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# CRACCUM

THURSDAY MARCH 15th.  
ISSUE NO3

1973

## BEARINGS.

### poems

Vincent O'Sullivan,

Wellington, O.U.P. 1973

This is the third volume of poems that Vincent O'Sullivan has published. Like its predecessors, *Our Burning Time* (1965) and *Revenants* (1969) it is a collection of mainly short poems, varying widely in form and subject matter, and also in level of difficulty. Some are immediately accessible, others contain much that is inexplicable, even after several readings. However, this is not intended as a criticism. The obscurity arises out of the complexity of the poet's personality rather than because of wilful obfuscation. In this case a poem incompletely understood may render just as much enjoyment as one that is readily paraphrasable.

Some of the poems capture the experience of the moment in direct and concrete terms. Among these are *Morning*, with its evocation of autumn by means of sharp, precise images, *Leaves and Leafburn*, where the poet assists his child burn a pile of leaves. Often, however, such poems are mingled with irony. In *Hands* there is a shocking contrast between the gentle work of a farmer's hands now and their murderous activity in the past — 'Hands that slit two wounded men outside Trieste'. A similar ironic contrast is present in *Words from an Ally* where a confident American, satirized as 'a learned slug', dematerializes to nothing while quoting Dante with reference to Florence, "We are in a town of ghosts".

As a poet, Mr O'Sullivan has a many-sided persona. As well as being an ironic observer, he is also a puzzled father, meditating the meaning of a series of events preceding the birth of a son. Despite their seeming function as portents, the poet is too rational to give way to superstition:

Yet the first thing we share  
must be a fact:  
portents no more convincing  
than the names of microbes  
the breaking point of viruses  
the indifference of what breaks them

In another poem, *The Keepers*, he adopts the persona of a prisoner. At first the keepers, impersonal in their anonymity, are pleasant enough but later they are more menacing. But the prisoner is defiant, unmoved by the threats, asserting the independence of imagination —

Then I can sit

And make extraordinary things happen.

The poems that I found most impressive in quality were the ones that utilize classical myths. Sometimes the myth is used satirically as in *Ixion*, where the poet is transfixed to the wheel of daily routine. But generally satirical intent is not important. Instead, the myth may be used to give greater significance to a mundane event, as in *Semele*, where the goddess is recreated as a girl killed in an accident. Despite the greater depth given to this poem by the allusion to the terrible fate of *Semele* — she was too mortal and frail to bear the majesty of Jupiter in his thunder and lightning — I found the application of the myth in this case rather contrived.

More successful are *Danae* and *Ariadne*. In the former *Zelus*, coming to rape Danae in her tower, is amazingly transmogrified into a 'potent coalman'. But at the same time the mythical entry of Zeus, transformed into a golden shower, is alluded to in the final lines:

She yelps to rid her eyes of too much gold.

Across the gold-flecked lino where she is rolled." The ambivalent meaning of 'rolled', with its literal and

verbs such as 'champed' and 'yelped', and at the same time elevated by the 'treasure of her hair' and elusiveness.

*Ariadne* is presented as a tragic figure, unable to resist the demands of Theseus, faithful to his every wish — symbolized by the recurring 'yes' of the poem. She is given a terrible awareness of the fate that awaits her, foreseeing her desertion on *Naxos*:

"While you think I sleep I shall bide your  
casting off."

Theseus figures also in 'Interview with Theseus', a study in incomprehension with the interviewer trying to reduce Theseus's experience in the labyrinth to clear-cut certainties and Theseus insisting in the elusiveness of experience. Theseus with his — 'There is no more 'surely' — has the last word.

Probably the most interesting of the classical poems is *Narcissus* with its blend of science and myth, space-exploration and local particularism. *Narcissus* himself, sickening on a bed for most of the day, eyes bandaged, unbandages and moves to open the window, and, after a glimpse of himself, "hears the tinkle" — in apparent reference to the despairing echo of the myth — and afterwards an awful silence. This is the strangest of colloquial senses, is typical of the puns which the poet uses to create greater density of meaning. Stylistically he draws on a wide range, even within the same poem. Simultaneously *Danae* is reduced to the level of animal by

the classical parodies and the most attractive in its

The major works in the collection are *Bearings* and *No News from Samos*, neither of them easy to understand. *Bearings* is itself a set of pieces, the logic of whose sequence is not readily apparent. The sequence as a whole apparently deals with an obsessional love which mingles real and unreal:

Angle or succubus  
annunciator  
damner  
Immaterial flicks as a  
brush

the material world.

In its archetypal aspect this love may be figured as a mountain, deceptive but fatal or — in chivalric terms — as the Grail to which her poet — knight as pledged devotion. At times she forces the poet to a hypocritical role (As I'm Told to Be).

but other poems in this set appear to develop more personal aspects, as in the lyrical *As I Think she says and Respite or Inches*.

These are the poems of a very sophisticated writer. He makes his effects through striking imagery, wide stylistic range, puns, irony and a flexible though sometimes ambivalent syntax. It is a pleasure to be able to read these poems and to recommend them to others.

C.C. Bowley





## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### Wankers buy stripper

The stripper has gone ahead. The SGM held on Friday voted in favour of the stripper act taking place by a majority of about two to one. The meeting was notable for several reasons: the mass turnout of Engineering students, the backtracking of the organisers in response to the mood created by the engineers presence and the total insensitivity of the pro-stripper lobby to both the rights of anti-stripper persons to speak and to the issues involved.

The well-attended meeting was reduced, for the most part, to a shambles of insults, rugby songs, booing, and unison chanting; in other words, a bad-taste show, where the right to present a point of view was extended only to speakers of the correct school-of-engineering approved gender, and in which male sexism was touted as a positive virtue. The engineers have won their pound of flesh, one might say, and we hope they are bloody pleased with it. At moments like this one almost feels driven to making excuses for one's own masculinity; perhaps the only excuse that can be made is that the meeting was not so much an expression of sexual energy as an expression of mass hysteria inflamed by a boorish insensitivity. That the men involved are sexually immature is patent; there was no real sexual feeling displayed whatsoever.

The whole idea of these loutish infants paying \$1.50 to see what any more adult person can have for nothing any time he — or she — wants, if he feels like it, is more pathetic than threatening. Perhaps the best way we can now make amends for this unfortunate business would be to donate the profits from this event to the campus branch of Womens Lib. The sum of money involved should be considerable, if only a quarter of those who voted for the stripper are willing to put their money where their mouths are.

### Sharpeville day

Next Wednesday is Sharpeville Day, a day celebrated in remembrance of all victims of Apartheid. Each year the Anti-Apartheid Co-ordinateing Committee, in association with the various anti-apartheid groups, sponsors protest activities aimed at producing some semblance of public consciousness of the inhumanity of racism. 1973's activities will focus attention on the forthcoming Springbok tour, in a roundabout fashion, but are not intended as a show of strength by the Movement. However, the day's activities will in some circles be interpreted, altogether wrongly, as indicative of what the country may expect if, and when, the South Africans do arrive.

The anti-Vietnam War Movement has always emphasised the mass demonstration as the most effective means of protest, and thus has attempted to force HART to follow suit, albeit unsuccessfully. HART has maintained its policy of non-violent disruption and has consistently refused to play the "numbers game" believing it to be an ineffective means of protest when treated as a be-all-to-end-all. Most protesters would probably agree on the truth of the HART assumption and would thus reckon on disruption as a more effective means of protest.

Thus HART does not view the proposed lunchtime march in Queen Street, on Sharpeville Day, as tactically being a viable political move. Being midweek the march will not give the majority of Anti-apartheid movement supporters the opportunity to register their protest and the turnout will mainly consist of students and workers who may have that day off work, obviously not a true indication of the numbers supporting the movement. Much fodder will be provided then for the most notorious pseudo-democrats to arm the reactionary New Zealand Herald with copious amounts of garbage on the "real" suport the anti-tour lobby actually has got. In view of the Prime Minister's recent statements on the tour issue, the pro-tour spokesmen, such as Ron Don will clutch desperately at this other straw in order that they may make some political capital out of it. The Herald will gladly open its pages so that an unaware public may read the "truth" about the strength of the anti-tour support.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### One

Dear Sir,

Obviously Stephen Ballantyne failed to adjust to Lee Friedlander when he wrote his review of the New Photography U.S.A. exhibition, otherwise he would have had more to say about the man. Just as obviously he failed to see the humour that is a part of this brilliant artists work. I see that you reproduced his Minnesota 1964 picture, which was certainly what you might call approachable, and yet you made no comment on this lovely thing. And his self portraits have an underlying current of dry humour to them as well, thought there were only a couple of these on show of course. Perhaps a slightly more open view and a little less of the D.W. Lochore would do Ballantyne well.

P.N. Smith

### Two

Ballantyne replies: I know I didn't really get as much out of Friedlander as I might have, but I think I made this fairly plain by implication in my review itself. Anyway, I did like the man's photographs, which I think is what really counts. Minnesota 1964 was rather an old picture, and hence might not be truly representative of Friedlanders present style. As for the comparing me with D.W. Lochore, this I found truly wounding.

### Three

Sir,

R. Cox in his letter to the editor, Craccum 8th March, appears to have indicated his (her)? own lack of interest in university life. Even if nothing that appears in Craccum seems particularly invigorating to him, it could never be said that the content lacks variety (except perhaps by the most adamant of bigots). I think Craccum is to be congratulated as maintaining such an array of material; although I must confess I only find about 10% of it interesting myself, I am only 0.01% of the university after all. I particularly applaud the intended academic work (Basil Williams "Easter Island" is exactly the kind of article we need) and look forward to reading the result of such a change of approach. If R. Cox prefers his entertainment ready-made perhaps he might read Playboy instead, or could I even suggest he provides a few exciting contributions of his own?

Roland N. Horne.



#### STAFF

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#### Attention all prospective ADVERTISERS

Whether it is a club notice, a business or classified advertisement. The same rules apply. All copy must be in our hands 7 days before publication. We would even prefer copy 10 days or more before publication, especially if it involves typesetting or art work.

### Four

Adelaide

26 February, 1973

Dear Bob and Steve,

Hope things are going well back at the old A.U. I've been having a great holiday since leaving Auckland on December 6th, and don't expect to get a job for another week or so yet. After a few days waiting for a plane from Fiji to Tonga, I had one and a half very interesting and relaxing months in the old village I stayed in when I worked in Tonga in 1969. There has been an incredible amount of change in attitudes and ways of life, principally because of a decline in income from the copra, banana and other crops and an increased, now central role played by tourism. For many it is the main money bringer, and money plus materialism are much to the fore now. The changes of commercialism, the bubble gum and pop culture, have not improved the Tongan ways. The present and future are catching up with Tonga rapidly.

