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By George
I cannot tell a lie
It's the best

I THINK OUR POLICEMEN
ARE WONDERFUL ASTONISHING SEE P.4

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CRAC CUM

THURSDAY MAY 31
ISSUE NO 10



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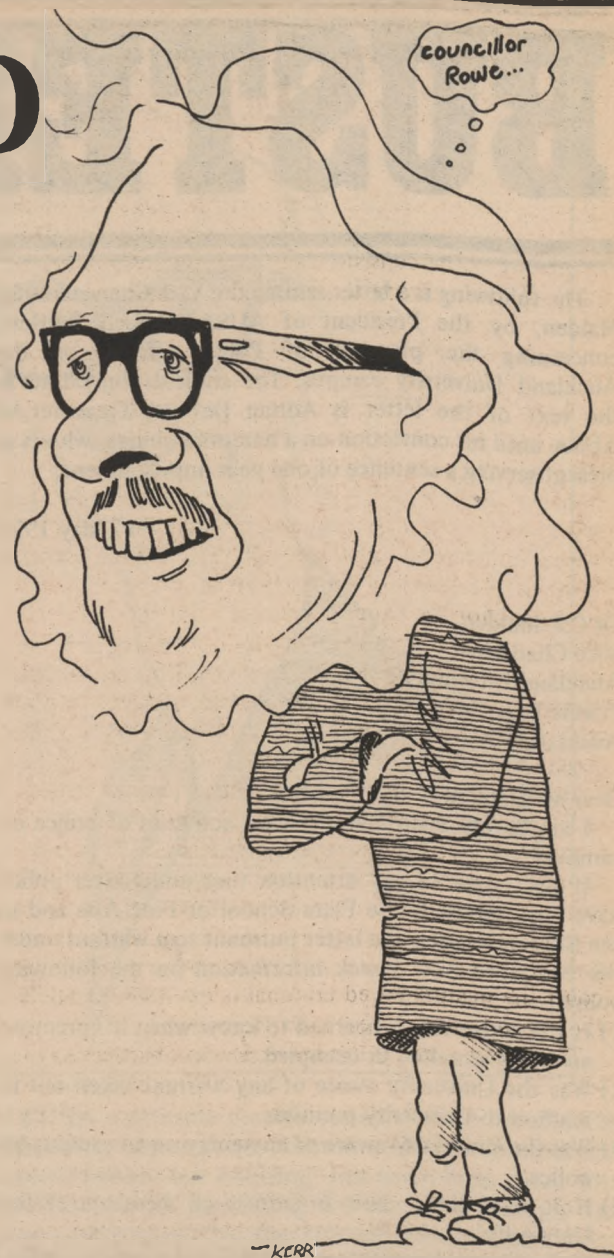
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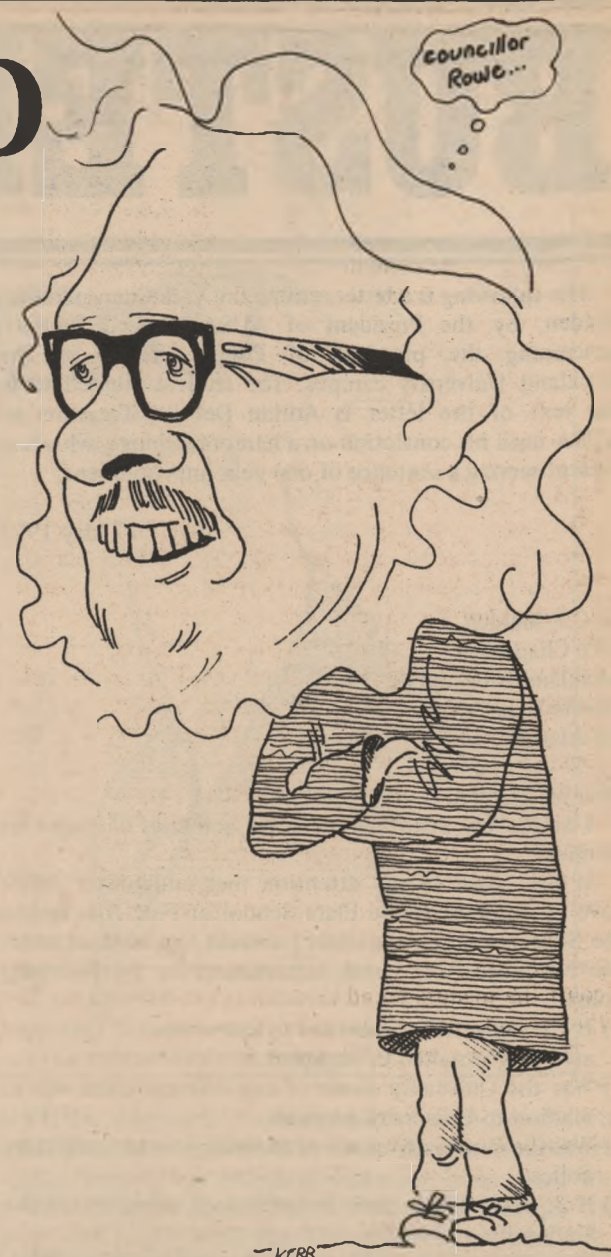
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MATTHEW MULVANEY'S

Lorne Street Behind 246

PURVEYORS OF FINE ROAST AND CORNED BEEF SANDWICHES ON REIZENSTEIN'S BREAD
"FRUIT JUICES AND COFFEE"

BUSTED

The following is a letter sent to the Vice Chancellor, Dr Maiden, by the President of AUSA, Russell Bartlett, concerning the presence of Police officers on the Auckland University campus. The student alluded to in the text of the letter is Adrian Devitt, Treasurer of AUSA until his conviction on a narcotics charge, who is at present serving a sentence of one year imprisonment.

17 May 1973

Dr C.J. Maiden,
Vice Chancellor,
Auckland University,
Private Bag,
Auckland

Dear Mr Maiden,

I am deeply disturbed at recent activities of police on campus.

It has come to my attention that undercover police have been active in the Elam School of Fine Arts and in the Student Union, the latter pursuant to a warrant under the Narcotics Act. I seek information on the following points:-

- 1) Is the University concerned to know when its premises are being searched or occupied.
- 2) Was the University aware of any warrant taken out in relation to University premises.
- 3) Was the University aware of any entry on to campus by police.
- 4) If it was, did it seek to inform all members of the University.
- 5) If it did not know its premises were being searched, whether by warrant or otherwise, what representations are to be made, to ensure it is so informed in future.
- 6) Will the University support a request by the Association that it be informed when its premises are being searched or occupied.

A respected, but easily influenced member of this Association has been led into committing an offence he would otherwise not have committed, as a result of hounding and offers of considerable financial reward by an undercover policeman. He will be released next May.

As I have no evidence to assume that members of the police force enrolled as students are capable of any greater morality or ethics, than our recent visitors, I request:-

- 1) The names and photographs of all members of the police force presently enrolled at Auckland University, and that
- 2) They be permitted to enter University precincts only in full uniform.

My requests stem not from vindictiveness nor disrespect for the law, but from the abiding interest I know we share, the good name of this University, and the rights of its students.

R.E. Bartlett,
President.

Pending Adrian's appeal against a sentence of 1 years imprisonment for supplying 1½ ounces of marijuana to an undercover cop who had done a night school course so he could pass himself off as a truck driver; we will only consider:-

1. The questions outlined in my letter to the Vice-Chancellor.
2. The Police pre-occupation with the dreaded killer weed and inability to tackle the real drug problem.
3. The conduct of the Drug Squad in carrying out a search.

1. Although the University is private property, it is impossible to know who is here fully or not. If you hear noises in the kitchen, or are dragged out of the bath, you can at least say "Hello, are you the Drug Squad?" and will receive a reply. Thus the question of an occupier being told his premises are being searched or occupied is only necessary in certain cases, but the University in such a case.

The above requests to the University must be supported by students for as long as undercover cops are prepared to pay absurdly large sums of money to students to perform criminal acts, every member of this university is at risk, regardless of his assessment of his own fortitude. 2. Since Adrian's case, a large number of nurses at Kingseat have also been arrested on charges of possession and supply of marijuana. I do not know how many people

have since died from saved up doses of methadone or in other circumstances arising from heroin addiction. I wonder if the Drug Squad does?

Why should they bother, if they can keep their score cards full with marijuana convictions; how can the Drug Squad ever know anything if members of the public who witness their tactics refuse to co-operate on matters in which they might otherwise be prepared to assist?

Even assuming that the police regard cannabis as a problem, the type of catches they are making indicate they are not within a bull's roar of "solving" it, any more than Elliot Ness and his mates put an end to bootlegging. Remember, somebody ended it by changing the law.

3. The performance of the squad as they searched the offices of the President, Accountant, Union Manager and Wages Clerks cannot pass without notice. The search of Adrian's own office can - they forgot to go there.

Upon production of a warrant dated one week earlier, I let in three members of the squad and their PRIZE. Having been threatened with arrest for 'communicating with a prisoner' my conversation reverted to the uninvited guests:

"We want to check the safe and we'll break in if we have to," bleated someone on the end of a fourteen inch screwdriver. (I don't have a key and neither did Adrian). Before I had time to check the Accountant's home phone number (it was now 9.30 p.m.) some defender of the law found it in another office, grabbed my phone and called him. By the time he arrived with a key, my own spotless office had been gone through as had two others. We proceeded to the safe.

Feel the money bags, sample the texture of the sinful substance between the canvass, pass the torch, look inside through the quarter inch hole by the padlock on each one.

The Accountant and I then admitted that the safe contained money, certificates of deposit and bits of stationery. Our visitor's embarrassment was saved by the discovery of another safe. "Combination," I see!" cried one (poor chap, probably still doesn't realise the difference between a keyhole cover saying 'Made in England' and a dial with numbers on it). So we opened the safe with the appropriate key. Empty. Nothing to see or feel. I saw them off the property, shook hands with Adrian and said goodbye, for a while. I did it again last week outside the courtroom, only it was for a year that time. The Magistrate said it was to protect us. If you feel any safer, I don't want to see you. If you don't, then do something.

Enticing a suspect to commit a crime to prove your suspicions is not everyone's idea of justice.

Enticing a suspect to commit a more serious crime than the one he is suspected of can be no-one's idea of justice. Whether or not our police force is turning users into sellers in order to chalk up more serious charges, will be discussed only after the appeal is heard.

Our present job is to keep others out of this situation and to do what we can to help Adrian. Some donations have been made to assist the appeal against sentence and I would urge that you help in the same way. Adrian stands to lose his career and, by all accounts, his own sanity. Our penologists are filling him with tranquilisers to put off the day he must go to Oakley.

The Squad continues to visit him with threats of what is about to happen to his friends. He needs your help.

Russell Bartlett

ASSOCIATION TREASURER

Nominations are called for the position of Association Treasurer. The Association Treasurer is an ex officio member of the Student Union Management Committee.

Nominations, which should be in sealed envelopes addressed to the Association Secretary, close at 5 p.m. on Thursday 14 June 1973 and will be considered at the S.R.C. meeting to be held in the Lower Lecture theatre that day at 7 p.m.

Please note that if an applicant wishes to apply for the position of Treasurer both for the remainder of the current executive's term of office and for the 1973/74 executive, he/she should put in two applications.

Only non-smokers need apply.

Margery Macky
ASSOCIATION SECRETARY

LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE

Labour Parties don't produce Liberals. Conservative Parties do.

This country's best Minister of Labour, Tom Shand, left the Labour Party for National. Our best Minister of Justice, Ralph Hanan, was a Liberal who joined the National Party because there was nowhere else to go.

Labour or Socialist Parties produce, not Liberals but Fascists. History tells us that Hitler, Mussolini, Mosley, Laval were all Socialists to begin with.

Labour Parties are reformist and Puritan. This Government, like Nash's, reckons it can spend our money better than we can. That's why they have grabbed the farmers' \$85 million. That also accounts for Rowling's Bums Benefit under which the no-hoper will be able to maintain his standard of living, such as it is, when he comes on Labour's Superannuation scheme. The man who has got up off his chuff and worked to build something better for his family while the no-hopers sucked beer in the pub or chased other members of their own sex round a football field, will find he has to cut down when he retires because his super will be less in proportion than that of the no-hoper. Only the best will retire to a lower standard of living than they have been used to.

This will be an authoritarian Government. Already Kirk is hushing up reports like the one on the Huntly power scheme. He says we wouldn't understand it, it's too technical. Then how the hell does he understand it? Has he had a revelation or something? Kirk, Knox. Who's going to be the third man to make it KKK?

