



UNIVERSITY BASHES STUDENTS

Richard Rowe

Pre-enrolment this year was a shock to many students.

The University authorities have gone out of their way to make our position difficult.

The unavailability of calendars from retail sources until after pre-enrolments closed, coupled with the hard line on late pre-enrolments was completely and totally unfair.

Using the lack of student presence during the vacation, the Registrar's bureaucracy was able to play with us without fear of retaliation.

The failure to include pre-enrolment forms with exam results hit many out-of-town students.

UNCONCERNED

The closing of new entrant pre-enrolments just a week after U.E. results were posted was a further example of lack of concern for student feelings.

The real surprise move was the new tactic of linking courses which would be approved with the pre-set examination timetable. A move of which students were never informed, though a leak did occur in the final Craccum of 1973.

All attempts to discuss these matters with the University and to obtain their reasons were rebuffed.

Vaughan Preece, former Students' Association Admin. Secretary, now in charge of the Registry Faculties office, informed me late in January that the University had as yet no list showing which courses clashed and expressed reservations about the system. When preparing this article I tried to see the Vice-Chancellor, I was completely fobbed off. I rang his secretary to make an appointment and stated my business, some four hours later she rang back to tell me that Dr Maiden wouldn't see me without Ed Haysom being present — a curious requirement.

THE COUNTS:

Pre-enrolment forms were not enclosed with examination results. This created hardship for many out-of-town students and also for working students in Auckland who were unable to get to the Registry during its shortened vacation hours of 9 a.m. until 4.30 p.m.

The Students' Association Office had some forms available and while I was operating an emergency service during the three-week office break, more than 80 people got their forms from me.

It would have cost very little to put two items rather than one into the results' envelopes, from our experience with "Studass Calendar" it takes about 10% more time, which is negligible. Registry indifference did hurt Students.

The University Calendar mismanagement was an example of mismanagement worse than our 1972 Capping Book, and that was bad. The Calendar, containing information required by all students wishing to enrol, was not available until after pre-enrolments without the \$10 penalty had closed. Certainly a limited number of copies were on sale from the Cashier in the Registry, but information about this was suppressed because there were only a few hundred copies printed initially.

The University explained to the retailers that the binding of the remaining 10,000 copies which was supposed to have been done over the Christmas break was not done because Whitcoulls' staff had gone on holiday!

Yet, the Registrar had the nerve to put out a hard line press statement on January 7th, saying no mercy would be extended to those who failed to pre-enrol in time. My own press release on your behalf, deploring this action and re-

questing that Calendars be made available wasn't printed a big black mark for the "Star" who only seem to want us as entertainment.

CALENDAR BOTCHED

The Calendar was a botched job. The University failed to allow sufficient time for students to study the document and when confronted by minor technical hitches they were unable to produce anything in time. For people getting \$5,000 to \$10,000 p.a., they are incompetent, they even managed to falsify the University of Auckland Act to cover failures on the part of other sections of the University. Students used to have the Calendar for six weeks before they enrolled, the reduction to minus ten days is intolerable.

STUDENTS VICTIMISED

The biggest surprise in this Calendar was the announcement that courses which clashed with a proposed exam timetable would not be accepted. This fundamental change in policy was carried out without consultation with students.

It was a hasty, ill-considered action, carried out surreptitiously through Deans' Committee, on which no students sit, rather than by the full Senate. It is a deliberately provocative action, for the student position on representation has up till now been based on mutual trust, the lack of attempts to consult students over this important matter smash that basis for our relations.

On the morning "Craccum" printed the account of this postulated action there was a Union Management Committee meeting. University Councillor Dorothy Winston, who takes the students cause on all reasonable issues wished to know how this would affect

students, the Vice-Chancellor, Dr Maiden, seemed divided in his interest between estimates of student reaction and probing to see if I knew where the leak came from; information which I didn't oblige him with; when someone warns you of a back-stab you're mad to give your source away.

This ill-considered action was pushed through Deans' Committee by Prof. Lacy of Classics (on leave this year) against disorganised inarticulate opposition. The action is ill-considered for it will freeze course structures according to their popularity in 1973, hitting particularly hard at interdisciplinary subjects which would be justified as parts of reasonable courses — courses becoming both increasing popular and more highly regarded overseas.

The action was hasty, no prior approach was made to the Computer Centre to see if they could solve the problem. After the decision to constrain options had been made and leaked in "Craccum", a rumour went round the Computer Centre staff that a programme to fit an exam timetable round the courses chosen by students had been developed. His programme takes less than ten minutes to fit a timetable around everyone's courses, giving a couple of clear days between exams for almost everyone. When run with last years' data it had designed an exam period some days shorter.

Throughout this whole sorry period the University authorities have displayed towards students the warmth, understanding and flexibility of a clockwork train. The only reason they were arrogant enough to carry out these actions was the general failure of students to get involved.

EDITORIAL

It disturbs me that the subject of this comment must be censorship—not censorship of films but rather censorship of ideas.

Parliament has often been criticized as relying too much on ceremony to avert criticism. Like many institutions it has not learnt that respect can be sought but deference cannot be demanded.

In a critical age, when people are demanding answers, to say that people can't even state the grievance because it's "not suitable" or not in keeping with the dignity of the House, is ridiculous and harmful.

Surely no institution in a free society should be above censure. When the Polynesian Panthers and Dr Oliver Sutherland challenged the judiciary as being discriminatory towards young Polynesians in at the Social Services Select Committee, surely the sensible thing to do was to examine their claims rather than to forbid them to make them.

Who is to blame the Panthers for reacting in a human way to the chloroformed bureaucracy that muzzles them.

Dr Gerald Wall, M.P. for Porirua, indulged himself in a little role-playing to the exclusion of justice. Dr Wall is unsuitable as chairman of any committee of the House. He tends towards the severe at the best of times, interpreting his functions narrowly—his opinions are often iron clad. He has little of the diplomat and much of the fanatic about him.

Was our democracy going to be threatened by the loose interpretation of a few codes of our society overthrown by criticism of its deficiencies? Surely, rather it would be enhanced for criticism offers a chance to repair what is wrong. It is a sign of progress rather than stagnation.

The Panthers and Doctor Sutherland were trying to make submissions as people concerned with the large number of Polynesians in prisons. This should concern everyone, especially Parliamentarians!

Their case has not yet been answered.
Brent Lewis.

Dear Sir,

Congratulations on the first Craccum. A decorative, if sentimental look at Hemi's gravestone, a good rave on Stewart and a rather gentle satire on Hayson provided reasonable fare for the first issue.

A few things, however were missing, considering that a large number of your readers are freshers.

1. Any direct information about executive.
2. Any direct information about the editor Brent Lewis, whose untitled picture appeared on the inside front cover.
3. Any information about orientation.

In fact, anything at all directly related to the Auckland Campus!

I would have very much liked to have seen a good hard hitting article on the recent theatre balls up to start off the year with a genuine spark.

Yours truly,
Susan Heap.

ARTS DEPARTMENT CANCELS ALL LECTURES FOR FIRST TERM

The Dean of the Arts Faculty,
Arthur Gribble, (esq.),
announced.

The reason behind this was to give the staff and students an opportunity to recover from the "Mediaeval Beggars' Banquet" to be held in the Rugby Shed, at 16 Wynyard Street, at 8 p.m. on Saturday the 9th of March. Tickets are available for this function at the Studass Office, at only \$3.00 per head, wine and food inclusive.

Dear Ed.

Congratulations. After years of rehearsed one-eyed propaganda, we students can look with pride to a Craccum that seems to be less interested in the tittle tattle of petty student politics and more concerned with presenting a balanced and broader stance vis a vis current affairs.

If the first issue is anything to go by 1974 should prove to be a milestone in student journalism. Malcolm Walkers technical innovations, investigative features which promise to dissect holy cows - as well as the satirical brilliance of your new Chief Reporter are a credit not only to Auckland University but to journalism in general.

Yours Sincerely

E.R. Haysom

copied - 4 points - Ed.

Dear Brent,

Why is it that most of the articles in Craccum of 25 February are unsigned?

Yours

Mother and Father of Twelve

That's a lie
— anon.

INTRODUCTION OF BLACKLIST ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE STUDENT STANDBY SCHEME

The Director of the Student Travel Bureau (David Cuthbert) today advised that due to lack of co-operation by a small group of students NAC has decided, following discussions with NZUSA, to introduce a blacklist arrangement for the Student Standby Scheme.

"It is unfortunate that a few students through their attempts to abuse the Student Standby Scheme have convinced NAC that a blacklist arrangement to limit such abuses should be introduced" David Cuthbert said. "The Student Travel Bureau hopes that this arrangement will work efficiently and will limit abuse and thus protect the Standby Scheme for the vast majority of students."

The arrangement will work by advising all NAC airport offices of the name, ISIC number and educational institute attended of students abusing the Standby Scheme. The effect of this advice will be that this ISIC holder will

Our thanks to Margaret Wilson, lecturer in Industrial Law, who has offered to make her students' essays available to Craccum subject to their approval.

By such methods academic study becomes related to the wider society. The precedent has been set. Let us hope that other lecturers are sufficiently enlightened to follow her example.

listen to
radio
BOSOM
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be denied the Student Standby fare until the abuse is resolved to the satisfaction of all parties i.e. NAC, NZUSA etc.

"NZUSA has over the past eighteen months removed the ISIC's of a small number of students who have in the opinion of NAC and NZUSA abused the Standby Scheme" said David Cuthbert. It has become clear however that this action has not been sufficient to limit abuse of the scheme and thus it has been decided to make a more effective arrangement to ensure those involved in abusing the scheme are denied use of the scheme.

"Unless there is efficient action against those who abuse the Standby Scheme there is serious doubts raised in some circles as to the continuation of the Standby Scheme" David Cuthbert said. "NZUSA who campaigned on behalf of students for the introduction of this valuable concession is keen to ensure that it continues and if possible extended."

18 February 1974.

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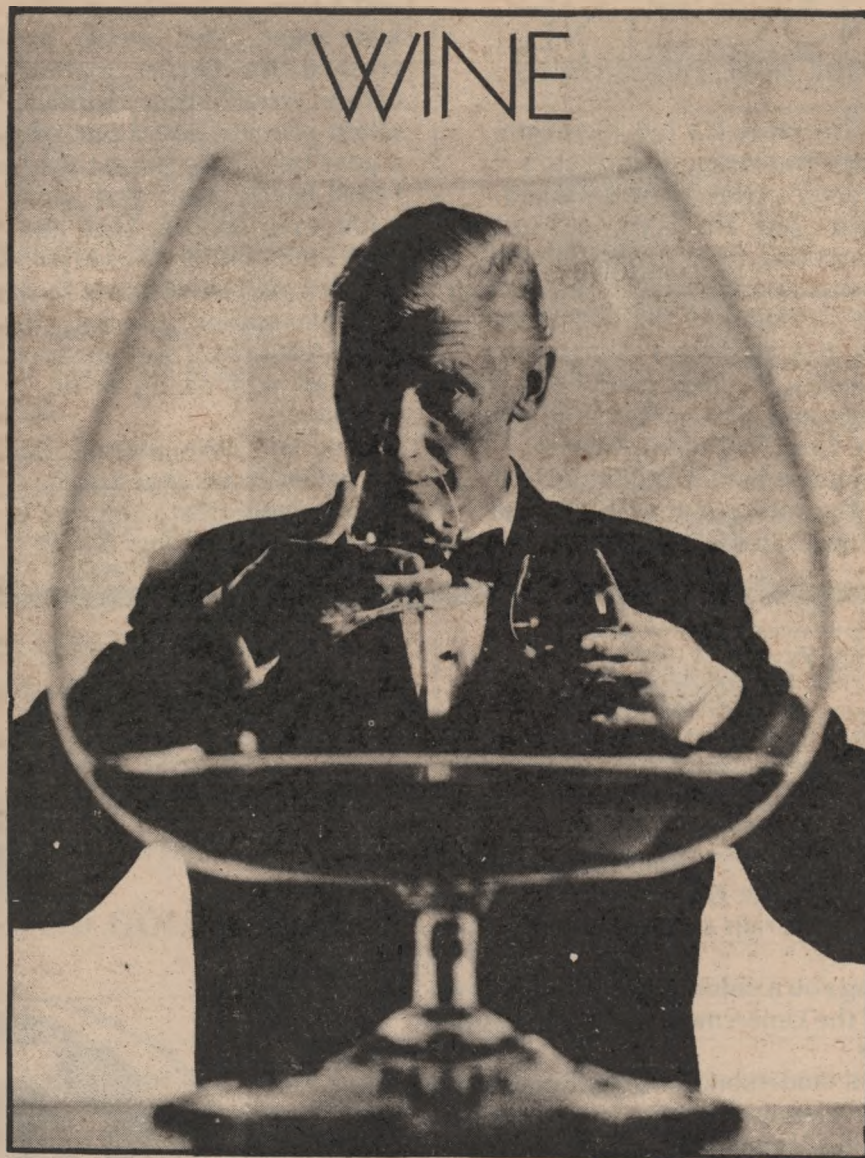
on
the
hill..

NZPA-REUTER NEWS REPORT. THE NEWS LINE FROM DEEPEST MARTA PARKA (PROVINCE, VANITALIA DOES NOT EXACTLY RING 24 HOURS A DAY BUT REPORTS OF TRIBAL DISORDER AND THE ODD DYNAMITING OF RAILWAY LINES ARE FREQUENT ENOUGH TO MAKE A FOUR DAY SILENCE ON THE WIRE SOMEWHAT STRANGE. UP TILL SEVERAL YEARS AGO THE COUNTRY HAD ALL THE TRAPPINGS OF A PRESIDENTIAL DEMOCRACY AND WORLD, MAY EXPERT, OPINION HAD COME TO UNDERSTAND THAT IT WAS NOT ALL SHOW. HOWEVER, RECENT DEVELOPMENTS INDICATE THAT THE DESPOTIC RULE IMPOSED BY THE PREVIOUS PRESIDENT ROUSSEAU BARLEMO, A MAN OF FEARSOME WIT BUT LITTLE SUBSTANCE, HAS BEEN INTENSIFIED RUTHLESSLY BY HIS PROTEGE AND WELL TAILORED SYCHOPHANT IDI "HAYMAKER" HANDOM, A FORMER ARMY BOXING CHAMPION AND ONE-TIME POP IDOL. BARLEMO, IT IS RUMOURED, WAS INVOLVED IN HIGHLY QUESTIONABLE LAND SPECULATION DEALS THAT RESULTED IN CONSIDERABLE SCANDAL AFTER HIS STEPPING DOWN. HANDOM, A CHARISMATIC THOUGH APPARENTLY INCOMPETENT BUREAUCRAT HAS NOT ONLY ABSORBED THESE INFLUENCES BUT HAS MOVED INTO THE BUILDING AND RENT-RACKETING SPHERES. THERE WERE RUMBLES OF DISCONTENT BEFORE THE LINE WAS CUT TALKING OF GROSS EXECUTIVE MISMANAGEMENT, COVER-UPS AND PASSING ON OF RESPONSIBILITY. THE PRESIDENT SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN TAKING THESE SERIOUSLY FOR HE HAS REMODELED AND REFORITIFIED THE CHARMING THOUGH CRAMPED PRESIDENTIAL PALACE SO THAT POTENTIAL ASSASSINS AND SUBVERSIVES MAY NOT REACH HIM. TROOP REQUIREMENTS FOR SECURITY HAVE BEEN STEPPED UP BY A THIRD. HE EXPLAINED THAT ALL THIS WAS NECESSARY IN THE INTERESTS OF OVERALL GOOD GOVERNMENT. IT IS NOT SUPRISING THAT NO INFORMATION IS COMING OUT SINCE THE STATE OF COMMUNICATIONS IN THE COUNTRY HAS ALMOST COMPLETELY BROKEN DOWN. ONE POSSIBILITY IS THAT THE PRESIDENT IS UNDER PRESSURE FROM THE SOCIALIST REVOLUTIONARY COUNCIL (S.R.C.). IN THIS CASE IT IS EXPECTED THAT HE WILL SEEK MILITARY ASSISTANCE FROM THE NEIGHBOURING POWERFUL STATE OF ADMINISTRIVIA WHOSE LEADER, FIELDMARSHALL COLLEEN VIRGIN, IS BELIEVED TO FAVOUR COLLECTIVE SECURITY ARRANGEMENTS ESSENTIAL TO THEIR OWN CONTINUED WELL BEING. MESSAGE ENDS. MORE FOLLOWS.....

Probably, gentle reader, you expect that this column will tell you which wines are good and that you can then rush to your nearest wine-shop to purchase copious quantities of these which you will then drink with immense gusto and enjoyment.

Alas, not so. For one thing, there are not many really first-class New Zealand wines and the best wines are usually produced in extremely small quantities and are available at only a few outlets for a short period each year. Also, red table wines generally need further aging in the bottle before they mellow enough to be drunk with great pleasure. What I shall try to do is to talk about wines that I have tested, wines that have recently been released that I think worth trying and in general to subtly educate you to an appreciation of wine. I shall try to talk mainly of local wines although mention of imported wines will occasionally creep in and it is just possible that so may mention of (horrors) home-made wine.

You are all familiar with drinking wine. That's easy. But to learn about wine you need to taste it, preferably tasting several similar wines at once. In tasting you examine systematically the appearance, smell and taste of the wine. It is much easier if you have a suitable glass — a large, clear, stemmed, tulip-shaped glass being a good all-purpose wine glass. Large as you only half fill the glass, clear so you can see the wine, tulip-shaped so the bouquet is retained and stemmed so that your hands do not warm a white wine. Now fill your glass no more than half full and we are ready to begin tasting but first I can tell you briefly what a good wine is like — it should look good, smell good and taste good.



Look at the colour and condition of the wine. There should be no particles floating in it nor should it be turbid but a clear bright colour. The colour is best seen against a white background. The colour of a white wine will vary from very pale yellow or green through deeper shades of yellow to gold to amber and that of a red wine from purple to ruby-red to brick-red to amber: in

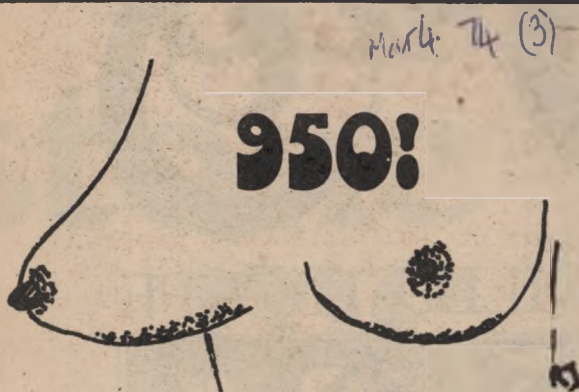
both cases as the wine ages it will tend towards an amber colour. Some indication of a red wine's age can be obtained by tilting the glass and observing the interface where the wine meets the glass against a white background — a brown colour here indicates age.

