—we are building bridges to the minority of the people—white South Africa.

Old Mayor Robbie turned up and everyone was pleased to see him. The Rugby Union have tried to slur his stand by bringing up the fact that he's President of Auckland Rugby League and that he wasn't invited to meet the All Blacks anyway. Robbie's stand is a triumph to the city of Auckland. Good on you Robbie.

Everyone was glad that the Friends of Apartheid turned up—they're usually such invisible people its the first time anyone has seen them in public. They were actually given time on stage to present their case which was remarkably

similar to Major Marshall's, and were soundly rubbished by the audience—Good.

A welcome break was the awe inspiring, brilliant, incredible, stupendous, amazing, well performed guerrilla theatre troupe (I'm in it) who took the stage by storm and showed how we were building bridges over the bodies of blacks to a racist fascist minority for economic reasons. Everyone loved it and the whole hall joined in the final chorus.

Frene Ginwala is an amazing woman. She's the sort of person that could so easily be your mother—calm, helpful and loving. She talked about what went across the bridges that Major Marshall was so busy building. People like Phillip—the public relations man who sells apartheid in the NZ schools and gives lectures at character building courses of the NZ Army. (Ed, that's so they won't mind killing demonstrators during the Tour Civil War). But do the NZ consulates in South Africa go around South Africa preaching the message of racial harmony?—No. We know that people who oppose apartheid like Trevor Richards are barred from crossing that bridge. We know that the President of The South African National Congress of Students is barred from crossing the bridge. (Major Marshall's bridge is so white that you can't even get across it if you're the slightest bit pink.) Then she explained just where the bridges were heading. A lot of people were dying of suicide or falling down steps after they had been taken in for questioning by the Secret Police. There was tremendous National and International pressure—so much so that a question was asked in Parliament. The Minister of Police read out the list of names and tried to justify each case. At the bottom of the list was a man that perhaps more than any other represented the oppressed of South Africa—

NAME? —UNKNOWN

DATE OF BIRTH? —UNKNOWN

CAUSE OF DEATH? —UNKNOWN



DONT SMOKE APARTHEID

Rothman brand

A spokesman for Rothman's Tobacco Company has said that it is controlled by an African company. He said three-quarters owned by New Zealand shareholders.

It is true that there is a board of directors. It is true that New Zealand holders have three-quarters the shares. But those holders are many, scattered and disunited. The decisive controlling shares (and for the controlling vote on the board) are held by Rembrandt Holdings N.Z. Ltd. which is wholly owned by Rembrandt Controlling Investments of South Africa.

Here is a list of Rothman's products here:—

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Pall Mall
Belmont
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Lexington
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CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Pocket Edition

Virginia Gold

PIPE TOBACCOS:

Dunhill Flake
Frimare
Scott's Blend
John Chiswick
Austin Cavendish

RICHARDS on HART



that they are not, both Government and the NZRFU knew that the 1970 All Black tour was wrong. They failed to stop it for a variety of reasons, a lack of any real concern for the victims of apartheid being paramount amongst those reasons. It could also be fairly stated that in many instances those who were in a position to stop the tour were guilty of nothing less than a white racist approach to the whole question. Dennis Brutus is convinced that 'despite the magnificent campaign, we failed to stop the All Black tour ... because of the powerful commercial and political interests who were convinced that the links should be maintained—and not merely for sporting reasons.'

What then were we to do? Violence was out—it is abhorrent, and furthermore, it is the one thing the New Zealand power elite know how to handle better than anything else. The obvious weapon seemed to be militant non-violent disruption. It was this tactic which resulted in the cancellation of the proposed Springboks Cricket tour of Britain. It is a tactic which appeals to self-interest and not to reason. Given that it is self-interest rather than reason which motivates our politicians and sporting administrators, and given the success of the tactic in Britain, it seemed to H.A.R.T. that here was an ideal strategy to adopt.

What then does militant non-violent disruption mean? Obviously H.A.R.T. can only speak in the most general terms when it comes to discussing this matter. No sense in tipping off the men in blue. Make Gilbert's salvation army work for their crust. Besides, as is clearly stated in the pledges which are currently circulating, the exact form of action taken is not decided by me, or by your local area officer, or even by H.A.R.T.'s national council. The decision as to what action will be taken, and when it will be terminated, is taken by those prepared to involve themselves in this activity. One of the ideas which has gained some currency and publicity is that people will chain themselves together in the middle of the playing field and refuse to move. The theory is that it would be very hard to remove 250 demonstrators chained together on a playing field—especially if one of the chains was attached to a permanent fixture i.e. a goal post, hockey goal etc.

Since our announcement, on the 31st of March, that H.A.R.T. intended to do all possible to non-violently disrupt all sports fixtures in which a South African team took part, we have continued to do everything possible to establish a dialogue with sporting bodies. The situation as it stands at the moment is that no sporting association currently involved in arranging contacts with South Africa will speak to us. The N.Z.R.F.U. would not allow us to address their annual meeting. 'We are interesting in nothing but rugby' a prominent rugby official told me when asked why we could not enter the meeting.

The situation is similar with other sporting bodies. The N.Z. Womens Hockey Association has informed us that 'we do not wish to have any further correspondence on this matter.' Bodies such as the N.Z. Bowling Assn, the N.Z. Cricket Council refuse to even bother answering our letters.

H.A.R.T. feels that we cannot dare wash our hands and say 'there is nothing I can do.' We cannot close our eyes to a possibility which is open to us. Robert Kennedy, in a talk given in South Africa in 1966, summed it up:

Few will have the greatness to bend history itself, but each of us can work to change a small portion of events, and in the total of all those acts will be written the history of this generation.

Every time a man stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope.

Moral courage is a rarer commodity than bravery in battle or great intelligence. Yet it is the one essential, vital quality for those who seek to change a world that yields most painfully to change. And I believe that in this generation those with the courage to enter the moral conflict will find themselves with companions in every corner of the globe.

For us, responsibility and effectiveness are both equatable in this instance to pursuing a policy of militant non-violent disruption. Only time will tell.