Gordon Ingham

Next week Craccum will have an indepth report of the conference by Brent Lewis

Big Orange

POSTERS
BLACK LITES
LEATHER GEAR
PATCHOULI & LOVE OILS
KINKY JEWELLERY
SEW-ON PATCHES
INCENSE
SWEAT SHIRTS

**CANTERBURY
ARCADE**

AWAY FROM SOCIETY'S FROWNS

DANCE!

AT THE GAY LIBERATION DANCE
FRI. JUNE 1ST 800 UNIV. CAF.
GAYS & STRAIGHTS WELCOME
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NZUSA: HOW IT REALLY WAS

BOB LACK



You've probably never been to an NZUSA Council. Well these weekend wanks occur twice yearly up and down the country and usually comprise spotty part-bearded Vice-Presidents making cutting comments about the positioning of commas in a sea of papers bearing draft resolutions with the room too full of cigarette smoke for them to see who it is they are insulting.

So perhaps you can understand why that fine person Stephen Chan was not exactly enthusiastic when asked to serve as NZSUA President for this year; but his idealism as yet outweighs his cynicism so he accepted, swearing (like so many before him) to make the organisation meaningful to students. And the first Council under his tutelage, held in Wellington a couple of weeks back, shewed that he may yet succeed in his aim.

I suspect Stephen deliberately set out to put the assembled delegates off balance from the start, and the first move was brilliant in its simplicity: now they'd been at these do's before, served their apprenticeship, and, having finally reached the exalted heights of a Vice-Presidency were looking forward to their turn at the table, in their chair holding their University's voting card and expressing their University's opinions. And there was no table, and no clearly reserved chair. Just a pleasant room, a bit like our Women's Common Room, with all the nice comfortable chairs facing the front, where the President eventually materialized about forty minutes late to commence proceedings.

As the morning meandered its way through the opening formalities in this informal manner there was a noticeably increasing willingness on the part of the 'minor' delegates to make their voice heard, even in the matter of elections (usually the prerogative of the constituent Presidents), and Stephen encouraged this by seeking consensus decisions and putting questions to a voice vote of the assembled people rather than to the statutory card vote of the assembled delegations. And while they caught up with him and demanded a formal secret ballot for the elections, this procedure generally set the tone for the weekend.

After the opening sessions the Council broke, as usual, into various separate commissions to deal with different aspects of NZUSA involvement Accommodation, Education, International, National, Welfare and Finance — and Stephen's parting instructions to the delegates to these commissions was to reduce their minutes to no more than a quarter the usual size and to consider every proposed policy in terms of possible action by NZUSA OR THE CONSTITUENTS. In these terms some commissions were remarkably successful, others less so, but overall there was a genuine endeavour towards these ends.

Perhaps the most startling change occurred in the Education commission: the delegates assembling were greeted with an extensive long-term philosophy/policy document prepared by the recently appointed Education Research Officer and spent the next several sessions discussing modifying and refining this into a basic standpoint from which to direct NZUSA's actions in this field. It would be presumptuous of me to attempt to analyse this philosophy, having spent all too little time in the Education meetings (through the apparent starting point of the bankruptcy of the present schooling system seems to me to be indisputable); hopefully the Editor can be persuaded to bludgeon an article on this document from Neil Newman who acted as Auckland's delegate. A generally high level of educational common sense was apparent from the delegates and I suspect that this was probably due to their personal expertise, there being a high proportion of teachers, ex-teacher-trainees and parents among them in place of the usual collection of enthusiastic Ed II types.

Another pleasing commission was Welfare which attempted to act as a workshop for the exchanging and interacting of ideas and experiences on the various c mprii (from which point of view it was a pity that neither the present Student Liaison Officer nor either of the would-be Welfare Vice-Presidents attended from Auckland). The two areas where it was decided to concentrate efforts during the next term were in the easing of some of the social and language problems faced by Overseas Students (especially at Universities without specialist Counselling services) and in providing better information and sources of information for school pupils contemplating coming to University: to some degree this ties in with the various mutterings that were heard from the President and from some Education delegates about the possibility of producing some sort of national or local "anti-calendar" to provide some information on all those courses mentioned in the calendar from the point of view of a student who has been lucky/misguided enough to sit them.

International commission passed its usual number of motions supporting/condemning/urging/opposing, but outlined four major campaigns to be undertaken/continued: to cut sporting contact with South Africa; to organise boycotts of South African goods; to take action against New Zealand firms involved in South Africa, specifically NZ Insurance and South four people stood for about fourteen positions, so British; and to commence similar moves against Portugal and the proposed visit to New Zealand in September of a Portuguese trade delegation.

National commission did nothing particularly new or exciting, though the newly appointed Women's Rights and Sex Liberation Officers both seem to have lots of interesting plans. One minor point to catch my eye was that if Auckland had voted in accordance with the policy decided at last year's referendum the motion calling for the removal of all legal restrictions from abortion would have been lost, but I don't expect

NZUSA's attitude can be considered to be of earth shattering importance. Accommodation commission was definitely not exciting, but even here there was an effort to do something for students, though this was partly spoilt by the strange attitude that since Auckland's activities in this field were endangering the other Universities changes of getting government assistance for housing schemes, Auckland should cease immediately. Also the accommodation people distinguished themselves by re-electing their Accommodation Officer one day and requesting his resignation the next! Which was quite a laugh for everyone except the gentleman himself and Stephen who was delegated to break it to him.

The only other unpleasantness arose on the final day when the minutes of the Finance commission were being considered and where as a result of a decision to award the Administrative Officer an expense allowance of \$800 on top of her salary of \$3500, the President of Victoria, one Peter Rabbit, moved a series of seven different motions, each with the same accompanying speech and all aimed at having the matter reconsidered again. About the only result was to fray tempers and have the meeting end in slightly less than the spirit of co-operation in which it had begun, but even this had its amusing side. When discussion became a little strained Stephen had reverted to a formal card voting procedure. Now each constituent has its own method of handling its votes, and for the elections Waikato had, I believe, followed its usual practise of splitting its votes equally among its delegates. For the formal card voting, however it decided to cast all its votes as decided by a majority in a caucus discussion. It is understood that the Waikato President Mr Carl B. Gordon, suddenly lost enthusiasm for this method when his attempts to support Mr Rabbit's stand were thwarted by a 3-1 vote against him in caucus. Wonderful thing

Before adjourning the Council awarded a Life Membership to Auckland student Geoff Perkins who started the travel bureau on this campus in 1968 and remained in charge of it until he graduated M.Sc. at the end of last year. This was a popular and well deserved award.

A couple of final comments: firstly though Stephen seems to be having some success he needs help. The elections were a bit embarrassing in as much as about four people stood for about fourteen positions, so if you'd like to be NZUSA Vice-President, Welfare Officer etc etc and can spare the time to do some work you'd probably be welcome. Secondly the maturation of senior Auckland delegate Russell Bartlett since his painful first appearance at an NZUSA Council a couple of years back is quite striking and lots of interesting plans. One minor point to catch my eye was that if Auckland had voted in accordance with the policy decided at last year's referendum the motion calling for the removal of all legal restrictions from abortion would have been lost, but I don't expect

Bob Lack

NATIONAL PARKS THE FUTURE

Each year the Universities Tramping Clubs hold a gathering called a "Meet". Auckland University Tramping Club hosted the 1973 Meet during the first week of the May vacation at Mount Egmont. A "talk-in" on New Zealand's National Parks System was held, the highlight of which was a speech delivered by Geoff Rennison, Senior Ranger from Westland National Park, and printed below.



The poet Rex Fairburn gave me the inspiration for this talk with this little dialogue — "Conversation in the Bush"

"Observe the young and tender frond of this punga:
shaped and curved like the scroll of a fiddle:
fit instrument to play archaic tunes."
"I see the shape of a coiled spring."

This dialogue can be repeated in relation to our national park system; has it become merely a fit instrument to play archaic tunes, or is it still a coiled spring, with all the vitality that such a coil promises? In an attempt to answer this, I would like to review our system's past, comment on where we are at present, and then try to look into three futures.

In reviewing the first 86 years of our park system, I'd like to fall back on a paper I did 2 years ago for "N.Z. Environment" since (a) it's a damn good paper and (b) it contains the information I require! I won't commit the ultimate blasphemy of quoting from myself, but instead precis that information.

I have divided the period into three sections. From 1887 to 1951 I call the years of trial and error. Four parks were established, but legislation, thinking and management were chaotic and centralised control was at a

minimum. The years 1952 to 1960 were the years of park ascendancy, with overhauled and more effective legislation, five new parks and much progress in public relations work. From 1960 to the present I call the years of testing, with parks everywhere subject to sometimes irresistible pressures from alien interests, legislation proving incapable of protecting park features and only one national park added to the system. The environmental crisis broke, fortunately for us, during this period but has resulted in polarisation of groups as much as integration for progress, with parks, industry, society, government all on the defensive against other groups in a kind of a carousel of thrust and parry.

Tied in with the system's physical evolution is an evolution in usage and four phases can be noted.

First, there was a useless phase, useless in that no park usage pattern emerged. (Even Yellowstone went through one of these: William S. Ellis comments "At first, Yellowstone was a park in name only. Trappers and hunters continued to operate there. The Army assumed control in 1886 but in 1916, with the establishment of the National Park Service, Yellowstone was placed under its administration.")

Second, there evolved the "national playground" idea, which is still with us today in certain parks, but which no



longer dominates planning.

Third is the "biota refuge" idea, which is a low-key background consideration which form the backbone of today's planning (in its relations and conflicts with human usage).

Fourth, the newest born, the "psychological refuge", the park acting as a mind-shelter and nurse for the pressurised urban dweller. There is no doubt that this concept of a park use is a valid one, with overseas examples proving the point, even to the incredible situation where urban dwellers enjoy their park visit best when they're part of a huge crowd! The point to note here is that they DO enjoy their visit, from deep within the crowd, so presumably it does them good! Spike Milligan makes a nice little comment on this theme in "The Bedside Milligan".

So here we are at the present. In spite of our short period of real organisation I believe we have one of the finest park systems in the world because—

(1) We have a large proportion of our country within parks (1/13) and only 3 million people.

(2) We have good central and local organisation of parks.

(3) We have adopted the best techniques that the American park system possesses and adapted them to suit our circumstances.

(4) We are still basically an outdoor people and are keen to see our system flourish.

We have 10 national parks; I gather that we are unlikely to have more. However, a more flexible approach has given us the Maritime Park concept, less rigid in its approach to exotic biota, and the State Forest Park concept, where N.Z. Forest Service provides a working plan closely paralleling the national park idea in many ways. For decades our country's hundreds of scenic reserves have languished, in the main, at a level of organisation approximating that of a dying jellyfish; now they are the subject of much study, to determine their relevance to their district and their nearest population centres. Scenic reserves are about to come of age. Other reserves, such as Historic Areas, are being planned. The spectrum of what might be called "protected recreation areas" is widening all the time.

At this present stage on the system's development, with its aims known and its direction chosen, its enemies can be identified. If the legislation governing parks said: "These areas shall be more or less protected from any agency which would obliterate them entirely, but any activity falling short of this shall be condoned" then parks would have no enemies, no problems, no troubles. However, since our legislation, in a nutshell, states that man's activities shall be subordinated to those of the indigenous biota of the area, well this gives us problems, since it's awfully hard to subordinate man's activities to anything these days.

Our enemies are (1) people. Too many people in key areas overloading the local environment's capacity to absorb them and carry on undisturbed. People, the things they bring, the things they do. And paradoxically, they're indispensable, since parks couldn't exist without visitors. People en masse are an enemy.

(2) Vehicles. The tyrant of the city is now reaching out into the key areas of the parks. Private cars, their attendant pollution, the space they occupy, the roads they need, their visual impact, are not wanted in parks; they are out of phase. When you consider they're not even wanted in cities any more, than to have them in parks is ridiculous!

(3) Industry (indirectly). I don't think we need ever fear an industry set up in a national park, but sometimes (as with Comalco) the needs of a plant miles away can affect park values. Let us hope the Manapouri affair will act as a deterrent to any other industry eyeing a similar park resource. However, industry continues to threaten us indirectly, through mining. It is my feeling that we are perilously close to mining being permitted in the national parks. True, there will be stringent controls and conditions imposed on those who would mine but

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environmental deterioration is an inevitability. With 1/13 of the country locked away in parks, and with the appetites of overseas industry becoming evermore gluttonous, can anybody see anything but heavy pressure brought to bear on us? And, under the new act, a prospecting licence automatically gives the right to mine.

