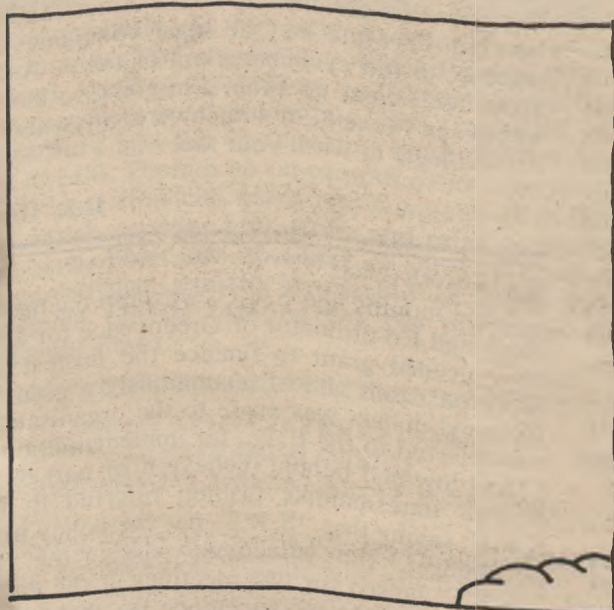




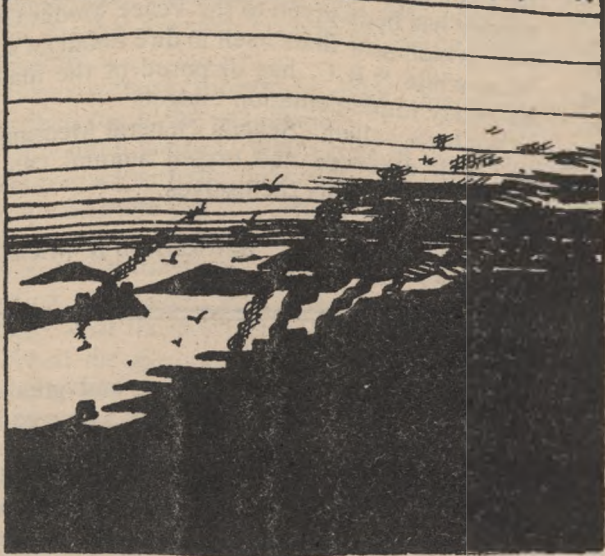
SPECIAL
COMPLACENT GARBAGE ISSUE

CRACCUM

THURSDAY JUNE 14th
ISSUE NO 12



IN THE NEARLY RUINED CITY ★



WARM WEIGHT IN MY EYELIDS
WAKING



IT'D BE GOOD IF THERE WAS EYES
OPEN WIDE



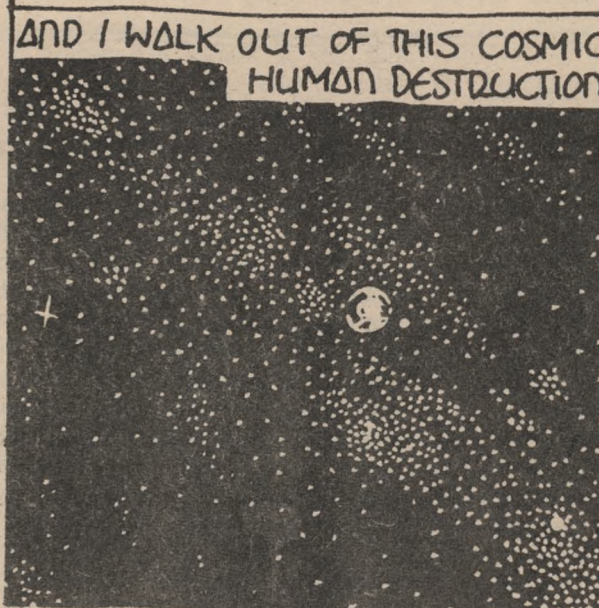
LEAVING THE PEACE TO FIGHT FOR
FOOD



WHERE NOW I SEE EYELIDS
HIDING PAIN ★



AS THE DAY GOES ON IT GETS
SILLY TO BE SAD



AND I WALK OUT OF THIS COSMIC
HUMAN DESTRUCTION



TO THE SOULS AND PLANTS OF
OUR EARTH HOME

BLINTON

EDITORIAL

— THIS WEEK — J.C.

ASKED TO write an 'editorial' I was seized of a thought having the recurring habit of seizing me at unsettling moments, like right in the middle of a gripping law lecture on the fiduciary duty of a solitcot to his client-mortgagee or some such idiocy. It is particularly at those moments that I have the most dreadful picture of a world hopelessly, but more importantly, so needlessly fragmented. You do law, I do science, he does Psych, they do, etc etc. Here we are, quite a large number of restless, sexy, vital people enclosed in a small space, yet crazily intent upon drawing the curtain closed even tighter than it is. It seems that so much of what is done here is the negation of a very fine phrase I heard several years ago, or perhaps just snooped upon it while rumbling through one of those million books on the tranquil philosophy of the East. It said, in effect, that life is the transitoriness of the ephemeral and is, or must be made, into a celebration of the soul. Well, I confess to the thought that much of our substantive law isn't exactly a celebration of the soul, and if that alert observation meets with something akin to "Well what the hell does he want?" on your part, then may I ask "What the hell indeed?" In rather a jumbled way this line of thinking (fragmented learning, fragmented social order etc) takes me to a point where I start to mull over what really amounts to a revolutionary act when a thread isolates, the call to action divides, and rejection is ignored. And I think that the answer is striking its obvious old head out when I think about theatre and I think about how in the very best theatre the line between we and them, between you and I gets blurred, and how therefore the best theatre is communal. The reason this happens is that you don't take only; you give. The fragments are joined, the separate becomes whole, and the cracks are fused with the heat. Giving and taking; taking and giving. Maybe there is something there: where you take e.g. passive lecture theatre (get it?) shoot something back over the drone; where; where you find yourself giving all the time, make your brother by signals from your shing eyes come to you, at least to the half-mile point. Blur the edges grab opportunities, hold your peace, and let fly at the bastards, always when most 'inappropriate'. For in that pause begins the revolution.

Clad

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CRACCUM VOL. 47 ISSUE 12 JUNE 14th 1973

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Sir,

Realizing that Craccum policy is decidedly pro-abortion, I still wonder why a student newspaper has to be so narrow-minded in presentation that it permits only articles that support its own policy, together with a lot of rather mediocre garbage, which express no opinion in any issue but are simply a collection of reports and interviews that one could find in any other dull paper or magazine. Are the pro-abortionists (Craccum included) at U. of Auckland so uncertain of their position that they can't risk any form of public opposition? It is an expression of uncertainty and fear together with narrow-mindedness that cause such situations as obviously badly needed articles remaining unpublished, simply because they go against 'your policy'. Craccum is, after all, a student newspaper and as such should represent the views of all students, not just a favoured few.

One of the unfavoured majority

Dear Sir,

Your correspondent Robert Sharpe referred to some price differences for some U.S. published paperbacks that we (The University Book Shop) stock. I will find out exactly why this has happened but it will take a week or two. However, a few possible reasons for the price differences are: We, or they, have made a mistake (unlikely with so many books. We bought them from a different, and presumably dearer supplier, and we definitely bought them before the recent United States devaluation and the other people (who are a very new group I think) probably bought theirs' after the devaluation.

With the current tendency towards higher prices for everything and all the currency revaluations and devaluations, it is our policy to leave the prices of books and not to mark up (or down) when new stock comes in. This usually works in the customer's favour because new shipments of books are usually dearer.

Anyway, we use the same pricing scheme as all other booksellers and give 10% discount off these standard prices, and that's no bullshit. I'm sorry that Robert Sharpe didn't come in and complain to me before writing all that heavy stuff in his letter — perhaps he still will.

Philip Thwaites
University Book Shop

Dear Sir,

I hope all you pimply adolescents up here are pleased to know that your favourite acne nostrum can now only be obtained on prescription. It's not that the Department of Health is scared of you dealing yourselves great hits of Clearasil, or sniffing PhisoHex, it's simply that they are concerned about your safety. You see, lately there has been something of a fuss about the active ingredient of most of these products, hexachlorophene. Which some Yankee hospitals have found to be very dangerous. Mind you, they've only found them dangerous if you happen to be a newborn babe, or suffering from severe burns, or alternatively if you are a burned rat, or a newborn monkey; but even under these conditions, only at dosages higher than any you would expect to encounter other than by drinking a bottle of PhisoHex. Great. So now what is in fact the only safe antiseptic agent — in fact the only real antiseptic agent known to man has been taken out of the hands of the general public and into the backroom at the chemists. I suppose we shall end up trying to fight

off the inevitable increase in staphylococcal infections, which will of course lead to an increase in infant mortality, with carbolic acid, just like Lister did back in the good old days. I bet this whole stupid scare campaign was dreamed up by the American disinfectant industry, just as the sugar companies banded together to run cyclamates out of town. And if my spots don't clear up soon, I'm going to have to go and live in Mexico, or somewhere, anywhere where it's still legal to wash your face.

Your
L.J. Thompson

Sir, (unfalsified letter to the editor)

Some months ago S.R.C. was approached by the Auckland Co-ordinator of Greenpeace for a desperately needed grant to finance the protest fleet at Mururoa Atoll, almost unanimously a grant of one thousand dollars was made to the organisation, this was referred to the Exec. for implementation.

And low and behold (believe it or not) the Exec. in true statesmanlike fashion referred it back to S.R.C. saying that "S.R.C. has the policy implementation budget" thus effectively passing the "buck".

S.R.C. lapsed for two meetings at the end of the first term due to incompetence on the part of our "efficient" office administration in sending out the necessary notices, so the upshot of this is that no money has been given to the Peace Media Organisation, which now finds itself in dire financial straits. Meanwhile S.R.C. has disposed of the majority of its policy implementation budget.

We have called a Special General Meeting so that this well deserved and urgent amount can be dispensed by students themselves.

Signed
Bill Ralston & Michael Kili

Dear Sir,

It caused me intestinal regret and great mental anguish to read the letter from Mrs. Ixon expressing concern with the "education" her son is receiving as a first professional engineering student. I would point out to the mother of eight that her darling is beginning to mature in an environment different from that of his previous home/school/mother existence. Such a change in environment must bring a change in values and attitudes and could be responsible for a marked change in the students' sleeping habits.

It should be the aim of parents to instil into their children a set of values that will prepare them for a life away from home. Obviously the test for the parents comes when the child is put into a new environment. If he reaches with a mild modification to what he has been taught then surely the parent can feel they have been successful. If, however, he completely rejects the teaching of his parents in favour of a more suitable philosophy then surely the parents must have failed.

By suggesting that the students in the School of Engineering are responsible for her son's "straying" is absurd. Such a move is merely an attempt to ease the conscience of one Mrs. Ixon.

M. McGovern
Secretary Engineering Society

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The Universities Savings and Investment Society was incorporated on January 5th 1973 and commenced trading operations in Christchurch. Its first members were students of the University of Canterbury and the Society now boasts a membership of 550. There is an on-campus office attending to students' financial needs and a warehouse in the city which supplies food-stuffs and retail goods to members. These are the first of what will be a comprehensive student ownership of retail and wholesale outlets catering for the full range of consumer items.

THE BEGINNINGS

Following a survey of student income and expenditure in 1968-69 an estimate was made of the total amounts involved in the areas of concern to students. By extrapolation it has been reliably determined, and supported by independent research of the trading banks, that students earned and spent some \$40 million in 1972. This makes students collectively one of the most powerful purchasing groups in the country, particularly since students' funds are spent in fewer areas than those of the community at large. This means fewer areas for negotiation, less to contend with in terms of price fluctuations, more to offer manufacturers, suppliers and retailers in terms of trade for sale or discount, and increased ability to concentrate the investment of funds providing more commercial influence — in other words our peculiarities in terms of close geographic location, common economic level, work patterns and market involvement, can, carefully nurtured and utilized, work for the well being of the student community rather than against it.

AUCKLAND

On June 11th the operations of the Society will be expanded to include Auckland students and an office to cater for inquiries about the Society, membership and financial transactions will operate from this day in the Association buildings. Each person wishing to belong will be required to pay a membership fee of three dollars and hold one share, unpaid, of five dollars. There is no further financial commitment and any funds in credit with the Society, no matter what circumstances prevail, are fully recoverable by a member. Although students own and receive all the profits of the Society, its affairs are conducted by a professional board of management consisting of a barrister, two persons with law degrees not practising in law but in real estate and investment, two accountants, an industrialist and a recent graduate who has been a student president. These peoples are ably assisted by the good offices of the Bank of New Zealand who act as agents to the Society and who have provided and continue to provide us with banking and investment expertise.