Trevor Richards
National Chairman,
HALT ALL RACIST TOURS



article is not written for those who are still unsure whether sporting contacts with South Africa are right or wrong. It most certainly is not for those who somehow managed to rationalize the issues out of their ambit of thought. It is written for those who have already decided that sporting contacts with South Africa are wrong, and who furthermore believe that something should be done to stop that they do not continue.

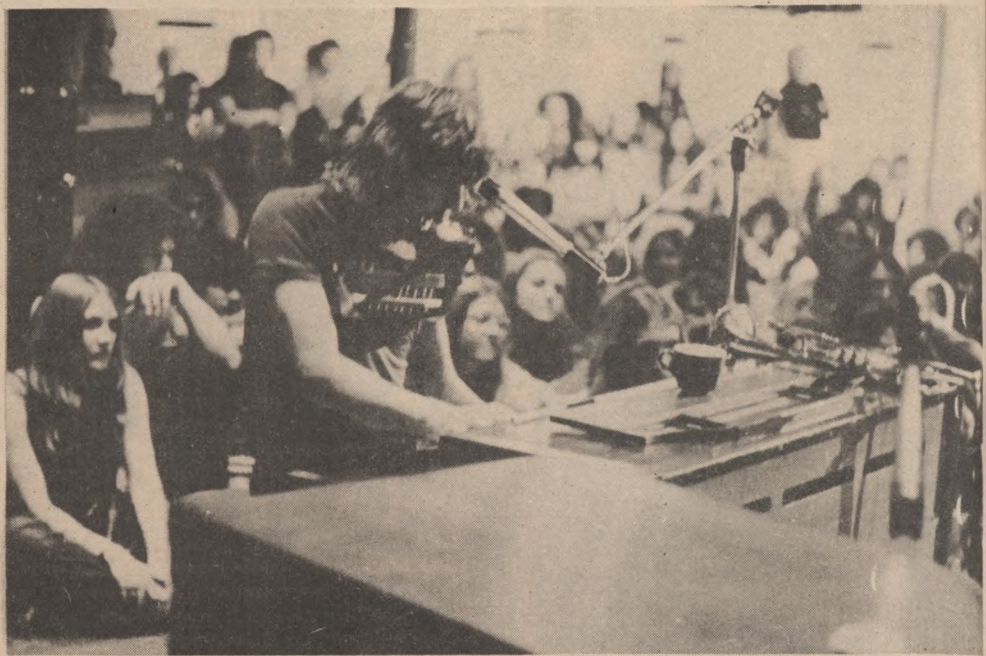
Two years ago H.A.R.T. was formed in an effort to give the tour movement coordination, strategy and tactics. In the early months of July 1969, eleven months before the tour, we adopted a strategy framework which was to last until the last day of March of this year. The initial strategy was very simple: the fate of the proposed All Black tour and others like it, would depend upon our ability to persuade those in a position to stop the tour(s) the complete impossibility of any sporting contacts between this country and South Africa. We believed, for better or for ill, that both the New Zealand Rugby Football Union and the New Zealand Government were amenable to, and could be influenced by reason.

Looking back over documents such as this has a chilling effect. H.A.R.T. was so optimistic about the odds. Given the fitness of our cause, the impeccable credentials of those who supported us, the enthusiasm of our many members, it seemed that it could all be over in six months. The World War I situation all over again. The Bosh was defeated in no time at all, and everyone would be in time for Christmas. The early reversals were regarded as no more than mild irritations which would be overcome. But as it became clearer as the months passed that this was going to be no push over, and that we were in for a long, protracted, and at times bitter battle, there was still no serious consideration given to the possibility that our strategy might be wrong. Our only option was to step up our activities—a 'more of the same' held sway.

Despite our best efforts, on June 13, 1970, an Air New Zealand Electra jet took off from Rongotai with a full complement of New Zealand rugby footballers bound for South Africa. We had failed to stop the tour. It was lost, because we had played the game according to the rules. We had blindly accepted the rhetoric of the rules without examining their substance. Unless they are completely stupid, and I am charitable enough to believe that they are not, both Government and the NZRFU knew that the 1970 All Black tour was wrong. They failed to stop it for a variety of reasons, a lack of any real concern for the victims of apartheid being paramount amongst those reasons. It could also be fairly stated that in many instances those who were in a position to stop the tour were guilty of nothing less than a white racist approach to the whole question. Dennis Brutus is convinced that 'despite the magnificent campaign, we failed to stop the All Black tour ... because of the powerful commercial and political interests who were convinced that the links should be maintained—and not merely for sporting reasons.'

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A black and white photograph of a band performing on a stage. The band consists of a guitarist, a drummer, and a singer. The stage is decorated with a large, ornate, classical-style sculpture or relief in the background. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

Dear Mr Promoter,

By the way Bobby, I think you're a shit for calling one of your previous concerts the "first national . . ." you must keep up with the pacey scene here in Auckland. To think we are now up to our "third national . . ."

Dear John,

P.S. Tell your road manager for me that he really slayed those pricks in the audience who were calling out at him. His mum would be proud.

Dear Keef,

The Mayall Hornmen chat informally with the audience.
Dear Hornmen.

John Mayall announced the last number in their hour concert. The crowd get ready to suck every note in. I mean they've got to. There are at least a couple of thousand people outside waiting for the eight o'clock . . . and this is the last tune man. It's a longish one. Outofsight . . . tooooooofreakinggggggmuchhhhhhh!!!!!! What the hell, who cares if Clapton didn't turn up. What a nice band.

P.S. Dear Mr Eden Security,

A black and white photograph capturing a live music performance. In the foreground, a man with long, curly hair is seen from the side, wearing a light-colored shirt and dark pants, appearing to be part of the band or a stagehand. Behind him, a large, dark wooden chest or cabinet stands on the stage. A man in a dark t-shirt is seated at the chest, possibly playing a keyboard or acting as a sound engineer. To the right, another band member is visible, playing a guitar. The stage is crowded with various pieces of equipment, including microphones and cables. In the background, a large, dense crowd of people is gathered, filling the frame and watching the performance. The setting appears to be an outdoor or semi-outdoor venue with a simple, possibly temporary, structure. The overall atmosphere is one of a high-energy, grassroots music event.



