

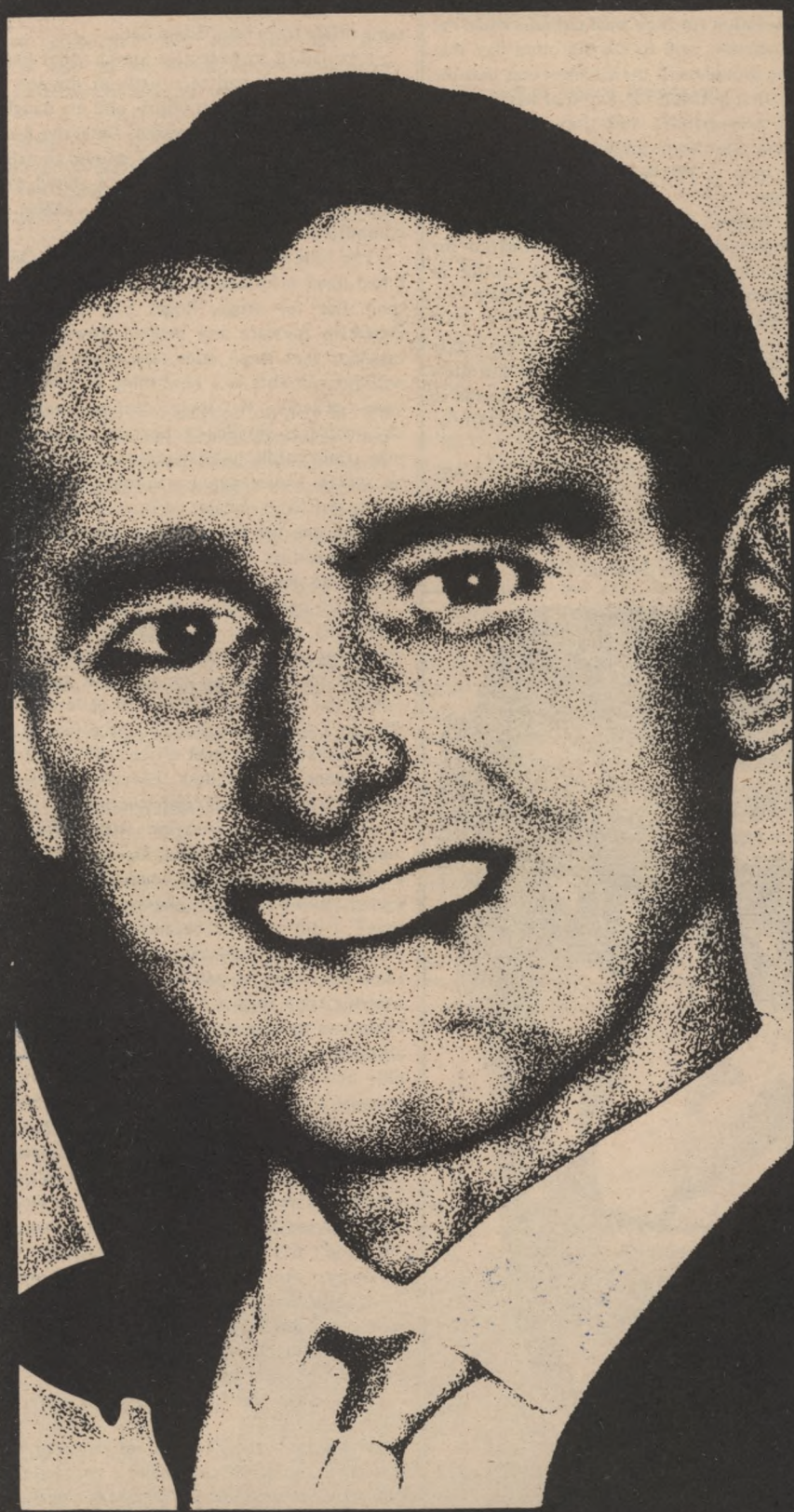
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THE UNIVERSITY  
OF AUCKLAND

# Craccum

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Thursday 8th June, 1972  
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## THOMAS



## FRAMED

"Bitter Hill" is the translation of Pukekawa. Pukekawa is where Jeanette and Harvey Crewe lived until 17 June 1970. Pukekawa is where Arthur Thomas lived with his wife Vivien until his arrest on the charge of murdering Jeanette and Harvey Crewe. Now, many people who live in Pukekawa and the surrounding districts pull their curtains and lock their doors at night. They believe there is still a murderer at large. "Bitter Hill" is the story of Arthur Thomas' trial, appeal and applications for a re-trial.

I believe Arthur Thomas is innocent — not only of the crime, but innocent, — naive, and harmless. And it is because of this innocence that he is now doing time in Paremora. He was convicted on circumstantial evidence, and because circumstances conspired against him. 'Bitter Hill' is a valuable book not only because it puts the case for a retrial very forcibly and clearly, but

- because it puts the circumstantial evidence against Thomas into context. The drama of a double murder trial, and the grouping of personalities took the facts out of context, and thus the circumstances of the trial and investigation were against Arthur also. Basically, the case against Arthur rested on five points.
1. The rifling marks on the pieces of bullet extracted from the skulls of Jeanette and Harvey Crewe coincided with the rifling marks made by Arthur Thomas' .22 pump-action repeater Browning.
  2. An axle found close by the body of Harvey Crewe in the Waikato River was similar to one used on a trailer owned by Arthur's father.
  3. A cartridge case found in the garden of the Crewe house had firing pin marks consistent with having been fired by Thomas' gun.

4. Thomas was identified by a Pukekohe jeweller as being the man who brought in a rolled gold watch to be repaired which was covered in blood and mucus.
  5. A woman claiming to be a close friend of Jeanette's testified that Arthur had 'pestered' Jeanette at local dances, and that he had a 'passion' for her.
- In their case against Thomas the Crown also presented snippets of information such as the fatal bullets being marked '8', relating this to the finding of one, and one only No. '8' bullet on Thomas' farm; one of five pieces of wire being similar in composition to some wire found on his farm; and comments allegedly made by Arthur Thomas which were supposed to be sinister.

### RIFLING MARKS

On the first point, that of the rifling marks, there was also another rifle of the 64 tested from the area which could have fired the bullets. The testing of the rifles was by no means exhaustive — at least fifteen .22 rifles in the nearby districts were untested. The other rifle whose rifling coincided with the markings on the bullets was, strangely enough, owned by a family whose father was murdered thirty odd years ago. They live approximately half a mile away from the Crewe farmhouse. Compare this with the eight miles between Arthur's and Crewe's.

### THE AXLES

The Crown tried very hard to prove that the axle had been tied to the body of Harvey Crewe, but obviously the only way this could be done was to have a diver look. With the precision one has come to expect from the police in this case, the wire allegedly attaching the body to the axle was pulled out of the water before any attempt to ascertain whether or not they were joined was made. It seems highly unlikely that Harvey's 16½ stone body would be weighted, when that of his wife (presumably 9-10 stone) was not. The other point is that the 37lb. axle was 200lb too light to weigh the body down at all. It seems more likely to me that the axle was part of the river-bed debris, and the body just happened to be in its vicinity when found.

This axle was similar to one owned by Thomas' father, but which had not been seen since 1965. Nevertheless, the police produced from Arthur's tip after fourteen hours searching by several men, helped by Arthur for eight hours, two stub axles which allegedly belonged to the axle from the river. However, neither Arthur nor Vivien were shown these stub axles when the police left their farm, as were neither of them present when they were found.

### THE CARTRIDGE CASE

The cartridge case found in a garden bed at the Crewe farm was identified as possibly having been fired from Arthur's gun, although evidence on this point was confused; the 'expert' testimony was given by a graduate in chemistry who has, to my knowledge, no special qualifications in ballistics. He was the Dr. Nelson whom Kevin Ryan, in a recent bombing case, proved to have been inaccurate and far from thorough in his examination of fibres. However, he could well have been correct about the cartridge case having come from Arthur's gun. The cartridge case was found on the fourth search of this particular garden bed, four months after the original search, and a matter of days after Arthur's rifle had been taken for testing for the second time. In the first application for a re-trial, an old friend of Harvey Crewe's who was managing the farm after the Crewe's disappearance says in his affidavit that he helped with the first searches of the garden bed in question, and in his opinion, it was impossible for the cartridge case to have not been found then, if it were there at all. It is my belief that it was planted there at a time when there was not quite enough evidence to justify an arrest.

### POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION

Also in the first application for a re-trial, are affidavits concerning the rolled-gold watch. Arthur's uncle, who is not unlike Arthur in appearance, took a stainless steel watch in to Eggleton's to

## BITTER HILL

be repaired several months before the murders. After many muddles, Mr. Eggleton handed him a rolled gold watch, a matter of days after Harvey and Jeanette Crewe were reported missing. The uncle protested that this was not his watch, and eventually did get his own watch back. The ex-mayor of Tuakau also made an affidavit concerning Eggleton's 'positive' identification of Thomas. Just after Arthur's arrest, when his photo appeared in the Photo news, on the same page as one of Eggleton's off-spring, Mrs. MacGuire says that Eggleton claimed at that time to have never seen the man before. This may seem quite unimportant, but in the context of a lengthy and tediously technical trial, this surprise witness with a human interest testimony would no doubt have affected many people who may have been having doubts about Arthur's guilt. Indeed the newspaper reports were delighted with the appearance of the Surprise Witness, the drama was revived for a



A black and white photograph of a large, multi-story building complex, likely a prison or military installation, situated on a hillside. The building has several towers and is surrounded by a high wall. The foreground shows a grassy slope and some trees.

An initially small group of friends relatives and concerned people formed the Arthur Thomas Re-Trial Association, with the sole aim of obtaining an effective re-trial for him. By now there are well over 22,500 people who wish to see justice done, not just said

"The Guiltlessness of Arthur Thomas", Stephen Chan, Earwig 6

I received two letters of reply—one stating that enquiries wo

uld Nothing can



# GOING UP THROUGH THE

# RIGHT CHANNELS

## also notes on Rod Davis & footnote on impartial investigators

letters about  
justice & R Bastion

15th May, 1972

157 O'Brien Rd,  
Rocky Bay, Waiheke Island

Dear Gordon,

Just received your letter re correspondence to You Know Who. I am therefore enclosing copies of the letters (belatedly received) from the Ministers of Police and Justice.

Unfortunately, Roger has got very cold feet and has denied ever having a guitar stolen so that the whole exercise has fallen flat on the proverbial chops. I do, however, feel that this is another very clear indication of helpless people intimidated to the degree that they fear, constantly, maltreatment at the hands of the Police. Big Brother watches and as soon as he is discharged from Oakley the whole vicious cycle will commence again—and he can't kick his habit.

There is nothing I can do to help him at this stage, now, so I am endeavouring to do something to protect the other helpless ones. I feel that if I come out with it, perhaps other parents may do the same and speak with rage about what has happened to their young ones, and others.

With reference to the last paragraph from Perry B. Allen, he has clumsily side-stepped the whole issue and it has been so clumsily and obviously done that I feel that in this lies the weakness and he can be socked hard. By this, I mean, do you think it would be possible to advertise in Craccum for anyone who has seen and witnessed or been the victim, of Police Violence. Everyone, almost, must have, or know of someone. I think this could snowball and there is safety in numbers. When I was at Elam we partitioned Parliament for a new Art School and it wasn't until it was burnt down that they built another one, but I am sure—and I know some—parents who would get behind me. Everything would have to BE SUBSTANTIATED so that means other signatures. This is the only way anything can be done, otherwise it will be for nothing, and they will go blundering on with hobnail boots, batons and dogs. Last year I told Gill I thought his bill was the last and cited the case of my own son pushed around by a parent and he ran away to heroin. I told him that when the parents went down in the morning for breakfast their kids would have jumped out of the windows during the night and they would be left with none. I know. I found that the 500 in the Garden Lecture Theatre stopped throwing the darts and tomatoes and listened, so I think they may listen again.

As a parent, and if I could afford the fare, I would be prepared to go to any campus anywhere in N.Z. appealing for masses of SUBSTANTIATED evidence. It is still chilling that anything can be done by these thugs and they get away scot free. Perhaps if people know it is a parent who is uptight they might respond, although I think this is bad.

I thought of blanking out the names of my two innocent cousins and their families who may suffer but then I reasoned that it is wrong for this whole situation to exist and so many other innocent people are suffering somewhat violently so leave it the way it is written. Perhaps if people know that this drug situation exists in a family connected with a Cabinet Minister this is a good thing. Also, this is election year and it serves them damn well right for treating the situation so arrogantly. It will be good for people to know the story.

I have given up my box number at Oneroa so if you wouldn't mind addressing mail to me directly at 157 O'Brien Rd., Rocky Bay, Waiheke Is. I'd be grateful.

I fully expect all sorts of repercussions, but I don't give a stuff.  
Kind regards  
Betty Wilson

P.S. Thank you for printing these.

## 2 Rod Davis

Rodney Davis, at the age of 19, was sentenced to 10 years imprisonment for manslaughter. He has been inside for over four years—two of them in the infamous "D" Block at Paremoremo.

Rod Davis, Michael Ryan and Greg Sharples took drugs together, only once, at Michael Ryan's house. Greg had been a drug addict for over two years, was ill at this particular time, and died a few days later. Neither Michael nor Rodney injected Greg—he injected himself. Greg was obviously ill before the shot, and afterwards no better. Rod left the house, and Greg's condition was deteriorating. However, Michael Ryan did not call an ambulance.

In the petitions recently presented to Parliament, Rod Davis states, "I was pressurised by detectives... to say that M.J. Ryan was guilty of injecting Greg Sharples, then I could go free—otherwise I would be very sorry." Also, he says, "At the police station I was subjected to long and wearying examinations, and I was threatened and punched repeatedly, and any statements I made under these conditions were made in a state of fear and shock and are untrue."

Rod's mother, who has fought staunchly in support of her son's innocence and to attempt to have his sentence reduced, said in the same petition, "My son was continually punched by police over a period of 5½ hours in an endeavour to get what they wanted... Detectives... called at my house, and eventually after hours of grilling, I could take it no longer and cried bitterly. They forced me into signing a false statement. I could not stand any more of their third degree methods."

(Continued on page 11)

Will you please enquire into my original complaint to the Asst. Commissioner and let me know the result as I have had no satisfaction to date. Should it be necessary, I will ask the Ombudsman for an open enquiry into the statements made in my letter.

Thanking you,

Yours faithfully  
BETTY WILSON

c.c.: Minister of Justice, Wellington

24th March, 1972

The Minister of Justice,  
Parliament Bldgs.,  
WELLINGTON

Dear Sir,

I enclose a copy of my letter to the Asst. Commissioner of Police, Auckland, and a copy of my letter to the Minister of Police of today's date.

I would request your interest in this matter in the name of Justice.

A Senior Lecturer in Law at the University (Mr B. O'Keefe), was going to request that you make enquiries on my behalf but he is now on Sabbatical Leave. He rendered great help to me last year in that he had my deposition admitted at a late date to the Commission of Inquiry into Conditions at Oakley Hospital. As a result of this, and after interviewing my son, the recommendation was made that young addicts be isolated from other sub-normal or insane patients and that they receive treatment. I hope this will eventually come about.

Mr Haigh, Barrister and Solicitor, Auckland, was interested on my behalf and offered to take the matter further at no cost to myself. However, at that time Mr O'Keefe was apparently dealing with it. I feel that the implications are sinister, wrongs are being perpetrated, and no one has any redress—least of all the helpless ones—those unable to speak in their own defence, lest they be beaten up. This is going on. I am sorry to say, and I, myself, have heard many accounts, both from friends, mothers, and victims alike. I believe it is time an Enquiry was called into Police brutality. I am a very ordinary citizen of my country, and grieved in a great way by what I have seen and heard since my visit to the Police Station last August. Until then, I would not have believed it, had I not seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears, although I had read accounts of the Agnew affair, like everyone else. But conditions remain unchanged. I understand Mr Haigh could well be of assistance in this matter—along with many other reputable people.

Trusting that you will see that Justice is seen to be done,

Yours faithfully  
BETTY WILSON

Office of the Minister of Justice,  
WELLINGTON 1  
7 April 1972

Dear Mrs Wilson,

I refer to your letter of 24 March 1972 with which you enclosed a copy of letters you have sent to the Assistant Commissioner of Police, Auckland, and to the Minister of Police.

The matters you raise fall squarely within the sphere of responsibility of my colleague the Minister of Police and it would therefore be inappropriate for me to make any comment. You may expect to hear from the Minister of Police when he has completed his enquiries.

Yours faithfully,  
Roy Jack  
Minister of Justice

Office of the Minister of Police  
WELLINGTON 1  
1st May 1972

Dear Mrs Wilson,

I write in reply to your letter dated 24 March complaining of the action of members of the Auckland Police.

During the course of enquiries into the matters raised in your letter, your son was seen and he made a statement to the Police, advising he did not know anything of a guitar having been stolen and that he had not had a guitar stolen from home.

I do not intend to cover the other matters raised in your letter independently as from the facts at my disposal I am satisfied your complaints are without foundation and cannot be substantiated. I therefore regret I cannot assist you further.

Yours sincerely,  
Perry B. Allen  
Minister of Police

(Dear Gordon,

It is significant that they will accept the word of a frightened young addict with burglaries and firearm charges etc. etc. Incarcerated in a Mental Hospital, when it suits them. IN other words, this is the 'System', or conversely, 'no System', if you get what I mean. Obscure, but I hope you see what I mean. Any other time his word, literally, holds no water, but conveniently it does now.

