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4 JUN 1975
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[Vol. 49 No. 10, 3 June 1975]

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Editor - Mike Rann
Advertising Manager - Paul Gilmour
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Brent Lewis

Thanks to Jeremy Templar, Roger Horrocks, Pete Klein, Virginia Smith, Ruth Butterworth, Murray Cammock, Glenda Fryer, Tony Dummett and all our friends.

EDITORIAL

A TALE OF TWO STUDENTS

This is the story of two students that I know. One is the daughter of a Northland "professional man". The other is the son of a South Auckland Electrician. The girl from Northland lives in one of the student hostels that are close to the University. She has a Fees and Allowances bursary, an "A" bursary, and because she lives away from home, a Boarding bursary. Each vacation, and sometimes at weekends, she goes home to be with her family. Apart from babysitting she didn't work last Christmas. She preferred to "help out at home".

The guy from Papatoetoe didn't complete a year in the Seventh form. He came to Varsity after having his U.E. accredited. Like most students he works in the summer vacations to keep himself in pocket for the rest of the year. He also works on Thursday and Friday nights in a city restaurant.

Two years after leaving school he had "a bit of a bust up" with his parents, and decided to join a couple of his mates in a Grey Lynn flat. Part of growing up and all that.

Unlike the girl from Northland he is not entitled to a boarding allowance, even though he has to pay rent, food and accommodation costs. The reason, of course is that he lives in the same town as his parents. They are expected to bankroll his existence (they don't), even though the family is not too well off. Besides that, relations between father and son are still not the best.

My friend doesn't expect the state to keep him in comfort. He was quite pleased to learn that next year he will receive a thirteen dollar-a-week bursary.

What he does resent, however, is this long-standing town-country anomaly. It's a shame his parents don't live in Puhoi. He'd be twice the richer, yet no more deserving.

Next year he hopes to further his education at the graduate level. He also intends to continue working at the restaurant, particularly if good jobs are scarce at the end of the year.

And here lies another anomaly. Varsity bursary regulations prohibit Masters students from being employed more than six hours a week. Presumably there is the sanction that bursaries could be withdrawn. So a student that is prepared to 'put himself through Varsity' is penalised.

Quite frankly I was not surprised to learn that the government had decided to wait until next year before introducing the Standard Tertiary Bursary. But I did think that Mr. Tizard would have been forthcoming with an interim increase.

Many students found difficulty in getting jobs last summer. Overtime was limited in a lot of cases, while many were laid off some weeks earlier than previous years. Some, in the retail trade, found themselves unemployed early in January. Women students were particularly hard hit.

After months of hard bargaining, many students must be disappointed that the Labour Government remains convinced that only 'out-of-town' students need boarding assistance.

If the Government is sincere in its stated intent to provide students with "grants-in-aid" then it must examine whether or not such aid is really benefiting those in need. Experience has led me to believe that the people who most need assistance have once more been overlooked. At the moment it looks like a university education will continue to remain the preserve of the privileged.

Mike Rann

QUESTION TIME

As part of our election campaign coverage a fortnightly feature entitled "Question

Time" will be incorporated in to the Craccum format. Readers are invited to question individual candidates on any issue. We hope that readers will attempt to glean not only 'the party line' but also each candidate's "own" opinion on specific issues.

Once received we will attempt to obtain a prompt reply to your questions. Because of organisational difficulties, we will have to restrict questions to candidates running for seats in the Auckland area.

Later this month Craccum reporters will interview candidates contesting the Auckland Central seat. Candidates include Richard Prebble (Labour), Murray McCully (National) and Reg Clough (Values). The seat is currently held by Norman Douglas (Labour), who is retiring from parliamentary politics.

Although Douglas won with a majority in 1972, National optimists predict that Auckland Central will be one of three Auckland seats to "fall" their way this November. (The other seats are Birkenhead, held by Norman King, the Minister of Social Welfare; and Eden, held by Mike Moore.)

The success or failure of "Question Time" depends on you, so think of a "curly" and post it to us soon.

COMING UP SOON

Several important conferences were held during the May vacation. Apart from the Labour and Social Credit party conferences, Auckland hosted the Overseas Student Congress. There were also meetings and seminars connected with Peace Studies week. Shortage of space will necessitate that reports on these conferences will have to be spaced over the next two issues. Craccum helpers are currently transcribing tapes of seminars given at the Overseas Student Congress.

A number of readers have commented most favourably on the photographic essay that we featured in our last issue. The photographer, Tony is now on his way to Paris. Tony has promised to provide us with material during his European jaunt.

A four page liftout supplement introducing this year's Auckland Film Festival is being prepared by Roger Horrocks for the issue after next, and next week we hope to have a candid look at Idy Amin.

Letters of complaint concerning the Felix Minderbinder Column should be addressed to him at 24 Nutsey Avenue, Northcote, 9.

PUTTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT:

A REPLY TO A MALAYSIAN

In reply to a letter printed in Craccum No. 9, Mr Mike Loh, MSSA's student captain, said that he felt it was ridiculous for the anonymous writer of the letter to resort to name-calling by insinuating that he was "directly or indirectly acting as the 'official' spokesman of the Malaysian Authority". Mr Loh said that at no stage had he claimed to speak on behalf of the 'Malaysian Authority', or even the ruling party of Malaysia. He added that it was his belief that "Malaysian national interest" was acting in the best interests of the Malaysian people and not "by inviting foreign capitalists to exploit the country".

Mr Loh said that as MSSA's 'student captain' - he is an 'alternate' to the President on Campus, and can therefore be considered a 'spokesman'. He added that all Malaysian and Singapore students were not automatically members of MSA and MSSA.

During the first term Craccum attempted to give a fair coverage to the various and differing views of Malaysian students in the debate that was initiated by statements made at the Studass AGM. Opinions expressed in 'letters to the editor' are the opinions of the writers. Such opinions are, of course, not necessarily those of Craccum or the Students' Association. We regret,

however, any embarrassment caused to Mr Loh by any incorrect allegations made in the letter signed "A Malaysian" in Craccum No. 9. Correspondence on this issue is now closed. (Ed.)

letters to ed

Dear Ed,

During the morning of the 5th May, the Students' Association were fortunate enough to have T.V. 1 offer their support to assist the students in their bid to find May holiday employment. Their reward after their considerable effort was to have their camera-man bombarded with cream cakes. The camera lens sustained \$30.00 worth or more of damage, and about 25 feet of film was run off by these irresponsible people, not to mention the camera-man having his clothes and hair showered. It was a deplorable exhibition by so-called intelligent students. It must be obvious that we are losing the support, goodwill and respect of these valued helpers of our cause. I would ask that those concerned make good the damage, and offer their personal apologies to T.V. 1's crew for the embarrassment caused.

This filming was for a nation-wide coverage and as a result we were able to place every student enrolled for May employment, offers came in from as far away as Huntly.

S.G. Bayliss
EMPLOYMENT OFFICER.

2

Dear Ed,

A number of times this year I have seen notices pinned to the Association notice board advertising for people to share flats with Malaysian students. An article in Craccum about the recent Overseas Student Congress talked about the need for breaking down the barriers that prevent a greater degree of communication between overseas students and their New Zealand counterparts.

Yet, at the end of last term I was appalled to read a notice which boldly proclaimed "Chinese-Malaysian Students Only Should Apply". Apart from being a contravention of the Race Relations Act, it was particularly disturbing to witness what I believe to be overt racism on our own doorstep.

Imagine the furore that would break out if an ad. said "White New Zealanders Only". When I took the offending notice to the Studass Office, someone told me that they had seen similar notices several times last term.

I would be interested to hear comments from MSA, MSSA, and Malaysian students on this matter.

Graeme Johnson

3

Dear Ed,

I was interested to read Roger Horrocks' article on the Audio-Visual Department. However, as a BA student who hopes to pursue a career in journalism I find it disappointing that there is no degree or diploma course in journalism - or even "communications" at Auckland University. I understand that ATI offers a 5-

month course for would-be reporters, but I feel that a city such as Auckland (soon to be the centre of a new television channel) should have a course at least comparable to the post-graduate diploma course in journalism at Canterbury. Perhaps the Audio-Visual, English, Sociology and Political Studies Departments could contribute to such a course with practical guidance from the media men themselves.

Scribe

movies

'PINK FLOYD' - EMBASSY THEATRE ('G CERT')

That hardy 'institution' of British rock music, Pink Floyd, never did make it out here to N.Z. last October, but it seems unlikely that Auckland, with its dire lack of a true AUDITORIUM could have staged the full-scale Floyd phenomenon anyway. Some consolation is now offered by the Embassy's "overwhelming full volume Pink Floyd color experience", a Film featuring the band in performance (specially arranged, with 'location shots') - in the studio (sessions for the highly-acclaimed 'Dark Side of the Moon' album) plus the odd snippet of 'informal' conversation or interview. All these goodies are sealed with the 'G' certificate of approval (so none of those naughty, nasty expletives that so 'grossly offend' the average rock fan !)

The spectacle opens at an ancient Roman amphitheatre where the Pink Floyd 'artillery' is assembled for "Echoes" (Part 1). Already we have an example of the transformation a Floyd composition typically undergoes in the transition from record to stage repertoirethe presentation is distinctly more vigorous, almost aggressive, though at the expense of some of the thematic subtleties so effectively conveyed by the version on 'Meddle'. For those unfamiliar with such intricacies, the performance is nevertheless instructive in displaying the characteristic 'structure' of this and other Floydian 'epics' the initial rhythmic/percussive pattern, over which emerge the other components of organ/lead guitar/bass until the desired sound-texture is attained and the arrangement proceeds. Following some fairly unobtrusive 'chat' scenes comes their mystically-titled "Careful With That Axe Eugene", notable for Roger Waters' prompting vocal contortions and shots of molten lava; then another 'relic', "A Saucerful of Secrets", where Waters maniacally thrashes gangs while Dave Gilmour extracts some amazing sounds with his er unconventional' slide-guitar technique. Another break for studio/cafe/teraria scenes ruthlessly exposes Nick Mason's 'deviant rock-star appetite', after which he takes the lime-light on the more recent piece, "One Of These Days.....", but soon it's back into the (misty) past with "Set The Controls For the Heart Of The Sun" (some more molten lava would've been appropriate !)

Two interesting sequences next ; Dave Gilmour doing his level best to get a guitar bit for the album 'right', and then an impromptu session with a pooch - microphone courtesy of Rick Wright (well, - there is a brief canine ditty on Meddle you know !). Finally, it's Part 2 of the unfortunately-bisected "Echoes".

So there it is. Some will no doubt bemoan the comparative lack of 'Dark Side Of The Moon' material, which is perhaps surprising when one considers that the work was performed in its entirety for quite some time 'on the road' before being recorded, but while the film is no substitute for the real thing, it is mercifully free of boring/lengthy self-indulgences (as marred 'Let It Be' some years back) and for those that are at least intrigued by the Floyd 'mystique', this movie should have ample to offer.

- PETE KLEIN

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New Argot no longer?



New Argot, the Students Arts Council Publication for the arts has finally been scrapped. The Winter Council of N.Z.U.S.A. recommended to the Arts Council that the magazine should be abolished.

The move came only two days after the same meeting had thrown out a similar motion from the Victoria Students Association. In the meantime the Political heavies had moved in, managing to neutralise one delegation and change the minds of two others.

From its initial conception three years ago the Publication has been plagued by a unsound structure, threatened boycotts by constituent campuses and a gtave shortage of Advertising Revenue.

It has been the target of a dilemma between those who argued that money was being wasted on a Arts and Cultural Publication and instead there should be a N.Z.U.S.A. sponsored National Political Monthly — and those who believed that through Arts Council the Association had an obligation to support the Arts by way of publications like New Argot.

The former view was strongly expressed in a recent edition of Victoria's 'Salient' which strongly urged for a Political Newspaper to replace New Argot.

There have been other critics as well. Craccums Advertising Manager Paul Gilmour has often expressed the view that New Argot was getting four page spreads from Student Travel to the detriment of the Constituent

Papers. There was also a plague of complaints after the 1st issue this year that the Magazine was sitting gathering dust in Association offices and not getting out to those who through their levies pay for it — the students.

Like all publications finance has been a constant problem.

In a period which has seen considerable rises in the cost of nrespaper production New Argot has not been able to compensate for this with a large advertising revenue. As a result it has been a drain on the finances of the Students Art Council.

This year things were to be different. A professional Advertising Agent was contracted to look after Advertising Soliciting. New Argot was to operate on a break even basis — no printing until there was enough revenue. For any editor this is an almost impossible situation. The actual costs of production are always difficult to estimate and advertising is always uncertain up to the point of printing. This is exactly what happened. A large amount of advertising promised did not eventuate and as a result Vol 3 No.1 made a \$700 loss. As this years editor Kaye Turner states " Working for weeks at a time with noremuneration is not cheerful, nor is the prospect of total uncertainty as to when the next salary might be forthcoming". Since its conception in 1973 when it took over from Victoria Students Association's Literary Magazine Argot, New Argot has had six issues. All but one was edited or co-edited by Ms Turner.

The paper was driving towards a quality publication of Art critics and contributions. To this end it was beginning to show success. There was criticism often strong about its content but most critics were happy that there was at least some publication to criticise.

New Argot did apply for a grant from the Literary Fund but it was turned down because the trustees regarded the 4th issue of the paper (edited by Peter Franks) as being a political publication and not orientated enough towards the Arts. There was also a Scholarship believed to be over \$2000 offered to Arts Council by a large New Zealand Business concern but it was vetoed by the Politicians when it was discovered the group had a travel subsidiary which ran tours to South Africa.

At the Council Meeting in Hamilton, Auckland was the only delegation to strenuously oppose wiping New Argot. A.U.S.A. President Clare Ward is particularly concerned.

Although Arts Council which publishes New Argot is a standing Committee of N.Z.U.S.A. it also has other constituent members namely the Training Colleges and the Technical Institutes. None of these were consulted and they are understandably angry.

New Argot's editor Turner was given a \$250 gratuity payment but this is not she states Compensation for been made redundant without notice, with the difficulty of now trying to get another job.

With the publications demise the arts are virtually without a Publication. Arts and Community has been disbanded and Islands, Landfall and Cave are published irregularly due to the present financial squeeze.

It is also unlikely a Political paper as envisaged will get off the ground. For a start it will cut into ground covered by local campus Newspapers and it would almost definitely be far less successful in gaining advertising revenue that a Arts Publication would.

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Sand in the Works: Norman Alcock

Norman Alcock doesn't seem to have much faith in the concept of nuclear deterrence. He likens the stability it offers to that of a golf ball on a tee in a high wind. But Dr Alcock, the President of the Canadian Institute for Peace Research, feels that though the global situation is gloomy our problems are not yet insurmountable. And he argues that small nations like New Zealand have a role to play in fostering a climate of peace in the world.

Dr Alcock, touring New Zealand to help promote the Peace Studies programme says that not only are more nations getting nuclear weapons, but the two 'super-powers' are not content with the enormous hoard of weapons they already possess. The Vladivostok Agreement and the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks were made to look like important steps towards detente and disarmament. Unfortunately what the achievements did achieve was to allow the United States and Soviet Union to escalate one more rung, Alcock told a meeting in the Auckland Town Hall.

"For quite a while many concerned people felt comfortable that only five powers possessed nuclear weapons. To some, it appeared as if the situation had stabilised. But now India has the bomb and there is every suggestion that other nations, including Israel and South Africa, are on the verge of acquiring nuclear weapons. The lid has been lifted."

"A single nuclear bomb could create 7000 square miles of destruction and radioactive damage. It is no longer possible to think of 'defence' in World War Two terms. There is now no defence. If a nation fires off a hundred H bombs and only two get

make progress".

But does a build-up of arms necessarily lead nations towards conflict? Isn't it true that when one major power faces another of similar strength the terrifying consequences of modern warfare defuse any thoughts of full scale military conflict? Alcock was quite emphatic: "The problem with two nations trying to stay balanced militarily is that each nation really wants to be one better than her rival. The notion of parity becomes unbalanced. It's a two-step casual phenomenon. Underlying tensions between two powers lead to an arms race.



