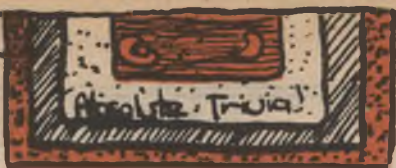


3.



CRAAGG UK



with lift out
& army blues



COMMENT ON "CRACCUM" ARTICLE

By D. W. Pullar Registrar.

PRE-ENROLMENT FORMS

Pre-enrolment has been in operation for three years. In 1971 forms were sent out with Result Cards and in the light of the complaints received in the main the non-availability of forms before students leave to take up holiday employment we changed to the present system in 1972. As there were few complaints about the new procedure it was decided not to make any changes for 1973.

The arguments for the present system are:

1. There are several types of pre-enrolment forms and it is not possible to anticipate the correct form for each individual student.
2. At least 3000 students do not re-enrol and these forms are wasted if a form is posted to all students.

In order to provide a better service for students over the Christmas and New Year holidays the Registry was open every day apart from weekends and statutory holidays from 9 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. A full range of pre-enrolment forms was available to the Students' Association. Pre-enrolment forms were available as from 1 October 1973 both at the Registry and the Students' Association.

1974 CALENDAR

There was a hold-up in the availability of Calendars through book shops and the University regrets any inconvenience caused. There was a complete reprinting of the Calendar because of a change in format and printing fell behind schedule. The first copies were received from the printers on 18 December and they were on sale through the Registry on 20 December. Several copies were made available for reference at the University Library and the Registry.

EXAMINATION TIMETABLE

This is the first attempt at drawing up an Examination Timetable in advance of enrolments. It is an attempt to rationalize the examination system. The number of clashes will not be known until later in the month. It is incorrect to say that the timetable was drawn up without student consultation. The Arts timetable was discussed in the first instance by the augmented Arts Faculty Committee which included student representatives from all Departments within the Faculty of Arts. The timetable was later discussed at Faculty and the Senate and there student representatives on both bodies.

Similar procedures were followed within the Faculties of Commerce and Science.

NON-USE OF COMPUTER FACILITIES TO PRODUCE TIMETABLE

As long as students have a free choice of papers no system can avoid some clashes — there are insufficient half days within the four weeks examination period to cater for all possible legitimate combinations of papers. Every year special arrangements have to be made to hold students incommunicado over the lunch break because of clashes. It is hoped that with the timetable published in advance students will in future be able to plan their courses so as to avoid clashes and have their examination dates evenly spread throughout the examination period. The timetable will be reviewed each year and there will be refinements in the light of our experience.

S

Dear Sir,

I should like to complain about Radio Bosom. It is plain to see that

this attempt at broadcasting is a plot to turn us right thinking members of campus into long haired, drug addicted homosexuals. I for one do not intend this to happen.

Yours sincerely

Nigel Forseythe-Smith (Mrs)

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LETTERS:

Dear Brent,

5 The great bureaucracy creaks and groans still onward in its irresistible path, making the like of students more remote and impersonal, and increasing the difficulties in choosing a course.

To add to the remarks made by Richard Rowe in last Tuesday's issue of Craccum, I would like to start by saying that, however ill-executed, the idea of including exam time-tables in the Calendar was basically well-conceived, giving students an idea of their exam pressures before they start their course.

However, one would think that Departments would liaise, to timetable lecture clashes with exam clashes. But, oh, no! If two papers do not have an exam clash, you can be certain they will have a lecture clash, and vice versa, hence drastically limiting the choice open to students. It seems that the Arts Faculty are paranoiacally trying to make the system fail.

Take for instance the papers that make up Spanish I and Sociology I, for which there is no exam clash. There is one stream in Spanish I, and lectures are timetabled every morning at 9.00 a.m. (even though the Calendar gives Friday morning as being free). For Sociology I there were to have been two streams, one with lectures at 9.00 a.m., the other 2.00 p.m. every day. But the Sociology Department, going out of their way to create a clash with Spanish I, and despatching trying to increase student disorientation cancelled the 2.00 p.m. stream.

Now this creates an interesting situation, there being more Sociology students than can fit into one lecture theatre. So use two lecture theatres, B28 and B15 the lecturer in B28, the lecture piped to B15.

This is nothing short of insane and a gross disregard of the student. This not only makes the lecture completely remote from the student, but removes the latter's basic right to ask questions on material during lectures. To concentrate on a lecturer in a room full of people is a feat in itself, but when the lecturer is a voice in a speaker, it is well nigh impossible, putting the students in B15 at a great disadvantage.

The lecturers and Head of Department responsible for such an outrage are not fit to be in charge of courses, and should immediately be suspended from duties. At a time when the University should be working to make itself a humane institution, increasing staff-student liaison, to improve student involvement, and reduce drop-out rates, suicide rates, and exam psychosis, this move is antagonistic.

One can foresee the day when the same recorded courses are used every year, removing lecture burden from the staff completely.

Rodney Turner
Departmental of Theoretical
and Applied Mechanics.

6

Dear Sir,

There are two reasons for my writing this spiel — the main one is to try and fill up a bit of space; the other is to try and get some of you ordinary everyday students to write something for your newspaper — it's you who have just forked out \$26 to your Association — a fair chunk of this is used to help pay for this bastion of great New Zealand journalists.

It's your paper, that means you're as entitled as anyone else on this campus to get things published. For instance, what do you think of last week's issue full of dated concert reviews (Baez), how to taste the vino, when all most of us want to do is just knock it back as quick as we can, and a little, dirty article by some immature anonymous crank about students (P.14). This article to my mind completely lowered the quite high tone set by the rest of the issue. It's this sort of article Craccum can do without, and must do without if it wants to start winning even student acceptance, let alone any respect as a member of the news media of New Zealand.

The rest of Craccum was quite good, in fact exceptional when placed alongside last year's pathetic efforts.

The layout was interesting and clear (though very reminiscent of last year's Salient), and generally I've been pleasantly surprised (no astounded is a better word) at the quality of the first issues. Whether the quality keeps up, and more particularly whether there will still be sufficient copy in six months time, is to a large degree up to you, the student.

Yours sincerely
SAG

The article referred to was not anonymous. It was written by our regular columnist Paul Halloran. N.A.C. blundered yet again which is why his name does not appear with it.

— Ed.

?

Dear Sir,

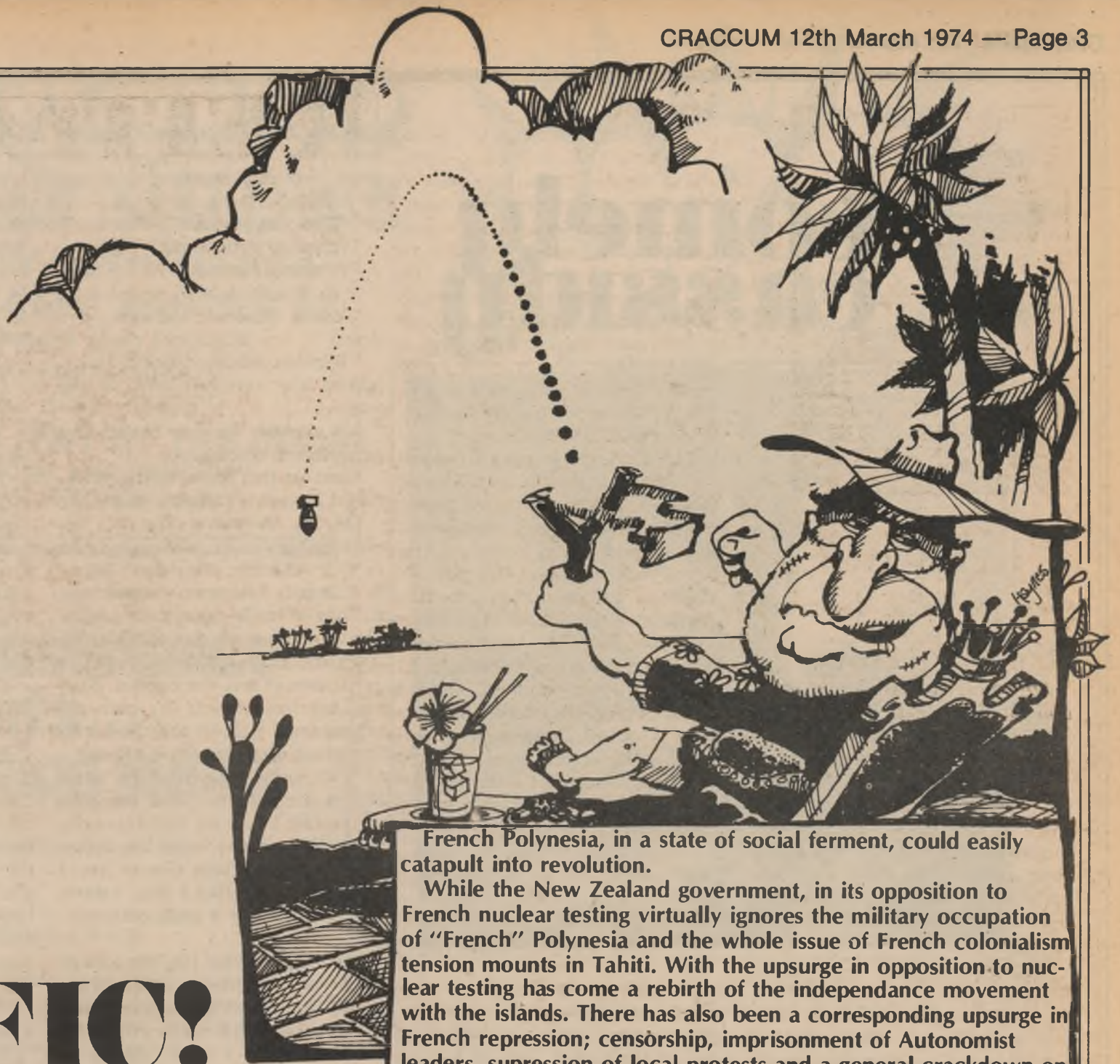
It's good to see Craccum keeping its name with the superb splorb of Halloran's (p.14). It's a while since I had a good laugh from an article as wittily written. A great run down on political life on campus — what's more a surprisingly true insight.

But was it quite necessary to deface a great leader — Muldoon — you spoil his natural good looks and cuteness. Have you no respect for this country's statesmen?

Yours Glenda Fryer.



WAR IN THE PACIFIC!



French Polynesia, in a state of social ferment, could easily catapult into revolution.

While the New Zealand government, in its opposition to French nuclear testing virtually ignores the military occupation of "French" Polynesia and the whole issue of French colonialism tension mounts in Tahiti. With the upsurge in opposition to nuclear testing has come a rebirth of the independence movement with the islands. There has also been a corresponding upsurge in French repression; censorship, imprisonment of Autonomist leaders, suppression of local protests and a general crackdown on dissidence.

The French gained Tahiti and the Tuamotus, where the testing is now held, in the 19th century, "grab for the Pacific". There followed a century of what is today called "anti Imperialist struggle", that is repeated uprisings by the Tahitians, and repeated repression by the French.

Nowadays France, like Portugal, does not admit her overseas territories are colonies. Termed part of metropolitan France, French Polynesia is given some small representation in the Chamber of Deputies. Although there is a local assembly, the real power in the Islands rests with the French Governor.

The predominantly Autonomist (Independence) Assembly has repeatedly called for a cessation of testing, and the withdrawal of France, but to no avail. A Tahitian Assembly man said in 1966 to President de Gaulle, "could you, Mr President, apply to French Polynesia the fine principles which you tended at Phnom Penh to our American friends and re-embark your troops, your bombs and your aircraft?... Then, you would set the world an example worthy of France."

ARREST AND EXILE

The leader of the post-war autonomy movement, Pouvanna a Oopa, has suffered arrest and exile three times.

Autonomy units were outlawed and the 1958 referendum for independence was a farce. Pouvanna was again arrested.

Indications are mounting that soon we may witness violent revolutionary struggle in French

Polynesia. Many concerned people are asking how long will the New Zealand Government close its eyes to one of the most important issues in opposition to French nuclear testing in the Pacific? That is: French Colonialism, the virtual military occupation of "French" Polynesia. France is maintaining large-scale military installations in Tahiti resulting in disastrous social, political and environmental effects despite the repeated protests of the French Polynesian people. Kirk maintains that Government of the region is an domestic matter and New Zealand should not interfere.

Yet continued inertia by Tahiti's Pacific neighbours can only serve to worsen the situation. The longer the Polynesian people are forced to endure what Tahitian Assemblyman John Teariki calls "the vice of military colonialism", the more massive the build-up of frustration and indignation will become.

CRUNCH COMING

The crunch will come for the Tahitians eventually when the French do leave. The large military complex created by the atomic experiment centre has undermined the economy leaving it in what Teariki terms a state of "economic anarchy", a deliberate ploy many

feel to keep Tahiti economically dependent and permanently tied to France.

The longer French presence remains the greater the economic dislocation and the harder the eventual fall. The French military have already created havoc in the traditional social system with venereal disease and prostitution reaching epidemic proportions.

Unrest, which flowered in the mid 60's, was quickly stifled by the French authorities. Leaders of the Tahitian Opposition Party, the RDPT were arrested, imprisoned and exiled — often without trial.

CAULDRON OF DISCONTENT

Since the growth of world opposition to testing there has been a resurgence in local unrest.

Recently seven men attacked a French military base in Tahiti stealing arms and ammunition. Five received five years' goal, and 10 years' exile. One of the accused bought a bag of soil into court, pouring it on the floor when sentenced shouting: "This is Tahitian soil, not French soil. Go home you bastards. Vive l'indépendance!!" This, and other similar incidents are just the forerunners of what is to come.

The French Polynesians, of course, probably lack the strength or resources of the Algerians who physically ousted the French 10 years ago but nevertheless, revolutionary struggle in the Pacific is a fast-growing possibility.

STOP THE CARNAGE

New Zealand can avert the carnage by asking now, before Polynesian feelings rise to bursting point. New Zealand can take the issue of the French colonies to the United Nations General Assembly, from there to the UN Special Committee on Decolonization.

France was forced by UN pressure to give up former French Somaliland and the Comoro Island after pressure from African countries. The same could occur with French Polynesia if New Zealand Government cares to raise its voice.

The New Zealand Government refuses to recognise the possibilities offered by the issue of French colonialism in bringing about an end to French nuclear testing in the Pacific.

Bill Ralston

FURTHER READING ON FRENCH COLONIALISM

French Nuclear Tests and our Future, B Mann (ed) Wackrow, 1972.
French Polynesia, A Paradise?, B Mann (ed) Wackrow, 1973
Boy Roel, Voyage to Nowhere, B. Mitcalfe (ed) Alister Taylor Pub. Ltd. 1972.

comely cassidy



The press conference was what is known as an unmotley crew. Every trendy in town appeared to be there — listening to each other with terribly interested expressions on their faces, while their eyes darted — just to make sure they were doing the right thing. Included also were ten teenies who had won a Cassidy competition and were therefore entitled to meet him. They were ecstatic and Cassidy had not even appeared.

Cassidy's arrival was refreshing. Miller's PR Patti Mostynn announced "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr David Cassidy!" And to the horror of those with delicate sensibilities, nearly every mother stood up! Cassidy himself, short and skinny and very jaded, just said "Hi" and tried to make people comfortable. I liked him immediately (and still do).

Cassidy is immensely attractive. He is a manufactured superstar and he wants to leave it all behind. That desire has made him sensitive and kind in answering the mostly very stupid questions the press put to him.

Naturally the first questions concerned the Partridge Family.

Cassidy made it quite clear he hates the programme. Yet the press kept on returning to it and he kept patient.

"What star are you?"

"What do you mean?"

"What sign are you?"

"Oh, I'm an Aries."

"What sort of people are Aries?"

"Terrific people, terrific," answered the synchophant in the rear.

No wonder he was bored, but gentlemanly throughout.

Most of the press writeups ignored Cassidy's meaty answers.

On his commercialisation: "Its uncontrollable; its so bizarre to be in that situation. You don't relate to it as you. I have no control over it. They're really ripping off people like buying a photograph that is supposed to be signed by me."

His music sets the teenies pulsing. He likes to do his own arrangements, getting together with five or six musicians to nut it out.

"I'm pleased with my new album it represents little vignettes of my life. Like I do Bali Hai on it which is a song I heard my father singing when I was five or six. I try to do songs that I like. I don't want to cater to a particular market."

In a way Cassidy has had a bum life of late. Promising acting roles — but the Partridge Family made him a star. That first single he made 'I Think I Love You' sold 5½ million copies. He began doing stage shows that have been sellouts, mostly accepted the hysteria, panic and mechanism that goes with his status. Now he's loaded.

But basically he's had a gutsful of the hype, yet can't make the break away from it all. After this tour he wants to go to his secluded acreage in Hawaii. "After this tour I would like to pull back and think about what I am going to do." You got an overwhelming sense of someone who is good at what he is supposed to be good at yet doesn't want to be there really.

Questions take a further turn for the worse.

"Mr Cassidy, how many cars do you own?"

"One. You can only drive one at a time, can't you?" said ever so slightly smarmily.

Back to the Partridge Family. Questions on his dog. Won't talk about his musical relationship to Wes Farrell, but it is gleaned that ol' mate Wes didn't push one of Cassidy's albums too well.

OK Conference called to halt. It wasn't much of a press conference, anyway.

