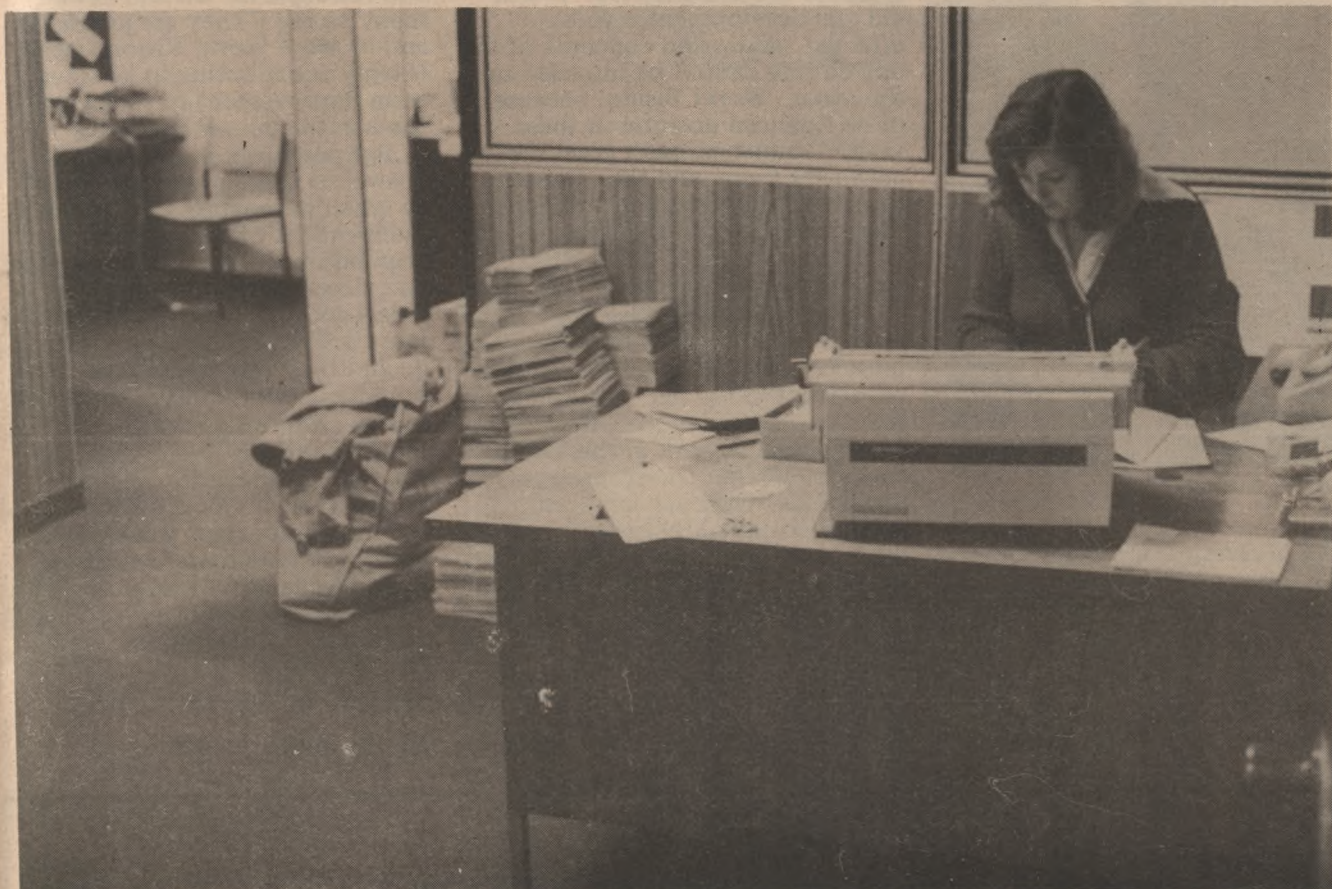


The last in a series of features on aid and aid organizations.



Auckland office

Aid, Overheads & Imperialism

World Vision International, founded in 1951, is one of the largest aid organisations in the world today. Centered in California, with support offices in Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, its operations now extend to over thirty countries in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. It has been a subject of controversy and debate in New Zealand from the time it was first established here early in 1972. Russell Marshall, then MP for Wanganui, criticised its operations in Indochina after a visit there in February 1975. A report, entitled *Aid or Obstruction: World Vision in the Third World* was subsequently made by representatives of the National Youth Council, the Student Christian Movement, and the Youth Advisory Council of the Labour Party. This sub-committee investigated World Vision policy, practice and philosophy and cast a somewhat doubtful light on the aid organisation. CRACCUM discussed with Trevor McKinley, the Executive Associate of World Vision in New Zealand, the questions and doubts raised by the investigation.

One area examined by the sub-committee was the actual structure of the organisation. World Vision in New Zealand was originally controlled by the Australasian Office, based in Melbourne, but became autonomous in 1974. The report suggested that there was, in fact, a lack of direct responsibility, that decisions made by World Vision International were not subject to scrutiny and that there were no channels through which support offices could influence this decision-making. They gave as an example the policy change involved in the 1972 decision to adopt Vietnamese

babies in Australia. (Until then, World Vision International believed it preferable to rear a child in its own culture.) This change of policy was only made known to the support offices through the organisation's quarterly magazine.

But Geoff Renner, Executive Director of the Auckland Office, maintains that "New Zealand is directly involved in international decision-making through my membership of the Administration Committee of World Vision International which makes the major international decisions." McKinley, Executive Associate, commented: "We are autonomous in the sense that we don't have to give a dollar to any project we didn't want to - it just so happens that so far we have wanted to." Autonomy, apparently, is a concept that can vary in interpretation.

Distributing the Loaves

As far as the distribution and use of the funds raised in New Zealand by World Vision is concerned, again a lack of 'democratic procedure' is evident. A Project Supervisor and his staff are responsible to a Field Director - all of whom work in the particular country receiving aid. The Field Director, in turn, is responsible only to the Head Office, rather than to the support office which originally provided the funds.

At the same time, however, a close check is kept by the Auckland office on the work and finances. Constant contact is maintained with the field offices, which keep the home office informed on the progress of each project. A financial report is also sent back to New Zealand each month for auditing.

McKinley says that World Vision in fact kept far greater surveillance over their work than did other such organisations. He also points out that there was a tremendous scope for corruption: once a body registers itself as a charitable organisation, it is virtually left free to operate as it will. The monthly auditing of World Vision's financial accounts, he says, meant that they were more than fulfilling their legal requirements.

The tightly organised procedures also mean that a lot more people have to be employed, entailing increased overhead costs. These, it is maintained, are kept as minimal as efficiency will allow - about 20% of the total income, which is the same as Corso's. Renner points out that "World Vision is investing over \$20 million in projects overseas and this cannot be handled by guesswork and hope. We firmly believe it is better to pay the 5% - 10% more for supervision and internal management control at every point than risk the 30% - 50% loss that can easily occur in mismanagement, corruption or incompetence through lack of supervision, internal auditing and training."

McKinley was also anxious to stress that if any corruption was discovered in the handling of project funds, this was clamped down on immediately. He gave as an example a case in Viet Nam where the office there was found to be dealing dishonestly. Not only were the staff sacked, but the entire programme was called off, resulting in the suffering of innocent people.

The American Connection

The doubts raised about the value of World Vision's concept of

autonomy by the sub-committee's report concern the findings on World Vision's political stance. The fact that policies and decisions of World Vision International are ultimately made in America has obvious political implications for some - especially Asian - countries. For example, unlike many other aid organisations who were able to give aid to both North and South Viet Nam, World Vision was not permitted to operate in the North. The authorities there were perhaps unable to distinguish between American aid and American bombs.

A trouble spot to which World Vision is sending aid is Beirut. In a magazine put out by World Vision, Renner describes the situation of the refugees there and says that they plan "to channel funds for refugee relief through the Armenian Institute, a neutral Christian organisation." It seems difficult to reconcile the term 'neutral Christian' with the knowledge that the Christians and the Moslems are the two opposing factions. McKinley stated that World Vision had to work through any organisation they could, and that if they believed that the body was not 'neutral' then they would not do so.

Political neutrality within an aid organisation seems to be an ideal which never quite makes it to reality. It is a vague objective, depending much upon one's own definition of terms. World Vision does claim to be apolitical - a state which can never be absolute. They operate within countries defined by political boundaries 'guided' by political philosophies. Their work is often with people suffering from the effects of political action. To claim neutrality in such a field as overseas aid is rather like trying to separate politics from sport.

Evangelism

An area in which the World Vision aid organisation makes no such claims of neutrality is its evangelistic ministry. The investigation made by the sub-committee doubted the validity of this. Was World Vision justified, they asked, in spending money raised from the public on evangelism, a definite component of their aid programmes? Is Christian evangelism an effective method of aiding the development of Third World countries, and is this facet of World Vision operations fully explained to the public?

McKinley's answer is that World Vision is first and foremost an aid organisation, primarily concerned with 'helping those in need.' "We have a point of view which does happen to be Christian," he said, "But this does not alter the fact that thousands of people who would otherwise be suffering have benefited from our work."

A large portion of the money raised by World Vision is spent on childcare - 56% of the money sent overseas. In order to define more exactly the general term *childcare* it is useful to look at a breakdown of funds allotted to this field. Money went toward such projects as replacement of 220 dropped

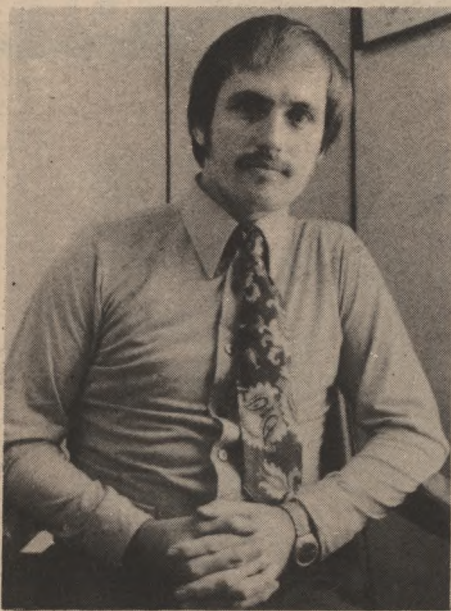
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sponsorship cases; home visitation to check each family's living standards; home visitation for evangelistic meetings; a choir's appearance on TV; medical treatment for 700 children.

Individual sponsorship raises the largest amount of money used in 'childcare' programmes. The reason for such an emphasis is given by Renner in the World Vision magazine: "We have a special commitment to children because they are helpless. Our main commitment is to help them break out of the web of circumstances that trap the poor." To do this, children need education - and this means long term assistance. Renner also says that he believes "childcare programmes do bring social change by providing education, independence and opportunity." McKinley provides another reason: "It is necessary from a New Zealand point of view - through individual sponsorship New Zealanders were able to have personal contact with overseas problems."

Sponsorship by no means reaches out to a large majority of the



Trevor McKinley

children in problem areas and one can perhaps question individual sponsorship as an effective means towards the end of social improvement in Third World countries. Individuality and, for that matter, Christianity are basically Western 'characteristics.' One questions

whether it is just to transpose these concepts on which World Vision's aid programmes are based on to the more socialist and communal lifestyles of the Third World. If true aid and development is to be effected, values and concepts of the one culture cannot be imposed on the other. World Vision, because of its financial position in these poorer countries, has a great deal of authority there, and the ultimate benefit of their work in the Third World must be questioned.

Questioning the basis

It is difficult to assess the effectiveness of aid organisations, and one must be wary of making such an assessment in the light of the fact that they are doing something - World Vision's work in the area of emergency relief for example, is invaluable. They are sometimes harshly criticised by many in wealthier countries - criticism that is sometimes hard to accept from the average two-car/colour-TV/seaside-bach-owning citizen, who is perhaps unwilling to part with his hard-earned cash. Cases of corruption, mismanagement and so on are, unfortunately, inevitable, but per-

haps the fundamental policies and philosophies provide a more reliable base for criticism. One has to look critically at World Vision's views and concepts of 'aid and development' to see if they are justifiable, and to see if World Vision's work is truly contributing to the long term improvement of social conditions in the poorer countries.

But perhaps a more creative answer to these problems lies not so much in separate institutions, independent of the bulk of the population. Greater understanding and closer contact between the aiders and the aided could lead to a more active participation of the public and their representatives. Slightly more action, at least, than coughing up a few dollars on appeal day involves. In the long term, it is in the field of education and the stimulation of global awareness that the most important work must be done. Attitudes and conditions must be changed - insularity in the wealthier countries, and sub-human conditions in the poorer. And in this field World Vision could concentrate more of their energies.

Jill Ranstead.

Paradise for Parasites

Poverty is alive and well and living in Auckland. The myth of New Zealand as a country with enough milk and honey for all who are prepared to work and some who aren't dies hard. But the milk has soured and the honey turned bitter for the urban poor, according to Ian Shirley, community adviser for Auckland City Council.