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Melanie — GATHER ME — Buddah Records — 2318 050 — (13 tracks).

"And Although I'd like to tell it
Exactly how I feel it
Somehow the music
Hides it and conceals it"

Some Say (I Got Devil)

—Side Two

Judging from those lines, I think perhaps Melanie underestimates her communicative powers. Her songs come straight from the heart, (sometimes the stomach). They are most frequently based on personal experience and express many different moods. She can move from a youthful exuberance, or a brassy night-club decadence, to a wailing anguish—just to mention a few. Her music escapes rigid categorization as it encompasses many idioms—folk, blues, soul, jazz, C & W and pop.

In comparison with her five previous albums, GATHER ME is gentler and more self-controlled. The sadness is still there, but the desperation is gone. With the exception of two, all the songs on the album are of Melanie's own creation. The most outstanding, in my opinion, are RAILROAD—(superb, probably the finest on the record); RING THE LIVING BELL, SHINE THE LIVING LIGHT—(another of the gospel-influenced songs for which she has a special talent); SOME SAY (I GOT DEVIL)—(a sensitive, bluesy number with a Spanish flavour); and BABY DAY—(fresh and inspiring). But all the tracks are worth listening to, with perhaps the exception of the Parish-Edwards-Spaeth song, TELL ME WHY, which is a bit sappy.

The jazz influence, (more notably ragtime), frequently found in Melanie, is fairly plentiful on this album. It is strongest, naturally enough, in the more light-hearted numbers, such as the little warbling routine she calls KANSAS, SOME DAY I'LL BE A FARMER, and her chirpy hit, BRAND NEW KEY.

Melanie has a particular way with song-endings. Sometimes in the past, she has been inclined to overdo it, but on GATHER ME there are some good examples. She is able to just pick up a line, toss it up and down, wave it about and then leave it to rest, very effectively.

On Side One, she does a very beautiful adaptation of a hymn, WHAT WONDROUS LOVE, but I feel I would have been even more impressed if I hadn't heard Judy Collins sing AMAZING GRACE first, although their treatments are by no means similar.

Melanie's future recordings will be on the "Neighbourhood" label—a company she has formed, along with her husband, Peter Schekeryk. This of course, will allow Melanie greater freedom to decide how, what and when she records.

—SUE BARTON

SUPERSTAR:
Janet Sue Mary Hoffman (VIVA)
London '71

(available U.B.S. \$6.15)

This book is written by VIVA, andy warhol's superstar. It is very lovely. It is about a young girl and how she gets terribly old. Along the way several things happen, as they were bound to. Kumeras, cucumbers, phone handles, door knobs. She even went to a catholic school. That made everything quite bad. When she did her first movie she took her blouse off and asked \$97.82 if they wanted her to take the plaster off her right hand nipple. She asked \$67.82 for the left hand one. It cost \$242.89 to get her right hand shoe off. All they could say was "Jesus you've got band aid on your nipples". She had, and she became an andy warhol superstar.

This book is a novel and an autobiography and a piece of fiction and a piece of reportage and a piece of realism and a piece of fantasy. This is quite a lot for one book to be, but never really enough. Things occasionally fall apart and often stay like it. But still, its all rather nice. A whole lot of strawberry jam goes on in the novel. It was bound to. Gloria, who is the girl in the novel, strawberry jams quite a lot. She is strawberry jammed by men, by women, she does it all the time and a lot. When the novel starts she's getting ready for it, when it ends she's just into another lot of it. There's strawberry jam everywhere. When she gets terribly old it gets sad and you don't want to believe it. She was just a nice kid who could never have lived in new zealand. If she lived in new zealand she would have been put in court for it. Nobody round here says strawberry jam and gets away with it.

Vivat vagina. Gratio fellacio. Read it.

—(reviewed by n.b.)



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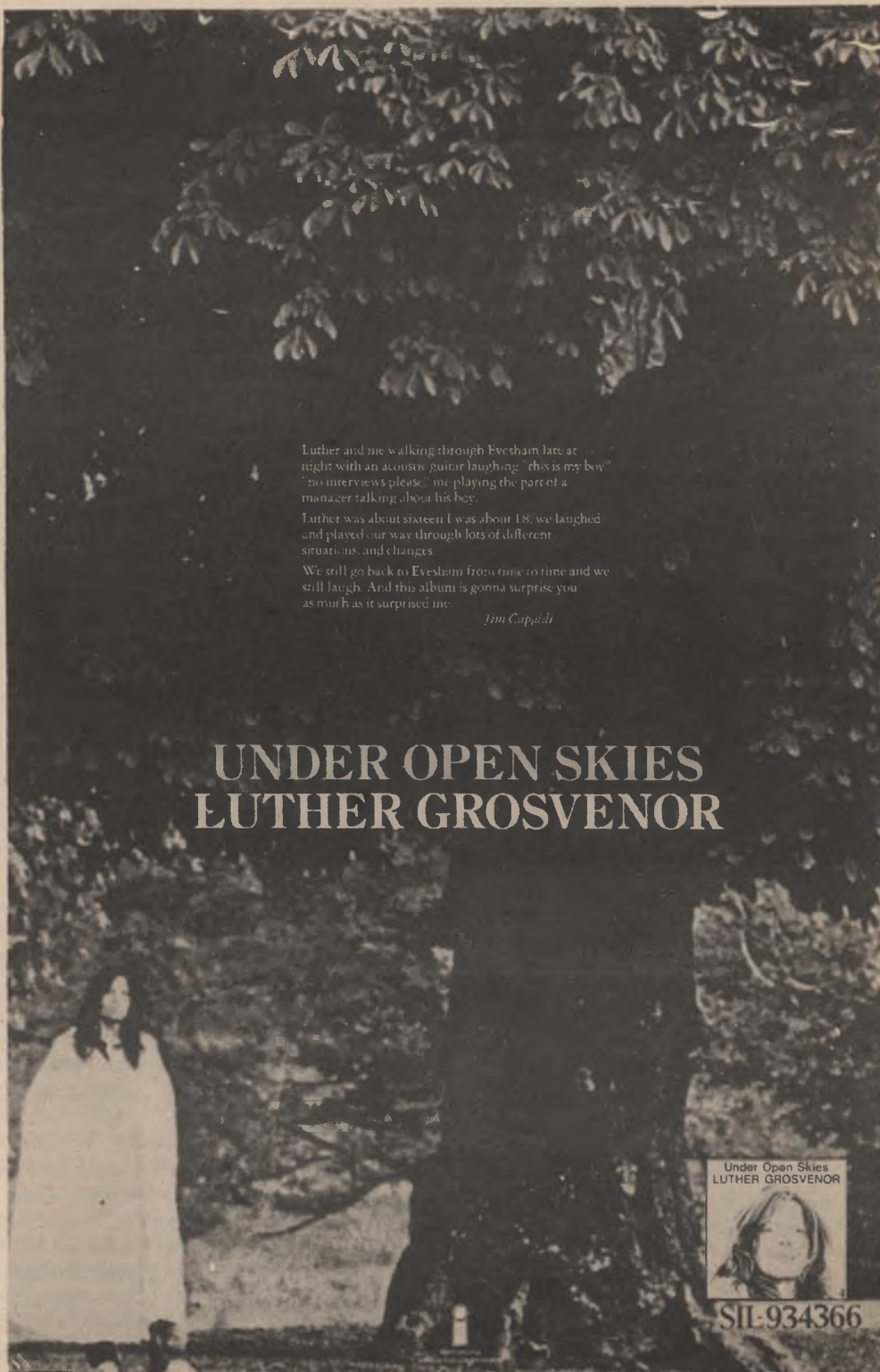
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stray

