

Craccum

Auckland University
Student Paper 1977
March 14. Vol 51, No. 3.

Mendaces sine discriminante

Craccum



White knuckles on the purse strings

THE current Student Association Executive prides itself on its 'level-headed' approach to its business, and on the harmonious way in which it conducts itself. Most members of the Executive this year have displayed quite a remarkable capacity for work, reading the correspondence files with avidity, staying awake in large numbers right to the bitter end of Executive meetings, and generally getting through the potentially immense load of boring leg work which student politicos can lumber themselves with.

The number of members willing to enter into debates at Executive meetings is as large as it has ever been, and I suppose that they must put a considerable amount of time and effort into preparation and lobbying for those debates. What I am about to take issue with is none of these attributes, which are undoubtedly desirable in our elected representatives, but the underlying philosophy which has guided the exercise of all these skills over the last few weeks.

I propose to take two innocuous Executive motions from the meeting of two weeks ago. To wit:

RN 150/77 WRIGHT/BRIGHT

THAT this Executive do regretfully decline the request of the Community Volunteer Workers for funds for training and backup service.

CARRIED Abstention: Gibson

RN 152/77 WRIGHT/JENKIN

THAT this executive regretfully declines the request for funds by Radio Manukau to support their application to the new Broadcasting Tribunal for a warrant to run Radio Manukau.

CARRIED

Now these two motions were discussed at some length, I presume, and the Executive obviously felt quite justified in acting in the way they did. To try to unravel their reasoning I asked two of our staff reporters to speak to the principals in both cases, and make brief summary of the apparent grounds for the requests and the rejection.

COMMUNITY VOLUNTEERS

THERE seem to have been three major rationales for declining this request. The first and most straightforward of these was the conviction that the organisation was being 'pushed by' or was 'a front for', the Student Christian Movement. The Student Christian Movement, it was agreed, did very nicely, thank you out of the Second Hand Bookstall proceeds. The letter from the Community Volunteers apparently contained no claim of affiliation with or even cognisance of, the Student Christian Movement - but the Executive knew better.

When I suggested to the three members or associates of Community Volunteers that



they were a front for SCM, I was met with indignation, bewilderment, and derision respectively. It seems there is no connection that the members know about.

Next, there was the statement that 'it was not policy' to give out sums as large as \$750. I might point out at this stage that the Executive has no power to determine the policy of this Students Association, and that the Executive doubtless knew this and was simply drawing on policy established where it should be - in SRC or General Meeting. No such piece of legislation has come to light as yet. In fact, operating on the good, old Common Law principle of Precedent, the Executive might well have felt itself bound to follow in the footsteps of last year's Executive, which unobtrusively allocated some \$1,000 to Education Action Day. But no.

The final reason extracted was that the Community Volunteers were not really an appropriate 'sort' of cause for us to contribute to. 'Twas felt that because some of the rest of the world has the misfortune not to be enrolled at Auckland University, they don't deserve any help from us. (Perhaps, though, if they are so fearfully unlucky, we should oblige out of a feeling of noblesse oblige.) The other side of this particular coin is the feeling that really, (and this was very inarticulate) the Association shouldn't spend its money on others, when it was all set to go out and change the world itself.

These sentiments, and particularly the latter two schools of thought, are representative of our level-headed Executive's attitudes, and they might seem justifiable. But so far as I can see, in order to be morally able to sit back and tell a

group like Community Volunteers why they, 'regretfully' don't come up to scratch, the Students Association has to be able to point to its own programme of activities and say, 'You are low on our list of priorities, because we have so many things in train which concern us more'.

RADIO MANUKAU

RADIO MANUKAU might be seen as a similar case. A request was made, in order to establish a community-owned and controlled radio station in South Auckland. A great deal of money is needed in the process of applying through all the correct channels and AUSA was asked to help meet it. The refusal was based on a feeling that Radio B has quite enough spent on it already. The Executive obviously felt that one radio station is much like another. Moreover, other people are supporting Radio Manukau, so the Student Association need not bother.

Finally the clincher was that 'looking at priorities, Radio Manukau is not first on the list of needy projects'. Once again we are confronted with the boggy of priorities. But surely our Executive, with its skills and diligence must have some reasonable idea where their energies and expenditure are going to be placed this year? It seems not. While the members of the Executive are quite clear what is not a priority, they have much more trouble finding what is.

Perhaps it is the Orientation skylarks, which seem destined to follow Capping on the downward spiral to debauchery and indifference. Perhaps it is on constitutional amendments which are always an engrossing way of avoiding problems. Perhaps it is in the careful computation of every minor outgoing, in the face of a completely unchecked catering deficit. Who knows? The Executive finds it hard to say.

I concede the limitations of these two groups, and did not choose them because they were especially exciting cases, or particularly rough justice. However it would not be hard to maintain that both of them have done, or are in the process of doing considerably more for the community and students than the Executive has managed yet.

WHAT I am advocating is not that the Executive should go out and fritter away your money, nor even that they should give it away to people just for the asking. Rather the Executive should live up to their opinion of themselves as hard-working, level-headed sorts and produce some sort of programme of what on earth they do intend to do with the \$7,000 they have been allocated and charged with spending wisely. If they do not have such a programme of their own, some seven months after they were elected they should at least have the decency to stop selling their constituents short, and stop insulting such groups as Community Volunteers (hear hear).

With the year effectively one third over already, and the Executive well past any period of grace it might feel due it, they are chronically underspent on their projects and activities budget. This is scarcely good economics, in fact, it's barely Muldoon-level stuff. We are more than adequately budgeted for reserves and the like and to try to save up money which we need to spend in order to keep functioning efficiently as an Association is simply foolish. Even squirrels have the sense to eat enough to stay alive.

FRANK STARK



What's Inside

HART	P. 5
LABOUR	P. 6
HIPPIES	P. 8
SPAIN	P. 11
VALUES	P. 13



LETTERS

Preg. Help?

Dear Frank,

I thought that the content of this year's first "Craccum" was good, but one of the advertisements requires critical comment.

If any women readers should be, or should become pregnant and need help, they should be warned of what is in store for them if they contact Pregnancy Help. If a woman is certain sure that she wishes to continue her pregnancy then perhaps these people can help her. If, however, she has any doubts about whether to continue the pregnancy or not, and wishes to discuss her problem with a counsellor who will help her decide for herself, then she should avoid Pregnancy Help like the plague.

Pregnancy Help was set up by the Society for the Protection of the Unborn Child, and women who do not know this, and who mention the possibility of abortion to Pregnancy Help counsellors, receive the standard anti-abortion line in all its emotive glory. A woman who went there recently and suggested abortion was told things which were both untrue (that abortions frequently make you sterile) and open to dispute (that abortion is the same as murdering a child.)

So if you have no doubts about abortion as a valid moral choice, do not go to Pregnancy Help and expect them to respect your beliefs. If you do have doubts, and would like help in sorting them out, without being pressured in one way or the other, you would be better advised to ask your G.P. for a letter of referral to the Auckland Medical Aid Trust Hospital. Although the hospital performs abortions, it does not perform them on unwilling women, and its counsellors are unbiased. It is their job to make sure that the woman being counselled understands what having an abortion is like, and that she has legal grounds for having one. They do not tell a woman that she should or should not have an abortion. By listening while a woman expresses her thoughts and feelings, and by answering questions of fact, their aim is to help a woman understand herself and make up her own mind. Unlike Pregnancy Help counsellors, who consider that they have failed if a woman does not accept their advice (and they pester a client with phone calls to try and find out what she intends to do) Medical Aid Trust counsellors do not feel that they have failed if a woman decides to continue her pregnancy. On the contrary, they are pleased that she has thought it out for herself and made up her own mind, because they know that she will be happier with a decision made freely than with a decision made under pressure. Counsellors at the Medical Aid Trust Hospital accompany their patients to the operating theatre and stay with them during the operation, so that eleventh hour changes of mind can and do happen, without blame or censure.

Obviously the Medical Aid Trust counsellors are themselves certain that abortion is morally acceptable. But they are not in the business of forcing other people to comply with their moral beliefs. They want women to have a choice, and they must be free to choose what they believe is best. If they choose to believe that abortion is wrong, then their belief is respected. Pregnancy Help, on the other hand, does not believe in free choice. Its counsellors not only believe that abortion is wrong, but they want all their clients to believe that abortion is wrong too. There is nothing wrong with that - most religions, political parties, etc., operate on the same principle. But I believe that it is dishonest for such a group to advertise itself under an innocuous name and thus mislead women into thinking that they will receive unbiased assistance. If Pregnancy Help were to openly state in its advertisements that it provides what help it does because it is anti-abortion, and that women who wish to consider the possibility of abortion need not apply, then there could be no objections. But it does not (and I leave readers to ponder on its motivations for not doing so). So I am put to the trouble of writing this letter to inform women of its true intentions before any more approach it in ignorance only to find that "Help" has a very limited meaning.

Yours, etc,
Christine Dann

Dear Readers,

I have never been much good at tennis, probably because I was twenty-one before I could see over the net. I don't even think that I know very many tennis players. But still, I figure that there are probably quite a lot of them about this place, and that they probably reckon on having as much fun (in a tennis sort of way) out of Orientation as anyone else.

Trouble is, some tennis players didn't have much fun out of their wine and cheese evening last Wednesday. Instead of standing about nibbling their gruyere, they had to get down on their benders and scrub the floor, and the walls, and probably the ceiling too. And the mess they were cleaning up? Ah... well, now we get to the point of the whole letter.

This mess was left lying about after a 'harmless piece of fun' at lunchtime that day, which coated the whole building with shit, a bit of a lark which still stinks this morning, a letting-off of steam which covered most of the windows of even the second floor. And the mess was put there by those fun-lovers, the Orientation organisers. Whoever threw the eggs, whoever poured water down the stairs, the blame rests firmly on the idiots who decided to try to recreate something which was a bit of a lark three years ago in Christchurch.

The same people were out in the Quad on Monday - you might have noticed them - they were drinking your beer. A few free drinks for Orientation - and why not? It all helps to lubricate the wheels of jollity, eh?

Now, most have you have been ripped off twice this week - the poor tennis club (and all the dozens of others who made some attempt to restore order), the fee payers who are going to pay the extra cleaning bill, the registration buyers who provided a few beers out of the profits. And most of you will never know about it. If you have read this far, and do feel warm enough under your caftan neck, why don't you do something about it? Doubtless in a few weeks the Executive will be congratulating itself on a well-run Orientation. Just perhaps, just perhaps you can dent that self-confidence a little bit.

Well, they're down tormenting Matthew Connor again, so I'm off to sulk somewhere quieter.

Yours fitfully,
Frank.

Dear Frank

Concerning the bicycle accommodation question raised in last week's Craccum. On several occasions, when the bicycle racks adjacent to the library have been full to overflowing, I have attempted to chain my



It is a great adventure to a young lad to seek out a girl for himself. Sometimes he likes to show her off before the others as a sign of his manliness, in other cases he prefers to get her all to himself. Don't think this unnatural. It is all in the course of Nature. As I have said, it is in accordance with the law that governs animals as well as man.

But in the case of man there is this difference. He has a mind and intelligence which the animal does not possess; he sees romance in selecting a mate to whom he can give his admiration, love and devotion. These are far above the mere animal lust; and the higher he raises himself above the animal instinct the less he is of a beast and the more he is of a man.

A main step to happiness in this direction is to select the right kind of girl. There are women and there are dolls.

SIR ROBERT BADEN- POWELL BART.

velocipede to the railings on the actual concourse itself, only to be warned that I risked the confiscation of my vehicle by one who, by his assurance and bearing, appeared to be the Head Custodian of the Library Building.

His explanation was that of a good servant of the University (as opposed to the people of the University). He claims that it is his duty to keep all walkways and concourses clear, both for convenience for pedestrians, and in case of fire, or earthquake. Further, he explained that the bicycle racks are the result of a generous concession on his part (i.e. if he went strictly by the book, there would be no racks at all). His response to my complaints for further accommodation for the most energy-efficient method of transport used at the University, was to recommend an approach to the Students Association, suggesting that the Students Association, in turn, should approach the University to provide further bicycle accommodation.

As he said - he's 'just doing his job' in impounding 'mis-parked' bicycles. Could we, the cyclists of the University, have some approach to the University from an Executive member of the Students Association to provide bicycle racks in a much larger area.

Today, Thursday 10, bicycles were, at noon, piled up to four deep along the walls of the bicycle enclosure, after the racks meagre as they are were filled.

Yours
Alasdair Bowie

Dear Frank

Please publish the following information in your newspaper so that I can get some penfriends:

Name: Osbert Ling
Male, law undergraduate, with general interests, would like to correspond with females
Address: 198 Doncaster Ave
Kensington
N S W 2033
Australia

Yours sincerely
O Ling

Dear Frank,

I am aware that an era is about to pass in Student affairs on this campus. I have resigned as Senate Rep after three and half years on the job and 12 other Senate Reps.

I feel qualified to make some passing comments on the structure of the University and the Students Association:

Power is concentrated in the hands of Professors and Heads of Departments - this unfortunate condition (often for life) makes some men exert their already dictatorial tendencies.

Students may make changes thru a lot of noise, or skillfully constructed arguments that emphasise the worst attributes in mankind ie greed, self-interest, fear of disclosure etc.

The Vice-chancellor really is a nice bloke (with an iron fist in a velvet glove) who does his best to keep out of Academic infighting - studass is but one factor.

The staff/student consultative committees have no power and little consultative value. They exist as a concession and to dampen down revolt.

Studass alas is a puppet that dances to the University, I say that as a fact. The sooner student politicians realise they are asking for something they won't be given, the more effective they will be in their sobriety. Unfortunately the majority of students couldn't give a dam about studass: a fact that encourages incest, backstabbing and ego-tripping among student politicians who basically lack identity, and don't know how to search for one.

I have enjoyed working with the many administration and academic people, and conclude that most are sincere, helpful and willing to give the individual student a square deal. The trouble is - the University as a social system. It brings out elitism and small minded politicking that is the characteristic of impersonal bureaucracies anywhere.

Down with all bureaucracy on with the business of living !

Love
Michael Kidd.

THE NEWS

Women

The appointment of Sue Glazebrook as Women's Rights Officer this year marks a promising development of feminism on campus. It's a timely appointment: last August NZUSA formed a Women's Rights Action Committee made up of delegates from each campus to co-ordinate information and action throughout the country. Support at constituent level, however, is vital to the effectiveness of WRAC.

Accordingly, much has been planned to make women's rights a strong issue at AU. A Women's Resource Room has been established in the old House Committee Room, just by the Women's Common Room on the first floor of the Student Union Building. This is to provide a centre for women who wish to find out more about feminism, or to discuss with other women the problems they face, as women. An archives group is also being formed to build up a good collection of material on women - newsletters, research papers, newspaper clippings and so on.

Also planned is a publicity campaign, a feminist festival and the formation of groups for day care work, abortion action, lesbian women and for working against sexism within the various professional schools. The establishment of a Women's Studies course is another area of concern.

There are vast possibilities for feminism on campus this year - and even greater is the mostly untapped potential of women. Much of this womanpower is needed to bring these possibilities into being, and on Tuesday, March 15, at 1 pm, a general meeting is to be held in the Women's Common Room to muster up as much of it as possible. For anyone at all interested in women's rights, this is an important meeting.

DOCTORS IN TROUBLE

University-based research in NZ may suffer considerable setbacks if greater support is not given to senior students, said the research officer of NZUSA, Mr Peter Franks, in Christchurch. He pointed out that research students contributed \$100,000 to research out of their own pockets in 1975, but that the university has attempted to increase PhD fees and has not supported the move for greater bursary assistance and adequate wages and conditions. This increase is \$70 for exam fees and means a 60% increase in fees for a student in the final year. Mr Franks said that the final year is already too expensive for students. The mean cost for thesis preparation is \$322 for PhD students and \$500 for Social Science students.

'As usual, the rather arrogant gentlemen who sit on the Vice-Chancellors' Committee have failed to consult NZUSA on these proposals,' he added. Mr Franks pointed out that the University refuses to support the giving of STB to students without other assistance.

30% of PhD students rely on casual work as their sole source of support and students who work as lab demonstrators etc have no trade union representation or sick pay. And their rates don't cover the time needed for class preparation and marking.

Mr Franks told the Canterbury research students that they had to unite to overcome the 'shabby way' they were being treated by the universities. The lesson of history was that people had to fight together for any real advances.

BRANDY OF THE DAMNED ?

Musical amateurs - Hell is full of them according to Shaw, yet for one society on Campus the more the merrier. The University Chamber Music Society is being set up this year to enable students and staff from all faculties to play ensemble music together. Before now not everyone has been able to participate in Chamber Music, and this new society aims to enable anyone who plays a musical instrument reasonably well to join a Chamber Music Group. There will not only be traditional groups such as string quartets, wind quintets etc, but also medieval and experimental groups as well. The groups will be graded so that musicians of all abilities will be able to take part.

During enrolment students were questioned about their musical abilities, and over 200 indicated a desire to participate in Chamber Music, so the Chamber Music Society should start its life with a large membership.

The University Chamber Music Society (U.C.M.S., pronounced Uc-ums) will hold its first meeting on Tuesday 15 March during lunchtime (1-2 pm) in the Executive Lounge, First Floor of the Student Union buildings. The main purpose of the meeting is to sign on members and to elect a committee and office holders. If you can't get along, or are reading this after the meeting, ring David Jayasuriya (679-322) for further details.

STUDY METHODS WORKSHOPS

Popular last year, and effective for most participants - these workshops are held to give students a chance to evaluate learning behaviour and to use this to their advantage academically. Two workshops are to be held, both in Choral Hall 2, Alfred Street, from 1.15 to 1.55 pm. Topics included in Workshop A: Selected Study Problems, will be held on the following dates; Behaviours Correlated with Success in Study (March 15th), Note Taking in Lectures, Seminar Production (March 22nd) and Essays and Other Written Assignments (March 29th).

Workshop B involves reading behaviour, two sessions are to be held, on April 6th and April 13th. Students interested in attending should see David Simpson at the Counselling Service, 54 Symonds Street, before March 11th.

In case of numbers exceeding the workshops' capacities, these will be repeated in the 2nd Term and admission to the first workshops will be based on selection.



WOMBLING ON

On Friday March 18th Lincoln Galleries is holding an all-day "spectacular happening", in the form of street action painting. Frank Womble (no relation to Uncle Bulgaria), an American who has been in New Zealand five years, plans to complete three collages outside the Victoria Street West gallery. His interest in ecology and re-cycling is reflected in his work which involves the use of paint and printed material. Audience participation is called for as Womble intends using in the collages any printed matter brought along.

GO

The Go board, with its grid of intersecting lines, may first have been developed as an arithmetic calculator designed to cope with the duodecimal system. If so, its purposes were soon perverted by human nature - the same nature that adapts IBM's finest to play chess and Startrek. The rules of arithmetic were replaced by the rules of war, and the game of go was born.

The abacus has long since outmoded the board as a calculator, but the game has survived and evolved, and has spread from its home in China to Japan, and now right across the world. Even to New Zealand. In fact, right on campus, we have the Auckland University Go Club, which is affiliated to the New Zealand Go Society. Members of the club receive a regular newsletter and are able to buy go books cheaply; the club also organises tournaments, and most importantly, regular playing nights.

The club usually meets Tuesday nights in room 223, but, thanks to unprecedented interest, this year we are putting on a special demonstration evening for new and prospective members. Anyone interested in learning this unique game should turn up at the Exec. Lounge at 7 pm on the evening of Tuesday 15th March.

CANWAR SEMINAR

So you don't like gazing at nuclear warships from your front window? You don't find any reassurance in the names 'Enterprise', 'Truxton', 'Long Beach', either! Well, the Campaign Against Nuclear Warships (CANWAR) is organising a seminar for Easter Weekend, April 9 and 10 in the Capital.

For \$3.00 (students \$1.50) you can register for the seminar - forms available from Craccum - which includes a lunch time protest march, protest films, theatre, folksinging and seminar sessions and discussions.

The weekend leads off on Saturday with a lunchtime march through Wellington streets. Following a General Introductory Session with speakers from FOL, NZUSA, and an MP, you'll see a CANWAR film, Mururoa, and then adjourn to the best fish and chip shop in NZ for tea. Theatre and folk singing supplement Saturday's evening discussion: 'Superpower Contention - the SALT talks, ANZUS and Detente' with officers from Foreign Affairs contributing. Saturday night will be given over to another CANWAR film followed by folk singing and social get together.

Discussion continues on Sunday April 10: 'The Struggle for Disarmament' (speakers from CND, Quakers, Watersiders Union, Environmental Spokesman) and a seminar: 'The Pacific' with personnel from Foreign Affairs, South Pacific Action Network (SPAN) and the Pacific Island Community.

For the full weekend seminar program - April 9 and 10 - call into the Craccum office or write to CANWAR, P O Box 6651, Te Aro, Wellington.

OUT OF A STONE

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday this week the New Zealand Blood Transfusion Service will be based in the Lower Common Room for a repeat of the annual orgy of blood-letting. From 9 am to 5 pm you will be welcome to drop in and donate a vitally needed unit of blood. Tea and biscuits a-plenty will be provided for the faint of heart.

THE CREDIBILITY OF CHRISTIANITY

On Tuesday 15, David Burt will be speaking at the University on 'The Credibility of Christianity'. David has lived in Spain for the last ten years, working with the University Bible Groups there. The exact venue is as yet unknown, so interested students are advised to keep their eyes and ears open for further notices around the Quad.

SOCIOLOGY SOCIETY

The first meeting of the Sociology Society for 1977 will be held in the Executive lounge, 1st floor Student Union Building, at 1.15 pm on Thursday 17 March. If there are any inquiries, please contact Clint Baker, 30789 ext 71, and members of the public, staff and students are all welcome.

HELP AT HAND

For those local arts groups struggling to get off the ground, or to survive for lack of financial support, assistance is available through three schemes.

The Northern Region Arts Council offers grants and guarantees with the purpose of encouraging increased competence and the development of activity in fields such as workshops, schools, commissions and touring

MORE NEWS

engagements. This assistance is available throughout the year. Applications should be made to the Northern Regional Arts Council, P O Box 1425, Auckland.

A second body offering assistance is the Cultural Facilities Scheme which is aimed at promoting the development of arts facilities. Category 4 of this scheme provides for assistance in the purchase of permanent new fittings and equipment. In money terms a subsidy of one dollar to every two raised is offered with a maximum of \$333 placed on equipment costing up to \$1,000.

Application for category 4 may be made all year and should be addressed to the Secretary, Cultural Facilities Scheme, Department of Internal Affairs, Private Bag, Wellington. Details of the complete Cultural Facilities Scheme for 1977, which includes major subsidies, are to be announced in the near future.

Thirdly, your local authority is coming to the rescue with grants and subsidies aimed to assist a wide range of artistic and cultural activities. This includes specific activities, improvement of facilities, equipment, etc. Closing date for applications should be checked (usually mid-year); application may be made to your nearest local authority which provides its own application forms.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION.

ACROSS: 1. Floating capital, 8. Austere, 9. Partner, 10. Heart, 11. Staircase, 12. Rigid, 14. Grand jury, 16. Interpreter, 17. Preacher, 22. Solid, 23. Rioters, 24. Trustee, 25. Sweeping reforms. DOWN: 1. Feather, 2. Onslaught, 3. Trends, 5. Partridge, 6. Tonga, 7. Larceny, 9. Peasant, 13. Dirt cheap, 14. Garnets, 15. Upholster, 16. Imports, 18. Redeems, 20. Erode, 21. Sassy, 22. Stuff.

GALLERIES

PORTRAITS JIM BURDETT & CLIVE STONE SNAPS

A two man exhibition currently showing at SNAPS GALLERY, and which will be on until March 26th, is comprised of early 20th century plates by an unknown photographer, and a series of portraits by one Jim Burdett - his first public exhibition.

The unknown photographer's negatives have a curious history, almost ending up as panes for a glasshouse until they were discovered under a house in Helensville ten years ago. The best of them have subsequently been printed up by Clive Stone to provide a fascinating record of the formal dress of the period, as well as an indication of how studio photographers must have operated - backdrops, lighting, retouching, etc. They are not all brilliant by any means, merely records of another era, scratches included, dropped into our laps without comment.

Jim Burdett's portraits are another matter. I feel that they are a sincere attempt to show the viewer the private relationships between the photographer and his subjects - mainly female. However, his approach is pretty much uniform - anxious, pinched faces peering out of the frames, composed elegance, and so on. If this is the nature of the photographer's relationships with his subjects, then he has succeeded admirably.

However, one photograph in particular - a naked girl kneeling on a bed staring sullenly at the camera - reminds me too much of the typical camera club sententiousness to be able to take the photographer too seriously.

A mixed bag of a show - not one of their better ones.

GEORGE BALOGHY



Craccum

CRACCUM is registered with the Post Office as a newspaper. It is published by the Craccum Administration Board for the Auckland University Students' Association, Private Bag, Auckland; typeset on the Association's IBM machine; and printed by Wanganui Newspapers Ltd., 20 Drews Avenue, Wanganui. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Editorial staff, and in no way represent the official policy of the Students' Association.

Whodunit

Editor	Francis Stark
Assistant Editors	Louise Chunn
	Jill Ranstead
	Don Mackay
Technical Editor	Rod Macdiarmid
Photographer	Jan Geary
Advertising Manager.....	Anthony Wright

This being the first week with all our helpers in evidence, I am hard-put to it to actually assemble a comprehensive list of credits this week. Rod insists on having his name in lights - so ROD MACDIARMID took the Magic Mountain photos, Sally Hollis McLeod, drew the knuckles. Dover publications provided us with a palm tree or two while Sue Stover made up the black marks which surround Rod's photos. Suzanne worked all day Thursday, at all the worst jobs. The Twilit World article was produced from and old CANTA by Nigel Baumber, and Dulcie turned up trumps with the films. Besides that, there were a huge number of people who came in for a few minutes to do some proofing, reporting, letrasetting, or something. And Judy drew the Womble.

WHITES YAMAHA DOWNTOWN

MOTORCYCLES FROM **\$65** DEPOSIT

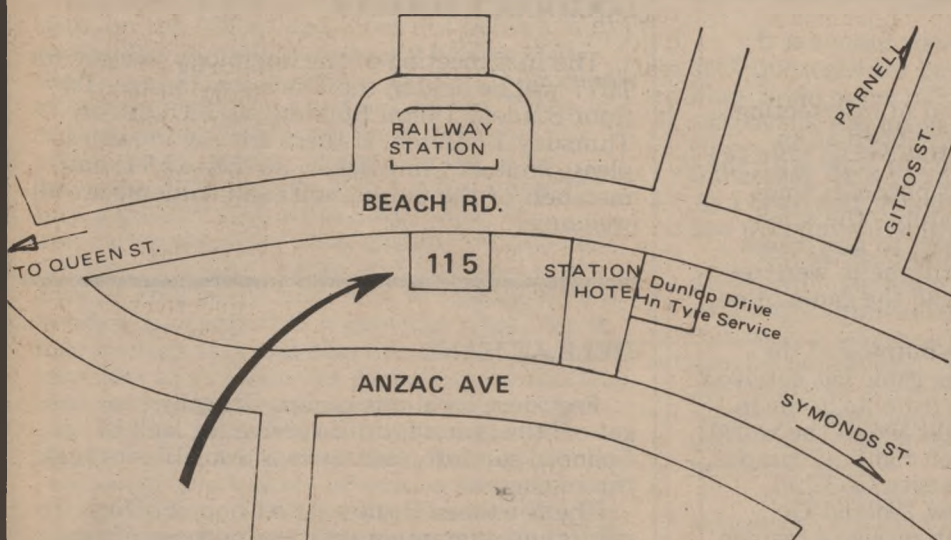
A Complete Selection of New Yamaha Motorcycles and a Wide Variety of Quality Used Motorcycles.

STUDENT DISCOUNT

on all Accessories and Spare Parts Purchased over the Counter.

Michelin, Dunlop TT100 & Bridgestone Tyres.

Same Day Workshop Service, 5 minutes walk from University and A.T.I.



L.M.V.D.
115 Beach Road, City

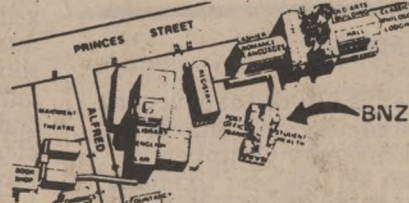
WHITES YAMAHA Downtown
Specialised Motorcycle Services

M.V.D.I.
Phone 379-679

Fair go!

The Bank of New Zealand Education Loans are especially designed to give you a fair go. To help you meet the financial demands you face on campus. The great thing about them is their flexibility. You can arrange a short term loan to get you through that rough spot. Or you might like to enquire about a long term loan to help you plan things out over the years you're at Varsity.

Call in and talk it over with Branch Manager, Russ Blakeman at the Bank of New Zealand Campus Branch, Old Student Union Building. He'll be pleased to help you. And you'll be surprised just how much he can help you.



Full banking services at the

Bank of New Zealand

Campus Branch,
Old Student Union Building.

Twilit world

IN this enlightened frank age we must all face the fact that like it or not, heterosexuals make up a sizeable portion of the population. Since by their very nature heterosexuals are furtive and deceptive, no-one can say for sure exactly how many there are but psychiatric estimates run from five to twenty per cent in England and America, slightly higher in Europe. We have no figures at all for the Orient, since inscrutability added to furtiveness makes it impossible to judge.

While many people naively think that heterosexuals are easily recognised, the reverse is very often the case, for in reality very few are the close-cropped snarling man or the simpering passive woman we see in the movies. Many lead outwardly normal lives and the gentle boy next door, and the tough competent girl down the street may have more than a passing interest in each other.

What then is heterosexuality? Simply put, it is the inability to love your own sex and the subsequent turning for sexual release to the opposite sex. Many hardened heterosexuals will attempt to turn it round and insist that heterosexuality is the ability to love the opposite sex. But if this were true, it would have to be an ability that grew out of a complete homosexual fulfillment - for it stands to reason that you can't love something different to yourself unless you can first love people the same as you. And most heterosexuals are incapable of a true homosexual relationship.

STRANGE RITUALS

The claim that heterosexuality involves love falls apart when we examine the nature of heterosexual activities. There are two forms of heterosexual union, the "affair" and the "marriage". In both the sexual activities themselves are mechanical non-feeling unrelated to the individual couple, and prescribed in advance according to the strange rituals of the heterosexual twilight world. The man has certain things he is supposed to do in a certain order, and the woman likewise. It is difficult for the healthy homosexual to grasp how alienating heterosexual "love" really is, but perhaps we can glimpse it when we examine that curious artifact, the sex manual. These are books, and the heterosexual world abounds with literally hundreds of them, that actually describe, step by step, the actions that heterosexuals are supposed to perform when they "make love".

It is hard to say whether the "affair" or the "marriage" is more artificial and restrictive. In the first, the man and woman will meet, perhaps in the notorious "cocktail bars" with their cold hushed atmosphere, so different from the lively gay bars most of us know. Then they will "chat", a process which consists of talking inanely about any subject so long as they do not reveal any part of their personalities. In fact, the entire "affair" consists of projecting a false image.

When the proper time has elapsed the man and woman will go off to a special hotel maintained especially for heterosexual liaisons. There

they will each do what their manual tells them and then say goodbye, priding themselves on that they have never betrayed any real emotion. Perhaps they will meet again and repeat the process, perhaps not.

The "marriage" is a much more bizarre form of practice and one which is far too complicated to describe here. Briefly considered it is an agreement between two heterosexuals to live together for the rest of their lives and never relate sexually to anyone but each other. Though we might think such a strange arrangement might at least produce some degree of honesty, the opposite is often the case as the heterosexual compulsion to project totally false images becomes more and more obsessive over the years.

HORMONAL IMBALANCE

What causes a woman or a man to stray so far from normal development? To date, medical authorities have not developed any comprehensive theory. While some doctors claim a hormonal imbalance, many psychiatrists consider it an

over-identification with the mother or father or both. One interesting theory claims that insecurity makes the woman want her vagina engorged or the man wants his penis sheathed. Perhaps some engaged in their first heterosexual acts as a form of rebellion and then, guilt-ridden, felt they were trapped in the heterosexual world forever.

One thing is certain. The problem will not go away by our pretending it does not exist. Nor will making heterosexuality a crime deter those men and women from seeking each other out and arranging their secret liaisons. We who are more fortunate must learn compassion for those who cannot help themselves, who do not choose to be this way (though many will exhibit a reverse stubborn pride). If we do not close our eyes, if in fact we devote more extensive research into the whole range of human sexuality then perhaps we can eventually release the diverse sexual elements in all of us and restore these unfortunate people to society.

Hot Air Rises Thick

Jan Geary



Anne Newnham: "Any letting up at this time could be fatal to our cause."

THE annual national conference of HART was held in Palmerston North on March 5-6. It opened with a report by National Chairperson Trevor Richards in which he spoke of his recent tour of Africa and cleared up the confusion many people were feeling about whether or not the African boycott of New Zealand would continue. He said the O.A.U. decision in Togo a few weeks ago was firm and clear. The boycott would not only continue (till N.Z. government policy changes) but it would be extended to include all countries who play with N.Z. He said Muldoon's attempt to speak with two voices (one to the Africans and the other to the N.Z. audience) was not fooling the Africans but only further alienating them. He thought the N.Z.'s Government's stand on the boycott was one issue which had as much potential to wreck the Commonwealth as had the Southern Rhodesian question. Richards saw the main test of government policy coming up in the proposed trip to N.Z. of a South African squash team in April and the visits of Gerald Bosch and Ian Robertson shortly after. He said it was the task of the Anti-Apartheid movement to continue applying pressure on government and on sports bodies to get them to come out clearly in favour of the sporting isolation of South Africa and to back up their words with action. He saw this task as being more crucial now than at any other time in the eight years HART has been in existence.

The rest of the first day was concerned with discussing policy and tactics. It was reaffirmed many times that HART's major concern was the sports issue but that it actively supports groups working in other areas to eliminate apartheid in South Africa and racism in N.Z.

Strategies were worked out with regard to putting pressure on the Government, sports bodies and third parties (e.g. companies transporting South African teams). It was also decided that although the Squash tour would probably be confined to the Waikato, groups in other areas would organise local protests in support of HART Waikato (they will almost certainly be arriving at Auckland Airport and we will be demonstrating there).

The second day saw discussion on the structure and financing of the organisation with no real changes being made. The aims and objectives of 'AMANDLA' were discussed and reaffirmed as being to educate supporters on the nature of apartheid and to assist in organising HART activities in opposition to apartheid sport.

In the final session Trevor Richards and Mike Law were again elected National Chairperson and Deputy Chairperson unopposed.

All of the main resolutions passed reflected the majority feeling that it was important for HART to continue with the same objectives and tactics as it had over the past eight years, and that although we had had some important victories in the past year we should not be fooled into dispersing our energies over a wider area with the mistaken idea that our original aim (to halt all racist tours) has been nearly achieved. This is not the case and any letting up at this time could be fatal to our cause.

ANNE NEWNHAM

Presuppositions

Much of what we are taught at varsity, especially in the social sciences, depends upon the presuppositions made about life. The Christian begins by accepting the idea that there is a personal God, who has created man in his own image and for his own purpose (to live in fellowship with him as his own people.) If this is true then this is where the study of man should begin.

The basic presupposition upon which most of our study is based, however, is that there is no God. Man, (including his mind and consciousness) is just chemicals, the result of a long process of natural evolution. If this is true then no person has any real significance. Words like love, beauty, friendship, and freedom have no real meaning or importance. There is no ultimate basis for judging something to be right or wrong. Yet those who hold that there is no God live inconsistently with their convictions as they still fall in love, appreciate beauty, have friends, and value their freedom. They are the first to cry for justice when someone steals from them.

We believe that to be consistent you must accept the Christian concept of an infinite, holy and personal God. Without the latter we cannot explain the fact of man's personality (or the awe-

inspiring order and design in creation), and lacking an infinite and holy God there is no absolute as a basis for morality and knowledge. We believe, therefore, that the Christian presuppositions about life are far more reasonable than those of contemporary humanism.

Either way each of us must take a step of faith and accept one or the other of these presuppositions. We cannot simply sit on the fence. We must either live on the basis that God exists or on the basis that he doesn't. As Christians we have taken a step of faith by accepting the risen Christ into our lives as our Lord and Saviour. We now know that God is real because we have entered into a relationship with him through the Lord Jesus. The promise remains :-

"Seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near; let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; let him return to the Lord, that he may have mercy on him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

Isaiah 55.6-7.

This article was provided by the Ecumenical Union.

"Too young to retire, not old enough to write your memoirs"

LAST Wednesday saw the second of a series of Labour Party lunchtime lectures. The first of a series featured Messrs Hunt and Lange, this one was fronted by former bright young hopes Moore and Bassett. Both spoke rather generally about the state of NZ politics and society. The speeches were obviously oriented towards the converted and consequently although occasionally entertaining, they offered little in the way of enlightenment to the uninitiated. Dr Bassett, late of our very own History Dept., appealed for people to become involved and accept the political challenges which lie ahead of us. Quite what these challenges were, however, he never got around to saying. He expressed dismay at what he saw as the lack of fighting spirit evident in the public's acquiescence to the depredations of the PM. "Many of yesterday's liberals are knocking at the knees so loudly that the conservatives could mistake the sound for clapping," he said.

Almost-Mangere candidate Moore followed very much the same theme. Although fluent and witty, his speech had, if anything, less substance to it than Bassett's. He violently denounced the innately conservative traits in NZ society. "We have got a perverted sense of values" he proclaimed, and referred to "neo-Fascist attitudes" afoot at the present. However, while conceding that Labour had problems at the present he expressed his faith that, after a period of soul-searching, the Party would pull itself together and again become the government. At another point he simply described the return to power of Labour as "inevitable".

Replying to questions, both speakers agreed that they would be opposed to Labour reaching an electoral arrangement with Social Credit. Neither felt that SC had anything to offer Labour in such a deal. Dr Bassett lamented the fact that the Values Party was not interested in such an accommodation, and rather incredibly, attributed this to some abiding hatred he imagines the VP feels for the workers. Also evident was a certain twisted attitude towards students on the part of retired boy-wonder Moore. He is, it seems, firmly convinced of the utter moral degeneracy of all people not fortunate enough to be born into poverty. Nonetheless, the home crowd seemed to derive a quiet masochistic thrill from his lashes.