The Miller organisation spent a lot of time talking about securing Cassidy from rampant teenies. But all knew for sure that ticket sales bombed when adverts appeared in the dailies giving time of arrival and even flight number, in the hope of instant hysteria. Well it didn't happen and I'm glad. It must have been a nice break for the star.

"Life expectations? I'd like to be a Mason." (Big, beautiful smile.) "I don't really know. I like singing and I'd like to act, race horses, to TV series. I don't ever want to have to compromise to make money which is a pretty luxurious position to be in."

Kathryn de Nave.



BLIND STUDENT

Jim Moranga

Requires lift between 7.30 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. Monday and Thursday from Papakura to Vivian Lee Theatre in Wynard St. Phone Continuing Education 74740 ext 318.

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

Helpers are urgently needed, and if you can assist in the coaching of any school subjects please phone:
Ama Rauhihi
Polynesian Panther Party
Phone 764-830

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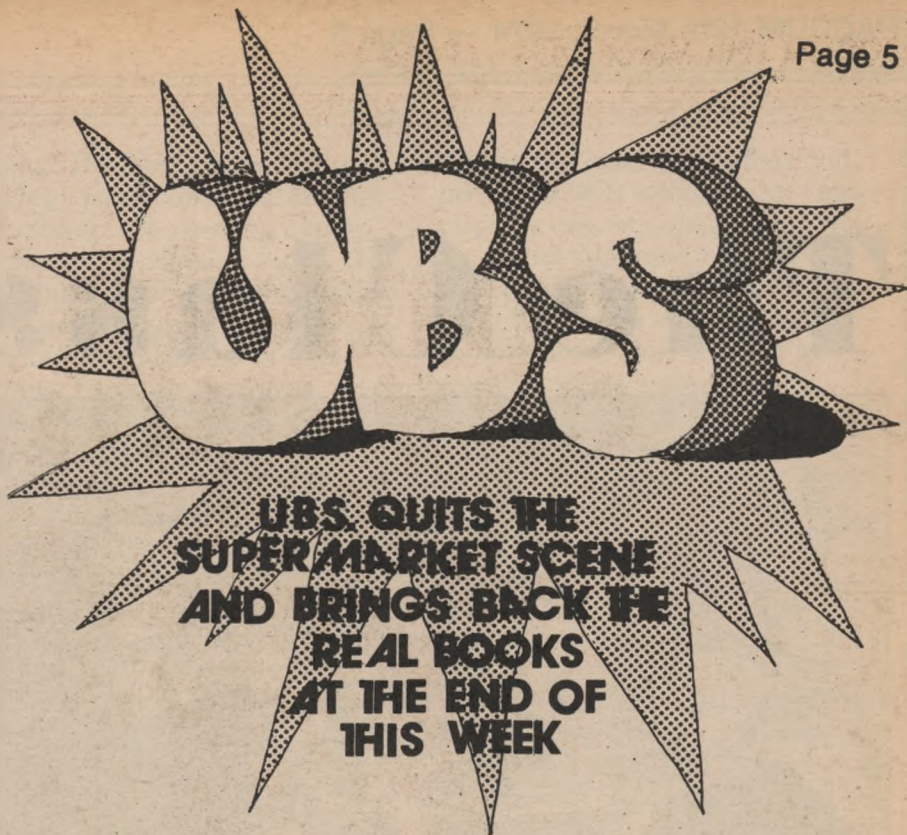
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Bank of New Zealand

Campus Branch,
Old Student Union Building.

3.4

FREE PUBLICITY BLURB THE RIGHT TO CHOSE... ALL ABOUT WONAAC

The Women's National Abortion Action Campaign (WONAAC) was launched last July following the Abortion Action Conference in Wellington. Succinctly WOONAAC's premise is that it is a woman's fundamental right to decide for herself when and if she will bear children, to have control over her own body. Such a right, argues WONAAC, is at present denied by the laws prohibiting abortion in this country, as well as by those laws preventing those under the age of sixteen from obtaining contraceptives and contraceptive advice. (It seems a pretty poor show when information which might prevent the birth of unwanted kids to ill-prepared Mums— 261 births to mothers 15 and under in 1971 — is deliberately withheld).

Thus WONAAC was formed to co-ordinate nationally a women's action campaign to press for the following demands:

REPAEL THE ABORTION LAWS

FREE, EASILY AVAILABLE CONTRACEPTION FOR ALL VOLUNTARY STERILISATION.

WONAAC's action perspective is based on a recognition of the need to keep such a campaign visible, so that it can attract public support and bring the

help

Casual freelance studio assistants wanted for video production work. Studio experience desirable. Please write to:

**Production Department
Vid-Com Ltd.
P.O. Box 14-9
Auckland.**

government's attention to the problem in a way in which it cannot easily ignore. In addition, it was hoped that a visible, active women's campaign will give confidence to the thousands of women too intimidated by anti-abortion propaganda to be convinced as yet that the right to chose abortion is a tenable goal. (If you would like to hear more about WONAAC write to P.O. Box 68-266, Newton.)

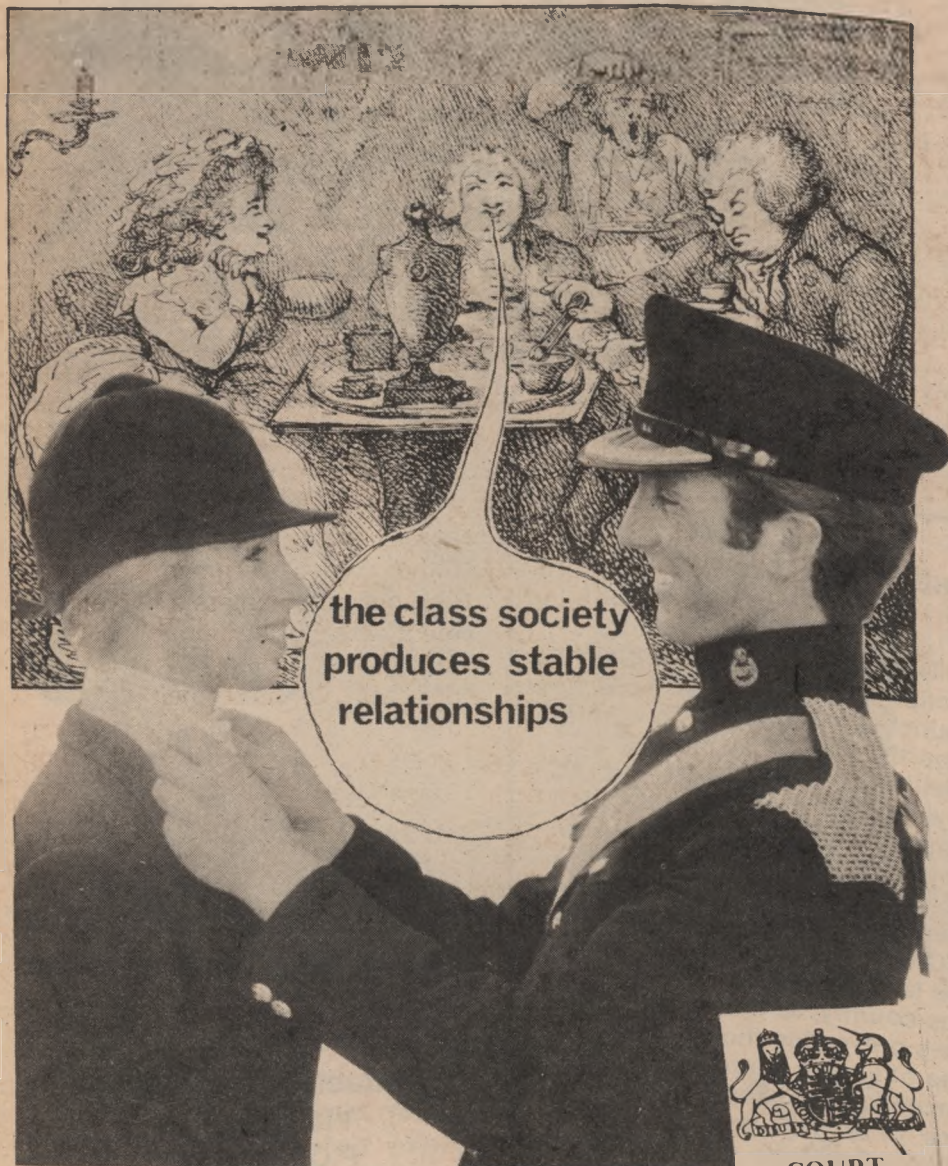


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The Class Society



My intention in this and any other article that may follow, is to applaud and provide propaganda for the Labour party and the socialist welfare state of New Zealand.

God's Own Country — a slogan I equated with right wing patriots; but after a year in England I am not laughing at the statement anymore. I may find God irrelevant to the point but I am finding the distinctions between paradise and New Zealand becoming very vague. It is because I realise so much can still be done in New Zealand that I write this article. In New Zealand I tended to oscillate on the periphery of revolutionary activity, in England the horror of the class situation has firmly committed me to the socialist cause.

I do not feel that a violent overthrow of the system is necessary in New Zealand, and that the idea of equitably distributed wealth is firmly entrenched in the New Zealand mind; but when Brent Lewis asked me to expand on some parallels between Britain and Chile, I jumped at the chance to persuade you New Zealand is no little Britain, and that we don't want to be.

England is a class society, and I am still having great difficulty in adjusting to the fact that class is the overriding determining factor of British society.

THE ARISTOS

The English upper class is essentially a bourgeoisie class but not middle class in conventional terms. It is too small for that, and to be upper class is still mainly a birthright. You can be as poor as church mice and still be assured that your children will receive all the benefits of being Upper class.

The Upper class is almost an entirely different race living amongst the natives. It practises its own rigid apartheid with its own schools, living areas, eating houses and shops. Their unity is because of one central philosophy — they are the natural rulers and leaders of England. Their unity is maintained by speaking a distinct language of their own and having their own distinct customs and habits.

Yet while this group is only a very small percentage of the population they control virtually all the wealth and much of the positions of power. In the higher echelons of the civil service and armed services they have maintained a right of preserve. Their control of capital and thus industry, through the city is almost total.

This stranglehold is maintained by the privileges and benefits of

being upper class. The children are guaranteed a considerable start in making a career. They get a vastly disproportionate number of university places — out of proportion to their numbers or intellectual qualities. Careers in the professions are guaranteed to them as a birthright. If they cannot buy ranks now, or hand on the civil service office, it does not seem to matter, as class is still an important determination in rising far. Sixty per cent of the officers in the armed forces are public school. The proportion of public school officers increases dramatically as one reaches staff ranks. Wealth is inheritable and such a distribution of wealth is sure to be self-burgeoning. Within a fifty mile radius of some friends of my parents, in the country South of London, live people who exert influence or control over seventy percent of England's private capital.

So we have a class whose great strength is their unity of purpose and whose privileges and powers are immense. They are strongly dug in with justifications for their position in their head. Their privilege as a class maintains their position of power and wealth. Their power and wealth maintains their privilege exerting a cohesive pressure on any decision of government.

I am suggesting that they are, of course very aware of their position and have actively maintained that position, unlike the ordinary middle class who tend to be unaware of their ideological position. So far this has mainly been able to be done inside the English "democratic tradition", which of course is their creation, but have at times indulged in tactics that suggest they would have no hesitation in protecting their interests by other means.

The upper class have preserved their rule in a country in which the ideal revolutionary situation exists. There is a definite class consciousness in Britain. The vast mass of the people are working class. They are conscious of being working class and often conscious of being exploited by a class of people they seem to hate. They do not express the will necessary to perpetuate the radical social upheaval that is urgently needed in this country.

REVOLUTION

I will not argue the necessity of revolution in this country. I am trying to establish the marked gap between a small very privileged class and the vast bulk of the country and then suggest a situation similar to Chile exists.

The sudden increase of wealth in Western Europe during the late fifties and early sixties seemed to prove the strength of capitalism

and the failure of Marx's predictions. The prosperity in England while seeming to weaken the class society and narrow the gulf of wealth, has in fact exaggerated the wealth gap and made more glaring the disparities.

Temporarily the bulk of the population seemed pushed into a middle group in society, but there has been *no real redistribution of wealth*. In fact capitalism was allowed its head. When inflation became rampant and uncontrollable and the economy slowed down worse disparities of wealth were created.

CORPORATE GROWTH

There has been a giant growth of corporations. These have been in areas in which the small middle class person still predominated. This has concentrated more wealth into the hands of the people who had the capital to finance the corporations and turned the small middle class into wage earners.

At first this new expansion of the corporations seemed to benefit the people. They could provide credit and create the impression that the ordinary person was well off as well as providing more goods at marginally cheaper prices.

The beneficial effects were soon gone as prices soared and credit became harder to get and more expensive. Yet meantime more capital was in the hands of the few who already had more of it, and a lot of people were finding themselves with a wage that quickly diminished and no capital to cushion the loss.



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PRIVATION

For the working classes there were temporary gains that have often made their lot worse.

For a time the wages made a jump ahead of the survival level, this and easy credit — meant a marginal prosperity for them. The thing to recognise about the mod culture and others that followed it is that they were basically a recognition of the marginality of wealth. For the first time they had a few Knicker to spend, but the extra money was so little that they might as well spend it on that type of luxury leisure. The money was never going to be enough to change their slum living. The money was only enough to buy the mod culture, and only as long as they had no family to support.

Since the beginning of this present conservative government wage increases have been less than half the rate of inflation. It is two years since the mineworkers won their "massive" wage increase, and they are in a worse position than they were before the 1972 strike.

England while recognising the idea of a basic forty hour week has yet to recognise that a man ought to be paid a livable wage for a forty hour week. The average working man earns 33 on a sixty hour week. This is not much if you realize a 1.50 in England goes about as far as one N.Z. dollar. A miner even after working a sixty hour week would have to go into debt if he wants more than to just adequately feed, house and clothe his family, and feeding here is on a diet that New Zealanders would call meatless.

The disparity of wealth is amazing and obvious. The upper class have in their control a wealth more immense than they have ever had, and almost fifty percent of the population are only marginally better off than they were at the turn of the century and this statement was made by Lord Rothschild. Yet England is supposed to be a major welfare state and have one of the strongest socialist movements in the world.

ANOTHER CHILE?

How different is England from Chile. Very little really, and it was surprising how many newspapers recognised this. Forget that England was once the greatest world power, and remember that Chile has been probably the most prosperous and powerful of the South American states. In fact superficially a western middle class state. Both are states with a strong democratic tradition, places where the armed forces traditionally stayed out of politics. Both are states where democracy did not evolve but was created by a hugely privileged upper class. Both are states where a small Upper class, mainly heredity in character, have almost complete control of the armed forces, civil service and wealth of the country. Both countries have a middle group that acts as a buffer between the upper class and the vast majority who have no real share of the wealth of the country.

Walk through the still massive slums of England where five million families still live in one room and try and compare it favourably with Chile. In both the Upper classes have through the use of the democratic tradition contained social upheaval and preserved their position of authority. In both there is a definite class-consciousness and a strong socialist movement. In both there seems the possibility of a socialist revolution happening inside democracy. In both it only needed the workers to realize that only their own action would gain them a fair share of a nations wealth. In Chile it happened, and the Upper classes proved how tenuous democracy was. It seemed to prove one question that a socialist revolution can only be a violent one. *Marxism was never given the chance to prove it could operate democratically.*



MEDIA

The Guardian in an editorial on Chile saw this as a warning to England, and asked the question could it happen in Britain. They noted all the similarities I have pointed out, but decided in the end that a vague thing called "the sense of honour of a gentleman" would restrain the Upper class from violating the democracy of England. But would it?

The Sun headed one major article a week ago. "The Blue Threat". The Sun is a national morning daily and is rather like Truth. They call themselves the paper of the working classes and are typical of the group of papers aimed at the working class. Catering for the lowest common denominator of taste they are full mainly of the minor scandals of the society set, sport and miscellaneous provocative headlines. Their editorials, four to five lines long reflect their contempt for the working class, whose interests they claim they are protecting.

When the Conservative Govt declared a national emergency and admitted their economic policies had failed, the Sun didn't even bother to mention it. Its only reaction being an even more fervent coverage of the Royal

wedding. *The Sun and the other "working class" papers main aims are to distract the working classes from the issues affecting them.* The people in the Sun know more than anyone exactly how small is the threat to English society of Red militancy. So when they do a uniquely long and thoughtful article on the threat to democracy from the right, then something must be happening. The Sun's concern with the growing strength of right wing groups goes a long way in defending my views on the threat to democracy from the upper classes.

It is important to realize how amazingly tenuous the idea of parliamentary democracy is in England. The Upper class still sees itself as the embodiment of a continuing tradition stretching back to Saxon times. The law still works on this principle, and though been the Upper class have been the guardians and interpreters of this law.

Democracy is part of this legal tradition. It may evolve with changing custom, but only under the careful eye of the Upper class who have always seen themselves as the bulwark preventing tyranny developing.

English government has a tradition of oligarchy, and it has been the upper class who have reaped immense reward from this oligarchy. Their culture has become the most popular and copied way of living in the world; but to maintain it in England they must continue to be a privileged elite.

Social revolution is the most fearful thing they have always faced.

CORPORATE GROWTH

There has been a giant growth of corporations. These have been in areas in which the small middle class person still predominated. This has concentrated more wealth into the hands of the people who had the capital to finance the corporations and turned the small middle class into wage earners.

