

CRACCUM

CRACCUM, VOLUME 49, ISSUE 11



IN THIS ISSUE-

**FACULTY FROLICS
STAFF
IN SEX SWAP
SHOCK
RESIGNATIONS
EXPECTED
PROF TELLS ALL**



credits

Editor - Mike Rann

Technical Editors - Malcolm Walker
and Jeremy Templar.

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Photos - Murray Cammick, John Miller,
Tony Dummett.

letters to ed

Dear Mike,

I share with Graeme's observation on seeing boarding notices soliciting for Malaysian students. However to make a decision as to whether such notices contravene the Race Relations Act, one must place the intention of the advertisers in a proper perspective. While it is fair to say that not all Malaysian students enjoy good impression among New Zealanders, the majority of the students share a reputation as being good tenants.

This aside, many New Zealanders do have an overflowing hospitality (or curiosity, whichever you'd like to call it) towards these students. And I believe most advertisers have such intention fully in mind.

I personally agree that the wording 'Chinese-Malaysian Students Only Should Apply' does appear somewhat disappointingly discriminating. I sincerely don't believe it as intended to be racist. Graeme can certainly be rest assured that any intention in promoting racism through such notices will win immediate distaste from among the cosmopolitan Malaysians. And certainly it is not the policy of MSA to encourage such racism.

Regards,
J.H. Chew,
President,
A.M.S.A.

2

Dear Sir,

When the battle's over, and the mist is cleared, and the rabid furor has subsided, it is meet to count the casualties. I am of course referring to the Government's grant of a cost of living bursary. Those who are first shall be last, and those who are last shall be first, ancient wisdom informs us. And so does the Government.

The cost-of-living bursary is a modern Trojan horse, hauled into the city despite the sage advice of clearer heads. "O Miseri quae tanta insania cives? Timeo Danaos et dona ferentis," quoth Raocoon - or roughly translated, "You blockheaded bloody students! What the hell are you doing? Beware of Finance Ministers, especially those who claim to do you favours!"

As the sharper among you have observed already, the Government is taking with one hand while giving with the other. In place of a bursary, Higher School Certificate and possibly a boarding bursary (with a hardship benefit for a suaviter loquess), the Govt is giving each man - regardless of merit or need - a flat 13 bucks a week, or 27 bucks if you're a farming boy or you've run your folks out of town. Such a general grant penalizes the diligent (who used to be able to raise their bursaries by good grades) and rewards the sluggish (think of all the professional full-time surfies who'll enrol). Bursaries will be phased out, and Procrustean academic equality comes two steps closer.

A principle of Cato's was "cui bono?" or roughly translated, "Who's screwing who?" In this case the benefits for University students will be negligible; the real winner is the Government, because its saving millions on payments to Teachers' College students. In return for a largely

imagined reward, students have meekly become State servants, drawing a Government salary. What's independence demosthenes, compared with 13 bucks a week? The Government will now seek to strengthen its control over students either individually ("He who pays the piper....") or corporately through tighter supervision of the Universities.

One is reminded of the fable of the dog with the meat in its jaws which saw its reflection in a pool; thinking to swap what it had for something larger, it dropped what it was carrying, only to lose this for an illusory benefit. The relevance of the story should be apparent.

(signed) "Mother of Seventeen"

3

Dear Mike,

I was favourably impressed by our latest issue. The stories were nicely laid out and self-contained good for people like me who clip and file. In fact, the whole format was more attractive than I remember Craccum being for several years.

The content of the stories was substantial and the writing style of high quality again, better than anything I've seen for a long time. Good selection of topics, too.

Let me offer my congratulations for a first rate job, and my hopes for more.

A few minor caveats.

- (1) The excellent item on the Labour Party and its contrasts to the National Party ("Our cabin boy....." was unsigned. I'd like to read more by that person.
- (2) Those of us who have worked for two years to invite, host, and pay for the visit of Dr. Norman Alcock, that is, we in the N.Z. Foundation for Peace Studies, would like to have seen slightly more note of his visit than "Dr Alcock, touring N.Z. to help promote the Peace Studies programme ...". Could the name of the sponsoring body be mentioned, or the fact that his primary purpose here was to deliver the First Norman Kirk Memorial Peace Lecture? Well, too late now, and your coverage of the substance of his message was quite good and better than any other paper's save the "Star". Thanks.

Steve Hoadley,
NZ Foundation for Peace Studies
and
Senior Lecturer
Political Studies

4

Dear Sir,

At a recent seminar in University premises a lot of well-meaning people climbed on to a brand-new bandwagon called the New Zealand Foundation for Peace Studies (leader, John Male) and regaled each other with a great many words.

Much more was said about the need for peace than about the need for serious properly-conducted study of it; and nothing at all about the need to get past the popular assumptions that hold so many people back from studying it properly in the first place.

The result was that a lot of well-meaning people are committed to furthering well-meant propositions based on untenable assumptions.

With a view to starting at the beginning, I want to meet people who are concerned about world peace but who are prepared to question such assumptions as the following:

1. That individuals "owe" a specific attachment to the particular fragment of our broken world which the accident of birth happens to have landed them on.
2. That it is practical politics to try to separate nuclear weapons from conventional weapons, and to give up nuclear weapons (because we don't like them) while still retaining conventional weapons because traditionally they give us a sense of security.
3. That it is practical politics to accept our present world system of separate sovereign nations without accepting also the full logic of the weaponry which for thousands of years has maintained their separateness.

This is no cut-and-dried scheme. I want to meet explorers - and to bring explorers together to meet each other.

Please get in touch.

Dick Southon,
P.O. Box 6482,
Auckland.

SQUATTERS NEEDED FOR RENT STRIKES

Every week now there are rent strikes taking place in Auckland. Tenants present a list of demands to their landlord and inform him that he will receive no rent until he brings their house up to a habitable standard. The rent is paid into a bank account until the landlord meets the demands.

Eventually most landlords back down and have the necessary repairs done. However before this happens many landlords and land agents try to bully tenants and threaten them with eviction, sometimes going to the lengths of moving furniture outside and using standover tactics to back up their threats. With outside support tenants can resist these threats and there have been very successful rent strikes lately.

The harassment of tenants is most likely to occur during the day when landlords know that only a woman and children, or perhaps no one at all, will be at home. Therefore, People's Union would like to ask students who are available during the week at various times to put their names on an emergency list to be contacted when squatters are needed to support families who are standing up to rack-renting landlords who do no maintenance.

Please ring 765-231 or come round to our office at 15 Ponsonby Road.

Thanks very much.

PEOPLE'S UNION

COMPETITION

Robert Solez presents the first annual "BOGUS LETTER TO THE HERALD CONTEST".

1. The Contest runs until the end of Term II.
2. Contestants must send a copy of their letter to R. Solez, c/- Craccum, A.U.S.A., Private Bag, Auckland.
3. Prizes. 1st - an LP record voucher
2nd - a 2nd hand
3rd - one authentic Buddy Holly and The Crickets 45.

10 Consolation Prizes of

Bogus Congratulatory letters from H.R.H. Rob Muldoon

4. Judges decision will be final and no correspondence (other than from desirable young ladies) will be entered into.
5. All entrants will be given 10% discount on membership fees for T.K.S.

JOYNT SCROLL - INTER-UNIVERSITY DEBATING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Thursday 12th June at 1 p.m. B 15

Otago vs Auckland - "That truth is no substitute for power" 7.30 p.m. B 28

Victoria vs Massey "That N.Z. is still a Christian Nation"

Friday 13th June at 1 p.m. B 15

Semi final - "That legality is no excuse for frivolity" 7.30 p.m. LLT

Semi final - "That we should spoil the rod and bear the child".

Saturday 14th June at 8 p.m. LLT

Final "That stout beats the heart that purity pumps"

Canterbury vs Auckland B "That opiates are the religion of the masses"

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING

The Auckland University Students' Association is calling a Special General Meeting to be held in B15 on Thursday 19th at 1 p.m.

The meeting will consider the following constitutional amendments:

THAT Clause 10A (III) of the Rules be amended to read:-

"At any General Meeting, one hundred (100) members present shall form a quorum and if such a quorum be not present within thirty (30) minutes of the time appointed for the meeting, no business may be discussed or dealt with and the meeting shall lapse and further, if it be pointed out to the Chairman that there are less than one hundred (100) members present and if the Chairman on making a check, finds this to be the case, the meeting shall lapse".

THAT the Second Schedule Clause 13 of the Rules be amended to read:-

Nominations for the positions of President, Administrative Vice President, Welfare Vice President and Treasurer shall close on the last Friday preceeding the mid term break of the Winter Term.

THAT the Second Schedule Clause 14 of the Rules be amended to read:-

The elections for such positions shall be held on the Thursday and Friday of the second week following the mid-term break on the Winter Term.

THAT the Second Schedule Clause 17 of the Rules be amended to read:-

Nominations for positions other than those of the officers as specified in Clause 13 above shall close on the Friday of the third week after the Mid-Term break

HOUSE COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

Applications are being called for the position of House Committee Chairman for the Auckland University Students' Association. Nomination forms are available from the AUSA office.

Applicants are to attend the next S.R.C. meeting where the appointment will be made.

Nominations should be in sealed envelope addressed to the Association Secretary and accompanied by a photograph, and brief biographical details and a policy statement, close on Friday 20th June, 1975 at 1 p.m.

Nominations are being called for the positions for President, AVP, WVP and Treasurer. Nomination forms are available from the AUSA Office.

Nominations should be in a sealed envelope addressed to the Association Secretary and accompanied by a photograph, and brief biographical details and a policy statement, close on Friday 20th June, 1975 and elections will be held on 21 and 22 July, 1975.



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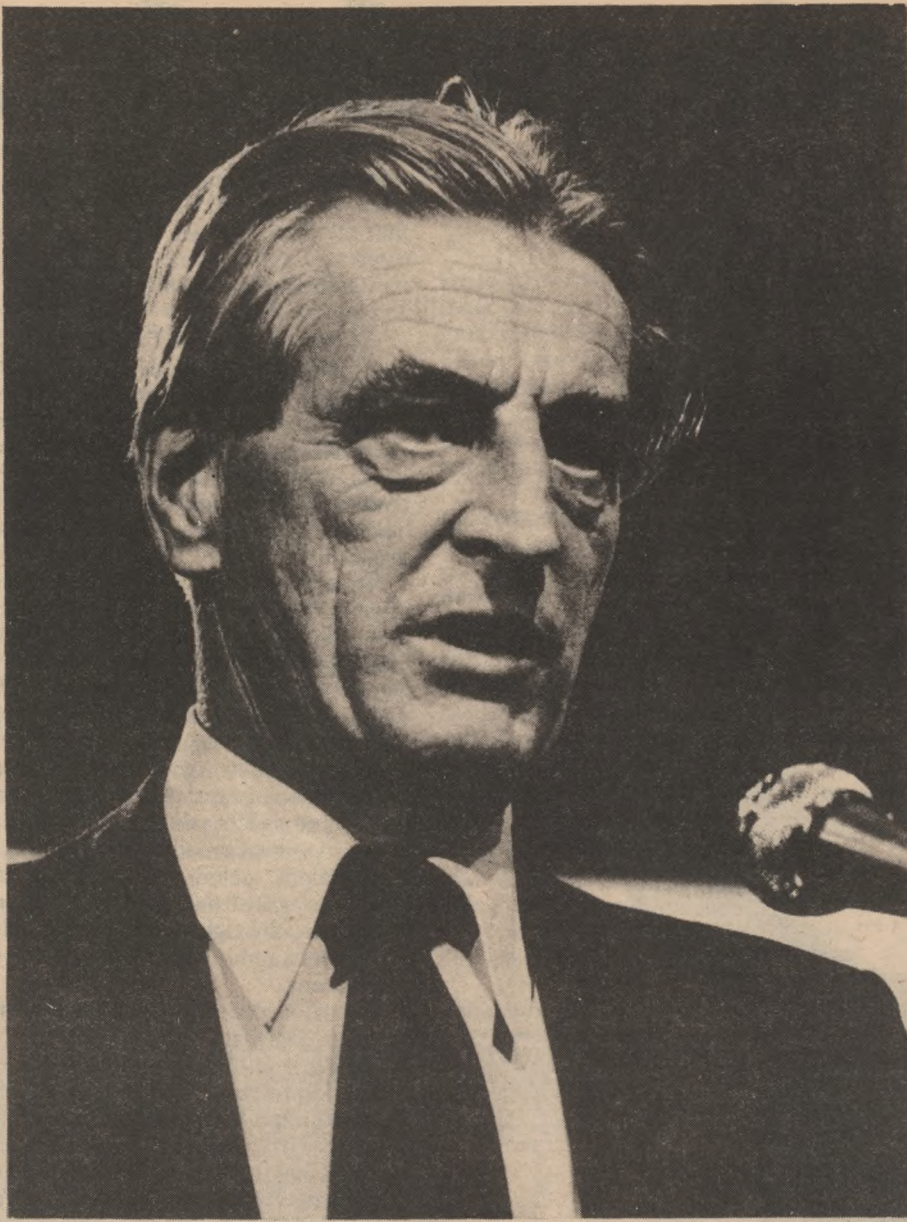
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against the wall?



Rob Greenfield

After decades of self enforced silence our bold Legislators have had cause to debate two moral matters it would seem most of them wish never existed. To worry them even more, they have not been able to take comfort in the companionship of their caucuses - for both Homosexual and Abortion Bills being matters of private conscience - are not decided by the actions of the Party Whips.

With the relaxation of the usual rigidity that so strongly prevails in Parliament the extremes of Human thinking have been exposed in debates on the Hospital Amendment Bill dealing with Abortion operations, and the Crimes Amendment Bill dealing with Homosexual Law Reform.

