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editorial

It is not often that I agree with Herald editorials. Last week was the exception (well I agreed with some of it-you can't expect miracles).

It was announced on the telly that back benchers' salaries will be raised from \$7604 to \$11,000 (a 44% rise). Indeed with expenses and allowances a back bench seat could be worth around \$17,000. Prime Minister Norman Kirk will now get \$27,000. Add to this an estimated \$5000 in basic allowances — that's something like \$33,000. The largest increase of all goes to National's Rob Muldoon with a whopping 58.6%.

Yet it is not the actual amounts that really worry me. The hours put in by M.P.s. — in a continuous mish-mash of House, Committee and Constituency work — are well known. The new salaries are not disproportionate; we are told, to "comparable" positions in industry and the professions.

What does disturb me (and the Herald) was that salaries will be backdated to April 1973. When the Royal Commission first recommended a pay rise last July, our noble reps decided to forego their increases. In the light of the wage freeze that runs until June (and perhaps longer), such a sacrifice was deemed as a sensible example for the rest of the community.

In August last year Labour Minister Hugh Watt said that M.P.'s had to be prepared to show some responsibility because of what they were asking the rest of the country to do. Similarly Mr Kirk announced that he had decided that parliamentarians could not accept wage restraints — whilst allowing an increase for M.P.s.

But now — in an extremely ill-conceived and ill-timed gesture — our Parliamentarians have not only jumped the gun before the general wage revision. Worse than that they have decided to backdate their increases to before the year-long freeze was even begun. By doing so they have made a mockery of the sacrimonious statements made last year. So much for self sacrifice. Perhaps they'll backdate pensions by a year.

One can only agree with former Labour Party Candidate Dr Brian Edwards who denounced the move as "nothing worse than a confidence trick, a piece of gross dishonesty". Still, perhaps our M.P.s can now afford to pay for their own colour t.v.s. What do you think Mr Skinner?

Mike Rann

TOO
MUCH

LETTERS

15

Dear Brent,

I've just unwrapped my fish and chips to find 'A Question of Values' (March 4 issue) staring me in the face. I'm glad to see you declared your bias and no doubt your comments on our conference will be read in that light. But surely it wouldn't have hurt your cause to at least mention some of the more concrete remits passed. There were no remits passed on economic policy simply because our economic policy is complete and settled, not a futile patch-up of the present iniquitous system like that of other parties.

Of the other inaccuracies I take exception to two, and then only as a last ditch attempt to salvage my reputation as only a partial idiot.

1) My reply to your question on the value of compulsory unionism was not the gibberish attributed to me. In fact I said that I considered the traditional worker-employer confrontation completely outmoded and that unlike the Labour party we don't see why wage and salary earners should have to fight tooth and claw for a fair share of the national cake.

2) My article on page 11 contained numerous misprints, as well as the placing of one paragraph completely out of order, which help make nonsense of the first two columns; and strangely the last paragraph which just happened to contain a reference to the Labour Party was omitted altogether.

Yours,
Reg Clough,
Values Party, Auckland.

P.S. Get a new proofreader.
P.P.S. Congrats on the quality of the paper — it kept my chips really hot.

16

Dear Sir,

Did you write the article on the Values Party as a political act or as a journalist? You know, you did arrive late and leave at lunchtime. Also, some of your facts are obsolete, for example, Bert Keiller has long ago stopped working for fizzy drinks, or is it that he didn't support your mate Mike. Also the duddite aspect that I once sensed is to me now just a fair appreciation that technology is not benefits without cost.

To be fair, you also presented the other sides' story. The humanist as-

pect that Reg Clough presents, I think that most people would agree with you but to me that indicates a desirable course of action without any details about priorities or specifics or the value of other ways of looking at things, for example planning and other systems of management and methodologies. The way I look at your criticism of the lack of economic policies and their omission from the spokesman's article is that economics is an aspect of human systems and that to optimise any systems problem all the variables first must be translated into one type of measurement. This is usually yen, roubles, rousees or something. Conventional economic notions are frequently abstracted to the point of being useless. For example, the idea that competition reduces prices, in fact many times it would directly greatly increase them than an efficient monopoly. I refuse to discuss my employers.

The secret of the success of any society is its ability to motivate people into doing more in better ways. This is all too frequently overlooked by conservative politicians, both left wing and right wing. The other main oversight is that everything is interconnected and it is only our thinking which simplifies things which would deny this. This country is fortunate in that radicals realise this. In fact the best illustration of it I have read is in "Bullshit and Jellybeans".

Anyway, the conclusion I wasn't leading up to was the politics and people can be looked at in many ways old and new. The newest and currently most formidable originates in electronics and its derivatives. I refer to the "systems" type of thinking.

One feature of this is that earlier things covering the same area, e.g. economics, are naturally included in a manner which is not obvious. That is why I regard the absence of an isolated economic policy to be part of an advance on conventional government. The proper centre point of any political philosophy is people, and not some ideological or theoretical structure.

F.W. Bell

*For the record, I was at the Values Party Conference for the lunch and afternoon session.

Mr Bell contested Eden as an Independent Systems candidate at the last election, while maintaining he was representing Values. His principle platform was telephone referendums which involved a national link-up to test people's reactions before any government decision could be made. ED.

17

Dear Editor,

What mindless fool was responsible for the insensitive gibe at gnomes in last week's Craccum Ad's Column. It is obvious that this person does not realise the hardships we gnomes have to endure whilst sitting in peoples' gardens. Can you imagine the degradation in being the centre of aerial defecation or being showered with water because some human being does not realise that we also can catch a cold. An additional embarrassment occurs when we are chipped by flying stones and the gardener repaints us the wrong colour. However the ultimate humiliation comes about by the removal of our fishing poles thus leaving our hands ambiguously positioned. Be more careful, don't treat us as mere objects, remember Gnome Awareness Week next month.

yours honestly,
Paulus the Wood Gnome

18

Dear Brent and fellow students,

The grossest example of sexual discrimination ever to beset these innocent eyes of mine was discovered in Craccum of 12th of March, in the gymnasium advertisement. Here I was, calmly reading my Craccum, when like a blinding flash, a neon in the night, or that ex-boxer whose fist ran into over the weekend, there it was:—

"Female players earn double points".

Fellow males and thinking women (are there any?) stand forth, O' noble creature and show yourself to the lowly masses. We must arise! Throw off this tyranny!! Let there be a constant points scored for spikes and baskets.

Friends (etc, etc) and others, we must beware the insidious foe. First there was Women's Lib, and equality for all persons in all fields, and like the noble creatures we men are we said: " " (Your own words can be put in here). But now, behold! These women are not content with equality. They want more. Friends, etc, etc, are we to tolerate this? I say no! Let us fight back with all weapons at our disposal (yes, even that) and put women back where they belong, below us, or at least on the same level.

Yours sincerely in hope and trust
(blah, blah) S. Nunn

CRACCUM, Vol. 48 No5; 26 March 1974.

CRACCUM is on the top floor of the student union building. Our phone number is 30-789 (ext 67 for editorial; ext 66 for advertising). We welcome help and visitors... come up and see us sometime. Anyway this issue was edited by Brent Lewis, layout and festering by Malcolm Walker, reporting by Mike Rann and Bill Ralston. Advertising and nerg work by courtesy of Graeme Easte. Wendy Hoggard typed and Bob Lack distributed. Other people who helped or were nice to us are: George Packard, Paul Gilmour, Helen Clark, ? Murray Cammick, Jeremy Templer, Norman Kirk, Gordon Giffon, Phyllus Conns, Chris J. Brooks, Clark Kent, Richard Rowe, Roger Debreceeny, Thelma Gribblehurst, John Woodroffe, Mick and Ian Sinclair

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19

Saved by Su

Dear Sir,

A couple of ran a front p caused by th pre-set exam you up to da Association's interviewed i volved. At th March 11 stu Evans served were slightly were receive were referrec for investigat The Assoc tive on Dean fessor Northe cept written President Ric was through sight not invi This meeting and again m sed at the in many studen matter to the Tarling, for r tion.

This can b for the stude long been kr deeply intere students. His Theatre Com has given hir that few mer equal. When last Thursday ment on pro he will do hi Under Un may alter yo up to this Fri suggest you 458-409) to made to perri you wanted.

20

Sir,

Lest any re lieving that t entertainmen the sort desc week's Cracc from disappc code for the pects, knowr These are no guide-lines o anyone seeki policemen ol for the woulc been known leged to have timidation. A recently threv tained after tl the suspect si

21

Dear Sir,

There is o to reply to C criticism of t Arts and that

19

Saved by Supernick!

Dear Sir,

A couple of weeks back Craccum ran a front page article on the foul up caused by the University adopting a pre-set exam timetable. So to keep you up to date with progress on the Association's objections Craccum has interviewed most of the people involved. At the Senate meeting on March 11 student representative Clive Evans served notice that the students were slightly annoyed. His complaints were received most courteously and were referred to Deans' Committee for investigation.

The Association has no representative on Deans, but the Chairman, Professor Northey, kindly agreed to accept written submissions from Vice-President Richard Rowe, though he was through some unfortunate oversight not invited to attend in person. This meeting was held on 18 March, and again much concern was expressed at the inconvenience caused to so many students. Deans referred the matter to the Dean of Arts, Professor Tarling, for rapid investigation and action.

This can be regarded as a victory for the students, for Prof Tarling has long been known as a liberal idealist deeply interested in the welfare of students. His long association with Theatre Company and Revue circles has given him a feeling for students that few members of staff can hope to equal. When Craccum contacted him last Thursday he was unable to comment on progress, but it is certain that he will do his best for students.

Under University regulations you may alter your course without penalty up to this Friday, 29 March, so we suggest you ring Prof Tarling (ph. 458-409) to see if changes have been made to permit you to do the course you wanted.

Stephen Taylor

20

Sir,

Lest any readers are misled into believing that they can rely on receiving entertainment at the police station of the sort described on page 7 of last week's Craccum, may I prevent them from disappointment. There exists a code for the fair questioning of suspects, known as the Judges' Rules. These are not legally binding, being guide-lines only, but unfortunately for anyone seeking entertainment, some policemen observe them. Worse still for the would-be martyr, courts have been known to reject statements alleged to have been obtained by intimidation. As a final blow, a judge recently threw out a confession obtained after the police refused to let the suspect see a solicitor.

Roger Connard
(Law School).

21

Dear Sir,

There is only one word necessary to reply to David Eggleton's rubbishy criticism of the Auckland Society of Arts and that is: "Balls!"

Yours sincerely,
John Turkington,
Vice Patron.

22

A PROTEST

Dear Sirs,

I, and many of my fellow students, strongly object to the use of the drink-vending machines during normal campus hours.

The benefits of these machines, (if any), are completely obscured by a fog of mechanical bungles. For the uninitiated, I will elaborate:

- (1) Lack of a change machine; or, if one has the ten cent piece,
- (2) The cups run out;
- (3) The cups get stuck halfway;
- (4) The ingredients run out;
- (5) The machine is otherwise out of order, and not labelled as such, but gladly accepts your money anyway.

A paradigm of efficiency, is it not? and labour-saving, doubtless those poor women who were previously overworked on the tea and coffee counter are still being worked . . . re-servicing machines.

It has also occurred to many of us that we are indulging in an excessive misuse of plastic, helping the technological trash-pile along just a little further; and so near-sighted, it is pitiful. It's silly to be even a bit ecologically-minded, isn't it?

