



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

DRACULA SUCKS! PAGE 6

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CRACCCUM

Thursday June 7th
Issue No.11



MEANWHILE,
ALICE SIMPERS

EDITORIAL

With a mini executive election in the immediate past, those of us who retain an interest in student politics, though few we be, are beginning to make book on the likely outcome of the great Presidential election, which the enlightened will know to be scheduled for the end of this term. No doubt you are immediately curious as to how any sound speculation can be made as to the outcome of this event when the field as yet unknown; to which one can only reply that the reading of the future has traditionally been accomplished with the aid of insufficient resources, whether they be the entrails of frogs or the print-outs of computers, and that any prediction is uncertain when the aberrations of foresight are compared with the resolution of hindsight.

This year however, has been especially difficult for the seer in the street and the cafeteria Nostrodami, for the only likely candidates are themselves such unlikely presidents as to make the crystal balls shine most dimly. So far we have had suggested as possible contenders two clowns, an ultra-pushy young hebephrenic with psychopathic tendencies, no less than three great bores, a wishy-washy liberal, a secret policeman, and someone suffering from what are known in P.R. circles as "image difficulties" — you know, like Richard Nixon used to have before he shaved. All this, mind you, in a field of so far only four hypothetical candidates. What is especially unfortunate about this catalogue of afflictions is that none of them are particularly difficult to come by. In other words, although the suspected candidates are different, they are hardly different in ways that particularly qualify them to do the job of President, or that might even mark them out as being particularly talented people. This is of course part of the general tone of apathy and mediocrity which pervades this campus this year, and which has already been commented on sufficiently, but it is regrettable that this situation looks like being held over for a second year. Where are the campus Gods of yesteryear? Tim, Julian, Blue, Bill, Mike, Stephen, Phil, Sue, come back! We need you more than ever now.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

A big article on The Cathedral Clinic and the methadone maintenance scheme being run therefrom that looks fair set to win the 1973 prize for student journalism; next week.

And sometime in the indeterminate future, a tyros guide to 2001, if you're still interested, a scathing, searing, no-holds-barred expose of behaviourist psychology, plus the long awaited truth about Copernicus. Now bugger off and get on with reading this issue.



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STAFF

Editors Bob Hillier
 Stephen Ballantyne
 Technical Editor Bob Kerr
 Editorial Asst. Hendrika Hoogendyk
 Advertising Manager Graeme Easte
 Circulation Manager Max Wallace

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Sirs,

The comments from S.J.B. which fringed Connie Purdue's letter on page 2 of the Capping Week edition of Craccum are rude and bigoted. They also demonstrate a lack of fairness on the editors' part in the printing of individual opinions.

They make us ashamed to be associated with Craccum as Students' Association members.

Yours faithfully,
 Peter J. Raudkivi
 Pia K. Raudkivi

Craccum policy, and, coincidentally, Students Association policy, is in favour of the liberalisation of New Zealand's present iniquitous abortion laws, which, it is hardly necessary to remind anyone, unnecessarily restrict the freedom of New Zealanders to live their lives as they would wish. Speaking personally, I would prefer some arbitrary date to be set by legislation up to which anyone may be granted an abortion on demand; the idea of terminating a six-month foetus I find somewhat unaesthetic, but I confess I can think of no rational reason why women should not be entitled to an abortion at an even later date if they are prepared to risk the major surgery involved. I say this to indicate Craccum feeling on this matter, for we are certainly not bound to a policy of impartiality by either our contract or moral obligation, although we do try to be a little more catholic, if that is not an infelicitous usage in this context, than the rest of the New Zealand press when it comes to the selection of copy. Connie Purdue's letter received the treatment we gave it because she was being silly, as many of her fellow anti-abortionists have been lately, and we would rather be rude or even what Messrs Raudkivi call bigoted than straw-in-the-hair irrational. We make no apologies for the way we presented Ms. Purdue's letter.

Editor Ballantyne

Sir,

A point has so far eluded me, is just how the pro-abortionists managed to foist themselves on board the Liberal bandwagon. A movement which has stood for human ideals of peace in the face of war orientated society, or liberation for women and homosexuals in the face of chauvenistic pressure, suddenly finds itself supporting the denial of the unborn child's right to live. It seems easy to support a vocal demand for 'rights' and ignore the case of the other party whose cry is unheard outside of the abortionists surgery.

When I consider my stand on this issue, I look for an ulterior motive and it is not hard to find. The knowledge that if I have any success, one day a human being may have me to thank for his or her life, is cause enough. The motives of the 'right to choose' people seem comparatively selfish. The unmitigated right of people to do their own thing is the right which gives white South Africans license to select their own rugby team, or the right of a landlord to use any criteria whatever in the selection of tenants. i.e. the rights of anyone to override the rights of another in pursuit of their own comfort.

The fact that I am a male does not negate my right to make statements on this issue, as I maintain the prerogative to speak for the 49% female as well as the 51% male children due to be born within the next nine months or so; at least until they are old enough to tell us for themselves whether they want to live or not.

Yours sincerely,
 Brian Gillespie.

Dear Sir,

Tom Appleton's appraisal of CABARET (it's there somewhere amongst Marshall McLuhan, Cuban fascism defined, the cowboys that never kissed and the startling revelation that the Academy Awards are all a sham) is not only right out of touch with the movie, but also unnecessarily offensive.

Nobody expects everybody to fall in love with Sally Bowles, but the lady is not a slut.

Watch it, Tom Appleton, you poor insensitive bastard.

Bill Gosden
 Dunedin

Dear Mr Gosden,

We are a little uncertain as to the intention of your letter. "Watch it" you say; is this intended to refer to the film, or are you implying some sort of threat? We would welcome some clarification of this matter so that we will be able to advise our solicitors properly.

Yours, Editor Ballantyne

Dear Editor,

In an Auckland house recently the tenant awoke to find two Drug Squad officers standing at the foot of his bed. Knowing the purpose of their visit he requested that they produce a search warrant. Being met with a refusal, his wife, awakened by the commotion, requested that they cite the Alcoholism and Drug Addiction Act. This was also refused. Acting within his legal rights, the tenant despatched his wife to summon the police to have the intruders evicted. The police could take no action as the Drug Squad officers had not identified themselves.

When the wife returned, the Drug Squad officers had departed to the lower section of the house in the company of the tenant. The wife was then requested by the tenant to lock the front door of the upper section of the house. The tenant was quite within his legal rights to lock them out as they did not follow the correct legal procedure for gaining entry into the house. The Drug Squad men returned to the upstairs section of the house, and seeing that the door was locked attempted to kick it open.

The door, which was secured by a chain to the facing board of the inside wall was undergoing considerable damage during this assault, but still would not open. Realising the futility of their actions, the Drug Squad men then produced a warrant which had been in his possession all along.

They were admitted and after a cursory and fruitless search, left.

If we're expected to obey the law strictly and in spirit, then it seems surely reasonable that those employed to enforce the Law should enforce it with decorum and correctness. This will enable a situation of mutual respect to be gained on both sides. With such tactics as described, the only result will be an undermining of respect and trust in the law in a society in which such qualities are at a nadir.

Yours faithfully, Lawful Citizen
 (Name and address supplied)

Reply to Correspondent:
 Dear I.R. Devias,

Will you please stop farting about?

Regards, Craccum



BRENT LEWIS AT LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE

I think that night we decided that it was the Labour Party or nothing, which may sound like a choice between two negatives to the cynical.

Anyway this is what we thought in the post-euphoria of the 57th Annual Conference. Perhaps you would like to know why — a haphazard reminiscence.

Last year I came away embittered from Conference and wrote an article entitled The Triennial Quixotic Crusade which tried to diagnose how expediency overtook idealism in Labour's march to power. I will quote the last two paragraphs.

"The welfare State was envisaged by the Utopians who fought to bring Labour to power was fought around the dictum of 'from each according to his abilities to each according to his needs.' The great trimvirate (Savage, Nash, Fraser) had other ideas of cautious reformism. This is where the erosion began and thirty years after the great experiment the underprivileged still subsist in urban ghettos in a land which once claimed to be a social laboratory.

"Perceptive visions of the future demand intelligent, radical leadership as a prerequisite. We must use the Labour Party to attain a better, more human society but beware of a party that balances programme with Gallop Polls. It must be our desire to make the Labour Party one that does not go forward to compromise but rather forward to social and economic revolution based on meaningful participation."

"Sumarised I regard the above as being a personal credo. I believe that once the Labour Party dreamed of Joe Hill but now dreams of raising money, that it suffers the Social Democrats vitiating curse of placating too much and polarizing too little.

The prescription too seems just as obvious. To persuade the party straddling itself between expediency and Utopianism is merely a form of bridge building and that it must reinherit socialist philosophy rather than continuing its sentimental gesturing to the underprivileged.

At the moment the party sees a left turn as disastrous electorally and a right turn as unthinkable. And thus, like the grand old duke of York's men is caught neither up nor down.

Peregrine Worsthorne, a brilliant right wing critic captured this dilemma perfectly when he wrote — "Labour governments are really a contradiction in

terms. In so far as they are Labour they are not Governments and in so far as they are Governments they are not Labour. From the prologue to the Circus Maximus, Conference 1973:

As usual the draughty Town Hall of an even draughtier city was its venue. There was talk of change to Timaru for next year, but a party that believes in decentralization as a cardinal principle insisted on Wellington once more. Social Democrats aren't much good on theory into practice, and anyway Timaru doesn't have Sir Francis Kitts, the epitome of useful appendages: a titled mayor whose landmark and indeed only decision over the last ten years was whether he was to be Sir Frank or Sir Francis. Forty-five delegates crowded into the Town Hall, which incidentally also serves as headquarters of the New Zealand Smith Family, to adjudicate and debate a swarm of remits, also a record number, and to cast a passing judgement on the creditability of its government, which with its avalanche of fifty-four members could quite easily become drugged with power without jolts from its grass roots.

Bill Rowling during his three years in the Labour Party Presidency has shown himself capable, fair and intelligent. His address however, was uninspiring compared with previous conferences. Although, one admittedly felt a little like Gary Cooper at the end of High Noon with his promise that all New Zealanders would walk tall under a Labour Government.

That first afternoon, after the St. George, committee sat. I ended up being on a miscellaneous one which examined Immigration, Media, Maori Policy and a strange creature called Policy General which considered among other things the merits of Day Light Saving, and whether New Zealand should become a Republic.

The real sparks flew evidently on the Defence and International Committee, on which each year the radicals essay their revolutionary ideals and each year they are hopelessly trounced and out manoeuvred, proving their enduring tractability. This year it had the heavenly presence of the Prime Minister and its myths and apart from the questioning of Glenda Fryer (Eden L.R.C.) of the heavenly presences right to be there, things went as smoothly as Mayor Daly's machine used to.

The truncated remits which emerged from this committee proved this, looking more like the work of Douglas McIntosh than anything I'd seen since Per-

formance.

An example was that a remit "that the Labour Party positively declare its abhorrence to war." In place of an actual denial of the right of servicemen to participate in another Vietnam we have a sentiment worthy of Neville Chamberlain and his German counterpart. Obviously Squadron Leader Drayton (M.P. for St. Albans) who chaired the committee believes that Democracy demands that Squadron Leaders as well as Generals have right to generalize.