"Cities like Auckland are developing social institutions which favour an elite. There is one health service for the rich and one for the poor, one kind of education for the rich and one for the poor," says Shirley. And he claims that a particular section of the city's middle class is exploiting the situation. He talks about exploitation in hire purchase, car sales, door-to-door selling and particularly in accommodation:

"I know of a racket being run by an Auckland land agent which is the biggest rip-off in rental accommodation in the city. The agent, a woman, looks up all the 'to let' ads in the paper and rings them up to find out the addresses.

The next day she advertises the same flats but adds things like - all nationalities welcome or children especially welcome. When people come to see her she charges them ten dollars and sends them off to the addresses. For some people that ten dollars is all they've got and they end up penniless as well as homeless. Hundreds of families are being ripped off."

Shirley says that the agent made over \$250 from the racket in the month of May alone. The fraud squad know about it but say they can't do anything until somebody lays a complaint. The Real Estate Institute know but won't do anything about it.

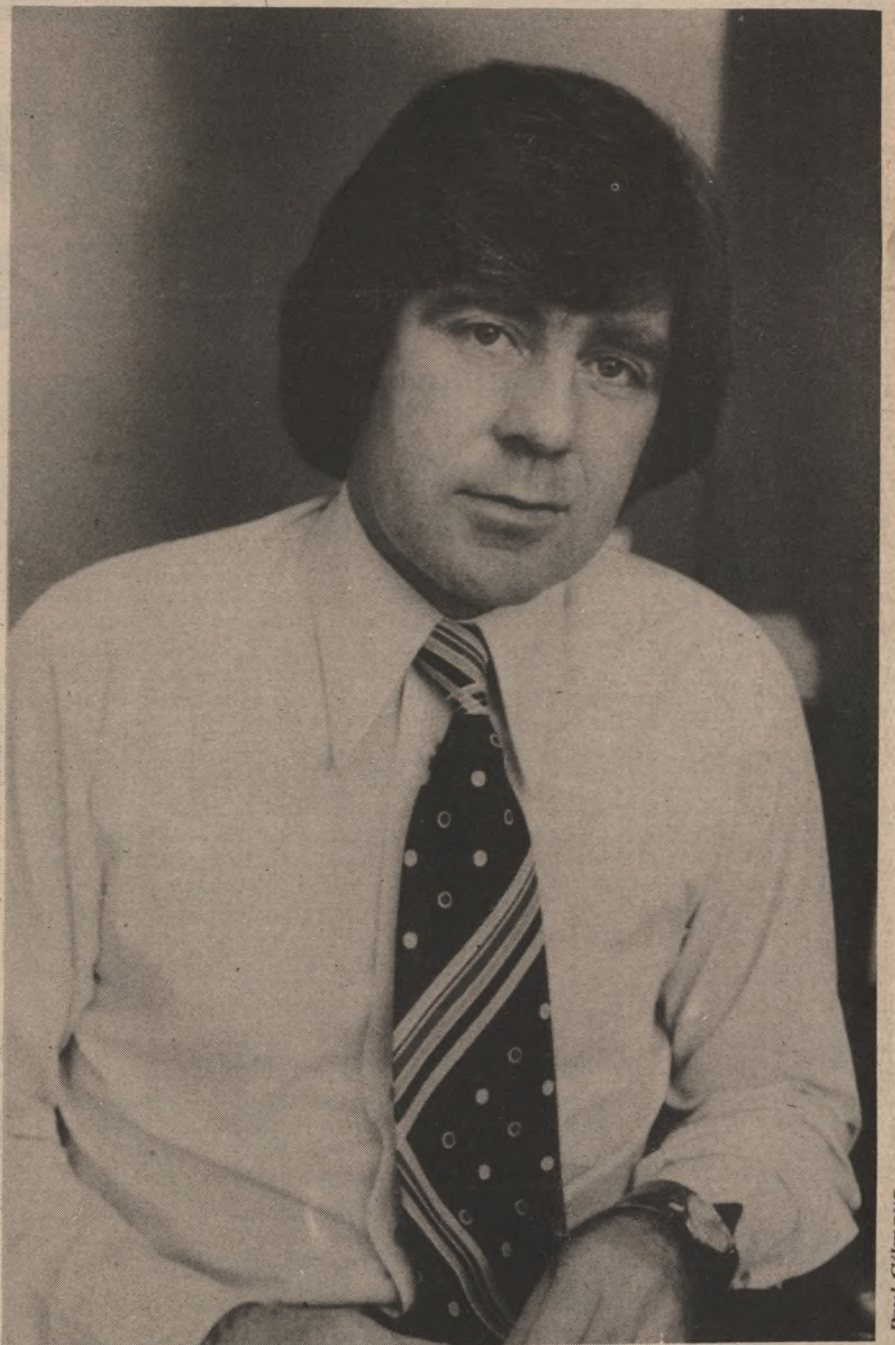
As for the middle class image of the beer-sodden no-hoper who wastes all his money at the TAB, Ian Shirley says that this is just another stereotype: "TAB figures are high just now as they always are in times of economic stringency. Even the poor need hope."

The utter hopelessness of the situation is what worries Shirley most: "If any one section of the community rich or poor, black or white exploits others for financial gain or access to power, then the resolution of that exploitation will be violence."

Shirley feels that he has to speak out for those who do not have the financial or political power to make their voices heard. No less an expert than Muldoon has already tried to silence him without success. Shirley says that families without enough to eat still have their pride. They reject handouts. They just want a chance to break out of the circle of poverty. Community advisers at the City Council have worked to improve some of the problems. Food co-ops and credit unions have been established, cooking classes showing housewives cheap nutritious meals have been held and a new family day care scheme is to be set up.

But Shirley feels that society and social attitudes must change. "There must be equality of opportunity. We must break the chain of cause and effect in which being poor means living in a poor neighbourhood, which means going to a second-rate school, which means having an inadequate education, which means having a low-paid job or no job at all and thus being poor."

"We need to look at the viciousness in our society. We've been inclined to look at the aggressive



Ian Shirley

individual as a deviant. But violence is a part of our society. You've only got to look at the aggressiveness of people driving cars or playing sport to realise that something is wrong. People struggle to accumulate wealth, power and prestige without worrying how they get it. We have to change to a more just and humane society. Equality of opportunity is the basis of democracy."

The poor are being treated as just pawns of the system. The present government's only concern is to balance the books with little for social issues. If our society's underprivileged are not given a greater say in what happens to their lives warns Shirley, they will take things into their own hands.

Marianne Tremaine

TASK FORCE QUELLS VIOLENCE AND OBSCENTY

Isn't it funny how a Bear likes honey?

And isn't the "Arrest now, pay later" deal currently being handed out by the Task Force, supremely unfunny.

This report could have read: "A disturbance outside the Leopard Tavern recently was efficiently quelled by members of the Task Force before further violence could ensue. Five arrests were made on charges ranging from fighting to obscene language. Several convictions later followed."

This would be a nice, middle of the road view. I am sure it is the Police view. But it doesn't read like that. Because that's not what happened.

At about ten p.m. on Friday 23 April two men were arguing outside a hotel. Three policemen later stated in court: "We were waiting in an unmarked car outside the Leopard Tavern. On seeing a heated argument develop between two men (the Defendants) which culminated in a flurry of blows being exchanged the two constables ran across the road and separated the men, and walked them quickly back to the car. It was a normal efficient police arrest."

Why then did the watching friends become so disturbed that three more arrests followed within a few minutes? Perhaps it had something to do with the fact that five people stated on oath in court that there was not (or they did not see) a blow exchanged? Or that the Senior Sergeant involved stated that neither at the time, nor after the incident, was any attempt made by the Police to ascertain the cause and nature of the dispute.

Mr. X was the first to go. He went across to find out why his friend had been arrested. The Snr Sgt warned him, he says. Mr X said: "There was no warning given. There was no time for a warning. I had no idea I was doing anything wrong." He opened the car door and said: "(Name), this is bloody ridiculous. I'll be witness for you". He was immediately arrested and charged with 'Interference with a police car, communication with a prisoner.'

Next was Mr Y. He too came to see what was happening. He was arrested for drunkenness. (According to his comrades, he had had next to nothing to drink. Nor was any form of test administered to ascertain his state of sobriety.)

Then Mrs. Z arrived. On turning to her friend during the discussion and saying "I don't give a fuck", she was arrested for "Use of obscene language in a public place."

The prisoners were removed to Central. Later - much later I believe - a lawyer was called. At Midnight, and again at 2.00 am, he was refused his right of communication with his clients.

Mr. Y decided that it wasn't worth it. Being a foreign citizen, and aware that a conviction would prejudice his re-entry to N.Z., at 3.00 am he paid the police \$10.00. He was deemed to have "accepted the rap" and discharged.

Mrs Z appeared in court. In a decision which seems to have a precedent in the Magistrates Court, her case was dismissed on the grounds that the word was not used offensively.



Photos by Murray Cumnick

Our two gamecocks were each convicted and fined \$25.00, costs \$5.00. The police evidence was uniform, in the face of directly conflicting evidence from independent witnesses. One of the defendants stated categorically that the Police were lying. But Mrs. A. Wallace, S.M., defined 'fighting' as "Entering into combat", and said that she was satisfied that there was intention of this.

Mr. X, too, had his case dismissed. Again, there was conflict in the evidence. But this time the three Police stories did not quite match. Mrs. Wallace suggested a halt in proceedings before all the available defence witnesses had been called, and pronounced herself quite satisfied that Mr. X had shown no intention to commit a crime.

So there we have it. Violence nipped in the bud? Or unnecessary and provocative arrests by 'Arrest-happy' Police? The course of justice? Or trivial cases clogging our overloaded courts? And what about the ones who are unable to stick up for their rights? I leave it with you.

But I am convinced of two things. The first is that five ordinary, law-abiding, sober middle-class citizens walked out of a pleasant social evening into considerable expense, inconvenience, and public humiliation.

The second? It's a far cry from "Come on, you two, break it up and go home". Or: "You look a bit under the weather, mate, let's have your car keys and we'll drop you off." Or even "All right, you lot, knock it off or you'll be spending a night in the cells."

Isn't it?

Richard Mills.



STUDASS GOES POLITICAL

Arising out of the May Council of NZUSA the Students' Association Executive spent some time re-examining its priorities as the executive body of this Association. The conclusion arrived at was that we have spent far too much time playing house and not enough time getting involved in the issues directly affecting and interesting students.

The result is that the political officers are now being directed to action AUSA and NZUSA policy through Student Representative Council, general meetings, CRACCUM, and the Association's facilities for organizing political campaigns. The priorities established by the Executive centred on Bursaries and the Government cuts in Education spending, formation of a National Union of Students (NUS), prevention of the helicopter introduction of nuclear power in all forms into New Zealand and continuation of the campaigns to preserve the rights of overseas students.

The campaign on bursaries is intended to draw in all interested bodies representing tertiary students culminating in a day of protest on July 16th. This will be an intensely political day with lunchtime and evening marches and rallies with the periods between spent in political-social meetings, aimed at discussing any issue affecting students. This hopefully will lead to a general political awareness of our place and role in society as students and as an organisation. Conveniently, it will also coincide roughly with our elections. No particular officer has sole responsibility for the campaign but the one in the know is Janet Eyre, Education Officer.

The NUS campaign is being initiated by Bob Lack and Mike Treen, both of whom have been pushing the idea around the

Association for some time. They have been making contact with other Auckland students' associations and getting the NZUSA proposal discussed by them.

Nuclear power and nuclear powered and armed ships come under the portfolio of Nigel Isaacs, the Environmental Affairs Officer. There are conflicting ideas concerning growth and pollution attached to the issue of nuclear power, but the salient point is that there is as yet no demonstrated need for nuclear power in New Zealand. The Association is helping to organise a tour by Greg Minor, an engineer who resigned from General Electric Company in the United States because of a reactor accident that could never happen. The tour will take place in the August holidays and third term.

Exec hopes to allay the criticisms voiced that its members get elected and do nothing. Many Executive members run themselves into the ground working for the students in the Association only to have students not take advantage of the services they provide. An excellent example is the rock concerts in the Theatre. These are organised by the Social Controller as part of the policy he was elected to carry out. Two very good concerts have been run taking full advantage of the excellent facility we have in the Old Maid. Patronage has been very poor for a student-orientated function, among the few to occur in the Theatre.

So again, as always in the Students Association, if you want something you have to go out and get it. The Executive does its part. It is now up to you to take advantage of the services and facilities we provide.

Michael Walker

FOOD FILE

The Biscuit Batch

New Zealand housewives have a reputation abroad for always having their tins full with delicious cookies and cakes. So for the useful training of all you promising housewives and househusbands this week you are presented with your first step in biscuit cooking - KIWI BISCUITS

You will need to have ready for use:
1 heaped tablespoon golden syrup
150 grammes butter

120 grammes sugar
90 " rolled oats
60 " desiccated coconut
120 " plain flour
2 level teaspoons bicarbonate of soda.

Turn oven on to "bake" and set at 170°C (335°F).

Melt together (in medium size pot) over low heat the syrup, butter and sugar. Remove from heat and stir in oats, coconut and flour. Dissolve soda in a bowl in 1 tablespoon hot water and add to rest of ingredients. Leave to cool for a short time.