EXPANSION

The Society is a foundling organization with much potential. The Board has already expanded membership to

include the academic and non academic staff of the Universities and members of the Student Teachers Association of New Zealand (STANZ). These groups, besides benefiting from the services provided by the scheme, will serve to balance the acute fluctuations in trading and investment which occur when dealing with a group whose members tend to be taking the same financial decision at any one time. Meaning that when one member of the Society was in need, then he could not necessarily have been supported by a fellow member unless that member had different demands being made on his financial reserves. They will also promote a sense of total involvement and sharing in the field of education.

TRADING

At Canterbury students have a full range of foodstuffs to choose from including meat, fish, cheese, eggs, canned, dried and packaged foods and fruit and vegetables. From foodstuffs the warehouse is to increase its activities to electrical goods, hardware and household necessities. Initially, at Auckland, the Society will concentrate on providing a full financial service and in the area of food-stuffs, meat, fish, cheese and eggs. As demand is gauged and membership expands, premises will be sought to provide the full range of foodstuffs and the inclusion of other items previously mentioned.

Canterbury students now have the advantage of purchasing commodities at city retailers, receiving a discount or these from the Society at regular intervals. This aspect of the Society's trading has only just commenced and includes alcohol, records, electrical goods and clothing. This will also be proceeded with at Auckland in the near future. Schemes under investigation are the eventual establishment, through investment, of chemist shops, service station and vehicle repair centres and recreational facilities for students.

SUPPORT

The expansion of the Society is dependent upon student support. It will grow only as fast as the members' interest in its development. The Society can be and should be a panacea for the financial worries of students. It is strongly recommended by the Students' Association and the Bank of New Zealand that each and every student investigate and support the scheme.

FROM NZUSA INTERNATIONAL RESEARCH OFFICE THE MUEDA MASSACRE: 14 JUNE 1960

Thirteen years ago this month, the Portuguese committed an outrage in Mozambique which makes Sharpeville look like a minor incident. On 14 June 1960, Portuguese soldiers opened fire after provoking a demonstration in the town of Mueda in Northern Mozambique. Between 500 and 600 people were killed, in what has since become known as the Mueda Massacre.

An eye-witness, Alberto-Joaquim Chipanade, later described the scene as follows:

'How did it happen? Well, some of these men had made contact with the authorities and asked for more liberty and more pay . . . After a while, when people were giving support to these leaders, the Portuguese sent police through the villages inviting people to a meeting at Mueda. Several thousand people came to hear what the Portuguese would say.

'When the governor invited our leaders into the administrator's office. When they came outside, the governor asked the crowd who wanted to speak, and the governor told them all to stand on one side.

'Then without another word he ordered the police to bind the hands of those who had stood on one side, and the police began beating them. When the people saw what was happening, they began to demonstrate against the Portuguese, and the Portuguese simply ordered the police trucks to come and collect these arrested persons. So there were more demonstrations against this. At that moment the troops were still hidden, and the people went up close to the police to stop the arrested persons from being taken away. So the governor called the troops, and when they appeared he told them to open fire. They killed about 600 people.'

The Mueda massacre, which passed unnoticed in the world press, was the climax of Portugal's policy of brutally repressing peaceful resistance to its rule in Mozambique. It convinced nationalist groups that the only path was armed resistance, and within a year FRELIMO, the Mozambique Liberation Front, had been formed.

In subsequent years FRELIMO has succeeded in liberating large areas of Mozambique, including entire provinces, where a rudimentary now social structure has been set up.

FRELIMO, however, faces powerful enemies. Portugal would never be able to stand up to the resistance forces were it not for foreign assistance. Arms for

the war come from her NATO allies, especially the United States, West Germany and Britain, and money comes also from large war taxes from international companies which have a vested interest in the maintenance of Portuguese rule in Mozambique, Angola and Guine-Bissau. Portugal's spitjerm neighbour in Mozambique, South Africa, also supplies arms and soldiers, and possesses large interests in the country which it is not willing to give up. Mozambique's large common border with South Africa and Rhodesia adds further to the strategic significance of the war. The Cabora Bassa dam, being constructed with foreign capital in the Tete province of Mozambique, is a visible symbol of the growing economic integration of the three white supremacist powers in Southern Africa. It will provide power and irrigation for all three countries. It is one of FRELIMO's declared targets.

Joris de Bres

THE NEUTRON BOMB — A SCIENCE FICTION WEAPON

Recently it has been postulated that France may be attempting to develop the neutron bomb.

It is common knowledge that by changing the configuration of the nuclear weapon varying forms can be obtained such as the X-ray bomb (which the Russians developed in 1963), used in the war heads of anti missile missiles to destroy the electronics of incoming war heads in the outer reaches of the atmosphere. Bombs can be made in varying sizes and yields. Fission weapons range from about 1/100th to about 100 Kilo tons. Normally beyond this one turns to the fusion process.

In the fusion process Lithium and Deuterium are heated strongly so their thermal motions overcome the nuclear coulomb barrier. The consequent fusion results in the production of alpha particles and neutrons. This high neutron flux is used in the hydrogen (fission - fusion - fission) bomb. A uranium 235 fission device is detonated to heat a quantity of lithium deuteride which proceeds to produce enormous quantities of alpha particles and neutrons. The high energy neutrons from this source impinge upon the uranium 238 causing the formation of the unstable 239 nucleus in a high energy state which causes further fission and energy release. The radio-active fallout from a nuclear device emanates almost entirely from the end products of the fission reactions. In a hydrogen bomb as described above the vast majority of the energy released comes from the uranium 238 casing. In normal circumstances this energy appears as

a heat flash followed by an enormous blast effect.

In the postulated neutron bomb the neutrons from the fusion reaction would be used to provide a life destroying radiation from the weapon with a low blast effect and causing exceedingly little damage to materials, buildings and other objects within the area of death. The range of this weapon is very short, probably in the order of hundreds of meters as one has an exponential decay due to neutron absorption multiplied by an inverse square factor.

Such a device would be triggered by a small fission bomb or in the future perhaps by lasers. This weapon would be extremely clean if exploded even a very short distance above the ground level as the neutron excess isotopes formed with the normal constituents of the air all have half lives in the range from about 1/10th second to less than an hour, except for Carbon 14 (5,500 years).

The United States considered developing the neutron bomb in the early 1960's, however, it was rejected for both tactical and strategic reasons. In an unplanned experiment in the 1950's several scientists at the Oakridge Plant were exposed to about 10 times the lethal dose of neutrons from the atomic pile — it took them about 36 hours to die, for the first few of which they were completely conscious and in full possession of their faculties.

Because of the lack of damage to material objects the neutron bomb would be an excellent weapon for looting, therefore it must be used close to the battle site. However, as many of those in the target area will be doomed to die very shortly but will be physically unimpaired at that time, the aggressor would in fact be fighting living dead. Therefore the target site must be far enough away to allow the populace to die. However, in this case the power being attacked can recover and use all these undamaged materials.

The weapon could only be used against a non-nuclear power, for if used against the nuclear power those who have fallen victim would have no compunction while dying about "pressing the button" and retaliating with "conventional" nuclear weapons. If it is to be used against a non-nuclear power, the user must have ascertained that the nuclear non-proliferation treaty would not be invoked and that there would be no retaliatory attack by one of the nuclear powers. In this case a more effective, cheaper and "better" weapon to use would be one of the poison gases which would have the same effect at about a hundredth of the price and with far less risk of intervention by other parties.

Therefore the neutron bomb is a fairy tale weapon having no tactical or strategic value.

Richard Rowe

FOREIGN AID OR DOLLAR IMPERIALISM



The purpose of this article is to examine the assumptions, and test the realities, of foreign aid; to determine whether it is in fact the benevolent institution the myth purports it to be. If I take U.S. Foreign aid as my main example it is only because material on American aid is more readily available; and if I deal with investment in Africa particularly it is only because my interests in the past have been in that area. I do not believe these limitations affect in any way the validity of my argument: American aid in Africa is a typical example of all Western aid to all parts of the 3rd world.

A black hand and a white hand locked in a firm clasp — this is the emblem of the U.S. Agency for International Development; all goods shipped to Africa under U.S. aid projects carry this mark. And I suppose it expresses fairly well the mythology believed by most people concerning such aid. That is, that foreign aid is a noble gesture of benevolence on the part of rich Americans towards their poorer brethren — a genuine attempt by the rich West to help the underdeveloped world achieve stability, prosperity, and the well being of its people. To this humanitarian end the well — meaning people of America and the West smilingly support the annual donations of millions of dollars. And it is good that this is so. But something is wrong, for it is well known that on a world scale the rich are getting richer and the poor, poorer. Disconcerting facts continuously penetrate the humanitarian minds of the bening Western public. In 1945, the income of the average U.S. citizen was twenty times that of the average Indian; by 1960 it was 40 times! Three quarters of the world's population lives below the living standards it enjoyed in 1900; And all this despite our generosity. Further, despite our development aid projects the share in world trade enjoyed by the underdeveloped world is less than it was in 1928! And even more contrarily, despite their generosity and humanitarian aid, the Western world made a profit of 416.6 billion from the underdeveloped world between 1950 and 1965. Clearly something is amiss with Foreign Aid projects.

At least something is amiss with Foreign Aid projects if we accept the mythological rational of such projects. But need we? Let's take a closer look at it — a look through the eyes of one of its recipients. Writing on U.S. Foreign Aid the late President Nehru of India stated, "Profiting by the experience and troubles of other imperialist powers they (the Americans) have improved on the old methods. They do not take the trouble to annex a country as Britain annexed India; all they are interested in is profit, and so they take steps to control the wealth of the country. Through the control of wealth it is easy to control the people itself. And so without much trouble of friction with aggressive nationalism they control the country and share its' wealth. This ingenious method is called economic imperialism. The map does not show it. A country may appear to be free and independent . . . But if you look behind the veil you will

find that it is in the grip of another country, or rather of its bankers and big businessmen. It is this invisible empire that the U.S. possesses." (Nehru, 'Glimpses of World History') To Nehru then, foreign aid is not a gesture of benevolence to improve the well being of the people of the underdeveloped world, rather it is a calculated means of gaining economic and political control of those people for America's benefit.

The economic benefits are obvious: Africa, for instance, provides a large proportion of 20 of the 21 raw materials estimated as 'vital' by Pentagon officials for U.S. industrial needs (e.g. 56% of required cobalt and 72% of required niobium ores). John Gunther in 'Inside Africa' writes, "Africa is the richest prize on Earth; and it would appear that through foreign aid and other means the U.S. has seized much of the prize for itself, for by 1952 the U.S. controlled 22.8% of African oil. 40% of manganese ore, 46% of vanadium, 96% of cadmium, 60% of bauxite, and all this at an average rate of dividend return of 30%" — so much for benign generosity, it seems.

The political benefits of U.S. control of Africa are also obvious. Senator Richard Nixon in 1957 stated, "The course of Africa's development could well prove to be the decisive factor in the conflict between the forces of freedom and international communism." Gunther adds, "Much of Asia has been lost, Africa remains. It is our last 'Frontier', Africa has many of the strategic materials necessary to the U.S. war machine's fight against communism. Political control of Africa has manifest advantages then, for it is only by keeping Africa within the Capitalist orbit that America will be able to continue to exploit it, and thus ensure the stability and prosperity of the U.S. and the Free World.

It could be, however, that we are being cynical. It is easy enough to impute mercenary motives of self interest to the generous acts of others. Perhaps we are doing the same to the U.S. Instead of considering the views of an outsider — Nehru — let us examine what Americans say about Foreign Aid. Well, for public consumption the American view is manifest: U.S. Magazines, newsfilms and papers are full of pictures of smiling coloured children who are benefitting from their latest U.S. aid built hospital or school or of the latest dam, airfield, road, sewage system, or factory provided by U.S. money. At this level all seems fine. But there is another level of truth: the level of official statements and memos; the level of expert opinion, all of which fail to reach much of the public conscience — and this level reveals a different picture.

In 1952 Dean Acheson U.S. Secretary of State said, of foreign aid, "It is not philanthropy that motives us. There is a hard-headed self-interest in this programme." President Kennedy in his 1963 Message to Congress claims, "Congress has created the tools by which we seek to attain our foreign objectives, and strengthen the security of the U.S. Our aid programme is one of these tools — if not the

principal one." Put more bluntly David Bell Administrator for the International Development Agency declared that aid should replace U.S. Marines as a means of 'exerting pressure' (sic!) Less crudely David Baldwin, another aid expert writes, (Foreign Aid and U.S. Policy) "Foreign aid is a means by which our nation tries to get other nations to act in desired ways," and Congressman Findley (Illinois) echoes this generous sentiment, "If we don't put proper conditions on our aid we lose leverage" with their own words U.S. officials shatter the foreign aid myth: foreign aid, far from being benign generosity, is little more than a covert attempt to gain their own ends; and implicit in those words, the ends are the political and economic control of recipient countries. In short what Nehru calims, can be seen as true: U.S. foreign aid exists to create the 'invisible empire' of American domination, of dollar imperialism.