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Luther and me walking through Evesham late at night with an acoustic guitar laughing "this is my boy" "no interviews please" me playing the part of a manager talking about his boy.

Luther was about sixteen I was about 18, we laughed and played our way through lots of different situations, and changes.

We still go back to Evesham from time to time and we still laugh. And this album is gonna surprise you as much as it surprised me.

Jim Capaldi

**UNDER OPEN SKIES
LUTHER GROSVENOR**

Under Open Skies
LUTHER GROSVENOR



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up the metaphysical

Here's something for all you drooling metaphysicians who are pissed off with the mundane physical world and are aching to become Pure Intelligence. It's a veritable penetration of that Higher Realm of Philosophy by the horrendous quasi-empirical beast, Sociology. (Enter at this point Greek Chorus chanting "rape!" trailing off with "Ohh... every four syllables).

The Thought: that the evolution of Man, in just one of its dimensions, can be seen in terms of his changing and re-forming conception of Truth. This may seem odd at first sight, but let's build from basics.

Man is evolving and his evolution is a coming-to-terms with physical environment, which at the same time creates man and is created by man. (This is a materialist, dialectical view in essence; consult J.P. Sartre). Man has always thought about the direction this relationship with environment might take, and to facilitate his understanding and manipulation of environment, has objectified and rationalized the process of direction—giving in terms of Truths (or reasonable facsimiles thereof!). Thus in the Beginning we have Plato's ideal Forms in which values have an absolute essence (Truth!) and Things in the mundane world may be said to be images or reflections of this essence. Truth is posited as abstract and ideal, to be sought after. Now viewed, it's a statement about man's rational evolution in a pre-technical era.

Then a few centuries later, the Religious Thing comes along and Truth is further objectified, but is also incorporated now into the inquiry into the mechanics of the Universe. Ideas of salvation, and reunion with Truth, through man's spiritual commital, appear—gOD is the embodiment of Truth, and accounts for Everything, as well

as HIMSELF, and dispenses Truth through his Word. And, oh yes, hE moves in Mysterious Ways.

Truth in one sense becomes the prerogative of the church, but this gradually gives way to the scientific revolution (Enlightenment). The endeavours of man then are attempts to uncover Truth (in gOD) through scientific endeavour and reflection. The great minds of the period thought in terms of the unity of the two, as an unstate premise. Leibniz, the granddaddy of mathematical logic, saw mathematics as a manifestation in pure form of the nature of the Universe, and gOD. Through the distinctions he makes (truths of fact, truths of reason, etc.) man endeavours to Know gOD. Truth, in evolution, seems to hang between gOD and abstract Reason.

George Berkeley, that magnificent sceptic-empiricist-cleric, who has been much misunderstood, (and an Irishman, too!), saw the world as existing solely in men's imaginations, but he went a step beyond this radical phenomenology, to say that there was no such things as material substance, but that everything existed in the mind of gOD. It was an attempt to fight scientific anti-deistic rationalism through a totalizing concept of gOD, but at the same time throws open the doors of perception as a key to Man and the World. The human agent looms large for the first time, but still intertwined with the idea of gOD.

Gradually from the 18th century and up until recent times the rational gained hold, although the theist tradition was very slow to crumble (and still lingers). Truth, through science and logic, came to be seen as existing Out There in the world. Man could discover Truth through Experiment, Reason, and the Accumulation of Evidence. A collection of Facts for a scientific jigsaw puzzle that was about to come right.

We thus have the growth of Absolutes, Representational and Correspondence theories of Truth.

Now enter Marx, the most influential social philosopher in a thousand years, with the insistence that all this bourgeois idealist stuff is bullshit, and that the real Truth lies with people, more particularly the struggle between classes of people—with the proletariat possessing Truth to be the ultimate victors. You may not take much to this, but Truth has received a challenge—it has been brought from Out There in the world, to be the property of people. It is not Demonstrable FACT any longer, but the inherent possession of humans, in dialectic.