The arms race leads to war."

"Studies of fifty primitive societies revealed that those societies most prepared for conflict quite simply went to war more often. We find the same with nations. The nations with the largest arms expenditures are the ones who go to war most readily. If you have weapons, you tend to use them. Research into more than a hundred wars confirmed these conclusions. We also found that military alliances predispose a nation towards war rather than serve as a protection against it."

Alcock maintains that it is unrealistic to expect one power to unilaterally disarm without regard to its neighbours or potential enemies. "It's not that simple. The dismantling has to be undertaken with care. But there is some promise in an alliance of peace-keeping nations getting together and saying 'we are going to start to disarm'. A number of nations - Sweden, Tanzania, Canada, Yugoslavia, Kenya, Sri Lanka, West Germany and perhaps New Zealand may well come to the point when they might look favourably at such an idea. Those countries' existing armed forces could be earmarked for U.N. duty - in a peace keeping capacity. I look forward to some form of world police force operating under the law and order of a stronger U.N."

"I think the Afro-Asian bloc in the U.N. would be enthusiastic about a dozen richer countries - middle powers - taking such action if they felt that a proportion of the savings from disarmament was going to spill over into assistance. Many of the Third World would applaud such a move, as they themselves would like to avoid the expense of arms - but don't dare because they fear their neighbours. But we must remember that the task won't be easy and the odds are against us."

Someone in Alcock's Town Hall audience questioned his faith in "a world police force". After all, she argued, couldn't the power inherent in such a role be equally abused? The world has had its 'fair' share of police-state nations so couldn't we be laying the foundations for a police-state world.

Alcock argued that a U.N. police force shouldn't be equipped with 'massive weapons'. Their role would be to minimise violence. The major powers, he believes, would have to be excluded at first.

"I know there are problems. Our studies have shown that nations with fewer police forces are better than those nations

with many. There is certainly more civil violence in nations with large police forces. But I also believe that you can have too few."

"In Britain 150 years ago, there were no police forces. As you went from one city to another you had to be armed. The houses of the wealthy were small fortresses. Each person had to look after their own defence. And then came Peel's 'bobbies'. At that time a paid peace-keeping force was a revolutionary idea. But they were badly needed. Right now the world is anarchy, yet there is no world police force."

most hostility in their nature to things that are different. We test this out by attitude measurements - see which attitudes cluster together."

"If you are the type of person who says 'yes' to the question: Do most people make you sick? - Then you are more likely to say 'my country right or wrong'. If you were brought up in an environment where your parents made most of your decisions you are more likely to distrust others because you weren't trusted yourself. So you don't trust the other fellow and don't expect your country to trust another."

People say that countries like the United States can't afford disarmament. But we can handle the problems of disarmament. We may not be able to handle the alternatives. It's only a problem of adjustment. If the United States cut back its arms spending from 10% to 2% of GNP over eight years, that's an adjustment of 1% a year. At present the United States is having to adjust to an 8% change in GNP. The argument that the civilian sector profits from spin-offs from military research is quite simply a cop-out. The world would profit far more if the initial research was done in the civilian sector."

Professor Bernard Feld, Secretary-General of the Pugwash Conference on Science and World Affairs, predicted last December that the odds are now one in three that a nuclear weapon will be used in conflict before 1984. Norman Alcock is forced to agree that a child born now is unlikely to



live to a ripe old age.

"The problem is that the answers have to be found in the next few years. So we can't say that we have had wars before and everything turned out o.k. Unfortunately in the nuclear age we can no longer think that way."

On a world scale we don't have equality and democracy. The United Nations isn't a democracy when the major powers have the veto, and there is certainly not equality when countries differ in their standard of living by 50 to one. We are making progress, but not fast enough. What needs to be done has to be done in 25 years, not 600 years. We really haven't got much time."

"In Britain 600 years ago the King used to run things. Then the barons got together and said 'there's too much here for one monarch, we want some of the cream'. And then we had the House of Commons. That's a remarkable achievement in 600 years. I think we are moving towards a larger world, towards 'law and order', but there is still so much to do and so little time."

MIKE RANN.



through you've still had it"

Although at heart a pessimist Alcock believes that the United Nations, despite its many failures, is not a lost cause. Small nations and even concerned individuals, he argues, can have an important role to play in creating a 'climate of peace'.

"There is a cynical view that the U.N. is disappointingly ineffective. Critics point out that after the 1963 Partial Test Ban Treaty just as many bombs were let off. The only difference was that they were exploded underground instead of in the atmosphere. Similarly, with the Undersea Treaty nations agreed not to put weapons of destruction on the sea-bed floor. In reality, no country wanted to place them on the sea-bed because they would be too vulnerable. Submarines are far more effective. So there was ready agreement. Again, the Non Proliferation Treaty is severely weakened because a dozen key nations haven't yet signed."

But I don't want to take the totally cynical view, despite my pessimistic nature. After all it's a nuisance for the "Super-Powers" to have to test underground. Its far more expensive. It's a nuisance for France to have to follow suit - because little New Zealand protested. We're putting sand in the works. Public opinion may be our only 'weapon', but if we can generate enough strength then maybe we can

death of a folk singer

The morning of September 11th began cool and with clear skies. Nothing indicated that this was the dawn of the most violent and horrible coup d'etat in the history of Chile and the Americas.

At seven in the morning, President Allende went to the Moneda. He was already informed about the military situation as were all the people in all the headquarters of the Popular Unity parties.

Victor Jara, a member of the Communist Party of Chile, had distinguished himself in voluntary work among the students who, in those days before the coup, carried food and fuel to the people who suffered from the devastating effects of the truck-owners strike. Because of this, Victor rushed to the State Technical University in Santiago.

Here, he contacted the student leaders of the University and together they decided to close all entrances to the University building and to prepare for its defence.

At nine thirty, the streets around the University were seized by forces of the carabineros who began their attack with all kinds of heavy and semi-heavy arms. A very uneven battle broke out, considering that there were no arms inside the University building except for some poles used to carry the flags of various groups. The leaders quickly realised that any attempt at resistance would lead to a useless massacre. They had already seen that the carabineros were shooting with the cannons on their tanks, producing huge holes in the walls and windows, quite aside from extensive machine-gun fire which had caused innumerable wounded and dead.

In half an hour the entire University building was under the control of the carabineros. They gathered all the students (more than six thousand) in the central courtyard, where they forced them to lie down, their hands on the backs of their necks and their faces in the dirt. Thus began the bloodiest chapter in student history.

At the slightest movement of a student the carabineros shot immediately. Many of the students of the Technical University bled to death. Nobody could make the slightest move to help a wounded fellow student lying at his side. Such a movement meant ones own death.

From twelve noon until six in the afternoon all the students remained lying on the ground with their hands on the backs of their necks. After one hour of remaining in such a position, ones body feels all sorts of pains and cramps. The people forced to remain in this position so long were totally cramped. Inevitably, they sometimes changed position. For this they received a volley of machine-gun shots which ended many lives.

Victor Jara was among them and had to suffer all this with them. Shortly before the carabineros seized the building, the student leaders urged him to leave the building to avoid being captured. Victor refused and expressed his decision to stay.

At six in the afternoon, the prisoners were brought in microbuses to the Chile Stadium, a few blocks from the Technical University. This Stadium has a capacity of, at most, 15,000 people. It is used, ordinarily, for amateur boxing competitions and some artistic shows. It is an old, neglected building with very bad ventilation.

The prisoners, while climbing into the microbuses, were kicked and hit to soften them up for what was yet to come.

At ten at night, all the students were in the stadium. The building was strongly guarded inside and outside as if a surprise attack were expected. This is the origin of the concept of 'prisoners of war' which was later used in all the detention camps. The prisoners listened to the loudspeakers from inside the building incessantly repeating the sentence: "You faggote (maricones) you shitty traitors, you are our prisoners of war, so if anything happens we will kill you immediately, in reprisal."



The combined forces military personnel and carabineros were under the command of a prison camp commander. That was the title this individual repeated tirelessly through the loudspeakers; "This is the commander of this prisoner-of-war camp speaking to you. At the first movement our forces consider suspicious they will start shooting without any consideration." And they did shoot, of course, without any hesitation.

Systematically, every fifteen minutes, without any immediate cause and from any angle, they shot at the prisoners of war. Chaos, desperation, panic were all over. Unless one has lived through a scene like this one can't imagine the extent of peoples collective madness when they are provoked by such incomparable terror.

The prisoners were put in the bleachers of the stadium, (terraces) and down below were the military. They focused strong lights on the prisoners. Suddenly, somebody began to scream with terror, having lost his mind. Immediately, machine-gun volleys were loosed against the section from where the scream came. Ten or twenty bodies fell from the high bleachers, rolling over the bodies of those prisoners

who had thrown themselves to the ground to avoid the shots.

I saw friends who, in all the days they stayed there, never lifted their faces from the stone floor and afterwards had lost all capacity to move. The psychological shock was complete. There were people who for many days were only able to stammer a few incoherent words.

There was a 'special' section of prisoners of war. These were the 'foreigners', most of them Argentines, Uruguayans and Bolivians. They were separated from the others and the most brutal repression and ferocity was used against them. They were the lepers, "the dirtiest and vilest things ever seen" (exact words of the commander of the prison camp). Every so often, the soldiers guarding them charged this group (several hundred) and began to beat them with the butts of their rifles, hitting them, spitting on them, insulting them, and finally shooting them without provocation.

Victor wandered around among the prisoners, trying to calm them, to keep a minimum of order among them. A fruitless attempt. The terror was limitless. It brought the prisoners to the lowest degree of human degradation. The military were determined to accomplish this, and after three days of detention and mass terror they did.

The prisoners, who had not eaten or drunk anything in those three days of imprisonment, vomited on the dead bodies of their comrades who lay in their bleachers. I saw prisoners who howled, wide-eyed with terror, no longer able to remember their own names. Victor tried to control his own psychological state, a very difficult task under the circumstances.

At one point, Victor went down to the arena and approached one of the doors where new prisoners entered. Here he bumped into the commander of the camp. The commander looked at him, made a tiny gesture of someone playing the guitar. Victor nodded his head affirmatively, smiling sadly and candidly. The military man smiled to himself, as if congratulating himself on his discovery. He called four soldiers and ordered them to hold Victor there. Then he ordered a table to be brought and to be put in the middle of the arena so that everybody could see what was to happen. They took Victor to the table and ordered him to put his hands on

it. In the hands of the officer ("I have two beautiful children and a happy home," he declared days afterwards to the foreign press) rose, swiftly, an axe.

With one single stroke he severed the fingers of Victor's left hand, and with another stroke, the fingers of the right. The fingers fell to the wooden floor, trembling and still moving, while Victor's body fell down heavily.

A collective outcry from six thousand prisoners was heard. These twelve thousand eyes then watched the same officer throw himself over the fallen body of the singer and actor Victor Jara and begin to hit him while shouting, "Now sing, now sing."

No one who saw the face of the officer axe in hand, dishevelled hair over his forehead, can forget it. It was the face of bestiality and unbridled hatred.

Victor received the blows while his hands were dripping blood and his face was rapidly turning violet. Unexpectedly, he laboriously raised himself to his feet and blindly turned toward the bleachers of the stadium. His steps were faltering, knees trembling, his mutilated hands stretched forward like those of a sleep-walker.

When he came to where the arena and the bleachers meet, there was a deep silence. And then his voice was heard crying: "All right comrades, let's do the senior commandante the favour!"

He steadied himself for a moment and then, lifting his bleeding hands, began to sing, with an unsteady voice, the anthem of the Unidad Popular, and everybody sang with him.

As those six thousand voices rose into song, Victor marked the time with his mutilated hands. In his face was a smile - open and released - and his eyes shone as if possessed.

This sight was too much for the military. A volley, and the body of Victor began to double over as if he were reverentially making a long and slow bow to his comrades. Then he fell down on his side and remained lying there.

More volleys followed from the mouths of the machine-guns, but those were directed against the people in the bleachers who had accompanied Victor's song.

An avalanche of bodies tumbled down, riddled with bullets, rolling into the arena. The cries of the wounded were horrible. But Victor Jara did not hear them anymore. He was dead.

Last poem of Victor Jara, written in the National Stadium of Chile:

We are 5,000
Here in this little corner of the city.
How many are we - in all the cities of the world?

All, all of us, our eyes fixed on death.
How terrifying is the face of fascism!
For them, blood is a medal,
Carnage is a heroic gesture.

Song, I cannot sing you well when I must
sing out of fear.
When I am dying of fright,
When I find myself in these endless moments
Where silence and cries are the echoes of
my song.



CAPPING

We were told that 'Capping 1975' was going to be different. Out would go Capping Magazine and all the other frivolities of the bad old days and in would come Culture with a whole day dedicated to raising money for a workers bursary - patronised by an Australian Parrot.

There would be creative dancing in the Town Hall and Bavarian Banquets in the Cafe. It would be great for Town/Gown relationships and we would be able to show everyone the other side of University life and make money at the same time.

But even hard work cannot always make well intentioned thoughts work out. Students are now almost mechanically automated to react during Capping Week.

It is the last week of a fairly gruelling first term and for many especially the engineers an opportunity to relax before their first semester exams.

While the President, the Capping Controller and others worked hard to make their kind of capping a success they did so without the support that their plans needed. Galah day was an ambitious large-scale operation which required greater business finesse than it got.

By forgetting about the traditional side of Capping the Organisers were probably partly responsible in allowing these to get out of hand. Various individual groups of students particularly from Engineering and the hostels banded together to organise the "other" side of Capping with a "We'll show em" attitude against those that were organising a Capping that was not at all to their taste.

The Great Galah

Galah day was a success, in that for those that did attend it was an enjoyable



day. As far as its aim of raising money was concerned it was only moderately successful.

The Organisers over-bought in some fields, particularly for the food fair and the vegetable stalls. For days after Galah people were still trying to hawk off dozens of cases of apples and 1200 coconuts. However, it is very difficult to ascertain the amount of produce required without having any idea of the size of attendance.

In fact the attendance figure of about 6,000 was only half of what was hoped for. Most who attended were students or their friends. There was little evidence of the "Family day" that was hoped for. There were also some complaints passed on to Craccum by stall holders who claimed they were left in the dark about arrangements until the last minute.

Publicity for Galah Day was generally favourable. In fact Hauraki was so keen

that exactly a week after 'Galah' had finished they were still giving free plugs over their News Bulletins.

Students and Police

Without a doubt this capping will be remembered as the week that the Police got heavy. The situation has changed dramatically since the arrival of Gideon Tait and the Task Force. Over one hundred students were arrested; the majority for trivial and petty offences. It was also probably the worst capping in years with regard to Police co-operation.

A number of students were extremely carefree and stupid - mainly because they were sloshed out of their minds. Isolated instances such as a French letter filled with goodness knows what thrown during "drink the pub dry" at the Globe, and some of the more organised activities such as Bike Rally caused annoyance and damage to public facilities. Such tactics were



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quite plainly irresponsible and should not be lauded.

Members of the A.U.S.A. Exec. were themselves very annoyed that at a time they were campaigning for Bursaries Rises such activities could well jeopardize their efforts.

It is, however, also a fact that this year's Capping was no different than those before.

For so many years there have been Pub Crawls and Bike Rallies. And despite claims to the contrary by police spokesmen, such activities have long been 'unofficial', unauthorised by the Capping Controller or her committee.

The Police WERE given adequate notice of the date and time of the Pub Crawl, and despite requests it wasn't until fifteen minutes before that they agreed to have 'student martials' in police cars to help defuse trouble. In previous years this practice has proven particularly successful, with the police extremely co-operative. No so this year.

For those students that did eventually go along as mediators it became obvious that they were being kept away from the Task Force operating behind them. The Task Force were "just not interested" in carrying any student observers.

As a result this group of Police used tactics and methods totally new and inappropriate to controlling a Pub Crawl.

Their effect of barging in with great numbers proved purely to be intimidatory and was a totally wrong way to handle a large group of people heavily under the influence of drink.

Richard Rowe who as a former A.V.P. of the Association has been on many pub crawls as a Police Observer said that this years crawl was mild in comparison to some he had seen. Nevertheless they had a field day in true task force style with numerous arrests.

