

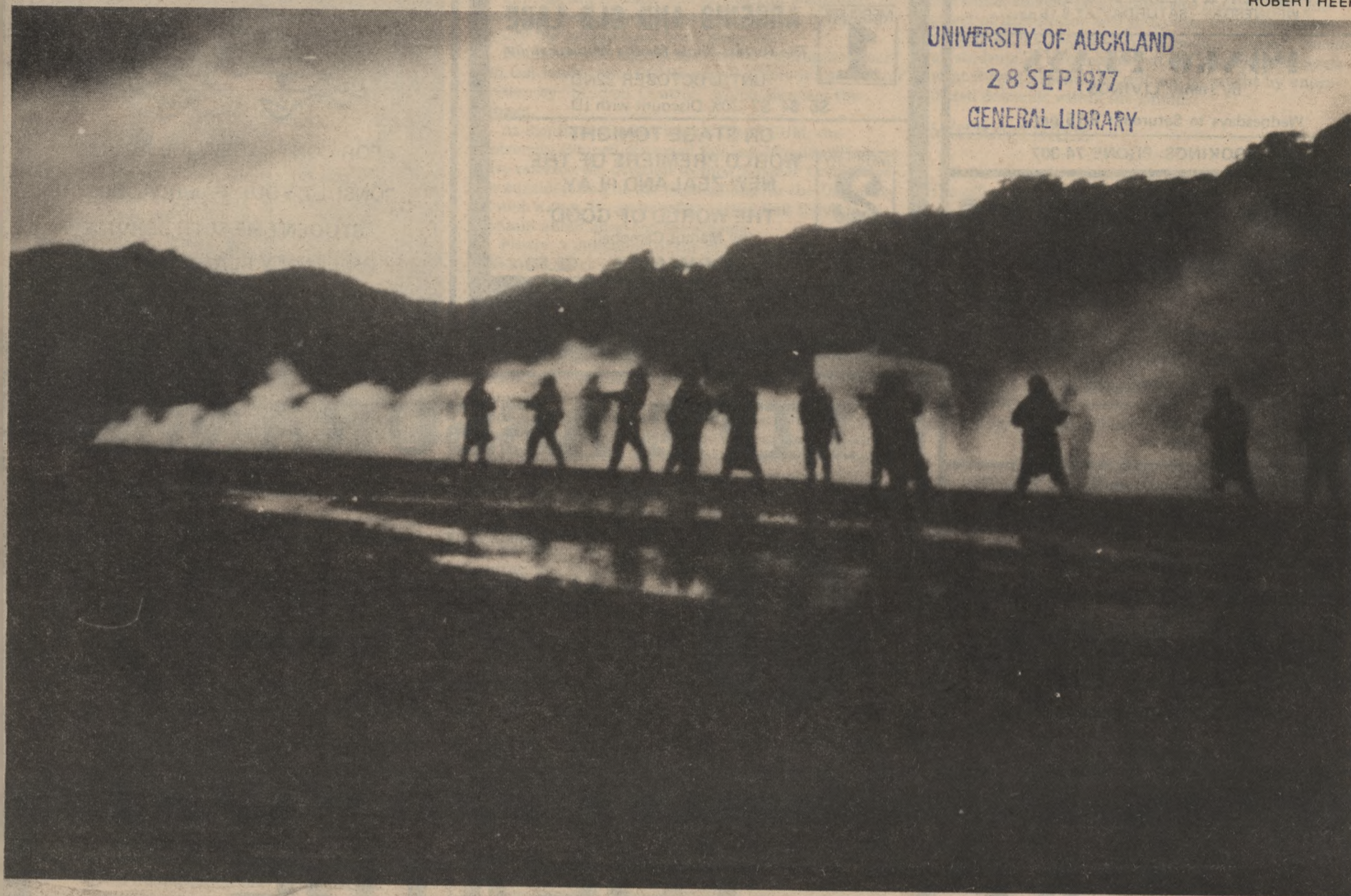
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## C R A C C U M

Auckland University Student Newspaper / Volume 51 Number 22 September 26 1977 / Registered at the P.O.H.Q. Wellington as a magazine.

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ROBERT HEEPS

UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND  
28 SEP 1977  
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# On The Beach

ON September 1 two students who were at Shoal Bay, at the South end of Triphenia Harbour on Great Barrier Island were treated to an interesting spectacle. The Bay is frequently visited by parties of Navy personnel off ships coming into Auckland. They are brought into the Bay by boat and are frequently sent off on cross country runs in the area. On this day, however, the party that landed began going through manouevers on the Beach. It was low tide and a large area of sand below the high tide mark was exposed. The students commented that although the presence of the party was quite easily visible, only people who, like themselves, bothered to go onto the beach for a closer look would be able to see exactly what they were doing.

As they approached, with camera, they heard their presence reported back to the ship by radio. They could not hear the reply from the ship as the signalman was wearing headphones. However they were not hindered in their attempts to observe the drill and even managed to hold a brief conversation with the signalman. When asked who the Navy party were, the signalman said that they were 'Internal Security' and that they were part of the Navy. In answer to questions, he confirmed that they were concerned with riot control and demonstrations. He said that this sort of thing had been going on 'for a long time', ever since 'the trouble overseas'. Quite what he meant by this is open to some doubt but presumably it referred to attempts to suppress the Anti-Vietnam war movement in the US. Inexplicably, the signalman seemed in some doubt as to whether the ship he had come off was the HMNZS Waikato or HMNZS Otago. At this point an Officer approached said 'OK. We're just playing really' and removed the signalman. The students continued to watch the squad practice its demonstration control techniques.

Much of the drill was concerned with using tear gas.



ROBERT HEEPS

The squad were equipped with gas masks and at one point even practised being gassed themselves. Then one of the officers gave an instruction to the effect that since the imaginary demonstrators had failed to disperse under assault from the teargas, the operation would move on to its next stage. At this point the squad took up their

rifles and were put through a drill of shooting specific members of the imaginary crowd as pointed out by the Officer. A large sign was held up saying 'Any person who crosses this line will be shot'.

What we apparently have is the NZ armed forces training its men, as part of long-standing policy, to shoot New Zealand civilians. Furthermore, as the two students observed the Navy squad practicing, they estimated that the average age of the 27 men involved would have been less than eighteen. The Navy is, in fact, training as if for a violent intervention into New Zealand politics. Coming as it does at a time of other unsavory revelations about the thinness of the thread by which democracy hangs in this country, this is a terrifying discovery. Mr Minogue's claim that New Zealand is in danger of creating the apparatus of a Police State is clearly well short of the mark. It has already been created, and along with it the mechanism of Fascist revolution.

The purpose of the New Zealand armed forces is supposed to be to defend the country from attack from abroad, just as the SIS was supposed to protect us from foreign spies. The turning of the SIS inwards against New Zealanders themselves is well known, now we have evidence that at least one branch of the armed forces sees itself as potentially entering as a violent force into domestic politics. This cannot be justified in terms of

Continued on p. 3

## GREAT GIVE-AWAY

ON Wednesday, Students of this University will make a major policy decision. They will be asked to endorse the following motions.

1. THAT the transfer of financial and administrative control of the Maidment Arts Centre, Union Common Rooms and the Cafeteria from the Association to the Student Union Management Committee be approved, within the guidelines of the Report of the Ad Hoc Committee to Council.  
If this motion is lost, the following foreshadowed motion will need to be discussed.

THAT the Association continue to operate the Maidment Arts Centre, Union Common Rooms and the Cafeteria.

THAT the introduction of a separate Union Levy set by the Student Union Management Committee be approved.

THAT the transfer of \$45,000 to the Student Union Management Committee be approved.

THAT the Union Levy be set at a maximum of \$7.50.

THAT the Executive be given power to negotiate an acceptable Union Levy on the understanding that the combined Union Levy, Building Levy and Students' Association fee does not exceed \$35.00.

Continued on p. 3

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ROBERT HEE

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ROBERT HEEPS

## ON THE BEACH continued from p. 1.

any internal threat to New Zealand's security, or to the activities of any group within the country to violently overthrow the government.

The last instance of anything like this was the uprising of the Waikato and other Maoris over one hundred years ago, and there exists no evidence to even suggest the possibility today. There is no grounds for justifying the Navy's activities as being a reaction to the tide of events within New Zealand.

It is not claimed that any official plan to use this training against New Zealand democracy exists. However, the fact that the training is carried out creates a potential which will always be open to opportunism and abuse. Furthermore, it is difficult to see any other use to which the training could be put.

Mass demonstrations in New Zealand have never been aimed at the violent overthrow of government, and not in forty years has such a gathering initiated violence, although they have been on the receiving end a number of times. There is no indication that this pattern of behaviour is likely to change. By training men for the assassination of specifically nominated figures in a mass demonstration, the New Zealand Navy is creating an unjustifiable potential for political violence and indirectly threatening the survival of democracy in this country.

ROBERT HEEPS & DON MACKAY

## SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING

continued from p. 1.

For those who wish to read the report of the ad Hoc Committee, it is available from the Association Offices, or will be available at the Special General Meeting.

The Meeting is being held at 1 pm on Wednesday in the S.R.C. Lounge which is above the Cafe extension. (where the second-hand book shop was).

For those who wish to see further information, consult last week's CRACCUM page 7. There is also a letter written by "Student Control" which discusses the subject.

As mentioned in last week's CRACCUM, the University Council discussed this last Monday. They have referred the decision to their Finance Committee for consideration of the implications for the University in such a step. It can be safely stated that they are hesitant about adopting the scheme.

Firstly, a discussion of the motions so that students will know what I am talking about:

### MOTION ONE

This means the assets and management of the Union will cease to be owned by the Association and will be vested in the control of the Student Union Management Committee (S.U.M.C.). This Committee comprises students and university representatives. The student reps. include the President and the Treasurer. It will mean the Executive will not have control of, nor will it have responsibility for, the management of the Union. It will mean such decisions are made by the Committee and it is envisaged that the executive will be able to get on with running the Association and Student Activities.

The major reason behind this direction is that, because the Executive is elected for only one year, it cannot get to grips with the Union (eg: turnover in catering complex last year approached half a million dollars).

Having passed that motion the following motions must follow automatically, although some students may be upset with the figures. These of course can be amended by the meeting.

If the motion is lost we will need to discuss the foreshadowed motion. I wish to know whether students want us to run the Union and stop considering giving it away, or is this arrangement not adequate and should we go away and negotiate another?

If the latter is the case, do we close down the Cafe if we are not successful with negotiating a new agreement, or do we continue to operate these facilities until we are successful?

If motion one is passed, motions two to five will be discussed.

### MOTION TWO

Motion two is also a major policy point. At present students control their Students Association Fee because it cannot be raised except by two thirds majority at a general meeting.

This new scheme will give control of a portion of the fee to S.U.M.C. A similar situation exists with hostel fees. The Student Accommodation Committee sets the Board for hostels for 1978 and is charged with the responsibility of not losing money. Thus the cost of Board rises as costs rise.

The situation within the Union is not an exact parallel. The University contributes to the running of the Union and the Association also contributes. The effect of this motion will be to take the contribution away from the Association and make it a direct demand on students. It also means that the Association knows what it has to spend and will not be caught by unpredictable demands within the Union.

### MOTION THREE

In the past, the Association has depreciated its assets. The effect of this motion will be to give S.U.M.C. a proportion of that depreciation as a setting up cost.

### MOTION FOUR

This motion follows from Motion Two. In a draft budget prepared by the University, it is suggested there be a \$7.50 fee. There is yet to be negotiation over this fee. I consider it is too high at present and can see places it can be trimmed. It is unlikely this figure will be the actual fee, thus the word "maximum".

