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CRACCUM

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 Record Reviews . . . . . Jeremy Templar  
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 Distribution . . . . . God Willing  
 Legal Vetting . . . . . Ken Palmer  
 Valuable Help Rendered By . . . . .  
 Steve Ballantyne, Colin Chiles, Phyllis Connns, Roger Debrecey, Paul  
 Halloran, John Langdon, Old Mole, Mike Moore, and Murray Cammick  
 Also ran, Adrian Picot and Tony Dove.  
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## LETTER. 1

Dear Sir,

I regret to say that the subject of this letter is one with which students have, over the years, grown all too familiar. I speak of the Association's catering facilities. I am not one of those who would complain about the 'boring caf food' even if the caf were selling Tournados Rossini for sixty cents with Beluga Caviar on toast Melba for an entree, but I do feel compelled to speak out about the nasty plastic bottle of fermented passion-fruit juice which I bought for twenty cents and which the woman behind the counter refused to replace, the rare T-bone I ordered in the restaurant during one of their less busy periods which nevertheless took half-an-hour to arrive, and the machine-prepared fizzy orange drink so dilute that it had the colour of baby's urine and tasted little better. These complaints are mostly occasioned by failures in the food preparing systems StudAss uses, rather than by inadequacies of personnel (except for that woman who sold me the soft drink, but perhaps it is too much to expect someone to run a milk-bar and be polite as well), so it may be that the time has come for a fresh look at those systems. More frequent servicing of dispensing machines, more care to see that suppliers are delivering fresh goods, and a complete revision of the restaurants ticketing system would make a fine start.

Yours sincerely  
 Michael Swinberg

\* this has been referred  
 to the catering manager.  
 \* Good work Michael  
 nice example. love the editor.



## comment

The criterion for film censorship, if indeed there need by any, should be on the same basis of book censorship as a first step. This is what Frank O'Flynn, Q.C., and the government member for Kapiti suggested at last year's Labour Party conference.

But, as Sir Kenneth Gressom, former Chairman of the Indecent Publications Tribunal, suggested recently, surely mature adults should be able to read what they want to.

## robbie....

*I am grateful to Brent Lewis, the Editor of Craccum, for the opportunity of expressing a few thoughts at the beginning of a new University year. In particular, I have been asked to express some opinions regarding present day youth.*

As far as I am aware, most University students take their studies seriously. At the same time, it is normal, natural and desirable, that they give expression to youthful exuberance, provided this is within reasonable limits.

My experience with young people has demonstrated that in the main, they are responsible and recognise that society does not owe them a living, and they must accept responsibilities in return for privileges.

What we have to recognise is that the technological, social and economic changes that are always occurring, are now accelerating to the stage where it is difficult for the average person to keep up with them. Young people, especially, are under great pressures from special interest groups with an axe to grind, particularly, sexually, economically and socially.

It is natural that young people are under very strong biological pressures, and the freedom offered by University life for easier social contacts between young men and women, intensifies the natural attraction that exists between them.

I would not like to express an opinion in this article regarding sexual relationships outside of marriage, because this is a subject that would require a full length article on its own, but I have mentioned it because it is one of the facts of life we must face up to, and I have never been an advocate of refusing to think seriously about these important matters.

On the other hand, I would not be presumptuous enough to offer gratuitous advice. Nevertheless, we should recognise that people living in Auckland enjoy many advantages not shared by people in less fortunate cities or countries.

It seems to me that by using wisely the special advantages we have in Auckland life can be enjoyable, even though our eyes should be continually fixed on the ultimate target of achieving academic pre-eminence in one's chosen field of endeavour.

May I conclude by wishing both new and continuing students a successful University year, and assuring all of my interest in the University and my desire to co-operate to the best of my ability.

(SIR) DOVE-MYER ROBINSON,  
 MAYOR.

What is wrong with Patricia Bartlett is as someone said: That she has sex on the brain, and that's a bad place to have it. Moral crusaders have a tendency to talk against the windmills of their own creation.

Why is it though, that films have been prurience when Truth has existed for over 50 years on a diet of lurid sensationalism without having been prosecuted?

Surely a sophisticated society should be self-regulating. This was the hope that Orson Welles expressed in an interview with "Playboy" when he suggested that "artists should not be censored, but I do think they should restrain themselves in order not to weaken the language of their art." It is not the role of the politician to adjudicate on the artist. Solzhenitsyn's recent treatment validates the statement he once made that having an

artist in a society is like having a rival government. Therein lies the point.

The politician, too, has always recognized the truth of this. As long ago as 1913, Woodrow Wilson on viewing Griffiths' "The Birth of a Nation" could exclaim that it was like seeing history written in lightning.

Cinema is a far more potent force now that artists truly understand the nature of the medium in which they work. They are thus that much more susceptible to forms of political control.

Orwell's vision of 1984 concerned a society which had no artists to articulate ideals and opposition to that totalitarian regime. Ultimately then, if we accept censorship in a so-called "free" society, we accept the rights of bureaucrats to regulate our thought patterns in the guise of public decency and order. Brent Lewis

... by our political correspondent ...

## "A STAR IS BORN"

Last week, the imaginary President of the mythical Tibetan Republic of Vanitalia (a sort of Civil Servants' Shangrila), broke with tradition to appear on the popular television current affairs epic "Face the Nation".

Undaunted by probing interviewers our Neddy spoke of a crisis that was facing consensus govt in his formerly tranquil land . . . Here's how the interview went.

INTERVIEWER—"My Seaweed . . . When did you first realise that elements in the lower echelon of your administration were trying to circum-

vent your Presidential powers?

NEDDY—Er-yes-well (pausing to comb hair)—er-Well you see — I was deeply disturbed to discover members of my Workers Assembly feasting within the boundaries of the Presidential suite . . . Under section 4, paragraph 9 of our Constitution — the parking of refreshments in the legislative assembly is a forbidden act — punishable (by Presidential decree) by the sealing of the offenders' office windows on extremely hot days.

INTERVIEWER—"I see. However I understand that another crisis rocked your administration last week".

NEDDY—"Yes . . . I stumbled—er (pausing to comb hair)—across my Aerospace Minister being interviewed about matters which directly concerned his portfolio.

INTERVIEWER—"I see. But surely Your Excellency if these matters directly concerned Mr Abdul's portfolio — it seems strange that there should be any objection".

NEDDY—"I can understand how misinformed individuals might see it that way. However its all a matter of Constitutional precedence. I mean — would the Queen allow her Corgis to replace her on postage stamps. Besides I'm applying for a job in a toothpaste ad. You know what they say . . . any publicity is good publicity.

Next week Our Neddy at the Hall of Mirrors

P.S. The characters in this sketch are fictitious. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is unintentional and purely coincidental.

on  
the  
hill..



# THERE ONCE...

were 40 trade union officials and management consultants and they were discussing industrial relations at the functions room in the Students' Union.

Their aim to set up an industrial relations society to initiate dialogue and their belief, that industrial relations were human relations requiring personal solutions.

Management and labour seemed to agree on one thing — that it was necessary to informalise contacts. Margaret Wilson, industrial law lecturer and convenor of the meeting, said that membership would be open to anyone interested as "you don't have to come with a title to justify".

The desire for an Industrial Relations Society grew out of the belief that there was no common run where individuals from both sides of the picket lines could meet informally. The organisations that had existed to provide such an arena — such as the Institute of Management — had ended up management-dominated.

Of course there were a few who didn't quite understand what the society was all about. One dullard said that he never had been able to get a cup of tea with the boss and maybe he could have one at the society.

Brian Stephenson, acting in his capacity as Journalists' Union rep., helped to clarify everyone's ideas by asking individuals at the meeting to state what they thought was the importance of the society.

The ball was thrown back and he explained that most of the members of his union of 300 were without a trade-union orientation (a good comment on New Zealand journalists), and he felt that the society would enable them to better define their interests.

Another trade-unionist maintained that the struggle for wages as a trade union must continue but that it was necessary for unionists to concern themselves with the work environment also.

Two words began to reverberate — education and communication. There was a rather pointless debate about which had priority, for unless one is going to take a Jesuitical approach to education I can't see how it can exist without communication.

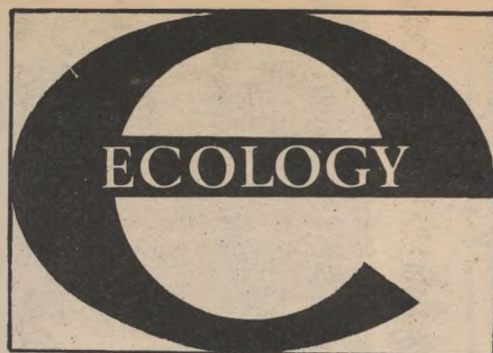
Our friend, the dullard, made another contribution by saying "the ordinary trade unionist may not be interested if he's going to come along and get educated, that sounds a bit longhair and all that."

I must report however that the longhairs won.

And it was important that they did, for ignorance is what destroys industrial relations. Witness the comments of Mr Jimmy Reid, a Clydebank shop steward after meeting Mr Heath, "We got the impression that we were talking to a man who didn't know what the dole queue was, who didn't know what it meant to working-class families and who didn't much care either."

That sort of arrogance that Heath represents has polarized Britain. We cannot allow it to happen here.

If an Industrial Relations Society can do anything to alleviate such a crisis from occurring here, then it will be worth it.



The Global Ecology Seminar held by the Dept. of Continuing Education at Auckland on November 24th last year was an ambitious, and on the whole successful event, and much credit is due to Dr. Stenson, of the History Dept., who was largely responsible for its success in organisational terms.

Sir Dove-Myer Robinson hit the right note when he said that the seminar was "simply about human survival in the face of a deteriorating environment."

But the seminar indicated the depth of the crisis — a crisis in man's intelligence and adaptability — by the very structure of thinking that obtained in the majority of the papers presented. Most of them were prognostications based on theory, and generally there was lacking the feeling that they sprang from any deep awareness of the integration of man's moral and technological problems.

Two notable exceptions to this were the papers presented by Dr. Whittlestone, on the problems of aid in alien cultures, and by Mr Guy Salmon, on ecology and consumerism in the Third World.

Very few concrete proposals emerged from the effect of all the papers, and we are now in an era when concrete proposals are desperately needed. This of course is an easy criticism to make of a seminar such as this, as it is no more than a forum anyway, but it is becoming increasingly important to leave behind us the stage where experts disseminate information almost solely to the converted within the confines of the universities. The urgency of the problems being discussed here must begin to reach the people via the mass media, and although local press coverage of the seminar AS AN EVENT was not too bad, examination in depth of the issues raised therein has been hopelessly lacking in the media to date. When the information revealed in this seminar starts appearing on radio chat shows, presented in the right format by someone who can manage not to sound too much like an 'Expert', then we shall really be getting somewhere towards provoking awareness of the problems at hand.

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## INTERNATIONAL MEDITATION SOCIETY

Is an international (understandably) non-profit organisation existing to teach Transcendental Meditation (T.M.) and its theoretical aspect, the Science of Creative Intelligence (S.C.I.) as brought into the West and taught by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. You may have heard the name but may not as yet understand about this simple, natural technique of T.M. and its wide ranging implications.

The technique is quite ancient and was probably taught in various parts of the world (only they probably didn't call it transcendental meditation) it is now being taught in its original simple form, this giving it its surprising degree of effectiveness.

In order to maintain its simplicity and therefore its effectiveness the technique is taught in a carefully structured course. Teachers who teach this technique are specially trained for a minimum of four months in Europe, having spent many months in New Zealand training for this course. Then once a year at least they spend 6 weeks learning more and revising what they originally learned. All these teacher training courses are full-time. It probably seems surprising that so much teaching goes into the teaching of a simple technique practised for fifteen to twenty minutes twice a day. There are a number of reasons for this:

1) Over a number of generations in the past this technique which is learned by word of mouth will have lost some purity (simplicity) until it reached a point where (as now seen in the East) the emphasis is on concentration and control thus bringing little success and much frustration, not to speak of loss of repute. Thus we see the continuing concern over maintaining an upholding the purity (simplicity). Moral: be sure you've learned from a fully-trained teacher who is authorised by the Maharishi.

2) This simple technique has a wide ranging effect in every field of human concern at the fore-front of which is his unfolding creativity. Thus we have the Science of Creative Intelligence, a 33 lesson programme with T.M. as its practical aspect. This course is now being taught in a number of universities throughout the world for credit and as part of the curriculum including Yale, Harvard, and Stanford Universities in the U.S., Keele and Manchester Universities in England and York University in Toronto Canada. Plans for teaching at the University of New South Wales is in the final stage i.e. one more committee to cross.

It is part of the civil service training in Manitoba, Canada. Schoolchildren in Sweden are given government financed handouts and it is also heavily subsidised in Sweden. In fact every government that is approached is enthusiastic about its proven value/results and thus its potential.

It is a technique which can be learned by everybody even very low intellects and thus governments can think in terms of it being taught everywhere. In Canada the federal government has accepted a programme to teach S.C.I. and T.M. in all state prisons and penitentiaries all over the country.

Basically (T.M.) is a technique inducing very deep relaxation while simultaneously allowing the awareness to be increased/expanded. A tremendous amount of physiological and other scientific research has been conducted on the effects of T.M. as taught by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. The rest is twice as deep as in deep sleep. **The other results are no less profound.**

### Results of Scientific Research

- \* Changes in breath rate.
- \* Change in cardiac output.
- \* Biochemical changes.
- \* Increase in restful alertness
- \* Brain wave synchrony (inferior hemisphere increases in activity or co-ordinates with more active hemisphere).
- \* More effective interaction with environment.
- \* Faster reaction time.
- \* Increased perceptual motor performance.
- \* Increased intellectual growth rate.
- \* Increased learning ability.
- \* Improved academic performance.
- \* Development of Personality.
- \* Decreased anxiety.
- \* Decreased blood pressure
- \* Beneficial effects on bronchial asthma.
- \* Reduced use of alcohol and cigarettes.
- \* Faster recovery from sleep deprivation.
- \* Rehabilitation from prisoners.
- \* Reduced use of non-prescribed drugs.

For information on  
Scientific Research write to  
233 The Terrace, Wellington  
or to M.I.U., Seelisburg,  
Switzerland 6446,  
or International Centre for S.R.  
on T.M., 1015 Gayley Ave,  
Los Angeles, U.S. of A.