As expected M.P's such as Finlay, Marshall and Hunt have once again shown their ability as brilliant, forthright and concerned speakers but it is not these men who have dominated the public's attention on these matters of moral concern. Nor is

it Jelich Venn Young or George Gair who have surprised by their positive stance in areas one would have expected them to be silent.

Instead it is a Catholic Doctor, Gerard Wall, the Labour M.P. for Porirua who has arisen out of a background of virtual obscurity to lead the battle for the forces of good and right. In doing so he has polarised the community, embarrassed many in his own party and showed a curious mixture of principle and political expediency.

It is strongly believed that Gerard Wall expected to find himself a Cabinet Minister in 1972. On paper with his medical qualifications, the fact that he came from a safe seat and the fact that his electorate was in Wellington with its dearth of cabinet potential his chances seemed reasonable. But perhaps his colleagues knew the deeper side of his character for he failed then and he did also in the cabinet reshuffle last year.

Since then Gerard Wall has been on his great Moralistic Crusade.

Unlike other Government M.P's such as Mick Connelly and Sir Basil Arthur whose actions on Moral matters are purely an indignant Conservative reaction, Wall's approach is a lot more subtle.

While to the average person he may have wierd ideas they are in fact part of Wall's much thought out philosophy. But he has shown that he is prepared to let the Politician come out in himself too.

Part of the problem with the Hospitals Amendment Act (as well as it being a shocking principle) is that it is an extremely expedient and pragmatic piece of legislation. The Bills origins can be traced to the lobbying of S.P.U.C. and a number of church groups in particular the Roman Catholic Church. It was originally drafted by a prominent Auckland Catholic lawyer who specialises in Revenue Law. From there it was sent to M.P.'s and was further redrafted by another Catholic lawyer Frank O'Flynn the Labour M.P. for Kapiti.

It is blatantly obvious that the intention of the Bill was to close down the Auckland

Medical Aid Centre. In fact just about every supporting speaker bar Gerard Wall was frank in admitting this. It is here that we see a curious mixture of principle and expediency. The Bill as passed in its highly ammended form did nothing more than close down the clinic. While Dr Wall and other speakers emotionally described in great detail the horrors of abortion and how they stood for life, the Bill did nothing whatsoever to stop abortions or indeed the number of abortions. What it essentially did was to dictate the cost and the place of abortions. It encourages backstreet operations and gives incentive for traffic to South Australia.

What Wall has done is to win a moral victory for the Anti Abortion forces for by his Bill he has been able to close what was the symbol of a more liberal and concerned approach to the abortion issue.

The good Doctor has now decided that another sector of the community is in need of his legislative medicine. He has now decided to introduce an absurd amendment to Venn Youngs Crimes Amendment Bill dealing with Homosexual Law Reform.

Under the Wall amendment anyone who communicates by writing, or word of mouth or otherwise to anybody under 20 which could lead to that person believing homosexual behaviour was normal is guilty of an offence and is liable for up to two years prison sentence.

This is an amazing piece of proposed legislation. Firstly the term "Normal" is purely a value judgement and its entrenchment by legislative means has far ranging consequence. Walls amendment is a blatant breach of Civil Liberties. While Priests and Counsellors are exempted, University Lecturers, parents, politicians and Gay people themselves are not. Lecturers like those in the Classic department who teach the culture of the Roman and Greek Empires are liable as are people like Felix Donnelly who would not be able to give his opinion to his Community Health Lecture. If the amendment was passed those who wished to repeal it would be liable to an offence.

For once one has to agree with TRUTH which stated (June 3rd) "If we cannot discuss a subject fully how are we to understand it, determine personal opinions, mould public attitudes.

Ironically one of the major principles behind the Crimes Amendment Bill is to take away the stigma attached to Homosexuality by operation of the Crimes Act. Dr Wall says he supports the Bill but by his amendment he is putting back the very thing it is trying to stop.

The Parliamentary Committee which heard submissions and studied the Bill rejected the Wall proposal but in true dogmatic fashion he still persists.

Let us hope Parliament is not again proved gullible by accepting this amendment to ease its troubled conscience in election year.

Food Co-op ~~Greens~~ ~~YELLOWS~~ ~~RAIDS~~ ~~BLUES~~

Back in 1972 when I was more simple and idealistic than now, Clare Ward, then WVP and now P of our institution, ably assisted by a host of committed friends and people including the now famous editor of Craccum, set up the FOOD CO-OP. In those exciting days it was the Resistance (remember Resistance?) co-op that served as a model, although right from the start the Varsity one was different - it sold straight off, no orders.

"Varsity", as we became affectionately known at Produce Markets, started on a princely working capital of \$50. I started in June of 1972 and it was really good fun getting up on crisp winter Thursdays, going down to the markets, truckin' around, eating a few carrots, making jokes with all yer mates (they were there too) and riding up on the back of the truck giving the fingers to passing motorists. Selling was great too. Of course we sold out pretty quick cos there was only 50 bucks worth. I consistently skipped organic chemistry so I could go to the Co-op.

We never got any of the bad feeling that some of the others like P.U. got. Maybe everyone looked up to us as intellectuals or something. Anyway we continued to be

just VARSITY (Hello Varsity and how are you today?) Sometimes we used to talk about the great future that a co-op could have. All you needed was some help from folks who believed in the idea

Now we've lost all our childhood innocence. Well, me at least. After 1½ years as a worker and 1½ years as a buyer and part or full controller, stacker, truckdriver (on occasions) etc. the whole thing has got to be a bit of a drag. Perhaps I'm lazy but the thought, as I'm writing this, that I'll have to get up at 6.30 tomorrow, make up a buying list - Oh shit - I just remembered - I forgot to get the handtruck from Jack, and the cheque from Studass. I'll have to go back down tonight.

The most we've bought for the co-op was \$500 last year and we all ended up with nervous disorders. This year I decided to try and put some organization into the co-op. I made a list of everyone who filled in a white card, wrote them all a letter, rang a lot with a little help and tried to convince people that they wanted to be buyers, stackers, setter-uppers, sellers and cleaners. I put a big advert in Craccum. I made up a notice board, a complete set of instructions for customers and another

for co-op workers. I rang up people to remind them - can you come down to the markets tomorrow? I even made a roster!

I also asked people if they wanted to take over my job as co-ordinator. I was still hoping someone might turn up until a day ago.

I've changed my mind to the extent that I think it's unfair to lay that much onto anyone, including me. Yesterday, the first day of 2nd term, I called a co-op meeting. I sent out 81 letters telling people about it. About 15 came. 2 of them knew by word. 2 saw my chalked up notice and came up. Thanks to you all - all of you who came along and who work on the co-op. I must admit I was going to shed the controllers job on one of you. Unfortunately you were all committed, and I saw it wasn't the best idea anyway.

I'm tired and frustrated. I don't want the co-op to fold and I don't want to go on as its co-ordinator. So I've fallen back on an old idea with a variation. The idea is to have a shop that's open a couple of hours every day somewhere in the Student Union. The variation is that the shopkeeper, who is paid should be the Food Co-op

Controller as well. Sure, it's not a totally co-operative co-operative. But when was it ever? What food co-op in existence is? Certainly none around Auckland. I think it's naively idealistic to hope that all these committed people will come together and voila a Co-op! What's more it hasn't happened yet and there's been plenty of opportunity.

I could go for a while, but that's symptomatic of me. I've written a letter to Executive proposing the idea which should be considered this Thursday. Come along and support it or write to me c/-Craccum. Executive will probably need some convincing cos there is MONEY involved. Watch for the minutes on the notice board. If there's a motion giving it wholehearted support and urgent consideration, you can smile. If not, it was a good idea.

I can't hand in my own resignation to myself, so here I'm doing it publicly. I'm going to be a cleaner and maybe an occasional buyer. I don't mind being rostered...

ROBIN WATT/S

all hands on deck...

By Brent Lewis



Moments mirage and remits drone on . . . and on. Drama and dull spots intermingle as delegates snore amid the mountainous paper that litters the Conference floor.

If there were any complaints from journo's it was that the amiability of it was causing them to write non-stories. Instead they concentrated on mood-pieces. The Listener's Tom Scott scrambled through rubbish bins looking for bits of graffiti so desperate was he for scraps to hang a story on. T.V. 1 depicted delegates doodling and The Press's Oliver Riddell was quick to note how off-key 'The Red Flag' was sung. What else could they do when even the Defense and International Affairs remits were smothered by amiability. Fred Daggs, who poked his nose in for a while, found it a bit too much to take and shot away back to the black stump.

Generally however, the Conferences message came through. If it lacked the fury of previous conferences it had a remarkable constancy.

Everyone anticipated a donneybrook over the justice remits. Moves to evaluate the Task Force and cannabis were eagerly awaited by Marshall Mick Connelly who, replete with R.S.A. badge, aimed to ensure that Mothers and their children could walk safely down the Conference aisles.

Ah - for the way things used to be" pondered the Minister. Where is Winston Churchill now that we need him. Come back Winnie - free Havanas and a war against crime. It's better than Sidney Street.

The Justice Committee met the first afternoon of Conference. It was a torrid affair that went well into the night.

I only caught the last part of its deliberations. It was then discussing the Big C, not the one that John Wayne licked, but the other one.

Barry McLean from Tamaki was endeavouring to explain a point "There's a difference between supplying a joint and giving it to a friend".

An Ashburton delegate "If you've got friends like that who needs enemies".

Uncle Mick looks across, chuckles, tossing his head. Justice Committee Convenor,

Hutt M.P. Trevor Young, unyields some new evidence. He has just read a book. Delegates respond with startled amazement. In actual fact he hasn't read it at all but only the introduction. But he's going to recommend it anyway because the introduction by Senator Eastland (who in case you don't know, is a Mississippi Redneck and a follower of conspiracy theories) says that cannabis among other things is weakening America's national security. Does this mean that Henry Kissinger is a pothead. The mind boggles at the possibilities. Trev. adds that he doesn't know how it is affecting national security but as he says "It makes you think".

Only the national intervention of Justice Minister, Martin Findlay and sane comments from delegates like political junior lecturer Helen Clark and law student Wayne Mapp lift the committee from farce. The scenery has been set for the drama that is finally played out on Thursday night.

The night before I encountered Sydenham M.P. John Kirk who says he is ready to do battle on the Task Force. His strong stand on taxi drivers has convinced him he has overwhelming public support. 100 letters he says support his stance. Only 4 oppose. The 4 are all from Labour Party branches.

The first few motions in justice to through peacefully. Conference is far too good-humoured to even have acrimony over abortion or homosexual law reform. The abortion motion is put with an amendment that has delegates voting for the opposite to what they thought they voted for. Even political Scientist, Keith Jackson, admits his mystification about what has happened - dubbing it "The slickest bit of Chairmanship I've seen for a long time".

The Conference however, had earlier voted by 68 to 315 not to oppose Dr. Wall's hospitals amendment bill.

On homosexual law reform the Committee's recommendation of a consenting age of 16 is rejected and instead goes for a more conservative 20 after justice Minister, Martin Findlay suggests that this is more likely to win parliamentary support.

The Wanganui Computer Complex

causes an argument with three speakers vigorously opposing it. John Langdon from the Eden L.E.G. tells conference that the computer will be able to be connected to other computers overseas run by multinational Speri-Univac and operate it.

After the antis have finished Labour Minister Arthur Faulkner in his initable style suggests honest intention and confusion is what the speakers share in common. There will be guarantees, he assures delegates against uses other than that intended. The Selwyn Toogood of politicians has done it again "Trust Arthur Faulkner - sure can".

The 8 remits on Cannabis cause the usual battle. The search without warrant provisions of the Drug Act come under attack from New Lynn M.P. Jonathon Hunt, who describes them as "An encroachment on individual rights." He asserts that Norman Kirk was opposed to the provisions.

Mick Connelly argues that drug detection must be instant. A warrant may take several hours to obtain. In the end the Ministers view narrowly prevails though some Unions, including the engineers cast their vote against the remit. Interestingly, Conference through what seems oversight also passes a remit which would ban entrapment.

Remits dealing with the Security Intelligence Service have currency with the Sutch trial and the Deputy Prime Ministers opposition to the service still in peoples minds. A remit to disband this service is defeated with convenor Trevor Young overstepping the mark and becoming plainly partisan. Three times he warns conference of international guerrillas saying you never know where they will strike next. "Watch out, there's one behind you Trev", calls out Wellington delegate, Sue Piper.

Many delegates have read the Prime Minister's statement in the Labour Party

and the Chair acceded. Then somehow, Conference found itself revoting on the naturalised New Zealanders remit which everyone, this time, voted against. That left the Conference without any recommendation either.

Mike Moore's alternative that only native born New Zealanders should be members of the S.I.S. was called "unacceptable chauvinism" by Martyn Finlay.

In the end Conference determined that only native born or naturalised New Zealanders should be members of the S.I.S. Conference after nearly an hour had sorted itself out.

The Task Force remit proved as combustible as promised. Martyn Finlay suggested that the remit was warranted as it would allow the success of the Task Force to be gauged.

Opponents of the remit saw it as a back-hand way of getting at the Police, though this was denied by supporters of the remit. John Kirk moved an amendment "That Conference supports the aims and objects of the Task Force". He was loudly cheered.

Barry McLean asked Conference to think how many of them weren't guilty of "swearing in a public place at some time or other or even 'pissing' in the street. If so then you're a better man than I am".

Kapiti M.P. Frank O'Flynn took a line unusually strident for a Q.C. The issue was quite simple he said. If Conference came out against the Task Force it could lose thousands of votes in Auckland. Interestingly more than a few Auckland M.P.s were against the Force

John Kirk's amendment was carried, leaving Conference divided.

Next morning in the Youth Report, Phil Goff departed from his prepared report to castigate the decision. "The points, he said, raised by some delegates about the electoral impact of appearing soft on law and order, can only be described as



M.P. RUSSELL MARSHALL & COMRADES. newspaper The Nation, opposing the services surveillance of New Zealanders. So the remit asking that to stop was easily passed.