I left Tonga at the end of January, travelling to Fiji on the Tongan vessel the "Aoniui". A deck passenger cost me \$6.85, though I saw by the conditions of purchase that the company was exempt from everything possible — piracy on the high seas, danger from the Queen's enemies, neglect, delays, non arrival — being some of the clauses. But I could sleep on the hatch covers. But I only got on board minutes before the boat left the wharf (we ran out of petrol 8 miles from town, then scrambled to arrive as they were lifting the gangplank), so could get 2 square feet of space for me and my luggage. I got my bag stowed, so found my 2 square feet gone. I spent the rest of the 2 days on a pile of taro sacks in one corner — cool and quite comfortable after arranging the taro. On arrival in Suva Harbour, we waited eight hours in stream, because some bloody (gulp!) cruise ship took our berth. Eventually, a tug took us off to land at about 2pm. I spent a week in the bustle of Suva, then took a \$2.10 bus trip to Nandi — the normal, no frills service via Sigatoka — nearly \$8 cheaper than the airfare. Next morning after 12 hours hanging around the air terminal, I changed to a Panam 747 Jumbo, which was great. Arriving Sydney I took a bus and train to get to cousins at Parramatta. It rained 6 of 8 days in Sydney.

The big news in Australia this week (from Feb. 6th) was the Singapore spy story, which backfired in every possible way, and made Whitlam look like a prize twit. Fortunately for him the Liberal Party is in a bigger mess. The starlet of proceedings is undoubtedly Margaret Whitlam, who can be relied upon to give her opinion anytime on anything to anyone. There may be a good case for putting her up as Prime Minister, with Gough taking over the role of First Lady. (By the way, he's having a lovely time holidaying in Bali just now).

I spent my last day in Sydney appreciating the Harbour, the newly extended Art Gallery, and the great Opera House, which is incredible. Then I went by bus to Melbourne.

Melbourne is not an easy place to live — Sydney is friendlier and more alive. Melbourne has the Yarra, and the Vice Squad. The latter collected 72 tons of literature (not all pornographic it turned out) in raids over ONE WEEK. It seems that the Liberals are using the porno issues to divert attention from the more explosive and damaging political issues — why? — State elections this year. But the Labour Opposition is quick to capitalize:

"While police were carrying off 72 tons of sex publications, people were being raped and bashed all over Melbourne" — Mr Wilkes, Deputy Leader, State Opposition.

While staying in Sydney and Melbourne I was lucky enough to listen in to the views of two types of Liberal Party supporters. In Sydney were some social climbers aspiring and nearly reaching upper middle class. All their politics were about the Yellow Peril, and Red Threats, and one person felt quite sincerely there would be Communist takeover by Christmas. In Melbourne I met Liberals who were more worried that their shares would lose value, and felt the economy would be wrecked for about 10 years. Apart from thinking Military Service a good thing ("It delouses them and gives them a haircut — knocks a bit of discipline into them" "Military service is the greatest thing in their lives — I loved every minute of it"), they were quite liberal. It gave me a bit of a shock to hear them support the Australia Party — "supports free enterprise and shows a concern for the environment."

Last Thursday I hitched from Melbourne to Adelaide arriving at 11am Friday. Spent about 10 hours in a roadhouse/service station at Horsham, Victoria, waiting for a truckie to take me to Adelaide. We left at 2am. But I do now have a list of all the truckie stopping places from Melbourne to Adelaide. I have spent since then in a house

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in Carrington Street, with people involved in the Social Action Urban project I met up with last summer. Today I spent at Flinders Uni (about 14 miles from town), and here at Adelaide Uni. Adelaide has incredibly big grassy grounds. The grass in front of the Student Union is filled with tents and stalls like a carnival — this is Orientation. During the weekend they had a refresher camp in the country. Flinders is a huge complex on a hill, and if you think AU has lousy architecture and planning, come and see Flinders — it looks like a US missile station, and is boiling in summer, and I'm told, freezing in winter. But it does have an artificial lake. The cafe there is terrific, the food and drink good. I'll send you their superb Orientation Handbook, too — by surface mail, as I'm not rich, yet. They are quite quaint up there, too — had a lunchtime choir recital, where to welcome back students they sang Gaudeamus Igitur!!!

I think I'll leave Adelaide on Wednesday and hitch back to Melbourne, then go to Tasmania, and get a job picking apples for a month or two. Send the cheques to the Travel Department, Bank of NSW, Hobart, envelope marked PLEASE HOLD FOR COLLECTION. Thank you. They have a Capitalists Society here at Adelaide Uni and I have resisted the temptation.

Hope you are all well. Send my love to Russell.

Roger C. Cowell.

## Five

Womens Liberation  
Auckland University,  
Dear Mesdames,

I regret the delay I have caused you in the preparation of my statement re your concern about the proposed entertainment to be provided as part of Orientation on Saturday 10th March.

Your considerable misgivings and serious doubt over this form of entertainment has caused my Orientation colleagues and I to question as you do whether it should go ahead.

During the past few days we have made several enquiries to various people, University students and administrators alike, and it appears that after a total appraisal of opinions that all concerned are evenly divided over the matter.

Personally I agree with your movements feelings as to this proposed entertainment, I had several reservations as to its appropriateness in the Orientation Programme. What is more, I too think that an act of its kind can reflect our exploitation of a woman's body, and can be a crude form of entertainment. No one, especially myself wishes this to occur, and it was only after further investigation as to the professionalism and artistic quality of the act that I included it in the Orientation programme.

I'm sure you will also appreciate that in my position I can not arbitrarily enforce my own personal beliefs on University students, a great many, a majority I suspect who do want this entertainment. I refer you to my address which appears in the first Craccum which is addressed to all University students especially first years at this time of the year, where I as Orientation Controller am concerned that there is something in the programme for everybody.

I thank you for your concern and trust I might meet a deputation of you in the near future, perhaps Tuesday or the earliest time at your convenience.

M. Kidd,

ORIENTATION CONTROLLER

## God Defend New Zealand

If last week's political symposium on "Where is New Zealand going" is any indication, it would appear that the public has had the worst of a bad bargain in the 1972 General Election. Speakers from the major political parties (excluding the Values Party) were present and failed to impress, with the exception of Social Credit leader, Bruce Beetham.

Both the Labour (Kerry Burke, Rangiora) and The National (Ben Young, Egmont) speakers failed to go beyond a platitudinous discussion on the various niceties their respective parties would extend to the N.Z. populace. Phrases such as "a growing sense of national identity", "respect for the individual is important" were juggled about with amazing ease and clumsy pretensions to profundity were ever present. The trendy issues of the environment and quality of life, progress and civilisation cropped up throughout the session and one came out of it feeling that perhaps Democracy was "stuffed" after all.

Beetham was good value enough. He kept away from the party platform and appeared to have a deeper understanding of the real problems facing our industrialising society. Perhaps this is a feature of unsuccessful politicians; that they look more towards the structure and dynamics of the system, studying its failings with a view to real reform measures rather than popular and ineffectual palliatives.

"New Zealand once showed the way (sic), but now has an international reputation for its consumption of beer and mass production of illegitimate children. "Beetham's whole tome appeared to have moved away from the former emphasis on "Funny Money" to a realistic appraisal of New Zealand's failure to learn from the misfortunes of other nations, a failure verging on a refusal to accept that our fair nation could possibly produce social problems, the feeling that sickness is something forced on our society rather than as a characteristic of it.

Tosum up them, if the speakers are at all indicative of the calibre of our national leaders then by all means change the National Anthem to "God Defend New Zealand" because we may well need him shortly.

## Equal Pay At Last

An SGM of the Association has ratified the Executive decision to increase Studass fees by 1.00 to 26.00 per annum in order to accommodate Equal Pay in the cafeteria. The final decision lay with the student body, which voted 335 (for) to 31 (against) and thus fees have officially gone up.

The major opponents to the fee increase, Exec. members, Kubi Witten-Hanna (Capping) and Heather McInnes (Publications), were both vague and weak in their objections so that few students could have gleaned the real objections. In effect Witten-Hanna's stand impressed as little more than personal diatribe against the president, Russell Bartlett.

McInnes and Witten-Hanna have stated that the increase was intended to maintain a margin between the male and female employees in the cafeteria alleging that this was being done in response to a demand by the Union. It has been alleged that those male workers, on the same hourly rate as the females, were to be given a marginal increase as they do all the heavy lifting. A.U.S.A. Business Manager, Richard Rowe, denies that any males are employed in this capacity and thus such a position will not arise.

Heather McInnes' only statement after the meeting was:

"Students are stupid, and they showed that this afternoon when they voted for the motion."

Although the President denied that the Association would realise a profit in the coming year, rumours suggest that a surplus will show in the accounts to be presented in 1974. This may be due largely to cutback in increases going to clubs and societies and publications in the past few years.

## AGM

The General Meeting of the Auckland University Students' Association will be held in B28 on Wednesday, 28 March 1973 at 7.30pm. All motions for constitutional amendments must be in the hands of the Secretary by 5pm, Tuesday, 20 March 1973.

S.R.C. Elections — Thursday and Friday 15 and 16 March.

## NZUSA-V-NZIC

The NZUSA will meet with senior management personnel of the New Zealand Insurance Company in Auckland, on March 6.

The purpose of the meeting is to discuss the extent of the New Zealand Insurance Company's involvement in racially differentiated business dealings in South Africa.

The NZUSA has a strong policy against any links with South Africa that, in any way, indulge the system of apartheid.

President of the 36,000 member NZUSA, Mr Stephen Chan, who along with NZUSA's International Research Officer, Mr Joris de Bres will be meeting the New Zealand Insurance Personnel, said that he hoped the insurance company would either end its discriminatory practices in its business dealings in South Africa or pull out of South Africa altogether.

Mr Chan said he was upset that New Zealand owned companies should participate in the workings of South African apartheid and added that his own organisation had policy to halt such shameful betrayals of nationally held principles.

The result of the meeting is, as yet, unknown.

## Stripper SGM

Engineers packed together in one corner for security while "the rest" moved into the hall. McConachie seated at the front, balloon in hand, top hat on head — King of the proceedings. Great massed choir of male voices bleating out in unison: "What do we think of the Engineers — shithot! What do we think of women's lib — piss poor!"

A display of mob hysteria unsurpassed even by pub crawl and the rugby piss-ups. Surprising, in fact, that they didn't have booze to boost their "native courage", as the unthinking mob yells "get your gears off." Such a display of courage unequalled even by mob lynching.

McConachy rises to a chorus of howls and cheers: "There's two people I'd like to thank for being along today engineers and Com. Soc." Shithot, shithot, greets their introduction to politics — quite a monstrous birth.

— Drink more, root more, drink more piss.

Comments:

— I agree with what they say, but women have allowed themselves to become like this.

— I challenge women's liberation to throw off their clothes and show they aren't inhibited (Michael Kidd).

— I know it means that women are being used as sex objects, but I don't care.

Somebody-They-Don't-Like gets up, McConachy yells "Bullshit".

Massed chorus immediately chanting "bullshit, bullshit" — isn't it all fun?

Finally the motion is put. Fairly large vote for the motion, a reasonable cross-section of the meeting. Only three women voted against — funny that. Votes against — engineers and Com. Soc. carry the day. In B15 (no engineers and Com. Soc. members there) 100% vote in favour of the motion.

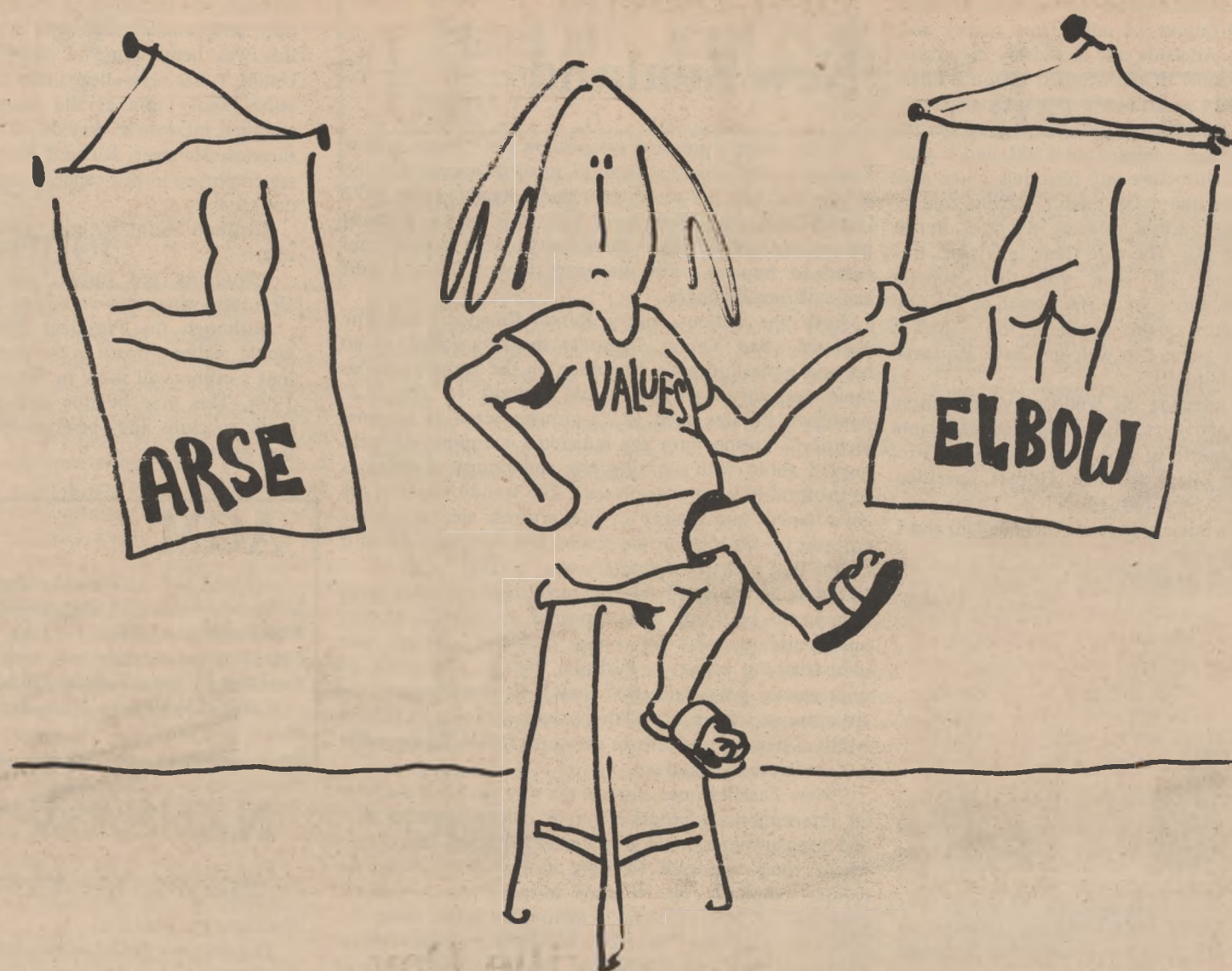
Christine Beresford

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SALE  
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Now open Sat.  
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**DANCE**  
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9.00  
ADMISSION  
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GAYS  
CLOSETS  
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# VALUE'S VALUES

by Gordon Ingham

## CARRY ON POLITICKING!

The first Auckland Regional Conference of the Values Party was held in an upstairs room at Ellen Melville Hall. When I dropped in during the afternoon during the afternoon about 60 were present. The audience was young, many of the men bearded like the pard as Mr Shakespeare was apt to remark. Bare feet were "in". Two shaggy wenches squatted on a table at the back of the hall apparently practicing their Yoga positions. Funny about this beard business. Hamish Keith recently commented that a beard acts as insulation and since he shaved his off his face is not so cool. Question? What do bearded characters do to make their faces hot in the first place?

Reports were read, flatly with no passion while the listeners sat silently. It was rather like an amateur dramatic group, each waiting to play or be allotted a part; or maybe more like a wake without any grog. It was not exactly WASP but I saw only two who could conceivably have been Maori.

You could order "Values T-shirts" at the door and also sign a petition against a Remuera shopping development. Yes, my signature is on it. One young lady carried the legend "Hawaian Surfboard" across her back and another wore one of those T-shirts with a giant V aimed at her navel — or something.

## THEIR MUTTER TONGUE

The chairman had no gavel but a clawhammer hung on a board behind him. Oddly enough he did not use it on those delivering murmured monologues inaudible to

anyone not sitting in their lap. I did gather, however, that the Values Party plans to establish Printing Services in downtown Auckland and to produce their own monthly newsletter and make money printing for others. All present were urged to write letters to editors and so produce a polished, professional image. Yep, that's what they said.

At this Auckland meeting (which was in February) one smiling youth announced happily "Obviously, abortion will form a major part of our policy". There is something terrifyingly glib about this almost light-hearted approach to the destruction of an incipient human being.

The problem seems to be that the Values Party grew too rapidly from a good idea for its leaders and members to discover real values as distinct from the superficially attractive ones. Take "zero population" for instance. If that end is achieved presumably everyone on earth will in time be related to everyone else. Just one big, happy, incestuous family.

Fortunately the national conference in Wellington revealed a measure of second guessing. A very good decision was the one to dismantle the rapidly hardening hierarchy, which would in a very short time have made Values just another political party; and political parties of any kind offer no hope of a real democracy because they all turn into little oligarchies.

The idea of regional semi-autonomous Values groups is actually a kind of federation and that is good. It could mean a new political concept completely replacing the outdated party system. There could be significant differences in policies in the regional groupings yet

enough common' ground to one day form a workable government.

For a start the Auckland region could look again at its narrow and inadequately considered Arts policy.

## A PRETTY 'ALF-ARTED EFFORT

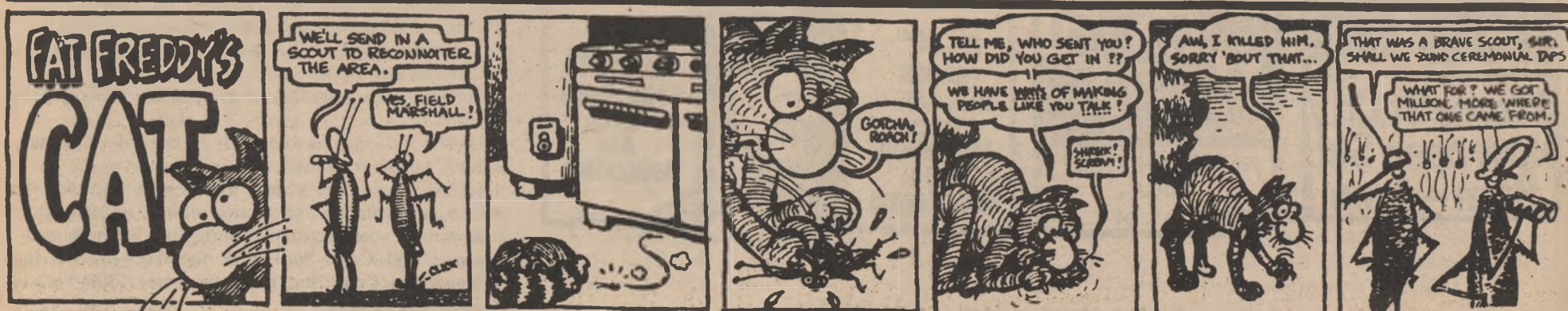
An appalling document has just been issued by the Values Party which illustrated how half-baked its ideas are. Headed "A Values Party policy for . . . The Arts in New Zealand" it shamelessly admits that this policy statement has been prepared by the "Arts and Culture" Committee of the Auckland Region, Values Party.

It offers considerable criticism of the Arts Council and calls for increasing the Government's annual financial contribution from the projected \$600,000 for 1974-75 to four or five million. It wants to take the Symphony Orchestra, described this week by the Proms conductor as equal to the Toronto or Cleveland symphony orchestras, from the NZBC which developed it to this quality and hand it over to the Arts Council.

It dwells on great length on what more can be done for artists, actors and musicians. But nowhere, not one word, is devoted to cinema or literature.

Maybe no one in the Values Party reads or goes to the cinema. Obviously it has no writers or producers among its "Arts and Culture Committee". It would seem that it believes ART means people who paint, act or attack some instrument . . . and that's the lot.

The best thing that can be said about the Values Party and its ideas on what constitutes culture is that it doesn't know its arts from its elbow.





# THE TOUR MUST STOP



The following letter was sent to the Prime Minister, the Rt Hon. Norman Kirk, by the National Union of South African Students (NUSAS) last month—

The Prime Minister  
The Right Honourable Mr Norman Kirk,  
The Prime Minister's Office, Wellington,  
NEW ZEALAND

Dear Sir

On behalf of the National Union of South African Students I wish to inform you of the following resolution taken at our annual National Students assembly in July 1972.

Res.129

THAT THIS NATIONAL STUDENT ASSEMBLY calls upon the government and the people of New Zealand to cancel the forthcoming rugby tour by the South African rugby tour of their country until such time as rugby and all other sports in South Africa are controlled by non-racial union recognized by international bodies as this is the only manner in which teams can be selected on an impartial basis.

Furthermore, we call upon the New Zealand University Students Association to continue to support our stand.

The resolution was passed with no votes against and two abstentions. There were approximately 70 voting representatives at the conference from the following campuses:

University of Natal, Durban; University of Natal, Pietermaritzburg; University of the Witwatersrand; University of Cape Town, Rhodes University and the Johannesburg College of Education.

These centres together comprise over 25,000 students.

Recent statements by the South African Prime Minister and the Minister of Sport have made it clear that the South African Government is not prepared to allow a representative team selected on the basis of merit to tour your country next year.

The National Union of South African Students is totally opposed to an all white tour of New Zealand and it is with respect that we urge you to take steps to have the tour for 1973 cancelled.

The same resolution was communicated to your predecessor, Mr John Marshall, and we did receive a negative reply from him. However, as your government has expressed a more progressive outlook towards hosting a team selected on a racial basis that excludes representatives from the large majority of South Africa's population, I would take this opportunity of repeating our call in the hope that it may be more favourably regarded by you and your government.

I remain,  
Your in peace,  
Paul Pretorius,  
President.

## Sharpeville Day

### ACTIVITIES

Co-ordinated by the National Anti-Apartheid Co-ordinating Committee, with the support of HART, CARE, NZUSA, National Council of Churches, United Nations Association, NZ Student Christian Movement, W.U.S., National Youth Council.

1. Days activities concentrate on Apartheid — by implication everything done is against the tour.
2. Picket ten business houses all day; these include South British, and N.Z. Insurance, IBM, South African Airways.
3. Leaflet schools, churches, town, workplaces.
4. The day's activities culminate in a memorial service for the victims of Apartheid. An address is to be given by John Gaetsewe, representative of the South African Trade Union Congress who was in South Africa during Sharpeville. This service will be held in St Matthews Church, Wellesley St. at 6.30pm. This address will be in the form of a nation-wide link-up broadcast to thirty town throughout the nation simultaneously.