Grease a couple of cold baking trays and place large teaspoon blobs on trays leaving room between for the biscuits to spread.

Bake in oven for about 20 minutes or until evenly browned (but not burnt!). Remove from oven and leave on trays to harden a few minutes, then cool on wire tray before storing away from hungry flatmates.

Sue

newsbriefs

Campaign Half Million

The people of the State of California recently rejected stricter controls on Nuclear power reactors but this isn't likely to deter the Campaign Half Million organisation. CHM is a petition group which opposes nuclear power reactors, and last week they launched a nation-wide campaign to gather 500,000 signatures.

The Students Association has affiliated itself to the group and the Co-ordinator of the Campaign who has an office on the third floor of the Student Union Building is seeking local student support.

The Rhodesia Campaign

In issue 9 of CRACCUM (26 April), we reprinted a circularized aerogramme received from Rhodesia, the burden of which was that Rhodesia is the world's peace haven. This aerogramme was one of a quarter-million such distributed free for the use of the white population, which totals a similar number. A high-ranking South African general is said to give Rhodesia a minimum of six months and a maximum of two years' survival.

Tenants Protection Training Seminar

People interested in working three hours a fortnight for Tenants Protection Association are invited to attend a Training Seminar to be held at the Citizens Advice Bureau, Queen St. on Saturday 26 June. Programme:

- 10.00 Introduction to tenancy problems.
Betty Wark, President TPA.
- 10.30 Dealing with tenants as people.
Fred Ellis, CAB worker.
- 11.00 TPA: How it works and the Property Law Amendment Act (1975).
Mike Kidd, Secretary.
- 11.30 Housing repair regulations and practical tenancy law.
Keith Langton, City Lawyer.
- 12.30 Services to the Tenant offered by the ACC.
Helen Connor, Community Adviser.
- 1.00 Lunch-Donations for this, please.
- 2.00 Civil Liberties of tenants in New Zealand.
Dr. Bill Hodge, Senior Lecturer in law.
- 2.30 Rent Appeals and Property Law
Charles Johnston, TPA worker.
- 3.00 Conclusion.

Those interested in joining the new roster starting 12 July are obliged to attend this seminar. Phone Gretchen Lawler at 760-960 (Home) or 378-089 (Work)

In Muldoon's Footsteps

Forty-one people applied for the twenty-four places in the New Zealand University Students Association delegation to the Peoples Republic of China. The three selectors included a former President of NZUSA Jim Crichton and the wife of former NZUSA President Dave Cuthbert so not unexpectedly student politicians and former student politicians dominate the list.

The Auckland cadre consists of former Student Travel Bureau Director Nigel Dunlop, Senate Rep Mike Kidd, former Senate Rep Richard Rowe, and Mark Woolford, Anne Winstone, Michael Phillips with Nicola Barney on the reserve list.

Recent visitors to the Peoples Republic have included Doctors, Engineers, and Architects so with the Chinese getting into the travel business it's hoped that more than one New Zealand student delegation will be encouraged to visit the Mainland each year.

Aggett Affair Resolved

Discipline Committee met last week to consider how to deal with the Aggett flour-bombers. Significantly, one was a law student and the other was a science student. Thus neither of them was taught by Dr Aggett who made a recommendation for leniency.

The Committee decided to reprimand the pair and required them to pay Dr Aggett's drycleaning costs and to compensate the University for its cleaning and other costs incurred.

Reiterating its tough line, the attack on Dr Aggett was deplored by Committee members as being not a fitting part of Capping or any other student activity.



It takes the pleasure out of writing a column such as this when Muldoon attacks the NZ Herald for an anti-union meringue. The headline had screamed (28/5/76) "Threat to Put NZ Almost on its Knees". I guess that meant sort of squatting. He couldn't have complained at the coverage of the power workers' dispute in the same issue with lines such as "Cuts Spoil Old Folks Special Day", describing how the dinner was an hour late on the table. Nor with an admitted untrue story "Free Power for Staff" which was corrected the next day with

an unobtrusive "Department Regrets Mistake" in the Herald's smallest headline face on the third page. It simply is not possible to defend this sort of treatment on the grounds of news values when the news of the settlement of the dispute is squeezed into five-sentence segments in a spare corner of the page in both Auckland dailies.

If insular conservatism has some dignity, scurrilousness has none. That surely is the basis of the most recent complaint to the Press Council regarding a Truth cartoon of Nyerere saying "You tell that Muldoon fella Kiwis all gotta have freedom to do as we say". The utter grossness of this, which is not only unkind but untrue, only brought from the Press Council the comment that it was a valid expression although the phrasing was unnecessary.

Truth's sister weekly, the Sunday News, from which we can't expect better, broke the name of a victim of a rape with an interview of her mother on May 2nd. No further excuse was needed for the whole pack to follow. Even the Auckland Star was yelping the name and address through

SHORT STORY COMPETITION

Students' Association is sponsoring a literary competition, offering prize money of \$100. The competition is for a short story of no more than 2000 words, and winning entries will be published in Craccum or the Association's literary magazine. The competition will be judged by a member of the English Department. Entries should be addressed to:

Short Story Competition
Craccum
Auckland University Students' Association
Private Bag
Auckland.

Stories should be typed wide-spaced and on one side of the paper. AUSA reserves the right to publish any entry. Closing date is Friday July 30th.

Food Coop

This year the Food Co-op has proved very successful, and it is now selling honey and cheese as well as vegetables. There is the possibility that the range of goods available could be increased, (flour? sugar? rice?) but this would require a new group of volunteers who could be rostered to cope with the extra tasks. Michael Rose and his people already have more than enough to do and precious little thanks for doing it.

Anyone prepared to do dirt work in support of this venture should leave a note with name and phone number in the Food Co-op dustbin. Food Co-op cannot cope with any extra load unless new people do come forward. Suggestions are also welcome - what new items could be stocked, where they could best be bought, what items give the best discount. How about it?

Presidential Hopefuls

Gee Whizz informer Jason Calder says he's heard of four likely candidates for the AUSA Presidency and all are on the present Exec.

Calder has named incumbent Treasurer Alan Dick as the most likely contender to succeed, but says other candidates may include International Affairs Officer Mike Treen, Administrative Vice President Hugh Cook, and the popular Engineering School Capping Controller Max Collins.

Research Students Eligible for Bursary

NZUSA Education Vice President Mike Shaskey has clarified the position of Masters research students with respect to eligibility for tertiary bursaries. Shaskey says a research student who is eligible for an STB over the 1976 academic year and who was required to work on his or her paper or research over the summer vacation of 1975, is entitled to STB payments from 1 January 1976. However this is conditional upon a course supervisor agreeing that it was necessary to study over the vacation.

Medical School Cafe to be closed?

President Mike Walker has confirmed that the Medical School Cafe will stay open for at least another month but did not comment on whether it would remain open for the rest of the year.

There are moves currently afoot to close the Cafe unless the University takes over the running and administration; but Walker's comments are an indication that the situation is likely to be resolved, probably at Student Union Management Committee.

Theatre Week

TUESDAY JUNE 15th

OLD MAID: 7.30 p.m. Film '76. The Last Picture Show.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 16th

OLD MAID: 8 p.m. Two French plays in French - Moliere's *Les Precieuses Ridicules* and Anouilh's *Antigone*, performed by the Waikato University French Club. LITTLE THEATRE: 1 p.m. Movement Theatre Dance Event - a continuous programme of dance and movement.

FRIDAY JUNE 18th

OLD MAID: 1 p.m. Music Department Lunchtime Concert.

SATURDAY JUNE 19th

OLD MAID: 2-5 p.m. Master Classes by Charles Rosen with works by Beethoven and Liszt. Students - \$5. LITTLE THEATRE: 8 p.m. Opening Night of Theatre Workshop's production of David Cregan's *Land of the Palms*, produced by Gareth Jones of Radio NZ - also playing Monday 21st and Tuesday 22nd.

SUNDAY JUNE 20th

OLD MAID: 9.30 a.m. - 12.30 p.m. Charles Rosen's Master Classes, with works by Mozart, Schumann and Messiaen. 2 p.m. - 6 p.m. Contemporary Film Society.

the city. And there is a tip in every issue: the *NZ Herald* (26/5/76) headlined: "Girl Hated Every Minute of Gang Rape" who would have thought it!

The answer probably is the people who aren't supposed to think at all. Those are the ladies who appear later in the same issue attending a seminar under the head "Step Beyond Household Budget". This was planned by an attractive young American (guess what sex the American was). The story goes on to tell us that "the impact of strange terminology had one or two a little glassy-eyed by the end of the day". Not to worry, dears, at least you kept your glamour. Then there was the believe it or not story, about the lady duck shooter, headed "No Glamour Sport But It's Fun and Helps Fill the Deep Freeze". Glamour is the media index for the judgement of women. Ladies can learn to keep their glamour in the *Auckland Star's* Tuesday food section - "Of Cabbages and Things", "At Home with the Children", "Foodline", "New for the Kitchen". On other days the women's page is called "Neighbourhood" - the geography where ladies should stay. The

NZ Herald is more anthropological - it calls its women's page "Women's World". All of this is more liberal than the magazine of the Townswomen's Guild (see it some time) but not much.

It's good to see some criminological liberalism in the papers. The *Herald's* report of the trial of Fletcher-Mainline for leaving a hazard so a man fell twelve feet to crack his head on a concrete floor, was headed "Fall Costs \$200". That's it - no unnecessary emphasis on guilt or reparation. Why don't working youths get the same?

But the boot is in for the lower orders. Note how the *NZ Herald's* feed to the Press Association "An armed gang was holding the occupants of a house at gunpoint" was re-edited in the *Christchurch Press* to read, "A gang of armed Polynesians was holding the occupants..." It puts another shiver in those southern spines. And note the surly headline in the *Herald* after an anti-apartheid demonstration: "Placards and Banners - No Violence" Who's next?

TYCHE

BLACKBOARD GRAFFITI

Abraham Ordia's rapid retreat back to what many New Zealanders still regard as the Dark Continent last week provides a sobering reflection of where the country is at in terms of race relations with people other than brown-skinned Maoris and Polynesians. To comfortable middle New Zealand (if there is such a location), black Africans must be as remote in daily experience as Polynesian immigrants snatching housing and accommodation from more deserving whites, or communist trade unionists continually holding the country to ransom. Luckily everybody's heard about them, or read about them in papers like *Truth* which give the only true facts about race problems in New Zealand and combats the malicious slanders perpetrated by Radio and Television on South Africa and Rhodesia.

Fortunately there do seem to be real New Zealanders with the right ideas about "our black brothers". Like the Christian who takes a balanced view of South Africa: "If we try and oppose this system," so his argument goes, "at the expense of free contact between this country and South Africa then we ourselves are setting up a form of apartheid as well. In an island nation where we have no boundaries that we can simply walk across this would be a grave erosion of freedom to travel." And those with catholic tastes can agree with our white brother more easily than with one National Party person who asked why we couldn't recognise Rhodesia.

But then there's always a dissident minority. Like that commonly-labelled stirrer Syd Jackson from the subversive group Nga Tamatoa (informed sources within the SIS suggest the group is funded by Moscow and trained in North Korea) who had the cheek to tell Ordia on TV2's Friday Conference that the picture he should take back to Nigeria of New Zealand society was of a racist white majority oppressing a brown minority. Or that other migrant to New Zealand, Commonwealth Games Gold Medallist Precious McKenzie, who has said that he could voice opinions on apartheid quite freely in Britain but that in New Zealand he has been afraid to speak out.

Of course, it's always difficult to get the true facts about sporting activities in countries that are as remote as the Black African countries - more difficult than covering the FA Cup Final or a Bobby Fischer match in Greenland - so it must be a relief for media people like Gordon Dryden to discover they have got their sports facts on South Africa for the Ordia programmes from the South African Consulate via the good offices of New Zealand's Ministry of Recreation and Sport. This is the type of information exchange that most "fair-minded" New Zealanders agree with, rather than the dark and subversive rantings of CARE's Tom Newnham to the United Nations, which according to information from usually reliable sources is dominated by Black African countries.

What is most significant from all of the discussion is that no one counts the cost of all these minority attitudes and opinions on the overseas image of New Zealand. Most right-thinking people agree that New Zealand's multi-racial image is important if the country is to provide a fine example for those whites in South Africa to live up to. Some commentators have even suggested that South African and New Zealand societies have grown closer towards each other over the past decade, since Maoris have been included in the All Blacks!

So the perennial question: what is to be done? The inherent contradictions of New Zealand society must inevitably be strained over the next few years. Relationships with and responsibilities to Black Africans are as remote now to people in Godzone as our relationships with Polynesian migrants ten years ago and with rural Maoris migrating to the cities twenty years ago. In developing acceptable attitudes to these two groups, white New Zealand has avoided the worst excesses of racial violence that plagued the US in the late sixties. The painful process of building bridges with all Africans, white and black may blow the dust off a few lingering skeletons in the local cupboard and to provide some pointers as to how to achieve lasting racial harmony.