A remit calling for the establishment of levels of communications, with all administrations in Vietnam was rejected when the lion tamer stepped forward to tame the restless cubs and informed them that although the actual was not the desirable, might soon be the actual. Double-think triumphed over a Bassett that day.

On a remit calling for the withdrawal of the consulate in Greece, Drayton in a drivling manner of Sir Alex-Douglas-Hume waxed bathetically over our traditional ties forged in wars. Byronic hellenists won a Pyrrhic victory.

As for calls to withdraw New Zealand from the defence pacts it was felt that precipitate and unstatesmenlike conduct was not the way towards nationhood so we still remain a member of Snap Crackle and Pop TILL DEATH DO US PART.

In the higher interests of National expediency it was decided that we should allow U.S. bases in New Zealand. Conference was unmoved by one delegate's plea that Harewood was the main source of LSD to the South Island perhaps considering the interests of decentralization of this most valuable commodity as being paramount.

Defence and International Affairs was the nadir of conference. In contrast to its Metternich — like reaction however, other committees showed a compelling liberality.

The Justice committee went wild with the reforming zeal of Clarence Darrow.

A remit calling for the establishment of public defencers in each of the four main centres was passed after Richard Prebble (Auckland Central L.R.C.) an eloquent Methodist Minister, spoke in favour of the abolition of all censorship.

"The function of the law is to protect the freedom of the individual not not to restrict it," he said. "To be truly free means to be free to do right as well as do wrong."

CONTINUED
OVERLEAF

A horde of remits on the Annual Security Service Debate provoked the usual outbursts from the dissent left. In the end, after the Prime Minister indicated that a bill defining the individual's right to privacy would be introduced, the committees recommendation to marginalize the S.S.'s operations and allow appeal rights was passed — a spectre laid to rest once more.

A remit calling for progressive penology based on the Dutch and Scandinavian Systems was passed and remits concerning the freeing of contraceptives and repealing the laws concerning homosexuality were endorsed without furore of two years ago.

The age of majority was recommended to be lowered to 18. This was an advance on party policy which hitherto stated that only the voting age should be lowered.

Sifting through the remits passed through conference one finds their progressiveness indicative of the fermentation within the party. This new era of symptomatic reformism is a world away from the desiccated bankruptness of twenty years ago. Then the inquisitorial leadership of Fraser was replaced by the increasingly arthritic leadership of Nash. Aging and conservative, the party damped the burgeoning of progressive ideas. Fraser's stultifying legacy is slowly ebbing as innovative but still pragmatic change becomes Labour's touchstone.

The 57th conference called for many idealistic reforms. It asked for a much broader school curriculum with no early demands on specialization, for only co-educational schools to be established, for trust control of Hotels to be instituted and for population stabilization.

That spotlist is in lieu of a detailed analysis of the fluctuations between swash-buckling and temperance that alternatively galvanized or bored the seated comrades. One remembers however, Paul Halloran's impassioned vehemence when he called for an end to masquerade and an immediate rent freeze. Then one remembers the intense pathos of Rose Young's pleas for change in immigration laws that forbid her mother from coming to New Zealand and Island Bay M.P. Gerald O'Brien's trenchant denunciation of our immigration laws being racist.

This however, was a constitutional conference and the hectic rage of Trade Unionist delegates who felt that regional changes in the party structure were in some mystical way an attack on the movements roll on the party was a tumultuous and memorable event.

Sitting behind me were the delegates of the Engineers Union. As speakers held their arguments from lecterns the stand over tactics of Brian Landers the leading industrial hatchet man, became more overt as Auckland delegate Jim Beechy insisted on his right to vote in favour of the contentious remit. Beechy did not quaver as he raised his cards in the air, a testament to his right to be free from intimidation.

Landers however, is a politician in Trade Union clothing. Trade Unions generally play a subdued part in Conference. They provide however, an important balance in the party. One must insure," said Tom Skinner, "that both wings of the (Labour Party) bird are healthy." As he called for a resumption of the joint Council of Labour as nexus of the coalition. Or as Jim Knox, his barroom brawler deputy thundered, "governments may come and go but the Federation of Labour goes on forever".

The election of Charles Bennett as President of the Party, was accompanied by a song of tribute from Maori delegates. Moving as this was, this respect for this patrician of great rectitude his election may not be the great nostrum it was hailed as. An orthodox believer Col. Bennett's views are diametrically opposed to radical members of the party and his election could exacerbate tensions.

On the other hand Eddie Isbey who embodies an earthy approach which either endears or grates many people, is a consummate tactician who could smooth blunted feelings.

With the parliamentary audit paper stacked full the conference seemed to be ready to give the government a chance to enact its policy. However, debate as it has been shown was not limited in any way to rhetorical gestures nor were ministers free from attack in this victory conference.

Thus the specious idea that deference to the party would occur in triumph was proven completely erroneous.

Perhaps, it was because of the prodigious number of remits to the 57th Conference that no one issue dominated, as did the broadcasting debate in 1970 which was a vehement catalyst.

An interesting sidelight of the Labour avalanche was the appearance of novice delegates from places such as Otago Central and Oamaru who brought with them their regional problems. Whereas the Party is well educated in the despairs of Polynesians it is now learning and understanding the vicissitudes of the South Island sheep farmers and stone fruit growers.

The multi-spectrumed debates which had ranged the garrut of social concern were at last ending. The plaintive strains of now is the hour echoing around the Wellington Town Hall suddenly merged into jaunty rhetoric of the Red Flag. At this twilight moment one could see the lines being drawn, and in this encounter between nostalgia and ideology one thought of the vision of Eugene Debs:

Let the people take heart and hope everywhere,
For the cross is bending

The midnight is passing

And joy commeth with the morning.

So obviously the question shaped itself: wither now, this Labour Party?

The rank and file of the party are now ten degrees to the Left of its leadership as a result of this conference. This does not mean rift or schism for this has often been the case in the British Labour Party, but in a wider and more compelling sense it means that if the rank and file do not lose their cutting edge in the paths of socialism may yet be sought.

The activists of the party engineered the sweeping change in '72 and thus we can engineer an answer for this hybrid in search of a home.

Leon Blum, leader of the Socialists in France in the thirties and a Prime Minister once wrote, "the political position of political parties in a pre-revolutionary period is always in one way or the other a false position". Thus the Socialist question becomes a bitter non-Socialist answer. Instead of searching societies potentials it becomes locked in the stagnant confines of an anachronistic and essentially unappealing system.

The only way to extricate ourselves from the stunting and vivisection of our ideals is by articulating to make the socialist position seem feasible while accepting transitional changes to make ours an equal as well as an affluent society.

We live in an exciting time. In Argentina through the use of illicit force, guerillas managed to extricate one million dollars from the Ford Corp for development. In Washington exposure of I.T.T. (and Watergate) is proving right the most lurid fantasies of left wing romantics.

The growth of alternative schools to develop rather than destroy the child's unique imagination, a greater interest in the nature of man rather than in the articles he produces and consumes are cause for qualified hope.

In New Zealand with co-operative freezing works being developed in Ngaronga and Central Otago the old questions are raising themselves again. The answers however, are not the sterile dogma of other age's passionate critics but the inventive answers of a new consciousness.

The question now is not just to nationalize for Edward Heath to Tom Pearce have shown themselves in favour of nationalization of unprofitable industries. Erik Ericson says, "the most important question of our time is whether we are to humanize industry or technologize man". The question thus, becomes not control but the forms of control. Nationalization without participation is merely an irrelevant change of ownership — alienation is not solved.

If Ngaronga works then there is no reason if the dreamers do not become embittered cynics why their ardent strivings for the just society should not ensue. Perhaps Sir James Wattie was a visionary and saw what the future portended after all.

Why is it Labour that must bring this change about?

The National Party with such intellectual luminaries as Allen McCredy and Doug Carter is now a joke in even worse taste. It would never understand mentally or doctrinally a democratization of industry.

Social Credit still forever Pilgrim's Progress, under Beatham is pro motorboard and anti clothcap. Its answers are unfortunately oysters, sans pearls before swine and as for confused Values we have enough already without being party to them.

That leaves Labour to fly the spell — bound journey

to Utopia. It is naive to suggest that such a change could come outside the Labour Party. With organized labour as its bulwark and its pervasive belief in social justice it is the natural vehicle for such a change. A change needed in order to reverse Shumsters dictum that social democrats take only office not power.

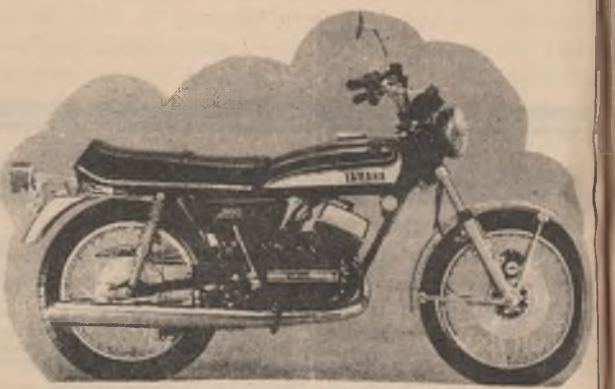
Is a change coming? When the National Party divisional conference in Wellington can debate on the merits of a free enterprise system it is a climate when socialism can move from the unthinkable to the possible.

"The dogmas of the quiet past" said Lincoln, "are no answers to the stormy present". We live in a strange interval between hell and hope perhaps the last breathing space. A facial hope and an even more facile prosperity is a slender thread on which to guard ourselves against the becoming cyclone. Or perhaps, we think we can remain in the eye of it while the world dissolves and haunts us in its titans wrath.

"The pot", said James K. Baxter "is on the boil".
A cauldron for our future.

Brent Lewis

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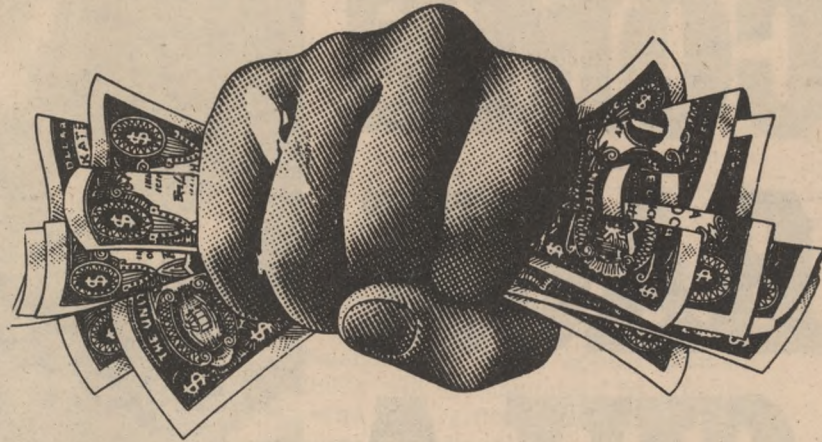
A MEETING OF THE PRESIDENTIAL HONORARIUM SUB-COMMITTEE WILL BE HELD IN THE EXECUTIVE LOUNGE ON WEDNESDAY, 13th JUNE, 1973, AT 5.30 P.M.