The old notions of Truth still hang around in the unenlightened thinking of the logical positivists and the odd bewildered idealist, not to mention the more absurd extremes of the (English) language philosophers. But the continental philosophers of late last century, and through this century—Kierkegaard, Heidegger, Husserl, Sartre (to mention these I know something about), have precipitated an evolution to follow scientism. Truth is being realized to be the possession of every man, each in his individual way.

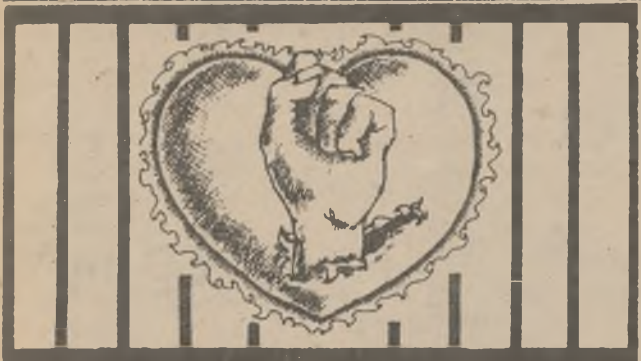
The ideas of the Norm (ie what is Normal) is being stripped progressively in our turbulent times of the facade of respectability which natural and social sciences, through manipulation of Truth, have sought to give it. There is no right or wrong in anything. "Moral decay" is the awareness that morals, as closed beliefs, no longer apply.

What it means is, anything goes. Man is the centre of values, and every defining act, whether in science, behaviour, or imagination, is a value-bestowing act. Truth has disappeared in the present mad proliferation of cultural flux. What we have are Alternative Approaches and Differing World Views. There is no Truth in absolutes, none in a priori tautologies. There are no natural laws (as such). This is not to deny the assumptions of working scientists but to recognize them as just that, and subject to radical examination when thrown into perspective with the human perceiver.

Everything is relative; we now speak more realistically, and less arrogantly, I hope, in terms of Systems Consistency and Sociologies of Knowledge. Theories and Approaches compete left and right for acceptance; we can now begin to see them more as all legitimate reflections of (individual) human consciousness.

This is present evolution. If Truth is bestowed by man, I can see the possibilities of a New Humanism—back to the fundamental implications of Being Human, and Alive, today. Each man must assess his own human condition and actions in the face of Outside Reality being stripped of any sanctity or absolute value. This is one more reason for believing we are now living through a Revolution. Society is so fucked that we must radically reassess everything from the basis of Self in relation to our fellows. It will, I think, bring people together through the discovery that they all share the fears, hopes, and needs of being human.

No more Vietnams! Support your neighbourhood guerilla movement! Truth and Right have blinded men for long enough.



WHY MEN SHOULD SUPPORT WOMEN'S LIBERATION

Bob Mann

Those men who've noticed the Movement for Women's Liberation tend to feel it is a threat. They think the women are trying to take away something valuable which men have:— if not their domineering sexuality, at least their comfort, freedom and happiness. Men think there's a conflict between their freedom and the prospect of freedom for women. Men therefore react defensively to protect what they have and value. Then we see the bitterness, the desperate illogic, and of course the personal insults to apparent leaders of the Women's Movement. The reason for this resistance by the men is, as I say, that they see a conflict between their own self-interest and the women's demands.

What we usually then say to such men is, "Become unselfish—we appeal to your altruism to stop oppressing women—it's morally wrong to keep on subjecting and abusing them—make a little sacrifice—give up some of your comforts, some part of your happiness, to help the underprivileged women".

Now I believe this is all a mistake. I believe there ISN'T any conflict of interest between women and men. When women get free, we'll ALL be happier.

You see, happiness isn't some commodity only available in limited amount. When a wife gets happier through developing her talents in a job she's chosen (and been able to work at because of day-care centres, if she has children), her husband hasn't lost some part of his own happiness which she has seized away from him! When a husband begins to explore for the first time with an open mind the best sharing of labour in his particular family, and discovers that, despite the conventional prejudices he's been brought up with, some cooking, or gardening, or playing with the children for the first time, turn out to be real pockets of joy in his life, there's been no theft of happiness from anybody. The woman's better off, the man's happier at nobody's expense, and the children have a better chance of growing up sane. Then, of course, the wife, who is less

resentful and grouchy because some of the tasks she happened to loathe have been at least shared, will respond with love to the husband's new approach.

Some apparent conflicts are truly frightful but essentially phoney. They can be dissolved when people wake up to what's good for them—who is REALLY on whose side. For example, there's an appalling conflict between the desire for peace in Indo-China and the Americans' carpet bombing of civilian areas, murdering hundreds of innocents every week. Now, I reckon that a main theme of politics in the world today is the failure of most people to perceive their own true self-interest. People usually just don't see what's good for them. They struggle against non-enemies; they project their own fears and insecurities on to innocents whom they then oppress or even kill.

Slowly, however, people are waking up. The Jerry Rubins, the Tim Shadbolts, initially rejected as "too far out" and "extremists", slowly managed to bring us to the point of asking ourselves "Have I got any real beef with the Vietnamese? What's in this war for me? Is it worth the 50 million dollars and 35 Kiwis dead which it has cost the N.Z. public?" And now, nudged by women like Germaine Greer, we men are at last beginning to ask, "Does it really pay ME to keep on the way I've been doing? Just supposing I allowed my wife to take this course of study she's been wanting—what would it cost me, really? What if I pitched in this election year and helped to lean on Mr Kirk for day-care centres? If my wife were no longer utterly tied to the home by the kids, but could develop some other interests too, then maybe she'd be a happier person and therefore I'd enjoy living with her more! Does it really PAY ME to keep in subjection a dull, resentful dumb slave?"

We men have got to ask ourselves not only whether the system of holding women down is hurting them needlessly, but also whether it's in our own true self-interest to keep on that way. After all, how happy ARE we with our supposedly convenient female servants? Aren't WE embarrassed at parties by a 45-year-old woman with the emotional and educational level of a 17-year-old? Wouldn't we find it better to be with women who had actually been offered equal opportunity for education? And about this dearth of sex in our marriages. Aren't we men finding that sexual satisfaction for ourselves is difficult to get with a tense, resentful slave? Perhaps we feel proud of ourselves, about once a fortnight, as we swagger out of the pub with the boys, boasting "Got a naughty out of the old lady last night"—but it's a hollow boast, isn't it. Even the infrequent "naughties" are dull, ritualistic, dutiful—little better than masturbation, and devoid of (what we no longer expect from, and cannot offer to, a slave)—creativity and love.

