

# WHAT ME STARVING? A LETTER FROM TAHITI by Alister Barry



Mamao Hospital  
Papeete

Hello New Zealand,

I thought I would tell you about a discovery I made relating to hunger strikes. We all, or most of us anyway, decided to begin this hunger strike when we were taken off the boat. So while we were being towed in I got stuck into all the food around and just kept eating till I got carried out by a couple of gendarmes.

All the time I was trying to look seedy and wan. I had a broken blister which the doctor at Mururoa wrapped up in a big bandage, and I kept that on. I stayed dirty and didn't shave. I thought that, given our situation there (illegal arrest and detention etc.), and their concern about making things look good, I should refuse medical attention so that they would have to allow a wide safety margin not knowing exactly what my condition was. Well, that was true to an even greater extent than I had expected. The doctor at Hao had probably never had anything much to deal with except radiation sickness, certainly never starvation, and he had dumped on him the responsibility

for a whole international diplomatic level health problem. So what did he do with all these government guys breathing snails on him? He passed the buck. But too do this he has to find medical reasons, so he says his hospital isn't equipped and calls in another doc from Papeete. I have helped a bit by carefully explaining that we were on rations on the boat, and not too good a diet anyway, so this is fine for him. It's in his best interests to exaggerate so I can be shifted out of his hands, so that's what happens. Ordinary exaggeration goes on up the bureaucratic tree and soon instead of being bloody hungry I'm seriously ill which is exactly what they didn't want because of the resulting fuss which actually happened. Get it?

I'm off back to Mururoa tomorrow morning. Incidentally, the whales we were swimming with in the zone were apparently Blue Balleens of which there are under 1000 left in the world. Imagine how much fallout they take in eating plankton.

Love Al Barry  
(crewman, Her Majesties New Zealand Protest Boat  
Fri)

# CRACCUM

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

The conscience of our society seems to be curiously selective in many respects. The recent controversy over the case of Sergeant Gilfedder is a typical example.

Sergeant Gilfedder without doubt has the support of a majority of the Right Thinking Citizens of this country. And yet nobody denies the facts in the case on which he was justly found guilty of assault. That he has been found guilty is seen as irrelevant by those defenders of Law and Order who have decried his dismissal; what matters is that the police are felt to be under attack, though by whom is never stated.

That the judicial arm of our legal system has decided to find this policeman guilty of assault — a real assault, not merely a 'technical' one — and that the Commissioner of Police has recommended Gilfedders' dismissal is apparently of little importance. The consensus attitude is that derived from pulp entertainment; the perspective is that of Ironside, Dirty Harry and The New Centurions, that sees the policeman as standing above the law, uniquely capable of deciding who is deserving of punishment and who is not, and deserving of unqualified support even when he breaks the laws he has promised to uphold.

Who knows? It may be more efficient to give immediate punitive powers to certain members of our society, but if we are so to compromise justice for expediency then we are not far from tyranny. Every person who wears a badge of authority demands extra scrutiny simply because of the unusual powers given to him, powers granted on the understanding that he will act tolerantly and not interfere with his fellow citizens rights, such as they are. Because of their unusually privileged position, a position which is in a strict sense, unegalitarian and undemocratic, policemen in particular must be more virtuous and self-controlled than the rest of us. The above may be painfully obvious to most Craccum readers, but it has apparently been forgotten by a large segment of society.

Unfortunately, the Gilfedder incident is not the only example of legitimized improper behaviour to be countenanced by many of our citizens. Last week, for example, a youth was sentenced to three and a half years jail for selling an undercover agent vegetable dye as L.S.D., which he had done in order to expose the officer for what he was. The continued use of undercover agents whose role is to encourage the commission of criminal acts is countenanced by the courts, the police, and the public at present, and there seems little sign of likely change. Our courts seem to regard their role as being the punishment of crime, rather than the discovery and remedy of its' causes.

I remember an occasion on which I stood outside the Hotel Kiwi one night as a plain clothes policeman struggled to put someone he was arresting into a squad car. A small crowd watched which included a uniformed Sergeant, who I would judge to have been of similar age and therefore probably of similar experience to Sergeant Gilfedder, and a very drunk man who was expressing his opinion of the incident and of the police in general in very loud and very frank words. I suggested to him that in view of the nature of our present company it might be more prudent to keep his opinions to himself, whereupon the Sergeant spoke "Don't worry mate," he said, "I'm pretty broad-minded". I felt that this was the most encouraging thing I had heard from a policeman in New Zealand, but I fear that, if popular sentiment has its way, broad-mindedness may soon be considered an undesirable trait for policemen to possess.

Thanks to the drug laws, many of us have already experienced the knock on the door at midnight; how many other appurtenances of totalitarianism can New Zealand liberal democracy tolerate?

We very much regret the incorrect numbering of last week's issue. As you will of course have realized, last week was Craccum 18, not 17. In order to set things right, here is a free bonus 18 to paste over the erroneous 17 on last weeks cover.



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Sir,

I read in my Student Handbook that 'Contact' is a place where students can obtain information and advice. Likewise, it is stated that 'Contact' is confidential. How can this be when there is, on the average, about a dozen people crammed into that little office. I for one, would not use 'Contact' for the purposes for which it is set up under these conditions. I am a first year student who is rather shy and I find it difficult as it is trying to talk to strangers much less interrupt the Contact Club for my little problems.

Continuous Perplexus

Dear Sir:

The July 30th Editorial in titwitti was unbelievably naive in its fallacious logic and lack of ecological common sense. It is of absolute necessity that everyone should develop a genuine respect for the laws of conservation.

No more than 100 people are unemployed on the West Coast. A mill specially built for the beech forest 'utilization' would need 1,500 men. That means more cheap houses and huts, more pubs more beer and more women to keep them fighting or give them something to fight about. Think of the social problems. The mill would consume vast amounts of electricity. It's a wonder folks on the Coast hadn't thought of that. Industry comes before 'man' as our present government so often stated. Therefore they could expect lots of power cuts.

Remember Manapouri? We sold electricity at a cheap flat rate to those nice Japanese. We got in return power cuts and a ruined lake. Those polite businessmen will want a cheap flat rate for their new mill. And no big industry will stop at zero growth. They will simply want to take out more forest. Without that wonderful ecosystem created by the beech forest of the South Island we would get less rainfall

which would mean less electricity and more power cuts.

The government if it had 'man's' interest at heart would now be undertaking a huge tree planting programme all over New Zealand. There are thousands of acres in wasteland that could be utilised as forest to create more rain. But they don't think ahead, they can only see figures of dollars. Man might be the most intelligent and money-greedy animal, but he is only a small part of our world ecosystem. Richard St. Barb Baker said if the World's total land mass hasn't 1/3 of its area in trees the world will be sick. We're sick. If it only had 1/6 of its area in trees the world would die.

If man continues to thoughtlessly waste all the world's resources he won't be around for many more years — there'll only be a few old trees left.

Nicholas Henry Phil

Dear Mr Powell,

As a constituent of yours now undertaking research in New Zealand I heard with sorrow of Her Majesty's Government's stand (as exemplified by Mr Heath) on the French bomb tests.

It also appears that Her Majesty's Government in inviting Dr Caetano to visit the U.K. <sup>to not prepared</sup> to object to the alleged recent massacres of Africans by the Portuguese in Mozambique.

In both cases, it seems that Her Majesty's Government has descended to the level of putting monetary gain before people! Britons overseas are ambassadors of Britain; as such I have no confidence in Her Majesty's present Government.

Yours sincerely  
R.H. Findlay.

Note: This letter is in the same tone as the one I wrote, but the exact wording is an approximation.

Dear Mr Findlay,

Thank you for your letter of 13th, posted 17th July. I hope your research in New Zealand is going well.

Britain has in fact recorded her objection to the French tests, through the whole incident casts as ironic light upon "speaking with one voice" in the E.E.C.

It begins to look more and more as if the information from Mozambique was ill-founded.

Yours sincerely

*Enoch Powell*

M.B., M.P.

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For those of you who didn't notice, or didn't fully appreciate the extract from Publications Committee minutes published last week, applicants to fill the positions of editor(s) and technical editor for Craccum, for Capping Book, and for Orientation book are invited to make their presence felt as soon as they please. Application forms are available from the Studass office; the positions are open to virtually anybody providing that they are able to measure up to whatever criteria Publications Committee will be using to judge them by this year. A meeting of Publications Committee to select the lucky winners will be held near the beginning of next term. Anybody who applies for one of the above jobs who doesn't turn up at the above mentioned meeting would considerably lessen his chances of being selected.

Dear Sir,

Since it was you who asked me for the article on Cambodia I feel victimized that such distortions, misrepresentations, mis-spellings, misprints, and illiterate syntax should appear over my name.

Walter Pollard

- SORRY. (Ed.)

Dear Sir,

The article on the 'Mystery of the Portuguese Trade Delegation' in last week's Craccum is now a little out of date.

Since this time we have been told the actual dates of the visit, and details of the itinerary, by an official in the Department of Industries and Commerce. The delegation of 40 Portuguese businessmen and their wives is scheduled to arrive in Wellington from Sydney on Monday 24 September. They will stay at the James Cook Hotel until Wednesday 26, when they will fly up to Auckland. From Wednesday to Saturday they will be staying at the Intercontinental Hotel.

Protests against the visit have also increased since the time your article was written. Canterbury University Students Association, for example, has called for the cancellation of the visit, in view of the recent revelations concerned Portuguese activity in Mozambique.

The visit of this delegation is an excellent occasion for us to show our opposition to Portuguese policy in Africa and our support for FRELIMO and its sister liberation movements.

Anyone interested in organising actions surrounding this visit should contact the AUSA International Affairs Office.

Joris de Bres

formerly NZUSA International Research Officer.



Dear Editor,

In 'The Butcher' (film festival Thursday night), the heroine went into a breadshop and bought a loaf of bread. The assistant grabbed it, handed it to the heroine, and she then walked home with it unwrapped. Why don't we do that? It would certainly save paper.

Susan Heap

An article is planned by Thomas Appleton on abortion in New Zealand. Individuals who have gone through this particular experience are asked to contact (in complete confidence) the editor of Craccum or Tom Appleton at 52 Milton Road Mount Eden, tel. 686-694. This would be either a series of taped protocols or a compilation of case histories. (e.g. Zelma's story under the name of Marilyn in A. in B. hospital under the care of doctor C.) It is felt that such an article is much needed in view of the recent massive anti-abortion campaigns.

T.A.

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# ROADS TO NOWHERE

PART I  
AMAZONIA  
by Bob Findlay

A road is being built through the heart of Brazil: The Trans-Amazon Highway. It will be approximately 5,300 kms long, with numerous tributaries. It will have an unsealed surface: in a region with an average rainfall of 10 feet per year, doubling from November to February.

The soil of the Amazon Basin is up to 70 million years old; the mean temperature is 80°F, the mean humidity 80%. This combination has led to a situation where only a thin topsoil supports a luxuriant vegetation above, whilst below exists a leached unfertile impervious laterite clay.

20% of the rain comes in cloud bursts having the capacity to release one inch of rain in 5 minutes. Loss of thin soil is prevented only by the presence of a thick lofty vegetation that breaks the force of the rain.

It is in this delicate ecosystem that the Ecosystem of our technology is trespassing. In a bid to open the Amazon Basin to the agricultural and industrial practices of the temperate regions, the Brazilian government is driving the Trans Amazon Highway. The aim is to increase the productivity of the area to support a growing Brazilian population at a European and American consumption-rate, and to produce raw material for export to consumer countries.

In the rain-forest however, live a minimum of 100,000 people, the remnants of many cultures once spreading from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Their cultures have developed to exploit the land to the full whilst maintaining a perfect ecological and economic balance with that land.

"They" are the Amazonian Amerindians, and they will soon be extinct.

The first dated arrival of man in the Amazon Basin is at 14,000 B.C. Europeans arrived in 1500 A.D., to find a land that "for health, good air, pleasure, and riches I am resolved cannot be equalled in any region either in East or West. Moreover, the country is so healthful as of an hundred persons and more we lost not anyone, nor had one ill disposed to my knowledge..." (Sir Walter Raleigh).

Europe-derived smallpox swept the lower Amazon Basin in 1621, and the upper reaches in 1631.

European importation of African slaves led to the introduction of yellow fever and malaria.

By 1913, "generally speaking, the inhabitants living upon the river banks show evidence of either acute or chronic diseases, or the effects of having suffered from such a disease. Portions of Amazonia today constitute some of the most unhealthy and most dangerous regions to reside in, from the standpoint of health, that exist in the tropics." (Stong & Shattuck; in Ashburn 1947, p 115).

The European arrival initiated a period of drastic change and a shattering of Amerindian culture.

They made the assumption based on disequilibrium economics and growth, that the Amazon Basin could be made to produce more. As the scattered Amerindian population could not provide a concentrated labour force for intensive single-crop cultivation and production of export goods, primitive customs were eliminated by guile and force, and the culture that had attained maximum economic stability with the area was destroyed.

Cultural integration of European and Indian has been unsuccessful. The collection of rubber, timber, hides nuts and other valuable forest products bring a low return for work-time expended. Little time is left for subsistence farming and fishing. As it is the Amerindian who collects forest products for the Europeans it is the Amerindian who has seen his morale and resistance to disease reduced by malnutrition.

The Europeanized Amerindians have been condemned to a desolate and hopeless existence, with neither time, nor energy, nor will to maintain their own culture, nor the ability and will to assimilate and modify European culture to their needs.

In the Amazon Basin Rain Forest there will exist about 100,000 Amerindians. They are the remnants of those driven inland by the slave raids of the Europeans, by Euro-African disease, and by a technology that is of little use to them.

The Trans Amazon Basin Highway is the spear

of our technology driving through the heartlands of these Indians.

By the end of the 1800's, Indian 'protection' agencies were set up to maintain the rights of the Amerindians.

By the 1960's it had been exposed that the official Brazilian 'Service for the Protection of the Indian' (S.P.I.) had been callously and systematically initiating murder, intimidation, and fraud. The discredited S.P.I. has now been replaced by the Fundo Nacional do Indio (FUNAI), an organization now involved in pacifying Amerindians along the advancing Trans Amazon Basin Highway and its tributary roads.

Tribes straddling these roads have resisted these pacification attempts; perhaps they sense that pacification often leads to cultural castration.

The Road is Progressing.

The Amazon Basin is still an ecosystem of fantastic complexity, 'infinite' diversity, and a place where the original inhabitants have shown a cultural integration that our culture has never done. Yet Amazonia is a castle with clay feet; the laterite foundation contributes nothing to the structure. The strength of Amazonia lies in the delicate people/vegetation/soil/balance that still exists; this balance depends on an understanding of the soil that our culture has long since side-stepped.

The Trans Amazon Basin Highway will open the Amazon Basin to European exploitation. It is opposed by expert advice from Brazilian Government agencies, and yet it is proceeding.

The Trans Amazon Basin Highway is a Political Road to Nowhere.



Manchete—Pictorial Parade  
Amazon highway: Sacrifices en route

Other Roads to Nowhere are being built by our culture; from the Auckland Motorway; Roads leading to a bloody oppression in S. Africa are being built in the form of the Raber Bassa and Cunene Dams.

Opposition is numerous but divided (From World Council of Churches to HART).

In New Zealand, to coordinate opposition to these Roads to Nowhere, an organization, Indigenous Peoples' Mouth Piece, (I.M.P.) is being set up in Auckland.

It had the following aims.

To provide a Mouth Piece for those without a heeded voice, to obtain, write and spread information for and from all other organizations concerned with the cultural and physical oppression of ethnic minorities, to raise funds to help fight such oppression and to remain a non-political organization, and thus remain objective and undivided.

Our present focus is South America but this must be broadened to other places where indigenous peoples are threatened; such as

New Zealand  
Australia  
Papua  
S. Africa and  
Indo-China.