This fact becomes even more apparent if we consider some of the points of legislation covering foreign aid. They state that no recipients of foreign aid must help Cuba or N. Vietnam; or wage, or prepare hostilities against the U.S., or any ally of the U.S. In other words the recipient country must be prepared to toe the political line of the U.S. in every way — or as legislation puts it, the recipient must 'share the view of the U.S. on the world crisis.' No independent line is allowed; no neutral path can be followed. The legislation if you are of 1965 is couched in the archaic rhetoric of the McCarthyite nadir — those that aren't for us are against: not pro-American you are, by definition, Communist.

The same legislation also reveals the imperialistic economic motive. No recipient country is allowed to Nationalize any industry partly controlled by U.S. interests — and a glance at some of the statistics quoted above assures us that most industries have U.S. interests — neither is it allowed to erect preferential tariff barriers. These two simple regulations reduce all recipient countries to the status of U.S. colonies: their industry must be entirely capitalist free-enterprise on the U.S. pattern; and they must not attempt to protect those industries against U.S. competition: The recipient gains the sue knowledge that cheap U.S. goods will crush its own industry: the U.S. gains a permanent and captive market for its industrial expansion.

Here then is revealed the generosity and altruism of U.S. Aid. Here are the facts behind the myth of Foreign Aid.

But there is more to it than this, much more. Alongside the 'negative' conditions U.S. aid entails there are a number of 'positive' conditions the recipient must fulfill. In his inaugural address J.F. Kennedy declared, "To those peoples in the huts and villages of half the globe struggling to break the bonds of mass misery, we pledge our best efforts to help them

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to help themselves for whatever period is required — not because the communists may be doing it, not because we seek their votes, but because it is right. If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich." Yes; Well. Beautiful stuff isn't it. Everyone should have a copy. I think Johnson and Churchill were his script writers: it's as pompous and grandiose as the former; and as empty and flybown as the latter. In this case 'out of the nothing of words (came) nothing but' — Self Help! Kennedy Crockett, king of the New Frontier, rides across the hopeful plains of the dawning 60's on Samuel Smiles' century old hack. Well, I pinned enough of my own youthful hopes on the charismatic Kennedy to wish that I could say of him that he was as kindly and mistakenly optimistic as was old Samuel — his words, at the time seemed to suggest it — but alas I can't. For Kennedy was a true imperialist and in 'self help' he forged a weapon as insidious and devastating as any in the armoury of imperialism. In passing there really ought to be some absolute moral principal against speeches of the Kennedy inaugural address type (Nixon's 'I see a time' is another). In their idealistic Hollywood sentimentality they are as obscene, and all-pervasively corrupting as the worst pornography of a Hitler. The down-to-earth epithet — flinging polemics of Lenin, and the conflict-metaphored thoughts of Mao are honest and innocent by comparison.

Ostensibly the idea of self help seems reasonable enough: the U.S. will help any country which helps itself, for foreign aid can only be useful if the country can mobilize its own resources. And at first since it meant that the recipient country had to match each donation with some contribution of its own-labour, money, materials — it was indeed reasonable enough. But by 1967 Johnson was saying that the U.S. would insist on 'general economic policies' within the country to make U.S. aid effective, and the AID document stated. "a major self help measure is often the . . . implementation of a National development plan". The Foreign Assistance Act 1967 states that the effectiveness of such National plans is measured by 'the extent to which the country is creating a favourable climate for private enterprise' and foreign investment. Further the U.S. not only demands that the private industrial sector be developed, it also dictates the order of priorities for development and the priorities for development are usually those developments most favourable to the needs — as we shall see — of the U.S. economy. The U.S. also insists on 'self help' reforms within the country and these reforms cover legislation, taxes, budgets, currency, socio-political policy and agrarian policy — in a word the entire field of domestic affairs. "Self Help" then is not as reasonable as it seems: in order to receive U.S. aid the recipient country is forced to accept U.S. interference in its domestic affairs; and this interference is directed in such a way that the country is bound to develop a capitalist free enterprise economy and a capitalist political setup. The country through 'self help' is forced into subordination to the U.S.

Many people argue that it is good for a country to be encouraged to develop a capitalist economic system, since free competition is the best way of developing an underdeveloped country; and this argument has to be met. Assuming U.S. motives of altruism, and ignoring such phrases as 'to be encouraged to develop' (black mailed might be a better word), is capitalism a more efficient developer of an economy? The argument usually runs that the U.S. and Europe developed so rapidly because of their economic system; and here we see the absurdity of forcing on the 3rd world the capitalist model of development. As Robin Blackburn (Student Power) is at pains to point out, during the time of their rapid industrial expansion in the 19th century, the Western powers were plundering the rest of the world in their search for raw materials; it was the cheapness of those raw materials, which made possible the rapid accumulation of capital and the efficient development of industry. The underdeveloped countries have not got these sources of plunder and cheap raw materials, and this is completely ignored by the proponents of the capitalist model. Moreover, during the 19th century the Western Capitalist powers had almost unlimited markets to sell to, there being so few industrially developed countries. Today, markets are so few and so fiercely competed for that only the most efficient producers can survive. Given also the use of import restrictions on competing industries it is almost impossible for a new producer to compete because he is unable to gain access to these markets. Furthermore, as we shall see, the U.S. deliberately

prevents the growth in aid recipient countries of production industries which will compete with their own on export markets. It is obvious that those conditions which facilitated efficient development in the 19th Century just do not apply today, and the adduced arguments for the capitalist model are seen as absurd. If the point needs taking any further we need only consider India and China. Both are under-developed countries, both received independence in the late 40's; but, India adopted a capitalist economy and China a socialist one. India, with 300 years or so of benign British Imperial example and civilization, had the advantage, but it is obvious who's economic system has worked most satisfactorily for as the British Medical Association survey team has pointed out, no one starves in China, which is unarguably more than can be said for India. I am not here supporting socialist economic measures; what I am doing is saying that the capitalist economic model is not necessarily the best one and, however, altruistic the U.S. may or may not be, by forcing the underdeveloped recipients of aid to restrict themselves to free enterprise, and allowing as little experiment as they possibly can, the Americans are acting on unfounded assumptions, unethically interfering in the affairs of others, and possibly creating misery for millions of people in years to come.

But all this is academic, for the U.S. is not acting altruistically. It is not interested in developing the recipient countries at all. As we shall see U.S. motives for forcing the adoption of a capitalist-model economy serve a single end — U.S. economic interests, U.S. Monopoly imperialism.

"No assistance shall be furnished . . . for construction and operation of any productive enterprise in any country where such an enterprise will compete with U.S. interests." So states the Foreign Assistance Act and so we have rebutted any arguments about altruistic U.S. motives, or their concern to develop the economies of recipient countries. Foreign Aid is a tool to prevent development. Public law 480 forbids loans for making goods which will compete with U.S. products either directly or indirectly. "Exports by recipient countries which are similar to U.S. goods shall be limited or banned." The U.S. not only does not aid the development of competing industries, it prevents them starting. Thus Tunisia is allowed under aid agreements to import U.S. cotton (good for U.S. exports) but not allowed to export manufactured cotton cloth; and the U.A.R. is forced to limit its traditional exports of rice and cotton and reduce its acreage of land under rice.

And more: not only shall export industries be prevented from developing, but steps are taken to ensure that recipient countries buy American goods with their Aid money. Thus Liberia in 1962 promised to use some of its aid gift to buy at least 3,000 tons of wheat, 25,000 tons of rice and 2,000 tons of mixed feed. And Morocco in the same year used its 'free aid' to buy 125,000 tons of wheat. Besides such obligatory purchases, aid recipients must ship produce in U.S. vessels, insure with U.S. companies and must often share the profits of plant developed with aid loans. We give with one hand take with the other. These measures are patently obvious in their intentions. They prevent development of producer industries which compete with U.S. products, first by refusing to aid such industries; and second by forcing the recipient country to buy U.S. goods, which are cheaper than the recipients own goods, thus bankrupting the developing industry. They also ensure that the country becomes a market for U.S. monopoly capital. And this is called aiding development.

But U.S. aid motives are even more cynical than this. Not only does the U.S. use aid to prevent development of export industries in finished goods, it often concludes agreements with recipient countries which force them to exchange raw materials for aid money. This is where interference becomes most insidious; for while the U.S. will not help processing industries to develop, it does use its aid to develop the production of raw materials and force the recipient to export them. After all what else can it do with its raw materials but export them — it is not allowed to develop its own processing industries. Since the aid agreements usually state that raw materials will be sold at an agreed price, usually lower than market prices, the U.S. in return for aid receives cheap raw materials. And now it begins to make some sense. This is the purpose of aid. Develop the countries raw material production. Restrict production industries. Use our money to make sure they buy finished products from us and depend on us to buy their raw materials. And what do we have? A country economically dependent for its only source of export

income and foreign exchange on U.S. A country which pays us high prices for finished goods and sells our raw materials on the cheap. In short an economic colony. Dollar Imperialism!

It all adds up to exploitation. To the 16.6 billion dollar profit mentioned before. To the decrease in total world share of trade. And it's all damn good investment 50% of U.S. foreign aid money is supplied by private firms and it's easy to see why. What better way of ensuring cheap raw materials and ready markets? And what investment profits — 30% average share dividend. That's a really cute use of the stock exchange. And here is another fallacy of aid loans; for that's all they are — loans. And at 30%! Senator E. Brooke (Congressional Records 1968) predicted that the expenses incurred by Liberia in repaying foreign aid loans would account for 33-1/3% of its annual budget. Anybody for a pound of flesh? That's really bleeding. Ah, dear old Kennedy — what was it? "Let both sides unite to heed in all corners of the earth the command of Isaiah — to undo the heavy burdens (and) let the oppressed go free?" Such Christian charity. God we're thick! Can't afford 1% aid at 30% dividend!

So sickening are the U.S. motives for foreign aid that even the most 'charitable' of these aid programmes are rank with exploitation. Disaster relief; child feeding; food for peace; all those special aid programmes stink with the odour of greed, and profiteering. The U.S. passed its U.S. Food Assistance Laws in 1954. Their aim? To feed the starving millions of the world. Too much. At the time the U.S.A. was faced with the acute problem of finding outlets for a huge glut in farm products stored unsold in warehouses at a storage cost to the tax-payer of nearly \$1 million annually. Incidentally during the 50's a certain Senator J. Kennedy was estimating 'There are 17 million Americans going to bed each night suffering from malnutrition' but we won't go into that. By passing the Food Assistance Laws monopoly capitalism had it made. Dump the surpluses on foreign markets as aid and let the tax-payers pay for the dumping. Costs them nothing and keeps food prices in the U.S. up high. Further, label it "Gift from the people of the USA"; send it to starving children and we get a name for charity and further out influence; and as Senator George McGovern said, we give" a new generation of boys and girls an understanding of American idealism". And he threw mud at Nixon! As AID administrator John Johnston said (April 1966) "The child feeding programme is a capital investment to return profits in the future." Give them a taste for U.S. food now and they'll buy it later. Charity not only makes you feel good; it's good for business. Significantly most of this food has been donated to countries receiving little monetary, or other aid. It is a way of influencing a country without spending money. As W. Mennen, Secretary of State for African Affairs explained (Press release U.S. D.A. 19643) "We have in many instances preferred to use the food-for-peace programme to cut down dollar outlays."

Surplus food dumping has gone beyond the disaster relief stage and become, so profitable a method is it, a regular aid programme to countries where there is no real need. As such it is furthering U.S. efforts

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OVERLEAF.



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for colonial dollar domination. The reasons are clear. The dumping of surpluses on aid recipients forces down the price of food in those countries and forces the peasantry back to subsistence farming. This in turn ruins the countries food export efforts, and its domestic food industry, and robs it of foreign exchange, which makes it dependent yet again on imported U.S. products. Thus as a result of dumping, food problems becomes more acute than ever. In Morocco per capita grain production decreased by 30% BETWEEN

Liberia, self sufficient in rice in the 50's now receives U.S. aid rice. In addition food dumping deprives underdeveloped food exporters of their traditional markets as has happened with cotton and rice exports in the U.A.R. and the Sudan. U.S. economist Schultz states (Economic Crisis in World Agriculture) "We are making it increasingly hard for poor countries to promote their economic growth by (exporting agricultural products). We pursue a policy that thwarts their efforts to achieve economic growth." Other economists (U.S. Aid 1957) Points out, "If we deprive them of these markets by dumping our own agricultural surpluses, even substantial assistance will not put them back on their feet." Obviously no one has told them that U.S. monopoly capital does not want those countries 'on their feet' or achieving 'economic growth'. On the contrary monopoly capitalist policy demands their subservience, their backwardness and their dependency, to facilitate its imperialist policies.