MARCH 21: Anniversary of the Sharpeville Massacre. Designated by the United Nations as an International Day for the elimination of Racial Discrimination.

On the morning of March 21, 1960, a crowd of approximately 5,000 Africans, men, women and children, gathered outside the Sharpeville police station to peacefully protest against the 'pass' laws. They told the police they had left their passes at home and that they would no longer carry them. They offered themselves for arrest. Similar demonstrations were taking place in many towns in South Africa on that day. This was part of a nationwide campaign against the 'pass' laws or Reference Book system aimed at getting so many Africans without their 'passes' outside police stations that the white regime would be unable to imprison them because there would not have been enough cells; hence, the breakdown of the 'pass' system was foreseen.

Throughout the moving Saracen armoured cars and police moved about Sharpeville, an African township near Verening in the Province of the Transvaal, and at one point aircraft flew backwards and forwards, diving over the crowd in attempts to get them to disperse. Armed police and Security Branch officers moved into Sharpeville commanded by Lt Col. Pienaar. Whatever happened next, the fact has never been disputed that the police opened fire, killing 67 Africans, wounding 186. Post-mortem inquiries established that 70 percent of the victims were shot in the back — that is, as they were running from the gunfire. There is no evidence that any African carried a firearm.

In the days following the massacre the South African Government detained 1,900 political leaders for five months or more without trial and another 20,000 people were detained for "control purposes". No accusations were brought against the police for the killings and the Government issued a special decree ensuring that police personnel would not be liable to pay financial recompense to the victims' families.

During the Commission of Inquiry to investigate the massacre Lt Col. Pienaar was asked: "Do you think you have learned any useful lesson?" He replied "Well, we may get some better equipment."

Whatever the reason for the shooting; whether it was part of a 'get tough' policy on the part of the white regime, or occasioned by sheer panic hastened by the ineptitude of the police, the result stands indelibly marked in the minds of Africans and of others concerned with making South Africa a land of freedom and justice.

Ambrose Reeves, the Bishop of Johannesburg at the time and the author of Shooting at Sharpeville (London, 1960) has said: "Many people will be inclined to dismiss the events at Sharpeville as just another incident marking the attempt to put the theory of apartheid into practice. Their only desire will be to get back to normal as soon as possible. History, I believe, will recognise that Sharpeville marked a watershed in South African affairs. Life can never be quite the same again for any racial group in the Union, because of what happened on that Monday at Sharpeville."

March 21 is the thirteenth anniversary of the Sharpeville Massacre. On this day 67 black South Africans were murdered for their opposition to apartheid.

The sports representative of this system will soon be touring NZ. We, the NZ people, have been asked by the leaders of the black South Africans to oppose this tour and so aid them in their struggle against this inhuman system. Let us take up their call!

In Auckland, Wellington, and Christchurch, mass, peaceful, non-disruptive marches will be held on March 21 to demand that the government cancel the tour. Let us show Mr Kirk that the anti-tour forces in NZ are in the majority, not the minority!

#### MOBILISE MARCH 21

#### DEMAND THE GOVERNMENT TO STOP THE TOUR

March 21 leaves Albert Park, ends  
at Civic Admin. Building 1pm.

Organised by Sharpeville Day Committee

Sponsors: Brian Edwards, Tony Brunt, Values Party, David Shand, LP Candidate for Wgtn Central, Adam Floyd, LP Candidate for Karori, Ken Douglas, Wgtn Drivers Union, Len Anderson, Northern Drivers Union, Joris de Bres, International Research Officer, NZUSA, Bob Hillier, Craccum Editor, Keith Sinclair, Professor of History, R.C.J. Stone, Assoc. Professor of History, Robin Scholes, Art History, Michael Dunn, Art History, Russell Bartlett, President, AUSA, Walter Pollard, French, (partial listing only).



# ALL GOD'S CHILDREN GOT 'DE CLAP

The flower-child that OZ urged readers to plant back in 1967 has grown up into Bernadine Dohrn; for Timothy Leary, happiness has become a warm gun, Charles Manson soars to the top of the pops and everyone is making war and loving it. Movement sophists can easily reel off the oppressive chain of events which has propelled us from dropped-out euphoric gregariousness to the contemporary gunslinging gang bang. It's a logical hop from Kent State to the trendy genocide of, "to kill a policeman is a sacred act" (Leary).

But I cannot pull the trigger. Indeed, sometimes I suspect that a more appropriate target would be my fellow marksmen. Such despondent skepticism in the fortunes of the movement seems confirmed, if not articulated, in the actions of those around me. Some of my best friends are going straight — cutting hair, wearing suits, getting respectable jobs. These are the same people who were freaking out at the first UFO's while I still lurched home from gambling clubs, who were plugged into the Pink Floyd while I breathlessly awaited the verdicts of Juke Box Jury, who were mastering chillums while I still thought Panama Red was a Hollywood bit player. Appalled at the profusion of meaningless, mediocre and repetitive pop these friends seek refuge in the music of the twenties and thirties (Jack Hilton, the Best of Ambrose and his Orchestra, Al Bowly, Hutch, the Golden Age of British Dance Bands etc.) and we have drastically reduced their drug intake. John Peel wanders London a pop undertaker, sickened by the preponderance of pseudo stoned 'Underground' Groups who flash V signs while flattering their audiences with: "peace" and "remember Woods stock, man". Martin Sharp, responsible for much of the best psychedelic artwork (in early OZes, Cream sleeves and Dylan, Donovan, Van Gogh and Legalise Pot Rally posters) now always carries an indigenous musical instrument from Zambia as an antipop device and spends most of his time in the front stalls of Noel Coward revivals. Such reactions are more than the result of a cultural overdose. It is surely the tough realisation that today's heads treat each other no less savagely than the grey flannel skin-heads of whitehall; only without the latter's courtesy.



Anyone who disagrees with a viewpoint is a pig. Anyone who disagrees from a position of economic or intellectual strength is a superpig. Machievellian intrigues, ego explosions and power tussles have always been rife within the Underground and can often be rationalised as a sign of growth. Nowadays, however, the back stabbings are no longer metaphorical. A typical example of a contemporary dialogue occurred during the recent making of the Warner Bros film, *Medicine Ball*. Throughout the progress of this film, the caravan of hippie stars was trailed by a cadillac of militant politicians protesting Warner Bros' cultural exploitation. At one college campus the two groups collided in open debate with the students, and discussion ended when one of the cast almost succeeded in knifing one of the protesters. An unobtrusive paragraph in this morning's Times tells of students who, when refused admission to a local dance, returned home to get their guns for a shoot out. One of them died.

It is not only the escalating instances of brutality that are so discouraging. The social style of the head scene has become pretentious and anti-communicative. At a recent party to celebrate the demise of Nell Gwynne's historic playground, The Pheasantry, the cream of Kings Road stood around staring dumbly at each other — a dank Chelsea remake of *La Dolce Vita* without even a false sense of gaiety. One couple of my acquaintance who have now dropped out of dropping out, first discovered the hypocrisy of the head scene when they were compelled to clean up to enter Morocco. They found themselves ostracised by local longhairs. All efforts to communicate floundered because they looked straight.

By Richard Neville

Reprinted from Oz 31, because it's relevant

One of the promises of the new lifestyle was the abolition of the false criteria for judging human beings. Today, hip symbols and fashionable rituals count for more than ever. Dishonestly doubling travellers cheques earns the required A-levels, familiarity with a supergroups pedigree outmatches Allen Brien's literary snobbery and a replay of last week's bad trip is flaunted like a duelling scar. Even the legitimate new freedoms are being bankrupted through criminal selfishness. Venereal disease may even be a new now status symbol, but the gonococcus germ unfortunately hasn't heard of the women's lib. — its effects on women are more damaging and less easy to detect. An alarming number of friendly young girls are collapsing of salpingitis, which involves a gruesome operation, because liberated young men are not bothering to mention that they are harbouring the clap. Another groovy affliction, hepatitis, is carried around proudly, like a public school boater, by people indifferent to its infectious consequences.

The next example, essentially trivial, is worth recording because its sheer banality renders it so typical of the prevailing morality. One night, on arriving at Newcastle Station to catch a London train, I noticed two artsy laby types, dishevelled and surrounded by British Rail authorities and policemen. The uncomfortable pair caught my eye and asked for help. They desperately sought to get London that evening but British Rail were refusing to honour their proffered cheque. Naturally I accepted it and purchased tickets on their behalf. A few days later I realised my misjudgement when the cheque was returned. I would not have cared particularly, if only the signatory, one Anthony Rye, had since made a token, apologetic contact.

In the formative stages of the counter culture it was possible to draw inspiration from the open behaviour of Albion's children. It was tempting, if naive, to hope that with the intake of id liberating rock, lateralising dope, the emerging group tenderness, communal living style and an intuitive political radicalism ... that from all this a qualitative change in the conduct of human relationships might develop. But now as the movement's utterings reach fever pitch, as the rhetoric becomes more frenziedly fascist, affectation frustrates reason and arguments lose their conviction, one's burst of depression become elongated into melancholy permanence. The advertising campaign is an abounding triumph, but there is nothing inside the wrapping paper. When I think of Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin, whose spirits had been identified with the generational outburst against inhumanity, I wonder whether their apparent despair was purely personal or whether they too somehow sensed the revolution was going sour. If the Underground press is the voice of the new movement, then it is the choir of soloists, each member singing a different tune. When I travelled through California recently it was unnerving to be caught in the flak of exchahged animosity. The dedicated, amiable Max Scheer, the founder of the Berkeley Barb, had been branded a pig by his one time employees, who are now publishing the Berkeley Tribe. Scheer does not deny his former mistakes, but while the movement does not forgive, it does forget — his pioneering contribution to the alternative press has gained him no credit. The Barb still struggles out singlehanded against raging prejudices and destructive sorties by Women's Lib. (Scheer runs sex ads).

Across the bay is Rolling Stone. Its editor, Jann Wenner, is a tirelessly sincere exponent of rock culture and a personal friend; but the offices of his paper are as icily functional as IBM and his workers moved more by mammon than by music. Jann himself at times becomes so engrossed in the battle of being a success that the battle of being human is ignored. (One result being that many of his former staff are bitterly forming rival publishing cells). Of minor cheer is that one of the better papers in the area,

Good Times, produced collectively from a house, exists first as a commune and second as an editorial board. Although its staff identify so heavily with the role of being revolutionaries that all events are immediately programmed into a dishonest US/THEM dichotomy. For example Charles Manson is a hero because he sabotages the system. London's first 'Underground distributor' has just collapsed. A few hours before the liquidators arrived he ordered 8,000 copies of OZ. These could never be paid for, so, even by city standards, the ethics of such a transaction are, to say the very least, dubious.

"I declare that World War III is now being waged by shorthaired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life ..." (Leary).

But those who burn you with bad dope, jump your bail if you happen to stand surety and when you've made your house available as a BIT crashpad — steal what little you own, do not have short hair.