The Conference ended up in a interminable wrangle when it passed a remit that only naturalised New Zealanders could be members of the service. When it belatedly realised its folly, several delegates attempted to have the matter re-put. Mike Moore suggested an amendment that only native born New Zealanders be eligible for the service.

Gerald O'Brien who was chairing refused to re-put the motion saying in a very Irish statement that Conference did something stupid at least once a year and it might as well be over the S.I.S. as anything else. No one except Gerald was really happy over that solution - but either through stubbornness or tiredness he refused to allow the motion to be re-committed. Barry McLean however, grabbed the microphone saying it was obvious what Conference wanted and that was that the motion should be re-put, to thunderous applause,

unprincipled. This Conference, through ignorance and emotion blindly refused the Task Force even to be evaluated."

Maori Affairs Minister, Mat Rata, away on ministerial duties on Thursday night and furious at Conference's decision, used the Youth Report as his cue to state his attitude "There are a series of flashpoints in Auckland", he told Conference. The Task Force, he said, was increasing tensions. What was needed was effective social policies.

The rest of the Conference went smoothly. The delegation from Socialist International led by Vice President Dr. Sicco Mansolt gave Conference an understanding that it was part of an International movement of Social Democratic parties.

Dr. Mansolt, former Head of the European Economic Commission, spoke of the problems of post-industrial society. "We have to see if socialism is capable of solving these problems".

He highlighted two areas needing International co-operation. "All Social Democratic parties must do their duty towards Chile for the people struggling to be free" → CTD.

A recent issue their regular quite forgot that all journo's when you call about?" The thing interests a particularly ways resort to at hand', i.e. ticular to write The Thursday gratulated or there are others There are so acquainted, with more drastic salvation - draws nearer Cranks, spokes promoters of a vigilante force Guatemala to soccer referee the flow of they can produce

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A recent issue of Thursday Magazine saw their regular columnist, whose name I've quite forgotten, contemplate a question that all journos are asked: "What happens when you can't think of anything to write about?" The writer noted that 'something interesting usually turned up', while a particularly frustrated scribe could always resort to writing about the 'problem at hand', i.e. not having anything in particular to write about.

The Thursday columnist should be congratulated on her professionalism, because there are others who are less honest.

There are some journos with who I am acquainted, who have suggested other, more drastic, attempts at "literary" salvation - as that dreaded deadline draws nearer.

Cranks, spokesmen for weird causes and promoters of strange adventures (like a vigilante force from Ponsonby to fly to Guatemala to protect accident-prone soccer referees) are a dam nuisance when the flow of news and titbits is heavy. But they can prove particularly helpful during

the silly season - that time of the year (January in N.Z.) when Cabinet is on holiday in Nelson and Parliament is in recess.

Another course of action is to openly 'manufacture' news. No, I don't mean making IRA type bomb threats against Westmere Zoo keepers. What I'm talking about is quite simply 'make believe'. Haven't you ever wondered about all those stories about domestic disputes in Naples and Palermo? And, if a much harassed reporter is feeling particularly brave he can always invent a story about Princess Margaret's sex life, or even about Her Britannic Majesty's intention to emigrate to New Zealand and open a pet shop in Huntly.

A few years ago when I was sixteen and still an idealist, I asked a well-known Auckland journalist what he did when his investigative mind ran dry. This reporter earned a little extra by 'moonlighting' for a popular London newspaper as "their man on the spot in New Zealand". He was quite frank - although he preferred the epithet 'romanticising' to the blunter 'pack of lies'.

He told me that one rainy day he was dared into writing a story about a geyser that erupted in a Rotorua lagoon. A local who was unfortunate enough to have been caught short at that dreadful moment was described as being lightly singed. Of course, the story just had to conclude that Mr X felt quite flushed about his ordeal.

Against odds of three to one, his Fleet Street masters printed the story with a suitably flamboyant headline. I can't remember how much he was paid for the story but my guess is that it was considerably more than my humble weekly wage.

My friend's response to the accusation of journalistic irresponsibility was equally quite frank: "The story didn't hurt anyone and probably gave a few Londoners a giggle over breakfast - besides, I need the money".

Being suitably impressed by the financial rewards of titillation and the glory of a possible Pulitzer Prize I too decided to have a go. I pinned a story from the Auckland Star about a massive air, sea and land

search after a Mayday 'Bleep' had been picked up by RNZAF Skyhawks. After days of searching the bleep was located in the hotwater cupboard of a helicopter pilot's Henderson home. He was trying to preserve the batteries by keeping his signal device in a warm, dry place. Anyway, after suitable exaggerations I posted my story off to the World Press. However, instead of cheques my long awaited foreign mail included only rejection slips. I received a nice note from the Assistant Editor of the Daily Mirror saying that he like my story but 'didn't have the space' (rotten swine) and a curt scribble from the People saying "sorry, not quite us".

After a lot of soul searching I was advised to 'next time, don't send your silly stories by mail - send them by press telex. A good idea, I thought, until I found out the cost of sending unsolicited stories in such a way. So my journalistic career came to a sudden end. But I've just thought of something. If you happen to be reading this article, it means that my true worth has finally been recognised. The only trouble is that Craccum doesn't pay

The New Zealand University Students' Association today accused the Auckland University Council of arrogance towards the New Zealand public. The General Vice President of NZUSA, Mr. John Blincoe, was commenting on the University's statement that it should not be included in the Ombudsmen Bill presently before Parliament.

Mr. Blincoe said that NZUSA was urging the Government to include the Universities within the Ombudsmen's jurisdiction. He pointed out that the governing bodies of all other types of public educational institutions, including teachers' colleges and technical institutes, had been included.

"For the Auckland University Council to expect special treatment is wrong in principle and arrogant in practice", Mr. Blincoe continued. "The universities spend large sums of public money and ought to be accountable through the Ombudsmen to the public in the same way as other publically-financed bodies."

Mr. Blincoe said that the universities had no good reason to fear the Ombudsmen's jurisdiction. The Bill made it clear that except in special circumstances an Ombudsman would have jurisdiction only where there were no other adequate means of appeal. Moreover, an Ombudsman would act only in an advisory capacity and his recommendations would not be binding.

LABOUR (continued)

"Multinationals", he said, "are a danger to society as we see it. Only by united efforts can we stop this development of world capitalism."

"We are not satisfied with easy answers. Socialism cannot exist where there is no freedom and no democracy."


Conference had come through the slough of devisiveness back to the plateau of expectations. It had been a long and arduous affair but in the closing moments there was a seeking for something, and it wasn't just victory - though that was part of it.

Phil Goff had reminded Conference that "There is room for only one conservative party" and in the twilight of the 59th Conference the factions were merging once again.

The drone, the smoky lights and a haze of people swarming in the instancy of time.

It ended with the Red Flag. Most hummed along as they didn't know the words but they all knew the last line "We'll keep the Red Flag flying here", and that was sung with gusto.

It was an anthem of sorts, a commitment not to bloody revolution but to social evolution. The notes faded, the delegates wandered out and the hall was strangely, incongruously silent.



U.B.S

ANNUAL SALE

starts 8.30

wednesday

June 11th

U.B.S

IDI

no laughing matter

Uganda used to be one of the more fortunate among African nations. Stretching from the upper reaches of the Nile in the north, to the middle of Lake Victoria in the south, it is a country rich in natural resources and splendid scenery. Until 1963 it was a British colony, administered by the British through the powerful Bagandan tribe (2.5 million of the 10 million population) which still dominates the capital, Kampala. After independence in 1963, Uganda was ruled by Dr. Milton Obote, the Prime Minister, General Idi Amin, the Chief of Staff, and the Bagandan President, 'King Freddie' (the name the British gave him). The tribal divisions in Uganda are very important politically. The fact that both Amin and Obote were northerners, and outsiders, in Kampala was one of the major reasons for their co-existence in government for five years.

Even the fertile imagination of Evelyn Waugh could not create a 'Black Mischief' so bizarre and monstrous as Idi 'Big Daddy' Amin. Born in 1928, Idi Amin is the son of a small-time goat farmer in the West Nile district. His schooling never extended beyond the fourth grade, and at 21 he joined the King's African Rifles. By the age of 30 the giant Amin had become the heavy-weight boxing champion of the Ugandan army. In 1961 the British made him an officer, by 1966 he was General, Chief of Staff and President Obote's right-hand strongman.

During this period he became a fanatical militarist, and cultivated a penchant for all things British. (He reputedly still refers to Queen Elizabeth II as 'My former Commander-in-Chief'). He also managed to retain his earthy humour and manner; he is equally at home swapping bawdy jokes with the troops; or exhorting a cabinet meeting in all sincerity, that they must encourage the people to love their leader, and their ministers, and their ministers, and their District Commissioners; or personally issuing orders to the elephants and crocs on the banks of the Nile (see the film "Idi Amin, Dada").

In 1966 Prime Minister Milton Obote suspended the constitution, abolished the tribal kingdoms, declared Uganda a Republic and named himself President. 'King Freddie' fled to England as General Amin and the Ugandan Army stormed his palace. From this time on the army was the real power in Uganda, wielded for the moment by Amin on Obote's behalf. For five years Obote was the brains and Amin the brawn, and they relied on each other in a political environment that was hostile to them.

The self-styled socialist Obote abolished all political parties, established a new secret police force, and incarcerated his opponents. He also began a series of economic reforms, mainly nationalising Ugandan industry. Between 1961 and 1966 there were several assassination attempts against Obote.

In January 1971, with Obote and most of his Ministers away at the Prime Minister's Conference in Singapore, Amin struck. Amin, fearing imminent displacement as Commander-in-Chief, surrounded and took the Parliament building. Gangs of his supporters roamed the streets beating up any Obote supporters. Idi appeared at first to the Bagandans of Kampala as a liberator, ousting the thoroughly unpopular Obote. The simple, bluff soldier promised the return of civilian government, disbandment



of the secret police, the reinterment of Bagandan 'King Freddie' (who'd died in England) on Ugandan soil, the release of political detainees and an end to the nepotism, corruption and nationalisation of Obote's regime. In Kampala there was literally dancing in the streets.

Meanwhile, Obote flitted in quick succession to Kenya, Ethiopia and Tanzania, where he remains to this day preparing for his overthrow of Amin.

If the early weeks of Amin's regime offered a little something for everyone, it was the army that got the biggest something. Obote supporters either vanished or fled from the army and members of Amin's own Kakwa tribe, replaced them. Corporals and sergeants were suddenly captains and colonels. Army pay was doubled, new barracks were built and \$100 million was spent on new armaments — more than one-third of the annual Ugandan budget. Under Amin the army has become a semi-feudal caste, answerable to no one except, to an ever-decreasing extent to Amin himself. Within six months of 'taking office', Amin had more than doubled the budgetary deficit of \$50 million that he'd inherited from Obote.

There was a mixed reaction to Amin in the rest of Africa. Tanzania, who'd given Obote asylum, refused recognition, it's President Julius Nyerere commenting, 'How can I sit at the same table as a murderer?' Kenya and Zambia remained silent. Nigeria and the Congo, both military dictatorships, welcomed the rise of Amin. Not too bad a reception, all things considered, yet Amin with his warlike rhetoric almost provoked a war with Tanzania. He accused Nyerere and the Sudan's General Neimerie of organising a seven nation council of war aimed at reinstating Obote.

Amin split the formerly flourishing East African Community — an economic/communications union comprising Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania — while the violent difference of opinion about him among African states in the early years threatened to split the Organisation for African Unity. Today he is an acute source of embarrassment for them.

In 1958 Israel, whose neighbours were all hostile Arab states, launched an expen-

sive but highly successful diplomatic push in Africa. For 14 years diplomatic co-operation and Israeli aid flowed cordially, and Uganda was the pride of Israeli diplomacy in Africa. Amin himself had trained as a paratrooper in Israel. Between January 1971 and January 1972 Amin milked the Israelis to the tune of \$30 million for a commercial bank, an airport and for housing projects. The Israelis were training Ugandan pilots and they even donated an executive jet to Idi, complete with Israeli pilot. Meanwhile Amin was spending Ugandan money on military hardware.

By January 1972 the Israelis began to cool on Amin. Idi the flexible, now visited Gaddafi in Libya and Sadat in Egypt, and sold the friendship that the Israelis had bought to a higher bidder. In April 1972 Amin ordered the Israeli Embassy closed and expelled all Israeli personnel.

Before long Amin was cutting quite a figure in international politics, largely because of his outrageous telegrams. One went to Nyerere: "I want to assure you that I love you very much and if you had been a woman I would have considered marrying you although your head is full of grey". Soon after the murder of 11 Israeli athletes in Munich, he wired U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim of his admiration for Adolf Hitler, and commenting on the appositeness of the terrorists' timing. He offered to help the British with their Irish problem, and even took up a collection in his own country that raised 43 million Ugandan shillings (and a three-ton truckload of food) to help the British out of their economic troubles. He called Nixon 'brother' and wished him a speedy recovery from Watergate. In his own terms he is a 'Revolutionary', with his army ready to liberate South Africa. He is 'The World's best politician, worthy of a degree in Philosophy'.

For a time, despite trickling reports of political murders, Amin was considered more of a joke than a menace by the outside world. But Amin's expulsion of all Ugandan Asians, in his so-called "Economic War" of August 1972, crystallised his reputation as a dark blot on Uganda's history. In Amin's OWN words:

'..... I dream the truth. I dream when I was still just nothing that I would be the army commander, I am commander of the highest command, Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces. I dream I will be the Head of State, and the mostest highestest Head of State in the world.'

And what about Amin's decision to expel all Asians from Uganda? The Asians, numbering some 80,000 controlled more than 60% of the Ugandan economy. They made up a good proportion of the educated middle-classes. Allowing them to take only \$140 per family Amin gave them only 90 days to get out. Their goods and chattels and businesses were sold and distributed among the people and army. (one group of soldiers, debarred from participating in the auction at Kampala of the automobiles left behind by the Asians, crossed the Kenyan border and stole 400 head of cattle as self-awarded compensation!).