Betty)

be made, and another—that enquiries had been made but the complaint could not be substantiated. However, they would look into the disappearance of the said guitar. I have had no word since. Both replies are in the hands of Mr B. O'Keefe, Senior Lecturer in Law, Auckland University. These are not available to me at this moment.

That the original complaint was not recorded and investigated on my initial visit to the Police Station is blatant dereliction of duty. In the interests of justice I would request you to take this matter further.

This is not a business letter.

This is a cry from a mother mingled with acute indignation from a 3rd generation New Zealander, fed on conservative Presbyterianism and nurtured in the belief that one could turn to the Police for assistance.

I do not have a long beard.

I do not have long hair.

I am not young.

I have no axe to grind.

I have no monetary interest.

I have no police record.

My word cannot be discredited on account of any of the aforementioned. It is not my intention to create the impression of a paragon of virtue but to discount any objection based on any one or all of the above mentioned reasons, to question a complainant's veracity.

The Rev. Owen Barragwanth knew my family—my mother, my daughter and myself.

I taught at the Auckland Society of Arts for nearly seven years—children from 5 to 17 years of age. Many hundreds I taught. Some the children of very well-known people.

Ask my cousin if she remembers me. She knew my background and is married to your Minister of Agriculture. My cousin Mavis Carter.

My cousin (name stated in original), the wife of a high ranking army officer.

I am not a liar.

I am enraged to think that my grandfather's N.Z.C. with its V.C. ribbon and awarded in 1869 at the siege of Otauto (Sgt. R. Shepherd), in the possession of a cousin in Auckland—will eventually go to the Army's collection of medals at Waiouru. They are rare and the Army does not possess one. I regret my family will supply one.

I am sorry that ANY citizen, criminal or otherwise, can go to the Police and events take place and they have no 'leg to stand on'.

I saw Police manhandling people outside the Magistrate's Court a week or so ago. I went there to see for myself because of my own experience with Det. Stewart and his attitude. Arrest, yes. Sordid, violent violence—NO!!

It can fall to anyone to have a young relative fall by the wayside. It behoves no one to point a finger. It could be you and yours.

This is the first time in my family anyone has had anything to do with the Police or has been in a mental hospital. My innocence and naivety were staggering.

I am sorry for my country, for I love it; but without doubt, I have found it IS a POLICE STATE.

The implications one can draw from this are odious.

I grew up during a War and remember well, pictures of Germany. If this is emotional, it is MEANT to be, for I feel for my country.

Last night I saw you on Television on Gallery —

Call me Communist —

Call me agitator —

Call me anything you like, for your excuse and convenience, for I will show my letter to people, as what I say is TRUE and will not be suppressed.

Where is there room for a person in a demonstration — and he could well be a minister of any church because they are there, also — caught in a wave and carried into the jaws of a police dog?

There is no place, now, in my country, or yours — to gather with peaceful intent, because they believe a situation is morally wrong, without the danger of being indiscriminately savaged by dogs. Violence breeds violence, and the attitude of ordinary people towards the police is at an alltime low because of what they have seen and experienced themselves — I know. It is no use sitting small children on policemen's knees in the schools to tell them they're their friends. When they are a little older they will open their newspapers and see that words are words, and deeds, — deeds.

When my son was recently re-arrested (quite rightly), I understand he cut his wrists lest he be sent to gaol rather than a psychiatric hospital. He would rather die, and even though he will, it is sad that one so wrecked can be thrown around violently by police thugs.

There are those in High Places (and well you must know), with drink problems. Why is there understanding for one and brutality for another? Both are equally sick.

I enclose two accounts — one relating to the riot in St Giles' Church, Edinburgh, and the other to the Peasant's Revolt.

Know well that conditions have been made by people's concern for fellow man, and rabble rousers included and aside,—there are people with integrity, (and perhaps a dog collar of a church), in danger of emasculation and mutilation from your police dogs. Nothing can be said in mitigation.

I request you  
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Yours faithfully,  
Y. R. WILSON

r to the Asst.  
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# RUBBISH PAGES



## ..and then there were two.

The only reason I stayed on Craccum so long was because so many people were trying to get rid of me. Now that I've beaten them all I can resign with dignity.

I suppose anyone could give a hundred good reasons for resigning as editor of Craccum. There's all the hassles with advertising and money and politicians which I won't go into. But above all that this was a unique year in that we had three editors of Craccum which meant three people with three different ideas of how and it should be run. Gordon emerged as the most energetic and determined of the three and took on most of the workload.

In a way there just wasn't enough to get stuck into and as I work best under pressure I gradually began pottering around doing very little and feeling most frustrated.

The whole fuck up really began because a committee elects the editor of Craccum. Not only is this bad in that the committee is made up of idiots but it also can lead to a situation where the technical editor hires the editor and worse still a situation where the majority of students wonder how the hell they end up with so and so as editor. This resulted in all the AGM's SGM's Tv. debates etc. In fact I spent so much time during my term in office involved in political brawls with Mary Dunn and her friends that I never actually edited one single issue of Craccum. All of this could have been avoided if the editor of Craccum was elected by the students. If I can make one last wish this is what it would be. The editor of Craccum is far more important than that of President. It is imperative that the editor be elected by the students and not by some committee made up of people like Lang and Wellington.

Farewell and thanks to all the people I've worked with. My new career as Kitchenhand in the King Dick is tremendous.

Also we are buying some land at Huia if anyone wants to invest 100 bucks and 7 dollars a month for three years you can have an acre of good land.

Peace and Revolution

Tim

## workers

Editors: Heather McInnes  
Gordon Clifton

Photographics: John Miller

Advertising: James Sloan

Technical Editor: Jim Laing

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

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This is the first in a series of articles on environmental issues written by members of A.U. Survival Society.

## SURVIVAL SETTLEMENTS— REVOLUTION IN ARCHITECTURAL THINKING

At the 21st Australian Architectural Convention held from May 12-15th in Sunbury, Victoria, conclusions of great significance to the future of architecture and urban design were reached. I have just

returned from the Convention which was held in conjunction with the week-long Australian Architectural Students' Congress, in the small town of Sunbury, 21 miles from the centre of Melbourne.

Although from its inception the Students' Congress was an ecology-orientated investigation of current trends in architecture, the Australian Institute (R.A.I.A.) Conference began with mundane discussion of two alternative schemes for the development of Sunbury as a satellite city, and ended with a revolution in professional thinking of much wider implication.

For the first time in Australasia an official body of the architectural profession has acknowledged that the maintenance of the quality-of-life or urban inhabitants can no longer be achieved by individual buildings or by current short-sighted urban development schemes. By the end of the convention delegates and students had unanimously passed resolutions calling on all bodies at the convention to press for state and federal action in future urban design programmes (policy and finance). Also recommended was a changed emphasis in architectural education in Australian and New Zealand schools toward total environmental design.

The principal agents of revolution, who began at the Students' Congress by analysing the urban environment crisis in terms of their respective disciplines were:

Dr Peter Ellyard, chief of the Science Reference Section of the Federal Parliamentary Library — Australia's answer to Paul Ehrlich.

Prof. Martyn Webb, Geography Dept. at Perth University and specialist in urban dynamics and urban systems.

Neville Yeomans, Psychologist, Sociologist and BSc in Zoology. Son of 'City Forest' author P.A. Yeomans.

Barry McNeil, Head of the Dept of Environmental Design at the Tasmanian College of Advanced Education — the most liberal environmental-architectural course in Australia today.

Peter Bennett, Freelance Ecologist from Adelaide, very vocal conservationist in the Ralph Nader mould.

Chris O'Connell, secretary of the Sydney Coalition of Resident Action Groups (C.R.A.G.) and former National Social Action Director for A.U.S.

These are among Australia's most qualified people to comment on the environment crisis, and, in conjunction with other speakers they injected into the 500-strong Student Congress a sense of purpose and urgency unprecedented in Architectural Congresses.

The concept of carrying out systems analyses on cities and indeed on whole nations, to find their significant subsystems and the manner in which they are linked (e.g. Neighbourhoods, freeways) was introduced by Martyn Webb. He, with Peter Ellyard, went on to discuss urban development from an energy — resource — environment point of view and they showed conclusively how large, swelling 'nuclear' cities become increasingly wasteful of energy in the transfer of people, goods and services, and how intelligent decentralisation can conserve huge quantities of a nation's resources. Australia is the most urbanised country in the world — over 80% of Australians live in cities — and the problem there is urgent. But the principles are equally applicable in New Zealand because, although less urbanised, we have proportionately fewer energy resources.

Peter Bennett spoke passionately of the need to recognise how people and resources are being exploited by big business enterprise for private gain, and how many of the pollution problems associated with cities can be solved not by further technological development, but by a return to natural systems, natural fertilisers, natural foods, and effluent treatment by natural drainage through forests beside cities. The chemical energy is thus converted into tree growth and the run-off water is purified by a low energy method, both within the urban system.

If support from other ecology action groups in New Zealand is forthcoming, Peter Bennett is eager to speak to a public meeting organised by 'Survival' in Auckland, as part of a national lecture tour. He is good value!

The 'camp-out' student village at Sunbury, modelled on the Auckland Students' Congress at Warkworth last year, added realism to the week of discussions. The Congress became an exercise in applied conservation with delegates, including eight from Auckland's School of Architecture, striving to live-in, erecting and dismantling shelters, with as little ill effect on the attractive creek-side site as possible. Even after barbecues, building, debate and rock concerts the site was left tidier than before the Congress, showing that pollution is not the inevitable result of large congregations of people. But even then we had hang-ups about disposing/recycling plastic and steel building materials.

What it all means is this: that architecture, along with many other disciplines, is concerned with the quality of life of people, especially city dwellers. In order to achieve any improvement architecture must throw off its drab cloak of professional shortsightedness and act on the issues presented at the Convention — much wider views — with protection of the natural environment being the prime objective and an improvement in urban quality-of-life the ultimate goal.

This attitude is well summarised in one of the resolutions of the R.A.I.A. Convention, and must be heartening to responsive architects and all Friends of the Earth.

"That the Sunbury Plan" as a short term planning exercise provides a marginally better settlement pattern than peripheral growth — but that the medium and long term problems of settlement are only perpetuated without a total rethink of the entire global problem. That the Sunbury Plan is not relevant considering the prospects of spaceship earth over the next 30 years. And therefore that research into the total effect of settlement on the environment, investigation into life styles of communities, a search for alternatives should be the immediate aim of the R.A.I.A. As a matter of urgency, a major working party, including relevant bodies to operate a co-ordinated national programme which must begin work immediately and regularly present and publish their efforts."

Proposed: R. Allom

Seconded: P. Schulz.

\*The initial Institute scheme for a satellite city at Sunbury, which was rubbished, chiefly by Webb, Ellyard and the student body, being too limited in scope.

Recommended books for those interested:

"The Population Bomb"

"How to be a Survivor — A Plan to Save Satellite Earth"

Dr Paul R. Ehrlich

"The City Forest"

P.A. Yeomans.

"A Systems View of Planning"

G.F. Chadwick

Richard Wright

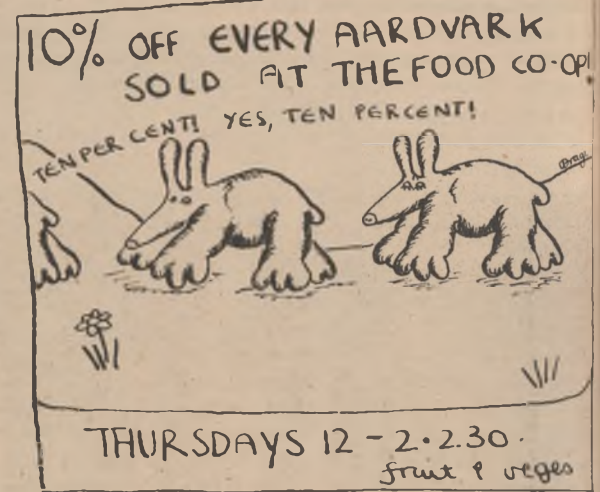
(By the way — Congratulations to John Miskell for exposing the rape of our coastal resource — contact Survival and we'll make a stand).

## FOOD CO-OPS

Food Co-ops should be about people; people working together sharing their skills for the good of the Community. The Varsity Food Co-op, where fruit and veges are sold at near market prices every Thursday in the Quad (12-2.00) has been pretty successful. The stall is completely non-profitmaking with enough being added to the cost of the fruit and vegetables to cover the costs of paperbags, transport etc. The Co-op sells to all but is primarily aimed at Student flatters. Apart from this obvious function — to provide cheaper food — the Co-op was also set up to add a bit of life and sense of community to our concrete campus.

Every Thursday morning — a group of willing volunteers goes down to the city markets, buying a variety of fruit and veges, ranging from staples like Spuds, onions and carrots to "exotics" like rhubarb, butternuts and oranges. Their job done — others arrange for the produce to be shipped (by Truck) to the Varsity. The erection of the stall and the pricing of goods usually starts at about 11.30 and we start selling at about midday — continuing till we sell out. No-one worries too much about whether you get 1/2lb too much here and there and our volunteers are probably the worst silver-beet wrappers this side of Ruakura. Occasionally we even sell cabbages at half market price and pumpkins at a cent each.

However — our Co-op needs more co-operation — especially from the flatters who buy from it. At present about 15 or so "regulars" are doing most of the work. It only takes about half an hour every third week or so — to help sell, set up stalls, draw posters or bring along newspapers, to make it more of a co-operative. If you think food co-ops are good things join in. If you can help come along to our Wednesday meetings in Student Liaison Office at 1 p.m. Otherwise leave name and phone number at Studass Office or just come along on Thursdays and help — no obligation.



## THE SCRATCH ORCHESTRA

announces a gathering to commence work on the 'Great Learning' for Scratch Orchestra by Cornelius Cardew — text by Confucius... preceded by performance, followed by discussion.

The project, in realisation, will be a collaboration of groups from Christchurch, Wellington and Auckland at Arts Festival in August.

The 'learning' is a large scale work for singers, chorus, drummers, trained and untrained musicians making gestures, performing actions and playing a wide range of instruments.

Anyone with interest for participation should attend this performance-discussion at KNOX HALL, Library end of BIRDWOOD CRESCENT, PARNELL, on MONDAY, JUNE 12, 7.30 p.m.

"The Great Learning takes root in clarifying the way wherein the intelligence increases through the process of looking straight into one's own heart and acting on the results. It is rooted in watching with affection the way people grow. It is rooted in coming to rest, being at ease in perfect equity."

— para.1, 'G.L.', Confucius

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## CHANGE OUR POLICY:

In 1971 we saw a considerable growth in the New Zealand Anti War Movement. For example the April 30 and July 30 mobilisations expressed the strongest form of protest against the Vietnam War that has been seen in this country.

Nevertheless it is time we took a much stronger stand in relation to the Indo-China War. For too long now we have sat on the fence by just condemning the war, without regard to the developments occurring in Vietnam.

The N.L.F. has gained control of most of South Vietnam and the formation of a stable, popular government under its leadership is thus possible. Therefore I recommend to this University that it welcomes the recent victories of the IndoChinese people in their fight for self determination against the imperialistic aggression being waged against them by the U.S. and its allies.

We should also support the seven-point peace proposal of the P.R.G. In June 1969 an All South Vietnam congress of People's Representatives, held under the auspices of the N.L.F. and the Alliance of National, Democratic and Peace Forces, set up the Provisional Revolutionary Government (P.R.G.) of the Republic of South Vietnam.

They adopted a programme of action which centered around the following main tasks:

- \* The P.R.G. is to lead the armed forces and people in the fight to defeat United States aggression and to press for the complete withdrawal of United States troops and its Satellites completely and unconditionally.
- \* The P.R.G. is to lead the fight to abolish the disguised United States colonial regime in South Vietnam and to build "a really democratic and free republican regime, to organise general elections according to the principle of equality, real freedom and democracy, without foreign interference."
- \* The P.R.G. is to improve the living conditions of the working class and other labouring people; to oppose the pressganging of youths and students into the puppet army; to look after the interests of the peasantry; to improve the peoples' health services; to create the conditions for an independent, self-supporting economy; to gradually bring about the peaceful reunification of both North and South.

This programme has been given support by a vast majority of South Vietnam's population, working class, the peasantry, the small traders and the Urban intellectuals.

The question is how can we as a body of sympathetic people to their struggle, most actively give assistance. Many no doubt, will say that Mobilisations are the answer — but is it?

It is about time we put our money and principles where our mouths are. The way in which we may do so, is to promote and donate monies to the Vietnam Medical Aid Appeal.

The Vietnam Medical Aid Appeal is run by the New Zealand Medical Aid Committee for South Vietnamese people in N.L.F. areas. They are an affiliated body to the British Medical Aid Committee for Vietnam. Their aim is to supply from N.Z. via their counterpart in Britain, medical supplies urgently needed to save lives.

European medical personnell have reported back the following information. The National Liberation Front Red Cross Society of South Vietnam, operates a well organised medical service, extending into the heart of U.S. dominated areas, into Saigon itself. An example of this, was that thousands flocked to N.L.F. medical personnel for inoculations against plague and other diseases, which the Saigon Medical Services, crippled by corruption and black market profiteering, were incapable of providing.