Next swirl your glass to release the bouquet of the wine and take a deep sniff of the bouquet. There should be no off smells such as

vinegar or sulphur dioxide which indicate bad wine-making practice. Try to identify the smell and relate it to something familiar, is it floral, herbal, etc. Each grape variety produces a wine with an individual aroma which you can, with practice, learn to recognise. In comparison with overseas wines you will find that most New Zealand wines are lacking in bouquet.

Finally, you now taste the wine. Take a fair sized mouthful and roll it around in your mouth. You can even make a squelching sound as you suck air through the wine to release the volatile flavour molecules. As well as considering the flavour of the wine note the presence or otherwise of sugar, acid and tannin. The rough harsh feeling in your mouth comes from the tannin and the sharp sour feeling is from the acid, both of which are essential for a well-balanced wine. Now, if you are strong-willed, spit the wine out, otherwise, swallow it and consider the finish of the wine — does it leave a lingering pleasant flavour.

Now at last, having discovered what the wine is like, you can drink it but at least take time now and then to savour the bouquet and to meditate on the flavour. A really good wine is one that you taste all through the bottle finding with each mouthful yet another facet of the wine. It may seem to you that wine tasting is hard work — it is, particularly trying to find words to describe your sensations or tasting a range of bad wines. Indeed, a wine which you enjoyed when you drank it may seem not very good when you taste it. However, tasting critically, comparing one wine with another and trying to relate the wine you are drinking to those you have previously drunk is the only way to learn about wine. — ROY SWENSON



For the Past two weeks Radio Bosom has been thrusting out to the ears of the Auckland public.

Apart from a few minor boos and the occasional breakdown Bosom has proved an unqualified success, especially in view of the small scale of the equipment and organisation involved.

Bosom is estimated to have reached some 10% of the listening audience, figures that compare extremely well with other commercial stations such as Hauraki and 12M who fluctuate around the 12% mark.

The low powered Bosom transmitter has effectively covered most of the city as far south as Otahuhu and Papatoetoe and North to Henderson. Reports of limited reception have come in from even as far as Wellington!

Minor difficulties over such matters as copyright were soon ironed out and Bosom flourished as Auckland's newest non-commercial radio station.

Programme material, initially in short supply, soon accumulated with the assistance of such record companies as Phonogram who air-freighted recordings direct to Auckland for Bosom's use.

The station plans to close down operations on Sunday March 17th, when its licence expires, then to prepare a written submission to the Minister of Broadcasting with the view of gaining a permanent warrant.

Prospects for a permanent broadcasting warrant are not good.

Bosom has begun broadcasting at a time when most commercial stations are preparing their balance sheets and assessing audience ratings, thus earning their displeasure. Also, Labour Party policy is opposed to further private stations. There is, however, the possibility of future limited warrants for such occasions as Orientation.

Bosom has proved an effective exercise in public relations. It has given the students Association a voice, in community affairs, even if only temporarily.

A lot of students have had their courses mucked up because of the restrictions placed by the exam timetable in the University Calendar, and also because the Calendar came out so late. If anyone, and there must be hundreds, has had to change their course plans over this, please give your name in at the Information booth in the Quad. Admin. vice-president Richard Rowe and archivist Sarah Lack are preparing a report on this for the university administration, but they will get nowhere unless they can prove that numerous students have had numerous hassles because of it.

One of the most powerful and moving short plays ever written will be performed at Auckland University this week.

Edward Albee's "The Zoo Storey" commences a three night run tomorrow night. The play will be performed on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week (6th to the 8th of March) at 8 p.m. in the Upper Lecture Theatre (behind the Old Arts Building). A donation of 50 cents is requested.

The play is considered by many to be Albee's best work, better even than his famous "Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?"

Set in New York's notorious Central Park, the action centres around the confrontation of a wealthy middle-class businessman, out for a quiet Sunday afternoon, by a schizoid malcontent from the East side. As the play progresses, the masks of civilised society are stripped away, and the terrifying truth of what is beneath them is revealed in the stunning violence of the climax.

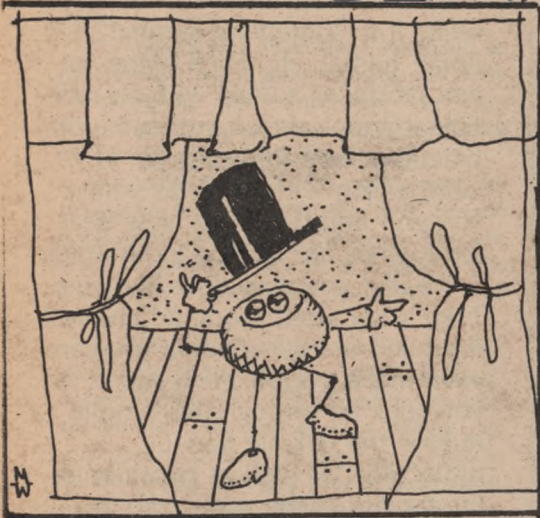


"Watch it."

Tits

BEANSCENE

your host, pete giffard



This week it's folk medicine time. The recipe is for Pete's Granny's Olde Herbal Baked Bean Cure. This is reputed to cure everything from cancer to commerce students, and from VD (ah ha! — I thought that would make you pay attention) to ingrown toenails. It makes good horse linament and also removes old paint. My Gran had the healthiest, paintfree horses in the district.

The recipe is that there is no recipe. Go the spice cupboard

and take a pinch of everything there. Throw in chopped orange and lemon peel, mint, parsely, icing sugar, cider vinegar, garlic crushed strawberries, marmalade, carbon tetrachloride, minties, salted peanuts, and a partridge in a pear tree. Take 8oz of the best baked beans, strain and pound to a fine even texture. Then add spices etc and blend everything together with honey and butter (NOT margarine, peasants; this cholesterol scare was engineered by a fink with shares in the company.)

You will have guessed that it's the baked beans that are the miracle ingredient - the rest is just window dressing. Baked

beans are nature's Wonder Food, after all. But the pear-tree does add a little something.

Taken as a medicine, the Cure is best mixed with bourbon, and plenty of ice to keep the partridge feathers crisp (and you thought I was kidding.) If you intend using it as a general tonic for Old Ladies of Either Sex, it would pay to dilute it a little. Otherwise the old dears tend to get so pepped up they run round in ever decreasing circles until they disappear up their own fundamental orifices in a puff of smoke. Not a pretty sight.

Happy creating! See you next week.

A trade union viewpoint..

On Campus there is little interest in Trade Unions and Trade Unionism. There are several reasons for this. One reason is the largely middle-class background of many students and the professional basis of many courses. Another is what students see as a type of conservatism, an unwillingness to go along with many of the "values" issues of the day. But, many people do not appreciate the role that Trade Unions have played in forming our largely egalitarian society. Trade Unions are vital in any socialist view of society.

Each week Craccum will be bringing you a column by a Trade Unionist. We will be covering all spheres of the Union movement, professionals, office-holders, and rank and file.

The first column is written by Fred Anderson, an organiser for the Engineers' Union. Aged 43, Fred has been an organiser for over eight years. Former District President of his union and a fitter by trade, Fred is a socialist, and proud of it.

Roger Debreceeny

As with most people who are not actually associated with the Trade Union movement, many of you no doubt subscribe to the generally accepted view that it is basically wrong for Trade Unions to escalate wages and conditions on behalf and with the consent of their members, by applying industrial pressure. However, I would like you to examine the situation in relation to our form of society. We call ourselves a free-enterprise society but let us examine how free, and for whom.

Manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers and many old professional people have formed themselves into Associations (Union) with the aim of protecting themselves or furthering their own interests. These associations recommend and indeed fix prices and fees for services. Now, if it is necessary for all these people to do this, why not the manual and white-collar worker?

If a manufacturer has a monopoly or because of merger or takeover he is able to corner the market. The manufacturer has something to sell whether it is goods or a service, although I find it difficult to accept that people who do not even handle goods get a percentage at different stages of its journey to the consumer.

Let us then examine the position of the Trade Union member: he is in the position of selling his labour and he wants to do so to the highest bidder, he finds however that Employers have formed their own unions which obviously do their best to look after their members interests.

If market conditions so dictate he is able to ask his own price for his labour, but he finds united employer and often legislative resistance to escalation.

He may then decide to take some form of action designed to force his employer into paying increased wages. Immediately we have an uproar that "they are holding the country to ransom", strangely, we don't hear this when prices are put up by every shopkeeper in a particular association. No do we often hear screams of anguish when dubious methods are used to force companies into mergers and takeovers.

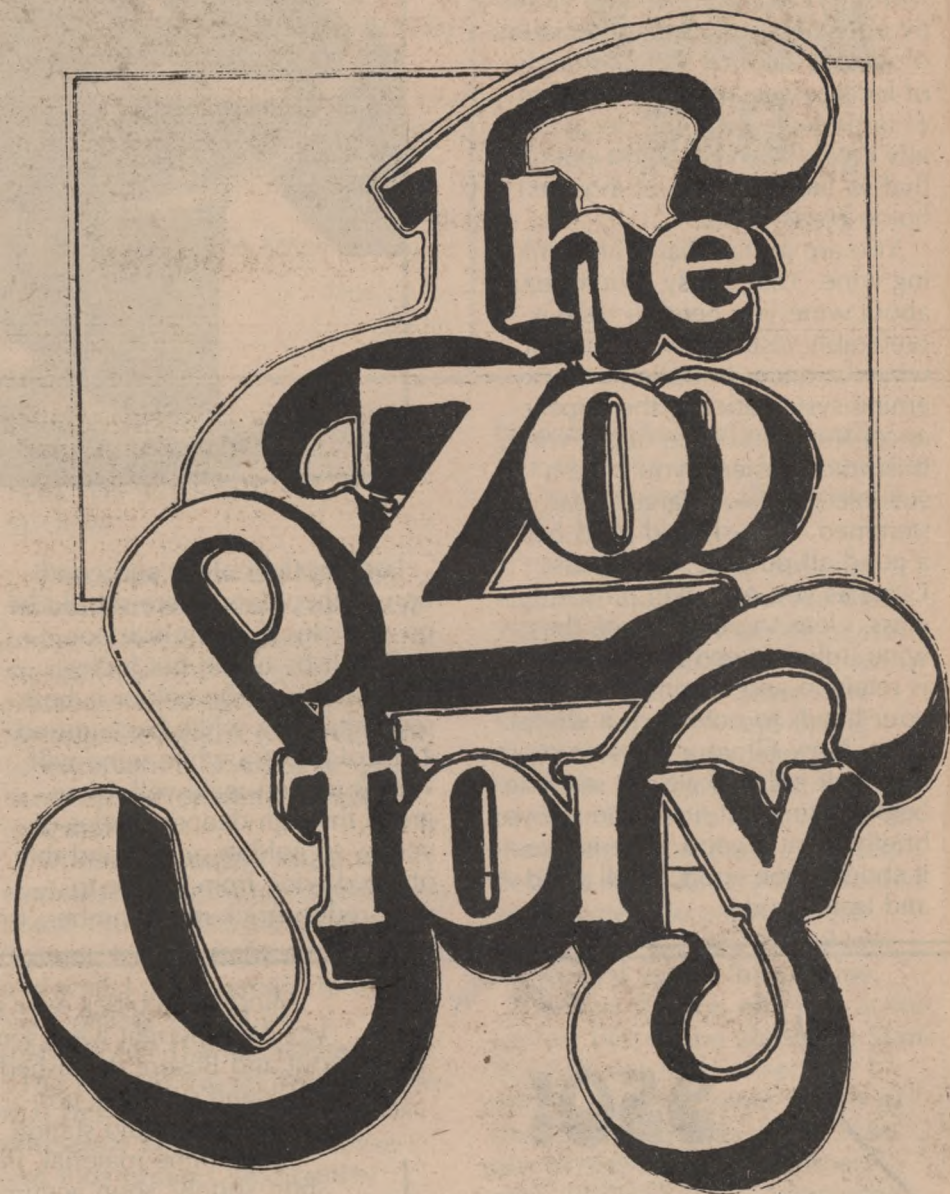
It would appear then that if we have a free enterprise society then it should be just as free for trade unionists as for anyone else.

Examine the statement made by the Honourable Warren Free in regard to the position of the oil companies selling elsewhere if they had to disclose their pricing. Isn't that holding the country to ransom?

Also examine what the farmers aid when the Government said it would introduce a levy system to keep down beef prices to the local consumer. The farmers then threatened to withhold stock. Is that not holding the country to ransom? Cases could be quoted ad nauseam but any intelligent analysis demonstrates the arguments validity.

I would like also at this point to examine the true picture about strikes in New Zealand. It is often said "the union have called a strike", however in New Zealand it would be most unlikely that this would happen. Firstly most unions have in their rules a rule calling for a secret ballot of the members concerned before any action takes place. It is a cat that what is generally recognised as the union: the officials — more often than not attempt to prevent rather than ferment stoppages of work. Not all strikes are caused by workers either, for many stoppages occur because of managements inadequate knowledge of industrial relations.

No doubt many of you having been following the debate in the news media in regard to the National Superannuation Scheme. As an active trade unionist I think a striking point in its favour must be its portability. At the moment under many of the private schemes in operation, the manual worker, who is generally a union member and also a part of the work force which tends to change jobs more often loses many benefits because of non-portability. But the management employee who often stays iwth particular companies for longer periods from monies left in the trust fund. The new scheme will eradicate this social INJUSTICE,



ARMADILLO TROUPE

50¢



UPPER LECTURE
THEATRE

MARCH 6, 7, 8.

8pm

a play by:

EDWARD
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As I Please....

PISS OFF POMS

I read a "Truth" the other week. One page was devoted to abusing whining Pommy athletes. Two pages were devoted to heaping obscenities on Pommy immigrants. The editorial was devoted to telling Big Norm that New Zealand doesn't need any more Pommy bastards. And the front page screamed that Pommy Queen was going to bring an earthquake.

Funny, I was reading through an old Maori paper dated 1842 the other day. Some native-born New Zealander was writing exactly the same things about Poms even then.

Even so, I'm beginning to get an inkling of how Polynesians, women, and gangs feel.

Ah well. Not to worry - as Cecil Rhodes said to Chinese Garden - Noblesse oblige - white man's burden and all that, what.

Back you colonial scum!

DAVID COLBOURN

THE U.B.S. SHIPPING NEWS

"FREMANTLE STAR" OUT OF LOS ANGELES CARRYING

"SOCIETY TODAY" TRIED OFFLOADING AT THREE AK.

THEN TRIED TAURANGA.

ONLY THREE CASES DELIVERED TO DATE.

"AUSTRAL ENVOY" OUT OF NEW YORK CARRYING "BAER:

CENTRAL CONCEPTS OF BIOLOGY" NO N.Z. BERTH

AVAILABLE IN FEBRUARY - GONE TO SYDNEY -

WILL TRY AK. ON RETURN VOYAGE.

"IBERIA" OUT OF SOUTHAMPTON.

CARRYING 2000 BAGS OF LATE NOVEMBER MAIL FOR N.Z.

- EXPECTED TO INCLUDE A.U. TEXTS.

IN PORT UNLOADING NOW.

U.B.S. STAFF ARE WORKING ROUND THE CLOCK TO LOCATE ALL MISSING TEXTS. MEANWHILE OUR SHIPPING SNOOPS, GIL HANLY AND CRAIG WALLACE HAVE CHECKED OUT THE AUCKLAND CARGO SHEETS BUT ARE FINDING NOTHING MORE THAN MILD CHAOS.

BUT REMEMBER MOST TEXTS ARE ON OUR SHELVES NOW

I visited the Tasmanian College of Advanced Education, Department of Environmental Design early in the year. Surrounded by the usual devastation that contractors leave after being let loose anywhere, the College offers an arty-crafty sophisticated image to the visitor, complete with a rope ceiling in the Students Association office. The E.D. school is located in two half-floors in one wing. The mood contrasts greatly with the sterility of the neighbouring Engineering School, presenting a vivid exploration of the air-conditioned areas.

One is unaware of the spaces reserved for staff only: the nominal head, Barry McNeil has a smaller sorkspace than most of the students, and a large clear plastic timetable sheet upon which staff and students plan the year's activities, emphasizes the participatory nature of decision-making at the College.

The immediate feeling is one of vitality. Even during the first few days of January, students were working on projects purely out of interest in the subjects rather than to get grades.

The Department carries on, always open, and the bureaucracy needed for it to function is minimal. The school is an experiment in co-operative living.

GURU

McNeil's authority is unquestioned. He occupies a guru-like position at E.D. and is widely respected amongst other architects as a teacher. It was McNeil who firstly conceived of such a school and who sold it to the authorities. He was lucky, as he was able to sell E.D. on the grounds of being innovative and having a high standard. Crucial to his argument was acceptance by the Registration Board of the Australian Commonwealth Architects, which

was achieved with the help of two impressively large documents outlining the aims of the E.D. compiled by McNeil and others.

McNeil maintained it was necessary to develop a comprehensive understanding of the environment. The department also aims at changing the traditional professional roles which have tended to emphasize solutions rather than methods of identifying problems. Flexibility is desirable and a problem solving attitude is necessary in the days of future shock.



Traditional educational procedures were unlikely to achieve the Department's educational goals, in creating a general appreciation of man and his environment. Thus the Department has organised on a basis which deals with whole and relationships to discover, apply and test the theories of subjects of study.

Students at E.D. are encouraged to initiate their own programmes. This encourages independence, flexibility, a willingness to make judgments. Students also take a major role in policy formulation in order to develop their decision making abilities.

The Department feels that a curriculum discourages the development of understanding the envi-

ronment. Going hand in hand with the group skills being taught and applied is an emphasis by the Department on group learning. Rather dependent in the first tier on interest during the second tier, defined in terms of the students chosen fields.

During the first tier course, work study is not prescribed, but during the second tier acceptable work study is expected to be related to the students chosen field. Work study is not confined to Hobart or even Tasmania. Experience in the mainland states or even overseas may be more appropriate for certain aims providing that acceptable monitoring procedures can be devised.

Vividly illustrating the revolutionary nature of the institute is the way staff-student relations are conducted. In contrast to Auckland University, the E.D. Department defines the relationship between staff and students to be "informal and close". So that every student has regular access to staff advice, students nominate one staff member as their advisor with whom they can evaluate programmes, discuss progress and assess learning. It is recommended that "all staff are available to all students depending on work load", and "In order to further enhance the development of independence, no attendances are compulsory, with the exception of the agreed regular programme of student/advisor consultation".

The Tasmanian College exists as an exciting adventure in the stodgy field of formal education. I felt exhilarated by my encounter with it and my hope is that this university will be attracted by the concept.

Above all what I liked about it was that it encouraged total participation from the student without the formalized rituals which destroy a student's enthusiasm and reduce his capacity to work.

cor stone me pink curl

What is a free university really like? I mean, one where people feel that they have a role to play rather than being irrelevant to what's happening. Ed Haysom, the Association President, over Christmas visited an Australian Institute where amazingly people matter more than the bureaucracy - and here's his report...