(4) The Government. Someone remarked not so long ago that the traditional enemy of national parks was the government. Certainly, the late National Government dealt the park system a series of body blows — 10 acres taken from Tongariro National Park for the Tongariro power scheme, a disgusting TV translator and road which mar Mt Egmont's upper slopes, the finalising of the Comalco deal which would have affected Lake Manapouri so much. It was made perfectly clear to me that the National Parks Act was easily overridden by a government wishing to do so.

(5) Apathy — our greatest enemy. A paper published a few years ago showed us just what types of people used track and other basic national park features at Tongariro. The disturbing thing that emerged was that summer use of the park was almost exclusively by the "educated elite" of professional and salaried people. The "working class" did not participate. I'd like to see similar studies done in our other parks to see if this trend is maintained. However, counterbalancing that to some degree was the response to "Save Manapouri", though I suspect that a great many signed that petition as a protest, or in ignorance, or herd instinct, rather than after intelligent appraisal. Once the breaking wave of conservation / environmental protection has ebbed, apathy could do us irreparable harm.

Fortunately, we have our allies, some of which are very new concepts.

(1) Zero Population Growth, if it gains the acceptance it deserves, will indirectly help in our struggle against the threat of too many people in our parks. However, we will not feel the effects of this for many years, so more immediately applicable aids must help us.

(2) The Social Revolution which is affecting us now, preaches a return from materialism and money-based living to more simple, basic, less damaging ways of life. Deeply rooted in this idea is the necessity to preserve the unmodified and heal the damaged. I think that we are feeling the first beneficial rays of this new sun on the park system today.

(3) The Transportation Revolution. New ideas are sweeping the world of the motor vehicle, some of which will have immediate and therapeutic effects in parks:

a car engine need not pollute.
there are forms of fuel other than hydrocarbons,
one bus is better than 25 cars,
it's better to cycle, or walk,
car parks and roads need not be cornerstones of planning.

(4) Awareness. People are now becoming aware that things like scenery, quiet, cleanliness, wilderness, have a value as such which, although not translatable into monetary terms, is undiminished thereby.

This kind of thinking is important to us.

To sum up the present; we are in a no-mans land, a kind of limbo. We have too much strength to be, as Fairburn said "Fit instruments on which to play archaic tunes," (much as developers and industrialists would like us to be,) but we lack the legislative backbone and strength of government to give us the potential of the "coiled spring". So much now depends on public attitudes. Now let us look at 3 futures, one of which we must be galloping into at high speed.

Our first future is easy to predict since it is today in America. Whether we like it or not, our entire way of life seems to follow behind that of the U.S., the acknowledged pace-setter of Western civilisation. However much of today's youth becomes vocally anti-U.S., our culture turns more and more American — their voices advertise on radio and TV, their clothes styles envelope our frames, coke, Kentucky fried chicken and burgers are ubiquitous, tracks become trails, everywhere we are subverted. Our national parks, based on the avowedly

excellent American System, will inevitably follow along as well and if we stay in this mould, increasing our population, allowing the tyranny of the motorcar to overwhelm us, becoming polluted, consumer-orientated, polarised, then here is our park future: I quote from "Yellowstone at 100. The pitfalls of success" by William S. Ellis.

"Rangers are now given such specialised training as narcotics control, because many of the social and environmental ills of the city have spread into the national parks. There is crime in the campgrounds, and the threat of pollution in the forests."

"The rate of increase of crime in parks now exceeds the national average" I was told by Lawrence C. Hadley, an Assistant Director of the Park Service. 'There are assaults and robberies, but mostly they are crimes against property, such as vandalism and theft.'

"Within the past year, Hadley said, the Park Services has developed a programme of highly sophisticated training in law enforcement for rangers. The twelve week courses are held at Washington D.C. and cover such tactics as judo and karate. In addition, there is a special force of U.S. Park Police, ready to be flown from the nation's capital anywhere in the country, where they can help regain control of situations such as the one that occurred in Yosemite on July 4, 1970, when 500 youths battled with rangers — and won, until reinforcements arrived and arrests were made the following day."

As well as being beset by sociological problems such as these, the park system of this future will reel under the attack of intensified industrialism and the acceptance by industry of lower-grade raw materials as supplies run out. Billions of tons of iron pyrites — rich chlorite schist in Westland may attract Japanese or Chinese eyes. Volcanic heat may be tapped for power in Tongariro. Areas of parks will be re-designated "Extraction Areas" and viable wilderness will shrink rapidly.



Under the blows of too many people, too much crime, too much mining, too little room, our park system will collapse at some point in this somber future.

Another future awaits us if we have the courage and discipline to take mankind towards it. If, and it is a very big if, we can do the following things, we may yet emerge into the sunlight of a long, prosperous day:

- (1) Control our population.
- (2) Replace Gross National Product with Optimum National Wellbeing.
- (3) Make industry so efficient that it is (a) non-polluting and (b) operated on the basis of re-cycling raw material, and
- (4) Share our planet ecologically with the other life forms around us.

If we can achieve a culture whose basis is along these lines, then a very different future will unfold for national parks. A sympathetic technology, successor to that which put men on the moon and landed probes on Venus and Mars, will give us things which are currently just dreams.

People will walk a lot in the parks of this tomorrow, or they will bicycle. Those wishing to be transported will ride on individual, family or mass-transport vehicles which

are noiseless, pollution-free and aerial. Roads in parks will cease to exist. Carefully designed flyways will reduce the visual impact of these vehicles as they conduct people or interpretation programmes, educational studies or just pleasurable rambles. Rubbish will cease to be a problem inorganic debris will be sent back to re-processing plants. Parks will form nuclei in a reconstructed landscape, with progression towards unmodified environment starting with decentralised urban areas and proceeding through intensive agricultural and industrial zones, extensive agriculture — production forest areas, protection forest — open recreation areas to the unmodified core of each district, the national park. The park environment will be fully integrated into the educational, scientific and sociological patterns of the nation. Visitor Centres will be on their toes to cater for a steady but not overwhelming flow of unrepressed, healthy people with a vast spectrum of interest to satisfy.

The third and last future that I can see is very different from both previous examples. Let's picture it as it happens, first at Egmont National Park.

Year by year, the number of visitors and educational groups decreases. Cuts are made in the ranger staff eventually the Visitor Centres close and a caretaker is appointed to live at the park boundary. When he leaves he is not replaced as there are no more visitors. In the absence of controls, the goat population increase explosively and together with opossums and wild cattle destroys the vegetation of the mountain's lower slopes. Tracks grow over with the upswell of browse-resistant plants, then the next eruptions destroy the remains of the decaying Visitor Centres and the mountain chalets.

In other parks the pattern is similar. Destruction of animals is halted only by the evolution of browse-resistant vegetation, then the fifth glacial period commences as Westland, Mt Cook, Mt Aspiring and Fiordland National Parks are filled with ice. The land-bridge linking

Nelson-Golden Bay with Taranaki is re-established and lowland-dwelling strains of red deer, chamois and wapiti flee into the North Island, adding to the woes of the Egmont vegetation. All traces of man have now disappeared from the country, but biotic imbalance persists still, millions of years after the end of the glaciations, races of carnivorous animals evolve and harmony is at last restored to the unrecognisable country.

It is scarcely necessary for me to tell you that this future is the one in which man becomes extinct by his own hand, at a time not too far ahead. It should be considered as a valid alternative to the others as it is by no means impossible, and it is the only one whereby the parks regain, albeit after a long period of chaos, the nobility they possessed before we came, the nobility that is their due. Sometimes, the errant thought intrudes that if I were a rimu tree with a magic wand, I know which alternative I'd opt for.

Geoff Rennison 5/73.

THE POVERTY OF PHILOSOPHY

(A philosopher's heaven,
Plato and Aristotle on triclinia, sucking grapes)

PLATO: These grapes are a bit sour.
ARISTOTLE: Yes . . . things aren't as good as they were up here. Still, old friend, I worry more about the present state of philosophy down there. All I hear is idle chatter. Words and words about words.
PLATO: I suppose all the academics have to justify their existence somehow. Proliferating like flies.
ARISTOTLE: I cringe every time that society publishes its journal. You know, the one they had the gall to name after me. My name at the head of that!
PLATO: I didn't know they'd named a journal after you.
ARISTOTLE: Great Jupiter, where've you been for the last few decades? Your head stuck in that Ideal Realm of yours? Really, you should come down to earth, Plate!
PLATO: (examining his face in a mirror): I see that fellow, what's his name — Blackhead? claims that the history of western philosophy can be construed as a series of footnotes to my writings.
ARISTOTLE: Ye gods, look how it's ended up! Are you proud to stand at the head of that tradition, the way it's going at the moment?
PLATO: Well, why not? The Socratic method was a good one. I mean, what people mean by words must be clarified.
ARISTOTLE: (snapping): And Socrates died because he disagreed with the state's definitions of words? Listen, while I read you part of the blurb about philosophy from one of the lesser antipodean universities — pah! Their universe is not even a world, it's only a word. In the beginning was the Word. Now, where was it? Ah yes:
Philosophy as it is taught in this university is an activity of criticism, analysis, clarification and elucidation. This is in keeping with the paradigms of philosophical discourse, the Socratic dialogues. What does philosophy analyse and elucidate? Basically, concepts, the meanings of words, and in doing this the answers to any number of puzzling questions should emerge, for example: What is mind? Do men have free will? Can we prove that God exists? . . .
Do you accept that as philosophy — the love of wisdom?
PLATO: No, I suppose not. Didn't that playwright chappie, Shakespeare, have something to say about that?
There are more things in heaven and earth, Aristotle, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
ARISTOTLE: Playing with words again, Plate? Aren't these twentieth-century Anglo-Saxon pedants insufferable? One — Moore, I think — has an excruciating style. Talks like he writes — an incredible bore. Still, I'd say that any religion which has as its God the Common Man must resign itself to a faceless liturgy. The Common Man!
PLATO: What about Wittgenstein? An Austrian infiltrator, I gather. He gave me a few hints about gardening the other day, said he hoped it might change my views. Apparently he consigned philosophy to its grave twice during his lifetime. Just as well he didn't live any longer. It could never be resurrected.
ARISTOTLE: Ah yes, I remember him. He was wandering around here the other day with an empty box looking for flies and beetles. I told him there weren't any flies up here, except the one in his trousers; but he didn't appreciate the joke.
PLATO: That's hardly surprising. Your sense of humour — Wait! Speak of the devil!
(In runs Wittgenstein, waving a net, mumbling. He runs off).
I didn't know there were any butterflies here, either! Did you catch what he was saying? I couldn't quite make it out.
ARISTOTLE: No, I didn't — it sounded like a private language.
PLATO: Oh? I thought it was something about leaving everything as it is.



ARISTOTLE: In which case, why doesn't he sit down and take thing easy?
PLATO: I don't know — I suppose even philosophers must play their games. Helps them relax. But one's recently arrived who doesn't look too happy at all. Have you noticed him? A morose individual, mumbles rather formally. Always talking about p's and q's.
ARISTOTLE: No, I can't remember seeing him at all.
PLATO: Yes, you know him. His photo's hanging on the door of the head of that philosophy department we were talking about before.
ARISTOTLE: Oh, the one who looks like a wizened monkey!
PLATO: Yes, he's a mathematician-cum-logician, I gather.
ARISTOTLE: The head of a philosophy department a mathematician!
PLATO: Yes, but I wasn't referring to him. I was talking about the bloke in the portrait — Russell's his name, Bertie Russell. He was looking very perplexed the other day watching a blackboard full of these p's and q's. I asked him the matter, and he replied, formal logic. So I asked him again, and he said he wasn't supposed to be here. I don't exist, he said, but then said, no, that was wrong, and that he should have said, there is some being who answers the description, old, wizened, benefactor to New York University — he added a whole stream of others, but I've forgotten them; he certainly could describe himself well — who doesn't exist, because he's just died. Or rather, this description should apply to a dead being. But he certainly was, in the sense of the is of existence and not the is of identification, although he was identical with himself. He found the whole business rather perplexing.
ARISTOTLE: Good grief — he should have a chat to Descartes. How's he, by the way?
PLATO: I don't know. Spends most of his time in bed.
(Enter Moore, who pauses. Aristotle feels he should say something.)
ARISTOTLE: Good evening, Professor.
MOORE: Are you using good in a definable sense, my man?
ARISTOTLE: (thinking quickly): No, George — I should hate to commit your naturalistic fallacy.
MOORE: Good, good . . . Now, I wonder if that use of good is definable, or if it is such that it cannot, except in some loose and uninteresting way, be defined, in the sense that, if enough people were to affirm after due thought and consideration that, granting the peculiar

nature of the word good, with its diverse attempts at definition — which should make the whole endeavour suspect, at least in the eyes of professional philosophers like myself, who am more than a conglomerate of sense-data, that . . . that . . . Where was I?

PLATO: On your way to a lexicographer's convention?
MOORE: Was I? Oh yes, that's right. Thank you.
Good-bye. Now, I wonder if that use of good —
ARISTOTLE: Farewell George. (Gives him a polite shove). (Moore leaves).
My sainted aunt, he gets (giggles) more insufferable every time. Not a bit like aAquinas —
PLATO: Now, now, Ari, let's not compare disciples. (Aristotle pouts, Plato eats the last grape). Well, enough of this idle chatter.
ARISTOTLE: Have they changed the programme at the Cave yet?
PLATO: No, still the same show, I'm afraid. The seating's just as bad, too.
ARISTOTLE: Let's go anyway. It will give us a break from this tedious reality.
(They leave, arm in arm)

Let us attempt to capture the general meaning given above in a more prosaic medium. Any synoptic look over the history of not only philosophy but most academic disciplines must surely recognize the development of two opposing metaphysics: and all-inclusive scientific rationalism and a form of poetic anti-rationalism. We will illustrate these two world-views by explicating, briefly, the implications within one discipline-philosophy.

The positiveistic-analytic tradition limits man's preoccupation to discursive reasoning seeking to explain and, ultimately, to master both the cosmos and, more particularly, other men. If the cosmos can be so developed in terms of some common, and unifying, principle-man, let's say-then all problems and peripheral problems can be clarified and, as such, dissolved. Man is an object among objects, his good achievable by alteration of an external world, his behaviour the mode of verification, and his consciousness a 'ghost.' On the other hand, we have the European post-Kantian tradition which discovers in a mode of poetic inspiration the primary functions of man. Man is unique, his growth by insight and creative intuition, and his good is achieved primarily by alteration of himself. They recognize a Self which cannot be adequately described by reason alone yet remains as more than a shadow of objectiveness in being the motivating force in personal development. In summary, then, we have the contrast between the Anglo-American emphasis upon clarity, precision, and reason to explain-away-any idea of subjectiveness; and the European tradition of developing the intuitive mind to explicate the 'human situation.'

Does the above philosophical situation involve an end or a beginning? Should we merely accept this state in philosophy and other disciplines and yield the alternative exists: 'science and technology' or 'contemplation and poetry?' Must we elect to relate ourselves to human life by either changing our inner selves or by changing the external world; or should we attempt some transition between these two views? Should we not create a bond between them, yet not as an eclectic conglomeration but, rather, as a synthesis which transcends both only in a final and complete understanding of them. To attempt this would require not just the acceptance and subsequent development of one of these views, but the development of both. It would be unfair, nay impossible, to ignore either one of these views if we are to realize this synthesis. The development of one tradition in exclusion or isolation from the other is not a mere retention of the status quo but a regression. To explore one view alone is to move backwards. Should not a University stimulate a progression of knowledge, in the sense that any progression arises from the full exploration of all traditions?

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More specifically, does the philosophy department at Auckland University attempt to give a full account of both the Analytical and European traditions? A quick look at the Calender in comparison with other New Zealand Universities might give one the impression that indeed it does. The department at Auckland University does give more exposure to both traditions than any of the other Universities, but does it attempt to give an adequate account of both? We think not. It seems that philosophy, here, envelopes only that which can be defined in analytical terms; that which falls beyond this seemingly arbitrary line becomes 'non-sensical.' Now, in itself-and even suspending our notion of synthesis for a moment-such a analytical methodology may be a necessary condition for philosophical knowledge but, surely, it cannot be mistaken for both the necessary and sufficient conditions. If the student of philosophy is to be such, does not this necessitate the teaching of philosophy generally, encompassing all traditions and not a specific school within philosophy - which some, we gather, take to be philosophy? Philosophy cannot, in other words, be an interpretation of all philosophy, past and present, in terms of the language and concepts of One school. Further explicating what we mean, we will list some of what we feel are the more obvious deficiencies within the present department - keeping in mind our ultimate synthetic goal.

1. Unneeded restrictions are placed upon the Stage III and M.A. papers. Final decision on what shall be taken does not rest with the student but, rather, with the Head of the Department - who has a definite bias toward the analytical-logical tradition. Such a bias presents no harm, except when it is coupled with an attitude that assumes that both Continental philosophy and Philosophy of areas (which includes, we suppose, the Philosophy of Language) are essentially non-philosophical. Must we accept such dogmatism, whether out of knowledge or ignorance of the areas involved? Any coherence or unification of papers must surely revolve about the particular student who is studying them.
2. Criticism is, of course, an essential feature of the philosophical method. Yet criticism is ambiguous, for it can refer to either destruction or construction. Generally in this department, we have forgotten such ambiguity and give marks for those criticisms which best defeat the topic or argument. That criticism which supports the topic, and seeks only to clarify and develop the premises, has been neglected.
3. Related to the above idea of the coherence of papers must surely be added the need for the free choice of papers at all levels. Do we need a system of compulsory papers? Specifically, need we make logic compulsory at any stage? Is logic so necessary for all - and that is the purpose for having compulsory papers - papers? From our own experience, we do not think so.
4. Perhaps the most glaring example of dogmatism lies in the M.A. Ethics paper. In this paper we have the complete manifestation of one tradition - the analysis of the grammar and language of ethics. Thus, aside from the Stage I Ethics paper, there is no opportunity to read from the entire history of Ethical philosophy. We are at no time attacking the competence of any member of the philosophy department. Rather, we are merely attempting to illustrate the dogmatism prevalent within the department. If we look for a synthetic transition between the Analytical and European traditions, we must also recognize a sense of what Marx, we use his name only hesitatingly, calls 'aufhebung.' We must see the need for the complete development of both views; then, and only then, will any synthesis evolving out of the co-ordination between them be possible. On thinking about this possibility of synthesis, we see that this means not the mere re-evaluation of the premises of a particular department within a given University, but the premises of the University, itself. In one final illustration we ask anyone to look at the list of Staff-Student Seminars for the philosophy department. Is there any doubt why these seminars are not frequented by students? Yet we ask only this: 'Has this University too long been satisfied with its own regression, or is it we who have just awakened and are still "deceiving ourselves"?'
David Hoskins M.A. Student
Geoff Sheehan M.A. Student

16 May 1973

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MICHAEL TYNE-CORBOLD

candidate for Vice-President (Welfare), Executive of AUSA; Arts student doing Psychology and Sociology.

POLICY STATEMENT

I am seeking election as Welfare Vice-President because I believe that my experience and convictions are such that I can do this job as well as anyone, and better than some.

During the past three years, I have been in close contact with hundreds of A.U. students from all faculties, both as a student and as a member of A.U.S.I.M.S. I have seen how the welfare and the values of the individual can be swamped in the organisation. I believe that the welfare of any one person must at all times take precedence over the system, no matter how benevolently organised that system claims to be. There are hundreds of A.U. students who have gone under, just because they could not cope with the system.

There are already many set-ups around the place which are doing a job in counselling students on their difficulties, legal, medical, emotional, housing, employment, whatever. I propose to ensure that existing facilities for student welfare are functioning at optimum efficiency; if they are administration-controlled, to see that their systems do not put down the individual; if they are student-voluntary-organisations, to see that they get maximum assistance.

ACADEMIC COUNSELLING

There is a notable lack in most faculties of any sort of adequate counselling on academic problems. It is a major priority that every faculty provide in-course counselling facilities. Any student who has tried to get guidance on his academic problems will know that in most departments he was lucky if he could find anyone who was ready to listen. Some faculties have begun regular and, I have heard, successful academic counselling for their students. A major part of my initial programme will be seeking to extend such facilities to all departments.

All students have difficulties of one kind or another during their academic career. It is important that you get more than just a friendly pat on the back or a quick tranquilliser, when you look for help. YOU should be able



to get prompt practical help to resolve whatever difficulties are hindering you from getting maximum benefit from hanging around this place, for 3 or 4 years.

My academic and private schedule is such that I will be able to give a lot of time to the job, and I will establish regular times when students may bring before me any matters where they feel welfare facilities have not been adequate. I do not propose to set myself up as just another counsellor/father confessor, although I have experience in these areas; rather, I see the job of Welfare V-P as a sort of ombudsman.

I am a mature student, a married man, who has had many years experience in voluntary and fulltime welfare work of one kind or another. I believe that I will be able to communicate more effectively with senior administrative officials, as I have had a lot of dealings over the years with "authorities" of one kind or another.

If you want as your Welfare V-P, a cunning old bastard who puts the person before the system; who has no ideological commitment to any organisation, then you might throw me a vote or two on Friday.

Michael Tyne-Corbold

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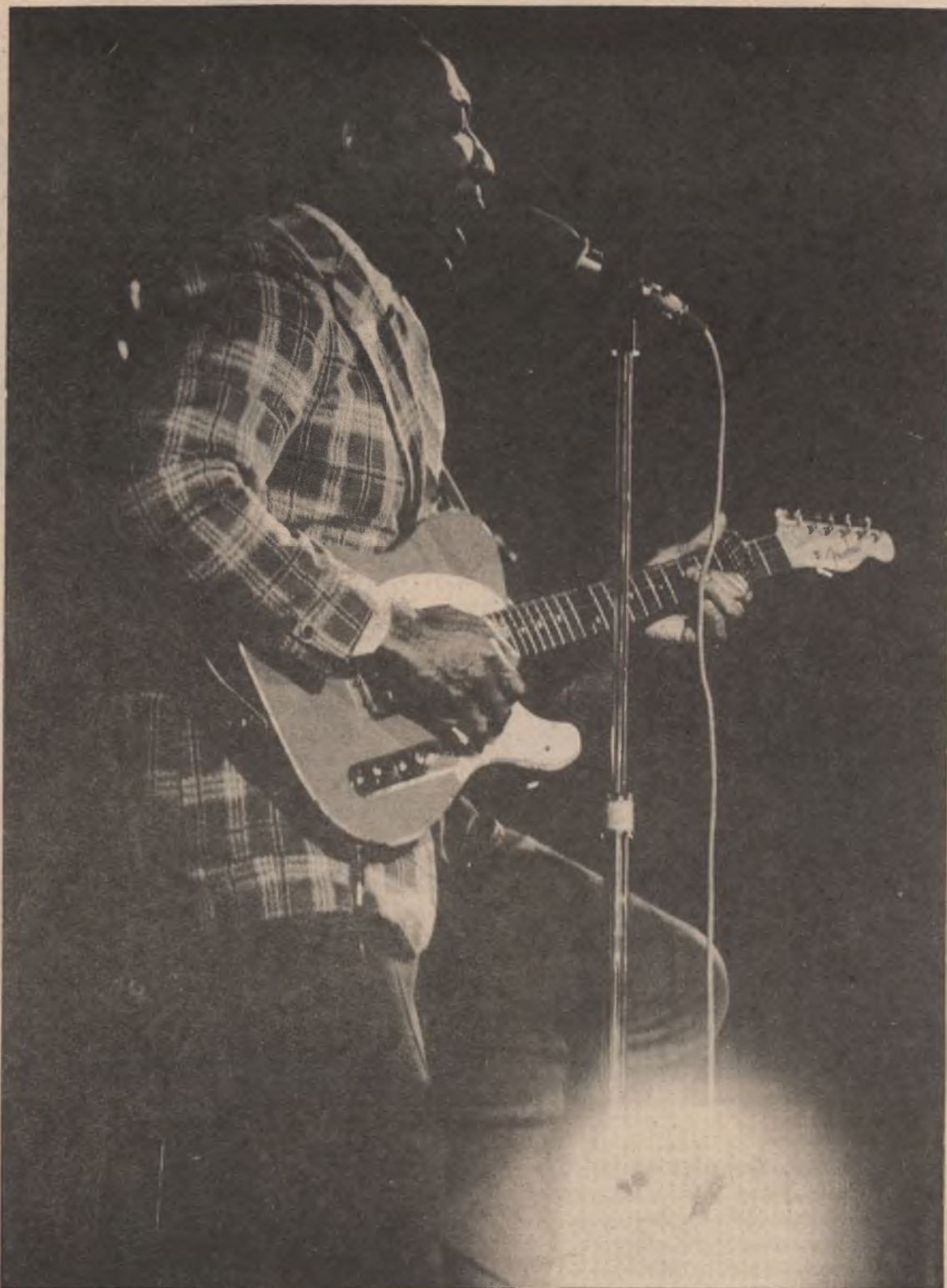
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ON ATTEMPTING AN INTERVIEW WITH MUDDY WATERS

Muddy Waters is one of the archetypal Blues men. If you wanted to define Blues you could say, "Well listen to Muddy Waters. "To collectors and casual listeners alike his music is more than just music. Somehow these entities of captured sound seem to form bits of the time and life of a man, whose Blues seem to be the "real thing": the singing of a man who wouldn't be defeated, music with a gutsy beat and a certain downhome earthiness and truthfulness, which sets it miles apart from any commercial concessions.

