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29 JUN 1972
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Craccum

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Thursday 29th June, 1972
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PARTICIPATORY DEMOCRACY

BOB LACK ON THE PROPOSED NEW CONSTITUTION

Over the last couple of weeks you may have heard various derisive and slightly obscure references to "Bob Lack's Proposed Constitution". Since you will shortly be asked to vote on it, here's the guts — you can get a copy of the document itself from the Association office. It is the result of about six months of discussions between Stephen Chan, Bruce Kirkland and myself, our readings of the rules of about a dozen Australasian Associations and our beliefs that the present Association structure does not provide for the representation of the students as a whole, that student politics does not have to be a strict aping of the national establishment and that the Association could live up to its long held claim to be a "viable welfare organisation and socio-political pressure group within the community at both national and local level."

Our proposals are in two basic parts, the first being an overhaul of the Executive system: at present there are fifteen separate portfolios elected individually with the usual result of four competent experienced people contesting one position and at least seven other members elected unopposed (including about three who stood for a joke without knowing what was involved). This system was designed when the Association had no employees and all its work was done through or by the individual

portfolio holders: for such a situation it may have been satisfactory, but we now employ over fifty people and the vast majority of Executive decisions are of a general rather than a specific (portfolio based) nature. Hence we propose that apart from the President and Treasurer the Executive members should be elected as such by taking the most successful candidates in one open election. This would mean that each Exec member would have large measure of student support as an Exec member and not just as (say) a Capping Controller, and it would of course eliminate unopposed elections.

We also propose to reduce the size of the Executive — with our numerous employees there is no longer any need for a fifteen man Exec to spread the workload, and that many people can't sing in harmony let alone work that way — we believe the present system guarantees an Executive that will spend most of the time fighting amongst themselves to the detriment of the Association. The objection to an Exec small enough to work together is of course that it might decide to take over the place: there is no danger of this financially with our present accounting system, and politically we believe this objection is met by the second part of our proposal, to overhaul the policy-making apparatus of the Association. At present policy is decided by a 60 member

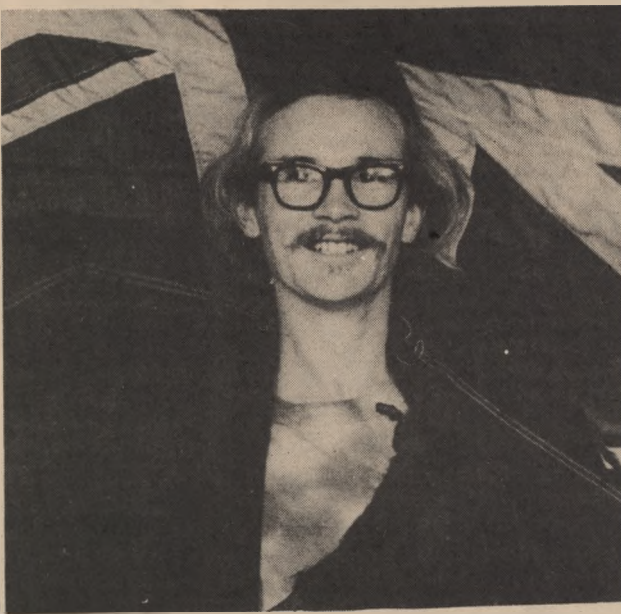
"elected" Student Representative Council, with General Meetings of the Association (quorum 50) as necessary. This years SRC is shewing signs of doing a little constructive work (for the first time in years) but it can in no way claim to be representative of student opinion simply because none of its members are in any way responsible to anyone for how they vote. General Meetings are invariably badly advertised, are usually held in obscure lecture theatres and are often at night. We propose that this system should be scrapped and that all policy decisions should be made directly by the students through General Meetings held at lunchtime in the quad to which the Executive must report at least weekly — we have of course included proper safeguards to ensure that any substantial item for discussion must be properly advertised first. By holding meetings at lunchtime in the quad you are guaranteed an attendance of at least a thousand, which can properly claim to be representative, but recognising that some Association business may still have to be transacted at night we have specified a quorum of three hundred which would effectively prevent the "stacking" which has occurred in the past (except perhaps for the Engineers, but they sadly seem to have lost the inclination).

(Continued on next Page)

(Continued from previous page)

I'd like to reply briefly to a few objections I have heard: "We need an Executive to decide trivial matters" — Of course, that's why we have retained one, but we also need an Executive so constructed that it has a chance of doing something more than deciding "trivial matters" and fighting amongst itself — like trying to enact the policies adopted by the students in General Meeting, and building this Association into an effective representative of student opinion. : "It will result in government by the loudest voice" — We think not, that is practically what we've got at the moment, the "politician" who can build the best image is the one who must be right — the Craccum debate was a fine example where nearly all speakers ignored the facts and tried to gain votes with emotional rubbish (though I must in fairness admit that the Muccrac was pretty accurate). We certainly agree that to work properly our proposal would need an increased level of student interest and awareness. "But the students aren't interested" — Bullshit! The students *are* interested: they keep coming to Forum, they vote in elections, they even pay their \$24 without too many complaints, all in the hope that it might do some good. That there is a general lack of interest in General Meetings and the SRC only indicates that these meetings achieve nothing and are seen to achieve nothing. We are convinced that when the power in this Association is handed to the students they will respond and use it responsibly in their own best

interests. The fact that those best interests may not coincide with the interests of the established student politicians, or even the established "rebels" is irrelevant.



"But the students don't have the knowledge" — No, because the Exec meets late at night in a mahogany room and decides for itself not only which General

Meeting decisions shall be adopted and which ignored, but also what shall and what shall not be referred to the students. An efficient "Parliamentary Reporter" is not enough — there must also be an easy and immediate method for any student to publicly question any decision of the Executive. Also I regret to say that students don't have the knowledge because Executives (as such, not just the present one) are willing to mislead us and even lie to us to maintain their control.

We are not pretending our proposals will revolutionise the place overnight — to be totally effective they will require an increased involvement by all students, an honest Executive who want to make them work and the continuation of a reliable independent newspaper. We believe that each of these is also necessary if the Association is going to achieve its aim of speaking and acting with authority for all students. We also believe that a system such as we have outlined will encourage the development of these features, and that each of them is an embarrassment to the present system.

We don't know whether it will work or not — similar schemes seem to be doing okay in Monash and Victoria — but we believe it can work and will work if you are prepared to make the effort, and that the potential benefits make the effort worthwhile. I suppose it may seem a frivolous note to end on, but in all seriousness, why not try it? — it couldn't be any worse than what we've got, and it could be enormously better.

— BOB LACK

FROM THE PROPOSED NEW CONSTITUTION

GENERAL MEETINGS

10.

- (ii) A General Meeting will be held at least fortnightly during term, the time and place of such meeting to be fixed by the previous General Meeting. Each meeting shall receive a report from the President and may discuss any matter raised by any member.
- (iii) A Special General Meeting may be called to discuss any specified subject at any time during term by the Executive or by a General Meeting or by a petition of at least fifty (50) students.
- (iv) "On receipt during term of a petition signed by at least twenty (20) students requesting a special General Meeting to discuss any specified subject the Secretary shall call such a meeting, this to be held within three (3) days of receipt of the petition."

- 11. (i) "Any resolution passed by a General Meeting in accordance with these Rules shall be binding on the Association, the Executive and the Association's Officers and employees **SAVE THAT** outside the Academic Year the Executive may suspend any General Meeting resolution and act in contravention of it **PROVIDED** that any such action on the part of the Executive must be referred to a General Meeting within two (2) weeks of the recommencement of term."
- (ii) Outside the Academic Year these policy-making powers shall rest in the Executive.
- (iii) Any decision of a General Meeting shall be binding on the Association, the Executive and the Association's Officers and employees.
- (iv) The following matters may be discussed at a General Meeting only if at least seven (7) days notice of the meeting and the topic has been given.
 - a) Any proposed amendment to this Constitution.
 - b) Any motion to remove from office any person elected or appointed under this constitution.

- 12. (i) Each General Meeting shall elect its own Chairman from among those present, any member acting as Chairman for this purpose.
- (ii) The Chairman shall have complete control over the meeting and settle any dispute as he sees fit **PROVIDED** that any member may at any time move a motion of no confidence in the Chairman and such motion shall have precedence over any other matter then under discussion and shall be resolved before the meeting proceeds to any other business.
- (iii) The quorum necessary for a General Meeting to commence or continue shall be three hundred (300) members present.

FREE UNIVERSITY

Tuesday 11th July.
AUTHORITY AND THE COMPUTER.
Opening Speakers: Graham White, Nick Gurr.
Our aim is to underline the danger inherent in the fact that both the computer and the top products of Behavioural Operant Psychology are being used

extensively by big business and authoritarian groups to obtain a compliant conditioned society. On the other hand the use of the above as tools as to aid individual orientation in society on a contributory authority (demoncratic) basis is virtually nil.



It's heartening to be around when the "apathetic students" phrases are only cliches. Students supported Muccrac and the temporarily deposed Craccum editors with such decisiveness that all the old Craccum ideals seemed to be coming true. Remember way back to March when Heather wrote her plea for student involvement? Remember the signs of panic among the bureaucrats at the sight of Clifton, McInnes and Shadbolt? When Tiny Tim left, not with a bang but a whimper, it looked as if Heather and Gordon would be easy to dislodge. However, Presidential aspirant Russell Bartlett made it clear that he was mainly concerned to get rid of Heather. Barty the Brave rides again!

From the attempted railroading rose Muccrac and Jean-Baptiste Piggin. The paper the executives had feared all year didn't arrive until the editors were sacked. Both the Piggin issue of Craccum and the renegade Muccrac humiliated the executive. The sackings, as Piggin wrote, were hasty and clumsy. He was being unduly kind to call it a "tragic mistake" — they were a tactically pathetic attempt at a political assassination. Most people should know by now the "reasons" for the sackings had not been checked and were largely based on incorrect evidence or lies. But Piggin's fairness made the exec. look worse, and he convinced many people that Gordon and Heather had the integrity and ability to deserve reinstatement.

I was amazed at the depth of support for Gordon and Heather. The Muccrac Collective at no stage thought that almost all of its poorly printed Muccracs would attract donations. In the two

hours I was acting as a pusher, I received \$16, & at least 80% of the students I met took a copy & made a donation. Altogether, the donations totalled \$75, which paid for the printing and indicated that executive pressure on Craccum can be answered by an independent publication. Students are willing to act on a principle. They are not as easy to push around as exec members must have imagined.

Generally, I can only see the university as an extension of a crapped-out money system — a grandiose employment agency where free enterprise is god and free speech is dead. But obviously students can speak and act for themselves. It is all very hopeful. Students may even realise that they have the power to make the university a good place.

JOHN MILNE

To all those people who helped MUCCRAC with donations, thanks a lot, and here's an approximate costing so you can see how the money was used. It can only be approximate as we have not yet received the bills for some aspects of the work.

Typesetting (labour only - no charge)	-
Negatives	9.00
Plates (Materials and Exposures)	6.00
Paper	20.00
Printing (Mechanical costs, ink etc)	15.00
	\$ 50.00
Donations totalled	\$ 75.00
Total to be shared between the two editors (not paid for Craccum Issue 14), John Miller (not paid for Issue 14), Paul Carew, Kepa Pou and John Milne	25.00
Thus for a week's work, each person receives approximately	4.16

Get your own

University Cuff Links

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from the Great Supply at

UBS

NOW

Dear Heather

Can you omitted from about the on to be unders, thanks for th been doing a

LOOPHO

Dear Sir,

In a recent by Mr Anthony Law, wherein I deal with speci tax-free capital This statem fact that Mr N axation and e finance whethr asked the Minis

"How man prosecuted Tax Act 19 on "all pr disposition for the pu punishment The Minister re "The secti provisions income. It are taken. I "none."

The Courts no capital, such proper within the pattern of the property Generally, in pursuing clear cut ca Nevertheless continually transfers to instances of from subdiv Should, ho prosecution Act, for wil property de I feel I need question: Did the existence speculators hav Yours faith

Sir,

Permit me Affairs Office Craccum, Issu Medical Aid C has hardened committed ag Cambodia. It knows the fa against the V NOT END as the invaders. Colleen Fo 1971. Up to through our worth of mea considerably o

Dear Sir,—

I am writin me. After givi that I want to I was born in January, 19 In trying to New Zealand



Dear Heather and Gordon,

Can you please find space to mention one fact omitted from the recent Craccum debate? Namely that about the only items in the current Association budget to be underspent are Handbook and Craccum, and that thanks for these must go directly to Paul Carew who has been doing a marvellous job under extreme provocation.

Love,
BOB LACK.

LOOPHOLES FOR LAND SPECULATORS

Dear Sir,

In a recent issue of "Craccum" you published a short letter by Mr Anthony P. Molloy, a part-time lecturer in the Faculty of Law, wherein he stated that there was legislation sufficient to deal with speculators in real estate because they were making tax-free capital gain.

This statement astonished me. Nevertheless, accepting the fact that Mr Molloy was a lecturer in law who specialised in taxation and estate planning, I decided to ask the Minister of Finance whether what Mr Molloy stated was true. On 15 June I asked the Minister of Finance:

"How many people over the past five years have been prosecuted under section 88 (1) (c) of the Land and Income Tax Act 1954 which provides that every person must pay tax on 'all profits or gains derived from the sale or other disposition of . . . property . . . if the property was acquired for the purpose of selling . . . it . . .,' and what were the punishments imposed?"

The Minister replied:

"The section referred to is part of the general income provisions of the Tax Act categorising what is assessable income. It is not one under which prosecution proceedings are taken. Therefore the answer to the Member's question is 'none'."