Fraser Folster

CRACCUM

14 June 1976

Auckland University Student Paper

Vol. 50 No.13

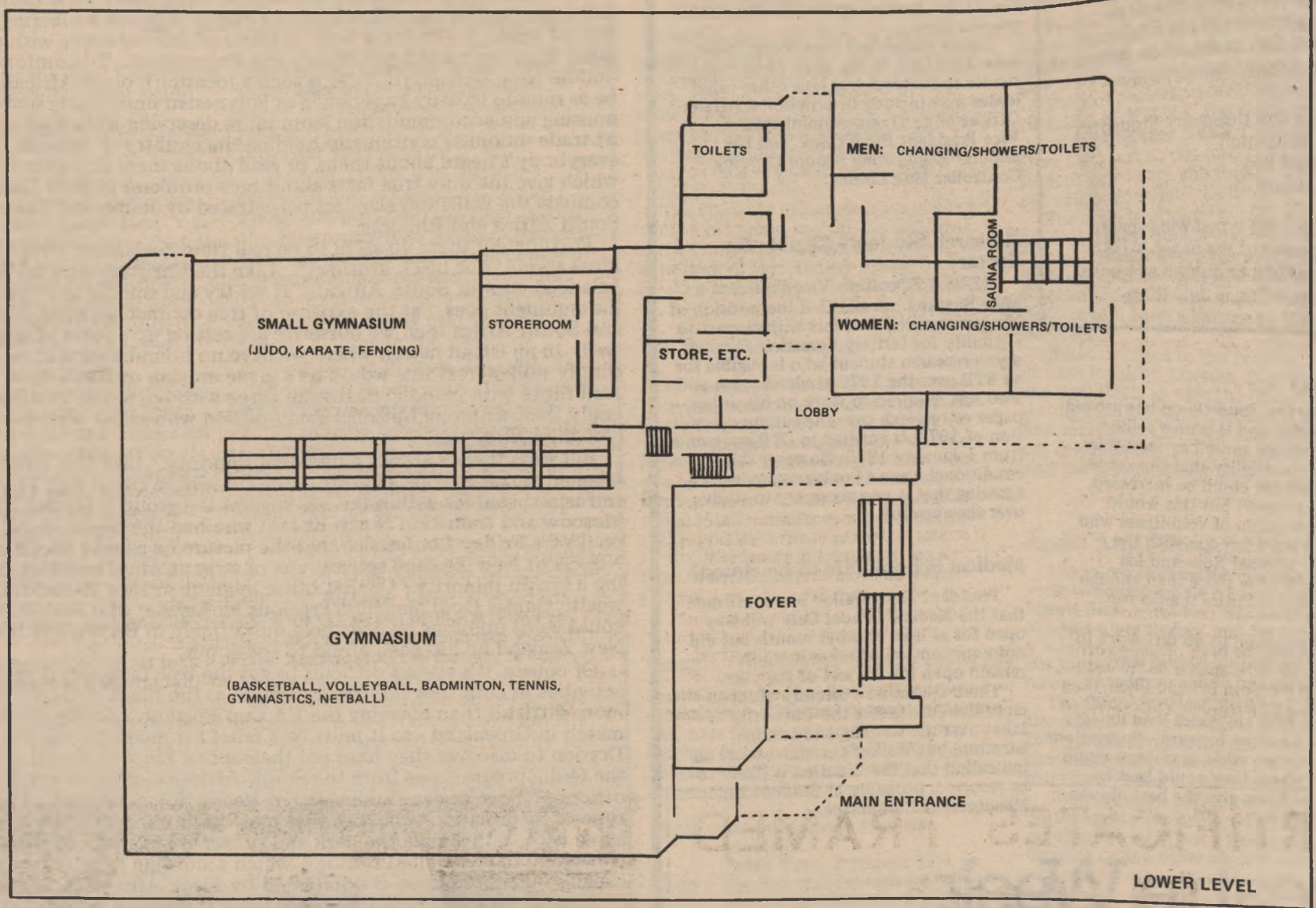
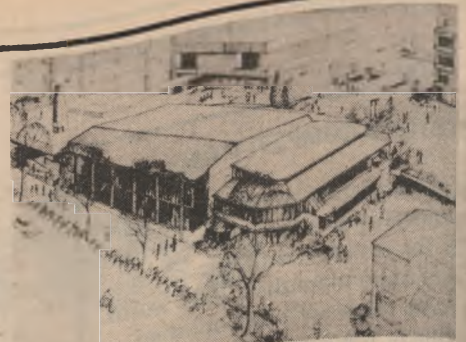
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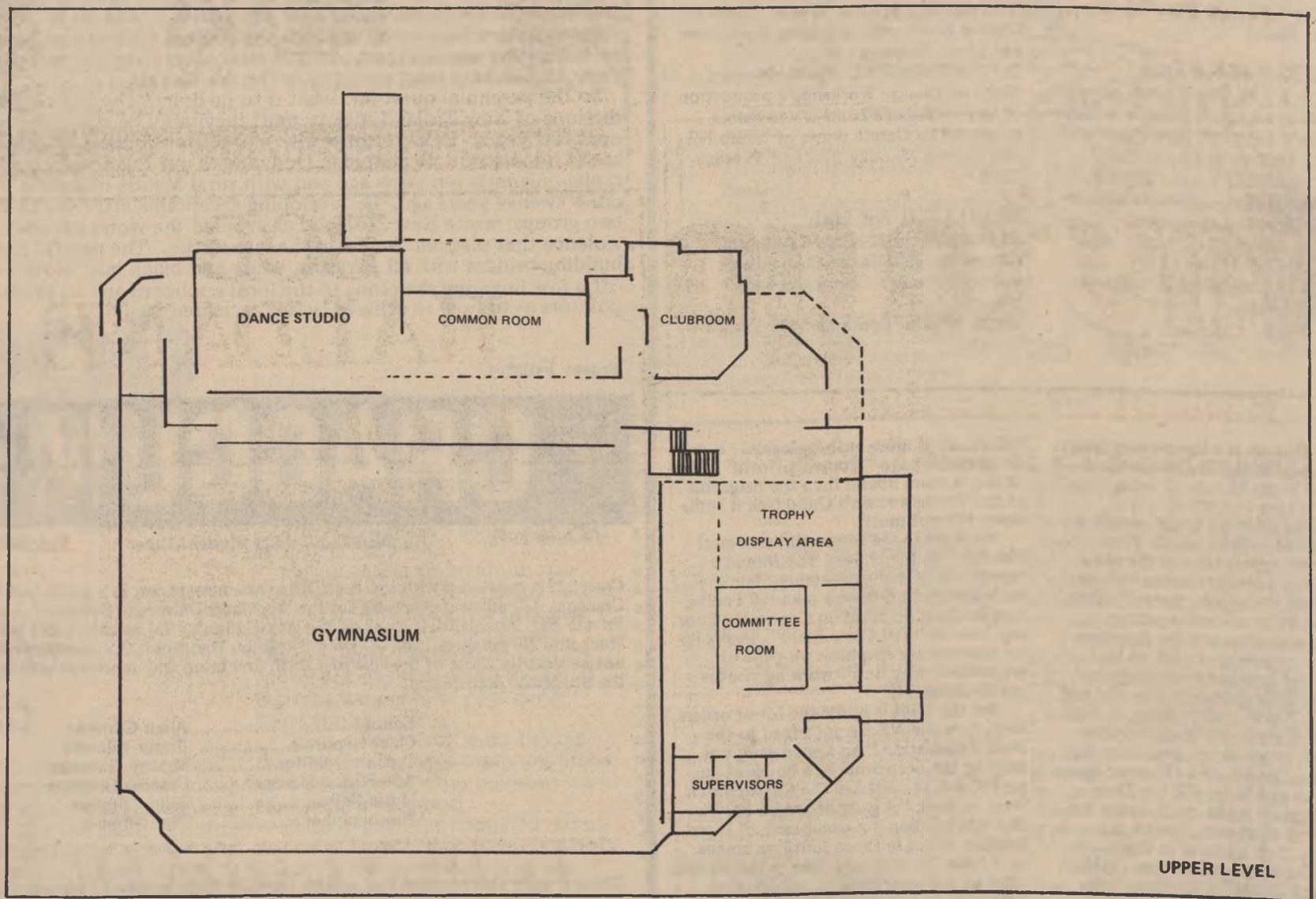
Given a week shortened at one end by Queen's Birthday and at the other by a change in NAC flights to our printers in Wanganui, the appearance of this week's CRACCUM was not necessarily to be expected. We acknowledge however with due reverence the following People's Heroes: Barbara, Lorraine and Margaret for typesetting; Kennedy for proofing; Judy Johnson for that brilliant cover graphic; Louise and Julie and Jill for their reporting; Julian for littering the Quad with it; Sue Jordan Bell and Jean-Baptiste Piggan for their articles.

GYM

It's hard to miss the gaunt new framework squatting like a whale next to the Chemistry Building on Symonds Street. The University Gymnasium, soon to be named the Kenneth Maidment Memorial Gymnasium according to rumour, has been erected without the flourish that has accompanied the Old Maid's construction, but completion of the Gym is likely to contribute far more to student life on campus than the University-monopolised theatre. CRACCUM presents the first in a series of sports features on the Gymnasium and Tamaki Sports Development.

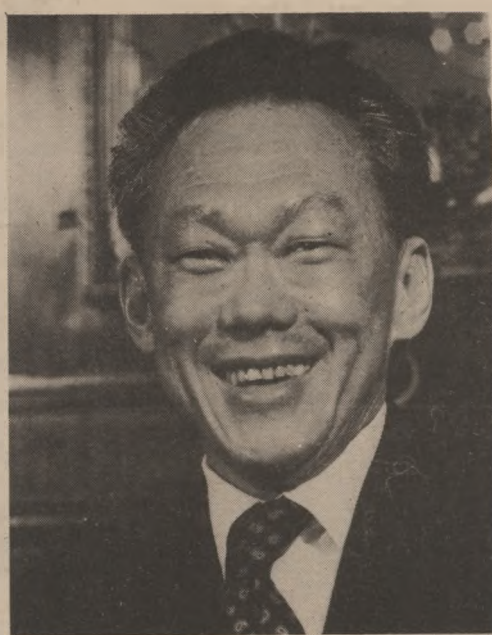


Symonds St. is at the bottom of the plan. This level of the complex is the street level. The facilities marked out are self-explanatory



Looming across the concrete wasteland that lies between the Physics-Maths complex and the Studass Buildings will be a small area for relaxation, comprising a dancing area and common room. The western and southern sides of the main Gym opening will comprise a spectator's gallery.

who's got reds under their beds



Lee Kuan Yew

On May 28th a Singapore Ballerina Goh Lay Kuan appeared on television in that country and revealed to the world the existence of the great "Sydney Connection". Seemingly this link exists between the Communist parties in Singapore and the Singapore Students' Association. Goh named three people living in Australia as ringleaders - two doctors and an electronics engineer.

The evidence given by Goh must, however, be viewed with some degree of scepticism since she has been under arrest since March 15th, and gained her release from prison on the basis of her sworn statement. Because such a disavowal is a passport to freedom for detainees, their evidence must be suspect. Goh revealed

on television the existence of a secret Sydney branch of the Communist party, which under the oppressive regime of Lee Kuan Yew is outlawed. The Sydney branch is used to gather funds from all over Australia and to recruit and indoctrinate Singaporeans and Malaysians - most of them students or professional people.

Reaction from the Australian Union of Students on the affair has sharp and critical. The Overseas Student Service Director Mr Krishnan accused Lee Kuan Yew of desperately trying to regain lost prestige, describing the red-under-the-bed scare as well-trying but somewhat tired. The Secret Police in Singapore revealed recently that they had in their possession Communist plans to launch "a new phase

of subversion and terrorism" in Singapore.

The story behind these recent disclosures in Singapore is strange to say the least. Until its resignation a short while ago, Lee Kuan Yew's party (the Peoples Action Party) was a member of the Socialist International (the world organisation of Labour Parties). But discontent with the actions of Singapore has grown over the past years following the ruthless, anti-democratic "crush all dissidents-smear all opponents" tactics of Lee Kuan Yew. When this disclosure was released there were moves afoot to throw Singapore out of the Socialist International and Lee needed some sort of alternative news to cover up the impending expulsion. In the event Singapore resigned before it could be expelled.

Another interesting side to the story is that the disclosures are seen as an attempt to discredit Singapore and Malaysia students in Australia some of whom have been outspoken about the injustices and lack of freedom in their own countries. In doing so they have won considerable support from the Australian public, which has apparently been unnerving for the Lee regime. Lee is obviously hoping to intimidate the overseas students into remaining quiet about what is occurring in their home country.

The allegation of "Communist activities" in Sydney is an effort to manipulate public opinion against overseas students in Australia. The days of Reds under the Beds has long since passed in Australia. But I can see dangerous parallels occurring here with Muldoon waving the bogey of Soviet Warships under our noses. It will be interesting to see if Defence spending in the NZ Budget will increase at the cost of Education and Health.

Dave Merritt.

Singapore resigns from Socialist International.