# A NEW JERUSALEM?

## TWO NEW ZEALAND NATIONALISMS

New Zealand is the Israel of the South Pacific. For over 130 years it has been the Promised Land for every Englishman wanting to escape unemployment, and capitalist industrialisation in his own country — a Little England without slums, heavy industry, a privileged aristocracy and a highly organised class society. Even employers like Edward Gibbon Wakefield who found making profits too difficult in England, hoped that in a new colonial Zion there would be no labour problem. Fleeing from the factories of the Black Country and the accents of the private schools, as the Jews fled from far worse oppression, generations of Englishmen migrated to a colonial Paradise to find, like the Jews in Israel, a native problem which obstinately refused to be settled.

The early history of New Zealand, like that of Israel, is a record of culture conflicts and disputes over land ownership, conflicts settled (as in Israel) by the British armed forces.

But, where in Israel the British Army intervened occasionally on the side of the Arabs, New Zealand's Arabs, the Maoris, never gained the benefit of any except the most theoretical military protection. The 'humanitarian' Treaty of Waitangi never once led the British armed forces to fight side by side with the Maori against the Pakeha landgrabbers. The friends of the Maoris in the British Colonial Administration, like the first New Zealand Attorney-General, were threatened with charges of High Treason unless they shut up.

The precondition of the Pakeha capitalism in New Zealand was the expropriation of the Polynesian people; and this was carried out with British troops, British money and British guns. Refugees from Britain were dependent on the guns of the country they were escaping to wipe out any opposition to building their New Zion free from dirt, hunger and poverty of the British industrial revolution. Those few Maori Arabs not killed off in building the egalitarian alternative, were killed off by European diseases in the eighteenth century amidst universal Pakeha complacency.

The resultant tensions introduced into the New Zealand ethos a Fascist element (diagnosed twenty-years ago by the late Professor Willis Airey).

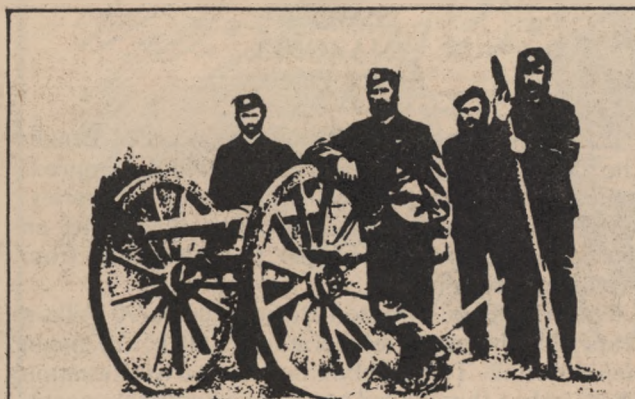
The social democratic 'left' in New Zealand has always been the party of 'nationalism' and that of the right the 'foreigners party'. But this nationalism has always been qualified by its migrant nature. William Pember Reeves for example excluded the Chinese and the Kanakas from his first blueprint of the social laboratory of the world — like Theodore Herzl (founder of Zionism) on the Arabs, the Maoris were scarcely mentioned. Disease would solve that problem!

Those who had not arrived in British ships could not share in Reeves watering down of class divisions. The new welfare state could not tolerate a coloured minority: racism, from the beginning, in both Israel and New Zealand, went hand in hand with 'social experiment'. (People like Professor Sinclair, regard this from different historical perspectives).

This resultant ambiguity found other expression: the country most concerned with eliminating British class distinction domestically was in imperial, ultra-loyal to the 'Empire'. The 'left' party in mainstream politics has on the one hand talked of independence and on the other called (like Seddon) for 'Imperial Federation' or (like Fraser) delayed until the last possible moment the ratification of the Statute of Westminster, the formal granting (by Britain to her grateful colonies) of independence.

New Zealand therefore, has found enormous difficulty in developing a national consciousness.

The New Zealanders who died in their thousands in two World Wars (New Zealand was second only to Russia in its mortality rate both times) were persuaded into their coffins by the



**go home  
pakeha  
imperialists**

argument that New Zealand's social legislation was in concrete economic and social terms worth dying for. But they did not die for New Zealand, but for the country whose destiny New Zealand was trying to escape: Britain. When, in the Second World War, Australia withdrew its troops from the European theatre to meet the Japanese attack, New Zealand 'loyally' refused to follow suit. (That is why now, it is said we owe our security to the Americans and the Battle of the Coral Sea). The welfare state was the carrot before the donkey driven to the European battlefields. Once the war was over, the welfare mysteriously eroded. (When the social security benefit goes up, prepare to evade the draft, as the old Russian proverb says).

For all this, it was a change for soldiers to be offered something concrete in return for fighting — from a worker's point of view, the more solidly material the appeal to patriotism the better. It was the mystical conception of a 'National interest' which could equate the war aims of Winston Churchill and the welfare state which was confusing. The Labour Party could only go part of the way in giving the concept of New Zealand nationhood a real, rather than an intellectual, substance: that limit remained New Zealand dependence on British markets, loan finance and investment.

The Maori people too were allowed a representative in the first Labour Cabinet only in order to organise the Maori war effort: a government of British and Australian migrants only remembered it had Maori supporters when it tried to economise on Pakeha lives by frightening the Germans with hakas. At the same time Labour expelled its principle New Zealand born propagandist — as well as being born in New Zealand he talked of socialism and criticised total military commitment to British imperialism (without really understanding the meaning of either). The Government that came into power in 1935 on a programme of economic self-sufficiency and a breach with the London bankers ended up heavily in debt to London and with British investment more entrenched than previously.

Labour invoked the Statute of Westminster only to be allowed to vote with Britain and America in the United Nations in 1945. But Labour spoke of independence: National took orders from Washington for want of any alternative. New Zealand allowed its definition of national independence to be dictated by a party of overseas migrants. How poor is the country which has to import from overseas its concept of independence!

Those countries like New Zealand and Israel which depend on foreign guns and money in order to construct utopias have their definitions of independence made by their 'protectors'. New Zealand Pakehas have no place in Polynesia or Asia: they are as independent as the nearest Super-power navy.

New Zealand, since 1960, has developed further

as a nation. Neither National nor Labour now have migrant leaderships. Politics, though not economics, are dominated by the New Zealand born. (The banks shipping lines and freezing works are still British or Australian). More than ever the spectre of nationalism, like that of communism, haunts New Zealand politics.

To most New Zealanders England is a country they have never lived in; America, the rival protector, is a holiday resort for businessmen. The overwhelming majority of New Zealanders have spent most of their lives here. In Sir James Fletcher and Sir James Wattie, our national capitalists, assisted by the Labour Government, have been decorated by the Queen herself. Happy is the country with its own profiteers!

With all these blessings, however, the conflict over what kind of nation we shall be remains unresolved. The British migrant workers of the first Labour Government have handed on their power — their historical role — to Kiwi manufacturers, teachers and professional men (plus one stationary engine driver). These heirs of the colonial past want a new national identity — but without attacking British or American capital, without breaking off our military alliances, without dismantling military bases like Woodbourne, Mt. John, Devonport and Whangaparaoa. Unlike the Government of 1935 they offer no new social legislation which might make New Zealand worth dying for. Kirk, of course, stands for New Zealand's moral independence — the kind that provides first class funeral orations for Otago naval ratings.

Labour recognises Britain is moving out of the South Pacific — but Britain, though fast becoming bankrupt, has made the New Zealand capitalists rich. If New Zealand maintains the closest ties with Britain as long as possible, the United States, Australia and Japan will have time to move in to fill any gap. The policies of 1935 which at least gave decent pensions to your wife if you died for Winston Churchill are as dead as the Unknown Soldier. Now nationalism means losing your cool when brass bands play 'God Save the Queen' — even the pedestrian 'God Defend New Zealand' is too radical for Kirk. Australia can afford to have its own national anthem and talk republicanism — it has a strong national bourgeoisie. New Zealand hasn't and finds nationalism subversive.

The first fully New Zealand born ruling class feels too insecure to afford nationalism. It inherited a colonial economy; it has no plans to repeal the laws of inheritance. In the world capitalist economy of our time, the weaker the ruling class the closer its integration with imperialism. The Labour cabinet of our time borrows from the Liberal-Labour tradition only its racism: the secretary of the Federation of Labour protects the Prime Minister from the left against pleas for increased Fijian migration.

All around us, however, is the New Zealand society of the future — a heterogeneous society, where the Maoris have finally surfaced in the towns, and where New Zealand's imperialism in the islands now brings to rich Auckland, the people of the islands. The demographic statistics of these minorities confirm their exclusion from our increasingly vestigial Welfare state: they die too young to be included in Rowlings' superannuation schemes. At the same time, the class barriers which the Welfare State was supposed to have destroyed are re-emerging.

To speak with a 'kiwi' accent is to be a member of the working class. The 'New Zealand' national culture is identified in terms of rugby, the pub and the T.A.B. — the workers' pleasures. The upper class, the students, and intelligentsia scorn a debased culture leaving it to the Marxists (who are glad to accept the monopoly) the task of writing books, making films or playing music which workers can understand. New Zealand national feelings developed out of a myth that all classes (except Maoris) were equal, so that what they had in common must be nationalism. Now the myth is shattered. Workers in New Zealand have stopped joining political parties: they know where they are not wanted. The national heroes —

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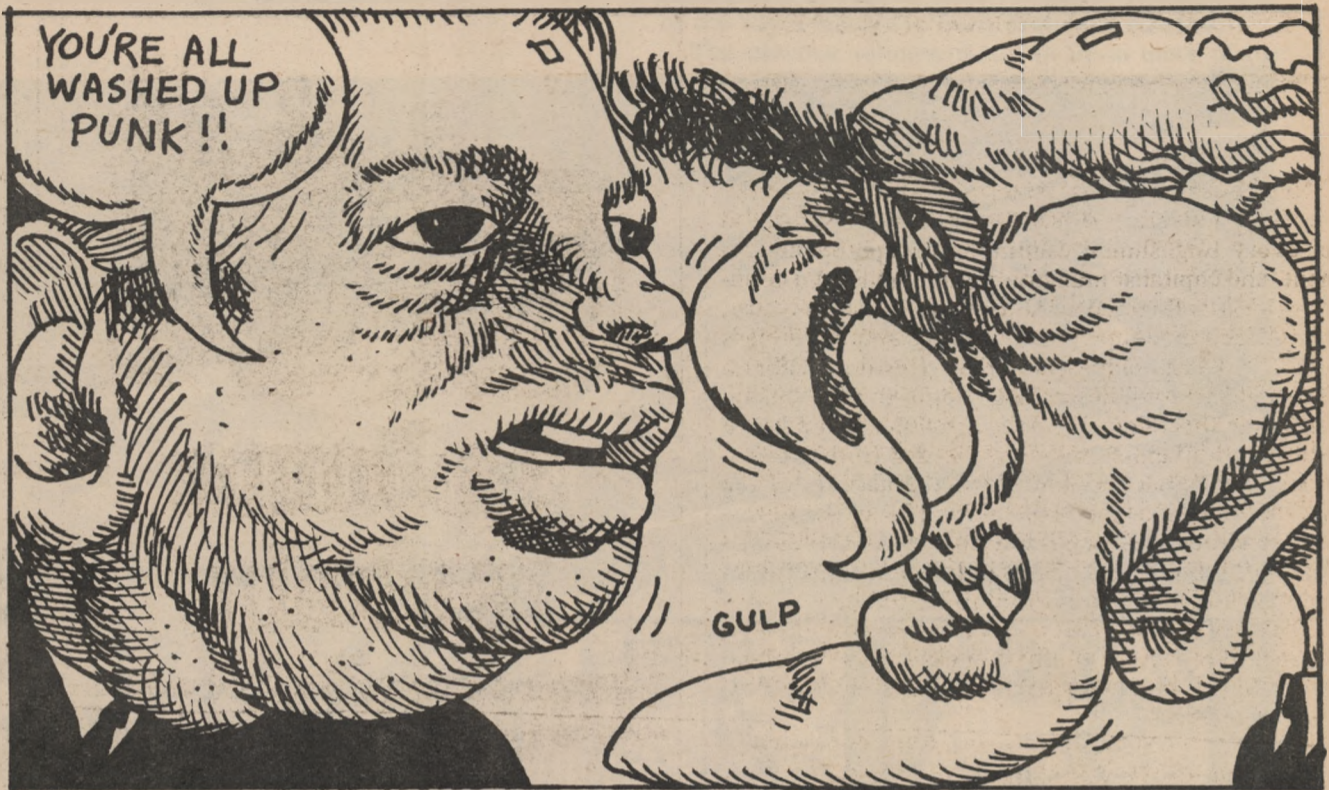
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# THIS WEEKS LABOUR PARTY NEWS



## MICHAEL BASSETT COMMENTS ON THE NATIONAL PARTY LEADERSHIP

from an interview for 'Writ' by Richard Wood.

Marshall said before Parliament resumed that the Opposition would not oppose for the sake of Opposing, but would be an effective Opposition, and lately we've had to put up with some wild statements from Muldoon and grievances from Marshall — do you think they've been an effective opposition?

The tactic being used is that used in 1957—1960 the notion that they're going to be a constructive opposition is pure fabrication — not one idea has come out of those fellows since the Govt. changed. This is understandable because they're mentally inert to start off with. But the second problem is, that cut off as they are from their Departments now that they're in Opposition they have almost nothing going for them except a rapidly dwindling fund of Knowledge about their old department, and that makes for a temptation for destructive criticism. They think they know better, and probably in the first month or two they did — but as time goes on and as politics change within the departments this kind of information is a rapidly dwindling asset.

I think we've reached the stage where the National Party are beginning to find the cruel side of being in opposition. What they desperately need are some new ideas, but the truth is that the Labour Party has just about got a monopoly on the new ideas, as they stand at present and also because the only new ideas the Nationalist had themselves came from the better people in their departments, from whom in opposition they are now cut off. You can't suddenly produce people with ideas — so I don't think they're going to be a very effective Opposition at all — partly too because they've lost all their good people — when you look around their front benches and you see all these tragic old has-beens sitting there with transistors in their ears, munching lollies and reading the Best Bets you just wonder if there is any future for the opposition at all.

There was recently at the National Party Conference a hue and cry over Marshall's paper on Party Philosophy and what the National Party stood for — what do you think the outpouring of this will eventuate into — a private enterprises party, a conservative party, or a liberal party?

No, not a liberal party. I think they will go back, recidivism is the thing in the National Party. I don't think they will progress at all. They could come with a liberal swinging new policy, but there are already signs that they're going back to 1957-1960.

It is almost as if somebody has flipped a switch and they've reprogrammed themselves. We are now getting the "Labour is a Socialist Red Party" from Marshall, the "soft on Communism" line from Holyoake and the "reds under the bed" from Muldoon. You know statements such as "attacks on private enterprise" are the in thing kind of argument. It is never very specific stuff, totally negative and designed entirely to provide an atmosphere of scare, fear and apprehension amongst the public, in which circumstances they believe, because of past experience, that conservatism will emerge triumphant. Well, I frankly think that they misread the times, that what applied back in the deep dark days of the cold war and before, no longer grabs people. When they listen to Muldoon rattling a witch on top of a stick in front of them threatening hellfire and damnation, there is I suspect, a natural inclination for the public to think either: 1. That he still hasn't got over his sour grapes feeling of the 25th Nov., or; 2. That the guy is bereft of ideas. In other words the public are an awful lot more shrewd now, more sophisticated. They are more at ease with themselves and find thinking for themselves easier than during the days of the cold war, and as a consequence much less taken in by this sort of crap.

**Do you think Marshall will last as leader of the National Party till 1975?**

Well, I'd be very surprised. If he does it will only be because the National Party have decided that they want to lose the election, that they're not ready to make a bid for office in 1975. Cause nobody could seriously say that that man is seriously an alternative Prime Minister. When you're sitting in the House and watching him work, you have very considerable difficulty reminding yourself that this man was once Prime Minister. You're shocked really at the seeming inconsequence of him.