At first this new expansion of the corporations seemed to benefit the people. They could provide credit and create the impression that the ordinary person was well off as well as providing more goods at marginally cheaper prices.

The beneficial effects were soon gone as prices soared and credit became harder to get and more expensive. Yet meantime more capital was in the hands of the few who already had more of it, and a lot of people were finding themselves with a wage that quickly diminished and no capital to cushion the loss.

A DEMOCRATIC AGE?

With the twentieth century the choice of rulers has evolved more and more on to parliament and the choice of the people. With it has been the growth of the labour party whose mandate is solely given by the bulk of the population. They are people with no

loyalty to Upper class ideas and privileges. It is indicative of Upper class success at containment, that for all the supposed militancy of the English socialist movement, there have been very few labour governments. *Only the first two years of Attlee's government achieved anything.*

Social democracy has failed in England for 2 reasons. One being the success of the Upper class in perpetuating an English tradition that secures their privilege. The other is the civil service, the armed forces and business. The civil service has grown enormously in the Twentieth century and with it has grown its immense power of influencing a government in the action it can take and the information it receives. The end of laissez-faire has in many ways resulted in Government being controlled by business rather than Government controlling business. Unless a Government is ready to remove them from power, it is excessively depended on those men who are the "city". Wilson's government met active non-cooperation and sometimes down right sabotage from the English business centres. In the end he surrendered to their influence on his policies. How much like Chile that is, except Allende was determined not to surrender. Finally, two world wars and the cold war have got the Generals used to the idea of them being actively involved in Government decisions, a thing new and unique in English political history.

CLUB TOGETHER

One of the favourite upper class statements on the workings of English government is "out of parliament, through the civil services, by the clubs." One small elite dominates the civil service, the armed forces and the capital of great Britain. Their unique customs separate them from the populace and serve to strengthen their unity of purpose. They have all the power and influence to control and if necessary destroy parliamentary democracy.



That they do use their immense influence to control government is documented, and up till now they have contained social revolution that would disturb their position. But if a government as determinedly social revolutionary as the Allende government won a popular

mandate would the Upper class allow themselves to be destroyed or would they do as they did in Chile sweep aside democracy. The time before the coup in Chile called Chilean democratic tradition "as strong as that of England."

The Upper class have the power and motivation and feel invested with the historical precedent. They are the guardians of democracy, they have let various parts of the population share it as long as they act responsibly and they have removed it once, from the Stuarts who acted irresponsibly.

THE CRUCIBLE

When I first mentioned these ideas in letter defending my contention that a successful marxist revolution had to be violent there was no crisis in England and the English people looked docile and devoid of any of the revolutionary feeling that should so patently be theirs. Since then the crisis has revived all the exaggerations of this classed society and *Great Britain seems headed for long years of militant warfare*. It seemed hard to understand why the Conservative government should engage in such a ruinous and bitter struggle to defend a principle they admitted they were on the point of abandoning, and at the moment many of the upper class seem to agree with me and that they are going to be put in the position of having to defend themselves.

At the beginning of this month the army engaged in an operation around Heathrow. It seemed the Conservative Govt. was caught as much by surprise as everyone else. Two days later army spokesmen admitted the operation wasn't really to stop Arab terrorists attacking Heathrow but as an exercise to get people used to the idea of armed troops patrolling the streets to maintain public order, and as practice for the troops. It seems according to a series of officers since then that all the troops have been receiving training in how to handle internal security problems and that more such public exercises would be carried out, hopefully nearer city centres. Just who the exercisers were aimed at wasn't made clear, but everyone including the Conservative government got the hint.

AND THE END?

I am writing this in the last week of January just as the crisis seems to be reaching some sort of peak. What ever happens people seem to feel this is the end of English society as we know it. I hope this article makes interesting reading when it appears in Craccum. I feel that the inflexibilities of this society are beginning to tell and people are becoming aware of all the various alternatives; and one of the nastier alternatives is a *rightwing dictatorship, a reoccurrence of the events in Chile*.

Richard Turner

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elton john:

Press interviews seem to attract trendies like flies to jam, and Elton John's conference was no exception. However security of the reception in the Parnell Rose Gardens, proved a tough nut to crack. especially for those who had not been graced with the possession of a red pass card. Unfortunately mine had been lost in the jungle of Brent Lewis' office, (we plan on getting a search party together one day and going in to find a lost city or two), and so it took a lot of fast talking and waiting to get in.

SALIENT TURNED BACK

Along with me were three members of the Salient staff from Victoria, who had just hitched four hundred miles to interview Elton. They had even less joy, and were flatly turned away. Their reaction of desolation and despair could be imagined, and doubtless hard words will be coming from their direction.

The ridiculous thing was that out of the forty or fifty people there, only four were actually reporters. The rest were all friends of friends. Salient had to stand and watch these people go in and satisfy themselves with making scathing remarks within earshot.

Finally at about six o'clock, Elton John rolled up in a cavalcade of vintage Rolls Royces, wearing bright crimson velvet trousers, a velvet top with a low plunge neckline, platform heels, and heart-shaped red, blue and yellow sunglasses. He was greeted by a Maori haka performed by a party of young Maoris, who provided probably the only nationally individualistic aspect of the conference.

Along with Elton was his drummer, Nigel Olson, the rest of the group, and the La de das. The La de das have just brought out a new album, which is rumoured to be very good but more about them later.

OLSON APPROACHABLE

I decided to warm up on Nigel Olson, sitting with his wife in a corner. Altogether a very approachable fellow. Nigel gave me one or two revelations about his plans for the group. They plan on turning out a record **without** Elton shortly, and Nigel plans to retire in a couple of years. What did Elton have to say about that? Elton had different ideas: he planned on going on until he lost innovation and became repetitious.

Now for the good points about the reception:— the food was good, and so was the drink, and they even layed on a Disco, complete with D.J. The hostesses, in purple Elton John t-shirts, had nothing to complain about either. Festival Records had obviously put a lot of trouble into the organisation of the reception.

THE INCIDENT

Perhaps, however, the whole thing was a little short, and that may have been due to a regrettable incident which occurred back at the bar in which names were mentioned, including that of a member of the Elton John entourage, who apparently wanted whiskey not champagne. Finding it not forthcoming, he decided to return his champagne — tight back into the face of Festival Manager Kevin James.

Judy Baragwanath, standing nearby, then went to render assistance whereupon the antagonist layed her out with a fairly solid punch in the face. The incident has since become international news, but we had no inkling of it at the time, neither did Elton John. It wasn't until a roadie edged up to Mr John during the interview that we noticed something was amiss. Elton excused himself and his party left quickly and quietly. The incident has not exactly endeared Elton John to the Auckland Press, but doubtless time will heal.

Before he left, I asked Elton what he thought of Dick James. (Note: Dick James is head of Northern Songs, publishers for the Beatles and Elton John).

"Quite frankly, he's not a nice guy, but he is a businessman. He has no appreciation of music. We had some bad experience with him, and I hope he's a part of the business."

It seems that Elton is moving more and more into independence, and is shaking off the bonds of publishing companies etc. He has now set up his own record company. Maybe this will mean an extended period of professional success for Elton John.

Meetings etc.

A BOUQUET OF BRYCHBATS A BRYCHBAT TO THE AUCKLAND HOSPITAL BOARD

That wonderful coalition the Blue Rinse Ladies Guild and the Corybantic Tory Rugger Club VIZ the Auckland Hospital Board, met Monday to consider the Brych case.

Normal business was held up for 55 minutes while, in some cases for the first time this year, elected members of this vital public body huffed and puffed about this shocking man who has had the cheek, the absolute effrontery (and the guts), to go 'public' with a public issue!

Immunotherapy it seems, has kept telephones 'red hot'. Electors have been calling on Bord Members even to the point of harassment in support of his work.

The main aim of the 'off the cuff' but carefully planned discussion was to wipe the hymeneal blood from the virginal Dr Moody, Superintendent-in-Chief, and his various underlings.

Graeme Talbot waffled off for the Board about the difference between chemotherapy and immunotherapy and generally confused the ladies, particularly Mrs Barrett, who was wearing yet another new hat.

Bruce Farris, leader of the medico vested interests clique then produced his four page statement which was duly issued to the press. An ambitious man, he will seek the chairmanship of re-elected, but is not expected to win the ladies' vote. He spent the first page being "no longer morally bound to remain silent" and pointing out his "special abilities" in the cancer cure field.

Faris recorded that Brych's treatment has been variously described as "altered lymphocytes", "active and passive immunization", and later "blood treated with neuraminadase to remove cell membranes and enhance the immunizing effect." Finally, after admitting he didn't know his subject, he congratulated the Haematology and Radiotherapy Departments; without reference to

Brych for achieving a breakthrough which he obviously doesn't believe exists!

What became blatantly clear very quickly was that the Medical Advisory Committee had failed to identify just what immunotherapy is. In July 1973 this committee was asked by the Board to investigate the methods of Dr Brych. As at 5/3 74, they had not reported.

Grey area No.2 concerns Brych's Head of Department, Burton. It is interesting to note: that two of his senior staff have recently resigned, that he doesn't know what Brych's treatment consists of and further he appears to have been an obstructive force in Brych's work.

Brych was initially appointed to his department in July 1971, as a registrar, later he was promoted to Medical Officer, he is not registered in New Zealand as a specialist, though Moody admitted that overseas he would have been, and therefore does not have his own 'bed'. It is therefore surprising to hear Brych complaining that his 'beds' have been reduced though easy to deduce departmental arrangements.

Ex-All Black Caughey, the shop-keeper, then compared thalidomide and immunotherapy, which was bloody unfortunate! If nobody but Brych knows what the treatment is how could he make a comparison?

Sharpe, member for Franklin asked a question! That occurrence is so rare that a murmur moved the Boardroom!

Mrs Manning, sequinned and flashing her monacle at the Chairman made a gushy little speech about "our wonderful superintendent".

Dot Eyre almost saved the Board from further shame when she asked some very pertinent questions but the Caughey-Moody team blocked these effectively.

The inability of the Board to handle the Brych case is only one of Health Minister Tizard's justifications for re-organising Hospital Boards.

\$68m, the Bord's annual budget can be clearly seen to be in the hands of incompetents.

The alternative as I see it is to elect to the Hospital Board's non-coalition members.

SCALPEL

There's a rather interesting tussle going on between Councillor McKinnon and Robbie.

They're both members of the Regional Authority as well as the Council but since McKinnon had a run in with the A.R.A. he's aimed his pea-shooter at it.

Robbie, on the other hand, is conscious of his dual responsibilities, and tries to assume a statesmanlike stance.

This was highlighted over a trivial motion which aimed at congratulating the A.R.A. on what it had done to conserve power over the summer.

Robbie retreated to the black days of '53, when there evidently

was a bit of a water shortage and said there must never be another '53. "Never another '53", chorused the councillors.

However, McKinnon sprang up, the fire indignantly sparkling his eyes and said he was not sure there was a power shortage. As there wasn't any proof that there was one, then there wasn't any justification for any motion congratulating the A.R.A.

And so, for 20 minutes the Auckland City Council debated as to whether it should pass on a congratulatory note.

P.S. If you're interested, they did.

One of the council's historic decisions was to have tea and bikkies at 9 o'clock, the first time they had set a firm time.

It's quite amusing really. The councillors go into one room and have cream cakes and sandwiches while the public is shunted into the corridor and has tea and Grifins biscuits.

They used to put on sandwiches but that made the public seem too equal. So much for the egalitarian society, folks.

Arthur Kinsella resigned from the Auckland City Council last Thursday. He's not much loss. His sole contribution at council meetings seemed to be to remind his fellow councillors that he once walked the corridors of power. Plodded them would be more like it.

A failure as a Minister of Education until he "retired" in 1969, he remained the epitome of the colourless individual.

"One must go where there is promotion", he said in his valedictory summing up his politics and mawkishly added that Auckland would always be favoured in his heart.

"Oh, wasn't that nice," said the little old lady.

There's an old saying," said Sir Dove Myer Robinson, "that you shouldn't show fools or children an unfinished programme."

"It is in the public interest," he continued, "that any decisions and the reasons for them be reported in council, for during the discussions stage in committee we have no guarantee of correct reporting."

Those quotes were from a Star report of a meeting of the Auckland City Council on the 4th of May, 1972. The Council then voted 16-4 to not allow its committee meetings to be reported.

At the Council meeting of the 6th of February, 1974, when it was moved by Councillor Bassett that the committee be open to the press the Mayor said: "this matter

I first raised 20 years ago. . . It is a progressive measure and I support it."

On the 4th of May, 1972, Councillor Mel Tronson (who ironically is the Auckland Public Relations Officer) said: "the integrity of this Council is not to be questioned by any outside organisation, whether it be the public or the press."

On the 6th of February, 1974, Councillor Tronson confessed to a charge of thinking like Harold McMillan he said "one must accept the winds of change".

"Because we are Tories", said Tronson, "it doesn't mean we're incapable of accepting change."

However, doubts were appearing. Councillor Tronson said that as the Auckland City Council was

the biggest local authority in New Zealand it could "impinge more on individuals than smaller and less complex areas" (meaning?)

Like Cassius Clay, Councillor Tronson said he preferred to keep a little in reserve, proving maybe, that Tories couldn't accept change after all.

Councillor Firth thought that Council was "dealing with a fragile flower". I wouldn't like to see us diviing in or we'll open the gates too wide," he said at the end of his masterful rhetoric, "or we'll drop the bundle."

What importance the resolution as passed will have is doubtful. In allowing the Policy and Finance Committee to be reported, the Council has insured that its prime decision-making body is included.

However, with a guarantee that the consideration of confidential items be used sparingly, as Dr Bassett's second resolution asked for, then perhaps its a case of a facade of pious sentiments sheltering the same old reactionary precepts. Let's see. But in the meantime, perhaps the Councillors should ponder on these words the Star wrote editorially at the time of the last incident: "the City Council exists to serve Aucklanders. It is there to ensure that, as far as it is practicable, the needs and wishes of Aucklanders are efficiently met. Its discussions and decisions should always be open to scrutiny. And closer the scrutiny, the better for our kind of democracy. Any councillor who doesn't grasp this should hurry off to his private tower."

A FUNKY CHICKEN

A world wide rock record was broken at the Western Springs Stadium during the Elton John concert on Thursday.

"We've never played to such a large audience," said Elton jubilantly, "Not in America, not anywhere".

The extraordinary success of the concert must have compensated for the cloud which hung over the group - Elton was out on bail - but signs of strain could still be seen on the front man's face. Drummer Nigel Olsson was beaming proudly through the whole performance, although smiles were few from his leader.



There was barely standing room at the front and this gives rise to a major question - was the concert well-organized? There simply wasn't enough room at the front to sit down. Anyone who was up there will tell you that. I hate to think of what would have happened if Elton had been refused bail. Tension was high and could have exploded any time. But, in fact everybody who goes to a concert and who is prepared to meet the performers half-way by letting themselves go and enjoying themselves, should want to stand up anyway, and they will want to be as close as possible. So the result is a jam. Note how people who are standing in the front of a concert will generally come back talking enthusiastically whereas those who aren't prepared to get into it, and sit down the back lose their grip of the rhythm, and just don't get into the music.

The crowd wanted excitement, and both groups led off this tremendous sense of occasion.

The response from the audience for the La de das had been good - handclapping and shouting, but when Elton came out, dressed from head to foot in a multi-coloured suit of chicken feathers, it went insane.

Q. "Elton, can you play the moog synthesiser?"

A. "Hell no! I can't handle anything with more than three switches - that's why I can't do my own laundry."

And so they used a taped moog for the introduction to "Funeral For a Friend."

There was a whole gaggle of boppers and groupies by the stage in front of me, and everytime Elton turned towards the audience it would go wild. As he moved along the stage, posing like a peacock (is this the alter-ego of Elton?) on the make, nipples of hands would rise towards the variegated vaudevillian figure.

"Elton", came the shrieks from the front.

"Sit down", came the squawks

from the back, beer cans, while the king rooster

However, Mr. John was not restricted to the field of ornithology, literally feel the ground under your feet as 70,000 stomped

And more they

Elton re-emerged for two encores "Crocodile" and "Saturday Night" in a white cowboy hat and a white cowbo

One criticism of the concert led for here - the performance was mesmerizing, but the music was extremely loud. Johnstone is undoubtedly the best electric guitarist ever seen live, and his melodies using a Gibson S.C. fortless control w



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C Image of Auckland

A multi-media impression of the city, its people, and their identity.

presented by the Mercury Theatre

Compiled and produced by Ken Rea with the help of Arthur Baysting, Dean Parker, and the company.

from 20th March to 5th April

10.45 a.m. — 12.15 p.m. daily

(duration 45 minutes)

A 40 minute presentation combining poetry, recorded interviews, music, slides, movie film and live performance. Using the several media it looks at aspects of Auckland; its people and its development. There is no 'message'. No conclusions are drawn. The images speak for themselves.

The production is a group creation under the supervision of Ken Rea, and features actors from the Mercury Theatre. Dean Parker and Arthur Baysting have co-ordinated the script while Alan Smythe has assembled the visual images and Jon Arvidson, the soundtrack.

Director, Ken Rea discusses some of the early stages of the production.

'We began work on 'Image of Auckland' by interviewing people in the streets, just asking them what they thought about the city, whether they were happy living here, whether they found it boring or stimulating, what they didn't like about it. To these we added interviews with civic leaders, including the Mayor, Sir Dove-Myer Robinson, and also recorded discussions with reform groups such as the Gay Liberation Front and the Women's Christian Temperance Union. These tapes became the basis and counterpoint for our research into the social and political aspects of Auckland's growth.'