Singapore's governing People's Action Party has resigned from the 56-party Socialist International. The Secretary-General of the organization, Mr Hans Janitschek, said the party had resigned because allegations of violations of human rights and civil liberties made against the Singapore Government by the Dutch Labour Party were not withdrawn. At the start of a meeting of the Socialist International executive bureau he had been handed a letter from Singapore Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew warning that the party would resign if the allegations stood. The Dutch did not withdraw their charges.

At the meeting of the 18-member bureau, the Dutch party was to propose a resolution calling for Singapore's expulsion because of alleged violations of human rights and detention of some 50 political prisoners without trial. The Dutch Labour Party sent Mr Janitschek's Secretariat a 25-page memorandum complaining about alleged press censorship, violation of human rights and detention of political prisoners in Singapore.

Auckland Star

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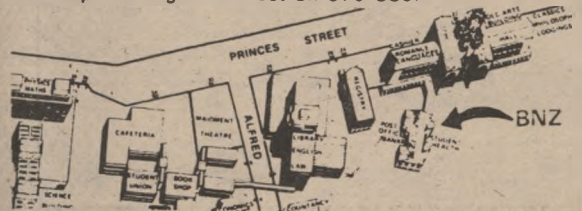
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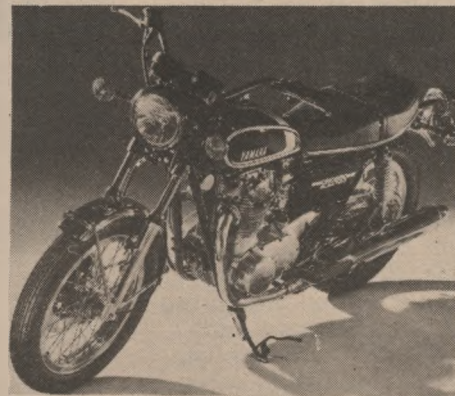
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TWIZEL

Twizel was my first job after graduating. The company drove me up from Dunedin through that incredible bleak monotony known as the McKenzie Country. We drove past the Ohau ski-field and on the other side the driver showed me where twelve power pylons had been blown over in the wind. The winds were very strong up here, he said. I had no reason to doubt him.

We were fifty miles from Mount Cook when he pulled in to a small seedy hotel. Behind it were some long sheds and a lot of small huts like dog-boxes. It was ugly and depressing, probably a camp for road-menders or something. I wanted to get on to Twizel.

The driver bought two beers and when I asked him why we had stopped he said: 'Whaddya mean? This is it mate. This is Twizel.' I was thunderstruck. I didn't want to believe what he had said and asked him to repeat it. He did.

I spent seven months at Twizel and the dismal ugliness of the place never left me. I met housewives who had cried for days on end when they first arrived; a geologist from Edinburgh University and a young surveyor from England couldn't believe that such a place existed.

But there were many workers who took no exception to the place at all. They had followed the camps for years and knew no other way of life. Some had even been born in the camps. Before Twizel it was Otematata, now a ghost town forty miles down the road built for the Benmore dam; after Twizel it will be the Clutha scheme. They will pick up all the houses and dog-boxes in Twizel and trundle them through the Lindis Pass to Cromwell. It is never-ending. And before Twizel there was Manapouri. Six hundred men driving a tailrace in the most remote, inhospitable and God-forsaken part of New Zealand, living together on a ship tied up in the cove. That beat the housing problem all right.

Accommodation has always been a headache, but sometimes they try hard. Twizel and Otematata are modified versions of a basic Swedish design first tried at Mangakino. Twizel

is a large circuit with branching loops and cul-de-sacs on both sides without a four-way intersection anywhere. The houses are all the one basic design, popped out like sausages, but they tack on extra bedrooms for all the children you might have. And in 1975 the workers paid only \$3.50 a week rent. All houses are well insulated against the cold and the plumbing is buried at least three feet underground to avoid freezing.

When the thermometer sank to -15°C it was winter. There might be six inches of snow on the ground, and when you went to work in the morning you would have to heat the padlocks

with a match to get the keys in. You lit wood-fired braziers around the site to thaw your hands every fifteen minutes, and you ran the diesels overnight so they would work the next day. One man's shirts froze solid when he hung them in his garage to dry.

Then when the hoar frosts came the sun disappeared for several days and sometimes you couldn't see a hundred yards. It covered everything in a fine white blanket of long crystals - all the fences, every tree, every blade of grass and the power lines overhead, which grew to ten times their original size until I thought the weight would surely break them. When the sun



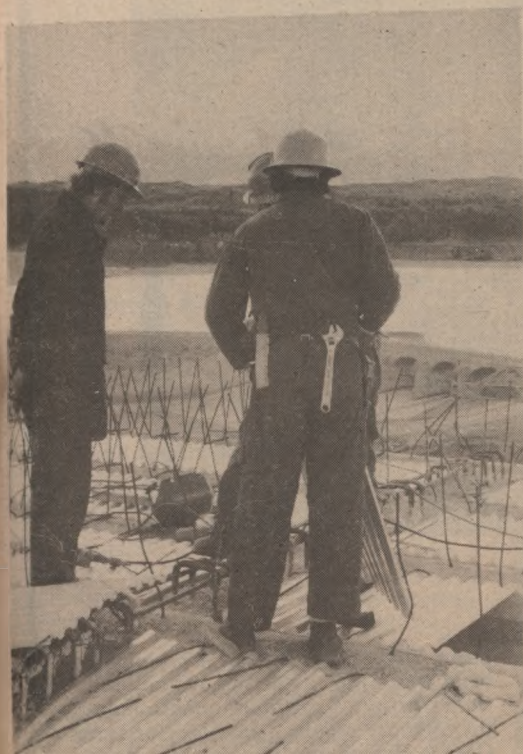
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comes out it is the most beautiful sight you could see, but it's not in the tourist brochures because it only happens about once a year.

Why stay in such a miserable place? You can call it gold-digging, because Twizel would have one of the highest incomes per capita in the country. It attracts many students in the summertime - mostly the earthy types such as engineers, agricultural science and law students. They are given work shovelling clay or cleaning



up and are paid \$90 to \$100 a week after tax. Carpenters were taking home \$100 to \$140 a week and there were a few mechanics and electricians on around \$200 a week.

But it's not how much you make, it's how much you don't spend. With good Scottish habits you can squirrel away about \$500 a month. Though there are those who prefer to enjoy their money while they can, convinced that New Zealand currency is devaluing to extinction. This is seen in the abundance of pot-bellies in the Twizel Inn and the workers sitting at home who can see the crimson cheeks of Mr. Muldoon on their colour television sets.

There is plenty of time to kill, so there are clubs for everything - shooting, flying, squash or macrame knitting; square-dancing with the Twizel Tussock Jumpers or drinking in the RSA, the Combined Servicemen's Club or the tenth hole of Twizel's prestige nine-hole golf course.

And, according to a well-known weekly newspaper that owes its existence to such rumours, there is also gambling, adultery and wife-swapping. Twizel has earned itself a certain notoriety over these activities, owing to the presence of a 700-strong army of single men and about 2000 bored house-wives, the husbands of many of them working night-shift.

To find out the true story, apart from what the newspaper said, you ask police chief Sergeant Cleland, a dashing figure with blond hair and a magnificent handlebar moustache. 'Sex is a problem that's so exaggerated it's ludicrous,' he said. 'We're all brassed off here because everybody outside the town knows about it and we're missing out.' He's also known for his sense of humour.

For a single man, Twizel is not much fun. It breeds frustration, gambling and drinking, although a few manage to escape it through playing music or reading the pages in *Playboy* that nobody else pays for. In the weekends, it's a hundred miles to the nearest civilization where you can kick your heels up, or two hundred miles to Christchurch.

Construction camps attract all kinds of men. Most were New Zealanders, but there were men from all over the world, with many from England, Scotland and the Netherlands. One tall Englishman, with an unmistakable upper-class

English accent, was in Twizel because it was about as far from home as he could get. His father, a neurosurgeon in Harley Street, London, had given him the best public-school education that money could buy. The son chose the alternative and now operates a mechanical shovel.

Sogo Yasuhara had been hitch-hiking around the world for eleven years; he had dropped in to work as a chainman for a few months during the winter, but he described his real occupation as Japanese philanthropist. His talents with a guitar and mouth organ combination were far superior to those as a chainman even if he did play Dylan, and there were many nights when five or six men crammed into his tiny one-man hut with a few guitars. There was nothing else to do.

But the long hours, the isolation and the frustrations of life in the Single Men's Camp are ideal breeding grounds for trouble. There were three strikes on my job, all about the food we were served for lunch, brought to the site every day in large pots, a seven-mile trip from town.

One day we were having lunch in the staff room when the union delegate appeared carrying a bowl of mince from one of the workmen's lunch sheds. He seemed to be very excited about something. A used band-aid was perched on top like the cherry on a cake, and full of outrage and righteous indignation, he declared that the kitchen couldn't serve them this sort of thing and the men would vote for a strike that afternoon.

Well we all knew it had been put there but of course no one could prove it and it was very hard to look serious, but the Project Manager was furious. After all a strike was a very grave matter. It cost the company over \$1000 a day. He was very diplomatic about it and I admired him for his enormous restraint but it couldn't be stopped. They went out for three days. But there were many grievances which were settled before it was necessary for strike action.

For the family man, Twizel offers a quiet, peaceful way of life well away from the madding crowd, a tight-knit society with strong community spirit and an excellent place to save for a new house in the city. Many young couples get over their initiation blues and even prefer to live there, which to an outsider is totally incomprehensible. It's the single man who misses out.

Stephen Rosenthal

The author is a civil engineering graduate of Melbourne University. He writes some personal impressions of Twizel, a Ministry of Works construction town built in 1969 for the Upper Waitaki hydro-electricity development.



Arts

Lunchtime Theatre

The New Independent Theatre's Lunchtime Theatre production for the new term is Ionesco's *The Lesson*. It appears to be specifically aimed at those amongst us studying French literature or alternatively interested in the Theatre of the Absurd. *The Lesson* is directed by Sheila Summers who is experienced in stage, radio and television drama, and stars Tony Forster, as the Professor, Caroline Stilwell, as his pupil and Nell Weatherley as the housekeeper. With such a short play, a frantic plot and completely unrealistic dialogue, it is difficult to judge the acting, which is highly stylized. Tony Forster, in particular, catches the absurdist elements well. After her initial over-enthusiasm, which tended to grate, Caroline Stilwell settled well into the artificial style necessary. *The Lesson's* plot is quite unpredictable, but enjoyable in its absurdity, and the New Independent has handled this rather difficult piece admirably.

The Lunchtime Theatre productions are every Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 1.10pm, and *The Lesson* concludes its season on Friday, June 18th. The next production is a dramatization of Oscar Wilde's short-story *Lord Arthur Saville's Crime*. It is directed and adapted by Lois Painter and is intended to complement the New Independent evening performance, *An Ideal Husband*, also by Wilde. In the first half of July, John Curry will direct a one-act play he has written; in the second half of that month, *Lunchtime Concert* by Olwyn Wymark (wife of the actor, Richard Wymark), will be directed by Ken Porter.

New Independent, mainly because of their location, are aiming toward a student audience. At 75 cents a ticket with soup and toast thrown in, Lunchtime Theatre is obviously not a profit-making venture, but is an opportunity for "people to practise their craft, whether it be acting, writing, directing or whatever." A great many students are involved in their productions and an estimated 60% of the Lunchtime Theatre audience are drawn from the university. Their choice of material reflects their desire to attract students and also to act as a starting point for many inexperienced but enthusiastic playwrights and actors.

Louise Chunn

Benson & Hedges Art Award 1976

Once every two years, the Benson & Hedges Cigarette Company offers a lolly scramble of \$3000 to the painters of New Zealand as its biennial tax-deductible contribution to culture. There is only one prize, and choosing a winner must be like deciding a winner for a race where all the runners start at different times and run different distances in different directions. Nevertheless, because it is the biggest prize money offered of all the Art contests held throughout New Zealand, the show generates a certain aura, and invites entries from most of the heavies of the local painting scene, as well as a host of unknowns.

The 29 successful finalists out of a field of 270-odd were selected by Daniel Thomas, the curator of the Gallery of New South Wales. Because the Australian Art Scene is so different from its New Zealand counterpart, it is a pity that a local judge was not appointed, especially since this, more than any other exhibition, conveys to the general public a cross-section of the supposed "avant-garde" of New Zealand painting. It will tour eleven galleries and is expected to be viewed by over 100,000 people.

Richard Killeen took the prize with a grid-like, all-over-emphasis painting titled *Frog Shooter*. It is distinctly influenced by international rather than local trends in its use of hard-edge uniform flat shapes repeated without variation over the

entire surface. Much the same as machine-printed fabric designs, with no focal point to draw the eye. In contrast, Ralph Hotere's *Song Cycle* and Selwyn Muri's *Resurrection of Te Whiti over Taranaki* are more the product of home-grown themes and legends.

To its credit the exhibition is varied enough to be interesting to the layman as well as the art fanatic, from the representational *Another City* by Peter Siddell to abstract expressionism by such old time favourites as Pat Hanly and Gretchen Albrecht. There is a sprinkling of new blood as well with Mark Hough, an Elam grad of last year, with his three yard long painting, mostly of water, titled *A Closer Look at Hawke's Bay*. There are also the odd unusual innovations such as one painting that is presented rolled up, another which resembles a piece of furniture more than a painting, with hinged windows, handles, the lot.