**Do you think Muldoon would be the other alternative or one of the older group of front benchers e.g. Walker, Adams-Schneider, Talboys, or Carter.**

You can leave out Walker — he reached the very pinnacle of his career when he became Minister in a bad Govt. Adams-Schneider is a pushy little fellow who lacks the charm and credibility necessary to be leader of a party. The rest of the front bench are pretty pathetic. You've got Percy Allen with the transistor and the bag of lollies, and Doug Carter, a very sad character. Talboys is the one who impresses most in the House for the works hard and he knows he's got an opportunity. He's muffed his chances many times before but he sees one last chance to win his big prize. Marshall is useless, Muldoon is obnoxious, and Talboys sees his chance of coming through the ranks.

which means the working class heroes — are the outsiders: Barry Crump and George Wilder.

The principal enemy of New Zealand independence remains, now as always Britain: the enemy that, in history only the Polynesian people have fought. It is true that Britain is weak and near-bankrupt; it is easier to kick it when it is dying. It is true that America is replacing Britain: all the more reason to eliminate together with British capital the colonial economic structure which America can exploit. Unless British capital is expropriated from the left, it will be expropriated from the right by American imperialism. Those who fight, not all imperialism, but only the American brand do not fight imperialism at all, but only the American nation. (This, of course, is the record of New Zealand's Stalinist Parties and the pseudo Trotskyist Socialist Action League).

What this means concretely is starting where Te Rauparaha left off: Continuing the politics of the Maoris in the Maori wars, where fighting the Kiwi landgrabbers for control of one's own country, fighting the British were one and the same thing. If the British were and remain our enemies,

the Maoris fought and lost our War of Independence in the nineteenth century. This war we must prepare to undertake once again. The Pakeha must decide either a total break with Britain and its class system, which means fighting again with the Polynesian people against Britain for a Social laboratory of the world more genuine than that of 1935, a nation worth a worker's fighting for; or cling to the skirts of Britain against the tide or history to create a society more and more like England's with class stratification and racism, based on white skin privilege and systematised anti-Communism.

Like Israel, either New Zealand gives justice to our Arabs and repudiate the British who 'gave' us land; or a perverted nationalism becomes Fascist.

Owen Gager

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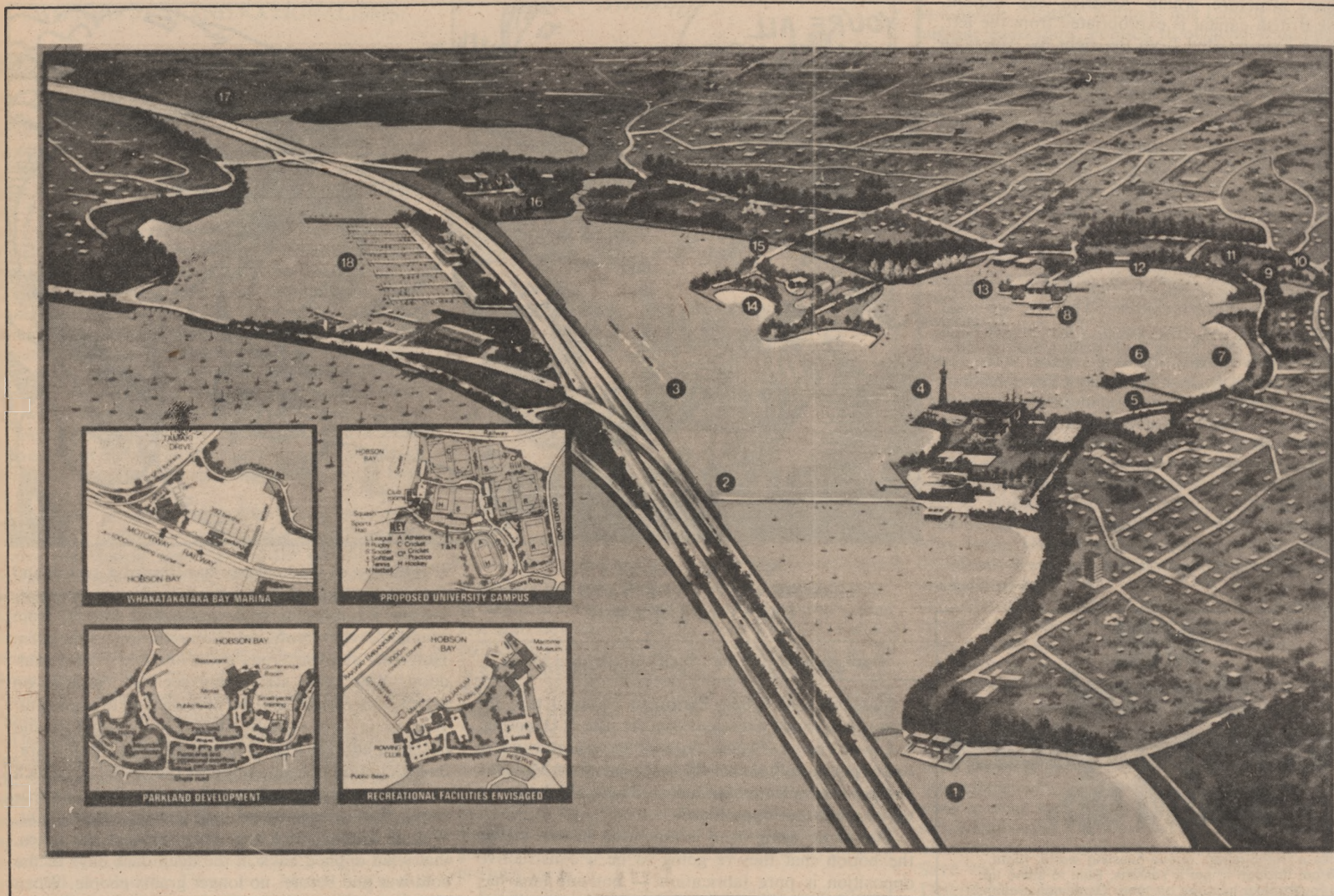
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# ANYONE FOR TENNIS?

HOBSON BAY MARINE PARK  
DEVELOPMENT



By Mike Stenson, History Dept.

First Ngataranga Bay, now Hobson Bay. And this time the most enthusiastic promoter and one of the leading participants is to be the University of Auckland.

The 'Marine Park' scheme was promoted last year as the Harbour Board's centennial gift to the city. As first presented, it appeared like an act of atonement for past sin. Having dedicated itself to the indiscriminate filling-in of the central city foreshore for the previous one hundred years, the Board was at last to do something for our health and recreation.

The answer was dreadfully predictable. Not a cleaner harbour but another fill-in.

The advertising glossy put out by the planning consultants, Kingston, Reynolds, Thom and Allardice (and it is their plan which is being presented to Parliament), doesn't put it that way. The headings run 'A Marine Park', 'A New Perspective', 'Planned Progress', 'An Opportunity for Change', 'Unique Qualities', 'Planning Care', 'Beauty Retained', 'Ecology'.

And below the headings we find the phrases: 'The scheme aims at enhancing the quality of both Hobson Bay and the surrounding area...'; 'the provision... of much-needed playing field space for the University of Auckland will help to form closer ties between it and the community'; 'A guiding principle has been that any comprehensive scheme for development and reclamation must have regard to the inherent qualities of the bay and its foreshore. It has been accepted that the qualities of the area are unique and that all aspects of the Marine Park must improve and not jeopardise them.'; 'Among the best features of Hobson Bay are its open spaces, water views and tree-clad cliffs so the aim is to preserve these and enhance them as far as humanly possible.'

The sceptical may doubt our capacity to 'improve' and even 'enhance' the natural beauty of Hobson Bay. Others may wonder how it is possible to preserve the 'unique' quality of the mud flats and mangrove

fringes in a scheme which envisages filling over the mangroves and 'managing' water levels so that the mud flats are not exposed. The details of the scheme appear neither natural nor such as to enhance the unique quality of a characteristic Auckland tidal bay.

In short, it is planned to fill-in about 120 acres or nearly one quarter of the Bay's total area of 500 acres. The uses include swimming, rowing, canoeing, yachting, a marine zoo, an aquarium, a maritime museum, botanical water gardens and university playing fields. Development of this kind, the report adds, 'needs supporting amenities like restaurant and food services and it could also be appropriate to provide a motel or motor hotel and a conference centre.'

More University playing fields would be nice, of course, but we may question the extent of the need and their association with such a grandiose and commercialised 'reclamation' proposal. Two league fields, two soccer fields, two hockey fields, three rugby fields, eight tennis and netball courts, three cricket grounds and one athletics track on 40 acres of 'reclamation' for a total of 800 members of outdoor sports clubs seems to err on the side of extravagance. How often would individual members use the facilities? Is there any compelling reason why students should not use Council sports fields? Is there any evidence that they will come 'closer to the community' by leaving common Council fields for their own separate sports complex? Is the estimate of 1400 active players by 1975, a 75 percent increase in just over 2 years, realistic or a case of wishful thinking?

In sum, is the desire of 8-1400 students for more playing fields sufficient to justify the filling-in of 40 acres of Harbour? And since we are talking about priorities shouldn't we consider alternatives? Couldn't we squeeze one more field or else some tennis courts out of the existing reclaimed land at Shore Road? Much closer to home, where facilities would be used by many more, we have extensive university car parks. Plenty of room for tennis, netball and cricket nets. Close enough to play in the lunch hour as many used to do back in the fifties. Unrealistic

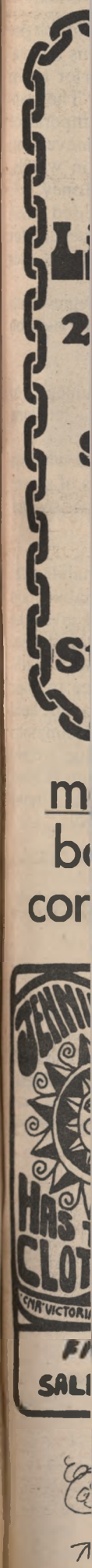
you say. But isn't it an odd set of values which rates the staff motor over student sports facilities and even over a fair chunk of harbour?

But the Marine Park scheme has more serious weaknesses. Firstly the plan is nowhere near complete. The fills or 'reclamation' are not surveyed and their exact extent not clearly indicated. A Harbour Board engineer suggested that I measure the curving and irregular areas from the plan myself. The City Council, which will be responsible for much of the plan, and for all the traffic arrangements, is patently not very enthusiastic, has simply adopted the consultants outline scheme, and has done, so the Chief Planner informs me, no preparatory traffic planning. In fact there will at the very least be extensive car parks and possibly some alteration of existing cul-de-sacs in order to provide public motor access.

The imprecision may be convenient for planners who wish to change their minds and perhaps to fill in even more but is hardly good enough for a public proposal of this magnitude. Secondly, snack bars and hot dog stalls ones assumes, a motel and a conference centre are all hardly compatible with a true park in an area of quiet and natural beauty. Nor is it possible to see how the complex of roads, car parks and buildings with their associated noise, bustle and litter, can fail to detract from the present atmosphere of the bay. The Domain, with its museum, tea shop and winter gardens, the through road and its Sunday crowds, would appear to be an oasis of quiet by comparison with what is envisaged for Hobson Bay. One may add, in this respect, that walk-on boat park (marine) facilities are a luxury Aucklanders could well forego.

Thirdly, the scheme has been presented in the wrong way. Had the City Council published proposed District Scheme changes before the Harbour Board applied for an Empowering Bill to fill, the public would have been entitled to participate when the scheme could be rejected or modified in its initial stages. As it stands, once the Bill, which has had the benefit of no public comment, has been passed

by Parliament a scheme was put to the Involvement of the public part of objection opposition has any request Planning knowledge and request District Scheme Fourthly an impact on the he was only particular of major harbour in are not known impounding estimated. More the Auckland enough, the sioned by Hobson B



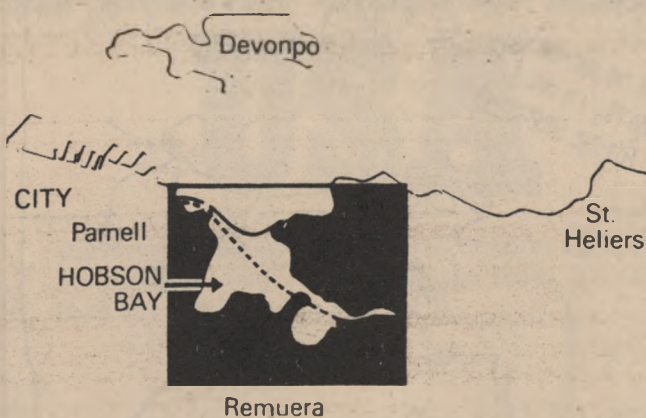
by Parliament, we may merely modify but not reject a scheme which leaves an immense amount of discretion to the participating Boards.

Involvement of local residents is such a fundamental part of good town planning that this procedural objection alone is of sufficient weight to warrant opposition to the Empowering Bill. If the University has any regard for the principles taught in its Town Planning Department it should immediately acknowledge the error, ask that the Bill be withdrawn and request the City Council first to publish proposed District Scheme changes.

Fourthly, there has been no ecological survey nor an impact report. Professor V.J. Chapman states that he was only consulted about limited aspects and in particular the possible growth of algae. This omission is of major significance in view of the large area of harbour involved, the full ecological characteristics are not known and the effect of reclamation and impounding on which cannot at present be accurately estimated.

Moreover a scientific study of the ecology of the Auckland Harbour has just been prepared. Oddly enough, the terms of reference for the study, commissioned by the Harbour Board and the ARA, exclude Hobson Bay. Were the two bodies afraid of embar-

assing findings? However the reports, already printed, but to be made public only in September, will in fact cover general ecological features of the Auckland Harbour. In the circumstances, the hasty



introduction of an Empowering Bill appears to demonstrate a positive contempt for ecology.

Surely the very least the University should do is to insist upon a full ecological survey and impact

report (including a hydrographic study) before the scheme is presented to Parliament?

Hobson Bay is, of course, run down. Railway and road embankments have checked the scouring effect of the tide. Housing and roads have contributed to excessive water drainage and thus to rapid silting. The sewer cuts the bay in half visually. Piecemeal reclamation and surrounding roads have filled in many of the bay's mangrove lined inlets and streams.

The obvious solution is not to fill-in more of the Bay but to put some of the wrongs of previous developers. Reclamation should stop, even within the existing 1927 line which permits reclamation up to Tohunga Crescent. The sewer should be removed. The regional motorway planned to run alongside the railway should never be built. Don't we all know the universal law of motorways? They merely create the demand for more. . . . Does any one seriously believe that private motor cars will be pouring into Queen Street in the twenty-first century? The existing railway and harbour drive embankments should have additional gaps punched through them to aid tide flow. And if water control gates really are needed to preserve the Bay, isn't it time that we pay to preserve what we have done out best to destroy over previous years?

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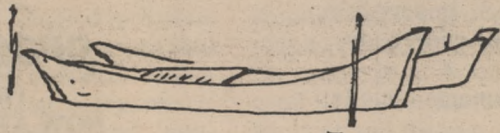
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A spontaneous theatrical event took place on Friday night: The Vulcan Lane Reseating show, in Vulcan Lane. Two actors took some planks down and sat on them while five in costume marched down Queen Street, carrying a chair. On arrival, they staged a pseudo interview with the Mayor, handed out pamphlets, then made a quick exit. The planks were left on the supports. They were later removed. There will be a repeat showing this week using more permanent props.

Sue Heap

## ROCK DONZ



A National Paraplegic Trust has been established to give financial aid to Paraplegics in the following ways:

1. A loan to be paid back when the Paraplegic is self-supporting, to cover:
  - (a) Medical expenses occurring during illness.
  - (b) Expenses occurring during the post-hospital period of adjustment — such as structural alterations necessary to the home.
  - (c) Normal living expenses for patient and dependants.
  - (d) Expenses occurring during rehabilitation period.
2. Provision of building and facilities with future maintenance, for accommodation, training, rehabilitation and employment of Paraplegics.
3. Medical research into any aspect of Paraplegic and/or other forms of physical disablement.
4. The promotion, organisation and financing of all cultural, recreational and sporting activities for Paraplegics at National and International levels.