Oh yes, I almost forgot — the drinks themselves! Those from the hot-drink machines taste like watered-down shit . . . but, perhaps that isn't important??

And of course, we're saving money — instead of paying wages, we can buy machines. Goody, goody, what fun! Talk about inverted logic!

I suppose those-that-be, who provided we hassled students with the said machines, sit in their cosy rooms with their bone-china tea sets. Well, Get off your asses and give us our caff tea and coffee back!

P.S. Where have all the cups and saucers gone?

Yours faithfully,

Shana E. Allen
D Thomson
P Hoyle
B D Meltzer
S Greenwood
I Blumenfeld
John L Henderson
J Beattie
L J Horwood
R H Walker
D J Church
M J Poule
A Rodgers
C M Nixon
R Smith
B Bennett

23

Sir,

What ignorant fool was responsible for your 'funny' ads — Craccum 19 March, P.8. This kind of mindless put down of a basic issue of the Women's Liberation movement — that is the right to control one's own body — is scarcely worthy of the official newspaper of A.U.S.A.

It is obvious that you have no concept of the problems facing women, and of our anger at being treated as pawns in society's power games.

That it should be necessary to have to set up self-help groups in the first place, in order to be able to learn about our own bodies (in particular our reproductive systems) is indicative of the extent of the repression of women by society.

As for the 'Craccum Abortion Services (Inc.)', I suggest that you contact ALRANZ, and ask to see the police photos they have of women killed by such methods that you so 'funnily' jibe at. Perhaps you would then understand my anger.

Elizabeth Dowling

ALL ABOUT CRACCUM...AND YOU

We are often criticised (sometimes abused) for not featuring articles on some particular topic that the critic thinks would enhance the value of our paper. Last week, for instance, I was chided for the absence of copy covering topics as diverse as Rugby Union, horse racing, Christ's second coming, cafe meals, and poets' corners. We have been accused of being right wing and left wing, of having too much and too little politics. Fair enough. Criticism is both vital and healthy. However protagonists of certain groups and espousers of certain causes — be it Rugby, Chiropractry or meths drinking — can't really expect our tiny staff to have the resources to contemplate in-depth epistles on a million and one subjects that come to mind. We, too, are mere mortals. However, a "Balance" can be achieved. Instead of griping and doing sweet nothing, try submitting an article sometime.

Salient — our Wellington equivalent — has a band of some fifty volunteers. Last week we called a meeting of those wishing to help. Less than a dozen turned up. Sob. For three weeks now a small band of hardies have worked through the night each Friday to get your paper to bed. We don't expect you to do the same. What we would like is for people to spend a few hours per month (or more frequently if you can spare the time) helping with things such as proof-reading, reporting, photography, reviews...etc, etc.

Anyway, we have decided to call another meeting — Next Wednesday, at 1p.m. in the Craccum office. See ya.

24

Dear Sir,

Yes, Keith Walton, perhaps its just you.

For a start your misleading statement about members of the Economics 301 course actually taking part in a discussion should be clarified. After your initial disagreement there followed a long discussion between myself and the patient Prof. Blythe in the course of which about three students were finally stirred into action — two of them out of exasperation with you. The general feeling in the class (expressed by many afterwards), to which you were completely insensitive was that you had an amazing amount of energy to expend on an amazingly trivial matter — is maybe 3 per cent onto your final mark going to make that much difference?

Perhaps, unlike the rest of the class,

you have not found the Economics department reasonable, helpful, and friendly in the past. Perhaps your belligerent attitude has led to your impression.

If someone is to be slighted for being "rather older" maybe its time you grew up and stopped exasperating everyone else who is at the lecture for the lecture with the glories of your youth (not so glorious to everyone else).

The class representative was elected in the manner described because nobody was prepared to put forward a nomination or offer to do the job — perhaps signifying a lack of dissatisfaction within the class. Saying the person elected is an idiot must be based on a more intimate knowledge of him than I have — true, he sells "Socialist Action" and Blythe wanted someone more conservative but that doesn't make him an idiot, does it?

Finally, a mention for the person who came out of it all best. You said the lecturer 'shouldn't have been allowed any say anyway'. The lecturer was extremely patient and explained he believed in in-course assessment, the percentage was low because of possible collaboration, and that the reason for all six assignments counting was that the result was then indicative of someone's total performance — any serious reasons for poor performance would be taken into account. The lecturer is the Person who knows the subject and what we should hopefully have mastered by the end of the course and it is he that must do the final assessment. It would seem fair to give him a say. You seemed to be as insensitive to him as to the rest of the class and didn't appear to notice his upstaging you by suggesting a return to the practice of a 100 percent examination system with course-work taken into account at the lecturer's discretion. Maybe you're only intolerant of older people or maybe its everybody because you only have time to appreciate yourself.

?

APOLOGY

Craccum apologises for not crediting Stephen Ballantyne for his photographs of Joan Baez, Issue 2, pgs 5 & 6



THE LOLLY SCRAMBLE

Tempers were frayed for a moment. "Sit down, you golden-spoon", yelled out David Colbourn, one of his adversaries.

The occasion: the Special General Meeting of the Students Association, called to discuss whether Students agreed to giving \$4000 to eight outside groups.

The result: nothing. A delay till next week to see whether the Constitution would be changed, negated all the arguments heard. Nevertheless it is interesting to see how people line up and what the arguments are. So here's a report: David Colbourn moved:

1. "That AUSA support each year, with sums of money deemed appropriate by the executive of the day, the following Auckland Community Groups.

- a/ Tenants Protection Association
- b/ Nga Tamatoa
- c/ Te Huinga
- d/ The Peoples Union
- e/ Auckland Women's Liberation
- f/ Auckland Gay Liberation
- g/ Auckland Anti Apartheid Information Centre
- h/ The Polynesian Panther Party.

2. That this year's sum be \$500 per group as passed by the executive already.

3. That the S.R.C. Policy Action Fund be raised from \$1,000 to \$2,000 as already passed by the executive."

The night's festivities were just beginning for the Engineers. A certain Mr Hogan moved that the resolution be supported, but that no members of the Students' Association be allowed to be Poms. Yes, there was much merriment in a certain quarter of the room.

David Colbourn said he was concerned about the degree of relevance that the Students' Association had. His Manchester accent was quickly noted by the Engineers who bellowed out in unison "Go home, Pom" to a chortle of inane laughter.

Colbourn said the groups never knew how much they were getting and this had affected any chance of them planning even short-term projects.

All the groups, he said, fulfilled

the criteria of doing charitable work. All the groups are active in the major social problems of today and finally they are all groups we supported in the past and this provides us with the continuity.

CAP/IN/HAND

Tony Dove in seconding the motion said that he didn't want these groups coming down cap-in-hand to the Students' Association every time they needed five dollars.

He said it would help them to subsist even though it is just a "piddle in the ocean."

Mr Hogan then rose to speak again.

There was an objection: "sorry, general, you've spoken once."

"I was out of order then," was the retort.

"It seems we have a great amount of ignorance in our society," he said, "including some engineers who lack education."

Sharon Ashton said she seriously questioned continuing support for established groups.

She said that the Students' Association should pressure local bodies to realise their responsibility. Project Paremoremo should not have to run a bus, she said. "Wouldn't it be more relevant to fight the fact that metropolitan authorities don't run a bus?"

I see no difference in them applying each year, for a grant, she continued, just the same as university clubs and societies.

The funding, she maintained, should be done through S.R.C., to leave it in the control of students.

An Engineering amendment was next. Warren Smith moved and Ross Marks seconded that the following groups be added to the list: Red Cross, St Johns Ambulance, Intellectually Handicapped Childrens Assn, N.Z. Surf Life Saving, N.Z. Institute for the Blind, Alcoholics Anonymous, The Salvation Army, Youthline, YMCA, YWCA, Boystown, Girl Guides, Sea Scouts, Boys Brigade, Cancer Research, Foundation for the Deaf, Heart Foundation, Seamen's Mission.

This caused rather a furore. Russell (Mr Smith) Bartlett asked whether the amendment was acceptable to the mover.

David Colbourn said he was quite prepared to concede that groups like Women's Liberation may go out of action (cheers from engineers). However, the groups on the list he maintained were fighting for their survival, whereas those suggested in the amendment were highly respectable charities.

The Chairman said that as the amendment was not a direct con-

tradiction to the spirit of the original motion, then it should be incorporated.

Several speakers spoke against the amendment.

One person confessed to not knowing what Te Huinga was. It was discovered that no representative from that organisation was at the meeting but Michael Woodward from Nga Tamatoa said that it was the only Maori organisation for youth in New Zealand and was the first to speak for the Maori as a minority.



The Mysterious Mr. Smith

Fraser Folster said he was glad to see that no-one wished to oppose the grant as one group wanted to spend a small amount of money and another one a large.

The logical thing to do, he said, was to bring in a new motion: that this meeting formally dissolve the University Students' Association, the money left to support these admirable groups.

This motion was regarded as being a little premature, the general consensus being that next year would be the appropriate time to dissolve the Association, after Ed Haysom had received his life membership.

The first motion with an amendment asking that the money go through S.R.C. and be for this year with right of renewal was passed.

The second motion that five hundred dollars be given to each group was then discussed.

COURT INJUNCTION THREATENED

Former V.C. of the Engineers' maintained that this was a reduction ad absurdum of the original

motion, as the first motion stipulated that the S.R.C. should deem what sum of money was appropriate.

"If any further motions like this are passed illegally, then I will seek a court injunction".

"Under this money can be given to save any sundry saviour of souls ... I don't know who these groups are, — not because I'm out of touch — but just because I have't got time ... these groups make sweet fuck-all impression outside of here.

Sharon Ashton was concerned that we were making grants to outside groups and we couldn't even support the creche.

The Chairman however pointed out the University had provided \$1833 for the Creche, which rather negated that point.

Our mate Gilbert asked that students examine their political and social consciences. "If we do not, then we label ourselves as reactionaries". (at that moment George Packard and Jenny Albrecht entered the gathering).

Russell Bartlett asked a series of questions concerning the legality of passing any motions at the SGM. His basic concern was whether the Association could act ultra vires to the Constitution, and whether the Association could afford the expenditure. "Where's the money coming from?"

Roger Debrecey asked whether it was correct procedure to ask questions of the Chairman, but as he had asked one himself that point was disregarded.

CHAPPLE OUT

However Bob Lack, (no relation who is known to most pointed out that as there would be a meeting to change the Constitution then that would be the appropriate time to discuss such things.



Sahib Colbourne

(STOP PRESS: Australia 64 for five, Ian Chappell out for 39 — general jubilation in Craccum of-fice (excepting typist).

Meanwhile, back at the meeting...

Colbourn hit a good shot up gully with a statement that we are

discussing the amount.

"As things at the back, likely to die cancer — the first priority.

The evening was obvious behind the r the Constitu them to go t

THE PICOT

There was that should I itable Mr Ac own version helped.

This Assoc supporting f, political gro



To the do ory walls ca a waterfront wo childrer icted of off ined \$50 in This, and ot to indicate t public is reg magistrates, the public c city are unp

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discussing the principle not the amount.

"As things stand," said someone at the back, "people are far more likely to die of capitalism than cancer — then this should be our first priority."

The evening was droning on. It was obvious the spirit of it was behind the motions even though the Constitutions would not allow them to go through.

THE PICOT PLOT

There was one more incident that should be recorded. The inimitable Mr Adrian Picot had his own version as to who should be helped.