NEW ZEALAND AND THE SEARCH FOR PEACE

the original joan baez

After the exhilarating but exhausting concert with Rod Stewart the day before, the crowd at Joan Baez' concert were only too happy for the opportunity to sit back and relax to what turned out to be a most remarkable solo performance. The crowd was about 4,000 strong, considerably less than the Faces' 15,000 but nevertheless a good turn-out on account of the fact that it was a long weekend, and that most people had spent their cash on the previous day.

An aspiring Bob Dylan walked out in front of the audience, complete with harmonica and nasal twang. He stumbled against an old blue bicycle which was leaning against the front of the stage, made some pseudo-philosophical statement about the bicycle having a chain — like a comic Dylan aside in a talking blues (except this was serious) and passed on.

At four o'clock, without any introduction, Joan Baez walked onto the stage carrying her only prop: her beat-up steel string guitar. She seemed diminutive beside the immensity of the empty stage, which the day before had been a buffer to thousands of screaming Stewart fans: the crowd cheered and clapped with the instant recognition of a familiar face, which had graced the covers of album collections for the past twelve-odd years, and which had changed remarkably little in that time.

There is always a kind of a thrill to an audience at seeing the actual physical realisation of a person who had been known to them only in glossy two dimensional black and white. Invariably, the person is slightly taller, slightly smaller, or fairer, or darker than imagined. In



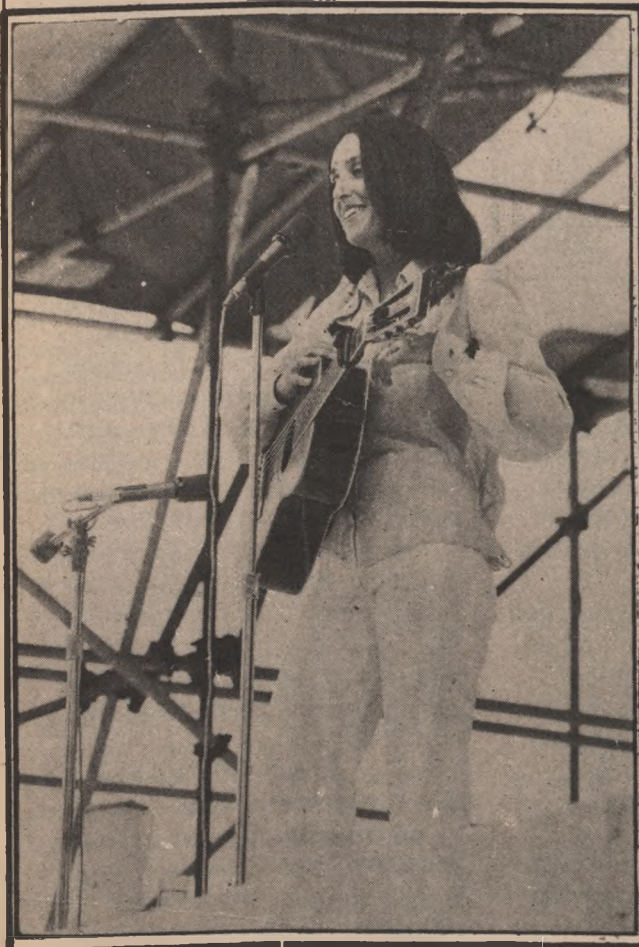
Joan Baez' case, her colouring adds to her beauty.

Appropriately she launched straight into a Dylan song: "Blowin' In The Wind" — possibly a concession to nostalgia. Suddenly she heard the other Dylan rendition from the harmonica and guitar below the stage. In a flash her voice dropped a whole octave: "Hey buddy, I've got the mike, OK?" and she continued on, unruffled, while "Buddy" was led away protesting, by a policeman.

"I was told not to go to Australia because Australians were vulgar," she quipped, and then added demurely, "and I liked it!" The Kiwi national pride, which is ever ready to manifest itself at the Aussie's expense, was cunningly inflated and deflated in turn at the two-sided remark.

Most striking about Joan Baez, apart from her stunning beauty, is her ability to orchestrate her guitar and voice instinctively so as to produce a rich full sound.

For all its beat up appearance, she extracted some beautiful tones from her guitar, preferring a simple direct technique, free of embellishment and effortless, proving that there is an art in itself to this uncluttered style. And her voice was something else. I have heard stories of how Robert Plant's voice was still audible when his P.A. broke down in Switzerland. So strong, natural, and crystal clear is Joan's voice, that when her P.A. broke down at Western Springs, you scarcely noticed the difference from the front, and I am told that she could be heard even at the back of the Stadium! The strength of her voice, is a surprising contrast to her slight figure.



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Joan Bae break dow ing to over audience. verbal repa very well, revealing t exterior lie reiterated r before: tha two sides e passive res Secondly, i nationalism oneness.

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On the v Mr Phil W. lower price

She sang a couple of comical songs, mostly so that she could satiate the appetite of the photographers as quickly as possible, so as to get the distraction out of the way. Her camera-shyness seems to be quite genuine, as I noticed an initial uneasiness in her manner the night before, in front of the Press cameras at the reception. She dealt with deliberately provocative photographers later either by grimacing at them, or trying to avoid being aware of them. Why people should want to provoke a person they pay to see, I don't know, maybe it was the low ticket price.

Largely she stayed away from the old traditional numbers, preferring the songs with a greater modern political relevance. Most of the songs were instantly recognized, such as "Joe Hill", a beautiful slow melody, sung in Spanish. However because she considers herself first and foremost as an activist her songs were largely intended as a vehicle for other thoughts — "Amanda Manuel" written by some Latin American revolutionary who had died for a cause.

Joan Baez concentrated largely on trying to break down her image as an entertainer by striving to overcome the barrier between stage and audience. This was her reason for a continual verbal repartee with them, which she handled very well, always getting in the last word, and revealing that beneath that aesthetic feminine exterior lies an extraordinary resilience. She reiterated much of what she had said the night before: that Ghandi believed that within people two sides exist: a good and a bad — and that passive resistance played on the former. Secondly, people should strive to demolish petty nationalism and try to achieve a feeling of oneness.

In the 1960's she was rejected for her pacifism, as being too radical. Now the same people who did so are faced with exasperated militants.

For Joan Baez the problems today are based on human attitudes, but the problem nor the solution is simple. She does not subscribe to the belief that men are innately bad, or that 'everything is just beautiful', on the grounds that both breed complacency: "Somewhere in the middle lies work."

Joan Baez is a fascinating person, and her significance lies not only in her success musically, but also historically. The thoughts and actions of herself, and her immediate colleagues had a subtle but profound effect on much of our thinking today, and judging by the out-of-hand rejection of her politics by the Auckland press, it would seem that she's still got a long way to go.

Any girl with a guitar and a voice can get up and sing, but none can do it so effortlessly and naturally as the original Joan Baez. She defies imitation.

On the whole a well-run show. Our hats off to Mr Phil Warren, who apparently charged a much lower price than Joan Baez expected.

ian sinclair



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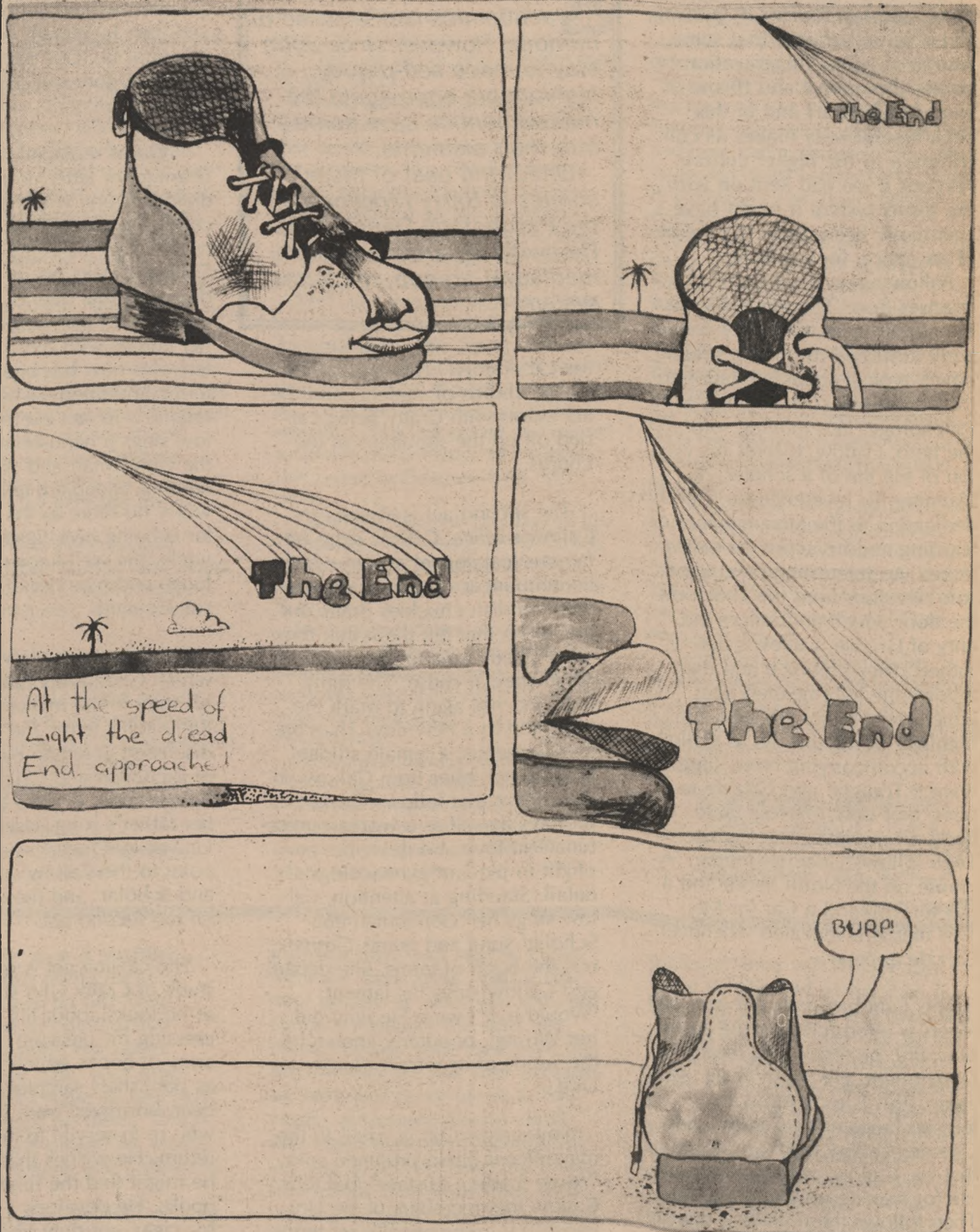
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LINDA LOVELACE TO VISIT AUCKLAND CAMPUS

Ms Linda Lovelace, up and coming starlet of the pornographic movie business, is to visit the Auckland University at 8 p.m. on Saturday the 9th of March.

She is to attend the "Mediaeval Beggars' Banquet" in the Rugby Shed (16 Wynyard Street) at this time. Tickets are available for this function at the Studass Office for \$3.00, food and wine inclusive.

Fears were expressed earlier this month that Ms Lovelace would not be able to attend owing to a throat infection.

PRESIDENT NIXON CONFESSES ALL

In a shock disclosure yesterday in the Senate Watergate investigations, President Richard Nixon confessed to full complicity in the Watergate Scandal.

He also said that he would give

full details of his complicity at a press conference to be held at the Auckland University Students' Association "Mediaeval Beggars' Banquet" in the Rugby Shed (16 Wynyard Street), at 8.00 p.m. on Saturday the 9th of March. Tickets are available for this function at the Students Office, at only \$3.00 a head, food and wine inclusive.

GOLDA MEIR TO WED SADAT

Shock settlement to Middle East stalemate:

In a special announcement from Geneva this morning, Golda Meir and President Sadat agreed to halt all hostilities until after their wedding.

The happily engaged couple are to hold their reception at the "Mediaeval Beggars' Banquet", in the Rugby Shed (16 Wynyard Street), at 8 p.m. on Saturday the 9th of March. Tickets are available at the Studass Office, only \$3.00 per head, food and wine inclusive.

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COMING TO TERMS

The terms system is almost dead, and few lament its passing. But it often happens that some source of general aggravation becomes the motive and theme of some work of art and in this back-handed way makes its contribution to the higher culture. Perhaps if we had kept on with the terms system it might have eventually been made the theme of an opera, for example:

Following an overture of themselves from 'The Student Prince' the curtain rises to display a meagerly furnished room in a squalid hovel, typical accommodation for those teaching such subjects as Psychology. In a moving solo aria the hero, Callow, evokes his vision of the life of a scholar, declaiming his reverence for truth his dedication to the advancement of learning and his scorn for earthy riches. An interesting percussion solo develops from the knock on the door which announces the entry of Grizzle, Callow's betrothed. They embrace and then follows the light-hearted duet which most critics consider the highlight of the first act as Callow, with accompanying horn, sings 'I want it Tonight' and Grizzle replies 'Not until I have a Gold Band on my little finger-winger'. Then follows Grizzle's theme, 'A House on the North Shore and a Car for You and a Car for Me.' This theme is repeated whenever Grizzle appears.

This light badinage between the lovers is interrupted by the entry of Crafty, professor and Head of Department. His merry song 'At it again, eh?' is received with feigned laughter by Callow and Grizzle. Callow is told by Crafty that he, Callow, is to be responsible for making up the terms lists. Then follows the rollicking duet in which Crafty sings 'I delegate Authority' and Callow, drunk with

There's an old cliché that academics lack a sense of humour. However since John Wayne made self-parody fashionable once again the natural comics have come into their elements.

One of the best of these comics is Barry Kirkwood of the Psychology Department. Herewith his article on that mediaeval dragon, the terms system:

his new pwer, sings 'I'm King of the Laboratory.' They are joined by the chorus of students and the act closes with Crafty being carried off on the shoulders of the chorus.

The second act is also set in Callow's office. Callow sings his famous 'catalogue' aria in which he denounces certain students and with fiendish chuckles drafts out the letters that tell them that they have failed terms unless they can plead special cause. The lights fade and rise again to mark the transition to a new day. Then enters Gorgeous, a female student, bearing her letter from Callow. In the lament that follows Gorgeous portrays herself as a woman unfortunate in love and describes her plight in piquant gyneacological detail. Standing at attention, Callow sings his 'Gentleman and Scholar' song and grants Gorgeous the boon of terms. She departs and Callow sings his lament: 'Would that I were He who did her Wrong', popularly known by the words of its refrain: 'Lucky Dog.'

Now enters Oaf, a gaint. In the magnificent basso profundo solo 'Youse made a Mistake' Oaf tells Callow that members of the University XV automatically get terms by express order of the Vice

Chancellor. Callow again sings his 'Gentleman and Scholar' theme and then laughingly tells Oaf that it cannot be. Oaf departs, slamming the door which distintegrates.

Oaf is replaced by Richbitch bearing her letter. In the curious dialect of one who has been elocuted she politely asks Callow if he is out of his grotty little mind. Callow checks his roll book and discovers that due to a clerical error on his part he has transposed her entries with those of one Rotten who now has been granted terms improperly. Miss Ritcbitch's record is in fact exemplary. Callow sings a handsome apology to the Gentleman and Scholar theme. Smiling, Richbitch tells Callow to worry no more as the whole matter is being investigated by her uncle, the well-known fascist Judge and member of the University Council.

The act closes with a scene in which Grizzle upbraids Callow for his folly in the matter of Richbitch's terms the affair being discussed at length by the mothers of Richbitch and Grizzle over the Bridge table. Grizzle then sings her father's song 'Useless Commie University Queer' as a counterpoint to the Callow's 'Gentleman and Scholar' and the curtain falls on the second act.

The closing act is set in the study of Crafty who sings a ballad as he looks about his room expressing his pleasure at the vast array of books which have arrived as publishers samples or have been borrowed from junior staff who re to servile to demand their return. He wishes that some day he might find the time to read the books. He develops a sililoquy on his cigar, got duty free on his way back from a conference in Hawaii

Mr. Barry Kirkwood

where he gave a paper plagiarised from the work of the unwitting Callow who also filled the Professor's teaching duties while the master way away.

Callow enters and sings a counter-tenor variation of Oaf's song entitled 'There must be some mistake' in which he reveals that the terms liste officially posted differs from that which he had sent to the secretary. In particular Oaf has been granted terms while the poverty stricken student Red has not, although Red has just managed to meet the course requirements.

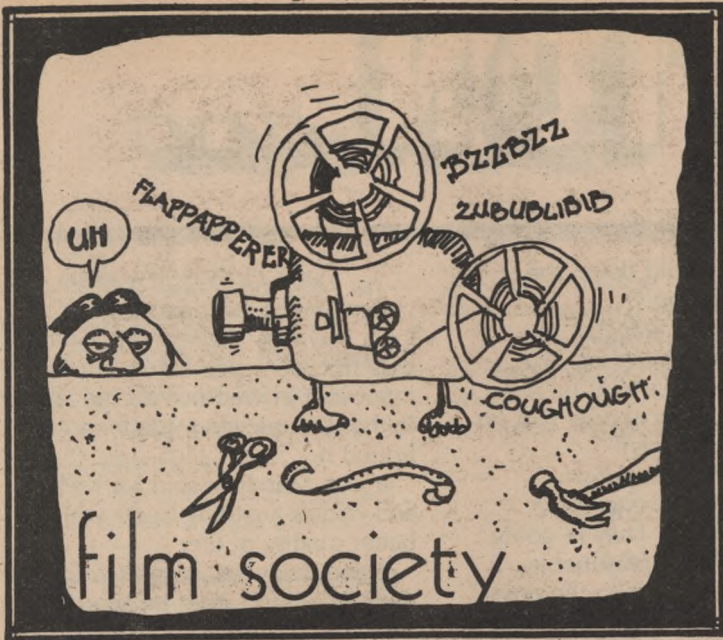
Rising, Crafty places his arm about Callow's shoulders and sings his song which is a variation on Grizzle's theme, 'A house on the North Shore, a house at the Beach and a car or two'. Callow then sings the famous 'This then could be Mine' and there follows an amazing transformation scene in which Callow comes to resemble Crafty. The new Callow is seen in Crafty's Chair while a portrait of the old Crafty dressed in full academic dress looks down from the wall above the desk. A young man enters and Callow explains that ever since the days of the revered Professor Crafty it has been the custom to give the younger staff members administrative experience by handling such responsibilities as the preparation of terms lists over to them. The duet 'Delegate responsibility, King of the laboratory' commences as a rousing finale in which the principals are joined by the full chorus including Grizzle, middle aged, overdressed and overweight, together with Oaf arrayed as a medical Practitioner.

Come to think of it, maybe it is just as well that the New Zealand Opera Company folded.

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If ever Hire Pool were to get a request for a politician with a ready platitude, doubtless they would refer it to Alan Highet. You know him, he's the chap who said at the Film Society Conference held in Auckland recently that, "we look on film societies as the permissives rather than the wowsers."

Great chunks of chutney, you may think, well, at least the old chap's come up with something original but then he went back to the "Alice In Wonderland" statement about how the National Party didn't believe in restrictions on the individual . . . blah . . . blah . . .

Anyway, I don't really want to bore you with Mr Highet's trite meanderings but rather tell you about the conference itself.