The news media also had a field day. Callers on talk back shows incensed by reports of animalistic behaviour were quick to visit the sins of the few on all students. "We should cut all their bursaries", more than one irate caller argued. One talk-back host got so annoyed that he went on to vent his spleen on Craccum. He said that "we weren't worth a tin of fish". We welcome intelligent and constructive criticism . . . He even went on to say that Craccums were full of four letter words . . . designed to make the writers look big. On this point we doubt whether he has read any Craccums this year, or even last year for that matter. We'd be grateful if he could point out all those offensive words that we've missed. Or was he just talking a load of old boots.



Reviews

Does the Club of Rome buy Unilever?

The publication of two important reports recently heightens the absurdity of capitalist schizophrenia about 'survival'. As we would expect of the Club's second report, funded by Volkswagen, and employing the most sophisticated computerised systems-analysis, it concludes that the Malthusian ravages will hit the vast majority of the world's population before the magic year 2000, unless, and wait for it, there is a massive and immediate transfer of resources from rich to poor nations. Obvious you say, but not all that obvious since there is a rival school of thought which couldn't give a dam if war, pestilence and plague spread from their South-Asian training grounds to the whole of the

Third World. The way we get ourselves in the shit to fight off the inevitable? And they are right if by talking fast and long they prevent the necessary action. What the Rome people do is show how much and how soon the rich elite of the world has to hand-back the accumulated spoils of many centuries, but it doesn't say 'how'. It cannot, without upsetting Volkswagen the car people, or IT&T, or IBM, or any multinational corporation of which Unilever is a supremely illuminating example. For each and every one of these MNC's is but one spaceship in a fleet of predatory space ships that roam the earth sucking it dry and excreting their products into yours and my children's mouths and brains. Why pick on Unilever? Because it makes nearly everything that is consumed by households every day without thought (Unilever is master of the conditioned reflex), and throughout the world, and which the Club of Rome itself can hardly escape. Let us consider the absurdity of it. Unilever is the ninth biggest company in the world and second only to Royal Dutch Shell as the largest non-U.S. company. Yet its operations effect many more people, more often, and more deeply than almost any MNC. Two-thirds of mankind buy or sell from Unilever because it concentrates on food, detergents and toiletries. In order to expand its operations, Unilever has pursued

a policy of ruthless verticle and horizontal integration. In this way it controls the cost of raw materials through its subsidiaries in Africa, Asia and the Pacific, and effectively monopolises its Western markets. Unilever is then, the quintessence of the problem that the Rome people recognise. It exploits cheap labour in the third world to turn scarce resources into expansive and harmful products which it then creates a demand for by sophisticated promotion, market research and advertising, activities. The report on Unilever calculates that labour costs Unilever 18% of sales compared with a total selling cost of 30% of sales. This means that Unilever starves its labourers in order to sell you a product 30% of the price of which you pay in order to persuade yourself that you need the product! Yet Unilever's destructive operations are typical of hundreds of MNC's whose power is now beyond the control of any single state and conceivably any foreseeable trans-national state. How then will the Club of Rome handle the Unilevers of this world? Read it and find out!

'MANKIND AT THE TURNING-POINT: THE SECOND REPORT OF THE CLUB OF ROME' M. Mesarovic and E. Pestel. Hutchinson, 1975.
'UNILEVERS WORLD' C15 ANTI-REPORT NO. 11 Counter-Information Series; 52 Shalfeston Avenue, London, 1975.

More to the point how can you bring Unilever to its knees? The only way is for you to join with others in a consumer boycott of its soap, frozen peas, icecream, tea, and substitute better quality locally produced products. Then once you have made a start with Unilever extend it to every MNC that exploits cheap labour and profits from waste and the destruction of the environment. Unless the MNC's are destroyed they will destroy you!

The moving finger writes

MIGRANT: Barry Mitcalfe (Caveman Press \$2.50 p.b. \$3.95 h)

REVIEWED BY JOHN ADAMS

This lengthy collection, the first book of poems by Barry Mitcalfe is stamping ground for the author. We know of him mainly as a member of the antiwar movement and protagonist of the Māori language and culture. In these two fields he is knowledgeable and this fact emerges clearly in this book of poems.

Broken into five sections the book gives the impression of a man whose ambitions and convictions are strong. This in itself is not bad but when Mitcalfe steps down from his own convictions he also steps down from being a competent poet.

It has been said that poets should write only of what they know this could be good advice to Barry Mitcalfe because when you venture through two sections and into his political poems you know the man is talking and making sense, politically, socially and above all poetically.

Section One, titled "People" opens with a good poem "Nonentity" and leads through to "Northern Thoughts", a short four verse poem which has some very effective imagery and in the third verse reaches a poetic and geographical peak.

..... where the beach
points a lazy arm and the waves
rise to obey, surging round the edge

the last verse ends

...two convivial souls at the worlds end

This theme of the poets loneliness, has detachment from everyday life recurs time and time again. "Boy" shows Mitcalfe as a humane and gentle man, and is one of the better more sensitive pieces in the section. Next section, titled "Places" is little more than a travelogue of New Zealand. A recurring feature once again is his "two souls", people who are alien within their own environment, though not always with each other. "Empty Days" opens beautifully with

.....Crisp razors of frost crop
the lawn, white as an old mans whiskers

"Omokoroa" is Mitcalfe attempting to be mildly philosophical and abstract and unfortunately he works best when he is in the realms of realism. "Political" is Section Three and this is where Barry Mitcalfe stands on his own, with a strong passion for life and earth and subject. One can

feel that here the poet is at home. Political has a craftsmans feel. His "Vietnam Sequence" is the highlight, dealing sensitively with the horrors of the war in Indo-China, the political clobbering machine rambling through his mind. He doesn't let loose the anger you feel swelling up inside but carefully moulds it into strong boyouant poetry. "American Pilot" is particularly effective

.....The moving finger writes, delineates
Target zone and degree of interdiction
Saturation bombing; kill ratio will produce
Theoretical and actual peace on this earth
8 months, 3 weeks, 2 days 1 hour and 14
minutes from now

"Bringing The War Home" is another that marks Mitcalfe as being a competent poet, or potentially so. It is sinister and calculating.

.....Huddle round your cold
fire, good people
you

Will not hear the real
murder, mugging rape

In your own street
as Kali comes home

The following section is the title poem "Migrant". Made up of the title piece plus six other sequences the lengthy poem meanders through the arrival of the migrants to the colonies, the first and second coming through to the establishment of the newcomers. "Roadmaker" is in the same style as the title poem but somehow manages to sustain interest. The first is drawn out and one gains the impression that it could have been cut by a third, that the poet has used length in preference to quality. "One-Way Road" is short and has impact though not a distinguishing factor. Like all of the final 6 sequence poems "On The Land" has a quality about it though is difficult to pick.

"Personal" is the final section and by now Mitcalfe will have either bored you to tears or have conjured an avid delight for his work; "School" is refreshing and lacks the literary self consciousness that most of Mitcalfe's material has. Likewise with "Walker" which is a nice, light piece of life.

.....Life
now you've come
is a window open
on an empty room
curtains billowing
in the dark.

It says something, about Mitcalfe's poetry and where he may direct his future work. If only for half a dozen successful poems this book is worthwhile reading, of the others, they make good reading curled up around a fire.

THE ADVENTURES OF SARKY

RUTH BUTTERWORTH

In case England catches fire,
The first thing to do will be to form a
committee

To organise a weekend seminar
On Little-Known Conflagrations in Italian
History

Or the Rise and Fall of the Safety Match
in Literature and Life.

Adrian Mitchell

With qualifications like Sarky's almost anyone could land some kind of lucrative employment. He had begun with a lowly Liberal Arts course, moved smartly through Law School, acquired a "background" in Management Analysis and topped it all off with an old fashioned doctorate in a new-fangled subject.

International agencies with elephantiasis and Corporations with gigantism disease still lapped up such people like cadillacs used to guzzle gas in the old days.

Sarcophagus Sith, however, was programmed for Higher Things. In the first place - and that is much more important than a mere figure of speech ought to be - in the first place, he had chosen to be educated at the Right Places. Not the best

you understand, but the ones where the Right People went which were therefore the Best Places.

And that means Sarcophagus knew the People who inherited Power. (To know Someone: he vaguely remembers your name.)

So Sarky ignored the siren call of the Bureaucratic Association Pension (Bap) and the Brigade of Advanced Authority Superannuation (Baas) and bided his time in the Department of Strategic Development and Control at the University of Orgon.

The Department had been established five years previously with a grant from the Federation of Foundations (F. of F.) which had in turn been set up after the putsch that abolished national governments and elections in the Atlantic Zone.

Just after the grant came through the original applicant - a man in the prime of life when he began filling in the application forms - died in old age. So no-one ever knew what Strategic Development and Control was about. Which, of course, was a Very Happy Position for Our Hero.

He had no courses to teach because no-

body knew what the subject was. And that left him free to Sit on Committees. In the old days, of course, he would have Done Research; but in the Future Present that kind of chore was left to Computers which were programmed by each other and attended to by Technicians who occasionally had to repair the links between their memory banks.

Sarcophagus chose his committees with care. His guiding "principles" were few in number but crucial in importance. The terms of reference - polysyllabic; the date of reporting - indeterminate; the chairman - a Person of Power "known" to Sarky, who could be relied on for consistent absenteeism, unlimited travel expenses and introductions to other Persons of Power.

In such affairs the world changeth not and the manners of men makyth the messes on which people like Sarky float to the top. Diligence and style and semantics are of the essence. Diligence at the noble arse; style to conceal the action of licking; semantics sufficient to call an 'ole and orifice.

Whatever could be strategic or strate-

gically developed, or developmentally controlled or controlled strategically was Sarky's beef and burgundy. Whenever questions of control arose - which included authority and power and therefore prisons and police - there was Sarcophagus with champagn bubbles up his noz.

He served ardently on the Committee to Encourage Backyard Knitting Needles. And no less strenuously for the Commission on the Advanced Protection of Pigs (Armoured Personnel Carrier Development Project No. 51).

As his work became more useless and its rewards accordingly multiplied, Sarcophagus launched himself as a Company - Secular Salvation Global Inc. (Strictly) Limited Liability.

And not a moment too soon. Sarky was about to coincide with his destiny in the shape of one of those Finest Hours which all Establishments find it necessary from time to time to invent.

Next time, best beloved, we will learn about Sarky's Global Arrival (Bang!) - which means that some time later will shall also be able to investigate Sarky's Little Whimper.



SUTCH

If anyone had been looking for answers or conclusions about foreign investment, particularly of multinationals in the NZ economy then they would have been a little disappointed by Dr Sutch's recent speech at the Ellen Melville Hall. And it did seem as if he was talking to the converted - most of the faces I had seen before at Foreign Affairs meetings or rallies back in the Vietnam days. But, if any of the 60 people present had been completely in the dark, then his talk would have been enlightening and helpful in conveying information that they really could have read in his book 'Takeover NZ', but which would have taken them a little longer to read.

Sutch is a spry little man who talked non-stop for 1½ hours (and still left out many things he had wanted to say) and gave us statistics and quotes he had got from many years study of the subject. He really has to be admired because of the fact that he has done so much research on this little known subject. Whilst overseas radicals are up in arms about these 'foreign owned companies spreading their tentacles' and 'multi-natured monsters', only one or two people in our pure untouched country have cared to worry at all. And Sutch has done his homework. After all Ipana, Lux, Ovaltine, Nescafe, Sunbeam, Zip, Pye, Sanitarian, Griffins, Cadbury, Wrigby, Olympic, Crest, Brasso, Barter, Maggie, Johnsons, Holden, Honda, ANZ, are all NZ owned aren't they? After all some of us live down the road from manufacturing factories that produce the stuff in NZ.

But the essence is that while many goods are manufactured in NZ the companies may be wholly owned abroad!! Many of our politicians are aware of the fact and when approached, Rowling, Muldoon, Neary, Baylis and Rosenberg all said a bit of foreign investment was necessary in NZ - although they expressed concern because foreign investors are becoming more powerful. They do, however, maintain that we have the laws which can keep foreign economic power at bay.

Mr. Rowling himself has clattered off statistics when provoked, and has said that of the 63 largest companies, 11 are totally foreign owned, 23 are 50% foreign owned, 25 are between 1-49% foreign owned, and 4 are N.Z. owned. Foreign ownership of NZ manufacturing in all products has greatly increased over the last 20 years.

Yes we do have the Overseas Investment Commission which was set up under Labour in 1973 to stop the proliferation of takeovers - at least to some extent. Yet Mr. Rowling has played a little, with good figures, because I found out that only over one favourable period had Labour turned down 20% of foreign applications for takeovers. The criteria set down for the Commission have, according to Sutch, been liberally interpreted in 1975, the result being fewer refusals.

While he threw no new light on the subject, Dr Sutch did suggest 5 important areas which must be looked into more deeply, which politicians seem to know or care very little about.

1. LAND

Just how much of 'our' land is owned abroad? No one knows. The nationality of the person owning land does not have to be noted down at any stage. We do have legislation which says that no land which could be needed as a reserve or park, or is a farm of more than five acres, or an island, can be owned by a foreigner. But they can own residential, commercial or industrial land. It is the city land, the land in Queen Street, which is the real money-spinner. Anyone walked down Queen Street lately? All those foreign owned insurance companies, finance companies, banks, tourist companies - whose buildings make Auckland the quaint city that it is, which gives our Queen city its character - well those companies own the land that supports their massive foundations. However we still know not the percentage which is foreign owned.

2. INFLOW OF FOREIGN INVESTMENT

Foreign investment (hereafter referred to as F.I.) in N.Z. has yielded a good profit. Of these some go out of the country in dividends which use NZ exchange; the others are undistributed profits which go back into business for expansion. The undistributed profits which are kept in NZ are accounted for as F.I. by Government statisticians. Thus the figures have become very distorted, and the Government statistician has in some years recorded that F.I. has gone up when there has actually been an outflow of capital.

Mr. W. Rosenberg has done a study of F.I. in NZ for the years 1951-71, and he found that during this time the real inflow of FI was \$435 million. Undistributed profits were \$329 million (the statistician would have added these two figures together). Rosenberg found that during these years when FI was \$435, the dividends that were paid and which sent out of NZ amounted to \$493 million. Thus there was a greater capital outflow from NZ than the actual capital inflow into NZ from the foreign investors.

So what is the good of F.I. to NZ? Sutch did attempt an answer which a good Government spokesman might also have given. Foreign capital may have produced manufactured goods that we would have otherwise had to import and so we were saved foreign exchange. Or NZ products may have been exported to earn foreign exchange. But the question is still very much up in the air!

3. DOES F.I. GIVE US TECHNOLOGY?

F.I. is excused and even welcomed if it brings us the technology that we do not otherwise have in NZ. However, Sutch has found that a large part of foreign investment goes into retail and wholesale trades, banking and insurance. What does this investment give us in the way of technology or innovation here? In these fields the excuses for F.I. are running dry. It is possible to obtain technology without also getting F.I. with it. We should look to sending students abroad to study as a method of getting our technology.

Sutch did suggest a solution or an alternative way of getting finance which has worked before. During the Liberal Govern-

ment, late last century, finance was borrowed abroad and the Government channelled the money itself. The Development Finance Corporation has done this and has been relatively successful on a small scale. It has enabled disadvantaged regions to be helped socially and economically. This point leads on to Number 4.

4. EFFECT OF F.I. ON OUR SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

F.I. sets up where it can make the greatest profit. This means that a decision to set up in one part of the country can easily lead to a social distortion of that community. More profits are to be had if the investment is made in a large city close to the harbours, railways and the work force. The lack of development in rural areas brings the young into the cities and leaves the old back in the small towns.

New Zealand is no longer in charge of its social development when foreign investors think of their profits, not of their effect on the people of New Zealand. Urbanisation and a lack of regionalisation will continue to distort New Zealand's social life for the profit motive of the foreign investor.

5. TRANSFER PRICES

This is a little understood phenomenon which does have important ramifications in New Zealand although we do not bear the brunt of the 'fiddle' - the poor third world countries do.