This Association, he said, is supporting far too many left-wing political groups. For our credibility

to remain untarnished there needs to be a balance. He then presented his alternative budget, which read

RSA \$500NZ National Socialist Party \$500
NZ National Party \$500
War Against Recreational Disruption \$500
The Liberal Reform Party \$500
Rhodesia Society \$500
Friends of South Africa \$499
Young Socialists \$500



Adrian Picot (again)

These people, he explained, have been working for many years to overcome undesirable influences in New Zealand. They stand for everything that is right in our society.

Many of these groups had come on dire times, he said, The National Socialist Party was struggling very hard and the National Party had also fallen on hard times. And then there was the Young Socialists, "the most right-wing group of all".

PERSONAL BIAS CREEPS IN

The S.R.C. Policy Action Fund was then raised to from \$1000 to \$2600. That was the final resolution of the meeting.

On Wednesday you will have the chance to change the Constitu-

tion. If you feel it is desirable that the University Students' Association continues to aid community groups, then you must vote in favour of a change.

If however you believe that the Association cannot afford to have any social responsibility, then by all means vote against it, but preferably don't vote at all.

TYPISTS NOTE: I FEEL THIS TO BE A SLIGHTLY INACCURATE AND BIASED ACCOUNT, AND WILL ACCEPT NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR IT.

EDITORS NOTE: I ACCEPT NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY SPELLING ERRORS IN THIS REPORT, THEY CAN BE REFERRED TO THE TYPIST.

LOVE,
BRENT



To the doleful stories on lavatory walls can be added that of a waterfront worker with two children, who was convicted of offensive behaviour and fined \$50 in the magistrates court. This, and other similar cases seem to indicate that relieving oneself in public is regarded seriously by the magistrates, despite the fact that the public conveniences in the city are unpleasant and few.

A like attitude from the courts is shown to those unfortunate enough to be caught 'streaking'. As if being caught with your pants down is punishment enough then the fines given out prohibit future buying of new clothes. However it does seem as though the excitement is wearing thin from a fine of \$100 a week ago, fines are now reduced to the \$50 mark. "Out of pocket" to the sum of \$40, for in-

stance, was one Jack Dean, who was arrested after running naked through a bar at a Mt Wellington hotel.

The problems of law enforcement were illustrated by the case of a Mr Meali, a Samoan charged with the wilful damage of a fence post valued at \$1. Meali couldn't speak English and had to have an interpreter to understand the nature of the charge. What happened at the scene of arrest is guesswork, but it remains obvious that in a racially mixed community, the police must be able to communicate with the populace. (Since) Meali had also hurled a milk bottle at someone he was justly convicted and fined \$50.

His case was ironically followed by those of the Samoans arrested for illegal immigration. A point which was missed by news coverage here was that several of the

Samoans had made their own way back to Samoa before the trial. In a time of work plenty, it is odd to turn away such respectable people from the country.



FATZO GALOREZ

(Halloran)

People come up to me and say "Shit, you're fat!"

In just over a fortnight I've lost a stone in weight, a trim 12.6 and still going down. Yet it still happens, "Shit, you're fat", the dogs blurt out. My hair's going grey as well, but that will do for another column.

Not that I'm particularly worried about these comments but no-one else seems to be getting the same sort of treatment.

Why not tell Ed Haysom, "You're a bit light on top". This is a reference only to his close cropped hair. Have a go at Richard Rowe, "Call me bubbles". He's fatter than I am, for a start.

What about "bony" Lack or Ho Chi Colbourn?

Why not "golliwog" Lewis and "Little Caesar" East?, and to top it off, "Big Dada" Cederman.

Yes, I'm sick of being called fat and its high time the others had a going over. You can give them your own names for starters, but let's at least begin!



Subject: FEMINISM

Report: UNITED WOMEN'S CONVENTION

Information: "MS" Magazine
Auckland Women's
Liberation BROADSHEET

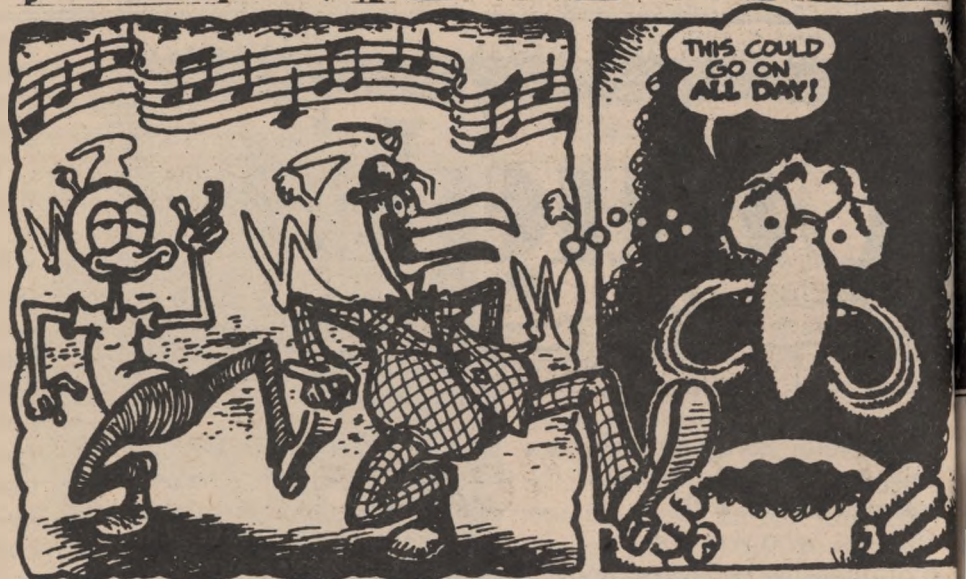
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COMIC FANZINE & OTHER NUANCES

My earliest pictorial images were not those of your common or garden fairy tales (Cinderella etc.) but rather those that came every week in the form of the T.V. Express (an English weekly) that my father would get for my brother. My enthusiasm being greater of course than my brother's, would suss me to snatch it as soon as his back was turned. Col. Pinto and Wee Sporty were in my opinion its greatest assets. Then came other weeklies such as Lion (with its proverbial cover of a back-shot view of a goalie diving for a soccer ball whilst Roy of the Rovers plunged it mercilessly into the net), and then came Valiant, Beano and others. The Saturday matinees were also full of the same bravado and expertise that the comics enhanced and every week the T.K. yahoos would go to thrill to the weekly serials of Seahunt, starring that Adonis of a man — Buster Crabbe, Our Gang — starring Mickey Rooney as the punk for all time, The Skull — real horror show, and a Jules Verne classic that has slipped my tongue. The good eventually turned bad and these serials soon dissipated into amateuristic productions that embodied the parthenon of the new age — ugh — Realism. My idols at this stage were Adolf Hitler and Al Capone (n.b. early Anglo-Saxon influence).



High School brought on a new more serious note and my reading veered to more gutsy pocket war magazines. War and Ace were everyone else's favourites but I settled for Commando and proceeded to steal one every week from Mr Carey's bookshop with my large raincoat as accomplice. The number of American comics I did buy at this stage were very small, those being the M.A.R.S. Patrol and one about Atom something or other where the hero fell into the now cliché gamma radiation bombardment and found himself with new super powers — hooray for science. There was a British weekly at this stage that included reprints of The Hulk in it, and an issue I remember very well was the famous defrosting of Capt. America. T.V. had by this time entered the house and all reading was dropped when old Terrytoon cartoons, Precious Pup, Atomic Ant, George of the Jungle, or Felix the Cat appeared on the box. One thing that did piss me off though was the number of people who shucked up to all that Hanna and Barbera crap. I was also showing a healthy interest in other English cartoonists at this stage, such as Jak who appeared on the inside back page of the Weekly News and I also bought my first book of Giles.

Art School was next up for grabs and I met a character called Barry Linton (real life) who I had followed in the Craccums, sent home by my bearded university brother, in the guise of Floyd and other Linton Limpids. Barry turned me on to Robert Crumb and Head Comix which I suppose is the underground "pulp" of today (philosophic!). There was a flood of them at the U.B.S. but the more recent ones have fallen short of the originals. Cartoonists of this era to be noted are Robert "Sketchum" Crumb, Victor Moscosco, Gilbert "Furry Freaks" Shelton, S. Clay "Bent" Wilson and Greg Irons. Barry also had a small collection of Marvel comics and I was soon blown with Marvel mania. Pick up a copy of Spiderman and The Fantastic Four for super hero antics supreme. Jack "The King" Kirby, Sal Buscemo and Johnny Romita are perhaps Marvel's greatest bullpens.

This last paragraph deals with secondhand bookshops in Auckland. They are a comic fans second home and they are a place of almost religious institution. Comic pilgrims flock there every so often to buy or exchange their comics. So in fact the comic is recycled to be read again and again and again.



by Paul Hetet



A.

"I would to answer of Southern state and Teacher, N And so , flashy oster at the Auc few Maori

While the offices in W that they dic dresses to se funny — cc where to sei And ironi told Trevor I reasons he v Zealand was of the anti-a So Robbie for us all for landers and no spokesm. Nyerere or c election can The cliches gins.

To rapture old that we fortunate cit little povert We have oc later he say: help.

SEMIN

Saturday 3 Women's Stud Commencing Student r. 5 For fu Phone:

skeffington says . . .



The Regent is gazetted for destruction in June. Explains a representative of Kerridge-Odeon: "we do not own the building — the A.M.P. does. We wanted to continue to use it as a cinema but the A.M.P. want to develop it." The insurance companies and building societies now own most of Queen Street. Their sense of social responsibility is nil but their sense of plunder is paramount. Because of this Regent's fabulous marble staircase will soon be reduced to rubble. More on that later.

It's interesting that when the New Zealand Press Association held it's conference in Rotorua it was not open to the press. Instead there were a series of statements issued by various members. It was that freedom of the press should exist only outside it's boundaries as far as they're concerned.

Expect Ruth Kirk's Diary to end soon in the Women's Weekly. A row with Big Norm over the form it should take, has resulted in Ruth deciding to end her flourishing career as an authoress.

Government moved on the Technical Institute question, discussed in last weeks Craccum with its own bill. It is without the repressive clauses objected to by the students; in Muldoon's bill and is an improvement on it.

The Argentine Rugby Team, the Pumas, want the right to enter the International Rugby Board of Control, which is now dominated by the home unions. As their manager explained, the Argentine consistently wins the South American championships and has beaten an English team, yet they are blocked from entry by the home unions.

The press coverage of President Nyerere's visit by New Zealand papers was pathetic. Craccum actually had more column inches devoted to Nyerere than any other New Zealand paper and it is not a daily.

The Sunday News was more interested in the latest comments from our man on the scene in South Africa, Bob Howitt, on how the Petone Rugby team was doing its bit to break down apartheid and how it was necessary to continue contact, rather than report Nyerere's visit.

The editorials however were sympathetic but one must feel saddened by the lack of solid background research that our papers were willing to do, in covering such an important event

Rumour has it that a certain National M.P. is soon to retire on the grounds of "ill health".

Frank Skeffington

As I Please...

"I would say that nations like New Zealand have special need to answer the challenge presented by the minority Governments of Southern Africa. Or, the controversy will enter their own state and divide citizens along colour lines," thus saith the Teacher, Nyerere.

And so apt he was too, for peering over the balcony at the flashy ostentation which passed for splendour, among the guests at the Auckland City's civic dinner of welcome, we could see few Maori faces, and fewer Polynesians.

While the relevant government offices in Wellington had retorted that they didn't know which addresses to send the invitations to. Funny — cos they always know where to send the police!