From the immediate point of view of the African Ugandans, the expulsions seemed not altogether a bad thing. Amin's popularity inside the country did not suffer. He may have mistreated those whom he evicted, but the African Ugandans shared the boodle, and had the country to themselves, especially the army.

In August 1972 Obote's exiled forces made their first inept attempt to invade Uganda. They were quickly defeated. Amin held a State banquet soon after, during which he had his former Minister for Information, known personally to many of the diplomats present, brought in under armed guard, handcuffed and half-clad. He was made to confess his part in the invasion attempt before the dismayed audience.

Also in August 1972, Britain, protesting the expulsion of the Asians, ceased all aid to Uganda. In December Amin nationalised \$70 million worth of British business. Another campaign had begun in Idi Amin's 'economic war'. He issued an ultimatum to British Ugandans — work for Ugandan wages (i.e. a decrease of about 40%) or get out. Most of the country's 3,000 British inhabitants returned to England. He ordered British and Indian banks to hand over all government and former Asian accounts to the Ugandan Commercial Bank.

With the expulsion of the Asians and British Uganda was deprived of most of its skilled and professional labor. Uganda remains desperately short of teachers, doctors, engineers, technicians and businessmen. Amin's attempts to recruit replacements from more suitable overseas sources, nor his attempts at giving college students crash courses in teacher training have alleviated the situation. Amin had rid himself of a class whom he both feared and despised, the intellectuals before whom he feels inferior.

Another of his economic measures was to suspend tourism in September 1972. Up until then tourism was the fourth largest industry in Uganda and the fastest growing one. It was such a substantial set-back to the economy that he had to reinstate tourism in September 1973.

In September, soon after Africa's biennial church convention he began a campaign against the Ugandan Catholic population. At the Conference he had told the assembled Cardinals, Bishops et al: "When you go back to your countries, I hope that you will help your leaders to see to it that

Amin cont.....

everyone — be it Moslem, Catholic or Protestant — is as friendly as the example I am setting here in Uganda". Christians in the army were ordered to convert to the Moslem faith or resign. A number of civilian Catholics were killed including a Chief Justice and a former Governor of the Bank of Uganda and his family.

Since 1971 there have been sporadic



reports of atrocities inside Uganda.

"Newsweek", in reporting that the Ugandan Army's favorite method of execution was a sharp crack on the skull with a 10-pound sledge hammer, described Amin's Uganda as a 'reign of terror' in late 1972. Amin reputedly purged the army of thousands of Northern Ugandans soon after coming to power. The variety of methods used did justice to Amin's colorful temperament. Mysterious disappearances became a feature of Ugandan life.

In September 1972, troops entered Uganda's High Court, slapped cuffs on his Honour, Chief Justice, former Prime Minister, Benedicto Kiwanuka. A few days earlier Kiwanuka had ruled against the government in a Habeas Corpus case. He was never seen again.

The troops out in the provinces are a law unto themselves, taking what they like from the civilian population. In Kampala there are the Special Branch Police and the Public Safety Unit as well as the army, continuously on the prowl for dissident elements and spies. In February 1973, Amin gave the people their first public executions for 75 years, and had the show filmed and broadcast on television.

By 1973, however, organised resistance solidified around FRONAS (Front for National Salvation) which operates from Nairobi and Dar es Salaam. They are believed to be supplied with Russian and Chinese weapons. And also since 1973 dissidence from within the army has been growing.

In April 1974 Amin fabricated a military coup as a pretext for his own 'night of the long knives'. In 24 hours, 4000 soldiers and civilians were liquidated. The victims were mainly Lugbara tribesmen.

These same men had played an important part in Amin's coup of 1971. In 1973 they had helped in Amin's purge of several thousand soldiers suspected of treachery. His fears of treachery are far from ungrounded of course. Considering his track record since 1971, and the climate of apprehension throughout the country, it is not surprising that there were in fact, at least six planned attempts on his life during 1974.

There were, of course, some lighter moments during this period. In February 1974 Amin gave the post of Foreign Minister to Princess Elizabeth Bagaya of Toro, a former model, actress and lawyer. (Her predecessor, Idi's brother-in-law, had quit and left the country in disgust. The one before that had been found dead not long after incurring Idi's displeasure). In December he sacked her claiming that she had degraded Ugandan Womanhood by making love to an unknown European in a toilet at Paris Orly Airport.

A month later Amin held celebrations to mark the fourth year of his reign. The appearance of his "Black Watch", a Scottish pipe band manned by Ugandans in kilts, tunics, and plastic sporrans, at a three hour extravaganza in Kampala's Nakivubo football ground was somehow the most fitting tribute to 'Big Daddy'. They played 'Scotland The Brave' whilst overhead a tin aeroplanes powered by an auto engine flew around. The Ugandan Army's archery corps and a unit of prancing frogmen (in wet-suits) constituted part of the military march past.

Meanwhile inflation in Uganda runs at about 85% per annum, the currency is worthless and many staple products are unobtainable. Consumer goods prices have soared by up to 500%. Amin's answer to the problem was characteristic. His troops went around Kampala ordering shopkeepers to lower their prices. One bedding retailer lost \$21,000 in one day after being ordered to reduce prices drastically. He closed down the next day. In Kampala 20% of the shops are closed. Likewise he has made unemployment illegal! First he declared 'economic war' on the Asians. Then tourism and the British. His latest scapegoats have been vaguely termed 'hoarders' and 'profiteers'. The economic war designed to bring about 'Mafuta Mingi' (much fat) has succeeded only in destroying the country's economy, scaring off any possible investors and creating food and commodity shortages.

Amin is now thoroughly unpopular both within his own country and in Africa generally. The attention of African governments is now nervously focused on the coming

Organisation for African Unity Conference, due to be held in Kampala in July. Amin is due to become chairman of the OAU for a year from that date. The OAU finds Amin's antics most embarrassing, and they are not happy at the prospect of his chairmanship.

Some African leaders, especially Nyerere of Tanzania and Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda are reluctant to attend the Conference. Several members of the OAU thought it necessary to tell Amin that they would not attend the conference if anything should happen to former Foreign Minister Elizabeth Bagaya following his attacks on her. They are also apprehensive about Uganda's army, which is only partially under Amin's control.

Meanwhile Big Daddy is looking forward to putting on an even bigger show than he had for his fourth anniversary, if he can find the money. Things are so bad that the Ugandan mission to the United Nations is constantly embarrassing the U.S. by running out of money. A mid-January report from New York said that the Ugandan Ambassador almost sold a car to pay his office staff one week! Some report claimed that at secret meetings in New York, African diplomats have discussed schemes to have Idi killed.

Given that Amin survives July it is unlikely that his rule will last beyond the end of this year. The Ugandan economy will be destroyed by then and the army is disloyal, Amin relying upon mercenaries from Sudan and Zaire for his personal protection, and the suppression of rebellion in the army.

The once free, easy-going Amin now travels in an armoured car, even when paying calls upon his mistresses in Kampala. Whether Amin is insane or not is a purely voyeuristic concern. He has proved himself to be a shrewd, crude Machiavellian politician, who has chosen to be feared rather than loved. The murders he has committed (estimates vary from 50,000 to 250,000) have committed him to survive only by further murders. One can only hope that Amin goes soon, and that the Ugandans can find an heir capable of taking over the anarchy that is sure to ensue. It's a hard act to follow.

Review

ANDRE BRINK - LOOKING ON DARKNESS

Andre Brink is a white South African whose home language is Afrikaans. He has travelled extensively and lived for some time in Paris but returned to South Africa to accept full responsibility for his work. He has written several novels and plays and translated numerous works from English, German, French and Spanish into Afrikaans. His three sons and a daughter are the fruits of three marriages.

Andre treads a tight-rope for he has, on several occasions, been visited by the security Police and at any time his comfortable existence as a lecturer in modern literature and drama at Rhodes University could be fatally disrupted by a house arrest order.

He and Breyten Breytenbach are the only two Afrikaans writers ever to have opposed the Afrikaner Nationalist Establishment. Breyten married a Vietnamese girl and for this sin he was refused permission to return to South Africa for fourteen years. Eventually he was granted a three month entry permit to visit his aged parents on condition he made no press statements.

For Andre "Looking on Darkness" is the culmination of eight years of work. It was originally published in Afrikaans under the title "Kennis Van Die Aand" and sold out even before it was banned. It is the story of Josef, a "coloured" farm boy who becomes an actor and has a relationship with Jessica, a white girl.

But it is more than a story. It traces Josef's family history for eight generations and is thus a history of the "coloured" people, a "shadow" history of South Africa. It is also an indictment of the brutality, injustice and oppression inherent in contemporary South African society and a warning to those who dare to defy the system.

And yet it contains rich description — vineyards, cobbled streets, beaches, mountain streams, wide plains, District Six, Soweto, Hillbrow, London — and captures the essence of human existence — love, tragedy, humour, wisdom — for in the words of Josef's mother, "Ammal is maar bywoners op baas lewe se werf." (Everyone are just squatters on boss life's backyard.)

Brink says that the characters and incidents in the book are not important as they are fictitious. But the underlying patterns and relationships are not invented. They arise from the circumstances and beauty of South Africa today.

The South African censorship board said that "Looking on Darkness" was banned because of the explicit and sensual love scenes it contains. But this is not the sole if even the primary reason although these scenes must be fairly nauseating to any good Calvinist. White South Africa knows that sex exists. They even know that love between people classified as different can occur.

The real reason for the banning is the vivid exposition of the structured and systematic police state. Relentless oppression breeds frustration and despair. The first moment of defiance is the beginning of the tortuous path to extinction. Brink captures the horror of police brutality as the baton strikes home, as the boot crushes downward.

White South Africa does not wish to be reminded about the base of misery on which its society rests. Could you enjoy your swimming-pool if you knew its contents was blood?

Brink's "Looking on Darkness" is South Africa to-day.

"Looking on Darkness" is now available

be obtained from the New Zealand agents for its publishers, W.H. Allen, through the University Bookshop at 10% discount. I have requested the University Library and Auckland Public Library to order copies but they will not be on the shelves for some months. "Looking on Darkness" is as good and disturbed me as much as the original Afrikaans version "Kennis van die Aand". Brink has re-captured all the original impact in his own translation. It is an excellent gift for any intelligent person e.g. your mother.

David Thompson

LATIN AMERICA

"BIG THREE" GO BACK

The Big Three auto companies — Ford, General Motors, and Chrysler — recently submitted bids to the Chilean junta for expanding their auto assembly operations in Chile. Their bids are expected to be ruled on by the junta soon.

All three companies operated subsidiary plants in Chile before the election of the popular unity government of Salvador Allende. Under Allende, however, the Big Three pulled out of Chile. Ford abandoned its plants in early 1971 when workers at one factory went on strike for higher wages. Several months later, GM shut down its operations in Chile, and Chrysler, although retaining its ties with the Chilean company through which it operated, ended its production for the Chilean market.

Now the companies are moving to take over their own plants and bidding for rights to greatly expand their share of the Chilean market.

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'TEST PICTURES'

an important film



The roadworker and his mother, Nick and Lindy.

Test Pictures, the New Zealand feature-film to be screened at the Lido on July 2nd as part of the Auckland Film Festival, is going to present a challenge to Auckland audiences. Visually it is a rich, sensuous film, but it is also experimental and uncompromising. I don't know how many people there are in Auckland who can respond to something so purely 'filmic'. Even our Film Festival audiences seem to be basically literary in their taste, interested in plot and dialogue and not much else. The only photography that seems to make any impact here is the pretentious kind. I don't know how else to explain the fact that the Festival films that are visually most original are generally the most poorly attended - for example, *Red Psalm* and other films by Jancso. Hopefully this year the Auckland audience will look more closely and will recognise the importance of Test Pictures.

There are many reasons why this is an important film. The most obvious reason is its status as the first feature-film made in N.Z. since 1971, when Rudall Hayward completed *To Love A Maori*. In contrast to Australia - where massive government support has helped to create spectacular developments in film-making in recent years - N.Z. is still limited by a lack of production finance, technical facilities and job opportunities. The few individuals who have made feature-films in N.Z. have had to use their own savings, to work with shoe-string budgets, and to display great patience and ingenuity in overcoming

technical problems. They persevered because they considered it important for this country to have its own feature films. Most countries of the world, even those smaller than N.Z. have active film industries.

The makers of Test Pictures faced the same problems as their predecessors - crises over finance, equipment and processing facilities. (The final sound-mixing and printing had to be done in Australia.) The film-makers invested \$7000 of their own money and worked full-time for months without pay. While the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council did make a very important contribution of \$7000, the film's final budget of \$14,000 was still extremely small - the kind of budget usually devoted to a 25-minute television documentary.

Film-makers who are faced with problems of finance and distribution may decide to concentrate on box-office entertainment, as in the case of Australia's *Alvin Purple*, or they may attempt to make a double-layer film like Barry McKenzie's *Holds His Own* which interweaves subtlety and obviousness. Or they may ignore the demands of the box-office entirely, and conduct some kind of film experiment. It is this choice that distinguishes Test Pictures from all the previous N.Z. feature-films. It is so uncompromising - or so foolhardy, if you like - that I don't think the group has much chance of retrieving their \$7000.

This uncompromising attitude is reflected in the title of the film which draws attention to its 'filmic' qualities. The film's poster uses the shadow of a movie-camera as its motif. Test Pictures contains scenes of pot-smoking and love-making explicit enough for the censor to give the film an R-18 certificate, but the film-makers are not interested in selling their product in those terms.