Scientific interest in the effects of  
Transcendental Meditation is growing  
rapidly and research at more than  
80 institutions has been reported to  
the International Centre for  
Scientific Research of Maharishi  
International University.

**AUCKLAND TEACHERS ARE:**  
Graeme Lodge M.S.C.  
and  
Lew Cormach  
876 Three Kings Rd, Ph 656-559

### COURSE STARTS IN AUCKLAND

T.M. 8 p.m. Rm 035 Old Arts Building, Tuesday 26th February.  
8 p.m. Ellen Melville Hall, cnr High and Chancery Sts.  
Thursday 28th February.

S.C.I. Enrollments on or before 5th March  
Contact Centre 876 Three Kings Rd, Ph 656-559

**NATIONAL CENTRE 233 THE TERRACE, WELLINGTON**



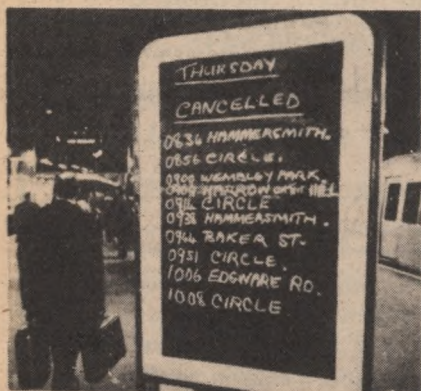
# HEATH'S CONFIDENCE trick



**This general election in Britain is a particularly significant one. For instance, its outcome will vitally effect New Zealand in three distinctive ways.**

It seems almost certain that unless something drastic happens the European Economic Community will not agree to significant amounts of primary produce entering Britain or the other E.E.C. countries on even minimally acceptable terms from New Zealand or the developing countries of the Commonwealth. The only possibility of drastic action to rectify this arises from the British Labour Party's pledge to renegotiate the terms of entry into the E.E.C., including the treatment of Commonwealth and developing countries, and to give the British people the opportunity to vote on such renegotiated terms of entry or for total withdrawal from the European Common Market.

On Britain's foreign and defence policies and attitude to world problems generally both the Labour and Liberal Parties have emphasised and detailed their proposals for major changes in the sort of traditionalist, selfish and negative policies followed by the Conservative Government. Labour and the Liberals advocate a great expansion in aid to developing nations and changes in trade and financial policies that could enable real development to take place and reduce external exploitation and control.



Both parties advocate various sanctions against Southern African regimes and assistance to liberation movements opposed to them. There are also indications of moves towards the downgrading of military alliances, action against nuclear weapons tests and nuclear weapons generally, and support for international agencies and action to preserve the world environment and resources. None of these issues can be decisively affected by Britain alone but a positive outlook by her Government would be immensely influential.

Dominant issues raised in the campaign and most influential in its outcome will be internal questions, principally how to deal with the recurrent crises afflicting the country. These substantially affect other countries including New Zealand because of our still great economic and emotional attachments to Britain. If she

continues to suffer economic stagnation, industrial and class conflicts and moral bankruptcy in her government's domestic policies these ills will tend to infect New Zealand as well.

The Conservatives are attempting to blame militant trade unionists for the greater part of Britain's troubles, and, as the National Party showed in 1951, have a better than even chance of succeeding. However, although there undoubtedly are some reds to be found under beds they could not seduce Britain's usually placid trade unionists unless they were articulating widely recognised grievances. Coal miners, who are vitally needed to combat the energy crisis, were already leaving the mines in thousands rather than earn only about \$NZ50 a week while suffering the unhealthy and dangerous conditions in the pits.

Trained nurses receive about \$35 a week, women shop assistants \$20, and old age pensioners \$12. While the Conservatives have maintained tight controls on wages they have drastically cut taxes on the rich, and failed to tax significantly the vast profits being made on property speculation. During a period when thousands have been homeless, one property developer has kept several huge office complexes unoccupied for years and increased his personal fortune by \$200,000,000 in unrealised capital gains — without any government intervention. Government's policies have had so little regard for social justice it is little wonder that industrial unrest has intensified in recent years.

Britain's low rate of economic growth is in large part an inevitable consequence of the growth of efficient rival industrial powers, the loss of empire and its raw material, and the increased importance of possessing national natural resources. Many in Britain are unwilling to accept these new facts. The Conservatives try to retain the Concorde project and substantial overseas military bases while the Scottish and Welsh Nationalists have won substantial votes in by-elections by claiming their region's problems are caused by English exploitation.

However, the retention of inequality between classes and of the "old boy" network particularly in the education system and in employment practices have contributed to Britain's stagnation. The education system allows few working class children to get good schooling and far too few to gain tertiary education and the Conservative Minister of Education has prevented the implementation of further comprehensive classless education schemes by local authorities.

Most jobs in the Civil Service and industrial management still go to the tiny group who have gone to the elite private schools. The result is an immense waste of the talent of the

majority of the population, hostility towards 'them', and economic decision-making made by a small elite with traditionalist and inflexible attitudes.

Moral bankruptcy can be demonstrated in the government's attitude to non-European immigration, stinginess in welfare policies — particularly towards the elderly, and in tax hand-outs to the rich while the public sector is cut back. This has meant very little school or hospital building and that pay scales for nurses, transport workers, and other public employees are so low that essential services are dangerously understaffed and of poor quality.

In response to these chronic problems and the seeming inability of either the past Labour administration or the present Tory one to solve them, an increasing proportion of voters have ceased to support the two main parties.

In 1970 the main beneficiary was non-voting which, at about 30%, was only slightly less popular than voting Labour. In Denmark last year the beneficiary was the party of Mr Glistrup, which came second in the election by advocating abolishing income tax, sacking two-thirds of civil servants, cutting pensions and welfare payments, and replacing the armed forces by a message in Russian saying "we surrender". Fortunately for the British, the main beneficiary of protest votes will be the Liberals, who at least have a workable policy. They have advocated community involvement and participating in decisions and worker participation in industrial decision-making. Those should undoubtedly be beneficial reforms but they do not seem to me, and probably to most people in Britain, to face up to the key issues facing the country. By not advocating changes in ownership of British industry, the methods and participants in Britain's economic decision-making, and in the structure of the European Economic Community they would only be tinkering with these problems. At present all these areas are run in a rigid conservative manner — decision-making in industry is inefficient, in the economy generally the selfish views of the City are predominant, and in the E.E.C. the bureaucrats are not answerable to elected representatives.

Only the Labour Party manifesto envisages substantial changes in all these areas and even there the performance of the last Wilson government and the known attitudes of most shadow cabinet ministers cast grave doubt on whether they would have the will to carry out the changes envisaged. However their policy of the extension of public ownership into key areas of industry, of worker participation in decision-making in the nationalised industries, of a National Enterprises Board that would have more power than the City in the general running of the economy, and

for renegotiating or withdrawing from the present structure of the E.E.C. offers the only realistic way out of Britain's economic difficulties.



As far as Britain's other problems are concerned, the Liberals could significantly redistribute income through generous welfare and community action schemes, but the Liberal's opposition to reform of the education and economic systems would also mean the perpetuation of class inequality and hostility in Britain. Labour's manifesto details proposals in these fields and others aimed at achieving a fundamental and irreversible redistribution of wealth and power in favour of working people and their families.<sup>10</sup> Unfortunately as well as there being grave doubts that Labour's leadership has the political will to carry these proposals through, it is unlikely the electors will give them a chance.

Most of the news media and public opinion share the Conservative's contention that militant unionists are more to blame than the Government for Britain's present troubles, and a rather tired and indefinite Labour leadership will probably not succeed in making the government's failings in other areas, and their own positive proposals, the central issues of the campaign.

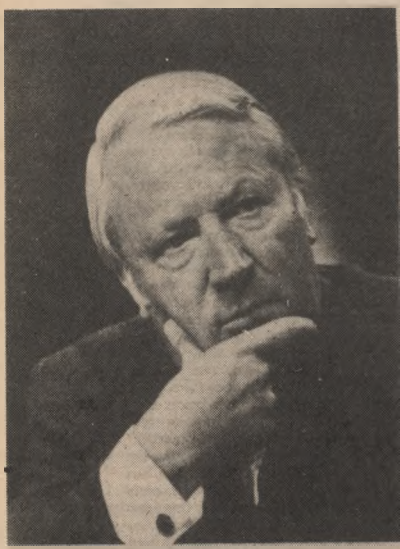
I would rate Labour's chances of winning a clear majority in this election at about 20-25%. The Conservatives have seized on one of the few times since they won office in 1970 when they can succeed in blaming their political opponents for Britain's troubles and they have had a fairly consistent if narrow lead in public opinion polls in recent weeks. They seem to have a better than even chance of winning.

There remains the very real chance that no party will win the 320-325 seats required to form a secure government. This is partly because the gap between the main parties in electoral support is relatively narrow and partly because disillusionment with them has resulted in increased support for the Liberals and fringe parties. Northern Ireland's twelve seats are normally nearly all held by allies of the Conservatives but the Ulster Unionists are now so divided that the Social Democratic and Labour Party, Protestant extremists and Bernadette McAlisley will probably win more than



half the Ulster seats. Similarly, the Nationalist Parties should win some seats, probably none and certainly no more than two in Wales, but quite possibly four to six in Scotland. Dick Taverne, the right-wing Labour rebel will probably hold his seat and there is an outside chance that his new party and other dissident fringe groups will pick up a few English seats. This means about twelve to fifteen minor party candidates in the next British parliament apart from the Liberals.

The Liberal vote is the most unknown quantity in the election. As Social Credit has found, single-electorate first-past-the-post voting makes it hard for third parties to win much representation, and even if the Liberals doubled their 1970 vote they would still only hold about ten seats. If they win almost twenty percent of the vote they would still win only about twenty seats, but if they reached 25% they would gain about 50 seats, and at 30%, about 150 seats.



I think it is unlikely they will win more than about twenty seats which means that the chances of the election resulting in no one party gaining a majority would be about 20-25%. However, recent public opinion polls are indicating a narrowly Conservative lead and an increased Liberal vote, either of which could result in an inconclusive election.

That would mean Heath's confidence trick aimed at gaining five more years in office had failed but would do nothing to help solve the great problems facing Britain.

*Written by Richard Northey, who has just returned from Britain after doing 6 months post-graduate work on political parties.*



## Halloran....

If you can accept the often quoted axiom that Government is for all the people, then the same should apply to local government as well.

Our dribbling, bungling, seat-removing, monk-baiting, coat of arms hanging, pompous minority-elected, Auckland City Council again shows it acts for its friends east of Queen Street, by its recent example in the housing area.

Take for example the Hayden-Wellington Street development. This block of houses, (some still

owned by rack-renting landlords) will be demolished to make way for town houses, delicately and couthly described as "maisonettes".

These structures which reflect the sycophantic nature of council's housing policy are not designed to house the workers of Freemans Bay, but the University-white-collar orientated bastards and wives from somewhere else. Part of the design, we are told, incorporates large vibra-pac concrete walls with slits in. Not for aesthetics, but probably to poke guns through when locals get pissed off and revolt over slum

conditions.

Their scheme however, now comes unstuck. A tender was received (only one), half an hour late. Council has considered it to be too high, about \$23,000 per unit and are they really pissed off — you bet! (A tear is permitted at this stage if its really getting to you!)

Add to this the fact that they need Government finance to build with and we have some riddles.

These are questions needing answers. Does Council need Government for the scheme? Yes.

Does Council have to guarantee fixed rental to get it? Yes.

How much will the rental be on new tender? Don't know.

Will Government still approve? Don't know.

Are the applicants means-tested? No.

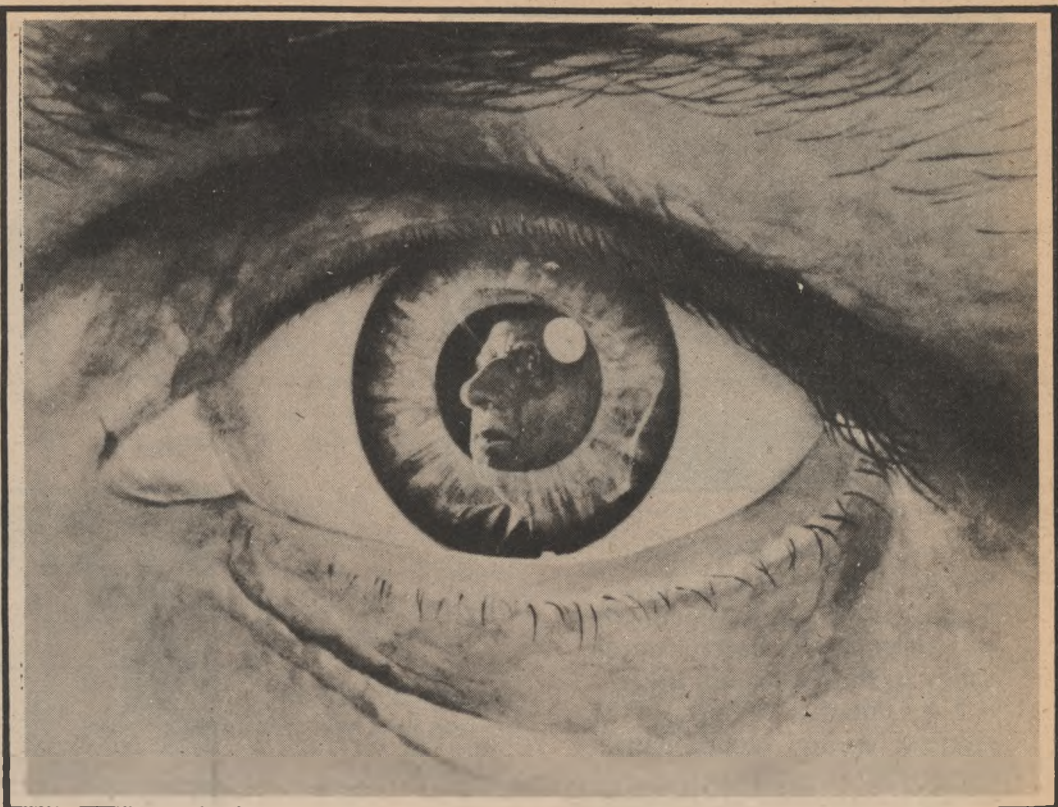
Will displaced workers and families have first choice? No.