Actually, the business part of the conference was about as exciting as the "Agony and the Ecstasy", which you may recall was stated by "Life" as having too much of the Agony and not enough of the Ecstasy.

For a start, it was inaudible. Now I must admit that my hearing is not all that fantastic, but for a moment I thought I was in Whispering Glades.

Anyway, I did gauge an occasional intelligible comment out of the various 'matter mutters', which rather pleased me, and I'm bound to say that although I did detect an occasional rampant snore, for the most part the delegates were in some way aware of what was happening around them.

I wouldn't mind telling you for a moment about the fantastic meal and wine of the Hungry Horse, but I'm sure you'd think I was irrelevant so I'll forget that.

MUGGERIDGE NOT THERE.

The interesting thing that happened at the conference was the debate on censorship. As Bertrand Russell was deceased and Muggeridge was unable to attend the panel was eventually expanded to four.

MAY DAY

It is generally felt that despite Martyn Findlay's liberalism, censorship is more rigorous than under the Tories.

WHAT IS A FILM SOCIETY?

'It is well to remember the basic difference between a commercial cinema and a film society. The commercial cinema exists solely to entertain. It steers clear of controversy — whereas film societies should welcome debate and discussion on their films. We hope that our films will prove entertaining — but this cannot be the sole criterion for our programming. Our films are chosen to demonstrate the possibilities and achievements of the cinema in all its aspects — social, cultural and educational. All our films are chosen on the basis of acclaim by recognised international film critics, and on the basis that without the film society movement few, if any, of them would ever have been in New Zealand at all.



It's astonishing to learn for example, that Henry May, our erst-while Minister of Internal Affairs, won't even deign to meet film societies on the question of such maladroitness intransigence it is fair to say that he has effectively polarized himself from the whole gamut of people interested in film.

This highlighted the need to develop a coherent policy if the film societies were to act as an effective pressure group upon government. Of course, they had the Labour party, rank and file to back them with the quite unprecedented move by last year's Labour Party Conference in demanding the abolition of all forms of censorship.

That then was the backdrop to the debate.

The four speakers were Pat Booth, Assistant Editor of the Auckland Star, and self-proclaimed folk-hero; Alan (I'm just here in case of two years time) Highet; a lawyer named Casey (Jones?); and Michael Moodabee Jnr, Director of Amalgamated Theatres, and the only member of the panel who really knew his subject.

Pat Booth pondered as to why any film that goes to the Appeal Board immediately attains an immense social significance.

What was claimed as art was often only thinly disguised pornography. (In Florida, Booth said he saw the biggest marquee he ever saw and it said "Deep Throat in Linda Lovelace". The queues were lining up. It was obvious what the exhibitor saw in that.

Exhibitors were commercially attuned and often worried more about the success of their product rather than any harmfulness it may cause.

AIKIDO

The new aikido movies emphasized this, he said.

Commercially successful and excessively violent, they were encouraging a new generation of street fighters into exotic forms of martial arts.

On such things, said Mr Booth, I take a stand.

Here is a moment . . .

Moodabee: "Surely, Pat, these Kung Fu films are naive?"

Booth: "That's right, but they're influencing naive people. It seems to me that there's a syndrome. First, Easy Rider, then Rock Festivals . . . We've got a pretty violent community. I don't think we should lower our guard just for this."

Moodabee: "I just feel its a mountain out of a molehill."

Booth: "It wouldn't be the first time."

Mr Casey was concerned with the personal imperative or so he said. So was Mae West.

Rabelais, he said, was not placed on the banned list because of his earthly thoughts but rather because of his opinions of some of his critics.

Society drew its lines in different eras on different criteria. Today they were being drawn on sexual censorship because of flux of a different sort.

SCARY TALES

Having made that point, Mr Casey seemed to think it was fair enough that he reflect the current phobia citing aphorisms like "the bad money will always drive the good money out" to depict a society at the barricades, besieged by nefarious Alister Crowley's all planning a plunge into hell.

Well, one thing about Alan Highet was that at least he didn't project Armageddon.

He started off rather well by saying that no politician should ever set himself up as a cultural commissar. He seemed to like that phrase and paused to admire the brilliance of his invention before hurtling on to his next point.

Generally, however, because of his immediate predecessor in the debate, he managed to sound remarkably liberal — perhaps he'd been working at it.

Michael Moodabee repeated the claim that censorship had tightened up due to pressure groups. Generally, he maintained, that censorship gradings were equitable.

PRURIENCE

From the audience, John Westbrook, who reviews films for "Thursday" magazine, caused some consternation by insisting on an answer to his question ("What's wrong with prurience!")

This scandalized some, and amusingly no-one was able to answer. Admittedly Casey had a bash saying that he felt "censorship must be here to preserve marriage and the institutions of society".

Gradually, the debate drifted into the question — "does media affect people or not?"

One member of the audience said that whereas people used to go to the movies 20 or 30 times a year years ago, now they only went four or five times. How could draconian censorship then be justified for such a marginal influence?

SIAMESE TWINS

Another question sounded like it was from the I Ching: "If censorship is the Siamese twin of pornography," said the questioner, "how can censorship exist without pornography?"

Generally, the feeling was that censorship itself was an unnecessary restriction on mature adults and that it had lamentably increased since the ascension of the Labour Government in contrast to what has happened in Australia.

It is a strange reversal — once New Zealand was regarded as a type of Pacific Sweden by Australians, who flooded here to see Ulysses in segregated audiences.

Now, a trip to Australia for New Zealanders often includes savouring the delights of "Last Tango," "Fritz the Cat", or any of the other exotic fruits banned by the local Apple and Pear Board representative Douglas McIntosh.

The liberalism of Gough Whitlam and Senator Murphy stands as an indictment — certain New Zealand cabinet ministers who too readily bent before the parochial insularity of the Society for the Protection of Community Standards.

Censorship thus becomes the touchstone in our search for freedom. In a society where values are in flux the imposition of arbitrary and archaic standards is an impediment to real growth.

END

Brent Lewis

ACHTUNG!

Dear reader, in recent years there have been mumblings from many places of impending doom in the cafe. These are becoming louder as the budget is so overstretched. One ingenious way of helping was thought up some years ago and been consistently thought up since without much being done. There are and were several staff employed to clear up cups, saucers, plates etc.

Wouldn't it be nice if students could take their own crockery and cutlery back ho ho! Then perhaps the staff could spend their time cleaning the tables after you, your cats, your dogs, and your babies have all had their nappies changed on them. This is what those staff should be doing, after all, not wiping our collective arses.

This idea was even tried on one occasion but no-one took any notice, so the staff stopped clean-

ing your mess and started cleaning your asses again. Call it student apathy or what you will, but the fact remains: the staff are human beings with their own dignity — they are not your servants to fetch and carry for you. You nearly all assume liberal views and claim a socialist standpoint, yet you expect to continue living like feudal lords with their serfs waiting on them. Well tough luck, the Revolution comes. As from now, you will all take back your

plates or they will simply stay there till the end of the day. If, after the first week you have not caught on, then they will be left out overnight until there are no more clean ones. Then in order to get your meal or cup of tea, you will have to go and get a plate or wait for it to get washed and then get your meal or cup of tea. This is not my idle dream. . . it is a reality. . . it has been passed by the Exec. and it will be implemented forthwith.

A QUESTION ...

The Values Party has not yet jettisoned bromide for economic analysis.

Therein lies the crunch point where I as an active member of the Labour Party state my difference with them.

They are still pilgrims in search of a miraculous surrogate to all society's ills; still unashamedly idealistic but hopelessly naive.

Only one of their remits at their Auckland Conference concerned economic policy shows just how much they are still existing in a mythical fairyland where man's good nature will solve all his problems.

Yes, the Woodstock generation went to Titirangi, found Values and lived happily ever after.

Like many others of my generation, the Vietnam war acted as a personal catalyst. It enabled me to realise how insufferably arrogant and vicious the capitalist society was.

That, and a quest to understand myself I suppose became touchstones in my striving for maturity.

The Values Party is concerned with the latter than the former. Its nostrums, its formulas for free society are in essence aimed at solving the existential crisis of the individual rather than the economic burdens that beset him.

Like Buckminster Fuller, Values Party is against politics because politics divides. Unlike Fuller, apart from their laudable, but still rather saccharine sentiments, they have not the imagination to justify such a stance.

Their method, I feel is doomed to oblivion. People in New Zealand are conditioned to a two-party system. To articulate ideals and expect to have them realised politically requires acceptance of this fact. However, it seemed to me at the conference that the delegates saw themselves as a pressure group articulating ideals that the present government for fear of being too much advanced in public opinion, were afraid to advocate.

If that's the case then Values does have some value. That then as a preamble to a report on the conference itself:

There were 60 people present at the Values Party Conference on Sunday the 24th of February. To negate accusations that it was a middle-class melange it was held in the heart of Freemans Bay at Napier Street School. Looking at the audience, however, it seemed as though this was going to be just a cursory encounter with harsh reality.

They are the uncommitted who have found a cause, the disenchanted middle-class who have found a political wonderland. Their psyches may have been affronted by crass harshness of contemporary society, but affluence cushioned them from any true understanding of what was meant.

Their ideas tend towards the Utopian but their Utopia is rather reminiscent of "Lost Horizon". For instance, I asked Reg Clough what he thought of compulsory unionism.

His answer was "I don't think you should think in terms of conventional unionism just as we don't think in terms of conventional politics".

Over lunch-time I had a fascinating conversation with Reg and another Values Party member, John Barcham.

It emphasised the differences between various members of the party.

Barcham maintained for example, that the Values Party was composed of green Tories.

Clough, however, disagreed. "I think essentially we are more radical than the Labour Party".

"I think you have a tendency," I said to Reg, "to encourage fanatics who believe in ZPG as if they were lecturers from the Third Reich."

"Yes," he said, "we do get our fanatics, but so does every party."

The speakers during the debate on the party's 18 remits tended to validate, in part, my statement.

There were several remits on immigration, urging a stricter inflow.

This was in contrast to the Values election manifesto, which stated that "the Values Party would maintain the present level of immigration into New Zealand, though some reduction may be necessary in the future in view of the Party's economic and population policies".

The future had arrived. The young Remuera socialite who presented the remit, rationalised it by referring to the party's ZPG policy.

TOUGHER STAND

We're already past the three million mark. We cannot welcome these problems into New Zealand. We've got to take a tougher stand." So spoke Miss Pamela Woodward.

One speaker strenuously opposed the remit. "I think this is an extension of a racist-type policy. If we've got our values right then we'll have to be against it".

It seems that Values didn't have its Values right: the remit was passed overwhelmingly.

Another remit suggested that the number of immigrants not exceed the number of emigrants.

There was a rather novel argument presented in favour of this remit. A speaker suggested that newspapers had brain-washed people into accepting an increasing population so they could benefit from increased circulation.

Then came an embarrassing piece of bad rhetoric.

"The Values Party is meant to be for young people" the middle-aged man commenced. "No", murmured the delegates. "Well, if you are for the young you must realise young

people are being sold down the drain by immigration."

The next speaker was just as strident; "I object to the fact that conditions have been built up over the generations. Why should that be given up to immigrants?"

And yet another Powellism, "They're going to have to solve their problems there. They're going to have to develop a reasonable attitude. They're getting to the position where they're thinking of exporting their excesses again."

One delegate suggested that it should read "especially women". The mover objected. "I'm sure it does take away something — I'm not quite sure what".

Next someone suggested that it should read "those especially women". This too was deemed unsatisfactory.

"Those with children" was the next suggestion, and finally a Solomon emerged with the magic words "those caring for children".

So much for the fanatics. The funniest remit was one which seemed quite straight forward, that the conference ask "That Government incentives be made to encourage workers and employers to relax their rigid working hours system so that those caring for children can be employed with out discrimination and unnecessary disruption of the family."

Economics has never been the Values strong point. One delegate, recognizing this asked that the remits concerning economic policy be advanced. The Chairman said that was difficult as there was only one remit and that hadn't been tabled as it was late.

The remit turned out to advocate land nationalisation, should that be found to be desirable to realise Values' ideals, if they came to office.

Someone suggested that this was inappropriate until the Party had formulated an agriculture policy. It was then decided that the Party should have an agriculture policy. Which in some strange way gets us back to the argument.

The remit read: "that the agriculture policy (when formed) give priority to a policy of land nationalisation."

"What purpose was the land to be nationalised for?" asked one incredulous delegate.

"We may be accused of dis-inheriting people who support us," said one delegate.

There was one strong advocate of the policy who said, "if the land belongs to the people then it includes all the land — there shouldn't be any discrimination. "This should be one of Values' top priorities."

THE COCA COLA MAN

Bert Keiller, who works for Coca Cola and was Values party candidate for Eden, said he wasn't too interested in who owned the land. Rather the question was who controlled it.

It was Marxism, said Mr Keiller and hadn't anything to do with the better quality of life.

Some delegates suggested that the remit shouldn't even be brought forward, "I I wouldn't like the Values Party as I know it," said one, "to even consider it."

Another maintained "if this party's going to introduce this so early in its life then it's going to jeopardise its future."

Another had a wider vision. "All the Values Party stands for is heading for confrontation with the social structure in New Zealand — what the trouble in New Zealand is about is private individuals being able to do what they want to without reference to public good."

A certain Mr Ray Baxnell, whose name should be remembered, became rather paranoid at one point. "This is an internal matter. It cannot be allowed to spread beyond this to the news media."

"Is there anyone from the Press present?" asked the Chairman.

"Now we can discuss suppression of the Press, can't we", I said. Laughter dissolved the objection.

The motion was finally put and carried 26 to 23.

To its credit, Values in even suggesting land nationalisation, at this meeting is far more radical than the Labour Party, who abandoned that plank at about the same time as it stopped singing "The Red Flag".

An adequate standard of English for immigrants was called for in one remit.

This again proved a confrontation between Middle-class liberalism and overt racism.

ONLY THE BEST, FOLKS.

"We in New Zealand want only the best", declared one.

The conference supported attempts by the Northern Drivers' Union to check oil accounts, and also called for the establishment of an Institute of Peace.

And that really sums up the Values Party. An occasional dalliance with reality but mostly the fuzzy generality of hope deferred.

Values seems to see itself as analogous to the Liberal Party in Britain. It hopes to capture a mood of disenchantment into positive support for the Party.

Unless, however, it can learn to deal with fundamentals rather than dreams of innocence regained then I am afraid it will be still forever "Pilgrims Progress".

Brent Lewis

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Western Highlands District,
New Guinea.

Age 19, occupation; Assistant Manager.
Prefer female penfriend.

Ed Richardson
215 South Spruce Street,
Traverse City, Michigan 49684,
U.S.A.

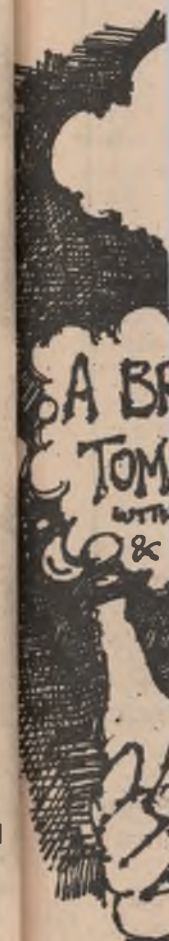
25 years old and describes himself as a typical American. Single with varied interests
"constant fascination for all people"

GREAT TRAIN ROBBER ESCAPES

Great Train Robber Ronald Biggs, in an exclusive interview with "Craccum" told how he escaped from Argentina so that he could attend the "Mediaeval Beggars' Banquet".

I have been introduced to the Party. I only have a chance to introduce to the last

We seem to be in a mood that is quickly as it am concerned wrong. I believe has a base well rooted and in the tradition and that the humanism.



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... OF VALUES

I have been asked to give an introduction to the Values Party. I only wish we had a chance to give an introduction to the Values Party prior to the last elections.

We seem to represent more a passing mood that is likely to fade away as quickly as it came — but as far as I am concerned this could not be more wrong. I believe that the Values Party has a base which is more firmly rooted and long-standing than any of the traditional political ideologies, and that the base is the philosophy of humanism.

group riding some kind of ecological or environmental hobbyhorse.

So rather than give you a long and almost certainly boring exposition of detailed policies, I'd like to try to define the Values Party in the large,

at a set of principles almost indistinguishable from the basic tenets of a philosophy which has been in existence for centuries.

To give you an idea of what I mean I'll try to list the ideals which I see as the base of the Values Party and I make no apologies for this list being subjective.

Firstly we believe in, as an ideal, the right of every human being to the opportunity and even encouragement necessary for his or her complete fulfilment as an individual both spiritually and materially — subject only to that same right in every other human being.

Secondly a belief in the ability and desire of human beings to achieve this ideal, a belief that it is possible and a commitment to its achievement.

Thirdly a rejection of fatalism, pessimism and defeatism, a faith in the power of reason, a profound respect for nature but at the same time a belief in the ability of man to shape his own destiny.

Fourthly a view of mankind as a unity, a whole undivided by national, racial, religious or class boundaries and of every person as having responsibility for the rights and needs of every other person, a society where concern for the person is paramount, which stresses a sense of community.

I think you'll agree that this philosophy is much broader than any of the traditional political ideologies. It is all-embracing and it is permanent — the message of humanism hasn't changed in centuries. Unlike capitalism or socialism or other politicalisms it wasn't dreamed up to meet a particular temporal state of affairs, and so it doesn't date — it will be relevant as long as there are people — at the least as an ideal against which the state of society at any time can be held up and judged. As far as I know, the Values Party is unique in history in being the first political party ever to adopt this philosophy completely, honestly, without adulteration. The concrete political platform of the Values Party is as far as I am concerned nothing more than applied humanism.

However, with a philosophy such as I have described you may be wondering whether politics is an appropriate medium for what we have to say. Surely, you might say, these values are a way of life — they can't be created by Government edict — only by example, education and enlightenment generally.

Not quite. We are in politics firstly because we believe that the system under which we are living suppresses anything like the sort of climate in which these values can reassert themselves, and secondly for the very pragmatic reason that the system must be very substantially changed just to ensure our very survival, and the existing political parties are doing nothing about it.

They are incapable of tackling enormous problems staring us right in the face because their ideologies just don't provide any answers for them. And no wonder, because these ideologies were developed for other times and other circumstances. They provide answers to the problems of thirty or forty years ago — they don't even see the problems of today. They are suffering from "future shock". Their ideologies (basically economic as they are) have become irrelevant

and as a result politics has become nothing more than a desperate struggle for power at any cost. Instead of ideals and principles, the hallmarks of politics are now opportunism, cunning and expediency.

