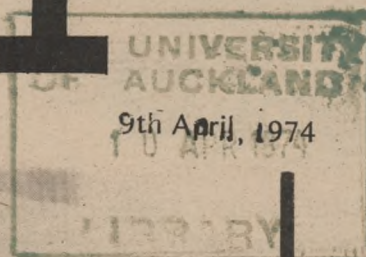


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CRACCUPI

Vol 48 No 7



the active eye

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM ELAM

Capping

background

Capping celebrations in Auckland have in previous years been the bane of many moral-minded social critics. This year should be no exception; Many of these critics have appeared within the University itself, however these are far outnumbered by the people who participate in and enjoy Capping. Capping is designed as a week long relief from the tensions and dreams that have surrounded us over the last 12 months. There is relief for all in the events scheduled and something that should suit all tastes.

Historically, Capping was the time when degrees were conferred to graduates and the events that occurred at this time were celebratory. This tradition has lived on, even though most degree results are known in January and the undergraduates now take the leading role in the celebrations.

The basis of Capping now is the Capping Rag which provides the impetus for the May celebrations.

BASIS

We have built our Capping on four major events:

1. The Rag,
2. The Revue,
3. The Boat Race,
4. General EXUBERANCE.

The Rag is the source of our funds for the week and the sales solicit many dollars from the pockets of crazed citizens. A percentage of the money gained goes to charity and so we find that 'letting off steam' and collecting for charity have become the mainstay of the Rag Week. This year the book promises to be a fast-seller so the more we sell the more we make for charity.

..and now folks...1974!

With your participation this Capping should be one of the best on record. The more people involved, the better. The more boats in boat race, trolleys in trolley derby, drunks on pub crawl the better. Everything is geared towards your enjoyment if you join in so get with us and make this year the best on record. Once you're hooked on Capping you can't retreat. The individual gets caught in the frenzy and has no means of escape. He/she gets involved and becomes fanatical about the whole thing;

STUNTS: are pulled off - we can get away with almost anything - all you have to do is join in whatever is going. Remember that when you join in the people beside you are in as much of a frenzy as you are over the whole thing - you push, heave, move with the crowd, but you know that no matter what you do the 9,000 other people beside you are just as twisted and enjoying it just as much.

So jump on the bandwagon and let's move it and make Capping 1974 one to be remembered for years to come.

I wish you the best of luck and hope you have a whale of a time.

RODGER ROSS SMITH
CAPPING CONTROLLER

P.S. It'll also give you something to tell Mum and Dad during vacation.

P.P.S. Next week we'll have an article on our PARTICIPATORY LIVING SCHEME

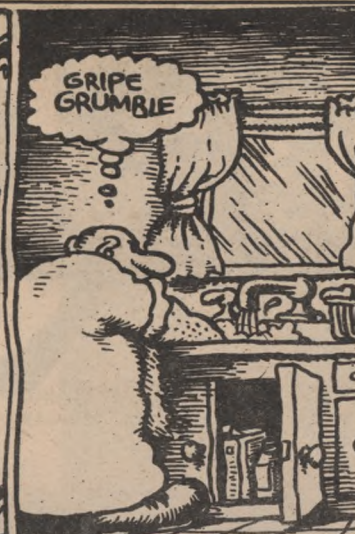
(With thanks to Craccum 19th April 1973)

FOR SALE

Garrard Turntable, including pick-up arm and cartridge — no plinth. See Graeme Easte, c/o Craccum or Ph. 30-789 (Bus), 373-511 (Priv).

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PROGRAMME

FRIDAY	Building of Student Village (Hopefully)
SATURDAY	Crippled Children's Party in Cafe
SUNDAY	Rock Concert All Day Venue and Time to be posted.
MONDAY	All Day to Sell those Lustrous Capping Books and Earn That Money.
TUESDAY	Music in Quad with various Stunts (times to be advised).
WEDNESDAY	PUB CRAWL Trolley Derby. The Harbour Lights Cruise - \$3.00 for 3 1/2 hours on the water with free grog and band. Tickets at Capping Office, 1st Floor, Studass.
THURSDAY	M/C Rally - all morning? Boat Race - 1.00pm. Devonport. Free Stir for Booksellers. All others - \$1.00

MONEY \$

Capping Book-Sellers
wanted for Capping Week
or How to make a Mint.
contact Mike Rann
Craccum Office.

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One Night in Auckland...

(or 'Make Them Feel at Home')

It was three in the morning, a young man and his pregnant wife were asleep in bed. Suddenly the door burst open, in marched the police and dogs. The man failed to present the correct identity papers, was arrested and imprisoned.

This was not Nazi Germany, This was not South Africa. It was Ponsonby, Auckland, less than a fortnight ago. The dawn immigration raids had begun; just a few weeks after Norman Kirk proclaimed at Waitangi that Pakeha and Polynesian were "one people". Over 30 "illegal" immigrants were seized by police and immigration officials in a series of raids on their homes early in the morning. Several others were arrested at a Church service one Sunday.

Although Mr. Colman has officially admitted that these raids took place and promised a halt the repercussions are still being felt. At the South Pacific Forum the Prime Minister told the Polynesian nations "a number of arrests (were) made when police were called to a brawl at a party and found persons who had overstayed their permits." THIS WAS A LIE. These people were dragged from their beds.

Craccum has found considerable concern in the polynesian community at what action the police and immigration officials may now take to arrest suspected illegal immigrants. As Norman Tuasan of the Polynesian Panthers says, "it won't be long before a cop goes up to an Islander in the pub, asks if he's Tongan, then demands to see his passport. Then we have a South Africa situation, police state tactics, with ID cards and everything".

It has been estimated there are at least 500 polynesian workers illegally in Auckland (Auck. Star 18/3/74). The permit system, as it stands at the present, leaves such Island workers open to exploitation by local factory owners and landlords who realise the "illegal" immigrant is in no position to complain about ill treatment.

The injustice of the situation is amply demonstrated in the means by which these polynesian people become "criminals". For example the Samoans, the travel agents primarily responsible for Samoan emigration to New Zealand, two gentlemen named Sentuli and Afa Williams. According to Tuasan of the Polynesian Panthers a ticket to NZ costs \$309, an extremely large amount for a country whose average family income is about \$100 p.a., thus a prospective migrant worker finds it necessary to purchase the ticket on credit — adding a further \$40 to the cost, plus a further \$39 "travel expenses", plus \$100 travel agents commission. If this is correct then a serious, in fact almost criminal anomaly exists. The usual commission in NZ for such a fare would be \$5 to \$10, on top of the 7% commission for accredited travel agents, from the airline. Thus the cost of the fare is boosted to \$400.

Passports and travel documents are often held till the migrants emplane

— meaning many polynesians do not know the legal implications involved in coming to New Zealand. They are often ignorant of the fact it is illegal to work on a visitors permit instead of a work permit; all they know is the necessity to supplement their families' meagre incomes, or, as in several cases, raising money for a new church.

Also, because return tickets are bought on credit, passports are held by the travel agent as security — thus providing the police and immigration officials with the excuse for detention of these "aliens"

After paying exorbitant rents and travel costs the polynesians find at the end of three months they are worse off than when came; thus, the migrant now finds it necessary to further break the law by remaining beyond the three months limit in an effort to recoup losses.

When arrested the Island Worker must plead his case before a British judicial system which does not understand his language, culture or way of life. I attended the court hearing of three Tongans arrested during a church service. As a third year Arts student I found the proceedings an almost unintelligible and completely confusing legalistic ceremony, for the elderly Tongan priest and his two parishioners — whose concept of the law comes from an entirely different background of tradition — the proceedings must have been completely beyond their comprehension.

Attempts at raising bail for money of the other migrants has been thwarted by the sheer confusion that surrounds the detention of the 30 or more polynesians still in prison. Odd English translations of their names means the police list of who they have in custody often fails to correspond with the names relatives and friends seek. Attempts by A.U. students to secure bail for the migrants are made almost impossible by restricted visiting to Mt Eden.

It most certainly does appear that NZ immigration policy means there is one law for polynesians and another law for Europeans. Not only in the practical sense of the ability to handle the judicial process, but in theory. British workers can enter NZ in any numbers, stay and work as long as they like, and do not need to carry passports for identification.

The system by which Samoans and Tongans can be arrested upon failure to produce a passport has prompted a white British immigrant without a passport, David Colbourn to challenge the police to arrest him and prove whether the NZ immigration laws are racist or not.

Regrettably Colbourn will not be arrested because the immigration laws are.

Bill Ralston



Keep Godzone

TOO RIGHT, MATE! BET Y' LIFE!
....White!

Over the last few years Kiwis have made much 'wailing and gnashing of teeth' over Britain's immigration laws. And rightly too. They stink. But they do have some justice.

They apply to all Commonwealth countries black or white.

And the 'must have a grandparent in Britain' bit allows in plenty of coloureds because Britain has so many coloured second generation citizens.

But what of New Zealand?

New Zealanders seem to recognise the Commonwealth only when it favours them. When they want to go to Britain. When they want higher butter quotas. When they will benefit. In other circumstances 'Commonwealth' is forgotten; — very conveniently for them.

Take immigration. At the moment there is a vast labour shortage in New Zealand and immigration is increasing. But not Commonwealth immigration — Oh No. Only immigrants from Britain.

90% of New Zealand immigrants come from Britain. The Rest? Mainly Canada and Australia. All white you notice.

And while Norm talks about reviewing our immigration policy, he's also telling Parliament "New Zealand will continue to welcome British migrants" and Walding is telling the British ministers: "Britain will continue to receive the largest quota of migrant places."

No mention note of other Commonwealth countries. Coloured ones. Like Tonga, or Samoa. They are Commonwealth countries. In some ways they are New Zealand colonies. But they are not allowed to migrate here. Oh no.

Instead they are allowed visitors' permits. Visitors, like tourists, they can come for three months.

It's very convenient. Everyone knows they've come looking for work. Our factories thrive on them — Mr Colman says so. Our landlords thrive on them.

Of course we can't have them as migrants because they haven't the desired skills. Every one agrees that we must only allow people here with needed skills. Lawyers from Uganda. Tradesmen from Britain.

And by allowing these Tongans to 'visit' for three months we make sure they never acquire any skills. There's no time for them to.

It's very convenient. Industry thrives, landlords thrive. And Godzone stays white. For when the three months is up, voila! They're criminals. A quick dawn raid and boot them out.

Mr Vorster would be pleased.

DAVID COLBOURN



HOW TO AVOID EXAMINATIONS — WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

While the rest of the education system is gradually phasing out examinations, the university continues to perpetuate this ridiculous form of assessment. It is, thus, necessary that you are able to avoid this system as much as possible.

PLAN NO.1.

Imagine that exams are only 2-3 weeks away. You've enjoyed yourself all year; boozing, grassing, sleeping. BUT you haven't got one single note from which to swot. DON'T WORRY. You merely go along to your lecturer, highly distressed, chewing great morsels of fingernails, and explain how your notes were flogged while you were in the library. The lecturer, with tears in his eyes, will get you the most immaculate set of notes you have ever seen. Not only that but when it comes to marking the test, you'll be marked by a very 'compassionate' lecturer.

PLAN NO.2.

Plan No. 2 involves a reasonable year's work. It is often called 'groveling', 'crawling', or putting your head up things it shouldn't be up. Just before your exams you once more see your lecturer in a very worried condition. Explain to him how your mother has run off with a Burmese elephant trainer, how your father drinks a case of gin every night and how you have to support a family of eight on \$10 a week (N.B. the money quoted is that received by a wealthy university student). Further explain how you are having difficulty in being able to face the exam. Our learned lecturer will then consult the university records, see you have done a good year's work and then say,

"Don't you worry. Come's to the end-of-year exams we'll put you right."

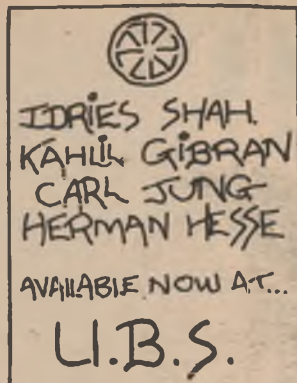
PLAN NO.3.

This plan also involves a reasonable year's work. Just before you go into examination induce sickness. This can be achieved by swallowing various materials, mountain-climbing without a rope, riding a motorbike at 40m.p.h. with your eyes closed or having sex with a butterfly. Caudite is the best. When you swallow this you vomit for 2-3 hours and afterwards turn a very sickly looking grey. When timed right will have you spewing across your exam paper just as you go to write the first word.

PLAN NO.4.

This is the piece de resistance. The use of the This can be achieved by getting a friend to ring the police just as you start your exam telling them that you have placed a bomb directly above or below the room. This will get the examination room immediately evacuated. The risk of getting caught is nominal, especially if you use a university no-charge telephone. Further realism can be achieved by placing a brown paper parcel, with a clock in it, in a strategic but inaccessible place. This further wastes time and can be guaranteed to upset the university examination system.

N.B. — If any and all of the above fail and you sit in the examination room with balls of sweat rolling from your brow just make sure of one thing: that you managed to sit yourself behind an Oriental. The chances of failing are near nil.



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- ☐ 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.



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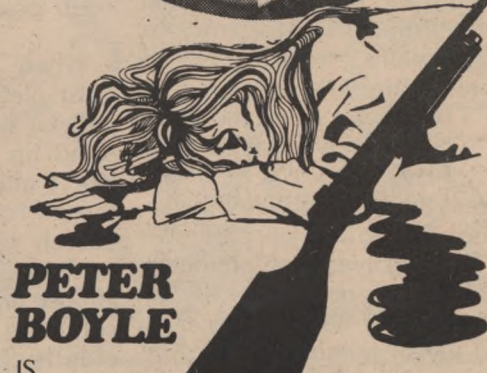
"Joe"

is a kind of American Alf Garnett WITH-A-GUN. People like to LAUGH at (and with) him!

JOE wants to save the United States from Hippies, Queers, Niggers and Junkies!

JOE loves his wife!

He is also a mean S.O.B. who KILLED 6 YOUNG PEOPLE!



PETER BOYLE

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A DEVASTATING!
HILARIOUS!
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THE CRITICS LOVE 'JOE'

"A TRIUMPH! A RIP-SNORTER! A 'THIS MINUTE' FILM!" —Judith Crist

"MUST SURELY RANK IN IMPACT WITH 'BONNIE AND CLYDE'!" —Time Magazine

DENNIS FRIEDLAND AND CHRISTOPHER C. DEWEY PRESENT
PETER BOYLE AND DENNIS PATRICK IN "JOE" WITH AUDREY CAIRE
SUSAN SARANDON • K. CALLAN • PAT MCKENNA • MUSIC COMPOSED AND
CONDUCTED BY BOBBY SCOTT EDITED BY GEORGE T. NORRIS
DIRECTED BY JOHN G. AVILDSEN IN COLOR

STARTS AT THE CINEMA LIDO
EASTER SATURDAY
(PERSONS UNDER 18 NOT ADMITTED)

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It had to happen. I am going to talk about overseas wines, specifically, European white wines. Not the great wines of France and Germany against which all other table wines are compared but lesser wines from other countries whose cost is not so prohibitive. Reid's are selling a Sauternes, Chateau d'Yquem, arguably the greatest sweet white wine in the world, of the 1962, 1966 and 1967 vintages at just over 42 dollars a bottle! Yet it was not always so: in the mid-sixties I bought d'Yquem 1955 for at most 65 shillings retail. These wines achieved their greatness over many centuries during which it was found which vines and styles of wine were suited to the soil and then producing only wines of this type.

New Zealand, like most other newer wine growing countries, pays a back-handed tribute to these great wines by trying to produce from each small vineyard pale imitations of all of these great wines and often even steals their great name e.g. Sauternes which properly is the luscious sweet white wine from around the village of that name in Bordeaux. Over the last few years the price of these wines, particularly the French, have skyrocketed and you just about need more money than wine-sense to afford them. These wines are very good but you have to ask yourself whether they are worth buying at the current price. Frankly, I think not even though it is a instuctive and enjoyable experience to to drink a fully mature great wine. So that weaves us the lesser wines from France and Germany plus the wines from other countries. Which is where I said I was going to come in.

Here then are notes on some lesser European dry white table wines which I tasted recently. All were bought from Auckland wholesalers within the last year for less than three dollars. Lenz Moser Blue Danube Australian Veltliner 1971: Pale yellow, slight brown tinge. Pleasant fruity "passion fruit" like smell and taste. Good fruit acidity. Very good. Bought from Mitchell's. Cru d'Auvernier 1969 from Switzerland: Medium yellow. Pleasant strong fruity winy nose. Dull flat slightly



nasty flavour. Fairly acid. A bit too old. Bought from the Alexandra Tavern but imported by Corban's. This wine is made from the Chasselas grape. Corban's, Cooks and Villa Maria the character of the Swiss wine. It is often said that New Zealand, like Switzerland, will become famous for its light acid rapidly maturing white wines and I think that our Chasselas wines will improve. Riesling Karlovci 1966 from Yugoslavia: Yellow gold. Maderised i.e. oxidised nose. Mature Riesling taste. Somewhat acid. Too old but still surprisingly drinkable. Bought from Burns Philp. Too old, quite a common complaint and due mostly to improper storage. You, dear reader, of course keep your table wines lying

down. Not so almost all of those who sell wine; they store their wines standing up so the cork can dry out and the air can enter and oxidise the wine.

Badacsony Szurkebarat 1967 from Hungary: Yellow gold. Pleasant fruity nose and flavour, reminiscent of Furmint (the native grape from which their only world famous wine, Tokay, is made). Good fruit acid. Quite good. Bought from Corban's.

Frascati 1969 from Italy: Deep yellow. Sweet fruity nose. Slightly fruity somewhat flat flavour. A "volcanic" aftertaste. Quite good. Bought from Seppelt Vidal. (If "volcanic" catches fire with you, well and good. It was the only word I could think of; I mentioned in my first column the diffi-

culty of finding words to describe sensations.)

Rulanda from Rumania: Fairly deep yellow. Aromatic fruity spicy nose and flavour. Acid fruity aftertaste. Very good. Bought from Newmarket Wines and Spirits (also available at Reid's as they are both part of the Nathan empire). This wine is quite likely from the Pinot Gris grape, certainly the Badacsony Szurkebarat is. Cooks last year produced a Pinot Gris, the first in New Zealand, which has a distinctive "pear" character and is improving in bottle although it has not nearly as much character as the European wines.

Misket Marlovo 1967 from Bulgaria: Fairly deep yellow with a brownish tinge. Fruity but rather old nose and flavour. Taste a bit flat. Bought from Newmarket Wines and Spirits.

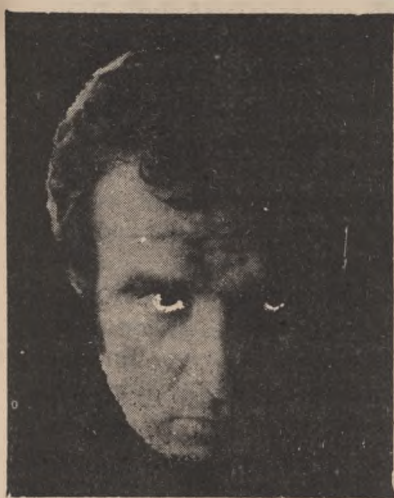
Dao 1968 from Portugal: Yellow gold. Fragrant aromatic nose. Fruity mature flavour. Somewhat sharp flavourful aftertaste. A bit acid. Quite good.

Bought from Hughes and Cossar.

Torres Vina Sol 1971 from Spain: Light yellow, almost a green tinge. Pleasant light fruity acid nose and flavour. Quite good. Bought from the Ponsonby Club Hotel Wholesale. Both of these last two wines were much lighter and more acid than you would expect from such hot countries.

Ruedesheimer Rosengarten (Nahe) 1972 from Germany: Pale yellow, almost a green tinge. Strong, almost offensive even, musky nose and flavour. Rather flat dull finish. Good. This wine seems to be made from the Muller-Thurgau (remember the last column) and even though that grape accounts for 15% of the German white wines it is the first that I have tasted.

So... ten European wines from as many countries, none outstanding but none disastrous. Were they worth buying? Yes, the fascination of wine is in its infinite variety, even the difference between nominally identical bottles. Should one drink these wines all the time? Well that depends on your preference and pocket but I would say no, drink the local wines as everyday wines. (This has been written with the assistance of two bottles of Penfold's Burgundy 1972, a pleasant light fruity acid wine.)



Halloran's

POLITICAL SCANDAL and intrigue does not flourish very much in New Zealand, probably because they are all in it together and are scared of what may be said in reply.

Not so with you fearless correspondents, diligently seeking out the truth about our political identities.

None shall remain safe. All will be exposed, that is if they do not expose themselves first!

For instance remember Tolhurst

the defeated National member for Wanganui. Well remember also how someone in the National Party stood against Sir Roy Jack for selection. Our information is that Tolhurst is being taken around Sir Roy Jack's electorate and introduced to all and sundry in the pubs. And for what purpose we might ask.

What ex-Cabinet Minister of the previous government is in the shit in Auckland with his wife and his party over the embarrassing discovery of his girlfriend by his wife, all in a delicate situation.

What Nat MP in Auckland has been going around asking for money to put his electorate on computer and what is the name of the very rich fellow who knocked him back.

What ex-Nat Cabinet Minister is scared shitless over the Huntly Power Project being in his electorate and guess what he will be defeated by.

Just enough to whet your appetite and make you crave more scandal about the corruption of the Right. All of these tit-bits have a five-star rating for accuracy also. We can go to court fearlessly!

billets required

BILLETS REQUIRED URGENTLY FOR EASTER TOURNAMENT

BILLETS REQUIRED URGENTLY FOR EASTER TOURNAMENT. BILLETS REQUIRED URGENTLY FOR EASTER TOURNAMENT. BILLETS REQUIRED URGENTLY FOR EASTER TOURNAMENT. BILLETS

If you can billet some students over Easter, could you enter your name on the book in the Studass office or the Gymn office. All billetors are required to provide a roof, no meals unless you want to come to some arrangement over this with your billet. You get nothing in return except the undying gratitude of your billet and access to Easter Tournament functions.

bodies wanted

Sell your body to the Easter Tournament Committee. We will need a large number of volunteers to assist in the running of tournament, the tournament headquarters and other social events. In return for your sweated labour, you get nothing, except a few perks (largely of the alcoholic variety) and free admission to tournament social events. See Tournament Headquarters, or phone 376-544

balls

Tournament Ball will be held on Monday 15 April in the Cafeteria. Champagne hour 8-9, supper, bands, floor shows — all for the astonishingly low price of \$7.00 double. A limited number of tickets are available to non-tournament participants from the Tournament office, First Floor, Student Union Building.

Full sports and social programme. Contact Tournament Office, First Floor, Student Union.

ON THE COUCH

barry kirkwood

I used to think it was a waste of time, me lying on this couch free-associating, you just sitting there with your notebook...but I've gained a lot of insight. Trouble with always having had a top job, you never get any disinterested criticism...don't realise how badly you are doing...made lots of bad decisions...delegated authority on basis of favouritism rather than competence...would never take responsibility when things went wrong but would blame the guys down the line. Guess I was basically insecure...look at my paranoid reaction to any hint of competition. Takes a lot of work to realize that even though you are the big boss you are a failure.

Made a mess of things with my personal life, too. Haven't told you about by boy...all right, so I told you I was a bachelor. It was when I was in the Middle East. Had an affair with this Jewish girl... not that I'm prejudiced...some of my best friends ...its just that everybody knows I'm an Anglican...should have looked after her better, but she was tied up with a local bloke. Nice enough fellow in his way but ineffectual...typical no-hoper with remote aristocratic connections. I might have made something of it but physically there was nothing in it for her...you know, story of a young chick and an old man...when I heard she was pregnant it never occurred to me that it might have been me...I mean, we hardly...nv memory isn't so good these days, either.

If I had known right away I would have handled things differently...I've got influence. Could have got him into Grammar, even. As it happened he didn't get any regular education at all. But breeding will out. First time he hits town he wanders along and gets to chopping logic with the local clergy...typical bright boy from the bush...smart, but no real grasp of the fundamentals. Too bright to be a good tradesman like his stepfather. Mind you, if he had any executive ability he could have made a fortune as a building contractor. Plenty of demand out there. They are always having wars and riots, smashing buildings right and left. Guess I'm being a bit hard on him. If he'd been brought up in more peaceful times it might have been different, kids need security, you know. His family were refugees at one time, and I did bugger all to help them, really.

Lost touch with them for years. Believe he wandered around picking up the odd labour-only contract. Never heard of him getting behind his union and achieving anything by collective action. Individual adventurism was his bit, I guess. There were rumours of girl friends but he never settled down

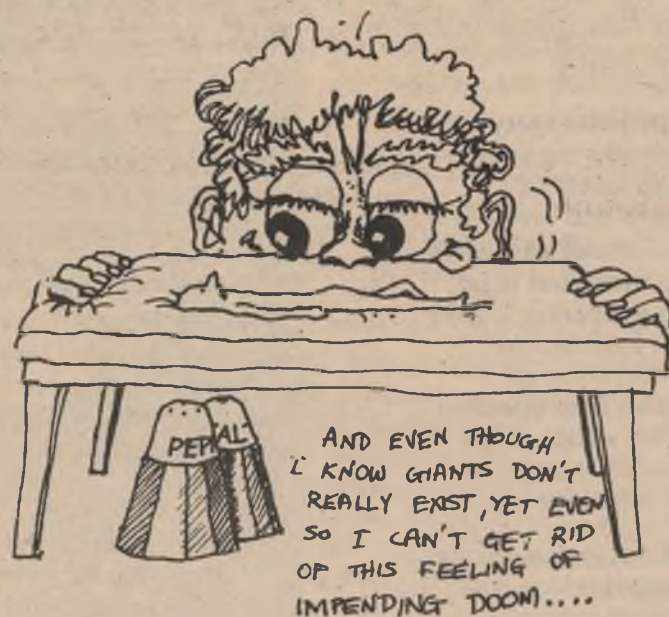
and raised a family. Never had much sense of the ordinary practicalities of life. Typical drifter. But somewhere along the way he must have developed some sense of political consciousness. That was when the trouble really started.

He gathered a few like-minded (minded?) mates and started primitive revolutionary movement. The old story, a few disgruntled



tradesmen and clerks promising the masses pie in the sky if they just follow the leader and ask no questions. No grasp of social theory, no revolutionary discipline. No attempt to form cadres capable of taking over the levers of power when an objective revolutionary situation arose. Complete failure to achieve the ideological subversion of the police and army, in fact he even came out with this liberal crap about the cops being good guys at heart. Sure enough, when it came to the crunch, his movement didn't put up even token resistance to the authorities.

Of course movements like his come and go all the time. Generally they are tolerated since they keep the trogs occupied and don't offer any significant threat to authority. But then he started appealing to me to use my influence on his behalf. I shouldn't have given in, but I felt bad about the whole business. He wouldn't take advice, had to do it his way. Miracles. And what crummy miracles. Water into wine. I ask you: what hope have you got for raising the consciousness of the vineyards and allied trades workers when you turn water into wine? How are you going to collectivise the



AND EVEN THOUGH
I KNOW GIANTS DON'T
REALLY EXIST, YET EVEN
SO I CAN'T GET RID
OF THIS FEELING OF
IMENDING DOOM....

peasants and fishermen when you multiply bread and fishes? I could have arranged rural electrification for him, really altered the mode of production and revolutionised the country overnight, but no, he wanted the flashy stuff, playing to the gallery all the time.

Or he could have mobilised the intellectuals. I could have arranged for him to square a circle, or trisect an angle. Even a general solution to a quadratic would have been something in those days. That way there would have been a good solid miracle that a thinking man could appreciate. But instead he goes and resurrects a dead man. How stupid can you get? Up until then everybody knew the arrangement: raise one and I raise the lot. It's only fair. Think of the trouble that you get into. Widows marry again, property goes to the kids. Life is difficult enough (I see to that) without having dead people wandering around and interfering.

And the healing of the sick. I tried to get him to understand that individual acts of charity only go to perpetuate the social conditions that make them necessary. That if he really wanted to do something about the health of the masses he should get the cadres to teach the

peasants the principles of hygiene and collective self-help. But he just goes off and perpetuates the old elitist doctor game.

Eventually the movement developed to the stage that it was seen as a threat by the authorities. It is easy to wipe out such a group by eliminating the charismatic leader. Of course the riff-raff he gathered around him sold him out and then shot through when the troops closed in. No revolutionary discipline.

By this time I had washed my hands of him but I gave in to a last appeal and resurrected him for a while. But he hadn't learned a thing. Spent his time ego-tripping in front of his mates. So I called the whole thing off. The movement got taken over by a man called Paul, a ratbag, but he had some sense of organisation and set up a system of commissars to maintain the ideological posture of the rank and file. The old guard were eliminated in various ways, or retired to write their memoirs which were the usual farrago of self-justifications that you find in such documents.

I get depressed sometimes...maybe I ought to tell you about my daughter...

ABORIGINAL

DANCE and CULTURE

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MULDOON ON MATAI

During the 1972 General Election Campaign, one of the main policy planks of the Labour Party, was its Regional Development policy. The appeal which this policy had in the provincial centres is adequately demonstrated by the marked voting swing in favour of the Labour Party, which resulted in these areas. Almost immediately after the elections, plans were announced for the establishment of an industry on the West Coast, as a part of the new Government's Regional Development programme. The new industry was to be headed by Mr Kevin Meates (at that stage, one of Prime Minister Kirk's closest friends), and to receive substantial Government backing Matai Industries commenced operations almost immediately, with considerable assistance from Development Finance Corporation, and promises of various Government Regional Development subsidies.

In July of 1973 three outside Directors were appointed to the Board of Matai. Hon. R.D. Muldoon, deputy leader of the Opposition, was one of those directors.

In February of this year, a receiver was appointed to Matai Industries — Mr. Muldoon was interviewed on the causes of the Matai receivership.

Question: Why were you appointed a Director of Matai Industries?

"This industry was announced immediately after the elections. My recollection is that it was announced before the elections, but Freer denies this. Anyway Brian Talboys asked various questions about the assistance which this friend of the Prime Minister's Meates was getting. As a result Meates offered to appoint to the Board, anyone that the leader of the Opposition cared to nominate. After some discussion we decided that I should be nominated. Meates wrote to me saying that I was not a fit and proper person to be appointed, because of my known political attitudes. However, he has subsequently stated, both publicly and privately, that he is grateful for what I have done. In fact in the February 1974 edition of 'The Company Director', the Prime Minister referred to the outside Directors as 'Some of the best business minds in the country'."

Question: You referred to "Outside Directors". What does this term imply, and were there others appointed at the same time?

By 'outside directors' I mean that we were not shareholders in the Company. Three of us were appointed at the same time. The others were Mr Ralph Thompson, a Christchurch lawyer, Director of N.Z. Breweries, and Director of N.Z. Refining Company; and Sir Bernard O'Connor, a former Managing Director of N.Z. Breweries, and still a director. We were all appointed in July of 1973. We only went on the Board, finally, because each of the others was also being appointed. I wouldn't have accepted the appointment if there hadn't been others on the Board I had confidence in. At that time the Company was already operating, raw material sources had been obtained, plant acquired, and staff hired.

As long ago as last March Meates told the Government that the industry was not viable without a freight subsidy. To date the Company has not had one cent of freight subsidy. It has had Government guaranteed advances from the D.F.C.

Question: Does the fact that this money is advanced through the D.F.C. give rise to the Government's claim that no Government money is involved in this venture.

"Yes, that would be correct"



Question: What actually brought about the receivership of Matai? Is the situation indicative of a major flaw in the Regional Development policies themselves, or rather an inability to administer those policies properly?

"If you are going to start a business on the West Coast, when the best commercial position is in Auckland you are not going to be in a competitive position. So, in principle, Government has to pay the difference in subsidy, and treat it as a social cost of putting an industry in a place where normal commercial considerations would not allow it to be established. That is what Regional Development is all about. . . . Government pays a social cost to keep these remote regions alive, in both the social and the economic sense. The practical consideration is to provide job opportunities to keep people in the places where they were born. Up until the receivership the Government had paid nothing in that context. They claim they didn't have sufficient information — but in fact they had been receiving feasibility studies for just on 12 months, and had been involved in negotiations for the whole of that time. The Ministers would claim that they didn't have sufficient information, but I believe that the fact was that neither Freer nor Rowling was prepared to make a decision in a matter in which the Prime Minister was inevitably involved."

Question: Which Minister should have been responsible for making the decisions?

"It should have been a joint decision. The Prime Minister and both Ministers were told by me from the

beginning of November that the Company would need substantial finance to keep it going. I have repeated this to them a number of times since then.

In the middle of February, the Ministers decided upon receivership, against the advice and wishes of the Directors. If Government was going to keep the Company going in all the circumstances — and Freer has publicly promised to protect the interests of the employees, creditors, and shareholders — the obvious way to do it was to do it privately, and thus avoid a blow to the Company's credit and credibility which inevitably arises from receivership. Furthermore, unsecured creditors are now taking steps to protect themselves, and if they are not paid promptly they can move to have the Company liquidated. One of the Meates family Company has been put into liquidation by a debenture holder, thus creating a further legal conflict. None of that would have arisen had the Receiver not been appointed, as Matai creditors had, up to that time, been very helpful.

Question: What progress was being made in terms of finalising regional development assistance, and what types of subsidy were you seeking?

"We were discussing the possibility of freight subsidies, relocation subsidies, staff training subsidies, and interest rate subsidies. These were only being discussed. No decision was made. The Company had been under way for twelve months. Some subsidy was due and payable if the Govt. has any regional development policy at all. The amount which was being discussed would have been sufficient to have paid all unsecured creditors. The Government made all the right noises in public, but nothing was done."

Question: What of the future of the Company?

"The Minister has made it quite clear, as has the Receiver, that he must act in accordance with the Companies Act. What the future holds, I just don't know."

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!

BEFORE YOU BUY A NEW BIKE

COUNT

THE FORBES AND DAVIES STICKERS ON THE BIKES OUTSIDE

COUNT

THE NEW HONDAS THAT GO PAST

COUNT

THE PEOPLE THAT HAVE BOUGHT MORE THAN ONE BIKE FROM US

COUNT

YOUR PENNIES AND COME IN AND BUY YOUR NEW HONDA FROM US.

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FORBES AND DAVIES

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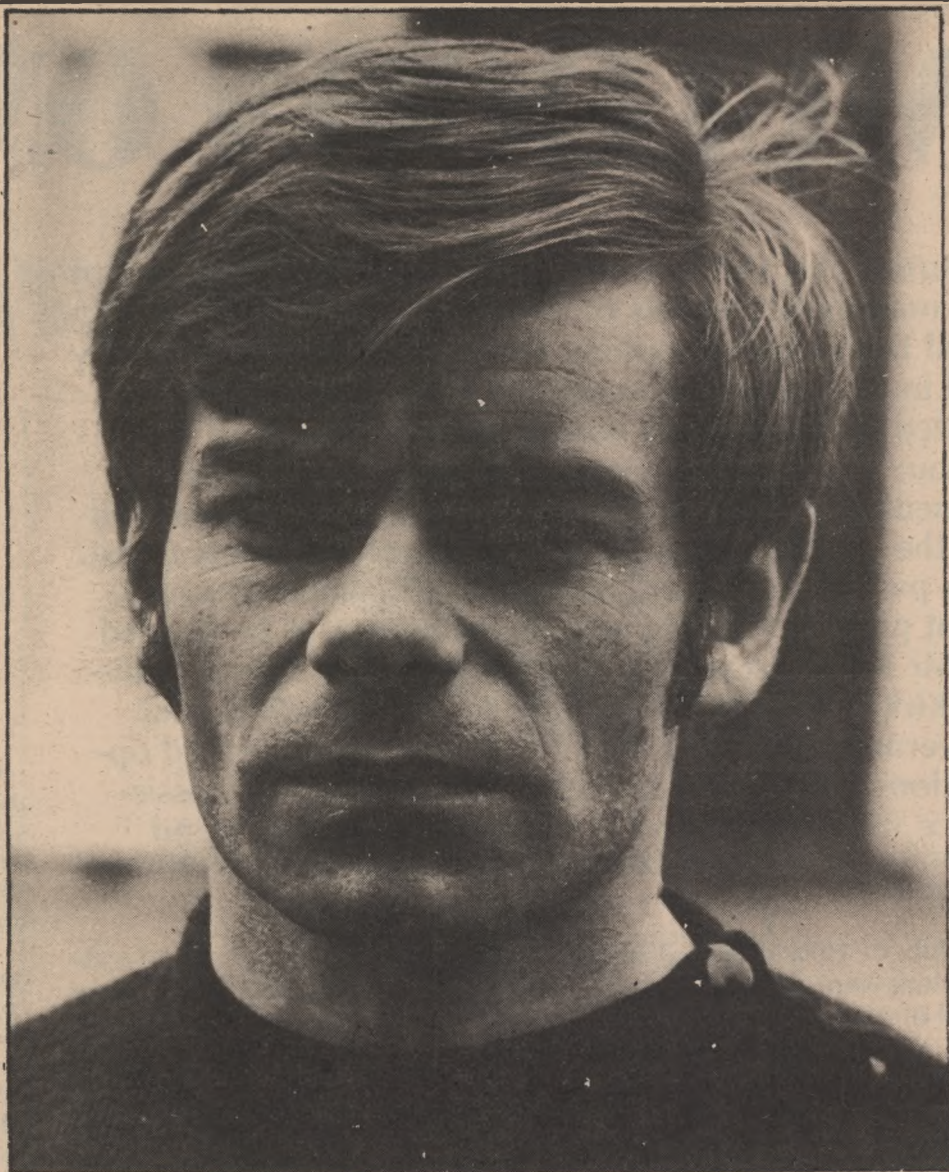


Photo-courtesy Zealandia

Andre Menras spent two and a half years as a political prisoner in Siagon's Chi Hoa gaol. He and another Frenchman, Jean Pierre Debris, were arrested in July 1970 after they had distributed leaflets calling for peace through the withdrawal of American forces. In an act of defiance against the Thieu regime, the two teachers, working in Vietnam as part of the French Government's "Cultural Co-operation Scheme", raised the NLF flag in the centre of Saigon. During their arrest they were beaten into unconsciousness with iron bars and pelted with stones by uniformed and plainclothed police and security officials.

Chi Hoa jail is the transit depot for all the deportaiton convoys, particularly for prisoners going to and returning from the notorious Con Son Island. During the time that they were imprisoned, Debris and Menras were able to witness the plight of some of South Vietnam's 200,000 political prisoners. Last week Andre Menras spoke to Cracum about his experiences as a political prisoner in South Vietnam.

"They make the naked prisoner sit down on a chair, with a hole in it and a kerosene lamp below, the flame of which is adjusted to burn the anus . . . 13 carpenter's nails, driven into the feet, hands, body and lastly the temples of prisoner Le Hang Son."

"The Forgotten Ones"

"Before I went to Vietnam I was not politically aware. I'm afraid I was not even particularly concerned about the War in Vietnam. When I was drafted, I was given the option, as a teacher, of either serving in the military or going overseas with the French Cultural Co-operation Scheme. I chose the latter. When I arrived in Vietnam, I was assigned as a school teacher in the Blair Pascal Lycee. During the two years

that I spent in Vietnam before my arrest, I saw what the war was all about."

"I was sickened by the corruption, drug-taking, prostitution and poverty that I saw in Saigon. I witnessed the destruction of the Vietnamese countryside by chemical defolients and herbicides. There are no leaves and no grass growing any more along most of the main highways. White skeletons of trees, hulks of junked motor vehicles, heaps of cartridge cases litter the countryside. We saw on the ground the meaning of search and destroy missions — the mutilated bodies stacked in piles for 'body-counting'. I saw the poverty of the refugees, the orphaned children, the destruction of a culture. What is more, I witnessed the heroic resistance of a small people; a people who had been fighting for liberation for twenty years.

We felt it impossible to remain silent. Silence in such circumstances would have meant complicity.

We were not tortured during our initial interrogation. However in order to intimidate us, the police tortured a Vietnamese suspect before our eyes. The interrogators laid him on the bench — his mouth kept open by a dirty rag acting as a bridle bit. Drained engine oil and soapy water was then poured down his throat. His mouth was then shut and the police pummelled his stomach with truncheons in order to make him vomit through his nose. The sight of this prisoner's courage gave us strength.

Shortly after we arrived at Chi Hoa, we discovered how the prison functioned. Some of the common criminals — often convicted murderers and thugs — were utilised by the authorities to "supervise" the political prisoners . . . In return they enjoyed better conditions, more food, and various other perks. Like the Kapos of Nazi concentration camps — these prisoners were required to

inform upon and assist in the violence regularly inflicted against their "fellow" prisoners."

"It is not really proper to call them men any more. 'Shapes' is a better word — grotesque sculptures of scarred flesh and gnarled limbs . . . They do not stand up. Years of being shackled in the tiger cages have forced them into a permanent pretzel-like crouch. They move like crabs, skittering across the floor on buttocks and palms — united by deformity."

Time Magazine - March 19, 1973

But we were Europeans. The Press know of our arrest. The authorities had to be more careful. Five and a half months after our arrest we were brought before a "Court of Law". We were led hand-cuffed into the court room of the Third Military Region, that of Saigon. We were surrounded by a swarm of armed soldiers that kept newsmen at a distance. They loaded their M16 rifles. Policemen took out their revolvers, slipping bullets into the chambers to impress us. The "trial" was public — but a large part of the courtroom was immediately occupied by police and paratroopers. The presiding judge was a civilian, flanked by two military judges. The prosecuting military attorney presented an aggressive and damning indictment, demanding a sentence of from five to twenty years for "damage to the security of the state and to the morale of Saigon troops, fighting against community aggression."

"Duong Van Chan, police officer in charge of Do Thanh, personally ordered his torturers to insert live eels into the genital organs of female students."

*Jean Pierre Debris
Andre Menras
"We Accuse"*

We refused to let an "appointed" lawyer present a plea of insanity for us. We were not allowed to present our own defence. Each time we tried to protest we were led outside and beaten up by military police. We were then gagged and sentenced to four years imprisonment.

Thousands of prisoners are never charged, or brought to trial. Since the ceasefire, political prisoners have been re-classified as common criminals by military tribunals — thus according the requirements of Paris Peace Treaty which demanded the release of political prisoner.

"The Saigon authorities call their goals 'Re-education centres'. In reality, this re-education aims at the breaking-down of the political prisoners — not only physically but also morally. Each morning at 6.30 a.m., political prisoners are "obliged" to salute the Saigon flag and sing songs praising President Thieu. We had to remain at attention while the Saigon anthem was relayed over the loud speakers.

"Those who refused are tagged 'Ngoan Co' — that is, obstinate. They are taken to the security rooms where they may be locked up and tortured for one, two, or three months. In Chi Hoa, this room contained up to 400 crammed prisoners. Their wrists and ankles chained to a circular iron bar running along the wall, and their hands handcuffed behind their backs. Prisoners may spend three months without washing or any form of outdoor exercise. Most mornings they are beaten up, especially on the ribs, until they vomit blood. Tuberculosis, caused by poorly fed prisoners being crammed into damp cells, is wide-spread.

"In February 1971, we were able to meet over 100 victims who had returned to Chi Hoa from the 'buffalo cages' at Poular Condor. Most of them could not walk any longer, their knee joints broken by torture. They had to crawl on the ground, eyes closed — blinded by the unaccustomed light.

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"During the Second Tet in January 1972, we could also meet some forty prisoners of war brought back from Pehu Quoc Island. Some had an eye torn out by the military police, or an ear or finger joint cut off by machete.

"We learnt from such prisoners of the terrible conditions in the 'Buffalo Cages'. Prisoners were given two bowls of rice a day. Water was limited often to only three swallows per day — forcing prisoners to drink urine.

"The police attached electrodes to my genitals, broke my fingers, and hung me from the ceiling by my feet. They did these things to my wife, too, and forced my children to watch. But I never gave in."

ex-prisoner

"The Forgotten Ones"

The cages are one yard high, one yard wide, two yards long. Three prisoners are made to crouch within such an area — day and night. They become paralysed — their muscles literally melt. Dysentery, TB, and chronic stomach disorders are prevalent. Many prisoners die.

"The Thieu regime has deliberately thwarted efforts to implement the 1973 Paris Peace Agreements.

"The Thieu regime has deliber-



ately thwarted efforts to implement the 1973 Paris Peace Agreements. The Saigon Government is not structured to stand free expression of democratic rights in Vietnam. It cannot survive peaceably. My fellow

"Those who pleaded for more feel were splashed with lye, doused with excrement, or poked with long bamboo poles. Things have been especially bad since the ceasefire."

prisoners were often broken physically, but not so their fighting spirit. Within the walls of South Vietnamese goals, political prisoners are being fused like iron in the furnace of suffering. They maintain the will for National peace and continue to struggle for democratic liberty."

Helped by pressure in his homeland, (but not by his government), Adre Menras was released and deported back to France in December

COMMENT

On January the 27th, 1973, the Paris Peace Treaty on Vietnam was signed. One condition of the ceasefire agreement was that both sides "will do their utmost to release all civilian prisoners within 90 days." In that same month, Amnesty International issued a statement warning of the "real danger that political prisoners might be executed or that 'P.P.'s' might be reclassified as common criminals in mock trials" — thus avoiding the requirements of the Paris Peace Treaty. Such has been the case. Independent reports estimate that — contrary to the absurd Saigon figure of 5,081 — there are over 200,000 political prisoners still in South Vietnamese gaols. Many have been there for five, ten or even twenty years. For them, there is no judge, no trial, no opportunity for a hearing. Instead they are tortured and forced to suffer conditions that defy imagination.

A recent report from Con Son — the the form of a smuggled-out letter — states that since the ceasefire agreement conditions have become worse. Meantime, these human beings are forced to languish in a legal never-never land protected by neither the Paris Accords nor granted even basic human rights.

Mike Rann

Metaphors Of Dispossession And A Gathering Of Apes

Metaphors are invigorating experiences.

To witness, on the same night, two successful manipulations of a single metaphor, can be an experience of note. Last week I saw such an event, in the presence of a prize-winning Hungarian film by Szabos, called "The Father" and the much awaited first night of Central's production of Tennessee Williams' finest work, "A Streetcar named Desire".

The film is a chronicle of desperate faith. It tells the story of a young boy's obsessional desire to fabricate a coherent but fraudulent biography of his dead father. He exaggerates, reconstructs and invents. Out of tattered recollections he builds a meaningful image with which he can identify and from which he extracts comfort and security.

The film is particularly moving both in its depiction of the boy's fantasy life and also symbolically. It transcends the particular with an incisive universal jab.

The boy's father, we learn, escaped anti-semitic persecution by jumping from a moving streetcar. The boy identifies with his father's dare-devil escapade and imagines himself connected with the streetcar. We see him pushing a derelict tram along the rails of his war-ruined home town. He is abetted by homeless wanderers who have nothing better to do. The procession is comic.

The tone changes however as the post-war ritual is enacted.

An old woman approaches a tram; she has a small square of paper in her hand; she pastes it to



the car. It is a missing persons notice. After the war public transport, all over Europe, carried such pathetically pleading notices.

The single notice multiplies until soon the entire car is papered thick with them. Through Dream sequences the street car becomes a moving symbol of dispossession, determination and the

refusal of those defrauded souls to give up without one last fight.

Szabo's film is relatively recent. American drama though has long this image of lonely resistance, and thirty years after its opening, Tennessee Williams' "Streetcar Named Desire" has all the trembling resonance which moved New York audiences in 1947.

Blandhedu Bois has endured privation, loss and escape. She is the pampered product of southern gentility. Blanche is a product of this tradition. She has been educated in values that no longer operate. There is no refinement. The pre-civil war civilisation has degenerated into capitalist competitiveness. The new men of this era are brutally sexual, violent and insensitive to beauty. The encounter between Blanche and Stanley Kowalski is predictably violent. Blanche is almost destroyed.

The play is not explicitly political, it is Williams' shouted demand for human dignity.

In Central's production, Helen Smith delivers the the most remarkable performance of her career, and one of the most stunning female performances ever seen on an Auckland stage. Helen Smith hints at the shuttered turmoil of Blanche's mind. She is never explicit. Her delicate accent (a technical accomplishment in itself), her pathetic posturing, fanaticism for clothes are presented in a crazy crescendo of hysterical erotic hysterionics. She seems not to act. She is simply Blanche and Blanche devastates.

Newcomer to Auckland theatre, Patrick Hoff (husband of the producer), matched Helen Smith's quietly mounting intensity with a power of his own. His Stanley is hedonist, selfish and strong. Softer than Brando, Hoff preserves the grotesque but reveals the childlike naivety of Stanley.

As Stella, April Kelland has the right intellectual control to convince. She balances Stanley's blundering against Blanche's unacceptable primness. Compared to Blanche's tragic majesty, Stella is a minor figure. April Kelland, however, develops Stella to a lever of unexpected dramatic interest.

The rest of the cast are rightly a passive, animal group. They are not up to either Stanley or Blanche in terms of moral awareness. They are imperceptible.

Blanche's staunch dignity right to the end. But when Blanche breaks even this gathering of apes knows it is witnessing tragedy.

Myra de Groot's direction, thought not obtrusive, moves the play a little slowly. She however uses all the resources of stage and light; Central is the most intimate theatre in Auckland and this production exploits that quality.

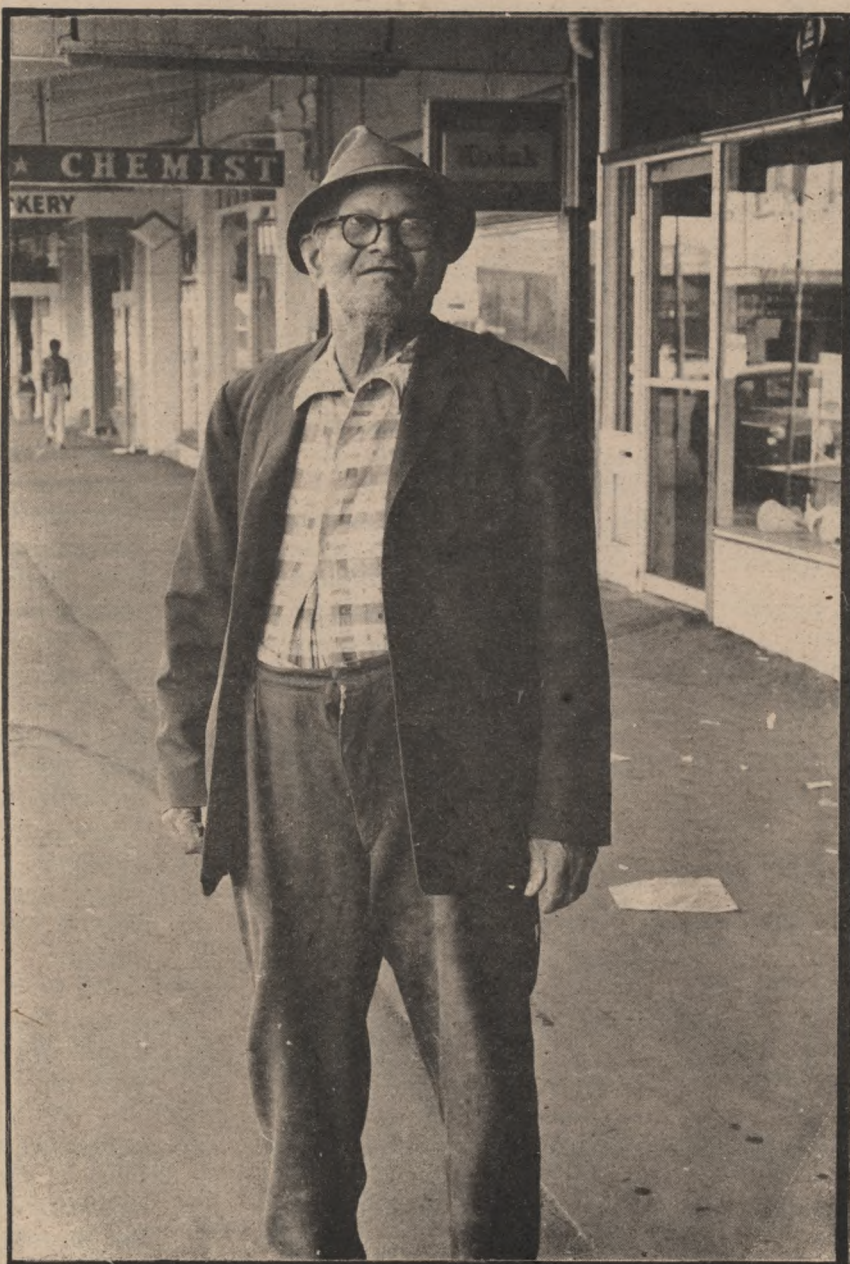
Central has now produced two of the twentieth century's most significant works. Last year with "Look Back in Anger", and now with this play. Central has reached a new level of maturity and competence, to rival any theatre in the country.

Ray Wharu

the active eye

We begin a regular series of photographs by students of Elam with work by FIONA M CLARK who is completing her DFA this year.





OF TITLES AND CHURCHES

interview with russell marshall mp

TITLES WERE FOREIGN TO NEW ZEALAND AND SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN IMPORTED HERE' SAID RUSSELL MARSHALL, M.P., EARLIER THIS YEAR'

A FORMER METHODIST MINISTER, MARSHALL RECAPTURED WANGANUI FOR LABOUR AT THE THE LAST GENERAL ELECTION'. HE IS A QUIET, THOUGHTFUL MAN WHO RESEARCHES HIS ARGUMENTS THOROUGHLY BEFORE ADVOCATING THEM.

Lewis: "Now recently you've come out as being opposed to titles and you said they should all be done away with. Have you ever used the title reverend?"

Marshall: "I did but I tried when I was in the church to get them at one stage to drop the title. It was at Wellington Methodist Synod and it ended up with a tie in the voting and the idea was dropped.

"Since I've been involved in politics that's one of the reasons I haven't used it and have asked not to be referred to that way."

Lewis: "Since Politics is the art of the possible, is that reconcilable with Christianity?"

Marshall: "I think Christianity involves consideration for another person's point of view. Otherwise, if you say it isn't, you're abdicating responsibility for politics. It's irresponsible to say other people can do it and you can only become involved if you've got no principles. When I came to the conclusion that I was leaving the work for other people to do and couldn't do that with integrity, then I felt I ought to be involved.

Lewis: "Another aspect of politics is you know when you're going to get a headline, don't you?"

Marshall: "Well, I've had one or two headlines I haven't banked on. And once or twice I thought I might have got a good press coverage and I haven't — I suppose it's a matter of experience and a matter of how hard up they are for news and of course how you're reported because

unfortunately there are some inaccurate reports which make the headlines and if they reported you accurately you wouldn't at all."

Lewis: "So you'd rather get a headline?"

Marshall: "No, not necessarily, I can think of two instances when I'd been taken to task for saying things which I didn't say in that way."

Lewis: "Getting back to titles, Mr Kirk actually took the title of 'Right Honourable' when Mr Whitlam refused it. What's your attitude to that?"

Marshall: "I'm not making any comments on Mr Kirk on what he should or shouldn't have done. In that same speech I suggested that titles in the House along with any other titles should be done away with. It's just my personal opinion."

Lewis: "What if you become minister? Would you accept the title of 'Honourable'?"

Marshall: "Well, it's like this business of the orientation programme. I don't use the title reverend, but it was used for me, and I think inevitably that when you're in a position people will use that title to describe you but I would not describe myself as 'the Honourable' any more than I would use 'reverend'."

Lewis: "Does this attitude of being opposed to titles go over to the monarchy?"

Marshall: "I haven't any strong feelings on the monarchy. When you look at Watergate you think that its good to have a head of state who is not involved in the political administration of the country." **There are advantages of having someone removed from the day to day politicking.** I guess I'm probably neutral. I feel a bit sorry for them sometimes."

Lewis: "In the House, M.P.'s specialize in one area of interest. What's yours?"

Marshall: "Inevitably you specialize in the committees you're on. You have to do more homework on those things in order to be able to speak on them. And I'm on Maori Affairs, Education, the Government caucus, Health Committee and then last year



I was put on Public Expenditure as well. In addition to that I have some concern over Social Welfare and Foreign Affairs."

Lewis: "And if you were ever to become a Minister, what portfolio would you want?"

Marshall: (Chuckles) "Oh, I'm not breaking my neck to be a Minister — I like the job being a backbencher. If it ever happens the areas where I could perhaps make a contribution would be social welfare or education."

Lewis: "What's wrong with the Minister then?"

Marshall: "I didn't say there was anything wrong with him, I just was talking about what I could do. Those are the areas where I have most background and am most concerned."

Lewis: "In New Zealand, we're always talked about as an egalitarian society. Do you think that's still true?"

Marshall: "Relatively, compared with other societies. I don't think it's impossible to be an egalitarian society but people like to put themselves or other people on a pedestal

and we have some people who are thrust into the position of being elitists — doctors, lawyers, university lecturers and perhaps, unfortunately, members of parliament."

Lewis: "Do you think the Labour Party itself is going to make any fundamental changes to the society?"

Marshall: "Gradually. I think the changes are not dramatic or highly visible. But over a period of years with a long term Labour government there will be a greater concern for the less wealthy. I hope we are able to close the gap in our society between the wealthy and those who haven't got much. Certainly, there's been advances in foreign policy."

Lewis: "Are you happy with it just tinkering with the system?"

Marshall: "Any government has to tinker with the system. You can't always be making radical changes. And as you said before, politics is the art of the possible and I think to survive politically the government has to assert its ideas that others may de-

cont.

velop.

"I don't believe in clubbing people over the head with government bills or laws. It's much better to persuade people that what the governments do is desirable."

Lewis: "How's that decided? It's value judgement."

Marshall: "Well, if you sell actively your concerns about things that are wrong in society which are self-evident by the display of them, then you've gone a long way towards it."

"A lot of it is talking, showing up the system's deficiencies and arguing for things which would make it better."

"Occasionally we make mistakes. We're all fallible."

Lewis: "But you are only showing up the deficiencies. You're not making sure that there aren't any."

What tangible things have you accomplished since you've been in Parliament?

Marshall: "It's very difficult to say. My vote and my presence helped. My election made a new government and the new government made new policies."

"It would be arrogant of me to say that because I was there this little thing happened, but back benchers can, for instance, raise matters with Ministers and I like to think have some influence and discuss various matters in caucus."

Lewis: "You're a minister of religion who has gone into politics. Do you believe that politics can change man's inherent nature or attitudes?"

Marshall: "I think that the environment in which people live shapes people. I think I've learned a good deal more about areas I didn't know and that's made me a more rounded person."

Lewis: "Did the fact that you're a Methodist influence your politics? I mean, the Labour Party was founded on Methodism, as much as Marxism."

Marshall: "I would regard myself as a product of the church. What I'm doing is a natural

extension of things that the Church has been talking about for a long time."

Lewis: "What about the politics you learned. Where did you learn that?"

Marshall: "It's partly hereditary. My father was actively involved in politics in Nelson and I had an uncle who stood for Labour."

"I also did some history, and some political science."

Lewis: "Do you think you would have had the same attitudes you had if you had lived in Wanganui all the time?"

Marshall: "It's possible, it's difficult to say."

Lewis: "Well, I think Wanganui is a pretty conservative city."

Marshall: "It depends what you mean by conservative. If you take it by voting patterns I wouldn't say it's conservative at all — it's had Labour members."

"Well what place isn't parochial. It's certainly a place that hasn't a great deal of confidence in itself because some people felt it stood still while other places have grown fast and people have downgraded its attributes."

Lewis: "Because of this do you find pressures on you to be parochial?"

Marshall: "I wouldn't say I feel pressures. I feel personally the need to promote local issues and I do that for it is part of my responsibility."

Lewis: "One of the most important of these would be regional development?"

Marshall: "That's right."

Lewis: "Well, what's happened since Labour's come to Wanganui?"

Marshall: "We've set up a regional development council that's processing claims for local industry for financial assistance and three or four firms have actually had financial assistance delivered to them. The workshops are going to expand considerably. There's a vote of confidence to the city which was threatened and a number of outside industries have shown interest in moving into Wanganui."

Lewis: "Wanganui before last year was the only North Island city with a declining population rate. Is that still true?"

Marshall: "The last figures are '71, but my impression is that it's not true."

Lewis: "One thing I'm interested in is your campaign. How did you raise your money?"

Marshall: "Well, we increased membership considerably. We got a lot of people actively involved and Labour Party organised two successful raffles with Rangitikei and that helped us."

Lewis: "You didn't find that incompatible with your

Methodism?"

Marshall: "Well, that hadn't bothered me for a long time beforehand. I've always regarded a raffle as something where you give a donation to a cause. I'm not quite so sure about Golden Kiwis."

Lewis: "You went into Parliament presumably to bring something different in to politics as a Minister of religion but your speeches read the same as everyone else's. Why is that?"

Marshall: "I didn't say I wanted to be anything different at all. I certainly don't intend to preach religion."

LACK OF PRESTIGE

'An anti-thesis of planning, a mockery of ad hocery', is how Jim Dart, Senior Lecturer in Town Planning and Chairman of the Mt. Eden Planning Committee, described the Mt. Eden Borough Council's handling of the proposed Crystal Palace Cabaret scheme.

Mr. Dart blames the Council's 'piece-meal' approach for the present chaos that now surrounds the proposal.

When Phil Warren and Prestige Promotions approached the Council last year with the intention of turning the old Crystal Palace Ballroom into a cabaret, it was apparent that most of the councillors opposed this. However, feeling that they lacked the power or the courage to oppose Warren, they decided to grant him a permit subject to facilities for 100 cars being provided.

This was almost impossible, as the cost of gaining land for parking was prohibitive.

However, Warren was to prove more enterprising than the Council bargained for.

He appealed to the Town and Country Planning Board and the requirement was halved.

At this point N.Z. Breweries, purchased a nearby residential section for \$49,000, for use as a car-park.

WHY?

WHY IS N.Z.B. INVESTING HERE?

It is unlikely that a cabaret liquor license would interest them, as returns would not be very great. The only conclusion then, is that N.Z.B. has bought the property to

turn into a tavern site should Mt. Eden ever go wet.

What then is the link between N.Z.B. and Prestige Promotions, many people would ask?

Residents of Woodside Road are angry, at what they feel is the Council's failure to consult them at all.

Sixty-three residents signed a petition objecting to the car-park.

For one resident the car-park will be less than three feet from his home.

COUNCIL SHIRKING.

When angry residents contacted the mayor, Mr. Mills, to object they were referred to Mr. Dart's planning group, which was not even a council body.

Mr. Dart, himself, sees the car-park as a master-piece of mis-planning.

The section is so small that the 50 cars would have to be sardined into it.

WHAT'S NEEDED?

To accommodate 50 cars, the area should be twice as big.

It would need a wide frontage, adequate lighting and a pedestrian crossing.

This is basic to avoid devaluation of nearby properties, and hardship to residents.

BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED? , , , , ,

'This Council simply hasn't done its homework' says Mr. Dart.

It has disregarded its constituents.

It has not even checked its facts — otherwise it would have known that under the Town and Country Planning Act it is illegal to build a car-park in a residential area anyway.

Now it has realised this, it's belatedly trying to rectify its bungle.

But that's not unusual in Mt. Eden.

FILM

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Thursday night

Feiffer





MUSIC

(an' things...)

STRENGTH! MUST
BE PRETTY GOOD!



SPLIT ENZ

1.

We decided to do an article on SPLIT ENZ this week because it is likely that this group is on the verge of National (maybe even international) notoriety.

After a trying up-hill struggle, the group is at present consolidating its resources for a concerted thrust which will, they hope, bring them considerable success. Already they have become the first group in the world outside Britain and the U.S.A. to sign up with Mercury Records, and have since had an offer from Kenny Rogers to sign up with his company in England.

They recently got into the finals of Studio One, and as a result they are shortly to do a television show of their own.

They have been compared to just about everybody. During the Mayall tour, in which they became the first and only New Zealand group to do an encore in front of an overseas band, they were compared with Jethro Tull. This was rejected out of hand even by Mayall, who was clearly impressed. In fact, Mayall, himself said it was difficult to appear after a band like that. Once on the radio I heard them compared with Genesis. I asked Mike Chunn (bass player) about it. He had heard of that same comment, but said that he himself hadn't even heard Genesis until very recently. He added that they had also been compared with of all things, Family.



Phil Judd

The first thing you can say about their style is that it is not a dance music.

Primarily, it is a stage show. This means that they don't have to tie themselves down to a restricted rhythm, and that they can vary the volume as they please, with acoustic breaks as light relief. On one show, they began the concert with Phil Judd walking on from the back of the audience playing a mandolin.

OVER EXPOSURE

However being a concert group has its limitations. Firstly, they must have the undivided attention of the audience. This means playing at night, on a suitable stage, in a place where people are going to sit and watch and listen.

Secondly, as a group which demands full attention, SPLIT ENZ could suffer from over-exposure, unlike your run-of-the-mill pub band, which nobody listens to anyway. Mike Chunn and Phil Judd have both been aware of this, and all their performances have been selectively chosen by manager, Barry Coburn. For the number of performances they have done, SPLIT ENZ have received a phenomenal amount of attention.

Phil Judd: "A lot of groups have a bad idea about us. They wonder why we don't get out and play at some dance hall every night, but they don't realise how much we put into what we play."

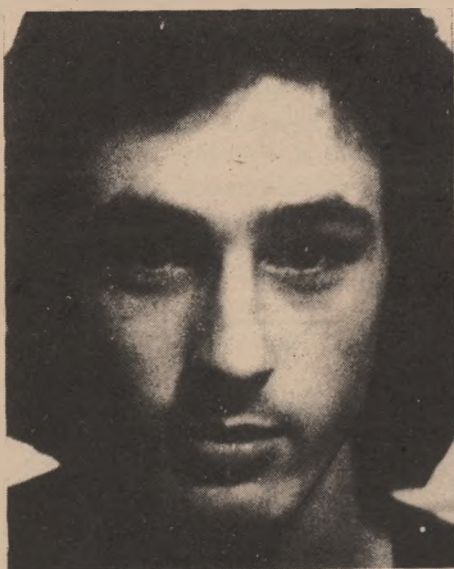
BIRTH OF A BAND

The band first formed in September 1972, with Brian Finn on piano and vocals, Mike Howard on flute, Miles Golding on violin, and Mike Chunn on bass. On this format they produced a rather unusual sound, not unlike Edwardian period music, with Miles Golding doing impressive solos, on his violin.

Phil Judd had been at Elam Arts School, and Brian Finn had been doing a B.A. Phil got himself a guitar and played around for hours a day with Brian's encouragement. Something must have clicked between them, because within two months they had written about thirty songs. According to Mike Chunn, the excitement about playing with a group like that is that at each practice you know you are trying something you haven't heard before.

Then came the Ngaruawahia concert.

Q: "How did you feel about it?"



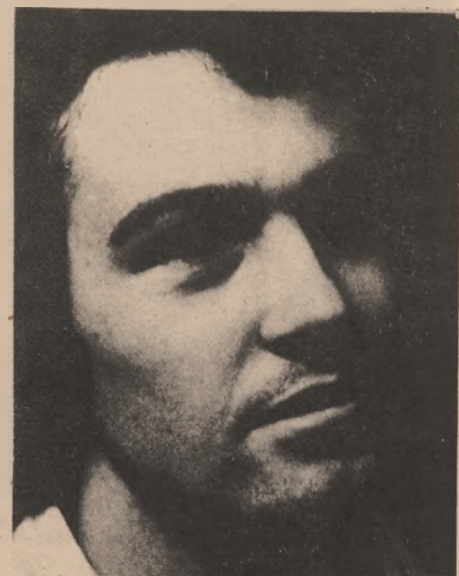
Geoff Chunn

Mike Chunn: "Very nervous. We were too quiet, and everyone was drinking a lot."

NEW ZEALAND TOUR

After that came a New Zealand university tour, which they enjoyed. That was when I first saw them, playing in the Auckland cafeteria with Itambu. They got a turn out of about 1,000 in Dun-

edin. After that they released "Just For You". By that time Miles Golding and Mike Howard had left. So they decided to take on Mike Chunn's brother, Geoff Chunn on drums, and an electric guitarist, "Wally" Wilkinson. Up



Mike Chunn

until then they had not used drums, at all. So the result was that the volume went up a bit. Sax player Rob Gillies who had appeared on the record, was invited into the group after the Mayall tour. In Mike Chunn's estimation, he is one of the most talented in the group.

Q: "How has the addition of Brass altered the sound of SPLIT ENZ?"

A: (Rob) "Basically there's a fuller sound to use, but its not used all the time, there are parts that aren't always full of brass."

MELOTRON

One characteristic that impressed me was that the whole group is intensely sincere and introspective in their musical ideology. They have a fear of too much gimmickry, too much concession to popular taste, and too much imitativeness.

Rob: "I always felt foolish copying some things from a record."

The group is undoubtedly the only one in this country to play entirely its own songs. Brian recently bought a \$2,300 Melotron, which has put him in debt for two years. They now have a total of

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about \$10,000 worth of gear. But they don't intend to over-use it.

Phill: "They're our songs, so we can use it properly. In the four songs we recorded we only used it once. Not much when you con-



Brian Finn

sider we use it in only about four of our songs altogether."

The group knows enough songs to play for about two hours solidly.

Phill Judd no longer intends to play publicly. Apparently he suffers from nervousness and self-consciousness in front of an audience.

"I was getting too much into the camp-rock scene."

But he intends to keep on composing: "I was writing a string quartet for a while."

Q: "Why?"

A: "Well, I was pissed off about SPLIT ENZ things (thing?). It's still half finished. I didn't know a thing about string instruments. I dreamed it will be released one day on an album."

The latest addition to the group is Tony Raynor. Anyone who saw Orb perform last year will remember Tony as an outstanding pianist. Tony also has access to a moog synthesiser, which Mike says might be used for recording purposes. They recorded four



Tony Raynor

songs for their new show. As perfectionists, none of them are happy.

Phill: "We spent three days on them, but we would have liked to spend three weeks."

Brian: "As you listen to the tapes you think of more you'd like to do."

AMBITIONS

Now that Phill is not performing live, Brian has taken over vocals, and he hopes to get Mike Chunn singing as well.

Q: "Have you got any plans

about planning overseas?"

A: (Brian) "We are quite serious about what we are doing. That's what we are trying to do, but we won't be destroyed if we don't make it internationally. Basically everything has been taken to an extreme. Bowie has taken sex to the extreme, and "Yes" have gone technical. Things must become simpler again. "Yes" have flogged themselves to death, although individually they are so brilliant. As yet we feel the group is ahead of its time."

I couldn't help feeling the same thing, listening to their single round at Robert's flat for the third time, I felt it grow on me the more I heard it. Their arrangements are original, mainly because they have been "unperverted" by formal training, and full of surprises.



'Wally' Wilkinson

2.

The true test of music with quality is that it should reveal more and more of itself as it is reheard. On this criteria, SPLIT ENZ latest four songs, recorded for the sound track of their new television show, pass with five stars. The complexity of the tunes is phenomenal, and the mind boggles at the conception of the difficulties involved with such a wide spectrum of harmonies and rhythms. You have to listen to each song several times over to explore the intricate and devious path of each instrument. No one instrument dominates the sound, and there is no struggle for pre-eminence evident either.

The group is finding its feet with regards to its style. This doesn't mean that it can now conveniently be fitted into a ready made slot, but that it is groping less in the dark and is stylistically more consistent. This rationalisation may be partly due to the addition of Tony Raynor. Mike Chunn felt that his influence came out strongly in the recordings — or it may simply be a logical progression in the maturation of the group.

Although the songs are complex in their orchestration, they still have a coherent and tight structure. Each one forms a consistent whole — there is no rambling or unnecessary digression.

Each of the four songs — "Lovey-Dovey", "No Bother to Me", "Malmesbury Villa", (a house they used to live in), and "Spellbound" has a different

mood.

"Lovey-Dovey" is rhythmic and rollicking. Tony's piano is unobtrusive but effective, while Geoff Chunn has a handful of rhythm charges which tumble in on one another in rapid succession.

At the other extreme is "Spellbound", which has a build-up on twelve string guitar into a catchy syncopated rhythm. Spread onto this is a smooth overlay provided by the lush sound of the Mellotron, reproducing the effect of an orchestra of violins at the touch of a keyboard.

The name beautifully encapsulates the feeling. The show will be appearing in a couple of weeks, so don't miss it.

IAN SINCLAIR

MAYALL

Instead of clarifying my own conception of Mayall, the impressions I got from SPLIT ENZ encounter with him seemed to portray him as a much more enigmatic figure.

"I hardly really got to see him," said Geoff, "he only used to appear out of his room ten minutes before a show, and hardly spoke. But we got to talk to Keef Hartley one time over dinner. Most of the time we didn't talk music though. It was mainly things like food. Freddie Robinson was used to smaller hamburgers in the States, so he ordered four. He got a real shock when he saw how big they were!"

Brian saw Mayall as a "burnt out musician", who had become bored with the routine of being on the road. Phil Judd had only one confrontation with Mayall, in his hotel suite in Wellington: "I walked into their room by accident. They were all there having a bit of a party, and everyone was drinking a lot. I was sitting next to Mayall, and he said to me, 'We've done the Wellington concert, now Christchurch is the next one. How are you? Since we're both in the boat together, what's your name?' I said my name, but had to repeat it several times, as he couldn't understand me. Then he said, 'Oh, that's good.' Then he went around calling me 'Phil Smith, or Phil Jones, or something'. I had quite a little discussion with him, but he didn't seem to give a damn. Basically he was acting like a forty-seven year old person who had been in it for years, and was doing the same thing, I suppose."



Rob Gillies



Recorded Live

TEN YEARS AFTER

Live recordings are often a risky affair. Some groups come across much better in the concert hall than they do in the studio and a live recording is justified. A live recording brings the excitement of the original performance into your living-room and can often be a useful collection of greatest hits.

Ten years After sound much better live than on their studio albums 'cos excitement is what the group is all about. Yeah, and TYA always meant Alvin Lee and here the guy shows his teeth on four beautiful sides of shiny black vinyl and a number of the all-time TYA hits. Including "One Of These Days", "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl", "You Give Me Loving" and, yep, "I'm Going Home".

Sixteen tracks and 81 minutes playing time is what you get. Recorded live in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Frankfurt and Paris.

This album stands as testimony to the excellence of live recordings today. Grab your headphones and get a listen of this Lp. and especially Ric Lee's drum solo on "Hobbit", side two, track one. We've come a long way since the days of the Stones' "Got Live If You Want It".

"Help Me" builds from the softest of intros into a real mindblast. And in the middle of "I'm Going Home" Alvin launches into a medley of "Blue Suede Shoes" and "Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On".

Mmmmm. Play it loud.

Litry

stuf



For those of you who are interested in things literary, or are looking for somewhere to publish that short story or poem(s) you have in a bottom drawer, we present a Cooks Tour of New Zealand magazines that print poetry and short stories.

There were more than 10 "literary" magazines a year or so ago, but some have fallen prey to the natural enemies of such magazines — lack of money and interest.

LANDFALL and ISLANDS are still fighting it out for first place as "the" establishment lit mag. but common agreement puts ISLANDS ahead. Editor Robyn Dudding has shifted back to Auckland and rejection slips now bear the address 4 Sealy Rd, Torbay. LANDFALL still coming out from Caxton Press, Victoria St, Christchurch.

CAVE magazine is into issue number five at present, with a new editor, Norman Simms, but copy can still be sent to old address of Box 1458, Dunedin. Prints a mixture of American and New Zealand writers of varying quality.

MATE magazine still going strong with a new editor, Alistair Paterson. Address still Box 5670, Wellesley St Post Office. Another issue due out soon.

With the exodus of the so-called "Auckland writers" to Wales, Thailand, Wellington, U.K. etc the local



magazines FREED and ORPHEUS are no more. R.I.P. Seems ARGOT, after more than ten years survival, fell victim to student politics in Wellington and is also no more. A rag called NEW ARGOT came out last year as a replacement, but seemed to survive only one issue. Nothing has been heard of the all-poetry magazine LIP-SYNC after its first two issues, but it could be having a long gestation period.

EDGE MAGAZINE STILL IN EXISTENCE, ALTHOUGH LAST ISSUE WAS ALL SCIENCE FICTION, AND RUMOUR HAS IT THE EDITOR IS EMBARRASSED BY THE AMOUNT OF COPY HE HAS FROM BOTH New Zealand and American contributors. Address is Box 25042, Christchurch. A new scheme to print poetry cheaply is being hatched. Write to editor Don Long for further details.

COUNTERCULTURE magazine is looking for new work. Dunedin mag.

ARENA is still being turned out by hand and personal dedication of editor Noel Hoggard in Wellington. Address is still Box 6188 Te Aro, Wellington. New issue just out.

Apart from that there are the not so literary magazines that print poetry. These include the LISTENER, and a couple of monthly rags like the NZ FARMER (would you believe?) MONTHLY REVIEW, and NZ HOME JOURNAL which has a poetry workshop page run by Peggy Dunstan where you can get advice on how to write.

That's about it. Apart from magazines mentioned, CRACCUM will be printing the odd poem, and there is a reborn University Literary Society that may be doing something this year, so long as the poor attendance to their first effort was not too discouraging. One of the highlights of that evening was the look on the face of university caretaker or whatever he was, who stood in the doorway in his white coat watching as blood-soaked sheep heads were stuck on beer bottles and a dummy corpse was axed to pieces. The look on his face was poetry, sheer poetry.

Pain, Death, Life:

A PASSION FOR EASTER

On Thursday and Good Friday of Easter Week, the 11th and 12th of April, there is going to be a performance of mime, poetry, dance and music on the three themes of Pain, Death and Life.

For many people the crucifixion has either lost or doesn't have any meaning. Using the three forms Pain, Death, Life it becomes a symbol of experience.

The collage treats the three themes as intrinsic to human experience. Pain is induced by people and the world. It seems to be necessary as the composer John Cage once replied when asked what he thought about the amount of suffering in the world, "I think there is just the right amount. Pain you rats is what it is all about, electrodes implanted in the hands, feet and side for experiment. Animals in cages should know that. Lots of fools it seems don't, but they soon learn where it's at.

Timothy Leary once wrote "Pain is the only facet of life which leads to real experience out of which we grow, anything else is but mediocre, that is, most human life is mediocre because of its avoidance of pain."

BOSOM POWER!

Bosom has not breathed its last, or so its management promise. While it will almost certainly never gain a permanent AM licence, plans are well under way for a rejuvenated Radio Bosom on a temporary basis during Capping, in the first week of May.

Auckland's first non-commercial radio station ceased transmission last week after over a fortnight of "extremely successful" broadcasting. An "8 O'clock" report placed Bosom's listening audience as high as 12% of the Auckland public, while Radio Hauraki cited Bosom as the major factor in their poor showing in the NRB polls — especially in the 6 to 10 slot where Hauraki's audience was halved.

Shortly after transmissions ceased Craccum held what could approximately be called an interview with Bosom Head (Nipple?), Glenn Smith, and some of his production team, most of whom appeared to be suffering from some form of post operative shock. During the course of the interview, Station Manager Smith tendered and withdrew his resignation seven times, made a dubious confession to being bi-sexual, and described the station's organisation as an experiment in "rational anarchy".

All this tended to highlight the point for more staff, fully paid and better organised — perhaps along the lines of Craccum, greater participation by students in general, more efficient programming and more material if Bosom is to be a

success in the future.

It also appears that restrictions in the last warrant over comment on such matters as politics, religion and industrial matters meant it was found "extremely difficult to be stimulating", and prevented Bosom from exercising its talents as a social commentator.

Bosom applauded Vice Chancellor Colin Maiden for his assistance in gaining them a licence, and give a different kind of salute to the Minister of Broadcasting's secretary for his "courtesy and understanding" in times of stress.

At the moment, Bosom is in a state of flux, "the lunch-time broadcasts in the Quad seem an anti-climax", said Smith, "but the meals in the restaurant aren't too bad anyway."

It became obvious that the strain of running a radio station was considerably more than the running of a newspaper as the interview deteriorated into a series of vague, muted replies from Station Manager Smith, and raucous interjections from his staff as to his physical, mental and sexual capabilities.

Nevertheless, one thing emerged from the interview. Bosom will return but how successful this return will be depends on the co-operation of the student body. It is up to the University as a **Hole** (sic) to provide the creative talent, technically and otherwise, that Bosom will need.

EATING OUT

HUNGRY LEOPARD —

one more cog in the Robert Sell empire — prices range from \$1.75 — \$3.00 for a main course. We had Vienna Schnitzel and Chicken. The Schnitzel was dry, stringy and tasteless and the pint of Lion Super did little to help it go down. My companion's comments on the chicken were similar — the overall impression was that the standard of cooking and service (both meals were luke-warm) left a lot to be desired. *Definitely not to be recommended.*

BONNE CUISINE —

Mount Eden Shopping Centre. A wide menu starting with schnapper at \$1.40 to Carpetbag Steak \$3.00. The setting and surroundings are delightful and the food equal to anything your correspondent has so far sampled in Auckland. We had "Chicken Stanley" — \$1.50 — half chicken crumbed and deep fried with savoury rice, salad and mini roast potatoes and Fillet Steak — \$1.70 — same trimmings. The service was excellent, being capably handled by the Yugoslavian proprietor's chef's wife. The meal did much to soften hard memories of Sell's establishment. Try it, meal for two — \$3.50. *In a word — Shit Hot.*



Death; in some ways is very final; it is a void. But after death following pain there is a re-birth. Rebirth is life — the ecstasy of freedom, awareness — life itself.

This is the passion of Christ's crucifixion.

On the performance itself: because of the inherent strength of the form Pain, Death, Life it has been possible to bring many diverse elements together in the three sections. The poetry, mime, dance, and music work on the sections it is in with fairly short pieces. There has also been an amount of material arranged or written especially for the show. Douglas Mews has composed a piece for oboe and cello; Bernard Waters of Contemporary Dance Theatre, has choreographed a dance sequence to Penderecki's Stabat Mater, and various others have done pieces of music, poetry and mime.

AD.

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THAT BANANA THING



Two of a Kind

CHAIN



Yes folks, it's The Great Australasian Enigma again. Will any Australian and/or New Zealand group/artist make it big in the US or Britain? Someone other than John Rowles, Helen Reddy or Kiri Te Kanawa?

Yeah, well if this record is anything to go by, which I think it is, then the Aussies may well have a good thing going. Which I think they have. But who else is to know?

Maybe you've read that Elton John, Marc Bolan and Frank Zappa have expressed interest in the Australian music scene when they've been in the land. Mainly about Ross Wilson of Daddy Cool though Zappa was on about some other group.

But hold on. Has Australian music come of age then? I dunno. Even though Australian groups and soloists make a good showing in the Australian charts, we don't hear much of them over here. Yeah, the La De Das opened the Elton John concert but I'm thinking about album releases.

The big question here, of course, is will the consumers consume? The NZ distribution companies seem to think Australian artists are, at the most, a risky bet. So we get limited imports of the La De Das' lp, the Sherbet'lp, the Indelible Murtceps'lp...

So why is this lp on general release? Chain are a well-established group in Australia though you can bet that's not the reason. The reason is that James "Peewee" Madison and George "Mojo" Beauford of the Muddy Waters Blues Band and Greg "Sleepy" Lawrie are in on the act as guest artists. Maddison contributes vocals, guitar, one song and the arrangement of another on side one, Beauford gives vocals and harmonica on the first side and Lawrie gives a guitar solo on side two.

Two of a Kind? Black and white soul brothers, you see.

Side one is the blues side. The blues ain't really my bag but this is okay, I guess. You'd have to ask Glenn Smith about that.

Side two gives Chain a chance to show us what they're worth when they're on their own (virtually). A live recording notable for the lack of audience response.

Eighteen minutes and twenty-three seconds of "How To Set Fire To An Elephant". Quite exciting in parts but too drawn out. A very good, though

long, drum solo. Promising, yes, but... I will, as they say, look forward to their next effort with interest.

Child of Nature

JACK TRAYLOR AND STEELWIND

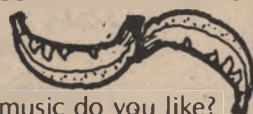


Steelwind sound okay without Jack Traylor. Laid back acoustic guitars and very pleasant. But Jack Traylor adds his less-than-startling vocals and he's on about ecology and the state of the world and everybody starts taking themselves too seriously.

Too bad. Leave all that to the Airplane, fellahs, and get yourselves a new lead vocalist.

Everybody likes Some Kind Of Music

BILLY PRESTON



What kind of music do you like? Rock? Blues? Maybe jazz or gospel?

Billy Preston's offering you all of these and more. But do you like rock, blues, jazz and gospel?

Ah, but before we dismiss this as Good Family Entertainment or something I'll add that rock would appear to be the most in evidence. Blues, jazz and gospel? Yeah, well maybe, but apart from gospel they're very much disguised.

For sure, there's a horn section but that alone don't make it jazz. And yeah, there are a couple of slow numbers but that don't make 'em the blues. This is, rather, a fusion of the whole lot.

Ain't heard much from Billy Preston since the days of "Jesus Was A Soul Man" a few short years back. Though there was an album "Music Is My Life" not long ago. I remember all the hype he got as a new artist on the Apple label.

Side one is slick showbiz with a good dose of backing vocals, hand-clapping and a horn section thrown in.

Side two isn't so good. Preston fits more comfortably into the role he has assumed on the first side. Sly Stone imitations and a moog reproducing cosmic farts in each earhole just ain't on.

The only non-original material is Dylan's "It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)". Still prefer the Roger McGuinn version though.

I dunno. You could like the album. You just never know.

Ah, but that's showbiz.

Rockin' With Curly Leads

THE SHADOWS



The Shadows borrowed a bit from Duane Eddy and had a lot of success in the early Sixties. They played instrumental stuff and it was all guitars.

Haven't had an album from them in years but now we get this. Arranged and produced by the Shadows.

Brian Bennett, Alan Tarney and the Marvin, Welch and Farrar guys play on the album and I know at least one or two of them came out of the original shads.

Whatever it's all well done and you might dig it if you like laid back music. All written by the guys excepting "Pinball Wizard/See Me, Feel Me" and "Good Vibrations". Twanging guitars rendering exact copies of the originals.

A simple formula and one that brought in the gold before.

Their Twenty-Two Greatest Hits

THE BEACH BOYS

The Californian Sound is pretty simple — bass voice at the bottom, falsetto at the top. The Beach Boys was the Californian Sound.

They sang about surfing, about Californian girls and about cars. They were part of the West Coast cult in the same way as the Who later became part of the Mod cult.

And Brian Wilson, the guy behind their success, is talented. He wrote truly great pop songs that were simple, infectious and hip.

The Beach Boys carry on today. Since 1964, Brian hasn't sung with the group. He writes their songs, produces them and manages all their business affairs. A wealthy recluse. The others just keep on performing and making the occasional record, content to play the roles Brian has cast for them.

Suntanned music. Twenty-two of their greatest. No less than thirteen of them made the U S top ten and nearly all the rest made the top twenty. A testimony to the genius of Brian Wilson.

Good Vibrations? Yes.



Show Your Hand

THE AVERAGE WHITE BAND



This is yer answer to the "can white men sing the blues?" question. The Average White Band play black American soul and they are gonna have you fooled. Other British bands have had a bash at this very same thing. But they've ended up playing heavily derivative riffs copped from the real stuff.

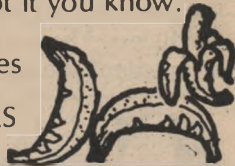
Maybe you thought Otis Redding, James Brown and Stevie Wonder had this soul thing tied up but then you ain't heard the Average Whites.

All six players form a tight funky white soul outfit that'll have you thinkin' they're blacks.

White man got it you know.

Blue Suede Shoes

JOHNNY RIVERS



There seems to be a lot of this rock revival stuff around. Bowie's *Pin-Ups*, Ferry's *These Foolish Things*, The Band's *Moondog Matinee*, *American Graffiti*, *The Radio One Story of Pop* and rock revival weekends courtesy of Radio Hauraki. Yeah, so no s'prise then that a guy name of Johnny Rivers comes up with an album called *Blue Suede Shoes* that's a collection of rockanroll hits from '56 thru to '66.

Johnny Rivers has been around since I dunno when. Used to be managed by Lou Adler who cast him as a real Hollywood smoothie. But that, as they say, is another story.

With some very impressive backing, Johnny Rivers gives his interpretations of some very fine songs. The most outstanding track here is the title track.

Johnny Rivers has shown that rockanroll, no matter what the skeptics may say, is indeed timeless.

Well, it's one for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, now go, cat, go! But don't you step on my Blue Suede Shoes....

Ah yes.

ASSASSINATION OF 'THAT MAN'

Losey's assassination of Leon Trotsky

Joseph Losey's film 'The Assassination of Leon Trotsky' has on the whole received an unfavourable response from the critics; ranging from "sharp disappointment" for the reviewer for the French daily *Le Monde*, to "Joseph Losey's picture about Trotsky is atrocious" in the American magazine *New Republic*.

The film has now opened in N.Z., and if the first review published is anything to go by it is destined for similar treatment here. "little short of disastrous cinema"... "a chronical of missed opportunities" were amongst James Grant's comments for the review in the *Sunday Herald* of the 31st of March.

No aspect of the movie has escaped the scathing criticism of its reviewers:

"Politically the film gives the impression of having been sterilised... of Trotsky's activities at the time, not a word... Losey deliberately neglects the context in favour of the preparation for and achievement of the death scene." Jean De Baroncelli writing in *Le Monde* March 31st 1972.

"The dialogue, outside of Trotsky's quotations, which are hardly his best, is incredible in two senses. Example: 'I can't believe you're going.'"

"All good things come to and end." Stanley Kaufmann writing in *New Republic*, October 7, 1972.

Even at his worst in the past, Kaufmann continues, Losey has usually provided some scraps of cinematic pleasure. "Here there are none..."

Baroncelli, in a few cutting sentences, dismisses Richard Burton's impersonation of the main figure: "then Trotsky appears. It's Richard Burton. Thinned down by a good ten kilos and wearing the required goatee. Meticulously 'made up', the personage is nonetheless betrayed by the Shakespearean voice of the actor."

Even the most negative reviews of 'The Assassination of Leon Trotsky' have praised Losey on the accuracy of the facts. They have been taken in by the publicity fed to the press by the producers. The film itself begins with a statement stressing the authenticity

of its reconstruction of the assassination including the main statements by Burton-Trotsky. It is unfortunate that many people, genuinely interested in the life and views of Trotsky may be misled by these claims to historical accuracy.

Trotsky's secretary at the time of the assassination, Joseph Hansen, in a review of the film published in *Intercontinental Press* October 23, 1972, pointed out numerous falsifications in dress, setting and the conduct of the participants. Suffice it to say that they all reinforced an obvious preconception of Trotsky that Losey held. For example the following lines from the Assassination scene probably represents the scriptwriters concept of Trotsky's irony:

"They say that when the old sun worshippers tore the hearts out of their still living victims, it was to study the cardinal effects of high altitude. That's a joke... a Jewish joke... a Bronstein Trotsky joke..."

Hansen replies, "To a director with a Hollywood background that might sound quite natural. Trotsky was incapable of uttering such an abomination."

As for the selection of quotations recited by Burton, they are few in number, torn out of context in most instances, and placed together in such a way as to give most of them a meaning Trotsky never intended. Here is an example of Burton reciting lines

publicised as having been dug up from Trotsky's works:

"I trust that I will earn my place in history beside Lincoln in the American civil war. History has different yardsticks. The slave owner, who uses cunning and violence to chain the slave... and the slave, who uses cunning and violence to break the chains. (Only contemptible eunuchs... will say that they're equal before the court of morality). Only contemptible eunuchs... will say that they're equal before the court of morality). Let me hear the last of it back..."

This is the original:

We leave to some Emil Ludwig or his ilk the drawing of Abraham Lincoln's portrait with rosy little wings. Lincoln's significance lies in his not hesitating before the most severe means, once they are found to be necessary, in achieving a great historic aim posed by the development of a young nation. The question lies not even in which of the warring camps caused or itself suffered the greatest number of victims. History has different yardsticks for the cruelty of the Northerners and the cruelty of the Southerners in the Civil war. A slave-owner who through cunning and violence shackles a slave in chains, and a slave who through cunning or violence breaks the chains — let not the contemptible eunuchs tell us that they are equals before the court of morality." (*Their Morals and Ours*, Pathfinder Press edition, p29)

With departures like these from what Trotsky said, with additions that Trotsky never did say and with a spicing of things Trotsky could not possibly have said, Losey fashions a

ridiculous, vain, strutting poseur addicted to listening to his own voice. This egomaniacal spouter is insufferable. Yet the odd caricature somehow seems familiar. Where have we seen it before? Hansen provides the answer:

"As I watched the film, the truth became more and more compelling. This is the image of Leon Trotsky created by the Stalinist in their anti-Trotskyist campaigns of the twenties and thirties." (Losey was a member of the Communist Party in the United States during this period)

The Trotsky played by Burton under Losey's direction is like an echo of the old Kremlin slanders. However, instead of following the old script that pictures Trotsky as plotting the death of Stalin, the script now calls for the reverse. The smear that Trotsky was an agent of Hitler is gone; the mud thrown on his personality remains.

The producers, naturally, were not concerned in spending \$2.5 million on a film devoted to the partially reconstructed Stalinist concept of Trotsky, although they no doubt preferred that to a true view of the revolutionist who led the uprising against capitalism in Russia. What the producers had in mind was a profit on their investment, for as Losey himself said "Films belong to the world of business".

This brings us to the moment of truth. The Assassination of Leon Trotsky stands or falls on its merits as commercial art. On this level — the profoundest one in the film — it is fitting that it should also fail. The bid to the market for films reeking with violence, through the gory bullfight and assassination scenes, has not been enough to salvage the film. The box office has passed judgement. In Auckland it was withdrawn within one week of its opening. **Mike Traen.**

Caught...?

It's not advisable to be caught siphoning petrol. A gallon of gas cost a Mr Lapwood, (17), surveying technician; a \$5 restitution and a six month disqualification from driving in the Magistrates Court last week. By way of explanation, Lapwood said that he had run low on Sunday morning and didn't think he could get home. His licence incidentally, was essential for his job. Certainly if penalties continue to be as severe as this (a fine is the usual treatment for first offence thefts) then the skilful art of siphoning will be yet another forgotten practice.

The fuss over beer-drinking at Eden Park during the cricket concluded in five arrests and convictions. Those convicted were R. Burnett (25), T. Andrew (21), and E. Ulbert (21), on charges of obscene language; and K. Pakua (26) and N. Power (24) on charges of disorderly behaviour. It occurred to me that although no students were arrested, charges relating to disorderly behaviour have often been brought against them. What happens to a student convicted for this and perhaps other relatively minor offences?

Their university education will not cease, unless they are sentenced to imprisonment. However, in most cases a conviction will be reviewed by their respective professional societies. Nearly all of these seem fairly tolerant of mis-

demeanour, the exceptions being Medical and Legal professions. Here, Statutory limitations are written into the Medical Practitioners' Act 1968, and the Law Practitioners' Act 1955. Basically, both acts give the respective societies discretion over the admittance of a new member with respect to his or her 'character'. Additionally, no-one has the right to be registered as a medical practitioner who has been convicted of an offence punishable by more than two years in prison.

Then there is always the question of foreign travel. It's up to the consulates of a country whether your particular conviction will bar you from entry. An increasing number of countries are now requiring details of convictions before a visa is granted.

NZUSA



Student Travel Bureau

MAY VACATION TRAVEL

Student Travel Bureau (STB) can organise your travel to and from Australia for the May vacations. Unfortunately, STB will not be operating the successful one way charter flights operated over the recent summer vacation this May vacation. However, using group and EPIC fares you can travel to Australia and still save over normal fares.

Group flight fares cost from \$125 for fixed departure and return dates, whilst the EPIC fares range upwards from \$138. Note that you can choose your own departure and return dates with EPIC fares but must book and pay for your flight at least 35 days prior to departure.

EPIC fares also operate to the Pacific — to Fiji and the Cook Islands, whilst excursion fares operate to Tahiti and Samoa. Unfortunately these EPIC fares require 45 days prepayment but as from early April you can fly direct from Wellington and Christchurch to Nandi as well as from Auckland.

So, if you want to travel overseas this May vacation see your **STB campus office** for information and bookings. STB can also book accommodation and domestic connecting travel, as well as provide travel insurance etc.

top floor student union
ph 375-265, 30-789



APATHY is allowing Auckland to be destroyed. People ultimately get the environment they deserve and so it is perhaps natural that the City Club and the Clarendon should be pulverised for progress.

The Star Hotel is gazetted for destruction also and soon the Regent's going to make way for another sterile skyscraper.

There are plans around that show the inner city area in ten years time without the Civic in it. All this should concern people who know Auckland but it doesn't. True there was a lobby organised against allowing the Customs House to be destroyed out for one victory there are ten defeats.

At the time of the Russian Revolution when mobs began to pillage the Romanov monuments of splendour Maxim Gorky, the famous Soviet writer, exhorted them: "Citizens, do not touch one stone... this is your history, your pride."

And so it is with Auckland. The Star and the Civic may seem obsolete reminders of Victoriana but they continue to remind people of the past that that preceded them.

A city that has lost any idea of where it has been is like a man without a memory. The city is the sum of all its passing phases and eccentricities and the buildings of the city create an atmosphere of drama by which the fabric is woven together.

The important question becomes! Will we the people take control over our environment or let vested interests continue to plunder it for their own specious dreams.

The Building Societies who own much of Queen Street have no conception of social values. They would sooner make a buck than allow anything to stand up which isn't giving good returns.

Developers (that is the euphemism we give them) are very much 20th Century Luddites. They stand for a form of progress which is little more than vandalism, while at the same time central government does little to stop them.

Government M.P. Mike Moore has said that Auckland is in danger of prostituting itself. The answer he said was a National Trust to purchase and police places of historical and architectural significance. That call has not yet been answered by central government. The Ministry of the Environment remains a toothless tiger — a placation to the liberal middle class which says nice things but lacks legislative powers.

Action is needed now to save the Star, Regent and Civic from the hands of property speculators, developers and other social parasites. The City Council itself must be made to realise its social responsibilities. Too many councillors gain a council seat merely to sit out there twilight years in it. There is a need for idealised action before Auckland becomes entombed in skyscrapers — there is a need for change.

BRENT LEWIS

LETTERS

30

Dear Sir,

Reading Mr Appleton's comments in Craccum brought to mind the story about two blokes leaving sunny England for distant shores.

Said one to the other, "What do you do for a living?"

Other: "I'm a professional idiot."

First: "Why are you emigrating?"

Reply: "Too much competition."

GEOFF HANLON

31

26 Anzac Street,
Takapuna.
March 10, 1974

The Editor Craccum,
Student Union,
A.U.

Dear Sir,

One day I was quietly proceeding to the first floor of the Student Union to eat my lunch and watch the debating society, when half way up the stairs, I came face to mask with two very strange looking figures. It wasn't just that they were wearing masks; I was shocked mainly because of their open mouthed, anguished expressions. After a moment of horrified confusion, I continued to my usual eating position, that is, on one of the common room balconies overlooking the Quad, where a stage had been set up for the debate.

Opposite the stage, however, was a semicircle of seats with stuffed shirts on them. Were they a satiric comment on the debate, or something else? The masked figures that had earlier disturbed my progress now slowly prowled their way across the Quad to said chairs, and while one, who wore also a greatcoat and a bloodied leg as a pendant around the neck squirmed about the chairs the other, in a white surgeons' gown, mimed an attempt to escape some imaginary cage. They both then started screaming, in a rather girlish manner, and ran off. Also during the action a young man unrolled a long scroll with the word 'NO' repeated many times on it, in black paint.

Well, I just didn't know what to make of it. 'NO' what? Was it a political protest against the University, or was it Art?

Yours faithfully,

Phyllis McDona

32

Sir,

If N.Z. wants to identify with the authentic Africa, of more importance is that we identify with our close Pacific neighbours of Polynesia, to make our rich cultural heritage from this area of which we are a part, have its fullest meaning.

Rounding up our Island people in the early hours and asking for their passports sounds ominously

like a Hitler movement. To make any meaning out of this type of behaviour and to relieve any pride in being a Pakeha of N.Z. we suggest it is time for a change, and a new look... in a word and a deed... Rename Auckland... CITY OF POLYNESIA.

Nga Pakeha
J.King

33

Dear Craccum,

When the old Lion Brewery in Khyber pass was pulled down an ugly heap of rubble remained. This was cleared, and then the walls were written on with slogans ranging from "Stop the Tour" to "Protect South Africa". The latter sentiments were of course not painted over for some time.

An engineering student was among those appalled at the eyesore that the old brewery site presented and approached the management of N.Z. Breweries with the suggestion that a mural be painted on the walls to brighten the place up a bit. This was in the second half of last year.

And now we have a mural; and sculpture too. In delightful oriental calligraphy appear the words "Japanese Cars Ltd". The brightly coloured four wheel sculptures have identifying signs such as, "Low miles, heater, \$1790".

It is refreshing to see a company showing such commendable public spirit in beautifying an ugly spot on a major road with so little regard for financial expense. It is to be hoped that other companies will take a similar environmental approach.

Yours,
Ross Marks.

34

Dear Brent,

I ask for suggestions from readers to get me out of a legal and moral dilemma. My story starts on Friday afternoon at half past four.

"I had just finished reading some legal philosophy by a marrow-curdling lawyer. I made a resolution — from now on I would obey the law to the letter and not trust my own values. Very happily I went for a walk down Queen Street content that I would not be faced with decisions but...

I approached an intersection and observed many cars going past and a sign up saying WAIT so I did.

A few moments later the cars stopped going past and a sign came up saying CROSS so I proceeded across the road content with the fact that I didn't have to think, but a curious thing happened... half-way across the road, a sign came up saying WAIT, so I did.

Moments later there was much noise uttering from car horns. I thought, "I wish a policeman would come along and catch these illegal horn pushers", but much to my surprise it was me who was caught and taken away.

What do you do when you get prosecuted for obeying the law?

DOUGLAS BOWERING

35

Dear Sir,

Regrettably Mr Connard is misled. He maintains an unrealistic faith in the integrity of the police regarding the Judges' rules.

The Judges' Rules are an ineffective piece of machinery, without legislative force, which relate to a very important aspect of justice: the rights of a person in custody, and the rights of the police regarding questioning etc of that person in custody. But who sees to it that these rules are complied with? — the Pigs. The Case Mr Connard quotes is isolated, and one of the few exceptions.

Obviously Mr Connard has never been entertained by this Country's bunch of porkers; try phoning a solicitor in custody, let alone getting to the shit-house.

Try proving a caution was given when being questioned, or that a statement was "extracted" under duress, and therefore inadmissible as evidence, when half-a-dozen pigs (or as many as they decide to call) stand up and give evidence to the contrary.

Your concept of justice, Mr Connard, is very idealistic. Get off your arse and get arrested and see how the sty really works.

Ralph Vosseler
(Law School)

36

Dear Editor,

I have of late heard a great deal about "wingeing poms". I would therefore like to draw your attention to another, more prominent phenomenon. That of "wingeing coconuts".

In recent years a vast number of Islanders have made the trip to

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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 Packer, Paul Gilmour, Helen Clark, Murray Cammick, Jeremy Templer, Norman Kirk, Gordon Giffon, Phyllis Conns, Chris Brooks, Clark Kent, Richard Rowe, Roger Debreceny, Thelma Gribblehurst, John Woodroffe, Mick and Ian Sinclair

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New Zealand, (mostly Auckland). No sooner do they get settled into their state house and start collecting their child allowance than they start complaining about unequal opportunity and how they are continually being "put down".

Next thing to do is pack the kids off to the nearest state school. Here they do poorly because: A/ they can't understand the teacher (he's probably discriminating against them by speaking English).

B/ they don't get enough attention from the teacher (he probably spends too much time with the other 35 children in the class and not enough with the three island children).

C/ they're "put down" because they have dark skin (Maoris are darker than Islanders and yet they do considerably better at school).

In fact, they come to New Zealand with no money, nowhere to stay and unable to speak the language. Then complain about unequal opportunity. Talk about wingeing Poms!

Perhaps Paul McCartney and co. should have written "Give Auckland back to the Aucklanders".

Yours sincerely,
DJC.

Name and address not supplied
-ed.

37

Dili,
Portuguese Timor,
18.3.74

Dear Sir,

My husband and I decided to travel overland to Europe. All the guidebooks told it like a fairytale — especially about Portuguese Timor and Indonesia! We left Darwin without booking from Dili to Kupang to Denpiascar by aeroplane. We have been stuck in Dili now for ten days, while one unscheduled flight came and picked up six people who had decided to sleep at the airport. Three scheduled flights have not come. There are 40 of us in this situation although 22 left by barge for "somewhere near the border" on Saturday. The border is open, but it is the rainy season and the trip by barge, foot (30 km walk on a trail) and truck took two men five days. The Indonesians and Portuguese have no desire to help each other and no liaison exists. Tomorrow another 60 people arrive in Dili from Darwin. Thus the situation worsens. Even those booked through San Michele in Sydney find their "confirmed" tickets useless, unless by some strange co-incidence they have actually been put on the list. All this contradicts the Portuguese requirements for a visa — to obtain a visa from the Portuguese Embassy in Canberra, we had to show tickets explaining we were landing at Bacau and leaving at Dili — the open air ticket we acquired was perfectly acceptable — but once here, despite their hatred of having loiterers in Portuguese Timor, our ticket is useless. Thus we do not advise people to even contemplate this route unless:

- They have unlimited resources of money, patience and time.
- their names are Suharto or Caetano.

PLEASE publish the contents of this letter — we feel the only way to make people aware is through the media of the press. We have been told every hour of every day we've been here a different story by the Indonesian consul; the Portuguese consul; the Aeros de Timor (Air Travel Agency); and Merpati (Indonesian airline).

Susan C. Hill
David B. Hill
(disgruntled, confused N.Z. travellers)

38

Dear Sirs,

It is a great honor for me to forward this letter to you. I am an English teacher at Taehan high school in Seoul.

Many Korean students and young people are very eager to find pen friends in your country in order to exchange information about daily life and many other things to discuss international problems. Such direct communications between the youngsters of the two countries will help increase their mutual understandings and cultivate better relationship between the countries.

Would you please be kind enough to help me with this sincere desire of Korean people? I am sure many young people in your country will reply to this request and it can be made possible only with your help.

Your favorable attention in this respect will be greatly appreciated.

Best wishes,
Miss Jeong-Ja Jv.

P O Box 6677, Central Seoul, 100
Korea

39

To the Students of Auckland University.

It was quite incredible, the alacrity with which Mr Haysom, our most honourable president, proved his total inadequacy and inability to handle a situation in which he was involved with his fellow-students, at the A.G.M., last Wednesday, 27 March.

Mr Haysom managed with very little opposition to get several matters cleared out of the way, by means of totally illegal and unconstitutional procedures. Either he was completely unaware of how such matters should be conducted, in which case he should not hold the position he does, or else he considered them to be annoying trifles that were inhibiting his exhibition of power (attempted at least) and dispensed with them accordingly. This was managed beautifully at the only stage of the ridiculous events of the evening when he was challenged on a decision by saying it was a "chairman's ruling". His inability in handling rather difficult students who were making an even more irrational nuisance of themselves than Mr Haysom himself, was usually manifested by a nervous smile, a weakly humorous comment that was generally lost, or by trying to look impressive and strong, as he whispered into the deaf ears of those who controlled the microphone. If Mr Haysom's ability is this great in all other affairs which he handles, then it is suggested that he seriously considers stepping aside and allowing someone who has a little more strength of character and a lot more knowledge, to take over, before the A.U.S.A. is plunged into total chaos.

The incompetency of the Exec. was also shown in their totally inadequate and uneducated manner of keeping order in the

extremely disorderly meeting that seemed to be controlled almost entirely by an extremely verbose and disruptive group of engineers. No-one, Exec. included, seemed to have any idea of their constitutional rights, or constitutional format in meeting procedure. The few procedures used were so often misused that those wishing to use them properly, went unheard.

Consequently, little was achieved and some of that which was achieved was done so illegally. It is a pity that even if the students don't know how to do things, that the Exec. knows even less, or appear to. The whole A.G.M. proved to be nothing but an infuriating waste of time. If this is the body of students who 'run' student affairs, and dispense with around \$64,000 a year, then let us do something about it, before the whole thing collapses around us.

LYN WYTENBROOK

40

Dear Editor,

The writers of letter No. 22 were quite right with a few of the things they mentioned. Many students have been standing in front of the drinks machines lately and having put their 10c piece in the slot have watched the contents dribble down the hole provided (the hole being there so that the drink rejected can be recycled). Now, I can understand their exasperation and also their slight anger at this event because they have probably lost 10c of their Government Bursary. However, a few facts should be put in perspective.

The main justification for the machines is one of economics (yawn). These are labour saving devices and should the Catering staff decide to dispense with these, and provide tea, coffee and cold drinks, they would have to employ at least two additional people for the drinks server alone. Then there would be extra staff to collect and wash the dishes because as the writers of Letter No 22 probably know's we students are too bloody lazy 'to get off our asses' and return the cups and saucers to the counter or maybe we just consider it too much of a 'hassle' to do this.

Another factor that deals just as much with human nature as economics is that when cups and saucers were provided, we students found them to be there for the taking and consequently they ended up in student flats. This has also applied to knives, forks and salt and pepper shakers and no doubt someone has managed to walk off with the occasional chair. Hence by having these machines, the caff prevents these 'losses'.

This year because of increases in the cost of tea and other items such as wages, the price of a cup of tea would have had to be increased probably to something like 8-10c as even the University is not immune to cost increases. So by saving on these increased costs and wage increases, the Cafe is able to keep their prices at a level below that in town. Now you might say that you would rather have a tea and coffee system that was efficient and produced the proper flavours-all well and good, but these could only occur if the price was increased. So as I see it, the present system is not efficient in producing what the student wants. The alternative, can only be brought back if the students are prepared to accept a considerable price increase not only on the price of drinks but also on some food items.

However the present system is here and should you, through any malfunction of these machines find that you do not receive the drink that you dialled, then all that is required of you is to go to the nearest Cashier or Supervisor and they will refund your money. They will refund your money also in the event of your drink not looking even vaguely like the description on the front of the machine—even if it is shit that has come out of the machine, they will refund your money.

Finally, about the use of plastic — No 22 you are quite right, but why don't you write complaining of the litter around the quad (slightly hypocritical of you, isn't it)

Finally, you condemn the use of machines — then why the hell are you asking for change machines — surely that's fucked logic.

STEVEN KELLY

Dear Sir,

Muldoon, Da Silva, Gill, Nixon, et alia, can relax. No longer do students want to smash the state, fight the Revolution, or even give a couple of bucks to famine victims in Ethiopia. That pink flush noted in the cheeks of 69-71 students has at last died, to be replaced by the rather bluish tinge of this year's lot.

No more are students troubled by unjust wars, homeless, oppressed, or hungry people, democracy, civil liberties, or similar irrelevancies: all they'll stir for now is a "full stomach and a pint of beer."

Wednesday night's Autumn General Melee resulted in the Engineers blocking a minor constitutional amendment which would enable the Students' Association to donate money to outside groups which it supports, as it has been doing for years. As a result, A.U.S.A. cannot give a cent to organisations in the community which students support, even if directed to by a referendum or general meeting, because it is unconstitutional to do so. So now we can spend all that lovely money on ourselves — who cares how the other half lives anyway?

A notable feature of the A.G.M. was the strong handling of a difficult situation by the Chair, Ed Haysom. The Engineering Faction shouted, chanted, screamed, sang, hurled paper missiles and completely disrupted the proceedings so as to make any sort of discussion of the motion impossible. But did Ed order them to leave? No. Did he close the meeting? No. Instead he braved the mob, directing a severe "hush, please?" at the masses of Engineers, thus enabling all speakers to get a fair and impartial share of abuse and paper darts. And then our astute President amazed all by taking only two hours to decide that the non-Engineers obviously didn't have the two-thirds majority necessary to pass the Amendment, so that the preceding interchange of Ideas was a complete waste of time anyway.

Newcomers to student politics may have been a trifle astounded at the other night's performance — school councils were never like this. Other students have experienced similar confrontations, however, and it was hoped vainly that they might turn up to show the Engineers that they don't have a monopoly on Studass opinion. But one must never underestimate the effect of present students' major collective characteristics: cynicism. Having defined themselves as ineffectual they set out to prove it.

Perhaps A.U.S.A. could dissolve into Engineering Society and we can all sit around drinking piss and wondering where the world went.

WENDY MORRIS

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Dear Ed,

I would like to commend the guy pulling the chain in "Craccum 5" and wish him all the very best against what I consider all possible odds. He would make me feel quite guilty about leaving if I hadn't been getting ulcers after two terms of teaching in a boys' state school last year.

I went on section, listened to a lot of irrelevant crap, and tried to teach same. However, section is only a partial preparation for the real thing and many people who keep their ideals on section lose them utterly when confronted by the realities of the classroom. A student teacher friend who put forward anti-cane remits to the Labour Party conference last year has already caned several times this year. Three blokes who started teaching at my school with me, who had similar ideals, were all heavily into caning within six weeks and doing 'what is best for the kids'.

I tried to keep my ideals, until directly forced by the Head to compromise. The pupils and I agreed on the nature of the school, but they couldn't see anything better and so accepted it: I got on very well with them on the playing fields but not in the classroom where the kids expected me to play a role, which I didn't, and they felt

insecure and played up. Some other teachers don't play the expected role, and rise above it by sheer personality and/or guts. (I didn't have much of either — I could never have written "fuck" on the board! As it was, enough got back to the boss, and I got into trouble, — what do you do when teaching French to a crew that don't want it — and you're honest/fool enough to tell them its not much use to most of them?). I had three choices: lose my sanity, compromise everything, or leave. I left. I hope the author doesn't have the same choice.

Alternative schools (state-financed but not state-run) are my solution, but its not for me to say what form each of these should take — they are the schools of the pupils, not of some screwed-up adult who "knows what's best for the kids". Down with Skool!

DAVID PALMER

Dear Sir,

This university seems to have been infiltrated by wasps. As it happens, I am allergic to these creatures of doom (bees also) and a confrontation with one of these flying tigers can produce great fears within me and bring me traumas as to:

1. Did I bring my pills with me?
2. Is there anyone around who can get me to hospital quick enough?
3. Will anyone know what has happened if I become delirious?

The majority of people are concerned with such ailments as heart diseases, cancer, or disabilities such as blindness or crippledness, and I feel it is time that some concern was shown for, and recognition given to Wasp and Bee allergies. Unfortunately, Bees and Wasps are like dogs in the fact that they seem to be able to recognize fear, which is what I feel when I meet one, and then plague the sufferer until panic is evident, when the sufferer will usually do something idiotic like getting stung.

Not many people realize what may happen to a person suffering from this allergy, so to enlighten them I will name just two of the possibilities.

1. The sufferer may become very ill unless treatment is given immediately.
2. The sufferer may begin to suffocate and eventually die from this or from a fever brought on by the sting.

There are, I feel, two alternatives in this varsity, and these should be recognized.

1. Instead of jamming rubbish into tins that are full and therefore making it impossible for the lid to close, keep the rubbish until a not so full bin is found.
2. I believe that wasps will only travel within a certain distance of their nest, if this is true then I beg the Students' Association to search out this nest of danger and have it destroyed.

Thankyou,

Victim of Flying Tigers

Dear Ed,

Here are two quotes from last week's AGM that I feel succinctly sum up the engineers' case:

"All those liberal Arts students are trying to get hold of Architects and Engineers money — money which could be spent on text-books, a pedestrian crossing, or on a bus for the real students who are struggling — not on a bloody bus to Paremoremo. Lets invest the money so that we can live off the interest. (General chorus of "Shit Hot".)

"They are trying to change the constitution so that two students can rule the rest. I worked with these Poms on the wharves. They are the biggest stirrers around". (Cry of "Shit Hot" from grinning throng.)

My heart bleeds

Steve Taylor.

Sir,

I used to believe students had brains. They ought to be leading the rest of the community when it comes to wise use of resources.

Instead they've installed a colour T.V. using four times as much power as a black and white model and as if that weren't enough, half a dozen drink-making machines. I'm looking for a job and would be happy to make you poor dumb students a decent brew.

CONCERNED HOUSEWIFE

Dear Sir,

The past weeks have seen yet another chapter played out in the continuing farce that is Auckland Student Politics. A motion which promised an examination of the Association's role and relevance in the fullest sense instead drew a response which ranged from the disinterest of the many, to the illconceived and ill-executed, but not unconcerned intervention of the engineers and the final pathetic backlash that was Craccum Issue No6.

May I remind you that the A.G.M. in question was not untypical of such events. For time immemorial meetings general meetings have been little but a mockery. Cries of 'Point(s) of order', wrangles over procedure, inept chairmanship, and the custodian's fire regulations long been the order of the day. Executive has been beset with personality clashes, and Craccum has only occasionally lifted itself above the mire.

What the discredited engineers have done, albeit unwittingly, is to ridicule the ridiculous, and for this we should be grateful. Perhaps their actions will finally prompt a complete re-examination of the structure of student government at Auckland.

Studass, in its present form is an anachronism. It is conservative and traditional in structure, and it is hidebound by its constitution, and by finance. It is run by a small group of students of middle-class values and liberal philosophy, beset with personality characteristics not dissimilar to those of our National politicians (Labour or otherwise). This is not to criticize — only to categorize them. The situation will remain thus while we continue to invest power in the hands of the few.

Is it not time we put our Association where our hearts are? As students, we are unashamedly idealistic and compassionate, and such critical of the attitudes inherent in our capitalist society. Yet we are perpetuating all that we abhor in our own Association. Basically it is time to forget the word 'political' as it ill befits us, to forget the constitution

THE ABORIGINAL DANCE GROUP



The group were assembled by the Aboriginal Theatre Foundation in the Northern Territory, Australia. Dancers were selected from throughout Arnhem Land by their tribal leaders. The ages in the group range from 14 years to 50 years with the musicians being drawn primarily from elders.

The dancers are from two distinct cultural areas — Yirrikala in the North-East Arnhem Land and Millingimbi in the South. The areas have different social structures which are portrayed in the dancing. The Southern Arnhem Land dance is generally narrative, telling a story through mime. These could be tragic or comic, eg one story involves an aborigine's first encounter with a cigarette. The dances of the North are primarily concerned with the Mukui (Spirits of the Dead). The Northern dances also depict the activities of birds, mammals and reptiles and are more stylised but very dynamic. There will be a brief commentary before

each dance.

Traditional aboriginal dancing is not often performed outside of Northern Australia. However aboriginal dancers excited audiences at the 1972 South Pacific Festival of the Arts, in Suva, and recently at the opening of the Sydney Opera House. Their dancing is believed to be the most dynamic in the world.

Other features of the tour will be the involvement of the didgeridoo in the performances. Similarly the use of 'clapsticks' (percussion) and the intricate body painting that often takes hours to prepare prior to a performance.

PRESENTED BY NEW ZEALAND STUDENTS' ARTS COUNCIL

The Dance Group will appear:
Auckland; His Majesty's Theatre
Wednesday, April 10 8pm

Adults: \$2.60 Students: \$1.60

us, to forget the constitution, and to attempt to forge a viable alternative to the present Association. We stand to have a flight on our hands. The right to collect fees could well be nullified, and projects undertaken by the Association in both the cultural and material fields, including the cafeteria would languish. But what does it really matter?

The N.Z. student is an affluent creature, born of an affluent society: come walking in the back streets of Ponsonby, there's a need, live with rural Maori community desperately caught between two cultures, be evicted and be failed with having no roof for hungry kiddies late of a wet night. These are material needs of the sort we do not encounter, but contact with which is invaluable in judging our own problems.

A little belly-level existence would be a tonic for us all. The transition period to a new radical, representative form of government, be it by forum or otherwise, should not deter us from making that change. We are too preoccupied with our own material wellbeing at present, and it is weakening in the worst possible way our capacity to fulfil a meaningful role of community.

Meanwhile, lets keep the engineers' intervention and Craccum Issue No6 in perspective, lest the argument cloud the real issue which is to be examined. Viggo Monrad's ill-advised comments on the relevancy of engineering are probably relevant to University as a whole, be it the arts, or law or what-you-like. There is nothing God-inspired about higher education, and the sooner

we students realise it and accept that our role is in society, not above it, the better. Take care Monrad, you cast stones in glass houses.

Let me say I am an engineer (Post-Grad) and I would fully support the funding of the organisations in question, and more generously than was proposed, but I do feel that a danger lies in the mechanism by which it is to take place. It is too remote impersonal and high-handed in concept, smacking of a conscience salve as it does. This is not to question the motives of those involved, as that would be arrogant, and unfair. This discussion must rise above personalities, a lesson not yet learnt in Student's Association matters.

So lets all show a little maturity and show our social awareness in the structures and dealings of our own Association, and lets desist from hiding the inadequacies of the system behind the veil of a vitriolic attack on the engineers just because their rather crude blade cut deep to bone.

Pat Strange
School of Engineering.

Dear Editor,

Several years of examinations at 'varsity have reduced me to a nail-biting idiot. But now that I am growing up this has got to stop. Instead I rather fancy myself smoking a pipe to pass the time and calm the nerves. However, having witnessed first-hand the health effects of tobacco and the legal consequences of grass, I am looking for some ingredient that isn't either nasty or naughty. Can anyone tell me of any aromatic substance that is cheap, readily available, and good to smoke?

Yours in breathtaking anticipation,
Pypov Drydung.