I stated at the outset that my purpose in writing this article was to examine the assumptions and test the realities of foreign aid. The assumptions are symbolized by the highminded, humanitarianisms of the U.S. aid stamp — the black hand clasped in a white one. The realities are something different. Capitalism boomed in the 19th Century because it could plunder the countries of the world of their raw materials which to them dumped back as finished goods at inflated prices on the ignorant peoples of the world. 19th Century capitalism was a parasite on the Colonial people of the globe, and the realities of Capitalism today are little different. Only the methods have changed; The loaded cannon of imperial force being today hidden behind the facade of of a firm clasped handshake. To survive today capitalism is as dependent as ever it was on plundering the poor. And the means of

plunder rejoices under the cynical title of Foreign Aid. The purposes of Imperialism are ever the same: political control of the people; economic control of their resources and markets. Through Foreign Aid, America forces the underdeveloped nations to develop capitalist economic methods. By developing their production of raw materials and inhibiting the development of secondary industries, America ensures those countries' becoming dependent on their exports of raw materials. And by forcing the countries to buy the U.S. goods, and forcing them to supply raw materials cheaply, the U.S. gains control of their resources, and gain easy access to their markets. Couple all this with high interest rates on investments and monopoly capitalist control is assured. Hide it how you will; call it what you will; smuggle it in like opium in a case of bibles under the name of civilization; or deliver it beneath the held hand of brotherhood, it is still Imperialism. And Imperialism of the most insidious sort. The gun boat imperialism of the 19th Century was honest by comparison — the enemy at least declared himself.

And more. For in his inaugural address Mr Kennedy cried: "To those new states whom we welcome to the ranks of the free, we pledge our word that one form of colonial control shall not have passed away merely to be replaced by a far more iron tyranny. We shall not always expect to find them supporting our views. But we shall always hope to find them strongly supporting their own freedom". The old imperialists conquered their victims, to some degree at least they accepted some responsibility for them. The new dollar imperialism does none of this. Its tubers are so long its nature so indirect, that it can leech its victim without being noticed. It need accept no responsibility: it needs resource to no soul searching: And if it should see some signs of exposure it can always hide behind emotional obscenity of a Kennedy address.

So when the next act of the black comedy is played; when a Kennedy makes an address; a McGovern appeals to our moral concern; a Nixon weeps for the star spangled banner — or Kirk promises even more; remember, that behind the empty rhetoric a starving black child lives in worse conditions than his forefathers born in 1900, and that your misplaced generosity could be killing him.

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ALL GOD'S CHILDREN CERTAINLY HAVE GOT DE CLAP

A Report on the Great Queens Birthday Alternative Media Conference

Richard Neville's never-was visit to New Zealand failed to provide any clues to the indigenous alternative media freaks on the subject of revolutionary politics. His Australian experience probably served notice of what to expect in the lesser Antipodes, and perhaps Auckland's "radical" heroine meeting him at Sydney International Airport brought on a premature case of acute diarrhoea. Whatever the reason for his absence, one continues to lament it and further suspects that the answer lies somewhere in the centre pages of OZ 31 (see Craccum No. 3 p6). It's not just that the N.Z. left has failed to learn from Neville's classic expose but probably has not even read it.

But the local alternative media has its heroes. Christopher Robin Wheeler, prominent high society gossip magazine editor — he manages to make the scoops even "Truth" won't publish — bemoans the fact that there is a chronic shortage of middle-aged teenyboppers and thunders into my already mucous clogged ears, "You too could be a radical — for the first time in your life." I must be going deaf — or my heart's not in it — or perhaps I've also got a dose . . . Wheeler is one of the old brigade, fighting social injustices wherever they occur with jellybaby titbits from Hansard and rehashed jokes from Bellamy's — his spasmodic magazine "Cock" is the reason capping mags have gone out of vogue in recent years.

Contrast Wheeler with John Earwig (née Milne), the two have cop raids in common and a mutual desire to edit the New Zealand Herald. But Milne is a hippie wanker — to coin a Salient phrase — dedicated to the cause of viable alternatives and the possessor of perhaps more native, misused ability than his impoverished colleagues. He has a unique and naive confidence in his own destiny and suffers from friends who underrate him and enemies with an opposite view — not a blueprint for assured success. Like Wheeler he maintains his sense of humour and being neither quotable nor honest doesn't seem to bother him — 'tis better to be a landlord.

Revolutionary fervour inhabits the rest of the alternative press. And Victoria University's Salient is the sole admirable such publication, with editors Peter Franks and Roger Steele diligently conspiring to raise radical consciousness to unprecedented levels. One can't but wonder about the efficacy of such policies, however honest and humanitarian the motive principles may be. The People's Voice and Socialist Action both lack necessary credibility and despite sectarian claims to the contrary, do not radicalise their readers. The mere act of buying a P.V. satisfies the liberal conscience and is often tantamount to reading the bloody thing, for the liberal mind anyway.

It is the politics of the alternative media, indeed the left in general, that is most disconcerting. Fractionated radicalism does not lead to either political or ideological strength but has actuated some of the most bizarre and irrational arguments. Wellington on Queen's Birthday weekend exemplified this particular leftist aberration — it was agreed that a printery should be established for the use of the alternative media freaks but the idea was frustrated by an insane and irresolvable conflict over what would be printed. Some demented fool even proclaimed parts of Salient as being unworthy of leftwing sponsored publication and hinted that the printer would necessarily censor articles which were ideologically impure. So much for FREE SPEECH!!! It is to John Earwig's credit that he still believes in free speech but his campaign was met with cries of "Fucking Hippie Wanker." The self-righteous dishonesty common to many in the left allows little room for tolerance and accentuates the cynicism of those of us who are largely uncommitted.

"Politics are everything!" chant the Young Socialists, to Steve Ballantyne, in inane unison. But the Socialists, and the left generally, conceive of politics in terms of power struggles and such politics are apt to be the craving of megalomaniacs. Despite mouthings to the contrary the politics of the left is not the politics of democracy (in any form) but rather the politics of vengeance. Thus the injustices and atrocities of Western democracy, or capitalism, become the injustices and atrocities of the alternative — they are perpetrated for the preservation of the new status quo and are equally repugnant to the

rational mind. The "only alternative" advocated by the alternative media is in effect no alternative at all.

At present the left is to some extent engaged in discourse over its past record, its successes and failures, resulting in some quarters in endless backslapping, in others incessant commiserations. There are also scapegoats the most notable of which is Tim Shadbolt. Tim's crime was that he upstaged everybody, he backed up his words with action and few followed his example, and for that he is regarded as the supreme egotist, almost single-handedly responsible for the failings of the left. One of the greatest failings of the left has been its lack of competent leadership on the one hand, and its dearth of rationality on the other. To observe a conglomeration of middle-class youth trying ever so hard to be working class (without an inkling of what being working class means) is nothing short of pitiful. Thus evolved a movement which adopted its ill-conceived notions of what characterises working classness and the result was a hamfisted, bourgeois proletariat — the antithesis of the working class, and totally alienated from the world view as held by the working class. Thus student-worker solidarity has never been a political reality in New Zealand. The alternative media freaks have yet to move away from this cultivated image — for example: in Wellington it was decided that the established printery would be worker controlled; in the context of what was said I assumed "worker control" to mean total control over policy, finances, management, in fact every aspect of the enterprise. Such an idea is devoid of reason and if typical of the alternative press, which I suspect it is, is then proof of the mental sterility rampant therein.

The above being true it is little wonder Richard Neville declined to attend the Queen's Birthday Media Wankery — it would have insulted his sensibilities — he would have screamed, "I've seen and heard it all before!" The alternative media in New Zealand is not alternative, it is merely ideologically opposed to the established media, it harbours the same inconsistencies, the same intolerances, tells the same lies, creates the same myths, it attempts to be every bit as incestuous and it certainly has got the clap.



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NOSTALGIA



NOSTALGIA The Brainwashers' Blues

Ah yes — in Paris it was, back in October 1968, over a cup of cafe creme and in an heroic attempt to smoke the umpteenth yellow-papered, non-filtered Gitane cigarette, when the radio played Mary Hopkin's "Those Were The Days (my friend, we thought they'd never end)" — a song which nobody could avoid hearing from then on, because it became a very great success. It was a stillborn attempt to preserve a beautiful Russian melody, a song which compelled you on each renewed listening to recall the times and circumstances of when you first heard it, a song with a built in "doesn't that bring back memories" effect, a song with an artificial and molassey NOSTALGIA.

Well then, Nostalgia is a new and profitable product of those branches of economic activity which the Germans call "Bewusstseins-Industrie", a word not yet incorporated into our language, meaning, in literal translation, consciousness-industry, which I have termed brainwashing industries.

These industries do not produce goods and services that indirectly influence our perception; they deal in actual mind matter, in thoughts and ideas that directly influence our awareness of things: books, records, television programmes, films, fashion, magazines, comics, advertising and the like. Of course they are not acting in some kind of a world-wide conspiracy it's just that the normal motivation to make a profit is transfigured into products for mental consumption.

While 30 years ago light fiction, popular music, plays etc were also marketed and helped their originators to make a living, profit was then mainly sought as a side-effect of an otherwise autonomous creation.

What is different today is the reversal of this order: the subjection of the product to a series of well calculated effects, which will yield the best possible results in terms of cash.

These products constitute what is also (apologetically) called mass (for the masses, not of the masses) or popular culture. This popular culture is so popular indeed, that to attack it means instant unpopularity. The Wood stock generation hits back. For instance the disturbing question of a few years back, "Are your chart-topping favourites PHONIES?" is no longer debatable — the answer is, "Yes — but so what? We like 'em!"

Popular culture, as we have it today, is a product of capitalism. In an underdeveloped country, where workers or peasants are just barely making a living, it is neither possible nor necessary. As the economy develops, a much higher degree of education is needed, both for the leaders and for the led. A rising standard of living, combined with a decreasing number of work hours allows for a mental activity of a more complex kind. At this stage, energies are set free which might result in a wide-spread discontent or even political agitation and action. This is when the brain-washing industries step into action as a counter-revolutionary prophylactic.

The pressure people live under today has grown so tremendously, that it would become unbearable

were it not for some constant "positive" mental reinforcement.

As Freud explained, it is quite impossible to always successfully hinder those impulses from welling up from the subconscious strata and therefore a considerable amount of psychic energy would be wasted all the time to keep one's mind tidy.

This task is greatly facilitated today by the brainwashing industries. Their products carry essentially the same message, chunks of a vaguely middle-class ideology (ideology being, as Marx defined it, the thoughts of the ruling class) propagating a handful of vague "values" and a diffuse here and now, exempt of all societal or historical knowledge.

Eventually, ones' perception gets drugged, until the real world becomes the dream, and the dream world becomes the real one. This, it seems, is the ultimate aim of the brainwashers: the appeasement of the potentially revolutionary masses.

I shall try to illustrate this a bit by way of the music business, which is only one branch of it all, but serves the purpose of illustration best. Also here the identification between the audience and the artist is developed most; the vicious circle of manipulation and reciprocal need is tightly closed. As they used to say "You're not going to miss what you're not going to hear." Today the brainwashing industries evade the hatchets of the critics by constructing a papier mache dummy-consumer or consumer-dummy who by his own free decision is finally responsible for his own degradation.

"We don't make them want it. We make it and they want it, and they want it because we make it."

The message, which in tv-programmes for instance is the same as in tv-advertisements (series are empty advertisements, they advertize nothing, they make you ready for something to fill the void in your brain) is monotonous. Therefore these industries crave flashy originality, new surprises, all-newnesses, and are always on the lookout for new bizarre designs, artists and ideas to graft onto their products. As this originality is merely *anominal* and not a *real* one . . . it serves the purpose equally well to call something new and original, whereupon, magically, it will be just that.

At a time when for reasons yet to be analysed the creative powers seem to falter it is an almost natural step to turn around and tap the reservoir of the past by re-introducing a host of things which are now presented as original, hizarre, comic, weird, decadent while they were just cheap thrills at their respective times.

