



China Reports

# CRACCCUM

THURSDAY  
SEPTEMBER 3rd.



JOHN FORD (1939) AND TIM HOLT, DURING THE SHOOTING OF "STAGECOACH"

## JOHN FORD

1895 – 1973

SEP 1973  
LIBRARY





PHOTOGRAPH: MICK SMITH 1971

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Sir,

The uncompromising journalistic integrity of the Socialist Action League is amazing. In the August 17 issue of Socialist Action, there appears this statement:

"Young Socialist member Christine Beresford was elected Public Liaison Officer of the Auckland University Students' Association in elections held on August 3. She won by 122 votes, defeating three other candidates, including an incumbent executive member."

The first sentence is true. Christine Beresford was declared elected. The second sentence is an absolutely false representation of the voting figures:-

No Confidence 337; Beresford 319; Lennon 197; Nixon 159; McCully 150; Invalid 130.

Accurate analysis would appear to show that No Confidence received 18 votes more than Beresford. Long may the Young Socialists flower and prosper.

John Woodroffe



Dear Sir,

Racism is not only white in Enzed, it's brown as well. I make this assertion on the basis of a recent sad experience with my next-door neighbours, a large Maori family.

To get the facts straight: I'm a white European with a descent going back to the Irish convicts in Australia. I was returning from a run alongside the exploited Waikato River, and running into the driveway, I saw my Maori neighbours pushing a car. So I stopped and asked if they wanted any help.

Immediately, as if I was a leper of something, my friendly neighbours ran away from the car and left me standing there like a bloody idiot.

"No thanks, white fella, we don't want you to help us," they said. So I ran into my flat, persued by

laughter and various comments as to how stupid I was. I felt angry, hurt, and humiliated — a Bantu native would know what it was like.

This brought it all home to me, about what crap Mat Rata vomits. The way he speaks, it's as if the entire Maori race is a malignant group of innocent saints, that deserves all the privileges it can rake out of the racist government. To put it bluntly, Mat is a Vorster-man in reverse seeing everything in terms of black and white only.

I wish that people would forget about race and concentrate on personalities and individual circumstances — or am I being naive? Or why don't we have a civil war: Mat Rata's legions versus the Bugger Race Battalion?

I've been discriminated because I'm a student, because I'm a Catholic, because I like wearing chiffon scarves; I've been ripped off by the businessmen, Students' Associations, highschools, fuzz, record companies and A-grade motor mechanics.

But to be laughed at merely because I wanted to help someone with my sort of white hands and sort of white legs — man, that's the unkindest cut of all. I feel ultraviolet, but the best way to get back at my racist neighbours is to be kind to them — or is it like Marshall's bridge?

Sacre bleu, what can a poor boy do?

Paul Field

Pick one you like, and, very politely, ask him to tea.

Dear Sir:

Just few notes on the farce that someone had the nerve to call the Annual General Meeting of A.U.S.A.

Firstly to the students who couldn't be bothered going, I say you have no right to complain at any of new executive's activities (or lack of) in the coming year — you deserve what you get (which won't be much, judging from the A.G.M. performance).

Secondly to the 70 or so students who turned up, I say "Why bother?". People like McConachy turned the whole thing into a circus that even the Barnum Bros. would be proud of. It seems the sole reason these people came along was to dazzle themselves and others with their knowledge of Constitutional Confidence Tricks, Rights of Reply, Amended Amendments, until in the end everyone was so confused they didn't know what they were voting for. This clearly came through in the debate(?) which led

up to the renting of an \$18,000 student house to the Tenants' Protection Association on the condition the T.P.A. pay all expenses on its upkeep and the mortgage repayments, followed a few seconds later by a \$1,500 grant to T.P.A. to pay the expenses on the above house, this second motion effectively negating the half of the first motion they had just amended to get T.P.A. to pay the expenses! Even more confused now than I was at the meeting. No wonder the incoming president left half way through the circus performance — perhaps wanted to go and watch "The Magic Roundabout" on T.V.

THE Ring Master, through all this (the dearly beloved Russell Bartlett) seemed to have delusions of grandeur and kept on trying to play at being President Nixon — ignoring motions he didn't like, ignoring speaking orders, ignoring the constitution and ignoring Brent McConachy (understandable, how the hell did this village idiot ever get past Primer 4?).

And so the fun went on, until about 10.30, everyone seemed to tire of playing "Democracy", and it was their bedtime so the meeting was called to a close, and everyone went home and lived happily ever after. Amen. Long live the democratic process!

Yours sincerely (usually)

Stuart Gray

P.S. The only sensible thing the meeting did in all the three hours it ran was to award a life membership to Clare Ward, who certainly deserved something better than such a dubious honour.

Dear Sir,

I would like to make a few short comments on the transcriptions of my remarks to a Teach-In at the University of Auckland which you reprinted in your issue of July 19th.

I appreciate the great efforts you undertook to print two full pages of my remarks. Unfortunately in transcribing and condensing my statement some 37 errors crept into your published version. The text which you printed makes me appear somewhat incoherent and ignorant. Whether or not I was incoherent is something my audience can decide, but on the question of my ignorance I feel I must reply. The various factual errors which appear in your printed text are not mine but yours. For example, Da-nang is not the central portion of Viet-Nam which the French ruled as a protectorate. The proper word is An-Nam.

I won't go on to correct the other 36 mistakes but I would like to make two corrections: Trinh Dinh Thao is the head of the Advisory Council to the

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P.R.G. (not Trinh Dinh Dzu — a former political opponent of Thieu). Nguyen Huu Tho is the head of the Central Committee of the N.L.F., not Nguyen Dinh Hau.

Finally, I did not provide the pictures which accompanied the article and I strongly disagree with the labels "Viet Cong" and "VC" which appeared with them. I would have hoped my talk on Indochina Day would have cleared this problem up.

Sincerely  
Carlyle Thayer, Research Scholar  
Dept. of International Relations

## SENATE REPRESENTATION ASSIST US TO ASSIST YOU

See your Senate Representatives  
in the Contact Office

every Wednesday 9am to 10am.

About this time of the year academic problems come to the forefront. You may find the consequence of taking an unwise selection of courses at the beginning of the year, are catching up with you. 'To be or not to be' may depend on whether you have been granted Terms yet. In some departments, the granting of terms may depend on how well you did during



the year; in others, terms may hang on several exams. This is one example of the way in which your Reps on Senate may be of assistance to you. Your Senate Reps are here to help you. If they can't be of direct assistance, they can direct you to someone who can be. But they must, at least, know about you, they can't help you if you won't help yourself;

Remember, every Wednesday 9am to 10am in Contact next to U.B.S.

Any grouches about your course will be listened to, any contributions to the Studass Anti-Calender will be heard. Finally, the key to effective representation lies in the amount of support you are prepared to give your Senate Reps: representation is as good as the people who come forward.

Yours Sincerely,  
Michael Kidd  
Senate Rep.

(Other Reps are: Bill Spring, Clive Evans, John Marsden, and John Goldsmith until the end of the month.)

please do you think you use as fillers for your nasty publication a few lines here and there to the effect that people should start eating lots of spinach because blood days will be the wednesday thursday and friday of the second week of term  
thanks we love you  
blood days are coming blood days are coming blood days are coming etc



# N.Z.U.S.A. THE LACK VERSION

Yes, another of my NZUSA Council reports, as long and boring as ever. I recall that after the May meeting I was waxing enthusiastic about the potentialities of the organization under Stephen Chan's leadership, and the August Council has only partly dampened my enthusiasm.

In May the delegates took the (for them) radical step of deciding what work should be done in various areas before the next meeting, and it is gratifying to be able to report that every matter set down for action by the NZUSA central office has been dealt with: doubtless this has been largely facilitated by the competence of the hard-working band of voluntary officers Stephen has gathered around him — it is a most unusual pleasure to find that all NZUSA positions are filled, that each officer is working hard at some major project as well as the incidental minor matters, and furthermore that each appears to have a sympathetic knowledge of the work of the others. How Stephen has managed to find so many people, each interested in a particular area and yet with no personal political ambitions I don't know, but it has resulted in a complete absence of the usual internal strife and jockeying for positions.

It is probably wrong of me to single out specific people, but I must mention in particular the excellent work being done by NZSAC Director Bruce Kirkland in expanding the activities of Arts Council, Women's Rights Officer Robyn Black in the areas of sex education and women's health and International Vice-President Alick Shaw in campaigning against New Zealand firms active in Southern Africa. (Of this matter you'll probably hear lots in the next few months).

However there remains one major difficulty — the constituent executives had done virtually none of the work assigned to them at May, most as represented by the delegates present had painfully insufficient knowledge of the work being performed by the officers on their behalf, and several were openly antipathetic (no less than four of the assembled Presidents commented during the weekend that the 50% stand-by airfare was the only thing stopping them from leading their Associations out of NZUSA).

Thankfully there are two exceptions to this lamentable state of affairs — Victoria, possibly because of its physical proximity to the central office, and Canterbury, with its generally more competent and mature leaders and a history of providing many NZUSA officers: both work closely with the national office and appear very sympathetic to the officers and their various projects. It does seem, though, that there must be either a radical change of attitude by the constituents or some restructuring of the organization to remove the present disparate positions of those who do the work and those who pay the bills if NZUSA is to prosper.

The parochialism of the delegates led to some ludicrous situations — for example the International Commission having unanimously decided on further steps in the anti-apartheid campaign initiated in May

was perplexed to hear that the Presidents had decided to cut off funds from work in the International area. Similarly the Education Commission suffered a sustained attack from the Presidents for having attempted to carry out the policies agreed to in May with respect to educational reform on the local campus.

To resolve these matters a special mid-Council meeting was convened but unfortunately the Auckland delegation chose to turn it into an electoral issue, which prevented any agreement being reached and only emphasised their parochialism since they had not bothered to send a delegate to either International or Education.

In this respect it was a great pity that the Auckland delegation was led by ex-President Russell Bartlett, for as at May his superior knowledge and abilities enabled him to dominate the meetings when he wished, which provided a focus for the antipathetic conservatism of certain minor Universities; but having left office a couple of weeks previously he lacked any positive motivation or direction and seemed only to delight in proving just how inadequate and immature most of the delegates were compared to him, to the general advantage of absolutely no one. He has in fact fallen prey to the nihilist fever that infects many former student politicians who deem themselves indispensable and wish to prove it.

So on to the grand finale — the election for an NZUSA President for 1974. Again Russell chose to dictate something he should have left to those with a continuing interest, and as a result former Auckland Capping Controller Neil Newman has been elected against the combined opposition of all NZUSA officers and of the active constituents. This is not necessarily a bad thing, since as has already been commented NZUSA cannot function to its full potential without the involvement of the parochially disinterested majority who have elected Neil; who, despite his two extremely embarrassing terms in the Auckland exec, retains several interesting abilities and talents. Further the extreme closeness of the result is in no way a disadvantage — for example the first time David Cutbert was elected he received exactly the minimum number of votes and, feeling the insecurity of his position, spent much effort on reassuring his opponents before taking office and beginning his vastly successful expansions.

For Neil, with the officers threatening to resign en masse the day he takes office it is imperative that he immediately bend his talents to securing his position.

For NZUSA it matters not whether next year's administration is based on the President-elect or on this year's officers: what is vital is that when Stephen Chan steps down on December 31 there is a cohesive and competent body of people ready to continue the work that has been begun and that all the negotiations to form this body occur before Stephen goes.

Bob Lack

## BACK TO SCHOOL

Next year's students are going to be the best orientated ever, because Orientation has already begun with last term's successful schools day. Think back to your last year at school — did you ever think about the possibility of not coming to University? Or did you just regard it as the logical 'next step'? Did you really know anything about what it would be like? And do you now think you did the right thing in coming?

We would like to make next year's students much better prepared than freshers have been in the past, but we need your help: whatever knowledge you had of this place before you came you probably got from talking to someone you knew who was already here. So can you help next year's students by spending a couple of hours between now and the end of the year at your old school talking to the kids about what you've found out about University?

It won't be difficult — no formal speeches to school assemblies or anything stupid like that — just an informal chat to two or three of the people you probably already know who might be thinking of following a

similar course as you. Don't say you don't know enough about University — we can provide all the 'formal' information and we'll send along someone who thinks they know a bit about the whole system to help if you get any questions you can't answer — but what we want are people who have been in the position of the present seventh forms within the last couple of years (or can remember what it was like) to try and tell them some of those things you've soaked in through your skin since you arrived so they avoid some of the mistakes you made.

That's not difficult, is it? This has got to be arranged in a bit of a hurry, so please can you go and put your name on a list now? I'll put them in Contact, the cafe, the Library, on the Custodians' desks in the Physics and Chemistry Buildings, in the Engineering, Architecture and Medical School cafes, on a few notice boards and anywhere else I think of, so there's one not far away. Please go and put your name on it now, and we'll contact you and arrange a suitable time with the school.

And if you think you come in the category of knowing 'a bit about the whole system' (or some of it) we'd like to hear from you too.

Bob Lack



# (ADVERTISEMENT)

## THE CASE FOR LEGALISED ABORTION

In the last few months abortion has become an issue in New Zealand. Pressure from feminists, women's rights groups and abortion law reform groups for a change in the law has been met with equally energetic opposition from the Catholic Church, and the Catholic-dominated groups S.P.U.C. (Society for the Protection of the Unborn Child) and Right to Life.

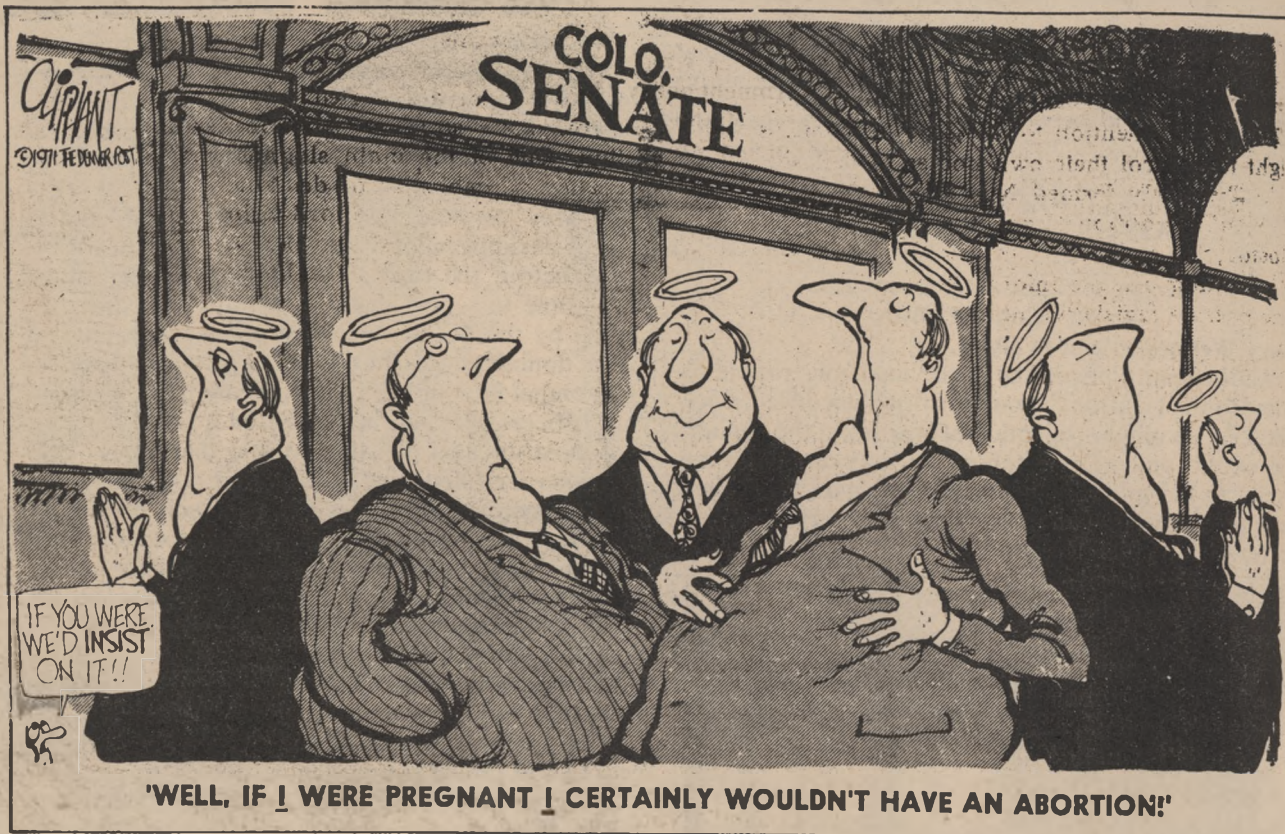
Although the majority of New Zealanders, as shown in the last National Research Bureau poll, are on the side of liberalisation of the law, the anti-abortion forces will fight strongly to oppose any legislation to carry this out, as witness their well-organised letter campaigns to MPs. Obviously they hope that a vocal and active reactionary campaign will intimidate people into thinking that there is "a case for both sides," and will thus keep the average person neutral.

The arguments against women's right to abortion can be listed in three categories: (1) abortion is murder; (2) legalising abortion would encourage sex, which is sinful, especially for women; (3) abortion would take away men's power over women to make them pregnant.

The last two arguments are so obviously anti-women that they are not used so much now, especially not in the "liberal" atmosphere of this campus. But, even at this university, men still hold that if abortion was freely available, women would start screwing without any thought as to the consequences though they seem to have no explanation as to why only women should have to bear these "consequences". This view implies that women are incapable of realising that contraception is a lot easier and more convenient than dashing off to hospital every month for an abortion!

The anti-abortion people's man plank is that abortion is murder, and should therefore be classified as a criminal act. They contend that the foetus is a human being from the moment of conception - although medically there is no such "moment". And Professor Liley is a bit embarrassed by the distinction between conception and implantation, (which takes place several days after conception) and would not be "too opposed" to abortion in this period.