John Woodroffe
CHAIRMAN

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PROFITS AND THE POLICE



by Claude Bourdet
(adapted translation of article
in *Alerte Atomique*, Paris)

In its drive to protect and promote American business interests abroad, the United States Government has directly or indirectly trained one million policemen throughout the world in the techniques of torture and other methods of repression.

This was reported to the International Congress on Disarmament and Peace, recently held in Paris, by the American writer Michael Klare, author of "War without End: American Planning for the Next Vietnams" and one of the organisers of the North American Congress on Latin America.

The Klare report and the discussion that followed stressed the enormous efforts of the U.S. in police training abroad. The Agency for International Development (AID, Washington) has a "Public Security" branch which alone spent \$35 million in 1969 and which beside its credits for police equipment granted to American satellite countries, also trained a large proportion of the police of these countries in its "International Police Academy" in Washington. In Brazil, for example, 455 policemen were trained during a ten-year period in the U.S. and they in turn trained 100,000 Brazilian police. Some 15 American "police advisers" are now stationed in Brazil and in South Vietnam there are 200.

Methods of torture used against the opposition by the police in Brazil, South Vietnam and many other countries are entirely "made in USA". The AID financed the deportation of South Vietnam political prisoners from mainland prisons to the "tiger cages" island, Con Son. After the protests that followed the discovery of these horrors by two American Congressmen, the AID supplied another 400,000 to build 288 solitary cells at Con Son. In addition to AID funds, the Pentagon distributes money to train paramilitary police in various countries, including 12,000 men from the Saigon army. Another US agency the (CIA) Central Intelligence Agency aids the training of secret police around the world.

NEW TECHNIQUES

The progress of electronics in the Vietnam war has already had startling effects in the US itself, and notably in the "improvement" of police equipment. The "sensors" or "vibration detectors" of sounds, heat, smells etc., perfected in Vietnam are now used in America, particularly on the Mexican border and the "sensitive zones" around important buildings and private homes. A survey radar developed to scrutinise the jungle had been adapted to "see" through brick or concrete walls.

A city police now have nocturnal sight equipment which amplifies light 40,000 times and in Mount Vernon, New York State, a nocturnal TV system installed over the streets and capable of discerning a man-sized object from a distance of 1 km., even at night, is being tried. All this amounts to constant surveillance as imagined by George Orwell in his novel "1984" 25 years ago, except that we are ten years early.

The massive use of computers has made possible a filing system for the whole American public. It is designed not so much to detect criminals as present or potential "subversive elements" — pacifists, members of the Black Power movement and other non-conformists. Three entirely automated and inter-linked data banks already exist — one at the F.B.I., one at the Department of Justice and one at the Pentagon. Liaison with local police is being developed and by 1975 a policeman anywhere in the U.S., could get complete information on any resident within a few minutes.

ROBOTS BEFORE 1984

A little-known American police service, The National Security Agency, which depends on the Pentagon, has double the credits granted to the C.I.A. An electronic engineer working there has drawn up a plan envisaging the permanent fixing of miniature transmitter-receivers onto a tenth of the American public — i.e. 20 million people. These machines would be monitored by fixed transmitter-receivers in towns and areas to be checked. About 250 machines would cover Harlem. The aim would be to inform a central computer of the movements of any miniaturised machine bearer. Any suspicious movement would bring in the police. Alteration or removal of the machine would be a criminal offence. Successful experiments have already been conducted on "volunteers" from American prisons.

The system is designed to control a large segment of the population — people involved in protest marches, foreign elements, political minorities and "urban guerillas" — some 20 million in all. American scientists are now planning to connect miniaturised transmitter-receivers directly to the brain. The excitement of certain areas of the brain would incite, or totally stop, certain actions. Persons who accept treatment, or are forced, would be telecommanded like robots. Results to date are "extremely hopeful".

These techniques could be speedily introduced into European and other countries. If we are not careful, a police universe will develop, as envisaged in "1984".

BIG BUSINESS

The Paris conference also dealt with the economic as well as the police role of the U.S.A., and its satellites around the world. It became clear that the traditional aims of imperialist expansion — to "control raw materials" and "hold markets" — must be reviewed in the light of recent changes.

The raw materials problem has changed greatly. The progress of technology and the many synthetic products now available mean that for most materials no country has to rely on supplies from a single or a few sources.

On the other hand, a sure supply of certain products must be maintained from countries controlled politically. One example is crude oil, a field in which the Arab countries Iran, Venezuela and in the future, Southeast Asia will play a big role. Another is a rare metal like columbium, essential for certain key industries, where the sole supplier is Brazil.

One problem is the probable attitude of large firms confronted by revolution in a country. Naturally they try to prevent it as long as possible — as did the U.S. oil companies in the Vietnam war. When the battle seems lost, they try to reach a compromise with the revolutionary government, as has happened in Algeria and Chile.

WARS AS "MARKETS"

"Markets" have also changed in nature. Exports of arms from imperialist countries to the developing ones have increased and may have diverted interest from ordinary manufactures, such as textiles. This may lead to interesting contradictions among western ruling groups.

A special aspect of these Third World "markets" also appears in wars themselves — Vietnam today, tomorrow another. These wars call for such colossal supplies of arms and other products of key industries that they often obliterate other economic interests. It is not important that these supplies to "invaded" or "assisted" countries are paid for by an imperialist country itself. For these politically powerful industries, the continuation of a war is more profitable than any peaceful solution, including military victory. This partly explains the apparently irrational conduct of the Indo-China war under Nixon.

EXPORT OF FACTORIES

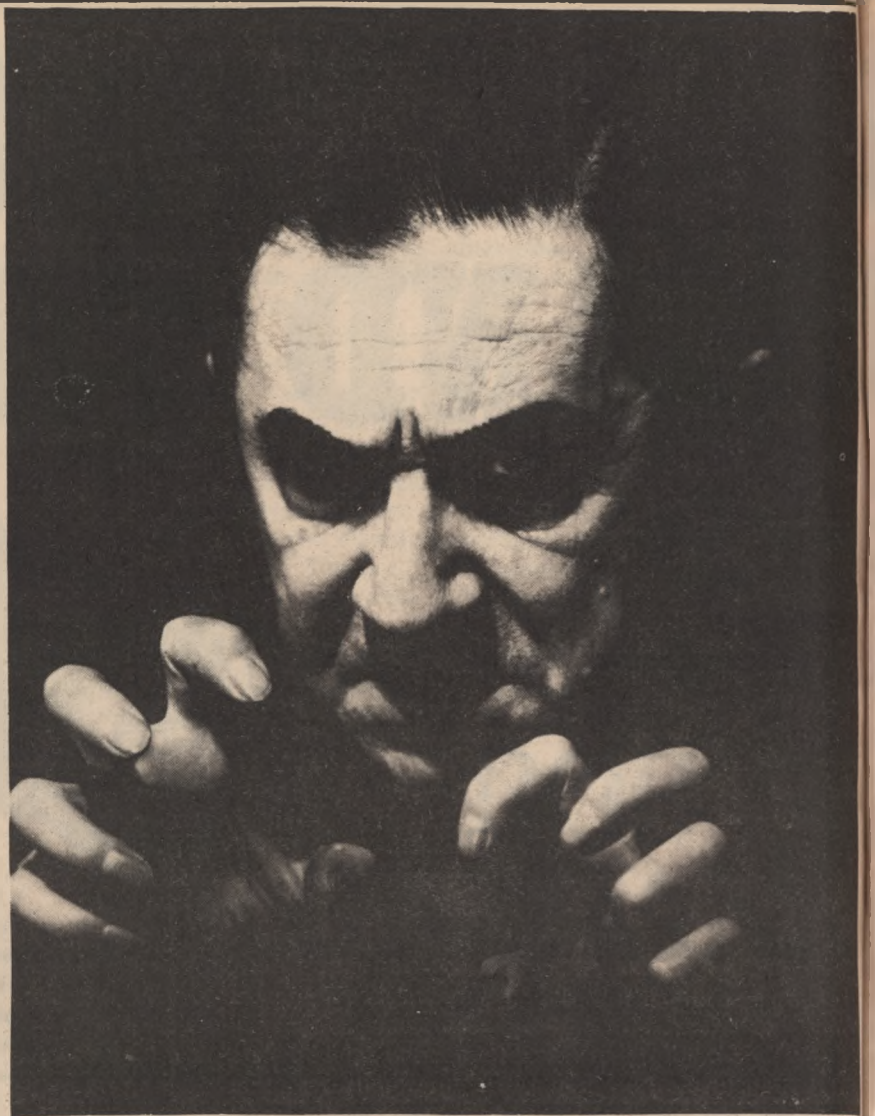
Imperialism has a new motive corresponding to the new "economics of politics" — but still demanding the same "security" for capitalism. This is the exportation of entire industries to countries where labour is cheaper. Financiers involved can make bigger profits on goods produced and sold around the world. This is happening both in countries where wages are only a little lower than the U.S.A. (such as Canada) and in those where wages are very low (as in South Africa).

The difference in profits is predictable. In 1969, the U.S., invested \$21,000 million in Canada, return 7 per cent; the same sum in Europe, return 8.5 per cent; nearly \$4,000 million in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, return 10 per cent; \$14,000 million in Latin America, return 12 per cent; over \$1,000 million in Japan, return 15 per cent; Africa and Asia, \$9,000 million, return 25 per cent.

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COME BACK DRACULA

1.



Darkness looms, patches of fog drift by; in the distance of the night wolves howl at the pale moon. Heavily breathing, the pretty, rose-cheeked young country girl looks behind her. THERE — her eyes widen in nameless terror. With a malicious cynic's grin and clutching fingers a dark tall figure with flashing eyes steps up to her. The grin blends into the fangs of a cruel beast and with an insatiable thirst for blood long sharp teeth are sunk into a slender lily-white neck: Aaaaarrgh.

When toward the end of the 19th Century Bram Stoker brought his Count Dracula from the underworld, the history of vampires took a sharp turn.

Lord Byron had written a short vampire-story, but didn't bother to finish it.

Mary Shelley had written about the Austrian physician Victor Frankenstein who fiddled around with parts of corpses — incidentally, he really had existed, except his monster did not work like it in the book. In fact, it didn't work at all.

And Sheridan le Fanu had written a vampire story with strong lesbian undertones.

Indeed the vampire was one of the most popular props of 18th and 19th Century literature. But when Count Dracula, hollow-eyed, pale, with slightly elongated teeth and bad breath entered the stage, the situation changed with a bang.

Count Dracula, it soon proved, was the perfect vampire, the super-vampire and all other vampires that had ever existed (?) before just did not count.

But he was clad in a slightly awkward and too heavy cloak. Stoker (that was his real name) had a fantastic imagination, but was an utterly heavy-handed stylist.

In 1912 the German director Friedrich Murnau set about to give the material a screening under the title of "Nosferatu." He hadn't bothered about the copyright. However, after a few performances this masterpiece was dumped in the archives for almost fifty years.

But in 1924 the big change came. Hamilton Deane, an English theatre-director who was highly fascinated by the story made it into a play — and it turned out to be the most successful drama ever staged anywhere in the world. In one London Theatre alone, it played for 16 years straight.

Rumour has it that in one of the rehearsals, just as the Black Count was to climb out of his coffin, a nosy English Bobby came in through an open back-stage door in order to check if everything was alright. When he sighted the horrible scene in the gloomy dusk he got such a fright that he didn't stop running until several blocks later.