And ironic too. For as Nyerere told Trevor Richards, one of the reasons he was coming to New Zealand was because of the work of the anti-apartheid groups.

So Robbie rises. He will speak for us all for we're all New Zealanders and the Polynesian needs no spokesman. Is he welcoming Nyerere or opening the mayoral election campaign? Moot point. The cliches trickle. Hypocrisy begins.

To rapturous applause we are told that we are 'one of the most fortunate cities in the world' with 'little poverty', and 'few slums'. We have occasional problems. Later he says the hot heads do not help.

Not that we could see much. Flanked by police and forbidden to stand or make any noise we were not in a position to. After all, we'd not been invited.

It meant that there was a statesman down there and the guests had to be suitable. Chamber of Commerce, Big Bourgeois, National MP's. A crowd in fact comprising mainly the most pro-South African, pro-Tour and ultra chauvinistic members of Auckland's population.

And we in the balcony? Nga Tamatoa, Students' Association, Care, Hart, Ponsonby Community Centre. We were merely the representatives of the organisations that had struggled the hardest to support Nyerere's stand to isolate South Africa. And we were not invited.

"Who is C.A.R.E?", the Town Hall secretary had asked.

The cliches are all there. And next to me sits Betty Wark, Polynesian, unpaid, full-time social worker. Betty who spends her interrupted nights, night after night, helping families who have found their furniture thrown on the lawn by the bailiffs. Helping the homeless who cannot afford the \$100 bond. Helping the evicted who could not meet the \$60 per week rent for their derelict homes. Rangi Walker says Polynesians are "being bled". Betty, whose colleague Fred Ellis sleeps in a cubby-hole under the stairs because his house is crammed with the homeless / Betty is a hot head.

I squirm in my seat.

But we're 'all God's children', the man says, and, later, 'we are doing everything we can.'

The crowd applauds. I see rosy visions of homes. Homes in Freeman's Bay. \$18,000 and a piece for the swinging down-town jet set. And office blocks. Oh, loads of them.

And we've got to help those who haven't had the benefit of a good education. European, I supposed. Any other is not good? We must understand them, and they have a duty to understand us. 'He

jest at scars?' Its the final misunderstanding.

After years of exploitation at home and injustice and squalor in New Zealand the Polynesian must understand us. But, he does, he does. The crowd makes a joyful house unto the lord mayor.

But the Polynesian sees his life. And one thing he sees is that he is not the problem and he does not need educating. But the white man is and the white man does.

Dean Rymer that well-known pro-Tour sports lover has left long ago.

Nyerere rises. The platitudes are over. Its a point by point destruction of all the rationalisms put forward for racism and for South Africa.

It leads inexorably to support for the freedom fighters.

The crowd is dumb. No applause, no hear hears, nothing. The Teacher teaches, and they learn how to choke down their indigestion.

At the end applause starts. A few, Marx bless them, rise. Muldoon looks glum. Nyerere is not Robbie. Africa is not Auckland. The applause is commensurate.

The uninvited hot heads are escorted out and the hypocrisy is over.

David Colbourn.

SEMINAR ON CHINA

Saturday 30 and Sunday 31 March
Womens' Common Room,
Student Union Building.
Commencing at 8.30 a.m. on Saturday
Student rates: \$1.00 all weekend
50c for one day
For further information
Phone: 868-148 or 34-682



DROP IN COUNSELLING:

Right in the Union. Quentin Brew comes Tuesdays 10-12, and Thursdays 2-4, to Room 239 (Legal Aid Room), Top Floor, Library end.

No appointments, no records, free and informal.

A new service from University Counselling.



Lost and found property department? is situated in Custodians' Office at the back of the Gymnasium. If anyone lost a camera during 1973 please see the Custodian on duty.

OPEN Mon-Friday 7a.m. - 11 p.m.
and Saturday 8a.m. - 5 p.m.

Tom Appleton's

GREAT BIG

"HOW DO YOU LIKE NEW ZEALAND?" RAP

New Zealanders are at once sceptical and fond of foreigners. Sceptical because they have a tendency to disturb the local complacency and fond because they can ask them that ego-boosting question of questions, "How do you like New Zealand?" — "Oh, I almost like it as it is," I say, and somehow the point of the ritual seems to have been missed.

Well I have been here for some time now — striving to integrate without being assimilated — so it may be permissible to assess my new home, this New Zealand, as I know it.

One of the first things you notice — after the initial bewilderment of filling out some sheet with information regarding your racial status (this is all still on the plane, you see) — so, when you get here, you first start to notice the flora, the fern trees, the perfect setting for a dinosaur movie — but alas! those monsters fail to show up. Next you realize it not only looks like Italy on the map, it also has a distinctly Italian feel about — not counting the rain of course. New Zealand, the Italy of the South Pacific.

Unlike Italy, however, this country has no famous cuisine to offer — at the far out final frontier food comes after fuel — nor do you see many impressive edifices. Though Auckland, with its cabbage and palm trees and houses scattered into a vast garden could have easily taken Romeo's place, complete with its seven hills — if the Romans had gotten here first. Ah yes, and what a fine cup of coffee they would've made, too!

My first three months I kept fantasizing about a Viennese coffee-house featuring international jet-setted newspapers, Turkish cigarettes, an old, dapper Hungarian waiter and whipped cream on your coffee with a glass of water afterward. Here you get a glass of water mixed into your coffee.

Strange: I never liked the name New Zealand. Dig. Some three hundred or more years ago a Dutch clipper sailed by here and some dude from old Zealand yellowed out, "Hey man, look! this place looks just like home;" — and they promptly & imaginatively called it Nieuw Zealand. So the name stuck.

You know, it's a bit like saying Columbus discovered America. If you say, no man! there were Indians there, lots of them, in fact they had been there for several thousand years — it doesn't mean a thing. American history starts in 1492 — the rest is pre-history. Because there weren't any licensed white historians around. The Indians didn't write history. They handed legends down thru the centuries. And we get a similar thing again, here.

But all that aside — Aotearoa —: what a beautiful, full-mouthed name that is, after all. The land of the big white cloud. As opposed to the land that looks just like my Dutch

waterfront home. I'm certain some future parliament is going to restore this country's name again, give it back some history again. To no longer be a "new" castrated appendix of Europe.

Living here is kind of interesting. The great big (I've got a preoccupation with these words) sanatorium for rich old Maple Leafers, with a heart condition and young European nature freaks trying to get off that bad pollution, politics, drugs and nervous breakdown trip. Wait for the gold rush of the late eighties. There's gold here, **en masse**: pure air and simple trees.

Quite a nice experience: No longer is money everything; you can't buy things and people as easily. Stores don't have a lot of things and you realize you can do without them. The things you got to have you mostly can't afford, so you learn to do without **them** too. I tried to get a wedding cake, just for kicks, for our first wedding anniversary with some fancy almond icing on it. Uh-uh. So I offered to pay three bucks voluntary surcharge — nothing doing, only standard decoration. There is a certain Czechoslovakian feel about that.

People you also can't buy — you don't tip cab drivers, you can't bribe cops you can't make deals with shopkeepers and you see very few prostitutes — but, we may assume that King Mammon's reign did not exclude these far off shores out here.

Ask not what you can do for your country but find out what your neighbour can do for you — before I came here the only thing I could do properly was to work a typewriter. Now I sew my own slacks, make jam, bake bread, fix up furniture and forget about admonishing the wine waiter.



As a writer (now passing thru my third language) I have found it hard to focus sustained reading attention on the works of local writers. They seem to be divorced from public life and anyway I'm still waiting for the emergence of the city in New Zealand literature.

Most of my encounters were with the local press. I had a job with a suburban throw away rag where I was told not to wear jeans to wear a tie instead and to clean my language. Finally I was fired because I was considered too radical "This isn't Rolling Stone you know".

The other papers whom which I understand some libel laws forbid me to mention unfavourably told me they neither needed nor wanted me. Well I know know that this is true. Because newspaper writers in New Zealand aren't writers at all, they're journalists. Journalists are completely 'objective' non-persons, they state facts never comment. Commenting is done separately by different guys higher up in the hierarchy, called editorial writers. These write their publishers' views on general issues and questions of the day.

John Skow, a book reviewer for TIME magazine once called the new journalism one whose practitioners take their own temperature every second paragraph and print the re-

sulting fever charts as reportage. Feeling one's own pulse at least reassures one of being alive rather than a machine. Every plain factual statement bears on overtone of approval- approval as opposed to criticism and isn't critical distinction a prerequisite for objectivity.

In New Zealand what is offered under the guise of objectivity is anonymity. People seldom sign their letters to newspapers with their own names — it's always "Concerned Housewife Papakura" or something. People don't express opinions openly or with vigor. Always creeping, crawling, worm-like & subservient. "I would venture to suggest that perhaps another view could also be held." Don't bother, I say to that.

Obviously if the Labour Government isn't just bluffing in contemplating to let foreign newspapers tycoons into the country it would at any rate like to see some different leaves of opinions on the country's thick wood-products. Conservatives are seldom Tories, but Labor Parties are often Socialists while Socialists are mostly Reds. Reds are bad.

What strikes me is a general climate devoid of any political breeze. If there is any it's the battles of the burgomasters. People my own age are mostly quite unpolitical, uninvolved. Politics is something tak-

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ing place far away in Watergate-
Land viz Oil Crisis Country. Here
we go swimming at the beach. Not
caring about politics is a kind of
political activity too.

I've often sat and pondered how
(what with three million inhabitants)
this could be a perfect democracy,
improved Swiss style. A beautiful lit-
tle egalitarian, socialist democracy
with a little capitalist incentive
thrown in for all that. Instead you get
a perfectly undemocratic voting sys-
tem — (check it out on the Maori
voting allowance or on how come a
two party system can function here
the way it does) — a great egalitarian
myth and if the Whites were a
minority — be sure this would be
another Rhodesia.

The vertical section of British soci-
ety that settled here must have been
a bit bottom heavy, as New Zealand
has a middle class society with a
good healthy working class ethos.
There is a B-side to this too, of
course, when it is coupled with
puritanism. "Work and thou shalt
be rewarded" — thus a factory boss
can leave his yacht in the factory
halls while all the mates stand
around giving each other the tech-
nical chit chat about it. Anywhere
else in the world they would've
messed it up.

Unlike the flower shirted office
pricks the mates speak natural En-
glish and provide thoroughly enjoy-
able company — good people, often
with a fine trade unionist awareness,
but clearly not too aware of their
political power.

A sociologist could study the
emergence of societal classes in



statu nascendi in capitalist New
Zealand. The upper classes here
(thoroughly nouveau riche) still re-
tain their working class egg shells
but put on affected lingual airs and
start wearing silk gloves. They also
refine their tastes and go looking
thru Parnell antique shops. Soon
they'll start dating their ancestry
back to some "very respectable old
South Island" family from 1874.

Puritanism & Churches. Surely
Upper Queen Street must hold an all
time divine density world record as
a religious hotbed. In Italy — come
to think of it, perhaps New Zealand
is more like Sweden really — the
Catholic Church also is sexually rep-
ressive but it generally offers a host
of other outlets for sensuality. Re-

member — the mediaeval monks
where, after all the ones who started
that whole wine business.