It is in this fashion that we were presented with a trite, slick, cynical "Love Story" at a point when people began to develop an emancipated, repression-free approach to sexuality; it is in the same way that Elvis Presley gets satellite broadcast to the greatest audience ever entertained by one man, i.e. a billion people. SO-called "nostalgicals" are making it big on Broadway; the new Monroe-doctrine catapulted

sweet hare-brain Marylin into a private box in the posthumous pantheon of nostalgia. In a sentimental evocation of past felicity, as "films and filming" called it, movies by old-timers Howard Hawks, John Ford, Raoul Walsh, or starring by-gone beauties Ginger Rogers, Judy Garland, Rita Hayworth and Mae West are up and about again. "All good films have already been made," said Peter Bogdanovich, which is probably supposed to mean that their superior quality is due to their having been made in the past. Accordingly, he presented us with "The Last Picture Show", Bob Fosse produced "Cabaret", there is "Hollywood" by Paul Morrissey, "Monte Walsh" by William Frakers and to top it all "The Great Waltz" which looks like it came straight from MGM vaults of the matured fifties' stuff. In music, a host of "Oldies But Goldies," "Goldies But Goodies," "Goodies But Oldies," type of collections are thrown at the public, while the "Boogie-Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B" is blaring in good old big band style out of every transistor. Advertisements no longer feature He-men and sexy dollies, rather they are now in for soft-eyed decadents dreaming away in candle-lit castles or standing beside old-time double deckers. Trivial reading matter such as collections of "Dick Tracy", "Batman & Robin", "Flash Gordon," and "Little Nemo" crowd out more meaningful books from the shelves of book-stores. The psychopathology of over-abundance sends out spend-thirty under-30-year-olds searching for real or newly-made clothes of the 30s, 40s and 50s in the fashionable boutiques and filling their homes with "victoriana". Because this is the characteristic of nostalgia "73, it's not daddy who longs back for the good ole days, the kids: "What a great war YOU missed."

Let us now, for the purpose of illustration, follow some Johnny Nowhere-man out on a terrain which we are all quite familiar with, the **Beatles Story**.

Listening to all the radio stations in Auckland, unsatisfied and with a fanfared "Lucky Dollar Note" or "I Believe In Levi's" in his ears, he goes to his favourite record store to buy a record to change his programme. In the firm belief, that ten beautiful chords don't make interesting music he disregards all the Carly Simons and Don McLeans and listens to some of today's power bands: Alice Cooper, Slade, Humble Pie, T. Rex and then, dissatisfied with them all, just for fun, Johnny lends an ear to "Long Tall Sally" by the Beatles. "This new double album remixed by George Harrison brings everything out really beautifully and shows what perfect classics those early Beatles were — as though we didn't know it all along," the words of a record critic resound in his ear and in the end he walks home with a new-old Beatles album.

This too is common knowledge: Allen Klein, their money-greedy ex-Beatles manager talks to McCartney back in England, and says, why yes, he sees no reason why they should not play together again.

This is really good news. A new Beatles record (somehow it must be something totally different from what the band members individually do, because when they're together it will be the Beatles again — right?) is bound to put about a million people around the world into better business again. Promo-

ters, dee-jays, clubs, other singers, the Boston Pops, the record company and so on. In 1970, when they broke up, mostly only the music-business was dismayed. So the Stones were by default quickly launched, along with the Altamont-film with the "real" killing in it, into the throne of the "kings of rock." But the Stones weren't commercial enough, (though great, of course) and not sufficiently trend-setting. Three years without clearly defined economic directives, and the need for some new "Beatles" became obvious. And at this point the reunion of the old Beatles will serve the purpose just as well as anything.

The difference today, as opposed to a similar situation ten years ago is that pop-music has gotten hold of the entire range of the under-30 market. When Hemingway hailed the Millennium of the Untalented ("We are deluged with writers who can't write, actors who can't act and singers who can't sing — and they're all making a million dollars a year.")

Things were divided up into (smaller) specialty markets: the teeny-boppers listened to Rick Nelson and Elvis, the intellectuals listened to jazz and serious modern music or collected rare blues or folk-songs from around the world, the older white middle-class listened to musicals or show-bizz personalities of the Rosemary Clooney or Frank Sinatra type, and if they were lower middle-class they'd listen to country music.

Rock & Roll, as Mitch Miller described it, was musical baby food. "The kids don't want recognized stars doing their music," he said. "They don't want real professionals. They want faceless young people doing it in order to retain the feeling that it is their own."

When the Beatles came up, popular music had reached an all time low. If the Shadows were Rock & Roll dinosaurs, the Beatles heralded the arrival of its mammals. They zoomed up with two assets: raw energy and seeming unrefinedness. The energy was what the industry needed: what sent 54,000 young girls in the Shea stadium wetting their pants made hay for the bosses. Also it was the right formula: it released pressures. The facelessness of the early Beatles bred familiarity. The only face they had was mushrooming on top; by growing your hair long you too became one of them. With the negative aftermath generally following this act fanship became something special: a way of life, the teen-age in-group thing.

Why the Beatles did not become another Elvis was due mainly to money: everybody had more of it. Popular music changed from mere dance music to an integral part of life (as indicated by the transition from the single to the l.p. record). Another thing was that the "Mersey beat" people were not born into the blues or country music, nor did they, like Bill Haley or Jerry Lee Lewis, play professional from the start and for a living. They were lower middle-class kids with maybe some high-school education and leisure. Their musical career was not meant to last a life-time. Eventually they'd become clerks, white-collar workers, or even teachers etc. Music became a medium of imitative and intellectual challenge, a thing to try out one's creativity in, make a quick buck and then go back and take over daddy's business.

Such classic surrealist lyrics of Elvis's as "You ain't no thing but a hound dog, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine" were deemed merely moronic, but even the intellectuals could identify to some degree with the new songs. There was the added charm of these boys writing their own stuff rather than doing some old company hack's nursery rhyme material.

Another thing, which Stan Getz described in 1963, writing about the introduction of bossa nova into jazz music: was "... it arrived here at a time when anemia and confusion were becoming noticeable in our music to anyone who knew enough to be concerned. The desperate craze for innovation had been everextending itself. Jazz literature was becoming increasingly pompous, complex and chauvinistic, theorizing and analysing itself into a knot. Musical groups were disintegrating into an everyman for himself egomania. Soloists and sidemen were engaged in endurance tests of repetition and/or outlandish endeavours. Sometimes they lost the audience. Worse, they often lost musical contact with one another."

Sound familiar? It is. The original energy-injection was all the business needed. After the fourth Beatles album (it could be argued) they did not develop any really new music. After "A Hard Day's Night" followed a brightly arranged recession; the Beatles perpetuated a recognizability, illustrated by plenteous indications as to who sang or played what on the song. After that they became substitutive. Bands and

individuals like McCartney himself, the glorious Bee Gees, Badfinger, the Monkees, the Dave Clark Five, the Easybeats and countless others, including Simon and Garfunkel, and Gilbert O'Sullivan took the zest out of the music but left the rest intact.

While they lasted, the Beatles developed a universal appeal; they attracted the intellectuals without ever actually going intellectual. Their songs were superior to those written by the tin pan alley generation preceding them. But their high brow stuff, as on Sgt Pepper, sounded like it was all just a hoax, when they commented on it; while later their intellectual and philosophical statements were no more than pathetic and embarrassing.

Still, there is no-one who has not at least one favourite Beatles song, as in my case that perfect anthem of the 500,000 lonely people on the midnight main street of Big City: "Why Don't We D-Do It On The Road?" But then their creativity turned from objective to subjective song-writing, from professional to vocational, from songs about love to songs about Yoko, Linda and Hare Krishna. Along side this private retreat the quality of their songs began to lag as they lost in public understanding. We the fans, had catapulted them onto the Olympus of our society, where unlike in the political sphere, total artistic and personal freedom supposedly exists. Four ordinary blokes with names like you or me, substituting for us, acting out our dreams, being rich on our \$20 share of Beatles identification. And up there they collapsed. Their personalities broken, their songs



Those were the days.

seemed to serve mostly to patch up pus-laden sores and psychological blisters (all the more after their split up, which was the consequential and correct thing to happen).

But of course, we're disappointed, we're disappointed, and want them back again, thriving with energy, as on "Long Tall Sally". The question is — what possibly could they give us?

Lennon, a 30-year-old eternal pubertarian, has reached a state of mental simplicity bordering on debility, which makes his songs, especially his very latest recorded efforts, a pain in the nut.

McCartney, similarly, has obviously some emotional defect which causes him to indulge in sentimental and fidgety oom-pah-pah songs. His last hit (hit: a) you can't hit back; b) the radio always hits below the mental belt-line) a thing called "My Love" comes on like Milo: sweet ersatz-coca with a Paul Anka-Frank Sinatra schmaltz voice.

And Harrison's latest single shocked me when I first heard it: his voice, inundated in sweet Spectorian pyrotechnics, seems to fade and whimper like a "mule" between a gently weeping Vishnu and a billie goat. If a person's voice can reflect anything, his is a broken mirror, perhaps fore-shadowing another pop-world suicide.

Ringo, the apparently sanest is also the least remarkable of them all; as yet there have been no signs whatsoever that he could do anything that would arouse more than a slight superficial interest.

It would be wishful thinking to say that we don't need any new Beatles; that it is time to free our own creativity; because we shall be presented with them sooner or later, and we'll all go after them. First the highschool kids, who are now buying the bland David Bowie and Lou Reed records, then we have the same old thing. The idea of the Beatles generation was to live along with them.

be found, others will be substituted. Thus we have a lot of Jesus in the air now. (As the man said, why can't we have an agnostic musical once?)

The idea of the Beatles also was to delegate our dreams, and they'd act them out. Without these representatives who showed us that a fulfilled life, a

As people of the Dylan, Zappa or Stones calibre grew into fine musicians, they opened up a lot of specialty markets. People like Joni Mitchell or any of the other fine singers produced very personalized, sophisticated songs; the listeners became peripheral, as the songs grew self-sufficient and self-explanatory. It is the lack of explanation, however, which is needed, as it generates a craving for additional information.

This additional information about our heroes is supplied by a multitude of papers, featuring personal interviews, new plans and ideas of the artists, information about forthcoming records, insights into the lives of these tars, their complications with studios, girls, producers (so much like our own) with intent of making them more human, and to make us subdue our own biographies in favour of a live-along and to argument the sales of that particular type of non-informative information, of that non-communicative substitute communication called records.

No theory of the record medium has been developed so far. I would call it a drug, occasionally nice and quotable, as in Dylan's case, but otherwise an ersatz-activity, clocking the time away in pleasant stereophonic or now (more expensive) quadrophonic sound.

The idea to make a profit is the primary one, not that to spill ideology. But with a multitude of specialty markets the productions get more expensive and the returns become smaller. The need for a great popular trench becomes paramount. If no leading heroes can

creative life on one's own terms was possible, we'd be faced with the dullness of our own lives.

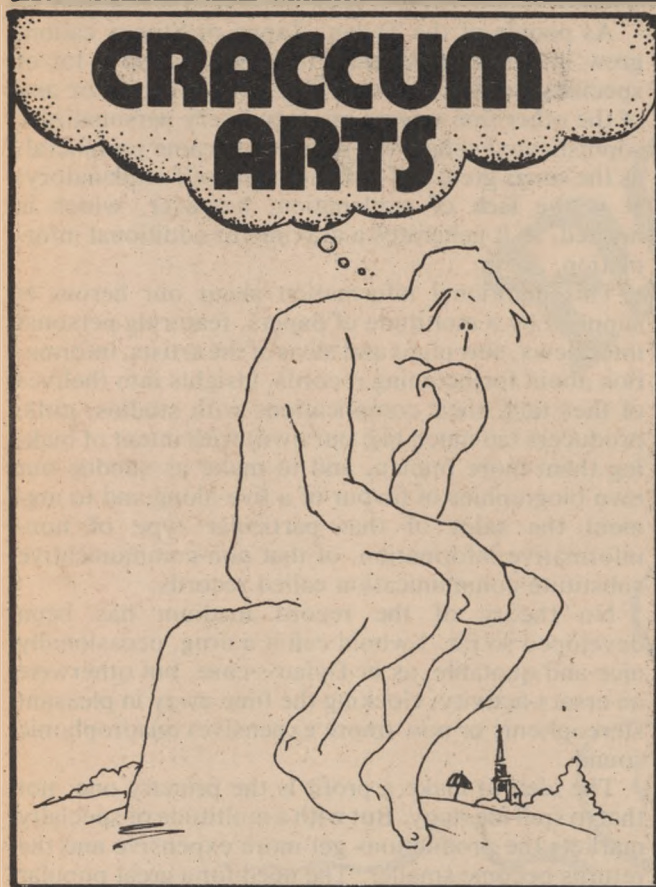
As it becomes ever-apparent in the aftermath of the Viet-Nam war, there is a great emotional holocaust in the U.S. following the realisation of how completely helpless and completely overruled each individual was to do anything about it. As the hope of a future directed by rationality, technology and progress seems to become increasingly illusional, a feeling of apathy and nostalgia creeps up.

One article in the "Nation Review" recently seriously propagated the "drug revolution" as a follow-up to the nation-wide solidarity campaigns for Viet-Nam. (These things are **uncomparable**. Drugs are no matter for political discussion. Due to a de-facto Marijuana consumption bordering on the commonness of cigarettes, obviously a jurisdiction which sets the stamp of criminality on a huge portion of the population needs revision. But that's about all that is political about it.)

The over-awed realisation that there is nothing worth living for or to look forward to; the withdrawal of, or tiredness with the left-wing alternative or just politics in general creates a dangerous fascination with the past, the good old days. The better days to come so far away, so uncertain, the yearning to die, to go home childhoodward, to just let go becomes overwhelmingly great.