To be consistent anyone who contends that killing a fertilized egg is murder must also advocate penalties for masturbation, menstruation, wet dreams and any intercourse between men and women which does not result in pregnancy, as the same arguments which



apply to a fertilised egg also apply to the sperm and the egg! The point is that these things are nothing by themselves - the most we can say is that they are all potential human beings.

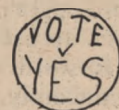
But the opponents of abortion destroy their own "abortion is murder" case by "allowing" abortion under certain circumstances. If a young, innocent girl is raped, or if an equally young, innocent girl is the victim of incest, then abortion is permissible. Surely if abortion is murder it can never be justified! The point seems to be that if a woman wants and has sex, then she must be punished for it by unwanted pregnancies!

Now the case for legalised abortion. At least 6,500 women in N.Z. every year have illegal abortions, and an estimated 11,000 every year want abortions. The present abortion law is a notorious case of "one law for the rich, one for the poor." A woman who has the money and the contacts can pay for an abortion in a private hospital or can fly overseas. From a pragmatic point of view, these figures, and the figures of suicides, child beating, etc., resulting from

unwanted pregnancies, seem to indicate that abortion law repeal is a social necessity.

But it is more than this. Every woman **should** have the right to control her own body, and the abortion and contraceptive laws, lack of freely available contraception, and lack of sex education, prevent this. The repeal of the abortion laws would be a basic step towards achieving this control, towards making pregnancy and a child a real decision instead of an unwanted burden.

And most importantly repeal of the abortion laws does not force anything on anybody. It merely takes abortion out of the realm of law and into the realm of medicine making it a decision between each woman and her doctor. Most people in the light of all the debate, agree that abortion is a matter of conscience. But this unjust law refuses to recognise this, and forces the morals of a minority of the population onto the majority.



Wendy Morris

## BLESS THIS HOUSE

The President  
Auckland University Students' Association  
C/O Auckland University  
Private Bag  
AUCKLAND

Dear Sir,  
Emergency Housing

You will recall some time ago at a special general meeting of your Association, those present voted to make available to my Association a house for emergency purposes. We have had the opportunity of looking closely at your Association's offer and have been contacted by persons in the community who have offered information relating to the purchase of the properties and the eviction of the previous tenants.

It has been made clear to us from our investigations that in order to purchase the houses, your Association required vacant possession and this was effected by the agents and sellers that you have had dealings with. We have also had confirmation that the evictions obtained by your Association's purchase caused hardship in some cases and the implications of this are naturally of concern to us.

We feel that to accept a dwelling from your Association under the circumstances would be contrary to the principles for which we stand and we must therefore ask that the resolution passed at the meeting be set aside.

It would be impossible for us to uphold our policy of non eviction without just cause and maintain this in the face of the type of eviction evidenced with your housing scheme. You will be aware that the most common cause of eviction at present is the sale of dwellings and the purchaser's request for vacant possession. We feel you will understand the unenviable position in which we are placed and will accept our reasons for declining the offer in the spirit in which they are meant.

We are not unmindful of the feelings of those people that supported us and of their desire to assist us in our work; nor are we unaware of the reactionary elements on campus that would oppose anything that does not originate from their class. There, are, however, other ways in which our opposition can be handled other than through letters to you, and this of course we will do.

We feel that the basis for the referendum of \$1,500 relates to the housing question and it would be unfair for us to expect this to proceed under the circumstances. We subsequently ask that this matter be withdrawn as well.

Yours faithfully  
(signed)  
Paul Halloran  
Secretary

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# WE SHALL... TWO WEEKS LATER

It has long been realised that the avenues by which individuals can effectively influence Government policy in the period between elections is severely limited in our democracy. Thus the treatment meted out to genuinely concerned conservation groups at the recent Select Committee hearings on the Government's plans to pulp 718,000 acres of the South Island beech forests deserves careful scrutiny.

It was the National Government who first proposed the scheme to 'utilize' virtually all the beech and beech-podocarp (largely Rimu) forest in Nelson, Westland and Southland they could lay their chain-saws on without the surrounding mountains sliding into the valleys, and Labour has, if anything, proved even more zealous in its support of the scheme.

The vaunted Environmental Impact Report, a proud product of the new-look, supposedly conservationist Labour Government, has emerged as a totally inadequate and almost laughable apologist gesture.

The first of these, concerning the Huntly power station, was at first denied the public. Its counterpart, the Environmental Impact Report on the Utilization of the South Island Beech Forests, might just as well have been withheld from public scrutiny for all the serious thought it puts into the project's impact on the environment of Westland and Southland. (Note here that the Nelson project area, some 45,000 acres, has mysteriously disappeared from the Government's publications on the scheme, and seems to be proceeding without the benefit of an Environmental Impact Report).

In its Critique of the Beech Forest Environmental Impact Report, the New Zealand Ecological Society, a highly respected body of this country's leading scientists, has strongly criticised the Government for its excess of haste and lack of thorough scrutiny of the implications of the project.

The Critique in fact leaves very little of the Environmental Impact Report unscathed, pointing out amongst myriad and far more disturbing omissions the lack of such basic facts as where, when, and by whom exactly it was concocted.

It thus became obvious to conservation groups that no serious consideration of the environmental implications of the scheme would be forthcoming from either side of the House, and that the present Government is in such a hurry to get the revenue from the project that they are insensitive to the mounting protests against the scheme amongst their electors.

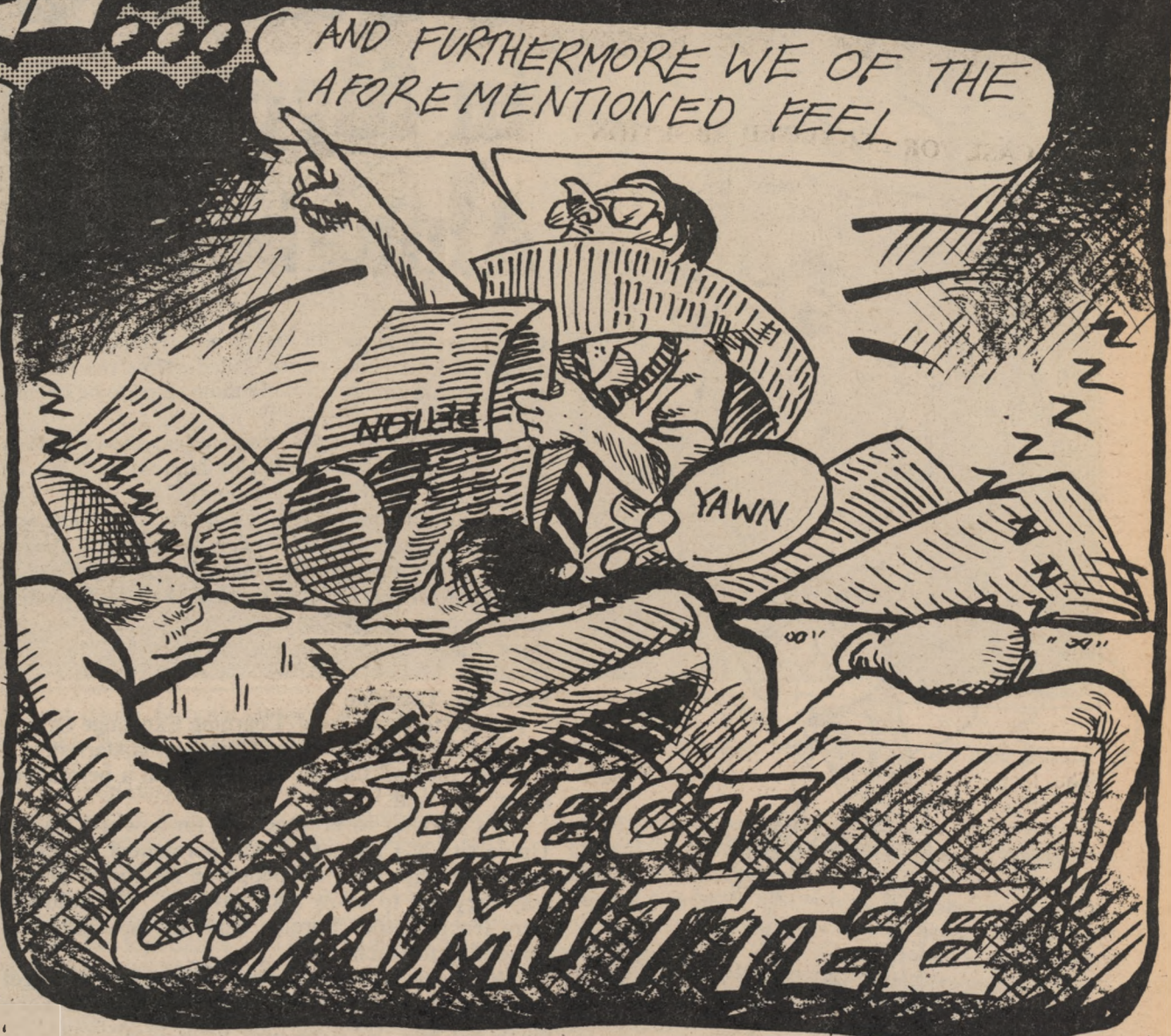
The Royal Forest & Bird Protection Society decided at this stage to mount a petition opposing the scheme, in the firm belief that this issue is the largest single threat to our environment at this time, and of far greater significance than even Manapouri. On May 30th of this year, as this and other petitions were being launched, the Government received submissions from CoEnCo, the cumbersome 'umbrella body' of the New Zealand conservation movement. With the submissions was a petition, carrying the single signature of an executive member of the organization, and purporting to represent the 500,000 members of clubs and societies affiliated to CoEnCo.

This set the wheels of Parliamentary procedure grinding, and the Lands & Agriculture Committee sat to examine the submissions. Barely had these been heard, however, when the Select Committee decided that the process must be accelerated, and it soon set about calling in the other petitions on the subject.

Thus on June 26th, Mr R.C. Nelson, President of Forest & Bird, found himself confronted with a 24-hour deadline for the presentation of his Society's petition, then only barely launched in a few centres. Mr Nelson made a strong protest, and was grudgingly granted an 'extension' of less than one month, to July 23rd.

Forest & Bird made a valiant scramble to meet this deadline, but just as the petition was gaining support, on July 4th, they were informed that the Select Committee had changed its mind, and that the deadline had been put forward by a full week, to July 17th, less than two weeks away from that time.

So well did the public respond, however, that in the last twelve days of the time allowed, some 100,000 signatures to the petition were gathered, 35,000 of which were from the Auckland urban area. The final total stood at 112,000 not including some 8,000 signa-



natories who invalidated their gesture of concern by omitting to append their full address. This made it amongst the largest petitions in this country's history, and one can only guess at its size had it been given a fair chance.

The worst was yet to come, however, as the various conservation groups sat to confront the Select Committee with their evidence, confident that they would receive a fair hearing after such an overwhelming show of public support.

On the first day, it was made clear that the Select Committee Members were busy, impatient men. During the three hours of hearings on the Tuesday, only a small proportion of the submissions were read before the Members went off to lunch, and thence to the House in the afternoon, where they stayed until the day's proceedings came to an end at 10.30 that night.

On the second day, the petitioners were told without warning that only 1½ hours more would be devoted to this irritating subject, and despite strong and prolonged protest from the conservation groups, the chairman remained immovable on this point. He claimed that the petitioners had been given 'plenty of time,' adding that several of the Members had to leave the country that evening, as he firmly squashed any suggestion of an adjournment of the Committee.

Although managing to spin the hearings out an extra hour, to the point where Committee members' tempers were becoming visibly frayed, and the fidgeting apparently had to be seen to be believed, the petitioners were allowed only a total of six hours in which to put their very complex case. Of nearly 100 pages of submissions presented to the Committee, approximately half were refused a hearing, despite the fact that delegates had flown from Invercargill, Dunedin, Christchurch and Auckland to read them.

The Members announced that they were going into Committee at 12.30 p.m. on the Wednesday, less than 27 hours after they first set eyes on the submissions. The claim made at this point by the Chairman of the Committee, Mr Barclay, that each member had 'read carefully' the 60,000 odd words of submissions implies that they sat up very late indeed on the Tuesday night, after the close of the House at 10.30 p.m.

But perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the entire proceedings was the apparent flouting of Standing Orders, which state: 'A Select Committee may admit Strangers at its pleasure, but shall always exclude

them while deliberating.' (S.O. 336, p.88)

When it was stated at the end of the hearings that 'The Committee will now make its deliberations', and the petitioners were asked to leave for that reason, the members of the Forest Service who had been present throughout the proceedings remained in the committee room, along with Paddy Blanchfield, Member for West Coast. None of these people, all obviously 'Strangers' by any accepted definition of the term, were seen to leave the committee room for the next half hour at least, and it can only be assumed that they were there in direct violation of Standing Orders.

Whatever went on behind the scenes at that stage, the Committee's obviously foregone decision to gloss over the petition was finalised that afternoon, before the commencement of the day's session at 2 p.m., and the departure for overseas of the members concerned.

The Committee's recommendations were reported to the House 48 hours later, on the following Friday, breaking all speed records in living memory. (No Select Committee has previously managed to report its decision within a full working week). The lowest possible favourable recommendation was given, followed by riders to the effect that the Forest Service should make up its own mind concerning exactly what concessions should be made to conservationists in regard to the environmental considerations. No serious attempt to consider the wealth of evidence submitted to show that we simply do not know enough about the forests to set about cutting them down, no suggestions for more extensive research, in fact never a hint was made that the Government would be swayed in any way from its visions of an immediate crop of trees, Japanese Yen rolling in to swell the coffers, and miles and miles of orderly rows of Pinus Radiata swaying in the West Coast breeze.

All this points to unseemly haste on the part of the Government to proceed with this massive project, regardless of the obvious disquiet amongst the large proportion of their electors. A vital principle is at stake here, namely that the Government must be persuaded to listen to its people between elections, and that the petition, the only form of official protest available to the individual or group on an issue such as this, should, and must, be given more respect than was evident in the cursory, and often downright rude non-examination to which this one was subjected.





#### The Festival in alphabetical order:

##### Action, Theatre (Wellington)

Put on a brilliant satire. I was told to go several times. I will when they visit Auckland later in the year. Sorry I never got there, Steve.

##### Brown, Paul — Controller

We hope the festival realises what a valuable man they had in Paul Brown.

His was the sad fate of the responsible man. His position in the whole scene was to be abused by those who had no real understanding of his problems.

Don't worry, Paul. In this world we're moth and rust decay. The opinions of the ignorant are of little value.

We know you will have your reward.

Eventually.

##### Club, Rosalee's Rock

Provided light shows and hard rock bands. During the breaks music was made by the audience on harmonicas etc. Mr Chan was there on Monday night, at about ten o'clock. He was silent with laryngitis and glancing at his watch.

##### Dance, Modern

I caught a glimpse of Modern Dance performing in the Gym on Wednesday. They were doing a Mandragola - like sequence consisting of four women dancers reacting to one male dancer. Beverly Austin wrote the following Review:

Movement, Ballet, Dance... aggressive, exploring, fluid... always controlled and professional.

I was impressed, this company is definitely a great improvement in all aspects on the 1972 Australian Dance Theatre Tour. It is rare to find such professionalism, skill and sincerity in an indigenous group of dancers.

Some forms of established modern dance, like those allied to Martha Graham's technique, can be very tight, confined, personal communications.

Yet with this company, perhaps because they are trying to show us and let us understand modern dance, the communicated interpretation comes over clearly.

When first viewing "To P.J.," which is to Roberta Flack's "Killing Me Softly," I thought the choreography was all wrong. Roberta Flack's lyrics are so strong I was expecting strong movements showing perhaps anguish and pain. But on second viewing I realised a new dimension of the song, how beautifully soft the music was and how the lyrical movement

# CUMTOGETHA

## in Myrtle Freemans

## Alphabetical Order

seemed essentially right to interpret the sad slow softness of a love being gently killed. Thus the feeling, chorographic and musical blending came to be beautifully 'right' after all.

The second half of the program had plenty of pace with an unexpected amount of humour in "Pas de Cinq," by Maurice Kagel and Casserly's "The Incredible Adventures of Reginald A. Antwhistle and Other Nostalgic Dances." The masterpiece "Noc-turne" you must see for yourself. All I can say is you see a lot but never a human. And Jack Bodies music is a new experience.

##### Dome, The.

It rained.

##### Exchange, Learning

I talked to Evan Todd, Learning Exchange Organiser, on the Saturday before Cumtogetha started.

"I've seen all this in the U.S.A. on a permanent basis," he said.

"It's difficult to arrange just for a week. In the University of Cincinnati it was permanent. It linked up the students with the people in the town. In that way they got to know each other. 'The students were teachers too. Foreign students especially had something to teach.

"When this is finished, Peter Morton hopes to get it going and introduce it to other universities. Each university can do it on their own. It costs nothing except the price of filing cards, the townspeople can run it over the summer holidays.

On Saturday the 25, he said what he thought of the Learning Exchange experiment.

"The ones we did do were successful. Pottery and Natural Foods Cooking were full up. Candle Factory and Mask Making were also very popular. Beverly Austin taught Multimedia and Free Art Expression in Horticultural Hall. The venues should have been more definite. It was successful for those who were able to use it."

Most people seemed to at one stage or another.

Horticultural Hall, where Beverly Austin and Steve of Theatre Action taught as part of the Learning Exchange Idea, was very well used.

Hundreds of people joined in the making of masks, mobiles, butterflies, turtles and bess out of plastic, aluminium and polystyrene. On Friday the results were partially displayed in a planned spontaneous parade. One must remember that the journey is always more important than the arrival.

##### Ferret, Festival

Festival Ferret, the daily rag, was remarkable for its typesetting and reporting standards.

Marty Braithwaite was Editor.

##### Kurrency

Blue print on approximately 2 inch wide roundells of paper. Value 25c. Used for buying grog in the Upstairs Common Room, alias the Stein.

##### Meatworks, Diary of

Sunday: We tried to link up all the buildings on Town Site with ribbon to emphasise the communicating aspect. Bosch — like surreal creatures were erected in the forecourt outside the library. A miniature sculpture court using metal and wire mesh completed the arrangements.

Monday: Thirty of us went to Cathedral Square. An attempt was made to humanise abortion by portraying it as graphically as possible.