Since the end of December 1970, the N.Z. Medical Aid Committee has provided \$1,770.00 worth of medical supplies for the N.L.F. Red Cross Society of Vietnam. Thus I suggest that this Association do sponsor the July 14 Mobilisation, however that we have a central demand of victory to the National Liberation Front and that one major priority in 1972 in our Anti War activity being the promotion of the Vietnam Medical Aid Appeal.

If we choose to ignore this issue and carry on walking up Queen Street once a month shouting "Out Now!", without any concrete activity that will help the Vietnamese people win their fight for self determination, then A.U.S.A. must withdraw its support to the International motions passed at the A.G.M. in March as it would prove to be inconsistent to have such policies.

The time has come to make a stand now, for godsake have bloody policy that is actionable, not pretty decorative ones that will ease our consciences.

Colleen Foley  
INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS OFFICER



## IS IT RELEVANT

Many militants are conscious of the evils in our society and are seeking avidly to remedy them. Often motivated by a real and authentic desire for a new world—the true Utopia—their every energy is directed against the many corruptions in society. The Jesus person who is conscientiously seeking to pursue a Christ-like life, possible in the last analysis only with a life dwelt in Christ, must also seek with every energy to change and remould his environment—both the personal and non-personal elements of it. The destruction of economic corruption, political corruption, and moral corruption must be the goal of the non-compromising Christ-life.

Jesus attacked the problem of corruption in a radically different way—his approach was totally revolutionary. As a consequence neither the zealots—the hot militants of his day—with their

## ANTI WAR CONFERENCE BLUES

There is a strange and untrue fiction current, that the Anti War Conference of April 20/22 was a conference of unity and construction that will give new thrust and impetus to the New Zealand Anti War Movement. Nothing could be further from the truth. This conference was again testimony to the notorious sectarianism and divisiveness of (some) elements of the New Zealand left which prevented the conference as a whole adopting policies with the enthusiasm and resolution evident at previous conferences.

The fact that this conference showed such disunity can I feel, be attributed to the fact that it was organised with its goals already stated—the promotion of a mass mobilisation—which meant that those attending the conference tended to be polarised around this issue and more particularly the issues of the central demands of the mobilisation. Such polarisation lead to rhetoric and dogma being the tools of debate rather than an atmosphere at constructive suggestion and discussion which would have resulted in a conference more united in its resolutions. To substantiate my claim that the conference had its results predetermined I offer the following extracts from pre-conference literature—"We call on all people who desire an end to the war in Indo China to attend the National Anti War Conference to be held in Auckland on April 20-22 to plan for a massive mobilisation against the war", Auckland Mobilisation Committee pamphlet calling for a conference.

"It (the Conference) has been built as a means of gathering together all sectors of the anti-war movement (with no-one excluded) in order to consider and plan action on a massive and united scale for 1972", Auckland Mobilisation Committee leaflet.

Again, the rules of procedure adopted at the conference (by a narrow and disputed majority) were tailored to promote the concept of arriving at the (foregone) conclusion at mass mobilisations. Rule e, Rules of Procedure:—

"That major resolutions, outlining a variety of alternative orientations for the antiwar movement, be discussed in relation to each other, with the aim at arriving at ONE clear major orientation." (The emphasis is that of the conference planning committee).

There is obviously no fault in attempting to ensure that a conference is kept within the confines of relevant discussion but this conference suffered from this acute over-definition and polarisation especially when the tactic of mass mobilisation is proposed as the major antiwar tactic for mobilisations have increasingly been the subject of criticism from a wide range of the antiwar movement.

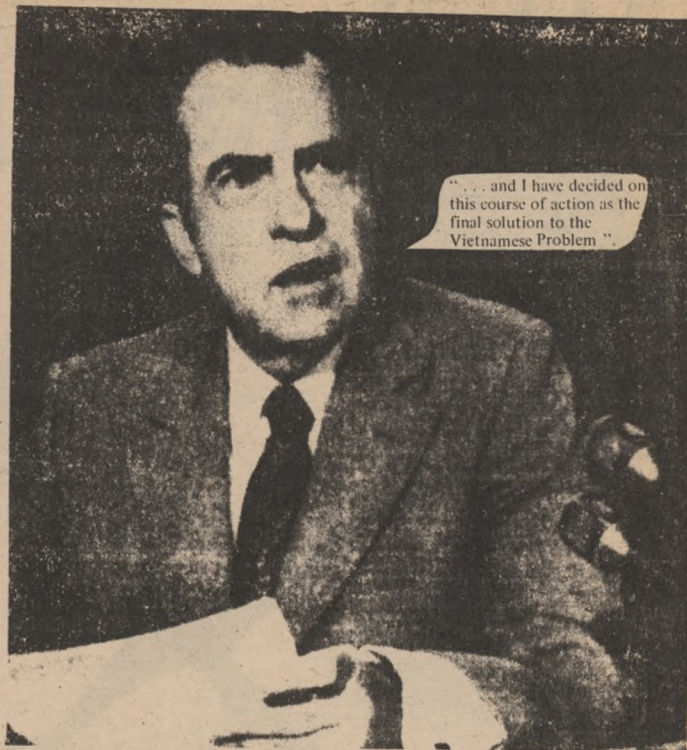
preconceived ideas of political revolution, nor the establishment conformists (the pharisees and herods) with their heavily invested interests in the political, economic and religious status quo, could hope to cope with him. JESUS SAID categorically that the corruption in society was fundamentally the product of the corruption of all individuals and that the corruption of the institutions was necessarily only a by-product of this depravity of men. (Matthew Chapter 15 Verse 11). Until the source of corruption is destroyed then the overthrow of institutions, violent or peaceful, can only replace the old human failures with new ones. Not only is this belief inherent in the Christian view of man but also it is the witness of all recorded history. Thus it was that JESUS SAID that individual men must be totally changed from within—that they must be reborn (John 3:1-21).

The attack by Jesus was violent in terms of its effect, but was utterly loving in terms of its motivation and approach. The Jesus that was slaughtered on the cross, in the very breath of dying, pleaded for a loving forgiveness for his slayers. This was not the love of a hopelessly meek and mild peasant, of a pathetically sickening timid soul, but the complete self-giving of a man who fully understood that human society would never be able to cope with his perfection. This was not the same love which so characterises the superficial self-gratification of our own ego-centric worlds, but a complete love which is still seeking to rescue the 'hollow man' of this dying world. Herein lies the key to the all-important question which we in our existentialist-ridden philosophisings must put—is it relevant?

When Jesus spoke to men he often used a parable to explain his relevance to their need. The following extract from a poem by Edwin Morgan can serve the same purpose.

A cup capsizes along the formica,  
slighering with a dull clatter.  
A few heads turn in the crowded evening snack-bar.  
An old man is trying to get to his feet  
from the low round stool fixed to the floor.  
Slowly he levers himself up, his hands have no power.  
He is up as far as he can get. The dismal hump  
looming over his head forces his head down.  
He stands in his stained gaberdine  
like a monstrous animal caught in a tent  
in some story. He sways slightly,  
the face not seen, bent down  
in shadow under his cap.  
Even on his feet he is staring at the floor  
or would be, if he could see.  
I notice now his stick, once painted white  
but scuffed and muddy, hanging from his right arm.  
Long blind, hunchback born, half paralysed  
he stands  
fumbling with the stick  
and speaks:  
'I want — to go to the — toilet'

It is down two flights of stairs, but we go.  
I take his arm. 'Give me—your arm—it's better,' he says.  
Inch by inch we drift towards the stairs.



The most frustrating feature of this conference is that it did not advance the New Zealand Antiwar movement in any way. This relates back to the fiction of the success of the conference. It has been said that the conference adopted by a large majority the resolution calling for a mass mobilisation. If this were so then it would be obvious that mobilisations had the support of most of the movement. However, that statement can be considered true only in that it is not false; the reasons for its being passed were not necessarily through endorsement of the concept of mobilisations but resignation or desperation on many people's part at ever achieving anything concrete out of this conference. The motion that was passed was an amended motion from the Auckland Mobilisation Committee that included in its preamble mention of the 7-point Peace Plan of the RRG and the Medical Aid Appeal for North Vietnam. This motion was of sufficient ambiguity and scope to allow those centres that wished to make Medical Aid a priority to do so without undermining any tenuous unity that might have existed.

— AUCKLAND CORRESPONDENT.

A few yards of floor are like a landscape  
to be negotiated, in the slow setting out  
time has almost stopped. I concentrate  
my life to his: crunch of spilt sugar,  
slidy puddle from the night's umbrellas,  
table edges, people's feet,  
hiss of the coffee-machine, voices and laughter,  
smell of a cigar, hamburgers, wet coats steaming,  
and the slow dangerous inches to the stairs.  
I put his hand on the rail  
and take his stick. He clings to me. The stick  
is in his left hand, probing the treads.  
I guide his arm and tell him the steps.

One does not need to be a so-called Christian to recognise that the description of the old man can also serve as a vivid and perceptive description of human society and the individuals within it. It is to this pathetic human condition that Jesus addresses himself, as a renewer and regenerator of lives. Thus it is that Jesus has to each of us the same relevance that the 'I' of the poem had to the stumbling blind man. Jesus the carpenter from Nazareth initiated a new type of living to all those who approached him with a profound awareness of their inadequacy and who turned to him for help. It is Jesus the Lord of Life — the Alpha and Omega of history — who offers us a radical newness if we come to him in the same way as those of nearly 2000 years ago.

It is from the futility of selfishness that Jesus offers us freedom. It is while we are still in the context of a dying and helpless world that Jesus offers us life. Is this Jesus a myth—the fantasy of deluded men? The answer lies embedded in the evidence of history and the evidence of contemporary disciples. It is for you to evaluate such evidence.

—STEVE BRADBURY

## EXERCISE

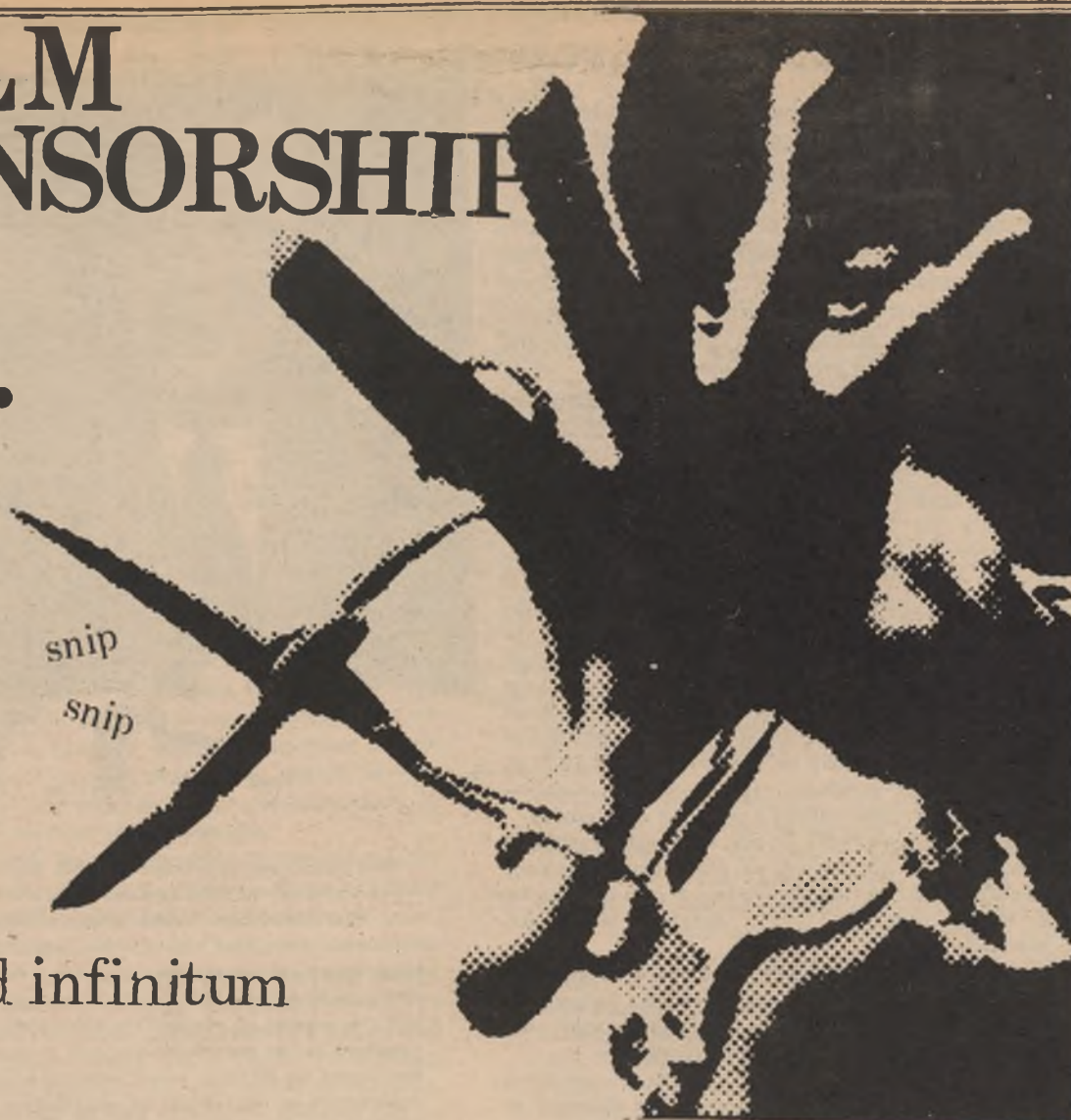
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# FILM CENSORSHIP IN N.Z.



...ad infinitum

First of all I want to make it quite clear that I do not attack the present censor, and that I will be referring to films for the R.18 audience. What I am after is no cuts in films passed as restricted to adults, (under the Cinematograph Films Act of 1961 "Adults" are defined as, "persons of or over the age of sixteen years"). At the same time I think there should be a pushing back of the criteria of what is considered to be contrary to public order or decency".

Opinions within the movie circles of Auckland run from complete satisfaction with the present situation to a desire for a more liberal policy. No one I spoke to wished for a tightening up. Some people would claim that exhibitors who want a liberalization are simply interested in making a fast buck out of "commercialisation of sex", but I don't think so. Most of the men I spoke to impressed me as being sincere, and as having a very healthy respect for movies as an art form. One exhibitor told me that aside from his own opinion he believed (judging from phone calls and letters he had received from patrons) that the movie going public would appreciate a liberalization.

Mr Geoffrey Webster (film critic of the Auckland Star) told me his views, which are as follow. While believing in the necessity of some form of film censorship and classification for the protection of juveniles, he was opposed to cuts, as such deletions often damage the structure of a film. He felt that if a film was considered, by the censor, as unfit for exhibition, then it should be banned without cuts and allowed to go before the appeal board. If the work was passed by the board, then let it screen to an adults only audience. The censor told me that if he cut or banned a film for any reason, then the appeal board would as likely do the same for the same reasons. This doesn't, however always happen, as was shown by the case of TAKING OFF. That film was banned completely, later the appeal board let it pass with a two minute cut. Mr Webster also said that he would not be surprised if efforts were made to "monkey" with our system of censorship. This would be something he could not agree with as he felt that the present system, with all its defects, is still one of the best in the world.

A while back I said I did not wish to attack the present censor, this doesn't mean that I agree with what he is up to, far from it. In the LISTENER of May 22nd, McIntosh comes under fire for some of his decisions, but I think the writer of the article could have thought about the situation a little more than he did. His attack on the Minister of Internal Affairs was entirely justified, he's the man who COULD do something. It is not the censor who controls the final say on attitudes towards censorship, it's the government. If the censor decided to allow fornications, F.L.W.s, etc., past, he'd be replaced immediately.

In the Act, Section 14(1) reads, "The approval of the censor shall not be given with respect to any film or to any part of a film which in his opinion depicts any matter that is contrary to public order or decency, or the exhibition of which would for any other reason be undesirable in the public interest." The writer in the LISTENER article emphasized the "in his opinion", and went on to say that McIntosh's opinions stank. I think it would be fairer to say that McIntosh cuts by his assessment of public attitudes, and that his assessment can only extend to certain boundaries. The boundaries are what he termed "legal" ones. Certain words, because of court rulings are not allowed, there are certain words that he must automatically cut. And yet . . . bullshit is a word that was scattered throughout LOVE STORY. When I spoke to him recently he claimed that he leaned as heavily as he could on the artistic merits of a film to pass it. But he also said that he was continually under pressure from certain members of the public for letting too much by, and that he has to respect this opinion. Right, it's not the censor himself we should attack, it's the men who control him, and the people who would dictate other peoples' moral conscience.

The reason a community has censorship is because it's felt that certain things should not be heard, seen, or ready by the community

at large. So anything cut or banned by the censor must be considered to be "contrary to public order or decency". The attitude of the government is that there is such a thing and that it will be upheld. Now a few people are on the "band wagon" (to coin a phrase) of this issue, screaming about "community standards". It has got to the stage where it seems facile to bring up the argument that each man is surely entitled to have his own moral standards and that no-one has any business telling him what they will finally be.