But the past never comes up without its political implications, and so we have a growing Hitler cult (what a harmless little war it was, after all) and perhaps it will soon become fashionable again to be reactionary. This, I find most disturbing; already the ultimate plastic American, Richard Nixon, was voted back into White House, and perhaps after the revolutionary and expanding 60s we are going to face the contracting and reactionary seventies. In God-zone we may not feel this so much, as capitalism is more pleasant here. But over in the States and in Europe the brainwashing industries are certainly going to do their bit to re-institute the old order of things.

Tom Appleton



"ON READING,"
by MARCEL PROUST
(London: Souvenir Press)

There are more people living today, they tell us, than all those who made up the countless generations that preceded our own. No one, as far as I know, has attempted a similar estimate in the realm of books, though they, too, are increasing at a menacing rate. The enormous output in recent decades — something like 30,000 new titles annually in Britain alone, and she far from being the worst offender — presents a frightening curve. The pace continues to accelerate and yet there's no talk, so far, of 'book-control', no advocacy of a 'zero book-rate', a state of equilibrium in which new publications would be allowed only in sufficient numbers to replace those that go out of print.

Meanwhile (regardless of what Marshal MacLuhan may say) the pressure on our reading capacity gets yearly greater. Whatever our interests may be, however wide our tastes, we are forced to restrict them, to specialise if we are to keep up in any way with the avalanche of printed matter. And the specialist, by definition, is one who knows more and more about less and less. Carry the process to its logical conclusion and you eventually reach the point where he knows absolutely everything about nothing at all!

The various so-called rapid reading processes have sprung into popularity to meet this predicament. The subject is even gaining recognition in educational circles; the Auckland Technical Institute is about to introduce a course. Surely this is something that should be looked on with the greatest mistrust. The superficial, the hasty, the corner-cutting approach: these are already far too prevalent in our society. They need no encouragement. However much one may sympathise with the unhappy student with too wide a syllabus to cover, too copious a load of set texts, the proper solution lies in reducing the ground he is asked to cover, not in providing him with shortcuts for getting over it faster.

Rapid reading has its counterpart in rapid writing. If your public is going merely to glance hastily down your page, to pick out the salient word in each line, grasping your meaning by a process that combines guess-work with intuition, why not meet him half way? Why should the writer trouble to choose his words with care, balance his sentences, round out his thoughts? In fact we're already living in an era of abridgements, of digests and study notes. I have at my hand two (fattish) volumes that contain all you need to know — so it's suggested — about more than a thousand famous novels, plays and epic poems: all the world's literature boiled down to 2317 pages. "Meet the main characters, grasp the plots of 'The Magic Mountain', 'Kristin Lavransdatter', 'Remembrance of Things Past' (or for, that matter, 'Ben Hur') in compact form with a ten-line critique of each work thrown in for good measure."

Instant coffee, dehydrated vegetables, packaged soup: these may well be milestones in the advance of civilization, (though I personally doubt whether many of us are ready yet to pour Nihotupu water over Epernay crystals to reconstitute our Veuve Clicquot

champagne, or to spray the smoke of a Havana into our lungs from an aerosol). So why not accept gracefully the advent of a similar compaction in books? Why not resign ourselves to passing over, in our reading tedious things like descriptions and modifying clauses? Surely we can learn to ignore insignificant words like prepositions and conjunctions and, while we are about it, why not skip the adverbs and adjectives too?

No: faced with a plethora of reading matter the solution is not to read faster, but to read less. Beseiged from all sides by demands on their reading time the wise will turn this very pressure to advantage not by scurrying through a greater number of volumes, not by accepting at second-hand someone else's pre-digested summary, not by gaining a nodding acquaintance with a vast array of books, but by confining themselves to the not-too-abundant heights, the seminal works of genius and great art.

Discriminate! Time is too precious to lavish much of it on the second-rate, let alone on the fifth or the sixth. Who knows? If we would only exercise enough consumer-power along these lines might there not come a time when publishers would begin to look askance at manuscripts of only marginal merit just as they are now beginning to reject those of doubtful profitability.

But it's not my reflections on reading it's Proust's that have drawn you to this column. I'll deserve the charge of having falsely described the goods on the packaging if, under the disguise of a book review I continue any longer to air my own ideas and ignore his. The fact is that Proust himself is not altogether guiltless in this respect. The pages reproduced in the Condor publication named at the head of this article originated as the preface to his translation of Ruskin's 'Sesame and Lilies.'



Marcel Proust

Torn between his indulgence in ill-health and his passion for high society (both of which should have been beyond his reach as the son and the brother of doctors and a half-Jew of decidedly middle-class origin) Proust was greatly worried by the thought that, though he was already in his thirties, he had still taken no serious step towards becoming a writer, which he knew was his real vocation.

His intense sensitivity towards all forms of art attracted him to Ruskin's work. To make some of it accessible to French readers seemed to offer a 'literary' occupation that would staunch, at least temporarily, his self-reproach while being at the same time an agreeable exercise. He threw himself into it in spite of quite inadequate equipment so far as his knowledge of English was concerned and his translation of 'The Bible of Amiens' achieved a "succes d'estime" in 1904. 'Sesame et les lys' came out two years later, preceded by the essay 'On Reading' which did duty as Preface without really qualifying as one.

There is a tenuous justification for imposing that role on it. Proust claims to be refuting Ruskin's theory of the value of reading. In reality he's displaying his talent for fine writing, elaborating his notions of art criticism. How irksome those months spent on the labour of turning Ruskin's none-too-mellifluous prose into French must have been for a man with marked stylistic idiosyncracies of his own and well-developed theories on aesthetics. He admired Ruskin, of course; he learnt from him. But we must allow him graciously this small indulgence in self-expression.

The 'preface', then, starts off — and runs to perhaps half its length — without any reference at all either to Ruskin or his book. This part is an essay the writer himself found in reading when he was a boy. It is a beautiful piece of reminiscence. Proust recalls his intense absorption in his books with a vividness that is matched by his recollection of the irritation, the resentment aroused in him by any external circumstances that impinged on his reading: the maid coming to lay the cloth in the dining room where he sought refuge from interruption, members of the family 'exchanging the time of day', importunate demands from parents that he should come to table or join their walk. From this he turns his attention to those external matters themselves, minutiae of family life reconstructed with a nostalgic love that foreshadows some of the finest passages in 'Swann's Way.'

Then suddenly, he remembers that the ostensible object of his 'preface' is to refute statements made by his author about the uses of reading. Ruskin had described reading as 'conversing with great minds.' It nothing of the kind, says Proust. The essence of reading is its solitariness. As for 'great minds', it's a one way traffic. Books cannot teach you anything; learning is something we have to do for ourselves. At best the writer can point the way. He can arouse in a reader who has the capacity for it, even more the will, that effort to look into himself, to examine, to analyse his reactions (mainly on an aesthetic plane) which is the basis of wisdom and a fully awakened life of the spirit.

These are themes which, twenty years later, were to illuminate Proust's great work. It's fascinating to see them already at this stage germinating, to observe here in its first period of gestation the masterpiece towards which he groped for so long.

A parallel translation into English, very competently done, allows any reader who is not quite at home in French to follow Proust's often convoluted prose while savouring the precision and the elegance of the original. Brought out as a contribution to the Centenary of Proust's birth this volume is a small treasure not to be missed. Its brevity is an additional merit.

Robert Goodman

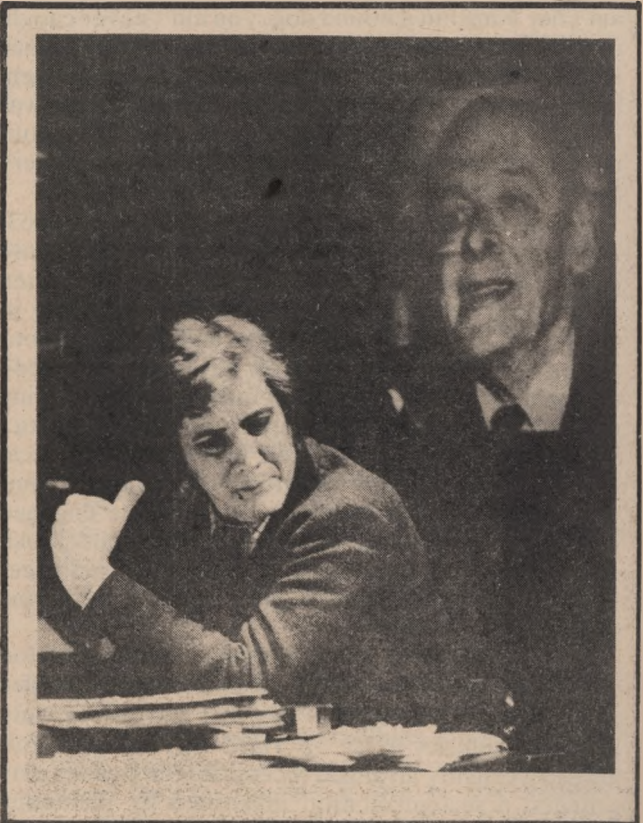
* footnote: except in footnotes

ANOTHER SEEDY ACADEMIC "Butley"

by Simon Gray, at the Mercury

Pacing the floor of his steamy tutors office, flicking matches, cigarette butts, students essays, and scraps of his life into wastepaper-baskets, Ben Butley is the latest seedy academic in English fiction and drama. Possessed of a sharp and accurate wit, Butley sets up his life's straw men and shoots them down, yet the bruises are only for him, and though he mocks the people who abandon him, he needs them more.

It's a Day-in-the-life-of play, and David Weatherley as Butley really loves his part. After the lights are up four brilliant minutes pass while Butley enters his office, lights up the first of many cigs, sits on yesterday's lunch, and loses a battle with his electric lamp. Weatherley's movements and grunts, his 'oh



Butley

shit's and diddling around introduced a character as well as I have ever seen it done. He so completely gave me Butley that I knew how a nagging student would be dealt with before she was pushed out the door.

In the course of Butley's day he loses his estranged wife to the 'greatest bore in London', loses his flatmate whom he loves more to a poof named Reg, and moreover comes dangerously close to losing the refined sense of cool that this particularly untidy man has.

Compared with Weatherley's fluidity however, other parts are played tightly, and maybe a little too close to the chest. We are always watching the loser, even when he is with the winners who drift in and out the door. This imbalance is engineered into the play however, and in this respect, the only other character to come out of Butley's shadow is Joseph, played by Grant McFarland, who meets Butley's lonely wit, and accommodates himself to the tidal flow of Butley's sad and funny rear-guard action. Yes, Joseph is played very well; he gives Butley more than his cues.

In the quiet before the fading of the lights, there is the calm we know that descends after hope has died, we feel the *gottdamerung* of this spart-ass. To those who have left him, Butley might be forgiven if he paraphrased; "If wit be the price of your cursed love, Good God I HAVE PAID IT FAIR".

This is an excellent play, enthusiastically received in the U.K. and U.S.A., and I think you should go to see it.

Jim Clad

RAVI SHANKAR

Ravi Shankar could be considered to be the charismatic force at the centre of today's world-wide fascination with the music and culture of India. Yehudi Menuhin writes: 'To the people who give their minds and hearts to Ravi Shankar's art, he has made sense and brought order out of chaos, for he has restored the fundamental and supreme value of dedicated work, of self control, of faith and the value of living.' Shankar, sitar player, composer, conductor and educator, says in his book *My Music, My Life*, that 'when listening to a music alien to one's own one must keep an open mind. Many common meeting grounds may be discovered, but the comparative outlook should not result in adverse or uncritical evaluation of the start, whether it be of the East or the West'. Perhaps by virtue of his own advice, Ravi Shankar has found many receptive listeners when performing in concert around the world. He continually explores the relations that exist between Indian music and Western cultures, and has worked with many fine Western musicians, including Yehudi Menuhin, Paul Horn, Yusef Lateef, Bud Shank and Andre Previn. For those with little prior knowledge of Shankar's work, it might be mentioned here that a few examples of his collaboration with Western musicians may be heard on his *East Meets West*, *Portrait of Genius*, and *Concerto for Sitar and Orchestra* recordings.

The effects of Shankar's influence have been widespread at many levels of our culture. Many popular

artists have been influenced by him, perhaps the most well known and successful being George Harrison, who was introduced to the sitar in the late sixties by Shankar. Like many Eastern disciplines, however, the sitar requires a considerable amount of both time and dedication, and it now appears that Harrison has realized that to learn the sitar might take the rest of his life. Despite this — perhaps, indeed, because of this — he and Shankar are still collaborating on scores and recordings, a considerable demonstration of devotion for one in such a position. In India itself Shankar has a number of devotees who have chosen a life requiring years of learning and service, the same respect that Shankar himself paid to his musical guru, the late Ustad Allavdin Khan (Since Khan's death last September, Shankar has issued an album dedicated to his memory).