The greatest source of inspiration to Paraplegics has been the Paraplegic Games. In 1974 this international event is being held in Dunedin, prior to the Commonwealth Games in Christchurch. The standard of these games is the highest and the importance is obvious. They symbolise the ultimate achievement: total rehabilitation to enjoyment of life on wheels.

### Rehabilitation Is Only Possible With Money.

In addition to all the extra money needed when one becomes Paraplegic, more money is needed for rehabilitation. This is vital if the Paraplegic is ever to become self-supporting.

It is interesting to note that most Paraplegics leave charity and want to become self-supporting as soon as possible.

It is almost impossible for a paraplegic to adequately provide for his family's future — let alone to cope with the present.

How then, does a normal man or woman who has become a Paraplegic, cope with the strains of severe illness, permanent paralysis, increased expenses and reduced earning power?

### There is Hope — in Rehabilitation.

Virtually all Paraplegics are 100% rehabilitable. And the very best method of completing rehabilitation is in sporting activities. No other method gives the same degree of physical and mental stimulation. Sporting activities give Paraplegics physical strength, co-ordination, dexterity and the confidence to cope with life again. Many disabled sportsmen can hold their own and some have even been world champions in their own right — in archery, swimming, weight lifting. Most Paraplegic sportsmen or women in New Zealand are working at a full time job earning a living and in some cases, fully supporting a family.

The National Paraplegic Trust Appeal will be held on Wednesday August 15th.

Volunteer collectors are needed urgently.

Teams of five (including one volunteer driver with a car) are being organised.

You should put down your name on the lists on the wall of the Contact Office.

Michael Tyne Corbold  
Welfare Vice-President

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# BACKPACKING USA

I have been persuaded to write this article, by a seemingly endless series of conversations based on the following paradigm:

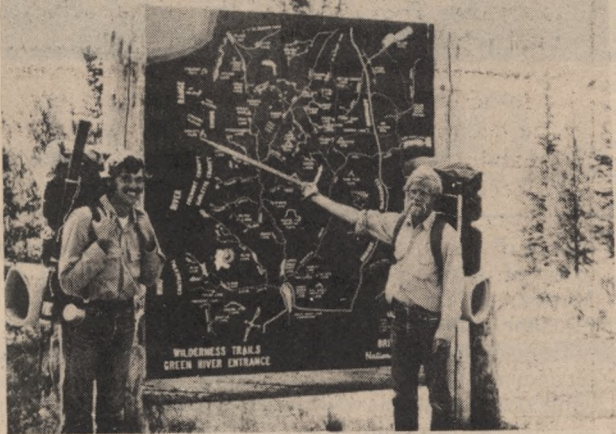
Kiwi: Where are you from?

Me: The United States.

Kiwi: Oh, Amerika. Well, I was there once — spent three days in Los Angeles and a couple in New York on my way to London. I didn't like it at all — it was just awful. How can you live there?

Me: Um . . . oh . . . well . . .

The message that I hope to convey is simply this: In spite of all its other faults and foreign policies, not all of the American scene is urban Los Angeles - New York megalopolis. Rather, America remains vast tracts of wilderness area, thousands of square miles of legally protected forests, parks, mountain ranges, lakes, rivers and valleys.



Secondly, this article is also meant to be a comparative study of tramping in New Zealand and the United States, or, to use more truly comparative terminology, tramping in New Zealand and backpacking in the U.S.

I've been in New Zealand for just a year, so I've tramped or climbed in all the New Zealand National Parks, from Egmont in midwinter to the Ureweras in Midrain and from Tasman's beaches to Westland's glaciers. I've taken trips in the Dart, Rees, Hollyford and Tutoko valleys, climbed for two weeks at Mt Cook and culminated this arduous training by an epic ascent of Stewart Island's towering Mt Anglem (3214').

On the American side, I've tramped and climbed for about six years in the North and West, but I can't say very much about the South or the East. I've never been to Alaska, so I will limit my comments principally to Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming.

My first contention is that New Zealand is more densely populated than the U.S. (or at least that part of the U.S. I'm talking about). That should surprise you. True, Americans do outnumber New Zealanders about 70 to 1, and sure, considering the acreage, N.C.A. (Not Counting Alaska) each Kiwi has twice as much land as each Yankee. Spread over two billion acres (N.C.A.) each American gets about 10 acres while three million Kiwis get about 22 acres each. These statistics, however, fail to show that most Americans tend to live all piled up in great heaps on the East Coast, on the shores of the Great Lakes or in Los Angeles-San Francisco on the West Coast, but not in the great empty lands in between. For example, the five western states of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, North Dakota and South Dakota have a total area of about 461,000 square miles, or nearly 100 acres per person for residents of those five states. If you add in Alaska, you get an area ten times the size of New Zealand (1,027,127 sq. miles to 103,416 sq. miles) with a population about the same as that of New Zealand.

Much of this western land, bought from Napoleon in 1803 at a real bargain price, has remained in federal ownership in one of four main categories: unclassified "public lands", National Forests, National Parks, and Wilderness Areas. Each of these categories is legally designated for different "uses" and "non-uses", each representing a different compromise of

conservation-preservation versus economic exploitation. Federal management of these lands has varied from abysmally bad to superb.

## PUBLIC LANDS:

The "public lands", seven times the size of New Zealand, are the least protected and are thought of as being in the public domain for mining, grazing, timber, quarrying, and even homesteading. Until the 1930's they were not really managed at all, and were thought of as simply acreage not yet settled by the growing population — a storehouse of land soon to be needed by settlers. Today, however, that while a man and his wife may still legally pick out two quarter sections (320 acres) for a farm at no cost, nearly all the land suitable for farm units has already been taken and remaining land is too dry or too mountainous for cultivation.

## NATIONAL FORESTS:

Created in 1891, the National Forests were federally controlled to prevent rapacious exploitation by railroads, miners, settlers, stockmen and loggers, but the forests were still thought of as a renewable resource, or a crop, and thus placed under the Department of Agriculture. Today national forests are administered under the Multiple-Use Sustained Yield Act of 1960 which directs Agriculture to provide for recreation, range, timber, watershed and wildlife purposes. There are obvious tensions implicit in this multiple-use concept, with the Department of Agriculture making the ultimate decision as to which use to pursue in which area. Contradictions are implicit, for example, in the huge (20-30 double chair lifts) ski areas carved out of National Forests — Vail, Aspen, Squaw Valley, Jackson Hole and Heavenly Valley — built (probably illegally) with Agriculture permits on Forest land, nice in winter, but ugly scars in summer.

An area three times the size of New Zealand is protected in these National Forests, but in no sense are they locked up; the Department may at any time destroy the hunting - fishing - tramping recreational use by a "clear-cut" to fill a Japanese pulp mill order.

## NATIONAL PARKS:

The National Park system, which equals an area the size of the North Island, is administered by the Department of the Interior and includes not only Parks, but also a few other bits and pieces like Monuments, Cemeteries and Battlefields, and is meant to be a showcase of the nation's most outstanding natural features, a protected repository of superlative wonders of nature, like Grand Canyon, Yosemite Valley and Yellowstone. The national park concept is an American invention, now in its 103rd year and it is especially tragic that in these areas the compromise between recreational use and preservation should break down.

Yosemite, for example, has a relatively small valley floor with an extremely fragile ecology, yet every summer vacation it takes on all the aspects of a small city. Imagine the Queenstown municipal motor camp multiplied by a thousand, put it in a valley, and you have some idea of Yosemite in August. Traffic jams, smog, sewage disposal problems on a grand scale, caravans and camping vehicles bumper to bumper and bus cap to bus cap, row upon row of tents sharing corner pegs, and in the evening quadraphonic speakers blaring hard rock, and portable T.V.'s entertaining those people who have brought all the comforts of home into the wilderness.

This destruction of wilderness is begun with a compromise when an unsealed road is put through to allow more than just the hardy, backpacking elite to enjoy the natural wonders. The road is soon sealed, gas stations dug in, and restaurants and motels are provided so that the average family can come and enjoy the wilderness. Soon acres of asphalt surround the road head and the area seems primarily devoted to the care and feeding of the family automobile, secondarily concerned with a natural feature. Whatever

the asset was it is no longer worth seeing.

Apparently the Park Service is beginning to face this problem and plans are now underway to exclude private vehicles from Yosemite Valley and Yellowstone. It would still be wise to avoid these two Parks during the peak months of July and August. Most National Parks remain relatively unspoiled and genuinely spectacular.

## WILDERNESS AREAS:

Far removed from the misuse and overuse of some National Park centres are the Wilderness Areas, at the opposite end of the "use" spectrum. Here the compromise with exploitation, utility and convenience has been minimal. By the 1964 Wilderness Act these areas are identified and protected as territory where:

the earth and its community of life are untrammelled by man . . . retaining its primeval character and influence, without permanent improvements or human habitation; where man himself is a visitor who does not remain.

This means that when you enter a Wilderness, you will find no roads, hotels, stores, resorts, ski lifts, summer homes, camps, fishing lodges, motorboats, internal combustion engines, helicopters, airplane landing strips, piped water, prepared shelter, toilet facilities nor, indeed, any evidence of human activity.

Administratively, they are surrounded by buffer zones of national forest, and they remain under the technical control of the Forest Service, but there is no Multiple Use here. Much of my backpacking experience has been in Wilderness Areas and most



of the detailed comments that follow are based on that experience. There are ten million acres of official Wilderness and another four million acres called Primitive Areas now under review for possible inclusion in the Wilderness system. For me, the many mistakes and frequent mismanagement of federal lands is compensated for by the creation and protection of Wilderness Areas.

## TRAILS:

In general, trails are significantly better in the United States, even in Wilderness areas, than in New Zealand for at least six or seven different reasons. To start with, the American Indian was not so bound to the sea as was the New Zealand Maori, and pushed permanent settlements inland into alpine plateaus at 10,000 feet and higher. In pursuit of big game and in transmontane migrations the Indian made a still extant network of trails that traverse even the most inaccessible and mountainous regions. In Montana today, for example, the system of trails includes those used by the Flathead, Kootenai and Blackfoot to cross the Rockies eastward into buffalo country for their annual spring hunt.

These routes were often merely game trails followed and used by the Indian, from buffalo trails at the lowest elevation, to goat and sheep tracks at the highest levels, and these big game animals to a limited extent continue their practice of trail maintenance. Once a trail is made, in most parts of the U.S., it is only very slowly overgrown and minimal use keeps it clear. Unlike New Zealand, where ferns,

(please turn to page 21)

on them. Wouldn't it be much more natural to assume that the astronauts wiped out all existing humanoid forms of life on earth and that we ourselves are the real descendants of the gods? That would also account for our present day trigger-happiness, bomb-wise. Give it a think, Daeniken!

One group of space travellers, according to Daeniken, was stranded on Easter Island. This forms a very telling chapter and deserves some closer inspection.

Thus the first seafarers to land on Easter Island in 1722, "saw hundreds of colossal statues, which lay scattered about all over the island," notwithstanding which two pages later "the statues stand round the edge of the island and not in the interior. Presumably they started walking in the meantime. . . ?"

Daeniken gives their height as "between 33 and 66 feet" — in the first edition of "Chariots" they had been considerably larger — but even these revised figures are exaggerated. "Thirty feet was no uncommon length," says Thor Heyerdahl, but only a very small number, i.e. one figure, "which lay unfinished and aslant on the side of the volcano was sixty-nine feet long."

"Thor Heyerdahl's investigations of these mysterious giants," he goes on to say, "produced three clearly distinguishable periods and the oldest of them seems to have been the most perfect." Yes and no. Indeed, in "Aku Aku" Heyerdahl's popularized (and itself somewhat dubious) account of his expedition to Easter Island we find that "excavations revealed that this typically Peruvian type of masonry was characteristic of the first settlers on Easter Island whereas the subsequent cultural periods yielded superimposed structures of entirely different and inferior type" and he does not fail to add, "the hitherto familiar Easter Island busts were reduced to a secondary product of the island: they belonged to the second epoch only."

But Daeniken needed the facts a trifle different to form a pedagogic peg to hang his point on; that after the sudden and unexpected rescue of the astronauts there followed a cultural degeneration.

Similarly, the European missionaries supposedly "did away with every kind of tradition", still, "an orally transmitted legend" has it that the islanders call theirs "the Land of the birdmen". These "flying men landed and lit fires in ancient times."

Not only do no such name and legends exist, they are also totally fictitious. Heyerdahl might throw an illuminating light on its origin: "As lately as the last century the mightiest men in the island used to sit for weeks on end in the half-subterranean stone houses up on the lofty cliff watching for the year's first arrival of sooty terns (a smaller relative of the seagull — T. A.) which settled on the little rock island of Motunui down below. It was an annual competition to swim out to that island . . . and find the very first egg that was laid there. The man who became owner of that egg . . . was designated the sacred bird man of that year."

While Heyerdahl was quite satisfied to see a dozen men carve one statue out of the rock each year, Daeniken evokes a frightening picture of a crowd of 2,000 hammering away at the rock and finds this number "not nearly enough". Heyerdahl had made pollen borings in Easter Island's marshes and proved that the island had been covered with woods in earlier times. But "no trees grow on the island" today says Daeniken and therefore "the usual explanation that the stone giants were moved to their present sites on wooden rollers is not feasible."

Daeniken also suggests that the "Barren fields (. . .) can scarcely have provided food for more than 2,000 people," while the seafarers of the 18th century described the island as a paradise. Alfred Metraux suggests an estimated former population of 4,000 to 5,000 people, while today the population does not consist of "a few hundred natives" but of some 1,000 people who live on a small section and use the rest of the land for sheep-breeding. I refer to Heyerdahl, by the way, not because his is the most accurate study of Easter Island; far from it. I do so rather because Daeniken refers to him as an authority. For a report on more recent, more interesting, and more scientific research, see Craccum No. 2. This technique of withholding evidence, shaping proofs according to need or inventing facts is characteristic of Daeniken throughout.

Take for instance the map of Piri Reis which was found in Istanbul in 1929 (Daeniken: "early in the eighteenth century"; Pauwels/Bergier: "in the middle of the nineteenth century", Charroux: "July 1957"). It supposedly "shows the Americas and West Africa" and "Antarctica, mapped at the bottom, conforms very closely to the land mass under the ice, as revealed by echo sounding gear. In recorded history it has never been free of ice." All in all, Daeniken

concludes, "the originals of Piri Reis's maps must have been aerial photographs taken from a very great height."

Indeed the great height seems to account for the omission of North America and countless other errors; what would have bothered the ancient cartographers most were probably massive cloud formations.

In a similar fashion Daeniken describes a supine figure on a sarcophagus ("stone relief") as an "astronaut" in a space vehicle "bent forward like a racing motorcyclist". He assumes the relief to "very probably represent the god Kukumatz" who lived from 947 to 999. However it is not only very probable



but absolutely certain that this astronaut was somebody else as the hieroglyphics on the coffin mark the date of his death as 692 by our calendar. If it were Kukumatz he'd have been the first person ever to have been buried 255 years prior to his birth.

An Egyptian island "is called Elephantine . . . because it was supposed to resemble an elephant," and again the explanation is much simpler: the island used to be a place for trading elephants.

Investigative methods such as these are hardly apt to convince serious scientists. Thus, Daeniken notes in dismay, "at the conference tables of orthodox scientists the delusion still prevails that a thing must be proved before a "serious" person may — or can — concern himself with it."

Daeniken is deeply concerned with the state of the sciences. It is not their bourgeois ideology that worries him nor does he demand their democratization (see Alexander Bogdanov's "Science and the Working Class"). His is a purely personal problem: to be accepted as a kind of Copernicus, Galileo, Heyerdahl or better still, Heinrich Schlieman, who "accepted Homer's Odyssey as more than stories and fables and discovered Troy as a result."

The advantage of being a "Sunday" archaeologist did not impute any great scientific value to "Return to the stars" either, which is mainly a report of various journeys, and seems to circle in its more important parts around theories of Sagan and Shklovsky on the possibility of life on other planets. But Daeniken is a gastronomist not an astronomer; he presents facts more according to his palate than to scientific principle. Anyway, Sagan writes stuff just as mind-boggling and interesting, with the added charm of knowing what he's talking about.