'in presenting the material a number of different techniques are used; these include documentary, street theatre and short dramatic sketches. Our aim has been to keep the piece alive in theatrical terms, at the same time conveying a great deal of information. The use of different media, often simultaneously, heightens this.'

Ken Rea recording Image of Auckland



AUCKLAND CITY ART GALLERY

Festival programme 1974

Jacques Brel is Alive and Well and Living in Paris

W

one man's poetry/music/and present place of residence

with

George Henare

Rawiri Paratene

Ruth Lyster

Darien Takle

Production Raymond Hawthorne

Musical Direction Robert Alderton

Design Rohanna Hawthorne

Jacques Brel fiercely insists that he is *not* a poet and that he cannot, in fact, write verse; that it is impossible for him to imagine or visualize or write words without the sound of music intruding. If we should accept his denial, then we must indeed find a new and very special classification for his art. Certainly Brel's lyrics are closer to poetry than almost all of the cheap doggerel manufactured by the mini-minds of all the tin-pan alleys of the Western world. His burning imagery, his brilliantly controlled rhythmic patterns and his superb sense of dramatic construction are the marks of not only the craftsman, but the artist.

It is part of a tradition. In simple truth, no popular music in modern times can match the French chanson for its maturity, literacy and purity.

Perhaps it started with the troubadours, or maybe with Francois Villon. Certainly, in modern times, we know that Aristide Bruant, celebrated in the fin de siècle drawings of Toulouse Lautrec, was the founder of the contemporary school of French popular songwriting. Bruant — he of the black, wide-brimmed hat, the brilliant, long, red scarf and the highly polished hip boots — began writing, composing and singing his songs in Montmartre at the turn of the century. At his cafe concerts, he sang of conscripts, whores and pimps, of convicts and cops, to audiences made up not only of conscripts, whores, pimps, convicts and cops but also of artists and writers and even politicians. His language echoed the sounds of the streets, his tunes were raucously gay and sadly simple. The people of Paris sang along with him and the poets paid heed.

The French do not flinch at the word "poetry" and their popular entertainers more often than not have in their repertoires lyrics by such esteemed writers as Jean Paul Sartre, Jacques Prevert, Louis Aragon, Jean Cocteau, Raymond Queneau and dozens of others who find nothing at all demeaning in the creating of popular songs. Further, many of France's leading popular composers have successfully set to music works of such classic and modern masters as Verlaine, Rimbaud, Baudelaire, Hugó, Apollinaire, Ronsard, de Musset and — back to the womb — Villon.

Brel, then, while certainly phenomenal, is hardly a phenomenon... merely part of a quite glorious tradition.

Jacques Brel



FOUR MEN IN A BOAT

Jim Allen
Bruce Barber
Philip Dadson
Kieran Lyons

Jim Allen

'CONTACT' A WORK IN THREE PARTS

1. 'Computer Dance' for 4 Performers

1. A steel tube cube, 25' x 25' x 10'
2. Infra red beam three dimensional grid intersecting this space so ordered to extend the performer's body movements.
3. Computer Programme. To place the grid 'on line'.
To programme variables to a number of 'choice' sequences.
Control unit to implement instructions.
The choice of sequences to be decided by the audience.
4. Analysis

The performers have a limited choice environment analogous to 'every day environment'. The cues are called from 'outside'. The blind man can be symbolic insofar he does not 'see' or control his future. The physical limits (tubing) are 'brutish'. Control mechanisms intellectually sophisticated, subtle and demanding in operation activate a state of heightened sensory awareness, a high energy output and brings in the element of time/duration self defensive energy conservation techniques. Audience; operates the cues, analysis of what they see, others 'on line' under circumstances of hypertension 'fish bowl curiosity'.

2. PERFORMANCE PIECE (4 Performers)

PARANGOLE' CAPES.

Spatial changes relative to the wearing of restrictive clothing, lying, sitting, kneeling, balancing, designed to reduce and permit the minimum possible movement.

3. PERFORMANCE PIECE (4 Performers)

BODY ARTICULATION

A square of polythene.

Thick colour impregnated paste. Performers to utilise the colour to visually demonstrate and record body, head and limb articulation.

Philip Dadson

I'm doing three pieces that I know of to date ... (being now 13 February 1974) and which are evolving more or less together. One is a piece for tape loops and performers, about 30 minutes long and by far the least defined. Its concerned with rhythm as a random side effect of physical and mental motions and a description would far better follow than precede the piece.

The remaining two are global linkups and carry the idea that it's possible to grasp the whole world without budging an inch from your doorstep. The shorter of the two, to be performed most days, is for up to a dozen short and medium wave radio listeners in a darkened space, operators for which will be requested from people at the Gallery around four in the afternoon. The other, 'Earth and Air A.R.T.' is a oncer programmed for Saturday April 20, from 3 to 10.30 p.m., where up to a dozen ham-radio stations will be in simultaneous operation from the Gallery. Call sign is ZL1AA. This event is being supported by Auckland branches of the Ham-radio League and mixed means for world-wide radio contact will be in use by participants. Besides these and other contributions, from Scratch, a foursome and nucleus of what was formerly Scratch orchestra will perform ... probably Thursday afternoon and definitely Friday night.



Jim Allen



Bruce Barber



Philip Dadson



Kieran Lyons

Four men in a boat — Monday 15 April — Sunday 21 April.

Monday April 15

Jim Allen — West Gallery
All day — till 4.00 p.m.
10 a.m. — 4 p.m.

Dadson 4.00 p.m.
'Short and Medium Waves Radio Piece'

Tuesday 16

Kieran Lyons S.F.T.C.
10 a.m. — 4 p.m.
Both galleries
Lunch break 12.30 p.m. — 1.15 p.m.

Dadson 4.00 p.m.
'Short and Medium Waves Radio Piece'

Wednesday 17

Kieran Lyons 'Superimpression'
Both galleries
Breaks: Smoko 11.25 a.m. — 11.35 a.m.
Lunch 11.55 p.m. — 1.10 p.m.
Smoko 2.35 p.m. — 2.45 p.m.

Philip Dadson 4.00 p.m.
'Short and Medium Waves Radio Piece'

Thursday 18

Bruce Barber — West Gallery
2 performances of 'Bucket Action'
a) 10.30 a.m. — 11.15 a.m.
b) 12.30 p.m. — 1.15 p.m.
Audience to be seated by 10.30 a.m. for performance A
Audience to be seated by 12.30 p.m. for performance B

Afternoon Phil Dadson 'Tape mix with performers'

4 p.m. — p.m. Dadson 'Short & Medium Waves' Radio piece

Friday 19

Jim Allen — West Gallery
10 a.m. — 4. p.m.

Dadson — 4 p.m.
'Short and medium waves radio piece'

Saturday 20

Philip Dadson — entire galleries
'Earth and Air A.R.T.'
(Setting up until 3 p.m. — 10.30 p.m. open)

Sunday 21

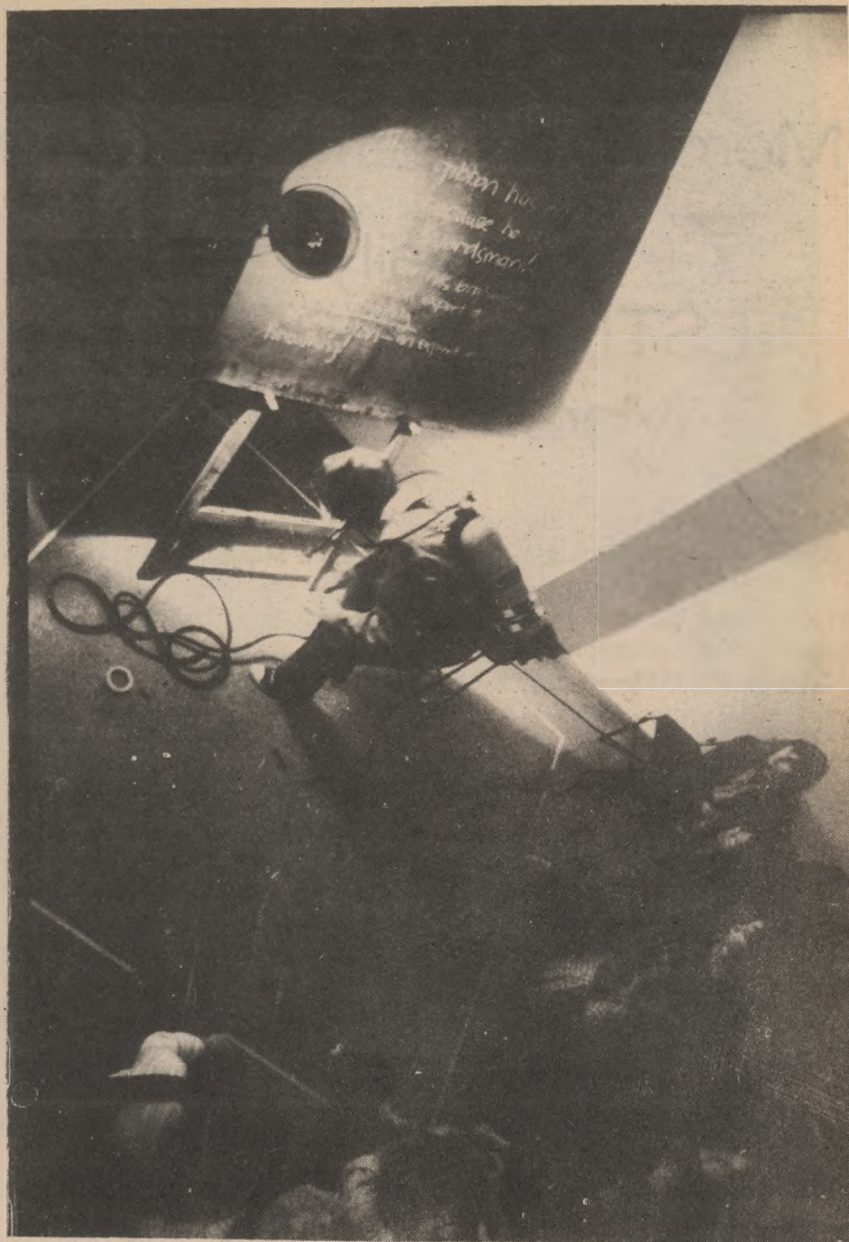
Bruce Barber 2.30 p.m. — 3.15 p.m.
'Youth in Asia' Audience to be seated by 2.30 p.m.

Auckland City Art Gallery

Festival programme

Bruce Barber

1. 'BUCKET ACTION' (Performance) Duration 45 minutes
Form: Principal 'wet-suited' performer undergoing severe sensorial deprivation and disorientation while performing a relatively simple task/action. Audience/Passive participation.
Materials: — Sound tape recorder (stereo)
— Masking tape
— Two lengths galvanised iron pipe 1" diameter 25' long
— Six wooden trestles 3' high
— Ten galvanised iron or stainless steel calf feeding pails
— Two salt water fish (dead)
— Water (fresh)
— Length of bamboo frond 20' long
2. 'YOUTH IN ASIA' Performance (Essay in Exchange No.2)
Form: Four simultaneous performances within an ordered and 'structured' arrangement; for five performers. Four action areas: Audience facing collective action areas.
Area Actions: 1) Acupuncture junction points
2) Coin flicking and the toss
3) Copper sanding, inch cutting AC-DC reversal
4) O₂ tank zone of immediate withdrawal, rubber cut.
Materials: — Slide projector, slides
— Two tape recorders (stereo)
— One galvanised or stainless steel tank 5' diameter 4" deep
— Water
— Masking tape
— Floodlights, spotlights
— Rice



'Youth in Asia'

Kieran Lyons

TWO WORKS

SPRING FROM THE CROSS

Tuesday April 16

A repetitive spectacle developed in three simultaneous parts.

- No. 1: A journey is reconstructed.
Chance choreography for television, toi-toi fronds and six sand castles.
Operating continuously 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
- No. 2: More light on the journey.
Super 8 mm film (colour)
Approximate duration 18 minutes
Frequent screenings between 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
A repetitive theme is stated 14 times.
- No. 3: Uniformed officials in six swivel chairs record their impressions of an implacable system.
Operating continuously 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. except during Lunch Break
12.30 p.m. to 1.15 p.m.

No specified time for arrival or departure. The visitor's attendance is entirely determined by his own interest in the proceedings.
The development is slow.

SUPERIMPRESSION

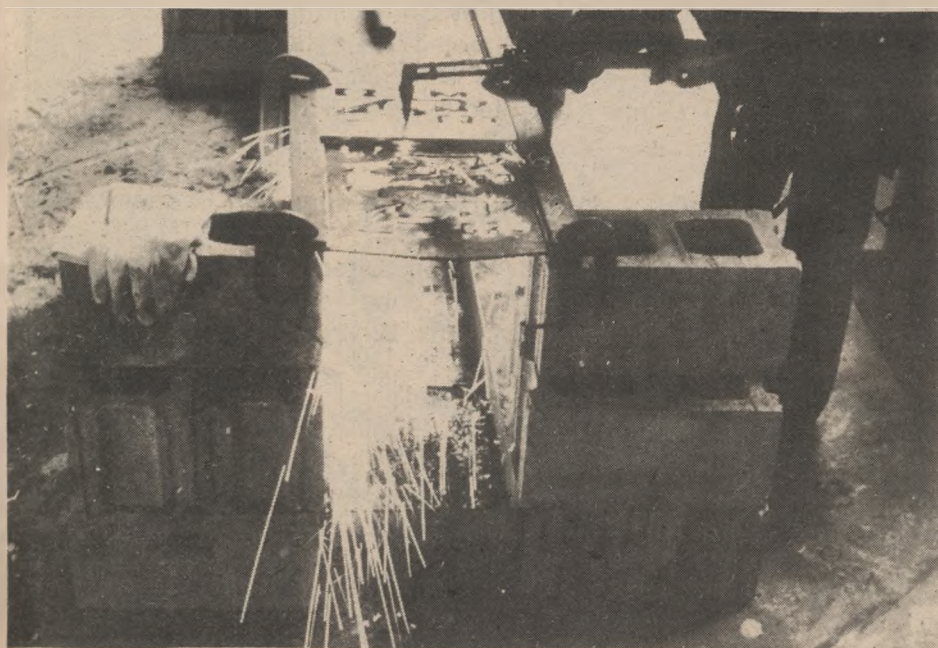
Duration: 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Wednesday April 17.

Breaks for:	Morning smoko	11.25 a.m. to 11.35 a.m.
	Lunch	12.55 p.m. to 1.10 p.m.
	Afternoon smoko	2.35 p.m. to 2.45 p.m.

The visitor is invited to observe the operation of an industrial process and then compare it with the possibility of his own participation in a related activity. The comparison is affected through the agencies of a dual closed circuit TV system located within the display area.

Equipment: Oxyacetylene cutting apparatus
Steel sheet 8' x 16" x 3/16"
Asbestos floor covering
Two uniformed personnel
8' x 8' x 6" carpeted platform fitted with a three minute tape loop
4 plastic swivel chairs
2 video tape recorder units
1 uniformed attendant
The E-Z-GRO Corp.

'Superimpression'



'Superimpression'



Mercury Theatre/Art Gallery

Daily

FESTIVAL PROGRAMME

March 20 — April 5

- 10.15 Time Slide (Audio visual) by Alan Smythe — 20 minutes
 10.45 Image of Auckland (multi-media) — Mercury Theatre Group — 45 minutes
 11.45 Time Slide — repeat
 12.15 Image of Auckland — repeat
 1.15 Time Slide — repeat
 1.45 3 Tardieu Plays :
 Who goes there?
 The Apollo Society, or How to talk about the Arts. Conversation — Sinfonietta
 Mercury Theatre Group — 45 minutes
 2.45 Time Slide — repeat
 3.15 Jacques Brel is Alive and Well and Living in Paris.
 — Mercury Theatre Group — 75 minutes
 4.45 Films: New Zealand Award winning and Selected Documentaries
 — National Film Unit — three programmes up to 90 minutes.

SATURDAY APRIL 6th — THURSDAY APRIL 11th

Daily program commencing at 10.15 a.m. Weekdays — 1 p.m. Weekends.

'TIMESLIDE'

FILM PROGRAM 1, plus ART SURGEON. col. directed by Lynton Diggie

'TIMESLIDE'

FILM PROGRAM 2, plus JASON'S SCHOOL. b & w directed by Philip McDonald

'TIMESLIDE'

FILM PROGRAM 3, plus KARIOITAHU BEACH. b & w directed by John Laing

Centre & West Galleries

APRIL 12th to APRIL 15th SHUT DOWN FOR
INSTALLATION OF 4 MEN IN A BOAT

C	Centre Gallery	1st FLOOR
W	West Gallery	1st FLOOR
M	Mezzanine Gallery	1st FLOOR

Printed by Wanganui Newspapers Ltd.

Lunchtime programmes

Thursday 7 March at 1.10 p.m.
A programme of recorded music.

Grey Gallery

Thursday 14 March at 1.10 p.m.
PERSONAL CHOICE a programme of recordings selected and introduced by GERALD WAKELY. Mr Wakely is Secretary of the Auckland Medical Research Foundation.