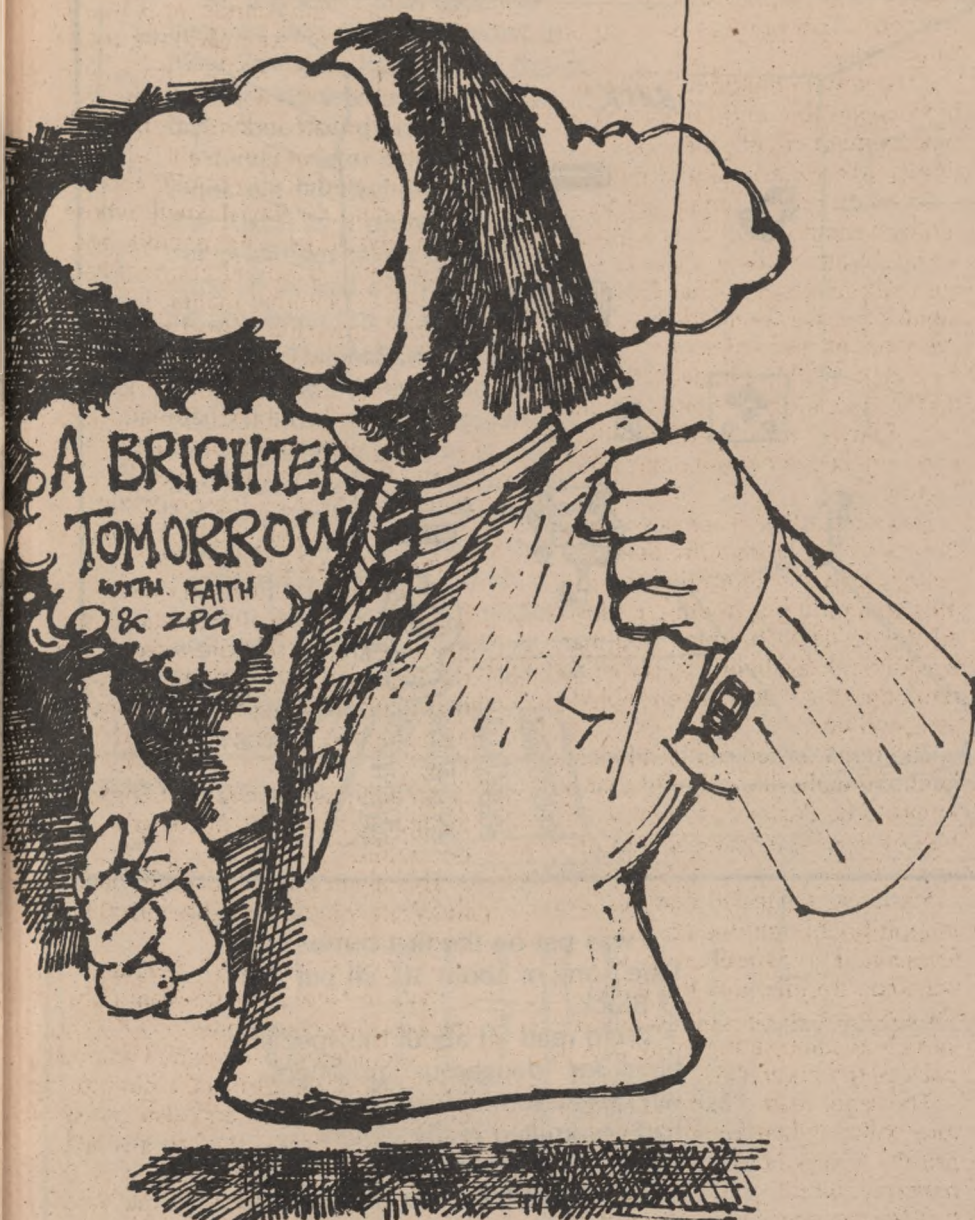
The reasons our policies are so different will be obvious. Firstly, we are providing solutions to different problems and secondly, our policies are all part of a long-term plan for the realisation of our ideals. For example, our policies of population stabilisation and reduction in economic growth go a long way on their own toward solving the major economic and physical problems of inflation, pollution and dwindling resources. We are convinced that without the adoption of such policies any steps to attack these problems must be superficial in the extreme. But these policies have an equally impressive impact in the social sphere. The massness produced by mushrooming population growth and the continuing emphasis on economic growth at all levels has turned our urban centres into pressure-cookers of social ills. Men and women are thrown together in the arena as rivals to scramble for a higher rung on a ladder which leads we know not where. It becomes every man for himself with an inevitable destruction of any sense of community, and ever-increasing pace and an ever-increasing casualty list. A slowing in population growth and a related slowing in economic growth will just as surely slow the pace, reduce the rate of change and allow the revival of a much needed sense of community. Thus, these policies provide solutions to immediate problems while at the same time take us a major step closer to our ultimate goals.

Perhaps our humanist philosophy best shines through in our policies on education. We see education not as a means of fitting people for a role in the economy but as a means of assisting people to use their faculties to the full; in our view education must be aimed not at producing cogs for a machine but rather as teaching people to think for themselves, to be free of bias, bigotry and prejudice, to relate to others through education in human relationships and community responsibilities.

However, if you still want me to place the Values Party in relation to the existing National-Labour dichotomy I'll briefly put our economic policies in that perspective. If you read our election manifesto you may have seen a section advocating worker participation in management (we certainly think that the union-employer confrontation has outlived its usefulness from both points of view); reference to higher taxation on higher incomes; and reference to the possible desirability of community ownership of land. Those policies would perhaps have pointed the way along the socialist path. But I prefer to express our underlying beliefs thus — as a long-term goal we must aim for that state where nobody expects greater reward for his or her services to society than anybody else — and I haven't ever seen socialism defined in any like manner.

To sum up then, what we are seeking is a society free of prejudice, bigotry and petty differences — a society united in the striving for an ideal of equality for all. In a system which works by the cultivation of greed and selfishness, where people are encouraged to scramble their way up the economic ladder at the expense of their fellows, I know that sounds terribly idealistic — perhaps, though, that's just an indication of how far we have gone along the downward path.

— Reg Clough



The kaleidoscope of images thrown up by the media and by our critics during the election campaign were enough to bewilder anyone. We were variously labelled by Mr Kirk's Labour Party in one breath as "complementing Labour's message" and in the other breath as "secret agents of the National Party"; by the so-called radical wing of the Labour Party as "white-collar liberals", "limousine liberals" and even "green Tories"; by Mr Muldon (as might have been expected) as traitors and subversives financed from Russia and China. One more independent commentator even saw us as "20th century Luddites".

With such an array of labels it wasn't surprising that the Values Party came out of the elections as something as an enigma. Certainly I think the great mass of the voting public didn't see it as much more than a

that is in relation to other political phenomena which are familiar to us, to place it in (or perhaps out of) the broad political spectrum.

One of the more considered criticisms which has been levelled at the party is that it has no base. It is said that we aren't a party of the working class or of the monied class, or for that matter of any particular faction.

I don't think that the Values Party deliberately set out to turn humanism into a political force but rather that the values enshrined in humanism had been so long neglected or even suppressed that they suddenly burst out with renewed vigour, and in choosing to reassert these values the Values Party gained as well the whole philosophy behind them. I must admit that I was more than a little surprised to find that when I sat down and worked out a coherent whole from the policies we had adopted I arrived

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PAREMOREMO: I rod

THE BEGINNING: A TEN YEAR LAG

This story begins in 1968, when I was given a ten year sentence - me, a junkie and very green and naive, and not even 21, the legal minimum age for imprisonment in a prison. The first time in prison and one of the most un-criminal types you could think of.

I was locked up in the "capital cells" at Mt Eden, where people on murder charges are usually put - cells painted all white with a little metal table and chair unit bolted to the floor, and outside an extra steel door. They confiscated my safety razor so I couldn't kill myself at night.

One of my first lessons on how I was being rehabilitated was when I was called up before the Superintendent about a letter I wrote. (All mail is censored, even those on remand). I was told, "I can't allow you to send this," I had written that about half the inmates here were Maori, and also a humorous bit about "strolling around the grounds admiring the beautiful architecture." I was told to write it again and leave out the two offending parts.

Mt Eden is a really old dingy, damp, dirty place, (like all the medium security prisons in New Zealand) — piss-pot parades in the morning and cold even in the summer. The food revolting. Often smelling like shit, literally. I mean, we've all heard stories of the rough mass cooking in hospitals, but it isn't anything like this. I often wonder how it is possible to get food into such a state. And the veges, often a mushy grey pulp.

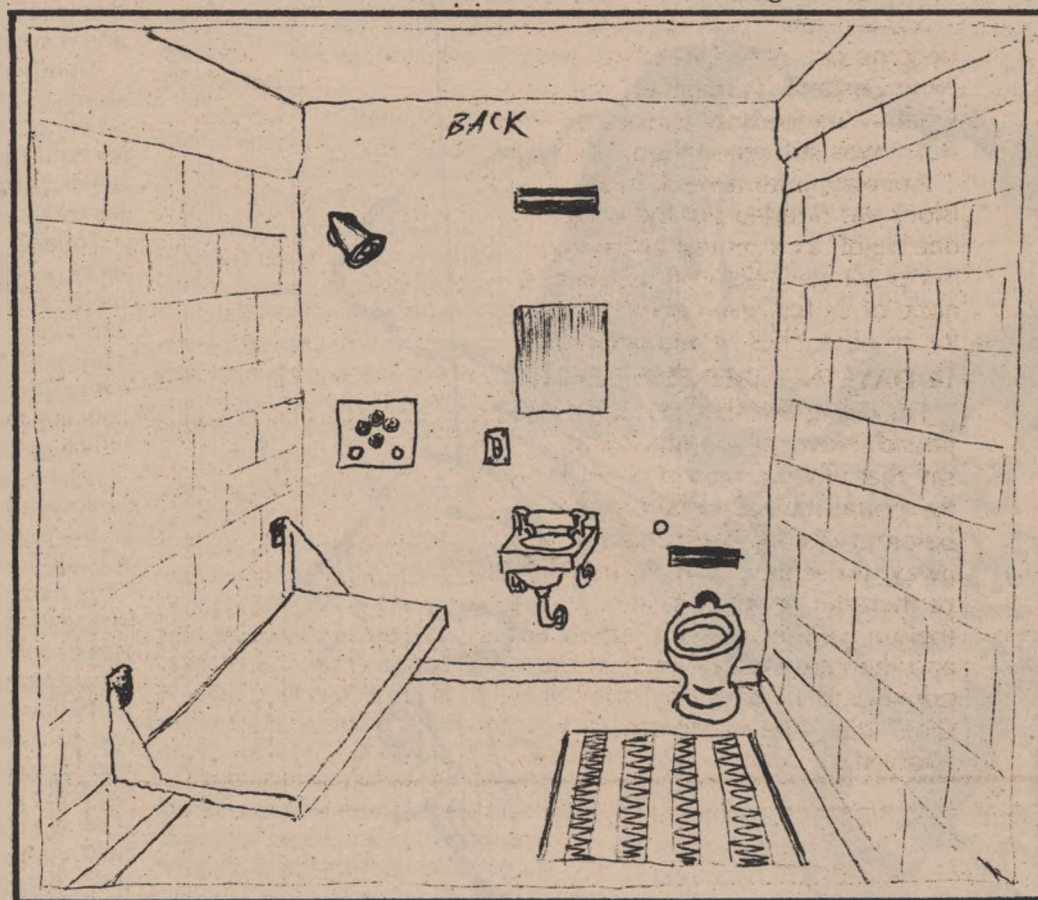
PEERING UP MY ARSE

In October they sent me to "the Block" at Waikeria, (built to house the worst "TOP SIXTY" after the Mt Eden riot of 1965). They had a real elaborate set up here - humorous steel doors and quite completely separating it from the borstal. And the searches - strip right off and lean forward against the wall, standing about three feet from it. They look all over you, under your feet, between your toes, in your hair, ears, mouth. And finally, make you open your legs wide so they can pull apart the cheeks of your arse to peer up. Of course, if you refuse they do it by force, with a possibility of being injured and thrown into the pound. (Pound is the punishment cells). This is all supposed to teach you self-respect and dignity.

D BLOCK

Paremoremo was opened in March 1969, and they closed down the Block at Waikeria and moved us all into it.

Really strange, - the emptiness made it seem all the more like some weird secret underground



I was put on the first busload to Pare', one of about 30, all put into D Block.

We'd read all about the special block for "dangerous" prisoners, who we assumed were those who had committed really violent crimes. This wasn't to be the case at all. In fact they had singled out those inmates who were "troublemakers" - that is they'd done a bit of thinking and did things like complain or write critical letters. They all had the "wrong" ideas towards authority - that is the way all this was interpreted.

It also included those who were the more articulate. This is especially so now, when time has accentuated the authorities' policies. And even some of the screws were a bit unhappy about the fact that of the 30 there, only two were "pakehas".

In D Block we had no privileges, no musical instruments or hobbies, and at first not even any books.

We were all getting really pissed off with this. Me for example; classed as one of the 30 worst in New Zealand on the basis that I

ro davis

PART TWO INCLUDES:

THE FIRST STRIKE
THE D BLOCK RIOT
AND OTHER JUICY TITBITS.

was a first offender, sentenced only 6 months before and had up until then never put a foot wrong.

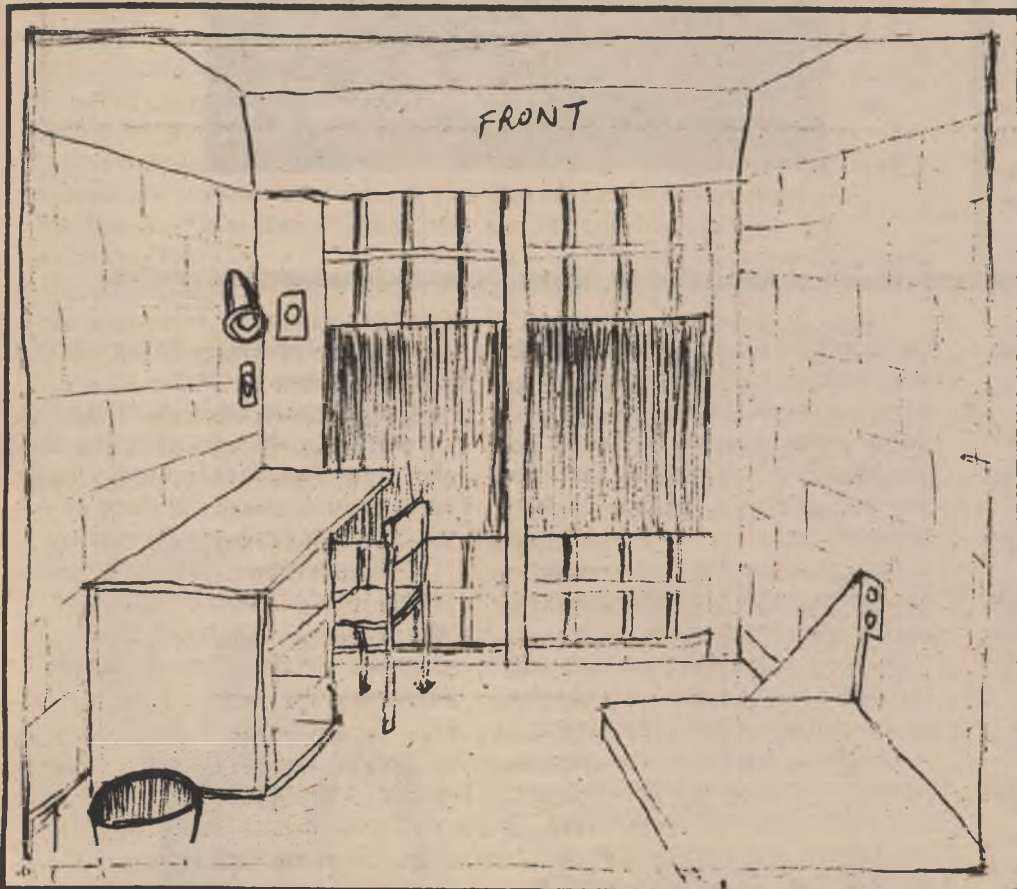
However, I was told a lot of times that I had the "wrong attitude", which, as I hardly ever even spoke to anyone, they could have only decided from the censoring of my letters.

So, it doesn't take much to become one of the 30 worst in New Zealand. Remember, this is what a "dangerous" inmate is. But, I was still green then.

Anyway, after a week in D Block we flooded out the wing one night, as a protest at having our privileges taken off us when none of us had even been charged for any breaches of regulations.

15 DAYS "NUMBER ONE" DIET

For doing this they put us in the pound. Now, prison regulations say that when a person is put in the pound he has to be brought before a Visiting Justice straight away, for sentence. Well, they left us there for nearly a month, (before we'd even been sentenced) and then gave us a month in the pound and 15 days on "number One" diet, (the maximum allowed).



"Number One" diet means that for a day you get about 5 pieces of bread, dripping to spread on it, half a pint of milk, and about seven to ten potatoes at night.

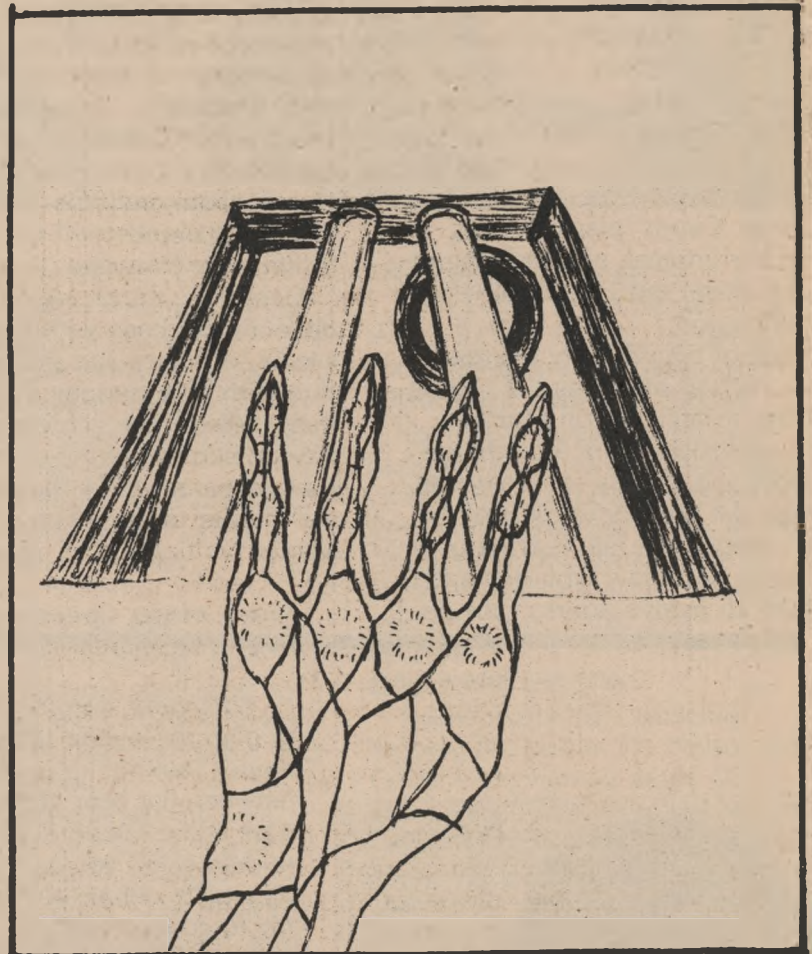
The regulations also say that those on restricted diets have to see the prison doctor every day. Well, it just doesn't happen, we

never saw him until afterwards.