Daeniken meanwhile, after his unsuccessful braggadocio of a hodge-podge of scientific and arcane books has realized that the only way to gain real recognition would be to get the gods themselves to give testimony of their existence. Like Charroux, he believes that "before the astronauts began their return flight to earth they would leave behind clear and visible signs," and asks, "Why are the oldest libraries in the world secret libraries? What are people afraid of? Are they worried that the truth protected and concealed for so many years will finally come to light?"

It comes hardly as a surprise when in his latest book, "The gold of the gods", he claims to have found such a library. And this was the point where the suspension of disbelief he had managed to maintain so fascinatingly snapped and his fallibility was exploited by an unscrupulous and self assertive adventurer: speak as a lamb and thou shalt be answered by a wolf.

For Daeniken seems basically helpless and incapable of any critical distinction between self induced and "real" reality. A prototype, then of a picaresque

character, an imposter and trickster driven by dynamic pseudology, characterised by a surprisingly fertile levity and a deeply felt existential emptiness. Thus Daeniken's ulterior motives are really religious ones; "the whole human task consists in colonising the universe . . . then the promise of the gods of peace on earth and that the way to heaven is open can come true . . . when men of all races, peoples and nations unite in the supranational task of making journeys to distant planets technically feasible the earth with all its mini problems will fall back into its relation with the cosmic processes."

It was on Saturday, March 6, 1972 in the tenth floor

lounge of the "Atahualpa" hotel of the Ecuadorian seaport of Guayaquil, that Daeniken encountered Juan Moricz, a fifty-year-old Hungarian who had come to Ecuador in 1967.

He told Daeniken a richly fantasized story of caves, secret documents, and dangerous abysses guarded by uncanny white skinned Indians who bring instant death to any foreign intruder. At this point it appears, Daeniken really was in the caves, and saw the zoo of golden animals and a library consisting of several thousand sheets of metallic foil with regular mechanically imprinted symbols.

Moricz introduced him to Carlo Crespi, the priest of the parish of Maria Auxiliadora in Cuenca, who showed him a variety of "prehistoric" tin and brass utensils: the gold of the gods.

In an interview with "Der Spiegel" Moricz said, "Daeniken has never been in those caves. "Asked how he'd gotten all this information, Moricz said, "I told him everything. For hours and days he questioned me. He wanted to hear more and ever more, and even offered me 200,000 dollars for an expedition."

But he didn't have time for an expedition. Yet Moricz sticks to his story of caves and tunnels running from Cuzco, the ancient royal Inca town, to Bolivia, and sticks to his description of the golden zoo and the library which he believes to stem from Atlantis.

Crespi Toral the director of the archaeological museum of Quito offered Moricz his museum's assistance; James Mobley, an American film producer was going to pay him 50,000 dollars if he agreed to lead an expedition cum film-team to the treasure-cave: Moricz refused.

He can now hope to make a far easier buck: by suing Daeniken for commercially exploiting his name, photographs, theories and research.

So, while there is probably a good deal of fantasy about these caves, the Cuevas de los Tayos and other caves in the Ecuadorian East do exist, and have been explored to some degree by Augustin Paladines the director of the national board for mining and geology and by Professor Porras, an archaeologist at the university of Quito.

Similar caves have been explored in Europe by Norbert Casteret, an eminent speleologist who describes them in his immensely readable book "Ten Years under the earth" as follows, "an enormous chamber, the biggest I had ever seen below. A football field would go in easily and the cathedral of Notre Dame four hundred and twenty two feet long with its thirty seven chapels would not fill the hall." And he compares the beauty of one such cave with that of "a temple worthy of The Thousand and One Nights."

Who knows, perhaps this time Daeniken might get some recognition from serious scientists — though for some altogether different reason than he expected: the discovery of hitherto unexplored grottoes and caverns of natural geological origin.

Acknowledgement: While the views expressed in this article are probably entirely my own, I take great pleasure in acknowledging that I owe the bulk of my information to "Der Spiegel", 12/73 pages 142-159 and Gadow, G. "Erinnerungen an die Wirklichkeit", Frankfurt, 1971.

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Kukumatz in his space vehicle?

Early in March 1968 a Swiss weekly, *Die Weltwoche*, ran the first instalment of a series of articles under the heading of "Waren die Goetter Astronauten (Were The Gods Astronauts?)" In these a hitherto unknown author, Erich von Daeniken claimed that in the dim past of man's history extraterrestrial space travellers had visited our planet and left a host of traces which were easily detectable if only one cared to correctly interpret the religious and archaeological marvels of the past. Little did the fascinated readers know that their author was soon to face three and a half years' imprisonment for fraud: he had embezzled and stolen a total of 500,000 Swiss francs — about 125,000 NZ\$ — in the pursuit of his literary ambitions.

"Erich was a bit of an adventurer even as a child," his brother, Otto von Daeniken later explained. The dapper little man with the high heeled shoes had always compensated for what he lacked in stature with an overabundance of energy. At games he was the "idea-man", at tests of courage he was the first. In the spring of 1949 when he was 14 he was sent — his father being a rigidly pious Catholic — to the Jesuit boarding school of Saint Michel in Fribourg, which has since been shut down. His school colleagues remembered him as "extremely well read" though perhaps "mentally too unstable" due to his "innermost restlessness".

In 1954 he failed a year and left school to become an apprentice at the Schweitzerhof hotel in Bern. He tried to make up for his drop in social position with increased private studies, in an attempt to overtake his former fellow scholars of the domains of science and religion, fields of study now refused him, and thereby came in first through the back door. Thus he perused books on astronomy, archaeology and above all myths, legends and the Bible.

It seems that one event in particular preceding his dismissal from school accounted for his obsession with prehistoric visitors from outerspace. It was an act of extrasensory perception which almost immediately manifested itself with absolute certainty. In an interview with the West-German newsweekly "Der Spiegel" he described the feeling as follows: "One goes kind of voyaging in time. I step out of time and so I stand outside of time, and can see everything simultaneously: the past, the present and the future. I'm having conversations." Such conversations over a kind of mental telephone were also characteristic of Robert Charroux who sued Daeniken after the publication of "Chariots of the Gods?" on at least six charges of plagiarism. Daeniken had not even bothered to mention Charroux except in one hardly flattering paragraph which read: "People block the road to serious research by boundless stupidity. There are 'contact men' who claim to be in communication with extraterrestrial beings."

Young Daeniken could not be satisfied by reading alone: he had to go and see the objects of his speculations. He left his apprenticeship and went to Egypt to inspect the pyramids and the sphinx. The money? Amere 12,000 francs which had been given to him bit by bit on the side by Monsieur Jacques the superintendent of the Schweizerhof hotel who had taken a

liking to the slender youth with the chestnut brown hair; plus some jewellery which he was supposed to deliver to an Alexandrian lady friend of a doctor he was acquainted with. On his return Daeniken no longer had either youth or jewels and went to jail for 16 months.

At large again he worked as a ship's steward between Rotterdam and New York, as bartender in a Grand Hotel, as labourer in a soup factory, as Maitre d'Hotel in Canada and finally became a silent partner in a hotel in Davos, Switzerland.

The guests at the *Rosenhugel* enjoyed their feverishly entertaining host. "He was like a fuse, constantly exploding inside," said Francois Auberson, a financial director of TWA in Zuerich.

At nights, suffering from agonizing headaches, he would write away at his book. Again he went to Egypt and the Lebanon, then to North and South A MERICA. In 1965 his debts rose to 74,000 francs; two years later they had doubled. But at last he had completed his book.

It seems surprising, in retrospect, that he should have found it hard to get a publisher interested. Erwin Barth von Wehrenalp of the West German ECON publishing house called his book the "product of emotional non-writer". Finally though, he agreed to print some 6,000 copies. In contrast to Daeniken, who kept insisting that the book would become a world-wide bestseller, he expected little success. But he felt the least he could do was to hand the manuscript to Wilhelm Uterman, alias Roggersdorf, a former professional film scenario writer living in Roggersdorf near Munich (hence the pseudonym).

Daeniken later complained that Roggersdorf had "re-worked every sentence" of his book. A mere two days after its publication, *Die Weltwoche* began its serialisation and the book started selling: 6,000 in March, 8,000 in April, 171,000 by the end of 1968.

Five years later "Chariots" had sold more than 5.5 million copies all over the world — 3.4 million in the English version, translated rather crudely and with a distinctly Germanic ring about it by Michael Heron.

His second book, "Return to the Stars", which he wrote during his imprisonment, is stylistically superior to his first, due to its more rigid "re-ghosting" by Roggersdorf, and has sold more than 2.8 million copies the world over — even in China. His latest effort, "Gold of the Gods," (written entirely by his alter ego) issued last August in Germany sold over 300,000 copies within six months. Translated into 26 languages his books have sold more than 9 million copies.

In the spring of 1970 a "documentary" film based on "Chariots" was made (directed by Harald Reinl, famed theretofore only for cheap adventure movies) and has been a raving success since then in almost every country in the world. An abridged version of the film was broadcast by CBS in the United States last January, whereupon Bantam Books in New York received some 350,000 orders for the book within the next 24 hours.

What makes this tremendous success story all the more incredible is that it is based on no cleverly managed advertising campaigns (in its first year when "Chariots" soared to the number one spot on W.

# DEUTCHEN OF THE

BY LONDON

Germany's best-seller lists, there had been no more than a handful of ads in a publication for the writer and his books, and some scientific writers even went to some trouble to disprove him — no avail.

His success becomes even less understandable when one considers that "Chariots" was in no way an original book — a good many ideas and 'proofs' were almost straight out of Pauwel/Bergier's "The Dawn of Magic", Charroux's "Treasures of the World" and a few others, which he duly forgot to acknowledge and which were only included in his bibliography. The above-mentioned charge of plagiarism.

Incidentally in the first two books available in the bibliographies are most carelessly edited. The books which were not available in Germany when "Chariots" came out are listed under their respective foreign titles, while in "Return" the German titles of the same books are given, which are often not available in English, thus creating the impression that an attempt has been made to make it impossible for English-speaking readers to ever trace any of the author's hypotheses. This gets particularly irritating when a book of Arthur C. Clarke's is listed as "Von den Himmel hinaus" or if one by W. Sullivan is listed as "Signale aus dem All" when they were almost certainly originally written in English.



Setting up a statue on Easter Island.

\* Yes we know 'deutschmarks' is spelt with an s, but it wouldn't fit like that

# CEMARKS TE GODS

by LTON

had been no... Be that as it may, there is no doubt that Charroux fathered and hatched most of the ideas Daeniken later introduced as his own. But Daeniken was wary of introducing — as Charroux did — his secret contact person. Perhaps that certain "M.N.Y." who conveyed to Charroux occasional messages of the "Baawi" people from outer space who were collaborating in some nasty secret scheme with the Chinese to overthrow the world was just a shade too much, minus which the rest of Charroux's stories would've done the same trick.

But like Charroux he also searched the Bible for traces of the gods, and was led to bold statements such as, "in Exodus xxv, 10 Moses related the exact instructions which 'God' gave for building the Ark of the Covenant. The directions are given to the very inch as to how and where the staves are to be fitted and from what alloys the metals are to be made. If we reconstruct it today according to instructions a voltage of several hundred volts is produced." Aside of the fact that making metals from alloys is highly impractical, what with alloys being compounds of metals, and that in any case there is only one metal mentioned, namely gold, it seems almost that from the passage Daeniken is referring to even the most obstinate a Bible basher as Herbert W. Armstrong could hardly be induced to construct anything more complicated than a rather oversized wooden box.



Daeniken in N.Z.

Another fascinating thought of Daeniken's is that young Moses could have found the story of the great flood (which really took place near Tiiahuanaco, South America) in Egyptian libraries and adapted it for his own ends.

Daeniken has a way of adapting things for his own ends himself. For example: in 1960, this paragraph in Edward Bacon's "Digging for History" read as follows; "... on the insistence of Carlos Pellicer, a poet who is also the organizer of museums in the provinces of Mexico, twenty seven of these Olmec sculptures have been transplanted from the jungle and set in a 15 acre parkland site at Villahermosa. The smallest of the monoliths weighs 6 tons and the largest 37 tons — and this last one still remains at La Venta because although the machinery lent by the Mexican Petroleum Co, was capable of lifting and transporting it, the highway bridges leading into Villahermosa were not strong enough to carry such a load."

By 1968 this state of affairs had changed rather drastically: "The sculptures of the Olmecs are incredible. With their beautifully helmeted giant skulls they can only be admired on the sites where they were found, for they will never be on show in a museum. No bridge in the country could stand the weight of the colossi. Until recently we could only move smaller 'monoliths' weighing up to fifty tons with our modern lifting appliances and loaders. Only now have cranes which can handle hundreds of tons been developed."

In the light of this development he poses this asinine rhetorical question: "But our ancestors could do so. How?" The obvious answer: if we can barely do it today, they couldn't have done it then. Obviously somebody must have helped them. Who?

Very obviously the good lord himself who was of course none other than a space traveller of yore. These astronauts are variously depicted as wearing helmets (which means that our atmosphere was probably alien to them) or as being of gigantic size, or not unlike the apes they encountered on earth.

For "a few specially selected women would be fertilized by the astronauts. Thus a new race would arise that skipped a stage in natural evolution." Now, at this stage, Daeniken's knowledge of genetics was not yet fully developed. It is, for instance, a well known fact that among all existing human races interbreeding is possible and no sterility limits exist though Fischer's observations of the "rehabot bastards" (that's the scientific name) in 1908 purported to show that interbreeding between extremely distant races (such as Zulu and Dutch) accounted for a much higher frequency of minor mutational deficiencies such as moles or skeleton disjunctures. But even a school child knows that the mixture of a horse and an ass is a mule, and no two mules have ever had an offspring, no matter how hard they might have tried. Thus unless the "gods" came from the "Planet of the Apes", the divine fuck could not conceivably have been quite as successful as Daeniken imagined.

In his second book however, Daeniken had gained some information as to how Watson's "Double Helix" (deoxyribonucleic acid — which for the benefit of the unscientific, contains the genetic code and transmits the hereditary pattern) could serve as a means of explaining how Eve was created from Adam's rib. He concludes, in the following example

of pudding-headedness: "Is there a plausible explanation why savages suddenly clothed themselves? We are given vague hints about drastic changes or fluctuations in the climate. We are also told that the anthropoids wanted to adorn themselves. If that is the correct explanation the gorillas, orangutans and the chimpanzees living in the jungle (!) could gradually have begun to wear trousers or use ornaments."

Perhaps he should have read Goerge Schaller's account of life with the Congolese mountain gorillas to find out about the apes. In any case it should be remarked that scientific anthropology not only likes to distinguish between primitive man and savages, but also has a range of plausible answers to Daeniken's questions.

Another interesting aspect of the Daeniken "new genetics" is the assumption that an atomic bomb was dropped on Sodom and Gomorrah by the "angels" so as "to make sure of wiping out a human brood they found unpleasant." Now — why would they want to do such a beastly thing? "Because there was a danger that they might retrogress and mate with animals again, the space travellers destroyed the unsuccessful specimens or took them with them to settle them on other continents." And are we right in assuming these continents might have been Australia or South Africa? Well, "if a helicopter lands in the African bush for the first time," Daeniken muses, "the savage has to work out and interpret this apparition... a bird, a heavenly vehicle that made a terrible noise and stank and white-skinned creatures with weapons that spat fire." One shouldn't find this very strange, "after all some parts of our earth are still inhabited by primitive peoples to whom a machine gun is a weapon of the devil. In that case a jet aircraft may well be an angelic vehicle to them." Heaven and hell, yes, certainly no jocular allusions to Mozambique or Cambodia. More likely he is just spelling out what is already present in the collective subconsciousness of post-fascist Swiss-German society.

Genetics aside, it's mainly myths that prove the former existence of space travellers. Other interested readers may be dismayed to find that he seems to possess the only copy of the Mahabharata, published in Calcutta in 1890. The same phenomena, oddly enough, that he ascribes to the gods served as proofs forty years earlier for Alfred Rosenberg's thesis (in "The Myth of The Twentieth Century") that in pre-historic times the Aryan race of Atlantis had bestowed its culture on the "savages" the world over. Thus their culture was the most advanced of them all, and what with the Germans being the descendants of the Atlantes...