Jean Jacques Lebel has been a key figure in the involvement of the European Underground, from the staging of anti-tourist happenings in St. Tropez in '67, the storming of the Paris Odeon in May '68 and the wrecking of the Isle of Wight fences. I recently met him in Paris where he was playing host to Abbie Hoffman, Phil Ochs, Jerry Rubin et al. Lebel is angrily disillusioned with pop exploitation and from memory, he said something like this:



"Mick Jagger was on television here the other night and he said he was an anarchist."

An anarchist?? Mick Jagger is staying at the Georges Cinq hotel. If he wants caviare the head waiter says yes sir Mr Jagger and sends someone off to Russia. Now I love and need Mr Jagger, but he has totally lost touch with the people ... and the people meanwhile are being conned into paying for something they shouldn't have to. We can't rely on the stars to change the system anymore. I used to believe Ginsburg when he said that war would end if we put Kennedy and Khrushchev into the same room without any clothes on. But leaders don't identify with the people anymore, they get used to the caviare ... The kids at the Isle of Wight were being totally controlled and manipulated by superpigs. They had to pay exorbitantly for their own music and they became completely exhausted, sleeping in the lavatories hungry, so weary they were pissing over each other, completely fucked up ... Those kids were worse than the Jews ... The Jews at least didn't pay to go to Auschwitz ... (Nor to be burnt to death in French provincial dancehall.)

Lebel talked within the confines of one of the nastiest environments I have ever endured and one all too unhappily representative. The offending house belonged to one Victor Herbert, who helped finance *International Times*, brought the Living Theatre to London, sponsored the roundhouse Chicago benefit and so on. On top of this he contributes to the Movement what he calls 'space', that is his enormous residence as a crashpad. Current guests include a poet who came for a weekend two years ago and won't budge, a pair of video heads, remnants from the Living Theatre and several nameless others. The atmosphere created by most of these superhip freeloaders manages to be simultaneously hostile, slovenly and as exclusive as Whites club. Members ... to the inner sanctum revolves around facility with drugs and as the pleasant Victor himself is rather slow on the draw he is excluded, in spirit, from his own house. I regret to report that the presence of Abbie Hoffman, Jean-Jacques and the hippie entourage did little to improve the emanations. Like the pop stars Lebel so accurately berates, the American visitors were arcane, inaccessible, aloof ... the tensions and awkwardness surrounding their presence must be reminiscent of a Royal Garden Party; and their groupies uglier but no less protective than their pop counterparts

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# how the kiwi has changed

The Kiwi hotel is under new management and an extensive upgrading of facilities is taking place. Manager Reg Beaseley was pleased to support last weeks handle drinking contest and would like to extend a warm welcome to all students up at the Kiwi.

Note that renovations are being carefully staged and it will be business as usual at the Kiwi.

## hotel kiwi

Corner of Symonds Street & Wellesley Street.

I have an intense personal respect for Abbie Hoffman and consider his book, *Revolution for the Hell of it*, to be the first major literary/political document of the post-acid Underground. How disappointing to discover he converses almost exclusively through his lawyer, and becomes animated only at talk of possible advances for his books in Britain. Wearied no doubt by the trial and obviously exhausted by his journey, it seems unfair of me to raise such niggardly considerations. However, many people have shared my disappointment, and in the Lebel's anti-star declamations, the entrances and exits of yippie heavies drooling enthusiastically about Leary's fiftieth birthday present, a gun, lengthy endorsement of acid's ability to transform shits into (revolutionary) saints, one must, to preserve a scrap of intellectual integrity, raise doubts.

Roaming Paris — a charming subplot to all this activity — was Jim Haynes, fearsomely unimpressed at the prospect of yip meeting Mao and carrying forth his own erotic brand of revolution in a thoroughly convincing union of his public politics and private life.

The above observations are not meant to imply a wholesale rejection of the counter culture or yippie left politics. Mass hysterical confrontations with the napalmers, arms bargainers, fascists and power flunkies of every type are still vital, as are all experiments with new ways of living and caring about each other. (A message so innocuously limp in print that it makes that disgusting, simplistic and exploitive movie, *Getting Straight*, fiercely iconoclastic by comparison.) I wish merely to record a few points of reservation — a verbal safety-catch to Leary's birthday present.

Of course the new ways of living and loving might be the old ways after all. In a new book, *Keep the River on the Right*, the author, Tobias Schneebaum, recounts his solitary journey through the remote depths of the Peruvian jungles. Without quite knowing why, he sets out to find the Akaramas, a reputedly ferocious tribe of cannibals. His first meeting:

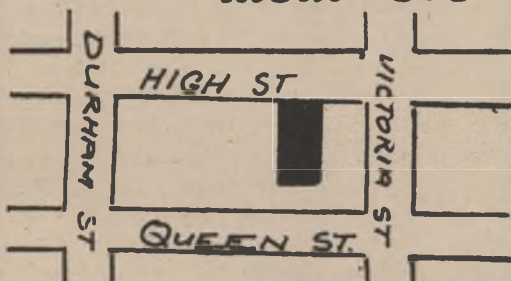
"... and I came out from a huddle of bushes to a long rocky beach, at the far end of which, against a solid wall of green, some spots of red attracted my eye. My first thought was that they must be blossoms of some kind that I had never seen before, but they were too much like solid balls, and they moved slightly, thought there wasn't the slightest breeze. A few steps further on I frowned and shook my head, wondering even more what they could be and then it came over me in a shiver that these spots were faces, and they were all turned in my direction, all unmoving. Still closer, I made out a group of men, their bodies variously painted black and red, looking tiny against the gigantic backdrop of the jungle that stretched so high above them. No-one moved, no-one turned his eyes away or looked anywhere but straight at me. They were frozen in place. They were squatting tightly together, chins on knees, arms on one another's shoulders, leaning over resting heads upon another's knee, or thigh or flank. They continued to stare, moving neither a toe nor an eyelash. Smiles were fixed upon their faces, mouths were closed, placid. Some had match-like sticks through their lower lips others had bones through noses. Their feet and toes curled round stones and twigs in the same way that their hands held vertically, bows and arrows, and axes of stone tied to short pieces of bough. Long well-combed bangs ran over their foreheads into the scarlet paint of their faces and hair covered the length of their backs and shoulders. Masses of necklaces of seeds and huge animal teeth and small yellow and black birds hung down thick necks and almost touched the stones between their open thighs ... Still no one moved, no gesture of hate or love, no gesture of curiosity or fear. My feet moved, my arm went out automatically and I put a hand easily on the nearest shoulder, and I smiled. The head leaned over and briefly rested its cheek on my hand, almost caressing it. The body got up straightening out, and the frozen smile split open and laughter came out, giggles at first, then great bellows that echoed back against the wall of trees. He threw his arms around me, almost crushing with strength and pleasure, the laughter continuing, doubling, trebling, until I realised that all the men had got up and were laughing and embracing each other, holding their bellies as if in pain, rolling on the ground with feet kicking the air. All weapons had been left lying on stones and we were jumping up and down and my arms went around body after body, and I felt myself getting hysterical, wildly ecstatic with love for all humanity, and I returned slaps on backs and bites on hard flesh, and small as they were, I twirled some round like children and wept away the world of my past."

If that is how the Akaramas greet strangers of another race, it almost gives them the right to gobble up their enemies. We, on the other hand, blithely declare World War III on our parents and yet have already forgotten how to smile at our friends.

Richard Neville

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FOR STUDENTS ON ACCESSORIES & SPARES





# The Doctor, The Clinic, And The Angry Heads

So, society has at last deigned to notice the existence of the addicts in its midst. Not merely barbituate-dropping housewives or scotch-swilling magistrates but real derelict-type opiate addicts who sometimes rob old ladies of their pensions for another fix, who are found rotting in the Domain or shivering outside a chemist half an hour before opening time. The scene could have stumbled along in the dark for years if a few of the recent overdose cases hadn't had the bad taste to be somebody's children.

Still, now it's fashionable to talk about junk, everybody knows all about it; coroners explain to doctors what they're doing wrong; the papers explain to all and sundry, and parliament pontificates while another eighteen-year-old quietly turn blue under the sofa with a disposable fit still jammed into his arm. If you read your paper you may have noticed the name Roche. This doctor was aware of the implications of junk — and doing

something about it — two years ago. He has had not support from health agencies at all, and for most of this period he was the only person a junkie could approach for help without fear of the fuzz turning up the next day.

Some of his patients have died. I knew most of them personally, and I'm sure that at least one death was intentional. To suggest that if Dr Roche had not prescribed methadone for these people they would still be alive may well be true — but on the other hand, there would have been at least twice as many dead from heroin or opium. (Some opium in New Zealand is cut with axle grease — you can imagine what injecting this does for your body).

I'm sure you all remember good old uncle Patrick Savage, of 'pot the killer drug' fame and still, believe it or not, alive and practicing as head of Oakley.

During the nurses strike at Oakley, when the army was called in by Savage to staff the hospital, uncle Patrick was to be seen striding round the grounds

with his old army uniform on under his white coat.

He still runs Oakley on strictly military lines which was one of the main reasons leading to the strike, even though many of the nurses are ex prison officers and soldiers themselves. It was whispered among the staff at Oakley that the good doctor intended to retire from the trade if he was granted a knighthood in the last newyears honours list, which had been prepared by our existing National Government. Unfortunately for his many admirers, his name was not included among the chosen, even those chosen by the Nats.

Now, Doc Savage has decided the time is ripe to take control of the Auckland junk scene (possibly at the instigation of Stewart, the head narc, with whom he went to school) He invited round the head of the hospital board to see his addiction 'program' at Oakley. By a strange coincidence on that very morning was also held the first, and only, group therapy session for junkies at Oakley. Anyway, the upshot was that vast sums of money were

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made available to Savage to set up a clinic.

For the first month there were three nurses, two social workers and a doctor in attendance each day — but no junkies. There are now four. All this has been baffling for Doc Savage and rather embarrassing. In the face of this wholesale contempt for his ideas and treatment he has consistently refused to work with Dr Roche (who has the patients and a desperate need for trained staff) despite many approaches made to him on this point. He has instead started a political campaign to outlaw Roche's clinic.

Most of the staff at Savage's clinic are unhappy about the situation but can say nothing. The only one who could be at all trusted by the patients and who had their confidence has just been returned to general hospital duties — mainly as a result of being too outspoken in his criticism and also for not informing the police when a patient nearly overdosed.

Patients are expected to come at least once a day for

their orange juice and methadone, no provision being made for an occasional weekend out of town. There is no appeal against treatment decisions, which may include committal to Oakley under the Alcoholism and Drug Addiction act. This compares with a much more flexible dispensing arrangement used by the three doctors who now provide methadone maintenance. They take into account the patients social and employment needs, rather than expecting him to mould his life around junk. This is very important for rehabilitation, as Roche has discovered.

If Roche and co. are closed down there will assuredly be such a spate of chemist burglaries and deaths from contaminated dope that Savage will look stupid.

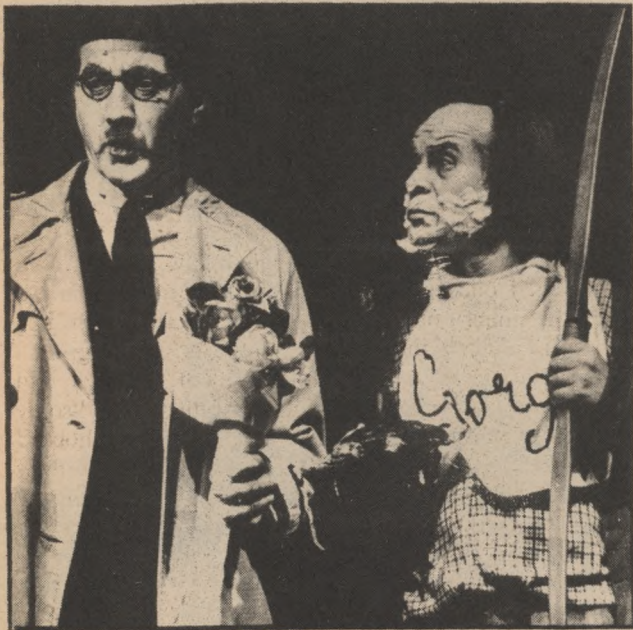
Unfortunately this will probably only spur him on to still more punitively oriented treatment. I will probably go to Australia (along with many others), with the unavoidable social upheavals entailed and try for a cure there. That's if I don't get busted or committed in the meantime for writing this.

This article was written by a young man at present receiving methadone treatment for his opiate habit who prefers to remain anonymous for obvious reasons. Some editorial emendations have been made. The original copy for this piece has been destroyed, and we will not reveal our informant's name to anybody.





CRACCUMS  
ARTS  
Page



## JUMPERS

A Play by Tom Stoppard  
Playing at the Mercury  
Reviewed by John Bailey

The play "Jumpers" by Tom Stoppard is, as I see it, about the role of man in this modern logical, scientific era. Logic has permeated the whole of society, right down to the man who takes out the rubbish. What is the status of Religion and Morality in such a world? Simple, the position of the Archbishop of Canterbury becomes a political appointment. In this extremely funny and exuberant play, Stoppard achieves what a large number of Twentieth Century Playwrights have been trying to do for a long time, namely present an intelligent THOUGHT-provoking statement about modern society in an entertaining way.

But now the problem of finding the best way to produce such a play comes to the fore. Since the play is a comedy, there is a strong tendency to play the play for its eccentricities of language and staging; rather than understanding why these eccentricities are used, and to use them to create the alienation effects for which they were written. An interesting observation can be made on the Mercury's ability to thoroughly understand the play when you consider that they hosted the opening night nosh-up on Ash Wednesday, a day of fasting, the beginning of Lent. Technically, also one gets the feeling that Mr Richardson did not thoroughly understand what Stoppard was trying to do or say in the play, when you examine a few production details. For example, the stage directions make quite a point of setting a mirror between the audience and the action, and having the actors, particularly George, play to the mirror, instead of to the audience. However, in this production, the actors make a brief play to the mirror when the script indicates, and then act on as usual. This fourth wall effect is very important in separating the audience from the action to enable them to look on the action objectively. It exists also as a very effective theatrical image of the illusionary aspects of the modern era. This may seem only a minor point but I think it does indicate a lack of understanding of the play on the part of the producer. On the other hand I must say I found the rest of the production up to the standard expected of a professional company.

The actors, also, gave thoroughly professional performances despite the fact that we have seen most of

the characters many times in other plays. This did not really matter, because most of the characters suited the roles well, anyway. The only criticism I must make is that I think Lee Grant was mis-cast as Dottie. Dottie should be a sugar-plum candy type of woman in order to impress on the audience the irony of the fact that this childlike female is the only person who can imagine what is wrong with the world. However Lee Grant gives out the aura, physically that is, of a sophisticated woman, coiled tight and ready to snap. She has used this physical presence to good effect in earlier productions at the Mercury, but no matter what she tries to do with make-up etc., she will never be able to change this visual impression in the audience's mind.

But before I finish I must make special reference to Ian Mune. As George Moore, he created a very stimulating character. He makes those very difficult, very important, long speeches entertaining and easily understood, without losing any of the humour and pathos so necessary to the overall effect.

There are many other little points I could point out in the production which I objected to, but these are minor, and I do not have the space to go into them now. The final comment I will make is that, despite the fact that I personally thought Mr Richardson did not have a complete understanding of the play, he did create a thoroughly professional production, solving many rather difficult problems in the staging of the play, a production worthy of a professional company and one which I would recommend all students to see, if only because of the extremely fine play being produced.

## New Zealand ENERGY THEATRE

A professional alternative theatre is now auditioning for imaginative young people experienced in theatre or related fields for its first tour of schools. Acting talent is pre-requisite for selection - but experience is not essential. We welcome all applications including the submission of scripts for future productions. For an audition please send relevant details, experience and a recent photograph to: The Corodinator, New Zealand Energy Theatre Box 132, Wanganui.

Now, the people, we need must have two things - firstly command of themselves, secondly energy. The first will enable us to relate to them on an equality basis, the second will enable them to contribute actively to the venture. If a team has strong members, it is a strong team. I would like, eventually, to branch out into other creative ventures - for instance a touring rock and roll band along the lines of the Grateful Dead could be established in this country, if a few people of vision and capability happened together.

So, if you're only at varsity because there's nothing else you can believe in doing, if you want to save up for land or a house in the country and enjoy yourself while doing it, if you've passed thro the university scene, the revolutionary scene, the dope scene; are tired of messing around and want to do something adventurous - write to the above address or come around and see Dennis at 30 Kowhai St.

I realize that only about 1 or 2 dozen people from here would even qualify for consideration, under the above criteria, but if I get even 1 or 2 from that I'll be happy. Apart from people already involved in theatre, there may be others - students present or of past recent vintage, or their friends or relatives who feel there must be something more inspiring to do than an establishment career or purposeless drifting. So, since the masses seem to have adopted our lifestyle, those of us who feel like this must move out front again and attempt to shape the evolution of this country's culture in the next 10 or 20 years. Certainly nobody else is going to do it.



## this week in Britain ZAPPA

Hello again!

This weeks column is dedicated to Henry Jackson who was going to write a series of articles with me in 1971 on Frank Zappa. We were promised space in Craccum by Stephen Chan, the editor and for weeks we met at lunchtimes, swopped the records we had, and borrowed the ones we didn't have from people such as Dave Veart. We were getting pretty organized but we never actually wrote the series after all because: Stephen Chan was sacked from Craccum, we all refused to contribute in protest, exams were coming up, and I guess we sort of lost interest after that. This is only intended as a brief introduction to Zappa's music and if you're lucky, it might encourage Henry to pick up the threads and do a couple of follow up ones.

Poor old Frank Zappa; no one has been so harshly criticised or hated. He's known as the "Adolf Hitler of the Pop World" as being ego-centric, rude, and just plain nasty, which is a pity for I believe that no one has contributed so much to modern popular music as he (and that includes the Beatles!) He's one of the worlds great rock guitarists, definitely king of the wah-wah pedal (though Jimi Hendrix fans might disagree!) Also, I believe, he will go down in history as one of the composers of this century. He started off rather naively thinking he could get the public listening to good music and, by Christ, he hasn't done too badly! For years he has criticised and sent up the shit that most pop musicians were churning out, as well as producing great music of his own. Only a tiny minority ever listened to him, but now at last he's getting some recognition and more and more people are regarding him as a genius. Lately all his old LP's have been re-released and most record shops here in London now carry a comprehensive "Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention" section; you could almost say he's made it!

Zappa's albums are interesting because, although each one has its own identity, they follow on to each other, and themes and ideas re-occur all the way through such as his obsessions with groupies, vegetables, 1950 music and "plastic people". All his work is full of his own personality and the personalities of everyone he has played with; I like that. If you see any of his records in the shops and wonder what they are like, or what order they fit into, here is an inadequate list of albums he's put out (the headings are mine!).

### A. The Early Ones

1. Freak Out. Mainly a take off of rock music. I've seen it as both a single and double LP (the single is better value). It was never released in NZ, but there are some stray copies about. It sounds rather dated now but its still interesting, after all "Help I'm a Rock" became a real underground classic and Suzie Creamcheese the all-American groupie features. Some people are now claiming that he was the person who invented the term "Freak"; I don't know much about that.

2. Absolutely Free. Still a great record. "Brown Shoes Don't Make It" is a gem. Even harder to get than "Freak Out". One of the riffs on "Call any vegetable" and "Invocation and Ritual Dance of the Young Pumpkin" has been flogged straight out of "Jupiter" from Holst's "The Planets".

3. We're only in it for the money" a take off of the Beatles "Sergeant Pepper". Definitely a lyric LP he comes out very strongly against "Phony hippies" and "American womanhood". This was my flats favourite record for a year. Strongly recommended.

4. Lumpy Gravy. Hardly any music at all. Lots of interesting voices, talking and noises. Dave Veart found his copy in a Ponsonby junk shop. If you like it, or are not too sure about it, try listening to something like "Glossolalie" by Dieter Schnebel.

5. Cruising with Reubin and the Jets. The mothers play 1950 material in a last desperate attempt to "become popular."

Also there are various sample records about containing various tracks from the above. They include Mothermania. The Worst of the Mothers. The Mothers of Invention (in the pop history series), and Mother's Day. These albums are all very disjointed but its worthwhile listening to some of them to see what Zappa was doing before Uncle Meat.

6. Uncle Meat - unfortunately this is not only the most interesting of the Mothers LP's, but also the hardest



to obtain. I have had a copy ordered for 2 months but my record shop hasn't managed to track down a copy yet. If someone asked me for a summary of Frank Zappa, I couldn't be better than lend them a copy of this double LP (it's comparable to the Beatles double LP in concept). Henry and I planned to start with this album, then go backwards, then go forwards. Everything is here 1950 tunes, vegetables, Suzie Creamcheeze, "avante garde" jazz and Zappas own sort of classical jazz style (for want of a better description). "Dog Breath Variations" is one of my favourite Zappa tracks and features this classical-jazz style complete with 1950 lyrics! Avante garde jazz fans: there's a nice record out by Jean-Luc Ponty called "King Kong" on which he plays some of Zappas musci including "King Kong" from this "Uncle Meat" record.

#### C. The records after "Uncle Meat"

I'm not too sure of the exact order in which they were released.

7. Burnt Weeny Sandwich — nice little record features some wonderful music "sandwiched" in between two 1950 tunes. "Holiday in Berlin" is my favourite track and it pops up again on the "200 Motels" LP.

8. Hot Rats Zappa and Underwood and guests playing without the other Mothers. A lot of people discovered him by this record. "Peaches en Regalia" is Henry Jackson's Mother's favourite Zappa track. Captain Beefheart sings on "Willis the Pimp".

9. Weasles ripped my flesh — shows various aspects of the Mothers music 1967 — 9. Quite a patchy LP. I like Eric Dolphy memorial barbeque best.

D. The records after the Phlorescent leech and Eddy joined the Mothers

The Phlorescent Leech and Eddy are two fat ex-turtles who were brought into the band to "get through the sound mass" and the record sleeves say they contribute "special material" which means they do a lot of talking. I have been disappointed with all these records but they sell well!

10. Chungas Revenge — heard it a couple of times, the only track that sticks is a rhythm and blues tune about the problems of a group touring.

11. 200 Motels. Double LP of music from the film of the same name. I haven't seen the film but it had shocking write-ups. Parts of the record are interesting but I think you'd get sick of it if you listened to it too often.