In this context it is pertinent to mention the voluminous literature about vampires.

The first significant book about strange happenings in Serbia stems from the pen of a French priest, Dom Augustin Calmet. It appeared in 1731 in Paris and is entitled: "Christian Meditations Concerning Those Miraculous Happenings of The Blood-Sucking Dead in Serbia."

This was followed by a multitude of writings both of a charlatan and a serious nature, until toward the end of the 18th Century the famous French philosopher, Jean Jacques Rousseau, could write:

"If ever there was in the world a warranted and proven history it is that of vampires: nothing is lacking, official reports, testimonials of persons of standing, of surgeons, of clergymen, of judges — in short, the evidence is all embracing."

Vampires never ceased to haunt people's imaginations, and every book, play or opera was a cinch to be a box-office smash, provided it had a sprinkling of sufficiently gruesome apparitions.

And as late at 1904 a book was published called "Modern Vampirism — Its Dangers And How To Avoid Them" which was slightly occult but beautifully mad.

The most important vampire-book however, was written in 1928/29 by the greatest and strangest of all vampirologists — the right honorary Reverend Montague Summers "The Vampire — His Kith and Kin" and "The Werewolf" (1933) — the most scholarly and precise account of all vampirological matters.

What has baffled people most is that one cannot help thinking that Summers actually believed in vampires; furthermore the the author has proved to be absolutely untraceable. In one of his books a dim, barely visible photograph appeared showing what seems to be a chubby, friendly man in a catholic priest's habit.

But let's return to the stage.

The most successful vampire of all times was a mediocre Hungarian actor who dabbled in all sorts of inferior Hollywood movies until he was given a chance to play the Evil Count in the first American Dracula movie: it was an instant success.

His cold sepulchral voice, his deep-socketed, slightly almond-shaped eyes taht stabbed out from the screen, his aquiline nose and high cheekbones together with a massive six feet stature made him at once synonymous with Stoker's weird creation: Bela Lugosi WAS Dracula.

He played this part more than 2,000 times on stage and when he died he was laid in the coffin in his black Dracula cloak lined with red satin.

During the war years and after not many vampire films were made, for obvious reasons. Until in the late fifties Hammer Films in London began a new wave of colourful (mainly red) horror films with Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee — but the old magic's gone.

Lee recently complained that all he ever does is appear at some point of a film and look evil — he refused to play the part again unless he was given a few sentences to speak.

Impressive red blood is trickling from the Count's cruel fangs but no longer are scores of ladies, or — as after WWI — men, carried out unconscious. Occasional shivers and shocks — yes. But no real horror. At least, it seems, the spell of the vampire is broken.

In 1967, however, there was a unique, and in my opinion, the greatest vampire film of them all — Roman Polanski's "Dance of the Vampires". A fairy-tale and a parody, it was more than either of these: a work of art; involving elements of Gogol and Pushkin, Marc Chagall and the court of Louis XIV, with an Einsteinian, superbly agile professor, the perfect image of a scientist totally disinterested in the effects of his work on humanity; with an impressive vampire, Count Krolok, reminiscent of the Shah of Persia; and of course starring Sharon Tate, who was later killed by the Manson gang, with "PIGS" written on the walls of the room with blood.

And there, suddenly, the horror became real. Fright has the quality of a natural law: the horror vacui hits the consciousness. The imagination just begins to shape an image — and suddenly realizes there is nothing more to imagine. Whereupon it tumbles down, like a cartoon figure that realizes it has been walking on air for some time.

But the horror today needs no more vampires; a copy of "Newsweek" or a quiet hour on Saturday after a week in the office can shake anybody's mental foundation. Here is a quote from a comic-book advertisement: "DRACULA'S OWN RUBBER BAT! If it's true that people fear bats you'll have the time of your life when they walk in on this one! DRACULA'S OWN RUBBER BAT is so real it may even scare YOU! Suction caps lets you put him on walls, closets, fences beds, etc. Then have fun driving folks crazy with fear!"

Some how it's just not the same anymore. Come back, Dracula.

Tom Appleton

1. Bela Lugosi the first screen Dracula as he appeared in 1951.
2. A 10th century drawing shows some of the psychological implications of the vampire-theme.
3. The cover of a very scarce book which I obtained at considerable cost. It appeared in 1928 (!) and seems to suggest that Polanski's Professor Abronsius really did exist. This copy may well be the only one in the world — it was pasted together from two other volumes.
4. Vampires as seen in American comic books.



NOTICE THE FUTURE OF ENVIRONMENTAL TEACHING

The environment is ailing, as everyone knows. How bad the situation is going to get nobody knows for sure. Opinions vary from unsinkable optimism that man's inventive genius will pull him through regardless of how deep a pit he digs for himself, to doomsday pessimism that the worst is inevitable.

The greatest cause for pessimism is that the developed countries are committed to a policy of maximum resource and energy utilization. They are literally eating up the earth and spewing it into the atmosphere and oceans. Vested commercial interests strongly resist changes required to reduce pollution that will lower their profitability or worse still put them out of business. The situation will deteriorate rapidly as the demand for energy and technology by underdeveloped countries escalates. The atmosphere and oceans are especially fragile and need to be ignored. An ecocrisis such as poisoning—the phytoplankton which give us 40% of our oxygen is a real one way ticket to oblivion.

The era when the environment was a naturally stable home for us all is irretrievably ended. If the environment survives, it is going to be through man's intervention, balancing his needs against available resources. Stability will be maintained by effective management. With an overflowing population it is going to take some deft balancing.

For this to be possible an integrated science of the environment is going to have to evolve which studies the interaction of all the feedback loops involved in the natural environment with the technological, economic, and social loops which cause such drastic changes.

At present environmental teaching in the university is spread across a variety of advanced specialist topics confined to a single aspect of the environment. No one knows about the environment as a whole. Worse still, management involves engineering, sociology, economics, and law, whereas understanding the problems caused involves ecology, geophysics etc. So a scientist doesn't know anything about the economics of management because that's a different degree and vice versa.

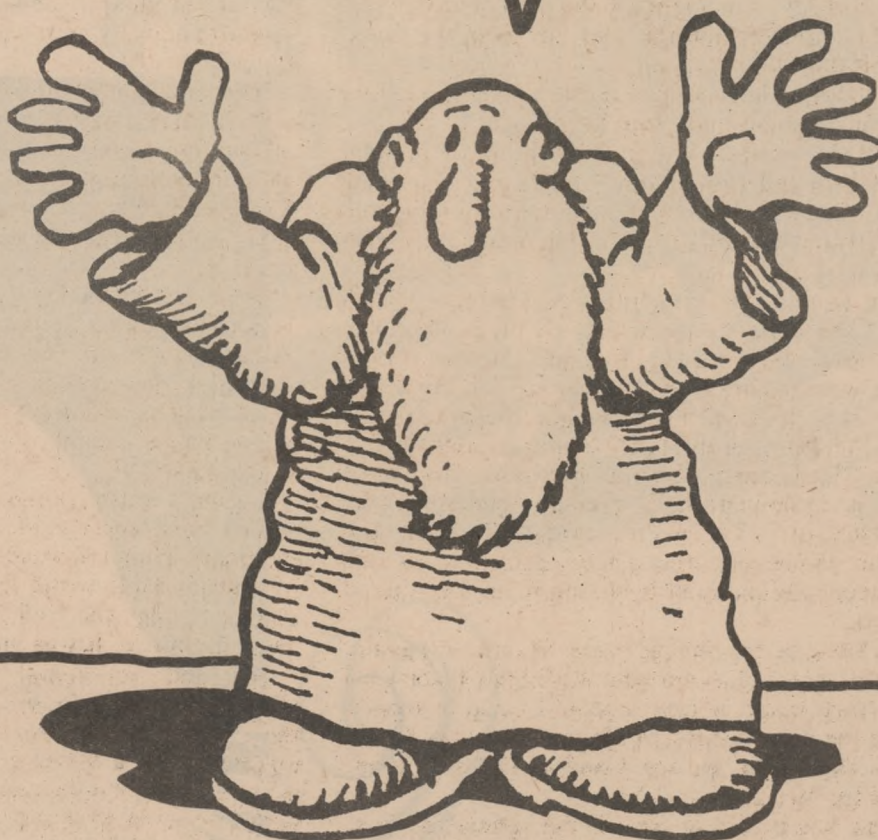
Foreseeing the need for environmental studies, the science faculty at its last meeting recommended the establishment of a department or institute of environmental studies. Hopefully within a few years this will be a thriving concern.

In the meantime, what can be done to provide teaching in a subject of such direct relevance to our own lives? Waikato University has a unit going this year which is available to all students giving a broad introduction to all aspects of the environment, management, social and scientific. It is taught voluntarily by people concerned for the environment from departments in related fields. The course is very popular. Hopefully a similar course will be established at Auckland as soon as possible.

Chris King



LISTEN KIDS! THE ANNUAL
UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP SALE
OPENS THURSDAY 14th JUNE
AT 8:30 PM. BE EARLY FOR
BARCAINS!



PSSST! DEPARTING MANAGER
PHIL (BOOKS) THWAITES IS GETTING
RID OF HIS MISTAKES!

S, THE WHITE RIDES SLOWLY AWAY INTO THE FOREST.
M OFF, I EXPECT HE SAID TO HERSELF, AS SHE STOOD WATCHING HIM.
HEAD AS USUAL. HOWEVER, HE GETS ON AGAIN PRETTY EASILY - THAT
IS HUNG ROUND HIS HORSE - " SO SHE WENT ON TALKING TO HERSELF, AS
G LEISURELY ON THE ROAD, AND THE KNIGHT TUMBLING OFF, FIRST
HER. AFTER THE THIRD OR FIFTH TUMBLE HE REACHED THE TURN, AND
WENT OFF TO HIM, AND TILL HE WAS OUT OF SIGHT.
HE SAID, AS SHE WENT ON TO RUN DOWN THE HILL . . .



RALPH STEADMAN

Mervyn Peake (1954)

Cham (1910)

(1954)



George Soper (1911)

TENNIEL.

CONSUMER FEUDALISM

an examination of corporate expansionism & collective insanity

Looking through back copies of the Herald a while ago, I came across a particularly blatant example of mindless economic expansion which made me feel quite ill. Since the story so unashamedly revealed the logic of what I have called "consumer feudalism", I have produced the following analysis for Craccum.

The story, from the Herald financial page of March 15, 1973, appears in the accompanying box.

I would make a few generalizations about soft drinks in particular.

1) They have virtually no nutritional value, and in fact can be harmful to the body.

2) Soft drink containers, especially cans (and to a lesser extent bottles), are not re-usable, are a cause of pollution, and ultimately a waste of limited natural resources.

3) The labour in production and marketing of soft drinks could be spent on more socially useful pursuits.

Now, those people who are fond of soft drinks may ask what is wrong with such a luxury? I will say that I am not so much opposed to soft drinks in particular, as to the whole attitude that supports the production of useless consumer commodities. The state of our society and the developing world is such that we must examine every aspect of our consumption and production - for - consumption to decide what are its social consequences, and if these are really desirable.