The answer to the previous statement is usually something like this. "It's O.K. for everyone to have his own moral standards, but he must keep them to himself, keep them private. Public standards are the ones allowed upon the screen, and private standards are confined to your own dirty mind and bedroom". First off I'd like to know what are community standards based in a SECULAR DEMOCRATIC state (and we are supposed to live in one), surely not the wishes of the majority (if indeed the majority can be found on this issue). I say not the wishes of the majority for a simple reason. I do not believe it to be in any way democratic for one section of the community through the medium of the artificial concept of public decency. I find this process especially repugnant when the medium they choose to do it by is a leech upon public art and entertainment.

The very concept of "Community standards" is based upon a belief in a unity of social attitudes which just does not exist. There is a non-unity of social attitudes to what is termed "obscenity". I have my ideas of what is obscene within my moral code, and you have yours, but let's not use the sanction of law to enforce our moral codes upon one another.

A point that should not be missed is the real damage the present censorship policy is doing to the films that are shown here (never mind the ones that don't make it). A film in question is Nicolas Roeg and Donald Cammells' film PERFORMANCE. Now despite opinions to the contrary the film was not cut here, what we have is a restructured film. (That word always reminds me of the time the Australian censor removed a wedding scene in a certain film from after the girl had her baby to before she had it, because it was more "moral" that way). The point, however, is not whether the censor cut 17 minutes from PERFORMANCE here or had accepted a print that had been restructured less 17 minutes, the fact is this, that without the current policy we would probably have seen the film the makers intended us to see.

Well the damage is done as far as PERFORMANCE is concerned, but perhaps even more important is that what may very well happen to Stanley Kubrick's (2001, DOCTOR STRANGELOVE) new film THE CLOCKWORK ORANGE. Judging by overseas reports, its a film about sex and violence. From a man of Kubrick's artistic standing we may be able to learn something, it would be just too sad if we have to bury our heads in the sand and not look.

Recently I heard that about 1/3 of films shown here are cut in some way; I can't say how accurate that figure is, and it's almost impossible to find out what was cut from where. But let all that go, sufficient to say that a good many worthwhile films are reaching us in a castrated form. The question is, what can we do about it? With approaching elections the government would probably like to steer clear of the issue altogether, and if they do listen to anyone it will be those who scream the loudest and longest. Principle will not enter into it. For the government, the only principle they are interested in is vote catching. There are people around who will vote for what they consider to be "public decency". One Labour candidate told me that a Labour government would have a more liberal attitude to censorship. Maybe. If you are upset that your films are being cut and banned, then perhaps the best thing to do would be to write the Minister of Internal Affairs a nasty letter.

I would agree with Geoffrey Webster, the Act we have at the moment is basically a good one. What we need is a rethinking on the question of "public order and decency". Only after each member of

the community has realized the importance of simply tolerating his fellow citizens' moral views, can we hope to make progress.

I have said nothing of the argument that without censorship society will become depraved, immoral, corrupt, and that its head will fall out. The reason I don't mention this is that to start talking in terms such as these you have already prejudged this issue from your own moral bias.

We are often told that criticism is no good unless it's constructive. What alternatives are there? etc. etc. O.K., let me follow Mr Webster's views through, (and these are my views, not necessarily his). By the time a person is 18 or thereabouts, they are old enough to make up their mind as to what they may consider obscene. In accordance with this let us see the films as they were made by the artist. To protect people who may walk into a film unprepared for something which may shock or disgust them, introduce the sort of comprehensive classification being used in Australia. Ken Russell's film THE DEVILS was classified over there with a warning from the censor which is printed in the advertisements of the film. It reads in part, "THE DEVILS is not a film for everyone . . . it is explicit and highly graphic in depicting these events, some people will find it visually shocking and deeply disturbing". Now that is sensible. Those with a weak stomach or moral qualms know what's going on, and the rest have the freedom to see for themselves. I'm not suggesting that we should copy the Australian system completely. KLUTE was R.18 in Australia, but was R.16 here. But we can possibly learn something.

Howard Willis

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## NO BROWNS

Direct discrimination against Polynesians seeking rental housing is difficult to document.

Nevertheless, there is plenty of "soft" evidence for it. Last Waitangi Day, the Catholic Bishop of Auckland, Bishop Delargey, bitterly recounted his own experiences of discrimination against Maori couples he attempted to help find housing in Auckland. The City and West End News repeatedly carries similar anecdotal reports. Yet most cases would not stand in court because people in day-to-day house-hunting situations are not usually prepared to make the precise documentation necessary to satisfy rules of evidence.

Stalwarts have tried. In 1971 for example, submissions were put to the Commission of Inquiry into Housing that some landlords refuse tenancies to Polynesians and that others exploit them by loading rentals. The Commission offered no solution. To the contrary, it swept the issue under a carpet of confusion. It made a special approach to the Auckland Education Board to get support for the claim that, "there are Maori and Islander children attending every major primary school in Auckland." From this prize information the Commission curiously concluded that, "there is no social barrier to Maori and Islander families living wherever they wish".

The conclusion is obviously wrong when you consider that each Auckland school district boundary encloses areas of dilapidated housing, often the only rental housing Polynesians can get when they come to the city. Parnell, for example, has "high-class" housing areas and also obsolescent housing mixed with light industry. Most Polynesian families in Parnell live in the obsolescent housing. The Commission confused the mingling of races in the playground with their separation in the suburb.

Locally, Community Centres, churches, and organisations like Nga Tamatoa are doing commendable work to assist individuals. Government decisions, however, largely control what can be done locally. It is clear from the Housing Commission's report that Government is still uninformed about the problem. In fact, the Prime Minister has accused those who publicize such racial issues of creating problems so as to stir racial unrest. To change his view therefore, it is necessary to seek evidence of racial discrimination, to make public every case, and to relentlessly press charges under the Race Relations Act. Otherwise the accelerating growth of Auckland's tenant population will rapidly turn the present landlords' market into a tenants' nightmare for Polynesians.

## HOUSING COMPETITION

Housing discrimination which excludes many Polynesians from so called "better class" areas of the cities, naturally results in their concentration in other areas. In Auckland our rapidly increasing Polynesian minority is forced to compete for the rapidly diminishing stock of obsolete dwellings in Freemans Bay, Ponsonby, Grey Lynn and Newton. From census figures, the four urban areas of Auckland now contain more than 44,000 Maoris of half-blood or more, an increase of 29,000 since 1956, mostly my migration. In Ponsonby and Grey Lynn alone, the Maori population has jumped by a third since 1966. There are no reliable recent figures for Pacific Islander immigrants, but their numbers went from 8,000 to 26,000 in the decade to 1966. Most of these people live in Auckland, either in State housing on the suburban fringe or in decadent areas of the Central City.

Comparing the population figures with housing figures put before the Housing Commission by the Auckland City Council in 1971, the available dwellings in Ponsonby, Freemans Bay, Grey Lynn and Newton can comfortably accommodate only half the present inhabitants. Clearly, landlords are crowding people into obsolete dwellings. Sub-letting and sharing facilities must be almost the rule.

Even this housing is being lost at the rate of over a hundred dwellings a year in the areas mentioned. Conversion to professional offices and light industry, demolition by Health Department order, demolition for redevelopment, commercial and industrial development, and motorway construction are all reducing accommodation. No reasonably priced rental units are being built as replacements. Yet the tenant population continues to increase.

Competition for the remaining rental housing is now so fierce that landlords can demand rents as high or higher than are charged for better quality housing in other areas of the city, areas from which a Polynesian's colour is likely to exclude him. The recent wealth of reports of landlords' sharp practice indicates clearly the worsening situation. Exorbitant rentals, maintenance bills, key money, bonds, shabby housing and inadequate facilities are being loaded onto the Polynesian worker whose income is, on average,



# POLYNESIAN OVERFILL

only three-quarters of the Pakeha income and who has, on average, more than twice as many dependent children.

## NEW HOUSES FOR OLD

Sir Dove-Myer Robinson recently castigated absentee landlords for sharp practice in Ponsonby and Freemans Bay. But the Council is loathe to evict tenants from substandard properties because their is no alternative accommodation in the City. All Council rental units are full and the waiting list was closed last year when it reached two hundred. In consequence landlords need only do sufficient maintenance to dodge a demolition order. Some even get the tenant to do it or pay for it as a condition of tenancy.

Pitifully little is being done to increase the stock of reasonably priced rental dwellings. Twenty-one years ago, 324 acres of Freemans Bay were gazetted for housing redevelopment. To date only 272 new dwellings have been built under City Council schemes, on average a mere thirteen dwellings a year, not even sufficient to replace housing losses in the same areas. The present City Council is not remedying the problem. It seems more concerned to erect prestige exhibition units whose generous design and attractive appearance does little to compensate for their prodigious cost. The Council told the Housing Commission in 1971 that twenty-eight new units planned for Gratton Street would cost \$450,000. The land acquisitions and clearance costs totalled another \$215,000. At nearly \$24,000 per small dwelling, few Polynesians or workers of any colour could afford to live in them. The houses are certainly not being built to rehouse present inhabitants of the area.

## CONCENTRATION BREEDS DISCRIMINATION

While nearly all the money and effort has been lavished on a few choice dwellings, the rest of the old areas of Auckland have been allowed to decay. In Ponsonby, Freemans Bay, Newton, and Grey Lynn, outsiders often blame living habits of Polynesians for the obsolete housing and decadent streets and public works. Yet these areas were assessed for redevelopment twenty years ago, long before most Polynesians moved there. The major Polynesian influx to the City has occurred over the last decade. The Pacific Islander population trebled during that time mostly by immigration from the Islands to Auckland. The Maori population of Auckland has jumped from 14,000 to 44,000 since 1956 and this figure only counts Maoris of half-blood or more. So the majority of Polynesians in Auckland have been here less than a decade. They cannot be responsible for the state of areas which were decadent before they arrived.

A second string to the outsider's argument is to blame Polynesians for not redecorating houses. This is also unfair for

several reasons. Most Polynesians are tenants and major maintenance is the landlord's responsibility. But rental housing is so eagerly sought that no landlord need fear that dilapidation will drive tenants away. Letting an obsolete dwelling deteriorate is no loss when you can crowd in several families, charge high rent and then finally sell a valuable site for redevelopment. On May 13, the Minister of Housing, Mr Adams-Schneider, blames bad housing as one of the causes of poor health among Maoris. He should perhaps have blamed bad landlords.

Even if all the houses were in good repair, many parts of Ponsonby and Freemans Bay and other old areas would still look shabby because of the streets themselves. Understandably, the Council is loathe to spend money on streets likely to be redeveloped, but this situation has existed too long. Freemans Bay was scheduled as a Reclamation Area twenty-one years ago. To date only twenty out of 324 acres have been redeveloped. At that rate it will take 250 years to finish the job. After examining urban redevelopment in the four main centres, the Housing Commission concluded in 1971 that large schemes like Freemans Bay were undesirable. The Commission stated that "emphasis should be rather on rehabilitation, conservation and small-scale renewal". Government has yet to act on this recommendation.

By its inaction Government is promoting racial discrimination. Polynesians concentrated in decadent areas become identified with decadence. A shabby living environment becomes part of the Polynesian stereotype. To the extent that this occurs prejudice increases to prevent them from living in other areas. Also, non-Polynesians will move away from areas where Polynesians become numerous. This is occurring already in Ponsonby and Grey Lynn. There are no reliable figures for Pacific Islanders, but the Maori population of Grey Lynn and Ponsonby increased by almost a third from 1966 to 1971. The non-Maori population decreased.

Concentration of Polynesians does have one advantage which may be used to change matters—territorial grouping gives voting power, both municipal and national. If they can form a unified voting force, then both the City Council and the Government will accede to demands that streets and public works be modernized. Make it an election issue and they will also act to control exploitive landlords. Inadvertantly, territorial concentration has put the power for self-determination within the Polynesian reach. It should be grasped quickly before astute political manoeuvring wrests it away again.

— MICHAEL COLGAN.

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# Education & S

1. In the development of scientific theory there has for a long time been a reluctance to admit any proposition to the status of a law without a great deal of evidence in its favour.

2. This is fine if what we are about is the development of a body of 'knowledge' which will stand up to tests aimed at falsifying it, and which will cohere with other like knowledge.

3. The trouble with most hypotheses in social science is several-fold:

a) they are difficult to justify unless their subject-matter is miniscule.

b) if they are not miniscule alternative hypotheses are easily raised

c) the methods of verification of such hypotheses are often highly debatable (and debated)

d) they often tend to concern value-laden issues

e) on one interpretation of 'objective', value-laden issues tend to be seen as non-scientific questions, therefore to be dismissed by any 'serious-minded' academic.

f) yet many of these issues concern matters such as the continuation of life on this planet, on the face of it a seemingly serious consideration

g) in natural and physical science it may be possible to wait for a lot of empirical confirmation before reaching conclusions about a particular problem; whereas often in social matters this is not possible—decisions must be made

h) I simply agree with Donald Schon who made the point in his 1971 Reith Lectures that in social issues one has to make judgments and decisions on the best evidence available, for by the time all the evidence is in or at least enough to satisfy scientific credulity it may be too late.

4. Given the groundwork laid above it should be possible for people of many disciplinary persuasions to agree that there is one paramount issue for all of us right now. Simply put, it is the ecological issue. Put a little more concretely, it goes something like this:

i) at the present exponentially increasing rate of use of many resources, the USA alone will require more than total world output of some mineral resources within thirty years.

ii) if this situation continues the so-called developing countries will never develop

iii) even if attempts to reduce fertility rates are uniformly successful everywhere (and they

are not) population will still outrun food resources within the same period

iv) pollution of agricultural, industrial, thermal, and (potentially, because of waste disposal problems) radioactive kinds already exceeds what the earth can stand; its effects are already obvious, have been locally fatal (e.g., deaths from smog in London and from mercury in Japan), and will kill everyone within foreseeable time unless stopped

v) the problems pointed to are predominantly those associated with a galloping technology, whose first law (which must be repealed) is: whatever is technically possible will be developed

vi) optimists often believe that technology can put right what it has put wrong. I used myself to believe with almost infinite faith that the advance of technology would give us the means of curing man's ills, insofar as it would free him from slavery to the industrial machine. I have since come to believe that that view was ill-conceived, because the evils pointed to above are obvious consequences of technological advance; and we have no reason whatever to believe that further uncontrolled advances will result in any reduction of pollution. In short, we have to apply Schon's criterion: that is, although we don't have enough evidence one way or the other, we must act on the evidence we do have which points uniformly toward a reduction in the rate of technological advance.

vii) this belief is reinforced by my reading of the January 1972 issue of *The Ecologist* (A Blueprint for Survival), which lists these as the minimum conditions for the continuation of life upon Spaceship Earth:

a) establishment of national population service

b) introduction of raw materials, amortization, and power taxes: anti-disamenity legislation; air, land, and water targets; recycling grants; revised social accounting systems.

c) developed countries end commitment to persistent pesticides and subsidise similar moves by developing countries

d) end of subsidies on inorganic fertilisers

e) grants for use of organics and introduction of diversity

f) emergency food programmes for developing countries

g) progressive substitution of non-persistent for persistent pesticides

h) integrated control research programmes

i) integrated control training programme

j) substitution of integrated control for chemical control

k) progressive introduction of diversified farming practices

l) end of road building

m) clearance of derelict land and beginning of renewal programme

n) restrictions on private, subsidies for public transport

o) development of rapid mass-transit

p) research into materials substitution

q) development of alternative technologies

r) decentralisation of industry: part one, redirection

s) decentralisation of industry: part two, development of community types

t) redistribution of government

u) education research

v) teacher training

w) education

x) experimental community

y) domestic sewage to land

z) target date for basic establishment of self-sufficient self-regulating communities.

5. There are people, e.g. most of my friends, who don't much care about all this. Who say, what the hell, this country is going to be in trouble rather later than most others, resources will outlast my lifetime, pollution will be no bother within the same time, my life is all that's really important to me. Besides, I try to pollute the environment as little as possible, so get stuffed. Some others (in my limited experience mostly on university staffs) have come here to live because they believe the same things about this country. The first attitude I can sympathise (if not agree) with. The second I find irre-bloody-responsible, selfish, and altogether hateful. Not that I like either of them much.

6. I have two children. Anybody reading this is likely (sometime) to have at least as many. So one question to answer is this: if you (or your wife or girlfriend) are/is pregnant, are you (or either of them) prepared to accept that the children's lives will be shortened by something you have knowingly failed to do anything about? If any of you have children already, the question stands. If you're not so far moved even to consider the matter, cease reading for the rest is a waste of your valuable time. Carry on with your masterates, doctorates, or whatever and wait for the end of the world. And before you sneer at 'doomwatchers', look at the evidence, and understand that it is your business too.

'... it should be possible for people of many persuasions  
paramount issue for all of us right now. Simply ecological issue

## ECOLOGY

**THE INITIAL "E"**

LOWER CASE - TO SYMBOLIZE THE PASSIVE YIELDING OR FEMINE ASPECT OF NATURE. THE "PRIMA MATERIA" OR "NO-THING" OUT OF WHICH ALL "THINGS" ARE MADE TO APPEAR BY DIVISION.

**ecology** (i'kol) TREATS OF THE RELATIONS BETWEEN BIOLOGICAL ORGANISMS AND THEIR ENVIRONMENT. BIONOMICS 2. THE BRANCH OF BIOLOGY WHICH DEALS WITH THE SPACES OF PEOPLE AND OF INSTITUTIONS. INTERDEPENDENT [FORMED FROM -MODIFICATION OF ECOLOGY] (HOUSEHOLD)

**environment**

EARTH  
EDEN  
ETERNAL  
EVOLUTION  
ENCIRCLE  
ENRICHMENT  
ENLIGHTENMENT  
EROS  
EDUCE  
EMPATHY  
EVE  
EMOTION  
ECSTASY  
EXISTENCE  
ETC.

**THE ELLIPSE**

A SYMBOLIC DEMONSTRATION OF THE TRANSCENDANT UNITY THAT PERVADES ALL DUALITIES (ELLIPSE - THE SET OF ALL POINTS THE SUM OF WHOSE DISTANCES FROM TWO FIXED POINTS IS CONSTANT.) ALSO THE FORM OF PLANETARY ORBITS. (MACROCOSM)

**EQUINOX (ASTROLOGY)**

VERNAL MAR. 20-21	AUTUMNAL SEPT. 22-24
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**TAOISM (CHINESE)**

KNOWN YANG	UNKNOWN YIN
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**THE 4 ELEMENTS (ALCHEMISTRY)**

FIRE "MALE"	AIR "FEMALE"
WATER "FEMALE"	EARTH "MALE"

**HELP NATURE  
KEEP YOU ALIVE**

**ECOLOGY**

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# Survival?

people of many persuasions to agree that there is one  
now. Simply ecological issue."

## COGY

COGY (i'kol) is a branch of biology which  
studies the relations between organisms and their environment.  
2. THE BRANCH OF BIOLOGY WHICH  
STUDIES THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE SPACING  
AND OF INSTITUTIONS INTERDEPENDENCY.  
[COGY = COGNITION + LOGY] (HOUSEHOLD)

### THE CIRCLE OR THE LETTER "O"

#### ORGANISM

ONENESS  
OASIS  
OM  
OMNIFIC  
OMNIPRESENCE  
OMNIPOTENCE  
OMNISCIENCE  
ORIGIN  
ORACLE  
OPEN  
ORPHIC  
ORGY  
ORGASM  
ONTOLOGY  
ETC.

### THE CIRCLE (MANDALA)

THE UNIVERSAL  
SYMBOL OF  
WHOLENESS OF  
HARMONIOUS UNITY—THE CEN-  
TERING OF PSYCHE WITH COS-  
MOS—THE RESOLUTION OF ALL  
OPPOSITES (GOOD+EVIL+GOD/  
MALE+FEMALE=LOVE) SANITY,  
PEACE, BEYOND TIME AND SPACE,  
THE SOURCE OF ALL CREATIVITY  
AND POWER.

### THE SQUARE

SAME AS CIRCLE BUT MORE  
AS CONCEPT OR  
IDEA THAN AC-  
TUAL EXPERIENCE.  
(C.G. JUNG)

THE 4 ELEMENTS (ALCHEMY)  
YANG—FIRE "MALE"  
YIN—WATER "FEMALE"  
EARTH



7. As an individual there's not a great deal I can do to conserve resources and reduce pollution. I can use public rather than private transport (or walk), stop smoking, refuse to buy plastic-packaged and synthetic goods, reduce my dependence upon gas and electricity, protest about and not promote public and private despoilation, and so on. So can you. But in the middle-run there are some things that only concerted action can achieve. The primary aim is to get at the root cause of pollution and over-use of resources, viz., capitalism as it operates within developed countries, including this one. On the face of it, halting the spread of capitalism seems impossible, although there is a growing recognition even among many capitalists that the system is increasingly unworkable. And there are two developments, in this country at least, which could just about toll the bell. The first is the absolute end of external examination in schools, which would have the dual effects of freeing the curriculum (thus forcing teachers in secondary schools to find ways of educating rather than training students) and confusing the economy, for alternatives to educational qualifications would have to be found for employee selection. For this move to work, it would, of course, be necessary to ensure that schools did not substitute internal assessments based upon the same criteria as now and communicate these to prospective employers. Further, a time scale is required, for many teachers do not know and will not learn how to educate; they need their prescriptions and texts. Now can they be done without in the short term. But community pressure is a remarkable thing, which brings me to the second development, which is that parents, teachers, administrators, and the rest of us should come to view education as Peter Fraser did in 1939: viz., as a means (to paraphrase Abraham Maslow) of bringing about the self-actualisation of each individual receiving it.

8. An act of partial faith is involved here. That is, I suppose, not entirely without reason, that a self-actualised person will choose a life which, though perhaps materially less well-endowed than those of most of us, will be evolutionarily more adaptive. What is true is that the self-actualised person is much less likely than most of us to be influenced by the meretricious propaganda put about by those in

government, industry, commerce, and the media aimed at incorporating everyone into the great (New Zealand, American, European or whatever) dream of continued material progress—progress which will denude this planet of many life forms including our own within two centuries. And, to revert to an earlier point, do not imagine because the end-point is so far ahead that you will be immune during your life or because you live in this country. The process is gradual and universal. Indeed, in ways you may not be noticing, some effects are already apparent, e.g., reductions in possibilities for privacy and isolation, increases in noise and traffic congestion and gastrointestinal disease, pollution of some suburbs by tips and of Lakes Rotorua and Taupo, difficulties in discovering new sources of hydroelectric power (note Manapouri and the recent Clutha scare) in this regard look at the Year Book to discover the relatively small proportion of increases in supply going to domestic as opposed to industrial consumption. Again, related to official talk of nuclear power station (on the Kaipara Harbour?), bear in mind the remark of Edward Teller (the most bloody-minded supporter of nuclear weaponry in history) that nuclear power stations 'do not belong on the surface of the earth'.

9. Well, I digressed myself. There will be some people (I know two) who are, if they read this, saying, here he goes again! Why won't the bastard tell us what to do? We're convinced, we submit. So please, please tell us what to do. The answer (to the two and any others who might identify with them in this respect) is this: why should you expect a middle-aged philosopher-sociologist to have the sort of knowledge and expertise for such a job? I'm sure of the diagnosis but insufficiently aware of the prescription. You have your degrees, you've read the texts and more, you have your imaginations; why not take your own god-damned responsibilities; But I'll go as far as you in the search for answers. That is, I'll read and think and exercise whatever creative possibilities I have. I'll talk with any one of you or any group of you, try to figure out with you what to do, how to do it—and do it!. To go even further: let me suggest that you read the works of Jules Henry of Postman and Weingartner, and of Everett Reimers at least, together with some of the works to which these authors have themselves referred.

Moreover, I shall be happy to meet with anyone who, after this marathon, remains convinced of the need for change and concerned to do something about it. Let's perhaps think in terms of regular meetings during this term, aimed at the creation of a cadre of teachers dedicated to bringing about on the basis of knowledge and commitment—the sort of educational activity this article is concerned with. If you're interested, my address is not hard to find, though I sometimes am. 10. What I want to say here will to some seem the maundering of an old-fashioned liberal, viz., I want to do the kind of thing suggested above as a university course. It's easy to think that everything of social importance goes on outside universities, and often enough this is largely true. But before taking that line I want to explore the possibilities of ordinarily constituted universities—like my own. That is, I want to find out the extent to which it is possible, according to well-defined criteria, to examine the current education system in relation to equally well-defined criteria for survival. At present I see no reason to suppose that 'education for survival' should not be a study which satisfies any possible academic constraints. But this requires to be proved, or at least accepted by colleagues. And unless those of you who are interested in this issue actually support it in a thoroughgoing and academic way, we're sunk. So (and this is addressed to colleagues), if you are impressed by the above arguments please call me to say how you are prepared to help in an interdisciplinary inquiry. And (to students) please indicate how far you are prepared to support, i.e., come along to and work at, a course during the second term aimed at increasing awareness of the interrelatedness of all living things and doing something about it, through the education structure.

11. It may require several years before we can decide among ourselves what a 'liberal' education is. But it seems impossible to doubt that unless we find the answers within a fairly short time, it won't matter much. I dare suggest that the considerations pointed to above ought to weigh in whatever decision we finally make. For frankly, I'd rather be involved in the beginning of a new way of living than in trying to stave off the liquidation of life on this planet.

—E.W. BRAITHWAITE



Ending last time with the question on the dust covered slogan of student-workers' solidarity, one can note a renewed dialogue amongst people who are able to jump the fences of party dogma's and have a genuine interest in the furthering of socialist causes. For it is the power of those who actually produce that can pulverize the paper barriers, it is labour that can create wealth or stagnate the reactionary individualists who scoop and channel the power wealth creates. But let us admit that the forces of labour are divided and politically stagnant; where it succeeded in history it became bureaucratic eg. stagnated for the simple reason that electioneering gave power to a few who instituted a hierarchy..

First let there be stimulation, then the combined forces of thinking and working must start industrial democracy by forming councils, organizing opposition to belligerent managers, take leads such as in social cancelling and communal welfare, eventually take the reins, however temporary.

There will be huddles, talks with and to each other, mistakes, a continuum of organisation which with each birth must carry the seeds of dissolution as power corrupts: the system must not be taken over, it must be changed. Labour to be made free.

This all could be a daydream, therefore the first practical step is initiative to foster awareness, a search in what constitutes industrial democracy. This might mean acceptance for some time of existing powerstructures, eg. banks, government, in a spirit that fits realism: capitalism can be dissolved from within. This realism will therefore also accept leadership and administrative counsel from the Unions, alas a difficult pill to swallow for some. But consider the facts: the average worker (with apologies for this generalization) does follow his Union, he is now aware that the better organized the militant smaller Union takes the brunt of the fighting and leads in better pay and improved conditions. However, at this point we must consider the Seamen's Union which shows a solidarity without apparent result. If you have read Lee's report and T Cregan's article in Craccum 4th of May, you must agree that their formulations are right, you must conclude that here is an extremely tight, unfortunately isolated and also political-conscious group, but it has a righteousness that the "others" cannot grasp. Our concern must go to all the other workers, uplift them through participation from which could follow political notions. At the moment too many members hardly bother to return the voting papers, they say they will not pay fees if they could get "out of it," they only see the carrots, there are many negative sides except when he is aroused and then he will support his representative plus his Union. Do not forget that he is brought up by our educational

system to accept authority blindly and without realizing often agrees with the lies in the big press.

Talking about Unions, it must be pointed out that most paid officials perform their work diligently,, beaucratic perhaps but with more zeal than many in other

the bourgeois citizen. Priority for getting the workers out of the existing mental stalemate!

(Hawthorne and consequences) Let us return to the immediate past.

The far reaching conclusions (amongst others E.G. Mayo, Dickson, 1939)

King mention the key (p649) "What had happened here? The answer, it was learned later, was in the attention the girls were getting."

Suffice to say it is a cry for democratizing industry" which is the gist of J.A.C. Brown in the remaining pages. In one of the last pages he

and the self appointed captains of industry do not believe or accept findings coming from sociologists, then what do most workers with that heritage of revolt behind them, have to say? Some citations taken from interviews underline the direction envisaged but some

the social order as a mission and co-determination as a step towards nationalization. The sixth type is the orthodox Marxist who has to reject any step in participation for well known reasons, who is essentially for this purpose not helpful but is significant for his primary contribution as an intellectual, influencing others on a scientific basis. He starts the ball rolling and keeps it moving. From my own observations I would conclude that the authors are on the right track and that in the last instance Marxist guidelines are necessary cornerstones on which we can build an anarcho-humanistic society.

As with so many things there are butts involved. Erich Fromm remarks of the universal fear for/of freedom. "Democracy implies hard work." The newer books, invariably American, talk more and more about co-determination but many suggest a vague participation in policy making, less in execution and hardly in terms of control. In NZ the subject is seldom mentioned in the newspapers, neither in Union literature and hardly in the radical papers. For the first it is an enmity for the sake of the holy purse as some continuity in production will be lost and the first phase, that of disregard is in full swing (other phases being surprise, counter theories, counter actions, army), for the second type of literature it is yet an enigma and for the third, wishing an entirety of change it is superfluous as a stepping stone.

If participation acceptance reaches NZ either by FOL pressure or through demands "from the bottom" or by parliamentary - Labour Party-law which is most unlikely, it would be wise to counteract from the start by insisting that representatives in councils should have a very limited period of partaking, rather, there should be open councils. More and more people should be compelled to deliberate and think. The big huddle will solve eventually complex human problems, as at the moment we are segmented.

Separated and repressed: there is no mirror in another's psyche...

"Receptivity plays an important role... we need to counterbalance the hyperactivity of life in industrial society." (W. Weiskopf, Existential crisis and the unconscious, from "Readings in humanistic psychology", Sutich and Vich. Ed. p.143).

Trust, a human problem.

E. Brech in his bible "The Principles and Practice of Management." spells out an archbishop the necessities of having supervision. Actually, he remarks on this nasty "industrial democracy" (p.311) with: "Unfortunately, the attitude of willing, informed, intelligent obedience is not inherent nor automatic-it must be engendered and developed", and with this sigh of an archaic good past he does not explain why, unless his profit making motives in the remaining 740 pages are taken as holy matter. The frightened herds with the bowler hats he helped to develop are still stuck with this engendering process. Of inspection (p.374) he oracles "the truth is that inspection is necessary because

human beings are by results tends to quality standard. J. Woodward man. p.207) complexity of managers and su to total person production syste pass and proces Abbreviated: fr process prod. m resp 3 to 6- authority; for f say 400-500 ei ratio of supervi employee is 1 in find figures fo propose that th supv plus inspec 1 in 5, perha managers and sta counted, the lat to indirect produ

It trust was supervision and unnecessary in: could point at decades as the er. Some factorie have pilot p foremen/super replaced by a amount of cler administrative supervision/insp responsible work irresponsible w their jobs at hor community proje The few that every communit treatment at th any case.

From my own during a "slow was a protest be sided manager became clear th prove a point of as well as a proj the slower pro should be con meant indeed cooperation and production figur present. It came the apathy disappeared, near workers knew better than the (!), how much e.g. loading, pre-assembled, quantities, sched grasp of cos responsibility an team.

Many of discussed are kn quest to devise answer is growi degrees by man workers; it interesting to se case of a peacef where manageme reigns, gi authority/ profit/capital.

The answer belongs to the group. Much mo that answer (e should be otherwise it is cannot-sociolog group of worker and procure a formula or as certainly not f our ills are not a

For most are in that capital is which we fall dualism is god. worker sees socie dichotomy and complex struct classes (p.308 Ind.man). This Marxistic Education and progressive men prerequisite dogmatism.

## TOTAL PARTICIPATION in industry

by Robert L Meyer

### PART II



professions; of course they are generally conservative Labour stalwarts but they have the finger on the pulse. They will become militant if the worker starts waking up, something YOU have to do. When the engineers in the freezingworks pushed their demands through and rightly so, their Union was quick to assist; the same happened recently with the engineers at Mason Bros demanding redundancy pay.

Trade councils are closing ranks and the FOL is giving leads, this is what the ordinary, non-political and oppressed worker sees at the moment, realizes, and we hope, follows up.

It simply does not help trying to break the FOL as some advocate, it is and institution as much needed and relied upon as were the churches in the last century to

from the Hawthorne investigations (1927!) are yet to be accepted by the policy makers in particular. Incorporating humanistic conclusions as far away as 1920, Stuart Chase (p 73, J.A.C. Brown, The social psychology of industry) wrote: "underneath the stopwatches and bonus plans of the efficiency experts, the worker is driven by a desperate inner urge to find an environment where he can take root, where he belongs and has a function; where he sees the purpose of his work and feels important in achieving it"

The investigators and many others who saw in the researches a start to humanistic work analysis are not mentioned in many textbooks on social psychology but Morgan and

remarks: "free enterprise came to an end many years ago, not because of the machinations of the wicked socialists, but because business men could not tolerate the strain of unrestricted competition."

Shades of Rolls.

J. Koebakker (1948, p.301) "The Industrial worker living in a democratic society where he has a responsible role in groups outside industry gets embarrassed about the situation in his plant where he has hardly any responsible role... The easiest way to initiate changes would be to give him an experience of democracy in his work in that part of his life in which he spends half of his active hours."

If most investigators carefully spell out that the system of industry rest on socially unworkable principles

weigh each other out. Burns relates here a German research team which classified roughly six types of workers. The first four, relatively conservative types had these points in common: 1. that individual satisfaction with social relationships is an essential prerequisite; 2. that the present situation should not be endangered; 3. that most workers are not revolutionaries (most workers in big factories are shielded from any trouble because of the awards and contracts); 4. that the duties of top people, supervisors etc, should be accepted. It must be understood that these opinions change overnight if the same interviewees contemplate a strike...

A. Popitz and others of the team relate then the fifth type of worker who sees reform of



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anistic society.  
so many things  
ts involved. Ethic  
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for/of freedom  
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m the start by  
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ld have a very  
l of partaking  
should be open  
and more  
be compelled to  
think. The big  
olve eventually  
in problems, as  
nent we

human beings are fallible..."  
and moans " why payments  
by results—quantity  
results—tends to lower the  
quality standard."  
J. Woodward (in Industrial  
man. p.207) relates the  
complexity of the ratio of  
managers and supervising staff  
to total personnel in different  
production systems, e.g. unit,  
pass and process production.  
Abbreviated: from unit to  
process prod. most firms have  
resp 3 to 6-7 levels of  
authority; for factories with  
say 400-500 employees the  
ratio of supervisory staff to  
employee is 1 in 8. I could not  
find figures for NZ but I  
propose that the average for  
supv plus inspectors would be  
1 in 5, perhaps 1 in 4,  
managers and staff officers not  
counted, the latter contribute  
to indirect production.

It trust was replaced by  
supervision and much of the  
unnecessary inspection, we  
could point at the last ten  
decades as the era of waste.

Some factories (e.g. Philips)  
have pilot plants where  
foremen/supervisors are  
replaced by a much smaller  
amount of clerks doing the  
administrative side leaving  
supervision/inspection to the  
responsible worker. Ever seen  
unresponsible workers doing  
their jobs at home, club or in  
community projects?

The few that are found in  
every community are having  
treatment at the moment in  
any case.

From my own observations  
during a "slow down", which  
was a protest because of one  
sided management decisions, it  
became clear that in order to  
prove a point of self-discipline  
as well as a projected output,  
the slower production rate  
should be controlled. This  
meant indeed discipline,  
cooperation and knowledge of  
production figures of past and  
present. It came out all right,  
the apathy of figures  
disappeared, nearly all process  
workers knew the details  
better than the management  
(!), how much was in front,  
e.g. loading, what was  
pre-assembled, % per hour  
manufactured, flow  
quantities, schedules, a good  
grasp of costing! Divers  
responsibility and you get a  
team.

Many of the factors  
discussed are known and the  
quest to devise a humanistic  
answer is growing in various  
degrees by management and  
workers; it would be  
interesting to see now in the  
case of a peaceful evolution  
where management, having the  
reigns, gives way:  
authority/power or  
profit/capital.

The answer and degree  
belongs to the workers as a  
group. Much more: in devising  
that answer (every concept  
should be temporary,  
otherwise it is a dogma) one  
cannot—sociologically—put a  
group of workers on a couch  
and procure a therapeutic  
formula or ask for one,  
certainly not if the essence of  
our ills are not absorbed first.

For most are brainwashed  
in that capital is king without  
which we fall apart and  
dualism is god. "The industrial  
worker sees society always as a  
dichotomy and not as a  
complex structure of many  
classes (p.308 Popitz et al.  
Ind.man). This is one typical  
Marxistic inheritance.  
Education and a continuous  
progressive mental uplift is a  
prerequisite to counter  
dogmatism.

Participation as a  
sociological uplift even within  
a capitalistic concept is still  
foreign to many Unions: they  
will lose their grip if it comes  
about. Workers will become  
self-reliant, yes, but Unions  
will play a bigger role as the  
mental guide, in setting up  
standards, in coordination  
between factories, in taking up  
education of the respective  
crafts and as a welfare  
institution.

Universities will play an  
integrated role: devising and  
researching. We must notice  
that these are projections. In  
the USSR it seems that the  
role is minimised to a welfare  
institution only, greater accent  
is put on the party, of other  
pro-socialist countries I  
cannot, unfortunately, give a  
ture picture. In Cuba it seems  
that Unions are a negotiating  
corporate body coming close  
to the projected ideas as  
mentioned. In China political  
awareness (cultural awareness)  
seems developed to a great  
depth where there are no  
boundaries of definite groups  
such as Unions.

The mind of the NZ worker  
is not unlike his European or  
American counterpart, the  
answers on the same questions  
as given by co-investigators of  
Burns (p.295 Ind. man) will be  
the same: "money rules...  
capitalism is too strong...  
they want to keep the workers  
happy but subdued." The  
picture of total participation is  
readily understood, but there  
is lack in belief in one's  
capacity and some distrust in  
the fellow worker who  
analyses or represents.

There is the sad control  
question with too often the  
immature answer: "If  
participation works and you  
know what it involves (having  
discussed it), if there is  
responsibility and consequent  
unhappiness and you would  
like to work in a factory and it  
so happens that you win the  
Golden Kiwi (if it is still  
around), what would you  
do?" "Well, buy a boat mate,  
go fishing, blow the factory  
(the others)..."

The laugh of the waylaid  
capitalists somehow is a  
hollow one, it reverberates  
against the naked factory  
walls.

It has been mentioned  
before, there is a long road  
ahead full of struggles. But  
then, struggles elevate more  
than victories.

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can. Mondays-Fridays 9-5.



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## Living Theatre - The Shadow of LIONEL TERRY

### THE FACTS

On September 24th 1905 Lionel Terry shot down an old Chinese in Haining St, Wellington. He then gave himself up to the police. He committed the murder to draw attention to his racial beliefs. Terry was sentenced to prison but burnt down a wing of the Lyttleton jail on the anniversary of the murder. He was committed to Sunnyside Mental Asylum but escaped four times. He was transferred to Seacliff Asylum where he dressed in clean white sheets believing himself to be Jesus Christ.

### THE PLAY

The Living Theatre Troupe have pushed the implications of these facts to create a piece of theatre for our society. Direction is by Ken Rea; script by Murray Edmond; music supervised by Philip Dadson and Jack Body.

THE SHADOW OF LIONEL TERRY plays from June 10th to July 1st Wednesdays to Saturdays at the Arts Centre 24 Grafton Rd. Bookings at John Courts or phone Arts Centre 371-121.

Continued from p.4

Obviously, Michael Ryan was subjected to the same pressure as Rod in regard to testifying about Greg's injection. Ryan was charged with possession of drugs, and was given a fine plus probation. The Herald 22/7/68 reports Ryan's testimony in his case: "One of his friends had died after administering a narcotic to himself on his (Ryan's) premises."

Later, in the Supreme Court trial of Rod for manslaughter, Ryan testified that Rod injected Greg. Not even the police suggest that Rodney deliberately set out to harm Greg; nor was he a pusher of drugs. Sir Richard Wilde was brought up to Auckland to sentence Rod, no doubt to crush the drug problem in one harsh sentence, for Rod got ten years. Compare this with the case of David Oldham, who ADMITTED injecting about a dozen people, one of whom died—Oldham was sentenced to five years. This about three weeks after Rod's case. Also compare Rod's sentence with the normal one for manslaughter—

The strangler of Jury — 3½ years.

The Greymouth man who by his own admission got the wrong man — 5 years.

Mr Justice Beattie recently sentenced a manslaughterer to 4 years.

J.V. Davern, manslaughterer by motor vehicle, also guilty of failing to ascertain whether he could help — a fine.

Most motorist manslaughterers get 3/6 months.

Fred Jordan, solicitor, President of the Howard League for Penal Reform, Jack Howard, Secretary for Citizens Against Repressive Legislation, and Mrs Davis, mother of Rod, presented a petition to Parliament through Dr Martin Findlay on behalf of Rod. "We had no trouble convincing them of Rod's innocence. A Labour M.P. suggested an application for a re-trial. A National M.P. said N.Z. was lucky to have people like us who were prepared to go to so much trouble to ensure Justice," writes Jack Howard. "How dowe know they were convinced? They were so convinced that Rod was brought before the Parole Board last March. (The Petition was presented October, 71) long before normal time. But somewhere along the line, something has gone wrong. This is June and Rodney still rots in prison. Why has no MP spoken up? Of course there are no votes to be got through supporting Rod Davis. There is a Parole Board meeting in Wellington early in June... The fact that the Secretary for Injustice saw Rodney in Paremoremo and told him he would be recommended for parole, when the Board met last March, shows that the Injustice Dept. are aware of his innocence..."

"I am not sure who sits on the Parole Board, although there are rumours that three of the members are God, Jesus and the Holy Ghost. But certainly they are playing God with Rodney's life.

Rodney appeared before the Parole Board in March. It is now June and the Parole Board have still not had the common decency to inform Rodney of their decision...

"We are now fairly sure that the reason for the delay by the Parole Board is that they want to bribe Rodney with his freedom into confessing that he was guilty of manslaughter. Rodney is not guilty, and refused to say so, and it appears his freedom depends on this one point alone."

— from the Thoughts of Jack Howard on Justice for Rodney Davis.

### ... AND FURTHERMORE

Dear Sirs,

On the 27/5/72 two policemen saw me about a charge of assault against me. The first policeman said the incident had happened six weeks ago but the charge had only just been laid. The other cop who looked like he had never seen a guy with long-hair, jeans and bare feet before, suddenly said, "Do you get a big thrill out of doing things like this". — BEFORE I HAD EVEN SAID A WORD ABOUT WHAT HAD ACTUALLY HAPPENED. Impartial Cops — bullshit! This cop, upon hearing one side of the story, had acted as Judge and Jury without even bothering to hear the other side. Justice for all or at least a fair trial!

The other cop heard what I had to say then said that it was his personal opinion that I did do it and although he would let me off with a warning the next time they had a complaint he would personally come and take me down to Central.

BEWARE, FRIENDS, of POLICEMEN

M. Moore



# Review



Shaft  
Isaac Hayes  
STAX2628 001

This record is, of course, the soundtrack from the film Shaft shortly to be released in Auckland. Being a soundtrack it poses a problem for the reviewer; how to give an accurate assessment of an album that appears to have no continuity (having not seen the film) and owes no allegiance to any particular musical style other than perhaps soundtrack neo-jazz. The answer is of course, you can't. What has to be done is pick out the tracks most synonymous with each other musically and perhaps the odd black sheet worthy of a special mention in originality or instrumental competence.

Appropriately the first track worthy of mention is *Shaft* the title track. Its the same as the one you've probably heard on the local radio, except for the added embellishment of the word "motherfucker", which was carefully overdubbed on the radio version. Still on side one, *Ellies Love Theme* makes excellent use of slow vibes and a full violin, a very graphic illustration of the name of the track. On side two, *A Friends Place*, is in much the same musical style, slow, easy and a little melancholy, with the horns replacing the vibes.

*Soulsville*, the first track on side three, uses a vocal line with a wailing background chorus and a good free-form trumpet. The following track, *No Name Bar*, is faster and heavier, with a strong trumpet line and utilizing an excellent flute over a funky, bobbing, bass which fade into a short organ solo and back out again bringing in an excellent free-form sax. Side four is comprised of two tracks, *Do Your Thing* and *The End Theme*. Both are capable tracks, the first for its vocal line and guitar work (the only track where the guitar is allowed to break free of the standard jazz chords and riffs), the second as a repetition of the title track, minus the vocal line, which after four sides of Isaac Hayes' incredible composing and instrumental work, bring back reality with a gentle bump. Jazz buffs may hate this LP, and rock fans ignore it, personally I

can't wait to see the film and hear the music in its proper context.

— MURRAY BLACKSTONE



Naturally  
J.J. Cale  
SHE 712

This quiet and leisurely album from an excellent guitarist, vocalist and songwriter is a charmer. J.J. Cale has a unique approach to funk, blues, and country and all it involves is taking things at just as a relaxed and mellow a pace as the human metabolism will allow. Here it results in one of the most enjoyable debut albums heard in some time.

Cale is currently on the charts with a very unlikely number, *Crazy Mama*, a typical Cale blues, done with a small rhythm section and his own incredibly controlled lead guitar playing. Its tempo is so unusually calm it is the last thing you would expect to hear blasting over the "commercial" stations of Auckland.

The same contract in pace is evident in the difference between Clapton's version of *After Midnight*, and the one done here by the songs author. Cale doesn't so much slow it down as ease it up. With the brass carrying the modest band arrangement via an intricately repeated line, Cale lets the song, guitar, and voice speak for themselves, while the production provides just enough colour to keep the song moving. It is a perfect blend for the number and results in one of the album's highlights.

Part of Cale's talent consists in his ability to unify disparate elements. Even when he uses horns on *Nowhere to Run* or *Bringing it Back* the album suffers from no interruption in mood, as this additional element is perfectly blended with the skeletal framework heard on the rest of the tracks. Likewise his ability to unify tempos, for no matter what pace he takes a song at, it comes out sounding like nothing more than an extension of basic J.J. Cale time, which is heard from the records beginning to end.

Cale's lyrics are appropriately simple but always effective. Many of his songs deal with missing women and the resulting problems; others with feeling bad for no apparent reason. Possibly the album's best track, and its simplest is the latter type. *Crying Eyes* contains all the musical virtues of Cale's style as well as its most emotional, personal and affecting statement of them.

The only problem with this album is that Cale is not yet strong enough to pull off his goal, which was to produce a record completely unified in mood and sound. Occasionally, the continuity he achieves leads to a feeling of sameness and then boredom. Which is only to say that the excellence of this album rests more on its individual highpoints than in the record as a complete entity. That accomplishment lies ahead of J.J. Cale but there is every reason to think he'll get it next time around.

— SIDEWINDER



IF 3  
IF  
SUAL 934347

This record comes as something of a surprise as IF have never been a wellknown group and have not to my knowledge had a record on the charts. This of course supposedly means instant success or failure in the music business and its good to see IF slip in under the barrier. Another interesting point to note is that this is apparently IF's third album which I would take to mean that they have achieved some sort of fame overseas.

The music is fairly jazz oriented with good guitar work reminiscent of BS&T or even Jorma Kaukonen of the Jefferson Airplane. Side one opens with *Fibonacci's Number*, a heavy organ opening which cuts abruptly into flute and sax arrangement with a predominant bass driving the number along. The second track, *Forgotten Roads* is led by a good guitar lead in sustain and an appropriate vocal line following the guitar with bass and drums laying down a fast solid beat. *Sweet January* the third track, is a lot slower with the same excellent vocalization and guitar work and a solo from flute and sax. The last track on this side *Child of the Storm* is reminiscent of Family and their music. The vocal line follows the brass this time and track is complimented by excellent sax work and solos and climaxes to the sound of a thunder storm.

The second side, which is in my opinion the best, opens with *Far Beyond* a number using background voices to compliment the lead singer and a mellow instrumental line which just floats along in keeping with the title of the track. *Seldom Seen Sam* uses a simple instrumental line to bring

out the vocal and has a very proficient piano solo, not a particularly inspired track but it doesn't detract from the album as a whole. The third track, *Upstairs*, is a very heavy number. The music is again in a similar style to Family with perhaps even a bit of Jethro Tull thrown in but the track itself is a fast number utilizing the horns to their fullest extent and totally original.

The final track, *Here Comes Mr Time*, is undoubtedly the best on the whole album. The lead guitar comes into its own on this track and holds well ahead of jazzlike backing with the high horn riffs. The album as a whole is tight and well put together and the music original. Possibly one of the finer progressive jazz-blues LP's to be released this year and definitely worth more than just one listen in a downtown record bar.

— PETER THOMPSON



BLACK ELK SPEAKS.  
J.G. Neihardt.  
Nebraska, 1971.  
(u.b.s. \$1.65)

*'I met a soldier on horseback, and I let him have it. The arrow went through from side to side under his ribs and it stuck out both sides. He screamed and took hold of his saddle horn and hung on, wobbling, with his head hanging down. I kept along beside him, and I took my heavy bow and struck him across the back of the neck. He fell from his saddle, and I got off and beat him to death with my bow. I kept on beating him a while after he was dead, and every time I hit him I said "Howh!"'*

For once this is not billy the kid, the lone ranger and the rest. It is the tale of a Sioux holy man, cousin of crazy horse, and contemporary. It is also one of those books holy americans love to get hold of, so they may flagellate their souls and cry out foul murder about what their forebears did. Quite apart from this it is an interesting book. It has a sort of poetry, the poetry of loss. It has enough brutality in it to stop one getting

sentimental. It offers a curious interesting complement to those books and comics we had when we were children.

Of course William Custer was nothing like he was. He was simply a Wasichu (white) in an encounter in which the Indians found guns to be unnecessary 'just the hooves would have been enough'.

The book tells of the fragmentation of the Oglala tribe, their dispersal, the battle against this dispersal, actual defeat; loss of the tribe is driven over America into Canada, back; Black Elk's narration follows these actions with a sort of sparse eloquent poetry. He mourns even as he speaks, and most of the loss comes from the dislocation the Indians suffered when they were removed from their natural cosmos. Once the Indians lived round teepees. As Black Elk says this reflected a natural world, in cyclical movements—birds make their nests in circles, for theirs is the same religion as ours. After their defeat, Indians are made to live in square huts, even though 'it is a bad way to live, for there can be no power in a square.'

The narration is framed round Black Elk's visions, which he talks about in detail, realising even as he talks about them he is losing them, and his power. His vision first occurred to him when he was nine years old, and most of the book is concerned with his inability to use the power of these visions correctly, and his consequent unhappiness. He frequently says that a man who has never envisioned anything is of more use than a man who has, but fails to manifest the knowledge of these visions. By the time the book was recorded Black Elk is an old man sitting in a square hut on an Indian reservation. While he never admits his failure in so many words, its weight is implicit in his narration. He is essentially an old man getting ready for death. ('You see me now a pitiful old man . . . there is no centre any longer . . . the sacred tree is dead.')

The book is run through with qualities of poetry, and philosophy. Names have a clumsiness which is a comment itself on language—Refuse-To-Go, White Cow Sees, Moon of the Falling Leaves (December); and Crazy Horse, rather than being a naked savage, is a man who saw in a vision all the things of the world were 'made of spirit, and nothing was hard, and everything seemed to float.' He saw all real things of this world as shadows cast out from a realer world. It

## MAGGIE'S FARM BENEFIT DANCE

# A FAIRY TALE FOR THE OLDER CHILD

Once upon a time, two penniless hippies decided to open a nightclub in Auckland. Not just any old nightclub, you understand, but one for our sort of people. Not just a place where you went to fill your head with rock, maybe pick up a bird, sat around listless and bored, danced cool and never spoke to anyone.