Will the Carpenters Union build them anyway? Don't know.

In the face of a national housing crisis where State Housing has an urgent waiting list of over 11,000 the City Council wants to build for the rich.

It has had every encouragement in housing but is not prepared to get deeply involved.

# THE DAY OF THE JACKAL



Fred Zinnemann is one of Hollywood's tragedies. In the late 60's after directing some of Hollywood's most notable films such as "High Noon" and "A Man for All Seasons", he was preparing to film his version of Andre Malraux' "A Man's Fate". Unfortunately he did not count on the ascension of James Aubrey, the new head of M.G.M., whose ruthlessness earned him the epithet of the 'Smiling Cobra'.

"The Day of the Jackal", Zinnemann's first film in three years, like its mysterious main character requires professionalism rather than an intuitive brilliance.

It reminds one of "Z", although essentially it is a thriller existing in a political scene with the politics left out.

This may be a major criticism for it fails to delineate properly the reasons behind the actions which it depicts.

The characters also remain elusive throughout the film, to the extent that rather like Sidney Lumet's films it becomes an exercise in alienation.

Who was the Jackal? As the film shows him, he was a mercenary hired by the O.A.S., a group opposed to De Gaulle's Algerian policy, to assassinate him.

Although a mercenary, for a reason that remains inexplicable as it never explained the task of assassinating De Gaulle becomes for him, an idee fixe.

A mercenary is not a patriot. The Jackal's obsession seems a strange contradiction.

Interestingly enough the film's lack of depth is succinctly described by one of the Jackal's pursuers who says "I don't think we've ever had an idea of what kind of man we've been pursuing". Netierh has the viewer.

Still there are some moments of visual skill. Particularly, I liked the opening and closing sequences.

The shots at the beginning of the corridors of power at the Elysee Palace with unknown personages strutting them amid chandeliered glitter emphasized the archaic and solitary grandeur of de Gaulle's rule. I couldn't help thinking of the start of Bodarchuk's "Waterloo".

The tension here is established by cross shots with little dialogue and consolidated by Georges Delaure's score which never becomes intrusive.

Between them and the end, the film concentrates on the pursuit of the unknown Jackal.

The one sexual encounter in the film amusingly enough begins with a discussion when the Jackal says how boring he finds magazines dealing with pig farming and combine-harvesters.

His companion disagrees, "I'm enthralled by combine-harvesters", she says, "in fact I yearn to have one for a pet."

That encounter ends in a murder when the Fox finds she knows his identity. But again no reason is given and we left to assume that we are to assume that he is a pathological psychopath.

His ready change of disguise emphasises that the Jackal is a human chameleon, — devoid of feelings, the mask hides all.

Still he survives through his skill and through a Profumo-like situation which gives him the information he requires. (Interestingly enough, this takes place at about the same time as the Profumo Affair).

Jackals like cats, run out of lives and the final sequences of the film prepare for the final denouement.

Amid the pallor of Paris, the tricolours are whirled. It is Liberation Day. Tanks clank by the Arc de Triomphe while cleaners brush red carpets with witches brooms.

Everywhere the Jackal is being sought in homes and sewers. Even the priests' cassocks are being searched for weapons. In the Cathedral, marksmen take their places. Paris has become a garrison state.

And, finally the Jackal's masquerades are over. Shot in an apartment his body is lowered into an unknown grave.

An English inspector sighs thankfully when it is found that the Jackal may not have been an Englishman. Shades of Bertie Wooster, all's right with the Empire.

And so it was not to be "apres moi la deluge". That was to wait to 1970 to be proved false.

And for Fred Zinnemann perhaps like the Jackal there are only tasks left requiring a studied professionalism with little scope left for brilliance. And that's a tragedy in itself.

*Brent Lewis*





BY ROD PASCOE

The road to Jerusalem from Raetihi is 25 miles of windy, bumpy, dusty track weaving its way through the water-scoured valley of the Wanganui River.

It is symbolic, perhaps, of the crooked, bumpy, cloudy paths many of the more than 2000 young people who have travelled to Jerusalem these past years have followed before finding the peace of mind the settlement offers.

The famous — for some, the infamous — commune is set on the slopes of the hill high above the village. From it, you can see, down to your right, the little church which crowns the serenity with its simple beauty.

Way down, at the foot of the hill, is the pa — about 6 houses, a meeting house and a large dining room.

And over to your left — a bend in the river near where Hemi Baxter used to swim.

In the middle room of the commune there is a small bookshelf. Between it and a small photo-portrait of Baxter are written the words: "We love you, Jesus our King".

There is no carpet — only dust laying an unprotecting film on the bare floor. The walls are but slabs of rough sawn timber — there is no wallpaper either. For things like carpet and wallpaper don't mean much to the young inhabitants.

There are a few symbols, but only of the religious society many of the followers of Baxter work hard to become devout parts of.

The commune dwellers are like the Maori community that has accepted them as part of itself. To them it is the inner man that counts — not what he wears, not what he owns.

They will love you until you prove yourself unworthy of their love. They will show you total hospitality — manuhiritanga — be you stranger or long lost friend.

And they will understand you should you lack conformity with them — an understanding that the "civilised" world hasn't yet found in its heart.

And it is this understanding and love that really got to me during my weekend at Jerusalem.

On my arrival, a young Maori lad bade me welcome and gave me all the information I would need about accommodation and food.

As soon as I parked my car a young girl came over and hugged me, calling me brother. This was to be repeated many times during the weekend, both by young men and young women.

PHOTOS: MICK SMITH



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An outside Mass was in progress as I walked up the path to the chapel. Communion of both bread and wine was being given, and after receiving Christ each communicant quietly sat down on the grass and prayed. Strangely, that sight touched me deeply.

As they prayed their thanks to God, some of the young people hugged each other. Others had their eyes shut, their heads bowed. The sun was shining brightly . . . it was all so peaceful.

After the Mass, the priest took off his vestments and immediately looked so unlike any priest I had ever seen before. He wore corduroy jeans, open sandals and a woollen shirt.

After packing up his gear, he walked at the head of his flock down the path, joking as he went that the young Maori traffic patrolman looked all the earth like Che Guevara.

On reaching the area in front of the dining room, he was greeted with bear-like hugs of friendship from other young folk who had arrived on the marae while he was saying Mass.

One time I was sitting on a bed in a front bedroom of the commune. A youth was sitting on the same bed playing an anti-drug song on his guitar. On a mattress in the corner a young chap had his arm around his girlfriend. On the bed running against the wall I was leaping against, four young Maori girls — several with tattooed arms — sang with the guitar.

Two young Maoris wearing studded Hells Angels-type leather jackets walked into the commune. Being city born and bred, I was immediately on the defensive. But I was alone. No one else seemed worried by their presence. There's kinship amongst the outcast.

Under the chestnut tree at the top of the slope just above Hemi Baxter's grave, a young man played his flute. An angel couldn't bring more peace with his harp. Under another tree, a young chap, sat with his legs crossed making movements with his hands and head which seemed to be a cross between Hatha Yoga and Hare Krishna.

Outside the window of the bedroom, a little girl dressed in her Sunday best put her finger to her lips to tell others not to make too much noise — the three puppies she was patting were snuggled up against each other asleep.

It was pure beauty. All that much uninhibited humanness in the view from a single window.

Jerusalem has the appearance of a school reunion.

As folks arrive, others who preceded them rush to give them big hugs and kisses. I feel so envious. Society demands of me and other city folks that we simply shake hands or say hello when we meet our friends. Yes there's even enforced conformity about greeting friends.

If there's one thing I think a visit to Jerusalem could teach us members of the Establishment, it's that being ourselves isn't such an offensive business after all.

I remark to the priest how much it looks like a reunion.

"Yes," he agrees, "but in a much better atmosphere. Here we don't need liquor to enjoy ourselves." And at that, two arms are thrown around his neck in a hug, so I let two old pals get on with the reunion business.

But it's true, you know. Throughout the weekend, I didn't see any grog consumed. And if there were any drugs, I didn't see them.

Come to think of it, there was one addictive drug being used quite frequently — nicotine. Somehow our fine, upstanding law-abiding citizens have managed to keep that one out of the narcotic laws. I don't suppose the fact there's millions of dollars tied up in the cigarette industry would have anything to do with its omission, would it?

But even when nicotine was being inhaled, there was a good side to this action.

No one ever smoked a cigarette without offering one to everyone else in the room, whether he knew them or not.

Twelve months or so ago, to many folks James K. Baxter was a bit of a screwball.

True, doing a lot of good for mixedup kids. But a hairy, scruffy, screwball of a has-been poet none-the-less.

Then he died, and overnight became a saint, a sort of national hero.

Strange as it may seem, it's only during the formal part of the weekend — the welcoming of the Baxter family onto the marae, and the unveiling of the headstone — that I hear anyone among the 600 in attendance talk about him.

Jerusalem, I suppose, is too much a paradise to get morbid or sentimental. It's refreshingly informal.

During the Mass on Sunday morning which preceded the procession to the grave, the strangest bunch of priests you're ever going to see grouped around an altar concelebrated.

Of the six, two had beards, one has longish hair, one was dressed in corduroy jeans and sandals and the poloneck of another's jumper is showing over his elbow.

Only the chief celebrant, Father Te Awhitu, would pass as acceptable in "civilised" society.

I think everyone in the hall feels proud of Father Te Awhitu. He's still recovering from a stroke and finds it difficult to get his tongue around the English phrases.

The songs during Mass are in Maori, but the Mass itself is in English. The sign of peace in a gathering like this couldn't help but have meaning.

After Mass, it's off in procession behind the priests up the hill, past the little church, past the commune to the grave.

Father Te Awhitu blesses the grave, Mrs Baxter unveils the stone (taken from the river near where Hemi used to swim), the Maori elders do their chanting and the TV crews keep their cameras rolling.

With folks sitting on the slope on two sides of the grave, with young boys climbing between the branches of overhanging trees, with other youths watching from the verandah of the commune, the tribal leader invited the Pakehas to address the spirit of Hemi.

The leader of the commune, Greg, asks Hemi to see to it that his spirit continues to guide the commune. As soon as he asks this, a sudden gust of wind blows over a milk bottle-cum-vase of flowers. The wind has answered for Hemi. "Right on, brother".

Then another youth moves slowly, solemnly, towards the grave. As he halts at the end of the ungrassed earth, the thumb of each hand runs through his fingers.

There's silence.

He grips his fingers into a fist. The first starts shaking. He raises his head high. He gasps for air, breathing quickly. A Maori lady rushes to comfort him. She hauls him physically to the ground. A priest puts his arm around him to give him extra strength. The elder tells everyone the young man lived with Hemi, loved him, but has difficulty expressing himself in words.

Throughout the whole ceremony, only one person — Hemi's eldest daughter Hiliary — is seen to shed tears.

I think this is because the 600 followers present, and the hundreds of others who couldn't make it because of university exams, honestly believe it when they say James K. Baxter lives on.

After all, a man's body is but a physical thing. It is his mind, his consciousness, that is all important.

And Hemi put all the important things in his mind onto paper. His consciousness therefore lives on reflected in the actions of those who are moved by his teachings.

I went to Jerusalem with an anxious mind. I had been forewarned by news reports to expect a filthy hovel.

What I found was God's own village in God's own country. Every minute of the eight hours it took me to drive home I wanted to turn back. It's that kind of a place. After spending 30 hours at Jerusalem, I think I have come to realise what it is about life that's worth living in search of.

When we do search for things intangible, perhaps we should remember the words of Hemi Baxter.

"The night sky is full of stars. The stars are made by God. He sustains them in existence by a continual act of creation, from the Now that is his only dimension. My soul wants to go into God, into the night sky. It cannot happen yet. One cannot yet be entirely poor. That is where the pain lies."





# uncle fred's flatting fopum

I can hear you now — what's this BLOODY CRAP in Craccum? — it gets more like the Women's Weekly every week — the next thing will be BLOODY KNITTING patterns. What about the revolution?

All so true, but based on the premise that people do not live by revolution alone this column will offer the archetypical flatter advice on graceful living, comments on tenants' rights and landlords to avoid, and answers to any particularly interesting questions submitted by intrepid readers. It will appear as often as I can be stirred to produce it and the editor can be persuaded to print it, and letters on any subject remotely connected with flatting will be most welcome, especially if you include your favourite tapioca pudding recipe.

Seeing as it is the start of the year and everyone is looking for a new flat, I thought I'd mention a little bit about the extortionate bonds some landlords are demanding. Last year's Rent Appeal Act limits the bond to a maximum of one month's rent, and the landlord is obliged to advise you in writing that the bond will be refunded in full when you leave, except only to the extent of any loss or damage caused by you. It is also a good idea to agree in writing with the landlord when you move in just what will constitute damage, who is to judge the cost of making good and who is to hold the bond. (Preferably a lawyer or other agreed third party, but almost inevitably the landlord). It is also a good idea to prepare with the landlord a written inventory of furniture and existing damage before paying a bond — if you think this is unnecessary then you have never had a landlord refuse to repay a bond and "prove" he is right by producing a dog-eared piece of paper listing the furniture that was in the flat about three years ago, most of which has been stolen by earlier tenants but the list never updated . . .

Rent in advance is a hairy one, usually two or four weeks, but an excellent provision of last year's Act was to

limit the money payable on taking a tenancy, be it bond or rent in advance or both to a TOTAL equivalent to one month's rent. Any other payment demanded by a landlord (eg key money) is illegal (though of course if you get your flat through an agency they will charge a fee, perhaps as much as one week's rent).

So much for the legal position — the only trouble is getting the law enforced. Unfortunately the accommodation situation is so acute in Auckland that if you insist on your rights you may well find that the flat is "no longer available". In which case there's not a lot you can do about it — you could try a lawyer or the TPA, but the best bet is probably the Labour Department who are supposed to administer the Act.

If a landlord unjustifiably refuses to repay a bond please raise much shit about it — every time someone says 'oh well it was only \$20' the racketeers get a bit stronger. Most landlords are pretty good about this, but there is one lady in Auckland who when taxed on this point admitted that she regarded it as a perk — and she owned at least twenty flats which at a conservative one tenant a year at \$20 a time was an unearned \$400. Don't be put off — if you haven't damaged the place that money is yours.