Tabla player Alla Rakha, and Tamboura player Nadumullick Tanpura, who have accompanied Shankar for many years in his concerts, will also be appearing in the townhall in July.

MAJOR POETRY READING

What will probably be the major poetry reading for Auckland for this year will be held in the University Hall next Tuesday (June 19) at 8pm as part of an effort to raise funds for the literary magazine "Islands."

The most the Auckland Arts Festival committee could arrange this year under the heading "poetry" was Harry Dansey having a nostalgia trip.

By contrast, the Christchurch Arts Festival held more than a dozen poetry readings during its three week festival. So many poets were invited to read that the two main readings were divided up into what was diplomatically called "Contemporary Poets One" and "Contemporary Poets Two". The division was based on whether the poet was born before or



Barry Southam, David Mitchell and Arthur Baysting

after 1940. The latter group, which was referred to as the "younger" poets, pulled an organisational coup and got the Town Hall Main Auditorium for their reading, and drew in an audience of 1000.

The Tuesday night reading will feature three of the first group and three from the second group of poets who read at Christchurch.

They will be: C.K. Stead, A.I.H. Paterson, Vincent O'Sullivan from the first group, and David Mitchell, Arthur Baysting and Barry Southam from the second group.

Admission will be fifty cents or a donation. "Islands" was founded by Robin Dudding in Christchurch after he parted company with Caxton Press and the editorship of "Landfall." It was refused a grant by the State Literary Fund Advisory Committee when Dudding first applied, but in its sitting in May of this year it handed out the enormous sum of two hundred dollars to assist with publication. Three issues of "Islands" have appeared so far and a fourth is due anytime.

Three other magazines were granted two hundred dollars each by the lit fund in its May sitting. These were "Cave," "Edge," and "Mate." Magazine editors and writers are hoping for an increase in the size of the annual amount made available to the Lit. Fund when the Budget comes out with its news of extra money for the arts. A number of grants have been refused to "deserving cases" because of a lack of funds. The Australian equivalent fund hands out \$300,000 this year while New Zealand writers etc struggle along on the grand sum of \$15,000 for the year.

All six poets reading on Tuesday night have had

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books of their own verse published, or about to be published.

C.K. Stead's most recent book was "Crossing The Bar," published recently by Oxford. Vincent O'Sullivan, who is coming up from Hamilton to read, had his book "Bearings," published recently by Oxford.

David Mitchell, well known in Auckland, sold out his edition "Pipe Dreams in Ponsonby," and Arthur Baysting had his first book "Over the Horizon," recently.

Alistair Paterson and Barry Southam both have books coming out from Pegasus Press later this year.

IMPRESSIVE PIANOFORTE RECITAL

On Wednesday, 30th of May, in the Auckland Town Hall Concert Chamber, Michael Houstoun, originally from Timaru and at present studying at Otago University with Maurice Till, gave a very successful recital. Only 20 years old, he has already come a long way and displays a technical fluency and musical insight remarkable for one of his age.

The programme opened with Bach's English Suite No.4, presented with great clarity and a sure sense of style. Undoubtedly the most demanding work in Mr Houstoun's recital was Beethoven's Sonata, opus III, the last and most introspective of his sonatas. Technical difficulties were mastered without fuss and the performer succeeded in commanding throughout the attention of the audience which filled the concert chamber.

A short, virtuoso sonata by New Zealand composer Edwin Carr, impressed as intelligent pianoforte writing, and in performance had an immediate appeal.

Mr Houstoun's interpretation of the "Children's Corner Suite" by Debussy, was both colourful and imaginative, and this, along with a rhythmic and convincing performance of "Triana" from the Iberian Suite of Albeniz, rounded off the programme.

As an encore, Michael Houstoun responded with an Etude Tableau by Rachmaninov and this provided a well chosen conclusion to an impressive pianoforte recital.

A.L.

Michael Houstoun, a pupil of Maurice Till, is perhaps one of the most promising young pianists in New Zealand today. His career really began when he won the Auckland Star Concerto Prize in 1970 and then the Christchurch Civic Council Concerto Competition in 1971. Although barely twenty he has been a soloist several times with the N.Z.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, the Symphonia of Auckland, the Christchurch Civic Orchestra, and the Lyndsay Orchestra of Wellington. The afternoon before his solo recital on Wednesday, May 30, three members of the University Music Society interviewed him.

The image conjured up of a concert pianist by most people is perhaps that of a tallish, wiry, highly-sprung fellow with spectacles and, of course, long boney fingers. Michael is just the opposite; shortish, relaxed, athletic young man with quite small fingers and a thumb that he complains will not stretch far



Ravi Shankar

CRACCUMS ARTS PAGE CONTINUED.

enough for some music. On his present tour, so far he has found pianos "fairly good". Good grand pianos are so expensive he explained, that most local bodies cannot afford them.

His ambition is to be a concert pianist and the next step towards that objective is the Van Cliburn Prize in the United States. This is one of the most highly regarded awards in America for young pianists and often proves to be the launching place of many concert pianists. At the moment Michael is waiting for a reply to his application for entry into the competition. The number of entrants dropped from 48 to 17 in the last two competitions showing an increased standard in the screening of applicants. He regards his chances of winning pretty slim but he just wants to find out where he stands in relation to other young pianists. It is only because he loves music and playing the piano that he wants to be a concert pianist, not because of any glory that might be involved.

He prefers playing before live audiences to radio or television studio work and playing before school audiences has been a major part of his present New Zealand tour. To learn from a teacher overseas is a gamble because any personality clash could be quite a hindrance to a pianist at the beginning of a professional career. Michael said that Mr Till not only made him technically proficient but moulded him as a complete musician.

As the interview progressed it became more and more apparent that Michael is a very mature musician for his age which was confirmed that evening at his recital and endorsed by the local music critics the following day.

With an amazing technique, a mature outlook, a personal ambition, and an understanding teacher. Michael seems to have the best qualifications to enter into and succeed in a tough but rewarding career.

— Courtesy of Music Society



Dear Craccum All -

For viewing at the Arts Center, 24 Grafton Rd, from 8 am to 10 pm, Monday June 18 to Friday June 22 — elastic sculpture, taut and suspended by guy lines — a kind of giant Murphy* vision that unfolds from a suitcase the installation will be made thru Monday.

Yrs, Terry Reid

* 'Murphy' as in 'Murphy bed' that unfolds from a wall.
photos: Geoff Stevens

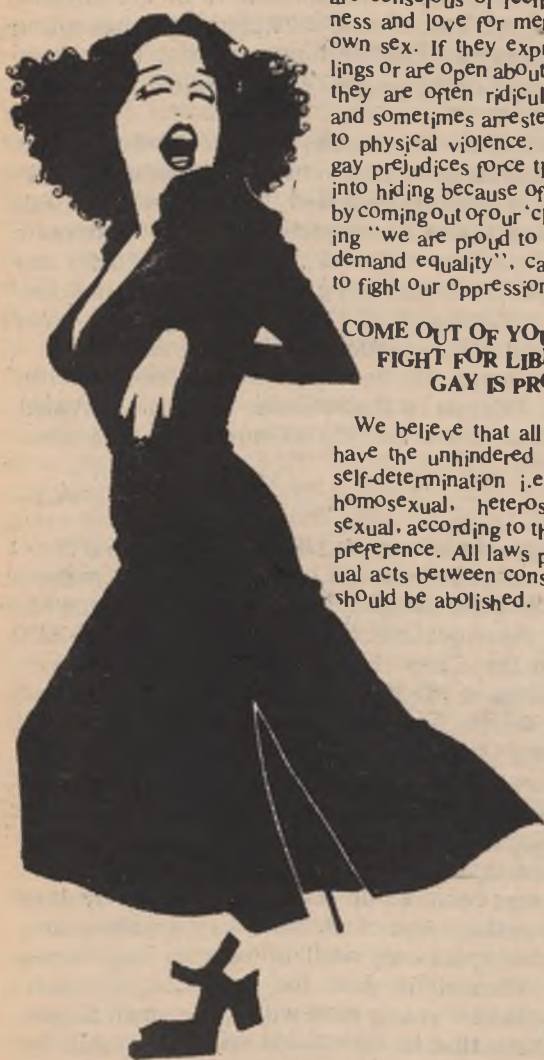
GAY LIBERATION

GAY LIBERATION

(UNIVERSITY) MANIFESTO

DEFINITION OF GAY

A person with the ability to love a member of their own sex.

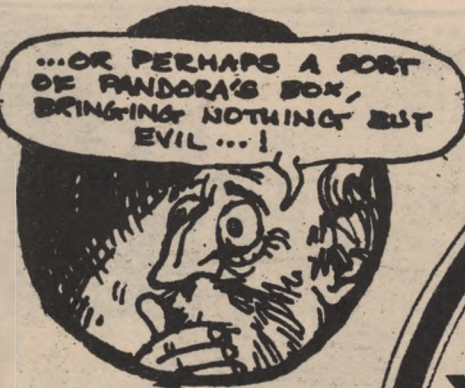


For the first time in history, gays are organising to end their oppression. We have been stigmatised, abused, and discriminated against because our sexual preferences run counter to the rigid heterosexual stereotype. But now we are standing up and saying that our life styles are as valid as anyone's. We are not going to be treated as sick, disturbed or perverted. Scientific evidence supports our claim — research has shown homosexuality is both natural and common.

There are thousands of women and men throughout New Zealand who are conscious of feelings of tenderness and love for members of their own sex. If they express these feelings or are open about their gayness, they are often ridiculed, ostracized and sometimes arrested or subjected to physical violence. Society's anti-gay prejudices force thousands of us into hiding because of this. But only by coming out of our 'closets' and saying "we are proud to be gay and we demand equality", can we organise to fight our oppression.

COME OUT OF YOUR CLOSETS FIGHT FOR LIBERATION GAY IS PROUD

We believe that all people should have the unhindered right to sexual self-determination i.e. to be either homosexual, heterosexual or bisexual, according to their own sexual preference. All laws prohibiting sexual acts between consenting persons should be abolished.



DEMANDS

1. Repeal all anti-gay laws so that all laws pertaining to homosexuality are the same as those pertaining to heterosexuality.
2. Ban all discrimination against gays i.e. we demand that it be illegal that gays suffer, because of their sexual preference, discrimination in employment, accommodation and all other social areas.

ACTION

We shall oppose all oppression of gay people and fight for GAY RIGHTS and GAY PRIDE by organising into a united and active front as many gays as possible by:

1. Educationals — forums, teach-ins, consciousness raising groups, leafletting, news media coverage.
2. Pickets and marches for gay rights.
3. Defence campaigns against individual cases of discrimination against gays.
4. Fighting in solidarity with other similarly oppressed groups.
5. Referral of those gays who want medical, legal and counselling services to our professional contacts.
6. Fund raising in the form of social functions (additory).

We do not intend to ask for anything.

WE INTEND TO STAND FIRM AS
GAYS AND
DEMAND OUR BASIC RIGHTS
GAY IS ANGRY
GAY IS PROUD

GAY
(UNIVERSITY)

C/- Student Union Building,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag,
AUCKLAND.

2.5.73

DAVID WATSON
MERV & MERLA WATSON

TONIGHT

THURSDAY 14th JUNE 8pm CAFE

'Why Bother?'



THIS WEEKEND

NGARUAWAHIA HOUSEPARTY

DAVID WATSON and MERV and MERLA WATSON
Friday 15h to Sunday 17th June

Weekend at Ngaruawahia open to students of Waikato and Auckland 'tertiary education institutions'. Draw closer to God in fellowship. Bring sleeping and eating gear and a candle. Buses for Auckland students leave University Clock Tower, Princess St. 6 pm Friday. House party cost 5 dollars. Bus 2 dollars.

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FROM THE OFFICE OF THE
WELFARE VICE-PRESIDENT
ROOM 118, First Floor, S.U.B.

1. Welfare V-P Office is open daily from 1.30 pm to 3.00 pm if you have anything to ask or say about your own or anyone else's welfare.

2. Welfare Action Group. During the next couple of weeks the Welfare Action Group is being formed. Every student-run welfare organisation or affiliated society is invited to participate. I will be inviting other individuals to join as needed. The major idea of W.A.G. is to promote liaison and co-operation between all the do-gooders on campus, mainly so they are not tripping over each other's feet; or leaving gaps where action is needed.

3. W.A.G. Service Bulletin. It is proposed to issue a W.A.G. service bulletin about once a fortnight — to include appeals, notices of welfare services available, and answers to various questions and problems handled by the welfare groups which may be of general value to students.

4. The Creche. Those many people who asked questions about improvements to the creche will be glad to hear that the materials for the extensions to the roof over the play area have been donated to the creche by Rotoract; and the University has offered the services of its maintenance staff to handle the construction work.