Test Pictures does not have anything profound to say about life, but it does capture the flavour of a particular relationship and the texture of a particular landscape. The spectator must stop worrying about the absence of a plot, and must stop waiting for 'something to happen', so that he can respond fully to the image that is on the screen at the moment. Otherwise he is likely to be bored. Geoffrey Steven's photography and Philip Dadson's sound-track make small events in the film rich and sensuous - a woman washing herself, for example, or stepping outdoors into bright sunlight, or walking through sand.

Test Pictures is subtitled 'Eleven Vignettes From A Relationship' and this serves to warn the audience that the film consists of episodes not tied up into a neat plot. The overall form is rather like that of a diary, with typical days being recorded as well as momentous ones. But each of the vignettes is carefully constructed. To justify my praise for the film, I should like to give a brief description of the vignettes. I am not attempting to pass any definite

judgements since I don't know Test Pictures very well as yet, but I want to record some of the things I have noticed because they may help other viewers to approach the film from the right angle.

The first episode begins with the noise of a camera motor and a shot of the camera crew seen as shadows on a wall. The wall belongs to an old house in Parnell where a crowd has gathered for a hip Guy Fawkes party. Francis Halpin lights fireworks and talks about 'beautiful and talented people who have the secret of life's enjoyment,' but the emphasis falls less on particular events than on the general mood and texture, and this is true of most scenes in the film. It also becomes clear that the sound-track is very complex, for not all the speeches in the film are meant to be equally audible.

At the end of the episode, Nick and Lindy appear together for the first time, and Nick seems to have invited her to stay at his house. ('Who else lives out there?' 'Noone! Well ?.....') This exposition is not sufficiently clear, but the beginning of the second episode does create a vivid contrast. The new setting - Huia - is quiet and spacious, and the style of filming changes to long takes and slow panning shots. The second vignette is built up by a counterpoint between shots of Lindy waking up and washing herself (including an attractive shot of her on the verandah, naked, with a tree behind her) and shots of Nick sailing a yacht (seen first from the distance then progressively closer). The sound-track

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here, as elsewhere in the film, contains no music, but makes a musical use of natural sounds - birds, crickets, and water from a jug alternating with the noises of the yacht. Phil Dadson who created the sound-track is a composer as well as a film-maker (well-known for his work with the Scratch Orchestra). The whole episode is extremely lyrical. Like most of the other episodes, it begins slowly with an establishing shot but ends abruptly.

The third episode is still lyrical - the sun is shining and the man and woman are still happy to be together - but an element of boredom is creeping into their situation. This is conveyed visually by an interesting long take of Nick, which eventually travels along the house to reveal Lindy, then returns slowly to Nick. Geoffrey Steven's photography is deceptively simple. He is obviously capable of making an orthodox fast-moving film, but he happens to prefer slow movement and subtle effects. I find his style a tremendous relief after the quick cuts, zoom-lens close-ups, and all the other superficial attempts to be lively that pervade N.Z. film-making, from advertising films to experimental films. But Steven's style runs so much against the local grain that it is bound to be underestimated. Only the more heightened scenes, such as the party and the love-making episode, are likely to impress an Auckland audience.

There are several features of the third episode that are unusual. Steven likes to set up shots before the characters walk into them. In this case there is a shot of the kitchen with the characters being heard long before they are seen. The sound-track is also unorthodox, with the conversation ('What shall we do today?') being deliberately made only half audible. The episode begins with the heightened sound of a flour sifter (Lindy making bread) which dissolves, at the end of the first shot, into the outdoor sound of crickets. Not all of Dadson's and Steven's experiments are successful (the sound of crickets is perhaps over-emphasized) but I am impressed by their constant desire to try out new ideas.

The fourth vignette is the one that earned the film its R-18 censor's certificate. It begins and ends with a dance at the Huia Hall, apparently the local equivalent of the Parnell party. This footage is wonderfully realistic, and there are some fine images. In the middle of the vignette, the scene shifts along the beach to where Nick and Lindy are making love by the light of a fire. The music of the dance comes and goes on the wind. In some respects the scene is pretentious, with some small icons stuck in the sand, and some obvious 'light my fire' symbolism. But Steven's photography is still very effective. The shift back to the dance hall where people are exchanging goodbyes and starting up their cars rounds off the episode neatly and amusingly.

The fifth episode returns to the beach in the daytime. There is a curious tension between Nick and Lindy, which is not fully understood by a roadworker who stops to talk with them. Some of his remarks seem to have a double meaning for the couple.

The sixth episode shows the beach in the evening, with evocative low-key lighting. Lindy is reading a romantic passage by Kahlil Gibran, but Nick is restless and goes off to swim. He swims a long way out and at one point he seems to be getting



Test Pictures - the third episode



Test Pictures - figures in a landscape

into trouble because we hear the sound of his laboured breathing. This sound is prolonged throughout the scene, until the mood shifts abruptly at the end. This disturbing sound effect is typical of the dreamlike atmosphere that pervades the whole film, although this scene is less successful than some.

The seventh vignette is a pot-smoking scene, with slow panning shots around the room and a lovely dissolve to the landscape outside. In the early morning light we see Nick and Lindy still smoking. There is an ingenious shot of them standing together and then separating, which forms the motif of the next few episodes.

The eighth and ninth vignettes show Nick and Lindy wandering separately around the landscape and then coming together. There are a lot of interesting visual compositions, and, as always, a strong sense of mood. The characters move slowly in and out of the frame, as do a curious succession of trampers, children, cars, a tractor and a helicopter. The sequence of images that begins the ninth episode is particularly interesting in the way it manipulates size. As usual, scenes are established before the character steps into them, but on this occasion Steven keeps changing

lens and camera position to give Lindy a different size each time she appears. This subtle playing-around with space is worth watching for. The effect is again dreamlike, and the episode begins with Lindy recounting a dream.

The ninth vignette ends with an encounter between Nick and Lindy and the roadworker who tells them about the drowning of his father. This sinister mood is carried over into the tenth episode which begins with a shot of a misty landscape and the sound of Lindy aimlessly cutting pictures out of a magazine. The tension is resolved in the final episode when Lindy smashes the mirror in her bedroom and leaves. Characteristically, Steven handles this climatic episode in a very off-beat, understated fashion. Also, to balance the beginning of the film, Dadson has inserted the sound of a camera-motor over the final shot, followed by a click as the camera is switched off.

My description of the film has merely scratched the surface. The strong points of Test Pictures are obviously its imaginative photography and sound-track. Anyone who regards photography simply as the 'icing on the cake' will fail to notice most of the information and experience that is contained

within the visuals. The weak points of Test Pictures are its acting and dialogue. The film has a rich texture but a weak overall structure. A mood of sadness pervades most of the film, which various objects and incidents seem about to symbolize and to bring into focus, without ever quite succeeding. This vague suggestiveness is one reason why the film seems dreamlike. 'Floating feeling' of this kind is often found in poetry, but it is difficult stuff to handle. In the case of Test Pictures, the second half would have benefitted from a lot more variation in mood.

When a film-maker dispenses with plot, he is likely to fall back upon literary symbolism to give his scenes a greater sense of importance. There is a certain amount of this in Test Pictures - talk about nets, clocks, mirrors, drowning, etc. - which I do not find very convincing, but fortunately the images of the film are more austere and more compelling.

The lovers dominate their context only in the second and fourth episodes. Increasingly towards the end of the film they seem less central and less purposeful. In one sense the photography - which devotes so much attention to the context - is simply covering up for the perfunctory acting, but in another sense it is re-defining the subject of the film, making it the relationship of people to landscape. The old theme of people being unable to dominate their landscape, which has turned up in so much N.Z. painting and poetry, is often evoked by the images of Test Pictures. At such times, the flat acting and dialogue have at least some appropriateness as they are brought into confrontation with landscape scenes and landscape sounds. In the second half of the film, the characters are often seen exploring their surroundings in an uncertain way. Meanwhile, they are being explored by the camera itself which continually frames the characters in their environment, its deliberate movements contrasting with the aimless movements of the 'spiritual drifters.'

It is difficult for me to assess the quality of the film because I should like to get to know it better, and because I know some of the film-makers too well to be fully objective. Test Pictures has to be judged as a first feature-film made under appalling conditions. The film-makers will certainly go on to create better films - provided they are not saddled with too many debts from this one. Despite its weaknesses, I think that Test Pictures is a very impressive debut because of its imaginative photography (Geoffrey Steven) and its experimental sound-track (Philip Dadson). I am also impressed by the simple fact that such an uncompromising film should have been made at all in N.Z. (thanks to the tremendous efforts of Denis Taylor who initiated the project, and all the other people who worked full-time on it for months without pay).

Test Pictures will be screened at the Lido at 8.30 pm on Wednesday July 2nd. (I should add that I saw the film in a small theatre, and can only hope that the Lido - which is designed for 35 mm - installs suitable 16mm equipment so that the photographic qualities of the film are not lost on the big screen.)

Roger Horrocks

clips...

● VISIT BY FILM-MAKERS

Arthur and Corinne Cantrill, two leading Australian film-makers, will be appearing at Auckland University on June 25 and 26th. They work in the field of experimental film-making, emphasizing film 'as a visual art' and as 'a form of personal expression rather than the product of large studios and film industry.' Their films have been included in many film festivals, and screened in many universities and art galleries (including the Museum of Modern Art).

On June 25th, some of their recent films will be screened in B28 (Library Building). On the following day they will talk about film-making and answer questions in the Lecture Theatre at the School of Fine Arts between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. The sessions, which are open to everyone, are co-sponsored by the Auckland International Film

Festival, the A.U. Students Association, and two university departments.

The Cantrills have made at least thirty films, and they edit Cantrills' Filmnotes, a lively quarterly magazine dealing with independent film and video art. (Filmnotes is available in the main university library.) They have experimented with multi-projection onto various screen surfaces, including water screens, burning screens, multi-layered gauze screens, etc. In recent years they have held a Fellowship in the Creative Arts at the Australian National University and have lectured at many universities in Australia and the U.S.A. Also, they have taught many workshops in hand-painting film, experimental animation and sound recording, 'expanded cinema', etc.

Their June 25th programme, similar to that given recently at the Museum of Modern Art, will include some or all of the following films:

4000 FRAMES - a 3-minute 'experiment in visual perception', composed of 4000 separate images which 'pile up faster than the retina can clear them'.

ISLAND FUSE - a 10-minute colour film, created by refilming black-and-white images shot ten years previously, in order to 'intensify manifestations of natural energies.'

EARTH MESSAGE - a 'tribute to the Aboriginal Songmen.'

NEGATIVE/POSITIVE, ON THREE IMAGES BY BALDWIN SPENCER 1901 - a re-working of some remarkable early footage by an anthropologist, by optically printing his images on high-contrast film stock.

During their visit to Auckland, the Cantrills hope to meet local film-makers. The visit is being co-ordinated by Roger Horrocks (English Department, University

phone extension 9382). Since the Cantrills may need a place to stay during the few weeks they will spend in Auckland, any film-makers or film enthusiasts who could offer them accommodation for part of this time should contact Roger Horrocks.

● FILMS AT THE UNIVERSITY

As in previous years, the Auckland Film Festival will present a free series of talks and film screenings in B 28 (Library Building) in the week prior to the main Festival season. This year's series will begin on June 16th with a talk on film censorship by Dr. Andrew Sharp, a member of the new film censorship appeal board, which has just been considering an appeal against the banning of Last Tango in Paris. The talk will be at 1 p.m. Films will be screened on the same day at 8 p.m., and on the following days (June 17th to 19th) at 1 p.m. and at 8 p.m.

'BAZZA'

Forty or so years ago the first all-Australian cinematic epic featuring the adventures of a gang of Aussies in a confrontation with evil forces of foreign origins appeared in the picture theatres. It was called "Forty Thousand Horsemen" and starred evergreen Chips Rafferty, at the head of a happy-go-lucky entourage of Australian Light Horsemen churning up the dunes of the ol' Sahara Desert during the Great War. The villains, a motley collection of Turks, Wogs, Arabs, Huns and Dervishes of various colour but conspicuously nasty disposition, were either destroyed or neutralised by the Ocker Legions. This was a satisfying result, a good result, the only result possible. And it was all done without resort to bad language, or sexual innuendoes with only an occasional ambiguous "Stone the crows!" to tantalise the audience. Today, forty years later, another giant has been born to carry the torch of Australian chauvinism. Emerging from the cutting-room hand-in-hand with Private Chips, Bluey, Snowy and their trusty Light Horses we have Barry McKenzie, Four-Eyes, Dennis and Edna Everage cutting a swathe through a new generation of foreign villain from London to Transylvania and back again. Bazza and his mates are the new ANZAC S



Barry McKenzie, pom-poufter-dago-frog-commie-basher extraordinaire, is the creation of well-known Australian cynic Barry Humphries. First appearing in comic-strip from within the pages of "Private Eye" magazine, it was only a matter of time and finance until Bazza burst upon the screen in living chunder-colour back in 1972.

Who is Bazza? The Foster's-swilling, lusty, simple-minded yet lovable Aussie buffoon? Or is he the Mr Hyde lurking inside every Aussie male's id? As Zorba the Greek, well-known screen giant, had it, "Every man must have a little madness or else he can never cut the rope and be free". Madness is what Bazza is all about. Phantasmagoric situations abound. Horrendous distortions of archetypal characters ranging from transvestites to Transylvanians are daily fare for our hero. The unbelievable contortions that the English language is put through in order to describe any situation from sexual intercourse to vomiting come naturally to the band of intrepid Aussies. All these elements taken together add up to complete madness, (but of a beautifully entertaining kind), and a sardonic look at the Australian psyche.