We in New Zealand are already quite emersed in a consumer culture perpetuated by the idealized and destructive images of mass advertizing — destructive because they devalue and distort the interpersonal values which are the core of a healthy and vital society. The main ethic of the consumer society is that of the market, and it is inescapable that the "market psychology" should slip into everyday personal relationships — so that people also are to be "used" and "consumed", and should vainly strive to live up to the absurd "perfection" thrown at us by advertising images.

The market ethos is not based on any "higher purpose" other than making a profit for manufacturers. The absurd justifications that Watties use for their soft drink venture amount to: "They felt the established soft drink firms were not pushing canned drink hard enough," and "We wanted to get the industry moving."

The most dangerous and sickening assumption, in the second paragraph of the story is that Watties intends to generate a demand for their useless product



— and a demand in addition to that already present.

The idea of "creating" a demand for a product has several implications behind it:

1) That people do not already need the product. If they did, there would already be a natural demand for it, and the fulfilling of that need would then be socially useful.

2) That mass advertising can significantly alter or shape peoples' patterns of consumption and behaviour, and I think we may safely add, determine to some extent, the psychological well-being of malaise that accompanies the ability to consume or not to consume.

3) That people and society in general are a mindless mass who have no rights, but who may be used to support adventures planned by corporate industrialists for their own profit and aggrandisement. In the market situation, social consequences and usefulness, much less the ultimate well-being of the people, are irrelevant. The fact that Watties have already committed \$500,000 to the venture proves their perception of its "validity" since amounts of this sort are not committed unless there is a "reasonable" expectation of success.

I have used the term "consumer feudalism"

because it suggests a parallel to the social-control hierarchies of medieval times. Kings and aristocracies had control over the lives of their serfs. They had complete power, and the serfs served their wills.

Now, through enormous capital concentration and ultra-sophisticated techniques of persuasion — made possible by innovations in mass communications and modern psychology and sociology — industrial corporations can manipulate people in a similar manner to that in which serfs were used by their feudalistic overlords.

Individuals can protest, of course, by refusing to buy useless consumer goods, but the sad fact is that useless consumer goods have been so well integrated into social patterns of prestige and narcissism, etc., that the feudal position of corporations to determine general consumption has largely been unchallenged. Also, in a "free enterprise" society, activities of these corporations are beyond the influence of the voter, at least in the present way that vested corporate interests can largely predetermine issues that will face voters.

Consumer feudalism is a deterministic concept. This means the phenomenon has a momentum of its own, and does not inherently possess any mechanism to regulate or stop itself.

It is one of the mechanical cultural processes set in motion by the growth of technology; by "culture", in this case, I mean the human being's interaction with his environment, and especially that environment of his own creation.

While this phenomenon, considered in isolation is deterministic within its own dynamic, it can be altered from without — this is the ability of human reason to identify and objectify the workings of these phenomena and analyse the foundations and causes. Furthermore, we can re-evaluate needs, and apply corrections to society when the satisfaction of legitimate needs has been exceeded or perverted by hardly-manageable (deterministic) forces employed.

The upshot of this is that we can control mindless consumerism. Instead of allowing advertising which produces ludicrous and destructive human relationships and desires, we can devise communications and production which affirm everyone's individuality and produce a more cohesive social fabric, free from more extreme forms of consumption.

This is a challenge that Christians, Socialists, Feminists and all moralists can take up.

John Lard

TICKET APPEARS

Top New Zealand Rock Group Ticket completes a universities term in Auckland on Sunday June 10. The Tour is for the New Zealand Students Arts Council. The concert of Auckland will also feature the local group Orb.

The group will shortly depart for Britain where a similar all campus tour is arranged for them. This tour is a result of their concert presentation and identification with student audiences. Sunday's concert will feature a show/presentation somewhat more ambitious than their normal club activities — all by way of rehearsal for the British jaunt.

"Ticket" can be called the "New Ticket", the reason being the adoption of the spaceform rhythm section. The result is a far tighter streamline for the lead instrument and voice to work on. The months in Levi's Saloon and new material should ensure a good sound.

The concert is Sunday June 10 and admission is \$1.00.

ARTS COUNCIL CALDENAR

Sunday June 10

Caf — "Ticket" — Final Farewell concert.

Thursday June 21

Caf — "Pork Chops or Whatever" — features Mam-mel, Tamburlaine, Sam Hunt.

Thursday June 28

Films — a selection of films of overseas rock/jazz concerts — information following. In the future plans are laid for film councils, performances by Theatre Acton, The Modern Dance Company on New Zealand and group tours.

July 27 also features our very own campus performance of Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee.

"CREATIVE LIVING" is beginning again this term on Thursday May 31st. This term there are lots of different groups and things happening. These include:

painting
movement
sensory awareness
clay
music
drama
poetry
cooking
pseuding
mime

and many others

Creative Living happens every Thursday 7.30 p.m. (sharp) at 51 Symonds St. (student Counselling). Everyone is welcome.

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JEANS



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THEOLOGICAL PUZZLE CORNER

A recent article in the New Scientist (25 January 1973) contained the following information, here slightly re-arranged for literary effect: 'Military interest in dolphins is not confined to their unique sonar abilities. They have been trained for research and recovery of torpedoes and mines, and for locating the enemy . . .

There are two forms of military training. A "man to dolphin" translator has been developed to transform human speech into pitch modulated whistles. The device does not translate to the dolphin's language, but creates a new whistle language to which the dolphins adapt. The device will recognise 256 four syllable words and produces the same output for nearly all human voices. Using only translated speech cues, dolphins can be trained to execute complex tasks.

The device cannot be used to train the dolphins for aggressive behaviour, however, because such behaviour is unnatural — there is no record of a dolphin attacking a man in the sea. Therefore, aggressive behaviour is induced by implanting electrodes in the pleasure and pain centres of the brain . . . In Vietnam they have been successfully used as killers — with knives strapped to their snouts by a special harness, they attack suspected saboteurs'.

I.E. anyone swimming in a major South Vietnamese harbour.

Readers are invited to assume the existence of a deity of the variety outlined in the Bible, and then to speculate on the following:

1) Given that man is deemed to be fallen in consequence of his commission of original sin, and the general evidence of human depravity that experience teaches us, and given that many researchers believe that despite the fact that dolphins display no such signs of sinfulness they are nevertheless possibly the mental equals, to say the least, of man, is the dolphin now to be considered no longer to be in a state of grace by dint of his activities in the recent South East Asian unpleasantness?

2) If this is so, then what is the position of Man himself? Having not only committed original sin by disobeying divine commandment are we now to be

presumed doubly damned for having induced other sentient beings to sin also?

3) Will we therefore require an additional visit from the Messiah in order to forgive this new nadir in human wickedness?

4) What does this say about the American people in particular, given that these activities have been carried out on an agent of a nation which claims to be Christian? Would this tend to provide evidence for the Humanist's assertion that most Christians are in fact hypocrites of the vilest sort with no special claim to moral superiority?

Correspondence on the above puzzles will be welcomed with no small interest by the editors of this journal.

NZUSA CHINA TRIP

The person NZUSA delegation to the People's Republic of China will leave from Auckland for Hong Kong on Wednesday 4 July. The actual period of time in China itself will be from 5 - 25 July.

The trip will cost approximately \$825.00 although students who wish to apply will be given access to bridging finance. This is so impoverished students can make the trip to China with the understanding of later, gradual repayment of costs involved.

As opposed to the selection process that was entailed for the last student delegation to China, candidates will not be required to submit a curriculum vitae. They will however, be personally interviewed by a three person selection committee consisting of the President of NZUSA, a member of the last NZUSA delegation to China and a person who has lived in China before returning to New Zealand.

The delegation will undertake not so much a tourist trip to China but a trip designed to provide as many learning opportunities as possible about the political, social and cultural structure of the People's Republic. The trip will thus have a very positive aspect. Students who are expecting a joy ride through the People's Republic need not apply.

Application forms are now available from the Student Travel Bureau of NZUSA and these applications should be completed and sent in by 7th June.

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Wednesday 13th June 8p.m Cafe 'Why Christ?'
Thursday 14th June 8p.m Cafe 'Why Bother?'
Friday 15th June to Sunday 17th June at the
'Ngaruawahia Houseparty'.

York student-community
minister & travelling
university speaker
author 'My God is real'

from Canada their music
expressing joy & praise
of emerging
'Jesus-culture'

**NEXT WEEK**

CRACCUM ARTS



THE NEW WAVE OF PROTEST
A Socialist Strategy for New Zealand
34 Pages — Socialist Books 1973

The similarities between Christianity and Socialism are no more marked anywhere than in New Zealand "Marxist" movement. Like churches, the various "Marxist" organisations claim for themselves a unique orthodoxy in their approaches to, and interpretations of, the teachings of the master; the result being countless self-professed "true" ideological movements perpetually blessed by the master as the only legitimate voice of Marx.

The sanctity of the Socialist Action League (S.A.L.), better known as "The Trots", blares out on each page of their new booklet reducing the tone of the argument to mere propaganda. The S.A.L., through the voice of hallowed leader George Fyson perceived a radicalisation of N.Z. society and attempts, unsuccessfully, to trade this process as Marxism in action. A far too brief and uncomprehensive history of each segment of protest in N.Z. is outlined in twentyfour pages of the obvious — all this could have been restated in four words 'there has been protest'.

The author quite rightly stresses the primary role of the Anti-War Movement in this radicalism and adopts a too dogmatic and defensive stance in his analysis of protest, leadership and strategy. Although, not expressly stated, implicit in the analysis is the belief that N.Z. radicalisation is a Marxist struggle against capitalism and as such the S.A.L. of necessity must have the original protagonist of protest and therefore should continue to lead as of right. For example, "the most significant opposition the left to the revolutionary socialists has... come... from forces that have emerged from the radicalisation itself, reflecting the shortcomings of this radicalisation as it has developed so far."

Undoubtedly the lack of positive leadership has been one of the greatest and most pronounced shortcomings of this process of radicalisation but ideology has seen the right between the S.A.L. and its opponents. Only on specific issues have all the forces of protest been united. Marching on a demonstration against the Viet Nam war was not, and could by no stretch of the imagination, be construed as being tantamount to support for the "revolution." Protest against Government policy is not necessarily a call for the overthrow of parliamentary democracy — the Labour landslide is testimony to that.

A section entitled "Where the Ultralefts go Wrong" is nothing short of laughable.

"They do not understand the importance of mass action and transitional politics in building the anti-capitalist movement."

The truth of the matter is that the ultralefts understand this too well — they understand that the mass of the population is too intelligent to suck socialist propaganda and too stupid to perceive the contradictions of capitalist propaganda.

And the author is correct in saying "both the gradual reformers and the Ultraleftists by their actions are expressing lack of confidence in the majority of New Zealanders... to organise themselves, win progressive reforms, and bring about a new socialist order by their own independent efforts."

On the whole the Socialist Strategy is a piece of banal

diatribe, escapist literature for senile socialists and not even mediocre propaganda. However, it does have its humorous parts of which I'll quote two for those wise enough to avoid the loss of 30c:—

1) "To reject the Labour Party out of hand, is to cut oneself off from any mass working audience and hence to reject in practice if not in theory the role of the working class in the coming New Zealand revolution."