Because a multi-national company controls the operations in several countries it is able to distort prices to its own benefit. A firm in one country undervalues the product it exports to a firm of the same ownership in another country. This results in the firm or origin paying little or no tax on its production. The transfer price may just equal the costs of the materials. In the country where the goods are sold at the true value the company avoids tax in the country of origin. A prudent company may be able to have its profits recognised only in a tax haven where it pays little tax.

An example of this which Dr Sutch gave was the firm Hoffman La Roche, a Swiss pharmaceutical company holding the patents for the two major anti-depressants, Valium and Librium. Roche was manufacturing Librium at \$1.7 per 1,000 tablets in Switzerland, and they retailed in the U.K. at \$10.00 per thousand. To avoid large taxes in Britain the firms transfer price was close to \$9.00 per thousand. It therefore appeared that the British firm was making only a reasonable profit when in fact the profits were very large. It is feasible that an extremely profit-orientated company could maintain a system or artificially low transfer prices in countries that do not adequately police the activities of foreign firms, thereby paying no tax and then selling the finished articles through a tax haven such as Lichenstein or Monaco.

So basically Sutch gave a few statistics and left us to figure out a solution.

At the end of April, I attended a seminar on multi-nationals and foreign ownership in Brussels where we discussed the effects of multi-nationals amongst those

attending. Similar pictures arose from their activities in Chile, Tunisia, Dominican Republic, India, Ghana, and Peru. Some of the delegates told of the total control by multi-nationals in their country's economy. Others told of the problems that occurred when some of the foreign owned or multi-national companies had been nationalised.

According to Sutch New Zealand has a "fairly good" political and economic climate for foreign investment. He did not see any possibility, as indeed I do not, that our Labour Government will take any radical measures. So I will take some of the possible counter strategies that are available to the working classes - their parties and unions - which were suggested at the seminar in Brussels and which are realistic to us in the New Zealand situation.

POSSIBLE SOLUTIONS

1. Pressure can be put on the companies from a regional (e.g. Pacific region) or a world-wide (e.g. U.N.) scale.
2. Trade Union action is a vital part of this solution. Unions must organise themselves in the factories of the multi-nationals. There could be a multi-national committee for each important multi-national of each country. An important counter strategy is to ensure that the strikes against multi-nationals in different countries are co-ordinated. If the workers in one factory in Britain are on strike, those workers in the factory of the same multi-national in Germany must refuse to work overtime so that the company can make up its losses.
3. The political and social organisations of the workers within the different countries can start a campaign to promote co-operatives or start consumer organisations. Research must be organised on a world wide basis to follow up and investigate the ramifications of multi-national corporate activity.
4. The exchange of information and documentation between various sectors of the community and their international counterparts can ensure co-ordination of collective bargaining, international strike funds, co-ordinated anti-image campaigns and consumer strikes. Only more information and the exchange of this information between those in the world who are fighting against both multi-national companies and foreign investment can help towards their containment and/or destruction.

CONCLUSIONS

Sutch concluded his speech on an optimistic note. Because we have such an unbalanced economy, we have the opportunity to take charge of our economy. We have much more freedom than other countries to diversify and innovate because we have so little secondary industry to begin with. Diversification is the key and what we have done in the past is only a fraction of what is needed. With a Government run body channelling funds which can be invested in industry or manufacturing maybe even optimism could be called for if we have a Government which is willing to look to the future.

Glenda Fryer

OUR CABIN BOY IN WELLINGTON...

Being at this year's Labour Party Conference was like being on the Good Ship Lollypop in the Sea of Tranquility. Political barometers indicated that with the crew in such high spirits, the Captain and all the ship's officers may yet be able to make a return voyage. This was disputed by a former officer and would-be Captain Rob Muldoon who predicted that the winds of economic misfortune would soon howl and that only new Captainship would save the ship from foundering on the rocks of recession.

However, even the thought of the Jolly Roger supplanting the Red Flag didn't create depression at the Labour Party Conference.

The Conference was a record one in many ways. It had more delegates (596) more policy points (1100), more standing ovations (I lost count) and more euphoria than any in recent memory.

Senior Vice President and M.P. for Island Bay, Gerald O'Brien, describes it as "the best conference I've been to in 25 years". The climate of good will even served to tone down arguments, not because everyone was being cautious but because there was an acceptance of the unacceptable on both sides that tempered stridency served unity.

The theme that emerged from 5 days of mayhem was unity for victory. This was spelt out by Labour's President, Dr Charles Bennett. "We are going to win in 1975," he told cheering delegates, "and we are going to win handsomely."

It was re-iterated by F.O.L. President Tom Skinner. "The Labour Government", he said "has insulated workers from the cold blasts of inflation and unemployment". It was, he said the workers insurance against unemployment.

Pledging the F.O.L.'s support for a Labour victory in 1975, as he had in 1972, and for only the second time in 20 years, Mr. Skinner said the key to success was a united movement.

The F.O.L. support was totally unexpected. Factors influencing it were obviously near full employment, an ability to work with Arthur Faulkner ("the best Minister of Labour ever" - Tom Skinner) and the assurance that price rises didn't erode incomes.

The fact that both parts of the Labour Movement were working together rather than against each other made conference buoyant. That's not to say that the feeling was false. The '72 victory' Conference was rather a devious raw-nerved affair. "There was a different feeling this year", Party Secretary John Wybrow says "I saw it round the branches months before. People wanted to win".

One thing that helped a lot was the Prime Minister's speech. It was critical for although accepted as Prime Minister, the speech was really his first test as leader of the Labour Movement.

He did it more than adequately and the plaudits were still flowing 5 days later.

There perhaps were doubts that with the death of Norman Kirk the Labour Party had lost a visionary and gained a pragmatist. But the doubts receded after the speech.

Labour's achievements were covered portfolio by portfolio and he demonstrated how they all added up to an integrated whole.

But he didn't suggest complacency or self-satisfaction "We are laying", he said, "the foundations for a new egalitarian society where wealth is not the only measure of success and position not the only way for advancement".

That phrase suggested a new direction. At the moment New Zealand is a credential-carrying society. To reverse this needs a radical prescription as Bill Rowling put it: "The floodgates of change are wide open".



As usual the remit book was full of ideas that varied from the sublime to the bizarre and demonstrating the essentially democratic nature of the Labour Party. As long as you can convince your branch members that yours is a good suggestion, then it will appear as a remit at Conference, provided it hasn't come up at last year's one.

In contrast the National Party uses regional conferences to syphon out the more objectionable ideas. A National Party Regional Conference would ensure that motions to legalise cannabis or institute a capital gains tax were given a quick negative. Both of those questions have come up at Labour Party Conference and they are honestly argued. Even motions like calling for harsher treatment for young offenders or the legalising of euthanasia made the remit paper.

The stage-management of National Party Conferences is easily illustrated. There was consternation recently when the National Party's Waikato Division passed a remit asking that New Zealand become neutral. A similar remit has come up with boring regularity at Labour Party Conferences and reappeared again this year.

The difference is that ideas shock the National Party because they are encountered less often. Heretics don't generally back Muldoon.

National sees Government's role as essentially passive. Its job is to intervene as little as possible and allow business a freer hand. It lacks an overview having few thoughts on nationhood - in either the international or economic sense, still supporting an archaic alliance system and tolerating multinationals.

What's the difference between Labour and National you may ask. On questions like this, 180°.

National's assumptions are always that the future is basically the present with a few adjustments. Excited by predictability it's quite content in office.

Labour however, is always rather schizoid. Its happier in opposition than in office. There it can keep its principles pure and paint pictures of the future.

The National Party is more concerned with the description than prescription whereas Labour wants to act.

National's approach is blinkered. It tolerates inequity for it cares more for stability than for social justice.

Phil Goff, President of the Labour Party's Youth Advisory Council and a Junior Lecturer in political studies here, summed up the challenge in the youth report which livened up conference's last day.

"The Labour Party" he declared must promote a vision of a better society. It must stand opposed to technocracy and opportunism. It must lead public opinion and not merely look to see that what it wants to say is going to be acceptable."

Mike Moore, elected as Junior Vice President by an overwhelming margin (583 to 120) struck a similar chord "We seek more than a better New Zealand. We are more ambitious than that. We seek a different New Zealand. Labour in the '70's seeks more than a redistribution of wealth - that's why Henry May has increased the arts vote 4 times, that's why we have a Ministry of Sport and Recreation.

"But the victory of ideals must be organised. We must remember the old in

lonely bed-sitters, the addicts who nobody cares about. We must think of the prisons - for no one else will. The old, the sick, the young, the ethnic groups - these are our people."

The lesson was simple. Victory in itself meant little. It had to be fused to social commitment.

True there were negative parts in Labour's policy like a law and order stance which owed more to the neolithic age than the twentieth century. But that was the cost of being too democratic - most people still liked the rough justice of Judge Roy Bean and his modern counterparts in New Zealand. Can you think of any.

Balanced against the excesses of law and order at this conference were commitments - pledges to investigate multinationals and prohibit them wherever possible, to institute compulsory co-operative marketing and maximum processing of goods within New Zealand to set up a film development corporation, to allow for worker-employer run industries and to set up state-financed independent newspapers.

These ideas ventilated at conference would depend on their advocates for ultimate success.

Take for example the question of newspaper ownership. The papers had a field day on that one. The Dominion devoted a leader-page feature to the views of Michael Bassett through the years on newspapers quoting at length the nasty things he had to say about them. Then they offered him a job, a stunt which made for good copy, all of this was an elaborate smoke-screen which really had nothing to do with the issue.

It was left to the New Zealand Journalist, the paper of the New Zealand Journalists Union, to put the matter back in focus. Its May issue, coincidentally, came out a week after conference and in an article entitled "Some papers invite Government action" it stated "some newspapers are cheating their readers of news. There is no shortage of news. Not enough of it is being reported."

"Newspapers", it said "are quick to blow their trumpets about working in the public interest "But it continued "their neglect for gathering and printing news is laying the industry wide open to unrest among journalists, public and advertisers dissatisfaction, circulation loss and government action."

"A Royal Commission," it suggested, "into the press of New Zealand, monopoly busting and or the setting up of an independent paper are ways the Government could act."

"Angry journalists at the Wellington Branch of the New Zealand Journalists Union Annual Meeting suggested such moves be necessary".

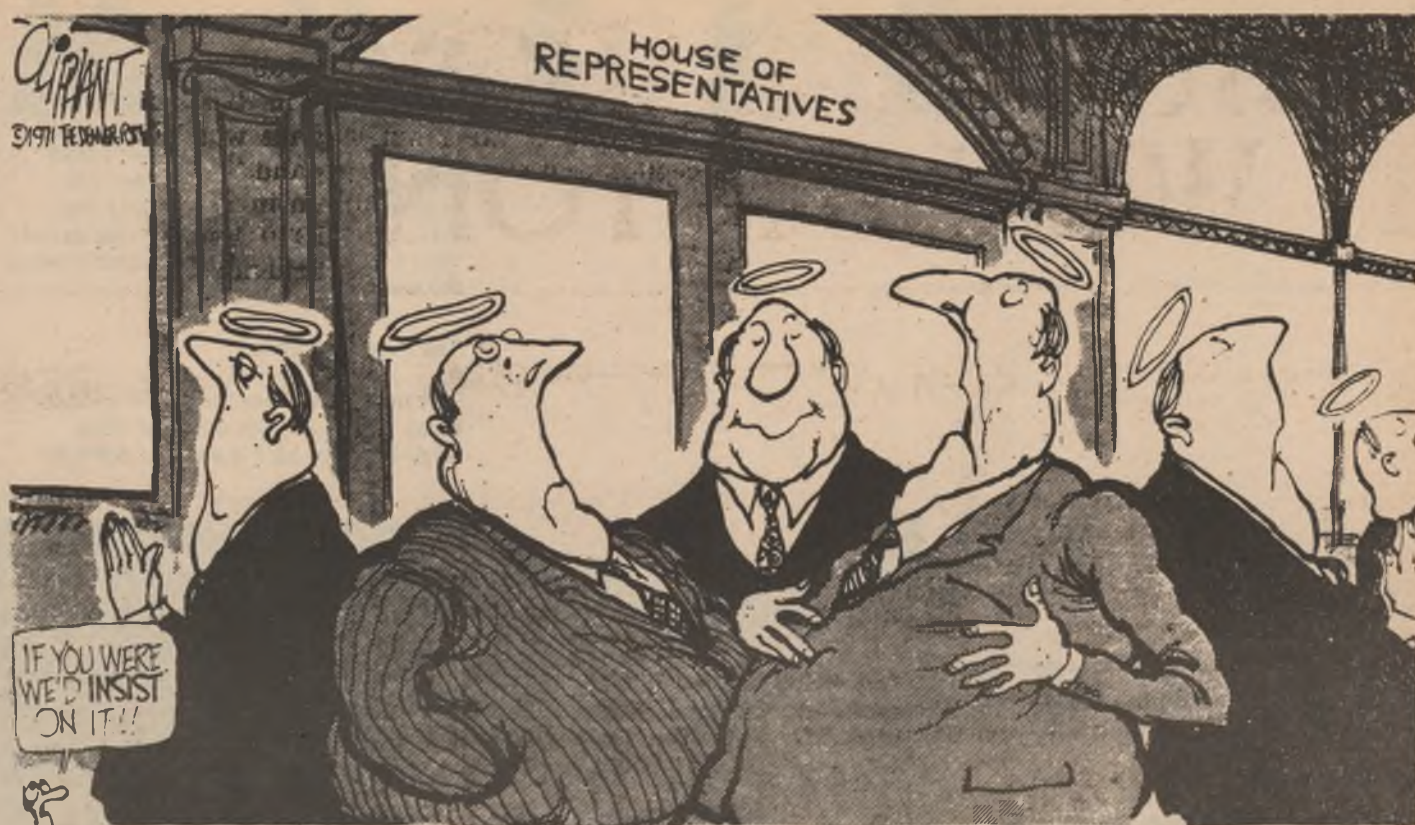
The media to its credit gave a full and fair coverage to what had been discussed in Labour Conference on the setting up of a state funded paper. But it intimated editorially and in feature articles that it was only partisan bias that explained the remit.

The truth is wider than that. There are gaps in our media. Backgrounding and features receive cursory treatment. Auckland is fortunate that both its dailies, particularly the Star, do try to background but for centres like Wellington have abysmal coverage!

It tells you why a State Financed paper, with an independent editorial line, could compliment the present press by working in areas in which it is deficient. The question is enabling greater access to information to everyone and as many points of view as possible. That should concern every thinking person.

Continued next week.





'WELL, IF I WERE PREGNANT I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T HAVE AN ABORTION!'

Folster on the Abortion Debate

"The current Labour Party Conference is clearly not against women's rights" said Labour Women's Council Chairperson Margaret Shields to an Evening Post reporter. But clearly someone had forgotten to tell that to a majority of delegates. The Conference was faced with two major remits dealing with the issue of abortion and the Hospitals Amendment Bill.

In the report of the Justice Committee back to the conference floor no recommendation had been made on a remit that the Conference uphold the present laws on abortion (without amending them), a predictable result in a Committee that would have been loaded with pro and anti-abortion lobbyists and which was chaired by anti-abortionist Trevor Young M.P.

But the attitude that prevailed may have been touched more with the expedient considerations of Election Year rather than a true desire for consensuality.

"The thing about the Justice Committee was the desire of delegates not to rock the boat," stated one delegate. "Though a number of controversial remits were passed many of them were moderated so that they would probably appeal to the majority of party supporters. With the abortion remits for instance there's no push to repeal all of the abortion laws - we supported the Government's present action in setting up a Royal Commission and urged the Government to push for the reforming of the abortion laws as being a back-up service - but there's no real desire to rock the boat and this is something that I noticed in particular."

"People are more interested in getting into power and achieving reforms than being bound to make wide-ranging radical reforms from opposition. It seems rather pointless having radical ideas when you're in opposition," said the delegate.