Ultimately though, for all its support to the visual arts and its public success, one is never allowed to forget that the whole travelling show is a benevolent gesture by a large corporation. This was rudely brought home to me on opening night when amidst the highbrow conversation and glasses of plonk, a Benson & Hedges hostess circulated through the crowd offering free samples of her company's products. Somehow art and cigarettes seem incompatible, especially to me, a non-smoker.

George Baloghy



Stephen Sondheim A Little Night Music Mercury Theatre

Amongst the champagne-induced choking and the munching of Swedish delicacies at the Opening Night of the Mercury's production of *A Little Night Music*, a woman was heard to say: "1975 must have been a bad year for musicals!" (*Night Music* won the Musical-of-the-Year Award in 1975) Possibly true... but is a musical always a musical even when it is labelled "adult" material? *Night Music* certainly has its risqué moments, some good music, and very competent acting and singing. But bear in mind it is a musical and if the unreality of harmonizing and waltzing through everyday life is abhorrent or absurd to you, it may be best to give it a miss.

A Little Night Music is set in Scandinavia, in about 1910, and is concerned with Desiree Armfeldt, an actress, and her past and present lovers. There are elements of Restoration Comedy with wives, mothers, daughters and even a dragoon involved in plots and counter-

plots. The story-line itself is perhaps a little weak, but the acting overcomes this. Worthy of particular mention are the Mercury regulars, Jan Bashford and George Henare, and also Beverly Bergen, an opera singer of international reknown.

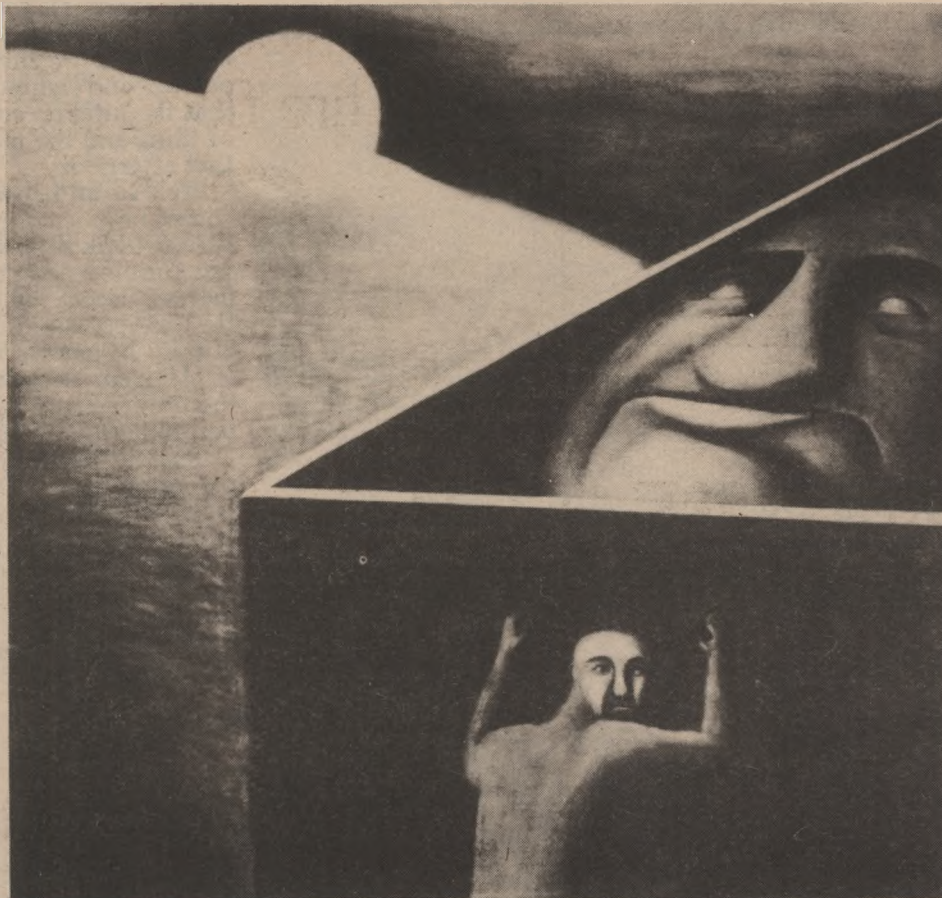
Musically, *Night Music* is at times weak, with unnecessary repetition; there are some songs that were so schmaltzy they would perhaps have been better omitted. Stephen Sondheim, who wrote the music and lyrics, has evolved the score around the waltz, and some of the most effective numbers are those sung in a round. Most are musically and lyrically intricate and, except for "Send in the Clowns", are not singing-in-the-bath material.

On the whole, *Night Music* is a pleasant way of spending an evening. It is not an "intellectual" experience, but nor is it overly-flippant and meaningless. And we all need a little light entertainment now and again.

Louise Chunn



Ian McIndoe: 'Eve'



Anthony Fomison: 'Let each decide, yes let each decide'

Bertolt Brecht The Mother Theatre Corporate

It would be very easy to be scathing about Theatre Corporate's Studio production of the Brecht polemic *The Mother*. With a heavy lashing of musical-hall popular music of the twenties and thirties it comes perilously close to being mistaken for a rewrite of *Fiddler on the Roof* by a workers' collective.

That it carries some conviction, despite the weaknesses in some of the casting, is largely due to the efforts of Ellen Freeman in the title role. As Pelagea, she overcame an initial tendency to be sucked into playing her part as a stage Jewish Mother of the dimensions of Sophy Portnoy. Instead she managed to make the most of the incongruities and deliberate banalities of Brecht's style to play up the comic possibilities.

This is not to say that the play became farce, but it certainly retained some of its vehemence by the use of humour. That it had any impact at all is miraculous when its setting among a well-heeled opening night audience is contrasted with its content of revolutionary dogma. Brecht may be spinning in his grave to see the assimilation of his anger into middle-class liberalism, but at least someone is still expressing it.

Frank Stark

Photos by George Baloghy



R.S.P. Smith

THE LAND OF THE PALMS

"O God of Battles, strengthen your soldier's heart. We are driven by You and we are driven for You, grant us this request. How can we put our foot on the anthill if we don't believe another foot hangs over us in the sky?"

In the far reaches of the Bedouin desert one of those little wars which never reach the newspapers takes place. Here the malicious Imperial forces of the last remaining brigade of English Foreign Legionnaires attempts to quell a peace loving native population in a war as horrible as Viet Nam. Well, perhaps not quite as horrible as Viet Nam but fairly horrible anyway. Well, perhaps not actually horrible at all but bad. Well, fairly bad. A war that David Exel might have described as "that little war's little war, that new concern of the trendy, the left wing, the Young Nats, the mother of ten. That war which has come to symbolize all that is ailing in our tempestuous world. Those grim events of sex and violence"

except he wasn't allowed to.

Now *The Land of the Palms* offers you the chance to see and judge for yourself, having been specially transported, after weeks of preparation to the Maidment Little Theatre. Battle commences at 8.15 pm Saturday 19 June and continues at twenty four hourly intervals (except Sunday) until 26 June. Prices, probably CIA subsidised, are very reasonable at \$2.00 grownups and \$1.50 students. Seats are few so don't leave it too long. Bookings at Students' Association Office.

The Land of the Palms is written by David Cregan; directed by Gareth Jones; designed by Ray Waru. A Theatre Workshop Production.

Movement Theatre

Movement Theatre is a small semi-professional company of dancers based at Auckland University. Two weeks ago they presented the first of several lunchtime *Dance Events* in the Little Theatre, and it was arguably the best performance yet seen in either of the theatres in the new Arts Centre.

Using scissors to fight their way out of a Bedouin tent made of newspaper, the company moves through a series of intriguingly-titled pieces - *Lunch Chairs*, *Mosaic*, *Square Dance*. Props are limited to a roll of marking tape and an amazingly assorted group of chairs. Lighting is minimal, a sound-track non-existent. But the effect overall is to create a sense of the potential of contemporary dance to create eminently enjoyable theatre. Movement Theatre's creative work is improving apace, and they are well worth seeing.

Your next opportunity is this Wednesday (16th) at 1 pm in the Little Theatre. This programme will be a completely new one.

FILM

Hal Ashby
Shampoo
Odeon Theatre

Warren Beatty (producer, co-writer, star, etc etc) and Director Hal Ashby have made an historical film. And they don't let you forget it. After stating at the start of *Shampoo* that it is set in November '68 - the eve of the elections - they then bombard you with reminders - denims, short hair, Nixon & Agnew, Agnew & Nixon, Nixon on TV, Agnew smiling (a very bad case of rigor mortis was one doctor's opinion), and the gruesome twosome talking. (This clown act comes close to getting as much footage as Beatty himself.) And to make doubly sure snatches of songs by the Beatles, the Beach Boys, and Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass drift from expansive stereos and expensive car radios. Michelle Phillips (ex-Mamas & Papas) even has a walk-on bit part.

The '68 elections were perhaps used as a vehicle for this Hollywood love story because they have been about the only major American political happening in the last 15 years that hasn't been the subject of a congressional investigation, and also because Richard Millstone Nixon appears to have won then without using a brigade of CIA graduates and other criminals. Life was freer and easier in those halcyon days - or so Ashby and Beatty would have us believe - and smoking dope, another small element in the film, was very avant-garde yet not too common amongst the idle rich.

Laszlo Kovacs' photography gives us excellent shots of Sunset Strip, Bel Air, and Benedict Canyon, the refuge of the beautiful (rich) people. Their gilded cages are put on show for all us less-privileged types to marvel at, and to provide a shining example for us to cherish as we go to work each week. However the moral of *Shampoo* seems to be that the people of Hollywood are almost amoral. George (Warren Beatty of course) is a

Hollywood hairdresser who wants to run his own salon. Girlfriend Jill (Goldie Hawn) is a very good friend - no, not that way - of George's old flame Jackie (Julie Christie) who is being 'kept' by Lester (Jack Warden), the high-class loan shark, whose wife (Lee Grant) and daughter (Carrie Fisher) manage both to take a tumble with George. (It's all very complicated). Anyway George needs MONEY, and who better to provide it than the cuckolded Lester?

Beatty never so much as touches a drop of *Shampoo*, and in most scenes his hair looks as though the blow-waver went wild. This may be because he spends more time on his Triumph than he does on his ladies or his job. Beatty seems to be playing Beatty, but if Olivier had his looks, he wouldn't need to try hard either. Goldie Hawn drops her mantle as Queen of the US comedienettes to turn out a fine performance as Jill, the jilted lover, and although warden did what he could for the part of Lester, *Shampoo* isn't Shakespeare.

I must give Godzone's censor, Mr. McIntosh, special mention in this column because he seems to have been overlooked in the credits. He has changed *Shampoo* from what a Sydney friend described as "a pretty raunchy film" into a story of a Los Angeles love tangle that could safely be printed in the "NZ Women's Weekly". You shall no doubt be guaranteed a front-row seat in the box-office-in-the-sky for saving our children from moral corruption, Mr McIntosh. However *Shampoo* (NZ style) does make a very nice little love story-cum-comedy.

Writers Robert Towne (of *Chinatown*) and Beatty hasten to add at the finish that all the characters are fictitious, and so forth, but this viewer wishes that they had made the two "candidates" more realistic. The inane carryings-on of these two with the odd names - Nixon and Agnew - made the film a pain to watch at times. Besides, a shyster Wall St lawyer with a funny nose and a crooked Greek for his running-mate would never be elected President of the United States, especially with such a meaningless slogan as 'Law and Order'. It wouldn't happen anywhere.

Chris James

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MUSIC

records

Rockinghorse
Grand Affaire
HSO 1044
Supplied by E.M.I.

There's definitely something wrong with this record. The problems extend beyond Rockinghorse's habit of writing songs about the joys of listening to funky, feel good rock 'n roll bands, even though this incestuous self celebration rapidly becomes pretty wearing. Sure, their songs are not brilliant, but on stage they are probably N.Z.'s finest band; there they show that they have an extremely fine rhythm section in Keith Norris and Clinton Brown and a truly innovative and distinctive guitarist in Kevin Bayley. Together with impressive vocal strength. However on this their second album, the promise shown on their uneven first record is not fulfilled.

The sound is flaccid and over-production has robbed it of its distinctively strong rhythmic approach. A song like Kevin Bayley's *Oh, Marimba Go* is less effective here than in performance as its appeal is dulled by the sheer weight of instrumentation that has been used. Similarly, double tracking of the voices has robbed the singing of character and substituted technical perfection at the expense of feeling. In short, the record lacks any crispness or sense of dynamics and continually disappoints me in that it does little justice to a fine band which, at the moment, must be seen live if they are to be appreciated at their best.

Alastair Dougal

Run with the Pack
Bad Company
Island
Supplied by Festival.