2) "None of our (S.A.L.) opponents understands the political and organisation that will lead the struggle for a socialist New Zealand to victory."

"TO REBEL IS JUSTIFIED!"

"The Rebels",
by Rewi Alley;
published Auckland, 1973,
by the New Zealand-China Society
& Progressive Book Society Ltd,
& printed by Auckland Copy Centre Ltd; 36pp, \$1.20.

The Chinese Revolution of 1949 was a direct lineal descendant of the Taiping Uprising of the 1850's. The Taipings rebelled against a decadent Manchu Dynasty subservient to and therefore propped up by foreign powers which drained China of its wealth and injected opium and other worthless goods; the Chinese people were paying for defeat in the Opium Wars. The Taiping revolt was successful and they set up the "Heavenly Kingdom of the Great Peace" (Taiping Tien Kuo) and governed from Nanking, carrying out land reform, giving rights to women, passing laws against foot-binding, opium smoking and other social evils, and abrogated the unequal treaties imposed on China by imperialism.



Rewi Alley.

After governing for more than 12 years the Taipings were put down in 1866 with incredibly ruthless massacres by the combined power of the Manchus and imperialist powers — but not before they had attracted the support, and even the active participation, in the true spirit of internationalism, of idealists and radicals of other lands.

What the Taipings sought, the Chinese Peoples' Republic is achieving. The Taiping slogan "Share the Land" was repeated in the Hunan peasant insurrection of 1906, in which peasants were joined by coal miners of Anyuan — and it was amongst these that Mao Tse-tung formed the first Communist Party cell in Hunan, the province of his birth. The songs of the Taipings were still sung by the Hunan peasants during Mao's youth, and stories of Taiping struggles must have been well known at that time for Mao, as a student, taught fellow rebels the tactics used by Taiping guerillas. These were the beginnings of Mao's theories of guerilla warfare, used so successfully by the Chinese Peoples' Liberation Army and more recently in Indochina!

Who can say that the Taipings were defeated and unsuccessful, when their ideals inspired and their struggles encouraged the builders of Modern China? This is the sentiment expressed in Rewi Alley's little story. It deals with the Chinese wives, children and grandchildren of two Europeans, Englishman Augustus Lindley and Greek Philip Bosse, who joined the Taipings and were killed

when Nanking fell to the warlord armies.

The story opens with the families of these two freedom fighters wearily but resolutely returning home to Anhwei, to Taiping country, to bring up their children in the spirit of the Taipings. It ends with one of the mothers, having

learned of the execution of the sons of both, looking with hope at their grandsons. "Perhaps these will do what the others could not do." "Yes, maybe it will be these who will light the dawn."

In between is a 23-year period during the unfolding of which Rewi Alley shows us in his usual simple yet moving way that struggle and popular revolt are begat by and the inevitable result of oppression and exploitation. He shows people learning from their daily lives of the need to get together, to work together, to try to get a better life.

Or, if you would rather, he tells an absorbing story with an uncontrived plot, peopled by real characters with real problems, simple values and warm personal relations. No Peyton Place for Rewi Alley!

This short story has been built around not just the fact of participation and death of two foreigners, but also the translation by himself of a report from the Peking Court Gazette of May, 1889, dealing with the capture and decapitation of a "strolling Buddhist priest" leader of the "Loyal and Patriotic League", whose motto was "Help the poor and despoil the rich" Rewi Alley successfully and sympathetically weaves these together into a beautiful and enjoyable story rich in social commentary.

It is this social commentary, with unashamed and sometimes fierce support for the underdog of whatever sort, that is the connecting theme running through Rewi Alley's writings. Like his other couple of dozen prose works (not to mention his 14 collections of poems), "The Rebels" is well worth reading I enjoyed it immensely, and I'm sure you will.

Rewi Alley is not known, at least to me, as an artist as well as a writer, but the nine pages of expressive line-drawings are nowhere in the book attributed to anyone else, and I can only assume they also are his work. And they add considerably to the enjoyment of the text!

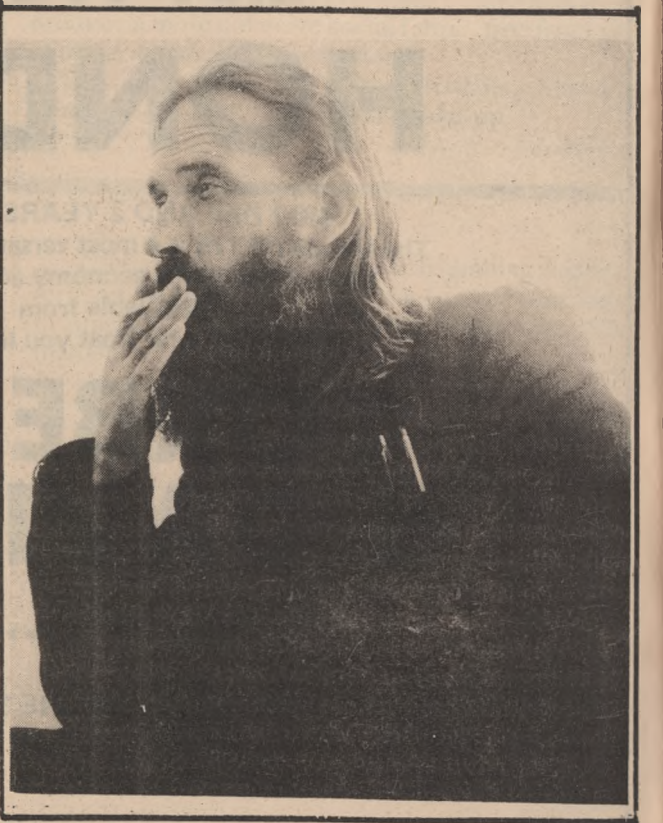
Jack Grant-Mackie

THE TEMPTATIONS OF OEDIPUS Theatre Workshop

For its June production Theatre Workshop has decided to do James K. Baxter's "The Temptations of Oedipus". This is coming at the end of a series of New Zealand plays. The Mercury have just finished a successful run of James McNeish's "The Rocking Cave", and Central are doing "The Two Rigers" by Brian McNeill. So it will be interesting to compare these with a play by a man who is known principally as a poet. An extra source of comparison is the fact that on the same programme is a play by a famous overseas playwright, Jean Genet, "The Maids" is being produced by the Independent Theatre.

"The Temptations of Oedipus", being produced by Paul Wentford and featuring Richard Smith, Lynn Blore and Ray Waru, is, as the title would suggest, based on Sophocles' "Oedipus at Colonus". Baxter has not just written another translation, though, he

James K. Baxter



CRACCUM ARTS



tured his (true) saintliness to seek recreation, and verification of the world, in the world. So the answer is, there is no answer. Wow! Something we knew all along but we needn't ever doubt it now.

Knowing this to be the last book that Hesse wrote, and totally zonked by it, I didn't bother with the others until almost a year later. Two things happened on the same day. A guy I know, a potter, had just discovered that he could read. He had fallen into books in the same way he'd been hit by music a few years previously. On that occasion he'd done nothing but listen to records for twelve months, now he was reading Dante, Virgil, Homer, and these cats were right at his finger tips, dancing there for all to see. He stressed their contemporaneity to me, how you could get inside their heads and follow their obsessions as easily as you listen to a friend's talking, and how refreshing it was to get to the source of myth and witness the ingenuousness of the mythmakers.

So I asked him about Hesse, and he said that he'd read some of his novels but found them pretty thin stuff by comparison, because Hesse really wrote about one thing and that this quickly palled. I knew exactly what he meant, but it occurred to me that I was responding to him without having read the oft-quoted classics — *Demian*, *Siddhartha*, and *Steppenwolf*. So, later that day when I chanced on a copy of *Rosshalde* I thought that this would be a good place to begin again. *Rosshalde* is full of despair. It's a romantic sort of novel with a dark lake and scenery, alienation, sorrow, and tragedy, and while easy on the eye it's heavy on the soul. It tells of the death of a really pretty little boy who flits like a butterfly un-nourished by his parents' obsessive love of him above their mutual alienation and his father's turgid concern for his 'art' (painting). With self-realisation comes the father's gesture at the end of the book.

"... full of defiance and venturesome passion, he looked forward to the new life, which, he was resolved, would no longer be a groping or dim-sighted wandering but rather a bold, steep climb." — Which may or may not take him off to the Orient, but which leaves us stuck back in the gloom.

And so to the point of this rave. By the time I arrived at the big three I felt I'd experienced all the good things that Hesse had going for him as a visionary — the sense of man as questing for a meaning to existence, turned perpetually back on himself and his struggle as the answer proves to be the question, sir. So on the strength of a sun-drenched Herne Bay beach reading of *Demian*, *Siddhartha* and *Steppenwolf* (to confirm my prejudices you might say) these words of warning and encouragement.

Enjoy *Siddhartha* for its formal perfection and as a compact and delicate tale of the stages in a man's journeying self-knowledge. But beware its deductivism. It is after all a very short book, and it does deal with a very special person; *Siddhartha* bears not the slightest direct comparison with you or me. (I once told a friend that he reminded me strongly of Goldmund. He said that was funny, because so did I). Sure, it is fashionable/necessary to experience radically different modes of existence, and to turn now towards the world, now towards oneself, but the novel

12th June, 1-2 p.m. in the Green Lounge. Amateur (but not too!) poets are welcome.

has filled the play with his own poetic style, his socio-political and religious ideas. We see Oedipus as a pseudo Christ who "Alone must bear the anger of the Gods." The Gods are able to talk directly to Oedipus and lead him to Colonus where he is to die.

The citizens of Colonus are ruled by the God-like figure of King Theseus, and find great comfort in knowing that there is someone, who is going to take away anger that the Gods wish to throw at them. It is quite pathetic to see the citizens being so easily controlled by Theseus, just like small children.

In his short preface to the play, Baxter explains the basis of his plays. He sees everyone as having their own particular role to play in life, and if these roles are departed from, chaos ensues. He makes no indication as to the value of this situation.

Baxter's dramatic style has been developed by close contact with Patric Carey of the Globe Theatre, Dunedin. Many people accuse Baxter of being a poet with no stage sense, attempting to produce plays with his poetry. I feel this to be untrue. While he is not New Zealand's greatest ever playwright he does write good plays. His plays "The Band Rohindra" and "The Devil and Mr Mulcaty" are frequently produced. Recently a \$2,000 grant has been given to produce a festival of his plays in Wellington. "The Temptation of Oedipus" contains long poetical speeches, but it also contains scenes of quick dialogue and action. It moves to a good, simple climax.

"The Maids" is being produced by Kevin Wilson, and features Margaret Maxwell, Darian Takel and Kathy Raulings.

Genet has been classed as an absurdist playwright, alongside Lonesco and Beckett. His characters create mirrors of themselves and metaphors of what they are meant to represent.

The main characters are two maids and their lady. The maids are continually acting, and demonstrate an erotic, lesbian love/hate relationship with each other and their mistress. Genet has said that the parts were written originally for men who are to act as women. This creates a series of mirrors and reflections, based on a fantasy.

Genet spent much of his life in prison, and, in 1948, received a reluctant pardon from the death penalty. He entered the criminal ranks when at the age of ten, he was accused of stealing. As a result he decided he would become a thief. As he says, "I repudiated a world that had repudiated me." It is this that led him to his crimes.