Freedom is the result of Madness for Bazza, as for Zorba. The Freedom to do anything at all, provided that the "anything" is done within the context of beer, women, lyrical language and defence of Australia's national integrity. It is all summed up in the spirit of ANZAC. Australians and New Zealanders still celebrate ANZAC Day : the annual salute to those who died heroically but to ab-

solutely no avail in the defence of our collective shores. What the ANZAC's showed was just how far we, in this corner of the world, are prepared to let our imaginations go in conjuring up "Threats" to our national integrity. On their part, the Bazza films show a new generation of Aussie expeditionary force, swashbuckling in distant lands, meeting, on its own ground, the international anti-Australian conspiracy. Many of the bogeys are traditional as far as cinema goes : chinkies, wogs, commies. Added to these however, are latter-day nasties : poms, frogs, poufters and of course, intellectuals. All are recognizable, in the Australian context and time-honoured tradition, as evils to be battled with to the death on their shores, rather in good Aussie backyards.

The overseas element in the Bazza film is merely the reconfirmation of a basic Down-Under philosophy : that the Australian shines most brightly when he is away from the mother country. At home he lives the quiet life of barbecues, footy, and beaches. As an expatriate, however, every Australian is an ambassador for his country, dead keen on sticking up for Her wherever she may be threatened. The ANZAC debacle put Australia on the map, Billy Hughes at Versailles inked Her in, and films like "Forty Thousand Horsemen" and the two "Bazzas" promote Her to those who care to lend an ear and an eye. All these things stand to show that Aussies can recognize a threat when they see one, and are prepared, selflessly, to journey overseas in order to save their loved ones the anguish of some pommie-

frog-wog-dago-poufter-commie-intellectual-or-whatever-bastard coming the raw prawn at the gates of the Melbourne Cricket Ground itself. Although the Australian ideal has changed a little since the original ANZACs fought at Gallipoli, (with particular reference to the substitution of "Women" for the "Merino Sheep" of our grandfather's day), it still spells "Freedom", admittedly a peculiar Australian "Freedom", but, as Bazza would have said, "The greatest little freedom in the world".

The Bazza films are enjoyed by their youthful audiences, but why? Simply because they dramatise one of the strongest desires of young Australian and New Zealanders : to please their parents. Of course all children want to do this. It depends upon where they are brought up as to "how" they accomplish it. The sons and daughters of ANZAC's have been subjected for too long to the waves of Aussie chauvinism emanating from their elders to be immune to their influence. The spirit of ANZAC is too strong to resist. But there are no wars now. Not even Vietnam any more to attract us. But there are still poms, poufters and wogs. There will always be chinkies, intellectual and the dreaded frogs with their nuclear bombs and their big-head bullshit. There is also still beer, beaches, and women to protect against the insidious hordes. And now QANTAS has an excursion fare to Europe. The stage is set. Get to Earl's Court and bait the poms. The rest of those degenerate fagots will soon appear, and what doesn't come up to scratch in the Nasty Stakes we can manufacture and charac-

ture. Vampires? Whack 'em in mate. Frogs? Just across the channel old son. Commies? All pervasive young fella. We can be real Aussies and show Mum and Dad that we've got the dinkum Aussie gumption in us too. And what we can't do when we're over in Europe, we'll applaud and enjoy by proxy when Bazza and the fellas get stuck into 'em. Might be in bad taste some of the time, and not always screamingly funny, but well it's better than a poke in the eye with a burnt stick, isn't it. Geez, I wonder what'll happen if Bazza and Edna get the raw prawn from those Yankee bastards in New York



TONY DUMMETT.

(Editor's note : Mr Dummett was dragged kicking and screaming from the typewriter as he finished his article. He was beset with an Aussie-ptic fit. His condition is satisfactory at the time of going to press, although he is under heavy sedation and has been shipped home to Sydney. We hold ourselves responsible for not recognizing the symptoms of Mr Dummett's condition before it took hold of him completely. We apologize to any poms, wogs, chinkies, dagos, commies, poufters and of course intellectuals who may have been offended by Mr Dummett's closing outburst. However, in the interests of free press, we print the article unabridged.

(M.R.)

OS GUINNESS
AUTHOR 'THE DUST OF DEATH'



He will be speaking at Auckland University Wed. 11th & Thurs. 12th June, 1 pm., B28. on 'Collective Evil'.
Time after lectures for open discussion.

TE MAARAMA

We've got this magazine.
Well, we've got this idea for a magazine.
It's a magazine (just one) full of ??? ideas.

We've got the money for it (yea, Studass!
And we've got a warm name for it (Te Maarama).

And we've got a technical editor for it (Rod Macdiarmid - he makes all those NZSAC posters).

And we've got an editorial board to select the material (Alan Bell, Jasmine

Sampson and Peter Webster - they're actually quite nice for English students). And now all we need is ??? contributions from inspired members of the university community. Preference will be given to student submissions, but all contributions are welcome (really!)

Contributions - poetry? short stories? graphics? ideas? should be sent to the Publications Officer, Studass Office as soon as possible like tomorrow.

Are you hiding under a bushel?

LOVE
CAREFULLY!



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SAM HUNT



ON BOTTLE CREEK TERMS

Sam Hunt's poems are simple and direct. But they're also perceptive and, sometimes, satirical. He is one of the more prolific of our young New Zealand poets and lives with his dog, Minstrel, at Bottle Creek in Paremata, near Wellington. He has four books of poems already published - "Between Islands", "From Bottle Creek", "Bracken Country" and "South into Winter" - and another book "Time to Ride" to be published very soon. He's also recorded an album, with rock group Mammal, "Beware the Man" which is interesting for its combination of poems and songs.

I have memories of some of Sam Hunt's readings at Victoria University in Wellington. They were rock concerts too but mostly I remember the hoarse voice, the familiar black sweatshirt, faded blue denims and gumboots rolled down from the top. "Early Opener" and a half-full flagon.

We got drunk and stoned with the poet. We danced into the morning with a rock band who would play loud. The city was still and in the early morning the air was damp and cold.

Sam Hunt and three other New Zealand poets were at Auckland University on Friday March 4 as part of a national tour organised by the New Zealand Students Arts Council. The readings were held in the cafeteria and there were far too many people for the cafeteria's seating capacity. I'd been sitting at the back. Denis Glover had been barely audible and Christ knows what Alan Brunton was doing on

the tour. But Hone Tuwhare and Sam Hunt had been there. Tuwhare's poetry is simple and humorous and a Maori poet is still something of a rarity.

I spoke to Sam Hunt backstage who answered while drinking from a bottle of Teachers Whisky. "Once upon a time people thought of poetry readings as you know, the fur coat brigade. That doesn't apply anymore At the rock concerts you're getting across to people who normally wouldn't have anything to do with poems.

"The very fact that I, Sam Hunt, can live full-time from publications and also from performing my poems, I think, speaks for itself. I live a very simple life. If I wanted to run two Valiants and support a wife and children well, it would be difficult. I get by. I never have anymore than a hundred dollars in the bank but Alister Taylor looks after all my worries there.

"I'm not doing a plug for Alister, but he's the only publisher in New Zealand that I would want to work with. I've had so many harassments, don't say hassles because I don't use that word, with other publishers on other anthologies and things. I wouldn't touch any of them with a bargepole and despite what a lot of people say about Alister Taylor, and I know a lot of the bullshit I hear, he's my friend, firstly, then he's my publisher. And any publishing problems we have we treat them on terms of friendship. Now people say you

shouldn't combine business and friendship. I say, what the hell. Why not?

"And that's a bloody good way to be and that's why I like New Zealand. Because it's a country where you can know people you can handle things with them on a personal basis.

"I love the country. I like travelling and while I go I can write my poems and tell my poems. I've got some landscape around the country that I'm deeply in love with, people around the country that I'm deeply in love with, I have dogs around the country that Minstrel is deeply in love with that's my dog, you can just add that reference. He likes to see them. So we like to get around and have a look at things.

"And this may change. I may want to settle down one day. I'm 28 now. I could feel next year that I want to or in ten years time that I want to have a bit of a break from all this. But at the moment this suits me.

"I've called my next book of poems being published 'Time to Ride' with some reason, because it is time to ride. It's an uncertain time. I'm looking around. I'm very interested in the Catholic Church. I'm interested in the whole concept of marriage. I still think it works. But I believe more than ever in the whole miracle of love and hate.

"I think to love you've also got to have hate. I don't mean in the destructive sense. And these are little things which are

private rather than public.

"And there is a clash between the public and the private. A very big clash. If you do this interview one thing I wouldn't mind getting across is that I'm often asked, you know the public man and the private man. The man who goes out and fronts the audience and the man who comes and sits in front of the fire, who is really much more interested in having a quiet beer with someone.

"It's the clash between the two from which the poems come. It's what Yeats called I'm not trying to compare myself with Yeats but he called it the 'masked doctrine'. The mask is the man on the stage. For me it definitely is. It's still part of me. It's an extension of me. But I want to get more behind it because what good is a mask if it shows a man laughing and behind it there's a man crying. And that's what the whole mask thing is about. Well, that's putting it back onto simple terms on Bottle Creek terms. In fact you should call the interview 'On Bottle Creek terms'.

"For me it's that clash which I appreciate and enjoy when I can handle it. Sometimes I can't handle it. I hope on this tour I can handle it. I think I can. Because I've got my dog and my friends, and I've got my solitude."

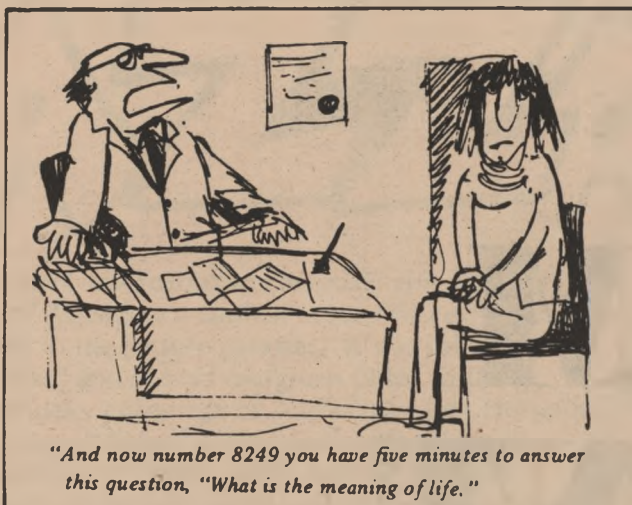
Jeremy Templer

AUSA Winter Lectures

The idea of a Winter Lecture Series is not new - but it is doubtful that they have ever been directly political in their theme or orientation. Winter Lecture Series are usually run by the University and this year's series comprises six lectures with International Women's Year as the theme. For the Association to run a series on this theme would, needless to say, overtax our credibility and so we have looked elsewhere.

For better or worse we are all part of this country's education system and Education should theoretically be an important issue in the University precincts. This is the topic for the first group of lectures and a basic theme is the need for students to "get involved" in their own future. That may sound clichéd but in view of the failure of the Students' Association and the University Staff to get involved in the Education Development Conference it is time that new and old perspectives on Education in the University were reviewed.

The Education Officer of the Association has gone to the trouble of obtaining membership lists and minutes of the Staff-Student Committees from most departments. These are typically downtrodden and listless but can be effective if the



students on them get organised and break away from the usual housekeeping. There are many other such bodies dozing away on the bureaucratic shelves waiting for some student out to improve the common lot. This is the theme behind the first lecture to be given by Dr John Jones, of the Higher Education Research Unit. The lecture is titled "Do University Students Get the Education they Deserve?" That will be for you to decide.

The second lecture is on a topic that has received some publicity recently with the formation of the New Zealand Foundation for Peace studies. The foundation President, Mr. John Male, will give an address on the need to promote as a matter of urgency, a climate of peace in New Zealand. A Chair of Peace Studies at a New Zealand University is a long term goal of the Foundation. The inertia of the bureaucracy of any University means that this is a very difficult objective to achieve and student support for the cause is vital. The Foundation aims to stimulate education for peace. The University should be the testing ground for new ideas on Education and this one must grow in the future.

The third lecture is on the Education Development Conference and whatever

happened to all the "radical free and forward thinking students." This massive exercise was organised and run from within the University but did not give but did not even get past the Association mailbox. Yet in remote parts of the North Island it is still a topic of conversation. It has been said, snidely or perhaps with the tongue in cheek, that the Conference was a big public relations exercise for the Government. If so then a lot of people have gone to a lot of trouble only to have criticisms thrown at them that only history will answer. The lecture and why it was bad that students were not involved will be given by Dr Rangi Walker, Northern Region Co-ordinator for the Education Development Conference.

I was once told last year by a second year student on a studentship that she "wasn't interested in Education she only wanted to be a teacher". I would have used the term "overpaid babysitter". This attitude is becoming more and more common and should not be fostered. There are new questions to be asked and directions to be taken. If this is not done the university merely becomes a degree factory feeding and propping up "the system" and the status quo. These lectures are aimed at suggesting future goals and ways and means of attaining them.

A group of lectures on race relations is also being organised. These are not so much aimed at philosophy e.g. Race Relations as on specific issues. Professor Elliot of the Medical School will be speaking on the results of research done into the health of young Maoris in Auckland. The background to this is an attitude among some doctors that Maoris are generally predisposed to disease while young. This is symbolic of many other attitudes on race in New Zealand hanging over from the days of the "Great White Father carrying his White Man's burden." The second lecture in this group will be given by Mr. P. Rickys an Auckland Barrister and Solicitor on the Treaty of Waitangi, the hand and the law.

There are a lot of grievances currently coming to light with the growth of Te Roopu Matakite which is fostering a movement to protect Maori land from further alienation by Local Authorities using the multitude of Statutes apparently in contravention of the Treaty.

The aim of these lectures is to provide informed and critical comment on such issues which are important but which do not receive the public airing or analysis they deserve. The series is designed to be complementary to the University series on Women's Rights as well as to the series of Political forums and discussions also being run by the Association. Bearing in mind that this is an election year and that both sides will be endeavouring to buy youth votes there should be at least some effort to find some of the questions and answers that are behind party policies. Education is being given priority because it should be a top issue, Race Relations because it will not receive the balanced discussion that it should. It is hoped to introduce several lectures on the environment later on.