The Courts in New Zealand have made it clear that as there is no capital gains tax in this country then profits on sales of such property as shares or land will not be viewed as coming within the section unless there is an established and clear pattern of dealing or the circumstances leave no doubt that the property was acquired for more or less immediate resale.

Generally, therefore, Inland Revenue has been unsuccessful in pursuing assessment of profits on property sales in all but clear cut cases.

Nevertheless, it is a function of all senior inspectors to continually look for these patterns particularly of land transfers to see if the section can be applied. There are many instances of land developers' returns being assessed on profits from subdivisions and other property deals.

Should, however, the Member be referring to the numbers of prosecutions taken under the general penal provisions of the Act, for wilful evasion of tax involving assessable profit from property dealing, the answer again is "none".

I feel I need add little more except to ask Mr Molloy one question: Did he know that the Minister's reply would indicate the existence of a giant loophole through which all land speculators have been able to leap, and if not, why not?

Yours faithfully,

Jonathan Hunt
M.P. for New Lynn

Sir,

Permit me to congratulate Colleen Foley, International Affairs Officer, for her statement, "Change our Policy" in Craccum, Issue 12. It corresponds to the thinking of the N.Z. Medical Aid Committee, NLF areas, and its supporters, which has hardened over the years since the US and her allies committed aggression against Vietnam and latterly, Laos and Cambodia. It is surely obvious to any objective observer who knows the facts, that the war of aggression being conducted against the Vietnamese people—and now, all Indo-China—will NOT END as long as there is a man or woman left alive, to fight the invaders.

Colleen Foley's figure of \$1,770.00 was for part of the year 1971. Up to date the New Zealand people have provided, through our British counterpart, approximately \$15,000.00 worth of medical supplies. Support for our cause has increased considerably over the last five months.

Yours etc.,
(W. Jermyn)
CHAIRMAN

27 Blythwood Flats,
Cnr Willis St-Aro St,
Wellington, New Zealand.

Dear Sir,—

I am writing to you about something that is very important to me. After giving the matter considerable thought I have decided that I want to become a world citizen.

I was born in The Hague, Holland, on February 2, 1950, and in January, 1971, I emigrated to New Zealand.

In trying to decide whether or not to become a naturalised New Zealander, it occurred to me that to change my allegiance

from Holland to New Zealand was meaningless for me. I do not want to be considered a Dutchman, nor do I want to be called a New Zealander, but I would like to be officially recognised as a citizen of the world.

I realise that at the present time it is not possible to register as such and I am writing to suggest that a bureau be set up where those who wish it can lodge their applications for world citizenship.

Nationalism through the centuries has produced war, famine and misery. The Second World War is a clear example of the consequences of unbridled nationalism. At the present the peace of the world is continually threatened by nationalistic tensions in the Middle East and in Vietnam.

A few people with whom I have discussed this matter of world citizenship have raised the objection that in abolishing nationalism those things which are valuable in our different cultures would also be destroyed.

However, I believe that if many people join in a movement for world citizenship, national rivalries will gradually lose their meaning and a well-established and lasting world peace will come into existence, with its opportunities for a new and probably beautiful culture.

I hope that in my lifetime the name United Nations Organisation will be altered to the Organisation of the United People.

People are requested to send their suggestions, objections, comments or support to my address in order to give my idea a concrete form, for I intend to send a petition to the United Nations after having gained sufficient support.

Yours faithfully,
PAUL J. BOUWMAN.

Dear Sir,

A lot has been said over the years about language being included as a compulsory part of Stage 1 English. So I'm saying it all again.

Literature tutors will tell you some of their students fail the whole course just through the incapability of understanding the scientific operation on words.

But what students are bitching about is not that they find the course impossible but that it is in fact compulsory. If people want to do transformations then let them, but for Christ's sake offer it as an option to the student.

Now at the moment this is the opinion of 100% of students I have talked to about this (about four), which is not enough opinion to get the bastards to change their fucking course, so what I'm calling for is authorised student opinion, so that when we have a faculty meeting we can put forward that say 70% or whatever are at present against compulsory language and want a change. So what I want everyone to do is to keep a thumb on their class reps because if more and more people get up and say nasty words about Language, then they will be forced to hold a meeting in B 28 at 1pm someday in a week or two.

Love,
Rowan Keith

Sir,

I agree with NZUSA's opposition to racism on an international scale but feel uncomfortable about a certain corner of the association's own backyard. NZUSA and at least one of the constituent associations (VUWSA) offer life assurance services which discriminate against Polynesians. Maoris and Islanders are expected to pay higher premiums than Pakehas in an equivalent or even inferior state of health, because these two groups of people have shorter life expectancies.

If life assurance is based on anything other than assessment of health and life prospects on an individual basis some kind of stereotyping, be it statistically contrived or not, is being brought into play. In this case the stereotyping is one of race and therefore to call the assurance companies, NZUSA and VUWSA racist is justifiable.

To have Polynesian ancestry undoubtedly alters the probabilities of certain genes but to equate this, as the assurances companies do, with disease is unwholesome and unacceptable to the majority of university students, if not New Zealanders in general. It also neglects the fact that shorter life expectancies are related to lower standards of living and other socio-economic factors.

Sincerely,
Paul Burns.

"Craccum" (June 15th) presented a very one-sided viewpoint on the Indo-China War, and neglected, or rather refused, to recognize some OTHER facts about the conflict.

1. The North-Vietnamese themselves have blatantly invaded neighbouring Thailand and Laos. They conscript labour from the countryside by Press-Gang Tactics subject the inhabitants to a regime which is both harsh and totalitarian and do it in a manner identical to the Fascist tactics of Nazi Germany during the early years of World War II. Yet it is the Americans and their allies that are branded as FASCIST PIGS — your contributors to your magazine happily ignore this.

2. Numerous examples have been cited of Communist troops being chained to their tanks and guns — if they believe in their cause, as your magazine suggests they would fight willingly and not need any such "Persuasion." Does this magazine honestly support this violation of Human Rights which it so vigorously advocates is the right of all? The opportunity for FREE SPEECH is not the exclusive right of Demonstrators.

3. Only the very naive will believe that the withdrawal of Allied troops will stop this War — Saigon would be a suburb of Hanoi within hours of such an event: OCCUPATION will be permanent, and the



"He was conscious of a strange figure sitting on the inkstand."

DEMOCRACY your paper demands for all will not be given a moment's thought.

4. Replacing the present South Vietnamese Government by a Communist dictatorship will result in inevitable repercussions. Just remember that any traces of the Dubcek era in Czechoslovakia were immediately purged when the Russians invaded. I dare not imagine what the relatively unsophisticated North-Vietnamese will do once they gain power. On one hand, "Peace"-marchers vehemently denounced the Russian invasion, yet now virtually advocate an identical occurrence for South-Vietnam.

Too often this magazine gives a heavily biased viewpoint on this and other major issues failing to present any form of balanced criticism. Lord Nelson could turn a blind eye to events and it appears that "Craccum" has adopted this habit in neglecting OTHER equally VITAL facts—such an unbalanced approach is synonymous with HYPOCRISY.

So, I challenge you and your paper to devote some small space to this alternative Student point of view in your next issue, and convince at least me that there is nothing to fear by a rapid American withdrawal.

— A. RUTHERFORD.

Dear Sir,

I am a Law student and wondering why. I once hoped that law school might attract or arouse young people who were not prepared to believe that there was equality before the law or that a law degree was simply a licence to make money by advising rich clients to get richer. It seems that those students attracted to the law tend to be naturally conservative, rule oriented with a flair for mental gymnastics. I once hoped that there might be law graduates who did not want to become company or real estate lawyers and who might be prepared to make a real economic sacrifice and open law offices in the slums or the ghettos, taking the law to the poor, advising them on hire purchase contracts, landlord and tenant law and offering advice in marshalling community action to aid welfare recipients and pensioners, organising tenants strikes, forming consumer action groups and fighting racial discrimination in housing, job applications, etc.

In the law school itself, the teachers are often still teaching law exclusively from appellate court decisions which has an air of unreality about it, because much of this knowledge may be useful to eminent counsel but has little relevance to the situations which a young lawyer is likely to (or wants to) encounter in everyday practice. We have 4th and 5th year students working in offices providing a cheap labour force and perpetuating the static habits and traditions of the legal profession.

There is no indication that the law school sees its role as one of law reform but rather as training lawyers to perpetuate the system rather than change it. There seems little hope of changing this view so long as law students are only interested in making money from company or tax law, so long as the profession dictates the terms of legal education, so long as the legal profession prohibits students from appearing even in the lower courts and so long as the students themselves are prepared to be tools of the system for their own material advancement. Lawyer like to talk glibly of the majesty of the common law, of the glorious heritage of freedom and justice dating back to Magna Carta and of equality before the law. When law students finally realise that this is mostly rhetoric, then we can expect legal change and some groping toward social justice.

As for myself I am trying to decide whether it takes more guts to throw it all in or to keep going and see if this ship of fools called the Law Faculty can't be attacked from the top.

Harvey J. Wilson

Dear Sir,

The copy of Gardiner's Egyptian Grammar that is kept in room 004 of the old Arts Building has gone missing, could you please help us find it? It was last seen on Wednesday of the last week of the first term at 2pm. As this large volume is of no use to anyone else but Stage 2 Ancient History students we would welcome it's return. We realize that any student interested in things ancient may have accidentally removed it, having become engrossed in the mysteries that are revealed in this tome. We Egyptologists are concerned for the welfare of this book. Would anyone knowings the whereabouts of Gardiner's Egyptian Grammar please return it to room 004, or contact Mr Cowlin (office in the back of the Lower Lecture Theatre) or the Ancient History Stage 2 rep., Alan Walmsley.

Yours sincerely,
Bronwen Mason — on behalf of Stage 2
Ancient History, Egyptian option.

NOTICE NAUSEA

CANDIDATES FOR POSITIONS OF PRESIDENT, ADMINISTRATIVE VICE PRESIDENT, & WELFARE VICE PRESIDENT

NOTE: There has been no nomination received for the position of Treasurer.

PRESIDENT

NGAHUIA VOLKERLING
Nominated R.W. Lack
Seconded Stephen Chan
Kaye A. Turner

PETER ROTHERHAM
Nominated Matthew Robson
Seconded Brigid Mulrennan
Wayne Laird

RUSSELL BARTLETT
Nominated B. Kirkland
Seconded L.H. Chan
Clare Ward

WELFARE VICE PRESIDENT

ROBERT LACK
Nominated Stephen Chan
Seconded Ngahuia Volkerling
Kaye A. Turner

DAVID HOPKINSON
Nominated Brent McConachy
Seconded Russell Bartlett
Richard Gyde

ADMINISTRATIVE VICE PRESIDENT

STEPHEN CHAN
Nominated R.W. Lack
Seconded Ngahuia Volkerling
Kaye A. Turner

GEORGE MYALLS
Nominated Larry J. Summerville
Seconded Mike Major
David Hopkinson

NEIL NEWMAN
Nominated Brent McConachy
Seconded Ross Sellwood
Andrew Gough

PETER VERNER
Nominated P.C. Rotherham
Seconded Ian Westbrooke
S.J. Hoare

APPLICATIONS ARE CALLED FOR THE FOLLOWING POSITIONS

- 2 positions for the Craccum Administration Board.
- 1 position for the Union Management Committee.
- 1 position for Senate.

These applications close at 5.00 p.m. on Thursday, 13th July.

The successful applicants will be appointed by SRC on that night.

HOUSING

- (1) Studass has some money
- (2) Money devalues
- (3) Property does not

There are a group of us who would like to see this money invested in houses for students to live in. The rents could be fair and would pay the mortgages. We would like to buy houses close to variety and gradually accumulate several adjacent properties so that when several generations of students have lived in and left them the land can be cleared and student villages, or flats of whatever is wanted and needed can be built.

To do all this we need -

- * People to see houses and check that they are habitable.
- * People who can arrange finance and can tell a good buy when they see it.

If interested see Clare Ward - Contact Office next to UBS.

CONTACT

next door to UBS
Can help with almost any problem and if it cannot will find someone who can.

FOOD CO-OP

Thursdays 12 - 2.30pm Quad.
Come and buy and help
If you know where to buy cheap food or can lay your hands on some cheap scales come and tell us or tell it to CONTACT

PETITION

(To Free Rod Davis at Studass Office)
(Information at CONTACT)

WANTED

a student or group of students to entertain some old people mid July.



ARTS FESTIVAL: BILLETING:

As you are aware, Arts Festival is a New Zealand Universities event. We are expecting a good proportion of those attending to come from out-of-Auckland. This leads to a little problem. We will probably have 3,000 students to house. The organisers will follow precedent in basing their accommodation problems on a billeting system. There are no plans for student villages as the consequences would be impractical in an inner-city situation.

Having decided on the strategy, we must now appeal to all students to offer their houses, homes, flats, whatever to accommodate the expected number of people in August. The dates are August 20 - 26 which is the middle week of the August vacation. You will be expected to provide floorspace only. There is no obligation to feed or entertain visitors although this may be arranged in your own way.

For your information, a sleeping space is approximately 6' x 4'. On this basis you are likely to get 12-14 people in the average room. It is essential to think in terms such as this if we are to make up the numbers.

From past experience, Arts Festival has not wholly been the scheduled programme. Rather it was the fact that you lived with 9 other people in a room, blew a few joints and talked all night. The organisers would appreciate your immediate response in this matter.

Particulars can be left in the books at:

- (a) the Contact Office
- (b) Students' Association Office
- (c) Arts Festival Office or by contacting
Clare Ward 78-047
Brent McConachy 73-982
Sue James 83-204

WANTED URGENTLY!

For the production of SEXUS, a mixed media event (not happening!) in Arts Festival, ONE STAGE MANAGER, EXPERIENCED IF POSSIBLE. Also required, ONE LIGHTING OPERATOR, experience not as essential as a good sense of theatre.