In New Zealand all forms of sen-
suality are carefully cut out. No
palatal pleasures, no visual vivid-
ness — people feel "sissy" going to
"live stage" (theater) shows and in
fifty years of movie making there's
been no more than a handful of fea-
ture length movies — dancing &
singing isn't on either. A country
abounding in local talent and on the
brink of cultural starvation that has
to import **Elton John!** And the girls
run around in big baggy nighties.
Even beer is known by the name of
the pleasure it most closely resem-
bles & substitutes: **piss.**

In fact all this makes Kiwis very
closed people with clearly defined
double standards. One is the level of
"everybody is everybody else's
cousin" and "your friends are my
friends", which is very beautiful.
The other is the privatistic "home
sweet home" and "my face is my
castle" level and I only have had
very incomplete glimpses into what
I fear to be an abyss of unspeakable
misery. Surely this must be what the
women's magazines' stories about
the New Zealand male are all about
— : one) two / three — gee, that
was good! Subliminally New Zea-
land may have a real schizoid hor-
rorshow on stock. I don't know.

Then again, take Fascism. New
Zealanders experienced that only
from the outside, from the "right"
side — performing hakas for Rom-
mel in the desert and the like. It
seems sufficient to point to a no
longer extant local Nazi party to

reassure oneself that there is no
danger of Fascism in New Zealand.
Modern Fascism needs no mass move-
ment — it builds its monumental hor-
rors on the approval of the silent
majorities.

Which brings me to civil dis-
obedience. Tim Shadbolt was be-
fore my time but it would seem to
me that he was not necessarily gen-
erally accepted and respected for his
courage and what he stood for.
Brian Edwards similarly might have
been watched with glee when he
was finally forced to step down.

The intellectuals here are, as often
as I have met them disillusioned and
look for overseas countries — some
magical el dorado — to spend the rest
of their lives. I'm certain a
mathematical ration could be for-
mulated that for every ten working
class people immigrating one highly
trained (expensive) intellectual
emigrates.

They cannot identify with their
country and get deeply estranged.
Mostly they end up on top of the
ivory tower or collecting rare jazz
records. Some of them it seems to
me team up and produce things like
the Film Society, the Monthly Re-
view or the Paper. But a goodly
number will end up gobbling down
"culture" in Canada, England or Al-
bania. You mightn't believe it but
there is some New Zealand lady
working on the propaganda dept of
radio Tirana.

I could write a **book** in this rambl-
ing fashion. But that's not where it's
at. The real political & social nitty
gritty deserves to be dealt with in
more than a jumbled funtalk. So let
me just add two more things to this
sketch writ. Last year I spent a week
in a place called Hiruharama on the
East Coast. This is rural Maori coun-
try and perhaps not many pakehas
have ever experienced life down
there. It's not the unpolluted air I'm
speaking of (as a city boy I get just
that in Auckland) but the tremend-
ous **experience** of an indigenous
way of communism, a way of life not
known to be communal or com-
munist to those who live it but is
really just that. Nothing I have seen
here has impressed me more. The
remnants of a past soon to be lost —
take their language take their land,
divide, scatter & rule.
And then you come back to Auckland
and all the Maoris are strangers
once again.

Also a musicologist should go
down there with some stereo gear —
he could hear some beautiful equi-
valents to the American "rural
blues" when fifteen people with
voices guitars and clicking spoons
bring Major Tom down to earth
again.

Finally — do I have a right to
speak about New Zealand in this
mean insipid foreigners way? I think
so yes because I quite love this coun-
try — she's got a very beautiful face
but a mighty fat ass. That's for the
kicking.



CRACCUM LIVES...

All interested helpers — meeting Craccum office 1 o'clock Wednesday 27th March

An Insight Into Our THE HIDDEN

pulling the chain

There was a time when I tried to lay the system low by hitting it hard in the guts. But it never seemed to go down. It just hit back twice as hard. You just can't beat the system like that. You've got to get right inside it, let it digest you with the rest of its meal. Then when you're inside it slowly poison it. It then realises that it's itself that's ill. But beware, you've got to really upset it before it vomits or shits you out of the system. So that's why I became a secondary school teacher.

Conjuring up great changes that had occurred within the secondary system I went out to my first school on section. Walking in through the great wooden doors that grace its front I am confronted by what appears to be the principal talking to four pupils. But when I get closer I discover he's bailed them up about the length of their hair. Fuck man, do they still do that at school? Have to put a stop to this.

"Excuse me. I'm the bloke from training college. Come to do some teaching."

The principal turns. His eyes bug out. His hair stands on end. Must have never seen a teacher with hair half-way down his back before. Four pupils just stand there, smiles beaming across their faces, the Principal turns.

"Ah...um...er I guess you can go now."

The revolution has just begun.

In the Principal's office he gives his practised education ramble. How one must never let pupils call you by the first name, how not to do anything unethical, how not to fraternise with the pupils. Meanwhile the old head is nodding up and down to show him I'm awake.

Don't fraternise with the pupils! My God, out there must be thousands of pupils reaching out for teachers. It must be like trying to hold onto a hand full of sand. The tighter you hold onto it the more the sand seeps through your fingers. Finally you've got nothing left.

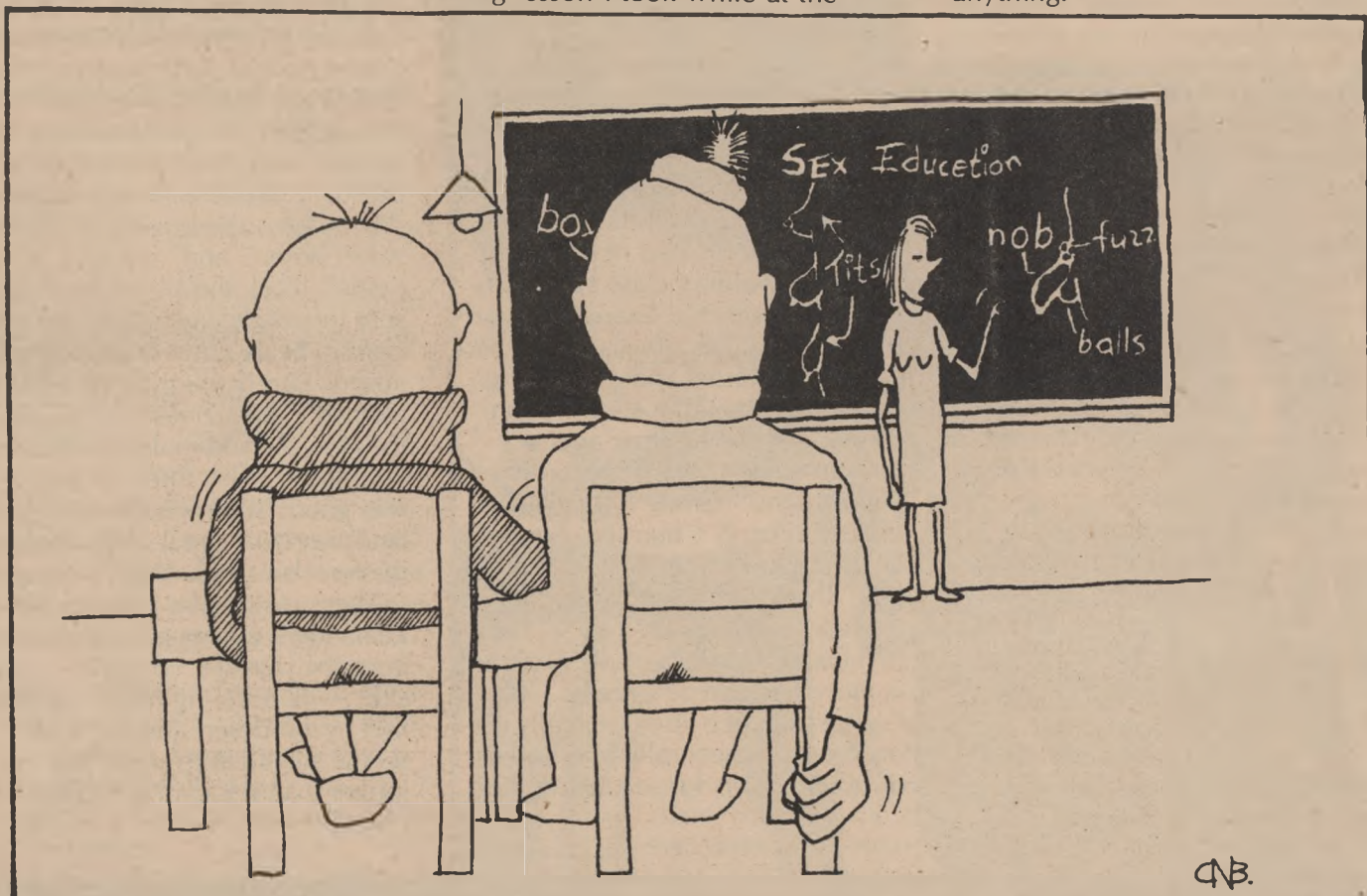
Soon put that to rest. In the weekend I used to go out to the pupils' parties. This was teaching. Sitting around, smoking grass with

drugs. It's a pity they couldn't get together with the kids.

Just as the teachers were unrelated so is the work. Having to sit in on lessons, what a bore. You see preachers not teachers. You see 36 bored kids. You can only get fucked off. The most interesting lesson I took while at the

must start. You can't change the system from outside. What do you say to the teacher who's taking the lowest streamed class in the school who says:

"Don't worry. These kids are stupid. They are the dumb ones of the school. You can't teach them anything."



them. Learning. Lying around. Tripping with them. Getting pissed with them.

Had two 3rd form pupils who must have been sitting in front of me in the movies when I was whacked out of my mind. They actually confronted me about it.

"Were you at the movies last weekend?"

"Yes, and I was high, too."

They had a free period so I sat and talked with them about the topic. They seemed interested. Two real establishment kids. Interested in drugs? The revolution had begun.

Ironically half the younger staff at that school were well into

school was when I was asked to take an English lesson on grammar. Walking into the class I wrote in big white chalky letters across the board:

FUCK

Turning around you'd have thought I had forgotten to put my pants on. The discussion that followed was great. Tremendous. Kids don't want unrelated objects pushed down their throats. Living is far more important. Take a poetry lesson on Bob Dylan, Beatles. You'll see the response. It's beautiful.

you can revolt within. You are the lord of what goes on in your class. This is where the change

What do you say? To the system that confiscated cards and comics from their pupils while in the staffroom the teachers reads his confiscated comics or sits in the darkened room playing cards with three other teachers. What do you say to the system that criticises the sexuality of their pupils when their own teachers are fucking around? I have seen all of the above things occur. Hypocrisy and apathy run rife.

I just hope that a lot more people will get in there and clean it up. Restore freedom, truthful freedom. Schools aren't worth a tin of shit. I'm glad that I'll be there to help pull the chain.

Capping Ray.

Submissions still wanted for parody on popular press. See Mike Bawn at Cracrum office, or ring 488-621. Articles, cartoons, funny adverts. wanted. \$20.00 a page - hurry

**all those interested
in NIHILISM please
meet in TV room 1
oclock Wed 27**



SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING

A Special General Meeting has been called in B.28, Tuesday 26th March 1974 at 7.30 p.m. to discuss the following motion:—

"THAT the Rules of the Association be amended by the inclusion under OBJECTS of a new clause to read as follows:—

"To use ordinary funds to assist any causes or organisations which in the opinion of the Executive it may be desirable to assist."



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CURRICULUM

the suppression of the rational animal

What do our children really learn at school? If you say, "reading, writing and arithmetic", then you have seen only the tip of the iceberg. Even if a person forgets all that his school-teachers have told him, he will never forget the unspoken lessons of school.