No! This place was going to be something special. A place where you went along and paid half the price of anywhere else to get in, the bands weren't interested in crowding the place with hoppers, and nobody cared that much if it made any money or not. A place where unknowns could get up and play and know that the audience would judge them on their merits and not on the number of hit singles they'd had.

And, "Hey, yeah we don't need to stick exclusively to music. People like the living Theatre Troupe could perform up there. And we could show lots of movies. And generally it'd be really great to have a place where people went along and met other people, and saw the sort of thing they wanted to see, and everyone would just sort of, you know, be happy together or something like that, if you know what I mean."

Then about ten months ago they found this fantastic place in Queen St, just up from the Town Hall.

"It's small, sure, but if we knocked down a few walls, it'd

probably be big enough, and if we really want to do it enough, we can get enough money to pay the rent from somewhere. . ."

So our two happy hippies took out the rent on 396 Queen St, and set out doing things with great vigour. To help pay the rent they got a couple of other guys to chip in. And, for a while, things were cool. But, you know how things go; a lot of people paying their rent shot through to Australia. Somebody broke in and ripped off all our tools, and things got pretty fucked up. Suddenly our two happy hippies had to face up to the fact that ideals cost a lot of money, and people don't like giving other people their money, which is fair enough if you look at it like that. However just as they were about to chuck it in, the whole scheme some nice people came along and gave them some moral reinforcement, lent them tools, and generally restored their faith in the project and humankind at large.

Which brings us up to date. They've got the enthusiasm, they've nearly finished all the building work, but they've run out of money. Money for plates, cups, etc. for cutlery, for sandwich toasters; for Zipheaters, for chairs, for lights; for the million and one other things you need money for.

So they're putting on a concert in the caf on Friday June 9. There's going to be five bands, and they're all going to be playing for free because they want to see the place opened. So, if you want to see the most happily ever after club Auckland has seen, come along at 8pm on Friday the 9th with ONLY 60 CENTS in your

pocket (that's 12 a band) and see:

**TOLEPUDDLE:** N.Z.'s most successful folk-rock band. Turned professional January this year; played Mary Hopkins concert Western Springs, Daddy Cool Concert Carlaw Park. Folk and rock concerts up and down the country.

**MADISON KATE:** On the road to becoming one of Auckland's best rock bands. Style of music varies from Neil Young to Hendrix. Resident at the Montmartre.

**PONY:** Formed specially for the occasion. Another one of them folk-rock things, but more rock than folk. A potpourri of well-known Auckland musicians producing a distinctive, for want of a better word like shit hot, fucking neat, farout, groovy, fab, downhome, sound. (Guess who's in this one.)

**MURRAY GRINDLEY'S CHOO CHOO:** Or, more aptly, Murray Grindley's Choo, because the other choo can't make it. You'll probably remember Murray as one-time leadsinger with the Underdogs Blues Band (Sitting' In the Rain' days).

Also, Henry Jackson and a couple of others from last year's October have got together with some other prominent musicians to form a band playing music by Frank Zappa. They're still working on a suitable name, and a prize of three electric weazels will be given to the best suggestion on the night. Running out of room, so luv and kissiz, Andrew and Paul etc.

WOMEN'S SUFI  
ZEALAND: Patric  
Auckland Unive  
\$25. Oxford U.F

In 1893, N.Z.  
through their own  
and hard work  
Grimshaw maint  
essentially a fe  
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It offers a curiously penetrating comment to lay beside the papier mache creations of the american film circuit.

This book is interesting because of this poetry, and visionary edge. A polemical book on the plight of indians in America would be gauche beside Black Elk hides nothing for the simple reason he is incapable of imaging there are things which can be hid. Thus he talks with a bluish of indian women castrating the white, or enemy, dead, and the not-so-dead. Corpses are dug up for the blankets they are buried in, and left to rot or given away as food. It is casual, custom-based violence. He shows the indians divided against themselves, some going over to the whitemen without any resistance, others remaining apart, yet attacking each other in a continuation of tribal conflicts. It is an interesting book. It can even be read.

g.h.

**WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE IN NEW ZEALAND: Patricia Grimshaw.** Auckland University Press, 1972, \$5.25. Oxford U.P.

In 1893, N.Z. women got the vote, through their own energy, enthusiasm, and hard work for what Patricia Grimshaw maintains they saw as essentially a feminist cause. She examines the campaign in detail, and puts forward plenty of evidence to alter the view first taken by Reeves and followed by other historians since, that there was no genuine suffrage movement in New Zealand. All agitation for the vote had been carried out by teetotallers in their attempt to achieve prohibition, and the main

## WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE IN NEW ZEALAND



PATRICIA GRIMSHAW

motives behind the movement were 'ulterior'. She sees the campaign for suffrage here as part of the world-wide feminist movement then taking place, and gives convincing proof for this theory.

Through an odd combination of factors, including the pioneer spirit still alive in the country then, the fluid political party structure, and the still small population (which made united efforts easier), the campaign was eventually successful. By the general election of 1893, 80% of adult women were on the electoral role, and 85% of those voted. And that was about as far as it went. As Grimshaw quotes W.S. O'Neill,

"Enfranchisement did not mark the beginning of women's real emancipation, but its end." Those who had battled for the removal of the legal and political barriers against women's freedom believed that their wider goal, the full acceptance of women as equals in society, would follow in its train. We know better now. In many ways

our position has declined since those days; then, women 'constituted over half the number of university students in New Zealand; now they make up less than 30%. Grimshaw looks tentatively to the present new phase of the movement to finish the task the suffragists started on with such high hopes, and which has lain half finished ever since. Her book does not always disentangle the complicated background to the 1893 Bill as clearly as it could, particularly where the political personalities are concerned, and they tend to remain a vague collection of names; but the manoeuvring of the male politicians is after all not her main focus. The book is on the whole competently and interestingly written, keeping to a format which while not exactly exciting is both rigorous enough to satisfy the historian and easily accessible to the general reader. There are too many annoying misprints, but the photographs and cartoons are excellent. The unchanging form of male opposition to the movement,

basically consisting of a barely concealed horror at the idea that a) women might invade the male world of power, and b) men might be forced to engage in the menial tasks hitherto done for them by women, is tediously familiar, and yet another indication of how far not only women, but men also, have failed to come since then.

Today the movement for 'women's rights' in New Zealand could well do with some of the impressive women, such as Katherine Wilson Sheppard, whom Grimshaw describes. But if such women could fight so courageously and well against what must often have seemed, even in New Zealand, overwhelming odds, and succeed only to such a limited extent, how can we hope to do very much better? To some extent, this is a very depressing book.

— ANNE ELSE



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# Review



Shaft  
Isaac Hayes  
STAX2628 001

This record is, of course, the soundtrack from the film Shaft shortly to be released in Auckland. Being a soundtrack it poses a problem for the reviewer; how to give an accurate assessment of an album that appears to have no continuity (having not seen the film) and owes no allegiance to any particular musical style other than perhaps soundtrack neo-jazz. The answer is of course, you can't. What has to be done is pick out the tracks most synonymous with each other musically and perhaps the odd black sheet worthy of a special mention in originality or instrumental competence.

Appropriately the first track worthy of mention is *Shaft* the title track. Its the same as the one you've probably heard on the local radio, except for the added embellishment of the word "motherfucker", which was carefully overdubbed on the radio version. Still on side one, *Ellies Love Theme* makes excellent use of slow vibes and a full violin, a very graphic illustration of the name of the track. On side two, *A Friends Place*, is in much the same musical style, slow, easy and a little melancholy, with the horns replacing the vibes.

*Soulsville*, the first track on side three, uses a vocal line with a wailing background chorus and a good free-form trumpet. The following track, *No Name Bar*, is faster and heavier, with a strong trumpet line and utilizing an excellent flute over a funky, bobbing, bass which fade into a short organ solo and back out again bringing in an excellent free-form sax. Side four is comprised of two tracks, *Do Your Thing* and *The End Theme*. Both are capable tracks, the first for its vocal line and guitar work (the only track where the guitar is allowed to break free of the standard jazz chords and riffs), the second as a repetition of the title track, minus the vocal line, which after four sides of Isaac Hayes' incredible composing and instrumental work, bring back reality with a gentle bump. Jazz buffs may hate this LP, and rock fans ignore it, personally I

can't wait to see the film and hear the music in its proper context.

—MURRAY BLACKSTONE



Naturally  
J.J. Cale  
SHE 712

This quiet and leisurely album from an excellent guitarist, vocalist and songwriter is a charmer. J.J. Cale has a unique approach to funk, blues, and country and all it involves is taking things at just as a relaxed and mellow a pace as the human metabolism will allow. Here it results in one of the most enjoyable debut albums heard in some time.

Cale is currently on the charts with a very unlikely number, *Crazy Mama*, a typical Cale blues, done with a small rhythm section and his own incredibly controlled lead guitar playing. Its tempo is so unusually calm it is the last thing you would expect to hear blasting over the "commercial" stations of Auckland.

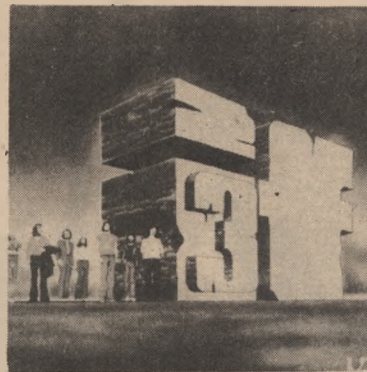
The same contract in pace is evident in the difference between Clapton's version of *After Midnight*, and the one done here by the songs author. Cale doesn't so much slow it down as ease it up. With the brass carrying the modest band arrangement via an intricately repeated line, Cale lets the song, guitar, and voice speak for themselves, while the production provides just enough colour to keep the song moving. It is a perfect blend for the number and results in one of the album's highlights.

Part of Cale's talent consists in his ability to unify disparate elements. Even when he uses horns on *Nowhere to Run* or *Bringing it Back* the album suffers from no interruption in mood, as this additional element is perfectly blended with the skeletal framework heard on the rest of the tracks. Likewise his ability to unify tempos, for no matter what pace he takes a song at, it comes out sounding like nothing more than an extension of basic J.J. Cale time, which is heard from the records beginning to end.

Cale's lyrics are appropriately simple but always effective. Many of his songs deal with missing women and the resulting problems; others with feeling bad for no apparent reason. Possibly the album's best track, and its simplest is the latter type. *Crying Eyes* contains all the musical virtues of Cale's style as well as its most emotional, personal and affecting statement of them.

The only problem with this album is that Cale is not yet strong enough to pull off his goal, which was to produce a record completely unified in mood and sound. Occasionally, the continuity he achieves leads to a feeling of sameness and then boredom. Which is only to say that the excellence of this album rests more on its individual highpoints than in the record as a complete entity. That accomplishment lies ahead of J.J. Cale but there is every reason to think he'll get it next time around.

—SIDEWINDER



IF 3  
IF  
SUAL 934347

This record comes as something of a surprise as IF have never been a wellknown group and have not to my knowledge had a record on the charts. This of course supposedly means instant success or failure in the music business and its good to see IF slip in under the barrier. Another interesting point to note is that this is apparently IF's third album which I would take to mean that they have achieved some sort of fame overseas.

The music is fairly jazz oriented with good guitar work reminiscent of BS&T or even Jorma Kaukonen of the Jefferson Airplane. Side one opens with *Fibonacci's Number*, a heavy organ opening which cuts abruptly into flute and sax arrangement with a predominant bass driving the number along. The second track, *Forgotten Roads* is led by a good guitar lead in sustain and an appropriate vocal line following the guitar with bass and drums laying down a fast solid beat. *Sweet January* the third track, is a lot slower with the same excellent vocalization and guitar work and a solo from flute and sax. The last track on this side *Child of the Storm* is reminiscent of Family and their music. The vocal line follows the brass this time and track is complimented by excellent sax work and solos and climaxes to the sound of a thunder storm.

The second side, which is in my opinion the best, opens with *Far Beyond* a number using background voices to compliment the lead singer and a mellow instrumental line which just floats along in keeping with the title of the track. *Seldom Seen Sam* uses a simple instrumental line to bring

out the vocal and has a very proficient piano solo, not a particularly inspired track but it doesn't detract from the album as a whole. The third track, *Upstairs*, is a very heavy number. The music is again in a similar style to Family with perhaps even a bit of Jethro Tull thrown in but the track itself is a fast number utilizing the horns to their fullest extent and totally original.

The final track, *Here Comes Mr Time*, is undoubtedly the best on the whole album. The lead guitar comes into its own on this track and holds well ahead of jazzlike backing with the high horn riffs. The album as a whole is tight and well put together and the music original. Possibly one of the finer progressive jazz-blues LP's to be released this year and definitely worth more than just one listen in a downtown record bar.

—PETER THOMPSON



BLACK ELK SPEAKS.  
J.G. Neihardt.  
Nebraska, 1971.  
(u.b.s. \$1.65)

*I met a soldier on horseback, and I let him have it. The arrow went through from side to side under his ribs and it stuck out both sides. He screamed and took hold of his saddle horn and hung on, wobbling, with his head hanging down. I kept along beside him, and I took my heavy bow and struck him across the back of the neck. He fell from his saddle, and I got off and beat him to death with my bow. I kept on beating him a while after he was dead, and every time I hit him I said "Howah!"*

For once this is not billy the kid, the lone ranger and the rest. It is the tale of a Sioux holy man, cousin of crazy horse, and contemporary. It is also one of those books holy americans love to get hold of, so they may flagellate their souls and cry out foul murder about what their forbearers did. Quite apart from this it is an interesting book. It has a sort of poetry, the poetry of loss. It has enough brutality in it to stop one getting

sentimental. It offers an interesting complement to those books and comics we had when we were children.

Of course William Custer was nothing like he was. He was simply a Wasichu (white) in an encounter in which the indians found guns to be unnecessary. 'just the hooves would have been enough'.

The book tells of the fragmentation of the Oglala tribe, their dispersal, the battle against this dispersal, actual defeat; the tribe is driven over America into Canada, back; Black Elk's narration follows these actions with a sort of sparse eloquent poetry. He mourns even as he speaks, and most of the book comes from the dislocation the indians suffered when they were removed from their natural cosmos. Once the indians lived round teepees. As Black Elk says this reflected a natural world, cyclical movements—'birds make their nests in circles, for theirs is the same religion as ours'. After their defeat, indians are made to live in square huts, even though 'it is a bad way to live, for there can be no power in a square.'

The narration is framed round Black Elks visions, which he talks about in detail, realising even as he talks about them he is losing them, and his power. His vision first occurred to him when he was nine years old, and most of the book is concerned with his inability to use the power of these visions correctly, and his consequent unhappiness. He frequently says that a man who has never envisioned anything in his life has more use than a man who has, but fails to manifest the knowledge of these visions. By the time the book was recorded Black Elk is an old man sitting in a square hut on an indian reservation. While he never admits his failure in so many words, its weight is implicit in his narration. He is essentially an old man getting ready for death. ('You see me now a pitiful old man . . . there is no centre any longer . . . the sacred tree is dead.')

The book is run through with qualities of poetry, and philosophy. Names have a clumsiness which is a comment itself on language—*Refuse-To-Go*, *White Cow Sees*, *Moon of the Falling Leaves* (December); and *Crazy Horse*, rather than being a naked savage, is a man who saw in a vision all the things of the world were 'made of spirit, and nothing was hard, and everything seemed to float.' He saw all real things of this world as shadows cast out from a realer world. It

## MAGGIE'S FARM BENEFIT DANCE

# A FAIRY TALE FOR THE OLDER CHILD

Once upon a time, two penniless hippies decided to open a nightclub in Auckland. Not just any old nightclub, you understand, but one for our sort of people. Not just a place where you went to fill your head with rock, maybe pick up a bird, sat around listless and bored, danced cool and never spoke to anyone.

No! This place was going to be something special. A place where you went along and paid half the price of anywhere else to get in, the bands weren't interested in crowding the place with hoppers, and nobody cared that much if it made any money or not. A place where unknowns could get up and play and know that the audience would judge them on their merits and not on the number of hit singles they'd had.

And, "Hey, yeah we don't need to stick exclusively to music. People like the living Theatre Troupe could perform up there. And we could show lots of movies. And generally it'd be really great to have a place where people went along and met other people, and saw the sort of thing they wanted to see, and everyone would just sort of, you know, be happy together or something like that, if you know what I mean."

Then about ten months ago they found this fantastic place in Queen St, just up from the Town Hall.

"It's small, sure, but if we knocked down a few walls, it'd

probably be big enough, and if we really want to do it enough, we can get enough money to pay the rent from somewhere. . ."

So our two happy hippies took out the rent on 396 Queen St, and set out doing things with great vigour. To help pay the rent they got a couple of other guys to chip in. And, for a while, things were cool. But, you know how things go; a lot of people paying their rent shot through to Australia. Somebody broke in and ripped off all our tools, and things got pretty fucked up. Suddenly our two happy hippies had to face up to the fact that ideals cost a lot of money, and people don't like giving other people their money, which is fair enough if you look at it like that. However just as they were about to chuck it in, the whole scheme some nice people came along and gave them some moral reinforcement, lent them tools, and generally restored their faith in the project and humankind at large.

Which brings us up to date. They've got the enthusiasm, they've nearly finished all the building work, but they've run out of money. Money for plates, cups, etc. for cutlery, for sandwich toasters; for Zipheaters, for chairs, for lights; for the million and one other things you need money for.