12. Live at the Filmore East — this record was responsible for lots of boppers "getting into" Zappa. Lots of banal talking about sex and groupies. The big climax when they all sing "Happy Together" together. Obviously his most commercial LP. "Little House I used to live in", "Willie The Pimp" and "Peaches en Regalia" (an excellent version of this) are all on other records.

13. Just Another band from LA — never heard it myself but I've heard from a reliable source, that if you like "Filmore East" record this one is even better!

#### E. After the Mothers disbanded.

The Mothers broke up after Zappas accident at London's Rainbow Theatre when a member of the audience attacked him and broke his leg. The Phlorescent Leech and Eddy are now a solo duo, and Jimmy Carl Black and Bunk Gardiner have formed Geronimo Black.

There have been two records since, both pearls which ended my suspicions that Zappa had gone stale.

14. Jawa Waka — only heard it once and like it a lot. Sort of a follow up to "Hot Rats!"

15. Grand Wazoo — a story which revolves around Uncle Meat (see how important the Uncle Meat LP is!). I have it on tape, so I can't remember the story of all, but that doesn't matter its full of lovely music and its my favourite Zappa record. Its been criticised as being "a bit like theatre music"; that's all rubbish, its brilliant!

Also worth listening to is "An Evening with Wild Man Fisher" produced by Frank Zappa. Not worth listening to is Girls Together Outrageously also produced by him.

I saw Zappa play in London last year. Some time in the future I'll do a review of the concert.

# the polemics of the new puritanism

Raymond Wilson

We all know about the old puritanism, of course, because Pat Bartlett told us everything we needed to know last year and the year before that, when she was big with the media. From her campaign we were able to form a good idea of the flavour of the old virtues.

Naturally the Left and the Liberals as a mass oppose her campaign and her cohorts, like the legendary East Coast Bays Catholic Women's Committee, and all the other mothers of ten. Any good-thinking libertarian will tell you that firstly, pornography is indefinable by any universally applicable set of rules — yesterdays filth has sometimes turned out to be today classic — secondly, that the right of the individual to read whatever he likes is inviolable, or should be — and thirdly, that there is no evidence that pornography does or ever did anyone any harm anyway.

All this is perfectly true, of course, and the efforts of the Old Puritans to enforce their ugly totalitarianism on the rest of us are easily seen to be logically and scientifically unsupportable, morally suspect, and a bit of a sick joke as well.

Despite this, freedom from external control over what the citizen reads rates pretty low on the list of supportable causes. Examples of significant events on the repression front that have passed more or less unmarked in Auckland are easy to find. Take the recent showing of the film 'Performance' for instance. This film had been refused a certificate by the New Zealand film censor, and was therefore re-edited by the distributor, but not by the director, in order to provide a bowdlerised version that would meet the censors tastes. About twenty minutes were cut out. This represents some kind of land mark in the advance of censorship, but despite this Aucklanders, even those claiming to be concerned about the cinema, still went along to the Century to see the show. After all, Mick Jagger was in it ... Another example: the persecution and prosecution of the proprietor of Shop Six

in Forum 44, Queen St, who has received little support for his pains, despite the fact that his case has been well reported in the daily press, because he is after all, the seller of the sort of books that don't themselves read, although of course, no-one should be stopped from reading that sort of thing if they want to, etc. If it had been the people who run Resistance who had got busted then of course it would have been another story altogether ...

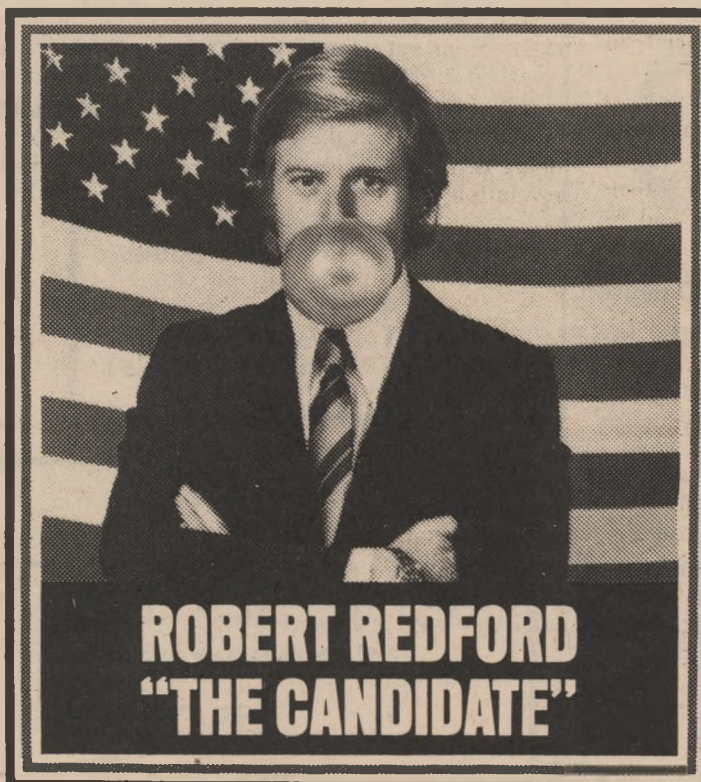
Not that anyone really need expect any help from the Left when it comes to suppression, because the Left, while it may superficially oppose the Old Puritanism in fact provides comfort to a branch of the Wowser League all of its' own, which we can call the New Puritanism. The amount of anti-sexual and therefore anti-life, feeling running around "progressive" circles is really quite surprising. I once met a person who was trying to break into the mail order sex-aids business, which has traditionally been the exclusive property of the grubby outfits that operate from the back pages of Truth. He told me how he had been called all kinds of dirty so-and-so by a trendy liberal at a party once, which had quite shocked him since he was under the impression that he was providing some kind of necessary service for the sexually hung-up of New Zealand, but it didn't surprise me.

The main 'official' Left expression of the New Puritanism is associated with the Womans Lib movement. Here are some quotes from the movement in America, taken from an astonishing article by Helen Lawrenson in the January 1971 Esquire:

The Pill: "the final pollution, the exact analogue of DDT." Parenthood: "having children is automatically assumed the responsibility of the mother and that's one of the things we'd like to see changed" (How?). Abortion: "basically racist", according to Roxanne Dunbar. Men:

Continued on page 12

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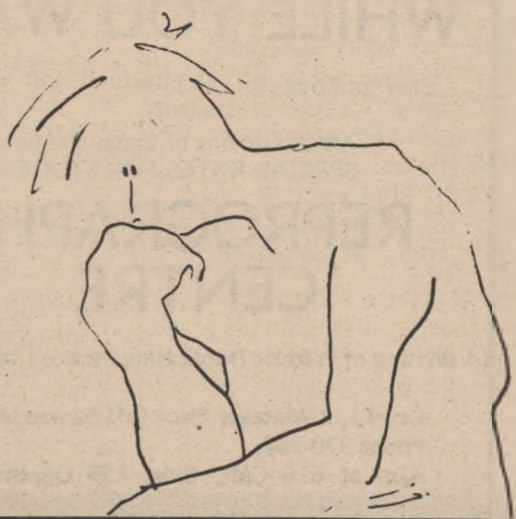
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# NEW PURITANISM CONTINUED



"How was Hitler different from nearly any man women know?" Girl watching: "We will not be leered at, smirked at, whistled at by men enjoying their private fantasies of rape and dismemberment". (That seems a pretty clear case of transference — anyway what has anyone's private fantasies got to do with anyone else? And isn't it very presumptuous for any woman to claim to know what goes on in the male mind?)

Penises: "Phalluses are fascist". Orgasms: "The hullabaloo over the female clitorally stimulated orgasm has further done nothing to liberate women because male domination of all women has not changed. Men are heard gloating over the power trip of 'I can made my girl go off like a machine gun'."

It is ture that I am quoting out of context, but these opinions are not all that unusual. Just ask any Varsity social controller who's ever tried to stage a stir with a stripper.

As I pointed out in my letter to Craccum last week, this sort of thing is less an indication of true ideological concern with the issues involved than of deep-seated sexual anxiety. Ti-Grace Atkinson says "Love has to be destroyed. It's an illusion that people care for each other" The poor creature is obviously an emotional cripple, but she does have a large following. Her rejection of sexuality (except for lesbian sexuality) is just as extreme as that of Pat Bartlett. Already pornography is being denounced as exploitative despite the fact that pornography is indefinable, and so in this context is exploitation; men are being told what they may or may not read or watch, and the claim is being made that male sexual fantasies are one of the tools of oppression. All this precisely parallels the methods of the old puritanism. Meanwhile a whole bunch of people who might have been prepared to listen to a good explanation of the hows of economic exploitation of women in our capitalist society are turned right off by the bizarre rhetoric of the sexually deranged, and Womens Lib becomes a media joke, a filler for the Sunday papers during the silly season. Which only serves to line the pockets of the newspaper barons, and make true social change retreat even further into the distance.

Bombing escalates as troop withdrawal continues.  
—News Item



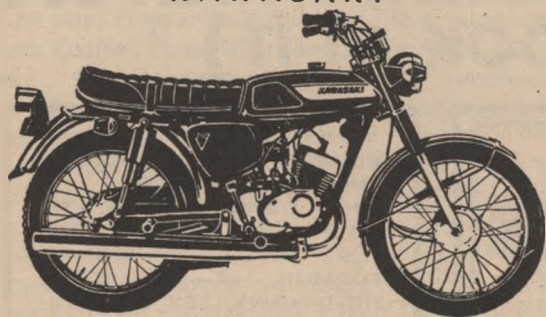
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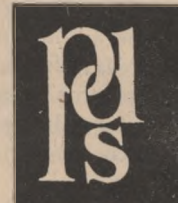
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# A people is being destroyed



**MEDICAL AID FOR VIETNAM**  
by Colleen Woodroffe

**Give those who are still alive the chance to live. Do not forget they are PEOPLE too!!**

The New Zealand Medical Aid Committee for Vietnam, National Liberation Front areas, collect funds and send them on to the British Medical Aid Committee (headed by Lord Boyd Orr, Noble Peace Prize winner), to purchase medical supplies so desperately needed for the victims of the war in Vietnam. Since the beginning of the United States' bombing campaigns medical aid has been extended to the Vietnam Red Cross, to assist war victims in North Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia.

Do not be lulled into false optimism by Nixon's "peace with honour" — the Vietnamese have seen such an agreement before. Already there are signs of the Americans ignoring the new agreement, as they did the Geneva Accords. It has become obvious that the battlefield has just been transferred into Laos. Even if all fighting ceases the suffering and the need for aid will continue for years to come, with obliteration - bombed hospitals to restore, amputees and napalm-scarred children to rehabilitate. With the onset of "peace" our work will be only just beginning in earnest.

"They need everything we can give to save lives — to heal — to restore — to rebuild" Dr J.K. McMichael, Hon. Secretary (Feb. 18 B.M.A.C.). Medical supplies are still needed as well as tranquillizers, general and local anaesthetics, drugs for the treatment of shock, instruments and drugs for examining and treating civilian wounded, particularly children.

Between April 7th and June 30, 1972, the US air force attacked 30 health establishments of the D.R.V.N. including 21 central, municipal, provincial and district

hospitals. Quite a number of regional anti-tuberculosis and ophthalmological hospitals, drug stores and provincial health centres were also hit. US aircraft used high-calibre bombs, steel pellet bombs and perforating bombs which destroyed hospitals and killed sick people and medical staff thus effectively preventing the treatment of civilian victims of US air raids on populated areas.