And in addition to all this he can also, with some justification, be called The Father of The Rolling Stones.

Not surprisingly therefore, I was enthralled by the prospect of seeing the man in the flesh, and was simultaneously equally determined to go and ask him all the questions that I thought were relevant. Upon suggesting a neat “Cmipin?stone” type of in-depth interview to the Craccum people, I was informed that Henry Jackson had also suggested the idea, so we teamed up.

The first step was to fine out where he was going to stay. Cambridge Productions, who were bringing Muddy Waters and his band into the country told me he'd arrive around noon, Friday, April 27 and also told me he'd stay at the Royal International Hotel and that a press conference was scheduled for three pm that day. After checking with the Hotel, to make sure it wasn't the Intercontinental, I organised a tape-recorder and we were set to go.

When we arrived shortly after twelve that Friday the manager of the band, Mr Cameron told me over the phone that they were very tired, having just arrived and deferred us to the press conference later on. He also assured me that if I stepped up to him on the particular matter of a long interview he'd see what could be done.

While the press conference was scheduled for 3 pm the band didn't turn up till four. They sat down in a row of chairs with little tables in front of them whereupon were placed little bowls with nuts, and glasses which were filled with champagne. The twenty odd reportorial people sat down opposite them and an embarrassing silence followed. I decided to place the tape recorder on Muddy Water's table and to tape the press conference in case we didn't get the interview.

Obviously most of the people present were hangers-on, so Henry and I as well as Alan Young from the "Herald" who, I understand, is a great blues-fan, stepped into action and asked the questions.

The questions I had wanted to ask were mainly about his identity as an American Black, as a Blues singer and about the man himself. I had planned to ask him as a first question: "McKinley Morganfield, would you allow us to try and find out who Muddy Waters really is?" The strained-funny and official situation of the press conference and the quickly apparent set-up between the star and his somewhat subdued band did not allow for such intimacy.

Henry and Allan seemed mainly interested in completing a somewhat encyclopedic Blues knowledge and consequently asked questions pertinent thereto. After the press conference I found that the tape had run thru too fast and had consequently bombed. We asked for a chance for our long interview, and Muddy

MUDDYWA



told me to call on him between one and two p.m. the following day. After which they all rapidly disappeared. We hung around the paunchy manager, Cameron, of undeterminable youthful age, he and I treated him a good deal of official sales promotional games. I had always been a good look, like that for some twenty-odd years. I had worked for Chess Records on the base of a handshake in stead of a contract, etc. . . .

Alan rushed off to do his write up. A "Herbie" fight against it sub-editor must have thought that describing Muddy as the "Blues rights the work" Waters as an American Black was embarrassing. (Blues artist) she corrected it into the even more embarrassing "American Negro", but the next day the Blues society, but "American Negro", for which Alan felt the next day think about singing he owed Muddy an apology. "I don't know. Would

This following day was a Saturday, and Al Henry and I gathered before the Royal International Hotel. Cameron, who was sitting in the bar with band members Pee Wee Madison, Beaufort, Pinetop and a drummer, said after looking into his notebook: "The only call is Tom Appleton". I told him. "Well, I thought you'd call sometime this morning. It's the only call I advised to let thru. "Such privilege bought us nothing because when I dialled 805 and talked to Muddy, he told me he was too tired, didn't like long interviews and didn't want to answer so many questions, so he would be prepared to tell us a few things in the evening.

We then figured we might get the band members to tell us SOMETHING, anything. We hung around in the lounge and talked to Pee Wee Madison, who had feelings about college kids were only thinly disguised and his discontentment with playing in a blues band where he didn't get enough solos and played the same old fashioned stuff was also expressed. Henry realized that was the impression that he was in the band mainly for the money.

DUDDY WATERS



and two people. Alan and I talked to Cameron and to Beaufort (the harmonica player) the most approachable of them. Though 43, he seemed no older than just above 30. I treated him to my question about political blues. I had always thought that the "Black Is Beautiful" and "I'm Black and I'm Proud" idea was come from a base of a few American Blacks, and that the rest of racial discrimination included and necessitated it. A "Henry" fight against it. Beaufort listened, admitted, that describing Muddy's work of an artist (and also, therefore embarrassing, a Blues artist) should reflect the reality of his particular society, but that it so happened that he didn't feel the next day about singing that kind of thing. Why? He wouldn't know. Would he get into trouble, or get difficulties from audiences or his record company? Probably not, but he just didn't go for that sort of thing. Then the band left for a bus trip around the city. We sat down in the lounge to discuss tactics. "Obviously what we all had in mind" Alan said, "was to call Muddy quietly to himself in a corner and we'd ask him a question and then he'd talk some four or five minutes, and so on. And obviously we're not going to get it."

long interview. Henry pointed out that apparently there were all kinds of tensions between the members of the band, and that he had gathered from his talk with Pee Wee Madison, who had opened up a bit over his drink. It seemed to me that the band was hired by Muddy and that they were all mainly playing for the bigger money, because they were so keen on Muddy's music. I got the impression that in the final event, in a blues bar, they would never open up to us, as we resembled the long-haired white hippie college drop-out image. Henry said much.

band mainly realized that we could not jump over the fence of racism which our white societies had erected.

These people were deeply accustomed to white American racist discrimination and were incapable of detecting our difference in attitude. Our interest in them must tickle them, as they felt elevated into stardom by it, but was otherwise chopped off before it reached "au fonds". In the situation given we behaved like white liberals, as we were not involved in the fight for racial equality. We were liberals, that is, free from involvement, and were exercising a white middle-class university-kid intellectualism on this group of basically working-class and rural people, and unless we got a chance to communicate and show ourselves as people giving as much in a talk as we were getting, we'd be getting nowhere. That's when I felt this interview was for the birds.

In the evening — we had obtained two tickets from Barry Coburn, Cambridge's co-producer under the assurance that, yes, we were writing about it, and double-yes, we had a big circulation — none of us felt like doing that interview. We just felt like writing up the rest of it and maybe try to work out the fucked tape of the press conference. After the brain-washingly coy and cute singing of Brent Parlaine, an Auckland songster who sang mainly because he's also on Coburn's bill, Henry and I pushed past underground toilets and empty rooms to where Muddy Waters and his band were sitting. There were very many background-noises, people talking and playing guitar etc. Muddy Waters was sitting beside a bucket filled with ice and a bottle of champagne in it rubbing his sore eyes. While I was in a perfect mental void during the interview, Muddy Waters was a bit slowed in tongue by the champagne. Henry was trying to take a picture, but the camera was shot and so that didn't work out, either. Afterwards we

shook hands. Mine was sweat. I wiped it first. When I transcribed the tape, it was very hard to really reproduce his very own, very special way of speaking, but I did very little editing. Here then is the interview, as we slid into it:

Tom Appleton

INTERVIEW

- A: Hello. Well here I finally am — see I came to interview you this morning, and I —
- M: Yeah, I know who are, but like I said I just ate a bit and sittin around and out and I went back to bed and I didn't want to see nobody.
- A: Yeah, right. Well — you'll probably be goin out up on the stage now in a few minutes anyway.
- M: Ah, no matter, even so. Like I told you over the phone: I don't dig long interviews.
- A: Yeah, actually . . .
- M: I'm not writin a book, I mean, what d'ya wanna know about me, I'll tell you just a few things, but I just don't dig long interviews.
- A: Wee, we hoped we could do something — well, you could eventually tell us a few things, even a long interview, but then unfortunately it didn't turn out — I suppose you'll . . .
- M: Yesterday that interview was too long. You know. So I — what d'ya — you got your thing ready? GO AHEAD.
- A: Yeah, I've got it running.
- M: Ahm — what do you wanna know?
- A: Ahm — actually I'm sort of slightly derailed —
- M: Are you writing a book?

A: I'm not writing a book, no — we're writing for this student newspaper here —

M: For a school — students?

A: Well, yeah, right. Students — and so on, well. But you know I get this feeling I can't help it that I'm writing for a college, sort of, kid paper — or something.

M: Well you didn't — they need to know the best.

A: Pardon?

M: They should know the best — kids.

A: Yeah, well, you know, you know — one thing that I would like to ask you: how do you take it that you are actually mainly playing to white audiences now; or is this not right?

M: Ah — I — we're back in yesterday's question.

A: Yeah, I know, but stil —

M: Like I said: once a man, twice a child. When I begin I was just doin "race" — right? That mean play for Black, only, and then it started down in Chicago, from Chicago University white kids started comin out to see me in black clubs, you know, and after so long, so many years, it seemed like the Black got tired of hearing my typa thing an then the White picked it up and they shook it up. So like I spoke yesterday, once a man, twice a child.

A: D'ya think that the Blues would actually have very many elements of — say — original African culture which have gone into American —

M: Ahm — give it to me in another way, I can't understand it very good.

A: I mean, would you say that there are very many elements of African culture in the Blues — could you say that you sort of feel —

M: Are you feelin for slavery times?

A: Pardon?

M: When you say Africa, are you goin for slavery times?

A: No, I mean, do you feel cultural ties in this music, does it —

M: I feel like I've said yesterday — as long as the older people live like myself and John Lee Hooker, Lightnin Hopkin, T-Bone Walker, Howlin Wolf — and, we gon' keep Blues 'live, you know, because I don't think we know too many other places to go. I don't, you know — or if nothin for me — as long as there's people who like the Blues, we just keep singin' em and prayin' em. Ain't but a few of us left but we're goina stick with it. The few I'm speakin I'm definite they ain't gonna change. We got young people that sing us the Blues, like Buddy Guy, Junior Wells — they're not particularly young anymore. Like Luther Johnson — he's a kid come from my band and he love the Blues, and he ain't gonna sing too much more of nothin else — and he did this LP with my, I did it with him before he left the band, when that was on Douglas.

H: Can I ask you a question?

M: I am listenin'.

H: You know the things that you did in the 50's like "Rollin Stone" "Rollin and Tumblin'", "I'm Ready" and all those things — you know? Do you still feel, you know, good about those songs?

M: Ahm — every blue moon — you know — we do one once in a while.

H: Those had some great licks you did with Pat Hare Jimmie Rogers and Little Water —

M: Yeah, yeah, we do them every once in a while. So — u lot of people don't understand. They look to hear note for note, which it can't be, 'cause those peoples is not here no more, you know.

H: But I understand you still do "I'm ready" every night, don't you?

M: Yeah, I do "I'm Ready" and every blue moon I do "Rollin Stone" but — like "Rollin Stone" I was doin it alone and I'm doin it with the band, that takes —

H: Do you know right now what you're gonna do tonight?

M: No I never know what I'm gonna do.

H: You just feel it.

M: Just feel my way through, that's right.

H: Do they all (meaning the band) sort of know automatically what's it gonna be —

M: Yeah, I never know when I got my number runnin — I'm just up there myself.

H: Do you fell your slide playing owes a lot to Robert Johnson?

M: No — I wouldn't say so. I've too much sense for it to be too close to mine. But a few things I did mighta bin kinda similar, but I didn't never get close to Robert, I was more close to Son

House at that time.

H: Those classic tracks like "I can't be satisfied" they were just done with (Big Crawford) on string bass —

M: Yeah, you see, that wasn't Robert, wasn't Son House, you know, that was Muddy.

H: Did you and Willie Dixon always work pretty well together?

M: We never worked together — we always just — he wrote a song, and I recorded it. He played on sessions, but you don't call that workin together.



H: You used to do sessions under the name of "Dirty Rivers" and "Main Stream".