So they're putting on a concert in the caf on Friday June 9. There's going to be five bands, and they're all going to be playing for free because they want to see the place opened. So, if you want to see the most happily ever after club Auckland has seen, come along at 8pm on Friday the 9th with ONLY 60 CENTS in your

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**MURRAY GRINDLEY'S CHOO CHOO:** Or, more aptly, Murray Grindley's Choo, because the other choo can't make it. You'll probably remember Murray as one-time lead singer with the Underdogs Blues Band (Sitting' In the Rain" days).

Also, Henry Jackson and a couple of others from last year's October have got together with some other prominent musicians to form a band playing music by Frank Zappa. They're still working on a suitable name, and a prize of three electric weazels will be given to the best suggestion on the night. Running out of room, so luv and kissiz, Andrew and Paul etc.

WOMEN'S SUF  
ZEALAND: Patric  
Auckland Unive  
\$5.25. Oxford U.F

In 1893, N.Z.  
through their own  
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Grimshaw maint  
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It offers a curiously penetrating comment to lay beside the papier mache creations of the american film circuit.

This book is interesting because of this poetry, and a (white) in a visionary edge. A polemical book on the plight of indians in America would be gauche beside Black Elk hides nothing for the simple reason he is incapable of imagining there are things which can be hid. Thus he talks with the white, or enemy, dead, and the not-so-dead. Corpses are dug up for the blankets they are buried in, and left to rot or given away as food. It is casual, custom-based violence. He shows the indians divided against themselves, some going over to the whitemen without any resistance, others remaining apart, yet attacking each other in a continuation of tribal conflicts. It is an interesting book. It can even be read.

g.h.

**WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE IN NEW ZEALAND: Patricia Grimshaw.** Auckland University Press, 1972, \$5.25. Oxford U.P.

In 1893, N.Z. women got the vote, through their own energy, enthusiasm, and hard work for what Patricia Grimshaw maintains they saw as essentially a feminist cause. She examines the campaign in detail, and puts forward plenty of evidence to alter the view first taken by Reeves and followed by other historians since, that "there was no genuine suffrage movement in New Zealand. All agitation for the vote had been carried out by teetotallers in their attempt to achieve prohibition, and the main

## WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE IN NEW ZEALAND



PATRICIA GRIMSHAW

motives behind the movement were 'ulterior' ". She sees the campaign for suffrage here as part of the world-wide feminist movement then taking place, and gives convincing proof for this theory.

Through an odd combination of factors, including the pioneer spirit still alive in the country then, the fluid political party structure, and the still small population (which made united efforts easier), the campaign was eventually successful. By the general election of 1893, 80% of adult women were on the electoral role, and 85% of those voted. And that was about as far as it went. As Grimshaw quotes W.S. O'Neill,

"Enfranchisement did not mark the beginning of women's real emancipation, but its end." Those who had battled for the removal of the legal and political barriers against women's freedom believed that their wider goal, the full acceptance of women as equals in society, would follow in its train.' We know better now. In many ways

our position has declined since those days; then, women 'constituted over half the number of university students in New Zealand;' now they make up less than 30%. Grimshaw looks tentatively to the present new phase of the movement to finish the task the suffragists started on with such high hopes, and which has lain half finished ever since. Her book does not always disentangle the complicated background to the 1893 Bill as clearly as it could, particularly where the political personalities are concerned, and they tend to remain a vague collection of names; but the manoeuvring of the male politicians is after all not her main focus. The book is on the whole competently and interestingly written, keeping to a format which while not exactly exciting is both rigorous enough to satisfy the historian and easily accessible to the general reader. There are too many annoying misprints, but the photographs and cartoons are excellent. The unchanging form of male opposition to the movement,

basically consisting of a barely concealed horror at the idea that a) women might invade the male world of power, and b) men might be forced to engage in the menial tasks hitherto done for them by women, is tediously familiar, and yet another indication of how far not only women, but men also, have failed to come since then.

Today the movement for 'women's rights' in New Zealand could well do with some of the impressive women, such as Katherine Wilson Sheppard, whom Grimshaw describes. But if such women could fight so courageously and well against what must often have seemed, even in New Zealand, overwhelming odds, and succeed only to such a limited extent, how can we hope to do very much better? To some extent, this is a very depressing book.

— ANNE ELSE



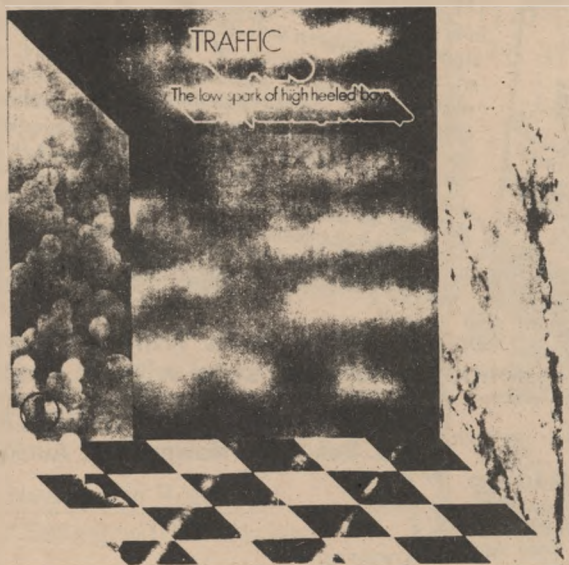
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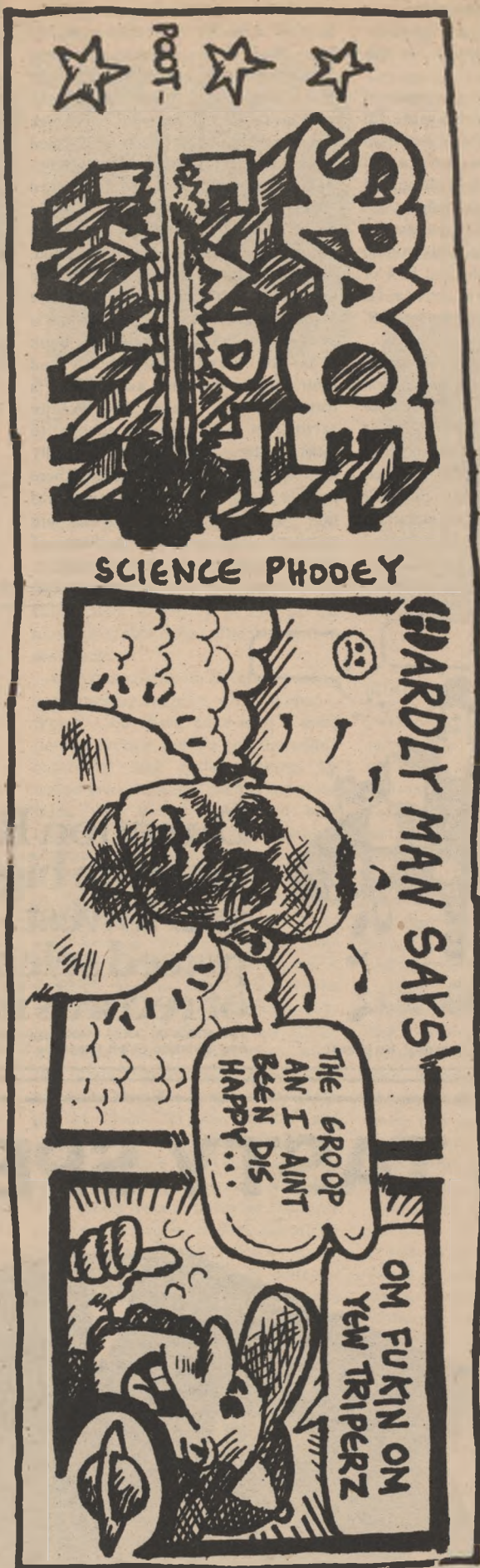
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# Out of my mind

## THE POLITICS OF INSECURITY

In which we are told to seek objects. Media, centred on marketing functions, taking Consumption as its divine overseer, taking profit and aggrandisement as its raison d'être, has created an horizon of unlimited consumption. How long can the human spirit strain to meet the horizon.

## THE OBLIGATION TO PERFECTION

1. You will seek to mould yourself in the image of Perfection as it is presented to you through the mass media.
2. You will not need to trouble yourself with your own identity if you embrace the gods we offer you (security).
3. If you experience anxiety and insufficiency through being less than Perfect, you can alleviate this through the consumption of our products.
4. We disclaim any responsibility for the anti-social acts such as rape, sexual deprivation, looting, rioting, vicious assault, which the effects of our media produce.
5. You may never achieve satisfaction or spiritual peace, but you must not question the basic principles which we hold as necessary.

While we consume the products of our own narcissism, (and its dark shadow, anxiety), we consume also our own SPIRIT.

The US spent \$20 billion on advertising last year.

We are also products of the things we seek to "correct".  
consumer products = conscious production of Desire  
= the creation of  
anxiety  
anxiety = unfulfilled desires  
= multiplicity of contrary desires  
= insecurity

If we create the means,  
we create the will. The  
creation of an object to be  
desired will create the  
necessary desire.

What is it that puts  
Patricia Bartlett and Women's Liberation in the  
same Category?

There goes ezy, ezy rider,  
Riding down the highway of desire.  
He said the free wind takes him higher,  
Trying to find his heaven above.  
But he's going to be loved.  
Dying to be loved.

How long  
Do You  
Think he's gonna last?  
See all the lovers say do what you please.  
Got to get the brothers together and the right to be free  
(Hendrix's "Ezy Rider")

What would happen if media,  
instead of directing our  
consciousness towards objects,  
directed it to a basic love and  
tolerance for all people?

# STUDENT-NURSES action

Over the last week, student nurses have been walking out of lectures — some times only fifty, sometimes the whole 200 have walked out in protest against the outdated system of nursing education as personified by their tutors, most of whom are not specially qualified in their subjects, and some of whom are not even qualified to teach.

In fact, only 29.7% of all nursing tutors in New Zealand have the minimum tutorial qualification, which is awarded after a nine-month post-graduate course which includes Education 1—supposedly fitting general nurses to teach.

The student nurses have probably the most primitive training of any qualified workers in New Zealand. For the first three months of their training, they attend full-time what is called the Introductory School. They are taught basics of psychology, sociology, microbiology and other related subjects, by people with no qualifications in these subjects other than what they were taught when they were in nursing school hundreds of years ago. They have on the average 15-25 lecture hours on each of these topics in the three months, and thirty hours on PROFESSIONAL RESPONSIBILITIES. This means ethics, call your friends, not by their christian name but NURSE So'n'so. In some introductory schools in the country, for example Middlemore, student nurses are fined for failing to do so. The rest of course, inevitably, is how to wash out bed pans, how to make beds, how to administer injections. They are taught THE only way permissible, there is no explanation, for example, of the rule that two nurses must be present when narcotics are to be administered to a patient; it is a rule and so therefore needs no explanation. Any nurse intelligent enough or brave enough to ask questions, is considered to be dumb, beneath a reply. Of course, this 'teaching' method breeds mistakes.

Having stuck out three months of kindergarten treatment, a student nurse still have no guarantee that he/she may be accepted for the rest of the training — the gods may believe him/her to be 'personally unacceptable.' This means if a student has not accepted/conformed/been quiet enough, if he/she has shown any initiative at all, he/she will probably not be accepted. The remaining 21 months of training is spent mainly in the wards, with a total of 8 months theory, spent in weekly bursts of study of the nervous system, the reproductive system, this system that system, as if there were inter-relation whatsoever. The only possible disfunctions are of course physical disfunctions — there is no mention of social medicine. Once again, qualified nurses are teaching subjects in which they rarely have specialist qualifications.

Occasionally, a doctor gives a lecture.

Because of this piecemeal learning system, the nurses cannot relate theory to practice. For example, it is quite common for a second year student nurse to be left in charge of a ward. If this ward is a urological ward, the nurse will have had no instruction

whatsoever in this field. Urology is not taught until the third year. Student nurses in the study blocks (which are usually in one week spans) sit continuously for eight hours a day being dictated to, and because they are being paid for attending lectures, pay will be deducted if they are not present. In their action of walking out of lectures, the nurses are loosing pay.

A while ago, nurses won the right to wear mufti to lectures. But even in the lecture setting, they are not allowed to address their friends except as Nurse So'n'so. The nurses at Middlemore Hospital are still wearing uniforms to lectures. So always, there is a barrier between the nurses and the tutor, as well as an artificial barrier between nurses.

In the canteen, the student nurses sit at one table, the qualified nurses sit at another, the doctors at yet another, and there is no interaction at all. Student nurses are trying to get away from their traditional role within the hospital. For example, no longer do they open doors for doctors as a duty. But even they are slow to change. In one ward at Auckland Public Hospital, there was a move to humanise patient-staff contact by having a type of group therapy, where patients and staff sat around and spoke to each other about their illnesses/reasons for being in hospital. At the beginning of each session, they would introduce themselves to each other. Come to the nurses. 'My name is Nurse So'n'so 'Don't you have a first name?' 'It's unprofessional for me to tell my name.'

The student nurses have had a lot of support from the medical profession in their walk-out of lectures — one lecturer actually told them that they would be foolish to stay and listen to the lecture. The New Zealand Medical Association has telegraphed support for their move. The other important reason for the mass walkouts was to publicise the fact the Government has made no moves towards implicating the findings of the Carpenter report, other than setting up committees to look into the matter — these committees have no date set for completion of their work. What the nurses want is for their training to be taken over by the education department. The Health Department is supposedly paying for their education at the moment, but in fact it is financed by scraps from the local hospital boards. They suggest that nurses physiotherapists, occupation therapists, doctors etc. all use the same buildings, facilities, and lecturers to provide a thoroughly integrated medical team system. At the moment, the doctors are the privileged and pompous gods, and the paramedical staff fight each other for status. We are entitled to feel safe in our medical treatment, confident in the specialised and FUNCTIONING TEAM treating us, just as the individual professions within that team framework is entitled to feel necessary and just as they must be ably qualified. This is especially important for nurses, who are probably the most neglected and dedicated people in the scheme.

## GAY WEEK ENDS

What happened? Did we achieve anything?

A planned sequence of events culminating in Queen's Birthday was witnessed enjoyed or suffered by (some of) the people of Auckland, and (most of) the members of G.L.F. Rather, at this stage, it would be wiser to relate than comment or review.

Monday's Guerilla Theatre met with 'grand success—despite a

The song which sold the most records in 1965 was the Rolling Stones "I Can't Get No Satisfaction."



From Kuhn shows that thought and progress organizes itself into paradigms (accritions of systematized thought). Paradigms are outgrown, crumble, and when this happens there is a period of competitive, free play until a new paradigm emerges. Our values and moral assumptions, through free media, free speech, free enterprise, are between paradigms — a period of competition and confusion.

What stream will replace the old disintegrating object-oriented paradigm? Can men embrace their fellows — instead of objects — in Love?

noisy quasi regal entourage descending upon a ritualistic karate demonstration in the quad. Chaos and disorder, then everything was worked out. Out on to the suburbs. A mixed response. But at least some response!

Tuesday's Talk-Back a non-event due to the inevitable but unpredictable vagueness of broadcasting and the powers that be (there). A sadly missed opportunity.

Wednesday—G.L.F. monopoly on Radio U, and a few unforgettable hours loitering legitimately outside 246 with 'I support G.L.F.—Ask me WHY' placards. Reactions, apart from "WHY?"

"The body is a sacred temple of Jesus. One must not despoil it." "Oooh! Dirty pervert! If my daughter ever did anything like that..."

"Right on! When's that next meeting." "A good root will put you right, love!" "How interesting—my hairdresser's one you know."

A diarrhetic monologue from them on the spectrum of gay stereotypes. Much sympathy, little tolerance and even less respect. Success?

Thursday—Socialist Action Militant Forum—more preaching, but not only to the converted.

Following day—Friday—saw the greatest highlight—a very Gay dance and lush up; one of the few cafeteria functions in which people were actually animatedly with the music rather than swaying groggily and merely listening. And a gay time was had by all.

Saturday—and a Teach-in on homosexuality. Subjects included 'homosexuality and the law', a learned exergis by Frank Haig, (with thanks), Peter Whale's very impressive account on Gay life and counselling. Plus a few others—Rev. Morris Russel, a radical reverend's view; me, exonerating the usual; Allen Frazer, on the relevance of psychiatry; and Henry Heald, a sociologist's viewpoint. All chaired very admirably by Bill Smith, Esq.

And now — what?

—NGAHUIA VOLKERLING

## YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

The Captain of Alert II who took a party of over forty young people to Great Barrier Island last September to look at some land, nearly lost his boat and the passengers on the rocks beneath Tiri II lighthouse through absolute negligence towards his responsibilities, and incompetence.

After drinking all day and ignoring a gale force wind weather report, he mis-read (or was unable to read) warning light signals and in high seas floundered around the dangerous rocks near Shag Rock. Only by one of the party taking over from the bridge and directing of the boat from the rocks and others clinging to the railings looking out for immediate rock dangers, was the disaster averted. The Alert had inadequate navigation gear, life-saving equipment for eight people only, and no marine survey. The police launch Deodar escorted the Alert back into port. The case came up on Monday 29th May. The fine after all this was \$250. The result needless to say was not reported in either daily papers. Equate this with the heavy fines for being in possession of cannabis, and the loss of license if found drunk in charge of a car.

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