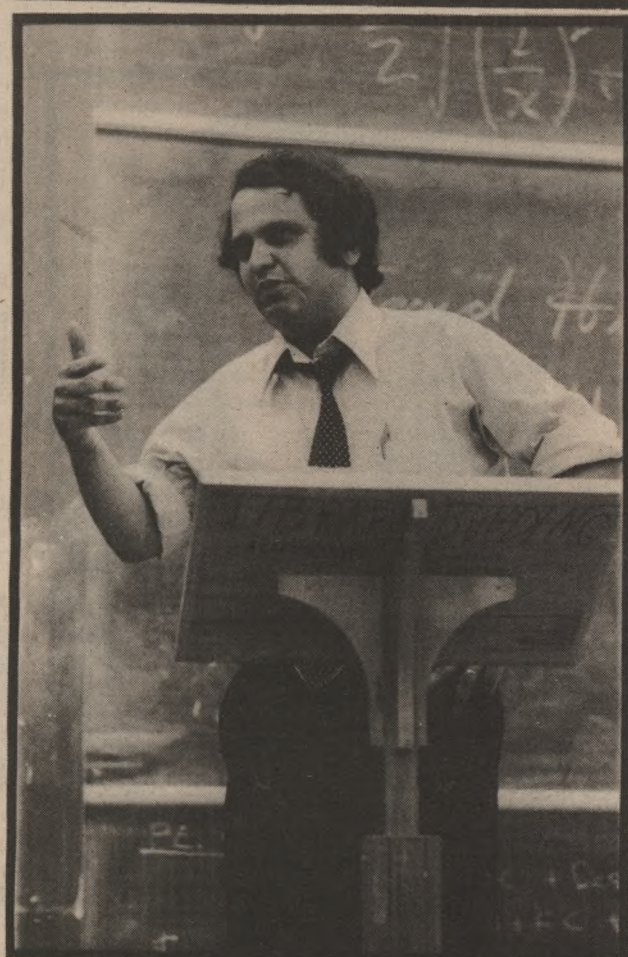
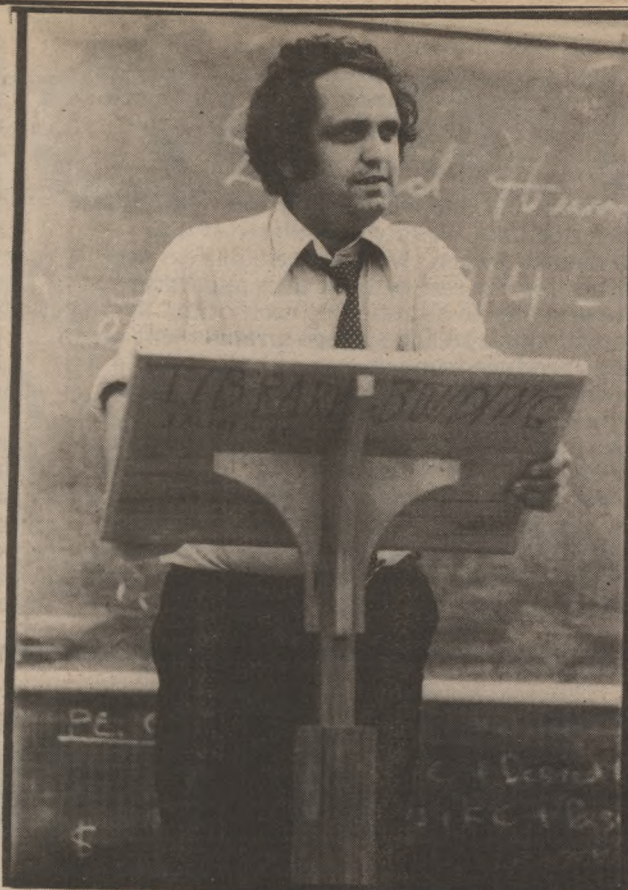
All in all, the fans seemed to go away happy and, after all, that is the most important thing. One gets the impression that the LP seems quite happy to let policy-oriented talk alone for the time being, and is chiefly concerned with bolstering morale by appeals to their sympathisers' prejudices. In fact, the whole thing, complete with tasteless quips, is very reminiscent of the type of rabble-rousing that Muldoon used to pull together an equally shattered National Party after the '72 election.

DON MACKAY

Photos by Jan Geary

Next Week

POPE PAUL
SIR KEITH JACKASS HOLYOAKE
JONATHAN HARDY
AND DOZENS OF OTHERS



Mike Moore: "if I smile a little, (top) they might forget Mangere. No? Well how about the reasonable approach? (centre) Still no luck. I guess I might as well give up and go back to imitating Sooty the Bear" (bottom).

Children of Sharpeville

ON Friday March 18 a demonstration is being held to commemorate Sharpeville Day and declare our solidarity with the struggle of the oppressed majority against apartheid. "Sharpeville - Soweto: the struggle continues" proclaims the poster advertising the demonstration. The protest will be demanding "Majority Rule Now - let the oppressed decide", "End the Repression - Free All Political Prisoners" "End NZ complicity with apartheid - Cut all sporting, diplomatic and commercial ties".

On the morning of March 21, 1960, a crowd of about 5000 Africans, men, women and children, gathered outside the Sharpeville police station to peacefully protest against the "pass" laws. Telling the police they had left their passes at home and that they would no longer carry them, they offered themselves for arrest. Similar demonstrations were taking place in many towns in South Africa on that day. The South Africans hoped that the white regime would be unable to imprison them all because there would not be enough cells; hence, the breakdown of the pass system was foreseen.

Throughout the morning Saracen armoured cars and police moved about Sharpeville, an African township near Verenging in the province of Transvaal, and at one point, aircraft flew backwards and forwards, diving over the crowd in attempts to get them to disperse. Armed police and Security Branch Officers moved into Sharpeville commanded by Lt. Col. Piernaar. Whatever happened next, the fact has never been disputed that the police opened fire, killing 69 Africans, wounding 186. Post-mortem enquiries established that 70 percent of the victims were shot in the back - that is, as they were running from the gunfire. There is no evidence that any African carried a firearm.

Ever since Sharpeville, the world has been waiting for its sequel and what was surprising about Soweto was not so much that the riots began on June 16 1976, in the way they did, but that the Sharpeville sequel had taken so long in coming.

There is a very real sense in which Soweto is the natural heir to Sharpeville. The 'kids' at the heart of the Soweto protests are essentially the children of Sharpeville: born about the time of the shootings, they are the first generation of black South Africans educated wholly under Bantu education, the corner stone of apartheid. This fact, more than any, makes the troubles in Soweto so significant and indicates that the sequels to Soweto will be considerably more troubled, and will come sooner than Sharpeville's consequences.

It was hardly surprising that the troubles began in Soweto. No area in South Africa today better exposes the bitter reality of apartheid. A vast conglomerate of boxed-up townships, Soweto houses white Johannesburg's workforce. With an official population of 650,000 its probable population of more than a million blacks is served by hardly a dozen cinemas, a scattering of community halls and men-only beer halls. Less than a quarter of the houses have electricity; even less have hot running water; streets are seldom lit; public transport is crammed and expensive. Soweto is a concentrated complex of frustration, anger and deprivation - on the edge of, and constantly servant to, white Johannesburg's affluence and plenty.

The first student protests that began in the Black city of Soweto June 16, were specifically directed against the imposition of Afrikaans, the language of the Boer section of the white population, as a language of instruction in some Black schools.

The language issue, however, was only a detonator that touched off a deep rage among the Black population as a whole against the entire system of apartheid. The 10,000 were confronted by a group of police who fired directly into the crowd, killing at least two students, one of them only seven years old.

The murder of the students enraged the entire Black population of Soweto, many of whom took to the streets to express their anger against the entire apartheid regime. One common slogan was 'Amandhla!' (Power). In an effort to teach the Black population a "lesson", the police attacked the demonstrators in force, using helicopters, armoured cars, automatic



rifles, and machine guns. According to the official death toll, 174 Blacks were killed in the first few days of the Soweto uprisings. Estimates by Black community figures placed the number several times higher. By November, the official toll had climbed to nearly 400.

In the face of this fierce repression, the protests continued to spread to other parts of

the country. By August 20, more than seventy Black townships, near every major city in the country had been swept by massive unrest. In August and September two general strikes hit Soweto and other townships, including Capetown, where coloureds form a majority of the working class. This growing unity among the different sectors of the Black community has been a notable feature of these protests. The few extra rights and privileges enjoyed by the Indians and Coloureds have not prevented them recognising that they too are part of the oppressed Black majority.

The strength and determination expressed by Blacks in these uprisings forced the regime to make a few token concessions in an effort to defuse the Black anger. These measures were coupled with a broad witch-hunt against Black organisations and individuals. By the end of October, more than 4,600 Blacks were known to have been arrested, including more than 400 held under the country's various security laws which allow indefinite detention without trial. Virtually every Black leader in South Africa known to the regime was seized in Vorster's dragnet. Eighteen blacks have since died in police custody. They are routinely described as having fallen so many storeys while trying to escape during questioning. Torture is widespread.

The anti-apartheid movement in NZ has recognised the necessity to step up its campaign in solidarity with the liberation struggle of the Black majority, to demand our government cut all ties with the racist Pretoria regime, and press for the immediate release of all political prisoners. Sharpeville Day is a fitting time to initiate such a campaign - be there Friday March 18.

MICHAEL TREEN

THEATRE

LAST OF THE KNUCKLEMEN
JOHN POWERS
MERCURY THEATRE

HEAVEN knows it's an old trick but it always works if it's well-done, and this time it certainly was well-done. In the central portion of this threeact play, after an amusing, but rather slow start, all the principals of the play - a weird mob of miners from North Western Australia - play out a game of poker. Eventually it comes down to just two players: the ageing Methuselah, staking the \$1000 he has saved to go out with a bang; and the big-talking Pansy, the inveterate gambler injured to near-misses, broken systems and small stakes.

As the hand is played out, the tension on stage, and in the auditorium is extraordinary. Finally, the cards are down and the play charges back into life with an energy which has been missing from the stage of the Mercury for far too long.

Whether it is the direction of Australian Jonathan Hardy (see next week's interview) or simply that the choice of play gives the cast

something which they can approach with gusto, Last of the Knucklemen is very little short of a triumph. It is short of that achievement largely through the inadequacies of its plot. Dialogue and delivery are well-nigh impeccable, and the casting remarkable for its conviction.

Too often in the recent past, the intrusive 'professionalism' of the Mercury's structure and staff have spoiled a simple, vernacular play like this one, but I would rank this production close to those of the Australian Performing Group (aka Pram Factory) which toured New Zealand for Arts Council in 1975. I can only hope that, looking at the success of Well Hung and Last of the Knucklemen, the Mercury will finally eschew the West End and Broadway for Port Headland and Pukekawa.

FRANCIS STARK



"Ash Doroshy Parker once said"

As Dorothy Parker Once Said
Alannah O'Sullivan
New Independent Theatre

IN an attempt to cash in on the success of New Independent's lunchtime programme, the Mercury are coming down from France St to produce the first of this term's mid-day entertainments - 'As Dorothy Parker Once Said.' This selection of short stories, articles and poems, written by the infamous, acid-tongued Dorothy Parker, was compiled by Alannah O'Sullivan, the star of this one-woman show.

For the uninitiated, Dorothy Parker was a leading intellectual light in the "beautiful young" America of the late '20s and early '30s. Even more than her literary talent, however, it was her cynical wit that made her the darling of her age and able, when all others paled, to strike out with fierce humour. An example: on learning that Calvin Coolidge had died, she said, "How could they tell?"

'As Dorothy Parker Once Said' commences March 16th and will play Wednesday, Thursdays and Fridays at 1.10 p.m. through to March 25th. Admission is 75 cents to students, with soup and toast served before the performance.

LOUISE CHUNN

MUSIC

CONSERVATORIUM CONCERT
MUSIC STUDENTS
OLD MAID

IF the first Conservatorium of Music Friday lunch-time concert on March 4th is an indication of the year to come then the year's concerts should be well worth attending.

The concert began with Bach's Sonata No. 3 in G Min. with Anne Draffin (viola) and Douglas Mews Jnr. (harpsichord). The difficult viola part was handled admirably. The Adagio had poise and beautiful phrasing while the Allegro was strong and firm even in the tricky fast passages. Douglas Mews gave his usual very competent rendering of the continuo part.

Josef Suk's Un Poco Triste and Quasi Ballata from Four Pieces for Violin and Piano Op. 17 are unpretentious, romantic works and a good test for any violinist.

Peter Scholes showed understanding and mastery of his instrument in Malcom Arnold's satirical Sonatine for Clarinet and Piano. He and Alison Ramson (piano) worked as one to give a tight performance of this rhythmically difficult piece.

Mention must be made of Mr Brian Sayer who seems to have the stage-mangement of these concerts down to a fine art. If late-comers had been restricted to entering the theatre only between movements or works, this concert might have been near-perfect!

HATCH

RECORDS

JOAN ARMATRADING &
BACK TO THE NIGHT
JOAN ARMATRADING
A & M (through Festival)

THERE are a few women who really succeed in the music world, if success can be gauged not merely by record sales and sell-out concerts, but also by the calibre of the product. Joni Mitchell's achingly personal lyrics have increasingly overpowered the simplicity of her music; Linda Ronstadt's new "Torchy Rock" (a Time Inc. label) has robbed her of much of her original appeal; and most of the others are specialists, though not at the top, in one particular field, be it rock, folk, country or jazz. Now, rising from the labour of three year's extensive touring, and as many recording sessions, comes Joan Armatrading. She does not adequately fit into any of the pigeon-holes - hupey though it may sound, she defies definition, except to say that she is good.

Her second album, Back to the Night which was originally released in 1975, is in for a re-release on the New Zealand market, principally due to the success of last year's 'Joan Armatrading' album. In conjunction, the two provide an insight into the peculiar brand of song Joan Armatrading writes, plays and sings.

Back to the Night is in many ways a half-completed version of what the Joan Armatrading album was to become under the direction of producer Glyn Johns. It features a large number of West Indian influenced jazz-rock numbers (not to be confused with reggae) but it is in her more melodic moods, as in Let's Go Dancing and Dry Land that her vocal range and way with a guitar are given adequate if not full, voice. A few of the rockier numbers are marred by messy backing featuring an amazingly powerful bass and drums, and so tending to obliterate the piano and moog. Nevertheless the power of her voice, which can soar like Ms Mitchell's and at the next instant would be reminiscent of Patti Smith, if the woman could sing, rings through 'Back to the Night'. The album too does not suffer from the material (all written by Joan Armatrading) as even the most over-done of song-writing topics is strangely original, surrounded by her constantly tempo-changing sound.

It is in Joan Armatrading however that the woman really shows she means business. That is not to say that the album is without flaws, but

Magic Mountain

For the weekend of 25 - 27 February, the Moehau Community opened its farm at Sandy Bay for a 'Celebration of Alternative Lifestyles'. SUE STOVER was one of 1500 persons who successfully crossed the dusty gravel roads of Coromandel to reach Sandy Bay...



EARLY ten years ago, America was reeling under the joyous impact of the Woodstock festival. Last month, New Zealand had Moehau - we're still waiting to see if New Zealand starts reeling under its impact.

Both Moehau and Woodstock were large gatherings of young people on farms. And both had rock music. Woodstock had the faint scent of Vietnam and politics, and an aura of heavy drug use and escapism.

Moehau had an aura of simple living - composting, spinning, meditation, hangi food. It also had a more pervading political statement most people arrived at the celebration aware that their \$7 (in advance) was going to support the Campaign for Non-Nuclear Futures.

Moehau was almost casual in its fundamental objections to the mainstream New Zealand lifestyle.

The Celebration atmosphere had been building up for weeks beforehand. I'd seen posters in Christchurch months ago and up here in Auckland, word had spread so that nearly everyone I knew was talking about Moehau.

Pre-celebration publicity stressed that the weekend was not a rock festival. As a result Moehau seemed to attract a lot of mellowing people - reincarnated 'hippies' - many married with kids, still long haired, anxious to keep spreading the good news of alternative lifestyles.

Of course, there were plenty of people who came for the nightly music and the daily sunshine and there was no pressure on them to get excited about Alternatives. But 'alternative' education was found in subtle ways.

For example, the system of waste disposal - that was an educational experience. I've never seen such a tidy gathering.

The organisers had taken a very common sense attitude towards waste. Holes were dug and labelled 'organic'. Bags labelled 'inorganic' were fastened on to fences at convenient places. And at the gate into the paddock beside the veg garden, there was a sign 'Feed the earth and love it always'. Around the edge of the paddock was a series of meditating heads sticking up above the hessian cubicles.

There was one technologically advanced commode - one campground-style outhouse. The rest of the facilities consisted of holes in the ground, with boards across (to keep us from falling in), and a circle of waist-high hessian (to please the modest).

The setting for the celebration was pretty important.

homemade stage and movie screen. And around to the west was the 'pottery' - a half-house where we sat on an ex-toilet, and spun wool, talked about the town planning restrictions on communal development, and the Health Department's phobia about organic toilets, and afterwards, I learned enough about making cheese to decide that it's complicated.

The Aerial Railway was the hub of the Celebration activities. That railway was the sort of ingenious contraption that frightened building inspectors must dream of when they hear that a hippy is going to build. It was tall, askew, charming! Straight out of Dr. Seuss. It even had a cascading net from the second storey where the kids climbed and swung and a 'Moehau Street' streetsign acting as a flag.



Rod Macdiarmid

Val and Josie bathing.

For one thing, Moehau was hard to get to. The roads were hot and dusty and winding. Perhaps this encouraged those with strong hearts (and strong cars) and discouraged those who lacked both or one of these assets.

We were all camped in the level river valley that forms the living area for the Moehau community. Behind the valley were the rugged green hills of Coromandel. In front was the sea and in the distance - Great Barrier.

The festival itself was also interesting viewing. On Sunday morning I climbed up the hill behind our tents and looked around. Below me were the tents, the wispy trees, the clean stream and people skinny dipping in the bathing hole.

Away in the cow paddock there was the

Around the railway there were rows of noticeboards with daily happenings - discussions on nuclear power, natural dyes, Sufi chanting, yoga every morning ... many others.

A mini-learning exchange was operating - people with ideas or knowledge to share used the noticeboards to find other people of similar interests.

In a circle around the railroad were the public tents... the folks from Mushroom magazine, the political tent with the non-nuclear guff, the Hare Krishna tent, the Wilderland coal-powered bus parked beside their 'kai' stall.

Of course the weekend wasn't all wonderful. Sometimes it rained. Sometimes the music faded because of the power strain on stage.

The Moehau-Mommba truck fell down a slope when the bank collapsed under it. Luckily, the driver was okay, but it cost \$800 for a bulldozer to come from Colville to pull it back up to the road. An appeal around the Celebration collected \$300.

Another uncomfortable thing was the presence of police. As far as I know, there were no arrests for dope (it was there, but only blatant at the concerts). But the police took a lot of people's names after they were caught red-handed - so to speak - swimming in the nude on a public beach.

And there was a short but startling fight on stage which helped to sustain the strained atmosphere during the Saturday night concert. That atmosphere was due in part to a 90 minute film on eastern religions which was tediously long and out-of-place for those people who wanted to dance.

When it was all over, about \$5,000 had come in ticket sales. About half went to cover expenses and the remaining money went to the Campaign for Non-Nuclear Futures.

The Celebration idea grew out of a plan for Mommba, Moehau's band, to give a private concert on the farm. Moehau people say that the arrival of the nuclear-powered warships last year gave them 'a kick in the pants' politically and the private concert evolved into a weekend public celebration.

As a result, a lot of crowded cars left Coromandel with bright new bumper stickers - 'Say no to nuclear power'.

SUE STOVER



Rod Macdiarmid

Some of the celebrants lend a shoulder to float the ferry off the beach.

Bursary Blues

WITH today's skyrocketing inflation students are suffering due to the inadequacy of the present bursary allowance. It is almost two years since the bursary was increased to the present level of \$13 per week plus \$11 for those who have to live outside their parents' home town. It is five years since the Labour Government promised to introduce "a standard bursary system" to provide "adequate living allowances" for tertiary students. It was the Government's own Education Department that recommended in August 1974, that the standard tertiary bursary should pay students a rate of assistance equivalent to the basic social security benefit (now \$36.22 a week). They recommended that this bursary be paid to all eligible students whether they live at home or not. Moreover they recommended it be indexed to compensate for movements in the cost of living. In 1975 the National Party announced they would "replace the standard tertiary bursary as soon as negotiations would permit with a new reformed bursary increased to take into account costs and thereafter to adjust it annually". A Government conference on Tertiary Bursaries in December last year recommended an immediate increase in bursary values and the removal of the boarding abatement. We are still waiting!

Since the general wage order, students remain the only group in the community who have not been compensated for increases in the cost of living. Despite its election promises the National Government has yet to agree to the principle that the bursary should be regularly adjusted to fully take account of inflation. The President of the New Zealand University Students Association, Ms Lisa Saksen commented that students along with wage and salary earners, are

facing an "unprecedented onslaught on their standard of living".

"In the current economic climate, access to tertiary education is becoming more and more restricted to people whose parents can make up the difference between Government assistance and real living costs," she said.

Women students are particularly hard hit due to the difficulty of finding jobs that pay reasonably during the vacation, if they find jobs at all. Last year the numbers of women students and older students increased significantly because of the more liberal allowances. Failure to increase the bursary level this year has seen the process reversed as students realised the inadequacy of the bursary level. Only 5% of the students at university come from families whose major breadwinner is in the unskilled or semi-skilled sector of the workforce. This sector comprises 40% of the population and pays an equivalent percentage of the tax revenue. The only way children from such families can gain access to tertiary education (assuming they have overcome the barriers of their disadvantaged position in secondary schools) is a bursary that can support a student fully. The present system based on "grants in aid" mean the poor subsidise the rich. The absurd restriction on working hours is a further barrier to such students. It means that only students from wealthy families can attend university.

The tight fisted attitude of the National Government to Education spending is not reflected in their attitude to their friends in the major corporations. Last year Tasman Pulp and Paper made \$12 million profit and paid NO TAX, due to various tax concessions. Unless we campaign vigorously for our rights, these companies will continue to rule the roost. I think the

question of "Where is the money to come from?" is answered by this example particularly as it is these companies which benefit most from our training as skilled "intellectual" or technical workers.

Anomalies in the bursary regulations make them a farce. Experience of the operation of the standard tertiary bursary in 1976 showed that the abatement of the bursary unfairly penalised different groups of students and did not allow any flexibility in dealing with the individual needs of students. For example, orphans over 21 years of age are automatically abated because their place of residence is considered to be their "home". PH.D. students are not eligible for the S.T.B. whether or not they receive a scholarship. An estimated 1/3rd of PH.D. students receive no financial support. In addition, part-time work is restricted by the PH.D. degree regulations to part-time tutoring and demonstrating. These jobs are severely limited and the latter is particularly badly paid.

In March 1975, and July 1976 thousands of students demonstrated for a living allowance. National have promised to announce their "new reformed bursary" in the Budget this year for introduction in 1978. If we are to achieve what we need a major campaign needs to be launched to demand:

A cost of living bursary

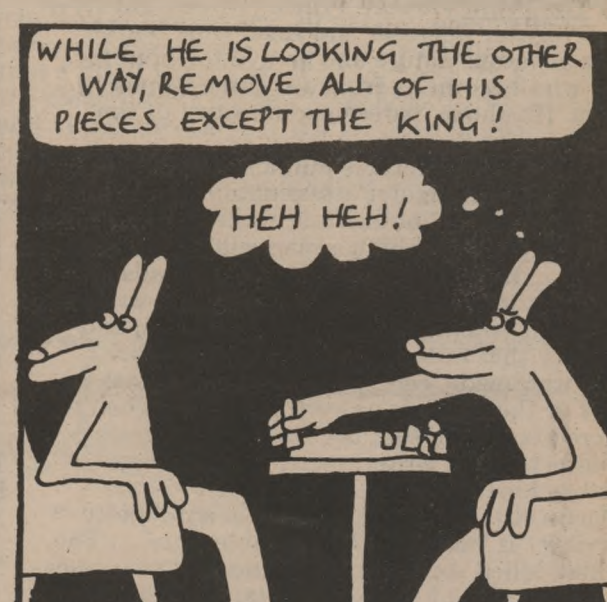
No abatement

Automatic cost of living increases

It is likely that this campaign will culminate in nationwide demonstrations at the end of this term. If you want to help, contact the Education Officer or Resource Officer (myself) at the Studass Office.

MICHAEL TREEN

ADVENTURES OF AARON!



FILM

The Front

THE FRONT
MARTIN RITT
CINEMA 2

I laughed. I cried. The Front is one of those clear, direct films that hit right to the heart and make you walk out afterwards feeling like you've just fallen in love. All the people outside on Queen Street don't even know what they're missing. Maybe they wouldn't even recognize it if they went. Most films are so full of so much "audience-attracting" garbage (and like blow-flies the people pour in and gorge) that honesty could almost be passed off as an unsuccessful gimmick.

For The Front is honest. Director Martin Ritt and writer Walter Bernstein tell a story that has no padding or concessions. Its subject is the black-listing of directors, writers, actors suspected of being communists or communist sympathisers in the McCarthy era of the United States. If you know the political background you admire the perspicacity with which the film depicts it; if you don't know it The Front will leave you wondering why you didn't.

The publicity blurb sums it up:
"What if there were a list, a list that said that our finest actors weren't allowed to write, our funniest comedians weren't allowed to make people laugh"

The fear of a communist conspiracy in the entertainment world led to a massive "cleansing" of the media. People like Danny Kaye, Humphrey Bogart, Gene Kelly, Arthur Miller were listed - black-listed - red-listed. They lost their jobs. Unless they swore they had no left-wing affiliations, and if necessary indicted those who had, they could not be re-employed.

For many actors and directors little could be done; for writers there was the possibility of a "front", a man who could be legitimately accepted as a writer, who would pass off black-listed work as his own. A front would attend story conferences, make public appearances and in return get a commission of 10% or 15% or the honour and prestige of the writing credits. Some men fronted out of friendship or good will.

In The Front Howard Prince (Woody Allen) is a cash register operator and small-time bookie with a generous nature and an eye for opportunity who becomes a front for three television writers. His short "career" is the story of the film.

The Columbia Pictures publicity describes it as a film "about character assassination, about hypocrisy, about inquisitors, about fanaticism, about the price at which a man will sell his self-respect his reputation ... and his friends". That reads like a stunning piece of copy-writing, sure, but it completely avoids the warmth and humanity that raise this film above the mire. Those who made The Front cared. The final scenes of the film are powerful but it is when the end credits roll up that the real punch comes. The director, the writer, many of the actors were blacklisted themselves.

Martin Ritt, the director, said in a publicity interview "It was a terrible, terrible time The blacklist killed some people. I know of two cases of suicide, a lot of broken homes; careers were destroyed and financial ruin fell upon many... Its a terribly important film to finally be able to make". Ritt and his colleagues count themselves lucky to have survived.

Indulgence could easily have dictated their style in making the film. It does not. The quality, as well as the subject matter make me agree with Ritt: It is an important film. The screenplay blends reality and romanticism in a very agreeable combination. Sometimes they are indistinguishable. Woody Allen has a lovely comic scene in which as Howard Prince he refuses one of the scripts of a writer he is fronting for. It plays like a screen-writer's delightful invention, but in Newsweek magazine, Walter Bernstein explained that it was based on a real incident.

"One of my fronts really did turn down a script of mine It was a comedy and the front said 'I can't send this in. Its not funny enough. I have my name to think about.'" Most of the characters are built up from real people. Hecky Brown, (Zero Mostel) a black-listed actor who spies on Prince to appease the 'Freedom



Woody Allen as Howard Prince

Information' committee and eventually commits suicide, is based on an actor who did commit suicide, with bits of Zero Mostel added in for good measure.

Richard Schickel, a smart-arsed reviewer for Time magazine wrote

"Many of the incidents used in the story are taken directly from history ... they are never fully developed as they might have been in a documentary film, nor as fully digested as they should have been by any first-class dramatist."

He misses the point. The Front is not concerned with the tricky intellectualisms Schickel admires, it simply tells a story. The personal experience and obvious concern of the production team gives authenticity and honesty that most makers of documentaries and "first-class dramas" can only dream about. This applies to the detail as well as the main themes. Ritt and Bernstein both worked on live T.V. shows, like the one Howard Prince "writes" scripts for, before they were black-listed. The accuracy shows.

Since 1958 when they were finally cleared of the black-list shadow, Ritt and Bernstein have been determined to give their view of the "Communist Conspiracy", in a film like The Front. It took until 1975 for studio resistance to give way. Thank God it did. Its a good film. See it.

DULCIE SMART

THE 7% SOLUTION
HERBERT ROSS
AMALGAMATED

It seems that good old Sherlock Holmes doing a bit of gutsy detective work doesn't offer much in the way of box-office success these days. So the big film men in the sky (in this case Director Herbert Ross and screenwriter Nicholas Meyer), unable to come with an alternative idea, spice this one up a little. If you can call cocaine and vanilla essence 'spice' that is. The result is a fine example of inconsequential excess: The Seven Per Cent Solution. Solution? Its so crammed with audience appeal, its solid.

Sherlock Holmes (Nicol Williamson), suffering an addiction to cocaine, follows a trail of vanilla essence to the Viennese consulting rooms of Sigmund Freud (Alan Arkin). He finds there not only a cure for his addiction, but also an Oedipus complex, a contrived little psychological kinship between himself and Freud, and the rest of an all-star cast (most notably Olivier, Vanessa Redgrave, Joel Grey) embroiled in a plot as thick as Dr Watson's adenoidal voice. The whodunnit which survived the glossy opulence of Murder on the Orient Express; survived that and comedy too in Murder by Death, in The Seven Per Cent Solution can but die a fulsome death.

Detective story, comedy, psychological thriller - its all there. And in case thats not enough, Stephen Sondheim (A Little Night Music) has composed a ditty for the music-lovers and Oswald Morris (Director of Photography) has filmed a train sequence that, up until the action starts, would thrill any follower of New Zealand National Film Unit Documentaries. There are allusions to Conon Doyle's Holmes stories, references to Shakespeare, Stradivari us, Schnitzel.

The sets are beautiful, the lighting superb.

What more could anyone want?

Perhaps a film that wasn't so trivial.

Oh, but you should go - watch for the phallic thermometer on Freud's desk.

D.S.

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY FILM SOCIETY

THE Film Society have got away to a flying start this year with a programme of films guaranteed to fill any culture gap. Last year, Film Society, hampered by misunderstandings, took a while to get organised and when they finally did get going, were too late to be effective. Their main hassle was the confusion between the activities of Film '76 and those of the society. Film '76 was established with the purpose of co-ordinating films on campus and utilising the facilities of the Maidment Theatre. Problems arose last year when Film '76 began to function on a voluntary basis run by Film Society members because of Ray Waru's and Blue Horn's administrative relationship with Film '76. Because of the University's demands that the theatre must show a profit and that everyone must pay 'everyone must pay' the type of film shown of Film '76 and now '77 have to be of an extremely commercial nature for the venture to make anything. This year no such connection exists.

The student Film Society aims to provide a selection of new artistic films and not often seen or appreciated commercial films, thus ensuring another 'oasis in a desert of downtown cinemas', that are catering wholly for the very commercial films. Opportunities to see these off-beat non-commercial films are severely restricted in Auckland and under the direction of David Blythe and planning of Dave Buchan, the Society is providing such an outlet.

This year the programme has been designed to permit as much participatory influence by members as possible. It is hoped the society will offer much more to its members in terms of cinema-orientated events than previously and so will remain largely flexible and adaptable to members' ideas. A start-of-year meeting is to be held in the top common room at 7 pm on the 14th March.

SUE SHEPHERD

¿Qué pasa en España?

Jan Geary

David and Margaret Burt have been living in Spain over the last ten years, working with the University Bible Groups there. JILL RANSTEAD spoke to them about their observations on the present situation.

At one point in our conversation, David Burt looked up and said, 'You know, a lot has been changed in Spain - and yet it is very little.' This is possibly the essence of what has been happening there over the last year.

The first indication of any change came soon after Franco's death, a little over a year ago. Franco seemed to have the political processes nicely tied-down - his successor, and the forty men of the Council of the Realm had been hand-picked by him before his death. Parliament, the remaining sector of the governing body, was made up of one party - Franco's - and voted for by 1/3rd of the population.

So it was somewhat of a shock to the system for the new king, Juan Carlos, to announce intentions of working towards a western-style democracy. And so far, says Burt, these intentions seem to be taking effect. The country is now in the situation where, in a couple of months time, there will be open political elections for the first time in forty years.

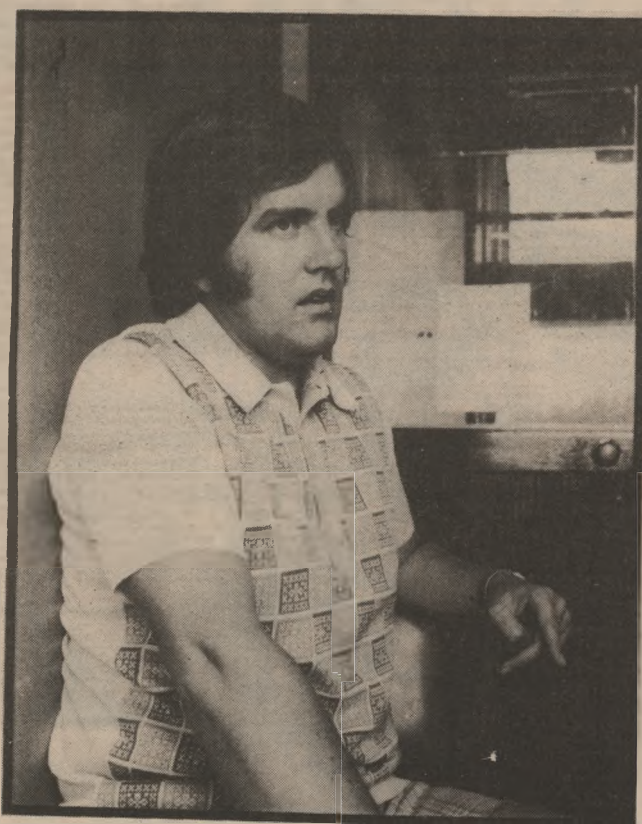
There have been repercussions and undercurrents, though, many of which seem to be pulling in vastly different directions. 'The government is walking on a tight-rope,' according to Burt. 'If it goes too far towards opening up the country so that all left-wing political parties become legal, there is a danger of a coup from the right. And if it moves too slowly, there is a danger of the left causing chaos at grass-roots level.'

'It is a difficult situation for the regime. It started off very weakly because it had no force to fall back on. If there was a rebellion from the Army, they could do absolutely nothing about it. If the Catholic Church decided to get directly involved in politics and declare itself against the regime, it could do nothing about it. So the Govt. had to make sure of their support before it could move in any direction at all. Rumour has it that the present prime minister, Suarez, actually met with the heads of the Army, Air Force and Navy, and put his cards on the table and said, 'Look, we know that you can intervene whenever you want - if you are planning on intervening, please do so now, rather than waiting until we have brought the country along an irreversible path to democracy, and then intervening.' And apparently they committed themselves to supporting the regime in their moves towards democracy.'

The Government, then, is anxious to maintain the power support of the right-wing forces. Not surprisingly, this has had its effects on the overall political 'balance'. The 24 parties which have so far been legalised are all from the moderate centre and the right. 'One of the policies of the present Govt was to say, 'We will allow the formation of all parties that are not totalitarian.' This was a sort of a sop to the right, who interpreted this as, 'We will allow the formation of all the parties except the Communists.' The right is scared stiff of the Communists, but they are not so scared of the moderates or the socialists. Therefore the Govt has said that it will not allow any totalitarian party. It is all very ironical, because there is no party more totalitarian than Franco's old party - that still in Parliament.'

The Government though, is still in a bind. During Franco's time, the left stood behind the Communists as a bloc - though the moderate left may not have approved of them - and refused to let itself be legalised until the whole thing was thrown open. This has happened in part, yet the Communist Party is still 'illegal'. It would be difficult for the Government to ignore the Party - it has been estimated that it would gain 10 - 15% of the vote in a general election.

'So now it is assumed in Spain that the regime will find some way to legalise the Communists or allow them to stand for elections without having to pass such legislation through a right-wing dominated Parliament. This is sheer speculation on my part, but I think that they will allow the formation of some party that does not call itself 'communist' but has some completely different name, and will act as a front for the Communist candidates. I understand that just last week the Communist Party



"The government is walking on a tight-rope"

officially presented its papers to the Supreme Court for approval.'

It's a dicey game. Some would call it political amorality, and it's one where no-one wins straight out. The government seems to find it desirable to let the democratic political parties have a legal existence rather than have them fester underground, yet it is unwilling to fully recognize the interests of these parties. There seems, too, to be a curious relationship between the armed forces, the government, the general population and the left. For example, a referendum was held last December to see whether the people approved of the Government's measure to create a two-level house of parliament. The referendum was held not so much for the approval of that particular measure, as to gauge popular support for the regime as such. This was overwhelming. Meanwhile, the police, on their own initiative, moved in and arrested those left-wingers who boycotted the referendum. Similarly, a member of the Executive Committee of the Communist Party was arrested merely on the grounds of his existence as such. It seems unlikely, then, that the Government is going to get very much support from the politically-

influential left.

Another element of the Spanish situation is the rot of its bureaucratic system. Burt explains that the bureaucrats have such a hold on the old system that the new regime is seriously hampered in making its reforms. And there is speculation that if truly democratic reforms were to take place, some 15,000 employees and a large number of official dignitaries would stand to lose their jobs. It is an area, too, which is closely related to Spain's middle-class population and it seems unlikely that they are going to be willing to uproot themselves from these positions.

They are not the only reluctant reformists. 'When you have had forty years of dictatorship,' says Burt, 'nobody is going to have political power unless they have this vested interest in the old regime.' And indeed, many of the new cabinet have close ties to major industrial and banking concerns.

It is perhaps this that has influenced the democratic leanings - the EEC has barred Spain from its ranks until such times as it decides to play at being a democracy. A deteriorating economic situation has worried those holding Spain's purse-strings and it is believed that by joining the EEC, many of these problems would be solved. The fear of worker discontent is also great: 'A large percentage of Spanish workers were in other European countries, and now, because of the economic crises there, they have all been sent home. The unemployment benefit there is small, and very difficult to live off.'

It can be seen, then, that while the legislative steps towards democracy are being taken, very little is, in fact, changing. It seems to be a situation of weighing up who stands to lose most by doing what - hardly a good enough basis for a democracy.

Whatever the intentions of those in power, it is difficult to avoid the impression that the Government is trying for a different structure simply by loosening the screws on the old one. They plan to clean it out after a democratic system has been established, yet these same structures are hindering the development of such a system.

Which brings us back to the question of 'liberalisation'. Is this enough to bring any long-term good to Spain? Can a reform programme of 'controlled democracy' succeed in making the radical changes needed? Burt's observation was that a lot of people are marking time, to see how the Government is going to handle the situation, and in the meantime it was an open question as to whether Spain would move to a fascist state, western democracy or popular front government. Something will have to be sorted out soon.



Defining the Battlegrounds

ABOUT 500 miles east of the Philippines lie the Micronesian islands. One of the largest of these is Palau, with nearly a third of the overall population of 140,000. It has had a long history of foreign influence: first the Spanish, in the early days of the Great Explorers, followed by the Germans. After World War I, Palau Island became a Japanese mandate, and then in 1947, it became part of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands administered by the United States.

So what of the Islanders themselves? Isaac Soaladoab is a member of the Tia Belaud liberation movement in Palau Island and last month he visited New Zealand to speak at the International Convention for Peace Action, describing their situation.

Since Palau became a trusteeship of the US, he says, the American dominance of the island has crept to alarming proportions. There is, first, the economic situation. The people of Palau have traditionally worked the land and fishing resources for their living. These, however, have slowly been eroded, and he has clear ideas on just who is responsible.

'The battle lines are becoming well-defined. The masses are on one side and on the other are the three sharks: the plantation owners - the Unilevers of England and Holland, the Brewers of white Hawaii; the blackbirding merchants such as Burns Philip and Carpenters of white Australia and white New Zealand, the Mitsuis of Japan; and thirdly, the land destroyers such as the mining of the racist, Zionist Rothschilds who control Le Nickel, and of the Rockefeller-Kaiser group famous in America for massacring the wives and children of striking miners in Colorado. Only slowly and painfully have we in Micronesia realised that these sharks are what are called



Isaac Soaladoab, of the Tia Belaud Movement, Palau Island.

'imperialists' who hide behind slogans of democracy and peaceful coexistence.'

The atmospheric fallout from nuclear testing on Bikini Island in 1954 has also had its effects. Crops were, and still are, being contaminated, which has made it necessary to rely on supplementary food imports from the US.

Also disturbing are the more recent developments there. Along with Japan and Iran, the US is planning a supertanker port at Palau Island for the storing, refining and supply of oil. There has been strenuous opposition to the concept of Port Pacific, as it is called: a petition has been signed by the island residents and the Palauan High Chief Ibedul Gibbons has spoken out against it. The reasoning used by the Americans to justify their plans, though, can perhaps be seen in a statement attributed to one of their Navy Commanders: 'You realize there are millions of people in Japan and only 14,000 people in Palau; we may have to sacrifice those 14,000 people.'

It has become apparent, too, that Japan would want a US military umbrella if it is to become involved in the oil enterprise. The US seem to be willing to oblige. Mumbblings from American military leaders over the last year or so would suggest some eagerness in using a supertanker port as a base for their latest protégée, the Trident submarine fleet.

The US is supposed to hand back the Palau Islands to its people in 1981. But Soaladoab thinks that by then the damage will be done. Already, he says, the culture invasion has had its insidious effects and too many Islanders now have much to lose in any struggle against their oppressors.

He came to New Zealand to make the situation known and to appeal to Government MP's. Their reaction was not encouraging: 'It is not possible for us to interfere in what seems to be a democratic process,' he was told. Their views may have been influenced by the American developments in Palau Island: the establishment of Pacific Port would certainly make a convenient oil supply base. Soaladoab sees the liberation from the US as one and the same thing as liberation from any other country involved in the oppression of the Palau Island people. New Zealand cannot afford to ignore him.

JILL RANSTEAD

Need Money?

Ask the National.

If you need a loan, or simply a little financial advice, call at your nearest branch of the National Bank.

We've helped hundreds of students complete their studies with a simple, flexible loan scheme which provides assistance when you need it most.

If you're working to a tight budget, open a cheque account with the National. It'll make payments easier, and give you a record of your spending - for about 15 cents a week on average.

We specialise in banking for undergraduates, so choose the bank that wants your business.

The National Bank
OF NEW ZEALAND LIMITED
—YOUR FRIENDLY BANK

8235

DANCE

BENEFIT DANCE

FOR

TENANTS PROTECTION SOCIETY

AND PEOPLE'S UNION

\$1.50

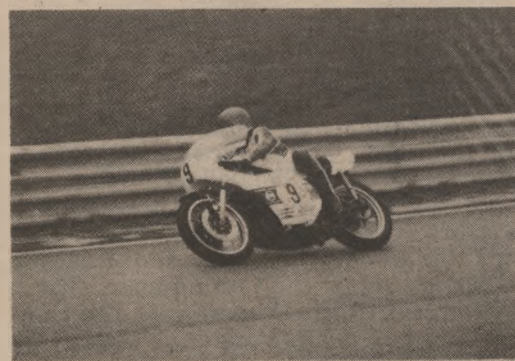
THREE BANDS !!

FRIDAY 18 MARCH

UNI CAFE

DANCE

MOTORCYCLES



New Zealand's largest range of Tyres - all fitted FREE while you wait when purchased from us.

Expert Workshop Staff

Business run by enthusiasts.

The place where you can talk to the Boss.

STUDENT DISCOUNT

BOB HALDANE
MOTORCYCLES
LIMITED LMVD

155-157 MANUKAU RD.,
EPSOM, AUCKLAND 3

PHONE 601-389



Whatever happened to the Values Party?

REMEMBER the Values Party? Remember election night '72, Gentleman Jack Marshall on the TV blithering about some complete nobody called Dreadon who had got 1650 votes against him without even holding a public meeting? Remember '75? all that fuss when Shadbolt nearly stood against Muldoon in Tamaki, and all those car stickers of little dogs with bladder infections? Remember, the lot the Nats called Commos and the Labour trendies called Fascists?

According to Deputy Leader Margaret Crozier, who was on campus recently, they are alive and well and living just about everywhere except Auckland. Not only is Auckland one of the Party's intrinsic weak areas but the problem is accentuated by the difficulty which Margaret, and Leader Tony Kunowski, a Christchurch resident, have in getting press coverage beyond the areas in which they live. So in fact, Values has not faded from the face of the planet, but has just been lost in the crowd around Auckland.

In fact, Margaret seems confident about the VP's prospects for the future. She points to the gains made in the last election in those seats which had a candidate second time around, and this would appear to be a continuing trend. In particular, she pointed to the VP's performance in the Nelson by-election last year. In '75 Values candidate Ms Struik received 1231 votes out of a total of 18,540. In the by-election a year later she got 1,583 out of 17,404. There are, of course, advantages for a minor party in a by-election as opposed to a general election. The most important of these is that the big parties cannot evade the restrictions on expenditure per electorate by putting vast sums into nationwide advertising. Also, of course, the more limited resources of a smaller party can cope more adequately with a one seat contest than with a full general election.

Confidence is also high for a good showing in the coming Mangere by-election. A poll of voters taken by the party several weeks ago indicated that at that stage Values would have received 14% of the vote. However this was before Colin Moyle withdrew and Labour made the rather shrewd choice of David Lange as their candidate. Some gain does seem probable, however, since in '75 Mangere was one of the few urban seats where Values was beaten home by Social Credit, a performance that is not likely to be repeated.

Regardless of such short-term goals, however, Margaret Crozier is under no illusions as to the magnitude of the long-term task facing the VP. She stressed that Values has got to develop a more outgoing attitude and be better prepared to take advantage of situations as they occur. This is happening at present with Values members involved in numerous causes on both a local and national level. However, because of the danger of appearing to be jumping on other people's bandwagons, these members are often adopting an excessively low profile. A degree of caution is warranted in this area to avoid the sort of credibility problem which many Labour Party people have brought upon themselves through lack of such tact.

On the other hand, Values is becoming more and more sensitive about what it rightly or wrongly considers to be the poaching of its policies by other parties. This is partly the result of the manner in which many politicians have adopted a "pseudo-Values" rhetoric, bandying around words like "conservation", "ecology" and "environment" with gay abandon. As Margaret pointed out it is quite wrong for established politicians to imagine they can undermine Values in this manner. It is not only such areas of concern that mark the VP off but also the methods by which it is proposed to implement them. As she said "Values is not prepared to accept the old centralised authoritarian approach", regardless of what policies it is aligned to.

The other reason for the firming up of Values position flows from the increasingly political orientation of the party. In the early days it was not uncommon to hear talk of Values being a "social movement" rather than a political party. However the Conference held at the beginning of '76 decided that Values would henceforth be

foremost a political party. Consequently it became necessary to guard its policy rather more jealously.

Margaret has also noticed a change in public attitudes towards Values over the last year or so. People are now less likely to treat it as a curiosity and more inclined to enquire seriously about its policies. This has been particularly evident as regards Economic policy. At one stage it was fashionable, although never entirely fair, to accuse the VP of having no economic policy. Now, Margaret reports large numbers of the public are keen to enquire about the details of the policy, as applied to particular areas affecting them personally.

Furthermore, it seems that interest is not confined to NZ. Groups in several countries are

propagating the same basic policies, and in Britain and Tasmania, are apparently considering adopting the name Values. Although the VP is in touch with these overseas groups Margaret did not seem impressed with the idea of a Values International as such.

Margaret Crozier was the VP candidate for Whangarei in '75. However, as recently as the '72 election, she had been involved in canvassing for the local Labour Party candidate. She soon became disenchanted with a LP which appeared no longer capable of assimilating new and important ideas. For her, the policy of the VP and the means of arriving at the policy are inseparable. The internal organisation of the Labour Party is characterised by the same centralised bureaucracy which threatens to prevent the country from avoiding the social and economic regression that face it at the moment.

Ms Crozier also resents the "middle class smear" which is often thrown at Values. She believes it is obvious that those people involved in fighting for political change cannot be the most repressed members of society since they are by definition totally concerned with securing the necessities for survival. She does believe, however, that the Values party has an appeal to working class people and as an example quotes the instance of a group of Northland union officials accosting the local Labour candidate with a copy of the Values manifesto and demanding to know when the LP was going to do something about worker participation in management. This of course the LP is unable to do since it would undermine the current trade union bureaucracy which allows the LP to buy the support of working people without having to give them value for money.

Crozier also believes that Values policy has an innate appeal to small farmers working family farms. She points out that Northland is a depressed area and contends that the failure of successive governments to inject sufficient finance into agriculture is a prime reason for this. Values economic policy calls for the emphasis in the economy to be returned to farming and away from manufacturing for export which has failed consistently to earn as much as it has cost in terms of the imports necessary to sustain it. At present she maintains "people are mugs to invest in food production". However it is here that NZ's efforts can be most efficiently directed and should be directed.

The vulnerability of NZ's trading position she says, makes it imperative that we become as near as possible to self sufficient and precludes costly adventures into areas of manufacturing which we cannot efficiently undertake. Comparing our situation with the rest of the world, she concludes that 'NZ has the best chance of making major breakthroughs in adapting to the crisis resulting from the depletion of the world's scarce resources.' One of the areas

(continued on p. 15.)

And Kunowski Too

LAST week AUSA was also visited by Values Leader Tony Knuowski, who was in Auckland to assist with the party's campaign in the Mangere by-election. At a very poorly advertised meeting attended by no more than a couple of dozen people and a TV camera crew he spoke about the need for a new approach to economic problems. He was harshly critical of the present Government and said that NZ was in worse shape than at any point this decade.

The Government's 'balancing the books' approach was, he claimed, found inadequate back in the '20's. He described its social policy as virtually non-existent. The Government was relying upon the persecution of scapegoats such as HART, and Polynesian immigrants to divert attention from its 'the economy first, people second policy'. He also accused the PM of using rather dubious manipulations of inflation statistics to make his policies appear more successful than they in fact had been.

It is, he contended, necessary to acknowledge 'the limits of growth' if New Zealanders were to preserve a worthwhile way of life.

DON MACKAY



Don Mackay helps Margaret Crozier look for them.

PREGNANT?

Need Help ?

PREGNANCY HELP

Ph. 372-599

WE'VE BEEN ASKED TO ADVISE READERS THAT PREGNANCY HELP WILL NOT ASSIST ANY PATIENT IN THE PROCURING OF AN ABORTION.

SINCERE INVITATION

Staff and Students Welcome at the

BAPTIST TABERNACLE
429 Queen Street

Sundays: 10.00 am All Age Bible School
11.00 am and 7.00 pm Services

Minister: Rev. Roland Hart

Newsweek

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

SELL NEWSWEEK

You'll earn good money, good experience
—and a chance to make friends—
as a Newsweek campus representative.
No experience necessary to operate this
small and profitable business.
Write today for full details.

Newsweek Education Department
Newsweek International
Carlton Centre, 55 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY 2000



RECYCLE YOUR ROCK ALBUMS

Unfortunately our old shop fell down, but we're away again at 436 Queen Street. The best second hand record exchange in town - come in and see for yourself. Bring some of your old albums to trade.

ROCK & ROLL RECORD EXCHANGE
436 QUEEN STREET (Next to Magic Bus)

CHRISTIAN CLUB

FREE WELCOME DINNER

SECOND HAND BOOKSHOP
(OLD BILLIARDS ROOM)

6.00 pm THURSDAY 17 MARCH

COME AND MEET SOME FRIENDS

AUCKLAND CITY ART GALLERY

300 YEARS OF BRITISH PORTRAITURE

Selected from NZ Public
and Private Collections

DAILY - 9 MARCH TO 8 MAY

GRAFTON FILMS '77

March 27	Jesus Christ Superstar
April 24	Butch Cassidy & the Sundance Kid
June 12	Friends
July 31	Midnight Cowboy
September 25	Fear is the Key

mercury theatre
france street

ON STAGE TUESDAY TO SATURDAY

8.15 pm



NZ PREMIERE

Strictly limited season of this controversial Australian play by JOHN POWERS - must conclude March 26

The Last of the Knucklemen

Directed by JONATHAN HARDY
(by arrangement with Melbourne Theatre Co)
designed by Paul Sayers

This is rough, raw theatre — a world without women, set in the labourers' bunkhouse of a mining camp in North-west Australia where boozing, gambling and brawling are the only diversions.

Patrons are advised that the direct language of this play may cause embarrassment.

phone 378.224 - anytime

20% Student Discount with ID Card

N.B. STUDIO THEATRE presents
Nikolai Gogols

THE DIARY OF A MADMAN
with Jonathan Hardy

A brilliant and stunning piece of theatre

GIVE BLOOD

BLUDDAYS

Weds 16, Thurs 17, Fri 18 March

Lower Common Room

Student Union Bldg

ALL WELCOME

AUTUMN GENERAL MEETING

The Autumn General Meeting of the Auckland University Students' Association Inc has been called for Wednesday 30 March 1977 to be held in Room B28 of the Library Block at 7.00 pm.

If attendance is not sufficient to form a quorum, the meeting will be postponed until Thursday 31 March 1977 to be held at 1.00 pm in the catering complex.

The agenda for the meeting closes at 5.00 pm on Wednesday 23 March 1977.