M: Ah, well, yeah, I know. This is bootleggin you know, you couldn't handle my name.

H: And Buddy Guy did the same too, didn't he, he used to call himself "Friendly Chap".

M: Yeah, this is all down from the line. Who's it to bid it. If you do for — if you put down your name the company wouldn't stand for you to do it. So to make a extra buck you name yourself "Muddq Stream", you know — "Muddy River."

H: How do you feel about Marshall and Leonard Chess?

M: Well, we had a very close relationship. They were cousin to a lotta — the people give them real down, you know, down names, but, lie myself, I got along fine.

H: When everyone else was finding it pretty hard you were still making a living at it, sort of late 50's, early 60's, before everyone . . .

M: I was drivin big long cars and I kept a dollar in my pocket and I got along pretty good. A lotta people give 'em down the creek, but I got along pretty good, 'cause we had a close relationship. Like, I put them in business, I'm responsible for their business.

H: Like Jimmie Rogers I understand he gave up for a while — didn't he?

M: Did what?

H: Jimmie Rogers actually gave up playing?

M: Ah yeah — he gave up. He wants to do himself up. But he's back at it.

H: Do you ever jam with him at all.

M: Oh, yeah, we've been playing together, since — since he came back yeah.

A: Do you have to get yourself into some — do you have to make some effort, to actually perform?

M: I don't use no type of drugs — if it's speakin of that. This is far as I go. (Pulling out a champagne bottle from an ice bucket). And now, this is a very expensive drink. I could be usin drugs what I paid for this. I bought ten bottles — five bottles to come here and five bottles to go back. It was just light money — 117 dollars and I coulda gotten me two fix and some cocaine (laughs) you know. So — this is my thing there: I never been into drugs.

A: You never been.

M: Never, never have. They don't take drugs from me to plaq — I got guts.

H: Do you feel scared?

M: 'scuse me — no, never, scared — the people that're using the drugs, they're 'fraid of the people, they're 'fraid of the crowd, theq have to do that to get over —

H: You've never had some butterflies, or —

M: I don't think about butterflies. This is when I was begin, I had butterflies, you know. I give it to you either like it or you don't lie it.

A: After a show are you prettq pooped?

M: Huh?

A: After a show, are you pretty pooped, sort of exhausted —

M: Ah, no.

A: — I mean, do you think you've given yourself —

M: Well, I've given myself and then you gets tired and you get tired doin anything — I get tired of talkin — I get more tired of talkin than of singin'. If you're on your job qou do it long enough you're tired and you go home, you know. But if you're workin and if you're just (slurchin) around and everytime the boss turn around you sittin down then you made a good day, you know.

A: We've been trying to chase you for two daqs, and we don't get paid nothing for it. So we just do it for — I don't know — being fans of you ? Something like that. Anyway I was thinking of questions before but now I can't think of any particular —

M: Well, look you should have asked some good questions yesterdaq because you was the top-man — you really was (mainly the one) man.

A: Yeah, but I hadn't realized I would be the only guy so I hadn't really prepared myself very much, you know, or thought of very much to ask — anywaq. Have you got any kids — any children at all?

M: I even got — I got four grandkids and one great-grand-grand-baby.

A: Any of them play the Blues?

M: Naw — I think they all feel the Blues, but — they like the Blues; 'cept my little girl — she don't care nothin 'about the BLues. Anyway, my two boys, they like Blues.

A: You think it's much like being a writer or a painter — being a Blues artist? Would you think it's different from being any other musician, like a Beethoven pianist, or something like this?

M: Depend — you talkin about — for bein a Blues artist? I thing that the years I put into that I should be a pretty good Blues artist — I put a lotta time in it — it's not like gettin up a year or two and then say, well, you is the best, you know. Which I don't give myself, "the best". I give myself credit for "pretty good".

A: Do you ever play the Blues to yourself? When you fell like it?

M: Well this is when you'se young, and everything. When you get my age — played the Blues. You see, really, I don't havta — I don't have the Blues too much. I guess I was born with 'em, this is my jthing, you know, but I know times, I used to sing so good I cried after myself. You know. But I don't let too much get ahead of me, you know, like this is when you're young and you got girl friends that's doin' wrong an' this is the problem getsya, that if you're really in love with this broad and she's shootin' the wrong shoot on you, you know, and then that really leads to bad BLues, but I know how to live then. I don't let nothin get between me and myself. Special like love — I try to prepare myself for not to be as broke as I was at that time so . . . that's the way it got, you know.

A: But still, you're not just yourself, you got your band with you and how do they feel about playing with you and playing your type of music — or play with you when you sing your BLues? Or does it — after a while — just become like a normal type of band — sort of a performing "act"?

M: Ahm — I think my band gets with me and tries to work to please me, you know — they please me and that means we get more jobs, I can sing better, you know, I really don't think they'se just workin because it's a job — I think they're tryin to fill in where I can fell 'em.

A: I find I can't get over a certain problem which is always there when I'm white and I'm sort of trying to ask you something — I might sound kind of foolish, or childish — askin you things which I wanna know — but which I can't really put out to you straight, because somehow you might feel offended — you're very much an idol to me, someone that I just know from records, who's not really alive, and you're now in front of —

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A: Thank's a

MUDDY WATERS **BACKGROUND NOTES ON THE MAN,** **THE MUSIC AND HIS BAND**

Muddy Waters was born in Rolling Fork, Mississippi on April 4, 1915 the second eldest son of a sharecropper. Waters finished his schooling at an early age and became a fieldhand. He remembers singing "I be troubled" (later called "I can't be satisfied") as he worked in the fields — a manifestation of his desire to escape the harsh socio-political situation in Mississippi at the time. Waters learnt guitar by watching other musicians at Saturday night fish-fries, especially Son House — a fine bottleneck guitarist. (Though Waters adamantly stated that Robert Johnson was the finest bluesman he ever heard).



Waters finally got out of Mississippi in 1943 and like so many other blacks migrated to Chicago to work in the mills. However, prior to leaving Mississippi the Lomaxes, on July 24, 1942, recorded tracks for the library of congress. These tracks featured Waters in a number of settings — with Son Simms Four — and in duo performances. Though the germinal stages of tunes and themes were present the classic bluesband form was not yet obvious. Big Bill Broonzy obtained work for Waters at a club called Sylvies in Southside Chicago. In 1947, the Chess brothers signed Waters to that label (at first called "Aristocrat" then called "Chess"). His third side "I can't be Satisfied" 1948 was a regional hit. This was later recorded by the "Rolling Stones". The first dozen or so sides, featured two or three men combinations, typically Waters on vocal/slide guitar, Big Crawford on double bass accompanied sometimes with Sunnyland Slim on piano or Leroy Foster on guitar.

1950 saw the beginnings of Waters classic period — such songs as "Rollin and Tumblin" adopted from the Robert Johnson and Willie Newburn song. It did well, but there is an even better version recorded by Leroy Foster with Waters on slide guitar.

The incredible group of Little Walter (or Shakey Walter Horton), harmonics, Big Crawford, double bass, Jimmy Rodgers, guitar, and Elgar Edmonds drums, was formed. Their times slow economy and spareness was a feature of songs. They show none of the 'flabbiness' that groups such as the Allman Brothers show in their 25 minutes, 12 bar extravaganzas. Indeed none of their songs are over 3 minutes long, for example, "Louisiana Blues" 1950, "Long distance call" 1951, "The Incredible Honey Bee", 1951, "She moves Me" and "Still a Foo.", again 1951.

Otis Spann was then added on piano (Waters half brother, now deceased) and the band took a more commercial slant. With such songs as "I'm your Hoochie, Coochie Man", "Just make love to me" also later recorded by the Stones, and "I'm ready" 1953-1954.

In 1957 "Got my Mojo Working" was released, with James Cotton on harmonica replacing Little Walter and Shakey Horton. The band between 1956 and 1963 was in a solid R'n'B groove, to me not a very interesting period. Andrew Stephens on electric bass and Francey Clay on drums never sounded at home with Waters. For quite a few years Waters stopped playing slide guitar. The numbers were of the same ilk at "Hoochie Coochie Man" and "Mojo", for example, "I've got my brand on you", "Baby please don't go" and "I've got a tiger in your tank". Their playing was commercial for Waters was finding it hard to make a living and was attempting to make himself acceptable to new audiences. The black audience was turning its back on the blues for it was indicative of the "Uncle Tom" period in black history and the white audiences and musicians had not yet materialised.

Chess in 1964 tried to promote Waters as a folk singer, with Waters and Buddy Guy on acoustic guitars, then in 1966 with a brass group and later in the 1960's as the obnoxious psychedelics "Electric Mud".

In 1970 Waters came back to his original concept of the blues. Though anyone at the concert would have

realized that the commercial songs "Hoochie, Coochie", "Mojo" etc took up the bulk of the programme. The man was only featured on the slide twice on the classic "Long distance call" and a song that I can't place, but must surely date from his peak years 1948-1954.

Waters agrees that those were his best years. The tunes that he recorded during that period are available as the "Best of Muddy Waters", Chess LP 1427 in England and the USA.

Probably most readers would not have heard Muddy Water's performance, yet most would have heard his tunes recorded by other people. Such as "Rollin' Stone", "I'm ready" recorded by "Humble Pie", "Walkin' Blues", "Still a fool" (this is also called "Two trams running") "Just to be with you", recorded by Paul Butterfield; "I feel so good" by Rod Stewart and the Places; "Baby please don't go" by "Them"; "Rollin' and tumblin'" by the "Cream"; "Tiger in your tank", by "Down lines sect"; "Look what you've done", "Can't be Satisfied", "Just make love to you", by the "Rolling Stones"; "Mojo" has been done by Butterfield, Manfred Mann and hundreds of others; "Hoochie, Coochie Man" by the Allman Brothers and Manfred Mann; "Trouble No More" — Allman Brothers; and "You shook me" by "Led Zeppelin" and Jeff Beck.

* It is worth noting that "Led Zeppelin" are very adept and notorious for stealing other people's songs without giving them due credit. For example "The Lemon song" credited to Page and Plant is a complete rip-off from "Howlin' Wolf's "Killin' Floor"; "Bring it on home" is a Sonny Boy Williamson song and "How many years" is also a Wolf song.

Watch Page and Plant, they'll steal your mother and call her their own!

THE BAND

I thought the group was O.K., but nothing startling. At the concert the first two warming up instrumentals weren't up to much — Freddy Kings "Hideaway" lacked the urgency of the original song and it took Waters arrival on stage plus a few glares at out of tune guitarists to rectify matters.

The fault was, I feel, due to the two guitarists who were competent but rarely exciting. I, along with other blues fanatics thought that all the guitarists in Chicago were of the calibre of Otis Rush, Buddy Guy, Earl Hooker and Hubert Sumlin. This is of course a complete myth.

Here is a break down of the musicians: Willie Smith, drums, has played a long time on and off with Waters but has also played with Koko Taylor, J.B. Lenor (protest blues singer, "Vietnam Blues", "Alabama" and "Eisenhower Blues") and Big Shakey Horton.

Calvin Jones, the bass player came out of the Howlin' Wolf band to play with waters and seems pretty pleased with his 1953 Fender precision bass (everyone's getting into old Fenders these days.)

Sammy Lawhorn, guitarist, runs a camera shop in Chicago, and was hobbling on crutches in NZ. He'd been beaten up, robbed and shot in his home city, which appears to deserve its reputation as the toughest city in the USA.

Pee Wee Madison, the other guitarist, didn't like playing for "white college kids" too much. He began by playing rock 'n' roll in the black clubs of Chicago where he says he feels at home. He talked a great deal about his guitar, a fender mustang which he played upsidedown, since he was a left hander.

Joe "Pine top" Perkins, the pianist is an oldtimer from Belzoni, Mississippi and has played with Sonny Boy Williamson for 6 years on the King Buscuit Radio Show in Helena, Arkansas, with Elmore James, Robert Nighthawk, Earl Hooker and Ike Turner. Actually Perkins taught Turner to play piano (Turner was in the pre-Ike and Tina Turner Revue days acting as an agent for the R.P.M., Custom, Kent and Modern Labels.

Turner got Wolf, B.B., King and Elmore James recording contracts and played on many of their records.)

Jenny Jackson

THE MUDDY WATERS CONCERT

Derek King

Yes, we are going to see Mr Blues himself amid the steel trusses of the UMCA stadium. Strange place for a concert. I thought but I hadn't seen Mayall again and that seemed pretty good. I guess it's well after time and the place is packed. People are buying the last few seats and standing around in the boyers, haze of smoke — the fluorescent lights and reflected high gloss of a modern suburban amenities building. I remember how good the battle of the bands were there. The stage looks ominously deserted as we finally move in — no drum kit yet — a blue backdrop sags respectfully under a clock — ten to nine it

Continued on page 18

M: What're ya speakin' — you're not 'fraid to say "Black" — I'm not 'fraid to say "White" —

A: No, I'm not — I was just wondring I would like to know a few things too like, if I was black and if I was young and angry and if I could sort of play the Blues, or the guitar, piano, and so on, I would probably sing very engaged, sort of political Blues. This is what I asked you yesterday, and you said you never did this sort of thing. You would never think of doin it — could it be that maybe some of the younger Blues players would do this sort of thing?

M: Maybe so. But's not my shade — my thing, no. No, I would never think of doin it. I'm based to singin' 'bout love, hard time, not race, nto what they doin' now burnin' houses you was speakin there yesterday — I don't think 'bout that, you know.

H: You did record a song called "Tough Times" (a social comment song).

M: Yeah, "tough times". I'm based about love, and tough times and some pretty girl with the big legs — not "I seen you on a burnin' house hope you don't get mine" — all that jazz, that's nuthin.

A: What do you think of women Blues singers?

M: Well, they ogt some pretty good ones, you know. I tip my hat to Koko Taylor, she's a good Blues singer, though her name is not too big.

A: Years ago there was one I liked very much, Nina Simone, before she turned commerical.

M: Caught commerical, yeah, that's my real ol friend too.

H: Hey I remember Koko Taylor had a hit Willie Dixon song — Wang Dang Doodle.

M: Yeah, right, right. But now she's a great Blues singer, you know.

A: Would you ever think of going to Europe and living there like so many other artists do?

A: Never.

A: Why not?

M: I'm doin alright in the States.

A: But most of the real appreciative audiences are in Europe I understand —?

M: This, yes, of course, I explained that yesterday. Like in 58 when I went over I wouldn't get no appreciate from the White, you dig? Today, all over the States — I plays all over the States. I gets the same thing, all over, you know. But you got to work hard to get up to that point.

A: What're you expecting to get here, tonight?

M: I — do you remember what I said? I'm going to give it, give it to em; they like it — fine, and if they don't like it, I can't go out there and take me a broomstick and make em like it. I don't care whether it go. Some will like it, some don't like it, six in one hand and half a dozen in the other — so, I just hope the best of it, I just hope I do good that's all. I'm gonna play, you know, and that's the way it have to be, because I don't care how you play, some people don't like it no way. You know.

A: Is there any song that you wrote that you think is the best you ever did?

M: Well like the record I did on the "Best of Muddy Waters", Some of that good old stuff. Like "Honey Bee", "Long Distance Call", "Louisiana Blues" I think that's some of the best I ever did.

A: "Honey Bee" I think was with this "Ding, ding ding, ding" you know, I like this very much, I always thought that was one of the best you ever did.

M: Yeah, I think that kinda — when I was singin that kinda thing, it was the best you know. And then I fooled around, I couldn't go commercial — but I fooled the record company and I did do too many commercials.

H: And I think Churk Berry owes a lot to you.

M: Ah, this is his thing. It's what he went out with — Rock and Roll. Maybeline.

H: But you actually got him to do his thing?

M: I put him to Chess, that's right.

H: What happened to those guys that played with you. Such as Francey Clay and those people?

M: Ah — he used to play drums for me — which he wouldn't. I teached how to play Blues but he wasn't a bluesdrummer, he was a jazz drummer.

(Back ground noises; the manager telling the band it's time to go on stage etc.)

A: Alright I think it's time we —

M: Thank you very much —

A: Thank's a lot for talking to us.

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DAVID BOWIE



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**Notice concerning the Publications Conference
organized under the aegis of the New Zealand Students'**

Arts Council
To be known as the
'QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY MEDIA FACTORY'

It is the intention of the New Zealand Students' Arts Council to hold a conference in Wellington on publications which will hopefully bring together many of the more prominent figures involved in the operation of what might loosely be termed 'the alternative press' in New Zealand. It is expected that the editors of most of the student newspapers being published in this country will attend the conference, along with other interested parties such as Alister Taylor and Chris Wheeler along with elements from the school press and the various Resistance bookshops. Richard Neville may be coming over to New Zealand about the time that this conference will be held, in which case he will probably be offering the lessons of his experience to those attending.

Loosely, the programme at present is as follows'

10.00 Conference opens at Union Hall, Victoria University. Topics for discussion may include the ideology of the "alternative press", relations between the police and those engaged in small independent publishing ventures, and others. Richard Neville may be present.

SUNDAY JUNE 3

Discussion will centre on the technical problems involved in producing an 'alternative' publication such as printing and distribution.

MONDAY JUNE 3

Will probably attempt to produce some constructive new activity in the New Zealand publications scene, since matters such as the pooling of resources on typesetting and allied matters will perhaps be dealt with.

This programme is only a tentative one, which is based on that outlined in the first communication Craccum

received from NZSAC on the conference. A subsequent information sheet contained no information concerning what is actually going to happen other than the date and venue, so it is possible that the notion of conducting a conference with a formal programme has been dropped. In any event, past experience would make it appear unlikely that such activities as the presentations of papers and the holding of formal meetings will take place. The likely style of the event will, in other words, be casual.

Ad admission charge of \$2.00 will be made, which, it is said, will be used to buy teaching materials. Further information may be obtained from Bruce Kirkland, Box 6368, Wellington. Many thanks to Bruce for supplying the source material for most of the above.



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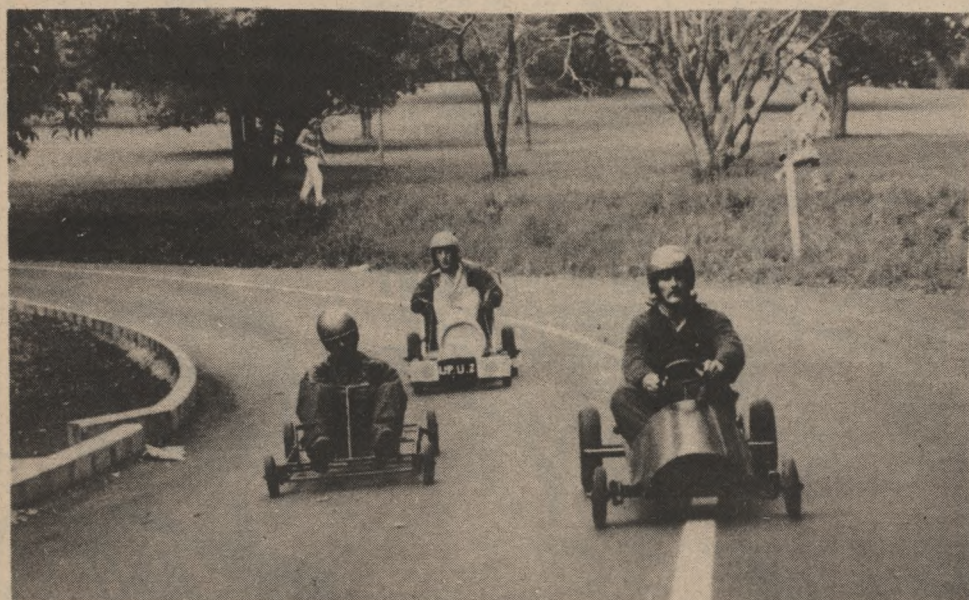
**DISCOUNT ON PRODUCTION OF
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STUDENT I.D. CARD

CRACCUMS*COMICS --- BY SHARON ALSTON



CAPPING - A DISASTER ?



Most people have been dismayed by the experience of first being capped. Brent dragged into the school on Monday night was also a disaster. There was a looking effort. Capping boys venture over enthusiastic of the seller. Charles Alcock, an important and dismally put, were trying drinking I had which less in the past environment.

Two other than mass in thank goodness drain by the shallower but was stolen and to be repaired. Capping. The disheartens to provide him.

The Gubbins wildest dream. John Irons, for getting to would have winning engine beer. The regularized (the first was almost independent turning people Cocker and year, the police Richard, Brent the police of two people set up for punishment.

Clare War produced (with most amazing proved themselves effort which those not involved was in from

Capping v sour taste. responsibility when in Prince of Wales Queen Street bombardment isn't very nice and resulted recieved. It's grounds filled stand-round stunts should responsible crossing were developed with

When this personality totally unj committee v Newman committee d were in office Witten-Hann where there asking for vacation), the a real capping

Two other in organising notice and indifference damp much to stand around a packaged f

CAPPING, A DISASTER?

Most people close to the organisation of Capping have been dismayed by the large number of failures experienced this year. The socials were a major failure, the first being cancelled because of insufficient publicity and Brent dragging himself from bed by his fingernails on the Monday night disaster in an attempt to inject some life into the score of people who bothered to attend. Procesh was also a disaster, as a member of the judging panel I felt there was only one real float, all the others were hasty looking efforts, but the elephants were a good idea. Capping book's failure to make Capping a profitable venture overall can be traced directly to lack of enthusiastic sellers. On our best day we had about a third of the sellers Massey managed to organise, however Charles Alcock will be making a separate report on this important aspect of Capping. Drink the Pub Dry failed dismally, purely through lack of mass support, those who were trying put on the best display of concentrated drinking I have seen, without any of the lack of control which less experienced drinkers have tended to indulge in in the past. The environmental rally what environmental rally?

Two other events were failures for different reasons than mass indifference. Brent's jelly pond failed to jel, thank goodness, as most of it oozed out of the stormwater drain by the coffee bar forming another pool slightly shallower but no easier to cross. Keith Worseley's balloon was stolen after it made its test flight, and so was unable to be repaired and used as one of the focal points of Capping. This sort of selfish dishonesty is what disheartens those who give time and effort in an attempt to provide high lights in the University year.

THE SUCCESSES

The Gubay "kidnapping" was successful beyond the wildest dreams of all who knew about it, Peter O'Connor, John Irons, and Barry Gibson deserve our congratulations for getting the week of to an enormous start. Boat Race would have been improved if the tide had been in, the winning engineers well deserved their prize of three dozen beer. The newly innovated trolley derby should be regularized and will become a great attraction in future (the first winner was Tony Shears). Revue operated almost independently in the Wynyard Tavern and was turning people away every night — a great effort by Allan Cocker and his cronies. Pub crawl was well behaved this year, the policy of having Exec members (Russell, Neil, Richard, Brent and S.R.C. chairman, Malcolm Moore) in the police cars to smooth things along resulted in only two people being arrested, neither by the special patrols set up for pub crawl.

Clare Ward and Robin Watt did their usual thing and produced (with dozens of helpers) the childrens' party, a most amazing event in which lots of University students proved themselves less fit than the kids. The time and effort which go into this function is not appreciated by those not involved a special thanks to Mr Bowie who was in from early morning to do the cooking.

THREE BAD EVENTS

Capping was marred by three bad events which left a sour taste. The egg throwing in Procesh was not the responsibility of the floats, only one float having eggs when in Princes Street, most "float" eggs were obtained in Queen Street after the floats came under heavy bombardment. People throwing chunks of cement just isn't very nice. The motorcycle rally got quite out of hand and resulted in the most bitter mail the association recieved. It's not clever to ride around primary school grounds filled with little kids. The sullen disorganised stand-round in Alfred Street was also not very clever, stunts should be organised and sharp and the people responsible for the traffic diversion and pedestrian crossing were very unhappy about the ugly scene which developed when the stunt was over.

THE BREAKDOWN

When things go wrong around here it is usual to seek a personality to blame. However in this case it would be totally unjustified. Rodger Ross - Smith's capping committee was the largest and hardest working that Neil Newman can remember. The least member of the committee did more on any day of the three weeks they were in office, than the previous Capping Controller, Kubi Witten-Hannah, did in his six months reign. Taking over where there was nothing (sorry Kubi two approaches asking for Capping Venues in the first week of the vacation), they managed to piece together a semblance of a real capping, which was a magnificent effort.

Two other causes of the breakdown were the difficulty in organising a full scale publicity campaign at such short notice and even when events were publicized a general indifference among a large enough body of students to damp much of the enthusiasm. Most people just wanted to stand around and have their entertainment delivered in a packaged form.

WHY DID CAPPING BREAKDOWN?