His early poems and prose-poetry were written in various prisons, and his first play, "Deathwatch", is set in a prison cell. His subsequent plays feature a structures, hierarchical society, related to the prison world.

Genet does not believe in the theatre as a form of entertainment. His plays are a remembrance or dream of life, a reflection of death. They project his personal fantasies in a form which leaves many audiences revolted.

This programme, consisting of two entirely different style of plays can be seen at the Independent Playhouse, Symonds Street (Diagonally opposite the Supreme Court) from June 9th. There will be a two week run with no performances on Sundays of June 18th or 19th. The cost is 80 cents for students.

THE MAKING OF A NEW ZEALAND PRIME MINISTER

By Jim Eagles & Colin James

231 pages — Cheshire \$3.95 paper \$5.50 cased

The publication of this volume has followed closely in the wake of the successful Australian edition — "The Making of an Australian Prime Minister" — which sold, in excess of 20,000 copies in the first twenty-four hours after release. Whether or not the success of the Australian edition has prompted the New Zealand version is not clear, but with competent marketing "The Selling of Kirk" should achieve a similar impact in this country.

"Why, after twelve years of reasonable," ask the authors, "did the people of New Zealand suddenly turn on the National Party with such savagery." A multiplicity of answers are supplied, most of which taper into the form of Norman Kirk — his transformation from, appearance wise, a Nazi bouncer into a true statesman and prime minister with his "curly grey locks, well-cut suit, and trim powerful body." — his saleability to the electorate — his effective leadership of the Labour Party etc, etc. One could conclude, from the authors' analysis, that the 1972 General Election was won and lost in the official campaign, that equal scoring by both of the major

parties during the campaign may have seen the return of the Marshall Government — a tenuous thesis.

Twelve years of reasonable government? Indeed! This is surely an abject derogation of the adjective "reasonable". All the objective indicators negate the conclusion that National provided the nation with twelve years of reasonable government. The authors do withdraw from this stance, but ever so quietly, and admit the failings of the Government from 1969 through 1972 but due consideration is not paid to the contribution made by the Government to seal its own demise. It is only in the 26th chapter that the bankruptcy of the National Government is clearly stated and by then the reader feels that he has sat through the movie "The Candidate", with another minor *raison d'être* for the change of government tossed in as an afterthought.

Apart from this slight analytical defect, "The Making of a New Zealand Prime Minister" is thoroughly enjoyable reading. Well structured and entertaining, the book gives an objective and sometimes humorous view of New Zealand parties and politicians. The analysis is not deep profound or insightful but neither is it superficial to the point of feebleness. In its attempt to reach the popular audience it does not go overboard although the use of clichés and sometimes banal imagery is somewhat tiring. The recapitulation or restatement of ideas and events at the beginning of many chapters is nauseous, although this feature may well appeal to many readers.

Drawing on long experience as political journalists, Jim Eagles and Colin James have included a wealth of information and humorous tit-bits which all-to-often remain undocumented and unpublished. The book should appeal to all interested in New Zealand politics for its look at some of the more interesting and spectacular facets of electioneering. Well worth reading but not to be recommended as a short-cut to examination success for students reading Bob Chapman's paper.



HERMANN HESSE A CULTIST'S CAUTIONARY MICHAEL GIFFINS

"You must read Hermann Hesse. You must read Hermann Hesse. O.K., I thought, when *Narziss and Goldmund* came my way. And what an experience. I felt pretty satisfied when with a few tears I closed the book on Goldmund's dying words to Narziss: "But how will you ever die, Narziss? You know no mother. How can we love without a mother? Without a mother, we cannot die."

It was all there, and beautifully said. The dichotomy played out to its limits and so restated. Two friends — the contemplative for whom knowledge was truth and asceticism the path to wisdom, and the libertine lacerated by the demands of the flesh to constantly recreate in the image of life, Hesse presents us with the paradox, cupped in gentle hands. "Truly, a great novel."

Then, *The Glass Bead Game*. One false start. Hard to get into, with five hundred pages stretching ahead. Words of encouragement from an old hand. "The first fifty pages, where he outlines the history of the game, are really heavy going. But you won't be able to put it down after that." He was right, of course. I don't know how other people feel or react when reading something as monumental as this one; I suspect I'm a credulous reader. Silent exclamations of amazement and surges of delight as a structure comprehending thought, aspiration, civilization is expanded to overtake all interim objections to its neatness then explodes in its own objection to itself. A way of seeing life, watertight, an answer to the problem of what it all means, becomes no answer. The Master turns his back on the hierarchy which has nur-

tells it all in black and white and one hundred and fifty pages merely. The river contains all forms, all faces, and contemplation of it surrenders all truth; this is something that like Siddhartha and like Goldmund I hope to know in time (say, when I'm 7 years in this body) but to condense all the books of my experience to a few pages would leave me feeling a thin man indeed, and worse, might predicate the thinness of my experience yet to come. There is a lyricism in

"Your mouth is like a freshly cut fig, Kamala. My lips are also red and fresh, and will fit yours very well, you will see." all the more forceful for being understated; yet other writers might choose to turn a novel on it.

Read *Demian* cautiously, too. Demian's attraction is that he's a superman by virtue not of birth, wealth, or education (though he has all these) but through self-knowledge; he controls himself and others by access to the springs of his unconscious. This is a fiction to which we all can aspire, and do so through his pupil Sinclair, whose youthful uncertainties find echoes in our own self-doubts. Sinclair has his hassles but finally (or at least we have his word for it) makes it:

"... when on the many such painful occasions I find the key and look deep down into myself where the images of destiny lie slumbering in the dark mirror, I only need to bend my head over the black mirror to see my own image which now wholly resembles him, my friend and leader."

Now this is good Jungian stuff, but beware the sleigh of hand. We are responding to a poetic vision when we read *Demian* — a vision in which the hero is a shadowy and ambiguous figure ("wonderfully strange in his uniform with his silver-grey cloak) and which pictures the outbreak of the First World War as an upheaval of the cosmic consciousness — a vision the truth of which is possibility rather than practicality.

So read the book as a treatise on the power of the unconscious, if you like, but don't get any uppity ideas from it. What's most exciting about another person's world is the way you slot into it, not the measure of control you exercise over it. It can be lonely if you either don't slot in at all, or continually find yourself calling the tune. Maintain your innocence for as long as you can.

I read the other day the rave of a guy who was sailing round the world in a twelve foot boat. The big point he made was that with so much doubt and ennui loose today, the concept of 'adventure' hasn't changed its meaning. It still involves a vitalising extension of the self into the unknown. Well, in *Demian* the message would appear to be the limitless and vital chaos of the self; but what really emerges is an overall feeling of exhaustion with the self's possibilities. So make friends and let them blow your mind, sure; also do a proportion of the things that you most fear. Emil Sinclair could always have punched bully-boy Kromer in the face instead of accepting him in his standover role. But this is an alternative that Hesse's vision would never permit him to explore.

Or so I thought until I got into *Steppenwolf*. For here — joy! — is a novel whose gloom is all on the surface but underneath is bursting with a sense of life and its possibilities. Harry Haller, the Steppenwolf, feels that he's only half a man because he can't get along on what seems to make life worth living for everyone around him; a timid wolf of the steppes scavenging forth occasionally for warmth and light but always scurrying back confirmed in their illusory nature. Yet there's not really much wrong with Harry that can't be cured. His misanthropism has not hardened, underneath it all he has an endearing sort of innocence that suggests that he's still able to learn about things. His claim at the end of the novel

"One day I would be a better hand at the game. On day I would learn how to laugh" stands firm because we've seen him trying so hard to be 'normal', exercising his will to stick with the situations that initially cause him so much discomfort.

One result of this is that *Steppenwolf* is the only novel of Hesse that is in any sense funny. When we laugh at Harry's attempts to tango it's only because Hesse has relaxed his didacticism to give us the scene 'as is, where is'; we've got room to move round, have a good look in, make up our own minds. (Harry becomes a great dancer, incidentally, has himself a ball).

The novel ends with a magical mystery tour when the three of them — Harry, Hermine and Pablo — get stoned and explore without prejudice on Hesse's

part ways of being and orders of reality. To hit this scene last was a reward for sticking with Hesse as long as I did. It's all ragged, full of far-out fantasies which show the writer as well as his hero letting go. (The Great Automobile Hunt: "Motor-cars, some of them armoured, were running through the streets chasing the pedestrians. They ran them down and either left them mangled on the ground or crushed them to death against the walls of the houses... On all sides lay dead and decomposing bodies, and on all sides, too, smashed and distorted and half-burnt motor-cars.")

You feel that *Steppenwolf* is the only time that Hesse really lets his imagination run riot (perhaps that was his big fear) rather than playing the same immaculate tune on the old safe theme.

O.K. — that's the rave. Once, a long time ago, it was fashionable to carry Kierkegaard in the back pocket. Currently, it seems to be to have Hesse in the head. (They're all good-looking paperbacks, and there's a special abbreviated edition of *The Glass Bead Game* in case a five hundred page hit is too heavy). But don't allow him too much space, because he's not worth it. Each of us has a lot of good questions still to ask.



this week in Britain

RED BUDDHA THEATRE

Perhaps one of the most exciting things going on in the London Theatre world in the past few months is Shomo Yamash'ta's Red Buddha Theatre — "The Man from the East."

Shomo Yamash'ta is a 26 year old Japanese musician and has been described by such people as Kachaturian and John Cage as the world's greatest percussionist at 25 his musical experience is a fusion of classical, traditional, modern music. In "The Man from the East", he uses an eight piece rock band which includes the only four Europeans in the whole production. The band is set on a platform above the stage, on scaffolding (sometimes curtained) under which the actors perform.

Shomo Yamash'ta's music is a synthesis of electronics, percussion and voice exploring new fields especially in voice use. Most of the characters are masked and their voices are produced by members of the band through microphones, with expert co-ordination.

The nucleus of Red Buddha is a small group of actors, musicians and dancers who were discovered by Shomo Yamash'ta during his last visit to Japan. Yamash'ta has enlarged the group of 36, mostly under the age of 25, and provided them with intensive training in dance, mime, and music.

"Words" in English are not used at all in the production, there is no plot no story line and no dialogue. The production in fact defies words and asserts the power of colour, music, light and movement. The action is split into six loosely connected parts dealing with fundamental questions about life. "The Festival of Peace", "Scenes from Modern Japan", "Earthly Heaven & Hell", "A Day in the Life of Hiroshima," and so on.

There is continual flux in the type of action taking place at one moment the audience is delighted — by light and colour as in the Festival of Peace, with long banners swirling across the stage as a Japanese dragon dips and sways its way through the dancers; at the next moment red flames are leaping up over the whole stage and chained slaves groan as they drag their tortured way through Earthly Hell.

The masks are sometimes stereotypes of modern Japanese faces, the young "plastic" marks of a typist and a businessman contrasting with the traditional horrific masks of the spirits of good and evil that permeate their lives — and the further contrast of the older generation of Japanese still caught up in the ritual religion.

Shomo Yamash'ta calls his theatre "Music Theatre" — it is total theatre, — a fusion of the best of theatre and the best of music to create a truly unified artistic piece. The troupe has used its ability to tap the musical and theatrical resources of several continents, and most importantly, to combine Eastern and Western elements to create an exciting new experience.