And so I say to men—we should be enthusiastic workers

for Women's Freedom. The issue is rather like prison reform: the screws have to LIVE in the prison hell-holes and suffer the resentment of the crims, so if they knew what's good for them they'd be LEADING the movement for a more human prison system in which THEY'D be happier. Similarly, I say to men: happiness isn't a restricted commodity—women aren't trying to take away yours—in fact, when they win theirs, you too will be far happier. so JOIN THEM! We will all win.

O.H.M.S.

Organisation to Halt Military Service

To work for the repeal of the National Military Service Act 1961, and amendments, requiring all New Zealand men to register, within fourteen days of their nineteenth birthday, either for military service, or as conscientious objectors.

We know that there are many young New Zealanders who feel that they can no longer continue to co-operate with the present Conscription Laws.

Are YOU faced with his dilemma?

Individuals who believe—

1. that they cannot serve in an Army that reflects the present Government's Foreign Policy;
2. that international conflicts will never be solved by military means using national armies?
3. that it is the right of every individual to decide for himself whether he wishes to train to fight, or whether he wishes to fight in a particular war;
4. that there is no economic or moral reason to spend vast sums of money on National Defence in a world of poverty and hunger;
5. that it is immoral to force people into the army during Peace-time, especially when there is no immediate threat to New Zealand's security (emphasised by small military budget);
6. that as pacifists they are opposed to all wars and to training for all wars;
7. that the sincerity of an individual conscience should not be subjected to examination and judgement by a Government-appointed Tribunal;
8. that becoming a Conscientious Objector is merely condoning the Government's "right" to force one individual to kill another.

ARE in this dilemma! People with any of these beliefs think the act should be repealed. We URGE all who think this way to put their beliefs into action.

METHODS:

The strongest method of protest is to refuse to co-operate with the Law.

1. 19 year-olds — REFUSE to register.
2. Those registered (especially as Conscientious Objectors) — RETURN cards to Minister of Labour.
3. Those called up — REFUSE to undergo military training or if provisional C.O. — REFUSE to attend C.O. Tribunal.

O.H.M.S. supports all those who feel that Conscientious Non-Compliance is the only consistent position for them to take. We will work, in Non-Violent ways, to halt the present National Military Service System.

If YOU are opposed to the Military Service Act and wish to work for its repeal, go to the International Affairs Office, second floor Studdass, or come to an

Auckland Inaugural Meeting of O.H.M.S.
Top Common Room, Students' Union Princes Street
Tuesday 11 April, 1972, 7.30 p.m.

THE SCRATCH ORCHESTRA

THE SCRATCH ORCHESTRA Note: The word "music" and its derivatives are here not a large number of enthusiasts understood to refer exclusively to pooling their resources and sound and related phenomena assembling for action (music hearing etc). What they do refer making, performance, and to is flexible and depends entirely on the members of the Scratch Orchestra.

This definition is by the founder, Cornelius Cardew, in his original draft constitution for a Scratch Orchestra.

Initiated in London, it evolved out of the desire or willingness shown by a large number of people to engage in a common outgoing activity of a basically musical type, and the orchestra was formed simply as a format, not so much to crystallise, but to nuclearise this common urge.

The structure as outlined in the Constitution for the general running and performance activities of the orchestra was to establish a sort of home base which might be expanded or departed from as members see fit and the orchestra grows. Some obligation with regard to the constitution may be felt and followed but should not be forced upon oneself. There are other obligations . . . to be human and for every member to feel free to do what he wants in full confidence that what he wants is in accord with 'Heaven's wants' (Confucius). This permissive attitude is based on the assumption that anyone joining the orchestra endorses one or more of the ideas implicit in the structure and respects the desirability for an unwobbling centre of collective intent. The Scratch Orchestra models itself on the spontaneity apparent in nature, so considerable celebration is accorded to individual manners of operation, hence a density of simultaneous and divers activities as often occurs in the rites and compositions. Outwardly, at times, it would appear that a spirited anarchy possesses players, but inwardly we can all reside in calm equity, confident on the other man's ability to govern himself. Anarchy without is balanced by order within.

The only problem with someone like me defining the Scratch Orchestra is that it tends to become a personal statement. At all cost the orchestra format should avoid becoming the tool of anyone's personal ambition, and any member observing a particular tendency is at liberty to insert seminal ideas, or attempt to guide it away from, or encourage its current direction. Proposers for ideas are essential, but they should never be seen as leaders . . . simply as temporary lights . . . self snuffed as the wick depletes and/or gracefully replaced by a brighter light should one arise with eloquence. Far more vital is a stimulation of communication within the orchestra.

If anyone paid any attention to past S.O. activities in Auckland, some might harbour reservations as to the worth of rekindling embers. (Members, though participants are also observers and audience at the same time).

The highs and lows of past action are in accord with the rhythms of human nature, and the cycle of the seasons. No change in our environment, physical, social, political or whatever, occur without experimental ideas being accorded a chance to fail or succeed in the public sphere. The impulse behind the formation of the orchestra can be deduced more or less as follows . . . 'There is a feeling that our energy as individuals is too easily dissipated and lost . . . experimental ideas could only seldom be realised in any vehicle larger than a small group of friends . . . that by pooling our resources our energy could be focussed in a much more powerful beam and hence have more chance of initiating some process of change. . . ' (Cardew)

The original structure that both the London and Auckland Scratch Orchestras were simultaneously founded on is BRIEFLY as follows . . .

The S.O. intends to function in the public sphere and not meet just for its own entertainment. This function will be expressed in the form of, for want of a better word, 'concerts'. The fact that the word 'concert' may be freely extended without regard for what the word means or what a concert is in present usage.

FINANCE: Members should contribute what money they can afford to cover initial expenditure on concerts (hiring, printing, advertising, etc.) but thereafter every effort should be made to get the orchestra to cover its own costs, to become a self supporting organism, by charging reasonable admission fees at concerts sponsored by the orchestra, and attempting by all means to obtain fee-paying engagements. Generally speaking, members should not expect to derive financial gain from their participation in the orchestra, except for cases of dire need where exceptions can of course be instituted. Nothing more valuable than money should be sacrificed for the sake of publicity of 'success' (time and energy excepted).

VALUABLE IDEAS: the ideas outlined below may or may not be considered part of the constitution of the orchestra. They are designed to foster various aspects of the individuals participation in the orchestra, and the orchestra's activity as a whole.

1. Scratch books and scratch music (basically accompaniments)—to encourage a member's personal involvement in the orchestra.
2. Popular Classics—to attract the 'music-loving' public.
3. Improvisation rites—to develop a sense of community and harmony within the orchestra.
4. Compositions, to keep in touch with the abstract and speculative, philosophy and aesthetics, and ensure an experimental character in the orchestra's presentation.
5. Building home-made instruments—for the cultivation of know-how.
6. Research projects to accommodate the scholarly and intellectual.
7. Documentation to build up some collective self-respect.
8. Fire-lighting manual—a collection of inspiring texts tending to clarify and distill, or enrich and strengthen, or shock and change the spirit of the orchestra, or its morale.
9. ? (communication ideas . . . for stimulating intercourse with the orchestra)—vital but underdeveloped as yet (A particularly local concern)

GENERAL RUNNING: In managing the orchestra's activity over a period of time, a sequence of bursts of concentrated activity separated by lulls or spells of relative inaction is recommended. A regular tick-tock routine is to be avoided. Anyone wishing to join in the orchestra is welcome. There is to be no auditioning unless the joining members wishes. No qualifications are required, and no experience of music, simply a desire to participate in the structure here outlined or in whatever at any point has evolved out of that. (Cardew)

. . . which gets us back to the local Scratch Orchestra, and this treatise, . . . trigger to an impending blast of S.O. activity. 'Scratch' to me connotes a stimulated assembly of instant enthusiasts, and 'orchestra', concerted intent. I'm 'proposer' for the present, and am planning a set of concerts to realise 'The Great Learning' by Cornelius Cardew for Scratch Orchestra . . . text by Confucius (translated by Ezra Pound). Four of the seven paragraphs are intended for performance through the week of N.Z. Universities Arts Festival to be held in Auckland in August. Members are welcome from inside and outside any institution, with or without previous experience. About 70



participants, who endorse the structure, are required as follows . . .

40 . . . singers/chorus (singing, chanting). Untrained and capable of making sounds on a number of specified objects as directed, and performing actions as direction.

10 . . . trained singers

10 . . . drummers . . . prepared to learn rhythms (26)

2 . . . organists

6 . . . players of large instruments . . . bowed or blown or stuck

Meetings commence tomorrow, Friday, and every Friday thereafter from 6 pm to 8.30 at KNOX HALL, Parnell Library end of Birdwood Crescent. Anyone interested is welcome, and ideas will be expanded at this meeting.

PHILIP DADSON

'the S.O. is not a flock of sheep, nor a secret society. It is an orchestra. Does that imply a certain measure of discipline? It implies a kind of spontaneous mutual respect, which is the same thing only better. Such that if the desire arises we can all play together, 'sudden and sweet'. But before this discipline, comes the opening up of the musical channel in people, such that confronted with one thing, we can do something else—render it in performance. (A gathering of people PERFORMS that gathering?) Confucius defines: 'music is the heart's response to the external world'. (Cardew)

'From the Emperor, son of heaven down to the common man, songly and all together, self-discipline is the root.' (Paragraph 7. Great Digest, Confucius).

AUSA NOTICE

At the Annual General Meeting of the Association last week a motion was discussed to cut off all AUSA funds to any sporting club which refused to accept and comply with AUSA policy on contact with South Africa. This was passed by 136 votes to 126, but because of the closeness of the vote it was decided to refer this matter to a referendum within the next couple of weeks. All sides are advised to rally their forces.

CRACCUM PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST

A prize of ten dollars cash is offered for the best photo of Patricia Bartlett. Drop or post the photo and your name and address to—

TIM SHADBOLT
CRACCUM
C/- Studass

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY JUDO AND KARATE CLUB is offering a prize for 10 dollars cash for the winning submission of a design suitable for use as a club badge.

GENERAL SPECIFICATIONS

The design should naturally depict the essence of the martial arts.

Club name or initials must be on the design.

Send entries to the —

President
AU Judo and Karate Club
C/- Studass

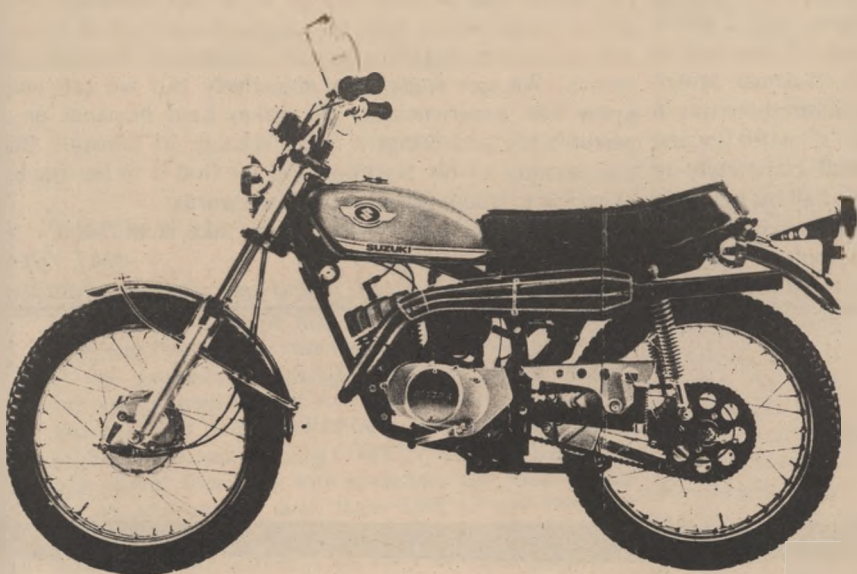
CLASSIFIED

After 10th April Student Counselling will be at 51 Symonds St. (Next to O'Rorke). Don't get lost.