When you hold a child in school for most of his day for most of his days for at least ten years, then something happens to him — regardless of who his teachers were, regardless of whether he gets high or low grades — regardless of the subjects studied. Beneath the official curriculum, the **hidden curriculum**, mercilessly imposed throughout childhood, has taken its toll. He has learned a whole way of life.

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He has learned, by sheer force, to live under *authority* without question. He has learned to spend his life doing what he is told. Whether he likes or hates his teacher, whether his teacher is wise or stupid, whether his teacher is personally impressive or personally puny, the child is forced by law to spend his day with him and do what that teacher presses him to do. Remember, we get the police on to a child who does not go to school. It is a sick joke under these conditions to speak of the "democratic classroom" where the children have some say". You cannot sit out ten years of childhood having your daily life determined by a hired child minder (teacher) and then suddenly think for yourself when you leave school. This life under the authority of a teacher is a hopelessly unsound preparation for life in our society. The traditional authorities in our society are losing their grip, losing their place and losing their right to control people's lives. They are losing their legitimacy. Our society desperately needs rational individuals, people who dare to think for themselves.

He has learned *work*. He has learned to spend his life doing things that he would not himself rationally choose to do, doing things which he is told to do, doing things which are prescribed by somebody's else's timetable, doing *work*. At school we learn to work. Work is alienated activity; work, as we know it, is irrational activity. What "work" means to most people today is what a man does when you take him away from what he wants to do, and force him to do something else under threat of some violence. "If you don't work, you don't eat," (and to the child) "if

you don't work, you don't pass." (and if you don't pass, you don't eat.) Having learned at school to spend life *working*, adults in our society work twenty-four hours a day. For most adults, their occupation is just work. And their homes, more work. They do not know how to enjoy living because they have been trained at school not to be "lazy" ("Lazy" is a meaningless word used at schools to make children forget themselves and do what the teacher wants). Typical adult life in our society is a life of anxiety-reduction, not a life of desire-fulfilment; a donkey's life, not a life of rational man. The work conscience, inculcated at school, makes adult society like a team of donkeys, with all sense of the personal *relevance* of what they are doing beaten out of them.

At school, the child learns the *future*. The child in our society is taught to live for the future. His child's life is not acceptable. We tell him, "You must become an adult before you can live your own life. You must be schooled. Your child's life is not worth living. The *adult* life is the good life" Lies. What horrible lies we tell our children. We destroy childhood by holding our children in schools, and promise them entry — if they pass — into adult bliss. We hold our children in schools for two reasons. One, to make them into the stupid donkeys that we are, so that they will be able to fit into adult society. And, two, because we cannot bear to have them around us in our adult affairs; in our streets and grounds, in our offices, factories and army camps. We define many of the things that we do as "adult" affairs because they are so stupid that children, who are too rational, would not take them seriously. If we allowed our children safe conduct throughout our society to watch all that we adults do, we would have to give up our hypocrisies and our endless double-talk, come down to earth and be honest; and our children would become very wise.

When our child asks us, "Why must I go to school? we tell him, "For your future good." We teach him to live for tomorrow. But if we teach a man to live for tomorrow, when tomorrow comes, he will not live; when tomorrow comes, he will live for tomorrow. The disease of living for tomorrow is virtually universal in our adult society. We learn this way of life at school.

Whose world is this? We have lost our natural ability to live in and love our natural environment. Adults in our society live like *invalids*. We are unnaturally dependent on the shelter and facilities that school-children are wordlessly taught to need. We are alienated from our natural environment. We must become alienated from it if we are not free to explore it, to live in it. The whole problem of pollution is just a consequence of the problem of alienation. We pollute this world because we do not think of it as *our* world, as *my* world. The problem of alienation is the problem of ownership. The law of ownership in our society says "if it's not yours, don't touch it," and we say to the

child, "The outside world is not yours; your place is in the school." And ownership of portables also is rife in our schools. In the artificially cramped population of children in a school, the social law of ownership becomes very important.



And in the cramped population of children in a school, it is inevitable that they must be *suppressed* to a fraction of their natural expression, "to keep them under control." By holding children in these concentration, we make it impossible for the children to act freely, to discover themselves or each other. We make it impossible for the teacher to relate to the children on a person-to-person basis, because we have necessarily given him a "discipline problem". (WE HAVE, OF COURSE, ALREADY RULED OUT TEACHER/PUPIL RELATING ON A PERSON/TO/PERSON BASIS ANYWAY, BECAUSE THIS "relationship" is law-enforced.)

Another item on the hidden curriculum is the law of *grading*. You must prove yourself before you are acceptable. You must jump through our hoops and win our grades. You must compete with your fellows so that you can win and they can lose. And if you get the highest grades, we will grant you the privileges — the university (where you can compete for bigger prizes), the jobs, the money, the status — "success". So adults in our society are striving in all directions to earn more, to consume more, trying to compete for the grades of adult life. We learn to run this rat-race at school.

And finally, to be *normal*. We gather together children into large unnatural groups of the same age ("classes"). This is to teach them that they are all the same and that their individuality does not matter. Sometimes we even group them ("stream" them) according to

"ability" (willingness to conform to the school process). "You are the smart ones. You are the stupid ones." Sometimes we even dress them up in the same clothes (uniforms). To think the same, to need the same, even to look the same. . .

And to cap it all, to enforce the myth of normality (that normal — rational) we provide — as models of adulthood, as "teachers" — the people who are carefully processed to be the most dreary, dull, uninspiring, conformist educated morons that our society has to offer. (Even if some teachers are not so deadly at heart, they have to behave thus to be employed as teachers.)

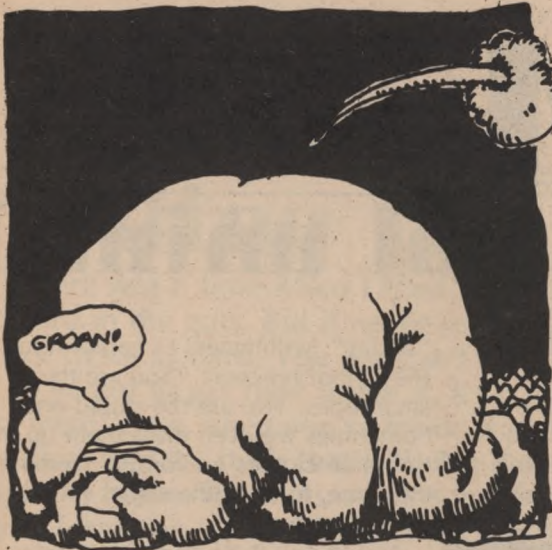
The processing factory known as "school" can only operate on the assumption that all children are the same. The hidden curriculum is the same for all children. It is necessary for school organisation to treat them all as if they were the same. So schooling inevitably becomes an attempt to *make* them all the same. So normality (— being the same as everybody else) becomes a social value, inculcated at school. In our modern superorganised, schooled society, "normal" has become a moral word. The remark, "But that's not *normal*" is readily understood in our society as a condemnation of a man's behaviour.

If our society is to survive, if man as a rational animal is to survive, we must reverse the hidden curriculum.

It is now a matter of education versus survival. I often feel said for school teachers, especially the young ones, the new ones, fresh out of training college. Full of progressive ideas and plans for a happy co-operative classroom scene. Why? Because they have been lied to, they have been sent out as "teachers", ready to respond to the child's willingness to learn. But what happens? They find the child unwilling, unwilling to play school. They have a "discipline" problem. But every school teacher has a discipline problem. Their *real* job is to "keep the children under control" — to seduce them, or browbeat them into wasting most of their time at the meaningless, irrational, life-destroying routine called school. They are not teachers, they are wardens, prison wardens, child minders. Their job is to keep the children away from the rest of the world, away from the "adult" world, out of everybody else's hair. They are hired on the cheap, duped by the flattering title of "teacher" into being the law enforcement arm of the grisly operation of schooling — the stealing of most of the child's day for most of the year for most of his childhood — the destruction of childhood. All to produce another generation in *our* image — of the frightened, irrational, superstitious, inhibited, constipated morons that we are. What is wrong with us? We are all *ex school children*.

So-called teaching reforms, designed to reduce the absurdities in the official curriculum, do nothing to change the hidden curriculum. Such reforms are trivial. Such reformist teachers are merely rearranging the furniture on a sinking ship.

PHIL O'CARROLL



yesitsbananaramagain

ROUND ONE—SCRUBBALOE CAINE



Round One SCRUBBALOE CAINE

Spunk rock from Canada's brightest new hope. An invitation to start that shuckin' and jivin'.

I don't know much about them but they're supposed to be a spin-off group of ex-Guess Who members.

Whatever, they're an 'a1 rock outfit. And they don't waste no time in the preliminaries either. Right from track one, side one, they want you to get up and dance.

Dance?

Shit and there I was feeling kinda down when along come Scrubbaloe Caine and whammo they knock me hard in the gutz and run off laughing.

Yea h, at times the lead vocalist sounds like Burton Cummings but the Guess Who are a number ten these days and it's plain that's a bit of a bore.

Right from the cover ya can see it's all fun. An' don't ya worry now 'cos they'll be out for round two.



EL CHICANO

When I got this here l.p. they were tellin' me El Chicano is like Santana and Osibisa and that crowd only softer, y'understand. But this is more akin to Sergio Mendes and Brazil '66.

Me mum likes it. Ma local record dealer likes it. He also likes The Best of the Bread. And ya know where that is.

Easy-listening schmaltz if you can't guess it. Why, they even do a Carpenters' song.

Nice pleasant muzak. Squeaky-clean background sounds. Muzak to eat cornflakes by.

Yuk.



Diana & Marvin DIANA ROSS AND MARVIN GAYE

This female-male singing duet thing is getting to be quite a trend. Anyway, here we have Diana Ross and Marvin Gaye together on the one record.

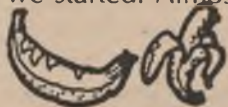
Marvin Gaye has pretty well always projected a sexual image. And by that I mean plenty of ooohs and aaahs and ooooh, baby gimme more, more, more. Yeah, and Diana has never really been tame. So when the two get together you get a few "I love you, Diana" and "I love you too, Marvin" and two sides of love songs. Some beautiful clear-throated vocals from Diana and lots and lots of moving orchestration to fill the whole thing out.

Music for young lovers. Tailored to surround your plush apartment in warm luxurious sound as you sink back into the depths of your favourite, most comfortable armchair.

Forty minutes of this is quite enough. It all reminds me of those terrible albums that appear around Christmas time. Randy Skeltzer sings his twelve favourite Christmas songs. Somehow Christmas manages to get into everything and it all appears a little too contrived, too overdone, and too commercial.

Motown probably have an assured market for this kind of stuff. But they don't give away any clues.

After this overexposure you're either gonna really love, love, love they neighbour or you'll take out a crowbar and bash his/her head in. Which almost takes us back to where we started. Almost.



FRAMPTON'S CAMEL

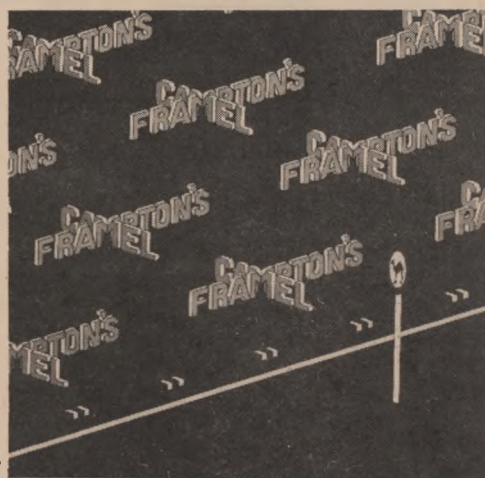
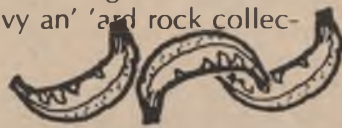
Well, it's Sunday 17th and they said that it would rain this weekend. The Weather Office that is. So I thought, as one who has loved some of the Humble Pie stuff, what better way to keep the good times rolling than with the new Peter Frampton album. Some soaring guitar riffs from the ex-Herd and 'umble Pie man.