While Lee was putting on the tea, I put "Young Blood", off Bad Company's new album, on the turntable. The old Leiber/Stoller/Pomus song had a very interesting effect. Lee, in the kitchen, started bopping to the music, Frankie in the sunporch stopped reading his Dostoevsky, and I was dancing around the room, like my pelvis had nowhere else to go.

To me it brings to mind the necessity for music that not only moves our minds, but moves our bodies, from navel down. Bad Company is guttural music. This album has a pure pelvis pushing power which I really like. It has two musical speeds: ballad and rocker.

Paul Rodgers is one of the voices of rock music, powerful, ebullient, ear-catching. Mick Ralphs won't win this year's I'm-Greater-Than-Eric-Clapton award, but he sure as hell is efficient. Boz Burrell, on fretless bass and Simon Kirke, drums, are together, one of the tightest rhythm sections I've heard. No wonder they're slaying the audiences on their American tour.

Rock journalists were more concerned with the formation of a new "super" group when Bad Company appeared. An amalgamation of Rodger and Kirke from Free, Burrell from King Crimson, and Mick Ralphs from Molt the Hoople, the band got enough exposure to have both their first single and first album, simultaneously number one on the United States' charts, a feat rare for anyone except Elton John. I felt their early success was a little unjustified. On this album, Bad Company fulfills its early promise with rock to spare.

As expected, the great songs are the

rockers. Ralph's "Live for the Music", "Silver, Blue, and Gold," and his guess-the-Stones-riff song "Sweet Lil'Sister" and Rodgers complements these with some of his best songs since Free, "Fade Away" and the beautiful title track "Run with the Pack", gentling turning tingling Rodgers' piano into powerful guitar crescendos, and a delectable string coda to complete it.

John Kovacevich



Al Green
Full of Fire
Supplied by EMI

The title track makes it clear, 23 times, that Green can dance. This album also shows he can write songs, produce and sing. Green can face recording commitments with his own material unlike most of soul's great voices - Wilson Pickett, Ben E. King, Percy Sledge and Aretha Franklin. Green writes with members of the Hi Records band or producer Willie Mitchell. One of the best tracks, *That's the way love is*, Green wrote alone.

Willie Mitchell's Memphis Sound features a strong rhythm section, good keyboards, chorusing brass, no flashy guitars, and strings only where they count. Everybody and everything is not heard on every track: unlike more cluttered recent soul music. To Mitchell it's clear - *I always ride the drums and the bass. They're like the wheels of the car; the rest of the instruments are secondary.* Despite their increasing resources Mitchell and Green do not rely on all the extras.

Each song is treated in its own way. Brass and backing vocals take different roles. A sax solo, the Duncan Sisters, a male chorus and a *Chicago* - like introduction appear on different tracks. For those who think Green always sounds the same, he uses the same band and his sound is still distinctive. So Eric Clapton was *not* invited and the album was *not* mixed in Green's bathroom.

Green works with familiar forms. *Glory, Glory* and *Soon as I get home* show his knowledge of gospel. *Together again* is a classic-style soul ballad. The voice still calls and the brass still reply. Green's recent albums recall Otis Redding's mature recordings in content and form. The Memphis Horns feature on the work of both. On neither is there pollution-solution stuff, just simple songs. While Redding's album was called *Loveman*, Green's last was *Al Green is love*. The fine guitar on *Let in shine* and *Fly away* are reminiscent of Steve Cropper's best work.

If you want to get into some soul that is happening now and you do not know what Aretha Franklin is doing, you know Wilson Pickett can still scream, Philly soul is too sweet for your teeth and if Motown are too busy making cars, then get this latest Al Green.

Murray Cammick

Rolling Stones
Black and Blue
Supplied by WEA

More of the same from the Rolling Stones. More good rock and roll. Nothing fancy, but as with all of their best work, they have not compromised their adherence to the black musical models they mostly follow. *Sweet Lady Jane* and *As Tears Go By* demonstrate that their worst stuff occurred whenever they got wimpy: the Beatles could somehow get away with *Strauberry Fields For ever*, possibly because of greater melodic inventiveness and good production, but this band is wise to stick to essentials. When they do so they are a great dance band. And if you'll excuse the pun, rock

and roll is, at bottom, dance music.

Just to show that they know there is more to black music than Chicago R and B, there are colourings of reggae and Stevie Wonder-type street funk with tracks like *Hot Stuff* and *Cherry Oh Baby*, interspersed with quintessential Stones numbers like *Hand of Fate*. This last-named number features a guest guitarist on the lead lines but in no way diminishes the presence of Keith Richards, whose chunky rhythm demonstrates yet again, that in rock and roll, melody lines are for the birds.

The words of *Memory Motel* indicate that they do make the odd effort to duck *machismo* epithets. They have always invited being labelled thus, not so much because of their stage act (which, despite inflatable penis et al, has always had a certain androgynous aspect which contrasts favourably with the more blatant cock-rockers) but because of the lyrical content which has rather tended to cast women as objects-in-a-man's-universe. Like Dylan, who sometimes has the same sort of fault in his writing (maybe worse ... at least the Stones haven't been in a Sam Peckinpah movie and one must be judged by the company one keeps), some Stones material does reflect a glimmering of understanding. I'm not sure that this song isn't a little condescending, but with so many people listening to them, a small step for Jagger/Richards might also be a small step for mankind.

Hiro joins Richard Avedon and Andy Warhol as arty-trendy-who-has-done-a-Stones-cover, but don't be fooled by the packaging. I think it's the best thing since *Exile On Main Street*.

John Robson

Bob Marley & the Wailers
Live!
Island L35783
Supplied by Festival

Many people have been trying to tell us that reggae is the next phenomenon in popular music, a successor presumably to the disco/soul boom and its predecessor

glitter rock. I have my doubts, for between reggae music and its white audience stand a good few barriers. Its lyrics reflect what may well be a peculiarly Jamaican combination of concerns, namely music and revolution. The ultimate coupling of these themes appears in *Them Belly Full* when Marley cries: *Forget your sorrows and dance/forget your troubles and dance/forget your sickness and dance.* Like the blues, reggae acts as a release. And to a generation weaned on Led Zeppelin's heavy rhythms, the light skipping propulsion of reggae may seem just a little too strange.

But I hope not. For reggae has everything to offer us, and the Wailers are the group most likely to convert the world. Ever since 1972, Island records have pursued a policy of treating Marley as a major artist. In that year, for the first time, a reggae record was packaged like a major rock album and projected at a whole new market, the white audience. In the 3 albums since that time, Marley has become increasingly accessible as his English has become clearer and also as the more eccentric reggae rhythms have become less emphasised.

So for anyone not familiar with Marley & the Wailers, this live album provides an ideal introduction. It sees the group playing in London to an incredibly partisan audience who greet every song with roars of approval. And with due reason. For the Wailers play insinuating rhythms with brilliant ease and fluency, and while the songs may be about revolution and killing the police, the Wailers don't bludgeon you with the message. Rather they slip it to you disguised as great dance music. Many of the best tracks from their previous albums are here, from the well known *I Shot the Sheriff*, to what may yet become a soul standard *No Woman, No Cry* performed here with a stunning guitar solo. Only their most famous dance number *Lively Up Yourself* suffers by being taken at too fast a pace, but every other song is a gem. As Marley sings in *Trenchtown Rock*: 'One good thing about music, when it hits you feel no pain, so hit me with music.'

Alastair Dougal



Jean-Luc Ponty

small talk

Jean-Luc Ponty is coming. He first toured New Zealand with John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra when he virtually stole the show. Recent reviews of Ponty and his band have been consistently excellent so he won't be one to miss, particularly as he plays an 80 or 90 minute set.

Jean-Luc Ponty has a new WEA album entitled *Aurora*. Not the sort of music you'll hear on your local top 40 radio station too often, but we suggest that you may well be surprised at the class of music this violin virtuoso produces. Described by more than one reviewer as the Stephan Grapelli of rock, Jean-Luc Ponty will also interest lovers of Jazz and Classics.

Tickets will be sold at regular booking offices from June 21. Price will be \$7 plus booking fee with a student discount of \$1 on production of I.D.

Stewart MacPherson's Stetson Productions have announced that U.S. super group *America* will play two concert dates in New Zealand.

They perform one concert in the Christchurch Town Hall Auditorium on July 11 and one concert in the Winter-show Buildings, Wellington on July 12.

The group will not play Auckland as is customary for major acts visiting New Zealand, a move that will be welcomed by lower North Island and South Island concert-goers, but will piss Auckland *America* fans off.

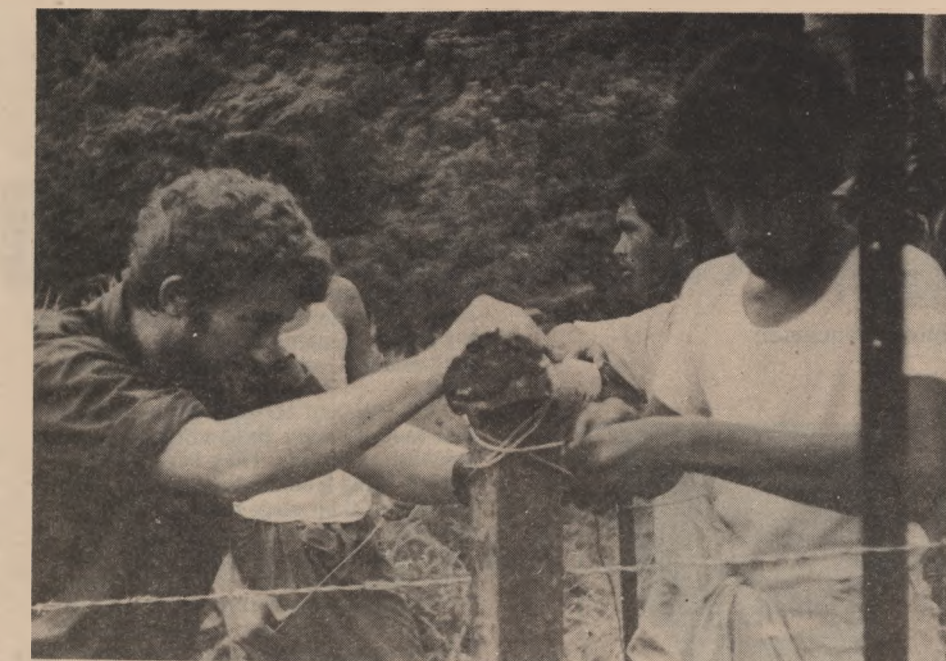
Students' Arts Council have advised us that the promoters of *The Chieftains* a traditional Irish group, are offering a student discount of \$1.00 off the public price. Tickets will be sold through the traditional channels, in Auckland, which means The Corner. Don't forget your I.D. card.

VSA week

Volunteer Service Abroad is an independent organisation which aims to contribute towards the development of Asian and Pacific nations, and the promotion of friendship and good international relations. In response to requests from developing countries in these areas, volunteers are sent to work there. The volunteer's experience of living and working in another country does much to help different cultures learn about each other. In assessing and accepting requests, VSA looks at a number of factors - eg the potential job satisfaction of the volunteer, the overall aims of the project, the support available from the local people, the scope for training others in the same job and the availability of suitably qualified local people.

Where

Since 1963 over 800 volunteers have worked in Nepal, Thailand, Malaysia, South Korea, Tonga, Fiji, Western Samoa, New Hebrides, Solomon Islands, Papua-New Guinea and Indonesia. Volunteers may express preferences, but it's considered more important to match the person-



ality and abilities of the volunteer to the most suitable job.

Who

Anyone between 17 and 65 who is medically fit and has a skill, trade or profession can apply to VSA. The term is usually two years but it can be reduced to one, or to fit the duration of a specific job. All volunteers receive return air fares, baggage allowance, accident insurance and medical care, establishment grant, mid-term allowance after one year in the field, resettlement grant, living allowance and free accommodation.

VSA Week

VSA's selection officer, Sally Keeling, will be in Auckland from Tuesday 15th June to Saturday 19th June for talks with prospective volunteers. The following programme tells you where to find her.

Tuesday 15th :
am: Auckland Teachers' Training College
pm: North Shore Teachers' Training College

Wednesday 16th:
All day: Auckland University. Appointments can be arranged through Jan Brown in the Careers and Appointments Office (Room 14 behind the ULT).

Thursday 17th :
All day: Community Volunteers Office. You can telephone her at 73-177.

Friday 18th :
All day: Community Volunteers Office again.

Saturday 19th :
Selection interviews will take place.

If you miss Sally or wish to enquire further, look on the VSA Noticeboard or write to :-

Volunteer Service Abroad,
P.O. Box 12-246,
Wellington.

All during this week as a follow-up to Open Day, returned volunteers will be in the Top Common Room from 1-2 pm at a VSA display stand. So if you are curious or wish to know more about the aims of VSA and the volunteering experience, just come along and find out.

Anne Winstone

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film 76

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Tuesday

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The Silent Majority

Letters: Leave at Studass Office or post to Craccum, A.U.S.A., Private Bag, Auckland.
Publication does not imply editorial agreement.

Innocence Raped by Campus Coffee Closure!

I am a delicately nurtured damsel in distress. I am a long term believer in Miss P. Bartlett's values and have been brought up in an idyllic evangelical environment.