FOR SALE: 7" Reels magnetic recording tape. 1800' and 2400' \$2.00 & \$2.50 each. Ring John. 600-071.

Anyone who can lend a BA gown for Capping please phone U. Semu at 884-186 urgent.

Anyone who has an old sofa or couch or single mattress around please bring them up to Craccum.



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JESUS



No matter how we regard the person of Jesus Christ, we all have to admit that he's certainly not a dying cause in the world today. In fact, regardless of the decline of so much of the institutionalised church, there appears to be a rapidly increasing interest in his life and teachings, especially in the new culture of our own generation. Remove the notions we have of Christ that have been nurtured by false religious and secular education, and we find a radical figure with a radical way of life. Revolutionary, hippy, prophet, reformer, socialist, anarchist—all these terms have been applied to him. Whatever we think of him, we certainly can't ignore him. The Jesus Revolution has come and we are faced with the necessity of at least being open-minded to him and to his followers.

Inevitably, the Jesus people of the States have been exploited by unscrupulous pressmen who have blown up and exaggerated the situation for their own ends. Obviously there are those who have jumped on the Jesus bandwagon—there will be hypocrites as there are in any cause. But behind the sensationalism, there is undoubtedly a certain amount of reality. All over the States, kids are claiming that they have found the answer to the unhealthy pressures of their sick society. They claim that they have found a radical new power to love, and so they have set up Jesus communes in which they follow in simple life-style, the non-materialistic teachings of the Master. The Jesus they follow is the figure of the gospels, not a watered-down 'meek and mild' Jesus but a strong, authoritarian character.

Our own youth culture has found a new emphasis on Jesus, whether that be to question him or to support him. Witness the tremendous increase in religious music by people such as Judy Collins, Cat Stevens, George Harrison, James Taylor, Elton John and Jethro Tull. More specifically, Jesus-rock has evolved, for instance, the Webber/Rice rock opera, 'Jesus Christ, Superstar', the lyrics of which are in essence, questioning rather than assertive. Through the character of Judas, we hear the whining;

'I only want to know,
Jesus Christ, who are you?
What have you sacrificed?'

Soon to be released in New Zealand is the sweet-rock opera, 'Godspell' based entirely on the narrative of St

Matthew's gospel. With a completely contemporary musical and technical presentation, the lyrics nevertheless are fundamental and biblical, extending to the implied physical resurrection of Jesus. Many non-Christian writers make allusion to Jesus in their songs, indicating the widespread interest there is in him, even in the thought of people who do not claim to be his followers. Leonard Cohen refers to Jesus in 'Suzanne takes you down' when he writes;

'and you want to travel with him
and you want to travel blind,
and you think maybe you'll trust him
because he touched your perfect body with his mind'

James Taylor sings;

'Won't you look down upon me Jesus
You've got to help me make a stand,
You've just got to see me through another day.
My body is aching and my time is at hand,
I won't make it any other way'

Our culture has discovered Jesus again, in spite of the blindness of our so-called 'Christian' society and in spite of our conditioned concepts of him. We have to try and see past our ignorance and shake off if need be, our Sunday School misconceptions. We have to try and find the real Jesus as he appears in the gospels and the lives of his present day disciples.

The real Jesus is a demanding figure. He not only demands certain moral standards but he also teaches certain spiritual truths. He taught us to love each other without discrimination—something we all advocate—but he also taught that we must love God. He taught the necessity of peace between men—but also the necessity of peace between man and God. We accept more readily perhaps, his moral teachings. But Christ was far more than a moral example; he appears as the prime example of devotion to God. His life contained long periods of self-denial, prayer and meditation. And yet despite his asceticism there was in him a great spirit of freedom and beauty, a certain joy and love for life and people. He gave himself completely to those around him and often was drained of all his being. In these times he drew near to his Father and received a new freshness and peace. He is the supreme example of a perfect balance of morality and spirituality. The moral life of Jesus

makes authentic his claims. We have to listen when he says; 'I am the way, the truth and the life. No man comes to the Father but by me'.

'I am the light of the world; those that follow me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life'

'I have come to give you life!

'Come to me all you who are tired and worn out with the burden of life, and I will give you rest'

Did ever any other man speak with such authority? Could anyone else ever make such enormous claims? Only a man of such incredible morality. Jesus was and is unique in every sense because he was more than mere man—he was God—man. He claimed that his death was to be a sacrifice for the human race. And so he died. And three days later he became alive again, to prove to humanity once and for all, that death has no ultimate power, and in a mystical union with God through Jesus, we too my live and die, but live again.

Jesus is almost a dirty word in our society; he's like sex and politics in polite circles; you don't talk about him because he's too embarrassing. Parents, teachers and even some clergymen encourage young people to act rightfully and morally with perhaps a dash of 'religion' thrown in, but nothing provokes so much reaction as to see the child 'go overboard on religion'. We need to get rid of the inhibitions we have in this area of our lives. Let's see the real Jesus, not a dirty word, a taboo subject or a pious figment of the imagination, but a dynamic powerful and living person who demands the totality of a person's convictions and life. It takes honesty and courage to face the real Jesus because he's tough and demanding and calls for a twenty-four hour day, seven day a week life of self-denial, simplicity and giving. Jesus people here on campus know that he is alive and can be met in a life of prayer, meditation, devotion and service. We can study him objectively but we can only know him experientially. He makes hard demands on a person's life and brings a radical change of life-style. But the paradox of his teaching, and we find it to be true by experience, is summed up in his own words:

'Whoever gives up his life for my sake, shall find it'.

—NAT YULE

2nd year arts and law student