But it was not to be.

It didn't rain apart from a couple of brief showers. Nor did I get exactly what I'd expected from Peter Frampton.

The camel that is Frampton's isn't a hunchback. It flows and creates some immensely likeable music. Tamer than I'd expected and reminiscent of the gentler moments of Humble Pie.

It budged Lynyrd Skynyrd off the turntable. A gentle sedative for your 'eavy an' 'ard rock collection.



If it was so simple LONGDANCER

This is one helluva lot better on second hearing.

The first three tracks I like. It's all soft folk-rock and all four of the group can play acoustic guitar. Suitably obscure lyrics and lotsa group harmonies.

A few almost-name musicians appear. Dave Mattacks of Fairport fame; Tony Ashton of Ashton, Gardner and Dyke; and Andy Roberts and Ian Matthews who now form Plainsong.

A first album from Longdancer. On Rockets Records. But from this offering it's hard to see Longdancer taking off. Acoustic guitar and droning vocals can be taken a bit too far. A lot of it plods and it all gets a bit tedious. Tiring. Sleepy music. Sleepy music. Sleepy . . . zzzzzzz.



Humm. So somehow the banana gradings were left out in last week's issue. Ah well. Last week's bananas were distributed like so:
Be Good To Yourself - Man
2 1/2 bananas

Lemmings - National Lampoon 3 bananas
American Graffiti
2 bananas

Standing In the Road
Blackfoot due
1/2 banana

I've had a few inquiries, grunts and groans from people unable to get the Philip Goodhand-Lair and/or the Dave Cousins album(s) I reviewed in the second issue.

I didn't realize it then but they hadn't been released until this week.

So there you go then.

The
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KING

RIGHT

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RIGHT TO LIFE

This is a notice calling attention to a General Meeting of the RIGHT TO LIFE Group to be held in Room 202 of the Student Union Building on Thursday the 28th of March at 1p.m. The Group, formed a year ago, had in 1973 a total membership of around sixty. These young men and women all share a belief in the right to life of every individual and as such oppose unanimously the world-wide movement to deny this fundamental right to the unborn child.

While some members of the group have religious beliefs and others profess a humanist viewpoint, all join in relying in their pro-life stand solely on the overwhelming volume of scientific knowledge that has been made available through the work of gynaecologists, geneticists, foetologists, biochemists and obstetricians. Such evidence testifies as to the humanness of the unborn child from the time of conception.

All those who are interested in the work of the group and would like to get involved are warmly invited to attend the meeting on the 28th. If you think that you will not have time to get actively involved in the group's work during the year, but are still interested in the pro-life ethic then come along anyway and listen to what others have to say, perhaps contribute a few ideas of your own.

**GOVERNMENT SPIES ARE EVERYWHERE,
IN YOUR HOME AND IN YOUR HAIR,
LURKING IN THEIR SECRET LAIR,
COUNTING MONEY;**



The Minister of Police, Mr Connally, stated in Parliament in answer to a question, that 56 people had their homes searched without warrant by the drug squad throughout New Zealand.

This figure we believe is incorrect. Any person who can produce evidence of a raid could he or she present a signed statement to the Craccum office. We hope to collect more than 56 such names.

* THE AUTUMN GENERAL MEETING *

of the Auckland University Students' Association Inc. will be held on 27th March at 7.30 p.m. in Room B.28.



EATING OUT PIZZAS

You fat and faithful reporter had the misfortune to try Maxi's in an attempt to sample the gastronomic delights of Auckland pizzas.

The authentic pizza should be made from fresh yeast dough and cooked while you wait. Maxi's offering was a pre-cooked crust which your reporter found tasteless and dry. Prices range from \$1.00 - \$2.00. Not recommended.

He then tried Nino's (Custom Street). Nino, the cheerful proprietor is Italian and the product authentic. Prices range from \$1.00 - \$1.50 for a special. Also offered are lasagne, ravioli and spaghetti, all well-cooked and moderately priced.

No objection is made to a diner bringing in a bottle — a small corkage charge is enclosed. Highly recommended.

For dessert one could try the pancake parlour in Vulcan Lane. Prices range from 40 cents (2 pancakes, cream, icecream and maple syrup and all types available). Worth trying.

Hedonist

COME TO THE HOT HOUSE

MIXED Sauna and Steam Bathing MIXED

WE HAVE:

Finnish Sauna Bath
Turkish Steam Bath
Hot Relaxing Bath
Refrigerated Plunge Pool
Showers, Changing Cubicles
Relaxing Area

Towels available —

bring your own if you wish

Cold drinks available

WHO?

COUPLES ONLY
(one of each sex that is)

HOW MUCH?

\$3.00 per couple
STUDENT CONCESSION: \$2.00

WHERE?

190 Federal St., City Between Wellesley and Cook Streets

WHEN?

Monday to Friday 8p.m. - 11p.m. Sundays 2p.m. - 10p.m.

WHY?

'Cos you'll relax and love it.

MAKE UP A PARTY AND STREAK ALONG

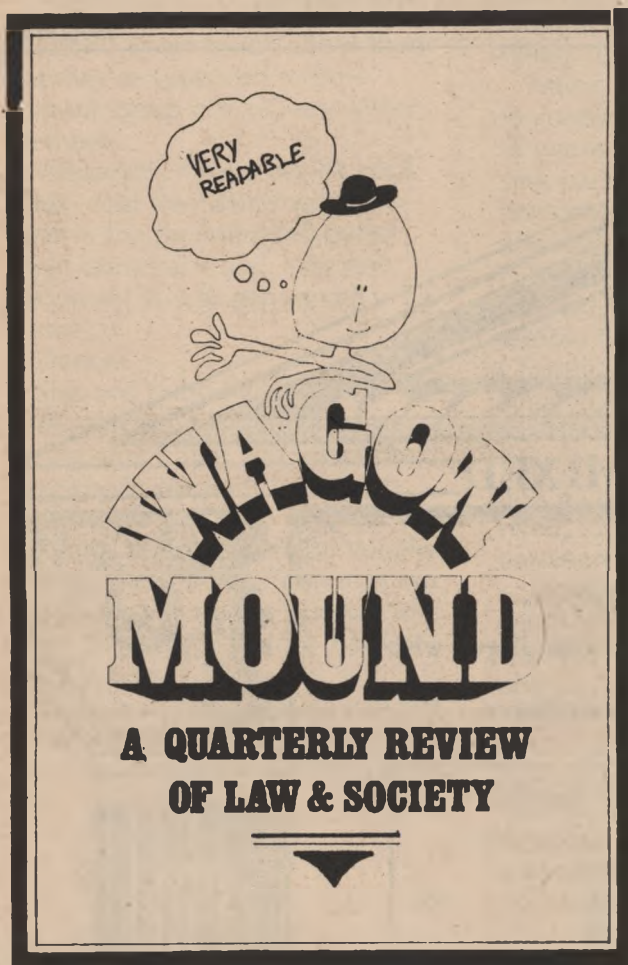
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**AUCKLAND SOCIETY
OF ARTS**
**exhibition of
polish GRAPHICS**
**permanent dealer
gallery; selection
of oils, acrylics,
watercolours**
4 Eden Crescent
hours: 10-4pm
sat/sun 2-4pm



TIT-BITS: Miss Jennifer M. Topliss has recently taken up her position as Secretary to the Vice-Chancellor, succeeding Miss Thompson, who retires in April.

ACHTUNG!

**DO NOT READ THIS NOTICE
FOR FEAR**

THAT IT MAY PERVERT YOUR MIND

If you want a good part-time job with few prospects but good conditions, then we may have the thing for you. The Advertising Manager requires sub-agents to sell advertising space in Craccum and a variety of other publications. 15% commission is the going rate, and the more you work the more you make. Of course you can work as much or as little as you please depending on commitments and pressures of the moment. Work when you like and how you like in effect. Contact the Advertising Manager, Graeme East, up at the Craccum office on the top floor of the Student Union Building or phone 30-789. Guaranteed to turn you into a dyed-in-the-wool materialist, or your money back.

Are you satisfied with your present state of perception?

The study of Art reveals that Art is a study and that study is an Art. There are many ways by which perception may be altered. The practice of Art is one of them. It's durable too. For small classes and private tuition — Ph. WEI. 8892.

NZUSA



Student
Travel
Bureau

NEW ZEALAND TOURS

Student Travel Bureau (STB) has developed over recent years an extensive network of charter and group flights to such destinations as Australia, New Caledonia, USA, Canada, Singapore etc. which enable students to travel cheaply throughout the world. This network, which operates primarily over the summer vacation, is now being extended by concession flights in Asia and to Europe outside this period.

STB has, however, been concerned that to date it has not been able to offer a network of concession group travel in New Zealand for the benefit of those students who just want to see this country. This year STB plans to do something to rectify this — commencing at Easter, and then operating in May, August and over the summer vacation, STB will be organising and promoting tours of the North and South Islands. These tours (the aim is groups of not more than thirty) will visit places STB believes students want to see at prices students can afford.

If you want more information on STB's New Zealand Tours, then see the STB Travel Advisor or Travel Officer on your campus, or write to:

**New Zealand Student Tours
Student Travel Bureau
VUW Students Association
Private Bag
WELLINGTON
Phone: 70319 ext. 59**

Financial assistance for students... BNZ education loans!

BNZ EDUCATION LOANS:

The great thing about these is their flexibility —tailored to fit your needs and expectations.

Short Term

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

Long Term

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

After Graduation

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

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

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



Bank of New Zealand

Campus Branch,
Old Student Union Building.

3.4

Do you think the **RAPID RAIL TRANSIT SCHEME** as proposed is the answer to Auckland's commuting problems?

Have you thought about **ALTERNATE WAYS** of commuting? e.g. Elevated Monorails etc.

If you would like to discuss these, with the view to the establishment of a group to come up with viable alternatives for a **RAPID TRANSIT SCHEME** for Auckland then phone:

Stan Douglas; 429 805

OPIN

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Professor Vishwanath Shrikhande TRADITIONAL INDIAN MUSIC & DANCE Performances

Wed, 27th 4-00 class music dept
Thurs, 28th 8-00 concert Uni-Hall
Wed, 27th 8-00 concert Uni-Hall

Have you noticed how the A.U.S.A. cafeteria staff have developed that metallic impersonal look latterly. They are easy to turn on, it only costs 10c, but they go off very quickly! Gone is the old coffee ritual that was beloved by students from far and near. We now have coffee machines. Long live progress??