After the first week I had reached the point where I was having hallucinations and was giving away my little bit of food.

This is a bit strange when one is being starved.

But, remember this is what is happening in New Zealand today. People who keep other people in little cages and then try to starve them into submission. It makes you think that if they were permitted to torture people they would. Anyway, when I came out of the pound the doctor began giving me vitamin injections in an effort of patch me up again. It took me three years before I managed to get back to the same weight I'd been before.



Never believe all their lies about rehabilitation and that sort of thing. An inmate has no rights and the pressure and regulations mean that all individuality and initiative is destroyed.

You are not supposed to think or feel or assume any responsibility at all, and such a thing as complaining will put you in their black book for life. A "model prisoner" is one who accepts everything the authorities do and believe it is right, whatever in the world it is - a "yes, sir" man.

This is more a definition of a pathetic worm.

drawings by Rodney Davis.

remember peace media?

Carey Park, Henderson recently saw the second Annual Conference of Peace Media, distinguished by its similarity to the 1st Annual Conference of Peace Media, and the interesting addition of a French 'spy' scare (which the Sunday News unfortunately failed to pick up). Most of the 50 or so at the conference lived in, providing probably the most interesting part of the whole affair.

Saturday was taken up with a morning of thetoretical debate between Barry Mitcalfe and himself, followed by addresses from various distinguished overseas visitors. Australian Trade Minister, Jim Cairns, was represented by his son and secretary, Robert who informed us of great stirrings in Australia: The setting up of Greenpeace Pacific and the financing of a large research vessel. Exciting news for most but unfortunately many remembered previous Australian efforts such as the yacht "Warana" with its hidden arsenal, which made its way to New Zealand after a regrettable incident with its navigator over the skipper's girlfriend. It eventually, some weeks after the end of the tests, made its landfall in Fiji, where it still may be to this day. Other Australian boats proved even less successful, a steel trawler crewed by several Yugoslavs failed to leave Australia - rumours have it that some crew members were suspected Ustachi guerrillas. Cairns' plans did not generally impress, although the research vessel most felt deserved consideration.

Some of his privately expressed ideas such as attacking the French military installation on Mururoa with explosives were thought less feasible and slightly self-defeating.

After the third hour most of the news media had left, leaving only a French film crew who managed to tape all twelve hours of discus-

son, while filming barely three minutes — mainly close-ups of the audience, strangely enough.

By 6 p.m. many of the conference members had become anxious at the obvious efforts of the Frenchmen to record every word said. Eventually challenged by former Canadian Greenpeace Director, Kurt Horn, the French withdrew in a huff despite Mitcalfe's prolonged efforts at a solution.

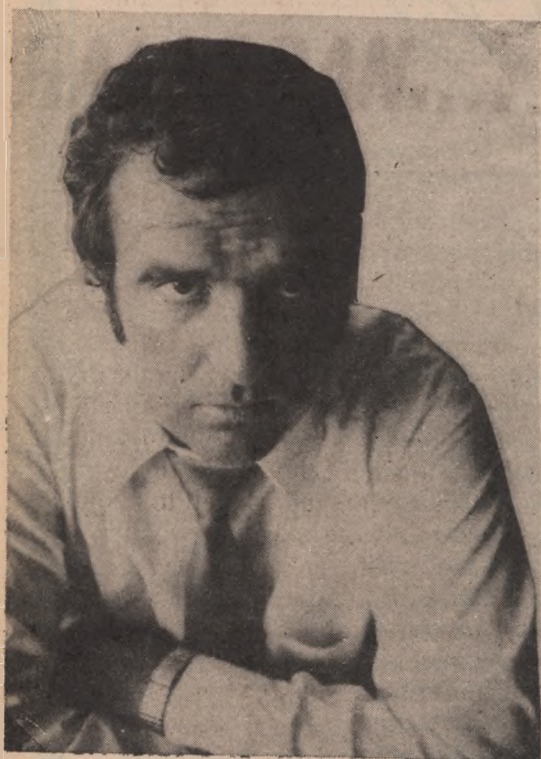
Those were the high spots of what proved to be a most disheartening conference. It appeared as if the spirit of the Boy Roel was not dead as Peace Media's aims for 1974 were laid down. Their intention is not to sail small yachts to the zone this year but to concentrate its resources on gaining a large steam ship for purchase or charter. Mitcalfe for years has functioned on what one astute observer calls "the self-fulfilling prophecy" theory. That is, say something often enough and loud enough and it will materialise. To a limited extent in the past this has succeeded but Peace Media is now aiming so high, so far beyond its already strained resources that it seems doubtful if anything at all can be achieved this year.

Peace Media's position for 1974 is not as dire at the beginning of 1973; public credibility has to some extent been restored by the successes of "Fri", "Spirit of Peace", and "Greenpeace III" after the Boy Roel fiasco. Press credibility is in a less healthy position. Financially, Peace Media has broken even but is in danger of deep debt if it proceeds with plans to completely refit the "Fri", which apparently will not return to the zone this year.

Generally, things are as they have always been with Peace Media, in chaos and disorganisation with time running out. Yet many remarkable achievements have arisen out of the chaos in past years and 1974 may even yet see another resurrection of Peace Media.

Bill Ralston

Peace Media Co-ordinator 1973



Politically, campus has much to offer the nubile unskilled novice looking for a cause. In between flat beer at the Kiwi or Bass at the Globe (if you're really middle class) you can hotly and illogically debate any issue relating to government and unfold your plan for the new world order, and the ultimate in world peace.

There's nothing quite as stimulating as being told by a 17-year old Marxist that you are part of a right-wing middle-class decadent society, especially when your berater is usually totally pissed or whacked.

You also run into the serious-minded law student Values Party shit who at extremes may be a bit of a Hippie but assures you sincerely that abortion is an issue that worries him deeply.

Labour people are the really pissed off Johns on campus. They are too Left to be Right and too Right to be Left. Is there a future Prime Minister amongst them?

Then the Nats are quite trendy and almost look like one of us,

but don't let the bastards deceive you! Underneath all that greasy hair is a secret admirer of Muldoon and anyone of them will tell you that Percy Allen was the finest Minister of Police that the country has ever had.

This mob are the real wankers on campus and are behind every right-wing plot on Executive.

Fringe groups have parts to play but don't take themselves as seriously as the political orientated.

The Trots are the only activists around and despite their fascination with guns and explosives, revolutions and things, they always deliver the goods, demo's, riots, denunciations etc.

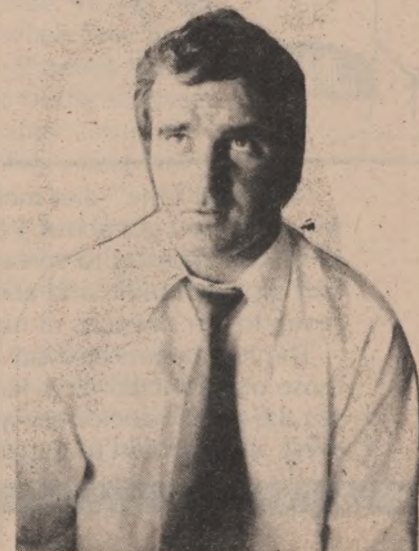
Com's you don't hear much about. They still fight amongst themselves, screaming "revisionist" up dark alleys. Their regimentation and party discipline has little to offer the student.

You then have the political societies which come under the umbrella of religion. These are harder to pin down but they unhesitatingly take a Right-wing

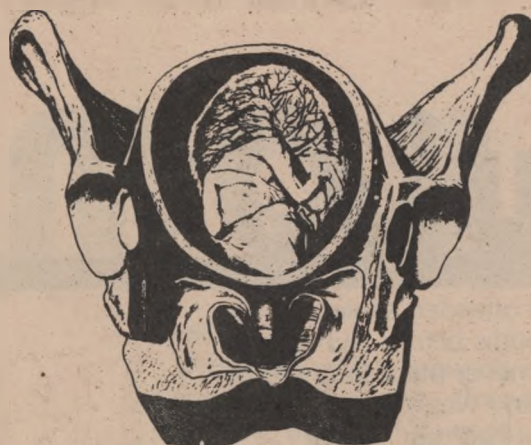
line when the shit is flying - pricks every last one of them.

I have written this in an attempt to introduce the unsuspecting into the mire of political imagery that lurks behind every flat door in Grafton, Mt Eden, or Ponsonby.

If he gets you pissed girls, and wants to take you home to talk about Marx - watch out. The cunning shit really wants to talk about Engels.



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WOMEN IN LABOUR..

The Labour Party Women's Section recently held a seminar on the role of women within the party. Our special correspondent, Thelma Gribblehurst, of the Manse, was there, and here is her absolutely **super** report!

Anyone who can get herself to an all day women's seminar on a Sunday morning must be a latter-day Emily Pankhurst. Certainly the programme was about as light as Bruckner's 3rd with up to twenty speakers covering such subjects as "Women in the N.Z. Labour Party" and "Fighting Discrimination."

However, there was little evidence of militant fervour except for an unexpected volley of applause for a speaker who declared that women had been patient for too long in their fight for equal pay and that strike action was now needed.

The audience range was representative in terms of age with only a few old women. However, there were few present who would indicate the working-class origins of the Labour Party.

SEXUAL APARTHEID

As an opponent of sexual apartheid, I disapprove of the exclusion of men from the morning session. I thought it was only a myth that women were reluctant to speak publicly with men pre-

sent but there is no doubt that more women spoke freely in the morning than they did in the afternoon session when they were "intimidated" by the presence of six men in the audience.

For most of the time the seminar could easily have been a feminist meeting and an eavesdropper would have listened for a long time before finding out that these were Labour Party women.

PARTICIPATION

Margaret Wilson, lecturer in industrial law, exhorted the audience to participate in their trade unions' activities. She pointed out that awards could have had equal pay written into them years ago had the unions wanted it.

Given the apathy of most men towards their union affairs it would require relatively few women becoming active in unions to reduce male dominance.

No-one at the seminar, however, could produce the answer to the basic problem of how to encourage female activism. This may be because there would have been few of the women present who possessed a union card.

DEAR JANET

Isobel Blake, a party member of long-standing, opened the seminar with a brief biography of Janet Fraser, wife of Peter Fraser, apparently a determined and intelligent woman who worked effectively in her chosen humanitarian field.

But is known now only as his wife.

It was plain while the women present regarded Mrs Fraser's chosen life as quite admirable, few looked on her as something for today's politically-minded woman to emulate.

Mihi Sothers' eloquent call for adherence to party principles was also politely received.

Dorothy Jelich and Mary Batchelor outlined women's difficulties in taking up political careers.



NERVOUS MARY

Mary Bachelor who seemed to be a little nervous at the faint whiff of female militancy in the air, warned against the danger of women pushing so hard that men became downgraded.

Reactions to this were of mild puzzlement but no-one cared enough to ask for further explanation.

COMING UP FOR AIR

Helen Clark contended that women could work their way up through the Labour Party structure without organising themselves into special branches.

This was challenged by Margaret Shields and Sonja Davies who pointed out that while women comprised nearly half the membership of local branch level they are grossly under-represented in the upper hierarchy.

ENTER THE MALES

The afternoon session was opened by political scientist Barry Gustafson, who gamely attempted to compress a statistically-based argument on how to increase women's influence in the party to a ten minute talk. (That his attempt was not entirely successful was proved later by some rather resentful questions from the floor.)

WHO'S A LOCAL BODY?

Under the heading "Women in Local Body Politics", Albertje Gureley from NOW produced a carefully reasoned case in favour of the ward system arguing that this would bring about a greater representation of women on the now

chauvanistic councils.

Cath Tizard set some sort of a record for the seminar by being both informative and amusing.

MAKE OUR GARDEN GROW

Ms Tizard, Sonia Davies and Bary Batchelor, as city councillors, vividly described the pressures on them to confine themselves to the "domestic type" committees — library, health and in some liberated instances, Parks and Reserves.

ONE EYED NELSON

Traditionally the Councillor topping the poll in the Nelson City Council elections is made Chairman of the Works Committee, but when Sonia Davies came first her prize was a bunch of chrysanthemums and the Electricity Committee and presumably her extensive experience with stove and vacuum cleaners had qualified her for this.

FINALE

A quick survey at the end of the day showed that while some women had been given new slants on old concepts, most thought the time had come for tangible results.

It appeared that a majority of women belonged as well to some other active feminist group and this in itself surely indicates a failure on the part of the Labour Party to recognize the demands of women.

Into the future, Sisters.





Banananananarama - again

"how dull"



PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT

Competent English singer/songwriter makes impressive album. Okay so maybe you haven't heard him before. But so what?

It so happens he's a seasoned veteran. And if you're interested I'm saying this is a very likeable piece of wax.

When did you last hear an almost unknown sounding so slick and professional? I mean the guy

even does a bit of reggae so he'll be in on the trend.

I kinda like *Teenage Canteen* for the lyrics and the shoobedoowah backing chorus. *Warm Summer Rain* too 'cos it appeals to my peculiar brand of humour. *You Are* is the one I've heard on the radio.

Three bananas of course. Betcha guessed. You've won a trip to Easter Island. A week's stay with the statue of your choice.



OVERTURE AND BEGINNERS
Ian Sinclair.

You've seen the show so now you buy the record. Frankly I found I was much more able to get into the record after having seen the concert than before. This is probably because they place as much emphasis on the visual medium as they do on the audio. Much of the comical aspect of their approach to their work is expressed in their movements and appearance rather than in their music. However the driving rhythms of the Faces are there, and for those who enjoyed

Ronnie Wood's solo slide guitar lead in "Borstal Boy", at the concert, this record will be a must.

Included also are the live versions of two of their latest 45's, "Pool Hall Richard", and "Angel". The "Angel" single, by the way, is excellently produced, and the tune itself is an interesting adaptation of Hendrix's own original. The most outstanding quality about this single is the orchestration of the bass guitar, Stewart's voice, and the congas.

A PRE-RELEASE REVIEW OF BAND ON THE RUN, THE NEW ALBUM BY WINGS

Wings
on the
run

Once upon a time, see, there was a group called the Beatles. Sure, the name was pure corn but they were a moderate success. They were four guys from Liverpool; John, Paul, George and Ringo. They made a few successful records and became loved by all. But things went sour when Paul, the cute one, defected to the Meanies. The group split.

John turned to politics and Yoko, George to the Maharishi and the problems of living in the material world and Ringo had a go in the movies. And Paul? Paul got a group together and set nursery rhymes to music. Fair go.

And what's happened since? The Beatles are still four divided despite reunion rumours. John seems to be mellowing. Sure, *Elephant's Memory* and *Sometime in New York City* was political, man, but witness the title of his latest offering. *Mind Games*. Shucks. George is still George. I mean, how many ways can you sing

My Sweet Lord? And if that was a rip-off of *He's So Fine* then what's the point? Now Ringo, he's pretty smart. He gets the other Beatles to write songs for him and to appear on his album. So people think wow! all four Beatles back together again. If it was just Ringo all by himself nobody would give a damn. That's pretty smart.

And Paul's still got Wings. A couple personnel changes perhaps but he's still got Wings. And they've got a little better since you last heard them. Not so that you'd notice the difference right away but a little better all the same.

There was a first album called *Wild Life* and then *Red Rose Speedway* where someone stuck a rose down the McCartney larynx.

You get the impression that if Ringo, John and George hadn't been Beatles they would still be unknowns whom nobody bothered with. Paul hasn't rested on his former achievements as a Beatle but has found acceptance on a new and different level. He's brought Wings' music to a new generation. A generation too

young to remember the Beatles clearly. They get off on songs like *Helen Wheels* and *My Love*.

Sure, this is all A-grade pop. Most of it you've heard on the radio - *Band on the Run*, *Jet*, *Helen Wheels* and *Mrs Vandebilt*. A short reprise of *Band on the Run* reappears at the end of the album as McCartney's Wings choogle off down the Red Rose Speedway.

Where are those famous McCartney lyrics such as brought joy to many a Beatles song? Ah, but there you go, I'm expecting too much. The Beatles are dead. I often wonder that if the Beatles did reform whether they could overcome the hype and live up to everybody's expectations. Some expectations.

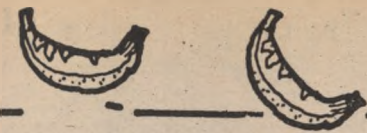
Actually, this is easily the best McCartney's come up with since them good old Beatle days. But still no substitute for *The Beatles 1962 - 1966* and *The Beatles 1967 - 1970* if, for some reason, you still haven't got them. Buy them first. Then, if you like what you've heard of it over the air, buy *Band on the Run*.
Jeremy Templar

TWO W
DAVE C

LYNYRI

Baron
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Tastefu
QUIN



Two Weeks Last Summer
DAVE COUSINS

Dave Cousins is the songwriter and driving force behind the Strawbs. Okay, maybe you think the Strawbs are all glitter and glam and just another part of the union. Musos' union, that is. You could be right. But read on.

You could easily overlook this little gem. Mistaking diamonds for glass aside, there's three good reasons for pleading ignorance. First, it would appear the Strawbs have sold out. They used to be folk. *Antiques and Curios*. But then it was folk/rock and now they're

Bursting at the Seams with rock. A new line-up and not the old Strawbs at all. All a bit sad really. Second, the meat of the album doesn't come till the third track. The first two tracks, *Two Weeks Last Summer* and *October to May*, are no indication of the content of the rest of the album. Both take a bit of getting used to. Third and final, you could be turned away by the verse on the cover. Smacks of pretension it does.

But having come this far you're in for a pleasant surprise. Former

Strawb and a keyboard maestro Rick Wakeman lends helping hands along with Roger Glover of Deep Purple and Jon Hiseman, formerly of Colosseum and now of Tempest.

There's a good deal of folk and a little bit of rock. I like the three-part *Blue Angel*, *The Actor* and *Going Home* the mostest. *We'll Meet Again* is too much of a dirge.

Quite a satisfying effort. You can bet none of your friends will have it. Prestige value. And more.

Banana of the week



LYNYRD SKYNYRD

Lynyrd Skynyrd is a group of seven crazies who'll have you laughing, dancing (yep) and ecstatically raving. They're such teazers you have to have a diploma in phonetics or something to pronounce the name. Leh-nerd.

Along with ZZ Top they're part of the new wave of rock groups led and typified by those boys from Boston, J Geils Band. Tight and funky downhome rockers.

You'll start off with comparisons with the Allmans. But these guys have more raunch, gutz and they've got the Allmans beat. Besides the Allmans ain't the Allmans any more. Neither are the Stones the Stones. With Lynyrd Skynyrd around who gives a damn?

Make no mistake. Lynyrd Skynyrd is good. Not a bum track on the whole I.p. A rock band without pretensions. What a bunch of lovelies.



Baron von Tollbooth and The Chrome Nun
PAUL KANTNER, GRACE SLICK
AND DAVID FREIBERG

Here I am bouncing around with the headphones on. Listening to *Ooh La La*. What, you may well ask, am I doing listening to the Faces when I should be reviewing *Baron von Tollbooth and The Chrome Nun*? Well officer it's like this . . . oh all right then.