Tuesday: The beery complacency of the Stein Bar was smashed for a moment by masked actors and words of blood.

Wednesday: Newsheet, including the following notice.

"Air Smashes Concrete."

"Concept of dissection of non-human elements in Christchurch Square including the attempt to pass through the non-porous glass of the arcades and planes which define reflection in this area. Old ladies and tired businessman will be metaphysically stripped and flayed.

"This symbolic purging will be an attempt to pass beyond unease and sterility. In other words one is seeking real perception of the sharp lines, dwarfing blocks, and grey oppressiveness of the buildings not by superficial gaiety but by the active resolution through groping and through the creation of rigid dogmas as almost tangible through gestures.

At midday we did a Eucharist in the Cafe. Props included hoghead, bloody arms and legs, a ladies head draped with velvet, claws. At 3 p.m. Air Smashes Concrete took place. About 15 actors in full costume carried an effigy of a businessman to the Square, shouting and moaning. They groped about in front of the Post Office while an anarchist threw apple cores. Then, to the astonishment of various shopowners, they pawed and felt their way along half a mile of shop fronts.

4 p.m. Meatworks was declared dead.

An observer's comment ran:

Meatworks! We're glad they got the chop!

Meatworks was nothing but an ego arena for some obscure people wanting to boost themselves up.

Their idea, they said, was to draw from the tension of an 'unusual' situation some creative thought. Their ephemeral activities, seen by few, understood by fewer, were luckily washed under by the atmosphere of harmony and light that characterises this festival. Now the Hobbits, Jesus Freaks, Seals, Wizards and Elves can live in peace. Hare Krishna!

##### Money

Treasurer Queree reported on the 25th that losses amounted to \$1000 at most.

##### Opera, Grand

There were about three performances, all packed out. Pita Elliot reports.

A simple moronic audience which didn't have the slightest idea as to what was going on entertained themselves by singing 'Gold Save the Queen' or 'God Defend New Zealand,' while others watched a series of 16mm films on the walls of the hall or tried to figure out a badly co-ordinated stuffed light show.

During some of the later performances (?) fake — like everything else — snow fell from above providing a new medium for self expression.

The first and last performances were supplemented by a flute — playing member of the audience — our congratulations to him. There isn't much one can say about the Opera itself as few were watching it.

##### Orchestra, Scratch

Sue Fickberg organised and kept together Scratch Orchestra. Most of it took place at St. Michaels, a large rather cold church hall. The structures used by participants to produce sounds included a piano, tins, the guts of a harpsichord (I think that's what it was), and the human voice.

Sue is a blue-eyed lady. Here are a few of her ideas on the subject.

"The original idea was to experiment with sound and form relationships between sound; trying to show people that you don't have to spend twenty years with the London Philharmonic to make your own



"EDITOR" BRAITHWAITE

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"Scratch Orchestra requires a hell of a lot of discipline and consistent work and because of the screeds of different people coming in all the time we weren't able to work towards this.

"It had it good points. People were stimulated to want more.

"If people who have come to our workshops go and form groups of their own and are prepared to work reasonably consistently Scratch Orchestra will have worked."

I went to Scratch Orchestra and enjoyed it very much — the freedom to do what you like with instruments and voice is a liberating experience.

Sue Heap

#### Poetry

There was poetry. Tony Beyer, Donald S. Long and Barry Southam read. Venues should have been arranged for these people.

#### Ritual, Fertility

Mona Williams had 300 people performing Fertility Rites in the Gym. Here is her report, and a plan for further activities of the same nature.

At this year's students' Arts Festival in Christchurch there were two workshops given in West African dancing, in the form of a Fertility performance. It attracted a large number of participants and appeared to have been well received. On the strength of this I am making the following proposal:-

A dance workshop, to be held at Auckland University around Sept 22 - 23. I suggest that it be made open to both the general student body and the general public. In other words, not just dance students.

It should run from Sat eve (6.30 — 9.30) Sunday (10.00 am — 6.00 pm) with a performance at about 7.30 on Sunday eve.

I can cope with a very large number, even as large as 200 persons.

I shall therefore need a large hall, like a gym.

I suggest that a small fee might be asked, like \$1 from all participants.

Since I am based in Wellington I shall need to travel here, and I would like to have an honorarium;



KONTROLLER ~ PAUL BROWN.

my usual fee is \$100. I am amenable to any suggestions you might have. My address is 8 Punjab Street, Wellington.

Workshop: The Queh — Queh, or Fertility Ritual.

Involves: Dancing, songs, cuisine, costuming, a slide show, and three lectures. Ends with a performance.

Description: The dance is West African in origin. It was transplanted to Guyana, with slave population. It survived 300 years of slavery and over 100 years of colonialism. This says much about the vitality and profound depth of this ritual, when it is realised that little that was African survived, much more for such a long time. I would caution against advertising that would tend to project an image to wild orgies, and depraved sensuality. This has nothing whatsoever to do with the ritual.

While it celebrates the joy of the physical union of a couple, it is possessed of qualities and a perspective not found in Western society and culture.

In other words, I don't want to have to spend half of my time disabusing those who arrive with the notion that this is an insemination session. I say this because it all too often is the case, and it makes me tired. But the ritual is a great deal of fun and joy. The Teacher: Mona Williams, from Guyana. Has studied



and taught dance in both Guyana and the U.S.A. Taught this ritual at Stanford University, and with The Dancer's Workshop of San Francisco. Performed it for television. Now resident in Wellington, employed with the N.Z.B.C. as a programmes officer in B'casts to schools. Free Lance journalist, with a B.A. in communications, Stanford University, and a teacher's certificate, Guyana. Received San Francisco Dance Scholarship ('69 - 70). Have studied Classical ballet, Modern dance, and the traditional dances of my people from childhood.

#### Seal, Herb

I was going to go to Herb Seal on Monday night, but the Hall was full. So on Tuesday in the cafe, I asked a blond, impressionable looking first year student what had happened. Here is what he told me:

"Herb Seal entered and took off his cape, and cracked a few jokes. Girls got on an inside circle and guys on the outside. We went around in opposite directions. First of all you touched hands going around. Then you touched ears.

"Then we found a place by ourselves and closed our eyes. He told us to focus attention on our feet and then slowly on the rest of our body. You raised one hand, exercised your fingers and let it drop. Then you felt the difference between the tingling exercised hand and all the parts of your body — the bones, the rib cage, the pelvis. Completely aware of yourself, eyes closed, you thought of a piece of music. With it's rhythm in mind you let it go through all parts of your body. You became completely absorbed in the rhythm. And began to move around the room. You bumped into people but you kept going. Things gave way. There was no friction or tension. Then you had to reach out and touch someone you made hand contact. You explored the hand of the person — what sort of hand it was, explored the fingernails.

"Then you communicated — had an argument, conveyed friendship, decided with your hands who was going to be the doer and who the done to. The doer explored the face and head of the other person — felt the different surfaces, what sort of face the other person had. Then vice versa. When you had both done it you opened your eyes and looked straight into the other person's eyes. Moved off. Everyone walked around looking into each other's eyes. If someone took your interest you grabbed them and took them off somewhere. You explored the face of the other person with your eyes. Explored the body with your eyes. Then the face and head with your eyes open.

"Then all sorts of exercises together. Feeling the response of another body.

"It went on for two hours. Members of groups lifted each other up. There was screaming, shouting, tapping. Trying to harmonise and avoid conflict. You are completely exposed."

He also said that as an encounter group it was unexceptional, that the (large) size of that particular group prevented much happening. Smaller encounter sessions were held all week. Herb Seal, (MA, PhD candidate), is a goggle-eyed American with a very smooth manner. He plans to have a 50-hour marathon

in Auckland in October.

—The one he had in Melbourne in July cost \$30 for each participant.

#### Street Theatre, Canterbury

I found the Canterbury Street Theatre on Tuesday, hidden in an honours room in the English department. Coloured top hats, a bunch of balloons on the end of a pole and mirrors, were strewn about. There are about five actors. Chris Cree Brown is practicing on the fiddle while Pat Brennan practices guitar. Chris Dylan said here were five plays, and he told me the story of one:

"Concrete superman built a wonderful palace with no nature or green in it at all. But his nights were cold and lonely because he lacked a lady. All the ladies he knew were nature freaks. But he needed a lady who loved neon lights and smog. He had a friend called Joe Cold who helped him in his search for the lady of his dreams.

"Joe Cold has a Sweet Pea seed and to those whose noses are attuned to smog, a sweet pea smells dreadful. So any lady who can smell it and find it repulsive can't be a nature freak. All the ladies who smell the sweet pea seed are not offended.

"So Concrete Superman begins to despair. Then suddenly a lady approaches but is repulsed by the stench of the sweet pea. They wrap the pea in a box to hide it. But the lady is still offended. The joyous Concrete Superman has found his neon princess. They wander off into the street lit distance to the ditty:

"We'll put cement a dilly dilly  
Where grass has been  
Long live the grey dilly dilly  
Stamp out the green".

The act was much more precise than the telling.

On Wednesday I was accompanied by a member of the group who gave me the following report.

"While Street Theatre was merely making its jovial way around campus a break away commando group from the Wizards army launched a fusillade of flour bombs at them. Caf and Quad were thick with missiles. Theatre group roamed around the flank, blending in with the people, and attacked the opposition's ammunition centre. The commando group were last seen wandering into a cloud of flour."

On Friday the group put on their best performance in brilliant sunshine outside the Student Union Building.

#### Wizard

There was only one nasty smell over the entire event, and that was the puerile middle-aged wanker who calls himself a wizard. This counter revolutionary imbecile is employed by the University of Melbourne and (it is rumoured) the CIA to divert the energies of the poor Australian students into such important social events as custard pie fights and water bomb attacks on the Registry.

In case such a large gathering of intelligent students should have decided to involve themselves in any

- Continued on page 19



# CHINA'S COMMUNES

CHINAS COMMUNES  
Tom Ryan

Hsien Chiao is the name of the first commune we visited in China. On our arrival there our bus stopped in the centre of a marae-type, building-enveloped square that was obviously the centre of commune activity and administration. A group of peasants, until now busy spreading grain on the concrete court to dry, stopped their work to shyly smile and greet us, and then disappear. Officially welcoming us, however, was a handful of white-shirted dignitaries whom we took to be the local leaders. They ushered us to a meeting hall where, beneath the gaze of portraits of Mao, Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, they introduced us to the history and nature of their commune.

With a population of 53,000 people, Hsien Chiao is one of the larger types of Chinese communes. And as it has an area of just 15,000 acres it gives it a population density far greater than most. This is largely due to its being in close proximity to Canton City, so that most income is derived from providing fruit and vegetables to the urban markets. In addition, the soil here is extremely rich, making labour-intensive labour-intensive market gardening the most profitable form of enterprise. But in terms of social, political and economic organisation and progress this commune was said to be fairly typical of communes as they have evolved since their inception in 1958.

Those who had greeted us were all members of the Revolutionary Committee, the governing body of the commune. Such committees have since the Cultural Revolution become the accepted form of government in all communes, factories, schools and residential areas throughout the country. The Revolutionary Committee at Hsien Chiao has eleven members. Most are elected by the peasants themselves, though there are also several state trained and appointed political cadres. It is ensured too that the members must informally reflect the society as a whole by having adequate representation of women, the aged and youth.

Certain bureaucratic functions are given to this Committee. It must register births, deaths and marriages; and it must officiate at funeral meetings, weddings, divorce proceedings, and ordinary courts of law. Similarly, it represents the commune in dealings with outside interests, such as when annual production targets are negotiated with state and provincial bodies. But probably the Revolutionary Committee's greatest task is its role in organising large projects.

For instance, the irrigation and flood protection networks the commune is still completing, that involve the co-ordination of large labour forces, heavy machinery, and extensive financial expenditure. Before communization began, co-ordination of this nature was not possible. As a result, people and production were frequently ravaged by the nearby Pearl River's flooding. And those bureaucratic functionaries that did exist tended to be centralised, and thus were not adequately understanding of, nor participating in, the everyday life of the small peasant collectives.

Below the Revolutionary Committee comes the Production Brigades, of which Hsien Chiao has eighteen. Generally, they follow the patterns of the old collective farms that existed during most of the 1950's. Each brigade incorporates the functions, fields and families that prescribed the collective. The boundaries between these collective-brigades are usually a small river, or road; and the families are probably centrally located in their traditional village cluster. Such a pattern is today common for most brigades in most communes.

The basic economic unit — in communes and factories throughout China — is the Production Team. Hsien Chiao has divided her brigades into 220 of these

teams. Frequently such a group is composed of kinspeople or close neighbours who have a deep knowledge and understanding of each other.

Members of a team work together on a day-to-day, everyday basis, together tackling tasks allotting individual jobs and making decisions that affect their work. One of their most important functions is to decide, via group discussion, what wage each team member should receive. This process perfectly illustrates the decentralised system of democracy which makes the communes operate as they do.

It is a uniform practice in communes to assign 50 to 55% of the total commune income — all produce being sold by the whole unit, rather than by individual brigades or teams — to a Wages Fund. At the beginning of the financial year this amount is calculated from the projected production figures. Wages are then estimated from this amount. Any surplus at the year's end will be distributed accordingly; a deficit will be met from a Reserve Fund.

Each team will be given a portion of this Wage Fund, depending on the number of workers it has. Then they all decide on what their fellows should receive as a wage. Number of days worked, attitude to work, actual work achieved, responsibilities and the experience and past record of each worker are all considered. And based on these factors each person is awarded a grading of from one to ten from which his/her wage is estimated.

This, then, is essentially a "To each according to his work" policy. "To each according to his needs, from each according to his abilities" is as yet an unrealised ideal.

Following this discussion on the organisational aspects of the commune, we were taken on a tour to see it at work. No patch of land seemed to have escaped the peasants' hoe: pineapples, kumara, taro sugar cane and numerous other varieties of food plants filled the gaps between rice paddies and fruit trees. Pathways, irrigation ditches and canals bore further witness to the people's industry. River punts, mule carts, trailered bicycles, and human frames were the only vehicles evident.

Some of the peasants, we were told, had formerly been landlords or Kuomintang officials. Now, though they had lost their lands and privileged position in society they had full economic and social rights. Some of them also had regained their political rights. As a lone monument to those former days a pagoda stands; but its only function is "to be used for looking from." Other relics, such as the large and once ornate landlord's home that is now a school have been put into practical use.

Part of the general commune income is set aside for such things as educational and medical facilities, and other welfare and administrative purposes. Formerly such services existed only for the rich.

Before Liberation 80% of the people of this area were illiterate. Now, with adult education classes, two high schools, a primary school in each brigade, and extensive pre-school education, only a few of the old people of the commune are illiterate. The education system here, while being very advanced by any standards, emphasises the value of manual labour. Outside a school was a sign, quoting Chairman Mao, that exhorted students and teachers to "Use weekends, vacations and sparetime to help in production in the fields." Accordingly, every Saturday afternoon and most vacations are spent at such tasks.

One third of the teachers are actually members of the commune, usually untrained, but selected by their fellow peasants. The others are trained and appointed by the state. A similar system operated in the medical sphere, with the state providing the doctors, while nurses and 'Bare-foot doctors' are local people taught by the doctors.

Hsien Chiao is served by one hospital which is

capable of most tasks, and brigade-level clinics that deal with such everyday occurrences as minor illnesses, inoculations, birth control measures and education in hygiene.

A pharmaceutical factory adjoins the hospital, producing modern and traditional herbal medicines. This was built in 1971; the hospital came into being in 1968. They illustrate, our guides told us, "The success of the Cultural Revolution in stressing the values of self-reliance, initiative and independence in the development of Hsien Chiao and all other communes."

The state takes about 5% of the total commune income as tax each year; personal income tax is unnecessary. In return the state provides the various personnel already mentioned and helps with agricultural advisors and direction in general economic planning. Direct intervention in commune affairs would occur only in extreme circumstances. The peasants themselves value the political and economic independence of their commune. "While we are not rich," they say, "we have plenty of food, clothing, houses and all participate in the decision making process. In the old society so many had none of these while a few had too much of everything."

N.P. The other commune we visited is near Shanghai. Its name is Chi Yi and it has a population of 16,900 living in 4,225 households. Organisationally it has eleven production brigades and eighty-eight production teams.

Cotton, grain and vegetables are the main products and all together there are 3,300 acres of land in cultivation. Here the Revolutionary Committee members proudly cited the increased production that Liberation in 1949, and communisation in 1958 have brought about. For instance, rice output today is twice that of 1957 and thrice that of 1950. Many factors have influenced this increase, but probably the most important is that there are now three rice harvests while traditionally there was only one.

However, three major problems continue to hinder further development. The first is that different brigades and teams have unequal rates of development, which results in the dilemma of whether to allow that difference to develop or to give extra assistance to the lagging groups. Secondly, mechanisation is still at a low level, causing manpower to be diverted to simple productive tasks while major long term projects (such as irrigation measures) go wanting. Increased mechanisation would permit the equal development of both. The scarcity of chemical fertilizers is the last major problem. At present, sewerage wastes are mainly used. If chemical fertilizer industries were plentiful the labour involved in collecting and applying organic wastes would be largely saved and production would benefit from the scientifically proven fertilizers.

On sphere where Chi Yi has been particularly successful is in the development of small industry within the commune. This is largely the result of the call to develop China's industry that accompanied the changeover to communisation. It attracted increased emphasis during the Cultural Revolution when stress was laid on the decentralisation of industry and the diversification of development in the countryside.

Now there are eighteen industrial enterprises at Chi Yi, most of them having been built since 1968. The older ones were essentially service industries for the commune and the surrounding area but the newer ones are larger and more market-orientated. One of the latter produces 8,000 electric engines annually, another makes gardening implements while another manufactures wooden furniture. They provide an alternative means of revenue for the commune, while also making them self-sufficient in some products. Furthermore, they constitute an alternative means of employment for residents.