Penelope Gianni
Association Secretary



CHIDOKAN KARATE~DO

university beginners
classes now starting
in karate & aikido

AN IDEAL OPPORTUNITY TO OBTAIN TOP GRADE INSTRUCTION AT A GREATLY REDUCED COST. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ON LESSON TIMES ETC. CONSULT CLUB NOTICEBOARD OR RING 364-021

PUZZLE

Now that the text rush is over, Zillions of lovely and interesting books (for lovely and interesting people) have returned to UBS shelves. See how many titles you can unscramble from the letters opposite

fisfjhqyvklsipaoidqywhetrgfdhjslapwzvm
tyioerwxvznlkaswfrhqsawderftgyhijklm
azxscdfvgbhnjmkqlaswdefrgthyjikolpmbv
zxadscxfdvcbfvgbhyrfgedtwsadqrfwsoop
aczdsxvdbcfvghnjbhmnkj,mlpkokjihygtf
polkoikjhytgtrfdwseqsazcscxdddvcffgvgb
lmknjhbgyvfcxdzsaqsaewdsrefdrgrfthyjki
plkojkhygtfrdeswaqxzdsxcdfcvfggbbhjh
gffdsahjklzccbnmqwertypmgdsdfqwerxsz
lmkjmjbnbhbgvfcfxdzxasqwdseferdgrtf
pllkjkhhygtfrfedeswaqlmknjbhbgvfcx
lmknjhbgyvfcxazaplokijhytgrfassdffgh

UNIVERSITY
BOOK
SHOP

50% student owned



Hours: all year including vacation...

Mon - Thurs : 8.30 am - 5.30 pm.
Friday : 8.30 am - 8.00 pm.

ARMATRADING (cont. from p. 7)

certainly it reflects the total range of her musical abilities. Just as it is rare to find a truly fine woman song-writer in the business, it is virtually impossible to come upon one who can really play the guitar. And she really can. In *Join the Boys* and like *Fire* it is difficult to believe that it is not Stephen Stills thrashing away, but then she starts in on *Love and Affection* and one realises that she can play it all.

The backing of this, her latest album, seems far better suited to all of her styles, varying from the humorous *Water with the Wine* (warning against alcohol-induced passion) to the hard-hitting *People*. The deep bassiness is retained but without detracting from the power of Jerry Donahue and Graham Lyle's guitar work, and limited orchestration is introduced in several songs, where it works only to the advantage of the entire album.

Although criticism has been levelled against Joan Armatrading for her similarity to Van Morrison (whom she is reported to idolize) and others, her music strikes as a new, if not totally original force. It is true that she lacks the power of the "greats" of this world, but who cares when she can sing such pretty songs.

NICHOLAS DORSET

VALUES PARTY. (Cont. from p.13.)

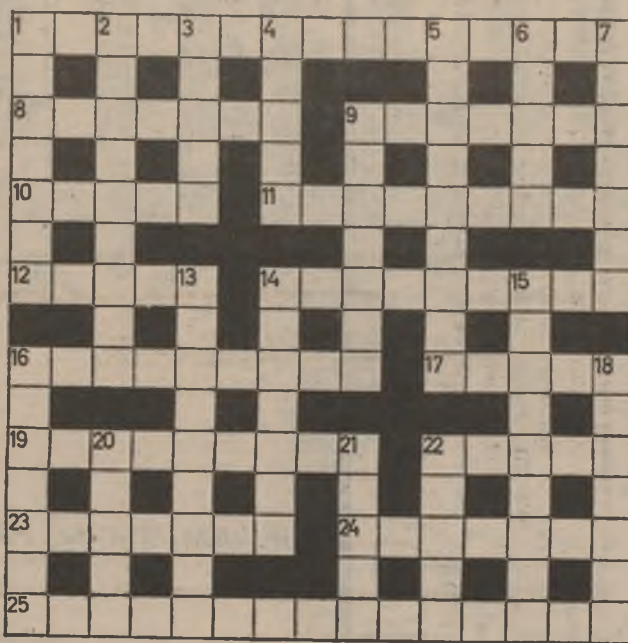
in which NZ is currently failing badly is transport. Ms Crozier points to the continued emphasis on petroleum fueled road transport at a time when the life expectancy of such modes of transport is not more than twenty or thirty years.

The magnitude of the crisis occasioned by the depletion of vital resources is such as to demand as a matter of survival, a complete re-orienting of society. It is better, Margaret Crozier claims, to try and adapt in advance (this is the object of the bulk of VP policy) and thus ensure that the remaining resources are shared fairly and used wisely. She sees in the economic policies of the present government the seeds of the rather less pleasant alternative. Muldoon is using the increasingly dismal economic situation as a lever to foist on the majority of the population a lowered standard of living and restricted civil liberties while allowing an elite class to entrench themselves in a position of privilege. Consequently, Ms Crozier predicts that 'None of the existing institutions can expect to survive the decade without change, for better or for worse'.

DON MACKAY

Crossword

Solution P. 4



ACROSS:

1. Is it buoyed up by liquid assets? (8, 7)
8. Grave without luxury! (7)
9. One is to dance with one's spouse! (7)
10. The innermost part is in the side. (5)
11. Flight helps us to rise. (9)
12. Stiff drilling installation - I'd complete it. (5)
14. Excellent body of men in an American court? (5, 4)
16. Transform a tongue. (9)
17. Liquid of knockout value! (5)
19. Their addresses are improving. (9)
22. Compact, so the cover follows. (5)
23. For an unruly group, to err is weird. (7)
24. He's in charge of money to benefit others. (7)
25. Great changes brought about by the vacuum cleaner? (8, 7)

DOWN:

1. Fear the mutilation of part of the bird. (7)
2. Laughs - and not about attack! (9)
3. Initially, the regular payment for a river. (5)
4. Requires the French to leave the sewing gear. (5)
5. Game part for an elevated stretch of land. (9)
6. Heavyweight gave the first half to a Pacific island. (5)
7. Legally, it's to steal the term. (7)
9. Lowly fellow with vegetables for the worker. (7)
13. How topsoil is sold? (4, 5)
14. Strange type of gems. (7)
15. Not down to carry a gun - to provide stuffing! (9)
16. Devil descending, or holy man rising. Our country needs them. (7)
18. Saves using a pawn ticket? (7)
20. Points out the stick to wear away. (5)
21. Mythical beast can make trays. (5)
22. Prepare a bird, and eat gluttonously. (5)

THE DISTANT ECHOES OF DISAPPEARING JETS

Just floating away on the Caspian sea with Celeste and the crystal maiden, looking for the land of the furry moon where flemish merchants, dressed in ermine coats, would wedge rubies between the lips of beautiful boys.

So this is how it goes
Back in Mesopotamia
Remember Tangier
And all the friends
Who flew away
These Ziggurats
Are too large for conversation.

The trans-Siberian train transported Mr Williams, a writer, past bleak landscapes. He was deep in thought while, outside, unknown villagers were deep in snow. In writing he would search for some new form of expression, something exceptional

- like a harpsichord in a bomb crater
- like London fog in the Sahara
- like strange bone structures in/
Spanish cathedrals

Mr Williams' train clattered away - like an/
epileptic typewriter

You brought me a necklace from Brazil
I thanked you and returned to Tokyo.

* shadow of venetian blind on whitewashed /
office wall

* electric fan slices hot air

* man in panama hat strokes a rubber plant
He is a movie director. He plans to film a
waterfall in Paraguay, then a death in Madrid.
For him foreign countries are like unshot film

A nipple dries in California
Our orgasm lasted over Tibet.

Eric feared the stars, he could not put them
down on his white canvas. A sense of emptiness
haunted him and he often vomited up the black
bile of infinity. Eric had camel hair brushes and
oils imported from Milan, but all of his paintings
were of airport terminals.

A concrete parachute and the impact of tears
I received an erection
Like a stranger coming out of the mists,
To scatter flowers over far horizons
Jism over plateaus of flesh
Your back a runway
Your sighs the distant echoes of disappearing jets.

RICHARD VON STURMER

Newsweek

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

SELL NEWSWEEK

You'll earn good money, good experience
—and a chance to make friends—
as a Newsweek campus representative.
No experience necessary to operate this
small and profitable business.

Write today for full details

Newsweek Education Department
Newsweek International

Carlton Centre, 55 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY 2000

wanted

SATIRE FOR CAPPING BOOK
LEAVE AT CRACCUM OFFICE
SECOND FLOOR S.U.B.

Deadline for contributions: 18 March 1977

THEATRE CORPORATE

14 GALATOS ST

PHONE 74237

DAILY AT 1.10 pm

DAILY AT 8.15 pm

STRANGE SISTERS OFF TO THE LOUNGE

Also at 11.00 pm
March 18 & 19

Workshop
Production

ALL BOOKINGS: PHONE 74-307

SHARPEVILLE ~ SOWETO

THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES

- * END THE REPRESSION
- * FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS
- * NO NZ CONTACT WITH APARTHEID
- * FOR MAJORITY RULE IN SOUTH AFRICA

PROTEST
SHARPEVILLE WEEKEND
18 - 21 MARCH

MARCH FRI. 18th MARCH
ASSEMBLE MYERS PARK 7pm



Parents with their murdered son—the police shot without warning.

TERRACED HOUSES

On poverty street
it's ah armpit summer
of insects
laughter
& immigrant children
holding ice cream dreams
in the luke warm rain.

A parent's yell
down a chipped plaster hall
can't distort
the TV trance
of a child on a balcony
re-enacting
a soap commercial dance

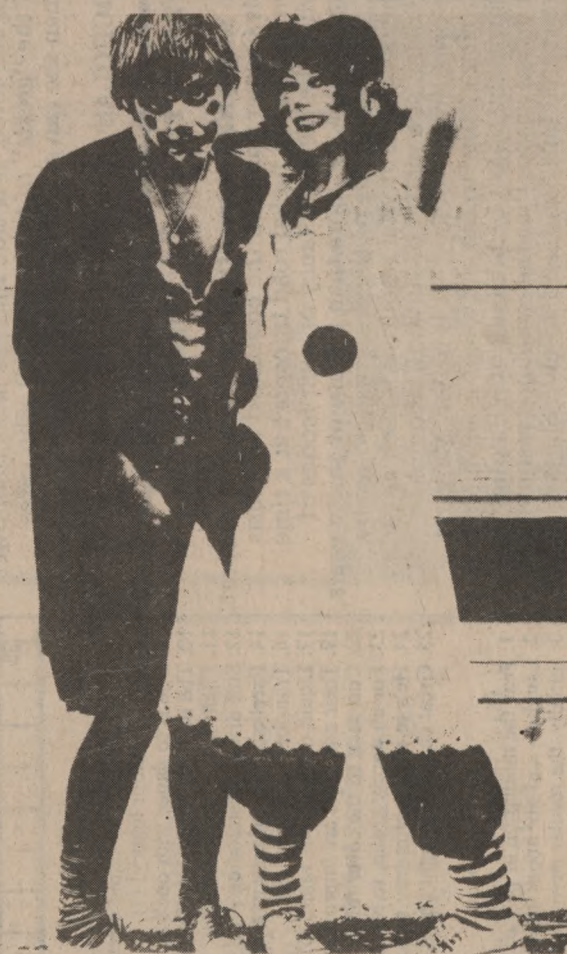
Her toy pain slit
with a chipped toothed grin
she lifts her skirts

to the sun/
to the red rain light
of a torn hymen dawn.

A newspaper ghost
cloaks her barefeet
but she dance on the porch
of an ice cream palace

as grubby windows
gaze weak
on her coughing father
shuffling to work up poverty street

THE REAL SINGING POSTCARD



THE SILVER ACORN

DEREK WARD

It happened that in a large metropolis teeming with beings of a human kind there lived a certain moderately successful businessman whose custom it was to recline upon a large couch after his noonday sustenance. On this particular day his recline was lapsing into doze when he heard a tiny tapping coming from high upon the wall - he looked up and saw nothing, he peered from his office window and saw the same bustling millions; the tapping persisted and he began to search methodically for its source, which he duly found - for perched on the top of the curtain box was a 60 millimetre high naked man of fine bone and feature regularly striking a small silver acorn with a small silver hammer. The moment the businessman saw him he stopped his tapping and turned - then tossing his tiny tapper into the air he tumbled after it and disappeared 2 centimetres from the tip of the nose of our merchant friend - leaving behind the silver acorn. Gingerly picking it up the businessman observed that it was so exquisitely wrought that were it not silver he would have taken it to be real.

And from that day our businessman had the most extraordinary fortune in the world of commerce. Every business project he embarked upon blossomed forth in showers of money and success. Indeed he became so well known that

all his dealings were conducted in great secrecy and he himself was rarely seen: it became his custom to wear heavy disguise whenever he appeared before any other than his few most trusted associates. All the while deep in his most private vault within a secret safe within a secret wall within a secret safe he kept his tiny acorn of silver.

Eventually his wealth grew to such proportions that he was able to realize a fantastic dream. Calling together the finest architects and engineers he caused to be constructed a monstrous skyscraper of silver in the shape of an acorn - so tall that it could be seen from neighbouring states, its fantastic stalk towering above the very mountains; and at the topmost part of the stalk he had his penthouse.

Now as it happened he arose one day from his recline to call his private secretary and found no answer - perplexed, he called the assistant to his secretary and again received no answer - presently he discovered that the huge acorn was devoid of personnel. Sitting bewildered at his silver desk his eye was caught by what appeared to be a monstrous toe, and rushing to the patio of the penthouse he saw that indeed it was - attached it seems to a monstrous foot - his eye followed a huge body up into the clouds. The upper half of the giant was lost in the fleecy fog, the arms hung at its sides; and in its left hand it held a gigantic silver hammer.

Craccum



Photo from Clive Stone exhibition, Snaps Gallery.