Over the last two years this campus has moved to a large extent to a system of on course assessment, which in practice has tended to mean frequent examination. This continual pressure has prevented people from being able to concentrate on the non-academic side of University even for a few weeks. Terms tests which count for finals in the last week of term and the short gaps between Easter and May were both contributing factors.

The fact that the infamous Engineers are now on the semester system with finals only weeks after their shortened May vacation, did not prevent them from stepping in and organising Capping when the extent of Witten Hannah's refusal to honour his position as Capping Controller became apparent.

I think it should be pointed out that the capping committee was almost exclusively engineers and that the events they organised proved successful.

THE FUTURE OF CAPPING

Whenever a capping celebration fails to live up to expectations the fantasy of an "artistic capping" is brought up. While many favour such activities it is a fact, proven last year when Neil attempted to make just that sort of a capping, that most of those prepared to give time and effort to produce a celebration or not. Artistic cappings fail to come off because they do not spark off the needed bands of enthusiastic helpers.

However capping must adapt to the times. The organization must be improved, Rodger Ross-Smith says that the capping plans should be finalized by November if an unhurried properly constructed capping is to eventuate.

The mass participation events must be well orchestrated and the timetabling of events must be such that they do not clash. Only one general should exist.

I believe that the only way to run events will be to use a cell type method. A small dedicated group will have to prepare everything for some particular event and organize it in such a way that the masses can remain as an audience if they wish without the event collapsing. The types of event which seem to be successful such as Miss Capping (won by Lindsey Warner) and boat race are of this type, good audience participation shows.

The events which must be included in the future cappings are "Pub Crawl", which won't die, requires little earlier organization and if the police are persuaded to co-operate can be a pleasant event all round. Phreds function is needed as a place for pub crawlers to lie down if necessary. Boat race has become traditional and trolley derby will also with a little help.

The children's party is probably the best event students put on every year.

Stunts of course are something we don't talk about too much but without them capping week would be very dull. "Executed" by small groups these probably have the greatest public impact in capping. We received dozens of calls from people like Sir Dove-Meyer Robinson over leaflets someone unknown put out requisitioning properties for a rapid rail scheme, to whoever did it my congratulations, whoever they may be from the official noises you caused you must have done your homework.

Those boulders at the bottom of Stanley St. were briefly transformed into something more "natural" and formed temporarily a most pleasing sculpture. Les gendarmes displayed a sad lack of sensitivity — after every patrol car in Auckland had looked and laughed they tore it off before the incoming morning motorists could see the addition to Mr Dean's balls.

This years U.F.O. unfortunately took off for the stratosphere so fast its makers were unable to even obtain a photograph. Better luck next year (try putting bricks in it boys).

The annual crossing outside the Engineering School in Symonds St, was well executed at 5am one morning.

Capping book is relied upon to pay the costs of capping, it isn't quite right in my mind to take the money from fees. But capping book needed sellers, it disappointed me that we were only able to raise one third of the sellers Massey had. The six people in the Capping Book van sold over 1000 copies each.

Capping has over the last three years grown out of step with the times and will not be able to continue in the traditional form we know it.

Capping is dead, long live capping.

Richard Rowe,
Mark Sigglekow.

photos - engineers



MUDDY

Continued from page 13

reads — a little self consciously I feel — as there's not a hell of a lot of time when you're riding a wave of expectancy generating from a crowd of 2,000 blues fans.

Barry folls the hall into motion with an introduction to Brent Parlane and his songs. I suppose you couldn't help feeling a little anxious — here is a young Auckland Musician out front with original material, a jumbo acoustic gibson, shaking knees and a large Muddy Waters fan club.

"Everybody loves my dog but none loves me", backed by a comfortable sensitive bass guitarist and an easy relaxed guitar style he's singing us all the respectable homespun hangups you identify with — you know — real easy stuff — Saturday night, his friends dog who everyone loves, his trips — a brave young man who alternates between smacks of Cat Stevens, James Taylor, but at his best Tom Rush. Even though they are pretty secure in their person conviction his song sometimes lack real depth and tend to deal with unrelated incidentals, but most of the time that's what your everyday country and western lyrics are all about in the end — a flow of complexes and sometimes a personality unfolds. He finished his set with

his really nice song on the charts and we are going to have a few minutes outside while the band sets up their gear.

Feeling good and Muddy Waters Blues Band is setting up. The drummer adjusts a few stands and plays with his snare and suddenly there's six musicians on stage — all as black as a thunderstorm and well — here's some potential deep southern ethnic blues for you. There's this guy who's going to play harp see — and he's got a leather belt on him extending from his left shoulder to his waist and full of mouth harps — all different sizes and keeps around him like some great bloody body halo — a bit of an overstatement you know, but what style — bathed in mouth music. The whole band slowly tunes around this guy holding a single note and it builds and crumbles as the guitarists ease their strings into gear.

This guy, a lead guitarist, a fender mustang nestled under his arm and dressed for a stroll down 47th street — a large multi-coloured cockney cap sitting over his eyes, red shirt and trousers and black and white checked sports coat. The other lead guitarist is a head to toe impression of a Disneyland trad jazz clarinetist playing a semi-acoustic guild and behind him the rhythm section. A long limp drummer, the aftermath of Auschwitz ... his head shaved wearing a colourless grey shirt and trousers, a flash of white teeth and eyes with his drum sticks held jazz style over a single bassdrum Rogers kit — ya conservative blues gear, O.K. — I'll buy that ... no rock drummer this. And what! ... over to the right ... Jesus ... a white tuxedo playing a 750 cc Yamaha grand piano. They're all old pro blues session men and don't mind you knowing it ... maybe they've just wandered into the YMCA to catch a bit of action and stay long enough to play de music.

And in amongst this scene of down home Kentucky Fried America ... you'd never guess ... moves a white roady guy turning nobbs and humping the last of the gear into place ... all power to the people. A perverse little reversal of down home country comforts I thought.

But no Mister Muddy. I'd figured him pretty old by now. He's been around for years ... I remember him in the blossoming folk days of Brownie Magee and Sonny Terry and he was in his 50's then. I listened to Taj Mahal a lot because Muddy Waters didn't get to have too much of his earlier electric stuff released here so I was ready to expect anything.

Everybody knew his music and they were reaching out for it. The whole place was alive with expectancy and

erupted into a general murmur of delight as at last the group moved unselfconsciously into de ole twelve bar blues — black soul winding up and looking promising. The band follows up with Freddy King's 'Hineaway' and I was really starting to feel a little unnerves ... it must have been after nine thirty and well ... Mr Muddy is either travelling very low key behind the piano or something or he's been dead for the last coupe of months.

Now the band moves into a slow soul that demands a vocal and the harp player murmurs ... 'and now for the man himself ... Mr Muddy Waters!' ... and he wanders on stage. Well there you are ... all age and cool, a blue Manhattan shirt and tie, light suit and a stool to sit on. The grand old gentleman himself with a fender telecaster on his knee and a microphone to his mouth — telling us howdya do and we are going to have some singing. The crowds arms go up and Muddy sings de blues.

Now everybody, but everybody, digs the blues and that was about it. Muddy just sits with his steel bar on his finger sliding all over his tele working up a gentlemanly sweat, propped on top of his stool and obviously pretty overcome with his reception.

Into 'Baby please don't go' ...

'Hoochie Coochie Man' ... and 'Little Walters'

'Everythings going to be alright' and the harp player is doing a vocal. Mr Blues sits in holding the band tight and together. He never really relaxes his control of group — calling the numbers and commanding the respect he is obviously used to. Then B.B. Kings 'Woke up this morning' with the jockey cap guitarist sounding more like B.B. King than Bee Bee. A Muddy original 'Long Distance Call' follows, the only song on the programme that wasn't a twelve bar blues and a great opportunity to wind back into a rendering bottle neck guitar ... Willy Dixon's 'I'm a Man' and now the show stopping Water's song dedicated to Jimmy Smith who made it internationally popular ... I flick back to Cocker poised to leap into 'Hitchcock Railway' and the multi-coloured cap, white tuxedo, our long limp drummer, colourful harp man and all are playing a standard ... 'I've got my mojo working' says Muddy ... O.K. baby so you have and the crowd are roaring their approval ... half past ten and Barry stands to the right of the stage and another encore ... and then another and we leave as the Mr Muddy and his group grinds on into the horizon. ... home to the who live at feeds ... Barclay James Harvest ... Meddle ... and the Tiger.

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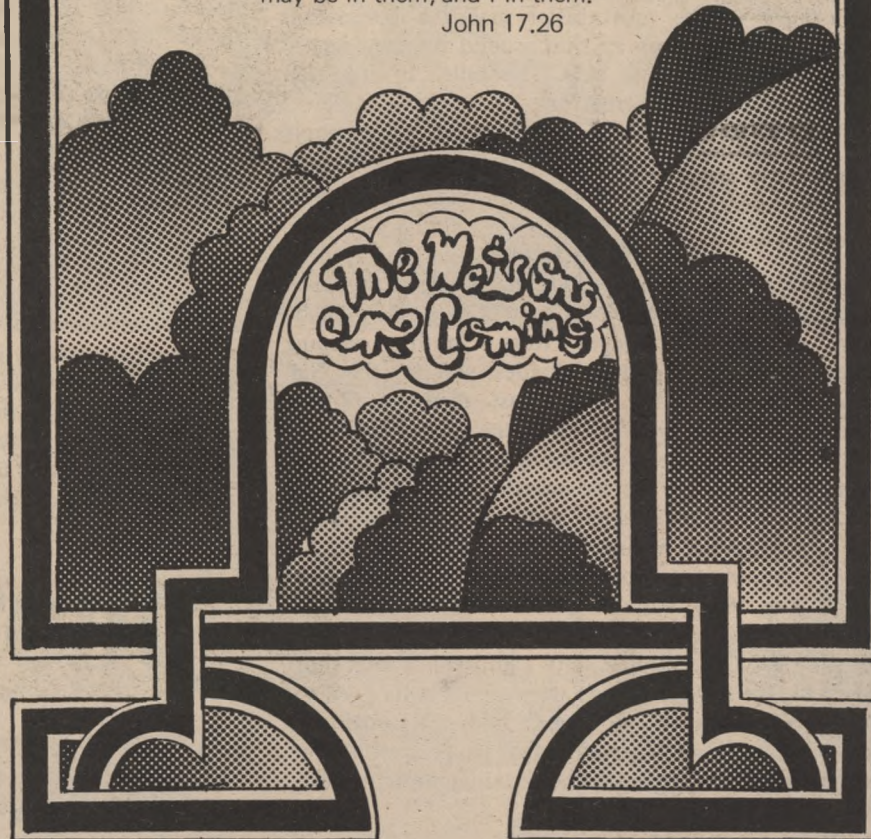
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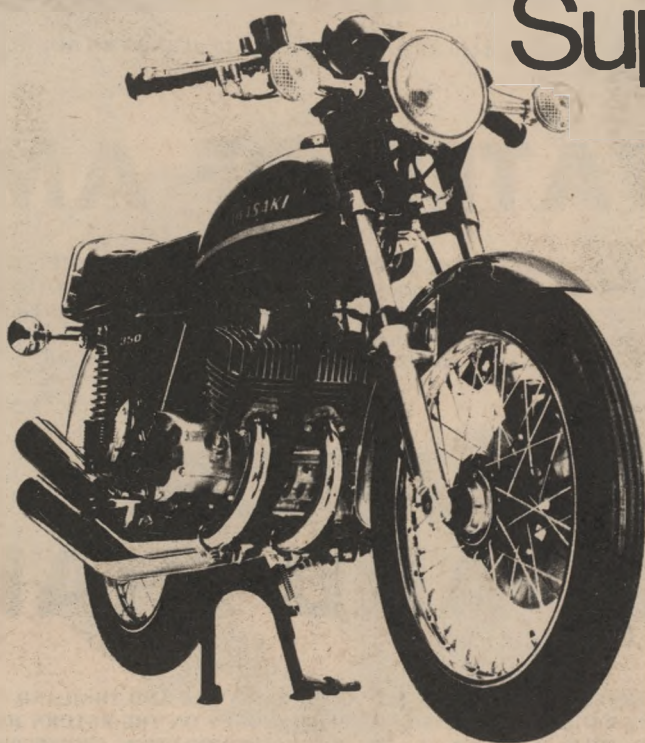


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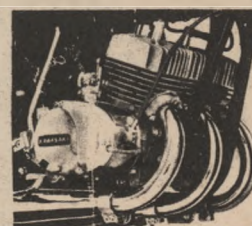


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