The British committee has at its disposal a large team of doctors and medical technicians in an advisory capacity and is in constant communication with Red Cross representatives and medical centres in Indo-China. Thus the medical aid supplies most urgently required can be provided. All assignments are itemised and acknowledged on receipt. New routes have been established so that the supplies get through to their destination in spite of the blockade. Several members of the British Committee, including Dr Phillip Harvey and the president of the committee, Professor Dorothy Hodgkin, have visited Hanoi and other bombed centres to personally ascertain medical requirements in these areas.

## **MAKE MEDICAL AID A POLITICAL ISSUE — NOW!**

The overwhelming support for door to door collections has proved that seven years of vicious government propaganda has failed; the New Zealand public do NOT feel that the people of Vietnam, South or North, are their enemies. This can become a mass movement — it is an idea whose time has come. Challenge members of Parliament to endorse it! Some have e.g. Jonathan Hunt MP, Michael Moore MP, Michael Basset MP, Mayor Robbie. Now is the time to force the rest to commit themselves.

Since the NZ committee commenced operations in 1965 it has to date raised approximately \$20,000 worth of medical supplies. In 1972 the Auckland University Students' Association donated \$5,000, also, the Auckland University Staff for Peace, organised a collection among their fellow staff members and raised \$528.00. The Vietnam Medical Aid cause has got away to a good start for the New Year when the Reserve Bank granted the treasurer's application for a draft.

Already in 1973 we have dispatched \$1,800.00 to the British MAC in London.

Now it's your turn to help! Auckland door to door collections this Saturday, March 17th.

We urgently need your assistance. Assembly points have been established in most suburbs and the central distribution centre is the top Common Room, Student Union Building, starting 9am throughout the day. At least 1,000 collectors are needed.

The people of Indo-China still urgently require your support in the form of medical supplies. Contact these people in our area.

Henderson, Mr and Mrs R. Evans, Swanson Road. Blockhouse Bay, Mrs E. Eggleston, 125 Donovan Street. Mt Eden, Eden Electoral Office, NZ Labour Party, 382 Dominion Road. Remuera, Dr and Mrs L.R.B. Mann, 34 Norana Ave. Ponsonby-Grey Lynn, Polynesian Panthers Office, cnr Ponsonby Road and College Hill. Orakei-Kohimaramara, Mr and Mrs J. O'Day, 107 Kupe Street, Orakei. Otahuhu-Papatoetoe, Mr and Mrs W. Smith, 10 Rodney Street, Otahuhu. Manurewa, Mr and Mrs W. Higgins, 40 Watts Road (off Russell Road, off Healy Road). Northcote-Birkenhead, Mr and Mrs J. Sawyer, 8 Stafford Road, (North Shore P.Y.M.). Takapuna, Mr and Mrs B. Jowsey, 2 Earnoch Avenue. Mt Albert, Avondale, New Lynn, St Ninians Church Hall, Great North Road, Avondale.



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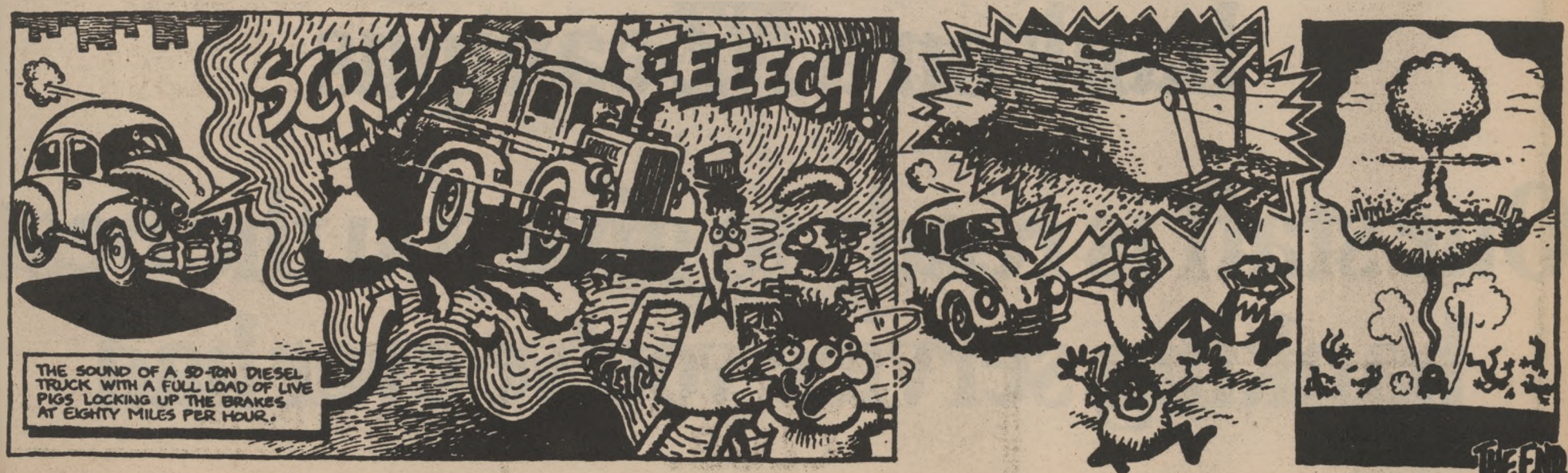
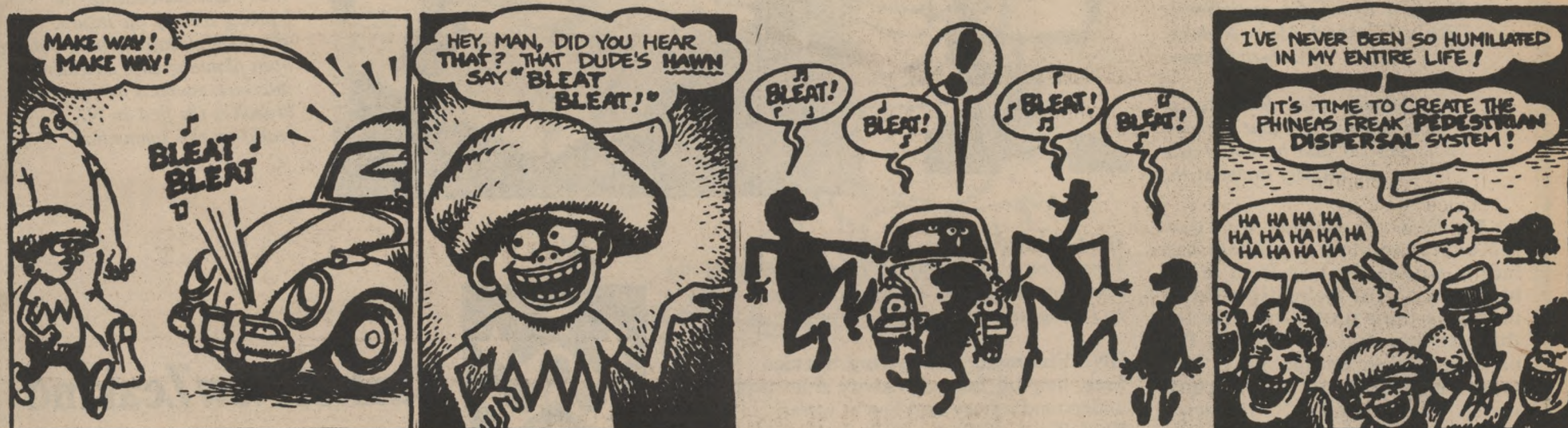
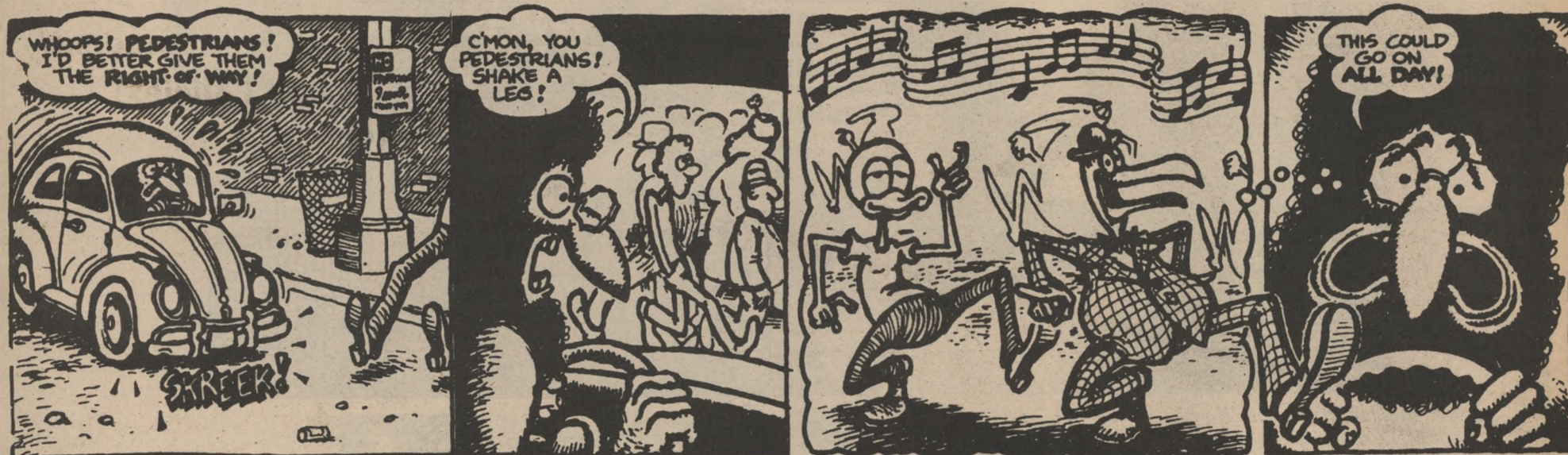
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BNZ on-campus banking the  
best available to you.  
(From left) Sue Porter,  
Margaret Irvine, Gwyneth Swift,  
Charles Waetford, Mieke Rodeka,  
Elizabeth Graves.

Manager Russ Blakeman is  
now on hand full-time to make  
sure all your banking needs  
are speedily attended to.



We're also introducing the  
banking look of the future.  
It's a new idea combining relaxed  
open planning with confidential  
interview rooms. Your campus  
branch is the first in NZ  
featuring this innovation.

At the BNZ on campus, we know  
the heavy problems a student can  
face in getting the best from his or  
her finance. And we're experienced  
in solving these problems! Now for  
the first time students can get a full  
banking service on the spot. This  
means immediate advice on loans,  
travel, everything financial.  
Consider also these two special  
services: →

#### BNZ Education Loans

Loans for a few days to tide you over or for  
several years. Loans tailored to fit your needs—  
including non-educational purposes.

#### BNZ Financial Consulting Service

Free, helpful, financial advice from people who  
understand money and how it works.  
BNZ We're putting a smile into banking, and a  
fuller service onto campus!



**Bank of New Zealand**

University of Auckland Office  
Old Student Union Building. Phone 370-385.

# Bank of New Zealand at Auckland University is introducing the first full service bank on a NZ campus

## Our staff is ready to give you the best banking service you've ever had