Sure enough, Daeniken's gods are also white-skinned do-gooders. "The most intelligent of the inhabitants would be elected king" — a nice concept of leadership! Imagine: Nixon the most intelligent American... Papatopoulos... Baby Doc... Thieu... — and then, after being given a radio set to contact the gods at any time, "our astronauts would try to teach the natives the simplest forms of civilisation and some moral concepts in order to make the development of social order possible."

One does occasionally wonder why the gods should have gone to such pains developing our forefathers, when they found it so much easier to just drop bombs



Moricz and Daeniken in Equador.



**MACBETH**  
Mercury Theatre  
For A Season

The most controversial feature of the production of "Macbeth" currently playing at the Mercury is its Japanese setting and costumes. The characters carry Samurai swords, wear massive Oxford bags rather than kilts, brandish ornamental fans and indulge in a Japanese tea-party rather than a banquet. Director Tony Richardson seems to have intended to dispel all the preconceptions inevitably present in the audience at the performance of a "classic" and to restore to the language and action its original vigour and freshness by this large scale alienation effect. He should have remembered that such a technique can only succeed if it takes as its basis elements already present in the play and accentuates them. Richardson's "Japanese" production, however, introduces a stylised, refined, soft-footed element into a violent, savage and elemental play. The impression produced is that of an inept attempt at parody, and the only alienation achieved is that of the audience, which tends to fall asleep or, apparently, to vomit. (N.Z. Herald, Saturday, June 21).

The stylisation of setting and costumes has been extended to the actors as well. To call the acting wooden is to insult many comparatively elegant telephone poles. Those playing minor parts move mechanically around the stage into all too obviously pre-arranged positions, from which they deliver their lines without moving a muscle, sometimes when the character they are addressing moves away, even into empty air. All emphasis is concentrated in the delivery of the lines, which are often hideously overstressed. A glaring instance occurs in Act IV, 3 when Ross, knowing, as does the audience, that MacDuff's wife and children have been murdered, is asked by MacDuff whether they are safe. Ross replies "They were well at peace when I did leave them." The words "well at peace" lose all dramatic irony if emphasised in so heavy-handed a manner as in this production.

Probably the pick of the actors is Ian Mune, as Macbeth. He also happens to have the best lines, which may explain why. He is at his best in the later scenes of Macbeth's downfall but fails to portray the development in Macbeth's character, from a man who is tempted to the early prophecies of the witches, yet tries to dismiss them, to a man who holds to just these prophecies as the only certain thing in a crumbling world. Mune's Macbeth is enslaved by the witches from the first and his doubts, as emphasised in I, 7 are surface concessions to conventional morality rather than the expression of a deep inner conflict.

The death of Lady Macbeth, played by Jan Bashford, is a relief. Attired in a long white robe, she looks like a heroine of Victorian melodrama and her acting is just that — melodramatic. She continually flings herself into extravagantly overplayed, conventionally dramatic gestures — a scene where she kneels in front of Macbeth with arms outstretched springs to mind — and is left to dismantle them on her own as the scene moves on.

Despite this awkwardness Jan Bashford does at

least give an impression of taking the play seriously. The same cannot be said of the three witches, who chant their lines in a kind of up beat, semi-pop rhythm punctuated by bamboo sticks. One expects them at any moment to move from "Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble" into "Knock three times on the ceiling if you want me". The witches, reappearing throughout the play, should be the essence of malevolence so as to emphasise the evil implicit in such scenes as Macbeth's justification to the murderers and to himself of Banquo's murder (III, i). One therefore expects the ingredients of the magic potion in IV, i to be whispered with each syllable savoured, rather than reeled off in the same sing-song monotone Alison Holst applies to the contents of an apple pie.

One can make many objections to the production but never to the play itself, which is superb. Not even the most stilted performance can prevent the tragedy from moving to its inexorable conclusion, and the language is robust enough to withstand even the terrible assaults of actors who seem to be under the impression that they are participating in an elaborate elocution examination. This is probably the reason that most critics, while differing on the obvious point of the aptness of the Japanese setting have generally praised the acting in the play. New Zealand critics are incapable of separating the play from the performance and of giving separate criticisms of each. They tend to criticise a play like a Rugby game — in terms of venue, players, audience reception and overseas reaction. The Mercury can only appreciate critics who tell them that their "Macbeth" is an unfortunate and inappropriate production of a play that



is deservedly a classic, while their "Butley" was an excellent production of a shapeless and undramatic work. Critics who offer little more than a general impression of the whole evening with the required plaudits to the actors can, in the long run, do only a disservice to the Mercury in particular and to New Zealand drama in general.

Michael Crew

**ISLANDS — WINTER 1973**  
In Place of a Review

As with cremation, there needs to be a lot of spade-work done before one is convinced of the value of this issue of "Islands". It is a disconcertingly overbalanced magazine — containing about 30 pages of ostensibly creative writing whereas 80 pages are devoted to a stringy tail of follow-up material: reviews and learned articles on Baxter as dramatist, the Clockwork Orange, O.E. Middleton, N.Z. composers interview with Allen Curnow. While not wishing to devalue the standard of this work, surely a proportion in the material which bespeaks health in the state of N.Z. creativeness would be more delectable? We must conclude either that the editor feels only a small proportion of "creative" material worth publishing, in which case such poverty is truly represented; or that with obscure intent the ambience surrounding genuine creative work is taking over, professors and learned articles proliferating until with true Bergsonian spirit creative work will no longer be necessary and reviews of non-existent works occur. But this is sheer hysteria; it is what is in the magazine and not its geometrical proportions which interest us.

"To be but pyramidally extant is a fallacy in duration" and I must instantly defend the magazine against myself for in this miscellaneous material, the backside of literature, quality runs high. Especially Mr. Jackson's interview with Allen Curnow which is long and full and interesting, not only for readers of Mr. Curnow's poetry but for and interested in the more dubious delight of discovering gentlemen still in our midst. The articles on "The Clockwork Orange" will be interesting, the one by Roger Oppenheim arguing

the implicit domestication of violence behind our aesthetic and 'liberal' wish to see such a 'work of art', the ignorance of New Zealanders about violence and its origins/consequences. If Auckland University were bombed over half of N.Z. Literature, as represented by this magazine would perish.

But the real jewels of this sort of magazine, the heart of an Arts and Letters magazine, is its arts. This is not to say that critical and learned articles cannot be art but that few writers realize it and while they do not we cannot pretend to be excited about them.

Of these jewels I am suspicious. I am not prepared to bow and scrape to the 'creative' artist, because I seek little evidence of creativity, but that is a standard of tenuous validity, let us say see little of anything new and exciting being added to the world. Kafka's criterion was that a work of art should strike one on the head as with a hammer. But I have read the whole magazine and remain hard-headed. Some people in New Zealand and 19th century Russia might appreciate 'slice-of-life' fiction, the poignantly captured social moment, the interacting of rural character with his environment, but on the whole I do not. It is as if, Barth says, the challenges, the questions, raised as long ago by Rimbaud and Joyce or Beckett (for example) simply have never existed; as though Wittgenstein or logical positivism were nonsense themselves. Ant these are old ideas.

The verse does not display the same cacozeal, my choler follows but so far, and so I end with an impudent posy for Messrs. Stead and Curnow. The former's poem — "Under the Sun" — uncovers a man who as read T.S. Eliot, who knows that images should be controlled and not haphazard, and who knows how to manage irony with a lack of obviousness. But even on a superficial level, it is a pleasing arrangement of pictures. Mr Curnow's poem is long and elaborate although rather reflective, and I say this with a sad tremor for I contrast it with the poems in his recent volume — "Trees, Effigies and Moving Objects" — which concur with my prejudices as regards tightness and a closing in upon the object, the not-self, which I cannot see as much here.

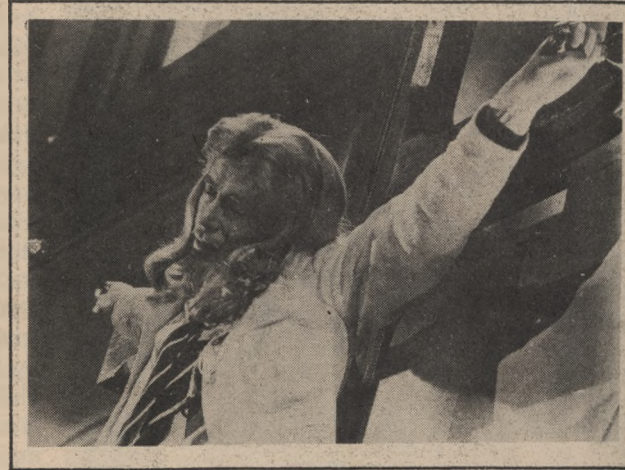
"I borrow occasion of charity from mine necessities, and supply the wants of others, when I am in most need my self".

(Sir Thomas Browne)

D. Callahan

**THE RULING CLASS**  
Produced by Jules Buck & Jack Hawkins  
Directed by Peter Medak  
Starring Peter O'Toole Alistair Sim

Perhaps if I hadn't seen the play, and anticipated what was to happen, "The Ruling Class" might have had more impact. I doubt it. Like so many conversions of stage drama to film. "The Ruling Class" is just too extravagant. That can be delightful — J.C. and Marguerite dancing "My Blue Heaven" through the flowers — but the lyricism is unfortunately heavy-handed, just as the cynicism and cruelty which follow become forced to the point of ineffectiveness. Symbolism isn't when they keep explaining it, it's just simile, and consequently much less moving. The potential is there for an incisive, savage indictment of autocratic ritual, but it is over-exploited, with the



result that the film will probably not evoke the powerful audience gut-reaction obviously intended. It is too long and too much is unnecessary, even unimaginative. We really don't need to dissolve into Victorian street scenes to get the message of the Jack the Ripper bit, or into Dickensian cobweb and skeleton scenes to grasp the meaninglessness of parliament, any more than we need the jolly spectacle of the 14th Earl and the Master of Lunacy falling into the river. Such excesses of literal interpretation are in fact a distraction (not in the sense of entertainment, for they

become tedious), ever so slightly insulting to the audience, and I found myself longing, oh, for a little restraint.

All of which is not to say that "The Ruling Class" doesn't have some brilliant moments, memorable and hilarious vaudeville vignettes, and an over-all quality of acting which almost entirely redeems it, despite the director's constant interference. For the first time ever, I found Peter O'Toole convincing and sympathetic, as much in command of his role as Medak would allow. All those familiar faces from TV drop neatly into their cameo slots. Coral Browne ("Dr Crippen" "The Killing of Sister George") can always be relied on for style (especially in Jean Muir clothes) and a superb sneer. Michael Bryant's performance is perfect, much less hamming than the rest of the cast and more macabre. And I loved the Electric High-voltage God.

If "The Ruling Class" tends to miss the mark by over-reaching itself, it still scores occasionally, it's often very funny and nearly witty, and for entertainment value more than equals an English I lecture on black comedy, complete with all the latest trendy audio-visual accompaniments. It is worth seeing.

Linda Daly Peoples

#### ONCE IN A BLUE MOON Frankie Miller Chrysalis

Earlier this year I had the good fortune to be in London for a few weeks and although much of what Dave Neumegeen wrote in Craccum a while back about the pubs is true, there are two or three near Earls Court where one can hear excellent music most nights of the week for nought but the cost of a beer. For nothing at all if you don't drink.

One such establishment is the Kensington where one balmy Wednesday night I sat and watched a superb semi-professional band called Bees Make Honey who had a residency there once a week. The place filled up and the band filled up; Nick Lowe of Brinsley Schwarz was there and got up and sang a bit and played bass, then about half an hour before closing a stocky guy with a couple of days' growth stood behind the mike and sang the second best version of 'Like A Rolling Stone' I've ever heard. It was Frankie Miller.

On ONCE IN A BLUE MOON Frankie Miller is backed by all of Brinsley Schwarz who can rustle up a country funk better than any other British band and number the Grateful Dead among their admirers. Their backing here is well suited to the songs and they prevent more than one from sliding into a sorry mediocrity.

The mood of the album is similar to that of Jesse Winchester's two releases to date, quietly expressive pieces of seemingly autobiographical material and homely philosophy with the occasional rocker. However Miller is a more erratic writer but with songs like 'In No Resistance' and 'You Don't Need To Laugh' he approaches the standard of Jesse Winchester's superb first album. He rocks well too and 'Can-



delectable Sonata' and 'It's All Over' are both standout tracks that reflect the Brinsleys' interest in early New Orleans rock and roll. Frankie Miller and Brinsley Schwarz are of course separate entities but the singer and band combine so well in this album that they come across as a well tried and seasoned unit who compliment each other with ease due to long familiarity.

Vocally Frankie Miller has a touch of Cocker but

is generally a shade lighter and as I suggested before his voice lends itself to singing I Dylan without too much risk of the almost unavoidable plagiarism that haunts this venture. 'Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues' is the Dylan song on the album but in fact nothing new is added or revealed in this version which is a disappointment. The idea of sinning it is two-part harmony all the way through doesn't really work as individual lines don't register above the drone of the song — it's sung as if it had been learnt by rote that morning.

The other non-Miller composition is Willie Dixon's 'I'm Ready,' which does work. Frankie stalks through the song like a predatory tomcat, abetted by another fine backing track from Brinsley Schwarz that results in a fresh treatment (of a familiar song, and that's a good way to finish an album).

Mostly this is the quality record I expected without being outstanding in any way. I recommend Frankie Miller as a singer-songwriter who doesn't balk at a straightforward statement where a poetic image might have been the tempting thing, knows his way around a rock and roll song, and has a good ear for sidemen.

T.H.

#### SONNY TERRY AND BROWNIE McGHEE

Anyone expecting an ecstatic hothouse blues or an evening of frustrated adolescent howling would not have been wiped out by the laconic, nearly citified doggerel of two blunted players, who seem to have lost the home of their wit along with the pregnancy of their one-time revivalist yearnings, when they quit the fetid womb-like atmosphere of their real haunts for globe-trotting and big-time.



Sonny and Brownie used to have a drive about them on their records that just didn't get across to this blues freak for one. The goodtime they tried to capture in "Summertime Wine" just whined and whined.

And so these cripples have got fat and sleek. "Rock Island Line" is not that gritty reality it should be. Of course the major hassle is that these two guys know they're doing something artificial when they play for heads and the pseudo-lovers of strangled and melancholy blues licks. When you're tired you're tired and when you're dead you're dead.

Kirkland, living in his vacuous fantasy land shouldn't drag his corpses in from overseas for us to venerate without trying to figure out just what he is doing and why.

How about some local developments?

Trevor Brown

#### DISEASE

"DISEASE" WAS A SPONTANEOUS EVENT HELD IN THE Auckland university quad at 1.00 on Friday 27 July using masked costumed actors, swords, rope, megaphones and taperecorders.

It worked as a total cataclysmic destructive release of energy in that particular square concreted space. Previous liberating events include last year's paint up, sand-blasted into monotone and the two previous events held this year by members of Friday's group.

The group paraded in, set up the ladder under the leader's direction, strung up one effigy with four ropes from the top corners of the quad buildings so that it was hanging high over the centre of the quad until eventually pulled down, disembowelled and obliterated; meanwhile a large bundle of glossy brown paper was set alight sending billowing black clouds

## CRACCUM ARTS



of smoke through the common rooms and exploding crackers. The second effigy was hurled from the roof of the student union building and it too was soon pulled to pieces. The group rallied and after waiting a few moments for a stray thunderbolt from the heavens, left without further ado leaving assorted carnage of rope, wire, paper, rags, plastic, rubber tyres and rusty iron and a smoldering fire.

Despite the fact that most of the programmed sound never eventuated (Penderecki's "Passion Of Saint Luke", an Ethiopian love song and two portable taperecorders emitting screams, chants and death rattles) and that the action was unrehearsed and spontaneous, the event worked with its own organic growth and climax.