Despite this pure upbringing, I do admit to one vice ... I intermittently imbibe the occasional cup of coffee, for medicinal purposes, of course!

In the past I used to partake of my vice in the well-lit, well-ventilated, congenial atmosphere of the Main Cafeteria. But now in these days of moral degradation and human suffering I am forced to queue for hours with the Unchristian, unwashed mob in that DEN OF INIQUITY ... the COFFEE BAR.

In this dingy, tawdry atmosphere where partitions hide IMMORAL ACTS, I am forced to close my eyes to spare my blushes, drink hurriedly lest I too succumb to the temptations that evil place presents.

Please restore the coffee service in the Main Cafeteria so that we of faint heart and upstanding morals are not assailed by the sight of human degradation so visible in the Coffee Bar.

Prudence Higginson (Miss)

How about morning coffee?

It is bad enough to hike the price of coffee 15% but to halve the number of already overcrowded outlets is enough to make a person take the big leap from Crafston Bridge. Let's get one thing straight; that crap that comes out of the ABM machines is crap! So what does a person do at 8.30 am, literally frozen after an invigorating early morning bike

ride from Titirangi? The coffee shop isn't open, nine days out of ten the ABM crap machines aren't working, and nowhere can a coffee drink be found.

We would therefore like to add our names to the last of those who have already called for the "cafe coffee bowser" to be reopened.

Stephen Reynolds
Terence Gordon
Barbara Smith
Jennifer Harris
K. Shaw
K. Wells
E.P. Burgess
Jonathan Graham
Michael Simpson
M.P. Gasson
J. Harrison
(and four other illegible persons)

On Raving On

I wish to comment on the presence of one Mathew O'Connor, BA etc, Vice-President of the Radical Christian Socialist Party, on campus. This gentleman, great orator that he is, succeeds in attracting large crowds each time he speaks on campus. This is, in itself, I am sure, a highly desirable state of affairs. However, after having listened to Mr O'Connor on several occasions, I am drawn to the inevitable conclusion that most of those present come more to mock than to listen.

Now I must confess that upon reflection this leaves me rather saddened. What I mean is that no one could accuse Mr O'Connor of spouting great amounts of windy verbiage, because as we all know he has a habit of going straight to the crux of the matter, extracting his point, and demolishing all opposition with his

great wit and oratorical style. It seems to me that those who come only to mock are missing a great opportunity to hear a master orator and social critic in action. I was particularly perturbed to note several members of or sympathisers with the National Party present on Mr O'Connor's last visit to our fair university. I will admit that their stand was almost justified, as we all know the only orator in the country of a higher standard than Mr O'Connor is undoubtedly their leader the Hon. R.D. Muldoon.

And now to the point of this letter (if I can remember where I put it). I feel that, in the grand old traditions of the British Empire which uphold freedom of speech and all that goes with it, we should continue to invite Mr O'Connor to campus, and to press with all fervour that such an invitation should be extended to His Excellency President George Mantell.

P.S. Those of you who watched Friday Conference must be wondering how George & Mathew get along together. The only official statement from the party is that the President and Vice President have their differences of opinion.

Henry Harrison.

Penpal

Etsuko Fukuoka
76 Sagiyama
Naka-Ku,
Yokohama
JAPAN 232



I have been interested in New Zealand and New Zealand's people, and lately I have learned of your university in the magazine issued by the Youth Council for International Contact (20 I-Chome Jimbo-cho Kanda, Chiyoda-Ku, Tokyo Japan).

As I wish to correspond with your university students, would you please put my statement in your newspaper or magazine. Then, if possible, please let me know the name and address of the local newspaper office in New Zealand.

I was born in Yokohama on 19 May 1950, and am working at Rolls Royce, Tokyo office as a secretary.

I would like to correspond with people interested in Japan. If New Zealand suited my fancy I would like to travel New Zealand next year.

Etsuko Fukuoka

Jesuits for Rowling

I feel that I should take issue with your political commentator, Mr John Robson, and his biased piece on the Labour Party Conference. I am not fortunate enough to be employed by the Students' Association to take joyrides around the country and thus I was unable to attend the Conference. However, it was clear from the reports of the daily press (thankfully free from your right-wing bias) that much more was going on than he was prepared to admit.

It is high time that the Values Party thinking which dictates your paper was exposed. All the negative zero-population growth atheism which can only result in national disaster should be replaced by a more constructive socialist viewpoint which doesn't waste its time by stooping to attacks on the Roman Catholic Church which provides so much support for the working man

in this country. I suppose Mr Robson was also involved in the scurrilous and childish Capping Magazine.

When will they ever learn?

Flann O'Brien

How not to lecture

Lecturers are appointed on the basis of their written performance in examinations, whereas their job as lecturers is largely oral. Lecturers should firstly qualify by passing written and oral examinations in "The Principles of Lecturing."

Good delivery is left to chance. Is this a further demonstration of the philosophy of absurdity? True, it is consistent with current attitudes, but why should it remain acceptable? Are students of no account that their time may be wasted by inadequate delivery?

After a few years of lecturing in the same subject, no lecturer would not be human if he really found it easy to muster enthusiasm for the yearly repetition of his material. Many lecturers are clearly bored: their monologues are worse than the Church sermons from which they are descended. Imparting advanced learning has long since lost any connection with the method of Ancient Greece: dialogue. Student Union, by failing to undertake a statistical analysis of bored lecturing, (the results to be published in Craccum) may not be keeping faith with the student body. In the interests of conventional 'ethical' efficiency the University should, of course, make this survey itself. Since the lecturers prefer to masochistically inflict themselves with the robotic, mechanical repetition of subject matter in which they have, essentially, lost interest, the student union should come to their rescue (they are incapable of rescuing themselves) by demanding that each lecture, having been thoroughly prepared with respect to both content and presentation (so that it represents their best effort) is taped on high quality tape.

A tape recorder may then mechanically reproduce the lecture with this single advantage: only the best is being produced. This not only makes good sense: the example is imperative.

This would leave the lecturer free to observe student response: to play back vital portions as required, or permit a pause; to modify and update at that same level of presentational excellence; to be free to ponder the impact of the material and its significance, along with the question of reintroducing dialogue in some form, and a consideration of the vital question of a balance between (a) congesting the students' minds with an abnormal accumulation of condensed information which they may, in later years, invest with meaning, and (b) the human need that enough of what is said be sufficiently meaningful, here and now, to maintain mental health.

I trust the points raised may be considered without causing a reaction which closes the Department of Philosophy for the remainder of the year.

F.M. Clift,
Citizen.

Godzone?

I have until recent days always endorsed Mr. Seddon's remarks that New Zealand was "God's Own Country". Indeed Mr. Seddon has canvassed this view to me. Until recently that is. I feel that I must state that in the light of events in New Zealand and overseas New Zealand is no longer "Gods Own Country"

Sincerely Yours,
God

Events & Services

CIVIL RIGHTS, LAW AND ORDER

The Eden Labour Electorate Committee presents "Civil Rights, Law and Order" with guest speakers Assistant-Commissioner Overton, Dr Martyn Finlay QC, Rev. Dr John Hinchcliff, and Dr Bill Hodge from Auckland Council for Civil Liberties. Meeting starts 7.30pm at 57 Upper Queen St on Wednesday 16 June.

CHINESE FILMS

The AU Chinese Cultural Society presents a feature film "Red Flower in Tian San" in colour with an English Dialogue. The film screens Friday 18 June at 8pm in B15.

FRIENDS OF SOUTH AFRICA

Students interested in forming a University-based Friends of South Africa group are asked to contact Jennifer Van der Gurn, c/- Studass Office.

MONEY FOUND IN LIBRARY

See Student Union Custodians.

LABOUR PARTY YOUNG SOCIALISTS

The LPYS present an "Industrial Policy for Labour" Seminar on Saturday 19 June at the Auckland Trades Hall, 147 Great North Rd. Guest speakers include TV2 Industrial Reporter Rick Oram, Dr Michael Bassett, and Freezing Workers Secretary R.D. Wilson. Further info, phone 769-324 if attending.

MSSA FILMS

AMSSA presents "Last Grave in Dimbaza", a glimpse of life in South Africa, in B28 at 1pm on Friday 18 June.

IMPERIAL TRANS-SCIENCE

Monday 1pm OSTB (2nd floor, near stairs). All persons interested in Trans-science are invited to attend.

CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

CND Wine and Cheese evening on Friday 18 June in the Women's Common Room, 7.30pm at a cost of only \$1.00. Further info, phone 467-561.

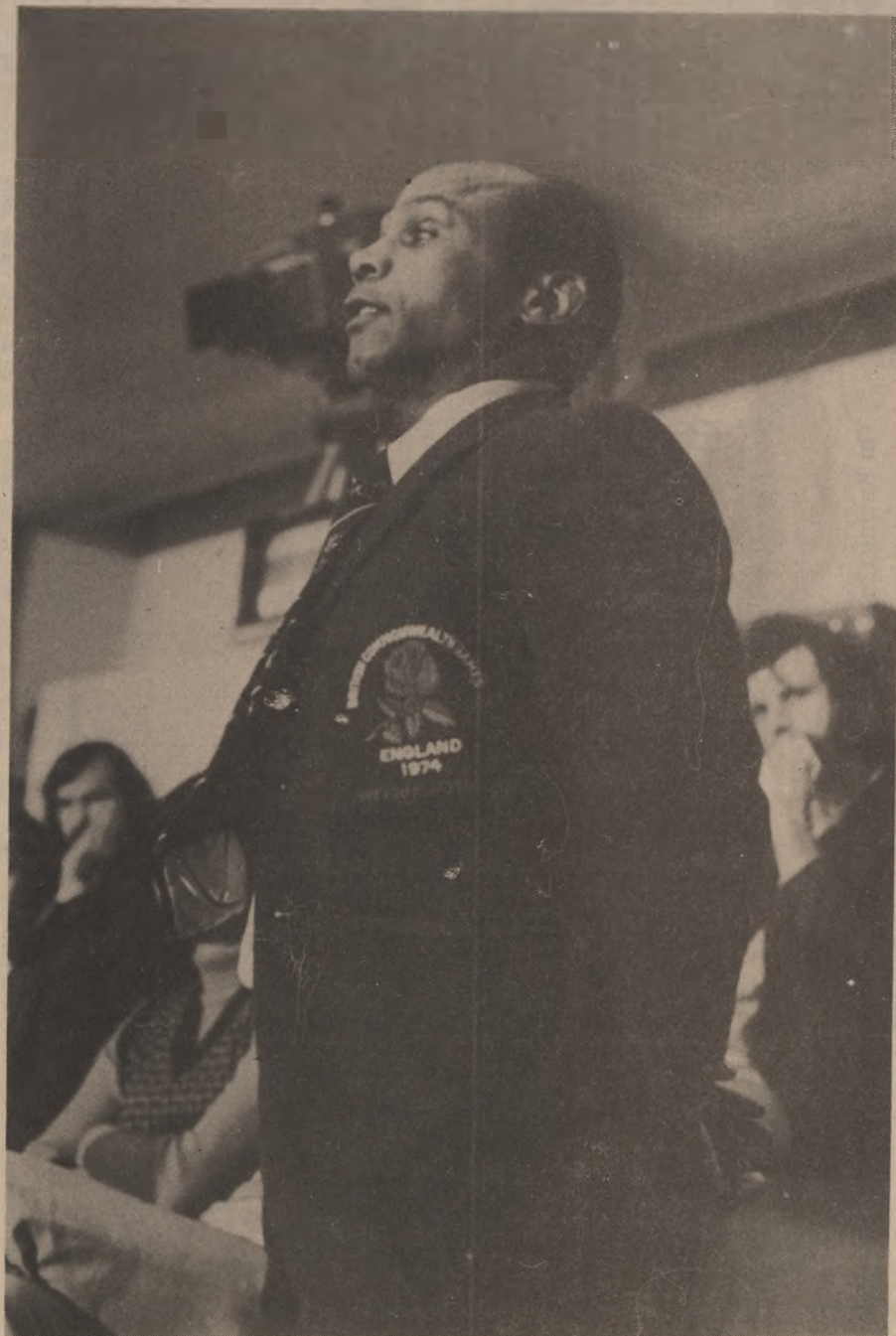
Nominations are hereby called for some Students' Association positions for 1977:

ELECTIONS

President
Administrative Vice-President
Welfare Vice-President
Treasurer

Nominees for President must have been students at Auckland University for at least one year immediately preceding the nomination. Nominees for Treasurer must have passed Accountancy 1. Persons wishing to find out more about what is involved with the positions should see the current incumbents or the Association Secretary.

Nominations close with the Association Secretary at 5 p.m. on Friday 18th June, 1976. Nomination forms are available from the Association Office. The elections will be held on Monday and Tuesday 19, 20 July, 1976.



Paul Gilmore

I couldn't sit and say nothing any more. It was a real effort. This is my new country and I was really scared that if I stepped out of line, I'd be hated. But I couldn't help myself. I had to speak out. In Britain, I wasn't scared to speak. People don't mind you having opinions. But here I am worried about opening my mouth.

Precious McKenzie

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