JACK BODY

Barry Humphries IS coming to Arts Festival!

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETINGS

IN QUAD OR B28 IF WET

Tues. 11th July to discuss AUSA policy on equal pay for staff.

Wednesday 12th July to discuss proposed new constitution of AUSA.

Thursday 13th July to discuss policy on the amalgamation of NZUSA and STANZ.

The Students Representative Council requires a Secretary to record minutes (no typing required) because under the constitution no SRC member may be Secretary. Fortnightly on Thursday nights. We need you. See Miss Macky at the Stud Ass Office.

A MEETING HAS BEEN CALLED IN B28 ON THURSDAY 29 JUNE, AT 1 P.M. TO CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING MATTER:

THAT \$5,000.00 be donated to the Vietnam Medical Aid Appeal

Margery Macky,
ASSOCIATION SECRETARY

STUDENT AID

There are 10,000 of us here. For many of us contact with the rest of Auckland and our knowledge of those with difficulties is limited. Some of us are pretty much engrossed in getting a degree.

With the aim of encouraging students to think about other people in Auckland we talked to a lot of people already working in groups and visiting hospitals, prisons, childrens' homes and orphanages. Pretty soon it became evident that we didn't need to set up societies of our own. We heard stories that sounded melodramatic. Most times they were true.

For instance Eusthenasia is most definitely frowned on by society, but putting old people into homes until they die is apparently acceptable.

How can a person, mobile or immobile live out the rest of his life in one of these homes? Some have neither relatives nor friends and consequently have no visitors and restricted contact with other people.

It is no exaggeration that there are a lot of people around who need and want assistance and help and someone to know. What we would like you to do is to think about your position and see if you cannot go part of the way to filling in the big gap.

There are loads of different things you can do depending on the kind of time commitment you can fulfil, for example as part of a group you can provide one night's entertainment, you can write letters, you can take up hospital or prison visiting on a weekly or fortnightly basis, you can spend an afternoon taking kids out. You can choose the kind of institution you want to be involved in. If you can help with secretarial work or driving you will also be particularly useful.

Perhaps you aren't sure how to go about visiting or helping. We have information about places such as:-

OAKLEY HOSPITAL:

Games evening: table-tennis, badminton, and indoor bowls.
Visiting: ward visiting
Entertainment: anything you can provide.
(Expatriates society entertainment also).

CORNWALL GERIATRIC HOSPITAL:

Visiting: Ward visiting
Entertainment: anything you can provide

PAREMOREMO

Visiting: (one to one), Entertainment, Reform, Letter Writing
Howard Reform League:
Prisoners' Aid and Rehabilitation Society
Ponsonby Panthers
Students for Prisoners' Aid

MANGERE INTELLECTUALLY HANDICAPPED CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL:

Being available to look after the children on various group outings. Entertainment:

MT. EDEN

Visiting: Group visiting - basketball
Maori Culture Group
Prisoners' Aid and Rehabilitation Society.

If you want to help or just want further information you can ask at Contact (next door to the University Bookshop.)

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SURVIVAL

"The principal defect of the industrial way of life with its ethos of expansion is that it is not sustainable. Its termination within the lifetime of someone born today is inevitable — unless it continues to be sustained for a while longer by an entrenched minority at the cost of imposing great suffering on the rest of mankind. We can be certain, however that sooner or later it will end (only the precise time and circumstances are in doubt), and that it will do so in one of two ways: either against our will, in a succession of famines, epidemics, social crises and wars; or because we want it to — because we wish to create a society which will not impose hardship and cruelty upon our children — in a succession of thoughtful, humane and measured changes."

"Radical change is both necessary and inevitable because the present increase in human numbers and 'per capita' consumption, by disrupting ecosystems and depleting resources, are undermining the very foundations of survival. At present the world population of 3,600 million is increasing by 2 per cent per year."

"The combination of human numbers and 'per capita' consumption has a considerable impact on the environment, in terms of both the resources we take from it and the pollutants we impose on it."

"...consumption in the developed countries is higher even with their smaller share of the population, their consumption may well represent over 80 per cent of the world total."

"There is no sign that an eventual end to economic growth is envisaged, and indeed industrial economies appear to break down if growth ceases or even slows, however high the absolute level of consumption."

"Indefinite growth of whatever type cannot be sustained by 'finite' resources. This is the nub of the environmental predicament. It is still less possible to maintain indefinite 'exponential' growth."

"The environmental predicament has come upon us so suddenly its solution requires urgent and radical measures, many of which run counter to values which, in our industrial society we have been taught to regard as fundamental."

"We depend for our survival on the predictability of ecological processes."

"Unfortunately, we behave as if we knew nothing of the environment and had no conception of its predictability."

"...We tremble over our wheatfields and cabbage patches with a desperate battery of synthetic chemicals, in an absurd attempt to impede the operation of the immutable 'law' we have just mentioned — that all ecosystems tend towards stability, therefore diversity and complexity, therefore a growing number of different plant and animal species until a climax or optimal condition is achieved. If we were clever, we would recognise that successful longterm agriculture demands the achievement of an artificial climax, an imitation of the pre-existing ecosystem, so that the level of unwanted species could be controlled by those that did no harm to the crop-plants."

"Instead we have put our money on pesticides,"

"We know, however, that the combined effects of pollution and habitat destruction menace the survival of no less than 280 mammal, 350 bird, and 20,000 plant species. To those who regret these losses but greet them with the comment that the survival of 'Homo sapiens' is surely more important than that of an eagle or a primrose, we repeat that 'Homo sapiens' himself depends on the continued resilience of those ecological network of which eagles and primroses are integral parts. We do not need to utterly destroy the ecosphere to bring catastrophe upon ourselves: all we have to do is to carry on as we are, clearing forests, 'reclaiming' wetlands, and imposing sufficient quantities of pesticides, radioactive materials, plastics, sewage, and industrial wastes upon our air, water, and land systems to make them inhospitable to the species on which their continued stability and integrity depend."

"By now it should be clear that the main problems of the environment do not arise from temporary and accidental malfunctions of existing economic and social systems. On the contrary, they are the warning signs of a profound incompatibility between deeply rooted beliefs in continuous growth and the dawning recognition of the earth as a space ship, limited in its resources and vulnerable to thoughtless mishandling."

The above are a series of quotations taken from "A Blueprint for Survival" published in "The Ecologist" January 1972.

Malcolm Patterson



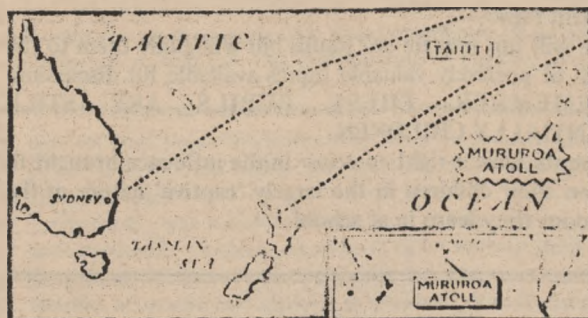
12 THE EVENING POST, TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1968.

'Strong Men Really Sick After Working On French Atom Sites'

CHRISTCHURCH, Today (PA). — "I see really strong young men going away and I see them really sick when they come back. They have skin peeling off their arms and their hair is falling out."

This description of Pacific Islanders who have worked on French atom bomb sites was given by Mr Charles Brotherson, a Frenchman, of Raiatea Island, to the Lyttelton Rotary Club last night.

Atom Sites'



AESTHETIC FEAT OF THE YEAR AWARD

By the way, we've got a new front-runner for the Aesthetic Feat of the year (the Supreme Court Bomber must take second place, I'm afraid — but nice try, though!)

Of course I'm referring to the fire-bombing of the UTA French airlines office. As an artistic event, it has presented us with at least a dozen spheres of experiential meaning, whether political, metaphysical, humanitarian, aesthetic, to name a few. What impressed me was the totality with which the Act was accomplished. It's a surprise to find such a meticulous and fastidious technician amongst us not to mention an aesthete and humorist as well! The charred and blackened burnt-out office — even now as it is being repaired — has opened up an entirely new dimension in temporal sculpture.

It will have to take a strong combination of imagination and opportunity to top this.

MEANWHILE BACK IN FRANCE...

We needed Greenpeace Foundation, of Vancouver, B.C., Canada and New Zealand watersiders to start organizing against the threatening nuclear tests France is planning in the South-Pacific. After a while, however, French pacifists are moving in on the issue.

The shit started to flow when Ben Metcalfe, director of Greenpeace, was busted on Paris airport. Only with the obvious aim to stop the press conference he, and others, were supposed to give in Paris. The press conference did take place, and a number of outstanding religious, academic and political persons raised a vigorous protest against the bust.

Friday, June 2, 1972. Eight Canadian guys & girls start occupying the Paris cathedral, Notre-Dame. The priests, together with plainclothes police, kick them out in no time.

Saturday, June 4. Some 40 people chain themselves in, in front of the French Atomic Energy Commission at the Environment exhibition in Paris. They want to protest at resuming Tests and expose the hypocrisy of the French government which is participating at the same moment in the U.N. conference on Environment in Stockholm. After occupying the place for an hour they get busted and taken to the cellar of a police station.

The same day in Montpellier, in South France, about a hundred people hold a meeting in the downtown area.

Tuesday, June 6. A 54 year old guy, John Neko, starts a hunger strike of unlimited duration, until the Pacific nuclear tests are called off.

By and by we are gaining support and the struggle intensifies. However, it can't fully develop unless the leftist and ultra-leftist political parties decide to mobilise. Which is not the case now.

Same holds true for the big demonstration that is planned in Paris for June 24. It should raise interest and participation of public opinion, providing the political parties get into it.

Please contact M.D.P.L., 143 rue Raymond Losserand Paris 14, France

EXERCISE

YOUR LEGAL RIGHT

Register as a Conscientious Objector

For information write or phone
Christian Pacifist Society, or Society of Friends,
12 Frost Road, 18 Ely Avenue,
Auckland 4. Auckland 5
695-541 545-109

MORE NAUSEA...

STATEMENT FROM THE CAPPING CONTROLLER

CONTRARY to the statement by Mr Chan and the impressions given by other speakers at the S.G.M. on Thursday June 22nd, I was not, and never intended to offer myself as a fatted calf on behalf of the Executive. My whole policy, and that which I shall pursue regardless of my own political future, is to take major decisions regarding association policy out of the hands of small pressure groups (Exec, Craccum, Admin Board, Subcommittees and Pushy Societies) and into the hands of the student body. I am not prepared to sacrifice my future for any person or group, but I am prepared to do so with the aim of establishing a policy precedent that I think will be of great benefit not only to the Union as a whole but to individual students who would otherwise play no part in student affairs. I still hold that the only means by which students can be encouraged to inform themselves about major issues is to make those issues as contentious as possible so that the subsequent reaction results in wide publicity of all sides of the case.

I moved the motion solely for the right to speak first, and I hoped to clarify the background of the action, leaving the case proper to those more qualified to give information. I hoped to avoid the resulting clash of swords between rival factions, I hoped to avoid the personal attacks and recriminations that came out, offered to us as logical argument for and against. I hoped to avoid blatant lies being offered as facts in the case.

I crapped out.

Needless to say the whole affair was a shameless farce. I'm glad that Gordon and Heather can now operate with the "confidence" of the student body — with all that entails. I'm sorry they had to lose their pay to achieve this, but it's a small "price to pay for free speech".

Everyone over-reacted shamelessly.

It was a good show, wasn't it. *Yeah!*

I can't apologise — I promise to do it again, whatever happens.

— Neil Newman.

THE LITTLE RED RIP-OFF

Things are looking lucrative for Little Red School Book and Little White Book publisher Alister Taylor. Four editions of the LRSB in NZ (75,000 copies) and an initial printing run of 80,000 in Australia should clear at least \$50,000 for Taylor according to conservative estimates.

In Adelaide some people (who best remain unnamed for fear of Taylor's legal prowess) published the Big Red

Exercise Book which printed for four pages of the LRSB at a time. It was given away free. And in Sydney the book has been reprinted in tabloid form and is being distributed freely. Some radical groups deserve credit for making it easier for those to whom the book was directed — school children — to get the book at a realistic cost. According to some estimates Taylor could have produced his LRSB for 50 cents retail.

A.N.S.

DURING MY SCHOOLDAYS I WAS THRASHED EVERY DAY AND ENJOYED IT!



PARENTS' INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL REINSTATEMENT OF POLICY FOR THIS SCHOOL ON TOPICS WHICH ARE NOT OPEN FOR DISCUSSION IN THE CLASSROOM.

1. SEX either directly, or included in other activities. ie Hair and Germaine Greer.

2. RELIGION—other than statement of the religions of various peoples of the world as part of their lives. Be very careful you do not reveal your personal bias. Treat evolution very cautiously.

3. POLITICS—governments of the world may be studied but be sure your sources of reference are those that would be accepted by the majority of parents in this school.

—and be very wary about studying, closely and certainly with any bias, systems that are inimical to our basic existence as a democracy.

N.B. This society that our pupils live in and the society of the world they live in, is so full of positively useful topics that there is no need for academic arguments about doubtful topics.

We will not muzzle our pupils but will guide them to the wealth of positively valuable topics available for discussion. REMEMBER THESE PUPILS ARE STILL ESSENTIALLY CHILDREN.

Parents have a right to a say in the influence brought to bear on their children in the largely 'captive' nature of the classroom they learn in at school.

DEAN'S LECTURE HIPPOCRATES OR HYPOCRISY?

Against the background of the Hippocratic Oath and its implications Kingsley Mortimer will discuss the present day position of medicine, from a personal point of view. He will attempt to indicate what medicine in the modern world can do, and what it has no hope of doing. In the same context he will discuss the present medical course, its virtues and its failings.