AD Harold

#### FAUSTUS Living Theatre Troupe

The Living Theatre Troupe is currently rehearsing a production of Marlowe's *Dr Faustus*. This will be presented at the University Arts Centre, 24 Grafton Road early in the Third term.

Directed by Ken Rea, the production sets out to take a new look at what is an old and often clichéd play. This has meant in some cases throwing out a lot of the conventional trappings that surround heavy poetic dramas. 'We're simply trying to get at the essence of it', says Ken Rea. 'For this reason we began working on it in terms of movement and sound alone, not even touching the text. This helps retain some sort of theatrical balance in the finished work. All too many classical play productions rely too much on the spoken word. For a contemporary audience they consequently become plain boring. Yet the Medieval and Elizabethan theatres, to which 'Faustus' belongs, were full of life and action. One of innovations for a start is to make the devil Mephistophilis a woman'.

#### THE GREAT POETRY READING

Although John Bailey, the organiser of the Great P, explained that the title came from 'As You Like It' (Shakespeare himself, no less) it still somehow reeks of maiden's water to me.

But the readings don't. Experimental house, where the Great P's are held, is down behind the engineering school. It is basically a shell with 4 levels linked by ladders around which one can scramble caveman like, or use the stairs. Each floor gives a completely different perspective on the situation.

The reading starts with a set programme, which included, last Monday, readings by students from authors as diverse as e.e. Cummings, Lewis Carroll, Omar Khayyam and the bard himself. After which it was open slather. Anyone who had something to say, sing, or act, either alone or with others grabbed his opportunity and did so.

So if you want to get in on an act, or just watch one, keep your eyes open for another great P. (I keep telling myself that a rose by any other name would smell sweet, but a P?)

Susan Heap



## INFORMATION, PHYSICAL OBJECTS & LIBRARIES

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## Mandragola. Independent Theatre

It was good to see that Machiavelli, of The e Prince fame, was capable of writing a comedy on the same theme. Here, it is not the Prince seeking power; but some motley players trying to impress a Duke, i.e. the audience) by staging a bawdy comedy. Well played in spaghetti slapstick style. Ken Porters performance especially professional.

Paintings by David Jones  
Mollers Gallery  
(6-17 August)

David Jones has painting for 20 years. He started with realistic landscapes in water colours and oils but "It is unsatisfying to paint reality". So he switched to abstracts.

At the moment he is painting Coromandel I Rocks. Why rocks? Yet is it not strength that the paintings portray. It is rather their potential for movement and destruction that is expressed. Number 1 is an example. A fairly solid looking rockscape. But on the right hand side there is a white gap with a rock poised above it. It has the potential to fall and reform into something else. This mobility in such solid subject matter is one of the exhibition's qualities.

Grey, green, brown, orange feature. Backgrounds are mainly white. One gets a slightly Binney-sans-birds impression. In many, (No. 3 for example) a black line defines the horizon. It is there for "contrast and depth". I asked Mr Jones why the paintings were numbered only, under the general title "Rocks, Sea, Sky." He said it was because they were not taken from one place but often were the amalgamation of sketches from many different locations.

"I don't want to be tied down to one place. People come and say 'but that's not Waititi Bay' It's much easier for everyone concerned to just number them".

An amalgamation of form, or an anonymity, that, with the black line on white background, simplifies life down to the final two statements of colour. The exhibition, (apart from some of the rock textures, which contain innovations from earlier work, an example of which is No. 23) is very definite, very comfortable. The paintings are ideal for the walls of middle class houses. They won't challenge or offend anyone.

Susan T. Heap.

## LETTER BOXES

There are many who dream of a foolproof scheme  
For making a bit on the side,  
But a fellow I knew once worked up a few  
That I wouldn't even have tried.

I went out one day to his place up the way,  
A half-acre right-of-way section,  
And with puzzled surprise there came to my eyes  
Letter boxes in every direction.

They stood row on row every three feet or so,  
His joy and his evident pride,  
But becoming aware of my dumbfounded stare  
He quietly drew me aside.

"I'm playing this game for money and fame  
And I simply can't lose it, my boy;  
For the boxes that fill with letter and bill  
I pull up, you see, and destroy.

"But I carefully breed from those that I need  
(The ones with the cheques and the notes)  
And to record every cross with its profit and loss  
To distinguish the sheep from the goats.

"Then I back-cross again with a heavy-cropping strain  
And fix in the usual way;  
And with each gain in vigour my chances grow bigger  
Of hitting the jack-pot some day.

"And when I've a strain that I find will maintain  
A significant balance in hand  
I'll sell up this place, where there's not enough space,  
And buy acres and acres of land."

I wished him success — I couldn't do less,  
For you had to admit he was game  
To persist with such will and such technical skill  
At his dream of his fortune and fame.

But at last came a day when he put it away  
Though the thing had become quite obsessive,  
But he knew he'd lost, for he'd found to his cost  
That the cheque-bearing gene is recessive!

Dick Southon

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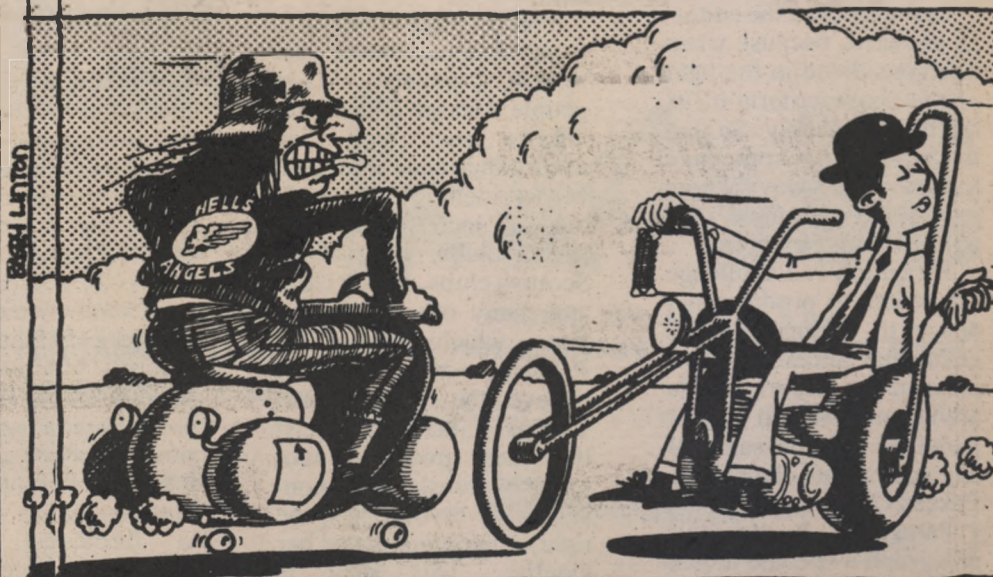
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# TIMES MUST CHANGE

AN OPEN LETTER TO  
THE EDITOR, THE SUNDAY TIMES

Flat 1, 40 George Street  
Kingsland  
Auckland, 3  
Friday, 20 July, 1973

Dear Sir,

My attention has been drawn to an editorial published in the 'Sunday Times' on 10 June 1973. I read the editorial carefully hoping that I would find something of value in it but when I had finished reading I was left with a feeling of intense disgust. This editorial ranks as the most scurrilous piece of racism that I have ever had the misfortune to read in any New Zealand newspaper. As the writer of this editorial obviously has no idea of what racism is I will set out a full definition for him.

1. Racism exists when one group views its cultural values, life-styles, and socioeconomic self-interests as superior to those of other groups and then implements these assumptions through societal norms and institutions.

2. Racism is any activity which treats human beings unjustly (dominates, alienates or assimilates) because of race (colour) or culture and rationalises that treatment by ascribing undesirable biological, psychological, social and cultural characteristics to different racial or cultural groups.

3. Paternalistic racism exists where whites set standards, in institutions or culturally, to which non-whites must conform. Here the whites set the standards and make decisions, expecting all members of the society to conform. These decisions are made with the best of intentions to improve the society but perpetuate the assumption that white is superior. It should be noted that it is immaterial whether or not a system as a whole, or those holding power within it, are 'consciously' racist.

I have labelled the editorial as racist, because when it is considered in the light of the above criteria it fits the bill completely. So that the writer may appreciate the error of his ways, I now intend to examine his editorial point by point.

Paragraph 1. I challenge the writer to produce evidence to substantiate his claim that ancestral rights claimed by Maori people are illusory. Would he prepared to say the same of any such rights claimed by Pakehas?

Paragraph 2. In this paragraph a specific attack

is made on a number of Maori institutions.

First, I would like to point out that the New Zealand Maori Council was established by the previous National Government ostensibly to improve communication between the Government and the Maori people. It was imposed by a Pakeha Government on the Maori people but now it has

inalienable and non-negotiable.

Fourthly, the writer's contempt for the four Maori seats concerns the same point I made about the New Zealand Maori Council. Pakehas have 83 representatives in Parliament. If the writer is so concerned about racism, then if the Maori seats have to go the Pakeha ones will have to go too. The writer

integration'. Indeed, it is assimilation, and in my book that's racism. The Maori attitude to Maori seats has, been summed up by one kaumaatua who said, "While we have our seats in the House we have our mana, our pride, our identity. If we lose them we are nothing." It is clear from the tone of the editorial, that that's what the writer wants the Maori people

schools have failed New Zealand children because they are trying to produce, not New Zealanders, but Euro-Americans. They have failed Maori children because they have rejected Maori language and Maori culture. By rejecting these things they have, in effect, rejected Maori children, who have shown this sense of rejection by opting out at the earliest possible opportunity. It is ironic that this has been caused, in part, by the very policy which the writer so vigorously advocates in his editorial.

Paragraph 6. According to the writer the Maori language is useless. May I ask, from whence comes the authority for the writer to tell a people that their language is useless, and on whose terms has this judgment been made? Maori people are tired of being told that their language is useless by mono-lingual, ethnocentric Pakehas. A person who cannot speak Maori is in no position to judge whether the Maori language is useless or not. The writer then tells us that when Maoris speak Maori in the presence of Pakehas they "aggravate racial differences." A few questions are in order. First, does the writer know that Maori is the indigenous language of New Zealand and was spoken here for over 700 years before Pakehas imposed English. Does he know that in 1871 the Government overthrew a successful bi-lingual system by banning Maori in schools? Does he know that Maori children arriving at school able to speak only Maori were beaten if they dared to utter their mother-tongue, and if he does know, does he not consider that these actions may have been "aggravating" to Maori people? It appears not. So here we have it, good old Pakeha arrogance, mono-lingualism, ethnocentrism, RACISM. You name it, it's all there. Let me say this to the writer; no Pakeha is worthy of the "title" 'NEW ZEALANDER' unless he or she has a working knowledge of the Maori Language and that's that.

I will not comment on the writer's sensitivity about being called a Pakeha. He is of course entitled to give himself any "title" he wishes, but certainly not 'NEW ZEALANDER'.

Paragraph 7. I appreciate that writing the first six paragraphs must have been a grim business, but surely if the writer wished to

**R**ACIAL feeling is rapidly increasing; to blame are the mushrooming groups, mostly well-intentioned but in some cases frankly malevolent, who emphasise racial differences, language barriers, cultural gaps and illusory ancestral rights.

Any kind of discrimination, favourable or otherwise, based on racial origin is RACISM. Institutions such as the Maori Council, the Maori Education Foundation, Nga Tamatoa, the four Maori seats in Parliament and the Maori national rugby team are part of the barrier which prevents peaceful integration of all racial types into New Zealanders.

This week we had the Maori Council ranting again about the education system having failed young people who drop out and form the Stormtroopers and the Panthers. This is utter rubbish; all kinds of people drop out of the education system. Most of them have white skins, but no-one takes any particular notice of them.

Those with brown skins, however, are now

alarmingly identified by troublemakers as an underprivileged racial group.

Every time Maoris use their attractive but quite useless language in the presence of a non-Maori, every time they employ the insulting term "pakeha", they aggravate the differences between the races.

They create resentment where none previously existed, and risk turning a tolerant Kiwi joker into a racist.

In Auckland this week, an East Coast Bays councillor made headlines when he voted against helping a Maori college which does not accept "European" pupils.

Having lived in South Africa, Cr. A. M. McCulloch said he felt strongly that separate development led to separate thinking; in his view, "we are not Maoris and Europeans, but New Zealanders".

He was talking sense, and sounding a needed warning.

SUNDAY TIMES EDITORIAL,  
10.6.73.

become, more or less, an accepted part of Maori society and is being modernised to make it an efficient interest group. In our society there are a number of interest groups. Such as Federated Farmers, the Manufacturers' Association, the Employers' Association and the F.O.L. Why can the Maori people not have their own interest group, outside the structures of political parties, working in the interests of Maori people?

Secondly, the Maori Education Foundation is financed by Maori money. Why is the writer against Maoris using Maori money to assist the educating of their children? Is he against Maoris being educated at all?

Thirdly, Nga Tamatoa as a national movement represents young Maori people who are endeavouring to seek out their Maoritanga and retain their Maori identity. Throughout or society we have Welsh clubs, Irish clubs, Scottish clubs, Dutch clubs and many other organisations which are solely Pakeha including, I believe, the 'Young Nats'. If Nga Tamatoa is racist then these groups are too. Quite obviously this is nonsense. Everyone has the right to maintain his or her identity. This right is

should have known that Representation was imposed upon the Maori people in 1867 as a token gesture by colonial government. The settlers' government was confiscating large tracts of Maori land and this had led to criticism in England. Four Maori seats were granted because the settlers feared that the British Government would again take control of Maori affairs. Despite the ulterior motives involved representation has become an accepted part of Maoridom. Today the four seats remain and the boundaries are fixed unlike the Pakeha seats. When we consider that the number of Maoris of half Maori ancestry or more is now 236,000 it is obvious that the electoral system is inequitable. The question of Maori representation involves the inalienable human right, that an indigenous minority should have the opportunity to present its views in Parliament on matters affecting them. To say that Maori Representation is racist really means that the members of that indigenous minority have no human rights at all. The argument that the seats must go in the name of integration is as Syd. Jackson of Nga Tamatoa has commented, "a farcical, one-sided, white-motivated concept of

to be; nothing.

Fifthly, the writer's attitude to Maori rugby shows that he has not understood one vital point. The New Zealand Maori team is a collection of Maori rugby players and does not purport to be New Zealand's national rugby team. That status, of course, belongs to the "All Blacks." The direct opposite of this is the Springboks. Here, a team chosen on an all white basis claims to be the national rugby team of South Africa. If the writer cannot understand that point then I am afraid I can be of no further assistance to him on this matter.

Sixthly, the writer's point about "peaceful integration" bears little comment. It is clear that he is using the word "integration" as a synonym for assimilation, which is not uncommon in New Zealand.

Paragraphs 3, 4, and 5. It is clear from his remarks in these paragraphs that the writer does not understand the meaning of the word "proportion". The fact is that more than 80% of Maori secondary school pupils leave school without School Certificate compared with 48% of Pakehas. The writer should know that.

I am convinced that our

provide a curriculum relevant to the needs of Maori pupils with due recognition to the Maori language and culture. Because of meagre resources they are unable to cater for the numbers they would like to cater for. Pakehas are well catered for by State Secondary and Private schools and, therefore, I see no reason why preference should not be given to Maori pupils in a Maori school.

The writer made a critical error in relying on a comment by an obviously ill-informed man. The argument that we are not Europeans but New Zealanders is senseless. New Zealand has at the wish of the Pakeha majority developed as a Western European country. Our Parliamentary, Justice, Education and Monetary systems are all based on British - European models. Pakehas have grasped on to a conglomeration of Euro-American cultural influences and tried to impose these influences as the new cultural

orthodoxy. Meanwhile, Maoris have clung desperately to their language and culture. Considering the overbearing pressure to assimilate by an arrogant ethnocentric majority they indulge in telling jokes he could have done so without displaying his singular lack of humour. The fact is that the ordinary "tolerant Kiwi joker" is generally a monocultural, mono-lingual, ethnocentric assimilationist. People involved in the field of race and cultural relations constantly confirmed that he is their biggest problem.

Paragraphs 8, 9 and 10. I suppose the attack on Maori schools had to come sooner or later, but what a sloppy effort. Maori schools have done what State schools have never been prepared to do, they have been fairly successful in ensuring cultural continuity. Yes, we are all New Zealanders. Many of us are Europeans, a smaller number are Maoris, an even smaller number are

non-Maori Polynesians, Chinese, Indians etc., etc. These observations are demographic, racial and cultural facts. When will the Pakeha majority recognise this?

Having closely examined this scurrilous and unfortunate little diatribe, I am forced to conclude that the writer just did not understand. He seemed to rely on a simple faith that "white is right". Furthermore, he obviously is unaware of any of the literature or research being done in Race Relations and Maori Affairs. Quite frankly the wrong man was picked for the job. This is unfortunate but inexcusable. Many fine people and institutions have been maligned and insulted. THIS MUST BE RECTIFIED. AMENDS MUST BE MADE. If this is not done the matter will have to be taken further.

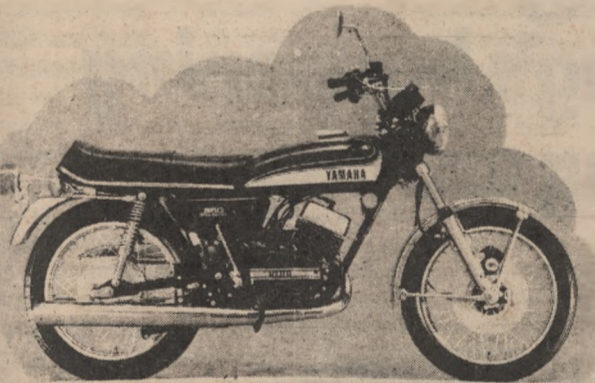
Yours, in disgust  
Wayne R. Hawkins

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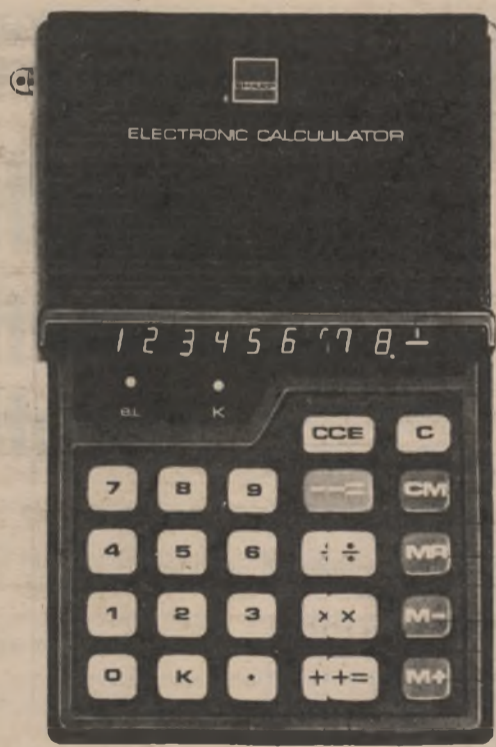


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# backpacking USA continued

undergrowth and windfall can obscure a trail in a single season, the severe winters and infrequent summer rains keep down the rate of plant growth in most of the American west.

These routes were often merely game trails followed and used by the Indian, from buffalo trails at the lowest elevation, to goat and sheep tracks at the highest levels, and these big game animals to a limited extent continue their practice of trail maintenance. Once a trail is made, in most parts of the U.S., it is only very slowly overgrown and minimal use keeps it clear. Unlike New Zealand, where ferns, undergrowth and windfall can obscure a trail in a single season, the severe winters and infrequent summer rains keep down the rate of plant growth in most of the American west, and especially at high altitudes a trail can remain unused, yet clear, for a generation. In addition, to be honest, there probably is much more human traffic, including groups packing in with horses or burros, and the trails tend to be self-maintaining. Finally, the U.S. rangers tend to have more financial resources than their New Zealand counterparts and can hire students for summer work in the forests and in some areas are assisted by volunteer groups of boy scouts or tramping clubs.

The result is that trails in the U.S. resemble a formed track like the Routeburn Track and high-riding comfortable packframes can be carried without getting hung up in the bush, boots need not be so tremendously heavy, and two miles an hour is a conservative estimate of a comfortable pace through the worst of conditions.

## SHELTER:

The hut building habits of the tramping Kiwi is a continental practice adopted in New Zealand, I believe, because of the generally inclement weather. In my days of tramping in the U.S. I have stayed in a hut on only three occasions and each of these was a Sierra Club hut in a national forest, and I was on a winter-time cross country ski-trip. On a summer-time back packing trip in the U.S. you just will not be staying in a hut, ever, at any time. In the first place, the few that do exist are completely closed in summer, secondly, there just are not any huts in Wilderness Areas because they are illegal, and finally they really are not necessary. Most precipitation falls in mountain areas in the winter as snow and only the occasional afternoon storm brings rain in summer. The alternative to the elaborate hut of New Zealand was, only a few years ago, a simply made lean-to with a roof of saplings and a floor of boughs, but today heavier use of popular areas has ruled out this practice and tents, with collapsing aluminium poles, are the standard accommodation. I have been on trips where the tent was never set up at all and I have also spent days with seven others in my three man tent waiting out a storm. Bivvy rocks are totally unknown.

The routine of making camp is generally per the following scenario: Between 4 and 5 in the afternoon a suitable campsite is selected, usually in a clearing by a lake with running water nearby and plentiful squaw wood handy (squaw wood is dry windfall lying on the ground, small enough to burn. No living wood is ever cut, and indeed, generally, no cutting tools are carried). If the weather is in the least bit threatening, tents are set up, and the wood is gathered for fires. Rocks are gathered for a circular fireplace and someone will fill a collapsible plastic water container and the cooks begin to soak the freeze-dried or dehydrated supper. (The soaking takes place in pots carried for this purpose. A billy is a policeman's club or a goat.) The meal is usually a fairly luxurious four-course affair with a soup, vegetable, main course and jello or pudding, with the main dish a surprisingly tasty beef stroganoff, chicken tetrazini, tuna a la nep-tune or the like. Costly, of course. You would never see a can of beans in the woods today, although you might have a native trout baked in aluminium foil with lemon and butter. (Backpackers are frequently fishermen, but rarely hunters — American deer-slayers prefer to hunt in National Forests so they can get their Land Rovers to the animals).

After sitting around the fire with coffee or tea, possibly a joint or two and looking at the stars or telling lies for a few hours, sleeping bags are unstuffed and foam sleeping pads unrolled. (Awareness of the heavens seems to be a characteristic of American backpackers not shared by Kiwi trampers — most Yanks tend to be amateur astronomers, after staring at the stars so long on sleepless nights, whereas most Kiwi's can't even identify the Southern Cross. I met three trampers on Stewart Island who didn't even know what a star was.)

## FLORA-FAUNA:

Contrary to your held opinions, wild animals are not yet all extinct in the U.S. and, to be frank, I find the American varieties more exciting and interesting than the odd New Zealand exotic deer or thar. Perhaps a bit of the excitement derives from the possibility (though slight) that the wild animals are unfriendly, hostile and even dangerous.

First on the list has to be *Ursus Horribilis*, or grizzly bear. Old *Ursus* today is more prominent in campfire stories and legend than in reality although on two separate occasions recently, a grizzly bear invaded a camp, attacked a sleeping camper and in each case killed a girl unable to get out of her sleeping bag.



W.C. Hodge

In one case the bear consumed the entire body of the girl, and the only remains were a hair ball found in the stomach of the grizzly, which was shot a few days later. The much more common brown or black bear does not have the hatred of humans characteristic of the grizzly, but he will scavenge a camp site for food, particularly fish, bacon or sugar. It is customary in bear country to hang a pack with all the food in it from a tree limb. I have never seen a wild grizzly, but I have seen brown bears and I have lost food to them in the night.

Other carnivores include the mountain lion, the wolverine and the wolf, none of which I have ever seen, and the common wiley coyote, which is occasionally seen and very frequently heard at night.

I once had only a pine tree between myself and a very upset bull elk (Wapiti) who was disturbed by a snowball chucked at him by a friend of mine. Fortunately, his antlers got caught in the lower branches and I retreated into more trees. I also once ran into the south end of a north facing moose calf, standing inconsiderately just around a sharp corner on a trail. Both of these incidents were in non-hunting areas where big game has lost some of its fear of man. I have also seen buffalo standing in a (distant) meadow, walked on beaver dams and seen an incredibly agile Rocky Mountain Big Horn Sheep.

My most memorable experience was caused by an animal which I never saw, but which was responsible for an agonizing night. A girl in our party had, rather stupidly, brought along a dog, who had decided, rather stupidly, to attack a porcupine. Three of us spent that night sitting on the dog, holding a flashlight, pulling quills from the dog's nose, tongue, lips and gums with a pair of needle-nose pliers while the dog cried and yelled and finally went into shock and we went into tears.

Although the four-footed animals offer more excitement in the States, you would probably be less impressed with our vanishing bird life. We have no flightless birds (although quail, grouse and partridge spend a lot of time in ground cover) and our truly magnificent big birds, like condors, eagles and osprey, are losing their battle with civilization. Western ranchers, for example, blame eagles for otherwise unaccountable lamb losses and then rid their lands of all eagles by shooting and poisoning. (Compare the attitude of South Island station owners to keas.) The federal government attempts to prosecute eagle killers, but it is a losing battle. I personally have seen an eagle only once, and that was as a moving experience. I was resting on the top of a 13,400' mountain

on the Continental Divide in Wyoming with two friends, when we saw a golden eagle about 300 feet directly over our heads, just soaring along above this great divide, like Ole Turkey Buzzard in MacKenna's Gold.

The flora of wilderness areas in the west is basically evergreen forest of the gymnosperm cone-bearing variety, including fir, about a dozen types of pine, cedar, cypress, spruce, hemlock, larch, redwood, sequoia and juniper, depending on altitude, amount of moisture, exposure and soil conditions. As is apparent from the lodgepole pine successfully spreading over the treeless slopes of Ruapehu, many varieties of needled conifer are much harder than the New Zealand beech and will grow successfully at high altitudes even covered in snow six months of the year. Thus, in the U.S. on a latitude parallel with Mount Cook, you will find forestation up to about 10,000'.

## EQUIPMENT:

American backpackers are Catalogue Freaks and equipmentophiles, and spend their long winter evenings poring over the camping equipment catalogues from one of four or five major mail order houses. Every American backpacker aspires to quality in his pack and frame (kelty is the American Mountain Mule) sleeping bag (usually 2½ to 3 pounds of down) tent and boots. Even a relatively poor American student will spend upwards of \$300 on these four items, although he can get by on perhaps \$200.

Foodstuffs also tend to be much more expensive in the States, although there is a much greater variety. You can get just about anything freeze-dried today, from strawberries to steaks to peanut butter, but they cost a fortune. Some essential items like pemmican and beef jerky aren't available at all in New Zealand.

Topographic maps with 40' contour lines (15 degrees by 15 degrees) are available for most parts of the U.S. and are standard equipment on any trip.

Tramping thus is much more arduous in New Zealand — the trails here are, with rare exceptions, much more difficult and the weather much worse. You will seldom find muddy tracks in the U.S., you will never struggle with bush lawyer, supplejack, spiny matagori or wild Spaniard, you will find bridges across any major stream you need to cross, and there will be signposts at intersections of major trails. On the other hand you must carry your shelter on your back in the States and you will do your cooking on open-air wood fires and sleep under the stars. I'm not trying to convince you that tramping is better in the U.S. than in New Zealand, but only that it is still possible, even easy, to enjoy a wilderness experience in the United States.

W.C. Hodge

Reprinted from 'Footprints' the magazine of the Auckland University Tramping Club.

## 1973-74 WHOLE EARTH SUPPLEMENTS

Following the success of the First New Zealand Whole Earth Catalogue, the publishers and editors are preparing three supplements for publication within the next six to eight months. The presentation will be much the same, and contributions are requested. All contributions will be acknowledged and considered, and will be paid for in free copies of the supplements. Intending contributors should write to the supplement editor concerned:

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Yours fan CASSHELS

J.D. Hen DIRECTOR

# STUDASS CALENDAR '74

Mr. Ballantyne's comments in last weeks editorial regarding the Studass Calendar for 1974 were somewhat awry. It will not be coming to fruition in a matter of months, it will be coming to fruition NOW, everyday from now till the end of the third term.

The important point that needs to be stressed, is that it is up to you students and student reps to get your critiques in as soon as possible so they can be assembled, and so we know the kind of layout and editorial format that is best suited to the material we will have.

This Calendar is not just one enthusiast's bright idea. The notion that the University and its hierarchy are making decisions which affect our lives and in which we, token say, if we're lucky, seems to me to be an idea that is sinking in to students' heads in most Western universities. "Who controls University?" "Who controls Education?", "The Indoctrination of New Zealanders", are headlines that are becoming more prevalent in student press.

For example, these comments from "Farrago", Melbourne University's student newspaper: "Students have never organised themselves and played the snakes and ladders game of University government. Only this year have counter-handbooks appeared discussing the validity of courses in the University. Even these few of them approached the realisation that courses, exams and teaching methods are made by man and can be changed by man. Only in the past year have students prodded the soft white underbelly of the University's social conditioning agencies: examinations. And within the University students have a great body of work to do. To corrode the values which the institutions, the sum

of the members, imposes on the individual, requires sustained exposure of the values and presentation of alternatives at all levels".

At the may Council meeting of the NZUSA these comments arose from the discussion of the failure of token student representation: "Power moves from the committees on which students sit to other committees on which students are not represented. As fast as agitation gained representation on these committees, the elusive power (i.e. decision-forming) slips from them" And (2) "When finally students are represented on all formal committees decisions are made by secret committees (i.e. elsewhere) or by small informal meetings of top administrators and academics" And (3) "As the committees don't make major changes which benefit the student, student leaders seem no different from other committee members in the eyes of the ordinary student. Student leaders, who are often elected on a platform of making major reforms, lose their credibility. Thus, when they are co-opted on to these committees, student leaders lose contact with ordinary students. As they are a minority on the committee they can't force changes without popular student support".

Point (3) here is critical. One of the aims of the Calendar is to draw out specific information on what students do not like about the system, and what they want. This information can be interpreted from the material that you, student reps and others, write for the Calendar about subjects and departments. It just might provide the concrete information that student reps on University hierarchy committees can use to influence decisions. It is absolutely necessary that you realise that the small axe you have to grind about some aspect of the paper you're doing may fit in to an overall complaint, which if the Students Association knew about it they could agitate for change in committee meetings, and having something in writing in the form of Calendar student opinion, possibly get it.

This would make it more difficult for the University to use techniques (1) and (2) above. Finally, I was hoping to provide a list of papers and departments that we need information on, but Craccum's ridiculous week-ahead deadlines has precluded that this week. For those of you who are sceptical about writing anything for Studass Calendar because you see it as another Students Association political dance, let me inform you that I have no connection with the Students Association politically or any individuals therein, nor any political club on campus. I intend to remain autonomous.

Any valid criticism of any aspect of University, including the Students Association (or excuse) will be welcomed.

Max Wallace  
Calendar Co-ordinator

WRITE CRITIQUE HERE OR ON SEPARATE SHEET AND DROP IT IN THE BIN PROVIDED IN THE STUDASS OFFICE.

YOUR NAME:

PHONE NO:

ADDRESS:

DEPARTMENT/SUBJECT/PAPER NO: YOU'RE WRITING ON:

COMMENTS: (workload, tutorials, style of lectures etc. anything you like or dislike)

Mr G. East,  
"Craccum",  
Student Union,  
University of Auckland,  
Private Bag,  
AUCKLAND.

August 2, 1973

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TEET: Lord and Lady Muck, Mr Deadshit and Mrs Deadshit.  
**On The Social Scene**  
BELOW: Mr Gutsack and Miss Slack at the Groovers Ball, Hoi Kland



FROM LEFT: Mrs Nil and Mr Nil with Mrs Jiveass and Mr Jiveass, of Snottville at a luncheon to celebrate money, money, money