AUSA WINTER LECTURES

1. Do University Students Receive the Education they Deserve?
Dr John Jones, Higher Education Research Unit.
Monday 16th June - Lower Lecture Theatre 1 p.m.
2. The Need for Peace Studies at Auckland University.
Mr. John Male, N.Z. Foundation for Peace Studies.
Monday 30th June - Lower Lecture Theatre 1 p.m.
3. Whatever Happened to the Education Development Conference.
Dr R.J. Walker, Centre for Continuing Education.
Monday 21st July - Lower Lecture Theatre 1 p.m.

playing....

Aha! At last! A play that is good FUN, and mostly clean at that! I would feel quite guiltless about taking spinster aunts or boy scout troops to see 'Joseph and His Technicolour Dream-coat'. It's energetic, loud (horribly so at times) it's a family show so the bar's not as crowded as usual, and some of the spoofs within are very funny.

The story revolves around a casual interpretation of the adventures of our Old Testament hero Joseph, and his entourage of sneaky brothers. It's all musical, and some of the show's most hilarious moments come from takeoffs of popular musical styles - David Weatherley as an Elvis Presley come Pharaoh reveals hitherto undiscovered talents! Many of the cast are young actors, sometimes lacking in technical strengths (diction was uniformly ghastly) but compensating with raw, brute energy!

Lee Grant and George Henare sit to one side of the erstwhile stage and show off. It might help things if Miss Grant realised that no one wants to see someone all of the time, just some of the time.

Rawiri Paratene comes across as the least appealing of the characters. A pity because he does play Joseph But there's little humour in his part, and when the other bods are being excruciatingly funny, it's difficult to spare a dime for that nice clean boy with the attractive manteeau.

It's also very difficult for me to take this review seriously 'Joseph' is simply not the type of play that has intrinsic values or holy grails etc! Could I just tell you to go and see it? It's easier that way

New Independent are putting on Ibsen's 'A DOLL'S HOUSE' in June, with a familiar English Dept., lecturer playing the male lead. It's a superb part, one has to have some idea of continental arrogance

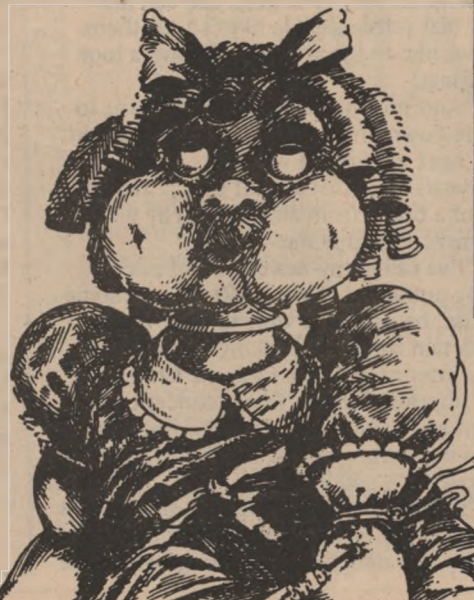
Also look for New Independent's lunch-time theatre. Students get soup and toast for a mere 75c., and it's rumoured that Gerard Bonk, (onetime Mercury actor, now at Central) is to produce some short

plays there by Darien Takle, using our very own Theatre Workshop people entertainment while you eat.

Judith Copsey, onetime Theatre Workshop member and Auckland B.A. graduate is currently travelling the South Island with a children's theatre company. Wages are low (around the \$40 a week mark), and the company travels some 65 miles a day, but she says its great fun and a good way to get to know God's own.

If any here saw the University Summer Shakespeare a few years ago ("Twelfth Night" produced by Professor Musgrove) you may remember Stephen Charters, who played 'Malvolio'. Stephen's now in London studying at the "E 15" drama school, and doing very well the school's Director wrote on the bottom of his first term report "It would be nice if you could fail sometimes!"

Mercury's next new production is "Taming of the Shrew". Jan Bashford plays the Shrew.



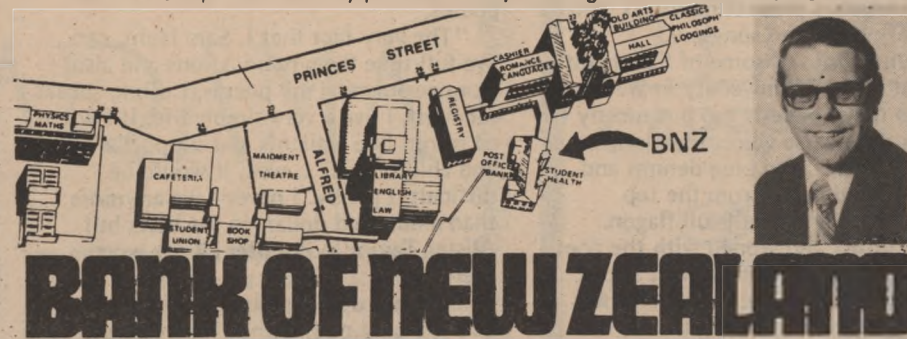
Way to go

Bank of New Zealand Travel Services

The only way to travel overseas is via your nearest Bank of New Zealand Branch. That way you'll find things a whole lot easier. We can provide you with travellers cheques in any of the major currencies of the world. If you want to transfer cash ahead, we can help you apply for the appropriate Reserve Bank permits and advise you on the latest regulations.

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If you'd like more information on any travel or financial matter, call at the BNZ Campus Branch and arrange for a chat with The Accountant Geoff Harrop. He'll be very pleased to help. Or ring him direct on 370-385.



"Be steadfast in yoga O Arjuna. Perform your duty and abandon all attachment to success and failure. Such evenness of mind is called yoga."

Bg. 2.48 Sri Krsna
Information Ph. Bsy. 84-166

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July 10th, July 17th, 21st and August 1st
EXEC LOUNGE STUDENT UNION 7.30 p.m.



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STB (Student Travel Bureau Limited) does it again with an expanded programme of student flights and tours which turns the world on its head. This programme is now open for booking

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		and	Vancouver	



STB also has Student Tours operating in the following countries —

New Zealand	Borneo
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Malaysia	Round Europe
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STB in addition has hotel arrangements in the following cities designed to assist the travelling student

Auckland	Singapore
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Melbourne	Bangkok
Jakarta	Hong Kong and Noumea



By Murray Mahony

the encounter group: an exercise in self awareness

The Human Potentials Movement, which developed in the United States in the mid-1950's and gained considerable momentum in the latter half of the sixties, has taken root in New Zealand in the past four years, mainly in the form of the encounter group.

Emerging to counter the modern urban malaise of loneliness and alienation, the H.P.M., an off-shoot of the humanistic school of psychology, stresses the primacy of the individual and his boundless potential and capacity for growth.

The encounter group, in particular, aims to assist the individual firstly to become aware of who he is, by experiencing the inner core of his being, the well-springs of his deepest feelings and thoughts, and secondly, to become that which he is. But before he can become a "whole" person the individual must confront aspects of his self of which he has long denied awareness and subsequent expression as parts of his personality.

These emotional blockages, often the result of traumatic events in early childhood, such as perceived indifference by parents, have been shut off from full awareness by the person's defenses, owing to their painful and threatening nature. This mechanism allows some people to function without serious impairment. For many others, however, having to mobilise considerable energy into blocking off from their trauma means that their behaviour becomes neurotic or shaped by their psychological defenses.

According to encounter advocates only by exploring the fissures and involutions of consciousness until the buried painful areas come to be experienced in their full intensity can a person be free to integrate his personality and to achieve his true potential.

One of New Zealand's leading practitioners of encounter group therapy is 49-year-old Bert Potter, founder of Auckland's Shoreline Human Awareness Trust. Bert Potter certainly seems a good advertisement for the effectiveness of his type of therapy. He has discovered a rare brand of exuberance that cannot be retailored from supermarket shelves. But he emphasises that getting-in-touch-with-yourself can only be achieved by a lot of hard work and persistent effort. And just what is the good life according to Bert Potter?

"It is the ability to live in the present, in the here and now. Not in the past with its distorted, selective memories, nor in the future, which is mere fantasy. How can you experience life if it is always out of reach?"

"The good life is discovering who you are and becoming who you are, in spite of social conditioning and pressures from family, friends, workmates and others who have a vested interest in keeping you as you are, predictable and unchanging and therefore comfortable to them.

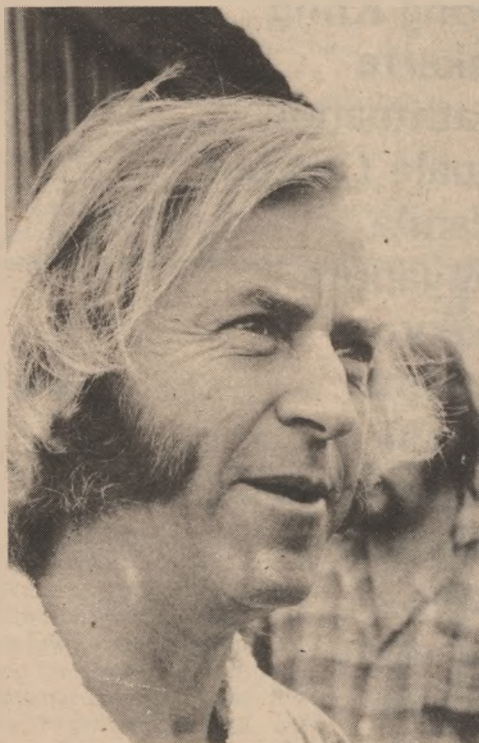
"The good life is being what you want to be, being open and accepting of yourself and everyone else. It is conforming to standards you have set for yourself, which are right for you, rather than acting in terms of social expectations or some imposed standards of behaviour and values - the "shoulds" and "oughts". It is being aware of your defenses against emotional hurt and being willing to recognise and resolve inner conflicts. It is experiencing life on all levels - emotional, physical, sensual - not merely intellectually."

Bert Potter says that many people come to encounter groups seeking self-transcendence and ways of combating the emotional aridity of our society. In the psychological climate of safety which prevails in the encounter group the individual can, through trusting the other group members, experiment with new behaviours without fear of recrimination and can venture more of himself than is normally possible in outside society.

Comments Potter: "Society does not

really allow people any real expression of feelings and this cuts them off from the most essential part of being human - we are feeling animals. People need places where they can relate to others on a genuine, meaningful, gut level, which the usual cocktail parties and after-work pub sessions don't permit.

"Encounter groups, along with sensitivity, sensory awareness and multi-media groups, allow people to drop pretense and platitudes and get in touch with their essences and the feelings such as joy, sadness and anger which ordinarily have little place in life. A large number of people are dissatisfied with their present lifestyles. They have realised how empty material goals are. They feel they are not realliving, just existing."



Besides those people wishing to develop a more flowing personality and those seeking surcease from neurotic bedevilment, the encounter group is a useful antidote to internecine marital strife, of value to the socially maladjusted and for those wishing to match their IQ's with lagging emotional quotients. Groups attract a host of other luckless malcontents from the school of hard knocks and also gives solace to the lonely in search of new friends, which groups often can provide.

The Shoreline Trust held its first encounter group three years ago and since then almost 400 people have participated in the three types of workshop offered: intensive nine-day deep therapy, intensive week-ends and not-so-intensive introductory weekends, emphasising more lightweight encounter methods of sensitivity training, sensory awareness and group fantasy. Each group usually numbers around 15 members.

The chief advantage of encounter group therapy over any form of individual psychotherapy or counselling, says Bert Potter, is that in working with their peers rather than just a professional therapist, who is paid to accept without comment the patient's behaviours, the group member has access to direct, honest and uncompromising feedback from other group members on how his behaviour affects them -

both negatively and positively. He says that his particular encounter groups penetrate far more deeply into the individual's intra-psycho conflicts than most groups, which tend to concentrate more on observable interactions between group members and the surface problems resulting from these processes.

Bert Potter's role in therapy is as a catalyst, a person who encourages and guides the particular person having a "workout" to explore the subterranean currents of the unconscious, exhorting him to intensify any bodily feelings - they may be anything from an empty feeling in the stomach, tension in the shoulders or a stiff, locked jaw - so that the energy sustaining the psychological defenses peaks and finally breaks through the defenses into the areas of blocked emotion.

The emotion connects with specific images or memories of past painful experiences and the person relives that painful experience in full force, including the energy that was originally held in check. Only by reliving the pain to the full, unmitigated by the defenses, can the person be free of his past.

Another way in which Bert Potter plays midwife to the emotionality is by using dream analysis and guided fantasy, which attempt to unravel inner conflicts by the person being encouraged to freely associate ideas, images and fantasies until he encounters a block. He is then advised to amplify the feelings surrounding the block in the hope that he can break through.

Throughout the workout Potter coaxes the person to demonstrate his feelings rather than merely verbalising them. Intellectualising is the prime mechanism by which people avoid actually experiencing the pain they are holding back. There are many other avoidances which people use, consciously or unconsciously, to skirt the gut issue - rationalising ("I can't break through", which according to Bert Potter means they "won't"), pleading helplessness and incapability and invoking their neurosis to support their contention, and constant visits "outside" to go to the toilet or light up a cigarette.

Screaming, sobbing, howling, hollering, foaming, kicking, punching and thrashing are all encouraged as long as they are directed at a large cushion provided for the purpose.

Bert Potter refrains from any temptation to impose his interpretation on what is happening while it is happening as this could prevent the person from experiencing his feelings and direct him back into mere thinking about what is happening.

"It's not my job to make value judgements of people," says Bert. "I don't want to change people. All I want to do is let them use the resources of the group to better understand themselves and where they are at. They can then decide whether they like and can accept what they have discovered or if they want to change parts of themselves.