## ANGLO-CHINESE HASH

On a lighter note — now you have a nice new flat you'll presumably want to ask someone to tea — even if it's only the landlord. And the very thing to serve on such an occasion is Uncle Fred's Spécial Expanding Sweet and Sour Anglo-Chinese Hash. These quantities are about right for four people — but you can adjust it to suit your party.

About 1lb of meat. Could be pork with all fat removed and cut into pieces about 1 inch cube, or mince in similar size pieces, or just about anything. Coat in batter made of about 1 cup flour, a pinch of salt and enough water to make slurpy. Fry these in oil — the deeper the better, but if you have nothing deep enough to cover the meat just keep on turning — until a nice golden brown. Which takes some time. Drain and keep warm. While this is cooking mix up about a tablespoon of cornflour with a couple of tablespoons of water and put aside. Make up a sauce of about 4 tablespoons each of sugar, soya sauce and vinegar, 2 tablespoons each of tomato sauce and pineapple juice and a tablespoon of sherry. Mix well and put aside. Heat up about 4 tablespoons of oil in a wok or frying pan, when it is hot add 1/2 teaspoon or so of ground ginger, then add previously diced vegetables — perhaps an onion, a carrot, a couple of beans, cabbage, a pepper — whatever you've got handy. (Chunks of cucumber are excellent). Toss in a few lumps of canned pineapple (yes, that's where the pineapple juice came from). Keep stirring this and pour in the sauce almost at once. When it boils stir in the cornflour and add the meat. Let it cook for a couple of seconds to thicken (keep stirring!) then serve hot with noodles or rice. Eat with chopsticks or you won't get the full flavour.

## As I Please...

### INVADE THE ARABS!

Well, this is what is being suggested as a possibility by an Adelaide paper and more recently by a member of the U.S. Senate. And there's no doubt it is a possibility. A possibility that is, once the media have created a climate of opinion making such action acceptable. So they're working on it. After all, there is an oil crisis, and it's better to blame the Arabs rather than the oil companies. Especially as the financial interests behind the oil companies are the same as those behind the press.

But, before you start believing them, think a bit. Are the Arabs responsible? Last year, long before the Arabs got going U.S. scientific advisors warned that oil reserves would start to fail soon. That's not the fault of the Arabs.

The fact is that the West has created an industrial system based entirely upon the reality of cheap oil. Monopoly oil companies to maximize on profits have been paying the Arab countries a mere 15% of the selling price of their oil, and the Arabs have been forced to agree since there's no-one else to sell to.

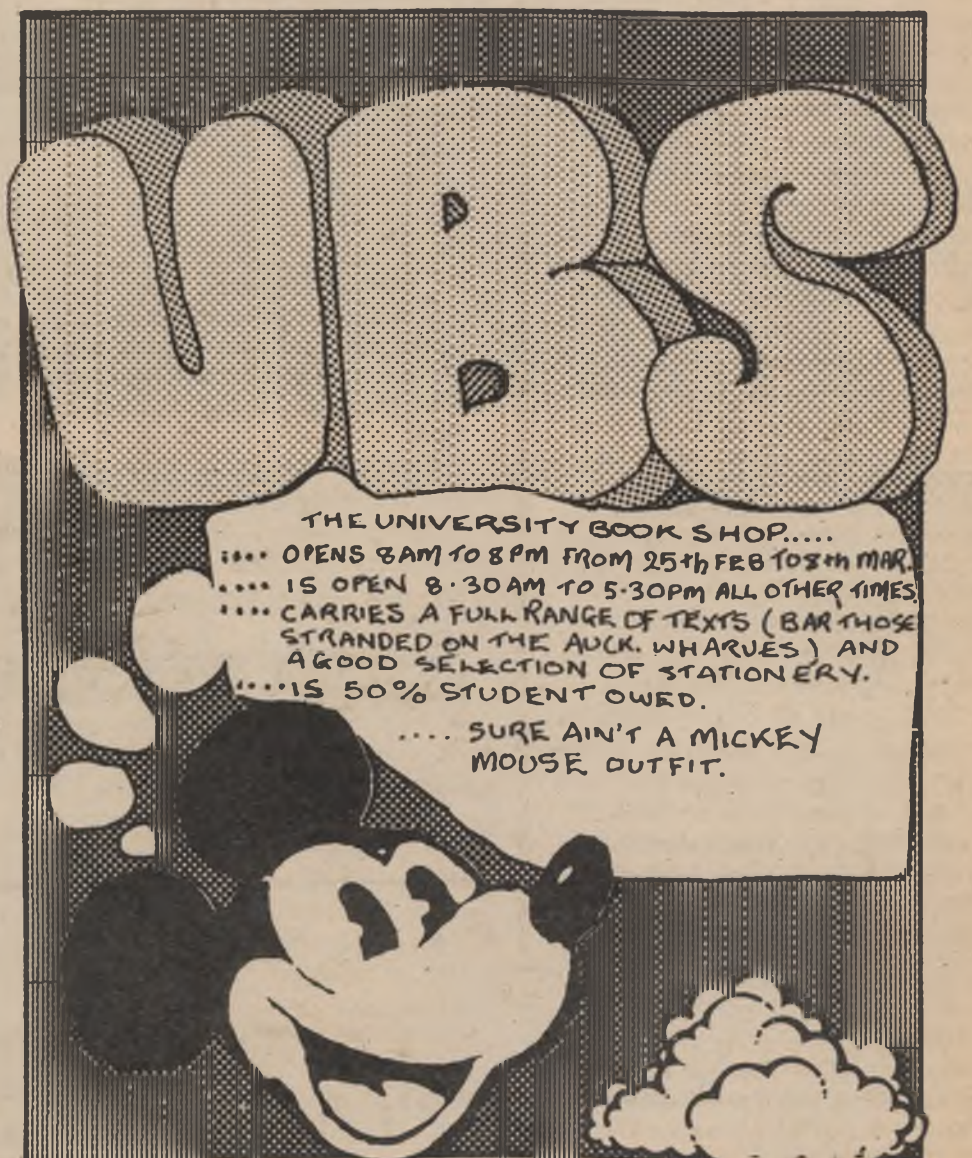
In short, our system is built on ripping off the Arabs.

Faced with dwindling reserves of their country's only asset, who can blame the Arabs for demanding a decent price. It's all they've got.

Consider too. According to my understanding, Capitalist economics are based on the law of supply and demand. The scarcer an article the greater the value. Stockpiling of articles to increase scarcity is the good capitalist's way of increasing his price and his profits.

Oil reserves are getting scarcer. As good capitalists, the Arabs are demanding a higher price. So why is the capitalist West complaining?

And before you fall the 'but they are criminally withholding vital raw materials' line, think about this. For years the West has burned and dumped food in order to maintain high prices. And food is a vital raw material. Two-thirds of the world's population face death because it doesn't come cheap enough.





## state of the union

The major worry for trade unions over the last few weeks has been the introduction of the "oil crisis surcharge" and its effects on prices and members' wages and jobs.

Unionists are troubled by the secrecy surrounding the whole deal, and suspicions — we can only have suspicions because the Government and oil companies refuse to disclose the facts — suspicions were further raised by the statement from the Minister of Energy Resources on Friday, that "Overseas interests had made it clear that if costing structures were to be made public, they would sell elsewhere."

This can only mean that the companies intend to make life difficult if the Government reveals just how much cop they are making.

The first union to test membership reaction to the increase has been the Northern Drivers' Union.

At a stop work meeting on Monday more than 1500 city drivers called for a public hearing on the question and an immediate application by the FOL for a 5% general wage increase to compensate for the effects of the price rise.

In an unusual development, officials from 14 other unions from Engineers to Saddlers, from Carpenters' to Fishermen, attended the meeting and spoke in support of the Drivers' action. It is understood that many of these unions will also be holding meetings on the subject.

The oil increase has also refocused attention on the Economic unions from approaching employers directly for a compensatory increase.

Rumour has it that the Government will try to give the present wage freeze permanent form by tying wages to the Consumer Price Index and allowing negotiation on conditions only.

Apart from the fact that many people believe the CPI gives an inaccurate picture of increases in the cost of living, this would also tie the workers permanently to their present unfair share of their own production.

Any long term attempt to deprive the unions of their right to direct bargaining will surely raise a storm of protest unequalled since the mass meetings of 1967.

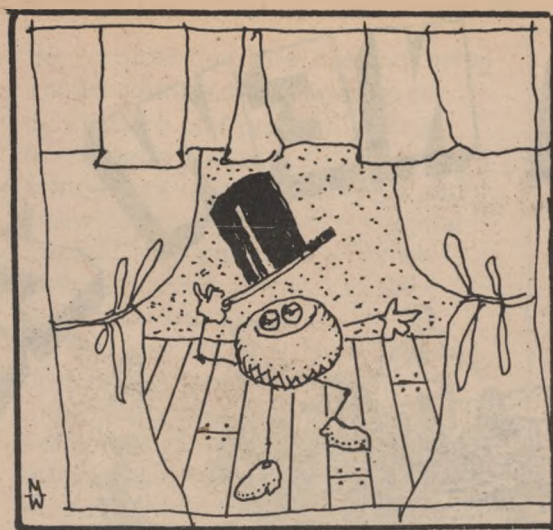
Notice the fashion for obscuring meaning by using unfamiliar and longish words and phrases? Remuneration for wages, oil crisis surcharge for petrol price increase etc. One well known trade union Secretary suggested this week that his union might go for a "wage surcharge", and if the employers were not forthcoming, then, "due to unforeseen circumstances, labour would be unavailable until further notice."

The Wharfies are getting their quarterly hammering from **Truth** this week over a brief stoppage in Wellington.

Last week there was a short report on one of the radio stations, buried somewhere in the middle of the news, that there were ships that had been waiting in the stream for a week because there was no room for them at the Port.

Where was the uproar over the inefficiency of the Port Authority, or the screaming headlines that would have accompanied a refusal by Wharfies to handle a ship for a week?

— the old mole



## beanscene

your host, pete gillard

**THERE ARE ONLY TWO THINGS WORTH FIGHTING FOR IN THIS COUNTRY: baked beans and New Zealand motherhood, in that order. Only the second will look after itself. To ensure the survival of the first I myself, a chef de cuisine aux baked beans par excellence, have been persuaded to expose to the keen university mind a number of tantalising baked bean recipes that have been handed down for generations. In a series of articles I shall show you how you too can make the most of**

**your baked beans, and I shall introduce you to baked bean lore and what's happening on the Baked Bean Scene.**

Make no mistake about it. Baked Beans are nourishing, health-giving, and have that touch of the exocitic about them that has kept students **Health, Enthralled, and Randy** for centuries. But to make the most of your baked beans used them absolutely fresh — a half-can left overnight in the refrigerator is an insult to the palate of the baked bean gourmet. (Such a lapse may

even mean eventual exclusion from the Great Baked Beanery in the Sky).

And remember, no baked bean recipe, no matter how simple, if made with fresh baked beans and imagination, can fail to have that characteristically captivating baked bean personzility. Here is an excellent base recipe, a good one for beginners yet one that may be added to (e.g. to create an ince cream topping in a baked bean melba.) You may also be surprised to learn that this recipe is the basis for the top liqueur of our times — the celebrated Chateau de Ponsonby Bean of '56. In its present form it is a simple but intriguing sauce for Baked Bean Flambé.

Take 1 16 oz can of b.b. & strain b.b. from sauce. Mash b.b. with white of 1 egg. Add dash of paprika. Whip sauce well weill a little lemon juice and eau de cologne. Blend and keep cool until use.

Mmmmmm. Peachy-keen, eh?

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## IS THERE AN ENERGY CRISIS? IS THERE AN ENERGY CRISIS?

If so, why? And what can be done about it?

Does the world really face

A POPULATION EXPLOSION?

MASS STARVATION?

EXHAUSTION OF NON-

RENEWABLE RESOURCES?

SERIOUS HAZARDS FROM

POLLUTION?

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For more information on Environment 200, contact:

Prof. P. Williams (campus phone 421)  
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## United States Information Service

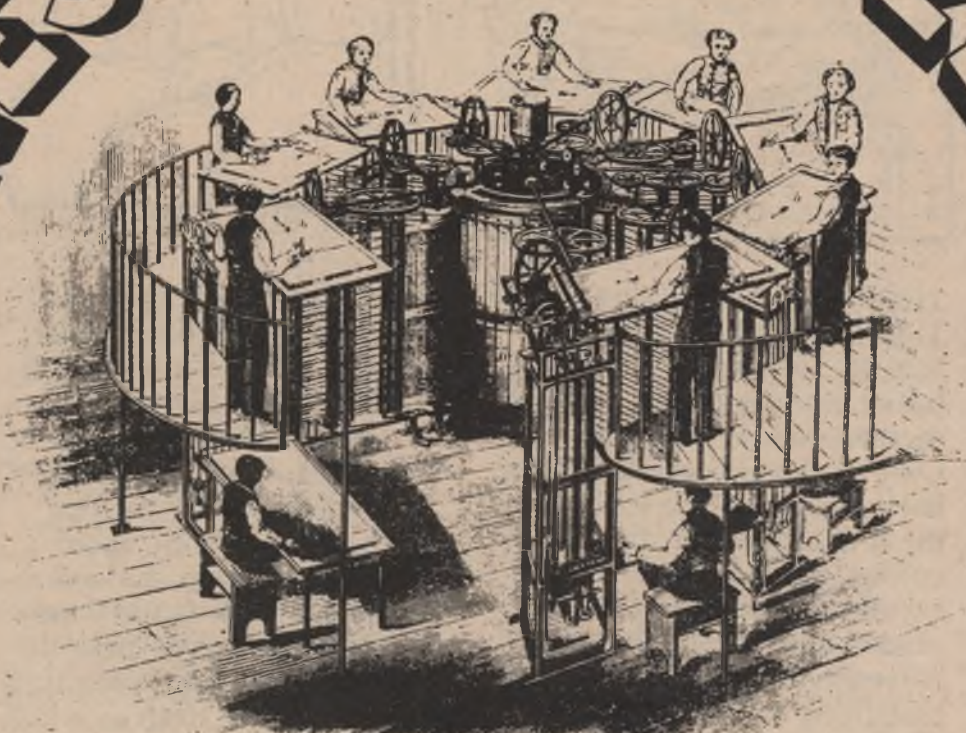
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# THE PRESS IN NEW ZEALAND



Problems of the New Zealand press are much less publicly discussed than those of broadcasting — probably because the press is privately owned.