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DEAF MUTE



After we had inspected these factories, we visited several households. In appearance they looked typical of the country homes we saw everywhere we travelled in China. Rough in construction, they are made of mud-brick, usually covered inside and out with a white plaster. Sometimes they stand in isolation from others; more often they are in a group or joined together in a street-like series. Few have more than two main rooms and electric fittings are rare. Usually a wireless and a bicycle are the greatest possessions a family has.

One of the families we met is comprised of a married couple, their two children, and the woman's widowed mother. Another, larger than most, incorporated an elderly couple, their two married daughters and husbands, and the child of a daughter. They said that their homes had traditionally been in their families and that they were recognised as "belonging" to them. Improvements to a house are paid for by the resident family.

Basically then, each household represents a nuclear family, though it is common enough to have other relatives included. The commune people themselves told us that the "average" household-family would have four people (parents and two children), and frequently a parent of one of the adults. Such a unit is recognised as an individual social and economic unit. It will arrange its own meals and pool the income and expenditure of its members.

In most households both parents work and eight-hour day, six days a week. Additionally, working women have two days off each month for menstrual

purposes. At work both sexes ideally share the same jobs and receive the same pay rates. However, extremely heavy labour is reserved for men, and generally women receive a lower wage than men. This latter fact is influenced by the former and also by the continuance of the designation of domestic work to women, such that they often do not work a full day in the fields. Normally, though, if an old person lives with the family he/she will do much of the housework or look after any infants. Such a person might also mind the children of neighbours.

Private plots are still a common feature of Chinese communes. National policy allows up to 5% of the total land to be set aside for this purpose. A family will cultivate the plot that has been allotted to them, so providing most of their food themselves. This task is done outside of normal working hours and any excess produce is sold or more frequently they say, given to friends or kinsmen. Real ownership of the land, from private plots and homes to communal fields, is claimed by the commune itself.

Besides Sundays, May Day, National Day, New Year's Day, and the three-day Spring Festival (the traditional New Year's Day) are labour free for most people. These national holidays are seen as days of festivity and enjoyment.

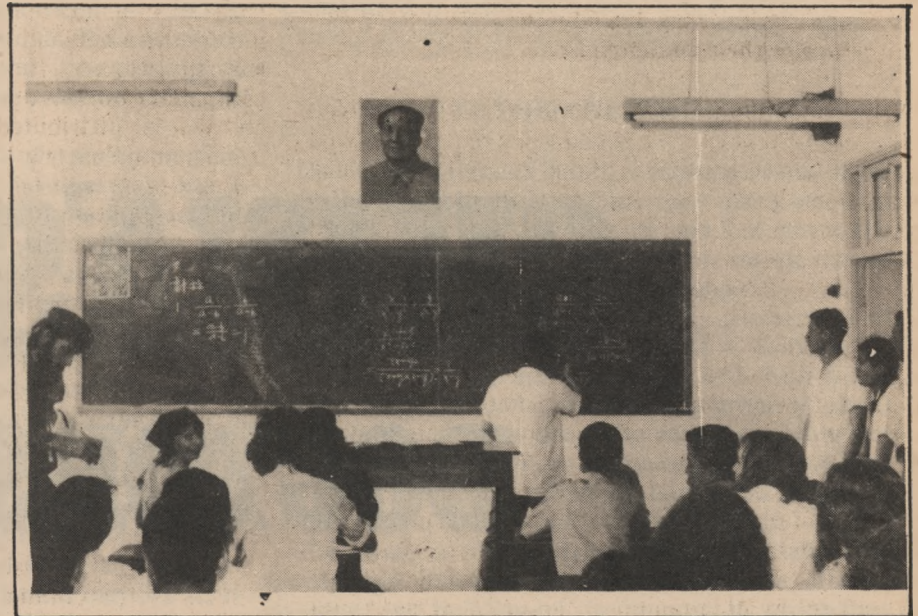
In other ways too, aspects of the old society have been incorporated with the purposes of the new. Old people are venerated and respected, but the tyranny of the aged often wielded over the young in traditional society is not tolerated. Coupled now marry for love, not because of parental arrangement. Children and

wives can no longer be sold or exchanged. To a certain extent these changes can be attributed to new laws forbidding such actions, but the alleviation of the economic conditions that caused these transactions is regarded as the most important factor. Essentially, the extremes of filial piety and patriarchy seem to have been replaced by a commitment to and love for kin, and beyond.

Parents are unavoidably bound to care for and support their children, old folk are automatically cared for by their off-spring, or their nearest relatives. The family less aged, or orphans, are cared for by the commune as a whole. Anyone who can work, must work, but those who are incapacitated will have their obligations met by the greater community. In short, where the family is unable to meet demands, the team, the brigade or the commune will face the task.

Conclusively, the descriptions I have given of life in Chi Yi and Hsien Chiao can validly be interpreted as reflections of the existence led by all the 600 million people of China who live on communes. The whole of the Chinese rural populations has now been incorporated into this revolutionary system. Certainly there are variations in style: a commune in the Mongolian desert or the mountains of Tibet would be quite different — geographically and culturally — from the south-eastern variety I have written of. Yet wherever they are, or whatever the traditions of their people, all are linked by sharing the same basic political and economic structures. Through communisations China's peasants have at last achieved the means to control their own destinies.

# CHINA'S SCHOOLS



MIDDLE SCHOOL - SHANGHAI

**"Education must serve proletarian politics and be combined with productive labour." Chairman Mao.**

This slogan sums up the Chinese approach to Education. Before the Greater Proletariat Cultural Revolution many people saw no value in education unless it led to official positions. Since the Greater Proletariat Cultural Revolution each educational institution has its Revolutionary Committee made up basically along the 3 into 1 principle a) students b) cadres (leading people) c) workers. It is these people — the "grass-roots" of political power — who continually emphasise the importance of the Greater Proletariat Cultural Revolution. The C.R. in education reflected the general struggle between two lines — the Bourgeois, capitalist-roader, line represented by Liu Shao-chi and other political swindlers and the mass line represented by Marxism-Leninism, Mao Tse-Tung thought i.e. education for the good of the mass or education for individual glory. Educational institutions operate at four levels — kindergartens, primary schools, middle schools and universities. Middle schools were split into junior and senior high schools, with the junior level similar to our third to fifth forms and the senior similar to our sixth and seventh forms.



DEAF MUTE SCHOOL - TAIWAN

In "The East is Red" kindergarten in Kwangchow (Canton) there are 174 children (age 3-7), 33 staff of which 12 were teachers (all women). As this was a boarding kindergarten, the rest of the staff were employed as domestic help. We saw a lesson for 4-6 year olds which combined political theory with lessons in Mandarin (the national Chinese Language). The children were describing a series of four pictures which showed a little boy taking his class-mates home for some extra study, he makes sure his friends are comfortable before himself. The teacher then asked how this applies to the children and can they think of any examples of behaviour which Serves the People.

We saw an arts and crafts class, a physical education class both of which were very similar to things done in our schools. However as in all activity whether academic or cultural or sporting the spirit was "Friendship first, competition second." By far the most interesting class visited was the Manual Labour class where the children were doing a series of jobs e.g. A) to re-cycle cork they cut away plastic from cork waste which had been cut for badminton shuttle-cocks. B) they were separating plastic bottle tops printed by a Press. C) Attaching strings to labels. D) opening up plastic bags. E) folding boxes.

Just imagine any children in N.Z. being taught the Spirit of Labour and a love for the working people through this type of voluntary work. The work is productive, it all comes from factories in the area and is never repetitive; there are five different jobs to rotate and only fifty minutes per week are spent in these classes. The children also work in the garden.

Finally we were entertained and educated by a concert put on by the pupils. There were dances about people of the world uniting to defeat U.S. Imperialism, about the coming Liberation of Taiwan, about Chairman Mao. Other dances and plays emphasised the lessons of the Three constantly read articles:

1) "Serve the People" — selflessness. 2) "In Memory of Norman Bethune" — international proletarianism. 3) "The Foolish Old Man who Removed the

Mountains" — arduous struggle.

Even at this age pupils had representatives on the Revolutionary Committee along with the teacher reps and the worker reps. The Rev. Committees are responsible for the complete running of the school i.e. financial, administrative, curriculum, teaching methods. There was no principal. Teachers learn from the pupils and there is no physical punishment. The cost 1/2 yearly was 10.5 yuan for food and clothing. 10 yuan for tuition. 2.5 yuan miscellaneous. (\$1 N.Z. = 2.5 yuan) Canton is a city of 3m. divided into 5 Districts. In this district there were 7 similar institutions and many more day kindergartens. Two slogans at the entrance of the kindergarten gave us a further insight into the new education:

1) "Small children be united. You are the new Masters of the new China."

2) "Be honest to the Education of the Party."

Education in China aims for excellence, excellence for everyone. Thus the kindergartens or pre-schools we visited, as part of our study of a Street Revolutionary Committee in Shanghai and as part of a study of Communes in rural areas, were similar to the "East is Red" kindy; i.e. in general educational standards were consistent and uniform although methods did vary to suit local needs.

The same applies to the two primary we visited, one on the "Sin Chiao" Peoples Commune, the other in Shanghai.

"Lu Wan", No. 2 Primary school in Shanghai had 1,675 pupils and 69 teachers. The rev. Comm. comprised of 4 teachers, 2 old cadres, 2 new cadres, 4 students, 4 workers. As in the kindergartens there was a little Red Soldier team in every class who sent representatives to the Little Red Soldier brigade who then elected the student for the Rev. Comm. The Little Red Soldiers have a creed of 3 Do's 1) Study Hard. 2) Keep Fit. 3) Work Hard. As the children get older the groupings become more selective, as there is greater understanding of the political importance of choosing the most worthy people. The Revolutionary Committee meets for one day a week,



½ a day is spent on study of Marxism - Leninism - Mao Tse-Tung thought, the other half on the running of the school. In Primary schools (age 8-12) they teach Chinese, English, Maths, Science, Drawing, P.E., General Knowledge. Formal studies of Politics and Education are both innovations since the Greater Proletarian Cultural Revolution. They have manual labour classes similar to the kindergartens but for the older children they sometimes arrange out-side jobs e.g. in Anshan the author saw children demolishing an old boarding house and helping to build a new one.

In teaching English they concentrate very much on the ear and the use of conversation. We heard two 10 year olds have a perfect conversation in English about how they must study English for the revolution (a commonly seen slogan) how they must learn from each other and how they must work hard.

Children organise themselves into extra-curricular activity, although this is not compulsory. Teachers were getting about 50 yuan per month. For a day school like this there is no cost to the parent. In the concert performed for us, there were many items about the revolutionary fervour of the new China, examples of Tibetan, Korean, Mongolian dances and some very accomplished instrumental pieces (both Western and Chinese instruments).

In Shanghai we also visited the Nan Yang Secondary school (2,864 pupils — 140 teachers). Here the

courses included Chinese, English, Politics, Maths, Science, Geography, History, Culture, Sport. They pointed out that before Liberation only the bourgeoisie, capitalists and landlords sent their children to school but now the school roll is made up of 80% workers, soldiers and peasants' children. Since the Cultural Revolution the school has sent 1,900 graduates into the countryside to learn from the peasants and to spread the new revolutionary spirit. This school was signalled out for its progressive policies by Chairman Mao and he gave it a special motto — "The Young Vanguard." At this school there are Red Guards who act according to the Five Principles: 1) Dare to think. 2) Dare to Act. 3) Dare to Speak. 4) Dare to Path-Find (i.e. criticise). 5) Dare to Make Revolution. Now almost all the manual labour is done outside the school, usually ½ a day per week. Also in their holidays students worked voluntarily in factories or on Communes.

We saw students preparing for their exams however because the emphasis is on encouraging everyone and not on beating your class-mate, all the exams are open book exams and the questions are given before the exam. Nobody can thus be classed as a failure. We saw a girl prepare an answer to the question, "What do you Understand about Feudalism." Although only 14 she gave a comprehensive out-line of its history and then went into the political implica-

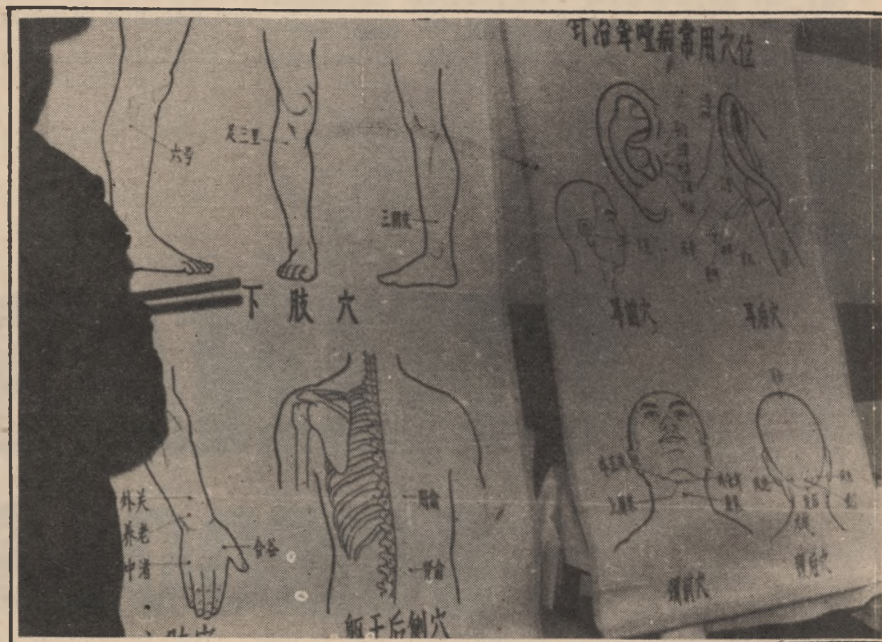
tions of it, describing how it can be over-thrown using M-L-Mao Tse Tung thought. We also observed students reading an English text about the oppression of the Negroes in the U.S.A. In Politics in their first year they study in addition to Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, Mao Tse Tung — the history of social development. In their second year the history of the Chinese Communist Party, the structure and the theory; in the third year Political Philosophies. A third of the time in Politics is spent on Current affairs.

Both Peking University and the Dalian Engineering Institute which we visited were still only working to about a third of their capacity as they still were feeling the effects of the C.R. All universities were closed because they were the epitome of revisionist streaks, there was no combination of theory and practice, no manual work involved and complete concentration on producing experts.

On leaving school a student would work in a factory or a commune or join the Peoples Liberation Army; after two years if he decided he wanted to attend university, he would ask his fellow workers who would decide if he was suitable. If they thought he was fit to go to university, they would tell the Rev. Comm, which in turn would recommend him to a university. The students were expected to go back to the people on completing their courses. A full range of courses similar to our universities were offered to the students.

Dave Wickham

## CHINA'S DOCTORS



PLA SOLDIER EXPLAINS ACUPUNCTURE CHARTS.

Before Liberation in 1949 China was racked with famine and disease. Millions of people fell victim to malaria, schistosomiasis (snail-fever) or V.D.: malnutrition and opium addiction were rife.

Dr. Joshua Horn, the famous British surgeon who visited N.Z. last year, writes in his book *Away with All Pests*: "Poverty and ignorance were reflected in a complete lack of sanitation, as a result of which fly and water-borne diseases such as typhoid, cholera and dysentery took a heavy toll. Worm infestation was practically universal, for untreated human and animal manure was the main and essential soil fertiliser. The people lived on the fringe of starvation, and this so lowered their resistance to disease that epidemics carried off thousands every year. The average life expectancy in China in 1935 was stated to be about 28 years. . . . Conservative estimates put the infantile mortality rate at between 160 and 170 per thousand live births."

Today the Chinese people eat well and stay healthy, while in most Asian countries the available health care remains as wretched as ever. Vegetables, fruit, fish, meat and poultry are readily available at stable low prices. China was the first country in the world to virtually eliminate V.D. Opium addiction was wiped out within five years. Schistosomiasis has been largely brought under control and malaria eliminated. Infantile mortality is down to levels comparable with Scandinavian countries.

How has all this been achieved? How are further advances being made?

In 1949 a People's Government took power. The war against the Kuomintang and all foreign invaders was won by the great majority of Chinese people uniting behind the leadership of the Communist Party. The war against "poverty and ignorance" has been fought by the same combination of forces. In the field of health, as in other fields, the evidence was before our eyes throughout our visit to China.

The first National Health Congress in August 1950 laid down four basic guidelines:

(1) Health work should primarily serve the masses

of labouring people — the workers, peasants and soldiers.

(2) The main emphasis should be on preventive medicine.

(3) Close unity should be fostered between traditional and modern doctors.

(4) Wherever possible, health work should be conducted by mass campaigns with active participation of medical workers.

No vested interest has been allowed to stand in the way of improving the health of the people, following these basic guidelines. Traditional medicine is made to serve the future. Foreign medicine is made to serve China. Medical knowledge is more and more "demystified," spread amongst the people and to the farthest corner of the country. It is not confined to a small number of people with University education.

Diseases and unhygienic habits have been fought through the method of the "three-in-one" combination: leading cadres (Party workers), medical workers and the broad masses of people have organised together and carried out nation-wide sanitary campaigns to wipe out major diseases and to exterminate "the four pests" (flies, mosquitoes, rats, bedbugs).

In communes, schools, factories and neighbourhoods — all living and work-places — routine medical care is available on the spot and preventive measures are organised. More serious illnesses and injuries can be immediately transferred to a hospital which is equipped to deal with them. The total number of hospital beds in China has increased by 19 times compared with before 1949.

In Shanghai we visited a housing resettlement area where 10,000 families are served by 8 medical clinics and a medium-sized hospital. The clinics treat all common illnesses such as colds and diarrhea. Some doctors and nurses stay inside to give treatments while others tour the neighbourhood checking on prevention measures against disease. The hospital was a white-washed functional building with facilities for injections, dentistry, herbal medicines, X-rays and

minor surgery, amongst other things. (Major surgical cases go to a larger city hospital).

As seemed common in China, the staff was very enthusiastic about their work. Potentially dusty buildings were kept clean. Old equipment was painstakingly maintained. At this hospital the staff was very proud of their new modern X-ray machine, made in Shanghai.