Thursday 21 March at 1.10 p.m.
MUSIC AND WORDS A programme of recordings featuring music by Sir Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

Thursday 28 March at 1.10 p.m.
MUSIC AND WORDS A programme of recordings featuring music by Ferruccio Busoni (1866-1924)

10 March — 30 March
ENGRAVINGS ON COPPER AND WOOD BY
JOHN BUCKLAND WRIGHT (1897-1954)

Well known as a book illustrator in Britain in the 1940s and early fifties, John Buckland Wright was born in Dunedin. In England, he studied history and architecture until 1924 when he decided to become an engraver. In Europe he worked with Stanley Hayter at Atelier 17. Returning to England in 1939, John Buckland Wright worked for, among others, the Golden Cockerel Press and the Folio Society. For the last two years of his life he instructed at the Slade School of Fine Arts. This exhibition of fifty engravings has been arranged by the Waikato Art Gallery. It is being toured throughout New Zealand by The Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council.

W Pocket Theatre

The artistic world of Tardieu

A prologue and two lightning plays illuminating our possible place in the world and the arts

Translated by Colin Duckworth (Professor of Romance Languages University of Auckland) and performed by members of the Mercury Theatre Company
Production Don Farr and Robert Alderton. Design John Roberts
(duration 45 minutes)

Jean Tardieu is one of France's great magicians with words. He is a charmer, full of graceful wit and whimsical inventiveness. He never takes us where we expect to go, either as a poet or as a dramatist.

Music and painting have inspired him often in his writing. For example, you remember those drawings of bulls by Picasso we saw at the City Art Gallery last year? They inspired Tardieu to write a book of poems called *Space and Flute*. He has written several verse-texts (for exhibitions and art reviews) to accompany the paintings of contemporary artists such as Jean Bazaine, Giacometti, Hartung, and Jacques Villon. In 1960 he published a study of abstract painting.

All this he no doubt got from his father, who was a painter. His mother was a harpist of some distinction (and grand-daughter of the composer Luigini). So when he calls his plays *Chamber Theatre*, it is by unmistakable analogy with chamber music.

Two of the three plays to be presented in the current Festival reflect these musical and artistic qualities: the *Conversation-Sinfonietta* is an attempt to do with words what instrumentalists do when they play together — without producing musical word-music or musical speech. *The Apollo Society* is a gentle satire on modernism and the difficulty of being sure one is not being taken in by it.

In the third short play, *Who goes there?*, we see another side of Tardieu. His world-view is a basically sombre one, full of menace and unseen forces assailing man, the eternal victim. Still, this play conjures up an extraordinary atmosphere in a very short space of time, and we can all talk about it after to try and decide whether it is optimistic or pessimistic. Nobody ever agrees about it.

Tardieu's plays have been put on with great success in Paris and (in Colin Duckworth's translation) in London, Edinburgh, and at many drama schools. He has just been asked for more by a London experimental drama company.

C Timeslide

Timeslide is a multi-screen audio-visual impression of Auckland city, past, present and future. Prepared for the city centenary three years ago, the presentation uses a technique of multiple projector synchronisation rarely seen in New Zealand.

Over 800 images are linked with a stereo sound track of music and effects to form a fast-moving impressionistic view of the city. Ten projectors are used on five screens.

Timeslide was conceived and designed by a team of 15 photographers, sound recordists and technicians, directed by Alan Smythe.

C Films

National Film Unit Award-winning and selected Documentaries produced during the 1950s, 1960s and early 1970s.

PROGRAM 1

WATER CYCLE — col. 26 mins. Directed by Philip McDonald.

DUSTIE — b & w. 16 mins. Directed by Chris Mangin.

SPACE FLIGHT — col. 9½ mins. Directed by Fred O'Neill.

THE GAS WORKER — b & w. 7 mins. Directed by Bob Halliday.

HOT EARTH — col. 18 mins. Directed by John Feeney.

PROGRAM 2

GONE UP NORTH FOR A WHILE — b & w. 39 mins. Directed by Paul Maunder.

WILD SEPTEMBER SNOW — col. 17 mins. Directed by John King.

KOTUKU — b & w. 12 mins. Directed by John Feeney.

BARRY BRICKEL POTTER — col. 9 mins. Directed by Lynton Diggie.

PROGRAM 3

140 DAYS UNDER THE WORLD — col. 35 mins. Directed by Kell Fowler.

TILT TO THE SUN — col. 18 mins. Directed by Ronald Bowie.

JETOBATICS — col. 7½ mins. Directed by John Hutchison.

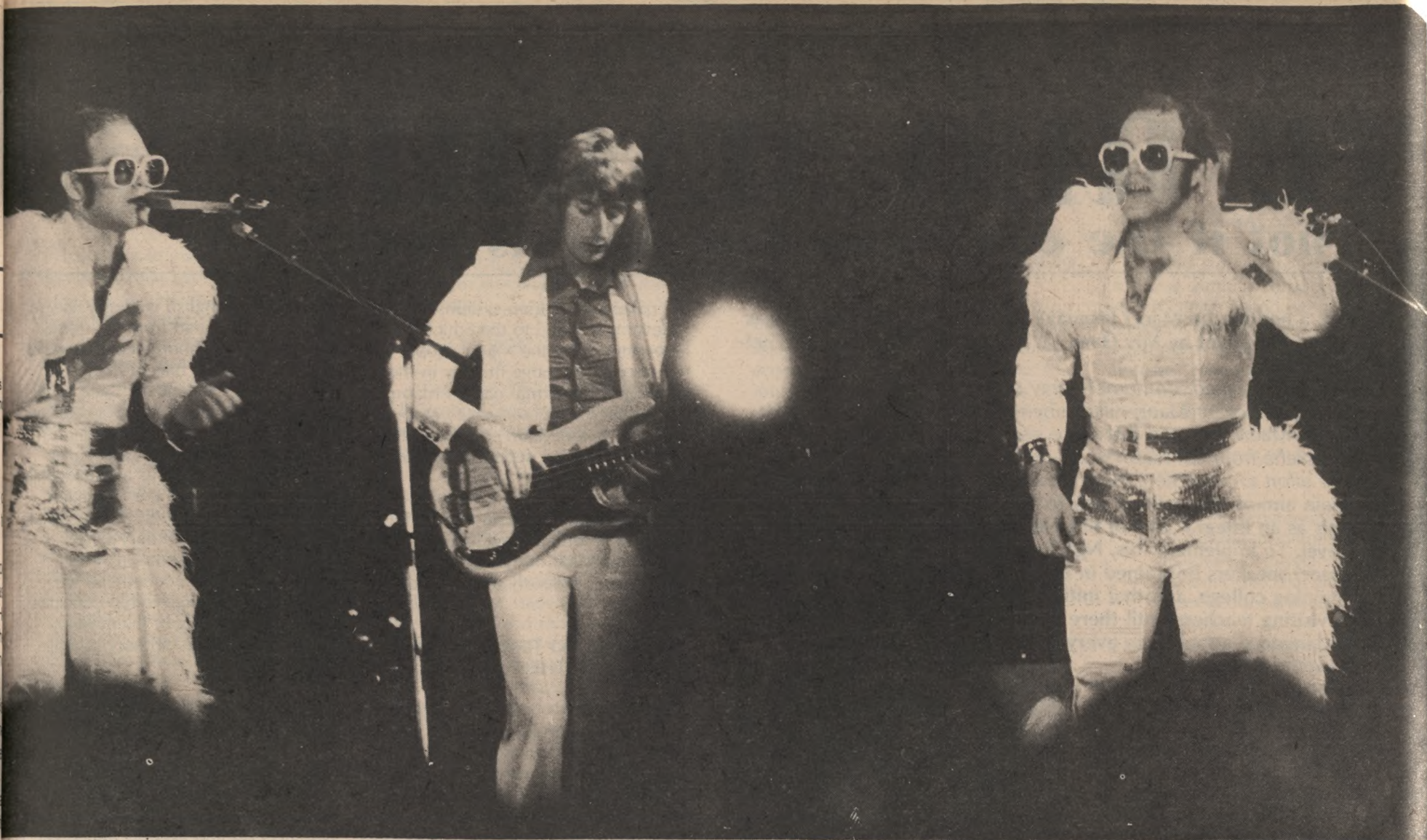
MARGAN'S MUSICAL MOVE — col. 15 mins. Directed by Arthur Everard.

ART SURGEON — col. 9½ mins. Directed by Lynton Diggie.

JASON'S SCHOOL — b & w. 9½ mins. Directed by Philip McDonald.

KARIOITAHU BEACH — b & w. 10½ mins. Directed by John Laing.

M



maestrox from a good guitarist, he knows his instrument thoroughly, transcribing melodies onto the higher positions when his E String broke.

Nigel Elsson was drumming well also, he described his new drums to me as "cheap and nasty, really". "Why was this"? I asked him the night before.

"Because they are Yamaha and the man on the street thinks, you know, that its Japanese, so it can't be good."

Q. "You did have a set of 13 drums, last time, didn't you?"

"yes, that's right, they would have been the balck ones, but they were kind of hard to travel with."

Nigel has known Elton for seven years. He thinks highly of Bernie Taupin, Elton's lyricist.

Q. "Would you say that Bernie's main inspiration was his wife?"

A. "Well, not quite. Bernie loves America, and his wife is American, but you can just see

where her influence comes through, like in the electric hoots. You read something, and you think, ah, that's Bernie's wife."

Q. "What do you think you'll do when you retire?"

A. "I'll go and live on my farm in England."

Q. "Do you think you'll have enough money to retire in two years?"

A. "Yes, if the tax man doesn't catch me."

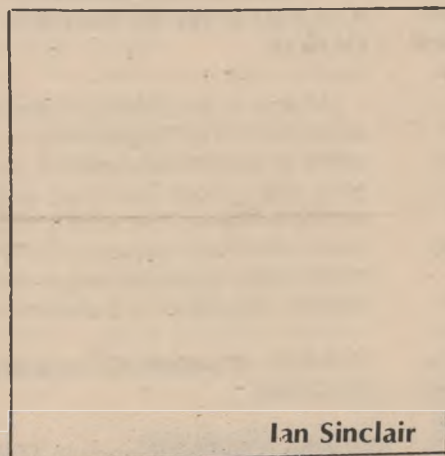
LA DE DAS:

How about the La De Das? They put up a damn good performance, considering that they were playing to an audience of E.J. fans.

On the other hand, it is doubtless that the prospect of seeing the La de das again had been a draw card to the show. They put up a tight and solid sound for a three-piece group, and got a good response. However, as a straight three-piece band in a era of keyboard kings and glittering costumes, they will not go places, un-

less they alter their format. The best thing I could recommend would be to bring in some solid brass, or a piano or something. Kevin Burich showed himself to be a very adept slide guitarist, and the rythmn sectionn was very tight and full.

It was generally agreed that this concert was the best of its kind in New Zealand so far. Prior to it, I had not shown a great deal of interest in their music. Now, I'm impressed.



Ian Sinclair

photos — murray cammick



TE REO MAORI?

... not if the education dept. has its way

It 1972, a petition on Maori language signed by 33,000 people, was presented to Parliament by Mrs Hana Jackson of Nga Tamatoa. The petition stated that:

'We, the undersigned, do humbly pray that courses in Maori language and aspects of Maori culture be offered in all those schools with large Maori rolls and that these same courses be offered as a gift to the Pakeha from the Maori in all other New Zealand schools as a positive effort to promote a more meaningful concept of integration.'

The main aim of this petition was to see Maori language offered in all schools as an integral part of the syllabus, beginning at primary school level. To implement this, Nga Tamatoa recommended that fluent Maori speakers be trained in teaching methodology at university and at training college, and that initially these people could be employed as visiting teachers until there were sufficient to have teachers of Maori language attached to every school in New Zealand.

Following the petition, Nga Tamatoa approached the Government with a view to running Te Reo Maori seminars to train fluent Maori speaking Maoris in the methods of teaching the Maori language. The Government refused to organize such seminars on the grounds of the expense involved, so Nga Tamatoa itself decided to run them. To date, five Te Reo Maori seminars have been held under their auspices.

From these seminars it became clear:

1. That the seminars could be run on a very low budget.
2. That a large number of fluent Maori speaking Maoris were enthusiastic to participate in the programme.
3. That there were already trained teachers in schools who were qualified to teach Maori but who were employed to teach other subjects.
4. That there were many people with no formal training who were actively involved in teaching the language, and that some of these were actually being used by the Education Dept. to demonstrate their teaching methods.

Meanwhile, the Minister of Education assured Nga Tamatoa that courses would be set up 'wherever there was demand', provided the applicants were fluent speakers of Maori. However, the Education Department, acting in its usual independent manner, has produced a scheme of its own which runs counter to both Nga Tamatoa's proposals and the assurances of the Minister.

The Department has introduced a One Year Teacher's College Course for Teachers of Maori, which in its conception is inadequate for pakeha-oriented, and obviously designed to fail.

REQUIREMENTS FOR APPLICANTS

The Department has stipulated the following requirements for applicants for the course:

Applicants must:

- (i) Be over 20 years of age.
- (ii) Possess a good level of general education
- (iii) Be fluent speakers of Maori and English (although no formal qualification in Maori language is required this would be helpful)
- (iv) Be especially interested in teaching Maori language and culture and have potential to teach other subjects of the curriculum.



- (v) Be mature adults with wide interests and willingness to enter fully into the life of the school as fully accredited members of the teaching profession.

A GOOD LEVEL OF GENERAL EDUCATION

What is a 'good level of general education'? The Department no doubt refers to pakeha educational qualifications like School Certificate and University Entrance, but such a requirement effectively excludes many of the most highly qualified people in Maoridom. *Obviously a pakeha criterion.*

'FLUENT SPEAKERS OF MAORI AND ENGLISH'

Who is judging fluency in Maori, and what criteria are being used. Why is it necessary for applicants to be fluent in English, when Maori was spoken in New Zealand long before English was ever heard, and is still spoken as a living language by many thousand of people? Many generations of New Zealanders have learnt the Maori language without reference to English where Maori has been taught orally and not as an academic second language to English. *Obviously a pakeha criterion.*

'ALTHOUGH NO FORMAL QUALIFICATION IN MAORI LANGUAGE IS REQUIRED, THIS WOULD BE HELPFUL.'

Of what does a formal qualification in Maori language consist? In the eyes of the Education Department, obviously a pass in Maori at School Certificate, University Entrance, or at University. Hence, a formal qualification means one that is recognized by

the pakeha education system. But has it never occurred to the Education Department that the Maori people do not necessarily judge fluency in their language by a formal pass in Maori Studies III? Or that university Maori may not be the Maori spoken by the majority of Maori people? *Obviously a pakeha criterion.*

It is interesting to note that by implication, a formal qualification in English is included in the above requirement. *Obviously a pakeha criterion.*

'POTENTIAL TO TEACH OTHER SUBJECTS OF THE CURRICULUM'

Given that this course aims to train teachers of Maori Language for secondary schools (see below), and that these teachers are to receive a Specialist Teachers Certificate at the end of their training, this is a most unusual criterion. This requirement is not made for other specialist teachers, such as woodwork or art teachers. According to a spokesman from the Auckland Education Board, it has been included to ensure that the teachers of Maori will obtain a full-time teaching position. This demonstrates the hypocrisy underlying the whole course, for the teaching of Maori language in all schools must be given top priority and be made mandatory in all schools rather than being left to the whims of pakeha headmasters. *Obviously a pakeha criterion.*

AIMS OF THE COURSE

The Education Department has outlined the aims of the course as follows:

- (i) To train teachers of Maori language for secondary schools.
- (ii) To provide practical classroom experience under the guidance of experienced teachers.
- (iii) To encourage students to further their studies.

'TO TRAIN TEACHERS OF MAORI LANGUAGE FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS'

The aim of the 1972 petition was that Maori should be taught in all New Zealand schools, as an integral part of the syllabus beginning at primary school level. The course now arranged still makes no provision for training primary school teachers, and this leads us to believe that the intention is for Maori to be taught as a dead academic subject rather than as a living and spoken language. In fact, Maori is to be taught just like foreign languages such as Latin, German or French, and taught like them through the medium of English. If the teaching of Maori is to be restricted to the secondary schools as a foreign language or historical relic, then this undermines the whole intention of the exercise which, as we see it, is to introduce Maori language into schools as a medium of teaching and expression in its own right. For this to be achieved, Maori would have to be learnt as a natural process, beginning at the very start of primary school, in

the way that English is taught now to Maori pupils. Apart from the blindness of the Education Department and the monocultural bias of many pakeha New Zealanders, there is no objective obstacle to the development of a bi-lingual education system, in which Maori is used as a teaching medium and not just as an incidental subject. The fact the the Education Department has chosen to establish a course only for secondary school teachers of Maori shows that they have rejected this concept, which would have required initial concentration on the training of fluent Maori speaking Maoris as primary school teachers.

'TO ENCOURAGE STUDENTS TO FURTHER THEIR STUDIES'

We thought that the aim of the course was to provide teachers of Maori language, who could immediately go into schools rather than continue with even further studies.

OUTLINE OF THE COURSE

- (1) Maori and English would be major components of the course and students would develop another teaching strength, e.g. social studies, music, art, or physical education. . . .

We thought that the only component of the course was to be basic training in teaching methodology to enable people already fluent in the Maori language to pass on their knowledge. In other words, they would be acquainted with the methods of language teaching which have proved successful in New Zealand and overseas, and both within and outside the formal educational system.