Michael Tyne-Corbould
Welfare Vice-President

MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR,

Sir,

Has your correspondent, Tom Appleton, actually read McLuhan or Schaeffer, or is he indulging in the Quixotic pastime of over-simplifying other beliefs, setting them up as straw knights, knocking them down and then replacing them by "the real problem and its solution" (his own).

Many people believe Man to have evolved by time and chance from large molecules perhaps five thousand million years ago. Most still express optimism in the "innate goodness" of Man.

Yet if Man is just a chance combination of molecules he is no different qualitatively from a machine and we can no more ascribe moral qualities to him than to our car or T.V. set.

Frances Schaeffer analyses contemporary thought and relates Man in his material, moral and spiritual dimensions to the viewpoint of the Bible. He analyses its propositions about Man, God and Nature, in history and eternity, and emphasises its reasonableness in relation to science, the exact opposite to what Appleton implies when he refers to McLuhan and "Escape from Reason".

Your correspondent could do well to pay as close attention to the content and meaning of words as does Dr Schaeffer.

Yours faithfully
D. Layzell (Mr)

Dear Sirs,

In reply to the article of Messrs Hoskins and Sheehan concerning as far as can be ascertained the nature of the courses offered in the Philosophy Department. Their dialogue was in parts amusing, the introductory exposition somewhat inspissated and the presentation of what they consider the deficiencies of the Department both inaccurate and biased.

In particular considering their four numbered paragraphs:

1. The only restrictions on availability of papers appears to arise from lack of staff in that options attracting less than three students are likely to be withdrawn for that year. Furthermore in most of the M.A. papers of which we are aware the students were specifically asked to indicate the areas they wished to study and the desired approach. Surprisingly little advantage was taken of this, but such requests as were made have been honoured.

2. Is there such a dichotomy between constructive and destructive criticism? Surely 'that criticism which supports the topic, and seeks only to clarify and develop the premises' without defending it by seeking to expose the deficiencies of opposing views deserves to be neglected?

3. Of course we don't need a system of compulsory papers, and if these gentlemen care to cast their minds back five years they will realise that such a system existed then and that it has been successively demolished since the present Head of Department took office. As for the one remaining semi-compulsory paper there would seem to be some justification for requiring advanced students to have some knowledge of the principles of logical argument, but it should be noted that this compulsion is (like most University regulations) subject to the discretion of the Head of Department who has waived it in several cases among our limited acquaintance.

4. Not taking this paper we are unable to comment on it. There is, however, an unfortunately prevalent view implicit both in this paragraph and the earlier comment concerning what marks are awarded for. This is that there is no opportunity to, and nothing to be gained from, voluntarily reading something (like, for example, the entire history of Ethical Philosophy) if there is no University credit to be gained from it.

We do not consider the range of courses available in the Department to be perfect — Oriental Philosophy for example gets even less attention than the 'European post-Kantian tradition' — but a glance at the Calendar will show that the units are among the least restrictive in the University. Furthermore the Department is among the most responsive to student requests — witness the constant state of flux of the examination requirements over the last few years. We would be most interested to learn whether the authors of the article have raised their complaints with the staff-student committee, or indeed with the Head of Department, each of whom in our experience would be sympathetic and only too willing to try any positive suggestions.

Bob Lack B.A. Student

P.S. I admit a bias toward the analytical traditions. B.L.

P.S. I admit an inability to comprehend logic. This has not stopped me from gaining a B.A. in Philosophy. B.L.

1973/1974 EXECUTIVE OFFICE HOLDERS

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WELFARE VICE PRESIDENT
TREASURER

Nominations are called for the positions of President, Administrative Vice President, Welfare Vice President and Treasurer. Nomination forms are obtainable from the AUSA office.

All candidates should be nominated by three members of AUSA. Nomination forms, which should be accompanied by a policy statement and a recent photograph, should be in sealed envelopes, addressed to the Association Secretary.

Nominations close at 5 p.m. on Friday 15 June 1973.

Elections will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, 19 and 18 July 1973.

Margery Macky (Miss)
ASSOCIATION SECRETARY

THE SCENE... OUTSIDE THE UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP
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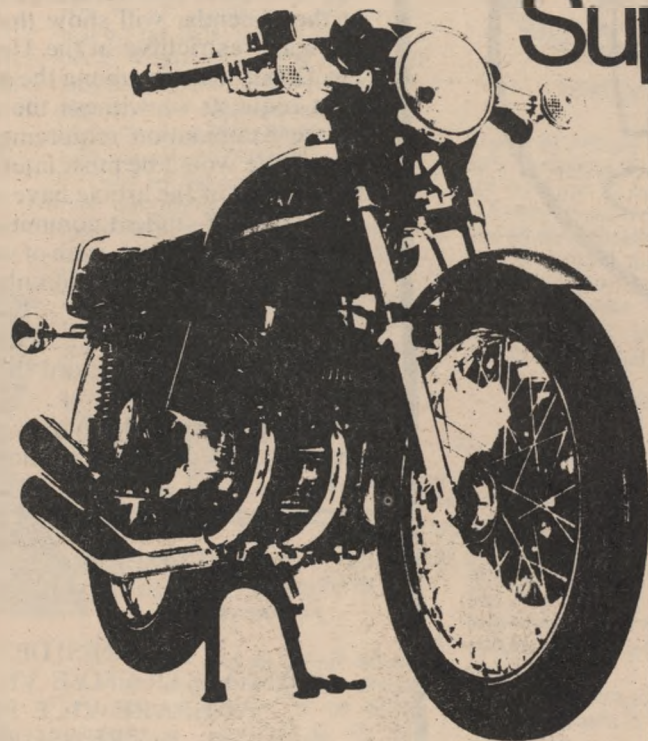
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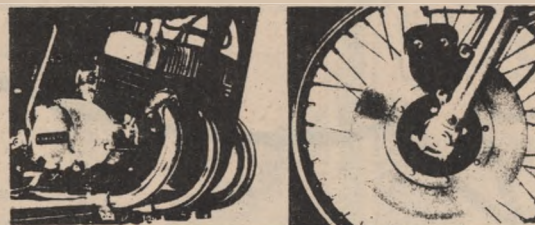
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SOUTH AFRICAN SQUASH IS AN ALL WHITE RACKET

The article printed below is from the British magazine 'The Squash Player.' (January 1973). In it, a leading British Squash player, Kim Bruce-Lockhart urges his fellow squash players to refuse to play against racist South Africa.

New Zealand squash players will be travelling to South Africa in August to compete in an international tournament. Taking part will be a racist South African team. Where is New Zealand's Kim Bruce-Lockhart? Or has New Zealand squash, and all its players, buried their heads in the sand?

"That man Peter Hain ought to be shot." The speaker, five minutes earlier, had been assuring me of her liberal, anti-government, anti-apartheid credentials.

That was in Johannesburg. But it is not just white South Africans who have this startling capacity for being oblivious to logic. English squash players too, to name but one small group, have similar propensities.

"Keep politics out of sport," they say, quoting from the book of favourite nursery rhymes. Politics they believe to be of course the esoteric research field of a few enthusiasts, something of uncertain relevance like train-spotting or marine biology.

"Keep marine biology out of sport." Well, that's a thought. But what of politics though? Are they not about living conditions, human rights, life itself?

"Keep LIFE out of sport." That is what they are saying, what we are saying when we prefer not to face up to the issues involved in international sport with South Africa.

What does it mean in effect if you invite teams representing South Africa to play in Britain? It means, possibly, that you consider it important to uphold the right of a few individuals to play a sport with whomsoever they wish. It also, and more probably, means that you care not a fig for the right of 14 million non-white people in South Africa to play a sport with whomsoever they wish.

The theory that you are playing to uphold some basic freedom is largely invalidated by the fact that, were there no threat of demonstration etc. and thus no freedom to be fought for, you would be playing just the same.

In the last two or three years, playing South Africa

has become more than ever a matter of moral choice. So much has happened to make the terms of that choice clear that only blind deaf-mutes can plead ignorance. The gesture of British squash in holding out its hand to South Africa is unmistakably conscious. It is unfortunately more than just friendly; it is political.

Whereas athletics, cricket, football, swimming, boxing, table-tennis — most sports, in fact — have united in condemning Apartheid, squash has refused. The British squash world actually condones Apartheid.

The players and administrators in South Africa do the same. It is unfortunate, for they are the nicest, most friendly people to meet, all honourable men. But they come to this country as a national team, and therefore as representatives of the government that invented Apartheid.

The said truth is that the white South African ruling class and the British squash world have a lot in common.

Common to both is preoccupation with sport and acceptance of the values it demands and fosters. These are values which particularly in the case of an individual sport, tend to evolve from competitive, aggressive, primitive attitudes. Anti-egalitarian, elitist attitudes.

The bond formed by these attitudes is the real reason why British squash is ignoring the boycott on South African international sport which nearly every other country has implemented.

I find this indefensible and shameful particularly in view of the supremely multi-racial traditions of squash.

What defence is offered?

Mostly the defence consists of red-herrings. Such as why does the anti-apartheid lobby not demonstrate against teams from the Soviet Union? As if Russian teams were selected along racist lines, and as if the majority of Russians were being oppressed by a government they did not want.

It is also maintained that non-whites in South Africa do not play squash and are not interested in doing so. "The people have no bread, you say? But come, they do not eat bread, they do not like it." Marie-Antoinette was ahead of her time.

No restrictions, the SASRA emphasises, have ever

been placed on opportunities for non-whites to play squash. In accents of painted surprise they protest, "It's just that no non-whites have enquired about the game or come to watch." Hardly surprising you might think when it is nearly all played in exclusive whites-only country clubs.

In fact, in social cachet the game in SA is much closer to the game in America than is generally realised over here. One might just as well claim to be exasperated that so few roadsweepers turn up to watch Bath Cup matches at the RAC or that so few bus conductors have asked to try their hand at polo. The truth is that the barriers between non-whites and squash in SA, if not explicit, are so huge that only a madman would attempt to scale them.

What can boycotting South African sport hope to achieve? The case for it is clear but some maintain that its effect is counter-productive. In governmental and secret police circles this may be so. As liberal attitudes gain ground the resolve of those in power stiffens. Students and lecturers and clergymen are persecuted, it is claimed that Peter Hain is financed by Peking, "Jesus Christ Superstar" is denounced as a communist plot, and so on.

But liberal attitudes are gaining ground, and if the comparatively recent and novel spectacle of national sporting heroes like Ali Bacher and Peter Pollock committing themselves to public criticism of Apartheid has been in any way influential in this development then so too has the blockade on South African sport.

Jonah Barrington has seen South Africa. He must know Apartheid and he must be disgusted by it. Why then does he not say No to it?

Meantime our game continues to bury its head in the sand. Where are the next world championships to be held? In South Africa of course. And will India, Pakistan and UAR play? Well, no, actually, but we are covered on that score as we have had an assurance from Mr Vorster that all races will be allowed to compete. You mean it's their fault if they don't play? That's it. So it'll be an all-white championship? That's right.

Squash can be proud of its Hashims, its Azams, its Talibs. Can they be proud of squash?

from HART

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We have been informed by our correspondent in Paris, Ms Carolyn Kelley, that Frenchmen have taken literally the suggestion of former Minister of Environment MacIntyre to test the next nuclear device in France, if, as the French insist, it's so harmless. In fact they are petitioning the Minister of the Armed Forces to test the bomb "au sommet de la Tour Eiffel."

The petition considers that the French taxpayer is paying a lot for the bomb, the bomb is being exploded for the greater grandeur and glory of France, and the statesmen, military leaders, and scientific brains of

France have assured the world that the bomb is harmless — why, then, should other peoples enjoy it? The petition demands that the French people get their money's worth and receive the honour of having the explosion on French soil, on a site of the greatest glory and prestige — of course, the summit of the Eiffel Tower.

Send your petition now and we can have a great fête on Bastille Day.

William C. Hodge

GRANDE PETITION CHARLIE-HEBDO POUR FAIRE EXPLOSER LA BOMBE ATOMIQUE FRANÇAISE AU SOMMET DE LA TOUR EIFFEL

Considérant que, ainsi que l'affirment formellement nos dirigeants, nos chefs militaires et nos sommités scientifiques, les explosions de bombes atomiques françaises ne peuvent causer aucun mal aux populations avoisinantes, nous, peuple français, déclarons que nous en avons assez de payer très cher pour des bombes que d'autres ont le plaisir de voir exploser chez eux.

En conséquence, nous exigeons que l'honneur d'accueillir les explosions atomiques françaises soit réservé au sol français, en son site le plus chargé de gloire et de prestige. Que tous ceux qui sont d'accord pour que la prochaine bombe atomique française explose au sommet de la Tour Eiffel signent cette pétition et la fassent parvenir à Monsieur le Ministre des Forces Armées, 14, rue Saint-Dominique, Paris 7ème.

SIGNATURES: