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LAKES have their own mystical quality. Lake Manapori in Maori is the Lake of the Sorrowing Heart and there was Lake Ianthe where according to legend the sword Excalibur was plucked out by Lancelot. Christ walked on Lake Gallilee, Wordsworth and De Quincy wrote on the Lakes District and Hemingway's young lovers find solace at Lake Geneva. These however were all full lakes. No one ever wrote a sonnet to a lake where the waters are disappearing. Like Lake Taupo, for example. Everywhere last week it rained but not in Taupo. There's no romanticism in dried up lakes. Would Scott have ever written the Lake Isle of Innestree to a parched wilderness where only a little water dribbled over pebbles. The Mayor of Taupo was very annoyed and annouced calamities to those who dared interfere with his lake. But like a powerless Canute the ravings just went on and the lake stayed dry.

CRACCUM is on the top floor of the Student Union Building. Our phone number is 30-789 (Ext. 67 for editorial, or Ext. 66 for advertising). We welcome help and visitors... come up and see us sometime (except Thursdays).

Craccum this week was the result of chance, more than design, but anyway, it was amicably edited by Brent Lewis, terribly laid out by Chris Brookes and Gordon Clifton, awfully photographed by Garth Kennedy, and horribly reported by Mike Rann and Bill Ralston.

Among the list of those who contributed or otherwise to our pride of place must go Lyall Duffus. Others who were nice to us and to whom credit must be given are notably our veritable advertising manager and publications officer Graeme D Easte, but also George Packard, Murray Cammick, Malcom Walker, Roger Debreceny, Linda Tizard, Mary Nacey, Jeremy Templer, Bob Lack and his team, John Woodroffe, Thelma Gribblehurst, Paul Halloran, and Mick and Ian Sinclair.

Lest we forget, Wendy Morris typed and added her comments.

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The General Manager, South British Group, P O Box 27, Auckland.

Dear Sir,

Your Insurance Company persists in sending me notices of account for an insurance policy on my house and chattels which I cancelled last year.

As I stated at that time, I cannot do business with a company which has repeatedly and publicly refused to withdraw its support from the apartheid policies of the South African Government. It is quite clear that your

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH

The founder of "Friends of the Earth" in Britain, Graham Searle, is in New Zealand studying the West Coast Beech Forest Utilisation scheme. I heard from a friend that he was talking to a branch of the Values Party so I went along to listen.

There were a dozen assorted people in the room listening to Graham give an outline of the history of "Friends of the Earth". He and a friend founded the organisation by publishing two books on the Environment and then, using the funds gained there, launched into a public attack on the packaging industry.

It soon became apparent that Graham Searle was involved in a very effective environmental activist group. Today twelve people work fulltime for "Friends of the Earth" in London, re-

searching and fighting issues, and living on a paltry income. "Friends of the Earth" is elitist.

"The membership are there", Graham unashamedly states, "to supply funds for the twelve to fight and win issues, and if they don't then the membership can rightly complain."

"You must win, and to do so you must know more than anyone else about the issue you're fighting."

"Friends of the Earth" does win making it a successful issue-centred environmental pressure group.

After mentioning campaigns against Rio Tinto Zinc mining copper in Snowdonia National Park and the sale of products from endangered species, particularly the whale, Graham started to discuss the West Coast Beech Forest Scheme. Here his expertise and

LETTERS

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Dear Sir,

A "few" words with reference to the purges of Onehunga High.

Firstly, I wonder what the honourable judge's ruling would have been if another "herr" McCarthy came along and said that the uniform was to be longhair or short hair with a beard (under present regulations this is legally permissible).

Secondly, the situation used to be that the aristocrats had long hair and the peasants short hair (so perhaps McCarthy considers everyone, including himself, as peasants). In conjunction with this, girls with long hair, (and all girls have longer hair than Philip Edwards) do not seem to suffer from gross misconduct or incorrigible disobedience that may be considered an injurious or dangerous example to other pupils (and neither do teachers with long hair either male or female). "Herr" McCarthy's situation seems to me to be both hypocritical and hypercritical.

Yours sickeserely,
"Aristocrats had long hair"
D SAUNDERS

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Sir,

Among some papers which I was sorting out the other day I came across Craccum: September 13th 1973. On page 5 there is an article by one Chris Lane, an Arts Faculty Student Rep. The penultimate paragraph reads, in part:

company is completely indifferent to the needs of those human beings in South Africa which happen to have a different complexion from the portwine-red of your directors; and continues to take advantage of the policies of the South African government to enhance its profits from its offices in that country.

I am too pragmatic to believe that South British Group is concerned with anything other than the profit motive; and that its conscience is kept securely near its hip pocket. As your directors will apparently never be

moved by Christian or humanitarian ideals (except that 'Christianity' which predominates in South Africa, which says that the black man is a lesser creature and that only the pale-pigmented races have God's blessing), I can only appeal to your financial interests; and accordingly I trust that many other people, who hold that all people regardless of pigmentation have an inalienable and God-given right to share equally in opportunities for full living, will follow my example.

I trust that the many people who will

thoroughness was demonstrated.

In the few months since he's been in New Zealand, Graham has travelled and learned more about the issue than anyone else. When his report comes out I'm sure the Forest Service and more importantly, the New Zealand environmental movement will get an enormous shake up.

As the evening wore on the discussion fragmented as booze was downed.

Graham seemed less plausible, his self-avowed egotism and pragmatism, his thirst to win at all costs, reminded one of a punch-drunk boxer who had forgotten why he took up fighting. I felt strongly that the "Friends of the Earth" approach to environmental politics, while being effective, oversimplified the problems of Human Ecology and contributed little to their positive solution.

MALCOLM PATTERSON

17 Horokaka Avenue,
Mount Eden
22nd March, 1974.

to our parent organisation, the British Medical Aid Committee for Vietnam (36 Wellington St, London W.C.2.) which will purchase medical supplies in Europe, and supply according to the needs of the Liberation Red Cross agencies in Indo-China. All medical materials are supplied in response to specific requests from the Vietnam Red Cross (D.R.V.) and the National Liberation Red Cross (P.F.G. of South Vietnam).

The purchased medical supplies are air-freighted to Hanoi free of charge by British Airways, Aeroflot Soviet Airlines, KLM Royal Netherlands Airways, Polish L.O.T. Airlines, and Interplug Airlines of the German Democratic Republic.

We feel that raising money for medical supplies for Indo-China is an excellent way of making amends for New Zealand's shameful military involvement in the Vietnam war.

Yours fraternally,
JOHN WATKINS
ORGANISING SECRETARY
N.Z.M.A.C.I.

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receive copies of this letter will soon follow my example and cancel any business dealings with you; urge any churches, societies and businesses in which they have influence to cancel their business dealings with you; and thus perhaps, let you see that it is bad business to support the oppression on any peoples by proud whites who have inherited the countries grabbed by their forebears from the native peoples of South Africa.

Yours truly,
Michel Tyne-Corbould.

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SEAT OF

Last year the City Council took up its Vulcan Lane seating and walked. Now Council has decided that the seats can go back.

The seats were removed last year at the request of the Vulcan Lane Businessmen's Association. The move was initiated by some of the older members and although there was not unanimity on the issue most members went along with the move in the light of what many saw as the detrimental effect of those youths habitually occupying the seats. The Lane started out seeing itself as something of a prestige area although the presence of a department store and two workers pubs have pretty well robbed it of any snob value. The idle young however were seen as degrading the area and many shop owners ascribed falling turnover to them.

Specific owners objected to them blocking doorways, bad language, dealing (or the intimidation of it) and exhibitionism. The manageress of Music City which is adjacent to the old steps site mentioned urine running down her stairs after a Friday night, also the continued use of record playing facilities without any purchases. This of course is the risk she runs.

In talking to shopkeepers I also sensed from time to time the old work ethic niggling away - 'I'm working, why aren't they?' sort of thing. Further the seat users as I say, don't buy anything.

To be fair business attitudes were far from uniform. Some, especially further up from the seats recognised peoples right to sit down, and reported little trouble.

Be all this as it may, the wooden beams were eventually removed from the concrete foundations to the colourful abuse of Councillor Jolyon Firth for the city's "rowdy

element". A Vulcan Lane Reseating Show was organised, but in keeping with the decline of populist action in the 70's it fizzled.

Now for a year the Youth Indolent of our fair metropolis, far from removing to their dens and dwellings have sprawled unconcerned on the concrete base, the plant

A PROBLEM

bowls or the ground. The police have intensified activity down there. Urine-spouting proletarians have continued to issue from the host-elries. The Krishnas departed up the road to be replaced by clean-cut Christians shining with Godly grace and scrubbed flesh. Raucous interjections to the word have been liable to be led away by grim faced Dirty Harry type detectives to be tersely informed of the provisions of the Police Offences Act 1927 Section 3C.

Although some businesses claim a rise in turnover in this time, it would seem that a combination of no appreciable change in the Lane, prospects of more intensive policing in the Inner City and the noises from a number of liberal councillors (Mike Bassett and so on) meant that opinion swung back to support for seating, and last month the Council's Policy and Finance Committee approved the replacing of seats. Now we come to the guts of the matter.

It was almost a month since the reseating was agreed to and nothing has been done about it. It is the delay that has sparked this article. What is the situation?

Since the seats are to be new ones, Mr Wainscott of the Town Planning Division was asked to prepare a report for the Mayor and Deputy Mayor which he duly presented to them two weeks ago. Speaking to Mr Wainscott I learned that the seats are to be placed further up the Lane. They will have no backs, and by request



arm-rests to prevent sprawling. Heavy cement bases will prevent, as Mr W puts it "some yob picking up a seat and putting it through a shop window." The present concrete base at the bottom of the Lane will be further enfolded with potted shrubs.

The report is with Sir Dove-Meyer Robinson and his cohorts at the moment. Mr Wainscott expects its confirmation "in a couple of days". Mr Poland of the Works Dept who would normally though not always handle such a matter has as yet not been informed of reseating (as have shopkeepers I spoke to). Beaucratic cogs may be grinding as you read this if not we can reasonably ask why. Response to the reinstallment

is surprisingly favourable. The Manager of McKenzies says he prefers to act on specific instances as they arise, rather than attempt blanket restrictions. While others note increased policing of the area.

What's happening in Vulcan Lane then? Basically Council's trying belatedly to rectify its bungle. That it can commission a plan which takes several months, have the pain referred to it and then reject it, only to commission another plan is a tribute to their own incompetence..

Never fear, while this Council's around Parkinsons Law will be its leading instrument of action.

An open letter from Senator Pouvanna a Oopa and Deputy Francis Sandford, elected member for French Polynesia in the National Assembly in Paris — to Admiral Marc de Joybert, Chief of State of the Navy Department.

ADMIRAL. Sir,

It is as defenders of Polynesia, elected by Polynesians, that we write to you.

You come here to a conquered country, to inspect your troops and your weapons of death, with the object of the pursuit, on our territory, of experiments too dangerous, in the opinion of the government to which we are submissive, to be carried out in your own country.

Yesterday, the Sahara, Algeria; today the Pacific, the Polynesian Islands and the peoples of the Southern Hemisphere are seen to be and see themselves subjected to the imposition of physical and genetic sacrifices which in no way devolve on France and her people.

Since it is so, do you pretend hat it is for their own good that you explode your poisonous bombs? Dare you reply to us that it is 'your onions' and not ours?

If it is so, Admiral, go elsewhere to peel your onions, for they make us weep!

And does it suit you to adapt yourself, according to your brutal logic, to the poisonous mushrooms which you cultivate so openly. So will you have, at least, the courage and the honesty of your arrogance. Indeed, do not put into practice in the law of brute force, perverting the thoughts and the teachings of Christ to impose silence of the protestations of priests and courageous ministers, you are virtually saying —

"Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's and unto God that which is God's"

Then, we/we are sure of our duty and our right in this land which is ours, complete your quotation and give it to you by saying in its true sense—

"and render to the Polynesians that which is Polynesian — Polynesia."

* * *
Anyone willing to help in this year's campaign against nuclear testing should contact the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 10 de Luen St, Point Chevalier



The Auckland Hospital Board has never had a particularly good record in the handling of its staff; take the case of Student Nurses' Association president David Wills, or Cancer specialist Dr Brych. But the ill treatment of these two men palls in comparison with that meted out to the unfortunate many who are forced to seek assistance at the Accident and Emergency department.

Being a person that is by nature accident prone, I have had the dubious pleasure of being treated by several Casualty departments around Auckland, and come to the conclusion some time ago that its far better to die in the sanctuary of your own home than commit yourself to the tender mercies of A. & E. This is not really overstating the case at all.

Take the example of a close friend of mine who I accompanied to Auckland Hospital's A & E Department last Tuesday night. She was at the time suffering from some form of virus, she had been vomiting, and had a high fever, back pains, swollen glands and diarrhoea. Not all that worrying perhaps, but because of her history as a diabetic there were complications — the inability to withhold any nourishment meant her blood sugar level was unstable and several of her friends worried that she might lapse into insulin shock or coma. We rang a doctor who was unable to come and attend to her but advised us to take her to Auckland Hospital.

After a two hour wait she was eventually ushered into the presence of a harassed young doctor who asked her symptoms, prescribed codeine and advised her to have a good night's sleep. The doctor neglected to examine her in any way, showed no interest whatsoever in the diabetes or its likely complications and was more concerned at the fact that he had forgotten to bring with him his sample of some new American anti-diarrhoea miracle drug.

Perhaps you could have said that the doctor knew best, except for the fact that the girl concerned had been a nurse for some time before leaving to go teaching and

knew the dangers involved in being left untreated. The doctor failed to check her swollen glands, give a urine test to see if her blood sugar level was affected or otherwise take any reasonable

MASH

precaution to ensure that codeine was enough.

This is not an isolated case, one girl I know spent half an hour in a hospital corridor before they discovered she had a collapsed lung.

The facilities at Auckland's A & E Department are stretched to their limit. One doctor is expected to treat most of the city's night casualties. In the weekends the situation at the Department becomes little short of chaotic.

Some months ago while working as a kitchen hand in a city night club I cut my hand, requiring several stitches. The artery had been severed, (in front of some hundred startled guests) and I had great pleasure in watching a stream of blood spurt some distance across the room over the

room beginning to feel the effects of the injury (hardly severe but nevertheless worrying). Not that I lacked for entertainment, also in the waiting room were about 30 of the Grim Reapers bike gang holding an impromptu party while one of their mates had his head put back together again. But they left by midnight apparently to return to the party they had been forced to leave and "do the cunts" according to the one beside me.

Other amusements included watching the elderly alcoholic with the head injury urinate in his pants while snoring in a drunken slumber, or speculating on the injury of the attractive young girl in the crushed velvet suit crying on her mother's shoulder. I found out later she had been forced to wait three hours before being treated for a severe eye infection. I survived, by the way, was effectively sewn up and sent home some four hours later.

I cannot really blame the staff; the nurses especially have a dif-

ON PARK AVENUE

horried chef. No one touched the tomato puree that night for some reason.

Anyway, I was taken to Auckland Hospital for some hasty repairs at about 9.30 p.m. By 1.30 a.m. I was still in the waiting

difficult job handling the huge influx of injured during the weekends and perform extremely well considering the load. It is the management that must bear the most blame. One doctor cannot be reasonably expected to perform with any real competence under such conditions.

How many people must suffer needlessly because of the gross inefficiency in management before it will be changed?

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KRISHNA CONSCIOUSNESS FOR FUN AND PROFIT

The Rag

New York (ZNS) — the largest incense manufacturer in the United States is making a pretty hefty profit these days — mainly because it doesn't pay any of its employees.

This is happening, the Wall Street Journal reports, because America's largest incense maker is the Spiritual Sky Scented Products Company — owned by the International Society for Krishna Consciousness.

The Journal reports that the founder of the religious society, a guru named A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, decided that the movement would need some income. So 35 fulltime employees, including eight whose sole job it is to dip incense sticks and cones all day, churn out various scented products. After five years in business, the company is now grossing \$6,000,000 a year and is the prime support of the 50 or so Hare Krishna Temples in North America.

The company is large enough to use a computer to keep track of inventories. Whenever the computer is not busy calculating, it continuously prints out the Hare Krishna chant.

APARTHEID AND CHESS

SECHABA Vol 8 No. 2

A big banquet was held in Durban recently to mark the end of the South African chess championships. But when the time came to present the prizes, the guests were surprised to learn that the champion, Gerald Holmes, was not there.

The reason for his absence was the colour of his skin. The banquet was held in one of the restaurants reserved for whites only, and Holmes who is a Coloured, was simply told to keep out.

The prize was later presented to him in the coloured enclosure of the local racecourse.

Two other Coloured contestants were also debarred from the closing ceremony.

THE I

In 1938 Mr Fr. Government's ob- pressed is that ev- his level of acad- he be rich or po- town or country, zen, to free' educ which he is best lest extent of his Commission poi- any statement of ity has become c democratic ideas society. Much at so, is being giver ensuring equality portunity for Ma- like to discuss th- tional opportunit- ity group, the dis- The Commissi- Zealand could b- sions made the t- Certainly, specia- tablished. But th- that we, the han- main children fo- that only 2-3 sec- Auckland are su- abled students? (wheelchair in ar- or University? I t- versity of the Wai- tations (ramps) fo- dent. But can we- Auckland boast- in the way of ea- courage more di- share our univer- telligent disabled- his basic educat- tive he has is to- extramurally.

Yes, I do have- der (so far, I hav- hasn't). I claim t- allow anyone w- ligence access to- bar a person wit- riers is wrong. T- abled person ca- where is also wr- ing of dependen- of liability in cas- tore the obvious- adopt the NZS4- for Design For A- ped Persons: Pu- Facilities". Grea- legislation to co- Sick & Disabled- section 8). Why- far behind?

Apart from leg- the students ther- only by becomir- tem, but also by- the community, are made availa- abled students. (made repeated r- cess, both to the- Students' Assn. V- ence block was- the validity of st- equality in vario- ignorant about c- Why are student- ing that only the- further their ow- so apathetic in h- the same? Often- intelligence is hi- can he hope to- can he go for tra- met very few fel- at university. I a- there are many r- their true potent- inadequate facili-

DISABLED

THE PROBLEM

In 1938 Mr Fraser wrote that: "The Government's objective, broadly expressed is that every person, whatever his level of academic ability, whether he be rich or poor, whether he live in town or country, has a right as a citizen, to free education of the kind for which he is best fitted and to the fullest extent of his powers." The Currie Commission pointed out that today, any statement of equality of opportunity has become one of the dominant democratic ideas of New Zealand society. Much attention, and rightly so, is being given to the problem of ensuring equality of educational opportunity for Maori children. I should like to discuss the equality of educational opportunity for another minority group, the disabled.

The Commission said that New Zealand could be proud of the provisions made the handicapped children. Certainly, special classes etc. were established. But the Commission forgot that we, the handicapped, do not remain children for long. Did you know that only 2-3 secondary schools in Auckland are suitably built for disabled students? Can you imagine a wheelchair in any Technical Institute or University? I believe that the University of the Waikato has made adaptations (ramps) for a paraplegic student. But can we of the University of Auckland boast of equal opportunity in the way of easy access, and so encourage more disabled students to share our university life? Once an intelligent disabled pupil has completed his basic education, the only alternative he has is to continue his studies extramurally.

Yes, I do have a chip on my shoulder (so far, I haven't met anyone who hasn't). I claim the democratic right to allow anyone with the required intelligence access to tertiary education. To bar a person with architectural barriers is wrong. To assume that a disabled person can be carried everywhere is also wrong besides the feeling of dependency there's a question of liability in cases of accident. Therefore the obvious alternative is to adopt the NZS4121 Code of Practice for Design For Access By Handicapped Persons: Public Buildings & Facilities". Great Britain already has legislation to cover this (Chronically Sick & Disabled Persons Act 1970, section 8). Why is New Zealand so far behind?

Apart from legislation, I believe that the students themselves can help, not only by becoming aware of this problem, but also by setting an example to the community, ensuring that facilities are made available to encourage disabled students. Over the years I have made repeated requests for easy access, both to the authorities and to the Students' Assn. When the new science block was built! Now I question the validity of students fighting for equality in various fields, yet are so ignorant about conditions on campus. Why are students so selfish in believing that only they have a right to further their own education, and are so apathetic in helping others to do the same? Often a disabled person's intelligence is his only asset, how else can he hope to earn a living, where can he go for training? So far, I have met very few fellow disabled students at university. I am convinced that there are many more not fulfilling their true potential, simply because of inadequate facilities.

I am a disabled student, completing my degrees. As a person I do not really think of myself as disabled, until difficult access (and sometimes attitudes) makes this obvious. To earn a living I work full-time, I am not allowed time off to attend lectures as my degree is not applicable to my job. I pay my university course fees. Therefore, not only do I pay for my own university education, but also, through taxation, contribute to the full-time study of a non-disabled student! These payments do not ensure easy access. Each year I must choose my course subject according to whether, firstly, can I get to the lecture-room? secondly, are lectures outside of working-hours? So far I have been lucky in finding something but I have not been able to choose the subjects I wanted to take. Additional expenses includes the necessity of buying all the books I need because ...a) the library turn-style & I do not agree (although the staff are wonderful in unlocking the double-gates), b) once in the library, so often I find that the required books are in the Undergraduate Reading Room, the other end of Campus. So far, I have not placed one step in the wonderful Students' Union Building I hear so much about... I'm not sure how I can get in (or up). Then, because I have to tape all my lectures (with prior permission from lecturers), I must struggle down to the front of the lecture-theatres so that the machine doesn't pick up sound-wave distortions. We won't discuss parking problems. These are just a few examples to show that equality of opportunity doesn't exist in the university.

I agree that all this is my own fault for wanting a university degree. Certainly the university is overcrowded. But this should not prevent us being more democratic and ensuring equal opportunity to all, including the disabled. I'm only on crutches, what of the others? If it had not been for the kind help of individual staff members, I know I would have flaked out long ago. Now I think it's over to the students themselves. Hopefully, the students of today are tomorrow's specialists. For example, I pray that each student of architecture will, in his professional life, design every building with easy access. Similarly, I ask each student in his future life to remember the needs of the disabled.

OUR SOLUTION

Granted that we are all disabled in some way(!), yet I am hoping that there are some disabled students (physically disabled, blind, deaf, heart defect etc) who would like to contact me, maybe we could have a get-together, I would be so thrilled. My phone number is 82-724 (evenings only).

I suppose I am campaigning for Disabled Liberation... will anyone join me?

Miss Honor J. Morton
13 Harbutt Ave.,
Mount Albert,
Auckland 3
New Zealand.

KARONTOMBA

CHARITY
Music Festival
all proceeds go
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for handicapped
persons

Sunday May 5th 10am—8pm

10 hours of music for \$1:60

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One of the major events in Capping this year is the Music Festival which is to be held at Western Springs. There are five top N.Z. bands featured in the line-up;

*** AUCKLAND NEOPHONIC ***



*** DRAGON ***



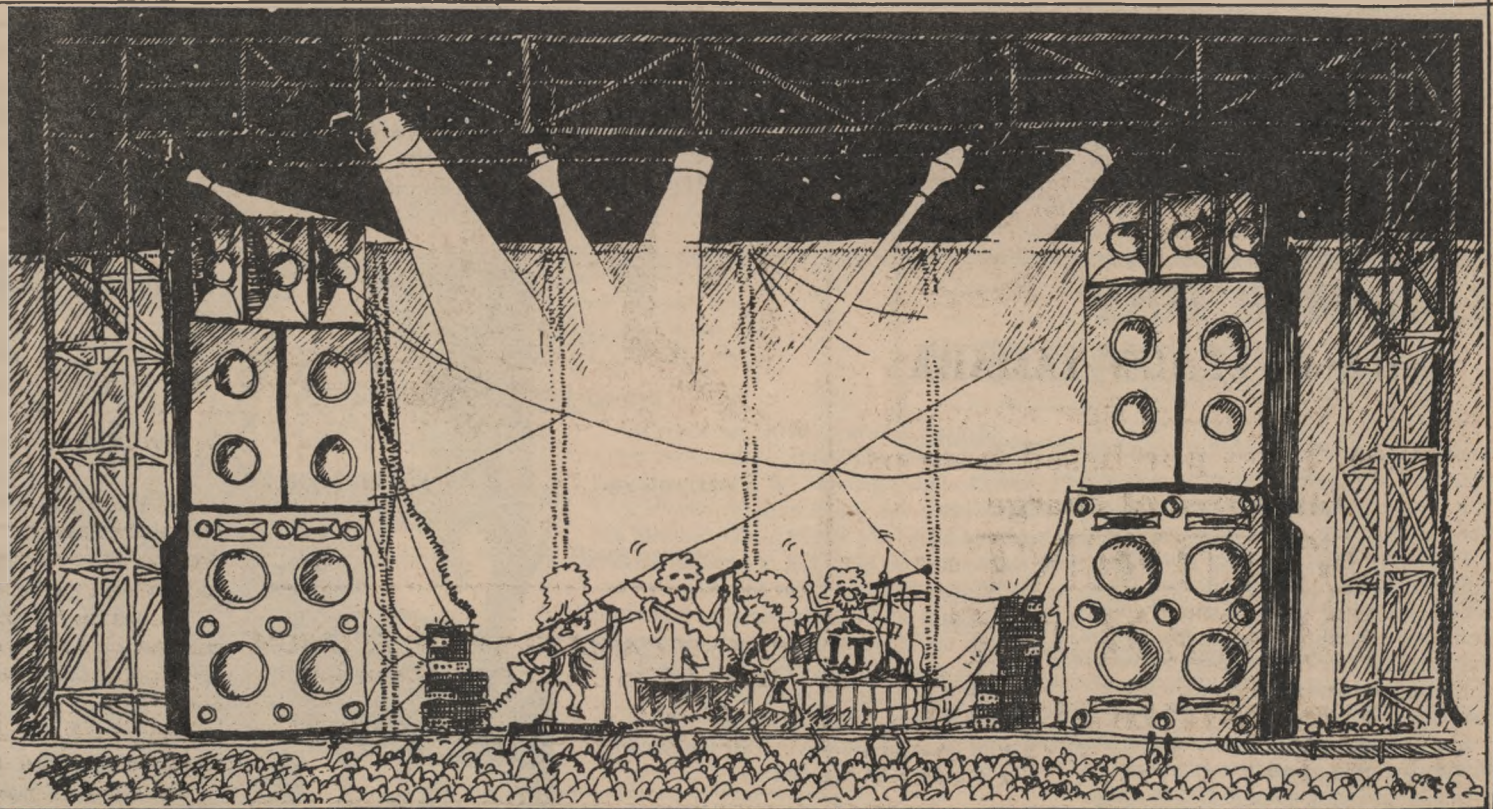
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*** UNCLE ALBERTS ORGASMIC ORCHESTRA ***

These are all top rate N.Z. musicians and they are featured in one big concert. The idea is a throw-back to the Woodstock format where people can come and go as they please. For the initial outlay for the ticket, this is a concert that will be well worth going to and promises to be a memorable one.

So the format is there for a really enjoyable Sunday, all we need now is the people to enjoy it.



UNLAWFUL ASSEMBLY



In the last days of 73 a group of motorcyclists zoomed through the small hamlets of North Canterbury. All the way they were tailed by police cars and traffic bikies who were there to ensure an orderly journey.

At one point after stopping at a number of hotels where they sipped sarsaparilla - a deadly drink - they were rounded up and given breathalyser tests - which didn't show up soft drinks.

Finally they arrived at Christchurch where a dramatic encounter occurred.

The Police stated that the group created a large amount of noise, fought amongst themselves urinated over walls and engaged in beer fights with one another, all of which they claimed gravely disturbed the local residents. As a result they closed the road, de-

clared the gathering an unlawful assembly and used tear gas to drive them out of the house into the clutches of the waiting police. 80 people were arrested and charged under Section 86 of the Crimes Act 1961.

The Crimes Act like its Siamese twin the Police Offences Act is a pot-pourri of offences ranging from treason to Bail misdemeanours.

S86 is very wide ranging and states that;

"An unlawful assembly is an assembly of three or more persons who with intent to carry out any common purpose, assemble in such a manner, or so conduct themselves when assembled, as to cause persons in the neighbourhood of the assembly to fear, on reasonable grounds that the persons so assembled -

(a) will disturb the peace tumult-

uously or (b) will by that assembly needlessly and without reasonable cause provoke other persons to disturb the peace tumultuously."

The case came before Christchurch Magistrate E.S. Crutcheley sitting not in his usual courtroom but in of all places the local Horticultural Hall, the only available building large enough to take 80 defendants and their counsel.

The defendants through their lawyers claimed that the "common purpose" referred to in the act must be in itself unlawful. The Magistrate disagreed stating that any common purpose is sufficient and was supported on this point by Mr Justice McArthur when the case went on appeal. Thus the section gives the courts and the police extremely wide powers which

must surely be easily open to abuse. The Magistrate convicted and fined all 80 \$50.

Incredibly however, on appeal before Mr Justice McArthur the conviction was quashed; the judge stating "that I am forced to the conclusion that it was not established that each and every one of these 80 people were on the premises at the relevant time".

Thus the concerted efforts of over 50 police to mass convict a gang has failed.

Section 86 has an interesting history. The last time it had any significant use was to stop the Maori chief Te Kooti and his followers back in 1890. At the same time in England the same section was used to charge members of the Salvation Army who apparently caused such a reaction

with their "holy parades" they were deemed to be 'unlawful'.

For eighty years s86 has had as much relevance as the statutes of the Roman Empire. Suddenly like a long lost Anastasia it has reappeared - the result of a vigorous Labour Government policy to get tough on law and order. This policy which seemingly contradicts Dr Finlay's law reforms has been vigorously carried out by the Minister of Police Mr Connelly.

The section is a very wide and dangerous power that seems to have been in recent months specifically aimed at the bikie gangs. Indeed one defence counsel at this trial stated "A change of government saw a change in policy, suddenly BIKIES then seemed to have come into existence".

The police went to incredible ends to carry out this policy, including canvassing neighbours to sign complaints. In fact on a police witness in this case failed to turn up at court while another refused to complain but did so after being told by the police it was "his moral duty to do so".

The section itself is being amended to bring its language up to modern idiom. It will be interesting to see if the government will further change it to get around the loopholes.

It is hoped however that the recognition of civil rights for all people will diminish apparent vendettas for a small group in society.

ROB GREENFIELD

LABOUR DAY and MILITARISM

A pro-fascist female relative says she thinks Labour Day should be wiped because it has no meaning for us. Would you please explain its origin and significance to her and other know-nothings?

I note that between 1891 and 1894 the Ballance-Seddon regime adopted laws which abolished sweated labour conditions and established the 48-hour week. Is that how Labour Day originated? And why is it observed on some Monday in October?

Our schools should teach us things like this and people should be examined in civics before they are allowed to vote.

Another question. Why are so many N.Z. women militaristic unless they belong to leftist groups? An Englishwoman I know says this might explain why N.Z. MEN ENLIST IN SUCH VAST NUMBERS IN WARTIME AND DIE IN HORDES IN FOREIGN FIELDS. ("On Monday I went out with a soldier, On Tuesday I went out with a tar.") No wonder we have become known as the "Prussians of the Pacific."

We also have the marching girl phenomenon. Our psychology profs. could research all this. . . (or the Society for Research on Women).

Would you take a Cracum from THIS MAN?



LE

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LES HARVEY

You'd never guess that Les Harvey owns some of the choicest real estate in Auckland.

He's a roly-poly little man with bouncing features and sparkling eyes. True, he has a spreading midriff, thinning hair and bulging varicose of your steak-chomping tycoon, but these are signposts that tell us little about the man himself.

He is no fat-arsed, dollar-hungry scrooge slobbering it behind an office desk: Les would rather be out there in the open, working with his shirt off and toting only a pair of "dun-gas" to shield him from the elements.

The man's vitality is truly amazing. He just never stops. "No time for a tea-break", he snorts, driving his chisel along the flaking surface of the verandah post he is operating on. Not even doctor's orders can check him.

"Nothing's serious", he remarks with diabolic humour. One can only agree. His zeal and enthusiasm are positively infectious.

Les was a pretty sick man when he disembarked from the navy at the end of the last war. Temporarily crippled from a mine blast and sporting a collapsed lung he was poorly equipped to compete in the rat-race of modern living.

Not to be daunted he tried his hand at flower farming. Securing a lease on a property south of Auckland he flung himself into his work like a galley slave. Eventually he scraped together enough finance to put a deposit on the place. Needless to say, this proved to be the springboard from which later successes were to irresistibly flow. He sold the farm for a phenomenal profit and then proceeded to buy up chunks of real estate in the Queen City itself. Since then he has never looked back.

Eleven years ago he started operations in Parnell Road. He upgraded the shops preserving the street's quaint colonial character. In recent years boutiques and arts and crafts shops have proliferated along the pavement and names like "Martha's Closet", "Gaslight", and "The Cherry Orchard" have endowed the street with a kind of picture book imagery.

Of course Les Harvey's methods have come in for criticism. His shops have been written off as being too chic twee trendy or whatever and certainly his creations do at times seem a bit chocolate boxy for comfort. Some of his embellishments are undoubtedly vulgar distractions that detract from the simplicity of the original design. Further, by making Parnell fashionable Remuera-style, he has helped to destroy much of the community feeling that existed there previously.

If it hadn't been for Les Harvey,

those buildings might not be here and much of Parnell's old world charm would have vanished into twentieth century sterility. Just cast your eyes over that hollow desolation of concrete that blotches the opposite side of the street. You realise with alarm what Parnell might have had in store for it if Les hadn't come along. If that isn't enough to convince you, do bear in mind that buildings mature with age and Les's shops, stiff and sickly sweet as they are at present, will mellow.

Another criticism that can be levelled at Les is that he charges excessively high rentals on his shop premises and flats. This is the feature of Les's activities that is perhaps most disturbing. One can't but help feeling a certain repugnance toward the accumulation of large rent-derived profits, even with the understanding that no capitalist has ever managed to retain his virginity intact.

The capitalist logic for Les goes something like this: in order to finance new schemes and projects, you must by necessity get a good return from current investments and this implies high rents which, of course, are passed on to the consumer in the form of higher prices. Not a happy situation, but perhaps the only feasible one, if one concedes the desirability of his activities.

Les has a very rich and sympathetic understanding of human nature. He has the kind of common touch that is rarely associated with men of his station in life.

ENTREPRENEUR EXTRAORDINAIRE

To watch him at work is a real treat. There are no airs, no pretensions. He has a very direct and straightforward personality that engages the listener's attention and commands his respect. Working busily on his latest task he chats away with unmasked freedom about his hopes, his dreams, his attitudes towards life. His overriding ambition is to bring beauty into the world and by

the same token preserve some of what is left. It was Les of course who took out an injunction to stay the destruction of Osborne House in Ponsonby.

Les has the kind of optimism that is catching. Casual observers alight from the gleaming minis and Triumphs and begin poking around the dainty little shops that he is creating just below the apex of Parnell Rise. He welcomes them without ceremony.

"Everything's marked," he explains. "If there's something you want just leave your money on the counter." The new arrivals flush with pleasure at this unexpected latitude. Who would have the heart to steal from this guy?

Whatever his other faults one cannot readily accuse Les of being a materialist. Money is simply a means to an end. He has a casual, almost careless attitude toward possessions. His car he describes in the most demeaning terms as "that cracky yellow stationwaggon." He has a large modern home by the sea in Campbells Bay, sure. But that's little more than a retreat to come home to. Consequently in spite of his millions he is free of the kind of affectedness and ostentation that's often associated with men of similar means.

For Les, life has the qualities of a game. He has a splendid time baiting the nasty little men from the city (who take things so seriously after all). Few, to take one example, are better equipped to frustrate the designs of vested interests than Leslie Harvey. The attempts of one insurance company to expand its offices into a space currently occupied by Barry Lett Gallery in Victoria Street, was doomed because of Les's stubborn refusal to sell, despite a tempting offer that would have added \$200,000 in profit to the price he had originally paid.

He refused to sell because the new building would have blocked out all the sunlight to Mill Lane (of Brown's Mill fame).

When the same insurance company sought permission to install some sheeting on his property, Les refused because his buildings might be damaged. The company was forced to set the new building eight feet back from the boundary, an alteration which cost them a cool \$80,000.

The company has reacted pretty typically by refusing to ratify any further mortgages to Les. But Les

doesn't mind, not really. In fact he rather relishes the sport to be had in such clashes. "You know", he pouts with glee, "I've got more enemies in this town than I've got friends. But I like it that way. It makes life exciting."

The Parnell Road project is Les Harvey's most outstanding contribution to Auckland's cityscape. But this is only a beginning. Ideas issue out of Les's brain like lava out of a vent and one does not doubt for a moment that his intentions will find their realisation.

Items planned include a village green in Summer St, Ponsonby, the construction of "noddy" houses on several sections he owns in Gibraltar Crescent and most ambitious of all, an arts centre that will serve Auckland in a wholly novel and imaginative way.

The philosophy behind this latter scheme is to create an ethos where people (bikies included) can come along and express themselves in any way they choose. It's envisaged that facilities will be available to cater for such varied activities as metal casting and screen printing. The scheme will be financed by setting aside half the area for shops and offices.

Les Harvey exemplifies the paradox of the capitalist torn between the amorality of his methods on the one hand and his desire to foster the community interest on the other. The constant constant pull between the man's altruism and his natural business sense must at times produce a double standard that is difficult to reconcile. One can cite evidence to support this. His intention (now defunct) to build a car-park in Gibraltar Crescent would have meant the destruction of one of Auckland's more picturesque streets. Secondly, the kind of rents he charges may strike some as being exploitative.

Yet we must qualify our criticisms. Certainly, one can only applaud the

man's drive and enthusiasm. In this respect he is a living example to those students and drop-outs who rail against the system, yet conduct their personal lives with the most appalling futility, moreover Les cannot be blithely written off as a profit-minded shark taking all and giving nothing in return.

Viggo Monrad

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FORBES AND DAVIES
L.M.V.D.

GOING, GOING...

Yes, publications grant applications close this week, that is, on Friday 26th April at 5.00 pm. Club secretary's were given ample notice in February of their eligibility for these grants, but only a few clubs have in fact applied. If your club or society requires a grant and has not yet applied, this Friday is their deadline Absolutely NO EXTENSIONS!

Have you noticed areas where, with minor modifications, access could be easier? Contact me (Cora Baillie, Welfare Vice President, c/o Studass), and I will see what can be done —

Any other ideas about major modifications necessary would also be very handy as guidelines in the designing of future buildings

CORA BAILLIE
WELFARE VICE PRESIDENT

MULTINATIONALS

I have been asked at very short notice to do a few paragraphs for Craccum so more or less doing this off the top of my head there could be a few errors.

The subject I think that should be bothering the workers of New Zealand at the moment and one that has been very close to us during the last few weeks is that of multinational takeovers in New Zealand. At the moment the latest bid by Kraft Foods on the takeover of N.Z. Cheese Ltd., has been temporarily averted, this to my mind only because the people of New Zealand were concerned enough to protest through their organisations e.g. Federated Farmers, various dairy companies and last but not least the Trade Union Movement.

Last December I attended an International Union of Foodworkers Conference and the main topic was the growth of multinationals and their attitude to the trade union movement, in many cases throughout the world they have refused to recognise the

trade union movement.

The multinationals get so much of a hold in most countries that they have influenced governments to introduce anti-trade union laws which has given these economic giants the free right to exploit labour. To name a few of the countries, Fiji, Philippines, Malaysia, Sri Lanka.

In several statements adopted by the conference and the regional Committee, delegations expressed concern about a growing tendency by various Asian Governments to impose restrictions on trade union rights, reflecting "an effort to make the workers bear the brunt of the difficulties encountered in economic growth and the effects of inflation. This was particularly apparent, the statement said, in legislation imposing guidelines restricting the ability of unions to engage in free collective bargaining, restricting the right to strike and the right of unions to select their own leadership, to determine their policies and to effectively represent their

members interests in every way." The statement names the Trade Disputes Act and the Sugar Ordinance of Fiji as examples of anti-union legislation. In a statement on Multinational corporations, the conference noted that these "have taken advantage of the desperate need of the less industrialised countries for capital investments and jobs to impose their own terms on countries which are not in a position to bargain with them, that governments have been under-bidding each other, offering low wages, weak trade unions and low taxes as incentives to attract multinational corporations."

Conference demanded that unions be "consulted and informed of any agreement made between respective governments and any multinational company affecting the political, economic and social rights of the trade unions."

Delegates singled out the Brook Bond Liebig Company in a strong statement denouncing wages and conditions on the company's tea es-

tates in Sri Lanka, and expressing support for the Ceylon Workers' Congress and the Plantation Workers International (IFPAW) in their conflict with the company on this issue. Other companies discussed in the conference and the three-day seminar which preceded it, were Kfartoo, Colonial Sugar Refining, Westion, Unilever, Ajinomoto, Nabisco, Nestle, British-American Tobacco and R J Reynolds.

In my remarks to the conference I pointed out that as far as our Union was concerned it was time that the two main trade union groups namely the I.C.T.F.U. and W.F.T.U. sand their differences and combined to fight the common enemy of the world trade union movement, mainly to develop the world working class movement as a united group regardless of politics and that we must remember that any divided group is a "road to nowhere."

C.K. Glendening,
National Secretary
Brewery Workers Union

MIGRANTS MAY GO SOUTH

In my recent report on the United Nations Association Conference in Wellington, I mentioned that an Auckland delegate had suggested that Government might encourage or oblige migrants to settle in the South Island. (Craccum, April 9).

New Zealand, he claimed, had a population problem, because of the drift from the south to the north and the concentration around Auckland. For example, 70 per cent of all British immigrants to New Zealand settle in Auckland and now make up 10 per cent of the population here, compared to three per cent in Christchurch or Invercargill. Moreover, 60 per cent of all New Zealand manufacturing

was concentrated in Auckland.

I asked Immigration Minister Fraser Colman about this during his visit here, April 4-6. He said his Government would encourage immigrants to go south by promoting industry there. Freight rate subsidies would be an immediate help. He did not think New Zealand could direct people to settle anywhere, as the Russians had done in opening up Siberia. Even so, the climate in the South Island was better than in Coronation Street.

(Some days previously, however, a taxi driver in Nelson had told me, "You keep 'em up north").

PHILIP SOLJAK.

WHO WILL HELP THE WORKING GIRL?

Pleased I am to read in Feb. 22nd "Craccum" that 40 trade unionists met to form an industrial relations society.

If from where I'm looking this new group will or could be a great help to the working women and girls of Auckland in getting some attention paid to the many problems associated with women trying to fit into working patterns made by men for men.

We tried to get discussions on our problems, you know, maternity and paternity leave, equal promotion and training, more part-time and flexible hours, etc, but so far the Education Sub-Committee of the Auckland Trades Council which includes such busy people as Bill Andersen, Harold Callagher, Jack Taylor and Brian Brooks, etc, just can't get around to setting up the seminar we asked for in April 1972. Could this Industrial Relations Society

put this request on their agenda? I hope so; we waited very patiently for over a decade for the Equal Pay Act supported by regular and annual resolutions from our brother trade unionists but ladylike behaviour gets us nowhere.

Forty trade unionists sounds like a great band of brothers (and sisters?) Will they take up this cause?

CONNIE PURDUE

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(Fri Crewmember)
Central Methodist
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THE RETURN OF THE RATIONAL ANIMAL

Our society desperately lacks folk wisdom, or simply a custom of thinking-for-yourself. Human rationality in superorganised modern western society is at an all-time low. If anything can survive the rapid change in our society today, and the drastic changes to come, it is only rational men. It has become urgent that each man understand for himself what he is doing. It is not enough that we wait to be told what to do, for we are fast running out of legitimate authorities.

The average person wants to ask, "What is the point of our life, our work, our war, our schools. . . what am I doing, what are we doing?" He is very unlikely to be taken seriously by his mates. Asking such questions is not normal, not socially acceptable. But the institutions which are traditionally meant to provide answers to such questions are crumbling. The idols of God, King, Country, Family and Law are not respected as the authorities they used to be. They are becoming senile, and incompetent, unable to answer the questions which modern western man is faced with.

The rational individual must come back into vogue. It is no longer enough to say, "I am only doing my job," or "That was our orders" or "I'm normal". Drastic change is inevitable. Either we change rationally or bust.

It is my opinion that the biggest single force under human control for

rational change is the children. To be a responsible adult in our present society means to be a person who will do as he is told, who will not think for himself. It is my opinion that schooling — the ten-year process to



which all children in our society are subjected — causes this apathy, this rationality, this inhibition against thinking for yourself. To suggest, in trying to legitimise schooling, that the enlightened schools of today are telling their inmates to think for themselves is just a sick joke.

Society today is so super-organised that a real change in any part entails a change in the whole (one example: to change from the grading system in education we must change the whole system by which money is distributed throughout society). So while we know that change is necessary, we are terrified of it. We can't handle it. We are terrified because we do not dare to think for ourselves, to answer

for ourselves, to act for ourselves on the basis of what we rationally decide is the best action. We anxiously wait for the approval of the teacher, of the system, of the law, of the public . . . but everybody else is anxiously waiting too.

I believe that our society would make an evolutionary leap forward in one generation if we abolished school and allowed our children safe conduct throughout our society for twenty years, to see what we are doing: in our offices, factories, army camps, bedrooms . . . Furthermore I believe that this is the only way of restoring rationality or responsibility-for-self as a way of life; to release our children from our schools and let them be educated by reality itself.

We in adult society have been so long divorced from the very positive self motivating way of life of the unschooled child, that we don't know our children. Some adults are so alienated that they believe that children are by nature inactive and would not do anything unless forced to. We see them as trouble, they are too embarrassing to have around in "adult" affairs. Why are we so scared of the children? They cannot assault us. Physically. But they are honest — until we teach them by example to lie — and confident — until we teach them by example to disbelieve in themselves, to deny their own minds. So we must swallow our stupid

pride. Our children have so many powers that we have lost. Children can accept reality — until we teach them, by inculcating our myths, to fear it. If you stop and think for a moment you will realise that your child has the capacity to become a caveman, a Roman, a Hindu, or a man of the year 3000 — until we socialise him our way. Do we adults have such powers, and does "our" way work anymore? Is our way of life going to be liveable, worth living, worth imposing on these new people? And just as your child could become, with different socialisation, a Roman soldier or whatever, he could become whatever it takes to cope with western society tomorrow: socialised by judging for himself a world that he is free to perceive, allowed to be the rational animal that he naturally is.

Let everybody be responsible for the world our children will inherit.

Let the children out.

Let everybody be responsible to the children.

Let the children in.

PHIL O'CARROLL



REVIEW OF: MASTER OF MIDDLE EARTH: THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF J.R.R. TOLKIN. By Paul H Kocher. Thames and Hudson 1973. \$6.25.

This review is addressed really to that shady brotherhood that flits among the ranks of decent, docile, dormant suburban citizens of the Free World — I refer, of course to the International Hobbit Conspiracy.

John Tolkein wrote "Lord of the Rings". He's like oysters and cunnilingus — you either love 'im or you loathe 'im. For those who like some crunch in their Tolkein or who are trying to excuse their obsession with LOTR, Paul Kocher of Stanford University has written an excellent investigation and critique of Tolkein's whole philosophy and method, the very basics of which appear in Ch. e. "Cosmic Order". Kocher contends convincingly that this order is from a Catholic viewpoint in that, on the one hand, the outline of events is laid down by a god or

gods while individuals, acting in this framework, retain free will to be good or evil, active or passive; they are responsible for their actions. Evil in Middle Earth revolves largely round the Dark Lord Sauron, struggle is directed to domination of that Earth and ownership of the Ring of Power. A rather rigid dichotomy between good and evil is maintained throughout the work.

The guts of Tolkein's ideas regarding fantasy creation are covered in chapters one and seven. He argued basically that fantasy, far from being remotes or away from reality springs from it and relies on it, for our acceptance of it. The Ring role has great and small, mundane and fantastic equally in it, keeping us carefully stimulated, yet able to relate to the situation and characters.

Also covered are Aragon, the King Who Returns — an excellent rationale and sketching in of a figure often dismissed as unreal. a

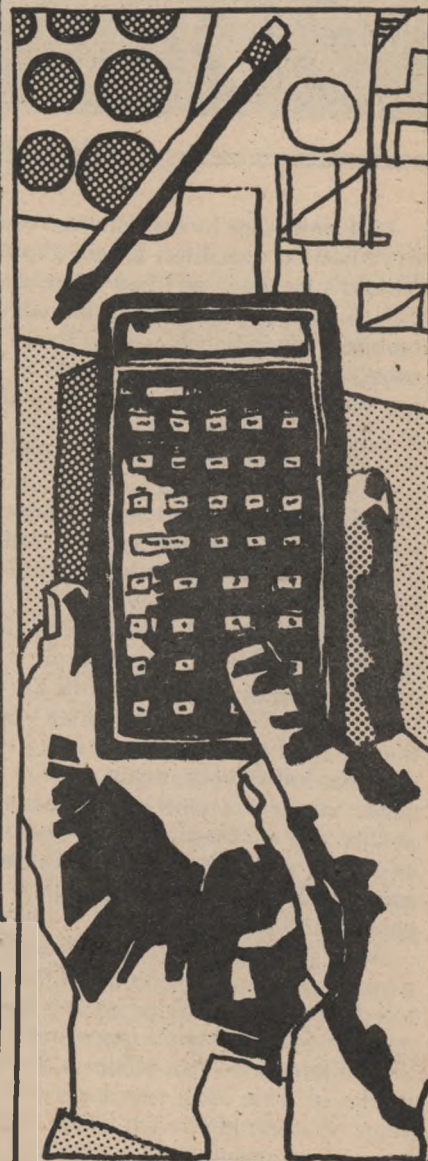
"White Knight" non-character, a chapter looks at Sauron and the Nature of Evil, the Free Peoples of Middle Earth, and finally reviews of Tolkein's minor works.

The chapter of the Free Peoples raises another interesting notion: the opposed fates of men and elves, men to death, elves to live on and on, while all around them grows and dies over and over, unable to live more than a fleeting momentary existence in the ancient weary elven eyes.

I don't agree entirely with Kocher's book — he nearly gets trapped in the supremely pointless game of trying to 'place' Middle Earth in history, also I like the dwarves rather more than he does, but he does get beyond a mere literary review into a more fundamental discussion on Tolkein.

God (i.e. Brent Lewis) willing, I might have a few more raves on Middle Earth matters anon.

GANDOLF DRAGON



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LOST

One black wallet near the Bookshop on Thursday night at about 6pm. Containing I.D. card, drivers licence, keys etc — everything important. If you find it, you're welcome to the money, but please either hand it in to the Studass Office or post it to Gerard Laan, 76 Gladstone Rd, Parnell.

Thank you.

LOST

One white handbag and contents from Top Common Room on Friday night of Easter Tournament.

If anyone saw it or knows anything about it please ring Lynette 656-787, or leave in Studass office.



I hadn't followed Barry McGuire since the early sixties, when he wrote the "Green Back Dollar" and "Green Green". Since then it appears that he has become sickened with the reality of the money-spinning commercial music scene. At that time he had been in the New Christy Minstrels, whom he parted with six months before teaming up with 19-year-old P.F. Sloan, to release what is not a by-word in folk-rock protest singing: "Eve of Destruction".

**"Don't you understand
what I'm tryin' to say?
Can't you feel the fear
that I'm feelin' today?
If the button is pushed,
there's no running away
There'll be no-one to save
with the world in a grave.
Take a look around you boy,
ah, don't you believe we're on
The Eve of Destruction."**

The song was banned from New Zealand broadcasting until January this year.

Immediately Middle America decided that the Eve of Destruction was for Barry McGuire they clamoured for its suppression, branding it as "Communist Propaganda".

So what's happened to Mr McGuire in the past nine years?

Well, I found at his concert on March 23, that he has got into Jesus Rock, which isn't really my proverbial pint of bitter. However, musically the evening had a lot to offer, and culturally it was quite an experience.

Accustomed to the usual normalities of freaks and weirdos, gay libbers, women's libbers and general bums at your average common-garden rock concert, I had to reel back from the culture shock of sitting under a visual bombardment of Sunday school

teachers, parents with children, teenagers, and other frighteningly normal well-adjusted and healthy looking people.

And what's more, these people actually let themselves go! Instead of trying to show how well they could hold down their stone, they actually stood up and clapped and sang with the music.

The backing group consisted of organs, drums, bass, lead guitar, and a semi-acoustic rhythm guitar. I felt that although the songs were good, they had some trouble in getting the group together properly, but this is probably because it was only their second performance.

Barry McGuire himself has rollicking and rocking approach to his music, his long blond hair bouncing up and down as he hits out the rhythm, and his continuity between songs is relaxed but thoroughly professional. His format is basically similar to that of Joan Baez — that of music with a message. So consequently the continuity is of great importance.

But the act which left the greatest impression on me was the Second Chapter of Acts — his backing group of vocalists. Apparently McGuire discovered them himself, and musically feel that they out-classed everything else on the show. Their voices are the best I ever heard live. They consisted of two sisters and a brother, and most concentrated on their own compositions, the oldest one — I don't know her name — was a show in herself.

She was a highly proficient pianist and had a completely unrestrained voice — the sky was the limit with the pitch — which had a kind of spine-chilling eeriness. I could have listened to her for hours.

IAN SINCLAIR

Last time, due to excessive verbosity, I had no space left to talk about Nobile's Heritage as I had intended. This is a special sparkling wine which Nobile's recently released to their subscribers — any left over was to be put on general sale. It was vintage 1972 from Baco 22A, Macabeo and Pinot Chardonnay grapes and was intended to be a crackling i.e. slightly sparkling wine but the wine was of such superlative quality that it was decided to make it fully sparkling. In appearance the wine is yellow-gold with a medium bead (the size of the bubbles). The nose is pleasantly light and fruity with a trace of the "apple" character you find in aged champagnes. It has a pleasant full flavour, again with a slight "apple" character, a pleasant acidity and is completely dry (i.e. not sweet). A very good wine; if you see some, latch on to it even though it costs \$2.50 per bottle.

What's this about subscribers? Well, a year and a half ago Nobile's instituted a scheme whereby on the payment of \$50 for hybrid vines and \$75 for vinifera vines you obtain a dozen bottles of wine each year for five years. Furthermore, each bottle bears your name and there is a vine in their vineyard tagged with your name. Great if you like good wine or are impressed by the rigmarole that has come to be associated with wine. (I am not sure whether these are mutually exclusive). Anyway, this offer was very good value and remains so even though the price has now increased. And the wines are good too — the subscribers' 1973 Private Bin Dry White is made from different grapes and is rather better than the commercially released wine.

Now let's talk about bubbles starting with the archetypal bubbly, champagne. This wine is made from

Pinot Chardonnay and Pinot Noir grapes grown in a strictly delimited area around Reims in the French province of Champagne by a lengthy and rigidly controlled process. The grapes are pressed as soon as possible after picking. (Special care must be taken with the black Pinot Noir grapes that the pigment in the skin does not stain the clear juice). The juice is then fermented until the winter cold stops the fermentation and helps to clarify the wine and precipitate excess acid. In

from fairly neutral somewhat acid white wines by the Charmat process in which the secondary fermentation is carried out in a large tank and the wine is filtered and bottled fairly immediately. The cheapest sparkling wines forgo even this and obtain their sparkle by carbonation just like soft drinks. Neither of these processes takes nearly as much time as the champagne process and while these wines can be very pleasant they do not have the character of champagne

WINTERS

the spring the new wines are blended with older wines to produce the style of wine that the shipper desires, a calculated amount of sugar is added and the wines bottled and left to undergo a secondary fermentation. In certain well-flavoured years a vintage champagne is produced from wine of only that year.

After about two years the sediment from the secondary fermentation is shaken down and the bottle turned upright until the sediment is resting on the cork. The neck of the bottle is then frozen, the cork removed together with the sediment-filled plug of ice, the wine topped up with the desired amount of sweetening and the bottle rapidly resealed so as not to lose the bubbles. After labelling the bottle is given a short rest before being sold. Thus a great deal of work goes into making a bottle of champagne and it takes about three years at least.

Lesser sparkling wines are made

which obtains a lot of its quality from the long aging on the yeast from the secondary fermentation. The desire of the French to reserve the name champagne for the wines produced by this involved method in a small part of France is thus understandable. Incidentally, in a treaty signed about eighty years ago New Zealand contracted that the word champagne would be used only for such wines.

Herewith notes on some New Zealand sparkling wines that I tasted recently.

Montana Champagne Premium Reserve Brut 1973: Very pale yellow. Medium bead. Nasty "metallic" nose. Fairly full hybrid-like flavour. Charmat process. Dry.

Corban's Premiere Cuvee Brut 1973: Very pale yellow-green. Medium bead. Pleasant light rather neutral nose. Pleasant light neutral "soda-like" flavour. Pleasant acidity. Dry. Charmat process.

T.M.V. Sparkling Pinot: Light yellow, almost a brownish tinge. Fairly coarse aged Pinot nose and flavour but with a definite character marking it as New Zealand made. Dry. Quite good even though the bottle had only been filled up to the shoulder.

Cooks Black Label Cre'anza: Pale yellow. Medium bead. Pleasant sweet grapey nose and flavour. Slightly sweet. Carbonated.

Sutton Baron Chatelain: Very pale yellow-green, almost water white. Medium bead. Rather nasty hybrid nose. Pleasant fairly full hybrid flavour. Fairly sweet. Rather fizzy. Carbonated.

Villa Maria Sparkling Cuvee Dry: Very pale yellow. Turbid. Large bead. Slight grapey nose. Somewhat sour grapey flavour. Seemed to have undergone an unscheduled secondary fermentation in bottle.

Lincoln Sparkling Vintello Cuvee Medium: Very pale yellow, almost water white. Large bead. Synthetic hybrid nose and flavour. Rather sweet. A bit sulphurous. Carbonated. Cooks Asti-Style Sparkling Cre'anza: Pale yellow. Large bead. Sweet fruity Muscat nose and flavour. Long Muscat aftertaste. Fairly sweet. Carbonated. Good and in the style of Asti Spumante.

Penfold's Medallion Medium: Very pale yellow. Fairly large bead. Pleasant light winy nose and flavour. Fairly sweet. Somewhat acid. Charmat process. McWilliam's Marque Vue: Very pale yellow. Medium bead. Fruity metallic nose. Pleasant light fruity flavour with a slight Muscat character. Rather sweet. Charmat process.

Mention should also be made of the only New Zealand bubbles made by the champagne process — Mission Fontanella and Selak's Champelle, both of which are expensive and difficult to obtain.

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MY BACK PAGE

Jeremy Templer

Sorry about last week. I was on holiday. No kidding. You might have spotted the blue in the last Bananarama. Billy Preston's first big hit was *That's the Way God Planned It* not *Jesus Is A Soul Man*. Nor even *Jesus Was A Soul Man*. That was Laurence Reynold's trip.

These Foolish Things BRYAN FERRY

Legend has it that it took Bryan Ferry 96 takes before he could control his laughter and achieve the final cut of *The Tracks of My Tears*. "So take a good look at my face/You see my smile looks out of place/If you look closer it's easy to trace/The tracks of my tears". So you take a good look at the face on the front cover. Brian Ferry in a serious mood. Looks like he's gonna burst out laughing. That's the big clue.

Bryan Ferry you'll remember as the front man for Roxy Music — vocals and keyboards, a white suit, bowtie and swishback hair.

Bryan Ferry singing thirteen golden oldies. David Bowie did much the same thing with *Pin-Ups* but whereas Bowie's was a subtle humour, this is hilarious. Not at all subtle.

It's *My Party* (which Ferry has camped up a little), *The Tracks of My Tears*, *Baby I Don't Care*, *I Love How You Love Me*, and *Don't Worry Baby* I find the most amusing. Plus of course *These Foolish Things* itself which has my vote for the best track on the record. Complete with whistling waiters, tinkling pianer and a cabaret backdrop. The Stones' *Sympathy For the Devil* casts Ferry as the ol' archetypal meanie himself. Delightfully wicked.

Dylan's *A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall* included here too. When that was issued as a single a lot of otherwise normal people condemned it as sacrilege. The Melody Maker's letters page was full of irate complainants who thought Ferry had spoiled what was otherwise a great song. Foolish things — this is even funnier than a Leon Russell album (though for different reasons). An album for those who burst out laughing at music's more tender moments. You know, the Old Fashioned Love Songs.

Nutbush City Limits IKE AND TINA TURNER

Tina Turner is the chick who did the cunilingus bit on *Cimme Shelter*, thereby making even Mick the Jagger look a little tame. She's black, wild and a very sexy lady.

Ike keeps very much in the background. He plays some mighty fine guitar while Tina struts, shakes, sweats and all the while throws her truly cosmic ass around.

Their version of *River Deep, Mountain High* shows you what they're all about in no uncertain terms. You can forget all the other versions of this song you ever heard — this is the real thing. Tina screams and

snarls and the excitement is electrifying. Nutbush City? Tina's hometown. The cover, you see, is very appropriate.

Like Tina Turner herself, *Nutbush City Limits* kicks with energy, excitement and guts.

Space Ritual (Recorded live in Liverpool and London) HAWKWIND

No it's not a bird. Nor a plane. It's Superhype in the guise of Hawkwind, space rock musicians to the world.

Hawkwind's stage act is an engineer's delight. Fronted by a dancer cum stripper called Stacia.

But is it Art? The truth is, Hawkwind spells hype.

To start with, I would hope the average record buyer (if such an animal exists) would go no further than the inner cover. Okay, so the Hawkwind glam girl's there but facing her is a compilation of such literary gems a "There can be no centre in infinity. The Theory of Relativity demonstrates essentially that the laws of nature are the same everywhere in the Universe and that no phenomena can be measured by itself but only in relation to other phenomena." And there's plenty more where that came from. Far out, huh?

No, they aren't the lyrics but you're getting perilously close. And the music's bad. There's taped electronic effects — flashing and whirring noises and the sound of a flying saucer taking off. To this Hawkwind add some meandering rhythm (so spaced, ya know). Sci-fi lyrics. And it's all taking weakness to the extreme. Boring.

But Hawkwind sell. Their second album *In Search Of Space* was in the top five of the British charts for nearly six months. And since then all the Hawkwind albums have been in the British top twenty. Sales not merit. A silver publicity machine. Superhype lives.

They have an impressive following in England. The fans? Well, you've gotta feel sorry for the mental retards. Their minds totally eaten away by foul and nasty drugs.

There is, of course, no substitute for the real thing. Spend your money replacing your worn-out copy of *Ummagumma* or get a King Crimson record (give *Earthbound* a miss though). And that should tie you over with a bit of the ol' cosmic jive.

Only When I Laugh GLENN CARDIER

He's a poet and it's the words that count. So the vocals are pushed to the fore and the backing is tight, clear and simple. The opening lines of the first track make a good introduction to the album. The track is *Journey* and the lines are "hold me now, and I will tell how my journey/made me see the world so well".

Only When I Laugh possesses the rare quality of the good lp record; that of being able to totally captivate the listener — to whisk the listener away on a journey. It's "a mixture of humour, pathos, insanity and love" according to the info sheet. That'd be right. It's the pathos that's overpowering. It has much the same effect on me as Joni Mitchell's *Blue*. Sure, that's placing it against formidable opposition but *Only When I Laugh* is worthy of the comparison.

Glen Cardier commands a powerful spell. And when the album finishes with the last words of *Journey's End* still echoing in your mind — "and after all is said and done, I was not the only one to go/drifted far away, you know" — it's like awaking from a dream. A beautiful dream but also a sad one.

And I'm left to reflect that that was The Great Australasian Enigma Part Two. Three bananas for an Australian artist? What on earth will my editor say?

Silverbird LEO SAYER

Leo Sayer you'll remember as the guy who attracted the support of no less a personage than Roger Daltrey. He wrote the lyrics for the Daltrey solo album. Dave Courtney, who used to be a drummer with Adam Faith, wrote the music. And Adam Faith produced the album.

The Sayer/Courtney/Faith partnership continues on *Silverbird*, Sayer's debut album.

Innocent Bystander provides a strong opening track and right through to *Why Is Everybody Going Home* there's surprises and some very good stuff indeed. My favourite, if I must choose a favourite, is *The Show Must Go On* and it's also as good an introduction to Leo Sayer at his best as you'll find.

Slow Motion showcases Sayer's depth of feeling and it leads into *Oh Wot A Life* which is Sayer as the entertainer and performer. "Some cat out there split his head right open/The doctor died of fright" Charming.

His lyrics are often clever, piercing and sensitive. His voice is sharp, biting and incisive in *Drop Back* and hoarse and squawking in *The Show Must Go On*. And at times his voice can be warm and melting.

As much as *The Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust* assured future success so too does *Silverbird*. This week's jip for stardom.

SYLVESTER AND THE HOT BAND

What makes Sylvester different from anyone else in the business, black or white, is his voice. A freakish falsetto that squeaks and screeches.

What Sylvester is about is showbiz and glam. Entertainment. The guy even designs his own clothes, surrounds himself with wolf hounds and mongooses, and has

won a drag contest three years in a row.

Here he performs his arrangements of other artists' material. Neil Young's *Southern Man*, James Taylor's *I'm A Steamroller* (it figures), Ray Charles' *Come Back Baby* and much more.

Sylvester sounds best on the slower songs — an emotional *God Bless the Child* and an atmospheric *A Whiter Shade Of Pale* with some additional orchestration. Ah yes, very moving.

The arrangements are good. The songs are good. The Hot Band is good. What it all comes down to is whether you like Sylvester's singing.

Journey's End MATTHEW FISHER

Well, how's Matthew Fisher these days?

Just fine it would seem. On the material side, if you're gonna believe the words of *Going For A Song*, he's got his own golf course, swimming pool and a Lamborghini. And on the other side of things there's this here lp. A very fine album right from the assurance and self-confidence of *Suzanne* to the haunting *Separation*, the questioning *Hard To Be Sure* and the brilliant *Journey's End*.

When Matthew Fisher sings "I don't mind you asking for my autograph/But please don't ask what happened to my friends/Please don't show me any more old photographs/And please don't make me sing that song again" you can be sure he's talking about *A Whiter Shade Of Pale* and his earlier days as organise for Procol Harum.

Procol today is a different band from Fisher's days. Only the Brooker/Reid partnership remains. The rest have moved on leaving a new model Procol to sweat out innumerable variations on *A Whiter Shade* in Gary Brooker's attempts to regain the heights of their first big success.

If Matthew Fisher's lyrics are sometimes cynical and always introspective, they're balanced by romantic orchestration and baroque organ embellishments.

Comparisons with Procol are ill-fitting and unwanted. Matthew Fisher is back with a vengeance.

T B Sheets VAN MORRISON

Oooweeowwooh a newie from Van Morrison. Well, none of the stuff is new actually. EMI have been down into the vaults and come up with this one. It's previously unreleased material from the years of '67, '68 and '70.

Don't expect another *Astral Weeks*. Maybe this is a little rough and raw in comparison but what the heck. It's got *Brown Eyed Girl* on it so there's no excuse for any Van Morrison fan to give this one a miss.

And if you're not a fan of the lad? To totally rip-off a Rod Stewart line — "Oi really dunno where ya bin".

Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About Shoplifting...

If you haven't ever shoplifted, you're probably abnormal.

It's a usual stage in the lives of most children these days. The child discovers that shoplifting is easy, and where no guilt feelings occur, the child may develop the shoplifting habit. This habit is often only broken by being caught in the act, and the child is forced to accept the fact that his parents also know his terrible secret.

For these people shoplifting is just part of a stage they go through, and they grow up to be good, honest, upright, citizens who don't even cheat on their taxes.

But what of the rest, the habitual shoplifters, well, they come in all shapes, sizes and ages. One dear old lady of 86 was caught and it was later found that she had 39 previous convictions. The youngest I've ever heard about were two three-year-old twins who were trained by a fagin' like step-mother to steal from big department stores.

In New York, one in every two people is a potential shoplifter. Potential in the sense that if given a chance, they'll take it. In New York, every large department store has one or more policemen permanently there to deal with shoplifters.

Auckland is heading the same way. One in twelve is a potential shoplifter, and the ratio increases every year. An average size department store told me they estimate that about 1/2% of turnover goes into the pockets of shoplifters.

Shopowners regard shoplifting as a meal to business profitability. Most take a hard line. "They run us out of business, we try to run them out of business," one manager said. Practically all people who got caught are referred to the Police. Discretion and sympathy are shown only in a very small minority of cases. Shopkeepers are uniformly evasive on the question of what sympathy is shown.

Most imply that they hand on shoplifters to the police who then "weigh up the evidence and circumstances", and decide whether or not to prosecute. But this is just not the case.

When a shopkeeper has proof that a person has stolen something from their store, that is all the police are interested in. A complaint has been made, they must prosecute if there has been a breach in the law. The situation has got

so out of hand that I'm told it will take until after May to clear the backlog from the "Christmas rush", when one shop alone had 43 cases in one week.

Many stores having a dazzling array of anti-shoplifting paraphernalia: closed circuit television, one way mirrors, shelf mirrors, warning signs, and even specially bright price tags. In general, these act more as a psychological deterrent than as a foolproof catching device. Many of the television cameras you will see eyeing you in shops are really no more than cardboard and old lenses done up to look like the real thing.

A real closed circuit T.V. system costs thousands of dollars, and have little practical use. In one shop I visited only one channel out of four gave a good picture as the other cameras were all pointed towards bright lights and nothing could be seen on the screen. Nobody watched the screen except those customers who like to watch themselves on T.V. However the psychological effect of installing such devices is tremendous. In one place where there is closed circuit T.V. shoplifting is now a thing of the past, even though no-one has been actually caught by being seen to shoplift on the screen.



The best weapon against shoplifters is an attentive staff. Realising this, Karangahape Road business men organized a shoplifting awareness course at the Building Centre some years ago and the shop-assistants were told various shop-lifting tricks, what to watch for and so on. Surprisingly, the next

weeks produced an alarmingly high increase in shoplifting offences in the city. A check on the offenders' occupations came up with the fact that many shop-assistants had been caught ripping off other stores in their spare time!

There is one anti-shoplifting measure employed by Queen Street businesses that I find rather unsavoury. They have a comprehensive intershop system of filing the names, addresses and other personal information of all shoplifters caught in the shops that subscribe to this filing system. It was suggested that this be kept quiet as it could "create trouble". And trouble it caused.

What right have they to hoard information concerning particular incidents in people's lives that many of these people would rather forget? What safeguards have we that this mine of highly loaded information will not be misused?

Kleptomania is a psychological disorder common amongst women whose husbands have started at the bottom of the business ladder and worked their way up to the top. It can be seen as part of the "keeping up with the Jones" syndrome, and as one head of security told me with a chuckle as he lovingly patted his special filing box, "if the names of Auckland Kleptos got out there would be one hell of a scandal". Admittedly, it might be fun to know who these people were, but it would not be right to expose them to the kind of degrading scandalmongering that goes on in the Sunday papers.

what should you do?

The first thing to remember is that until you are actually outside the shop on the footpath, there is no proof that you have intended to steal that thing you put in your pocket. If you realize you have been noticed lifting something, calmly put it back, or if you like, wander around the shop for a few hours and just before you leave, give it to the nearest shop assistant, which will really annoy the store detective as he probably has had to keep a close eye on you for hours.

If you do steal something successfully, make sure you resist the temptation to look at it as soon as you get out of the store. A store detective told me that practically everyone he sees shoplifting, will have a look at whatever he's pinched within twenty yards of leaving the store. This is all the evidence the security man will need and he is entitled to put you under citizen's arrest. But it rarely comes to this as most people are at such a disadvantage psychologically that they come back into the shop like lambs. This is usually fatal! They say things would be easier for you, but what the hell, you'll most probably be prosecuted anyway. The best thing is to run. To the security manager it's just not worth the bother to run after you, as he'll just make a fool of himself, get puffed, and probably lose you anyway.

Above all, remember only mugs get caught. So don't be a mug if you're going to shoplift. Try to look completely natural. Security officers are trained to watch for the unusual, (e.g. unfastened umbrella — most people close umbrellas completely). The importance of being natural can be illustrated by a delightful example of the man who donned a white coat, took a kind of fork-lift into a large city shop, and walked out, with a fridge.

Shoplifting techniques are a bit like magicians tricks in that nobody likes to give them away. The best idea is to make up your own. But remember, be natural, be creative. Only mugs get caught.

ALEX CALDER
MT EDEN JAIL

...but were afraid to ask.

EDUCATION: WHAT ROLE SHOULD A.U.S.A. PLAY?

Much justifiable criticism has been levelled at the content of the Educational Development Conference, but nevertheless its structure ensures that comprehensive involvement by a wide variety of individuals and organisations is possible.

A.U.S.A. has registered, as a body involved in education but finds that a lack of personnel may prohibit any of our opinions being voiced, either written or verbal. We have been given a chance to take part: to withdraw or disparage those participating or organising would seriously weaken any criticisms we may have after the results of the conference have been published. Thus we are being held by the short-

hairs but this is not too unfortunate, and we can turn the situation to benefit ourselves.

This then is the chance for many of you who have so bitterly complained of the extent of A.U.S.A.'s relevance to the community to come forward to help A.U.S.A. achieve something constructive as well as doing something for the Association which represents you. The task is to draw up an Education policy and programme using material already compiled by N.Z.U.S.A. and others as a base. This is not purely an exercise for the E.D.C. (it, however, provides the opportunity) but a long term project which has implications in the future of our Association and our role at this University.

Last year an ad-hoc Education Committee was formed by the Executive and consisted of the

President
Admin Vice President
Welfare Vice President
Treasurer
President Medical Students Assn
President Elam Students Assn
President Architectural Students
President Engineering Students
A.U.S.A. Council Representative
A.A.S.A. Sent
A.U.S.A. Senate representatives
Faculty reps from Arts
Commerce
Science
Music
Town Planning
A.U.S.A. rep on Library Cmte of Senate
Others as co-opted

This committee did do some work on the Studass Calendar, but this document is really only the beginning of a complete

reappraisal of our Educational System at a tertiary level

I will judge from the response to this request how seriously students regard an important A.U.S.A. undertaking.

I have arranged a meeting for FRIDAY 26 APRIL AT 1P.M. in the EXECUTIVE LOUNGE which is situated on the first floor of the S.U.B. opposite the Cafe. I would like to see a strong representative turnout and would be pleased to see even those who turn up out of idle curiosity. If you cannot come to this first meeting but would like still to take part, please phone me at 30-789, ext 86.

E.R. HAYSOM
PRESIDENT