As we have stated above, the other components of the course are completely irrelevant, and can only be construed as an attempt to recruit extra teachers under false pretences, or as cynicism as to the prospects of Maori language being taught at every school in New Zealand. In short, it is merely an exercise in abject tokenism.

FURTHER CRITICISMS

DIFFICULTY IN GETTING INFORMATION ON THE COURSE

Nga Tamatoa has from the very beginning been actively involved in attempting to have Maori language introduced in to schools, and has actively encouraged people to apply for the present course. However, towards the end of 1973 they experienced great difficulty in even finding out the full details of the course, obtaining application forms, finding out when applications closed, etc. After encouraging many people to apply, Nga Tamatoa have found that much of their work has been in vain:

only a few days notice was given of the closing date for applications. late applicants were told they would have to pay \$20.00 if they wanted their applications to proceed.

WHY
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Many applications were never acknowledged. Some late applications were refused outright. Many people of outstanding calibre were turned down after being persuaded to apply.

WHY WERE SO MANY TURNED DOWN FOR THE COURSE?

According to our information, more than a hundred applications were turned down, including a native speaker with School Certificate and teaching experience in voluntary classes, a trained Maori primary school teacher, and one of the most widely recognized Maori orators in New Zealand, again a person experienced in teaching Maori. Meanwhile, a number of pakehas have been accepted.

One of the Department's supposed reasons for introducing only a limited scheme has been that the facilities and tutors are not available. Such an explanation can only come from deliberate ignorance. If facilities are not available at teacher's colleges and universities, then there are still many other alternatives like maraes, conference houses, etc., where pressure cooker courses could be held, followed by practical experience in the schools. If there are insufficient tutors on the staff of teachers' colleges to cope with larger numbers, then there are other experienced teachers of Maori language available. One example that comes to mind is that of a Maori lady who, with little 'formal education', has devised her own teaching methods, and to whom the Education Department already sends teachers to observe and learn. Perhaps the real shortage is of tutors who are capable of inculcating the pakeha method of teaching Maori as a written academic language, and the real obstacle the unwillingness of the Education Department to trust anyone else.

THE SELECTION PANEL

The selection panel is in our view unqualified to judge the applicants, for it is at least 50% pakeha. It should have been comprised solely of Maori elders, who are surely the people best qualified both to test the fluency of applicants in Maori language and their suitability to teach both language and culture. The interviews should likewise have been conducted wholly in Maori.

THE APPLICATION FORM

In our opinion the application form does not highlight the qualities

needed for the job, but concentrates on pakeha academic experience and achievement. Furthermore, we are amazed that the application form is in the English language, when the chief criterion must obviously be fluency in Maori. This is another example of the Education Department's refusal to make official use of New Zealand's only indigenous language, and along with the questions asked in the application form, this testifies to the exclusively monocultural bias of the Department.

CONCLUSION

The course now proposed by the Education Department is yet another example of tokenism, and as such is designed to fail.

As we have shown, the aims and requirements fail to give effect to the intentions of those presenting the petition to Parliament in 1972.

In fact, it is not surprising that the Education Department has come up with such an inadequate scheme, for it has always been reluctant to see Maori introduced into schools.

For what other language has it been necessary to present a petition signed



by 33,000 people to Parliament? Latin, Greek, French and German were all introduced without any pressure from the public, and no mass movement was needed to have Japanese or Indonesian adopted as school subjects. The introduction of all these languages is the result of simple adherence to European academic traditions, or of concessions to the needs of overseas trade. But in the case of Maori, New Zealand's own language, the Department will only permit a 'pilot scheme', to be repeated only if 'public demand' requires it. It is obvious from this that the Education Department does not regard the teaching of languages other than English as a means of creating understanding between people. It is significant that languages spoken by the main minority groups from over-

seas, e.g. Samoan, Tongan, Indian, Rarotongan, Niuean, Dutch, Dalmatian or Chinese, with the exception of the last, are not taught at any level within the New Zealand education system. This task is left entirely to voluntary groups who see the importance of language as a means towards developing cultural understanding and identity. The Education Department obviously does not see this as important, or it would have done something long ago.

It is for the same reason that the Department is unwilling to make any real effort to introduce Maori into schools, and no effort whatsoever to introduce it into primary schools, where it could be learnt as a living language.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE?

1. The programme should be expanded to include training of teachers for primary schools.
2. In view of the large number of applications, further facilities should be made available for training, if necessary through pressure cooker courses, especially in rural areas and on maraes.

3. The Minister should instruct his Department that the present course is not merely a pilot scheme, but will definitely be continued and expanded in the near future.
4. The methods of selection should be changed. This includes:
 - a) The selection panel should consist of Maori elders.
 - b) The application form should be revised.
 - c) The application form should be in Maori.
 - d) The interviews should be conducted solely in Maori.

NOTE

These criticisms have been made on a number of occasions in the past two months, and at a hui in January they resulted in the passing of a re-

solution, jointly proposed by Mrs T Harawira of Nga Tamatoa and Mr G. Latimer, President of the N.Z. Maori Council, condemning the course in its present form. The press has studiously ignored the criticisms, and we therefore feel the need to distribute them by means independent of the daily press.

MULTICULTURAL SEMINAR ON EDUCATION

On 2nd-3rd March, 1974, a multicultural seminar 'to bring together Maori, Pacific Island people and interested Pakehas to discuss the educational needs of a multicultural society' discussed the foregoing submissions on Te Reo Maori, and they were adopted in full by the plenary session of the seminar. In addition, the following resolutions were adopted on the matter:

- (1) That the programme should be expanded to include training of teachers for primary and pre-schools, and that all subsequent courses be geared to these.
- (2) That the conference regards the introduction of Maori language into schools as a test of Departmental sincerity in producing a multicultural educational system.
- (3) That in view of the failure to teach Te Reo Maori in the past, and in view of the brutal suppression of Te Reo Maori in the schools in the past, schools should offer free courses in Te Reo Maori for adults as well.

These resolutions, along with the full text of the above submissions from Nga Tamatoa and C.A.R.E., will be presented to the Educational Development Conference.

All the recommendations in the submissions were adopted, along with a further resolution urging immediate pressure cooker courses in rural areas and maraes for people who were not successful in their applications for the present course.

Unsuccessful applicants for the course described how they had been interviewed by a panel of three Pakehas and only two Maoris and the failure of the interviews to elicit genuine qualifications and relevant information from the applicants. They were puzzled by the criteria which seem to have been used, and were offered no explanation for their rejection.

In their present form, the criticisms have been written and published by Nga Tamatoa and the Citizens' Association for Racial Equality.



the big challenge...



November the tenth saw the beginning of the fourth Territorial Force Volunteer intake at Waiouru. In this article, I have attempted to convey a few of the impressions gained while serving three months in the territorials. It must be remembered, however, that comments made here, may not necessarily apply to both the Regular and the Territorial Force since there are marked differences separating them into two distinct armies.

The fourth intake was unusual, in that it was characterised by a high proportion of students, (probably as a result of a concentrated advertising campaign conducted on many campuses towards the end of last year). The attitude of the officers and instructors to these students, was, in many cases, one of uncertainty and mistrust, which arose out of misplaced belief that most students had joined the army either to subvert the system, train for "the Revolution", or for some other equally devious motive. To them, it was inconceivable that the majority of students did not conform to the "druggo-commifreak" stereotype, but were conservative, with more to gain than most from the perpetuation of the system. Nevertheless, the enigma remains of how, so many of the so-called "intelligent sia", hoped to benefit from three months of military service.

The university and the army, apparently at opposite poles, politically, have more in common than at first imagined. Both are insular — divorced from reality and the rest of society. At Waiouru, this is ensured through geographical isolation. Waiouru is the army. All of its inhabitants are either directly or indirectly involved with military life, which leaves no scope for intercourse with the rest of society. This isolation is maintained through absolute subservience to, and involvement with the military machine. For many regular-force soldiers, the sum total of their life experience has been connection with the army. Military laws and regulations, governing and ordering behaviour every second of the day, create a remote little world, where the army is a law unto itself.

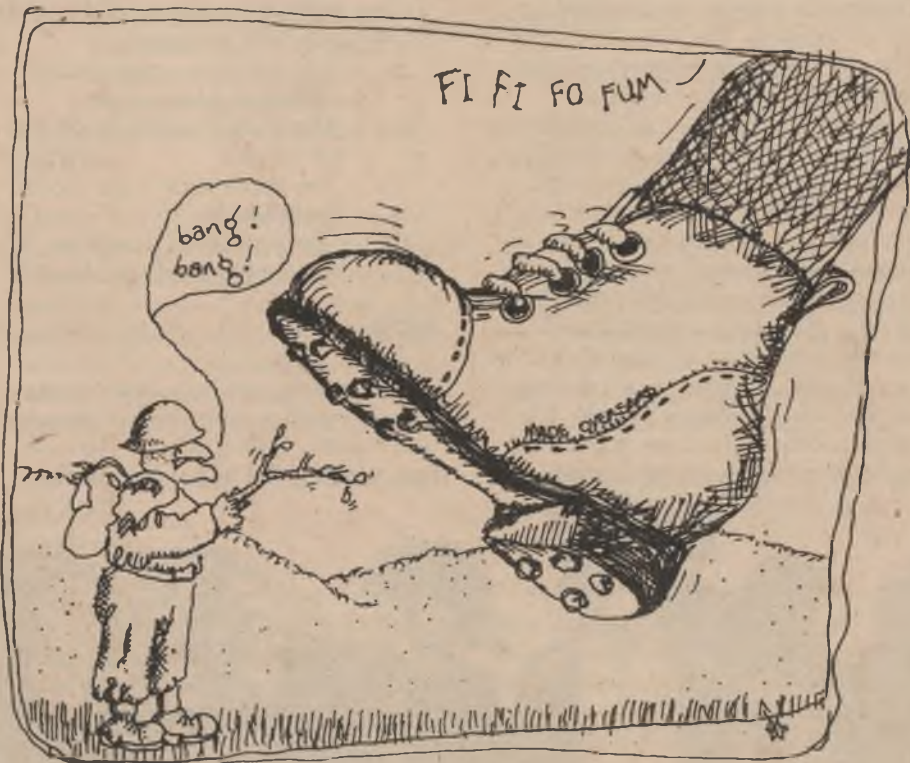
A few weeks in this environment gives an insight into the regular soldier's reasons for signing away most of his life. After the initial training, conditions are not too strenuous, food and wages are good, but above all, one is not required to think. Life is run to a strict timetable which is never questioned. An identical, tailored set of attitudes and values is gradually assumed by each recruit.

The effect is to stifle any real individuality or deviant tendencies. To mask this descending cloak of grey uniformity, the exhortation to "show initiative" is persistently given. But in such a system, initiative is impossible. Real initiative is not encouraged, but slight variation on a single theme is — a case of freedom in the confines of a cage. For many people, it is all too easy to indulge in the sheer escapism of this system and become the mindless puppets that the regular force soldiers are.

The process by which a man is moulded into another faceless soldier, is of course called 'Discipline'. Discipline turns the life of a

state of sheer mental and physical exhaustion is in no position to question his conditioning. Everything is accepted numbly, which is essential, if the army is to condition absolute obedience. During this initial period, territorials are constantly harangued with the myth of "self-discipline". It is "self-discipline", we are told, to obey every command without question and to lick the arse of every officer and instructor. It is, of course, a delusion, that to obey an order through fear of the instigator, is self-discipline.

Another misconception propagated by the military is that the army fosters "teamspirit" and "comradeship". However, any comradeship that developed during the fourth territorial intake is more likely to have stemmed either from the common bond of the oppressed, or, from homosexual relationships, generated by cramped living conditions, than



territorial into one long, tedious, grind. From five-thirty in the morning, until ten-thirty at night, a regime of endless fatigues, inspections, exercises and lectures harass the recruit for seventeen hours a day. Some adapt, some are unable to. Those who do, often retreat into a near comatose state of physical and mental exhaustion. At first it seemed pointless. Why were exercises designed which had no purpose other than to humiliate and lower morale. The answer soon became obvious. The basic training course is deliberately designed to exhaust, to humiliate and to demoralise. A man in a

from respect for fellow man. It is ludicrous to expect that people coming from an exploitative capitalist society, could possibly develop any meaningful communal feeling in an institution which is one of the pillars of that society.

But what of the actual regular force soldiers themselves? The commonly held stereotype is one of a sub-human, piss-drinking, violence feak. Unfortunately, this is not another myth, born out of ignorance and mistrust. Most adhere strictly to type. Heavy drinking is prevalent, both as escapism, and as part of the Kiwi ethic of rugby,

racing and beer. Most are overtly sexist. The typical spectrum of attitudes towards women is portrayed, from fear, to mistrust through to outright hatred, masked by their male chauvenism and heightened by their isolation and inability to communicate. The disproportionately high number of maoris in the non-commissioned ranks ensured that racist attitudes were at least concealed. However, the racial composition of the ranks of the commissioned officers reveals the racist nature of our education system. Almost without exception, the officers are Europeans, since they are required to have a good tertiary education.

It is widely believed that recruits are subjected to a programme of blatant political indoctrination. This is incorrect. The political "education" takes a more dangerous, insidious form, permeating all aspects of training. (Whether previous intakes had similar experiences is uncertain. It is possible the political content of some lectures was moderated when it was realised students would be present in such large numbers). The insidious nature of the indoctrination stems from presupposing the enemy. Almost all the instructors at Waiouru have served in Vietnam. Consequently, "the Enemy" is always characterised by a half-starved, five foot Asiatic, toting a Russian-made, Ak 47 machine gun, and is referred to as a "charlie", "gook", "cong" etc. This stereotype is drawn upon when any mention of the enemy is made. This, allied with the fact that the New Zealand army training programme is geared solely to combating guerilla insurgency, leaves the soldier in little doubt as to whom the enemy is supposed to be. The crowning farce is a single lecture, given to all territorials on "the Characteristics of the Enemy". It is stressed beforehand that the ensuing lecture will give "a generalised picture of a hypothetical enemy" and holds no reference to any specific area or country. In fact, the forty minute spiel was a comprehensive analysis of the structure and composition of guerilla groups in Vietnam. A portrait of Mao, with the words "know the enemy" written beneath, which hangs in a foyer, leaves nothing more to be said.

The result of this indoctrination is tragic. The rationale for our entanglement in Vietnam given by one veteran is summarised here:

"I admit we were wasting our time in 'Nam. Victory was impossible since we were not fighting insurgents but the actual villagers themselves. We would have had to kill everyone to win. However this is irrelevant. Vietnam was justified because it gave the New Zealand soldier a chance to prove himself. We proved that our troops and our country are better than most on the battlefield. It's like rugby really. We're a small country, but in time of war, or on the rugby field, we can make a good name for ourselves. Besides, if we didn't stop the little bastards in 'Nam, we'd be fighting them on the Canterbury plains next."

Although one soldier, the attitudes morass of cl the Kiwi co nurtured in

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Although only the opinion of one soldier, it is fairly typical of the attitudes expressed. This slimy morass of chauvanism, lies, and the Kiwi concept of "manhood" is nurtured in all recruits from the outset of their military training.

And how is this system justified, but with the cliché of "the New Zealand military deterrent". In the event of attack from a foreign power, we are told, New Zealand, in conjunction with Australia, must have a well-equipped, efficient fighting force capable of defending "Godzone". But consider: (1) The New Zealand army is not well-equipped. Most of their equipment is obsolete — the Bren gun, of second world war vintage, is being phased back into use; field packs and other combat equipment are being used which saw service during world war one; there is a total lack of modern sophisticated weaponry (missiles and self-propelled guns. etc) (2) Training given to New Zealand troops prepares them for an offensive, not a defensive role. The entire training programme is oriented towards combating guerilla insurgency. (3) Defence of a country with thousands of miles of open coastline by an army the size of New Zealand's, is impossible. (4) Who will the enemy be? Russia? China? A flotilla of Vietnamese peasants on sampans?

The above factors make a mockery of any claim that the regular and territorial forces are there to safe-guard New Zealand's future.

If the accepted rationale for the existence of a costly army is a fabrication, what then is the real role of the army? Korea, Borneo, Malaysia, Vietnam — New Zealand's record of overseas involvement since world war two gives a good indication. In every case, under the guise of a forward defence policy, New Zealand troops have been furthering the interests of the western powers. The New Zealand armed services, bribed with gifts of cheap military hardware from the United States, (most of the equipment used at Waiouru, from tanks to hand-grenades, is purchased at cut rates from America), are the tools of American foreign policy.

As mentioned earlier, the army is insular. Its members feel they owe no allegiance to anybody or any institution outside the army. This isolation is deliberately encouraged. If a soldier cannot identify or communicate effectively with society at large, he can be easily used as a weapon against certain sections of that society. What more effective strike-breaker than the army? What better way to control a crowd than with a company of jack-booted, steel-helmeted violence freaks? (Despite assurances to the contrary, by the minister of defence, troops would have had to be called in to control demonstrators if the 1973 springbok tour had proceeded as planned).

And there it sits — the New Zealand army — an expensive frankenstein, in a state of limbo, waiting to be employed by any government to maintain the status quo or to further the interests of foreign imperialism.



THE LITERARY SOCIETY REVIEWS ITSELF

Amongst our activities this year are dissections, flayings, stretchings, probings and dissertations. Don't come to us for salvation, but we may provide a revelation or two — stupidity isn't our forte. Our numen is phrenetic activity. An explosive pitch is aimed for in August.

A sampling of what is to burst. A broadcast — newsletter that will explode your bowells.