This article is one of a series on the N.Z. press to be published by Craccum. I shall here try to give a general picture of our press, refer particularly to Auckland newspapers and offer suggestions for press improvement.

Oldest of the mass media, our newspapers date from the early 1840's and, with few exceptions, are still a typically "settler's press." The only real difference is that the colonial papers were more competitive and more critical of authority than today's press.

New Zealand now has 41 "general interest" dailies with a total circulation of 1,063,000 copies. This represents just over 34 copies for every 100 people, compared with 38 in 1968. The decline may be due mainly to competition from TV and the ubiquitous transistor radio. However, we are still in the world's top ten for daily readership.

There are also some 100 non-daily papers, including three Sundays, and 195 periodicals.

Most of our dailies are independently owned, but all are close members of the Newspaper Proprietors Association and of the national news agency, the N.Z. Press Association. The N.Z.P.A. in turn is co-owner, with the British and Australian press, of the world news agency, Reuters, based in London. (The other world agencies are Associated Press and United Press International, U.S.A.; Agence France-Presse, France; Tass and Novosti, U.S.S.R.).

## MONOPOLIES

All of our dailies receive the same home and overseas news through the P.A., though a few of the larger ones, such as the N.Z.

Herald and the Auckland Star, supplement this with other overseas services. All of them in general support conservative interests, such as the National Party. No morning or evening paper has any direct competition, apart from the tendency of most "big city" dailies to crowd out the country papers. We thus have a series of regional monopolies, linked

Media Act, which prevented Lord Thomson of Fleet from starting quality papers, like his London "Times", in N.Z. This act was opposed by the N.Z. Journalists Association and by individual writers such as the late Sir Leslie Munro, Government M.P. and former editor of the N.Z. Herald, who said that it would "give a monopoly to the metropolitan

want the competition." "I don't blame you," Lord Thomson ironically replied.

The Labour Government is now repealing this parochial Act so as to promote competition and variety in our press. Anti-monopoly laws could be strengthened to prevent dominance by any one group. Similar action could be taken to prevent our major dailies, such as the Herald and Star, from buying up too many magazines and suburban weeklies.

Meanwhile, Lord Thomson has expressed interest in starting a daily paper here and in Western Samoa, which has two weeklies but no daily. The progressive Los Angeles Times is also interested.

## NEGLECTED AREAS

Many New Zealanders believe that they have the best press in the world. Yet only seven to ten per cent of editorial space is devoted to world news — much less than the proportion allowed for horse-racing. Only sketchy coverage is given to large areas of the globe, such as the South Pacific, Africa, Latin America and Asia (except war-torn Indo-China). Scandinavia, of great social interest to N.Z., IS ALSO POORLY COVERED.

Visiting journalists have remarked that our treatment of world news is still insular and that we publish too much about two countries — Britain and America (our chief trading partners). Founded in 1878, the N.Z.P.A. is one of 200 national news agencies and the sixth oldest in the world. It has been criticised for relying too greatly on Reuters' conservative service, which maintains exchange agreements with the other world agencies but has little contact with the newer national agencies of Africa and Asia (coloured).

The N.Z.P.A. has correspondents in a number of centres abroad. However, their main job is to collate what overseas papers

*"Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers" Article 19, Universal Declaration of Human Rights (adopted by the U.N. General Assembly, December 10, 1948).*

by John Wilkes  
(1727-97 — on Earth)

**\*JOHN WILKES**, a forcible and daring Whig politician, champion of freedom of the press and of popular causes. For violently attacking the Tory Government in his paper *The North Briton*, he was committed to the Tower of London but won release because he was an M.P. He was later expelled from Parliament and fled to France. Returning in 1768, he was elected M.P. for Middlesex. A fresh prosecution and a fresh expulsion took place and three times he was expelled and as often re-elected. A great agitation ensued and he gained such popularity that the charges against

him were dropped and he was elected Lord Mayor of London.

A noted wit, Wilkes is still active in outer space, where this article was written. He was once confronted at the Hellfire Club, West Wickham by the Tory Earl of Sandwich who shook his fist in Wilkes' face and shouted: "Sir, you shall die of a Pox or on the Gallows." To which our contributor replied, "That depends, Sir, on whether I embrace your Mistress or your Principles." Subsequently the sandwich and the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii) were both named after the noble lord — the latter by Capt. Cook, his protégé.

through the Newspaper Proprietors Association. Standardisation of news and opinion is the frequent result.

Our press has welcomed overseas investment in N.Z. industry, except in the press.

In 1965, the National Government rushed through the News

newspapers of this country."

Curiously, the declared purpose of the News Media Act was to save our press from monopoly control. Subsequently, however, the N.Z. delegate at a Commonwealth Press Union conference explained, in Lord Thomson's presence, that "we don't

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report, rather than to develop reports themselves. The failure of our press to provide adequate world reportage may explain the rapid increase here in sales of overseas news weeklies, such as the New Statesman and the Guardian Weekly (Britain) and Time and Newsweek (America).

#### RETICENCE

On the domestic scene, our dailies show little spirit of enquiry and little interest in assessing public opinion, particularly youthful opinion, on major issues. The N.Z.P.A. distributes minority comment but many of its member dailies too often fail to print it.

Their general attitude is authoritarian. They record, but do not explain, investigate very deeply or give pointers to the future. Examples: their reticence over our shipping problems and their opposition to the case for a national shipping line; their failure to present the case against apartheid until forced to do so under staff pressure (but their sports pages remained solidly pro-Afrikaner); more recently, their failure to present adequately the case against film censorship.

"At least one metropolitan paper," the N.Z. Federation of Film Societies reported in January 1974, "ensured that our views did not reach its readers, while giving generous space to the Censor, the magistrates and other hardliners on censorship. This form of extra-legal, unacknowledged censorship is more pernicious in a democratic society than the statutory variety, and is worthy of Press Council attention." So much for our press champions of freedom of information!

#### CONFORMISM

There has been little improvement since the Conference on Human Rights, held at Auckland University in 1968 under the sponsorship of the United Nations Association and 20 other civic groups, observed in its section on Freedom of Information:

"We consider that New Zealand, being a small country and long-isolated . . . by distance and national policies from exotic contacts, still suffers from a lack of access to ideas and knowledge which hinders original thought, and produces a narrowness of outlook inimical to the search for knowledge.

"We also fear that New Zealanders do not receive sufficient information about political, economic and social issues in other countries . . . In consequence, they are limited in their ability to reach informed judgments.

"We find the mass media to be timorous, unenterprising and in many cases guilty of bias, reticence and complacency in their treatment of news and other information. These deficiencies may often be due to the inadequate training of news and managerial staff. Having examined various instances of the suppression or distortion of information and comment on domestic and world issues, the Conference considers that the practices of press, radio and television should be urgently reviewed.

"We further hold that the policies and practices of the mass media help to produce a conformist society. Owing to the authoritarian influence of the mass media, the exponents of dissenting ideas are few and not well regarded. Opportunities to receive non-conformist ideas are limited unless one has access to overseas sources.

"We therefore conclude that there exists in New Zealand a very real restriction on freedom of information, and that if fundamental improvements are not made in this field, the efforts of all sections in this Conference will be largely nullified."

#### LIBEL REFORM

Restrictive laws have undoubtedly hindered the growth and effectiveness of our press and other media. The pro-monopoly News Media Act, thank goodness,



is being repealed. Our libel laws, which unduly limit freedom of expression (and investigation), should now be reviewed along the lines adopted some years ago in the U.S.A.

Private persons should be protected from slander but public figures should have to face more critical enquiry. The mass media sometimes have to suppress vital information about people in government, national and local, because of risks of libel action. This was also the case in the United States until the Supreme Court ruled that it was not enough for public figures to prove libel. To win a claim, the plaintiff must also prove "actual malice."

This made it difficult for politicians and public officials to sue news enterprises but precluded libel of private persons. Without this reform, the American press could not have exposed the Watergate and Agnew affairs.

In New Zealand, there are no specific libel laws and no adequate definition of libel. Actions are decided largely in the light of previous court rulings. Our common law on this issue should be codified as a basis for a libel statute which could help the investigation of public questions. Libel reform is now being planned, on these lines in New South Wales.

#### OTHER WAYS OUT

Technical as well as political or legal barriers must be removed if the press and other media are to

progress. Meanwhile, technological advances are revolutionising the role of the mass media around the world.

Automation and electronics are transforming the production of books and newspapers in many countries. Progress in transmission and reception is widening the impact of radio and TV. Space communication via satellite can vastly extend the range and scope of all the media.

Auckland University might consider establishing a chair in communications to promote knowledge in community theory, research and practice, as well as of new techniques which are increasingly affecting society. This faculty could also advise on training programmes for the mass media.

Throughout New Zealand, journalism training is distinctly spotty. Most dailies provide limited, "on the job" training and there are brief crash courses at the Auckland Technical Institute and the Wellington Polytechnic. Canterbury University provides a post-graduate course for journalists studying for a degree. Canterbury also offers the only journalism scholarship in N.Z. that I know of — the Robert Bell award founded by the Ashburton Guardian's late owner.

It is strange that our wealthy Auckland dailies, which together command nearly 40 percent of N.Z.'s total circulation, should have done so little to finance individual scholarships or general journalism training. The N.Z. press could well afford to maintain a broad national programme for staff training, including travelling awards to give our journalists wider experience abroad. (Or would they be lost forever?). Pacific island journalists could also be trained under this scheme, which might be supervised by the Press Council.

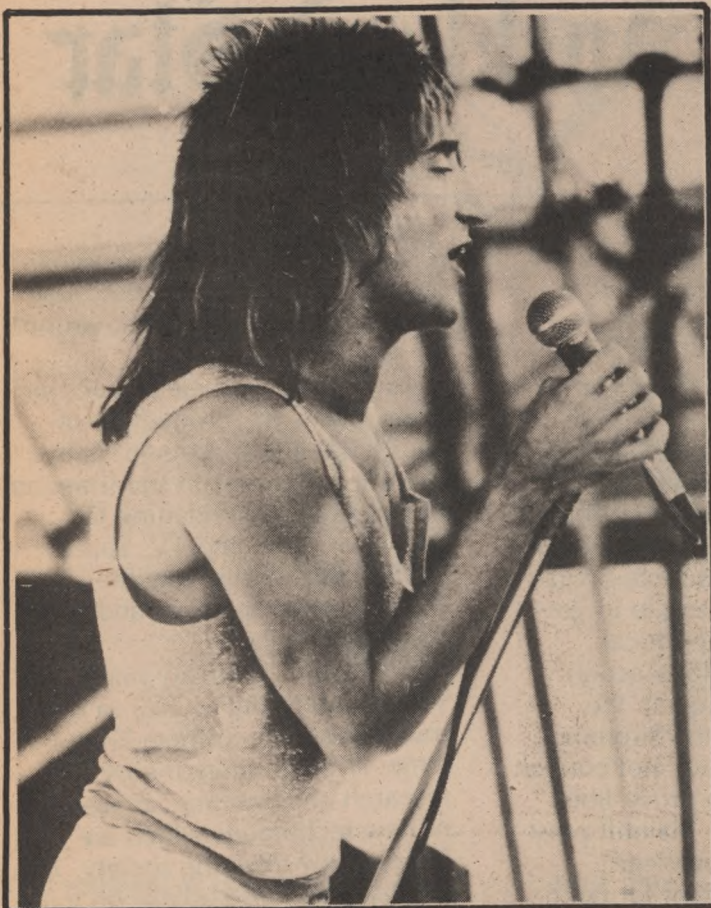
In all fairness, I would say that the N.Z. Herald and Auckland Star are among this country's best dailies, as well as being the most influential. It's up to them to give the lead on these proposals for press improvement — and others that may be offered. The Wellington dailies are widely rated as being among our worst papers and Dr Martyn Finlay is rightly embarrassed to think that foreign diplomats in our capital should be seeing them.

← THOMPSON CONFRONTED HOLYOAKE OVER NEWS MEDIA ACT IN THE SAVOY HOTEL.





# FACING IT...



The idea of doing the whole stage in a theme of white was pleasing to the eye, but it seemed that the use of a crowd barrier actually creates a psychological state of mind in a crowd. A barrier is something to be got over, and its presence seems to induce the wrong sort of atmosphere. Confronted with a barrier, your average self-respecting rock fan, probably a bit inebriated, naturally feels the urge to scale it in the high moment of a performance, probably not because he wants to touch the rock star, but simply as a release of excitement. Notice how once he's up there he seems kind of lost and doesn't know what to do with himself?

After some resetting of the stage, in which roadies with yellow "Far East-Man" t-shirts scurry over mountains of White Speakers, sort out leads and iron out bugs, the Faces themselves emerge on stage in a vivid splash of colour. The crowd roars its approval, while the group swag-

gers around to the sound of "the Stripper". Stewart, in body hugging blue, with a pink scarf, is the front man. They start on a driving rhythm — "It's all Over Now" — which has the crowd on its feet, clapping and stomping. The whole atmosphere which the Faces produce is basically a good one. Much of their art is a kind of send up of the sex-image. Stewart tosses the microphone stand around like a Scots Caber. Ronnie Woods, in apricot satin trousers, and flowing scarf tries to be in as many places at the same time as possible, siding up to the microphone with Rod Stewart to share the vocals where necessary. Both Ronnie Woods and Tetsu have instant crowd-appeal, clowning around on stage, with Tetsu grinning from ear to ear.

Then comes to a Hendrix number, "Angel", which brings the concert down to a relatively low key before the build-up to the climax.

They say it's never rained for Phil Warren yet, and his luck certainly held out for the day of this concert. The sun was sweltering down, but everybody seemed to be out to enjoy themselves.