"To achieve policy you have to be in Government and the most distinctive thing I found around the Justice Committee was this feeling, not always expressed, that we shouldn't rock the boat too much and if people voted against remits or supported quite radical remits, they often supported them only because they knew they'd be in a small minority and they felt free to express their consciences. If there was an even split then there was usually a compromise looked for where possible and this to me is indicative of the Labour Party's mood at present!"

The Health Committee remit meeting was similar in essence. Chaired by Dr. Gerald Wall M.P. the group carefully made no recommendation on a remit requiring Conference to "state its opposition to the Hospitals Amendment Bill"

Discussion in the Health and Justice Committees dragged late into the afternoon before final recommendations to Conference were hammered out, and in the evening delegates to the full Conference were met by picketing feminists.

The Wellington Young Socialists were there in force! One gay feminist stated "We're picketing outside here because we

want the Labour Party to know women do care and that it's not good enough for them to leave the question of abortion for another two years when women's lives are in jeopardy now." Asked if she or any of her friends would consider not voting Labour this year and even switching support to National she rubbished the idea entirely: even out on the radical left, the ranks could close for Election year solidarity, although she and her two dozen companions were prepared to seek "other alternatives".

The Health Committee report was high on the Agenda of committee discussions to be considered by the full Conference. Vice-President and prominent anti-abortionist Gerald O'Brien M.P. held the Chair. Unlike earlier sessions delegates were on time, no one read the paper and looking down on the Conference floor from the public observation area no empty seats could be seen. About twenty members of the public, most of whom appeared party faithfuls who had sat through most of the Conference to date, looked on. There were no interjectors, no picketers, no young radicals from the night before: only twenty onlookers including a couple of bored Young Nationals reporting for the National paper Frontline.

O'Brien had read carefully the mood of Conference and it seemed in a reasonable mood. The debate opened with a conventional anti-Bill argument from a National Youth Council activist Sue Piper: "The public hospitals are under a great strain with demands on their services without increasing requests for legal abortions. Private hospitals are run with a profit motive - their services are much more expensive than the service offered by the non-profit making Auckland Medical Aid Centre. The enacting of the Bill will mean that poor women will have restricted access to cheap and high quality abortion operations."

Other pro-abortions speakers followed citing a lack of sympathetic attitudes by Hospital administrators, and differentiating between what they saw as the ostensible aims of the Bill and the real aim of closing the Auckland clinic.

After a line of anti-Bill speakers, Labour Party President Bennett interrupted: "Regardless of the expression of opinion by this Conference I can point out that by the ruling of the Parliamentary Labour Party it will not be binding on Members of Parliament!"

With that, the anti-abortionists sprang into gear, the vanguard being a tall elderly delegate.

"I take exception," he said "to those saying it was Catholics protesting about the abortion issue. I would like to tell you that there are many people of many faiths supporting this Bill regardless. To pass this resolution and to put it into law would be giving licence to the mass murder of innocent babies in the womb. It is an offence against God and nature and if continued would bring about genocide and catastro-

phe to the nation!"

"At a conference held in the United States of America, eminent scientists, doctors, biologists and theologians on the question of when does life begin in the womb were unanimous that it was the moment of conception. It follows therefore that an abortion would be to murder the child, the innocent of any crime, yet these same people who would be prepared to do this terrible thing would in all possibility be emotionally disturbed!"

By this time anti-Bill delegates were on their feet clamouring for the Chair to rule him out of order for not speaking to the remit: Gerald O'Brien ruled that he wasn't and could continue until his speaking time was exhausted.

A motion to put the question to delegates was quickly fired from the floor and passed. On a voice vote, the anti-Bill supporters were ruled to have lost. On a show of hands O'Brien conferred with the others at the top table: "Trade Unions are against it: the Engineers" (whose Union carried a total of 86 card votes) are against it

Bennett shrugged his shoulders and spoke more loudly into the microphone: "It's too difficult, it's too close. We'll have to have aI'll call for the Tellers. What's the procedure for a Card Vote?" O'Brien replied quietly but the TV monitor microphones could pick up his voice as well: "They just go down; they get the Tellers into place They need a card vote today!"

The doors were locked and the Hall filled with chatter. The vote in favour supported by the anti-Bill delegates was taken, and a flood of "one" voting cards was raised. The vote against was similar except that some of the cards had "three" or "four" votes. Union solidarity was holding the line. With a final declaration of 315 for the anti-Bill remit and 468 against Conference had expressed its opinion decisively, and the applause was loud and long.

A day later when the Conference considered a Justice Committee remit on upholding present abortion laws without amendment little difference in argument or result occurred. Anti-abortion speakers accused the remit proposers of using "a backdoor method for bringing in free abortion" and denying the right to life of "innocent babes".

The voice of the Conference and perhaps of the Labour Party was heard through the endorsed sentiments of one delegate who stated: "There are many and varied reasons why women wish to rid themselves of unwanted children. But whatever the reason nothing can justify the massacre of babies in the womb. Sir, did not Christ say suffer little children to come unto me for such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

1975 was International Womens Year, Margaret Shields sold little dove badges to the delegates as they streamed out of the Conference Hall.

THE EL FERRANTI INTERVIEW

I interviewed Bryan Ferry in his room at the Hotel Intercontinental the day after Roxy Music's first Auckland concert. It was just four hours before the second of the band's concerts at the Town Hall.

Roger Jarrett of "Hot Licks" and someone from "Thursday" magazine were with me. Roger Jarrett asked most of the questions. His questions were lengthy.

The afternoon was hot and in the room a transistor was going. Most of the time Bryan Ferry was looking out the window at the view of the harbour. He wore jeans and his shirt sleeves were rolled up. He began smoking a Senior Service cigarette half-way through the interview after some difficulty striking a match. He answered questions slowly and thoughtfully and began by speaking about the band.

"They're all incredibly good players and they're all given a chance with the framework of the concert to show how good they are.

"They stay as long as they want to. Unless something happens and they leave ... We were always much more ... inspired amateurism kind of thing on stage before Eddie (Jobson, the band's keyboards player and violinist) joined. I thought we needed another virtuoso player in the band.

"I first saw him on my talent spotting secret mission. I'd heard he was really good and I went to see him. I didn't like what he was playing at all but you could see that he could play incredibly well.

The Concert.

"You're presenting songs from records you've made and you try and choose an interesting, complementary selection of songs so that it will take the audience and yourself through as many moods as possible throughout a one and a quarter hour period, say ... I've always been interested in structure as such.

"We've always on a tour of, say, two, three or five weeks or something, performed just about the same programme every night if some instrument breaks down which is crucial to that

breaks down which is crucial to that number, the number will carry on somebody else might step in I dunno. Things very rarely go wrong for us these days ... in the early days we used to have some traumatic moments luckily that's all over.

The Solo Albums.

"I'm as equally interested in content as I am in style. You know with the Roxy things. It's a different activity for me to do a solo album. In the way I've done the first two anyway. I'm working with a ready-made content the limitation's there and I can't alter the lyrics or melodies very much. I can add a bridge to it and restructure it but it's very much a formal or stylistic exercise that I'm doing with solo work whereas with the Roxy thing it's usually my style and my content as well.

"What I'm trying to do on the album I'm doing this year is to do some more of my own songs on it. Originally on the last solo album I was going to do one side of it with my own songs and the other side of the album with songs by other people. But I didn't have enough of my own work finished off so I ended up having only one song on it of my own. If I had completed more, some of the songs that were on "Country Life" would have appeared on it

"When people think of me they always think of me with white tuxedo and a monocle in the eye you know I think my personality is very English I suppose. I'm not as shy as I used to be but I'm still very reserved. There's an exhibitionist streak in everybody and if you're on stage you really have to try to project yourself much more.

Roxy Music as a Commercial success.

"I like to think that I could have been commercially successful than I have been

"I like to think that I could have been more commercially successful than I have been so far. 'Virginia Plain' was the first single we did and I could have easily written a kind of 'Son of Virginia Plain' or something very much like that about three months later. Or even a year later, because of the things that people were

doing and the way they looked a year after that. And that's one of the reasons why we stopped looking so extremely bizarre on stage. We'd made that statement and that was it. But a year after we stopped looking like that we'd find these groups on 'Top of the Pops' on English television looking exactly like that I made a very good living out of what I do at the moment. I haven't found the need to compromise

The American Tours

"We never really went over and tried to break America in the way that other English groups have done. We don't go

Brothers that style of thing which I like as well but it's not all I like. But if we had a single hit in America sometime we've got a very distinct following there now. Not a mass audience thing.

What about New Zealand bands, then?

"They only New Zealand band I've seen I was terribly impressed by. That Split Enz group. I could tell that I liked them. I'm a very big first impressions man ... I was sold when I saw there suits and I said 'ah, likely lads'.

"For me, music should be a continuous



over there prepared to spend six months of the year there flogging around the country which is what you really have to do unless you have a hit single or something there.

"The first record company which we had was Warner Brothers who didn't promote us in the right way. They promoted us as a group like Slade or something ... "Here's another glitter rock band from England. What a zany bunch of guys they are".

"We missed with the first two albums. We just lost them really but we moved to Atlantic and they seemed to have a better idea of how to put us over.

"We went there for the first professional-type tour this year. We actually went over there and gave it a chance for about five weeks and that was a breakthrough point for us in a small way. We've got sixteen places higher up than we ever have in "Billboard". Made the top forty also.

"The music doesn't actually take the audience by the scruff of the neck which a lot of the records have to do in America.

"Middle America is very boring it's comprised mainly of a boring type of person and they go for the obvious type of amusement. They're still very much into blues-based groups like the Allman

kind of self-exploration and as long as I'm still getting a fresh buzz out of it or getting a kick out of doing it then I'm satisfied. If other people can get something out of it then that's tremendous as well.

The future.

"I have my own standards and those are the only ones I can trust any more. Obviously with some songs I've done, they've been very similar to songs that I've done in the past. I always think that that's acceptable as long as you're improving constantly whereas some songs I do are very much different from one's I've done previously.

"I always like to think that each album is going to be either very different from the one before or slightly different. To make a radically different album in a completely new direction would probably mean new music and I'm certainly not intending to do that. Because I really think that the musicians in the group at the moment are incredibly good

"I'm no crystal ball merchant but I would like to think that it would continue to get better and if it doesn't get better then I'll probably stop doing it".

JEREMY TEMPLER.

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"Country Life"
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"Propaganda"
SPARKS

"Pinball"
BRIAN PROTHEROE

"Straight Shooter"
BAD COMPANY

"Styx II"
STYX

"Crime of the Century"
SUPERTRAMP

"Been Here All the Time"
DON PRESTON

Style has always been an essential part of rock'n'roll. Mostly it reflects the rebellious stance of James Dean. But only comparatively recently has style come to mean as much as the music and, unfortunately, sometimes a whole lot more.

For both Roxy Music and Sparks, style is an integral part of the music. Roxy Music embodies the styles of a good two decades of pop music but the end product has a distinctiveness and a freshness that are all its own. The influences which have shaped Sparks however, are less clearly defined. Theirs is a rich mix of vaudeville and high camp but, as with Roxy Music, their music exists as something completely original. Bryan Ferry and Ron Mael have both created groups that play music that's self-generating and unlikely to be imitated.

Our present pre-occupation with style can be traced to two separate and distinct causes. The first, and perhaps more obvious, is the emergence of gay lib. Secondly there's the constant change in our lifestyles. The importance of fashion, the increase in consumerism, and in disposable goods has set off a comparable trend in our music.

Among all this stands the performer, who, I believe, will be regarded as the most important artist of the seventies. David Bowie.

I don't mean to overstate Bowie's talents. After all he's released only one classic album and little of worth since but, more importantly, his influence has been enormous.

Both Roxy Music and Sparks have learned from David, and they're pretty powerful children. "Country Life" is the Roxy Music masterwork, their definitive album. Fortunately, they're an extremely versatile and competent group and I don't think they will be content to continue defining and redefining the territory "Country Life" charts so well. So far the group has always been tightly and strictly controlled with Bryan Ferry at the reins. But on "Stranded", Phil Manzanera co-authored "Amazona" and Mackay co-authored "A Song for Europe", both with Ferry writing the lyrics. And both were two of the album's most successful tracks. "Country Life" continues the trend with Manzanera co-authoring "Prairie Rose" and "Out of the Blue" and Mackay co-authoring "Three and Nine" and "Bitter Sweet".

So the signs are there. How much a part Phil Manzanera and Andy Mackay play in whatever Roxy Music do next is still to be seen. But "Three and Nine", "Out of the Blue" and "Prairie Rose" are among my favourite tracks on the album while still being Roxy to the core.

Roxy Music was Bryan Ferry's calculated stardom but despite two fine albums "Sparks" and "A Woofer in Tweeter's Clothing", Ron Mael's creation was largely ignored in America, their homeland. Ron and Russell Mael moved to England and found supporting musicians and, with them, success.

Sparks has a less certain future than Roxy. They're good and "Propaganda" is their fourth but they've left themselves very little room to move. They're stylised to the extreme, of course, and really "Propaganda" isn't a hell of a lot different from "Kimono My House"; it's merely an improvement. There's more variety and the pace is less frantic. After "Kimono My House" the only alternative was a slower pace and on "Never Turn Your Back on Mother Earth" it works well. Russell Mael's



SPARKS

voice is used more effectively and imaginatively, as first becomes apparent from the title track which starts the album.

They're gimmicky and they use a lot of effects, such as the sneezes on "Achoo" which, at the end, merge to sound like the baying of a pack of wolves.

But don't misunderstand me. This is a brilliant album that even surpasses last year's "Kimono My House". The tragedy of it is that the formula is wearing a little thin.

Brian Protheroe is a likely lad with a film career and one who's already absorbed his fair share of influences. Prominent among them is David Bowie, of the Ziggy Stardust era. David Werner and Stephen Michael Schwarz were there too but Protheroe emerges as better than them. But it's still shallow imitation; polished and accomplished but without leaving much to hold onto. All of which emphasises the dangers of a reliance on theatrics and sound effects; the personality can be lost.

You may have heard his single "Pinball" and overall it's representative of the album. Wonderfully understated and with nice touches, but it takes a hit of the stature of "American Pie" to create and sustain a star.

Americans have always been heavily involved with the blues and so perhaps it was only natural that the reaction to all the glitter, glam and weird-sounding music should come from them first. The Allmans started it all and, left in the hands of some very good Southern rock bands of the calibre of Little Feat and Lynyrd Skynyrd, the movement had an important part in the instant success of an English rock group, Bad Company.

Bad Company were hailed as a super-group in America. And now the air's cleared, it's the right time for considered judgement.

I liked their debut with few, but important, criticism. As most will know, Bad

Company includes two former members of Free in Paul Rodgers and Simon Kirke, along with King Crimson's Boz Burrell and Mott's Mick Ralphs. As such, the group can surely lay claim to being a "super-group". But I'm not too fond of the term myself because the idea's an outdated one, because too many "supergroups" have been nothing more than publicity gimmicks; "super" in name only and not in terms of creative output; and because it doesn't matter a stuff.

I was an early Free fan. It was a necessary antidote at the time but their records now sound surprisingly dated. So I was disappointed on hearing the first Bad Company album to find just how much it was similar to Free. Boz was in place of Andy Fraser and Mick Ralphs in place of Paul Kossoff but the sound shouldn't have been so much the same. Mick Ralphs, in particular, played guitar that was oddly reminiscent of Paul Kossoff. And overall the playing lacked inventiveness and sounded unoriginal.

So I'm pleased to see that on "Straight Shooter" Bad Company has redefined its approach and found a positive direction. Boz's bass is now clearly audible and Bad Company come across as classier than Free which after all, was hard rock stripped down to the bare essentials. Paul Rodgers is sounding better than ever before, a white soul singer with a voice that's raw and powerful. And they escape the trap they fell into so neatly on the first album. Now they throw in some surprises like the guitar that introduces the chorus to "Feel Like Makin' Love" coming, as it does, just when you thought you knew everything they'd do over the next three or four minutes. But, finally, if rock is to evolve (and surely it must to continue its existence) then its future rests quite firmly on the new and rising bands. And, at last, from the melee of styles, something is emerging. Someone once wrote that all the clever-

clever progressive bands come from England and not from America. It's an observation that on reflection appears to be true. Since that was written the German progressive bands like Can and Neu have emerged. But Genesis, King Crimson, Yes, Pink Floyd; they're all English bands. Nothing from the States.