Here we saw people undergoing acupuncture treatments for a strained back and varicose veins. Now famous in the West, acupuncture is one of the most dramatic and wide-ranging legacies of Chinese traditional medicine. In 1929 it was banned by the Kuomintang government but the ban was largely ignored by the people. Since 1949 traditional medicine has been encouraged and further developed. Acupuncture is now extensively used even as anaesthesia in major operations.

In a primary school clinic in Shanghai we saw children being treated for shortsightedness. A needle was injected deeply into the cheek about an inch beneath the eye, causing no apparent pain. A medical worker gave us statistics for the last group of children to be treated for severe shortsightedness (0.4-0.8 on a scale going up to 1.5). 10 out of 16 fully recovered — the rest showed some but not full improvement.

In recent years much progress had been made in acupuncture treatment of deaf-mutes. At a Talian school for deaf-mute children, we learned how P.L.A. soldiers have experimented on themselves in order to find the best possible techniques for the children. We saw children being treated in a classroom as they practised making different sounds in each other's ears. At this school, out of 307 deaf-mute children, 270 have been receiving treatment — 17% have shown "obvious" improvement, 72% "some" improvement, and 11% no improvement. Some of the students put on a concert before we left and the intensity of their efforts and new-found confidence was very moving.

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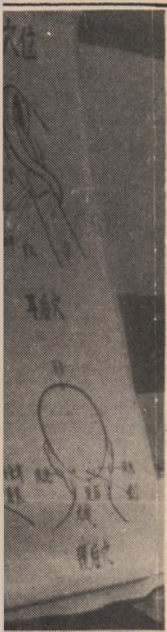


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A factory we visited at Shenyang (Northeast China), building heavy machinery, had a medical staff of 200 and a hospital with 270 beds to serve a staff of 10,000 workers. Treatment is free for the staff, half-price for their families. While recovering patients are on full pay. We were told there are few serious accidents because safety education is given every Saturday morning.

At a glassware factory in Talien we heard of technical reforms suggested by workers and technicians for health reasons. Glass is no longer blown by mouth. Water now runs through the crushing machinery to keep the air from being dirty. Recent X-rays of workers found no trace of silica lung disease.

At this factory we heard of shortcomings in sanitation which still remain to be solved. At some other places it was surprising to see workers without adequate footwear or eye protection. Without doubt these problems will be defined and dealt with in the near future.

For the advances in health care in China have not been without setbacks. They have only been made through careful analysis of problems in the light of practical experience, with the constant aim of "Serving the People."

During the Cultural Revolution, when struggles took place on all fronts against the restoration of capitalism, it was realised that health facilities were still too much concentrated in the cities, at the expense of the countryside where 80% of the people live.

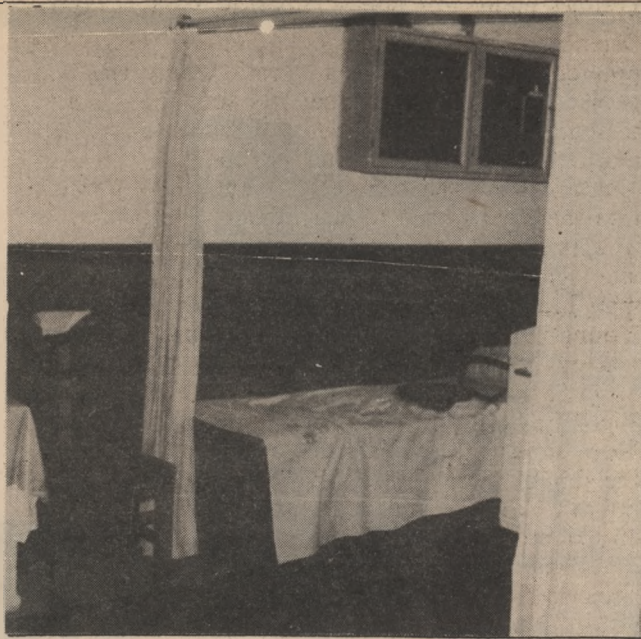
Since then the revolutionary call has been: "In medical and health work, put the stress on the rural area." Tens of thousands of roving medical teams were sent to the countryside to treat and help prevent disease, and to train rural medical workers (the "Barefoot doctors"). Within a few months the barefoot doctors were able to combine routine medical work on their communes with continued study and training. Many of them have gone to full medical college.

Since late 1968 self-reliant co-operative medical care systems have been gradually created throughout the countryside.

We visited the July 1st People's Commune on the outskirts of Shanghai which has a population of 16,900. There is one main hospital. 11 production brigades each have a health centre, 88 production teams each have a clinic. All commune members pay 1 yuan per year to receive free medical treatment. (Average earnings are 3-400 yuan per year each). Before 1949 about 50% of the population in this area suffered from snail-fever — now this has been virtually wiped out.

At a health centre we talked with one barefoot doctor — her partner was out working in the fields. She usually sees about 10 patients per day; the few patients with serious complaints go to the commune hospital. She gives many vaccinations and inoculations and, for instance, the last case of polio there was in 1960. She received four months initial training and every year has 1-2 months further theoretical training at the country hospital.

Such services can be found all over the Chinese



WARD IN SANATORIUM - NEAR ANSHAN.

countryside, though specific details may vary. For example, at the Hsien Chiao People's Commune near Kwangchow members pay 30 cents per month to the co-operative medical scheme. This commune has its own workshop for manufacturing many drugs and is self-sufficient in the production of herbal medicines.

In Peking we visited the Chi Shuie Tan Hospital, a large and prestigious place with 210 doctors, all graduated from medical college, and 220 nurses. It has 520 beds and serves 130 different organisations (factories, schools, government offices — 130,000 people in all) and 20,000 local residents. Patients needing specialised orthopaedic and traumatological (severe wounds) treatment come from all over the country.

Because of the different kinds of training medical staff have received, division of labour occurs, but it is not rigid. The common aim is to speed up the recovery of patients so they can resume their jobs and normal lives. If doctors have time they help nurses and orderlies with basic patient care apart from treatment. Everyone helps with keeping the hospital clean. Patients are kept fully informed about their illness and treatment so they can help their own recovery.

This particular hospital has three roving medical teams which are sent in rotation into the countryside, sometimes thousands of miles away. Medical workers constantly visit local factories, schools and streets to assist with prevention and treatments — they also take part in physical labour and learn as much as possible about the people whose health they are serving. This year 4 teams of medical workers were sent to help with the wheat harvest.

In sunlit 6-bed wards patients in blue pyjamas were lying on top of their beds. Surgeons proudly introduced us to some of them who greeted us cheerfully: a girl with an arm rejoined after it was severed in an industrial accident; another girl who was crushed by a train; she had had her left foot successfully joined to her right leg and would later be fitted with a new

artificial left leg. One patient who had lost a thumb had had his fourth finger transplanted and could now write again.

We also saw fractures successfully treated through combination of Chinese traditional and Western methods. While using X-rays to examine their work and placing more stress on accurate reduction, Chinese doctors prefer to immobilise the fracture with a short splint rather than a plaster cast, thus allowing suitable movement to the joints above and below. Results have shown that patients suffer less pain, treatment is shortened by one-third to one-half compared with either the old Chinese or Western method alone, and complications such as joint stiffness and muscle atrophy are rare.

Chie Shuie Tan is obviously one of the most advanced hospitals in the world, especially in the field of rejoining severed limbs. Postgraduate students come from all over China "to achieve perfection." Other Chinese hospitals are world leaders in fields such as healing serious burn cases.

Spectacular advances are consistently made through dedicated and scientific analysis of theory and practice. Doctors we spoke to could not understand questions about "mercy-killing." There is no such debate in China. No disease is seen as absolutely and forever incurable.

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#### TUTORS NEEDED

The Pacific Islands Church is running a homework centre and coaching class. This class takes place on Tuesday nights between 6.00 pm and 7.30 pm in the old Onehunga Public Library which is on the corner of Church and Queen Street, Onehunga.

The classes are open to anyone, irrespective of denomination, who is sitting School Certificate or University Entrance and wants help with their work.

We have at present 7 tutors and a group of about 26 children and things are going very well. However there is a growing number of students who need help in commercial subjects and we have been unable to recruit people to help out with the tutoring.

The work is often more a matter of explaining, slowly and clearly work which they have already covered, and building on the foundation which they get at school. The main criterion is patience and good humour.

If you could help could you ring:

Clunny Macpherson,  
Dept. of Sociology ext. 346,  
or 549 361 evenings.

P.S. There is no money to pay anyone but it is a lot of fun and very rewarding (morally not financially.)

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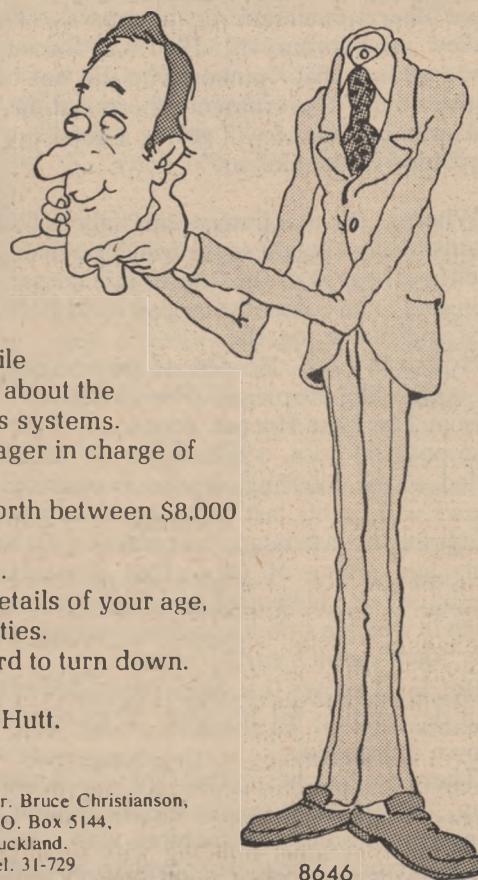
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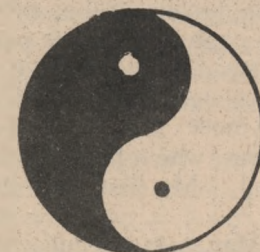
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Coach and escort ride across the panorama of Monument Valley during *Stagecoach*



The Horse Soldiers

It was in 1913 that John Ford arrived in Hollywood, the year that Griffith directed the *Birth Of A Nation*. As a shaper of the American film for a half a century, with an extraordinary 120 films to his credit Ford is one of cinema's major auteurs, lauded by Bergmann, Welles, Godard, Peckinpah and other fellow filmmakers.

Sean O'Feeny, his real name, he was always to feel a duel tug on his emotions as an Irishman born in America. This duality he was to synthesise by a remembrance of a vanished past, which he recreates movingly throughout his films.

They bespeak most eloquently when he can exult the values of the agrarian community. Through *The Grapes of Wrath*, *The Searchers* and finally in *Cheyenne Autumn* a redolent nostalgia permeates his vision of the past.

In *The Quiet Man*, Sean Thornton, the retired American-Irish boxer returns to the land of his ancestors to recapture his Celtic past. Contrast this with Leon's Ryan's Daughter 20 years later and one finds a calculated, almost sterile professionalism in thatlachrymose film, created at the butt-end of Leon's career, which fails beside a film felt and then conceived. "My first love affair" Ford said of it.

*The Quiet Man* has a peculiarly Irish gaiety to it. As old Dan Jobin lies on his death-bed and the priest intones extreme unction outside comes the sound of strident shouting. A real donnybrook is on between Sean and Red Will Danaher. Old Dan jumps out of his bed, grabs his walking stick and bounds off to see the fight.

Throughout all his films the Irish strain was to permeate, in his boisterous, sometimes forced humour that he employs, in his use of stock characters like Victor McLagen, Barry Fitzgerald and Maureen O'Hara and also in an ever present though usually subdued catholicism.

When Ford's catholicism does surface, as in *The Fugitive*, the result varied according to ones level

of devotion. Devotees of Bunuel would no doubt object to *The Fugitive*, Ford's 1947 tribute to the Eternal Church and agree with James Agee who said it was like a creeping Jesus. Other less anticlerical reviewerw (unlike Agee who despised his Catholicism) have seen it as "an examination of religious conscience comparable with the great European films of this subject." (John Baxter, the Cinema of John Ford).

People look at this aspect of Ford and see him as a reactionary director. It is however not to my mind a reactionary view as it is constantly laced with humanism. *The Grapes of Wrath* is one of the great liberal cinematic testaments as, Time in its review on February 12, 1940 was forced to admit while adding that "pinkos who did not bat an eye at the Soviet Government exterminating 3,000,000 peasants by famine will go for a good cry over the hardships of the Oakies."

Whereas the reactionary can only build bulwarks against the onslaught so the romantic finds his vision in either the past or the future. It is the same phenomenon and such romanticism can weld both both the past and future together.

Not so in Ford. He detests the present age with a Luddite-like suspicion. The closest he comes to it is in *The Last Hurrah* where he depicts an old time political boss, a forerunner of Richard Daley called Frank Skeffington who is running what he knows will be his last campaign. His methods are anachronistic, attendances at wakes, personal donations and giving of jobs. This pre-welfare state "solution" is challenged by a highly charged campaign in which a smooth professional approach wins over Skeffington's earthy manner.

But Ford shows that Skeffington had created his own destruction for his form of manipulation had grown outmoded.

There are touches in this film which make it Fordian. The prepared speech by Skeffington's hapless opponent, studio manufactured with a barking dog (ibid., Nixon's Chequers speech) is played in broad-

# JOHN FORD THE LASH



Henry Fonda in the opening shot from *THE GRAPES OF WRATH*

John Wayne  
A YELLOW

est terms.

Then the rituals . . . the portrait of Skeffington, a dead wife to which he offers deference placing a new flower beside it each day emphasises his remoteness from the present, just as a wild cactus rose became Ford's symbol for the West in *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* (a device borrowed also by Richard Attenborough, in "Oh What a Lovely War").

Welles said Ford was poet and a comedian. The comedian we have seen as very Irish ("I like to discover humour in the midst of tragedy, for tragedy is never wholly tragic" — Ford, Films and Reviews, Sept 6 1955). The poet is universal for he uses his camera to describe what cannot be said.

Primarily in Ford we have however a visual cinema. "Cinema is still basically silent", he has said and the images he invokes confirm this. *Young Mr Lincoln* ends with Lincoln walking up a hill in the midst of a poetic and profound silence. We see In the background a group of men in the foreground and the autumn shadows and the autumn light. The early image of a man waiting for an unlin for the Gov comes Ford n their question. An intuitiv naturally thro Arthur Mille How Green only talk," h

"I was President of the Directors Guild in the 50's," says Joseph L. Mankiewicz, "during the McCarthy Era, and a faction of the Guild, headed by DeMille, tried to make it mandatory for every member to sign a loyalty oath. I was in Europe when the thing started, but as soon as I was notified, I sent word that, as President, I was very much against anything like that. Well, I was soon, these little items about me started appearing in the gossip columns. "Isn't it a pity about DeMille as a Mankiewicz? We didn't know he was a president of the Guild. In those days, you know, an insinuation was almost as good as a proven fact. Well, it was got serious—I began to realize my career was in the block. They called a meeting of the Guild, finally, and I flew back for it. The next day, membership showed up. It was horrible—don't like you, DeMille's group made speeches—four hours of what you've been on. And all during this, I was wondering we give Joe and I knew quite a few others were wondering what John Ford thought. He was kind of they did."







# JOHN FORD

'Ford was always a cop hater by religion, by belief,' Parrish remembers. 'He had a big streak of contempt for any kind of authority, any kind of paternal influence on him—all the producers, all the money—they were the enemy. On *The Informer*, on the first day of shooting, he got the entire cast and crew together in the middle of the set, and he brought out the producer. "Now get a good look at this guy," Ford said and he took hold of the man's chin. "This is Cliff Reid. He is the producer. Look at him now because you will not see him again on this set until the picture is finished." And that was true—we never saw him again—he just disappeared.'

'We were making a picture,' says cameraman Joseph LaSelle, 'and the head of the studio sent his assistant down to the set to tell Ford he was a day behind schedule. "Oh," said Ford, very polite, "well, how many pages would you figure we shoot a day?" "About eight, I guess," the guy said. "Would you hand me the script," Ford said, and the guy handed it to him. He counted out eight pages that hadn't been shot yet, ripped them out, and handed them to the guy. "You can tell your boss we're back on schedule now," he said. And he never did shoot those eight pages.'

## THE FINAL FOOTNOTE

Our story is now complete. On Friday while working on this article, one part of which was to put it in the present tense as I had inadvertently put it in the past, John Ford died.



The Iron Horse.



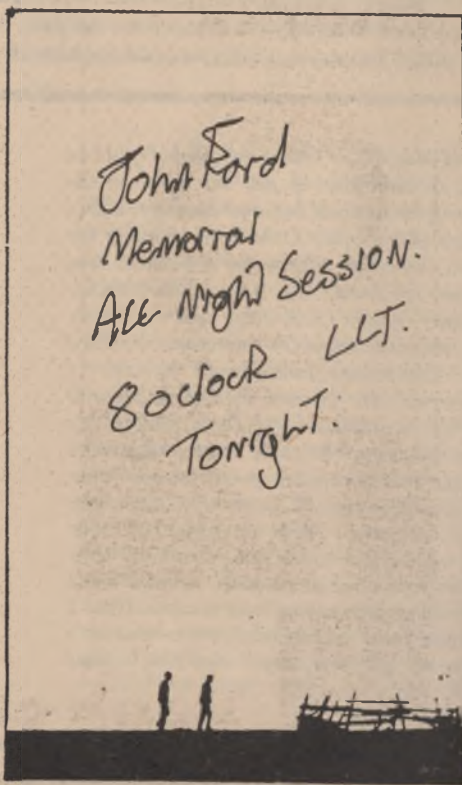
Stills: Cheyenne Autumn



THE SEARCHERS.  
Burial scene  
with Ward Bond



From *THE LAST HURRAH*. : Skeffington (Spencer Tracy) places a flower beneath his wife's portrait. Top right: Spencer Tracy with Edward Brophy and James Gleason at the wake. : Tracy and Jeffrey Hunter.



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# MISCELLANEA

John Harris has left the City and West End News. There are suggestions that disagreements between him and managing director Michael Hart were responsible.

In the end money makes the final decision. Be prepared for a tamer West End News from now on with suitable liberal platitudes to disguise the change.

Mr Hart is a liberal par excellence. He and certain 'independents' meet in St Matthews each week to plan strategy for next year's local bodies elections.

It has been suggested that this is merely a Values Party front but that is idle gossip and we urge you not to repeat it.

Meanwhile farewell to West End News. Send flowers by Interflora.

Aubrey Begg, government M.P. for Awarua, has a rather unique view of conservation. Speaking in Mt Eden on Sunday, he maintained that all conservationists should support the milling of the beech forests as conservation means the using of our natural resources wisely.

He also maintained that as most Aucklanders complain that Westland must stay in its natural state then coasters have a perfect right to come up here and demand the destruction of the harbour bridge as it interferes with the natural geography.

Apologies to Dr Maiden for our article entitled "Anyone For Tennis". The fact that Dr Maiden is an active tennis player and a promoter of the Hobson Bay Sporting complex of course is completely coincidental. The score now is love —40.

We notice that Hare Khrishna is now an incorporated society and in the spirit of Rotarian fellowship we suggest they read J. Paul Getty's "How I Made My First Million", for their spiritual solvency.

We notice that whereas once they distributed pamphlets free now they sell books. It is good to see they are learning Christian ethics and adapting them for their own use. A custard pie to Hare Khrishna.

It is interesting that while David Frost's audience was clamouring for Big Norm, Gentleman Jack was receiving the rhubarb. Finally they got an audience together, composed mainly of down-town executives which disproved one myth that they spend their afternoons golfing while their workers slave. As for Jack, well, we denounce his 10 minute make-up as a Jack-up. Another custard pie, please.

The Auckland Star has found a good issue to evangelise about without fear of affecting its advertising. We refer of course to the Thomas re-trial. By contrast perhaps you may recall the series of articles Noel Holmes did on dubious practices within used car deals. The series caused a mini-boycott by the trade, advertising slumped and since then the Star's made sure that its social concerns don't interfere with its advertising revenue. The moral: advertising is mightier than the pen.

Built in 1889, the Customs House from the outside looks like a fine example of Georgian Architecture. Black turrets on grey stone. Curleques and, from Customs Street, generally pleasing proportions.

The inside story is a little different. Around the back is a tortuous wasteland, with wings of the place jutting out and overshadowed by the buildings next door.

The basement is a low roofed mess. The hall on the ground floor looked, if cleared of all the old counters, like a suitable place for indoor basketball, and the high pointed roof was distinctly unbeautiful. The other floors, built around a square hole, feature miles of corridors going around and around, with variously sized rooms leading off. The most exciting place is the garret, which is up a narrow flight of stairs, a square room perched high above the street.

The atmosphere, at present, is one of Dickensian bookishness. Perhaps this has something to do with the fact that it has been a workplace for clerks.

It seems to me that the place, with its present atmosphere, would be ideal for students of all types as a boarding house or a communal study of some sort. The variously sized cells hidden away along the corridors would provide privacy and, if some windows were double glazed, quiet.

The architecture students have presented the government with two plans for its use. One is that it be made into a shopping mall; the other (a Les Andrews idea), that it be a centre for the arts — mainly dancing and music.

Perhaps this young Old Building, (our old buildings are really very young), would prefer something quieter in its renaissance.

Susan Heap

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# CRACCUM ARTS



## REGGAE IN YOUR JEGGAE

I say again — take off thy shoes  
and move tny feet  
and rock steady  
for that is the 11th commandment of the Rudies.  
"Train to Sth. Vietnam" by the Rudies

Millie Small, who seems to be getting bigger every photo I see, had a hit record in 1964 with "My Boy Lollipop", the first appearance on the international charts of a record closely resembling Reggae. Chris Blackwell, the son of a white plantation owner, released it on his own Island label which he had started in the West Indies and taken to England, along with a handful of Jamaican artists in 1961. He wasn't the first to release Jamaican records in England but no one had reached such a wide market before with this strictly minority-interest music.

"My Boy Lollipop" was actually a Ska (or Blue Beat) record and with its novel sound of the whole rhythm section piling into the offbeat and Miss Small's eagerly nubile vocal, established Ska's commercial potential. It started a short lived trend and we even ended up with our own Blue Beat girl, Dinah Lee — lucky old us. Other people had varying amounts of success using a Ska beat of sorts but the whole thing soon died down and Jamaica's own unique form of rock and roll retired again to the backwaters, away from the pop mainstream.

At the same time the large expatriate West Indian population around London, who were behind the initial surge in interest in Ska, remained a steady market for imported and UK made Ska records. Jamaican artists played in West Indian clubs in London, and more and more during the late sixties and early seventies began to pick up the original music, moving away from the popified product that was making the charts. The germ of interest in Reggae was planted in the fertile minds of people like Bob Dylan, McCartney and Mick Jagger, has begun to push its way to the surface over the last couple of years. "Ob La Dee, Ob La Da" was one of the early signs.

Another near-Reggae hit of the sixties was a record called "Rudi's In Love" by an England band, Locomotive. This became a staple mid-set number for a host of bands around Auckland at the time and was ideal for loosely swaying along with in that bored manner that girls used to affect in places like the Galaxy. God rest its throbbing little soul. But Locomotive was a white band dabbling in the style — they had a very ordinary pop ballad the flip side. The major resurgence of Jamaican music in '69 and '70 was lead by a Jamaican singer with a Jamaican band, and two singles that rank among the finest in the style — "Israelites" and "It Miek" by Desmond Dekker and the Aces.

By this time the skinheads had kicked out their little niche in the English working class and along the way had embraced Reggae as their own. The combined skinhead and West Indian market served to boost Desmond Dekker, Dave and Ansil Collins and others into the charts, and also resulted in a few gratuitous releases like "Skinhead Moonstomp" by Symarip, where there was no question as to which less discerning sector of the market the record com-

pany was looking. Nevertheless, amid much abuse from the progressive rockers and several kill-joys in the music press, Reggae started strutting around like it was going somewhere — and it's still going.

Basically where it comes from is American Rhythm and Blues, particularly the New Orleans music of Jessie Hill, Smiley Lewis, Chris Kenner and Fats Domino, and has existed as a fairly distinct form since the late fifties. It's consistently drawn on pop and rock material but always turning the beat on its back in that instantly recognizable way that nobody has yet found a good explanation for. At first the bands employed a similar line-up to the R and B groups with a horn section and frequent solos, one of the points that differentiate this style (Ska) from the later developments (Rock Steady and Reggae).

As great as Ska was to dance to, the need to supply a more flexible and even more danceable rhythm forced some gradual changes. Rock Steady emerged as a separate identifiable style as the horn section was phased out, guitar and bass became more prominent and a little of the solid emphasis was taken from the offbeat. The Beatles "You Won't See Me" from about this period has a remarkably Rock Steady-ish sound in certain sections and it's been suggested that it was influential in the changes that were taking place in Ska. It's significant that like the term "Rock and Roll", Rock Steady originally referred to the dance rather than the music and this is also the case with Reggae. In Rock Steady the bass sound is the most important thing happening because that's what you danced to. Reggae uses even less brass, and the bass and guitar function more rhythmically with the faster drumming. These may well have been its last major



changes as a truly ethnic music before the inevitable happened, because with Reggae it reached perhaps its greatest potential both commercially and expressively.

Carl Gaye, a Jamaican writer living in England, has said that it's been necessary to have pop Reggae to break the music to a wider audience but points out the difference in feel between it and the more genuine stuff, that's often called *blues* by Jamaican enthusiasts. There hasn't been much Reggae on the hit parade with anything like an ethnic feel since Desmond Dekker's first couple of hits and most people's contact with it amounts to "Suzanne Beware of the Devil" and the like, which is OK but it's only the softened tip of a pretty extensive iceberg.

There's nothing unusual in this as the earthy roots of any pop style never gains the mass popularity and financial returns of the trend it spawns. The unfortunate thing in this country is that anyone looking for an album of good Reggae has got his work cut out because worthwhile releases have been absolutely minimal.

Easily the best so far released here is the soundtrack album of the film "The Harder They Come" (ISLAND 34681) which has six tracks by Jimmy Cliff who stars in the film, five by various other Jamaican artists like Desmond Dekker and the Melodians, and best of all, two by the Maytals including the mazing "Pressure Drop". A couple of years ago Jimmy Cliff had a success with "Wonderful World, Beautiful People" which defined the style of commercial Reggae by softening the beat, adding strings and selling like blazes. Although good pop it would not be considered good Reggae, but my own objection at the time was to the "lets all us beautiful people love one another and make this ol' world a better place" message; this lightweight preachiness continued in later singles, "Be Aware" and "Synthetic World".

On "The Harder They Come" he retains some of this type of lyric yet manages to be infinitely more

effective musically. His Reggae is the most sophisticated on the album, lacking the unbridled excitement of the Maytals and employing a more urbane vocal style than most (which must account for a lot of his chart success). However all his compositions here are strong and "Many Rivers to Cross" is one of the record's highlights, transcending any stylistic quibbles.

Scotty's "Draw Your Brakes" and the Melodians' "Rivers of Babylon" are both excellent, even moving, tracks — totally engaging music. What the album does display is something of the variety that good bands can achieve within this very strict framework. Vocal styles in Reggae can range from a gritty Four Tops or Soul Duo sound to smooth, cool harmonies, or a pure, controlled Sam Cooke voice coloured with the strong Jamaican accent.

Like the Blues, Reggae has several reoccurring themes in the lyrics, such as the pornographic songs like "Free Grind Ticket" by Lloydie and the Low-bites which is sun to the tune of "Love of the Common People"; or "Cover Me" by Fritz and the Coozers (No, really!). There's also the tie-in with the Ethiopian-originated Rastafarian cult in Reggae's development, which is manifested in songs like "Rasta Never Fails" and "Israelites", and in songs in praise of homeland Africa and protests against Babylon or Western influences in Jamaican society.

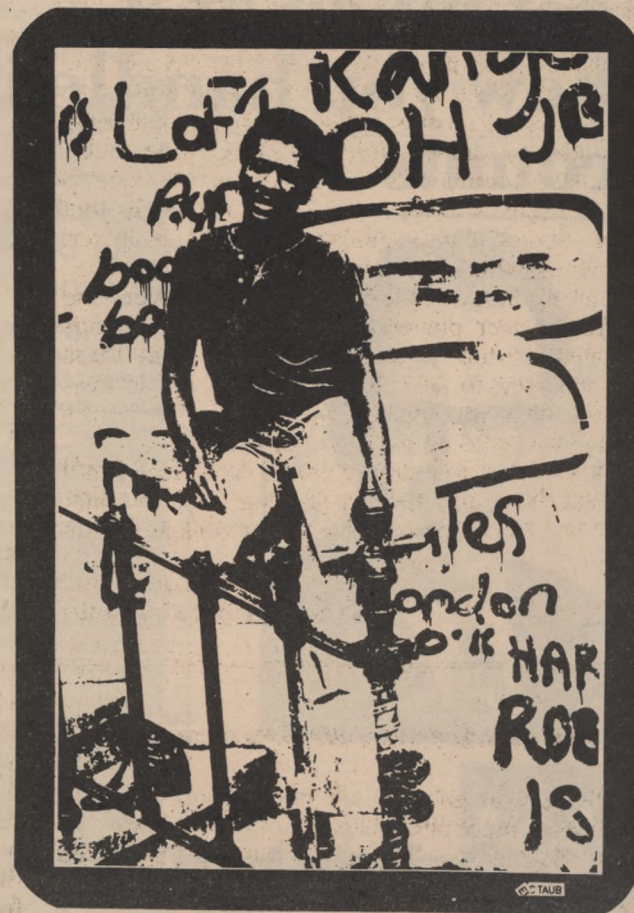
Heroes of the Kingston street people are often praised and the ultimate in cool in the sixties was James Bond (eg '007 by D. Dekker) and the mythical Johnny Cool who was the Rude Boy par excellence. Rude Boys are guys that hang out on street corners emanating cool and causing trouble so that half the songs actually tend to advise or knock rather than praise them. ("Johnnie Too Bad" and "Rude a Message To You").

Both the Reggae music and its sociological background are fascinating and although "The Harder They Come" is the best introduction available the very best thing that could happen here is the release of the three volume "Trojan Story" which is the definitive Reggae collection, with an information sheet that's expansive to say the least.

Recently we've had Reggae influenced hits and album tracks from Paul Simon, Guess Who, John Cale, J. Geils (a good one), Led Zeppelin, and Wings etc etc., while Cat Stevens, Elton John Traffic, Rolling Stones and Free have all traipsed off to Jamaica to put down albums in the last 18 months. Reggae doesn't belong just to West Indians and skinheads anymore but what's been done up to now is well worth catching up on.

After all that I must admit that I have a lot of trouble convincing even my closest friends of this — most seem bothered by the initial impression of sameness about a lot of Reggae. I've found that this impression soon fades as its compelling freshness is nothing less than a tonic, and the stuff gets to be bloody addictive after a while. Ask my flatmates... no, don't ask my flatmates.

Terence Hogan



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**WAITING FOR GODOT, BY SAMUEL BECKETT**  
**At Central Theatre**  
**Opened on Saturday 28 August**  
**Reviewed by J.C. Bailey**  
**Produced by Raymond Hawthorne**

On the night of the play I decided to write a review that was quite precise and pithy, i.e. 'WAITING FOR GODOT IS DAMN GOOD, SEE IT' This was in line with my understanding of what Beckett would want from a review of this work, especially in line with a few references in the play to critics and the extremely outrageous questioner handed out at the end of the performance. Beckett takes great delight in playing with his audience calling them 'that bog', 'that vacuum', 'there's nothing, nothing.' Through out the play he gets the actor to say the previous events will pass the time. And that I think is all the play is mean to do, while at the same time being very entertaining and very stimulating. If this really is the aim of the play, then this production succeeds marvellously.

The reason I have written the silly little paragraph above and the new one that I am starting on now is because the actors and producer deserve praise and the attention of all the student body as they have succeeded in bringing into being one of the best productions I have ever seen at the Central Theatre. Stephen Crane and Roger Oakley work together in such perfect harmony as Estragon and Vladimir that the result is far more powerful than the individual talents of the two working alone could possibly achieve. The only actor I felt was slightly out of harmony with the rest of the cast was Paul Robinson, as Pozzo. He seemed to keep himself contained within himself rather than let himself succumb to the rhythm. But he was very competent even though he didn't do what I wanted him to do. Raymond Hawthorne as the conductor was brilliant.

The only thing left for me to mention is the lighting. Tim Barton managed to achieve with the lights alone a nice feeling of the bog. It shows the power of light in creating atmosphere in the minds of the audience.

Now I have filled in a number of lines in Craccum

### JAZZ / BLUES / ROCK JAM

Well dear reader, Saturday 11th August saw a major success in the minor social scene. The Jazz/Blues/Rock societies monster jamm was attended by so many people that they couldn't all play, this has resulted in the regularisation of Ye monster jamm. So if you came along on Saturday and didn't get a chance to play, or didn't get to play for as long as you would have liked, don't mumble about it, come along next time and play.

The major source of inspiration behind the jamm was unfortunate fact that Musicians clubs and the Crypt where musos always used to be able to jamm and experiment, have become so popularised that things have got back to the audience/performer basis. This state of affairs seems to be encouraged by the managements because it's good for profits. The Jazz/Blues/Rock society, because of its very makeup, is exclusively non profit oriented. Sure we can't all be playing all the time, but there is a big difference between a group of musicians and friends listening, and an alien audience sitting, waiting to be entertained. These jamm sessions are a perfect place to meet other musos interested in the same things that you are, find that bass player that your group has been lacking, swap ideas, steal riffs, try out new ideas, pass your wisdom on to less experienced players and learn from better players I know that this sounds like a membership drive for J/B/R soc. but these jamms are open to any muso or music, in the raw, lover who turns up. There is no admission price, the refreshments make up for the overheads.

If you bothered to read my policy statement you'll know that this is just the sort of thing I had in mind. All praise to Jazz/Blues/Rock for getting it off the ground.

Tony Dove  
 A.U.S.A. Social Controller

### "LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL" Embassy Theatre

Everyone who goes to see the film returns with enthusiastic recommendations. Why? They go because they like rock'n'roll of the type produced in the 1950's and that's what they get, plus a few laughs.

Most of the film is taken up by coloured shots of the stage and audience at a 1968 rock revival concert in Madison Square Garden. Cats like Little Richard, Chuck Berry, Fats Domino, Bob Diddley, Bill Haley, the Coasters, Danny and the Juniors, Chubby Checker etc. each do a few songs. Where possible, black and white shots of them doing the same songs back in the fifties are inserted here and there.

During and in between numbers we get flashbacks to 1950's film clips of sociological interest, many of which are highly amusing.

A young Richard Nixon brought the house down as he looked resolutely at the camera, damning himself with the words "Some people ask me why I continue the struggle. I'll tell you why. Because I love my country."

Stern-faced civic leaders are comical enough in their denunciation of rock'n'roll, but the fervent young religious evangelist, apparently a convert from the sinful world of rock singing, is quite stunning in his condemnation of the Devil's music. Such segments, and there are many of them, make the film a must for anyone with a broad interest in American popular culture.

Some of the backstage sequences from the 1968 festival are rather revealing Little Richard is caught losing his cool over stage management details before going to do a performance well below what he is capable of. The Coasters explain why they're not happy about doing their 1950's material. On stage they don't sound happy about it either. "Poison Ivy" had lost much of the vocal subtlety of the original record and ended up comparatively lifeless, reminding one of the Rolling Stones version.



The audience reacted predictably. They dug it but had come mainly out of curiosity and nostalgia. Time appreciation was all that was inspired by stage acts and musical performances that were a bit forced.

Most of the music was enjoyable: good fun but not up to the standard of the original exciting recordings by the same artists. The sound quality was excellent for live recordings, but the young backing musicians were heavy handed and the stars were aging mimics of their youthful fire.

Only Chuck Berry and Fats Domino emerged with their images untarnished. Chuck, the shrewd old master, cannily moves with the times and knows exactly where his audience's heads are at, as he always has done. Fats is still living his music, naively and lovable, just the way he's done since the 1940's, before he was known to anyone but the black New Orleans audience.

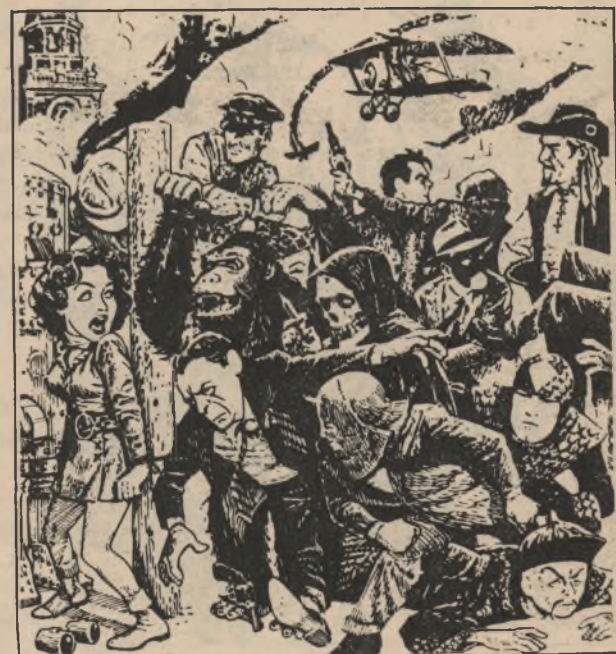
Whatever value judgements I care to make, if you dig rock you'll dig the film — just see if you don't!  
 Brian Wakefield

### SANTANA

Santana? here in Auckland? My ear to the ground must be losing the old magic touch, I hadn't heard about it till the morning before ticket sales opened. Well I had heard a few mumbblings but no date.

7.20 a.m. standing outside Cornish's; feet stamping \$1.53 in my pocket, praying my mate with the cash turns up in time; 9.00 a.m., doors open, queue moves; still no sign of a loan; visions of getting to the counter with \$1.53 in my pocket; 9.05 a friend on the other side of the street, (if the reader has ever heard me selling capping books a description of the ear splitting whistle and yell that attracted his attention above the din. of early morning commuters dragging off from the lights trying to impress the office Judies

## CRACCUM ARTS



is unnecessary); thank God for friends; he lends me \$10.00 (how many people walk about with \$10.00 in their pockets on a Monday morning?); 9.15 my original mate with the money turns up with about \$30.00 (how many people walk about with \$30.00 in their pockets on a Monday morning?); 9.30 more friends turn up and want us to get theirs for them, O.K., they hand over the cash for five or six tickets (where do all these people get their money from after a weekend, no they haven't been to the bank, I'm always broke after a weekend, I was lucky to have \$1.53); slowly but slowly the queue moves forward; finally we get to the top of the queue; just to piss off the girl at the desk "three tickets for the wrestling please, what do you mean wrong queue, I've been queueing for 2½ hours for three tickets for the wrestling! Well I must admit I was a bit surprised to see so many long-hairs queueing for wrestling tickets; what's this queue for then? Santana? what's that? a rock group, might have known, well I wish you wouldn't sell them on the same day as the wrestling tickets." (by this time the girl behind the counter is near screaming point, from behind screams of "get a move on." "stop fucking about." "I've got a lecture to go to." "What's the fuss about up there?" "is this the queue for the wrestling", everyone turns round and hits a sixteen stone wrestling fan); after the police have cleared away the bodies of the people who hit the wrestling fan and he's got his tickets to the wrestling, I go, my tickets to Santana; as we leave we see the desk girl chewing her fingers down to the knuckle.

Well the great day approaches, I get off to a good start, by losing my roll ticket. The seat allocation ticket is pessimistic; "must be accompanied by roll ticket" it declares for all to see. I get there just after the first show starts, talk to the doorman someone said, I do, he says I'll be O.K., he tells people to go out and wait till the next show begins, I can hear this show through the doors, its cold outside, I start talking to him about how many people will the civic seat? what happened to the downstairs? when was it built? isn't the architecture unique, well I like it, can I look around at it? yes? It worked, I wander around and hear most of the first show, seems to take a while warming up. Phil Warren's boys are patrolling but no-one even approaches me to find out what the hell I'm doing here. The first show empties out late, it seems that Santana gives good value for his encores. There's a bit of trouble on the door, getting people in line. I'm inside anyhow so I don't even show my ticket, it makes me feel good to get in without it, it doesn't matter that I've got one, just as long as I'm bucking the system by not showing it. Seats three rows from the front, congratulations from all our friends who we got tickets for, for getting such a brilliant place.

Just look at the gear they've got. Fender amps, at least a dozen, millions of drums, a P.A. consul that looks like something out of Star Trek. Four stacks of speakers at least ten feet high! A stack of slave amps about 12' x 5'8" that is rumoured to be about TEN THOUSAND WATTS! There's about ten roadies kissing the gear through the break. Miles Davis at Fillmore on the P.A. Then there they are, Carlos asks for the usual 60 seconds silence, he gets it. Then away we go, Carlos is running around with



# CRACCUM ARTS



a cowbell, then he nurses a moog through the opening number. Then guitar, his tone is the usual Santana tone, distinctively clear, a seven man rhythm section with lead alternating between guitar, organ, timbales, vocals (including some brilliant mouth music). It was nearly all stuff by the new Santana, I can never recognise them by name, Black magic woman came and went, there were quotes here and there if you were quick enough to find them, I spotted Layla & sunshine of your love. I know there were some others but by the time I realised it was a quote it had gone, still that's the way to do quotes, (I hope a few N.Z. groups agree in future).

The dynamics were impeccable, (another thing that N.Z. groups need to realise is the dramatic effect of loud and soft instead of loud and louder). The timbales were nothing short of brilliant, organ was adequate and had the sense to keep it short, Carlos had two sides, when he was playing to the audience he was very good, when he was playing to himself or the group he was brilliant. The overall effect was a superb group playing for sheer enjoyment.

The roadies deserve a word or two, they were never afraid to get out on the stage and make sure things went right, they gave the impression of being musos themselves. Putting Carlos's strap on for him, making adjustments to the organ half way through a song. Making sure there were enough sticks around. There were lumps of wood flying off the timbales like sparks off a grindstone. The conventional kit drummer was throwing mallets about like snowballs.

I thought the balcony would crack up during the applause for the encore, especially after all those rumours about the foundations. The whole thing was wound up by the brilliant final encore number; all hell wouldn't have shifted that audience till the last note had faded out. The climax at the end was the sort of sexual frenzy that the teeny boppers get from David Cassidy, only this time it was quality. The guitar and organ overtook each other on ascending chromatics so that the whole theatre seemed to get higher and higher, people, sound, everything. My ears were humming for hours after.

And for those that sat in a daze after it was all over there was music to waltz to. I looked around a couple of times before the lights went down, I couldn't help thinking what a hell of a good night club the civic would make if it was done on the European scale. Bottom floor, dance floor; 1st balcony (terraced off in random areas), restaurant, top balcony (as 1st balcony), bar & misc. amusements. The decor in that place is so grotesque that it's back in the other side, beautiful. I hope to God that they don't pull the bloody thing down.

Tony Dove

## THE GOOD PERSON OF SZECHWAN (8 - 18 August)

It is a pity that this review emerges only after the season has finished. The amalgamation of actors from Theatre Workshop and Central Theatre, the almost Shakespearean comprehensiveness of Brecht's vision (when looked at as theatre rather than a communist propaganda) and the use of props from the site of the new University theatre, combined to make a performance well worth seeing twice.

## THE VULCAN LANE RESEATING SHOW (2) (August 10)

While Theatre Workshop were performing for an intellectual elite in the removed arena of the Arts Centre an event was taking place in Vulcan Lane.

Two people wearing masks, a helmet and a soft hat carried a birdcage, mannequins and planks into Vulcan Lane and proceeded to nail the planks to the seats with concrete nails.

Then the birdcage and mannequins, which were on poles, were driven into the concrete tubs holding the artificially lit shrubs, which is someone's sentimental idea of beauty. A crowd of onlookers greeted the performers with interest and amusement.

11.15 our special correspondent returned to survey the scene and found the seats still intact. But the mannequins had been raped. A hotel proprietor, who was a junk collector, removed the birdcage.

David Eggleton & Susan Heap

## CLEO LAINE JOHN DANKWORTH JAZZ CONCERT TOWN HALL

Glenn Gould in the liner notes to his recording of Scriabin's 3rd. Piano Sonata refers to the first movement as, "music — to read — Wuthering Heights — by". However one likes to interpret this, no similar analogy could be found for the Cleo Laine — Johnny Dankworth concert held on Wednesday of last term in the Town Hall.

The quality of Miss Laine's voice could perhaps be described as a bluesy alto but this at times rose to almost coloratura heights with top F sharps and G's.

The concert opened with the quartet, (piano and electric piano, sax, bass and drums), playing an old Johnny Mercer standard, "Tangerine", followed by a Dankworth composition, "Kite Flight", at the conclusion of which Miss Laine made her entrance. She exchanged her already receptive audience by singing unaccompanied the opening verse of "It might as well be Spring"; a difficult feat for a first number.

Miss Laine's repertoire was unusually varied, ranging from Richard Rogers, through Anthony Newley and Sir Noel Coward to Carole King, David Gates and James Taylor as well as Charles Ives, Brahms, Hugo Wolf, Gilbert and Sullivan and Richard Rodney Bennett. She also selected excerpts from a group of "Poems and Dramatic Settings" set to music by Hubby John. Miss Laine's characterization of Coward's "Mad about the Boy" was superb: the introduction to the composition was as hilarious as the song itself. "Of the four characters in the song — Woman of the World, Young Girl, Charlady and The Prostitute I will only be singing the first three — I don't do prostitutes in Auckland on a Wednesday night."



Cleo Laine

"Control Yourself" by Andre Previn was convincing and indeed needed much control (musically speaking) on the part of soloist and backing, because of the rapid tempo changes. David Gates' "I wanna make it with you" from Bread was very beautiful and lent itself well to a jazz feeling.

Of the dramatic works Dankworth's setting of Alun Owen's "Thieving Boy" for voice and Clarinet will perhaps remain in the memory of the audience just a little longer than the others — however, this is not stated to the detriment of the Shakespeare, John Donne and Spike Milligan settings. In these it was easy to recognize Dankworth's skill which explain why he has been a top composer and arranger in England for the last twenty years. The melodies literally flowed from the words, whether it was the list of Shakespearean plays ("The Complete Works") or "You spotted snakes".

In theory, Jazz and Elizabethan poetry seem a rather peculiar combination but in practice they proved compatible, rather like Loussier and Bach.

Perhaps a final word could be said about the way in which Miss Laine altered the timbre of her voice to suit either sax or clarinet. This feature came to the fore particularly in passages where voice and instrument both had the melodic line. The final encore number was certainly a virtuosic tour de force example of this.

P. Ellery

## TE MATENGA

A memorial Baxter Reading will take place in the Cafe extensions tomorrow night. Wine and other kai will be provided. A contingent from the Jerusalem commune will read and sing together with poets from Auckland: C.K. Stead, David Mitchell, Michael Neill Barry Denton, with Colin Durning and Jeff Jones.

It will cost you a dollar to get in and the proceeds will go to buy a headstone and memorial for James K. Baxter's resting place.

It starts at 8.00 p.m. Friday 7th of September.



Matenga comes near: it is a year, nearly. His wairua will survive even those who knew and loved him at first hand. It has out-lived the idolizing of the man as "a counter-culture hero" and a presumptuous attempt by a certain Wellington publisher, to make money on a Memorial Volume.

The clamour has gone and distilled from that, is the true order of the man, his works and of more consequence, his affect on Society. The first memorial, in Orientation of this year, consisted of creative dancing adapted from several of his poems and a reading; what that collage lacked in spontaneity, this "commemoration of death" will supply, with folk singing and readings by Jerusalem people, themselves.

When not at the commune, Jim spent a lot of time in Auckland helping addicts in Grafton, and visiting this campus: one of his last poems, *Ode to Auckland*, features students who still frequent this "wedding-cake tower" establishment. Hemi's role in his final years was that of a spiritual elder, counselling the deprived of the cities; he died wearing a myth of his own creation, that of Kaumaatua.

"And then, you brought us forwards to the old Jerusalem, opening hands aflower with forgiveness, growing from the ancestral, mystery planned, sharing the spilt wafer of truth, remaking the early wine of joy."

Leo Thompson

It was through myth that his poetry worked. New Zealand lacks identity: myth, they all say, and yet that identity lies all around us. All that is needed is Pakeha-Maori community. The Pakeha must learn from Maori to build, instead of destroy with his culture. His machines cut down bush and his planners defile t'ao with motorways; his institutions take away man's manhood and gives cars, baches, T.V.s: all the attributes of "a culture that has ceased to understand itself."

It's not only because Baxter was a great poet that we should honour his grave, but because he was the first of our Identity leaders. A prophet who perceived what Pakeha culture was doing to Pakehas and realized the polynesian alternatives. Community that builds for te tangata:

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Come along  
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"A delegation of students came to see me. They lived in the house next door. One of them told me that D. had stolen five dollars from him.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"I want to get it back."

"You think I should call the fuzz?"

He said nothing.

"It's hard to prove, you know. She'll have spent it already on kai for her friends."

"I'm saving for a trip to Australia."

"Maybe you should carry your money in an inside pocket. There are sick people in this house. If I spend my time interrogating D-, it's not likely she or anyone else will get off the pills. And we've got no kai except for some bread and some milk. You've eaten here often enough yourself. Maybe the problem would have been solved if you'd spent the five dollars on kai for the rest of us."

He said nothing.

"D- has done one or two things for you on occasion,"

I knew he had slept with D-.

"What should I do Hemi?"

"Forgive her and forget it".

He did that. But the children of the affluent take time to learn the ethics of the poor. When it comes to the crunch, they are very inclined to put property before people."

Elegy for Boyle Crescent

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M.K.

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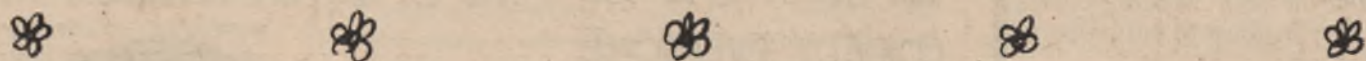
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CUMTONGEHA - cont. from page 7

potentially disruptive activities the Christchurch authorities arranged for this experienced de-fuser to dominate the Festival with his inanities. Wherever a group of more than twenty students were gathered together this twit arrived and insisted that the gathering be held in his name. Not content with balling up the Festival he also had to arrange for hordes of screaming ninies to rush out to Ilam and engage the assembled Sportsmen in a stupid war with special rules to make sure nothing happened. And when the Star, being short of material, printed a series of photos of him wallowing in a mud-bath in a dress uniform and a ballet skirt he was overjoyed.

Also this misogynist prick gave long boring lectures and performed public defecation all aimed at disfiguring this the thousandth year of English monarchy and proclaiming himself divine. And then he had the cheek to claim it was all a joke. Unfortunately of course a fair number of our brethren were taken in by his ravings and he even sold the poor suckers seven hundred chauvinist male liberation badges, all to bolster his own coffers and the capitalist system.

There is only one spark of joy in all this, he has promised to disappear shortly. It can't be too soon, but we suspect he'll wait for the proceeds of the libel action he slapped on NZSAC and the Festival Ferret on the final day.

— Bob Lack.

**FOOTNOTE:** This was no Arts Festival. This was a late Capping. An early Arts Festival next year, at Dunedin, might be a good idea.

MYRTLE FREEMAN

Thanks to Bob Lack, Mona Williams, Beverly Austin, Sue Frickberg, David Eggleton, Marty Braithwaite, Evan Todd, Howie Amos, Mark Christianson, Harry Bowley, also Graeme, Stephen, Brent, Hamish and Liz.

A referendum will be held from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Friday, 7 September 1973 to vote on the following motions which were carried but not by the necessary two-thirds majority, at the Winter General Meeting:

"THAT the Auckland University Students' Association (Inc.) donate \$1500 to Tenants' Protection Society."

"THAT the Auckland University Students' Association support the repeal of all abortion laws, recognizing a woman's right to terminate a pregnancy."

Dear Sir:

Having been "elected" by acclamation to the Student Representative Council to fill the Overseas Students representative vacancy, I have been denied what would have been a stimulating election campaign. I had hoped to come in contact with many more overseas students during the course of running for S.R.C. However, no campaign is to take place and I find myself representing many people I have never met. I ask that you print what would have been my policy statement so that overseas students will know what my objectives are as a member of the S.R.C. and, I ask also, that you print my address and telephone number so that I may be reached by any student who wishes to contact me.

## POLICY STATEMENT

I see the position of Overseas Student Representative entailing three vital functions.

1) First and foremost the O.S.R. is a member of the Student Representative Council. As a member of that body the O.S.R. has a responsibility, not only to overseas students, but to all students and a responsibility to strive for good University Government. The Student Representative Council should be an important and dynamic branch of Government — as a forum for discussions and action and social and academic problems; as a check balance on a powerful Executive; or as a vital branch of government if an Executive proves to be weak and ineffective.

The collapse of the last Student Representatives Council due to continuous quorum failures border on the intolerable. The first step toward better student government, through the Student Representative Council, is the election of representatives who will turn up at meetings and who will be willing to make a sincere dedication of time and effort in the interest of bettering the university community.

2) The second functions I see for the O.S.R. is that of spokesman for overseas students and their unique problems (accommodation, social integration and adjustment to New Zealand life and society). I would work closely with those responsible for Orientation Week and campus information services to provide information and assistance to overseas students who are new arrivals in New Zealand. More information should be available overseas for students who decide

to come to Auckland to study, simple and explicit information, cross crediting, course structure, the unit system and detailed information on life and society in Auckland (the price of goods and services, wages, details of climate, customs, useful maps, problems of international currencies and banking, some historical background to New Zealand and Auckland . . .) in one comprehensive package. Such information, along with a catalogue of people and resources that are available to help overseas students discover, understand, and appreciate this city and this country, should be made available to students before they leave their home countries.

3) Finally, the O.S.R. should be in a position to coordinate the resources of overseas students (knowledge, opinions, energies) with the activities of the International Affairs Officer and Committee. International affairs are second in importance only to student welfare within the scope of University Government Activities. "Outside Issues" are an increasingly important part of campus life and the resources and expertise of overseas students should be used, where applicable, in determining International Affairs policies and activities.

Though relatively new to this campus, involvement in Welfare, representative and committee activities has given me a wide range of experience (member of the Central Council Canadian Red Cross Society, Divisional Board of Directors and National Youth Advisory Committee; School District Education Conditions Committee (British Columbia), United Nations Association of Canada and other provincial, national and international delegate and conference activities). Originally from the University of British Columbia, Vancouver, I am a second year Arts Student.

To summarize, these are the three functions I see for the Overseas Student Representative: member of the Student Representative Council; spokesman for overseas students; and resource coordinator. If given the opportunity to fill this position I will dedicate my time and energies to carry out these three functions.

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## SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING

A Special General Meeting has been called in B.28 on Wednesday, 12th September 1973 at 1 p.m. The meeting has been called to decide what action should be taken to meet the increased catering costs brought about by the recent 8.6 wage order.

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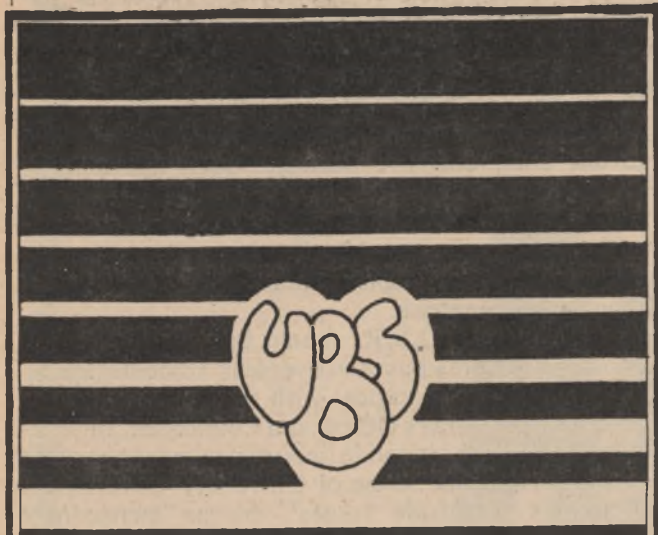
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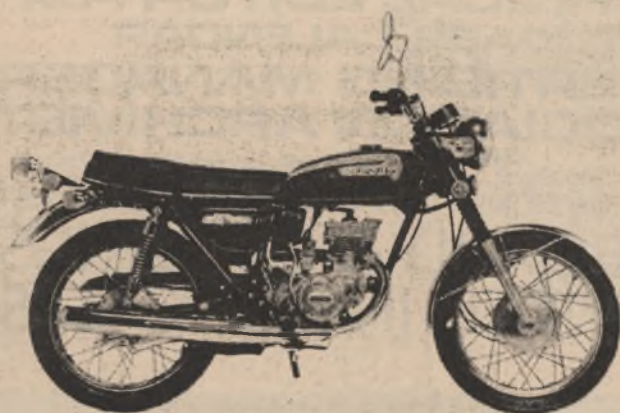
Another feature of the Suzuki GT185 is the CC1 fuel system. This means you'll never have to mix messy oil and petrol. Because even though you may be liberated, you're still a woman.

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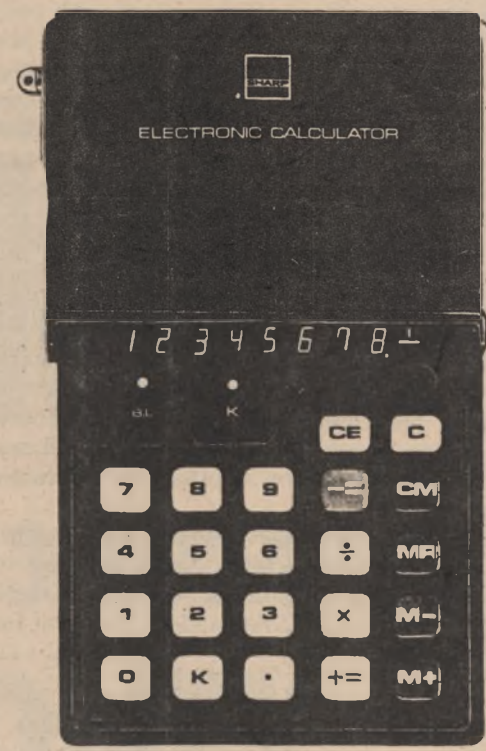


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# LAST-MINUTE ADVERTISEMENT

The abortion debate is over a moral question. Although it is violent, the opposing sides consist of people with an disinterested social conscience. But there is a deep gap; between the thinking which sees itself as adopting values, which have proved so fragile in man's development, of treating human life with tolerance and gentleness, perceiving social behaviour as more than savage, appreciating peace; and the colder style of thought advocating measures against what is said to be a social problem. Ethical discussion is said to be irrelevant (although ironically the slogan of the Women's Abortion Action Committee, "A woman's right to control her own body", uses the traditional words and assumptions of political morals.) The basic arguments of both lines of thought are well known in N.Z., so we prefer to reflect on the assumptions behind them here.

## Medical

We believe that life begins at the moment of conception, when the male sperm is united with the female egg. Within a very short time the fertilized egg is implanted in the wall of the uterus and growth ensues. Within six weeks human characteristics are observable in the form of the child. By this time the heart is beating and brain waves are discernable. This is simply a stage in the life of a human being, a developing, maturing child. The child is genetically a completely different individual from either its mother or its father and as such, has a right to live. As yet it cannot exist without the mother's aid, but neither can it do so completely after birth, for quite a while. There are problems in this matter. A mother, during her pregnancy, may decide that she does not want her child. Many women, whose pregnancies were planned or not, go through a time of emotional crises in the course of the pregnancy. And most women who complete the pregnancy find that this problem no longer exists.

## Legal rights

The unborn child is not just a part of the mother's body. The child is a life in its own right. Therefore we can not simply kill this life because of 'inconvenience'. Also although each person has an original right to control his or her own body, because of the social system in which we live, this right is limited when it encroaches upon the welfare of another person. Thus the murderer is confined to prison, or the child is obliged to go to school so as to preserve his right to be an educated adult, or the racist has to keep his opinions to himself. So in the same way, a woman's right to do as she likes with her own body does not extend to deciding upon the life or death of the child within her. This is a basic value of our whole society. A woman can not simply decide to have an abortion because the child she is bearing becomes a burden or an inconvenience. The child is, of necessity, her concern for nine months, but this responsibility is not so unbearable or odious as to justify the killing of that other life which is within her.

We are told that because the laws against abortion are often broken, they ought to be repealed. However, many New Zealanders unsurprisingly do not fully accept the values of our society. Whether they be Social Crediters or burglars, however, they cannot practise their beliefs against the will of the people as a whole, expressed in the laws. Thus, the many illegal abortions occur in N.Z., as do tax evasions, the law remains good, for it expresses society's demands, whether one cares to see them as factional demands, coming out of struggles of force, as most financial laws are, or a demand to implement the fundamental social philosophy such as electoral laws, even though they promote the interests of hated minority parties.

Are the values we place on life and freedom of the individual to live and mature in his or her own time, so unimportant, that at the slightest pressure we begin to let them slip? Do we have such a low estimation of family life that we can allow a mother to decide completely what she will do with her child, without the father of the child having any say in the matter? Can we allow a new form of killing weaker or dependant members of our society, while we are working so hard at preserving the lives of old and ill people, and even criminals?

## Moral

The moral question is the essence of the debate. Do life values or social pressures prevail?

What are those life values? A desire for peace, to maintain an open society, to liberate the down-trodden scarcely seems consistent with a cynical effort at social manipulation by surgery. A social conscience which merely reacts to suffering before its eyes, is not a matured one. What is needed is a more deeply searching conscience which sees human events as retarding or advancing human fulfilment, and the education which leads to it.

What about those social pressures?

The myth of the unwanted child cannot be accepted on the emotional say-so of women in the Abortion Action Committees. Today in N.Z., large families are uncommon, except in cases where they are wanted. In a prosperous society with little unemployment, every breadwinner has access to a job which can support the family. There is a demand for illegitimate children for adoption which can not be fully satisfied. Sadly, in the U.S.A., bloody capitalism has even put a price of several thousand dollars on the head of the adoptable baby.

Already, doctors are extracting high fees for those legally uncertain abortions which take place in private hospitals. (Ideally abortions to save the life of the mother should take place in a public hospital without fee as a mark of good faith.) With the repeal of the abortion laws a lucrative trade will be opened up. We do not believe it is possible to reconcile both of the conflicting arguments. The real economic answers to the economic problems raised by the W.A.A.C. lie in well organized family planning services, mother welfare services including counselling for mothers, supported from the public purse.

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*Jean-Baptiste Piquier*



**Our  
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wiches  
are the  
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# STUDASS CALENDAR 74

Printed here are some of the critiques received to date, mostly in their raw, unedited form. They are printed here so that anyone — students or lecturers — who want to disagree or enlarge on them has the opportunity (in writing please). Also needed for the Calendar are critiques on English I Renaissance, most of the Chemistry papers, Fine Arts, Maori Studies, Scandinavian Studies, Town Planning, and supplementary critiques of any length on all other courses.

Our intention is to mail the Calendar to incoming students early in February. Letters have been sent to all high schools in the Auckland area asking for students to write to us outlining their thoughts on what they imagine university to be. They have been asked to describe what they think lectures and tutorials are like, and what they think the Students Association is. Letters were sent to all heads of departments in the second term asking for informal information each department might like to see in print. These departments to my knowledge have not replied: Accountancy, Architecture Asian Languages, Botany, Chemistry, Geography, Geology, Germanic Languages, Psychology, Romance Languages, Sociology, Zoology.

Would anyone who knows a student who has dropped out, and who might be willing to write an article for the Calendar on why he or she dropped out, please leave their name and phone number at the Studass Office. Also, a section is planned for overseas students, and we need students of all nationalities to put in writing any information they think would be useful for incoming students as well as comment on Auckland University as they see it. All contributions, when printed, will be anonymous.

Articles to be included in the Calendar will be a critique of University government, a critique of the Students Association, a close look at New Zealand's economic and political situation in the world today, two articles on aspects of education in New Zealand, et al. The articles section of the Calendar is open to you if you have something definite to say. Length: about 3000 words. Deadline is the end of the third term.

**The Studass Calendar is off the ground, but it really is up to the majority of you who habitually never get involved to make it fly.**

Max

1. Course: B. Comm
2. Subjects:
  - Maths 121
  - Maths 142
  - Commercial Law 2.10
  - Economics 13.10
  - Economics 13.11
  - Accounting 1.10
  - Accounting 1.11

## COMMENTS:

- A. **Maths:** For a B. Comm Maths 121/142 are more or less compulsory — although they are useless. Maths 121 is new maths. It is an abstract and difficult way of defining groups, sets, relations, etc on number (that we learnt before we went to school) and continually re-defining these groups and sets and relations into their own groups and sets and relations, in an ever-increasing abstractness, until the end of the year arrives. A lot of people who take this subject find it hard — and they blame themselves. However, this maths subject is really only designed for a few people — not a whole mass of B. Comm students. If everyone was forced to do Ancient History the same problems would arise.
- Maths 142 is a repeat in a different form of Bursary Maths — Why then, is it compulsory? Very small sections are relevant to the Accountancy and Economics courses. However, the problem in economics is to discern the maths within the economics — not so much to do the maths (the problems that arise do not come with a certain Maths Text Book, under a specific title with similar exercises around it.)
- If Maths is so necessary to a B. Comm, then Maths I is not deep enough. It only scratches the surface of integration and differentiation of functions. In any case, I've seen from speaking

and observing with other students we all rely on what was taught to us at school. I think, without any doubt, there would be a direct relationship between the amount of Maths and quality of teaching in school and the ability to pass at university. Maths lecturers above all others are regurgitators. In talking with an M. Comm Student, who has done Maths 3, he agreed that the necessary maths could be taught by students to themselves when a problem arose and that there were excellent text books that enabled this to be done. It is ridiculous to try and defend maths for B. Comm students when in my class, I sit beside a girl who has completed her B. Comm in Stage 3 Accountancy and to graduate, has to pass Maths I — afterwards.

the association has got off its ASS to make the calendar viable. student reps from nearly every department have been contacted personally and are writing critiques now we need supplementary critiques and course descriptions from students in general to get as broad a view as possible of all courses get off yours and write something NOW!!

The time spent on maths in comparison with other subjects is unbelievable. 4 hours of lectures a week on maths — only 2 hours plus 1 hour of workshop for Economics, only 3 hours plus one hour of workshop for accounting. On top of this, apart from Accounting tutorial assignments, Maths 121/142 has the major "Out-of-lecture-work" — early 20 assignments between both so far this year. Coupled with a "dry" course, then in Maths, the largest subject, compulsory, repetitive on good school work and unnecessary.

- B. **Commercial Law:** This is another compulsory subject. Lectures are solid note-taking, heavy and boring. Due to the nature of the subject, the work cannot be broken up with blackboard work, graphs, experiments etc. The course is pure slog, learning and at the end you are hardly any more qualified to judge the legal aspects of any profession you wish to go into. Accountancy graduates will still rely on lawyers and above all, on what they learn in practice. For the many B. Comm graduates who do not go into Accountancy, their compulsory Commercial Law is irrelevant. The subject is rarely a vehicle by which to achieve the much prestigious B. Comm.

- C. **Accounting:** Accounting is a dry subject. For those who are cut out for it, it is easy, but for most people, it is hard, and needs a considerable amount of extra work. Little warning of these facts is given — of the need for rigid organisation of a massive folder. Lectures and tutorial assignments are long and humourless. The most obvious need is for a semester system, NOW; Not talking of one and complaints about other faculties that want to preserve the "tradition of the University" — the present exam system merely reminds me of School Certificate. Not only would this decrease the huge back-log of work to learn, but it would allow for a better understanding of 1.10 before embarking on 1.11 and would account for the many part-time students who must find it difficult to swot up piles of work.

- D. **Economics:** Again this is a subject that:
- a) Needs a Semester System
  - b) Needs a lot of work out of lectures in reading and learning up Text Books.
  - c) Does not need to be compulsory.
- The theoretical course offered — especially 13.10 (Micro) is not a prerequisite to being a good accountant.
- An attempt was made in class to have some sort of course assessment where, on the way out the door, a person had to tick the correct boxes. Anyone who was half awake would realize that economics tutorials are useless for the furthering of economics — but if they were a forum for talking, meeting, discussing, etc, then perhaps they are worth-while.

## E. Purpose of University Education and How B. Comm works towards this Purpose.

1. There is a need for people dealing with B. Comm(excluding the Maths Department) students to ask — What type of person or thing are we trying to produce? A Bank Clerk, an adding machine, an accountant, an economist, a lawyer, a mathematician, a Prime Minister, or Minister of Finance, a class of student who is gradually being lumped together with the engineers as the university thick-shits (fair or unfair there has to be a reason.)

Hopefully, university education is to broaden your outlook — Commercial law/Mathematics/Accounting do not. If they are unnecessary, then, they should not be done. There should be room to diversify into other subjects — anthropology, political science, Maori Studies, sociology, psychology, maths, Ancient History, as part of the choice.

2. There is a need to look at the person you are bringing in. Most university people are from Middle Class backgrounds, but in a B. Comm course this is intensified. So, these people, on top of bursaries, have cars, motor-bikes, family homes, a tradition in the family of money and probably, business, have come from schools which have increased awareness not one iota — e.g. A.G.S./Kings (While admittedly this is a sweeping generalisation, in comparison with B.A. Students it is essentially true.) Instead, then of a B. Comm being a dry, mechanical course for dry people, why not let us attempt to stimulate these people through different subjects. Instead of increasing the gap between New Zealander help to decrease this gap at least intellectually.

3. B. Comm people include a large number of part time students who should be more involved in university life through

- a) Tutorials
- b) different subjects
- c) work periods

where their employers can be told they are working, but in fact they can spend a long lunch-time at the quad and partake in the lunch-time activities.

- F. **Student Reps:** Who is my Student Rep? When do they meet? Has he got a special place to drop complaints? Why is the student Rep. system an apparent failure — apart from student apathy which is purely a measure of the students belief in the inevitability of the system he now works under. I personally have had nothing to do with the Student Reps because I couldn't be bothered mucking around with boring trivia e.g. "Should there be 2 or 4 assignments a term." The questions that should be asked are "Should there be exams." Are any experiments done in at least modifying the exam system e.g. Term work as the only basis for passing in economics?

In conclusion, B. Comm course allows for no experimentation in new subjects, lacks any real stimulation that can broaden intellectual outlook; and should not attempt to gain prestige by including Science (maths) as a compulsory subject (as the Architectural Faculty has done with Physics.) Top businessmen laugh of the idea that B. Comm graduates are anything better than a non-graduate. One top man in Charles Haines advertising thinks that the inclusion of maths in the course is ridiculous and that the course as a whole is not real help to outside experience. Managing Director and major owner of a local industry says that a B. Comm student has no advantage over anyone else and that he will only use the criteria of a B. Comm over a non-B. Comm because the person who has graduated has disciplined himself to do so. (Yes—there certainly is some special attribute to be able to sit down and study irrelevant, boring and unnecessary work for 3 — 4 years.) It seems, then, that a B. Comm fails to produce people for outside work and it certainly doesn't achieve anything else, which implies that there is need for a change.

**INFORMATION FOR THE CALENDAR  
CAN BE DROPPED IN THE BIN  
PROVIDED OUTSIDE THE STUDASS OFFICE**