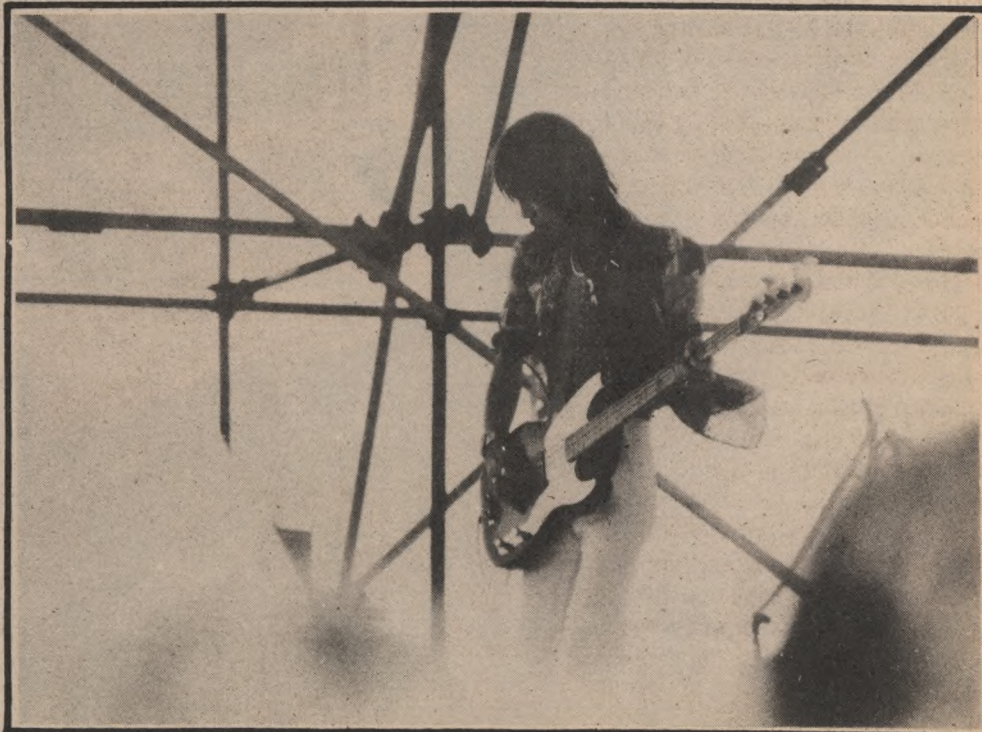
About 15,000 people turned up, and the place was filling up as soon as the gates opened at midday. You could feel the atmosphere of expectancy as soon as you got anywhere near the approaching roads, lined with parked cars.

Chapeaux did a commendable introduction and sounded a lot better than usual with the aid of a really good P.A. — you could hear that pianist for a change!



The effect which the Faces have on an audience is quite amazing. Certainly Rod Stewart's prediction the night before had been wrong. This is probably due to two factors: firstly, the sheer talent of the group to arouse a crowd to a feverish pitch through driving rhythms and a highly professional and yet deceptively relaxed stage act, and secondly the fact that New Zealand audiences have grown up a great deal. Whereas a couple of years ago people were so overwhelmed at the mere presence of a group which had been previously known to them only on record, that they simply sat and gaped, people are now more determined to use rock concerts as a means of letting off steam, which is what the performers themselves intend.

Ronnie Wood shows that he's not just a pretty Face with some nifty slide work on his guitar after the rhythm changes and builds up as "Angel" transforms into "Stay With Me". The crowd claps in



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time and hands reach up towards the stage. Stewart's personality can control the crowd.

"Thank you for that beer can in the back of the head, I think you're very brave, he says cuttingly to the culprit, who probably wishes he could crawl away somewhere. Rod Stewart has the crowd on his side.

"This is an easy number to listen to," he says and the group lunges into "I'd Rather Go Blind", a quiet, sad number, with "Mac" on the organ. The slow blues is the true test of the guitarist, and Ronnie Woods' face provides a side-show in itself, screwed up with concentration, squinting, and blinking furiously.

"Baby, baby, baby," moans Stewart, and Wood looks as if he is going to bite off his tongue with the sheer pain of it all. On the whole, however, Ronnie Woods shows himself to be a pretty good musician.

"Borstal Boy" is the one which shows the group at its best. This one is really Woods' own show. He leaps around the stage, giving an exhibition of slide guitar work, using harmonics and a driving rhythm, which Mick Taylor wouldn't be too proud to own.

Tetsu proves himself to be a competent bass guitarist, using harmonics and filling the sound out very well. He comes in right on the dot. The driving rhythms they use are very similar to those of the Rolling Stones, but the stage image is not so serious.

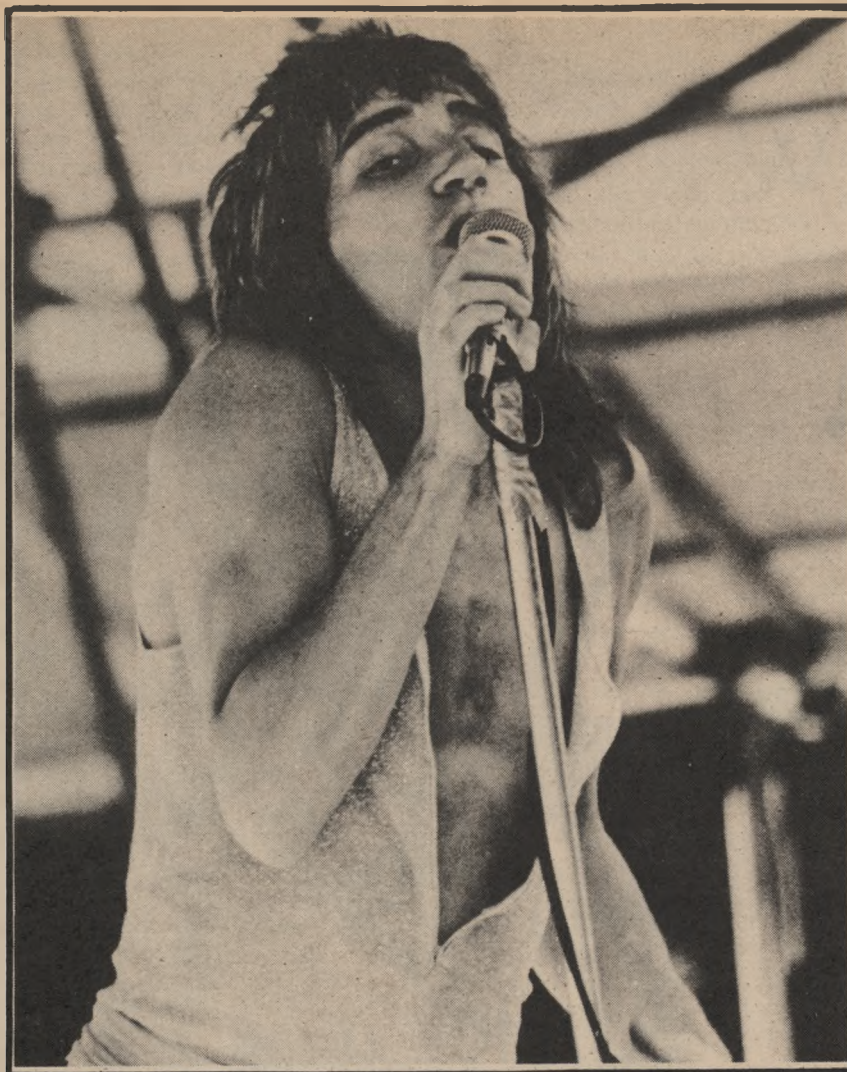
Kenny Jones does a fairly creditable drum solo, while Ian MacLagen dashes from piano to organ to microphone to piano, and is not above demolishing the occasional Steinway with a clawhammer.

One added touch of style which I particularly liked was the barman behind the stage, dressed in white, bow-tied, and mixing cocktails etc for the group. One added touch which I didn't like was the way in which an Eden Security guard picked up a fan who had scrambled onto the stage and threw him bodily down onto the heads of the crowd.

Judging by the shocked expression on Rod Stewart's face, neither did he. Not satisfied with that, the same guard then attempted to kick another member of the audience in the face. The response of the audience was cryptic, and in the form of several dozen well-deserved beer cans. It was the only ugly moment of the whole performance.

Stewart has the ability to keep a good natured patter between songs, which maintains a communication with the audience, "Haven't seen so many healthy faces since the war," and 'scuse me for not talking too much but we don't know yer."

The Faces managed to evoke about the best audience response for many years, and most of those who went there would agree it was a good concert.





# INTERVIEW:



There were about 20 or 30 of us in the tiny, muggy, reception room at the "Big I", and the temperature wasn't made any more tolerable by the presence of the TV arc lights glaring down from above. This was going to be a formal conference — press delegated to one half of the room, in mini-galleries of red plush chairs.

We sat for about an hour, apparently the plane was late — reading our red Phonogram dossiers on Rod Stewart (do you know what his middle name is?) and gazing at the five empty chairs, under the arc-lights, in the corner.

Finally, it passed along the grapevine that they had arrived and had gone upstairs to freshen up, and twenty minutes later they entered, led by Rod Stewart, dressed in a white brocade smoking jacket, and super star sunglasses. Under the focal point of the arc lights was a large green chair, which looked like a cardboard cut-out of the one on the cover of "Never a Dull Moment" which they all avoided like the plague. Stewart agreed to sit there after some persuasion.

In spite of the fact that they had just flown in, they were all in excellent spirits, with Stewart indulging in repartee with Ian McLagan (Mac), the reporters and with the roadies. They were obviously in the mood for larking about. It took several minutes for the milieu to regain the resemblance of a well-functioning press conference — we were all a bit overwhelmed by their breezy entry — so I decided to steel myself for the first question, which I aimed at the new bass guitarist, Tetsu (I'm not saying he's thin, but he wants his job back as a dipstick) Yamauchi. On account of his Japanese origin, the British Musicians' Union had taken it upon themselves to ban Yamauchi from their organisation on the grounds that an Englishman could do the job as bass player to the Faces as well as any "bloody wog". (not a direct quote). This got Stewart's back up, and for a while they all refused to play in England unless he was admitted to the Union.

"Tetsu, did you manage to get into the British Musicians' Union?"

"Yes, I got in".

"It was your second application?"

"Yes".

"How long had you been in England before applying?"

"About four years I think."

"Rod, having performed in "Tommy", what was your estimation of "Quadrophenia"?" (Pete Townshend's latest extravaganza)

"I don't know, I haven't heard it yet." Then in a moment of wit:

"Mind you, Status Quo's a bloody good group," whereupon everybody replied in chorus: "It wasn't Status Quo, it was the Who."

Stewart, feigning surprise, "Was it REALLY!"

Sucked in.

About all the questioning was handled by myself, Mike Stock, and veteran, Ann Haysom, whose knack of keeping the subject talking prevented the conference from falling flat on its face.



Stewart: "We just got off the plane, does it look like we just got off the plane? I've got a stereo throat."

Sinclair: "Where did you last play?"

Stewart: "I think it was Christmas Eve, yeah, in London. We played for a ball in London. Good crowd. So we are a bit rusty, and we'll have a rehearsal, tonight. — We are, aren't we boys?" (Laughter).

One problem with Western Springs is that being large, and open-air, an inadequate PA is next to no good, as the sound is swamped out by its own reverberation:—

Sinclair: "Did you bring your own P.A. out?"

Stewart: "I should hope so, we've got road managers and so forth." The reason for Stewart's surprise at my question apparently lay in the fact that he knew nothing of the nature of the facilities.

Stewart: "Where are we playing tomorrow, is that a nice venue?"

We described it to him.

Stewart: "Oh that's probably why you asked us if we brought our own P.A."

Sinclair: "Yeah, you need a fairly big one."

We are assured that his one was big enough (and indeed it was).

## A BIT OF BACKGROUND

Rod Stewart was born in London in 1945.

"I started playing professional football when I left school, but I wasn't very good at it, although I was keen."

Moving into music he toured France and Spain with Wiz Jones sleeping on the beaches. His first group was Jimmy Powell and his Five Dimensions in which he played harmonica, followed by the Hoochie Coochie Men, which was later called Steam Packet.

"I was with John Baldry and Julie Driscoll, they were the ones that started me. Then I was with Jeff Beck, and, there've been only three bands in my life really — its like talking about women!"

Ann Haysom: "Was it tough back in the Rock'n Roll Times?"

Stewart: "Compared to some people I had it really easy. I was with John, who is one of the few true gentlemen in the business, who, if you've ever met him, if you get the chance to meet him, he really is a great guy, and he always looked after his musicians, which wasn't the big thing to do in those days. And then I went to Jeff Beck, and I can't put him down, he is still a great guitar player, and if he was here today he wouldn't blame me for saying that — you know that I left him because there was no money in it."



Basically, the Faces live up to the true tradition of the English rock stars, wearing flamboyant clothing and larking about. Stewart shied away from the description of himself as a superstar.

"Can't you find another word? Pretty good person, that would be alright. : (Laughter).

"He's always tried to look like me, and it never really worked," quipped "Mac". A witty side between them, generally at the expense of one or the other, was accompanied by a mock "chalking up" of scores on the oak panelled walls.

## SAM COOK

Back about 1966, before he met Jeff Beck, Rod Stewart discovered that Sam Cook had a similar style to himself, and for awhile, he modelled his own music on that of Cook's.

"I don't define what I'm going to do before I make an album. I just try anything in the studio, and if it works, we lay it down and we leave it."

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We did try once having a party but we couldn't pull it off. It was very much like twisting but we couldn't pull it off. There's not many of those tunes that really lend themselves to white music, likewise Motown Numbers as well. They don't lend themselves really. There's a few but not many."

Along with Sam Cook, the Faces have also borrowed from more obscure sources. A journalist in Creem reported seeing Stewart ducking into a shop to pick up some records to glean more material.

Stewart: "I don't know most of the obscure songs, Mac comes up with them."

Mac: "That's because I'm obscure!"

Ann Haysom: "What appeals to you about Sam Cook?"

Stewart: "He's dead for a start!"



Stewart is not a fellow to mince his words, and is refreshingly direct about his opinions. Take for example, ON FLAMBOYANCE: — "It's showmanship, its all part and parcel of selling a song which I'm going to do. You must sell the song. Entertain. You can't stand there in the middle of the stage, well I can't, especially with the music we do, it would be impossible. BECK

Then there was Jeff Beck. Beck "discovered" Stewart. But their professional relationship didn't last. On the Program dossier, he said it was because he could never "look Beck in the eye". Beck must be a very forceful person if he could make Stewart evasive.