When I first heard the American group Styx I thought something might be happening. I'd heard "Lady" and it was imitative. Dennis De Young can sing like Jon Anderson and do it convincingly and with the whirr of a synthesiser in the background I was nearly fooled into thinking Yes had returned to less complex things. Then came the chorus.

"Styx II" shows Styx's music to be centred around De Young's keyboards. For an American band that represents a shift in emphasis but unfortunately Styx is barely progressive.

Rather than sounding like a simplified Yes as I had originally imagined they would, Styx keep to a basic rock'n'roll structure and manage to sound, at times, like Queen. The faults are glaringly obvious; weak lyrics and music that's extremely derivative. They seem to be American's answer to Argent.

Supertramp is a brighter hope. They'd recorded a couple of albums before teaming up with producer Ken Scott to record "Crime of the Century". Ken Scott is well-known for his production role with the Mahavishnu Orchestra and David Bowie.

Supertramp manage to sound like a mix between Genesis and Jethro Tull. But whereas Ian Anderson would have used flute, Supertramp used John Helliwell's saxophone and clarinet to add tone to the songs.

Richard Davies and Roger Hodgson have written all the album's tracks and they're mainly concerned with the concept of sanity/insanity. Don't be misled by the two singles taken from the album.

"Bloody Well Right" and "Dreamer" are the album's two weak moments. The first side opens with "School" which begins with harmonica and a voice, that sounds depraved, singing "I can see you in the morning when you go to school". "School" is one of the album's highlights. It's a concept album but the concept doesn't intrude at the expense of the music. It outlines a rebellion against authoritarian schooling, an effort to justify convictions ("Bloody Well Right") and ends with introspection and the doubt of sanity. "Asylum" states the case simply:

"Please don't arrange
To have me sent to no asylum
I'm just as sane as anyone
It's just a game I play for fun".

Don Preston has recorded several solo albums and has won reputé as Leon Russell's guitarist. He has remained in the shadows of Russell's flamboyant taste for showbusiness and has adopted the stance of the craftsman intent on perfection. Preston record "Been Here All The Time" with the Muscle Shoals musicians who have all, at one time, worked with Leon Russell.

The album reflects Preston's far-ranging influences and stands as an exercise in good taste and musicianship. But it is characterless and boring. Rather like having a Leon Russell album but without Leon Russell.

JEREMY TEMPLER.

FILMS



A new cinema has opened at 321 Queen Street, just above the Town Hall. Jan Grafsted's 'Classic Cinema' is unique in several respects. So far as I can discover, the Classic is the first independent cinema in Queen Street - that is, the only one not owned by the two big chains, Kerridge-Odeon and Amalgamated - since the 1930s, when the Civic was sold to Amalgamated.

The opening the Classic is the result of a long legal struggle with the government Licensing Authority, and the limited licence which the cinema finally obtained sets a valuable precedent for anyone in N.Z. who wants to open a specialized cinema.

The Classic is also unique in being the only cinema in N.Z. devoted to old films. The other cinema managers in Auckland are obsessed with newness, and regard any film more than 5 or 10 years old as antique. Since good films have been made for more than 60 years, Aucklanders are being denied the chance to see most of the history of film-making. This problem exists in all the arts, but it is particularly acute in the case of films because it is not possible to look up old films in the way that we look up old books, music scores, recordings, or reproductions of old paintings. Now Jan Grafsted's Classic Cinema will enable us to explore the first 50 years of film history, in the form of crisp new prints recently arrived in the country.

The Classic represents a new style of cinema for Auckland. With a maximum of 192 seats, it is the only genuinely intimate cinema in Queen Street. A small audience doesn't feel lost in the Classic, and the cinema has a pleasantly relaxed atmosphere. The seats are comfortable and the two Eiki-3000 projectors provide a very good image on the screen. With a 60-foot throw, the

projection setup is designed to present 16mm films at their best. The Classic is arranged so that it can be operated by as few as three people. Jan Grafsted says that he will install air-conditioning later this year, and that he is also interested in the idea of converting the upper floor into a small bar. The cinema was originally a warehouse, so that Jan has reversed the usual trend of the last 15 years for cinemas to go out of business and be converted into warehouses!

Unlike some people in the film business, Jan is a genuine film enthusiast. After working all day at his two cinemas - the Classic and the Hollywood (in Avondale) - he will often continue into the small hours previewing films. He also publishes a free Classic Cinema newsletter which contains useful background information about his films. He hopes to develop this into a kind of playbill or programme accompanying each screening. Jan would like to find some advertisers for the newsletter, but he is determined not to screen any advertising films during his regular programmes, as all the other Queen Street cinemas are in the habit of doing.

The next two programmes for the Classic look exceptionally good. The first, which has already begun its season, is *Sunset Boulevard*, Billy Wilder's famous expose of Hollywood. To quote Leslie Halliwell: 'Gloria Swanson enjoys herself as the faded star who makes a tragic comeback, but she, Erich von Stroheim, Anna Q. Nilsson and Buster Keaton come so close to playing themselves, it's macabre.' The film also hit too close to home for Hollywood executives such as Louis B. Mayer (head of M.G.M.) who stormed out of a preview shouting, 'We should horsewhip this Wilder, we should throw him out of this town that is feeding him.' This 1950 film also stars



Peter Lorre in "Casablanca"

William Holden and it is photographed by a noted cinematographer, John F. Seitz. Billy Wilder, the director and script-writer, went on to make *Some Like It Hot*, *The Apartment*, *The Seven Year Itch*, etc.

The next programme after *Sunset Boulevard* will be a double feature: *Casablanca*, (1943) and *Public Enemy* (1931). *Casablanca* is a romantic spy melodrama that has become a 'cult' film overseas. It is a wonderfully stylish piece of film-making, with a witty script and great performances from Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, Conrad Veidt and others. Anyone with the slightest interest in films should make a point of seeing *Casablanca*.

As though *Casablanca* weren't enough, Jan has paired it with *The Public Enemy*, one of the most talked-about gangster films of the 1930s. To quote Stephen Karpf, 'The Public Enemyserved as a showcase for the James Cagney screen personality. We find the breathy, staccato

required to reopen the case and to hold a hearing in Auckland. In the course of the hearing, various people such as the Herald film critics and the Mayor of Auckland appeared as witnesses to lend their support to Jan's application. Finally, 13 months after Jan's original application, the Authority granted him a licence for the screening of old films - that is, films which were at least 15 years old and which had already appeared at a Queen Street cinema.

The hearing illustrated the secrecy with which the Licensing Authority operates. All reporters and members of the public were excluded. It was also interesting to observe how the two big chains - Kerridge Odeon and Amalgamated - chose to work together through the same lawyer to oppose Jan's application. As 'interested parties,' they were allowed to state their side of the case at the Supreme Court and at the Authority hearing, and to cross-examine the witnesses who appeared on Jan's behalf.



Gloria Swanson and William Holden in "Sunset Boulevard"

delivery of lines, menacing sneer, and the incredible physical grace which were to be his screen trademarks.' He adds: 'In approximately an hour and a half *The Public Enemy* traces the life of a young man who begins his career with petty theft, graduates to grand larceny, bootlegging, and murder, and ends with his bullet-ridden body being dumped at his mother's front door.' The film was directed by William Wellman (who later made *The Ox Bow Incident*) and also stars Jean Harlow and Eddie Woods. Made in 1931, *The Public Enemy* is an early sound film, and in this technical respect it should be interesting to compare with *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* (two films screened recently at the Classic which were also made in 1931). After these films, Jan is hoping to screen a series of films by Busby Berkeley.

Earlier I mentioned the fact that Jan's attempt to set up the Classic involved a long legal battle. Anyone who wants to open a cinema in N.Z. has to convince the Cinematograph Films Licensing Authority that there is sufficient demand, and that other exhibitors in the area will not suffer economic hardship. Jan sent his application to the Authority at the beginning of April 1974. Three months later, the Authority notified Jan that his application had been rejected because Auckland did not need another cinema! At the end of July, Jan lodged an appeal with the Supreme Court. When the case was finally heard in February, the judge - Mr. Justice Speight - ruled that the Licensing Authority had been in error in not considering the possibility of giving the Classic Cinema a 'tagged' licence (i.e. a licence restricted to the screening of old films). The Licensing Authority was

This long legal process was so expensive and time-consuming for Jan that he was almost forced to abandon the project. As a stop-gap measure, he opened the Classic Cinema as a club - with a \$5 membership fee - in January. During the next few months, a thousand people joined the club, but the Internal Affairs Department took out six law suits against Jan and his company for illegally operating a cinema. Fortunately Jan received his licence just before the cases came to court, which may have encouraged the judge to be lenient. He fined Jan \$20 on each charge.

Is there a large audience for old films in Auckland, or is the idea of the Classic Cinema a miscalculation on Jan's part? People in the film business who scoff at Jan's project point to the comparative failure of the film *That's Entertainment* in N.Z. Young people were not attracted to the film here as they were in most other countries. I think this example simply indicates that our local audience is behind the times, and that the wave of interest in old films has yet to reach N.Z. When I visited the U.S.A. in 1973 I was amazed at the number of old films being screened on college campuses and in regular cinemas, and at the number of students who knew as much about the history of films as they did about pop music. I'm told that the same enthusiasm exists in England. If Jan is able to keep his cinema solvent for a few years, then I think his Auckland audience will expand dramatically, and at last he will gain some reward for the enormous amount of work that he has put into the Classic.

Roger Horrocks

NZUSA Overseas Students Conference

Yes, it really 'happened': from 13-17th May at Knock-na-gree (hill of the brave) camp, Oratia. The first participants arrived by A.T.I. minibus on Monday afternoon - a day early - and since then to Sunday afternoon, the camp was a hive of activities.

In a matter of a few hours, the whole camp was given a new dressing; there was an atmosphere of "swift takeover" the hall was given a new paint, expressive posters and signs appeared everywhere. A transmitting and P.A. system was set up with the help of Radio B and immediately started broadcasting 'international music' (wonder how many farmers rolled down the hillsides!). 'Refugee' tents appeared in the middle of the buildings. Then came Brian with the 'combie' full of food and veges and Fee Ching and company got on with the cooking. Thus the tempo was set for a vigorous week!

Tuesday brought a lot more people, which meant a lot more organisational problems! But that was nothing to worry about. Talents were abundant and spirits high!

A committee formed of notorious talents from all over N.Z. provided an efficient bureaucracy to channel all actions! So by the time we actually start-

ed the formal aspect of the Congress on Tuesday afternoon, the whole place was buzzing!

Mike Walker, standing in for Clare Ward, gave the official welcome, (the 'Maori way') which was followed by the "opening" session on the "Lessons from the philosophy and practice of Liberation movement in South America" by Joe Shepherd, who lived in the continent for six years. Then came 'open forum' on the Congress itself: the programme, moans, groans etc - self criticism! And from the word go until the last group left on Sunday, discussion was abundant. The lounge fire burned all night and there was always a group seeing the day come in!

As intended, the Congress provided a participatory learning/teaching platform in a personalised atmosphere! Speaking guests usually introduced the topic for 20-40 minutes and the rest was a dialogue between everybody, in a warm rational manner with only a few emotional sparks!

Diverse viewpoints on a multitude of subjects were well aired. Most discussion had to be cut short for us to keep to the programme. A lot of the guest speakers from all over N.Z., stayed a few nights at the camp and thus provided additional 'low key' sessions over lunch and 'firesides'. Late night movies like "Vinceramos", "Last Grave in Bimbasa", "Cup of Tea", etc drew capacity crowds! Hangis, B.B. Q's and Radio Knock-na-Gree filled in the gaps that were not taken up in large group discussions. Sounds heavy? Yes, but the participants didn't find it so!

The congress has been criticised as too political. What cannot be labelled political? We found that this format only could have given us opportunities for evaluating some of the fundamental problem areas - e.g. foreign aid, (to whose benefit), government repression, etc. Thus to evaluate what is in store for the future became more important than our present welfare, which was given second place.

Most sporting activities did not eventuate because people were too keen on the discussions. Saturday night International Folk Concert provided a great 'let off' after four hours of business/remit session. Sing song, dances, verses, mock court, along with wine from the local vineyard, and the film "Sounder" kept everyone elated for hours.

For those wanting meaty reading material, U.B.S., Progressive Book, Vietnam Committee and Socialist Action had a good selection handy all week.

The Congress was a success overall. But we feel this is only the beginning of things to come and the hard work yet to be done in this field. Everyone who came, went back that much richer and we feel that the total success of the Congress can only come if all this wealth was shared. We feel the vibes will last for a long time and will travel far!

Ashok, Chew, Brian.

WAIT FOR US, WORLD

Are we behind the times? I'd no idea
A decade had elapsed, what did I miss?
Ten years will take a lot of thought I fear,
But I feel bound to fill this giant abyss.

The birds are singing, and the sun is free,
Shining on an endless stream of cars,
But have we harnessed solar energy,
And are our men equipped to conquer Mars?

Great classics stand in every library,
Music in all forms seems to abound,
But then, we transmit frugally - T.V.
Declines to entertain the clock around.

Our universities are busy hives
Of academic learning, and aplomb,
With heads in sands of scholarly archives,
And yet we haven't made one atom bomb!

We know who runs affairs, are we naive?
They often argue, violently debate,
But should we calmly listen, and believe
We're not entitled to our Watergate?

We have some charming spots in which to dine,
And dance away the evening with our friends,
As quietly flows the Don, so does the wine,
But should we not have modern nudist trends?

And on the sands, the sea meanders clear
O'er open spaces, where a sea bird preens,
But other shores are well endowed we hear
With luxury promenades, and slot machines.

Perhaps I am misled, our peaceful life
Has lulled us into apathy, we bore;
Update our image, conjure up some strife
With neighbours in South Island, declare War!

G.J. Stanford

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Exclusive to 'THE ROOT BEER DRINKER' COLUMN KNEES, 'ALL BLOCK' SPEAKS OUT

(A special from our Te Kuiti Gumboots reporter on the man dubbed by a leading women's magazine as one of the world's most illegible "life-and-soul-of-the-party's" in the world.)

(By Murray Mahony).

Column Knees, the well-known face in every home, had some interesting things to pass (several one-handed spirals while running up the southern boundary of his neighbour's run-off) when I interviewed him over a hot cuppa the other day. Knees, evincing impeccable Kiwi modesty, said he still didn't know why people made such a fuss about him since at heart he was just an average Kiwi cliché who preferred hiding behind the goalposts in his mind and that really his rugby career suffered in comparison with the legendary deeds of his Great Uncle Galsworthy, whose Cape Reinga-Bluff-Carrying-a-sheep-under-each-arm record remains unchallenged to this day. Small wonder.

The stage was set at this stage, I knew, for a flowing record of passionate effusions from the Great Man as I tried every trick in the Book (the one that tells everything there is to be known and even rambles on a bit) to disguise the fact that I was getting bloody hot and sweaty from the steam over the hot cuppa, determined as I was to stoically maintain my reportorial sang-froid . . . ah . . . sang-freud . . . and also to facilitate as much as possible maximum Knees output. That I succeeded admirably can best be judged from the record of bias, prejudice, distortion and mental derangement that follows, notwithstanding the fact that I was nominated for a nomination for the 1935 Pulitzer Prize, years before the honour was inaugurated. So, as my friend Blakey says, that counts me as a writer of unusual distinction. Don't you think? . . . I do, quite often.

There was quality such as the Knees revelation on the type of leadership the country needed - "Reckon with all this technology and things we should be able to put the country in automatic pilot and cut out all this funny buggers messin' around with the controls" - which subsequently earned Knees magnanimous election as life member to the Footingleft-pastdorkington Aerodynamic Institute for Magnificent Men Without Flying Machines.

Knees, who recently declined nomination for the Sprigs and Gorse Country Party seat of Outer Japanese Dory 3-mile Fishing Limit, instead nominated his greatest moment in sport as the publication of the 1970 Heylen Poll which showed that fully 70 per cent of women under the age of five thought that the most important issue facing the country was restoring New Zealand's world leadership in rugby, ranking ahead of other such durables as ballooning inflation, rampant inflation, galloping inflation and lack of original journalists' metaphors.