Professor Mortimer will review medicine as "the impossible profession", lacking, as it is currently structured, any implicit commitment to the philosophical or the religious dimensions of mankind. In this regard he will touch on the morality of prescribing, the difference between MEDICINE and DOCTORS, why people are "cured, but no better", and the abuse of discovery. These criteria underline his view of the 'mountain of useless therapy.'

Mortimer is a University Gold Medalist in English Literature and Ethnology, and graduated in Anthropology, Education and Medicine. He describes himself additionally, as an "amateur theologian."

Place: Gold Lecture Theatre, Medical School
Date: Wednesday, 12th July
Time: 11.30 a.m.

workers

The Durable
Editors: Heather McInnes
Gordon Clifton

Photographics: John Miller

Advertising: James Sloane

Technical Editor: Jim Laing

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

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CENSORSHIP AT THE HERALD

The Sunday Herald (the people who brought you Germaine Greer) had the idea of bringing South African (non-racial) Rugby union president Abdul Abass, to this country. The invitation was issued by CARE secretary Tom Newnham — and Mr Abbas said he'd be glad to come except that a conference of his union would have to make the final decision.

The Sunday Herald said that they would be glad to pick up the tab if he did decide to come. But twelve hours later, Mr Michael Horton who has recently taken over the reigns at the Herald abruptly cancelled the tour.

To impress his point, Horton ordered that neither paper would give the invitation any publicity. Not a word appeared although it was big news on local radio stations.

Alternative News Service.

HOSPITALISED

Beware when you get old, ill and on the pension and in need of hospitalisation. For you will find that you are not eligible for free hospitalisation (admittance to Cornwall) if you have more than the grand total of \$300 in the bank. If you do happen to have more than the only alternative is to enter a private hospital at which the fees are not Government controlled and vary between \$32 and \$70 per week. When you run out of savings you might be asked to sell your car if you still have one and put a mortgage on your house before being eligible to squeeze into over-crowded, understaffed Cornwall Geriatric.

Many doctors that practise and include private hospital visits have financial interests in the private hospital that they recommend to their patients. We live in a Welfare State.

special notice

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NORTHERN IRELAND

A FEW MONTHS AFTER THE STRUGGLE FOR CIVIL RIGHTS IN Ulster hit the world headlines the water mains serving Belfast were blasted by dynamite, rendering a city prone to arson—open to destruction. NZPA-REUTER (DOMINION 26.4.69) and the NZBC reported: 'The attacks have been widely blamed upon extremist elements among the minority Catholic community'. THE DOMINION, May 3, carried an article on Ulster which fixed the blame on the IRA.

When Samuel Stevenson, disciple of the Rev. Ian Paisley and self-styled Commander of the Ulster Volunteer Force—an illegal extremist Protestant organisation—was found guilty (December 5, 1969) and sentenced to twelve years imprisonment for the crime, Reuter and its outlets were strangely silent. (They were far from silent a few weeks later when Bernadette Devlin was sentenced to six months in the same courtroom. December 22.) New Zealanders were told, 'Police think the IRA were responsible', THE DOMINION (Sept. 10 1970) published an article on the alleged IRA invasion of London, 'But now that it is here, it is much more violent than anything expected by Scotland Yard or the Home Office, and could grow more violent still!'

The 32nd floor of London's Post Office Tower was shattered by a bomb on October 31 last. The NZPA-REUTER and the NZBC gave massive publicity to an alleged claim of responsibility by 'The Kilburn Branch' of the IRA. NZBC TV

IN THE NZ PRESS

network news 7pm November 3, reported that 'a caller with an Irish accent warned of the bomb'. British papers carried the alleged claim by the IRA, they also carried a claim by the 'Angry Brigade' claiming responsibility for the bombing. THE TIMES (London Nov. 2) differed from the NZBC in that it reported 'a caller with an unidentifiable accent warned of the bomb.'

It is interesting to note that at that time two central figures in 'The Angry Brigade', Jack Prescott, an Englishman and Jack Purdie, a Scot, were standing trial on charges of terror bombing in Britain. A few weeks later Prescott was sentenced to 15 years imprisonment for his misuse of high explosives. Our news-media were strangely silent.

NZPA-REUTER did however report that McGurks tavern in Belfast in which 15 Catholics were killed 'was blasted by a guerilla bomb'. 'Gallery', as a backgrounder, resurrected the IRA of half a century ago. What failed to emerge is the fact that scarcely a Catholic owned hotel or licensed premises is left standing in Belfast, after three years of terror bombing and arson by supporters of the world's most reactionary Tories. We were told the bomb was intended for an IRA target, but went off accidentally in the tavern. The October bombing of a Catholic off-licence at Ardoyne like the bombing of Catholic shops at

Oldpark, Dundonald and Lisburn Road, and the fatal blast at a Catholic pub in Durham Street, could all be silly mistakes by the IRA. So also could explosions at a Catholic school and many Catholic homes in Belfast be accidents or errors.

Wellington's EVENING POST (July 29, 1970) carried a NZPA-Reuters report on the bombing of homes belonging to the Grand Master of the Orange Order in Ulster and a Protestant High Court Judge. For some curious reason it claimed that 'Last night's were the first to have been set off at the home of prominent Irishmen'. Curious, because the homes of many Ulster citizens—prominent by THE BELFAST TELEGRAPH standards—were bombed or destroyed by fire in the previous months.

On April, 29, 1970 the home of Mr Richard Ferguson, Protestant champion of Civil Rights; ex member of the Orange Order: ex member of the Unionist Government, was destroyed by a bomb. The previous October Mr Ferguson was hounded out of Parliament because he had resigned from the Orange Order out of sympathy with the Catholic minority. Mr Austin Currie, Catholic M.P., lost his home to a terrorist bomb (March 9). Like Mr Ferguson he had received numerous threats to his life from the Ulster Volunteer Force. The previous month (February 9) the home of Miss Sheelagh Murnaghan a former Liberal M.P. was bombed. The NZBC report of this outrage inferred Catholic guilt, the four men who went to jail for the offence were supporters of Mr Paisley.

In an editorial on the terror bombing THE BELFAST TELEGRAPH, a liberal Protestant paper, an illustrious paper, wrote on February 4, 1970: 'Once upon a time every bomb outrage in Northern Ireland was automatically attributed to the IRA. It was universally acknowledged as a self-defeating cowardly form of protest which did more to unite people in opposition to terrorism than to advance the anti-partitionist cause. Today, the picture is very different. Four blasts in Belfast since the New Year are plainly the work of extremists on the other side of the fence, demonstrating in a crude, criminal and equally senseless way against the forces of moderation and fair play.'

When Right Wing Unionists called for internment of Catholics following the murder of the three British soldiers in March 1971, THE BELFAST TELEGRAPH, in an editorial, bluntly said (March 15) that internment of suspected IRA should not be introduced unless 'it was applicable also to the Ulster Volunteer Force.'

The fact is that there was no terrorist activity by the IRA from October 1968 when the trouble began until June 1970, when the Conservative and Unionist Party—to give it its official title—grasped the reins of power in Britain.

(Mr Heath and his junta then sold out to the Orange Tories of Ulster, just as surely as they recently sold out to the White Tories in Rhodesia—with virtually the same results).

Over the past few years Catholic homes, schools, churches, business premises, pubs, offices, have all been targets for the terror bombers of the Ulster Volunteer Force. Liberal Protestants and non-secretarian organisations have also been hammered.

BY IRISH CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT (NZ), BOX 1595, AUCKLAND.



THE ABSURD

Who would deny the reality of the absurd in our world today? We are involved in a society of distorted values, unbalanced perspectives and superficial emphases.

We heard the words of Sir Roy Jack recently, as he upheld 'femininity' (of a strictly physical nature) on the 'Miss New Zealand Show'. He unnecessarily criticised those girls who 'worship at the altar of scruffiness and go in demonstrations'. What a narrow and superficial judgment, categorising those girls who happen to give priority in their lives to something other than the female stereotype of a judgmental society! So characteristic of a materially-orientated value system such as the one we live in, is the tendency of all people, both young and old, to assess others purely by what can be seen externally. We are preoccupied with the physical and for some reason, we seem to assume that a person is wholly and accurately reflected in his style of dress and personal appearance. Society says 'keep up the image, conform to the norm' and then miraculously, we somehow become 'decent' people. One of the curses of our day, is the tendency to damn people by association. This is illustrated by the thought behind 'Gill's Bill' of last year, where the implication is that anyone associating with a drug-user is necessarily exactly the same breed of character and behaviour

pattern. Such legislation leaves little room for personal altruism, or for unprejudiced human communication between different types of people.

Obviously, man has always been prone to judge by association and appearance. Certainly we all do it, often without thinking or recognising it. But we can so easily and wrongly assume an identity of motive and outlook in personal attitude simply by taking people as we find them in initial confrontation. In a depersonalised society where the increasing emphasis is on material values, a natural consequence is that people lose the art of relating to each other in a meaningful way. We are so dominated by the pressures of time and 'necessary' routine that we never take time out to get to know each other; we know only the superficial person, the facades, the image, the half-person. Consequently we pass inaccurate judgments on one another, simply because we don't know each other.

We damn a man because he wears an R.S.A. badge and has a picture of the Springboks on his mantelpiece. Obviously we do not agree with some of his convictions, but there must be more to a character than those beliefs. We should learn to appreciate each other despite our differences and where conscience calls us to stand apart, we must do so in love, not in bitterness. If only we could have a beautiful and emancipated society where we could all interact joyfully, regardless of race, class, culture, age and political conviction. One can see this ability in the historical character of Jesus—an unselfconsciousness of spirit that enabled him to move freely amongst all classes of people, despite their life-style or belief. See him, for instance, as he breaks down all prejudice while in conversation with 'the woman at the well' (John 4:8-32). Firstly, she was a Samaritan whilst Jesus was a Jew. The races were enemies, but Jesus broke the racial barrier. Secondly, she was a woman, Jesus was a man, and they lived in a culture of imposed female inferiority—Jesus did the 'indecent' thing and rose above the walls of sexual discrimination. Thirdly, the woman was a moral and social outcast, for she had had five husbands and the one she was living with at that time was not her husband. Jesus did not commend her behaviour, but he

broke the rules of human prejudice and befriended an ostracised and alienated woman. Jesus ignored those factors which make for human discrimination; he was not content to see the woman at surface level but went beyond externals to the real person. Simultaneously he was able to interact with those at the other end of the social scale—the self-righteous, the aristocrats, the religious and political leaders, the legal experts—he was able to meet freely with them without being cramped by the prejudices that dominate our attitudes. Certainly, he did at times condemn their hypocrisy; but he knew and understood people. So often we condemn people merely from what we see or hear in first impressions, we condemn without knowing the real reason.

We need the love that Jesus gives today to govern our relationships and attitudes. We need to withhold superficial judgment on other people and learn instead to love and appreciate and criticise constructively. Criticism without love is self-defeating. Love must be our sole motive and inspiration for there is no authentic revolution until there is a revolution of love. A loveless revolution is necessarily divorced from the needs and aspirations of the people.

There is no way, but to live in the love of the self-giving Jesus. This is essence of real revolution and life.

— NATALIE YULE.

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One girl must be able to take care of young boy during August holidays, wage to be agreed upon for the holidays.

If you're interested Write to P.O. Box 6589, Wellesley Street.

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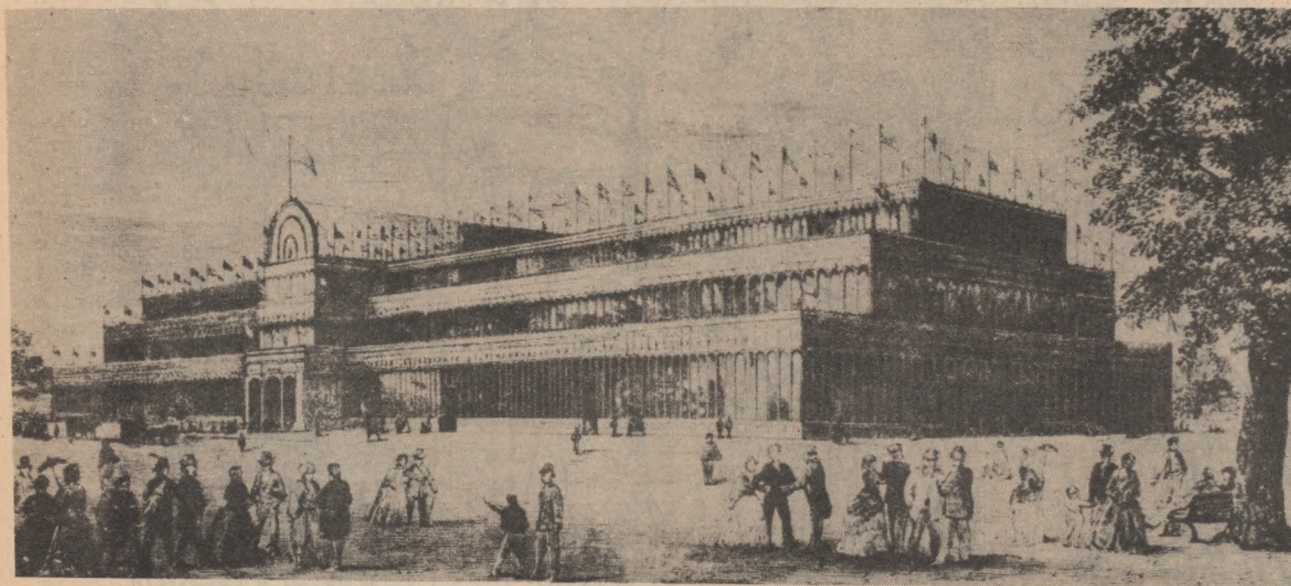
THE FILE ON GRAFITTI

This file on graffiti is terribly biased: being female I have only had the opportunity of analysing the creations found in the Ladies'; being to some degree a creature of habit I have only concentrated on the block of loos that I frequent. I did take a sample look at one loo on the mezzanine floor of the library and another near B28 but the offerings were very meagre. Further to all this, I admit to being biased in my choice of what to record in the file, so baby if your little intellectual gem was overlooked I suggest you spice it up a little.

By now I imagine that you have been teased sufficiently to be landed with the data, namely the actual site and choice spots for a good read to pass the time. After reading this I imagine that the block of loos in question will be inundated with callers, male and female, prudes and voyeurs alike, fighting to see in living print some honest-to-goodness creativity. Oh what rapture! The Jeyes company will need to set up shop in the corner.

THE ACTUAL SITE: the block right under the U.B.S., just along from the rear entry to the milk-bar.

THE CHOICE SPOTS: in the left row, toilets 1, 2, 3, 4, (as for 5 I don't know, I've never seen there cause it's too far to go when you're in a hurry). The row on the right side is pretty mild in comparison. Perhaps the toilet row one frequents is evidence of political sympathies, anyway the right (Conservy) side can really only boast of having two loos worth a sit-in — numbers 1 and 5. (note to eager-beavers ready to storm the loos that the numbering system used here denotes the first loo you come to as number 1 and the ones nearest the mirrors as number 5) Well now for some titillatingly tantalizing titbits. A warning to monors that some of these pieces are outrageous, scandalous, depraving and altogether helluva good reading, so don't throw down the paper at this crucial moment.



We'll start with the left because good ol' biased be says so. And here each loo will be listed in order of merit, although I realise that this pinpointing of places will result in enormous queues of gawkers. The best on the left is undoubtedly NUMBER TWO (no. 2) (duo) (duex) (zwei) Got it? ? ? ?

And this delightful little gallery starts boldly with: "Liberate love from the chains of sexuality" to which someone replied: "That's difficult, you need help with that." and another said: "Right on sister! Sex without mutual respect and love is about as exciting as wiping your ass." But the original writer returned to restate her case, which both commenters had in different ways misunderstood, saying: "What I mean—as far as your comment goes (arrow to first reply) is that love anyone—regardless of their sex, though I agree with this." (arrow to 2nd reply). Then there's "We don't need a bullshit press." (who said we did?) and "Say it loud, Gay is proud" (catchy) and one mixed-up soul who writes "I know that I also share the guilt through writing on here but this does not mean I condone it. What other way can I say just this—we're not children anymore." (try that one for size).

Imagination is displayed in this beauty: "You're only treated like a reproductive machine if you act like one." A devotee claims "Sex satisfies the body. Jesus satisfies the soul. Acid satisfies both," which was countered by: "Jesus hooks you to help you. What about acid" (I can't help feeling here that we humans are pictured rather like fishes chasing bait). Somewhere in the upper left hand part of the door is this one partly obscured: "There's nothing worse than a female who writes on toilet walls." A curious kitten asked "Why female?" to be told "Because I'm a male" (ah-ha wonders will never cease.) But meanwhile an enraged female blasted the initial statement with: "F-ing rubbish. What about our males who rape and kill."

Near the bottom of this wonderful door you'll find: "If you think you will enjoy the role of housewife, never doing anything else, read 'The Feminine Mystique' and think again." (sound advice coming from either a sincere sister or a shareholder in the publishing firm.) Last, but far from least, in fact it's close to most, cause this one got the most replies, so get set, bite your tongue, go: "Join me—you can be the man and I'll be the woman." A delighted reader sent in this reply: "Ooo yes please." A disgusted prude spat out: "Ignorant bitch". A scientist added "The only satisfying position is woman superior." A frustrated observer wailed: "Oh come on you have missed the point." and I had a real picnic reading Loo Number Two (2) II etc. (Five Star recommendation). Next best is number one on the left side. This certainly is not the haunt of our most prolific radicals but there's some true gems there, so it gets a four star rating. Here we got then: "Love thy local lesbian. Who knows who/what may come of

it." answered with expert wit by a soul who quips "Not a baby anyway." That is truly magnificent that one, a proper gem, bang on even.

A deep cogitator has inscribed: I will make sacrifices for no one and likewise I will not permit anyone to make sacrifices for me: this is called rational egoism." (you better believe it).

A sensual type declares "A good *uck is the answer to everything" (* = f) A smarty-farty pleasure-killer had to chuck back: "Except the population explosion." (witty I'll admit but I'm a poor carpe diem hedonist) A freedom-lover suggests: "Liberate yourself, Love everyone, male, female or hermaphrodite" (uh-duh yeah I saw one a vem in Fellini's Satyricon) A good ol' generaliser declares: "Millions of little good people cause more harm than a few big bad people." (which of course can be taken how you please, even boiling down to your idea of such vagueisms as 'good', 'bad', 'big' — — — 'harm', 'little' and of course the term 'people'). As expected this declaration was countered: "How can you say that, in the face of evidence such as Stalin, Hitler, etc." Needless to say that at time of typing this up no counter-attack had been launched by the initial writer, so I won't say it.

Last and least to be mentioned concerning loo no. One, is a heavily scrawled comment done in green thick-tipped felt pen, making a connection between Craccup and Father Mao. Go take a peek if you're bothered. There's little to differentiate between the last two on the left side—namely numbers 3 and 4. Both would probably earn a 3.52 star rating. But I'll start at 3 cause that's where I made a dazzling contribution.

You see, someone had plastered the door with "The only hope is dope." and this jammed in my head awhile—the words not the dope, and somehow my righteous mind wronged the rhyme and it came out: "The only dope is hope." What wit I thought, and so on returning to number 3 I shot an arrow over to the dopey declar

and penned my version. Soon both sides evoked response from the generally mindless majority. The dope-pusher was informed "Wait till you have a bummer, I know." and "Which is too dopey and only for dopeys." I was praised with: "Yeah I've been on the dope trip sister, and I tell you, it's a dead-end trip." (encore for those hard at hearing—"it's a dead-end trip"—but then so is driving if you're going to the cemetery, joke get it?).

"Thank you for graffiti." is the expression of a simple, wholesome being. "Is lesbianism unfettered." questions an undecided Sappho or a hetero interested in a new deal.

"The meaning of life is the celebration of it." another hedonist declares herself and creates in the toilet as part of her never-ending party. Last and quite cynical, from number 3 either is an apt summary of graff or just light comic relief: "And they opened their mouths and speaketh forth crap." One more is a line in a critique written by Cleanth Brooks on Eliot's Waste Land. The person who inscribed it cannot claim originality but good taste: "Love is the aesthetic of sex; lust is the science."

Number four, last on the list for the left, has an unparalleled comment to boast of: "Sally M—— is gorgeous." Wowee if ol' Sall is alive and still plodding the concrete on campus she ought to be ecstatic at such praise. Right on Sall!! Send us a photo of your gorgeousness. "What is the point of mobilizing?" writes Bewildered. A true rad answer is supplied: To demonstrate."

A lesbian newly spurred to ignore the critic and be proud beams forth: "I am a lesbian and I love it." A disgruntled hetero assumedly, replies "Why broadcast it—other people don't broadcast their tendencies." A sympathising hetero adds: "I'm not, but good luck to you anyway sister." A Sapphic comrade invites: "See you at a gay lib meeting then dearie." Wonderful communication made possible by the courtesy of a handy toilet door!!

And that's it from the left. As I said, the right is a dry side, one door over there has't got a lock, and it's so dim over there that you'll strain your eyes and hafta wear specs like me. Loos one and five are worth a one time scan, but I won't go into details now. Perhaps a right-winger would like to do a comparative file. Oh and let's hear something printable from the gents, if they dare let out any of their trade punch-lines.

This file comes to you by sweat of one unvociferous maureen thompson, who after meekly suggesting at Forum that a graffiti wall be arranged, was heartened by the great interest (at least 30 ayes in the vote) but found that walls are bureaucratically ordained to be nude, concrete unpretentious and walls. Many thanks for the interest. Hearty reading to yuh all and be lenient on the Jeyes please.

maureen thompson.

On The Discovery of Cancer Cells in the Body

—a short story by MYKE JOHNSON

I am confronted with absurdity and decay.

Objective knowledge of this does not, however, facilitate any release but rather prevents it. I am therefore overcome by a powerlessness which holds me here and precludes movement. Alternatives narrow to vanishing point and leave me stranded within the confines of a single probability.

What fascinates me at the moment is the man sitting opposite me. We are alone in this place with its red and white tiles, stem effect windows and the featureless doors of the lifts. He is sitting, as I am, on a steel red-cushioned chair in the awkward, bored posture of a man waiting. He has a clean gauze patch over one eye. It is strange for it looks as if all the intensity of his gaze has been transferred to his good eye, which, when fixed on an object pierces it . . . I cannot describe this but it makes me feel uneasy.

I would like to spend time describing the relationship between this man and I for it seems to have significantly determined the quality of this particular patch of time in which we both find ourselves prisoners. He is sitting too far away from here for me to be able to speak to him naturally. I would have to raise my voice and this would seem too strange. Perhaps I could get up and go and sit in the chair beside him (in fact the situation seems to require such an act) but this would be both too friendly and too revealing, although once it were done I am sure it would ease the inevitable tension between us. In fact we both feel that peculiar embarrassment that cannot be overcome by risking further embarrassment, despite the fact that what conversation we could have would be comfortably predictable.

The only solution to this problem is for a white, polite, professional figure to emerge from one of the small doors to the left of the lift and call one of our names. In this case we will know what little we have which is only the unspoken agreement that we are both waiting for this to happen.

Perhaps he feels none of these things. What we share is purely what we lack. A coincidence of time and space soon to be forgotten.

I am now sitting here alone. I do not feel comfortable. I keep staring at the empty chair he once occupied.

Sitting behind a desk across from me, his face as smooth and as taut as the stretched skin across a boil, sits the doctor—clinical, starched white shirt, pink linoleum. He sits in a brown leather plush chair while I have a stainless steel (hollow tubed) red cushioned chair, and this fact alone seems to give him command. This is obviously going to be a set piece. The room is small, tidy, unadorned, functional (like his face). His face is serious but I do not object. I am quite prepared to acquiesce to any props or to any framework he wishes to erect.

I would like to go back and have a look at the other room to see if any of the configurations have changed, but that would be totally inappropriate.

I sit here like Lot's wife.

He is talking circumspectly, with cautious optimism. Between sentences his jaw moves tensely sideways as if he is searching for a word, the right phrase, or trying to recall the next part of a well rehearsed speech. I appreciate his tact. It allows me to grasp the full import of what he is saying without having the facts too brutally laid before me. His manner is totally in keeping with the situation he is creating and I am grateful that he is taking the time—in such a situation he must be the ringmaster and I the dwarf.

"You understand the treatment will be continued."

"Yes, of course."

I feel certain now that this interview is the culmination point of a long series of abdications. The interview will confirm, formalise, officialise. I begin to feel a sense of relief. I am invited to relax.

"Every Monday and Thursday—in the afternoon."

It is the ritual of hope. Lie down here sir, put your head back and relax. Incantations are made, switches moved. The infected area is bombarded by thousands of tiny particles that exist in a series of magic formulas in the high priest's equations. If you strain you might hear their distant thunder in the whirl of circuits, although I have not heard them. When I get home I pin garlic across the door and wear a cross for I am terrified of death.

Like candles under soft breath the doctor's eyes waver and finally flicker to the other side of the room. I understand that a response from me is now called for.

"My wife . . ." in my situation it is better to leave sentences unfinished for it allows the other to more fully perform his role. "She knows."

Of course I have known for a long time — hints, whispers, hard looks, prepared faces—the patient always knows yet the elaborate deception goes on. I believe that leprosy, contrary to popular opinion, is contagious.

He offers a narcotic to ease the pain. That would be very nice. I sense for the first time an uneasiness in him, a possible sense of failure. Somehow it has fallen on me to put him at his ease. I am at a loss.

He rises to politely signal that the interview is over. From him there floods a sense of relief. I shake his hand which is clean and kitchen soft. I must leave the mechanics of these last few interactions to him with the trust that it will be done simply and with courtesy.

In the waiting room I hesitate, as if something has been forgotten. The room is empty. Through the window, in the west, the gorged yellow sun. Late afternoon light with its odd and frail luminosity has softly lit the white wall to my right. For a moment I am bathed in a pure silence which lifts me from this time and place. The room seems incomplete, as if I had half expected to find my previous companion sitting awkwardly in his old place.

There is no reason why he should be there.

I am confronted with absurdity and decay yet am reconciled.

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WAGE LABOUR AND CAPITAL — A CRITIQUE Lawrence Southon

Tired of encountering Marxist effusions in Craccum and elsewhere, I have at last been motivated to take an example and show just why I find it so intellectually nauseating. The example is "Wage Labour and Capital" by Marx himself, together with its introduction by Engels, as found in *Selected Works* pp64-93.

Wage Labour and Capital was published as a propaganda pamphlet for workers. I believe that such writings should be lucid and clear, free from confusions and contradictions of all kinds. Emotive rhetoric has its place, provided it is supported by rational argument. In the interests of clarity new concepts should always be given names which distinguish them clearly from familiar concepts with which they might be confused.

Engels says (p65) "... how vastly superior the uneducated workers, for whom one can easily make comprehensible the most difficult economic analyses, are to our supercilious 'educated people' to whom such intricate questions remain insoluble their whole life long." I do not share his belief in the intellectual superiority of uneducated workers. There is however a grain of truth in his assertion: while an educated person may confidently reject "the most difficult economic analysis" on account of the muddled thinking contained therein, an uneducated worker may not even notice this and will content himself with understanding the clear message that, whatever appears to be the case, employers always exploit workers, workers are noble, and all their demands are just.

My detailed comments on Wage Labour and Capital will be aimed at exposing its muddled thinking, factual errors, and persistent distortion of the most obvious economic facts to support the myth of the worker who is always exploited and who is always right.

Engels accuses the economists (p66) of tampering a little with logic—a serious charge—in their attempt to answer the question, "What is the cost of production of labour?" The alleged tampering consists of finding instead the cost of production of the worker. Yet Engels quotes Marx (p68) to the effect that the cost of production of labour coincides with the cost of production of the worker. So why the accusation?

"According to the assertion of classical economics, commodities are, on the average, sold at their values, that is, at prices corresponding to the amount of necessary labour contained in them." (p67) Engels discusses a numerical example which clearly shows this assertion to be false as it neglects the capitalist's profit. Engels however does not question the assertion; he uses it to argue that the labourer "has to make a present" (p69) to the capitalist of a portion of his day's labour and in effect, that the capitalist has no right to any profit. In the process he slips in an occasional highly emotive expression, such as "... the worker begins to drudge". (p66) The quality of the work experience is irrelevant to this particular argument.

On page 69 we find "... it is the working class alone which produces all values." Apparently the capitalist, as administrative executive, as personnel manager, sometimes as clerk, and above all as investor in a risky enterprise, contributes nothing to the value of his products. This may be one way of defining "values", but as any sort of factual statement it is quite untenable.

Engels refers (p70) to "... a large, propertyless class of wage-workers" as an essential evil of capitalism, remediable only by revolution and a new social order. The conditions of our own capitalist society prove Engels wrong. Even if the term "property" were restricted to the means of production, the fact remains that today's well-paid workers are free and able to buy shares in industry. If they happen to prefer new cars or the T.A.B., that can hardly be blamed on the intrinsic structure of capitalism.

Marx claims (p71) that "... every social reform remains a utopia until the proletarian revolution and the feudalistic counter-revolution measure swords in a world war." Here he presents revolution as a necessary precondition of all social reform, so that the working class has a humanitarian mission to make reform possible, even at the cost of a world war. This makes good rhetoric but bad sense. The simple fact is, that social reforms do occur and have been occurring for a long time, without waiting for revolutions.

Marx argues (p79) that wages, which are the price of the worker's labour, equals "the cost of existence and reproduction of the worker." He applies this not to individual workers but to the class of workers on average, thus many workers get not enough for existence and reproduction while others get more than enough—and presumably reproduce just sufficiently to replace those less fortunate. This is clearly a description of zero population growth enforced by low wages. However, since the population of workers does increase, they must be getting more than enough for existence and replacement reproduction, which refutes Marx's thesis.

"The existence of a class which possesses nothing but its capacity to labour is a necessary prerequisite of capital." (p81) The simple fact is that workers do own things—most own at least their own furniture, and presumably this has always been the case. Some workers even own shares in industry. Yet capital exists.

Marx points out (p81) that the worker must produce means

of subsistence to replace those he consumes, and refers to this as "noble reproductive power." In what sense is it notably noble? Just what does it mean to say that the worker "surrenders" this power to the capitalist and thereby has "lost it for himself"? (p82) Certainly the worker surrenders time to the capitalist, but the power to produce remains so long as the worker is fit, well and employed. To admit that this power is dependent upon employment is not to say that it is lost to the worker—one could just as well say that the power is given to him by the employer.

"The interests of the capitalist and those of the worker are ... one and the same, assert the bourgeois and their economists." (p82) Marx elaborates this point and says, "... the better business is, the more workers does the capitalist need, the more dearly does the worker sell himself." This means simply that the price of labour may rise above that of the necessary means of subsistence, when the demand for labour is high—which is obviously true. However it contradicts Marx's previous assertion that 'the price of (the worker's) labour will, therefore, be determined by the price of the necessary means of subsistence.' (p79) I take 'determine' in the absolute sense, so that if B is any quantity then 'A determines B' means that nothing other than A affects B. Less rigid relations should be expressed by terms such as "effect", "influence", "largely determine", or "determination of range of variation".

On closer inspection we find that Marx is using "determine" in a different sense, which I will show to be untenable in this case. Marx's usage is shown in the following quote (p78): 'Wages will rise and fall according to the relation of supply and demand ... Within these fluctuations, however, the price of labour will be determined by the cost of production' (of the labour power.) It is clear from this and other similar passages that Marx believes to be determined is not actual wages (or prices—the same argument applies), but the mean of average about which the actual wages fluctuate. This usage could be tenable only if this mean were well-defined, which it is not. It could only be the mean of actual wages over some period of time and, given actual economic trends, this means will vary according to the length of the period considered. Actual economic trends are, of course, irregular fluctuations of varying duration superimposed on a long-term, varying increase in wages and prices.



"To say that the interests of capital and those of the workers are one and the same is only to say that capital and wage labour are two sides of one and the same relation. The one conditions the other, just as usurer and squanderer condition each other," (p83, my emphasis) Marx is here trying to blur over the simple economic fact that, when business prospers and increases the demand for labour, wages usually rise. This blurring-over leads into a passage supporting the demand of workers, not so much for better wages and economic conditions, but rather for social status. The story of the little house and the palace makes this very clear, as does the statement (p83) "Our desires and pleasures spring from society; we measure them, therefore, by society and not by the objects which serve for their satisfaction. Because they are of a social nature, they are of a relative nature." To this point we will soon return.

Marx distinguishes three concepts of wage: (p84-5)
Nominal wages: "The money price of labour".

Real wages: The amount of commodities that can be purchased with nominal wages.

Relative wages: This is the ratio of nominal wages divided by the sum of nominal wages and profit.

However such clear definitions of new terms are not to Marx's taste. He prefers expressions like "Wages are, above all, also determined by their relation to the gain to the profit of the capitalist—comparative, relative wages." (p84) This is not in the form of a definition at all—it purports to assert some empirical relation, without clearly saying what the relation is. This is typical of Marx; it is unfortunate that he could not have been confronted with the incisive criticisms of C. Wright Mills, who, introducing one of his devastating "translations" of another "Grand Theorist", wrote "In particular, I shall attempt to sort out statements about something from definitions of words and of their wordly relations. Both are important; to confuse them is fatal to clarity." (The Sociological Imagination Pelican 1970, p35)

The last quote from Marx contains a troublesome usage: "... also determined by their relation to ...". "To make sense of this it is necessary to abandon the absolute sense of 'determine', for this sense is exclusive: if A determines B, then nothing else can affect, let alone determine, B. Normally we think of A as itself independent of B but this too must be abandoned: in this case A is the relation between B (wages) and a third factor (profit) and as such is dependent on B. Marx is, apparently, saying no more than that wages are affected by their relation to profit. Being in the process of explaining distinct concepts of "wages", he carelessly uses the undifferentiated term "wages". Perhaps he means nominal wages; this would give the sentence some empirical content but fails to account for the words "comparative, relative wages" attached to the end of the sentence. If he does mean relative wages the sentence loses all empirical content, for relative wages are, by definition, the relation of nominal wages to profit.

The concept of relative wages seems to be closely related to social status. After describing a change in which real wages increase but relative wages fall, Marx says (p85) "The power of the capitalist class over the working class has grown, the social position of the worker has deteriorated, has been depressed one step further below that of the capitalist." This concept of "power of the capitalist class" needs investigating, for it seems to be suspiciously useful in Marxist rhetoric. The preceding sentence is "With the same capital, the capitalist commands a greater quantity of labour." (since, in the change described, nominal wages have dropped). Is this all that is meant by "power"? I can find no greater meaning than this, yet even "commands" is an emotive overstatement: the simple fact is that the capitalist employs labour and, if nominal wages drop, he can employ more labour for the same amount of money. Shorn of their hairy embellishments, the bald facts are much less rhetorically useful.

When Marx claims that "the interests of capital and the interests of wage labour are diametrically opposed." (p86) he is

not referring to the interests of absolute material well-being. He is referring to the interests of relative wages and profit, which are diametrically opposed by definition. The rhetorical significance of this lies in the connotations of social status which is, it seems, also an intrinsically relative and competitive matter. Usages suggesting this significance are: (p87) "the social gulf that separates the worker from the capitalist.", "the more rapidly the worker increases the wealth of others, the richer will be the crumbs that fall to him...", and "The material position of the worker has improved, but at the cost of his social position." The term "interests" used by Marx is misleadingly vague, for all his statement seems to mean is that an increase of the social status of capitalists entails a decrease in the social status of workers. Given Marx's dubious assumption that capitalists and workers are the only significant groups in society, and a relativistic definition of social status, this result is itself a tautology.

Towards the end of the pamphlet Marx questions the assumption that wages do increase as profits increase. I assume he means real wages here. As mechanisation develops, productivity increases and fewer workers are required (assuming other suitable jobs are not created). Real wages may fall, as workers prefer a reduced wage to unemployment. This can happen and apparently did happen, particularly in Marx's own time. He catches the human tragedy in the sentence (p92) "Thus the forest of uplifted arms demanding work becomes ever thicker, while the arms themselves become ever thinner."

Marx's mistake is in presenting this as a necessary part of a capitalist economy. Whether workers displaced by redundancy can find new jobs is a function of the overall balance of workers and jobs at that level of skill, the availability of retraining programmes, and the workers' ability and willingness to be retrained. A valid task for economics is to inquire into variables such as these, and to discover just what can be done to minimise unemployment and maximise real wages.

Referring back to the last group of quotes, it does seem to be true that many employers, particularly in the past, have treated workers without regard for human dignity, and this certainly must be changed. Today at least some employers have changed and do attempt to foster good worker-employer relations, but their efforts tend, I suspect, to be hampered by the firm belief of many workers that all employers are ogres.

Again, it is true that people who are waged workers tend to have a lower social status than do people who are employers. Perhaps the difference in status can be reduced. Let us however realise that the only completely egalitarian society must be one where everyone is reduced to the level of the lowest. We don't expect utopia, but we do expect something better than that.

The Marxist contribution to the situation is to give workers a permanent grudge against employers, a self-righteous resentment impervious to facts, which can only hinder any efforts to involve workers in realistic reforms for the good of all.

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COME IN. BROWSE OR WORK.
IT'S WARM AT U.S.I.S., ABOVE THE
WYNARD TAVERN AT 27 SYMONDS ST.

RECORDS



Smokin:
Humble Pie
SAML 934509
S727

Humble Pie are yet another super group. Super? Super? SUPER The album is super to the extent that it contains musicians of a quality not often matched. Steve Marriott, late of the Small Faces, who dominates the sound with his relentless guitar, harp, and keyboard work; Greg Ridley, late of Spooky Tooth, whose tireless bass playing provides the basis of an excellent rhythm section with fellow group drummer, Jerry Shirley. Other names sported are Clem Clempson, Alexis Korner, Maedleine Bell, Steve Stills and so on. Essentially the album is rock. Hard, heavy, and rather overpowering, it leaves you fatigued after a good session.

(For a spontaneous reaction to this group, please see attached notes.)

Attached notes:

Track 1 - *Hot 'n' Nasty* - this is rock - good stuff - sledge hammer stuff - Marriott certainly has his influence - this is to be the all-time rock album - guitar good - key board excellent.

2 - *The Fixer* - ROCK - Marriott vocals superb - guitar riff - Head music - the angelic Marriott is superb at this stage, as is the rest of the group - phrasing with traces of Zappa? - great.

3 - *You're So Good to Me* - Beautiful - beautiful - beautiful as Stills can be - Marriotts contorting vocals - Madeleine Bell appears from nowhere - breaks into rhythms that tear at you then recede into the religion of a plea that will bring a tear

to the eye. The magic.

4. - *C'mon Everybody* - Rock sheer rock - relentless - breaks into a 12 bar that is so heavy - the Stones rock and sock it.

5 - *Old Time Feeling* - acoustic blues that has everything - mandolin, dobro, guitar, piano, mouth harp etc... always was a good mixture. yehzzz, what good blues.

6 - *30 Days in the Hole* - STONES - the venom of Jagger - rock slammer - beautiful rhythm section - a bass that drives you, grinds you down into little pieces

7a & b - *Road Runner* - Uses the 12 bar - blues - a melodic beat that strikes and retracts - the water torture with intermittent organ screams as a result of the incessant torture

8 - *I Wonder* - Marriott contorting again on a slow blues piece - how the guitar sympathises - there's pain in this song - the bass makes the key rattle on our wall - it's as goon as has been done, if not better - beautiful guitar and harp - lots of expressions - how superfluous are terms like tightness, production, and the rest of the bullshit - this is brilliant.

9 - *Sweet Peace* - Yes - heavy shifting rhythms - exhausting - screaming guitar solo on tape echo that comes deep from within the speaker boxes - is this not the best rock I've ever heard? - yes, say I, in a state of exhausted submissiveness - is it possible to be by a sound? Can you have an orgasm in your ear and in your mind.

(Turns the record off).

So ends the worlds most honest record review.

- MABEL SMITH.



Anticipation
Carly Simon
EKS 75016

Carly Simon is one of the most

interesting singers to surface in recent months. Interesting - because her work looks back to the 'moon-june' era of, say, Peggy Lee; while at the same time, displaying a fierce individualism, which combines some of the ingredients of the past and the present into something quite new.

Her voice has shades of Carole King, Laura Nyro and James Taylor in it, but is mostly Carly Simon. At times it assumes a slightly wicked, deep, throaty, bar-room roll and this, to me, is one of the most distinctive aspects of the record.

But unfortunately, the refreshing feminist outlook evident on her first album, which tagged her as the 'Germaine Greer of Rock 'n Roll', seems to be largely absent on *Anticipation*. Direct references to the 'new woman' are hard to find, as most of the lyrics are romantic in the conventional sense. I can't decide if track four on side one, *The Girl You Think You See*, is tongue-in-cheek or not, but sounds like an excerpt from *The Sensuous Woman*:

"I'm not necessarily the girl you think you see

Whoever you want, is exactly who I'm more than willing to be

I'll be a Queen

A foul-mouthed marine

Your Mary Magdalene

Just to please you."

But to criticize a song because I don't like what it's about, is scarcely a valid evaluation, as it merely reflects my own bias.

But I read somewhere (N.M.E. to be exact), that her co-writer, Jacob Brackman, who sometimes writes the lyrics, writes the ones that are specifically about or by women, and the ones Carly writes could be "sung equally well by a man". Unfortunately, there are no indications on the record itself as to who wrote what.

You are probably all familiar with the title track, *Anticipation*, which is one of those songs which surreptitiously finds its way into ones bathroom repertoire. It has a catchy tune with plenty of variety, surging forwards under a driving beat, accentuated by effective percussion. *Legend in Your Own Time*, is a well-written tribute to a contemporary whom Carly won't identify - (James Taylor, perhaps?). *Our First Day Together* was apparently improvised in the recording studio. It is soft, beautiful, and rather reminiscent of Joni Mitchell, with its semi-circular

guitar-picking and winged line-endings. The last track on this side, *Summer's Coming Around Again*, is interesting, only in that it is an archetypal 'seduction song'. With her voice crooning cliches like a smoky clarinet over a non-descript jazz backing, it conjures up mental images of soft lights, red wine, sheepskin rugs and other such slush.

Side two opens with a dramatic variation on the Day-of-Judgement theme called *Share The End*, cast in a style somewhat like a modern opera. The coin is flipped and the next track, *The Garden* is a breath-taking glimpse of the after-life, with a Vera Lynnish chorus. This is followed by a fairly ordinary, (but still quite reasonable) love song called *Three Days*. *Julie Through The Glass* is an ode to a new-born infant, with a gentle 'rock-a-bye-baby' - style backing provided by Carly on piano. The album closes with a rendition of Kris Kristofferson's *I've Got To Have You*.

So, on the whole, this is a worthwhile and enjoyable recording, which improves with the listening. But I think to get a fuller picture of Carly Simon, you should listen to her first album as well. She is a writer-singer with a great potential, as a live performer as well as a studio artist, as her brief but impressive appearance in the film, *Taking Off*, displayed.

- SUE BARTON.

LITERARY CORNER

It's the year of publish and be damned. New literary magazines have appeared, and at the last count something like fourteen poets look like having their own volumes out before 1973.

In the meantime, a quick look at the small mags that have appeared so far this year. More of a Blake yea-saying run-down this, than any carping in-depth criticism, due to space problems and the writer's inclinations.

MATE (Number 20) Getting away from the traditional and ethnic content this issue. A development for the better. Lot of younger writers included.

One previously unpublished poet. G.F. Brown, has a chilling and nicely crafted poem about a dead school chum he had to identify at the city morgue.

And Murray Edmond is really "right-on" as the politico-activists would say, with number four from his

Grafton Notebook series. Her (especially the line "the avian court/is entertained") and effective poem.

There are three prose pieces and little historical sketch, but the poems dominate this issue.

EDGE (Number 3) Worth seventy-five cents just for the G. Synder poem. Good to see one of original so-called American "beat" the fifties alive and well and with such positive, joyous poems in the seventies.

Edge continues their policy overseas writers and one of these, Michael Yates, has a radio play working through to its depressing vision.

Reviews of poetry included. Lay and paper excellent. Another issue to be out by arts festival.

ARGOT (Number 27) Layout much improved (except they ran stanzas of my poem together, mumble) but still suffering from getting the best of available copy. Its still the cheapest at thirty cents.

Following South Island mags overseas contributors. Best of Bruton Connors with his haikus.

There is more prose than poetry and the editorial has the right phrasing for it: "the quality of the four pieces by no means even."

The editors are very friendly people and include their telephone numbers and their editorial with an invitation to them if you are passing through Wellington.

CAVE (number 1) Impressive effort, done on a 1914 flat bed press. Dunedin. Also has reviews of recent publications. Short, sufficient, and assessments.

Excellent long poem by Peter O'Connell and a delightful short poem about a drinker by Arthur Baysting stand out.

Once again the poets dominate the issue. But very good essay by David Long about "Found Poems" gave me a clear idea at last as to exactly what these are, and whetted my appetite sufficiently to chase up the recommended publications of the comparatively new form.

That's it. Good reading.

Barry Southam

Cop Notes: When dealing with delinquent persons, shoot first and ask questions later -- ha ha ha. Also, be courteous to the blind: they can always hear you laughing.

The Paul and Grace and Grunt pack



Sunfighter
Paul Kanter / Grace Slick
Grunt FTR 1003
Papa John Creach
Grunt 1003
Burgers
Hot Tuna
Grunt FTR 1004

First it was groups, then it was solo artists, now all of a sudden it looks like Couples. The Apple couples started the whole thing off with their somewhat introverted mumbly about how its so great to be together (as if it was

original). Paul and Grace see themselves as part of something bigger and amidst all the firebrandishings of *Blows against the Empire* they placed *A Child is Coming*, all about how the stork was due to call.

Well the kid's here now and we can all admire here, China nee god, is one of the easiest babies on the planet to bill and coo over right now because the *Blows* lovebirds have put a big colour pic of her square on the front of their new album. The title refers to the kid, implying that she's a child of destiny and its only a matter of time before she comes down on you, government man. And the album takes off just exactly where *A Child is Coming*, left off, with "And we walk in the sand my lady and me / And we watch and see and see the child grow."

There has always been an element of sheer juggernaught rock and roll thunder in the Airplanes music, most often laid to Jorma and Jack, but with the inescapable desultoriness of *Bark* and the relative vigour of *Blows* I'm beginning to wonder if the balance of energy in the band hasn't shifted. It's not so much that *Sunfighter* is an appreciably better album than *Bark*, as that even in its excesses and lyrical embarrassments it seems to have more of what you originally came to the band for. The guts of the album is as incendiary as ever, with a two-part song about the Weatherwoman, Diana Oughton who died in the bomb factory blast last year as well as Pauls expected See-my-people-come-together anthemics, but they have a much firmer grasp of their materials than on *Blows*, more time has been spent on the album and the material itself is mostly far superior, real songs with sense and structure as opposed to amorphous rants, seemingly adlibbed in the whirl of titanic rushes like *Mau Mau Amerikon*.

Try *Silver Spoon* which isn't about cocaine like you thought but about prey and consumption in the cycle of life, with a bit of cannibalism thrown in for seasoning. Structurally its tight as an aboriginal bongo, with stark block piano chording and Grace delivering her patented model, droning vocal style with more success than she has in some time. The innate fury and passion that is Grace at her best comes searing through, managing as

well to hold onto a rare tightness and discipline, so it builds and builds like the mighty bricks in the Sphinx and never loses the current summit with glottal excess. And the words are startling to say the least: "Throw down all of your silver spoons - eat all of the raw meat with your hands / Pick it up piece by piece... Shove it in your mouth any way that you can."

Brother that's primeval, and, with their insistence on simplistic political imperatives and imagery derived from the elements and mammals, Paul and Grace manage to get next to something very basic that penetrates easily and almost but never quite, touches you in a strange place the Doors used to try for - the snarling, smiling peristaltic Mammal in you. Check Paul's *When I Was a Boy I Watched the Wolves*, the best song on the album and possibly Paul's best writing to date: an eerie flashing riff that builds with perfect precision to a furiously driving floodtide, and: "When I was a boy I watched the wolves run/... till the morning sun/ And as I grew I soon found the wolfpack grow on me / Laser bright feel the Lunar light comin' down on me / ... No light shines on the fang neglected / Run with the Wolfpack."

That's not just wierd, that's the stuff of bone and stone and blood, drawing imagistically on what remains of nature outside the fences of man while retaining the big piston drive of the city in its rhythmic guts. Which is why Grace and Paul make it and all those bucolic hippies singing about planting cannibis seeds by country roads don't. Not everything is that committee of course. I snickered at *Titanic* one of those Moog-and-electrosmear abysses you can't dance to, the first time I heard it, thinking it would probably flip me out if stoned. Several playings later, and under the influence of various substances it did. A little something for everybody.

This album is infinitely preferable to the involuted, introverted sortings of varying strands of navel lint indulged in by several other chart-topping heavies I'm not gonna get in trouble by naming again. At this point, I'm anticipating the next Kantner-Slick opus with far more interest than the Jefferson Airplane album that could conceivably never arrive.

After such a heavily committed album as *Sunfighter* the second album in this package from Grunt, *Hot Tuna's Burgers*, comes as somewhat of an anticlimax. Jorma and Jack from the Airplane seem to be on some sort of aesthetic head-blues trip with Papa John Creach and Sammy Piazza on drums being dragged along merely for company. The vocals sound like a pair of unconvincing door to door salesmen after a hard day and even the lyrics can't compensate for this. Papa John Creach's violin is often reduced to a merely background fill-in along with Sammy's drums. About the only thing that pulls the album through is the dues they pay to the Airplane. *On Sea Child*, and *Sunny Day Strut* Jacks' bass and Jormas' lead guitar incorporate all that was musically inspiring in the Airplane and more, soaring together in crescendoes of riffs that are the calling card of their playing. Their electric sound is more rivetting than their acoustic work, which, on this album, falls well below par for the course. *Hot Tuna's Burgers* (hot tuna burgers?) is, at best only just palatable.

The third denizen of the Airplane pack worth checking out in his solo bow is Papa John Creach, the old fiddler who added a few fills to *Bark* and failed to resuscitate *Hot Tuna*. On his own he's a spry, sly delight, and surprisingly turns up as one of the few musicians to be able to take on a passel of Superpassengers and still sail his ship straight and true. You wouldn't even know that Jerry Garcia and the other peripatetic palaverers were there. Papa John has a way with the fiddle distinct in this day, a facility for playing straight gospel blues and making it sound somehow classical, and a rare and subtle sense of humour, as when he begins W.C. Hardy's *St Louis Blues* (and when was the last time you heard somebody do that?), with a riff straight out of Hungarian *cum* Bela Lugosi atmosphere music, or selects *Over the Rainbow* of all songs in creation, and turns you round by not only making it palatable but actually, with his courtly sweet phrases that seem to never quite lose their jive thread, a lot of fun to listen to. Which is pretty damn rare said of any record these days.

- SIDEWINDER

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"SUNFIGHTER"
"BURGERS"
"PAPA JOHN
CREACH"

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BOOKS



Pipe Dreams in Ponsonby
David Mitchell;
Published by Stephen Chan for the
Association of Oriental-Flavoured
Syndics.

Mitchell gives a hint on how to read
his poems in *Words*:

"who
seeks wisdom in words
seeks best first
th signs
below their bland faces
&
between the lines"

It's a hint only, because "th signs"
remain mysterious and unspecified in
the poem. But if one listens for the
speaking voice of the poet, quiet and
bending with the rhythms of Mitchell's
intonation - neither English or
Australasian, yet suggesting both - the
poems reveal themselves as wistful
elegies on spending one's youth in
Auckland. *Words* then says:

"who
faces silence in fear
best
shout and dance and sing
some
all night long
&
year
after
year"

Mitchell doesn't dance or sing; he
talks, and *Words* shows it.

The book is less a collection of
poems - though it is - than a coherent
conversation in poetry about loving
women, being a clown, seeing fear, and
taking refuge in words. It begins with
Words, then three sections follow:
Odalique, *Harlequin*, and *Laughing*
with the *Taniwha* and ends with
Silences, a poem which incorporates,
and elaborates on *Words*. The book
stands, and stands very successfully as
a whole.

Naturally, not all the poems are of
equal merit. They share an aura of
"poetic" mystery, that kind of
resistance to immediate penetration
which - in good poems - attracts,
rather than repels; and they almost all
start off well. Sometimes the mystery
proves impenetrable or not worth the
piercing (in *Heavy Habits* especially)
but when the poems work, the mystery
proves to have been that which does
surround particular people or places
(*Sepia Tint* and *Sick Fool*). As for the
poems which start off well and end
badly they're not worth naming since
the reader will discover these easily
enough.

And there should be readers in
plenty. Because the book tells many
fascinating stories; detailed and
delicate about people, and
appropriately contrived and indelicate
about proto-people (I mean *th ballad*
of rosy crochet especially here). The
rhythms are those of the speaking
poet, and the words - well they tell
things about people . . .

Take: until she knows & owns th ache
'can this be love?' / admitting
then, that she may never see
again

th private rainbow break

Or: i remember her
as a fifth season.

Also (and to close) Mitchell can be
very funny (try *Yellow Room*). He
deserves reading. Patrick Hanly did the
drawings, which fit well, except that
one which goes with *laughing with th*
taniwha (it wasn't that funny).

- ANDREW SHARPE



The Walled Garden
Russell Haley
The Mandrake Root

Russell Haley, David Mitchell and
Sam Hunt are possibly the best of the
younger generation of New Zealand
poets. All three have recently
published collections of their work, all
put out by small presses. Of the three
Russell Haley is perhaps the least
characteristically "New Zealand" poet,
also the least obviously personal using
as he does dream images, cities of the
mind populated with grotesque
freakshow characters.

Harry Lurber, the masturbating
diagonal lift man

Mary the terrible tree

The Boss of the balloon factory

"Before we presented him with
his coronary

the Boss had a few last requests
to make:

Keep the cyanide machine
working;"
and most marvellous of all
Commissioner Gerder in his
heat-sealed

vinyl suit
with disposable hands
and removable feet

who goes on a long nightmare ride
towards his own disintegration with his
mistress ("Cassiah with the lilac eyes")
- is she real or just a figure
remembered from a photograph?)
slowly and expensively rotting away in
the back seat.

"Cassiah Cassiah

Your flesh is deliquescent

Gerder's medals are burning bright"

This from "hoardings" which is, I
think, my favourite poem in the book.
The frenzied pursuit of illusion, by a
figure who is himself unreal, made up
only of expensive accessories ends in
death that is at the same time sexual
union, coitus between corpses. It is
dream, but at the same time a glimpse
into the heart of a civilization hell bent
and obsessed with manufactured
desires.

Many of the poems carry the mark
of a childhood spent in wartime
England. Bombed-out cities and the
corruption that war throws up, the
ever-presence of death are the source
of much of the imagery in the book. If
many of the poems are
European-oriented it is because New
Zealand has remained untouched by
true horror. Our myths are of a
different kind. Many of the poems
refer specifically to the war "Belsen",
"Inventory of a Gone War" "The
39/45 Restaurant". The best of these is
"Spanish City" where an English
seaside town becomes a frightening
sideshow of terror. The main figures in
this are young boys - a boy running in
the crazy house of mirrors,
propositioned by a pervert, a boy
drowned (who bloated fuses with the
image of a surfaced U-Boat) and finally
a boy reconciled with his father. It is a
diagram of the war years, with the

feelings of relief when it all ended. The
bewilderment and fear of the boy
powerfully shown by a child's
doggerel which turns into a death-wish
"Step on a crack and a bear will get
you.

And wanting it,
Desperate,
Stepping, deliberate."

It is true nightmare, ruled by
irrational where the same object can
either benign or malignant, images
come fast, change abruptly but there is
a feeling of dream-suspension, the
house of mirrors is the dominant image
and the key one, wherever one turns
wherever one runs one is faced with
with refracted and distorted reflections
of the self. This feeling of horror that
exists outside time is beautifully
expressed in another poem.

"Cronus devouring his children
in a land of stone
beyond the blue-green curtain."

Some of the later poems in the
book are less hectic. "The Walled
Garden" the title poem is concerned
again with the power of illusion, spin-
ning through time and space to escape
in claustrophobia.

"I can cross the garden in three
paces

What is real are the walls"

The imagery is light and dark, earth
and rock and the tricks that the mind
plays the possibilities it opens to itself
only to realize that there is no escape
from the self. The garden is made
things, Paradise garden, the ruined hol-
place, undiscovered planet and finally
and inescapably the human mind.

"As we move
the garden moves with us."

Refuge, paradise and prison.

"Night Flying With Hanly" another
fairly recent poem has this trans-
quality. Again the interest in the Ex-
that appears in "The Walled Garden"
with its Ara bic images. Kite flying
takes on something of the mystical
experience.

"... the deep hum of the rope
linking the man and the kite-
this voice says nothing
and yey everything"



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it all ended. The gentle humour as well as the boy at Hanly ("Everyone realized/ from the material/ he was image) and at Haley who, his kite as a girl decides coming old

te." are, ruled by the same object can malignant, im- raptly but there n-suspension, the dominant im- herever one one is faced on started reflect- ing of horror th- e is beautiful poem. g his children

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task is to enhance the of rational behaviour in the of domestic and international defining and illuminating the paths in a maze of human In the context of Nigeria, defining the processes brought about the declaration of secession and isolating the which kept the secessionists

book begins with the entry of Okwue as military governor in representative of the new military government. An Ibibio Mr Akpan became shortly after and by normal promotion head of civil service and to the executive council. He on in that post even after the of secession, attempting to classic constitutional function political principle adviser to chief executive. That he and so others did just that was surely an factor in the prolongation of

carried on, keeping the wheels seeing as far as possible to the presentation of authoritative They did so despite the fact act of secession removed any constitutional imperative to do despite the fact that their own was progressively less heeded as cases that gather around any man over hummed and bumbled Okwue, feeding his ego and his satisfying information, feathering and paying off old scores.

the end, of course, Akpan and remaining colleagues could not Biafra; but had they all resigned the outset, would the myth of viability ever had been born? It drama as old as the concept of In politics resignation is an ego more often than it is a publicly ve action; in the civil service a resignation is as likely to effect as moles are to fly. Even in respect, there is no romantic ation - no "ideal moment", for as likely that the dedication of various officials in Biafra has eased tasks of reconstruction and ation as it is that if they had larger numbers secession would collapsed near its outset.

only ... is a fruitless exercise; the academic analyses which will after the flood of Akpan-type ents had receded will be valuable if they assist our collective mas, elected and appointed, to do thing more than keep on keeping

- RUTH BUTTERWORTH

DOMES

geodesic means the shortest distance between two points on a mathematically derived surface thus a geodesic sphere is an approximation to a sphere composed of straight lines and a geodesic dome is a section of that sphere

SOME DOME POEM. With the contemporary interest in the writings and projects of R. Buckminster Fuller a group of us have decided that it would be a good idea to have an exhibition of some sections of the mans work. A 40' three frequency dome will be erected to serve as an environmental theatre, there will also be several other smaller models put up around the campus to fulfil various undifferentiated functions. What we want is as many different examples of domes as we can possibly muster. Domes that can house the multitude of informal, spur of the moment activities that an Arts Festival will produce or domes that exist just for their inherent beauty.

A film, made by Australian film maker Mick Glasheen, called "A Teleologic Transmission from Spaceship Earth" which was made during Fullers 1970 trip to Australia.

Also there is a very strong possibility that we will be able to get out a publication on the exhibition which will become a comprehensive cover of the dome building scene in New Zealand, - a potential dome builders bible.

The important thing at the moment is that anybody who has built a dome, domes or dome models or in fact anybody who is interested in such an event get in touch with us as soon as possible. Action - to quicken our minds and brighten our fantasies. You can contact me, either thru the Arts Festival office ph 372 925

KERRY FRANCIS

4th AUCKLAND FILM FESTIVAL - 1972

FREE FILM SCREENINGS AND TALKS AT THE UNIVERSITY

A series of talks and film screenings will precede the main Film Festival season at the Regent Theatre (July 14-27). These are free both to students and to members of the general public. The location is room B28 in the Library Building (cnr Princes St and Alfred St), except for the evening programme on July 5th which will be held in Lower Lecture Theatre.

Programme of pre-Festival activities

26 June, Monday, 1-2 pm, 'MODERN GERMAN CINEMA'. A talk by Peter Verner, recently returned from post-graduate studies at Hamburg University. A number of German films will be included in this year's Film Festival. Mr Verner will discuss them and German film-making in general.

28 June, Wednesday 1-2 pm, 'JEAN-LUC GODARD'. A talk by Robin Scholes, lecturer in Art History. Godard's film 'WEEKEND' will be included in this year's Festival.

29 June, Thursday, 8-10pm, 'NAZARIN' (film). The print is rather old, but Luis Bunuel's film is still deeply impressive.

30 June, Friday, 1-2 pm, 'LUIS BUNUEL'. A talk by Roger Horrocks of the English Department. Bunuel's film 'TRISTANA' will be included in this year's Festival. The talk will include the screening of film examples from 'NAZARIN'.

MID-TERM BREAK FILM SCREENINGS:

3 July, Mon., 12 noon to 2 pm., then repeated at 8pm: 'MEXICO THE FROZEN REVOLUTION' a feature film directed by Raymundo Gleyzer. (A profound analysis of Mexico today, comparing it with the period of revolution in the 1910s. First prize at the Locarno Film Festival and prize at the Mannheim Festival, 1971.) Plus short films: LIVING (experimental film by Fred Zwartjes of the Netherlands), DRUG ABUSE (USA), and THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH (70 minute film from Australia: 'An anthropologist discovers a cocoon which he falls in love with and from which, in his imagination, an ideal woman is born... The story is told by means of time shifts and shifting planes of consciousness.' Directed by Dusan Marek.)

4 July, Tuesday, 12 noon to 2, repeated 8 to 10pm. 'THE GREAT CHICAGO CONSPIRACY CIRCUS' (A fantastic zany sendup of every courtroom drama you have ever seen, and at the same time a profound comment on recent political events. An outstanding success at both the Rochester and Chicago Film Festivals.) Directed by Kerry Fletham of Canada.) Plus short films: NOMESDALE (53 mins. Australian film about a party of six guests at an exclusive hunting lodge. Grand Prix at the Australian Film Institute festival.) Plus: INTERCHANGE (Swedish film about a musical jam session by intellectually handicapped children), to be shown only at Tuesday's 8pm session.

5 July, Wednesday, 12 noon to 2 in B28, and Wednesday 8 to 10 in Lower Lecture Theatre: 'A CITY'S CHILD' (Australian feature film directed by Brian Kavanagh, 'a dramatic treatment of the problems of loneliness in a big city - Melbourne.' Has won several Australian prizes.) Plus short films: CATAPULT (Australian film on pole vaulters with some unusual slow-motion shots), THE CAT (Yugoslavian version of an Aesop fable - Venus transforms a young poet's cat into a girl), 'SNOW, SAND AND SAVAGES' (Award winning Australian film about a famous photographer, Frank Hurley).

LATER FILM SCREENINGS TO BE ADVERTISED LATER.



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NAME

ADDRESS

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Riley

JEANS

A WORD FROM ABOVE

Sir,
Whilst men fight their wars and go their various ways, many uncaring for others and unbelieving that any great change could ever come to this Earth, which they occupy by Devine consent — though some would even deny this — great activity is taking place in the cosmos, and great revelation is being given to chosen channels in different parts of the world.

The enclosed message is part of this Cosmic Revelation, and I ask you to print it in your newspaper so that all may read it — whether they are truth speakers or not. Please return if no intention to print.

Peace and Truth be with you, Ernest Knight.

I am Azuba, my flagship is stationed not so very far away. There are 21 craft directly under my command.

The serious world situation in which you are now engulfed does not escape us. We of the Space Command are ever alert and watchful 24 hours of every day for events or manifestations in all parts of your world which might entail immediate action from our command. It has been anticipated by beloved Ashtar, under the direct supervision of our Commander-in-Chief, Jesus the Christ, now known as Sananda, that there may be before the year 1972 is out, much opportunity for us to go into immediate action. The details of course even we do not know as yet, for man does have his so called free-will, and the inhabitants of the Earth may elect to change their ways for better or worse.

I am not a philosopher, I am a pilot. However, I have been assigned the particular responsibility of a segment of one and a half million craft which have now been assembled in a legion of service to the Planet Earth. And these have been recruited from not only your own Solar System but from many other Galaxies. For the call has gone out to bring much to bear upon the earth-plane, not only on the consciousness of its inhabitants, but upon the Earth itself. I do not have time, nor would it be profitable perhaps, if I had the time, to delineate all

the services which are rendered by your brothers and sisters from so-called outer space.

The consummation of the ascension of the Planet Earth is most important and some of you will have your part in this. And some of you in your minds are already asking—"What does he mean by the ascension of the Planet Earth? Know ye that, as well as the eventual ascension of every lifestream on the Planet, the Earth itself is designated and on its way to make its ascension. This will take many forms.

Firstly, the complete straightening of the axis of the Planet and then the spiralling into a new orbit to take the place of the Planet Uranus. This is somewhat of a mystery to most of you, but I desired to bring it to your attention to amplify that which has been given by beloved Lord Michael i.e. that you have now fallen heir to the greatest heritage that has ever been bestowed upon man in the sordid history of your Planet.

Therefore I must ask you to strive religiously for your final goal. You ask, what is your final goal? The goal of every lifestream on the Planet is their final ascension in the light. Perhaps we should define ascension. What is meant by ascension? It is not rising in your physical body from the Earth and disappearing into the heavens, as beloved Jesus, your Wayshower did centuries ago. That was a very special ascension and one which will not be repeated again in the history of your Planet. Your ascension will not be a sudden one but a gradual one.

The first requisite of your ascension is the complete renunciation of all evil. What is evil? It is the negative qualities in ever lifestream. You know better than anyone else what they are in your own individual lives. You know what your temptations are; you know what you are inclined to do, and then regret afterwards. You must learn to renounce the lower self and follow the higher Christ self.

If I would describe a spacecraft to you, you might say "I have seen something like that, it is rather common in our skies these days." And so it is. There are 1,036 different types of our craft operating in your atmosphere and above it. Most of them are invisible to your sight. They take on various forms from the helicopter, the conventional airplane with 2 wings, or 4 wings, or without wings; round, oblong, square, cylindrical; you name it, we have it.

Now, why are there so many? It is to circumvent the curiosity and possible interference from those who would, at the drop of a hat, fire upon any craft which was not conventional or identifiable. Many of our craft are like your planes and are thus not detected. We are obscure and can also in these types of ships make ourselves invisible or violently glowing in rainbow colours, at a few seconds notice.

We are rendering to Planet Earth indispensable services, and I tell you frankly that were it not for such, and the love and light of the great Ashtar Command and our beloved Commander-in-Chief your Wayshower, your Planet would not be a planet tonight, and many of you would not be in the flesh either. And so give us a little credit for our efforts. We do it because we love the people of Earth; we love the people of the Universe; we love all of God's creations.

Do you love us and them enough to dedicate your lives, all that you have — not particularly your money — but your services, your opportunities and your talents to the service of the great Hierarchical Plan, composed of the Ascended Masters, the Space Command, the Archangels, the Elohim, Helios and Vesta of your Sun, and Immanuel and Immanuella of the great Central Sun, and then on beyond to the Creator of all. Will you, this night, dedicate your life anew, and all that you have, to the service of the Great Masters of Light?

I am Azuba, a Captain under the Ashtar Command!

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