I wondered if there was more to it than that: — "Why didn't you get on too well with Jeff Beck?"

"No, he's a good guitar player, he's a nice chap, but we just didn't get paid, you know! (LAUGHTER) So you can take that anyway you want it.) Whether it was his fault, his manager's fault, I don't know but, um, we used to have to steal eggs from supermarkets to keep ourselves together... we stayed with him for a long time, considering, you know, we were probably scared to go out on our own till um, he left and joined the Yardbirds. We thought we'd be lonely without him, being room mates as we were. We are no longer room mates as we can afford our own meals.

## ROCK'N ROLL CIRCUS

"Are you going to do the Rock'n Roll Circus thing again?"

"No we can't do it again, we don't go back on something. We've brought quite an elaborate stage with us. We've also brought our own lights which was a complete waste of money". (Evidently even the Australian shows were to be done during the day.)

Suddenly, the T.V. lamps were doused and we felt as if we were plunged into relative blackness.

"Turn the lights on," said Rod.

I explained it was only the T.V.

"Do you prefer playing during the day or at night?"

"I don't care, I like it during the day. You know, you can see their faces."

## PREDICTIONS

What sort of audience reaction do you like, do you like them to just sit around or jump up and down?"

"I haven't known an audience to sit down for three years, but I bet they will tomorrow and I bet they do in Australia as well."

I agreed with him on that point, but our prediction was to prove wrong.

"It won't throw me at all, as long as they get up at the end and show their appreciation, but we won't really be up to it unless we get a good night's sleep tonight. The public houses close at nine o'clock or something, don't they?"

"Ten o'clock."

"Ten o'clock, we we ought to be in bed by half past ten!.. (a second prediction which proved to be wrong)

## DAVID BOWIE

On David Bowie: — "He's one of the few rock-men I really admire. He's doing something different, all his music may not be played to listen to in my ears, anyway. But he's surely one of the best entertainers I've ever seen."

"If you've got to make an album and have it ready by a certain time, then it must make it less pleasurable, mustn't it?"

"I haven't released an album all last year, and it hasn't done me any harm."

"But if you had to, it would make it more difficult, wouldn't it?"

"Yeah, it would take the pleasure out of it and it should always remain a pleasure, once it's not you shouldn't bother with making records really, you should pack it in — hang your boots up, as they say. But if the pressure's hard on you, and sometimes it is, its not fair. If the record companies hit you on the nut you got to turn round and kick 'em in the face, especially if you make so much money for them as I do — as we do — Phillips haven't been too bad with us really, they don't push us that hard."

## CONSPIRACY

"A lot of the big artists were recording on Polydor at one stage, weren't they?"

"Polydor? Actually I don't understand this Polydor thing and you know the other record companies as well I think, they all must be one guy that owns the whole lot, 'cause there's connections between all of them."

## RONNIE WOOD

Apart from Rod Stewart, who contradicted all rumours of moodiness and difficult behaviour in Press Conferences, the most amicable was lead guitarist Ronnie Woods. About four of us — one other reporter and a couple of mates — settled into a corner with Ronnie and got him talking. He struck me as quiet, unassuming, and almost boyish in manner, which heightened the contrast between his appearance and the matter of fact way in which names of rock idols cropped up as casually as if he was talking about Mrs Brown next door: — Pete Townshend: "Gone all religious lately."

Deep Purple: "Good group, they've changed a hell of a lot lately."

Question: "Is John Lord still in?"

"Yeah, but the lead singer's gone, and the new drummer, of Uriah Heep turned out to be an old mate of mine who I used to play soccer with."

"I got a real surprise, as I didn't even know he was in music." Question: "Yes" have changed a lot lately, why did Chris Squire leave?"

"I've really no idea. Actually the last time I saw them there didn't seem to be any indication of a rift. Actually Squire isn't really my scene. He's all technical, and my speciality is Rock n'Roll."

Question: "There seems to be a lot of intellectual elitism around Rick Wakeman, you know, with his having been to the Royal Academy. (apparently incomprehending) "Yeah, I spose so."



Nasty incidents are rare for the Faces, but they have happened — Ronnie: "If they take an instant dislike to yer, or somethin', like we've had a woman in a Detroit hotel, looked at us and said, you know, "You long-haired scum," and we immediately go, "What do you mean you old cow!" and the next minute there's a cop there with his gun and everything you know. But it doesn't happen often."

Ronnie thought highly of Bowie as did Rod Stewart. Most of his inspiration came from jamming with people, such as the Stones, or fiddling around before a concert and coming up with a new riff.

"Did you know 'Sweet Lady Mary?' Well, I wrote the riff and the first verse, while Ronnie Lane and Rod wrote the other two, so they got credit. If I'd bother to I could have written the other two and got all the credit, but I didn't."

Most of the time, Ronnie writes the riffs, and Rod does the lyrics.

We side-tracked onto Australia. Ronnie had heard they didn't have any air conditioning there.

"What's air conditioning?" we replied.

Ronnie laughed, "Well, its pretty cool in here, besides outside, but I was pissed off to find the hotel doesn't have a swimming pool. We had one up in Hawaii."

We asked him what he was doing this afternoon.

"Well, I thought there'd probably be some sort of boring tour organised. Actually I was thinking I'd probably end up going somewhere with one of you lads."

We were aghast. A virtual superstar, Ronnie Woods, Lead guitarist EXTRAORDINAIRE, friend of the STONES, PETE TOWNSHEND, JIMMY PAGE and a list of other celebrities, asking a group of young nobodies if they wouldn't mind his tagging along.

Of course we didn't. Would he like to come to the beach? He'd love to. Fine. I was beginning to have visions of selling my story to Rolling Stone if we pulled it off!! All we had to do was check it out with the manager. It turned out that the manager had other plans. Evidently some nice people in Remuera had asked them out to their swimming pool and wouldn't it be better if he went there? Ronnie said he'd kind of like to skip it, and come with us. The Manager, tall, muscular, and bronzed, stood over wee Ronnie and told him that it was fine, and it was really up to him but more-or-less implied to the effect that Ronnie was a dead man if he didn't. We rallied around Ronnie and offered to take him round to a friend's place, have an authentic kiwi lunch, with authentic kiwis, pick up some booze, and togs along with a couple of guitars and head North for a swim. Ronnie liked the idea, and even went to the extent of turning down the other offers in preference.

However, it was not to be. When he headed upstairs for a few minutes to change, he came under pressure and relented. He came down about 30 minutes later with Rod Stewart and the boys, all of them in merry mood, and asked if we'd like to come along. But we declined.

## review:



## NICE REVIEW

Sphere Books have done it again with a lovely yellow paperback entitled, 'Goon Show Scripts'. This edition contains a collection of the more charming Goon Shows, hand-chosen by that remarkable and talented person and writer, Terence A ('Spike') Milligan. The text is written in English and is well balanced with a liberal selection of interesting and novel 'doodles' by the 'Goon' themselves. This Handsome Volume which would grace the appearance of any literary collection measures 16.2cm x 20.7 x 1cm and weighs 0.275kg and can be purchased for \$1.70, which at 0.5075 cents per cubic cm or 0.6175 cents per gram represents excellent value.

— phyllis connns —

## SHITTY REVIEW

Sphere Books have hit the bottom of the bucket again with a nasty little book of 'Goon Show' scripts. By way of apology no fewer than three reprints of obscure newspaper articles are added about the 'Goon's' recent Royal performance. I do not think it fitting or fair that the Royal Image be dragged through the gutter by association with this purile junk in order to gild it with any vestige of social acceptance and further line the pockets of its scurrilous and avaricious instigators. Goon Show humour never really hit the mark in its own unenlightened time and any attempt nowadays to glorify this trashy, rubbishy, arrogant much must be regarded with the contempt it deserves. There are

more worthy charities than Sphere Books.

I would not recommend any one to read this volume; I certainly wouldn't.

Yours sincerely

Duncan Warburton (Rtd.)

## SENSIBLE REVIEW

Sphere Books have come up with an obvious seller, "The Goonshow Scripts", a nicely presented little paperback selling at \$1.70. It is still strictly for Goon fans however. Don't think you can convert Aunt Phyllis who never liked the Goons "because I could never understand them". She won't understand this either. After all what's funny about CRUN: "M nk-ah-hahahah-grnpp-ah." or BLOODNOK: "Aeiough; great thundering widgeons of kludge," if you have never liked the Goons. Think of the edition more as a







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**BROKEN ARROWS**

A real bunch of anonymity here. Or maybe it's just me. Anyway, I phoned the guy and found out a bit about him.

J D Blackfoot is formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, and is now an Auckland resident with a New Zealand wife. He was recording for Mercury in the States and had moderate success with an album and four singles. He's been writing songs released in New Zealand, and The Song of Crazy Horse is his first album to be released here.

The first side is entirely the title track. It's his contribution as are all the songs on the album.

Ride Away, his fourth single, is a four-minute growl.

ARROWS

ND

This is a solo trip for John Rabbit Bundrick, former pianist for Free. He's got famous friends Simon Kirke, Tetsu Yamauchi, Jim Capaldi and Rebog among others to help him along. And an admirable job they make of it too. Rabbit isn't content with just playing every keyboard instrument he can get his hands on, including, yes, the inevitable moog, but also turns in some clarinet, glockenspiel, accordion guitar and drums. Is he (waww) another multi-instrumentalist in the mould of Rick Wakeman? Rabbit wait a minute. Rabbit has trod enough but has trod too much. He comes to ballads for a showcase for a somewhat forlorn. And trying to C... it.

het  
the

**VICTOR**  
Lou Reed? Oh yeah. The Velvet Underground. Nice little songs like Heroin is his third solo album, coming after Transformer and, before that, Lou Reed. If you hadn't already guessed it, the lyric sheet spells it out for you. Decadence with a capital D. Lou Reed's a very commercial proposition in these days of the New York Dolls, Iggy Stoooge, Alice in Chains, and the like. For that reason, the track reappearing now, 'com-

...ing it  
is third solo  
transformer and,  
u Reed. If you hadn  
ed it, the lyric sheet spells  
you. Decadence with a capital  
Lou Reed's a very commercial  
proposition in these days of the New  
York Dolls, Iggy Stooze, Alice Cooper  
ad nauseum. For that reason you get  
the title track reappearing on this  
album. And now, 'cos he's obviously  
a superstar, he can have Jack Bruce  
and Stevie Winwood playing on his  
album. And if you're disputing the  
right you'd better forget it, 'cos  
they're here somewhere. Along with  
B J Wilson of Procol Harum and Blue  
Weaver of the Strawbs among others.  
He's out to shock. Understandable  
of course. What would you have  
done if you couldn't sing? Stayed at  
home, I guess.  
The eight-page booklet that co  
ns the album sets the scene  
ong. For The Bed the  
picture of a bed  
bedroom th  
corner th

The eight-page booklet that comes with the album sets the scenes for each song. For "The Bed" there's a delightful picture of a bedroom with no ordinary bedroom this. The coffin in the corner, blood on the bed. Lou Reed and John Lurie are the bloodstains, the bed sheets and a bloodstain by the bed. Lou Reed and John Lurie are the bloodstains, the bed sheets and a bloodstain by the bed. Lou Reed and John Lurie are the bloodstains, the bed sheets and a bloodstain by the bed.

...need meet  
...tells of a  
...comes co  
...charge with  
...What a gas.  
...into necrophilia  
...the better  
...kinda thing  
...After all, it's  
...done decadently enough.  
...the Faces and a  
...for me after this lot.

Every record is graded in bananas — on banana, two bananas, three bananas. Three bananas is very good.

A peeled half-eaten banana is just what you'd expect it to be. Half as good as an unpeeled uneaten banana.

See y'all next week.





# IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING DIFFERENT

The barricades have been long since dismantled, the handbooks on bomb-building discarded, the revolutionary slogans forgotten along with the popular songs of another season. Without even so much as a disarmament conference, the ferocious doves and the frightened hawks who divided US society into two seemingly irreconcilable camps just a few years ago, have concluded that there really is not all that much to get agitated about, now that US combat troops are out of Vietnam and domestic problems appear less amenable to solution by violent means. "The campus battle is over," one puzzled professor has acknowledged, "but who won?"

The combination of ingredients that has relieved the worst of America's sociopolitical headaches — the youth rebellion — is one part common sense to two parts cynicism. First, the demand for immediate solutions to complex problems, the shouted insistence on action **now** has given way to a wider acceptance of the need for plain hard work. The lowering of the

voting age to 18 has meant that young people with grievances against the status quo now have the opportunity to bring pressure for social change through the ballot box. And campaigning for a political candidate can be an arduous undertaking.

"There is something exasperating about a democracy," an ex-activist said recently, thinking back to the time of those by-now historical demonstrations and protest marches. The very freedom to criticize, to hold mass rallies, print underground newspapers seems to serve as a means of encouraging the young to let off steam. The younger brothers and sisters of those who joined so generously in the public protest movement of those days are no longer convinced that mass action accomplishes anything durable.

No one is more disturbed about these changes in the mood of US youth than the trade unions and the political parties. Organized labor has now launched a full-scale information campaign to correct what it regards as

wholly erroneous picture of the labor movement and its history in the US. Not long ago, the education department of the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Relations (FL/CIO) held a National Planning Conference on Labor and the Schools in Washington to discuss ways of improving the image of the labor movement.

According to the resolution passed at the last AFL/CIO convention, organized labor as a "historical and contemporary force in American life" is either ignored or maligned in the nation's classrooms. The resolution which the Planning Conferences met to discuss contended that: "We are reaping the harvest of exclusion from the educational process in the body of our young new trade unionists whom we find either antilabor or at the least apathetic toward labor's efforts and causes." Antilabor sentiment among the young may be due to either one of two opposite notions: that the movement is essentially negative and destructive in its actions, or that the trade unions are just as indifferent to radical social change as business and management.

As for the parties, Democratic and Republican political activities on US campuses have fallen to the lethargic low that they reached during the Eisenhower years when the attitude of the young toward national affairs ranged from the indifferent to the frivolous. A recent survey conducted by the **New York Times** at a dozen

universities across the country has shown that the Watergate affair has not had quite as much impact as most people had assumed it would. The response has been one of fatalism rather than outrage. "It hasn't affected my thinking at all about politics," a student at the University of Wisconsin said. "It has only demonstrated what I thought all along to be true. . . . Watergate was to be expected. It's games, just like the rest of life." A one-time idealist at the University of California, Berkeley campus, put it succinctly: "We feel the system has defeated us."