Mr Knees said he felt we should spend less time on boring things like TV2 (except for the sports programmes, which of course should be greatly extended), stock market prices and Sunday drives and devote more energy to developing the finer points of the the finer points of scrummaging. "There's nothing like a good ruck", he beamed beamingly. "If more people did it the country would be in a lot better shape", exhabbled Knees.

"Just to show you how much impact the

1970 poll had I will mention that Colin Oliver Wallace Patt (known to all as Cow Patt), who was ball boy to my club Haitete's third grade team, convinced quite a few blokes in the club that the time was ripe for the club, led by me, to stage a coup and oust the Labouring and Rowling Government from power to become the world's first sporting Government or at least the first Government to give the people a sporting chance", Knees conwobbered.

"But I quickly squashed such a foolish notion. Why we would have needed at least three more clubs, in full kit, to help us take over. That would have been impossible to arrange for as it happened it was then summertime and most of the rugby players in the King Country were playing cricket and the idea of a condominium of cricket clubs running the country, even if composed largely of rugby sympathisers, was unthinkable. New Zealand has no mana - that's a Maori word you know - Freddy Taka was telling down at the local - in cricket. How could a New Zealand cricket captain look Brezhnev straight in the eye with our sorry cricket record. We would have been the laughing stock of the whole world", fetlabished Knees.

"No, clearly, a rugby dictatorship is the only way of presenting a bold front to the world, one that commands respect. New Zild would gain a credence in foreign affairs as never before. Every wog wants to have a foreign affair with a rugby player. Believe me! And the Commies would balk at taking on our scrummaging power," arbled Mr Knees.

At this point, Knees, who had been craning his neck, as only an All Block could manage, to scrutinise what I was writing about him expressed concern at the unfamiliar (to him, but not to inveterate punmongers) verbs that followed quotes by him, verbs such as exhabble, fetlabish, conwobber and ardle. I attempted reassurance.

"Every great man should have a distinctive way of expressing his person, don't you think? - I do, quite often. Besides I got sick of using "Said" after every comment you made . . . so well worn that

word, don't you think. I do, all . . ." I fertwhistled.

"Why I can see that deciphering the precise meanings of each verb with the action each denotes could become the chief preoccupation of early-to-work bus commuters, taking over from that old favourite the Herald Crossword," I spiked milligrammatically.

Before Knees could get a verb in I martawalled: "Verbs are doing words Column and you are a doing person, are you not? What better than to have a repertory of verbs all of your own? Why I can see it now . . . publication of the Knees Anthology of New Verbs. It would be a milestone in your career and would utterly demolish the upper class snobs' criticism that you have no culture. When you really get down to it, wouldn't you rather be remembered as the father of the modern verb than as the champion of the one-handed pass?

"And such an event would put to rest the nasty stereotype of the Kiwi is unwilling to take risks, experiment with new situations, who is dour, predictable and unable to play and horse around for the sheer hell of it. And you are just the man to shatter that image Column, being as you are a near to perfect incarnation of that typical Kiwi.

"I can see it now . . . h'mmm, must take off these glasses. My vision is working extremely well today . . . the Knees Anthology of New Verbs enters the Guinness Book of Records as the greatest best seller of all time even outstripping the distribution of the "Valium Tablet", the novocain of the addicts of the literary establishment. This would rate well ahead of your six tries under the posts against the West Kicka-poo-Greenfellows XV in '64, wouldn't you say?"

The Knees lack of enthusiasm was unremitting.

"Please you misunderstand me completely. I'm a man who always sticks to the rules: page 1, 21, 31, 41 and 179 of my autobiography "Pinetrees are not Noxious Weeds, "open quote: "The rugby pad-dock, Belfast, driving on the Western motorway, street rape and debating at

toastmasters would be a lot better if everyone stuck to the rules" - close quote."

"But Column," I remonstrated, and I was about to stop there. "Inventing new verbs wouldn't actually be breaking the rules . . . just bending them so they did more work. Besides, you don't have to worry about creating new verbs. Now adjectives and nouns. That's a different matter. You get Missed Barklick and her Community Standards coming down on you like a ton of sheep dip".

I could see I was fighting a losing battle so I moved on to the issue of apartheid in sport.

"Yes, well, it's the old story", sniccouped Column, "The Black Sheep has always been the one to miss out on everything and it'll probably always be that way. You can't change the natural order of things. Call it a law of nature if you like. If you don't like, that's OK too. However, you look at it, someone's got to be at the bottom of the ruck, so to speak. H'mmm, Silly little phrase that last one".

"I mean you only have to look at the history books to see that it has been the white man who has achieved everything. Very little about the black man. It was Captain Krupps who discovered Australia and New Zild, Columbo who bumped into America, Clarence Cerebellum who invented peanut butter and Jack the Ripper was white . . . ah well, considering what he did he just may have been something else. My point is that this proves beyond a shadow of doubt that the white man is a superior rugby player."

Marvelling at such august logic I asked Knees how the Maoris and the American Indians fitted into the narrative. Was it only folklore and myth that they had arrived before the white man, thus making them the first official occupants?

"Ah, but you see," Knees countered, "they forgot to erect a flag over the new land. Before any claim for land could be official and deserving of historical recognition you had to conform to Queen Elizabeth the First's rules and hoist a flag bearing the English Ensign and Royal Seal. So the Blacks had only themselves to blame if they had their land taken from them and were downtrodden by the whites. If they had taken the trouble to negotiate with the British Government for the price of a few extremely expensive English flags they wouldn't have had any trouble".

"But surely," I turkled, "If all the flags had to bear English ensigns no one from anywhere else would have legitimate claim to land for any realm other than the English one?"

"Yeah, that was the plan", Column rejoindered, "But you never could trust Wogs, Dallies and Gypos. Found a way around it somehow, they did. Must have got their lawyers to work to find loopholes in the map I guess. Been the trouble all along really, wars and things . . . these foreign bastards' refusal to see that we're God's Chosen People. Not the Poms.

They did an Adam on Him by joining the Common Market. Now it's just us in New Zeal. In particular all the boys in my club Haitete . . . but only for the winter season mind, while The Game's on!"



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PERCEPTIONS OF REALITY ?

The stereotype of misperception is the core of our existence. It haunts us through intellectual endeavour into the imagery of day to day living.

Hide and seek, says I
To myself, and step
Out of the dream of Wake
Into the dream of Sleep

Every form of consciousness is a reaction to a way of life that existed before, and an adaptation to new realities. Thus a loss of old realities. The implication of this statement denies a static definition of the concept 'reality' and forces one to question it's elusiveness in terms of perception, or misperception.

The Western way of life was formed from two major influences that are profoundly dualistic in spirit. These influences, Hebrew and Greek, divide 'reality' into two parts and set one part off against the other. The Hebrew perceives his reality on moral and religious grounds :- God is transcendent, implying the separation of spirit and flesh, of god and creature. The Greek tradition, on the other hand, makes a division along intellectual lines. In making reason and rationality the most valued function of man, Plato and Aristotle penetrated the world of our senses.

These dualisms are part of us, are our inheritance ; they construct a dichotomy which the experience of life today makes less and less acceptable. Hebraic irrationality battles Greek rationality in the definition of 'consciousness'. The inability of the human mind to conceptualise this is evident in man's quest to uncover his subconscious. Definitive concepts exist in the eyes of the individual.

A suitable analogy is captured by D.H. Lawrence :

"His thirst seemed to have separated itself from him, and to stand apart, a single demand. Then the pain he felt was another single self. Then there was the clog of his body, another separate thing. He was divided among all kinds of separate beings. There was some strange agonised connexion between them but they were drawing further apart. Then they would all split. Then they would all fall, fall through the eves - lasting lapse of space. Then again his consciousness reasserted itself. He roused himself on to his elbows and stared at the gleaming mountains. There they ranked, all still and wonderful between earth and heaven. He stared till his eyes went black, and the mountains, as they stood in their beauty, so clean and cool, seemed to have it, that which was lost to him."

This quote describes the preconceived notion of insanity as part of our subconscious. Insanity is the rendezvous of conscious and subconscious as the latter becomes a new form of the former. Description is purely subjective, reality can only be defined in relative terms. Subjectivity becomes fused with objectivity.

The paradoxical effect of this situation dwells in the realm of metaphysics. Definitions become meaningless in terms of a universal human perception. But would it not be something to rise above the limits of relatively to glimpse eternity.

Sleep well ANNE WILKS



PRISONER OF KNOWLEDGE

Chained to his desk, he scans a book
This scholar of aesthetics,
Perusing in depth, with scarce a look
At other than phonetics.

Nor does he seek a due parole,
Engrossed in mathematics,
Enslaved by a foreign language scroll,
A sentence of grammatics.

Forced from his solitary cell
To healthful exercising,
Called by persistent clanging bell
To hasty gourmandising.

Will he petition for release ?
Is he not eager, yearning
For doors to open, labours cease,
Is pardon then for spurning ?

No, he will serve the sentence, for
Ambition is for burning,
His mind the only open door
This prisoner of learning !

G.J. Stanford

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"SMACK"

A new play by a New Zealand author is likely to be Theatre Workshop's first production this term. Dean Parker's "Smack" was turned down last year by both Mercury and Central theatres, because according to the author, both considered it too controversial and disturbing for their audiences. In a very "amended" form, it was presented on radio by the gallant N.Z.B.C., but it took Downstage Theatre in Wellington to give the play its stage premiere. Of this production, Bruce Mason wrote in the "Listener" "I want to hail what seems to be nothing less than a major breakthrough in New Zealand drama not since James K. Baxter's "The Wide Open Cage" in 1959 have I felt so powerfully the presence of an authentic theatrical fury and passion Mr. Parker has the best ear for New Zealand dialogue I have come across "Smack" insists with stunning authority and eloquence that New Zealand's green and pleasant land is at bottom neither very green nor very pleasant. Those who still think of it as the last refuge of decency had better think again. But in the meantime, we have a playwright and someone to watch." Both Parker and Bill Smith, who hopes to produce "Smack" for Theatre Workshop, feel that perhaps Mason goes too far, perhaps due to the after-effects of too sudden an awakening from the timidity and torpor of so many of the polite badly-made plays written here recently; plays all precisely

aimed at the "nice" crowd who are presumed to "patronise" the theatre, or at the "standards" set by our television.

A line from "Smack" about "our" television - "I am the slime from your video, oozing all over your living room floor - TV people are so trendy they're like a hard-on, saying "scorched earth" instead of "nigger brown....." This play at least pulls no punches - it hits hard at a society which persists in regarding itself as perfection, thereby abandoning even aspirations to perfectibility. In "Smack" people swear at each other; they talk of drugs and of the very real problems attached, in an environment that, because it includes Wattie's Canneries and the Kiwi on Friday night and flats in Grafton Road, cannot be so easily ignored by relegation to that other "less-fortunate" outside world where those who lacked the trick of being born New Zealanders so enviously live.

Bill Smith says there are problems - one is finding a girl who looks like Mia Farrow (according to the script). He has had this problem before, but the fact that such a lady has a shortish but vital role in the play adds a new intensity to his search. So girls between 20 and 27 (roughly) who are blonde (preferably, but not essentially) and pretty (let Bill be the judge) and tall and slim - contact Bill Smith, either at the History Dept (Ext. 9981) or at home (601-029). "Smack" needs you !

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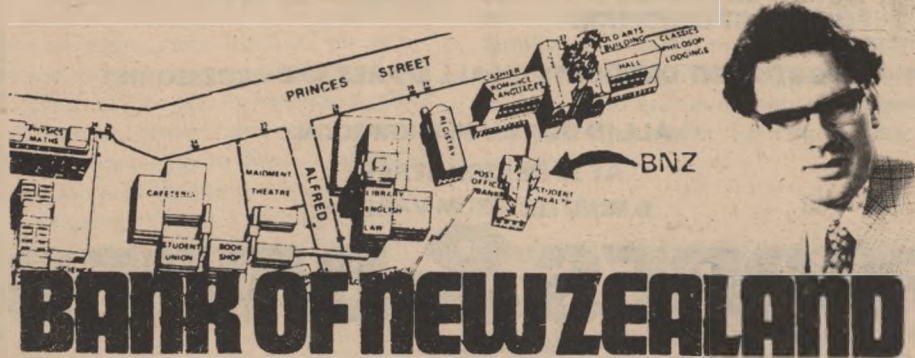


CRACCUM STAFFERS ARE SICK AND TIRED OF BEING CALLED BOLSHIES, TORIES, LABOUR HACKS, MCP'S, MAOISTS AND TRENDIES. THE ABOVE PHOTO SETS THE RECORD STRAIGHT ONCE AND FOR ALL. THE PICTURE SHOWS THE **CRACCUM** GANG STUDYING MR TIZARD'S BUDGET AT THEIR SECRET LE ROY'S BUSH RETREAT IN THE PLUSH SUBURB OF BIRKENHEAD, HUB OF AUCKLAND'S SUNNY NORTH SHORE. FROM LEFT... ROD MACDIARMID, BRENT LEWIS, ROB GREENFIELD, MIKE RANN AND PAUL GILMOUR.

Fair go!

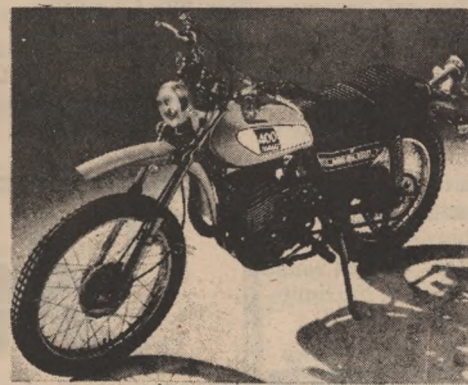
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SPIES AMONGST THE WEEDS

You know there are some things that are quite annoying. Like the weather. Someone up there is trying to discredit me. After predicting that autumn was the wrong time to start off tomatoes and peppers, autumn never came. Congratulations to those of you who disregarded my comments, anyway. You should be eating tomatoes still! It has been too warm for broad beans to survive. Mine all caught summer sickness and keeled over. But it has been ideal wather for crops like dwarf beans, carrots, beetroot, lettuce, and peas. And a week ago I even saw some sunflowers waving their happy heads at the moon.

Time for a Handy Hints department. Whenever you see pictures of people with freshly picked cabbages (aaargh me pride an joy, young fellah) you see a mangled stump which used to be in the ground attached. I once asked what this bit was, and got the answer. Eureka! That's the roots! Then one day I saw the old man emerge from the garden with a cabbage without roots. A new species? No. Just an ordinary cabbage, cut off at the base of the heart. Why? Aha By leaving the roots in the ground, and the remainder of the stem and unwanted leaves attached to the roots, the good old cabbage plant springs to life again, and produces three new heads. They are not as big as the original, but then who east a whole cabbage at one sitting anyway? So when your cabbages are ready to pick, go out armed with a sharp knife, and cut the cabbage just below the heart. I don't know what happens if you continue the process, but you might end up with a five-year-old cabbage twelve metres high that fed the whole street, so be careful. If Tizzie got to hear of it he'd be certain to introduce



a cabbage tax, and reduce the subsidy on lime, too.

Bumped into an old friend from the revolutionary days a week or so ago. I can't tell you her name, as she is being pursued by the S.I.S. (one of their agents fell into her giant Venus Fly Trap, and they still don't know what he told her in his dying moments). She has been experimenting with her own new varieties of VFTs, and I asked her how she managed to get them to grow to SIS agent size. She took me down the garden path to the glasshouse, and said that a glasshouse was-

n't really bourgeois. Venus fly traps of all sizes smiled their green teeth at her, and sniffed cautiously at my jeans. She stopped next to an intertwined pair, and told them she was glad to see things happening at last. She climbed up a four-metre specimen and gathered some seeds from the top branches, leaving me to cope with the advances of the exuberant lower leaves. At last she descended, with a bag full of seeds and big grin.

"These are my best, selected, tried and trusted seeds. Descended from that famous SIS exterminator, Venus MCMLXXV."