A rite based on holy mother church, the Spanish Inquisition & Dionysias.

A soup and polemic evening — everyone may come.

The simple criteria for membership is a vague sense of ennui and/or dissatisfaction.

UNIVERSITY RUGBY LEAGUE FOOTBALL CLUB

1974 Season...

TRAINING AT CORNWALL PARK
MONDAY and WEDNESDAY
at 5.30 p.m.

Vacancies for players in:
SENIOR "B"

THIRD GRADE — open age, max 12st 7lb
EIGHTH GRADE — 18 yrs max 11st. 7lb

NEW PLAYERS WELCOMED
FORMER PLAYERS REMINDED

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RANGE OF STYLIS**

224 QUEEN ST. down from Plaza

what is EDC?

Within the next few weeks we shall witness the climax of what should have been one of the most important events in New Zealand's educational development. This is the 1973-74 Educational Development Conference, initially proposed by Education Minister Phil Amos to establish "the aims, direction and philosophy of education for the next decade and possibly to the end of the century." Minister Amos has often been praised for his 'visionary' approach to Education but has too often been found lacking in the practical application of these progressive principles. The Development Conference is Amos' first big step toward the reorganisation of the New Zealand Educational System. It provides the first chance to publicly re-examine the roles of education in New Zealand since the Currie Commission of 1962.

The E.D.C. allows greater participation than the proposed Educational Priorities Conference for the "grass roots", the "common man", to participate with the experts in reassessing the future of education in this country. This really is a visionary and unique scheme but it has been, and still is, in danger of being subverted by the departmental bureaucrat and professional educator.

A University of Auckland Continuing Education Department publication comments on the present Education system "Bureaucracies are resistant to change. They seldom innovate and usually follow change in society.

Therefore, the Minister of Education's idea of an Educational Development Conference is the greatest opportunity the people have had to help set new directions in education." Yet the conference itself has created a bureaucratic structure of immense proportions staffed by an educational elite holding a vested interest in the system.

The three working parties of the Conference, its "working face", whose roll it is to identify the key issues and make recommendations for future development were recently criticized by Dr Rangi Walker (N.Z. Listener 16/2/74) as reading like a Who's Who in New Zealand and are "certainly not a cross section of our society". Mainly professional educators they include many principals of educational institutions and a token number of laymen; among them Federated farmers, the Federation of Labour and even an ex N.Z.U.S.A. vice-president. Dr Walker condemns the presence of only two Maoris and two other polynesians in the working parties. Maori Education is one field where the gap between promise and fulfillment yawns wider by the year.

The proposed dialogue between layman and professional will prove almost impossible because the common man in the local study groups has, in effect, been alienated from any real part in the proceedings by the elitist bureaucracy that drafts the working party reports.

Perhaps the worst example of subversion of the Minister's ideal comes from Auckland University's Centre for Continuing Education. Its director Tillot, in true pedestrian University style, overlooked both the keen young enthusiasts in his department and those at grass roots level, appointing an Auckland Committee of local notables, extremely high in prestige but low in competence. Agitation in Wellington grew as the Auckland Committee continued to contemplate its nevel, eventually resulting in an alteration between director Tillot and Steering Committee Chairman F.W. Holmes. At which point Minister Amos intervened and the Auckland committee leapt forward at a snail's pace, still handicapped by its own narrow outlook.

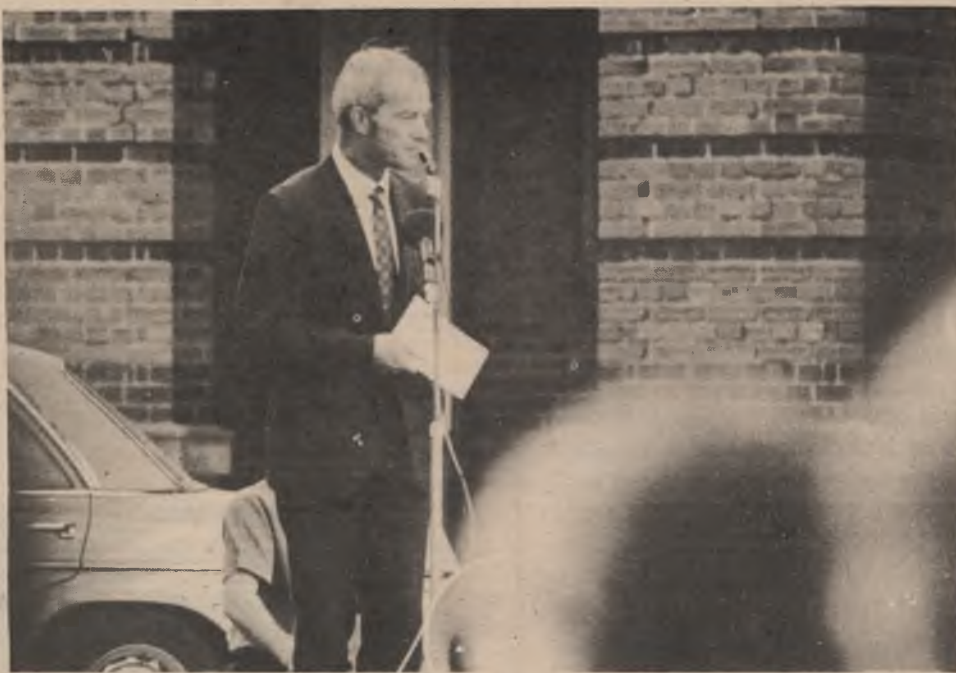
Things began to look better, however, following the appointment of Dr Rangi Walker as Deputy to the Director for organisation of the Conference, and the strategic withdrawal of Tillot. Dr Walker's appointment mysteriously

coincided with the publication of his Listener article condemning conference organisation and hinting at further, louder opposition. With the new "deputy to the director" acting as a catalyst for grass roots opinion, meeting and discussing education at a local level there may still be hope that the voice of the common man will be heard.

This is indeed a unique opportunity for the ordinary individual to influence the course of educational development in this country. Participation at the local level is possible for anyone interested. Regional seminars are to be held in April, their Convenors are:

Auckland City . . . Mr A.J. Campbell Mayor of Papakura, P.O. Box 110, Papakura. Ph. (06) 86-279.
North Shore . . . Mrs D. McNaughton Dean, North Shore Teachers College, P.O. Box 36-036, Auckland, 9. Ph. 482-174.

By Bill Ralston



Amos: torpedoed.

YES WE'VE GOT A GYM AND ALL PARTICIPATION IS FREE AND VOLUNTARY

PERSONAL TRAINING:

- "Self Taught" exercise programmes available from your gymnasium.
- Skill training equipment available for the following sports:- Netball, Basketball, Volleyball, Rugby, Soccer, Hockey, Waterpolo, Badminton, Trampolining, Weight Training, Exercycle, etc.

GROUP "GET FIT" SESSIONS

These sessions will be of 25 minutes duration, starting five minutes after the hour and half hour. All sessions will be under the guidance of a trained physical education instructor, Lance Hadfield. See the Gymnasium Timetable for these Get Fit Sessions.

INTRAMURAL COMPETITIONS

These will be friendly games between teams of students or staff or mixed, representing faculties, hostels, departments, classes, clubs, or any other groups in the University. The emphasis will be on **informal participation aimed at enjoyment and exercise. No prior experience or skill is required**, instruction will be given to new teams at the beginning of the first game.

- Enter teams at gymnasium office of phone 30-789 ext. 64, entries welcome at any time.
- Match-times and draws will be posted on the gymnasium notice board.
- Footwear: Barefeet or Rubber-soled shoes, leather soles not permitted. Otherwise, dress optional.
- Competitions will be on a Round Robin basis. Each team plays all other teams in turn and points will be awarded. Win 4 points, draw 2, loss 1, default 0.

	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT-SUN
A.M.						
7-10		PERSONAL TRAINING				
10-11		GET FIT SESSIONS (MEN)				
11-12		GET FIT SESSIONS (WOMEN)				
P.M.						
12-2	VOLLEY BALL	BASKET-BALL	VOLLEY-BALL	BASKET-BALL	VOLLEY BALL	
2-5		PERSONAL TRAINING				
5-6	WOMEN	MEN	GET FIT	WOMEN	MEN	
6-11		CLUB BOOKINGS				

- Games will be played between 12 noon and 2 p.m. each day and the duration of each game will be 30 minutes. Each team will normally play 1 or 2 games each week.
- Two sports will be played, volleyball and basketball. One person will be responsible for organising the team, but actual team members may change from one game to the next.
- Volleyball:** Team: 6 people, can be mixed. Times: Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 12-2 p.m. Scoring: Matches will be decided on the score at the end

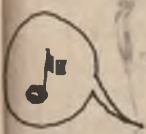
of 30 minutes play. Rules: Most Volley Ball club rules apply except that all successful spikes by female players against teams in which men are included, earn double points.

- Basketball:** Team: 4 people, can be mixed. Times: Tuesday, Thursday, 12-2 p.m. Duration: Games will be of two 15 minute halves. Rules: Most Basketball club rules apply except that all successful baskets by female players against teams in which men are included, earn double points.

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WHO RUNS NEW ZEALAND?

Well, who does run NZ? Its easy enough to answer — 'the people' — but there's an old adage which runs 'he who pays the piper calls the tune', and its worthwhile occasionally to consider who in fact does control NZ's purse strings.

In 1965 the top 32 finance companies in NZ controlled 59% of all assets of finance companies — presumably the rest of the assets were controlled by small companies. In 1972 27 companies controlled a massive 87% of all assets. What has happened is that the big companies have gobbled up the small companies and hence are raking in more and more of the money. This is called monopoly capitalism of course, an old recognized phenomena by which big firms eliminate competition and gain control of prices by taking over their competitors.

One could ask whether this really matters. After all there are many large companies all in competition and all run by their different directors, so economic power is well spread. But again, is it?

There are 8 directors on the board of NZI. But those 8 men are not simply directors of NZI. They are also directors of other companies. In fact between them they hold 98 directorships in the richest 88 NZ companies. In other words different combinations of NZI directors are partially in control of the 88 richest

companies in NZ. And the same applies to all the directors of any of those companies — they too help control other large companies.

In short we have not got an economy controlled by thousands of directors but one controlled by a small elite of top directors. And as monopoly increases these men get fewer and fewer and control more and more of NZ's assets.

As well as this these men are usually large shareholders in the companies they direct. Since they cooperate in controlling different companies it is hardly likely they will allow those companies to compete too much. After all they lose money on their shares that do badly. In fact they do not compete. Large companies in similar fields with shared directors form cartels and informal alliances to fix minimum prices (as the oil companies are doing now) and control competition. Thus you, the consumers, are forced to pay high prices and the profits flow to shareholders and directors.

But more sinister than this is what these men can do to the



Government. Remember the sole criterion for action is profit, not considerations such as the national interest or whatever. Because they control so much of NZ's assets they can deliberately frustrate government action. Thus a number of insurance companies — have poured money into land to help create artificially a land boom. This is one reason why houses have risen in price so much of late. The reason they did it, of course, was to thwart Labour's attempts to control land prices. Controls mean lower profits.

Often these companies can bring misery to the entire population. In 1935 and 1957 many companies invested all their money abroad so that money poured out of New Zealand. The reason is easily seen. They don't want a Labour party sharing out their profits. But more than this, by artificially creating a balance of payments crisis they could ensure that a Labour government had a hard time and had to take unpopular measures. The result was the Black Budget and a grim two years for the ordinary people. But the big directors made out okay. They always do.

'Foreign policy follows trade' they say. Because big companies find profits in Southern Africa the government retains ties. Similarly we cooperate with Thieu in Vietnam and Lon Nol in Cambodia, China now offers markets so we drop Taiwan. Kirk is no great humanitarian following a 'moral' foreign policy. He's doing what the big capitalist directors tell him to. National would have done the same.

Government is rather like a game. Sometimes National is the referee, sometimes Labour. Each can make judgements and interpret rules. But the rules! Well they are made by the big capitalists. And any government which interprets too widely suffers. Both parties know it.

The hands that can tighten the purse strings can throttle the government. And those hands get fewer and fewer, bigger and bigger every year. And you? You don't count. Except for the fact that your labour creates the profit in the first place.

DAVID COLBOURNE

Local entertainment has reached new heights with the emergence of (bet you've guessed already) the Christian Radical Group festering at Albert Park every Sunday afternoon, weather and crowd size permitting.

These peddlers of fire and brimstone are the same old religious whores of three years ago, the original "jumping Sunday Jesus freaks resplendent in white shirts, pencil thin darks ties, and creased grey suits.

Once deep in the bowels of right-wing orthodoxy, their lack of success has forged them to mellow to the extent that they now boldly say "we are radicals!" Once anti-Com, now anti-Capitalist.

In one area though, they have been totally consistent. This is in their constant attacks on students

and the campus in general.

Old George, sporting his new look moustache, with little matthew, his side kick, pour all sorts of shit on everyone that even looks like a student. Humour then abounds as young Matthew has developed certain power fixations as a soap box orator and we entertain you with the following. "Write out 5,000 times, I will not interrupt." he farts out at a heckler. or for the ultimate in arrogance, "I will have absolute silence at this meeting, so sit down and be quiet". The most telling of all — "You students are only interested in sex"! — Dirty buggers.

This high pitched hysterical dialogue is supported by George who then berates landlords, politicians, students, other churches, students landlords, students, drugs, students, sin, students, money len-

ders, students, sex and again students... For performance on this one you would opt for George anytime.

To give an air of authenticity a third member recalls how in 1927 God became interested on popular mechanics and fixed his motor bike.

Finally there is the appeal to step forward and be one of "us", yes the pathetic "us". Identify with us they say and be saved, we are the true believers, see how lucky we are.

They have been going now for years, but underneath the humour is the pathos of the religious misfit unable to conform to the group mores of establishment religion and they react accordingly.

If you don't feel sorry for them, they are reasonable entertainment on a boring Sunday.



Halloran....

Learning Exchange.....

DO YOU know something about a hobby, or your work, or some other thing you would like to teach others?

Maybe bee-keeping, perhaps how to understand what income tax is, or maybe how to fix a leaking tap?

You say you aren't a teacher, and where would you get people to teach?

Never worry, never fear, the Learning Exchange is here.

Learning Exchange is a voluntary, no charge, group who will arrange for you to meet people who want to learn the skills you are willing to teach them.

Ring the Learning Exchange and explain what you will teach and the Learning Exchange will connect you with people wanting to learn.

No payment or charge is made for teaching, so no one expects a perfect teacher, or teaching in great depth.

Ring Learning Exchange, 549-710, for further information.

Those people who want to learn, maybe a hankering to learn some French, or why King Henry VIII of England had so many wives, again ring the Learning Exchange and be put in touch with a teacher.

expanding human consciousness.....



Mind Games JOHN LENNON

It's on Amerika's tortured brow,
Mickey Mouse has grown up a
cow,
All the workers have stuck for
fame,
And Lennon's on sale again.

David Bowie, "Life on Mars".

Or the Beatles Story, part two.
In which John leaves New York
city for Nutopia, a conceptual
country for retired gurus.

An album in the style of
Imagine. John Lennon with no
surprises either. I like it. Lots of
people will.

No politics this time apart from
Bring on the Lucie (Freda People).
The same platitudes John's always
shouted and delivered in the same
style John's always used. *Give
Peace A Chance* rehashed. A vic-
tory chant we can sing as the Sys-
tem crumbles. Amen.

An lp packed full of tributes to
Yoko. My horoscope warns me
not to say anything more about
that. Two and a half bananas. I
always did like John better than
Paul.



Paris Sessions COUNTRY JOE McDONALD

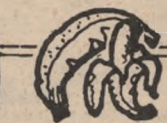
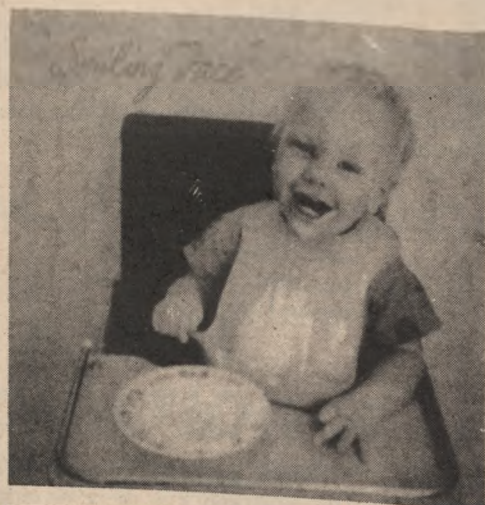
For some days now I have
known my phone is being tapped.
I think my mail is inspected before
I receive it.

Yesterday three strange men, all
wearing dark suits with red roses
in their lapels, followed me home.

I think the Mafia are after me. I
gave *The Valachi Papers* a shitty
review in my film column last
year.

I don't know when they will
strike. It could be at any moment.

Ah, but I'm meant to be writing
a review. Well, as for this recor



Nine FAIRPORT CONVENTION

Fairport Convention today are
Dave Pegg, Jerry Donahue, Dave
Mattacks, Trevor Lucas, and Dave
Swarbrick. The seventh line-up.
The ninth album. *Swarb*, the crazy
violinist, lives on. Dave Pegg's
bass just keeps on getting better.
And they're still all smiles despite
being a hot candidate for the most
tragedy-ridden group of all time.

Fairport Convention, in one
guise or another, have been
around since 1965. Richard
Thompson, Simon Nicol, Ashley
Hutchings and Shaun Frater were
the original members of the group.