Apparently less easily discouraged are the organized political youth, members of the Young Democrats or the Young Republicans. The point was made that there have been no major national elections this year to put student attitudes to any sort of test. At Harvard, the President of the Harvard Republican Club, Wallace Schwartz, said that membership was up from last year. "People are concerned with what is going on," he said, "and want to change it from within the system." Perhaps the issue, in essence, is precisely this, whether "the system", as the complex of socioeconomic relations is vaguely termed, can be changed more effectively from the inside or from the outside. The grievance machinery is available; the youth have a choice — they can try to smash it as they did with no great success in 1968, or they can try to make it work.

## PRESS THREATENED

Whenever a free press publishes sharply worded editorial views that prove embarrassing to certain interests, the complaint is sure to be heard that it is indulging in "destructive criticism."

In Singapore, where the national press has had a reputation for being too soft-spoken on most issues, the campus periodical of the University of Singapore Students Union (USSU), **Singapore Undergrad**, believes in the positive importance of being negative. The reporters and editors of this vigorous student journal seek out the instances of what they feel are unfairness or incompetence and do not hesitate to label them clearly enough for all to read.

Tiny though "city republic" of Singapore is — population just over two million — it can boast the highest standard of living and of literacy in Asia after Japan. It has five institutions of higher learning, each of which has its own student union concerned to defend the rights of the students.

Among them, these unions turn out literally hundreds of publications every year — newsletters, newspapers, journals, etc. Some of the better known examples of the student press in Singapore are **The Tehnocrat**, published by the Singapore Polytechnic Students Union; the **Nanyang Bulletin**, put out by the Nanyang University Students Union, and, oldest and most prestigious of them all, **Singapore Undergrad**, which had, at one time a circulation of over 10,000 copies per issue.

One feature that distinguishes the Singapore student paper from almost any similar publication, especially in the Third World, is the fact that money is no problem. The paper is distributed free to all registered students and sold to the public at a nominal price. USSU has budgeted about 280 US dollars for each issue of its periodical and expenses over that sum must be raised through sale of the papers or commercial advertisements.

If finances present no special

headaches to the Singapore student editors, politics sometimes does. Outspoken statements in defense of university autonomy or even more controversial positions on national or international issues have got the young journalists in trouble with printers who would rather not be associated with such dangerous opinions.

Aside from these external troubles, the students will tell you that another reason for the **Undergrad's** somewhat unpredictable appearances is a lack of really passionate support on campus for the crusading spirit that has characterized it at its best. This does not mean however, that when an urgent issue comes up the students will not respond. They do indeed. The special edition of the **Undergrad** devoted entirely to the subject of "Victimization in the School of Architecture" is a good case in point. The paper printed a careful, step-by-step account of the dispute over the failure of 12 architectural students out

of a class of 36. The students charged the examiner with failing the students unfairly as a form of retaliation for complaints made by some of the students against the University administration.

In an editorial titled "The Need for Impartiality" the **Undergrad** commented: "one would have thought that the Administration would have been proud of students taking the initiative to safeguard their interests; instead, they were branded as 'pressure groups,' a term which hardly justifies a reference to those who seek to right a wrong. . . . The Administration does not realise that students are also capable of responsible thought and action. In this instance, at least, they have displayed responsibility throughout, having presented their grievances through legitimate channels, and have not taken to the streets." The point seems well taken. The practice of journalism in a free society should be just that: a reasonable substitute for violent action.

### HELPERS WANTED

The Polynesian Panther Party and the Citizens' Association for Racial Equality are organizing joint homework centres for children in Ponsonby and Grey Lynn on three nights a week in the school terms.

Helpers are urgently needed, and if you can assist in the coaching of any school subjects please phone:

Ama Rauhihi  
Polynesian Panther Party  
Phone 764-830

Joris de Bres  
C.A.R.E.  
Phone 371-507



## WEA

### WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

Courses starting first week in March 1974.

Copies of brochure and full information on courses can be obtained by ringing the W.E.A., 769-664 between 12 and 2.30 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

### PUBLIC NOTICE

\* Next Sunday the New Zealand Fascist Party will hold its inaugural meeting at the Old Synagogue building, Princess St., starting 7 p.m.  
\* A distinguished panel of guest speakers will grace the occasion. They are:

\* Justinian H. Martin III, Judge at the Louisiana High Court. The subjects will be ZERO POPULATION GROWTH AND OUR BLACK NEIGHBOURS.

\* Major Wilberforce A. (Bertie) Fox-Ponsford M.B.E., M.P. for Birmingham Central. His subject will be TWO BLACKS DON'T MAKE A RIGHT

\* General Abraham (Abe) Jones. U.S.A.F. AND AIR FORCE ASSESSMENT OF ZERO POPULATION GROWTH — A VIETNAM EXPERIMENT  
\* Agnes D.N. Proops, J.P., lecturer and authoress. Her subject will be THE BIRCH IN THE PERMISSIVE SOCIETY

\* There will be no time for questions  
\* Wine and cheese will be served at 10.15 p.m.



# Granny and her Pepvepts

You are an ordinary sort of chap, interested mainly in your newspaper because it carries the sports news. But you do the right thing by your school training, and glance through the rest of the paper as your attempt at becoming an informed citizen.

The mind-benders of our society know your habits, however. Ogilvy and Mather, probably the most cunning of the world's advertising agencies, assures its customers "five times as many people read the headlines as read the body copy." They know what you are up to.

This headline-reading fact is a well-known and well-used weapon in the world of the truth perverters.

Good old granny HERALD, in far-away Auckland, is a faithful disciple of New York's Ogilvy and Mather. Just look at how THE NEW ZEALAND HERALD handled the build-up to the fuel crisis in January 1974 for your proof — and remember that 85% of the NEW ZEALAND HERALD'S readers, representing about 500,000 New Zealanders, gleaned their information about the fuel crisis from Granny's mind manipulations.

## HEADLINES BANNERED ACROSS THE FRONT PAGE:

USE LESS PETROL OR ELSE . . .

PETROL PRICES UP TODAY

## MAIN HEADLINES OF THE DAY:

PETROL PRICES MAY RISE BEYOND 60c A GALLON

FIRMS MUST SWITCH OFF LIGHTING FROM TODAY

FUEL OUTLOOK CLEARER NEXT WEEK

SAVE POWER NOW OR NZ FACES WINTER CUTS

There were 26 publishing days for THE NEW ZEALAND HERALD in January, and on 6 of those days the fuel crisis was the main news. All headlines used were straight from the book of classic scares, bar the one that promised some possible hope — "Fuel Outlook Clearer Next Week." The situation became clearer, sure enough, but the clarification didn't prove to be that pleasant. Granny didn't break her scare record after all!

Take a look at the other headlines on the front page this month of January, and you will find very little of comfort anywhere.

## 7 col. headline:

GARAGE'S PETROL SALES DOWN 7.5p.c.

## 6 col. headlines (hidden at the bottom of the front page):

PETROL RATIONING THE ABSOLUTE LAST RESORT SAYS

PRIME MINISTER

DEPT. WONDERS WHY TASMAN POWER TURNED OFF

## 4 col. headlines:

CARLESS, BOATLESS DAYS COMING

KAPUNI GAS FOR MILLS?

GOVT. DIESEL THREAT ANGERS FARMERS

## 3 col. headlines:

RATES FOR CARTAGE INCREASED

GALLON TO COST 58c-62c

DRY DAYS "NO HELP"

counting cost

## 1 col. headlines:

TALK OF OIL — BUT FOR THE FUTURE

"COMPANIES MUST BEAR SHARE OF COSTS

ISLANDS BADLY HIT BY OIL CUTS

CITY DIMS AS FIRMS OBEY SIGN BAN

FARMERS GIVEN FUEL PLEDGE

READY FOR OIL CUTS

CABINET ORDERS CUT IN TRAVEL

## 2 GALLON LIMIT ON FUEL IN CANS

## LIGHTING VIEWS DIFFER

Quite a scary month for the chap that got through all the front page headlines! And what among all the deluge was there to offer any hope?

PETROL RATIONING THE ABSOLUTE LAST RESORT SAYS PRIME MINISTER: This you would think should warrant prominence. But it was hidden at the bottom of the page. The scares were bannered, but the public-spirited contributions were hidden away!

WARNING FROM MINISTER TO OIL COMPANY was also a ray of light, but not a very self-explanatory missile. The headline writer must either have been lazy on this particular day, or else he just didn't want to pass on any information.

Better hope came in the 1 column headlines. TALK OF OIL — BUT FOR THE FUTURE; "COMPANIES MUST BEAR SHARE OF COST", READY FOR FUEL CUTS, CABINET ORDERS CUT IN TRAVEL, FARMERS GIVEN FUEL PLEDGE. These provided the news likely to stop a panic — a panic that could cause the necessity for rationing. Who decided they receive no prominence, but just barely get mention?

If you wanted real information, however, you needed to go past the perversions of the front page. If you had gone a-digging you would have found: OIL PRICE SPIRAL MAY BE COMING TO AN END (page 3, January 28), OIL CAPITALS ON ITINERARY OF NZ MISSION (page 3, January 28), NO CUTBACK IN DOMESTIC OIL (page 3, January 23), NO IMMEDIATE RISE IN PRICES (page 10, January 25), CABINET DISCUSS OIL CRISIS (page 3, January 19), DESIGN FOR THIRD NATURAL GAS PLANT COMPLETED (page 3, January 18), PHYSICISTS STUDY SUN, WIND POWER (page 14, January 12), MEAT DEAL MAY AID OIL SUPPLY (page 3, January 10), LIGHT BAN SEEMS TO BE WORKING (page 3, January 10).

It was a brighter picture inside the paper, but statistics show fewer and fewer people read further and further into the paper.

And even on these pages, you 500,000 normal New Zealanders would not have found headlines telling you how the crisis had been accentuated by decisions made by the previous National Government.

But you cannot accuse granny HERALD of bias. She will quite rightly prove that hidden away in some obscure corner, on some obscure day of publication, there is something that will satisfy everyone. It's just that granny is cunning. She knows how to mould opinion, and in the fuel crisis you 500,000 readers have left your headline reading with the twisted thoughts of the HERALD subeditors.

No-one can say that this dedicated team goes without its rewards. Proudly in January, in the midst of the perverted headlines, granny announced that her former Wellington political correspondent had been appointed Publicity Officer for the National Party.

And granny offers living proof that the National Party never need run short of good public relations men — granny operates a permanent training course.

The message, then, for NEW ZEALAND HERALD readers, is this: keep away from granny's perversions — pull off her first part and play around with her sports section at the back. It's a lot healthier.

INK

## brief encounter:

Music can often complement events like what happened the other day to me. I was lying down, it was a Saturday morning, humid and drowsy, and I was listening to Shostakovich's Fifth when suddenly the doorbell rang.

I wandered out and there like a beacon at the end of the world was a little old lady who without a word of introduction said: you know drug abuse can affect you and your neighbours.

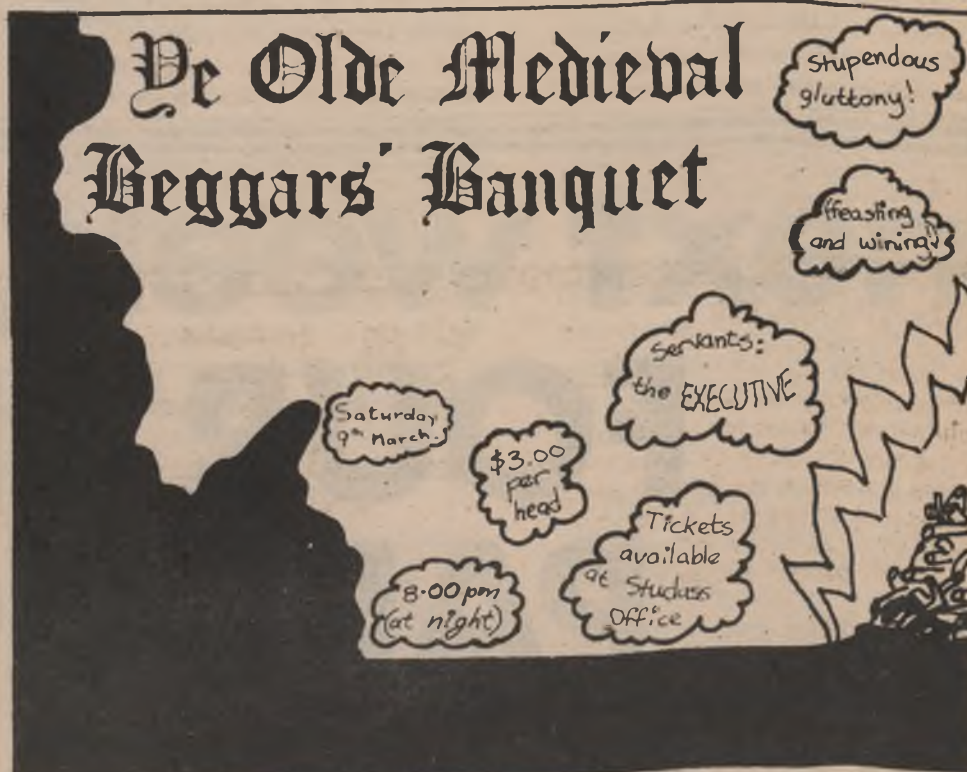
It was quite incongruous really and I just wondered what she thought of me with my long hair and beat-up jeans.

Still, she wasn't discriminatory. I could see that as the voice, with its ingenuous naivety spelt out its message, that she'd convert anyone.

Anyway, Shostakovich was nicely counter-posing her salvo with the demonic chords portending some inevitable destruction of things as they were.

Which was really quite amusing as the little old lady was over telling me how sinister was this new peace with communism. Anyway, I bought her two magazines and wandered back inside.

But, now whenever I hear Shostakovich's Fifth, I will think of it as announcing Jehovah's Kingdom, a musical Watchtower. I bet old Shosty would grin at that.





To commemorate a unique moment  
in New Zealand History...



**next week!**  
**FOUR YEARS IN**  
**PAREMOREMO**

**EXCLUSIVE TO CRACCUM**

Pre-shock  
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