Jefferson Airplane took off with flower power, psychedelics and the peace movement. The West Coast sound. 1967 and all that.

Seven years on. The flowers have withered but Jefferson Airplane just keep on flying. Twenty thousand feet high and the engines have just cut out. One engine left. Still flying though. And with their own record company, Grunt Records, too.

Baron von Tollbooth and The Chrome Nun. The Chrome Nun is Grace Slick. The Baron is Paul Kantner. And there's David Freiberg who comes in somewhere too. All from Jefferson Airplane. Old stalwarts Jerry Garcia and David Crosby make an appearance as well.

And the songs? Well there's *Across the Board* which is meant to be some kind of an extension of *White Rabbit*. But slick Grace isn't singing about popping pills. She tells us she's got seven inches of pleasure. Hmmm.

I like *Sketches of China* and *The Ballad of The Chrome Nun* but the rest is dumb. Insipid. Vapid. Lifeless. Dull.

Sometimes I almost catch myself liking it.

They fall right into the trap of asking the obvious question in *White Boy*. *Where will you go when the people of this planet send you away from here?* Sure, there must be a quiet place somewhere where old and aging rock stars can die, undisturbed by Decca re-issues and million dollar law suits. Some place where nobody would know. The Eurovision Song Contest? Naw.

Ah yes. *Sketches of China*. China? Now there's a thought.



Tasteful
QUINCY CONSERVE

With *Tasteful* you get a 45 — *Extra Tasteful*. The 45 has *All Right in the City*, *Ride the Rain* and *Aire of Good Feeling* on it. The former glories of Quincy Conserve. *Aire of Good Feeling* is the definitive Quincy song. Love it.

Lemme say right now i believe Quincy Conserve is at least one of the better bands in this land. Malcolm Hayman's the vocalist and it's his show. Yeah, the rhythm and brass do have their moments but manage to sound fairly lame at times. No matter 'cos it's the vocalist who makes this outfit.

The major weakness of Quincy Conserve is that they rely on outside material. And they don't try

to improve on the material covered by other artists. For some reason they are content to play almost exact copies.

There's *First* from David Pomeranz's beautiful and sadly neglected second album *Time to Fly*. Todd Rundgren's *I Saw the Light* and *Slut* (with . . . uh, Enthusiastic Backing Vocals from EMI Records staff). *My Brother Jake* (one of my favourite Free songs that never found its way onto an album) and others.

I really do like a lot of these songs. But it's a pity Quincy Conserve so seldom recapture the enormous potential and promise of *Aire of Good Feeling*.

The cover says it all. There's this really messed-up table. You know the story — cigarette butts, overturned wine glass, tea cups, plates, shoe (yes), beer and all the rest. At the end of the table is this guy and his girl. It's the beginning of yet another day on the road.

"Man, we've been on the road for so long it's ah. . . it's incredible. *Incredible*. We're a hardworkin' band ya know. Every night you see. . . well, *almost* every night. . . we just play our asses awf."

Yes, well I must say they have become rather a rockanroll institution. It would be hard to imagine the NZ scene without the guys. Keep on pushing.

interview....

Twelve years ago Nat Hentoff wrote:

"By the time she was twenty one, in 1962, Miss Baez was in a position to 'make it big' in the context of a mass 'cultural explosion' a phenomenon more attuned to stance than content. Her Vanguard albums were selling in astonishing quantities, considering her total lack of concession to those who confuse folk with arch nostalgia in front of an imitation fire-place. Two C.B.S. television appearances on Robert Herridge-produced folk hours had furthermore revealed that the candour of her style, personal as well as musical, was as compelling as the sound itself. Soon after came the articles in those anxiously topical magazines... Joan Baez is, in sum, an island of integrity. The term may sound overblown alongside the slim, shy stubborn girl who herself claims to do no more than sing songs she likes."

Twelve years, one prison sentence, a marriage, and a child later, Joan Baez arrived in Auckland on a ten-thirty Sunday night plane from Australia, alone except for her battered guitar. We met her in the small press room at the airport, where she walked in, no longer a girl, but still slim, and hardly showing her thirty-two years of age.

Joan Baez's first debut was at the 1959 New Port Festival, after an apprenticeship with the Boston-Cambridge enclave of hopeful troubadours. After this came her ascension to the top of the folk-singing revival, and along with it a place at the forefront of the emerging protest movement. In the early sixties the threat of nuclear war and atomic radiation pollution through testing suspended like a black cloud over the heads of everyone.

Q. "Many of your songs are associated with nuclear disarmament. Have you heard much about New Zealand efforts to bring this about?"

A. "Yes, I have, and at the same time there were things that were going on in the States. Some of the people I worked with had done a story on that and a couple of groups that were backing up. One man was very enthusiastic in building plans of this boat. All of the boat plans that I've seen I thought were very imaginative indeed. Including one of the funniest ones in the U.S. was a thing called Harbour Project which was attempting to stop the aircraft carriers from going out, and two guys got in canoes on either side of the aircraft carrier and stretched a clothesline in between. And this stopped the aircraft carrier, and this beautiful thing came out in the press with this frogman jumping off the side of the aircraft carrier with all his gear to preserve the world for democracy, and these peaceniks were giggling in their overturned canoe, just at the fact of having been recognised at what they were doing.

In San Diego 57,000 people cast a vote as to how many people thought their boats should sail to Vietnam, and how

many people thought their boats should not sail. Eighty per cent voted 'No'."

Q. Do you have any plans to sail off to Mururoa yet?

"Actually I did go on a boat once, and we stood by the edge of the boat singing 'We shall overcome' through a megaphone, and we shouted: 'You're going the wrong way', pointing back down the harbour. A couple of times guys have jumped off the ship."



The daughter of a physicist who worked for UNESCO, Joan as a child had some shocking experiences, both as Mexican American in the United States, where the neighbours would have nothing to do with her, and living in the Middle East, a contrast to the cushioned 1950's era of other middle-class American children, brought up on Walt Disney and Hoola Hoops.

Q. How have your childhood experiences in the Middle East affected your present political attitudes?

A. "I was talking about that today. I went to a sort of commune or drop-out architectural group. We were talking about exactly that. You can answer what your childhood meant but you can never answer why. I mean I was there when I was ten. I saw children very hungry, I saw beggars going crazy in the streets, and that can make you

harden up or it can make you a lot more vulnerable. I don't know why. I do know that it was probably an influence on the fact that my father became a Quaker. Because the way he did it was in the most conscientious way you can. Because in becoming a Quaker you give up nationalism. That's why I have none. I never felt I had a country, and that may sound like blasphemy to say that - 'look at

all it's given you' etc. I mean it was an accident that I was born in the U.S. It was an accident that you were born in New Zealand. Look at it that way and take it from there."

On the Middle East today:

"I've never seen a situation where both sides seem so righteous. And where both sides are so bitter."

Joan went on to say that she knew a friend who had gone to Israel and the Arab States, and even learnt Arabic to find out what was going on.

"He said a couple of things that I had never thought of. He said nowhere, in either Israel or the Arab States, had he heard the vehemance that both sides have in the U.S. and anyway, other than this, it is because we are all living vicariously out of that world, and if you're an arab and if you're stuck in the U.S. and you're not out there with

your M16 or 18 or whatever it is you're bound to be in a worse state of frustration defending your people, because you're not there... this is kind of encouraging, but maybe it isn't. Even the rhetoric isn't as terrible."

Q. Earlier you mentioned Ghandi's belief that man has two sides to him, a good and a bad. Do you think man is born with malignant tendencies?

"I really don't know, I mean when I look at my son Gabe. You know, its hard to imagine... well first of all you have to define such a thing as bad, and I mean that's absolutely impossible to, and I wouldn't try with a child. You see you've got to watch that these days. Gabriel to me represents everything that is beautiful, and I can't face anything like that. I mean, we're all born fallible, probably, and society is set up un the most hideous possible way, and nationally our crime rate is going up, and internationally we are dropping napalm and filling up American hospitals, and you can't expect that child to grow up decent and kind and to have any of those good values."

Q. "Getting into the musical field, did you ever have a chance to see Woody Guthrie?"

"No, I didn't."

Q. "How would you compare him - having heard him probably - with Arlo Guthrie, or would you say there is any comparison?"

"Well, there is no comparison, I mean, Arlo's very talented, but Woody was an era, and there was nothing Woody left for Arlo to pick up. That's one reason that you can't compare them. In the same way maybe you couldn't compare him with Dylan. Dylan could write about him, but otherwise he was a different scene."

Q. "Would he have been more acceptable now, with Conservation?" asked an American.

"You mean Arlo?"

"No, Woody."

"May have been? Possibly yes. He would have been a genius. He lived in a different time, had a different life-style."

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TEN YEARS AFTER NEWPORT, THERE WAS WOODSTOCK

"Well, Woodstock for me was a very memorable experience. I had a helicopter, at my disposal not all the time, but I wasn't in some sweaty little tent with the mud running under my feet or anything, so... but I gathered that most of the people who were in this condition seemed to have a good time. The cops took off their uniforms and left them outside. People lit fires to dry clothes and things like that. That was very rare. You can't, I mean, there were half a million people stuck in a small amount of territory. They were being fed by a brilliant commune, so nobody starved. Which is a kind of general good will. The idea was that everybody was to have fun, have a good time, and share food."



photos: Robin Connor.

CATERING SERVICES

CAFETERIA COLD SERVERY

8.30 - 3.30p.m.

CAFETERIA CALL ORDER BAR

10a.m. - Midday

2p.m. - 4p.m.

Featuring: Hamburgers, Lone rye roast beef sandwiches, eggs, fish steakettes, etc.

CAFETERIA HOT FOOD

12 - 2p.m.

4.20 - 6.30p.m.

Featuring each night: Chefs Special plus Roasts, Fish, Stew, sausages, and curry.

SNACK BAR (FIRST FLOOR CAFETERIA)

9 - 3.30p.m.

Cold snacks, ice cream, milk shakes.

RESTAURANT

12 - 1.45p.m.

5 - 9.30p.m.

MILK BAR

9 - 5.30p.m.

COFFEE BAR

8 - 5p.m.

Hot and cold drink vending machines in Cafeteria and on 5th floor Library Building adjacent to lifts.

HEALTH FOOD BAR

9 - 3.30p.m.

Extensive range of health foods, pure fruit drinks. All bran muffins, wholemeal scones, salads, cold slaw.

NEW THIS YEAR

PIZZA PIE PARLOUR

First floor ext. — 9 - 9.30p.m.

Pizza pie and coffee — 30 c.

Apple pie and coffee — 30 c.

ASSOCIATION NOTICES

EDUCATION OFFICER

Applications are called for the position of Education Officer of the Auckland University Students' Association. Nomination forms are available from the A.U.S.A. office.

Nominations, which should be in sealed envelopes addressed to the Association Secretary and accompanied by a photograph, brief biographical details and a policy statement, close at 5 p.m. on Tuesday 5 March 1974.

MEETING SPECIAL GENERAL

A Special General Meeting has been called in B.28 on Thursday, 21 March 1974 at 1 p.m. The meeting has been called to discuss Donations to Charitable Outside groups.

S.R.C. REPRESENTATIVES

Nominations are called for the elected positions on the Student Representative Council. Nominations forms are available from the A.U.S.A. office.

Nominations, which should be in sealed envelopes addressed to the Association Secretary. Nominations close at 5 p.m. on Thursday 21 March 1974.

Elections are being held for the following positions:

An Overseas Representative.

Faculty Representatives.

3 Hostels: Representatives: 1 from O'Rorke Hall, International House and 1 from the other University Hostels.

Elections will be held on Thursday and Friday, 4 and 5 April 1974. Candidates may speak in the Quad (B.28 if wet) on Tuesday and Wednesday 2 and 3 April 1974 from 1 - 2 p.m.

SENATE REPRESENTATIVES

Nominations are called for two Senate Representatives. Nominations forms are available from the A.U.S.A. Office.

Candidates must, at the time of their election, and during their tenure of office, be enrolled for a course for a degree or diploma as internal students at the University of Auckland, and be full time students or part time students who have successfully completed at University equivalent of two years' full time study.

Nominations, which should be in sealed envelopes addressed to the Association Secretary and accompanied by a photograph, brief biographical details and a policy statement, close at 5 p.m. on 5 March, 1974.

Elections will be held on Friday 8 March 1974. Candidates may speak in the Quad on Wednesday 6 March 1974 at 1 p.m. (B.15 if wet).

Sharyn Cederman
ASSOCIATION SECRETARY
27 February 1974

YE MEDIAEVAL BEGGARS BANQUET

Ribaldry 8:00 pm
wine
cheeses
meat
serfs (the exec.)
mead
this saturday RUGBY SHED
only \$3.00 all inclusive.

A wide ranging series of ten evening lectures-entitled New Zealand and the Search for Peace-begins on Tuesday March 5th. The series-jointly arranged by the Centre for Continuing Education and the New Zealand Institute of International Affairs will explore diverse aspects of our foreign policy, as well as questions on international law (N.Z. and the World Court?), the role of our defence forces, foreign aid, New Zealanders' attitudes (How can they be changed?) on war and peace, and the role of protest.

The lectures look at the contributions New Zealand and New Zealanders have made, and continue to make, towards the elimination of warlike relations among nations. Emphasis will also focus what can be done to bring about a more peaceful international environment. Each session will be introduced by a specialist with particular expertise in the area to be examined. The themes will be introduced by Professor Keith Jackson from Canterbury University and will be summarised and assessed at a public forum at the conclusion of the series. Those interested (only 50 cents per lecture) are asked to pick up enrolment forms at the Princess Street office of the Centre for Continuing Education. The lectures will be held at room 3.404 at the Engineering School in Symonds Street.



THE SERVICE CLUB WITH ACTION
MAKE FRIENDS AND ENJOY THE SOCIAL
FUNCTIONS WHILE DOING WORTHWHILE
SERVICE IN THE COMMUNITY
— YOU CAN BE A MEMBER
WE MEET FORTNIGHTLY
SO COME ALONG TO OUR NEXT MEETING

MEETING: March 12th
7.30 Executive Lounge
1st floor Student Union Building
or call President David Belcher
Ph: 676-671



Yes it certainly seems a long way back to that sultry summer morning in '66 when I first enrolled, and four brief years later, my chest filled with pride as I left these precincts having completed my Unit in History. However it was not that easy. Having recently retired as a factory hand one soon become complacent. And so I must swiftly add that it was not without willpower, hard work and discipline that I have been able to retire at such a young age.

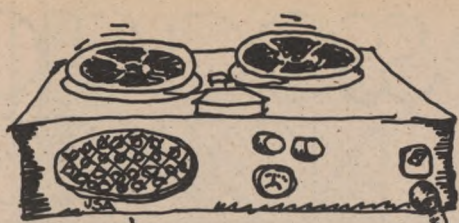
Looking back we lived in a strange age. It was an age when students were beaten up in the streets and over 30 students were arrested because 900 New Zealand police wanted to protect an American income tax evader.

It was an age when you could carry a placard with 'POLITICIANS TELL LIES' written on it and it would evoke a hostile reaction. Today our newspaper headlines carry the slogan, and you would look like a fool carrying a placard like that.

From '65 to '70 was an age of rebellion and those who want a little nostalgia can browse through Bullshit and Jellybeans or play a Bob Dylan record. The hatred of war, the disillusionment with society, the irrelevance of education, the injustice, the oppression. It's all been recorded. The movements in France, Czechoslovakia, America and NZ were all very similar. What I'm interested in is the present and the future.

THE REVOLUTION

A lot of people ask me, often cynically how the revolution is getting on. I reply that it's very healthy but has changed which is a good thing. Even Felix Greene in his comments on the revolution in China described it as an experiment. Since the end of the Vietnam war we no longer have the sensational street marches and the protest aspect of revolution has disappeared. This to me was only the surface manifestation of political philosophy. Very few radical groups now use the Capitalist



media — in fact we only ever used it as a political bluff to inflate our own strength.

Working on a food Co-op or building a Community Centre or even bringing up a child may not be sensational compared with occupying an Embassy, but they can be just as revolutionary. It's not that one method is better than the other it's just that you have to do what's best at the time. At present it may be morally correct to occupy the Portuguese Embassy because of their oppression in Africa — but very few New Zealanders could relate to this war and it may not do very much good.

The major difference between the 60's and the 70's is not only that the issues are less sensational and much more subtle but they are also more diversified.

The different groups have split up — each concerned with different but equally important issues. Everyone does whatever is best for the position they are in. We don't know what work will be most relevant to the New Zealand revolution.

The University

I suppose Auckland University is the same as it ever was. Boring lectures. The only relevance of a degree is that it's a meal ticket (if you want a three-course middle class meal). The students are isolated from their teachers who are isolated from themselves. The meals in the cafe are mass-produced and monotonous as the lectures. Forum consists of wit and jeers and everybody looks pretty spaced — almost as though they don't know why they are there. Political activity is nil and at first it seems that the catalyst of Vietnam is all that's missing. After driving past a few times and feeling the vibes I think it's more. I noticed hundreds of kamakazi 350's lining the kerbs. Parking within a mile of the University is hopeless — well it always was hopeless — now it's impossible. I've a vague feeling

that fewer students are going to University than used to — in proportion to Auckland's population. Perhaps the students with new kamakazi now all live home with mother. Maybe it's the increase in rents and the difficulty of finding a flat. Many radicals no longer enrol because they feel it hopeless trying to reform our institutions. Many are wary of the temptations to mortgage their brain with Education or Electricity Departments or worse still the Capitalists. Burroughs needs your brains, I read in a Craccum Advert. If more students live at home than more students are bound to be conservative. The kamakazi umbilical cord to mothers emotional blackmail and dad's pocket is hard to break. If you still suffer from the illusion that your parents love you ask them how they would react if your name was Hearst or Getty. Would your parents sell their house for your freedom — or would they wait for an ear. Hearst will bargain for his daughter's life so he only will lose 10 per cent of his empire. Mum wore black and said, "Oh I knew she shouldn't have married him. If only she had been a schoolteacher. Oh Harry why did this happen to us?" And the Italian ear collector claimed he didn't want to jeopardize the rest of his grandchildren when what he meant was the rest of his financial Empire. It would be simple for Getty to protect his grandchildren all he has to do is give away his money. Yes my friends it's that simple.

SURVIVAL

Well then where did all the radical students go. The media will claim we dropped out. To me a dropout is a man who spends his life blindly working for a perfect lawnmower and to pay off his mortgage, oppresses his wife and kids to keep sane and then on Sunday zooms up Manakau in Parkercraft scaring all the fish away. The only consolation for local fishermen is that these freaks seldom catch anything — they have no understanding with the



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There's very little
difference between a hippie
on a Commune and a high country
sheep farmer but no one calls the
latter dropouts. Just because the
sheep farmer is economically mar-
ried to the system he is considered
part of it. A hippie may contribute
poems, music, writing, sociologi-
cal experimentation, psychological
treatment to visitors, and many
other social and cultural aspects to
the people but because he with-
draws from the economy is called
a dropout.