"The rule in encounter groups is that everyone is responsible for himself. No one is forced to do or accept anything they don't want to. A person can sit out the entire nine days and say nothing if that's what he wants. But he's unlikely to fulfil his real needs that way. I don't believe that any person is incapable of at least saying "I need help now" If he can't do that in the trusting atmosphere of the group then he'll probably never do it anywhere else."

Quite a few people experience profound insights about themselves and grow considerably during the course of a nine-day

group. One of the more spectacular workouts is where a person curls up in the foetal position and experiences the trauma of birth. Bert Potter cites the case of a woman, a longtime sufferer of migraine headaches, who, curing her workout, reenacted her birth and in the process experienced violent pains in the temples. On later discussing her birth with her mother the woman found that she had been delivered with the aid of forceps, placed on her temples to expedite the birth process. The woman has had no headaches since the group experience.

Bert Potter believes that people are afraid to give in to their deepest feelings because they might lose control. "Instead we let our intellects rule our lives because it's safe and predictable. Many people never really feel alive. They know it but they don't feel it. Being emotionally expressive means that you're taking risks but at least you are really living.

"It is common for many people to experience a strange perverseness and guilt at feeling good and enjoying something because they have never learned to let go. In reality a person who trusts his feelings does not lose control over them. When you are aware of how you feel, say if you are aroused by a particular woman, you can make a conscious choice whether or not you will act on your feelings and accept the consequences of both alternatives.

Women's libbers may find interesting Bert Potter's thoughts on the roles of men and women in our society.

"I personally feel that it's a problem of men's liberation rather than women. It is the man who must constantly pretend he is dominant, assertive and on top of every situation that is suffering, because to live up to such a stereotype is humanly impossible. Yet this is what society demands.

"In my experience women have found it much easier to become more assertive and independent than for men to give in to feelings of tenderness, vulnerability and warmth. Men cut off the beautiful parts of themselves by pretending to be perfect, but in fact many of them carry around a lot of bitterness, sadness and loneliness that is denied expression. In the group men learn that it's OK to cry or howl with rage and that the world won't come crashing down about their ears if they do."

Bert Potter feels that it is the intense competitiveness that marks our society which perpetuates the male stereotype and accounts for many of the neurotic symptoms of our society.

"The constant striving to be bigger, better and best, to have more of this and that, is unnatural. It is mainly an attempt to counteract the unconscious feeling "I am alone. I have nothing. I am nothing." We need to stop this illusory superiority and learn to let things happen, to just be our real selves," says Potter.

Anger and grief are two areas of deep, intense feeling which people commonly bottle up but let go in the encounter group situation. Bert says that much anger is the product of accumulated resentments against parents or spouses.

"Even though parents often act for the child's good, in the child's eyes they may be seen as people who constantly deprive him or punish him for things he likes doing. Unless parents counterbalance this denial with constant unconditional love the resentments will build up inside the child."

"Most parents do love their children but few know how to express that love. Unless the children see and feel the love they will gain the impression that mum and dad don't really love them. In the face

continued over

a space in time



REPORT ON SOCIAL CREDIT'S 21ST ANNUAL CONFERENCE

Social Credit's annual conference held at Christchurch from the 17th - 20th May was attended by a record number of delegates and observers. It was held at the Llam University complex amidst very pleasant surroundings which helped to make the 1975 conference the most harmonious, progressive and friendly conference ever held. The delegates had a massive agenda to cover, dealing with many aspects of policy in the form of discussion on papers and some 143 specific remits, as well as matters concerning the administration of the League and its campaign leading up to the general election.

The 140 remits discussed by the conference were based on three major and comprehensively researched policy papers which had been prepared by committees of the League. These papers were - (a) "Inflation and People" - this paper discussed -

1. The problems caused by inflation

2. Why the problems arise
3. Specific Social Credit remedies for inflation.

The paper deals with an area of policy which the lay man often claims that he does not understand, and for this reason it is written in as simple a form as is possible, relating modern remedies to practical rather than theoretical problems.

(b) "People and Society" - which dealt in depth with N.Z. problems relating to social welfare, health, education and law reform.

This paper is an illustration of the fact that once the self-imposed economic problems of this country are significantly alleviated, the government and people can then spend the bulk of their energy dealing with the social problems of the day rather than bickering, squabbling and being divided over man-made economic problems.

(c) Regional Development Planning. This was a paper presented to conference to

stimulate discussion around the key principles concerning regional development.

The presentation of these papers and the adoption of policy remits from them, completed work done over the two years before conference, by thoroughly up-dating policy and complementing the adoption of papers in 1973 and 74 which covered an overhaul of the system of industry and industrial relations as well as providing a complete approach to environmental problems.

The result of this work will give Social Credit a complete platform for contesting the election this year, and will show that Social Credit is, by its reformist monetary policies which have been translated into valued social policies, the only real alternative.

In future weeks it is hoped to present a series of articles that will deal with what Social Credit will do in the specific, various fields that are the concern of government.

creative living everythurs 7.30pm

51 SYMONDS ST

..... encounter groups cont.

of such a traumatic realisation the child, to make life bearable, must pretend to himself that he is loved and often this pretense stays with the person all his life and affects all his intimate relationships.

"Usually when people react with anger towards other members of a group it comes out with far more intensity than is appropriate in the context. This signifies a reservoir of repressed anger being tapped which the person is encouraged to work on. The person in the group who is being reacted to usually has come particular personality trait which evokes unpleasant associations with someone in the past - a father, a sister and so on. It is important to realise who your anger is really directed at so that you don't project past ill-feeling onto someone in the present who may have done little to deserve it."

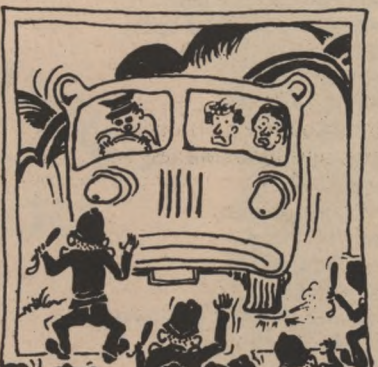
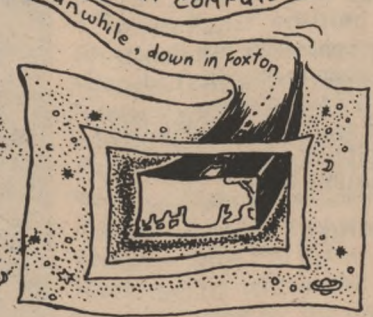
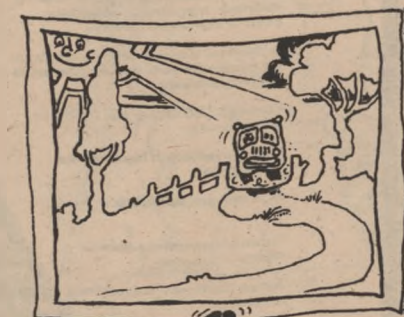
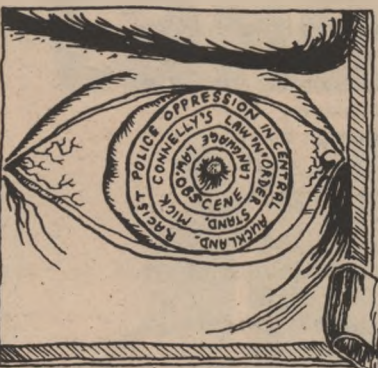
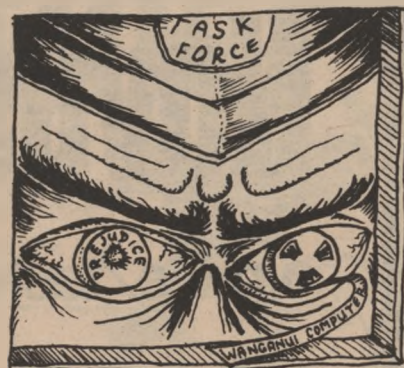
It is remarkable how one of a person's family circle or a spouse, who has died, perhaps many years ago, manages to live on inside the living relative in the form of psychological attachments, which continue to shape behaviour. Bert Potter attributes this to inadequate expression of grief.

"Real grief is much more than just sorrow about the departed," he says. "Many people burying their 'loved ones' have resentments against them which have remained unexpressed. These mixed feelings must be purged entirely for the dead person to stay buried forever."

"Unfortunately our society does not commend uninhibited mourning. Instead the bereaved are expected to keep the feeling contained by showing a brave face. Doctors are as likely as not to prescribe tranquilisers to help the bereaved partner overcome the sense of loss, dampening down the feelings instead of allowing the person to work through and resolve them naturally. Friends and relatives don't help by telling the person to 'Pull yourself together, you can't bring him back', or 'Do something that will take your mind off it'."

Not everyone can enlist for an encounter group as a means of release but Bert Potter feels that everyone can become aware of his real needs - for nurturant and sexual love, acceptance, companionship and the expression of the whole gamut of human emotions - and can seek friends who can satisfy these needs.

The ancient Greeks in their wisdom gave to posterity the moral imperative "Know Thyself". Sound advice, without doubt. But to this Bert Potter would add "Be Thyself".



POETRY

It's in the pipeline that Robert Creeley may tour New Zealand sometime shortly Peter Olds has a new book on the way titled "Doctors' Rock" and follows hot on the heels of his last collection "Freeway" Jon Silkins' publication "Stand" is now being distributed in New Zealand Sam Hunt has a new book coming, for those that went to the poets rave-up a few months back will have listened to some of it Waiata Recordings still have copies of their poets album and lastly Barry Southam, ex Aucklander has a collection of short stories brewing

In This Issue :

We have Trevor Reeves (founder of Caveman Press in Dunedin) Bert Almon (who hails from the University of Alberta, Canada) Don Colebrook (an Aucklander who is running a campus poetry workshop) Tony Beyer (author of "Jesus Hobo" and

"The Meat") and Simon C. Blackwell (another Aucklander).
Some Good Books To Have Gone To Bed With :

"Labyrinths" - Jorge Luis Borge - Penguin.
"South Of No North" - Charles Bukowski - Black Sparrow
"How To Hide Almost Anything" - David Krotz - Morrow
"The Groucho Letters" - Groucho Marx - Sphere Books

Last Note :

If you write poetry, short stories etc. drop them into the Craccum Office because we could sure use some more material, if they don't appear within three issues of this page come and collect it, it means we can't use it.

Jon Adams
Poetry Editor

The Buddhists Contemplate Death

(for Fred Ulrich)

*Now there is nothing strange in this,
Ananda, that a human being should die.....*

- MAHA-PARANIBBANA-SUTTA

It was Good Friday by accident of calendar.
The bones lay heaped in the middle of the floor,

involuntary guests of the meditation circle:
loose femurs and jaws, a pelvis, five skulls,
a few stained dark brown by burial in earth,
the others off-white remains of Untouchables

whose poverty became quick money after death.

We touched them now with flesh-insulated hands

and noticed how stunted most of them were

not much taller than our well-fed children,
who handled them next, intently, not carelessly:

one girl fitting a jawbone over her own chin,
a boy probing the orbits of a skull with his finger,

then raising it like an ivory crown overhead
as the adults talked about anything but death

and kept their own eyes securely at eye level.

The second night,
we scattered the bones around the room
and placed candles among them.

Monsters of shadow swayed on the walls,
so we discussed the union of form and emptiness

until we could see that when mind is luminous

shadows are mere flickerings of light,
then fear fell away.

After a while the bones were just bones,
old friends, and when the candles had burned down

we looked to the window and discovered
that the great light had entered
in its silent, irresistible way.

BERT ALMON

LETTER TO A FRIEND

today
a dozen spinnakers
skim sea
flying colours

light rain
the Sunday sound of empty roads

but you,
in sheltered Oxford rooms
torn from this place -
already you find harbours
merge
too soon the mist curtain

let us just one time
together watch down the evening

SIMON BLACKWELL

ON LOVE

Some poets write of love
yet hate between the lines
Cynics ridicule such poems
yet even cynics are sometimes
smitten by the ache
At least between the sheets.

Don Colebrook.

CORNWALLIS

the sea has held me
by the foot
since I was five
and I fear the journey
inland as a mountain
child fears strange
grey hills
that prowl and change

nose deep in froth
and kelp shards
I have watched my father
dragging a sharkrent
net to the beach

daddy what if the shark
but he

just bent his big arms
to the hauling
and spat on the real
wet enemy who harbours
assassins and thieves

my brother was four then
slept with a dead sprat
under our pillow
stinking the place out

decoy
for sharks in the night

Tony Beyer

ON THE FREE FALL OF A WINDOW
STRIPPER FIVE FLOORS AFTER RE-
VEALING HERSELF NUDE FOR THE
ADMIRATION OF A MALE ADMIRER
IN THE WINDOW OPPOSITE

you should have seen her plunge
vital and snapping down
full five floored heartbreaks

anon they are born
anon they die

and the man for whom she
performed
will remain nameless
as his prick shrinks
unseen and unfelt for
longing for those
creasequilted breasts and twat
squashed on concrete

he's watching the
telly now, it's fuselage
is covered with
sheriffs' badges

another anomomous baddie bleeds

Trevor Reeves

SCRUB

the police would never
come out after dark
and the pub talk
made you think
te kooti was still alive
still prowling the night hills
dropping his shit
to tantalise the trackers

thumbing the coast
and sleeping in woolsheds
ten days on the slasher
three on the booze
while the cheque shrank
sometimes there were
yells and shots
from the road

you didn't ask questions

Tony Beyer

PATCH

i have never been to cambodia
i have only been down
to the bottom of my garden
where my grand piano grows
gold leaves turned with tufted hemlock

it was there i sighted my
armageddon
half-skinned rabbit
in the grass, red
blades
for my sky

to each note the next
is a friend, tonal
total

for out of the sea
my breath rises and dies

and out of the sky rises
the scream of some
shell shattered kingdom

Trevor Reeves

Novus

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