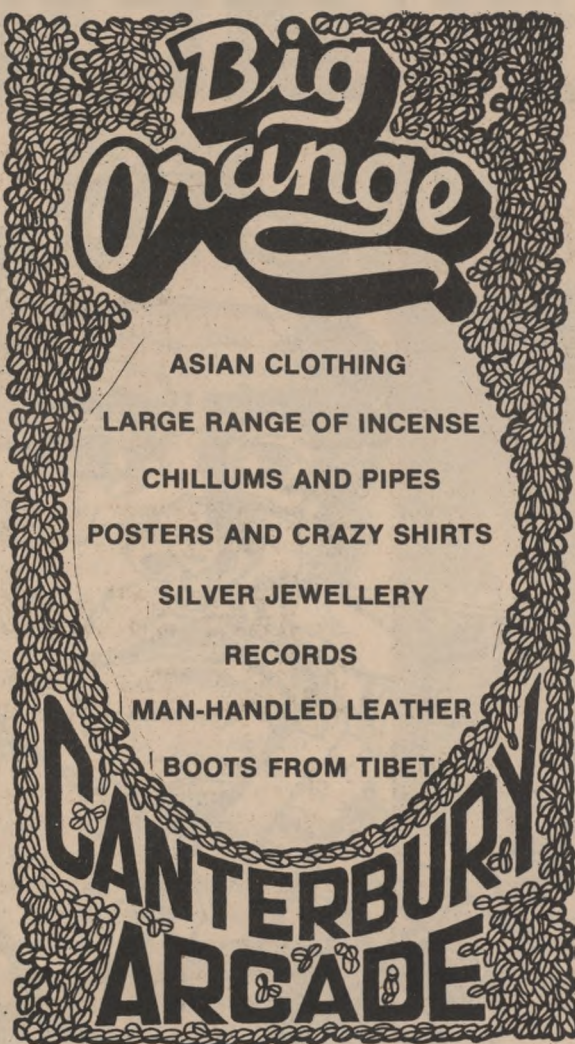
A visit to our honourable Ed Haysom and the Union Manager produced the facts. Tea and coffee service in the cafe was running at a loss. These machines are pure profit, the union received a percentage of the 10 cents you place in the machine. There is no hire for the machines, no cost for materials.

A.U.S.A. has decided that financial considerations are more important than people. MONEY is more important than our environment, and our guts and taste buds. Rarely is the jackpot struck with these one-armed bandits notorious for their unreliability. They cause inconvenience to both cafe staff and students in their unchecked desire for 10 cent pieces.

ACT NOW BEFORE ALL OUR FOOD IS SERVED BY MACHINES.

If you wish to have the old personal real coffee service returned, even at the sacrifice of a price rise in coffee and tea, come to the A.G.M.

Meanwhile, register your complaints with the Honourable President, Ted Hayseed, (If you are exceptionally nice he might give you a free cup).



lost!
lost-dictionary
Deloved travelling
companion (Caselli)
Fr. Eng. somewhere
ground visiting
Please contact
Glenvale Ph
764-4465

PLAY RUGBY FOR YOUR VARSITY

Rugby offers you laughs, lust and liquor for sweet F.A.

Rugby caters for all types of players from serious to spectators. Grades from 5th to Senior. From serious to Social.

Training starts at Shore Road Grounds on Wednesday 27 February and each Wednesday thereafter.

Come see the fabulous A.G.M. at University on Wednesday 6 March at 8.00 p.m. See the Notice Board for Room Number.

Heard at the party..

Lemon & Gin the crystal bright drink that mixes well

- ☐ Lively with Lemonade or Lime
- ☐ Young with Cola
- ☐ Worldly with icy sparkling tonic
- ☐ Fun with Fruit Juices

...or light & bright on its own if you prefer. There's nothing quite like Glenvale Liqueur flavoured with Lemon and Gin.



GLENVALE

GLENVALE VINEYARDS LTD., BAY VIEW, NAPIER

OPINIONS WANTED

Studass Calendar has now been in circulation for about six weeks, and comment has been generally very favourable. But it has tended to be extremely sparse and highly non-specific. Before making any moves towards future issues, the Association will need to analyse the results/impressions of our first effort. So I make a plea to all students, educationalists, administrators, parents, or just plain interested readers of the Calendar to take a critical look at it and write in their comments to me:

Graeme Easte
Publications Officer
A.U. Students Association
Private Bag, Auckland
OR deliver to the main office.

This Calendar was designed as a positive source of assistance to first-year students: to date we have no way of assessing our degree of success in this quarter, so please some of you get of your ASS and write a critique of StudASS Calendar today!

DEMO THURSDAY MARCH 28th 1 P.M.

42 Polynesians arrested in dawn raids
because work permits expire

DEMAND —

— an amnesty for all Polynesian short-term workers
— a longer work permit period

DEMO MARCH 28th 1 P.M.

FILMS EVENING FRIDAY at FOOD TIME

1.10 to 1.45 p.m. approximately

Bring your rations with you and munch while you listen and watch James Hickey reading his poetry, "The West of Charles Russell", or Jazz by Berklee, at U.S.I.S., 27 Symonds Street, Ph 371-633

C.A.R.E.

It costs money to achieve racial equality in N.Z. C.A.R.E. needs your help. Send \$1 subscription (50 cents for students) or donation to: Treasurer 1 Second Avenue Devonport Citizens Association for Racial Equality.

To play Hamlet was my ambition-but there were other things on my mind-enough to make me forget my lines.....

"To shave, or not to shave; that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The nicks and cuts of careless razors,
Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles,
And go thickly hirsute - to grow a beard?
And by a beard to end the heartache
And the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

To give up; give in;
Perchance to dream of clean-shaven days;
aye there's the rub;

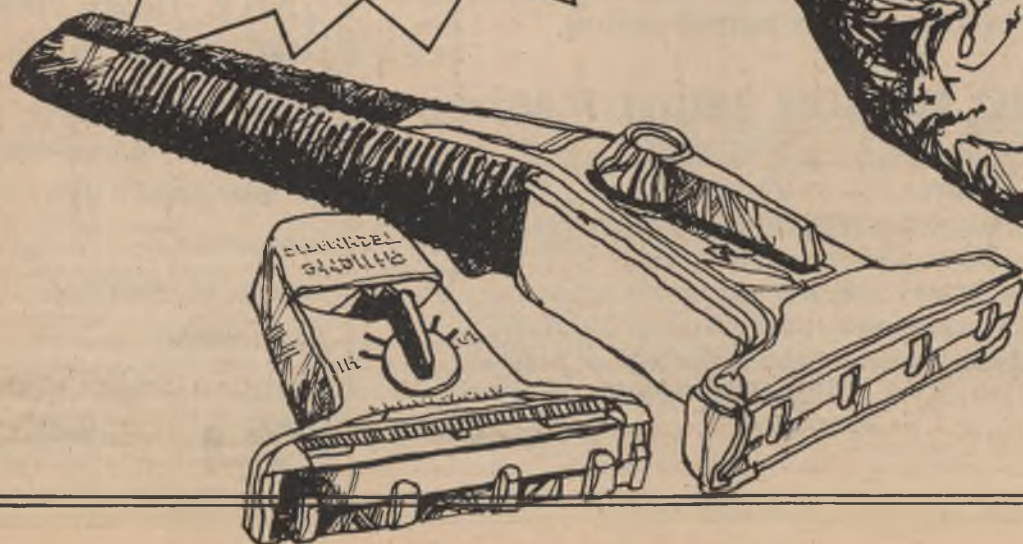
Who knows what dreams may come . . .
Gadzooks - what is the line - to shuffle off
This mortal coil? cover? beard? . . ."

Wake up Nick, the play's over, you're off the stage. Hamlet would never have known - he took his anguish to the bitter end - but you and other tormented shavers can be saved from disaster by the Gillette Techmatic, a razor that comes with an adjustable razor band cartridge. No corners to cut or nick the face, and adjustable to give as close a shave as you need.

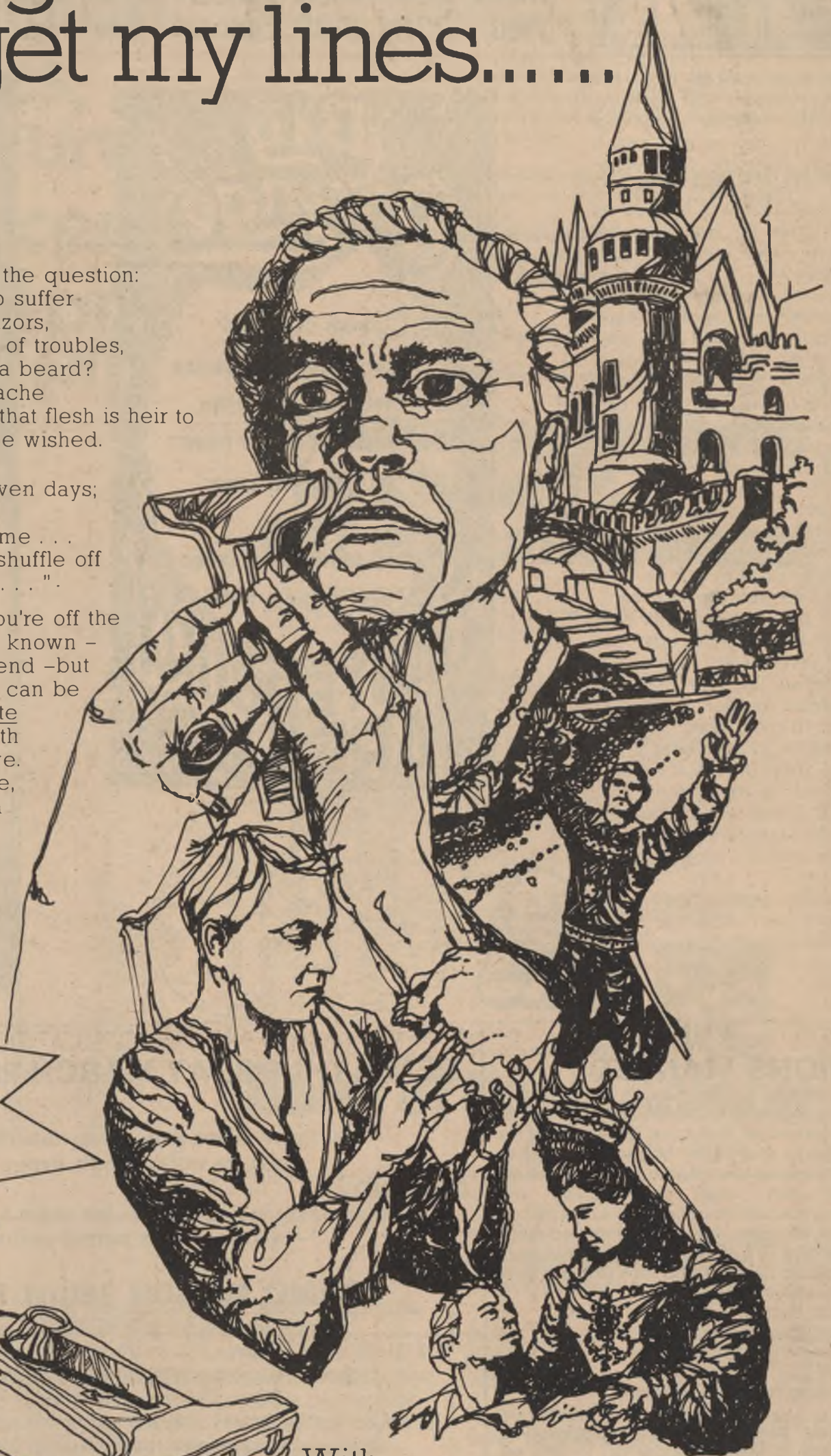
All the world's a stage, Nick, but don't let it go to your chin. It's 1974 - not 1574. You're a new Elizabethan.

**Cartridge 91c
Razor free**

Limited stock



With
Gillette TECHMATIC
it's Goodbye Nick.



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