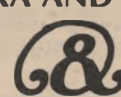
It's probably because Fairport
have never had a consistent line-
up that they haven't had any great
commercial success. Sure, they
are still very respected as the
group who developed the con-
temporary folk music that has
given Fairport so many imitators
and flatterers. And as so many
musicians have passed through
Fairport and gone on to other
groups their influence has been
enormous. But that alone doesn't
give them the record sales.

Their biggest commercial suc-
cess was *Liege and Lief* way back
in the days when Swarbrick first
joined them. But their two finest
albums are *What We Did On Our
Holidays* and *Unhalfbricking*.

To listen to the Fairport Con-
vention of today is to listen to a dif-
ferent group. One that's good but
hasn't got a thing on Sandy's Fair-
port nor on Steeleye Span.

This lot shouldn't be called
Fairport Convention. That died
when Simon Nicol left nearly
three years ago. Yeah, Fairport
was better in the days of Sandy
Denny.

NIGEL OLSSON'S DRUM OR- CHESTRA AND CHORUS



Smiling Face DAVEY JOHNSTONE

Now you've seen Elton John at
Western Springs and got your
copy of *Goodbye Yellow Brick
Road* chances are you'll be in-
terested in these two records.

Nigel Olsson is the drummer
with Elton and Davey Johnstone is
the guitarist.

Bananarama

The Nigel Olsson record has
been around for some time now.
Since July of last year. Nigel's
Drum Orch is Dee Murray, the
bassist for Elton; Mick Grabham,
who used to be with Cochise and
is now lead guitarist for Procol
Harum; Caleb Quaye and B J
Cole. The chorus is Kathi
McDonald, Doris Troy, Liza Strick-
land and Claudia Linnear (whew!)

Nigel Olsson, like Dee Murray,
used to be with the Spencer Davis
Group. He's a talented drummer,
although a little heavy-handed at
times. Mick Grabham plays some
tasteful lead guitar. Kathi
McDonald handles lead vocals of
I Can't Go Home Again and on
Leon Russell's *Hummingbird*. She
sings soulfully with all the right
contortions and with the screams
in the appropriate places.

But this album leaves me with
an empty feeling. I've heard it all
before. And better. All concerned
see quite happy to produce an
unexceptional and largely unins-
pired album which trucks along
quite happily to no clear purpose.

The Davey Johnstone album is
something different. It's out on
Elton's own label, Rocket Records.

Davey Johnstone was with
Magna Carta before joining Elton.
As you might expect, this is more
a folk album than anything else.
Davey plays piano, mandolin,
percussion, dulcimers, sitar, har-
monium and banjo in addition to
playing electric and acoustic
guitar and singing. He's with
friends, who include at one time
or another, Elton, Dee Murray,
Ray Cooper, Nigel Olsson, Joan
Armatrading, B J Cole, The North
London Banjo, Mandolin and
Guitar Orchestra and lots more
folks, lots more.

He's written ten songs, some
with the help of his wife. There's
also Bert Jansch's *After the Dance*
which allows Davey to display his
proficiency on acoustic guitar,
and a traditional tune, *A Lark In
the Morning With Mrs McLeod*.
True.

I was a bit put-off on first hear-
ing of the opening track. A bit
put-off. Hell, it was Bread-like
lushness and, horrors, Davey even
sounded like Davey Gates.

But the rest puts it right. First
rate musicians and an album you
can easily get to like.

The only weak spot is *A Lovely
Day* when the record stoops to the
ridiculous.

Yep. A good album. Love that
cover.

above, Study
below, Sculp



New 3

wednes
Grand

MEMBERS WORK AT THE SOCIETY OF ARTS GALLERY A Review by David Eggleton.

For something to be even worth looking at it's got to give you the conviction that it's alive, that it's worth experiencing. By this criterion you'd wipe the Society of Arts building behind the Hotel Intercontinental off the map.

It's not just that the paintings are banal in imagery. They must have been bloody painful to execute as well. Imagine dribbling housewives flagellating themselves in an effort to get the thing just right and you've got some idea of the agonised self-consciousness these works present. But what's the point? Are these people just Sunday amateurs satisfying their social urge to be considered somebody a bit different or do they have something to say. No! They don't have anything worth saying at all.

Perhaps the liveliest thing about these paintings is the price tags which do show evidence of hard thought.

The problem is how to make Art interesting without having it turn into just a game. When that happens the possibility of the accidental genuine mark is lost and the cypher, the work of art, no longer succeeds as a concrete particular for the synthesis of idea and emotion that the serious artist intends.

If modern painting has managed to escape from the maxims of Duchamp and Mondrian it has gone in two directions. In one you can have a reduction to the literal elements of painting such as colour, and in the other you have painting as a gestural event from Pollock to Frank Auerbach.

It is no longer possible to understand the formula as stasis and classic repose as these possibilities have been explored in the modern sensibility through Mondrian's agonised retention of everything at one point: coloured squares moved around in a black grid. After such purity the metaphysic of painting could go no further. Some artists rework the same ground, often enough just as decoration. Just as no-one can believe in mechanical abstraction which highlights the retina.

When you turn to the most important artists now you find that the only accuracy they swear by is the uncertainty of phenomena and the poise that suggests. Therefore refinement or technique is in the first place unnecessary because it is merely the logical, the reduction of something alive to bourgeois proportions. The activity of Art must understand itself as the reflection of the process of creativity.

The idea of the Happening was the crude attempt at all-in involvement. In other words, it shifted the physical one to one correspondence of painting and viewer to an x to one correspondence where the whole of the immediate world is drawn into the act of perception.

Stuart Brisely and Joseph Beuys have extended this artist in performance idea using fetishistic imagery that has links with Dada but which is ostensibly more serious. What is convincing about these 24 hour events is the concentration on subject matter in a way that could be categorised as phenomenological.

For example an object-in-itself has only its whatness. All the richness of reference is in the perceiving mind. Therefore the object-in-itself is empty.

Beuys deals with this emptiness which is also of course an aspect of being a body, by taking on the role of the perceiver who may or may not act in a makeshift arena. Though these ideas have originated overseas there are a few sculptors in Auckland working adventurously in this field which is one of the few directions left open to Art which wishes to remain essential. Bruce Barber following on from Leon Narbey of Christchurch will be staging an audio-visual event at the Auckland City Art Gallery this month as part of the Auckland Festival. It should prove a seminal occasion for Auckland gallery-goers.

review by Mike Rann

ASIA ON FIVE BUCKS A DAY CROSS ASIA ON THE CHEAP — COMPLETE GUIDE TO MAKING THE OVERLAND TRIP, LONELY PLANET PUBLICATIONS, \$1.80

Anyone contemplating a pan-Asian pilgrimage to Europe next summer — would be silly to pass up a new book that will appear in Auckland bookshops this week. More and more students are making such trips — preferring to make their way "back home" overland, rather than by the more conventional (albeit more comfortable) voyage by ship or plane.

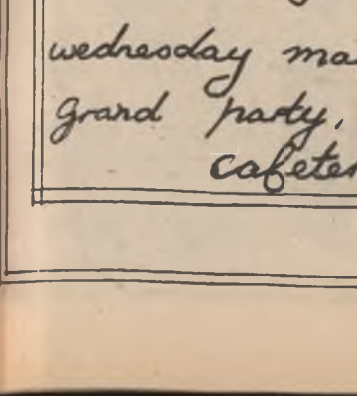
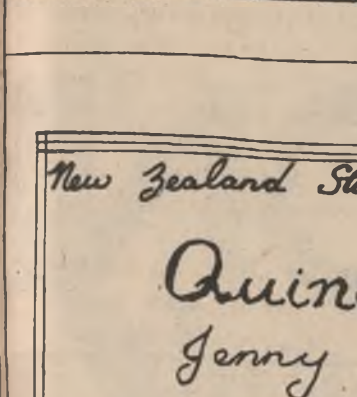
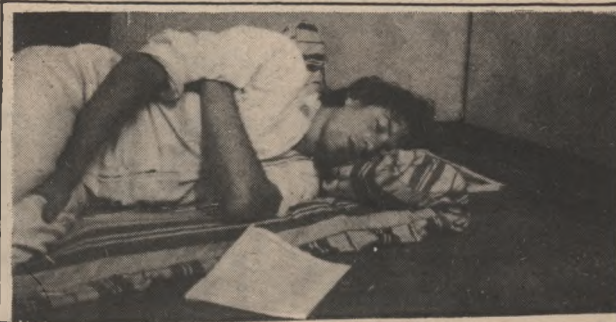
Yet there is surprisingly little literature available on the joys and pitfalls of such an adventure for would-be travellers. Tony Wheeler's book "Across Asia on the Cheap", was the result of a seven-month overland trek that took Wheeler and his wife Maureen through the wilds of Surabaya, Amritsar, Teheran, Afghanistan, Nepal, — to name just a few.

Wheeler's informative and humorous book is packed with seemingly every scrap of info for the safari-minded. If you are contemplating such a journey, Wheeler suggests that you find your own transport: — rather than book up with an organized overland tour group. This way, he argues, you can spend an extra few months in Kabul or Kathmandu (immigration authorities willing) if you so desire.

The Wheeler's financial experience — including being robbed in Rome and arriving in Sydney with 27 cents — gives useful clues to the budget-minded. Chapters deal with routes, methods of travel, necessary documents, health formalities, the best times to arrive in each country (Malay monsoons and Bengal floods tend to dampen one's ardour), what to see and take, food and map-reading, etc.

You'll find the going rates for the hash in Nepal, the availability of counterfeit international student I.D. cards in Singapore, (useful for getting 40% off 3rd class rail in India), as well as how to recognise the symptoms of Kabul trots, Rangoon runs, and Bangkok belly. Currency hassles, theft worries, and a note on how to deal with troublesome border officials, are also covered.

The second half of Tony Wheeler's book deals with each country separately — gives details on visas, money, climate, food, what to see and where to stay, as well as useful information on geography, history, language and religious background of each particular country. If you want to know the local names for grass in Afghanistan, you're sure to find it. Anyway, "Asia on the Cheap" is a must for anyone thinking of doing a Dannevirke to Dover hike this year.



above, Study of a head.

below, Sculpture; D Eggleton

New Zealand Students Arts Council presents

Quincy Conserve
Jenny Parkinson.

wednesday march 13th 8pm
Grand party, balloons and what nots
cafeteria \$1.20.

Black leather pencil case lost in library.
Reference section. Friday 1st March.
Please Phone Jon Moses, 545-150.
Possible Reward.

Daily



8th APRIL 1984

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43 PAGES
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INCH ART ISSUE

SWEEPS GLOBE

CRACCUM, WITH APPROVAL IN PRINCIPLE FROM STUDASS, IS SPONSORING A FLUXUS EVENT, IN WHICH THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD ARE INVITED TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION. IT IS REQUESTED THAT THE MATERIAL REFERS TO OR USES THE LINEAL, SQUARE, CUBIC OR MORE DIMENSIONAL SPACE OF AN INCH. ALL MATERIAL IN EVERY MEDIA IS REQUESTED.



Steve Valentine shoots a publicity photo of the histrionic meeting of Bob Cinch and Terry Finch, marking the advent of inching towards a new era.

Participants are asked to include their names and addresses so that awards can be made and their copies of the issue can be posted to them.

Date-line for submissions is set at April Fool's Day,

1974. This should allow time for extensive circulation of this invitation, and it is hoped participants will assist by means of recycling, reporting, and reprinting so that persons likely to be interested will have the

opportunity to participate.

Material should be addressed to:
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PRIZES OFFERED

NEW INCH PURSES FOR THE WINNING

Zymotic Refreshments and Quasiabras, of the Perforated Hot Air Balloon company, Spill, 13 Cockburn, Ak. 2, Z., will give free rides in company vehicles to the uncompromizing Holy Inch; additionally included is the shock headline: **CHILD EATS FATHER** (inch by inch), Comments, Yum, Yum.

For an inch afire, the Linda Pearce, Ritva Parikko tandem bequeath a burning issue.

For frugalist photographic inch or nearest offer, photographer begrudgingly proffers bonny Box-Brownie case, lined with tucktite spring operated chromium clasp, reasonable working order, body rough, suitable for lunch box, no dealers please. Contact Artie McClick, Acme Portrait Studio, down the hall, last room to the right at Eight by Ten Bourne Street, Ak., or telephone 604-005, anytime Tuesdays between 8:30 and 9:15 a.m.

Scratch Orchestra avails the following three tantilizing awards: to one bare inch, a pinch from Lisa, to the most opportune inch, one scratched metre of accompaniment, to the farthest travelled inch, one thousand paces of long distance music.

For finding the lost inch, a 1/2 tone drop-out photograph of the haystack. 10 Bourne, Mt Eden, Ak.

Whimpy Girls, every Wonderful one, of the Wimpy Bar, Queen's Arcade, Ak. 1, offer the Wimpy Girls, '73 autographed (purple ink), perfumed pin-up for the wimpiest, scimpiest, impiest inches.

Best, for an inch of vanity — 100 ft. (30.48) x 16 mm spool type 651 emulsion in perforated winding B integral leader plus trailer 421 VI motion picture safety negative. Geof Steven, 2 Rota Pl., Ak.

V

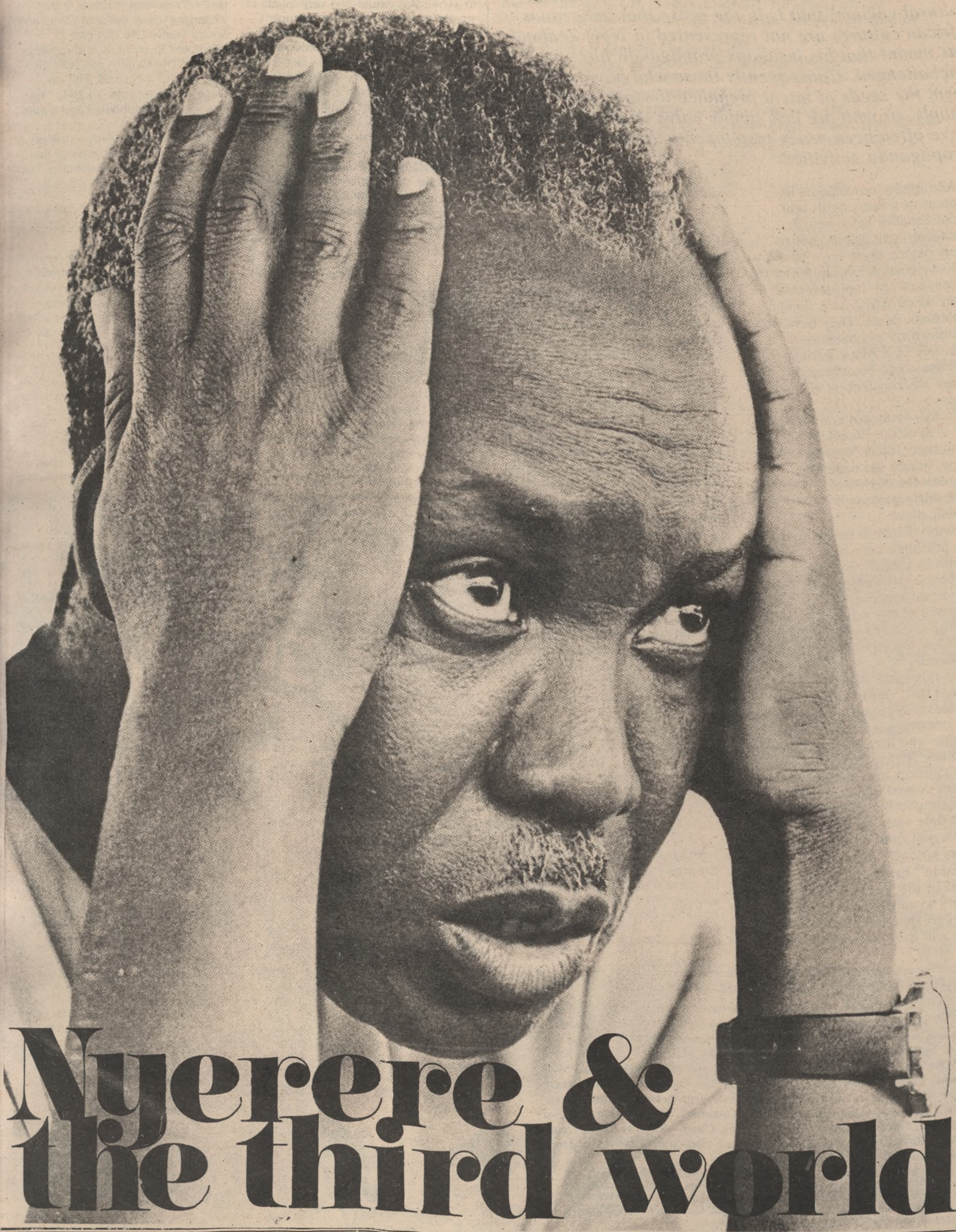
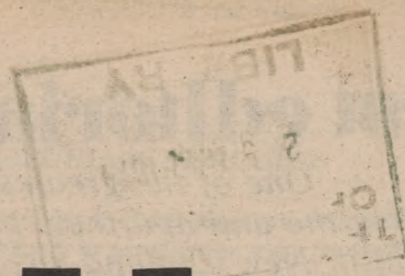
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**A VOID INCH
Dana Atchley,
Ace Space Co.**

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Nyerere & the third world