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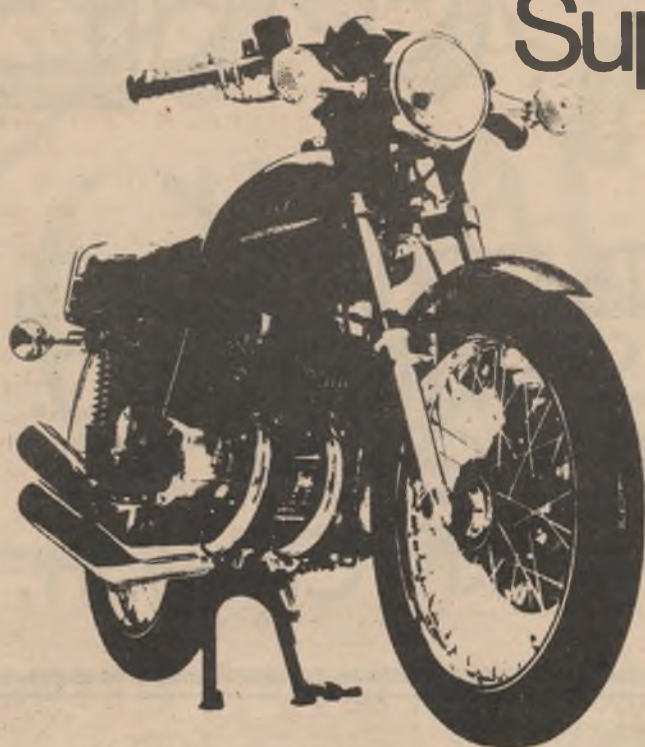
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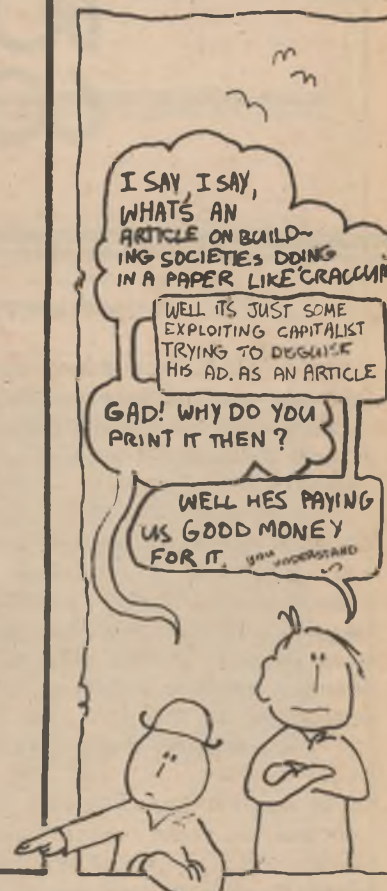
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BUILDING SOCIETIES!

Just recently, the N.Z. Monetary & Economic Council arrived at the conclusion that most Table Mortgages made by the State Advances Corporation, Building Societies and Savings Banks are generally redeemed in seven to twelve years, seldom running their full term. This being the case, people are either dying younger or planning the future more carefully and despite (or in spite of) the efforts of our Welfare State the latter seems the more likely.

Most people are aware that Permanent Building Societies lend money to those who want to build houses rather than live in trees — and there the knowledge ends!

Where does this money come from?

The answer is simple — as usual it comes from you. In other words, people who need money to buy houses, in effect, borrow money from people who want to earn interest on savings. Building Societies, therefore, serve New Zealand in two ways which are absolutely inter-dependent. The Societies can only lend what they get from the saving public and can only pay interest when borrowers are active. Thus it is the role of Building Societies to be continually looking for more money, which they pass on to home buyers as soon as they possibly can.

Building Societies began like all good things — in the pub. The haven in question was the Golden Cross Inn, Birmingham, England, around the year 1775. There a number of workers and tradesmen formed a club into whose funds they all paid a stated sum each week. On completion of the last house the foundation was wound up, hence the term "Terminating Societies". By the 1850's, however, Permanent Societies were appearing, assuming the character of Savings Banks — indulging people who wanted to earn interest whilst financing home-seekers. To earn this interest for savers, interest was charged to borrowers. This system is the basis of the Permanent Society which constitutes 99% of Building Societies in the world today.

Permanent Building Societies do not have "ballots" whereby the interest on an investment paid in a lump sum to one member is at the expense of

the other members. Such Societies credit each member with a portion of his "ballot" every year, in the form of interest, thus making fair distribution to all members, who are not committed to a fixed term investment. Permanent Societies, in fact, do not fix any date at which shares terminate. Savings are withdrawable at any time, plus interest, and members may increase or decrease savings as they wish. There are no fines or arrears or complicated conditions.

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CUMTOGETHA

You probably know something about University Arts Festivals, whether by experience or by hearsay. But unbeknown to you, strange things have been happening to Arts Festivals — a small clique of Christchurch gnomes are organising a new type of Arts Festival, to be held August 19-25 in Christchurch. (For those of you in the distant northern regions, Christchurch is an untidy collection of hovels, mud huts and Town Halls far to the south, somewhere in terra australis incognita). So huddle in close, children, and here will be explained to you the history of past Arts Festivals, their deficiencies and failures, and what the 1973 Arts Festival will be.

PAST ARTS FESTIVALS

The original idea of Arts Festivals seems to have been inter-university cultural competition (up till five years ago it was part of Winter Tournament). Each university sent a play or two, bridge teams, chess teams, debating teams, and festival-goers were given rock concerts, folk concerts, debates, forums, art and photo exhibitions, films, dances and the like to choose from. The thing was mainly a large number of small groups putting on presentations for a vast non-participant audience — in short, a gargantuan ready-cooked feast spoon-fed to you. Though "Participation!!!" was often the catch-word in the past, there was in fact little; more than enough entertainment and spectacle was laid on, leaving festival-goers small opportunity to actually participate in anything.

There was a sharp division between performers, who were often subsidised by their home university, and mere spectators, who paid their way entirely. Performers might see little of the rest of the Arts Festival: for instance, someone involved in a drama production might spend two days moving in and rehearsing, two days playing, and then find he didn't have much of the week left.

Arts Festival grew steadily larger and more awkward; not only from the point of view of the festival-goer who might have to travel miles between one venue and the next, but also from the organisers' point of view. The whole enterprise was becoming too vast, cumbersome and costly, and registration fees were consequently forced up, partly because of inflation, partly because more activities existed to be subsidised.

The multitude of activities and the distance between venues meant that there was far too much for one person to see even what he wanted to see. And here lies the principle of the Arts Festival as opposed to a festival of a particular art: not only to enable communication and exchange of ideas in each field, but also to broaden people's cultural horizons, and promote inter-change and cross-fertilisation between the different arts. At Auckland in 1972, for example, a drama freak could spend almost all of his time at plays, to the exclusion of the rest of the Festival. Thus people remained with their own narrow cliques and interests, and the unity and inter-communication of the festival was lost.

ARTS FESTIVAL 1973

The concept of Arts Festival 1973 is summed up in its name — cumtogetha. The aim is for a total cultural experience through the lifestyle of the participants — the festival is those who attend. This does not mean that festival-goers will simply be left alone in Christchurch. But, as in the past, what people do will be largely up to them, with the difference that, instead of just sitting watching and listening, as much as possible people will be encouraged to create and organise their own activities, with venues, materials and communication systems supplied. Where there was a fine arts exhibition, there will be a workshop. Where there was an organised rock concert, equipment will be provided so that a concert can take place. Where there was a dance group contracted to perform on so many occasions, they will be hired to mingle and encourage everyone to dance.

Cumtogetha will be structured so as to provide the maximum opportunity for people to formulate their own festival. The way to achieve this is to bring people together in groups, for only when people can identify with a group can they relate outside themselves (this is the essence of Gemeinschaft). Thus people will relate to a principal group, Cumtogetha itself, and then to groups within the framework of Cumtogetha, e.g. a media workshop, an encounter group, a rock concert, etc. In short, fuel, fire, utensils, and uncooked food will be provided, and the rest is up to you.

Cumtogetha will be held together by the use of badges as registration cards, Kurrency (to buy liquor, food, posters, arts and crafts, and other things), and the concentration of the festival in a circle a mile across, so that all venues will be within easy walking distance of each other and accommodation. Internal communications at Cumtogetha will be triply efficient — a daily newsheet and a radio station, as well as graffiti. Organisation is well underway — planning of domes in Hagley Park, negotiation for electronic equipment, application for a radio licence, and the enticing of the Wizard of Melbourne University to Christchurch. For those of you who don't know who the Wizard is, let me explain:



THE WIZARD

The Wizard was born in London as Ian Brackenbury Channell (Jack). At the age of 13 he left the Church, unable to reconcile traditional belief in a Divinity with his own divine belief in himself. He still admires the Boy Scouts, however. He says he is the first honest man on the subject of marriage. The Wizard refused to allow his wife to have power

over him, i.e. children, so the marriage was not consummated. He got out of this platonic arrangement about 12 years later when his wife left him. The rest of his history is rather murky. Apparently he lectured in sociology or something at N.S.W. University. At age 35 he began his ascent into wizardry and rejected the academic life.

The Wizard will soon publish his immodest volume, "Mein Kopf". It will appeal mainly to mature individuals who have woken up to the fact that they have been made fools of all their lives. He is preparing to make happy fools of them instead of unhappy fools, since he considers worry, guilt, anxiety, and hatred to be a Bad Thing.

The Wizard will disappear from a point in the Antipodes on December 4th 1974 at 1300 hours GMT. This is his forty-second birthday. If all goes well His Levity hopes to re-appear 42 minutes later in the English Channel, multiplied into about twenty versions of himself. Factors that would possibly interfere with this event are a fault in his cosmological reasoning or a loss of self-confidence.

Anyone wanting to know more should write to the Wizard's Cosmological Research and Development Centre, Department of Levity, University of Melbourne, Australia. A 50-cent donation would facilitate the return of a holy picture and certain paraphernalia relating to his cosmology and monarchic proclamations. He is also known as The Living Work of Art, by reason of his living body being accepted as a donation on extended loan by the Director and Trustees of the National Gallery of Victoria. Critics rave: "Pure bullshit!"

"This experience closed my mind."

"Piss off Wizard."

"I have never before heard such outrageous lies."

Write to the Wizard and find out for yourself, and remember:

"The cunning individual is always right."

"The stupid individual is always wrong!"

"Wizard save the Queen!"

MORE NEWS

This is but the first of many titbits of information about Cumtogetha. You will see innumerable articles and broadsheets (watch your local student newspaper and rubbish-tins!) and a travelling freak show cum rock band will hit most campuses in the first week of July. If you have any questions, try asking your Cultural Affairs Officer. There will be no detailed, hour-by-hour programme published before Cumtogetha, only a list of highlights and what you'll be able to do there. Cumtogetha is not a festival of activities, but a festival of people participating in activities.

Cumtogetha's structure is there for the same purpose as a tab of LSD. That is, we propose to open the door to the festival, in the same way as acid opens the door to your mind. Acid never takes you past that doorway and neither will we — once in the doorway, the rest is up to you.

Good heavens