In the final analysis we are all
equal. We are fighting for survival.
Man must survive. Even radicals
want to survive. The extent of
revolutionary activity depends a
lot on the extend of the threat to
our survival. The most violent
demonstrations by students against
Vietnam was when they were
being drafted and sent there. The
Black Panthers in America turned
to liberal politics because when
they turned to the gun for protec-
tion the police simply massacred
them — murdered them in their
beds. The Palistinians will fight to
the death because they have
nothing to lose (except refugee
camps). Munich was only an out-
rage because individuals chose to
be violent. When the state is viol-
ent however the media readily jus-
tifies and acquiesces it. People
don't just fight because they
believe in revolutionary principles
— they fight because they are
desperate. In New Zealand we are
not yet desperate, however the
most active revolutionary group,
the Peoples Union, bases much of
its emphasis on the struggle for
survival. Never forget that the
State is a complete schizophrenic
paranoic psychopath. If there is a
large student movement to bring
rapid change at Auckland Univer-
sity then they will shoot you or

throw you in
prison. They mur-
dered students at Kent State, they
murdered again at the People's
Park and Jackson State. The New
Zealand police are armed, tear gas
is now accepted. A riot squad is in
training. If is necessary to preserve
the status quo then the New Zea-
land police like any other police
force in the world will kill.
COMPROMISE

The dilemma of the present day
progressive is how to compromise
your beliefs and the Capitalist
system. Even a revolutionary
country like China has had to
compromise with the Capitalist
world. Just how far can we com-
promise. The Communists believe
we should work within the system
and live like the ordinary people
but be active in the trade Unions
and generally spread propaganda
by way of P.V. and other leaflets
and discussions. Others like myself
find it to hard to compromise on
the work and nuclear family scene
and retain our sanity and seek to
show people by example how
much better it is to live socially
and co-operatively rather than
isolated and competitive. Liberals
often work from fairly influential
positions and seek change through
Values Parties or cultural
education. The Community work-
ers believe in living in the most
oppressed areas with the grass
roots of the oppressed people and



fighting for everyday issues which
affect their daily needs. Just how
far or in which areas you com-
promise will depdnd a lot on how
many children you have, whether
you are a country or city person,
what sort of a job you can get and
what you feel you can best do as
an individual. The most important
thing is that you never lose your
ability to change. I recently saw a
gloating newspaper tell about Dr
Spock changing his mind and say-
ing children needed some moral
guidelines. I thought it very honest
of him to admit he may have ini-
tially overreacted to child oppres-
sion by advocating to much
liberalism. It seems that the media
only respects men like Nixon who
even when they have 20,000 tons
of evidence stacked against them
still won't admit that they could
have made a mistake. Spock sim-
ply admitted he had
changed with the times and with a
new situation instead of sticking to
guidelines he had laid down 30
years ago.

Similarly Resistance Bookshop
was an attempt to compromise
revolution and capitalist business.
It worked well when it was
needed but now the few loyalists
left look pretty freaked out by rent
and tax and business problems.
It's a compromise that is unlikely
to work much longer but it doesn't
really matter. Earwig is an attempt
to compromise with the Capitalist
media. It may no longer work —
so what. The main thing is the
human spirit keeps going. It will
manifest itself in numerous forms.
Hoffman has tried to compromise

drugs with revolution. The
Panthers have tried to compromise
social fund raising with mil-
lionaires and free breakfast pro-
grams. It is by learning from the
success and failure of these exper-
iments that we will discover the
best path for revolution.



CONT. OVER

RELIGION

If you refer to the 'Movement' as I do — meaning the search for life then one area where young people have been getting off the ground — and I mean well off the ground is the new religious movements. It's been mostly for straights but even a few ex radicals have been caught up in the new crusades. After examining which radicals actually turned to religion I found that it was mostly those who took a lot of acid and melted their brain cells. Acid has sent a lot of kiwis — many of them Good keen men — searching for god. *It doesn't matter what sought of crank, misfit, rascist, nuclear scientist, militerist, pacifist, mystic and even just consumer you're likely to find a made to measure god.* He comes in all shapes and sizes and caters for everyone. You can dial a prayer or buy a prayer. A friend of my in-laws recently changed from a surf-playboy insurance salesman to a Jesus Freak. The first thing he did was return all things he had stolen off us, and return everything he'd stolen off everyone else. He then cashed in all his insurance policies because he said God would provide. I then suggested that the few things he had stolen were irrelevant but all the insurances he had sold were real robbery and he should go back to all his clients and tell them to cash in their policies and have 'faith in God. Of course this would mean upsetting the capitalist system so he didn't do it.

Another friend I had joined the Ma Hu ra ji. He looked a lot healthier for it but a good diatrian could have achieved that. He was certainly a lot less neurotic too and it struck me that Krishna and Ma hura certainly know about health and communal living. It was just the leadership rather than the converts I had to question. When I questioned him about the tax frauds, smuggling, hotel chains, property speculation, Rolls Royces and other religious trinkets his only answer was the inevitable 'you have to have faith'. Another friend of mine made a rather more spectacular religious-conversion by confessing he had blown up the TAB, when he was a radical. If only he had become a Catholic he could have told a priest although the state like the church recognises subservience and he only got fined the equivalent to a few dozen hail Mary's. *It must be an interesting religion where the police station is viewed as a church and the police are father confessors.* Still I suppose we are all entitled to our delusions, it's just that I am wondering if he committed any other crimes during this era. For example if he ever drove a car when he was drunk would he confess to the traffic department. If he ever was involved in drugs would he confess to the vice squad. Surely crimes such as this are far greater threats to humanity. Compare the number of deaths caused by road accidents and drugs compared with those New Zealanders who have died from radical bomb explosions..) If confessional ego tripping is the new scene lets at least be honest about it.

Before I get labelled Timmy the Lion I'd better state that I'm not against christianity or any other religion. It's just that I think in the end we all have to face certain issues. Will a Hare Krishna sell joss sticks in a 'white only' shop in South Africa. Would a Mahuraji go to prison rather than be conscripted for a foreign war. How does a Jesus freak relate to his wife and what are his ideas on toilet training. Will your leaflets end up in the Waitakeries Tip. Will your shit float into the Manakau. Do you accept our Maori brothers being sent to jail. So long as you eat and sleep and breath and breath and sell and breed your part of this world. Now where do you stand?

THE LOST SELF

The Religious outburst does reflect some of the change. The battle for the streets and the parks has become much more philosophical. The Revolution is a now a battle for the hearts and minds of the people. As our parents waste away in suburban nightmares they ask themselves where their dream went wrong. And we look at our childhood and education and jobs and ask what was wrong.

Perhaps we are suffering from Psychological scurvy. Just as the sailors needed lime and not just food to survive we too need rivers and streams and mountains and the sea and bush if we are going to cure the diseases for which we can find no cure. Paranoia, Schizophrenia, Loneliness. Although at times a bit elitist there's a lot of truth in Reich's 'Greening of America'. We are all searching for the lost self. Heather McInnes said she should print no more Earwigs. "There's little to write about and I want to find Heather", she said laughing.

The Capitalist world you are about to enter is full of corruptions and contradictions. A strong self leads to a strong community which is the only chance we have. I thought the Arabs might be our Saviours and bring us back to reality but it was just another racket organised by the Oil Companies.

The British coalminers strike has been turned into a political stunt by the Conservatives hoping for a '51 coup. It's blamed on the Communists when in fact its black Communist Coal from Poland which is being used to break the strike.

There are wars in the East which reek of weapons and oil deals rather than the struggle for liberation.

It is against this backdrop that you have to find some meaning, some hope, some humanity, some morality, some community and some self. If you find it at University then you found something I didn't in 4 years as a full time searcher. If you find it in religion then well that's your problem. *Whatever happens we can't just be a repetition of our parents' disaster and a continuation of our country's decline. We are living in a period equivalent to the collapse of the Roman Empire. We have the task of building a new world. See you at the barricades:*

Tim

NZUSA



Student Travel Bureau

International Student's Identity Card

Now is the time to obtain or renew your International Student Identity Card (ISIC) for 1974. If you are currently enrolled at Auckland University and are a member of AUSA you are thus a member of NZUSA and qualify for an ISIC. The ISIC is required to obtain the 50% NAC Student Standby fare, to qualify for STB's charter and group flights and for an increasing range of discounts such as theatres, etc.

So visit Student Travel Bureau (STB) in Room 223 on the top floor of the Student Union Building to obtain the form to obtain or renew your ISIC. Remember to renew your ISIC you must complete a new form each time.

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Enquire about a BNZ Education Loan for just a few days, to tide you over the rough spot till the end of term.

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To help you plan things out over the years that you're at University.

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Overdraft facilities and other assistance can be arranged to help you over an establishing period in a recognised profession.

Never underestimate what the Bank of New Zealand can do for you!

Call at the BNZ Campus Branch, Old Student Union Building, and arrange time for a chat with Russ Blakeman; he'll be pleased to talk things over. Or, ring him direct on 370-385.



Bank of New Zealand

Campus Branch,
Old Student Union Building.

3.4

THE YOUNG
ZEALAND
EDITED
REVIEW
EGGLETON

With the
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THE YOUNG NEW ZEALAND POETS.
EDITED BY A. BAYSTING.
REVIEWED BY DAVID EGGLETON.

With the majority of these writers you can say Trash!

Accumulated fingernail parings saved, labelled and published. Most of them offer imitative manners trying to trick us by verbal booha into believing we are getting the genuine stuff: skinned adolescence, acute depression, a whiff of the sublime. Very little poetry there is in this fat volume.

In a way the book is an accurate listing by Arthur Baysting of the most active and the best of a rather weedy crop of poets who emerged in the 60's. They seem to me to be aiming first for communication without necessarily having anything to say. The tone is flat, art is used only as a mechanical device with all but the best couple of writers. These people do their living in the mediocre style that is our inheritance in this country.

The poet with the most ideas and images in this book is a 40 year old Englishman who has been and gone. Russell Haley's work is potent because very much self-alert. A lot of people don't like Haley because they reckon he hasn't the technique of a poet. In the traditional sense he hasn't. But he does pinpoint his centre, his location for us with a tremendous nerve.

While Haley was at Auckland University a few students were galvanised and brought out Freed magazine. Alan Brunton and Murray Edmond pursued the image. Brunton is stark sometimes collapsing into sterile artifice. Edmond is delicate and recoils from the intensity of experience.

But his insight hasn't led him beyond this surface impressionism yet.

Baysting, Peter Olds, Manhire Pasley and Southam all write journalism, with varying effect. Southam is the best of this lot. Observant, tart, well turned, his verse sticks inside its limits.

I find Langford, List and Long rather tiring; more verbal than poetic. If Langford was less prolific one might like him more. There is a sweetness there but usually it's blurred over. He sees his audience too much.

What are Beech, Kemp and McLaren doing in this book? They are boring and too obviously nth rate. Why not Chan or Reeves. Personality clash, probably seeing both are editor types. Such is this incestuous little world.

Orr, Mitchell and good old Sam Hunt try to come on as refreshingly unintellectual. Hunt has squandered his small talent and has only his problems. Dave Mitchell's worked at technique in the only thing he's got, trotting out as he does, the stale rubbish heap of snapshot images he's been living with for years. It's not enough to have cornucopia's burgeoning from the cunts of nymphs.

Alan Loney is tracing the map of his own nervous system and he's doing it with a certain amount of toughness. He can create poems which do generate vitality:

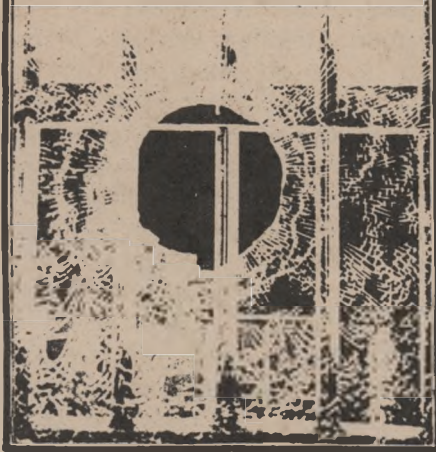
*"i don't like these implosions
 into nothing . . .
 it's still too damn easy"*
 (from "Clay Mountain")

Ian Wedde has ambition and perhaps the talents to sustain it. He knows all the tricks and now he's learning how to avoid them. He moves with ease from the private world of self to the public mask of poet. He is perhaps the only poet here with any assuredness and a full share of grace.

The book ends with some points by Kendrick Smithyman in which he avoids most questions and is generally tolerant.

Reflections

voices from
 Parembremo



This book is a collection of poems, short stories and drawings from the prisoners' own newspaper, "Parry News". For the first time the thoughts, feelings and behaviour of prisoners, as described by themselves can be observed. A thought-provoking book for everybody worried about the inhumanity of our prisons, and the effectiveness of their rehanilitation programmes.

In a preface the publisher, Colin C Chiles, claims the purpose of this book, aside from sharing the

contents of "Parry News" with a wider audience, is to make people more aware of prisoners as people. He says:- "The surprising thing to the first tiem visitor who knows the place is full of murderers, rapists and professional criminals — is to meet men who are not violent animals or vegetated zombies, but human beings like himself, men with feeling, hopes, fears and dreams."

The contents range from humour to hate. From the helplessness and suffering of people confined and controlled to nostalgia, hope and love. The need for a friend is rated very highly by inmates. This extract from "Loneliness" by "Tramp" express vividly his loneliness and alienation.

Someone somewhere : chare,
 This unwanted feeling can't
 be real.
 It must can't be this way al-
 ways!
 There must be another soul
 out there
 To whom I could give my
 love,
 Which I'd want them to
 share.

All with an interest in the human condition should read "Reflec-
 tions".

— "Papillion"

Blues Jazz Rock

JAM SESSION

Amps & Drums Provided;
 Bring your Instrument.
 Lower Common Room,
 Wednesday, 8pm.

INTERNATIONAL MEDITATION SOCIETY

"The purpose of education is to culture the mind of a man so that he can accomplish all his aims in life. Education to justify itself, should enable a man to use the full potential of body, and spirit" — Maharishi.

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INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

TM: 1 p.m. Rm 035 Old Arts Building, Wed.
 6th March.

8 p.m. Ellen Melville Hall cnr High and Chancery Sts, Thursday 7th March.

SCI: Course commences 10th March. Enrolments at Centre.

Auckland Centre: 876 Three Kings Rd, Ph. 646-559

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Servants:
 the EXECUTIVE

Saturday
 9th March

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 per
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8.00 pm
 (at night)

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....a day in the life

LONDON: JANUARY 1974

7.15 a.m.:

Wake up, stagger out to stoke the boiler, then remember we haven't had a coal delivery in six weeks. Light gas fire, put 10p piece in meter, go back to bed.

8.15 a.m.:

Wake up, turn on the radio. Apparently the sun has just risen. Only evidence of this is a pale glow picking at the outlines of stacked garbage in the basement yard. Make mental note to ring Borough Council to see if the dustmans' strike is still on. Or did we forget their Christmas tip?

8.30 a.m.:

Join the crush on Earls Court Station, immersed in the relative privacy of a morning paper. Silence, broken only by the thin rustle of pulp-starved newspapers, and the occasional train. Mostly going in the wrong direction.

8.45 a.m.:

Change trains at Notting Hill Gate and grab a place by the door. Unfortunately my newspaper gets jammed between the grab handle and a distraught Dutch tourist, so have to spend the entire trip looking at fellow commuters. Not an encouraging experience.

9.10 a.m.:

Arrive at office and light "camping-gaz" lamp. Thursday, Friday and Saturday, we can use all the electricity we want, but this is Tuesday in a Power Crisis, so we all grope about, falling over drawing boards and each other in the subdued light. Any romantic illusions about the gay gas-lit days of yesteryear vanish, rapidly.

Press on, in true Dunkirk spirit, to do my bit for some bright property boy in the City, out to make another million before the whole system collapses.

10.15 a.m.:

Break for coffee. Discover only half the office has made it to work. British Rail Southern Region has again failed to function.

1.45 p.m.:

Return from traditional English lunch of lasagne and chips, to find enough light filtering into Hanway Street to permit work without lamps or eyestrain. Just as well, our gas cylinders are almost exhausted and refills aren't to be had anywhere in the Westend. Maybe we could barter one of the secretaries.

4.00 p.m.:

Sun set. Only one lamp working. Drawing becomes a matter of guesswork.

6.02 p.m.:

In local pub for quick drink before going home, Danish beer served by an Italian barman, and still they won't believe they're part of Europe.

6.15 p.m.:

Can't get an evening paper because of newsprint shortage, so enter the "tube" with only a crumpled "Labour Weekly" to hide behind.

7.10 p.m.:

Arrive home eventually, a quarterhour spent in total darkness beneath the West London Air Terminal, due to power failure at East Acton or somewhere. Throw frozen steak and kidney pie in oven, sit down and read ingredients from back of packet: vegetable oils, hydrolised protein, edible gum, pigment, gravy, mono-sodium glutamate, and real chunky beef. Sounds okay.

7.35 p.m.:

Throw half-eaten pie away and make myself a honey sandwich. Was able to isolate and identify all the ingredients of the pie except for the beef. Maybe I mistook it for edible gum.

11.55 p.m.:

Back in my basement after an evening with some New Zealand friends, spent in typical fashion, trying to visualize blue skies, empty hills, and beaches, and speculating on the effect of un-smog-filtered sun light on human skin. Left when the whole thing deteriorated to the point where people were wistfully extolling the virtues of No.8. fencing wire, 1938 Chevys and four inch nails.

Doze off thinking that life here isn't all that bad. I mean, it didn't rain today.....

Stuart Dryburgh

...twelve months.
Luckily the news is not all bad. The following, for example, are scheduled for early release at the Lido, still Auckland's best hope for those with an eye for the out-of-the-ordinary in the way of movies: "England Made Me," Peter Duffell's reworking

WYNN COLGAN N.Z. HERALD JAN. 5th.

....the Lido, still Auckland's best hope for those with an eye for the out-of-the-ordinary in the way of movies;

And the '74 season will be no exception! EXCLUSIVE LIDO attractions will include:

Visconti's 'LUDWIG'

[As praised and damned as the mad monarch it portrays — controversial, eye-stunning, "must-see".]

Laslo Benedek's 'THE NIGHT VISITOR'

[Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow reunited after "The Emigrants" in a thriller of the "mind"]

Loosey's 'THE ASSASSINATION OF TROSKY'

[Richard Burton in a "tour de force" — Alain Delon as the assassin]

John G. Arvildsen's film 'JOE'

[NOW "cleared" for release — mighty performance by Peter Boyle as "Joe"]

Dylan Thomas' 'UNDER MILK WOOD'

[Burton, Taylor, O'Toole and the magic of the Thomas word alive in colourful imagery]

Conrad Rook's 'SIDDHARTHA'

[Bergman's cameraman Sven Nykvist creates a sensual movie of India — "impossibly beautiful, visually exquisite."]

Watch daily papers for screening dates of these and other forthcoming attractions...

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