I shook leaves with MCMLXXV on the way out. The plant was old, but demonstrated its agility by snapping up a white butterfly. And all of this was achieved by selecting the best looking plant, and collecting the seeds off it. You can do this too, not only with VFTs, but with virtually anything else that grows. Save the seeds off all your bought fruit and vegetables (like pumpkins, peppers and cucumbers) and inspect your home-grown plants for size and hardness, and allow the best to go to seed. Radishes are easy. Note the one that you would like to eat, and leave it in the ground. Last spring one radish that I'd selected grew to a height of 1.5 metres before flowering and bearing thousands of seeds - enough to fill a hundred or so seed packets. The portion that would normally be eaten grew long, fat and tough, but since then I've eaten lots of good radishes from that plant. Also, germination of home-produced seeds is often better than bought seeds, as they are fresher. So go to it: you could even end up with a monster plant that would scare the pants off any local Edgar Briggs!

SITUATIONS VACANT

A major weekly publication requires a new gardening editor. Qualifications required are a patch of dirt and a few plants. Organic principles preferred. Apply, with manuscript, to Craccum office. Password: "AAARGH" to the man under the kilt and tartan hat, and "Here comes the SIS" to the mysterious credit writer.

A SOBERING THOUGHT?

A cultural Capping, wasn't it marvellous. When Beverly Austin first threatened to change the basis of Capping to more artistic and creative lines I was a little dubious to say the least. In fact I remember threatening one night up the Grad bar to go round and piss in her letter box by way of reprisal, I didn't and I'm glad because this year's festivities surpassed anything I've seen in years. 120 arrests, 6000 gallons of beer, and 3500 hangovers later I think it is in order to say that Capping 1975 must rank as one of the most debauched and hedonistic revelleries in a long time.

"Drink the Pub Dry" proved an extremely refreshing probe into the extremities of true New Zealand culture. When dear old Bev said we were going cultural this time I mistook her intention. I thought it would be all this trendy, arty farty nonsense about creative dancing, sculpture and painting. Little did I realise the daring plan she had in mind, a scheme not to impose an alien form of "art" or culture on us but to legitimise the true Godzone way of life and leisure; piss drinking. What courage and ingenuity on her part.

I remember the excitement with which I first entered the Globe that Tuesday. Here was the logical manifestation of the New Zealand culture. As Hillier's mate Jim downed his fourteenth glass in three seconds flat, I can still feel the thrill with which I saw him turn and chunder down my leg. That was true expressionism. As for creative movement, I think the award must go to the engineer who - to a chorus of "eat more, root more, sink more piss" - attempted a brown eye on the pool table only to suffer severe injury to his marital prospects with a billiard cue.

Free expression had its surrealistic moment when Task force attempted entry to the bar and condoms filled with beer floated through the air in their direction.

The afternoons highlight was, undoubtedly, the eviction from the pub at about 4 p.m. The dedicated made a sprint for the Kiwi while the activists lingered to do battle (verbally) with Tait's Heroes.

Drink the Pub Dry proved a fair introduction to the finer points of constructive drinking that occurred on Pub Crawl, the following Thursday. None of this cultural imperialism that day. No quiet sippings of dry Reds and nibblings on cheese. Thirty Two pubs to cover and at least a seven once in each. Mighty sport, eh mate?

The melodious crunch of shattered HANZ's underfoot and the sweaty shove for service at the crowded bar bought back all the joy of a fast fading Kiwi Kulture. What I find hard to understand is the Capping backlash of public opinion. Surely Tait and the people of Auckland realised Capping for what it was, the free expression of young people attempting to mirror the normative behaviour of wider society. I mean to say, we sent out and got pissed, isn't that exactly what most Godzoners do from time to time? I challenge any of the guardians of public safety to show that Capping Week isn't repeated every Friday night by the righteous public in almost any bar in the inner city.

The student's sin was to be in a readily identifiable group, easy to label and easier to blame. Like "polynesians" we could be built into an issue by an all too willing media (after all it makes good copy) and Tait could be given yet another chance to manufacture a reason for his existence.

Just a point of interest, in the last two years only one person has been charged with a pub-crawl related offence, this year there were over 120 charged. Were there really 119 more criminals on this pub crawl, or were the large scale arrests simply

I DON'T CARE IF I AM CULTURALLY DEPRIVED, EDUCATIONALLY DIS-ADVANTAGED, SOCIALLY INADEQUATE, BORING AND IMPOTENT... I CAN STILL DOWN AN EIGHT OUNCE GLASS OF DRAUGHT IN 3/4 OF A SECOND



another symptom of Gideon Tait and his mentality.

A further point of interest. About 100 people had their names taken for underage drinking (congratulations to all those people that gave false names). Of the other 20 all were charged simply with drunk and disorderly, theft (of a glass), or wilful damage (in most cases breaking a glass). Any arrests for assault, no. Any arrests for sexual crimes, no. Any violence at all, NO!! The only violent phases came in Vulcan Lane and Lorne Street as the

police grabbed any hapless drunk that lurched near them.

Oh well, perhaps the cultural approach just doesn't work. Next year we'll probably go back to the traditional forms of capping.

Felix Minderbinder

A Sour View of that Sweet Stuff

No matter how much you 'need' that chocolate bar, bubblegum or fizzy drink, or whatever sugar-laden product you crave, there is no physiological requirement for sugar. In addition, there is scientific evidence (some more conclusive than others) to suggest that sugar causes overweight, rotten teeth, chronic indigestion, ulcers, diabetes, near and far sightedness, arteriosclerosis, and cancer. As John Rudkin says in his excellent book on sugar, "Sweet and Dangerous", 'If only a fraction of what is already known about the effects of sugar were to be revealed in relation to any other material used as a food additive, that material would be promptly banned'.

You probably remember the big scare we had a couple of years back regarding cyclamates. Newspapers reported that research showed that cyclamates caused cancer and they were therefore taken off the market.

What actually happened was that rats were given unheard of overdoses - the equivalent of 11lbs of sugar a day for an adult, in cyclamates. After 2 years, which is a long life for a rat, a few animals showed the beginnings of cancer of the bladder. When these spurious scientific results are added to the fact that the sugar industry (in the US) spent \$600,000 a year starting in 1953, raising their annual pay-off to \$750,000 in 1957, to prove that cyclamates were harmful. This is much more than the sugar industry spends annually for research on the nutritional quality of its own products. Hiding behind the worthless slogans of "quick energy" and "100% pure", sugar portrays itself as the saviour of the white race, as nutritionally sound beyond question.

It isn't. But before saying exactly how bad it is, we should find out how something this bad became such a major part of our diet. Animals and early forms of human beings ate what was nutritional for them. Some animals ate mostly other animals; some ate only vegetables. Giraffes eat only acacia leaves. They ate what they needed in order to survive and instinctively their needs became their wants. From this came the theory that what is palatable is good for you. Technology, however, has now made this theory meaningless. When people craved sweet things in days gone by, they ate fruit or a little honey. Now they can get their sweets from any highly popular, blatantly worthless sugar products, and will find sugar (check the ingredients) in most processed foods on the market. As Yudkin says, "Life is increasingly difficult for people, who, like myself, want to avoid sugar".

The average American now gets 20% of his calories from sugar and eats 102.5 pounds a year. You can see why Uncle Sam is affectionately known as Uncle Sugar. In 1970, 70% of the sugar eaten in the US was in the form of manufactured food. The food industry almost always puts more sugar into a product than you would if you made it yourself. Affluence has caused leisure which leads to increased snack and soft drink consumption (aiming to please rather than nourish). While sugar consumption had skyrocketed, overall carbohydrate consumption has stayed the same. As statistics bear out, people are eating less starch (rice, bread, potatoes etc.) and replacing it with sugar. But until ten years ago it never seemed to occur to anyone that it made any difference whether carbohydrate consumption was made up of starch or sugar.

Of course there is quite a difference.

Starches provide a wide variety of nutrients and are the staple of most of the world's population. On the other hand, sugar is highly touted as 100% pure or pure food. This simply means that it is refined to leave only pure sugar (sucrose). Pure sugar has no nutrients, except for an occasional trace of iron, which the sugar corroded off the steel vat it was refined in. Sugar is also a simple (chemically speaking) carbohydrate. This means it digests quickly. That is why it is called the "Quick energy" food. When the digested glucose reaches the blood stream, it raises the blood sugar (glucose) level. Your immediate reaction is a reduction in appetite, your body being under the impression that if so much glucose streams in, you must have eaten a fair size meal. The pancreas then goes to work releasing insulin to lower the blood sugar level to a level lower than you started with.

Soon you will begin to feel restless, irritable, exhausted, depressed and hungry again, particularly for sugar. You need another fix. You are suffering from hypoglycemia or low blood sugar. This is the withdrawal state of the sugar junkie. Because sugar is now cheap, you don't need to rob or steal to support your daily habit, but the habit is just as deadly. In addition, large quantities of Vitamin B are required to assimilate carbohydrates. Since sugar has no Vitamin B (or any other kind) your body is forced to draw on its Vitamin B reserves. The more sugar you eat, the more Vitamin B is removed. This is an example of sugar's anti-nutrient property.

The purpose of this article is not to take the pleasure out of your life, but rather to increase your long-term pleasure by encouraging nutritious eating habits. I do not crusade against sugar because I was born with a grudge against sugar. I too, was a sugar junkie. How I loved to eat 14 Butterfingers and three cartons of chocolate milk, and always craving more and more. But there is no doubt in my mind that all sugar-containing products should have a label reading "Warning: This product contains sugar and may be physically injurious to some individuals. Consult your nutritionists or doctor before purchase or use". Candy bars, soft drinks, and other nutritionless foods should be banned altogether.

J.I. Rodale, a noted life food expert has recommended "If you would be healthy, omit all sugar and just get accustomed to doing without it". In addition, when you have become used to taking no sugar, you will notice that all your foods have a wide range of interesting flavours that you had forgotten. Swamping everything with sugar tends to hide those flavours and blunts the sensitivity of your palate. You will especially notice how much you enjoy fruit. If enough of us stop buying junk - even the better junk - the food manufacturers will listen and remove sugar from our packaged food.

Below are listed some of the facts and experiments that suggest sugar's implication in these diseases:

DIABETES. Insulin is a hormone released by the pancreas to lower your blood sugar level. When you eat a lot of sugar, which is quickly digested, your pancreas is overworked. Diabetes occurs when the pancreas doesn't produce enough insulin or when the body cells become insensitive to insulin. Recent Yemeni immigrants to Israel had a 6% diabetes prevalence. Those of 20 years ago had a 2.9% rate. The only change was greatly increased sugar

intake. From 6 to 10% of all Americans have diabetes, of which 95% don't know they have it.

CHRONIC INDIGESTION. A sugar rich diet led to a 20% rise in stomach acidity. When eaten with other food, sugar ferments in the stomach while your other food is being digested, causing heartburn and general indigestion.

GALL STONES. Gallstones were detected in hamsters and dogs on high sugar diets, but not in those eating no sugars.

EYESIGHT. Rats on sugar diets became either near-sighted or far-sighted, but none retained good eyes.

TOOTH DECAY. Dentists pull out 100 4,000,000 teeth a year in Great Britain. There is more evidence of a difference in the number of cavities between those who ate sweets and those who ate none than between those who brushed regularly and those who didn't. The first known victim of tooth decay was Queen Elizabeth I who was said to have had all black teeth in 1593.

SKIN DISEASE. Sugar seems to only aggravate acne, but actually causes seborrheic dermatitis, despite its unfamiliar name, a common disease.

GOUT. People with gout were eating almost twice as much sugar as the control group.

EARLY MATURITY - EARLY DEATH. People are taller in this century and weigh more at birth. Babies given sugar when being raised have more chances of being overweight. Sexual maturity has come three years earlier in the last century in countries with high sugar intake. Male pigs on sugar were constantly trying to mount one another in their pen.

HEART ATTACKS. Saturated fats have borne the brunt of responsibility for the heart attack era, due in large part because saturated (animal) fat consumption has increased greatly in the last century. Yet during this time sugar consumption has risen much more dramatically. The Masai and Samburu tribes of East Africa have a diet high in fat but low in sugar. The rate of heart disease is extremely low. On the island of St. Helena, where the diet is high in sugar but low in fat, the heart disease rate is high. Two groups of coronary patients were matched with an equal number of non-coronary patients. The annual average sugar consumption was 113 and 147 to 58 and 67 pounds, respectively. Rats given sugar, instead of starch, doubled their production of fat into the bloodstream (a suspected cause of heart attacks) while the amount of fat stored in the tissue from the blood decreased by 1/3. Chickens on sugar had fatty deposits in 46% of the aortas; those without sugar had them in 1%. A rich sugar diet raised levels of cholesterol and triglycerides (neutral fats, also suspected as a cause of heart attacks) in all men and women past their menopause. About 30% of subjects in another experiment showed special sensitivity to sugar, suggesting that only that percentage of people are susceptible to heart attack through eating sugar. Without being in an experiment, how will you know if you are or aren't in that 30%.

OBESITY AND MALNUTRITION. People on calorie-restricted diets lost less weight when they took a little glucose before meals than those who didn't. Between 1955 and 1965 there was a 10% increase in the number of families with nutritional deficiencies. Rats on a sugar diet lived an average of 486 days. Those eating sugar free lived 566. This may be because a higher calorie intake makes your body work harder, causing an earlier death.

Now, wouldn't you like a chocolate fish?

KGB arrests Amnesty workers

KGB officials arrested two more members of Amnesty International's Moscow group on April 18, says Amnesty's May newsletter. The Soviet Secret Police also conducted lengthy searches of the apartments of two other Amnesty members and confiscated files. This action says Amnesty, follows the arrest last December of the biologist Sergie Kovalyov, another Amnesty member.

The two new arrests were of 35 year-old Andrei Tverdokhlebov, secretary of the group, and Ukrainian writer Mikola Rudenko, who was arrested in Kiev. Rudenko awaits trial under article 187-1 of the Ukrainian criminal code for "spreading material defamatory to the USSR."

Dr. Kovalyov was arrested and flown to Lithuania in connection with a KGB operation known as "Case 345" which was directed at the "The Chronicle of the Lithuanian Catholic Church". Kovalyov has been charged with "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda".

Amnesty International is the international non-partisan humanitarian group that works for the releases of "prisoners of conscience", or those who have been detained (often without trial) for 'political reasons'. Last year Craccum interviewed Carmel Budiardjo, an Englishwoman whose husband has been detained without trial in Indonesia for the last eight years. Mr. Budiardjo's 'offence' was to have once been a member of Djakarta University grad club.

The Secretary General of Amnesty International, Martin Ennals, cabled Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev on April 19th to express AI's grave concern at the new arrests. He called for the immediate release of all three Moscow group members. "Amnesty International reiterates the assurance that all activities of the USSR Amnesty group are legal under Soviet law and that in accordance with AI's statute the group only works for the release of prisoners outside the USSR", the cable said.

Reports from Moscow said that KGB officials had also searched the apartments of the group's chairman, Valentin Turchin, a computer expert, and Vladimir Albrecht, a mathematician, confiscating documents that included Amnesty material.

The newsletter says that the Moscow group was recognised by AI's International Executive Committee last September. The Committee, including Secretary General Martin Ennals, went to Moscow and spoke to its leading members. The Committee were assured that the applicants understood AI's work for human rights and its rule against groups working for the release of members in their own country. The Moscow group was working for the release of 'prisoners of conscience' in Spain, Yugoslavia and Sri Lanka.

On January 16th, however, Mr Turchin issued a statement to foreign newsmen in Moscow complaining that since November because of interference with their mail, the group had not received any material - not even the case sheets on 'their prisoners' - which had been sent to them from AI's International Secretariat.

In a statement issued with the cable to Brezhnev, Amnesty International said that none of the material sent to the group was secret or confidential in any way, nor could any of it justify the reported charge against Mr Tverdokhlebov of 'spreading slander against the Soviet state'.

"All of our members in the USSR who have been arrested and harassed are law-abiding Soviet Citizens whose concern for human rights has led them to join Amnesty International in order to work for prisoners of conscience throughout the world", the statement said.