### MOTION FIVE

Follows from Motion Four and gives the assurance that because of this scheme, the fees for 1978 will not rise.

The above discussion is obviously biased from my point of view as one of the negotiators. It is a scheme which I have spent some months negotiating and I think that the result is of advantage to students.

It means that students do not have to elect a President primarily for his/her administrative abilities because if the President wishes to opt out of such things he/she can arrange for another student who may be better equipped to handle such matters. At present, because the President is responsible for the overall state of the Association, he/she has to acquaint herself/himself with such things. It means that where management techniques are required, executives who know nothing about such matters cannot muck up long-term planning.

On the surface, very little will change. The Union will still be open for the same hours. Meeting Rooms will continue to be available etc etc. However, under the surface the lines of responsibility will change.

One last point - the agreement also contains a clause which says that if the students in two years time disagree with the scheme, there should be no problems in giving the Union back.

After all, life is a Merry-go-Round.

BRUCE GULLEY

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## THE FRISBEE



# Dear Frank,

Dear Frank,

Lunchtime, Friday 16th, saw the 'anti Royal Commission Report' rally in the quad.

A dozen or so people participated in some skits and then the meeting moved to the S.R.C. room (due to weather) where there were about 35 people, including at least 3 non-supporters and a child. About 20 went on the protest march.

Jill Ranstead, speaking in the S.R.C. room, said that an abortion was the business only of women, and even then, only those of child-bearing age.

I contest that: the father and unborn child are obviously involved. So is the whole of society which uses laws to settle conflicts of rights and interests. What other area of law allows the rights of a defenceless victim to be transgressed in so complete a way as abortion without placing some restrictions on the transgressor?

Similarly, I contest the reasoning of the speaker in the quad on Friday who said that restricting abortions was a male way of "keeping women down". If we place a speed limit on our roads are we "keeping drivers down" or protecting innocent potential victims?

Let's differentiate. Where a woman's life ('life' narrowly defined) is in jeopardy due to pregnancy, the question is: "which life" should go? But where it is not a matter of 'life' or 'near probable death' for the woman, the question becomes: "whether or not" a life is to go?

Convenience, even hardship, do not of themselves justify termination of a life.

David Burt  
Alan Kasper  
J.P. Ryan

Dear Frank,

Perusing recent issue of your paper, that of 5-9-77, I discovered Mr. Treen's article "Mokgatle: Target for Distortion". and have been impelled by the spectacle of a political imbecile making virtue of his folly, to set out a number of points germane to the Mokgatle visit debacle.

I'm sure Barney Mokgatle was 'universally welcomed' by anti-apartheid activists, but this would have been despite the Socialist Action League's crude attempt to bully, threaten, cajole other groups into sponsoring him. These more broadly-based organisations were rightly chary of supporting Mokgatle at extreme short notice, both because he was then a largely 'unknown quantity' and because these groups recognise the need to remain acceptable to all the many African factions, in South Africa and elsewhere, rather than fostering, or appearing to foster, one of them.

Attempts to link Soweto with Bastion Point may be good cloud cuckoo land 'internationalism', but their results for the real world were at best specious, at worst disastrous. While more militant Maori leadership is quite obviously required, this will not occur through importing 'the struggle'. Despite Mr Treen's assertion that "Maori leaders" also 'universally welcomed' Mokgatle, it is rather more likely that his visit served to create a backlash, fanned by the press and other white reaction, among significant sections of Maoridom. However this is consistent with the brisk and thoroughly experienced exploitation of the Bastion Point folk by the SAL/Young Socialists. The level of their concern for the Ngati Whatua is reminiscent of that of a multinational seeking advertising hoardings at a sports feature.

As to the media's treatment of Mokgatle, the central issue of the article, Mr Treen's naivety appears intractable, as it is comprehensive. That one cannot rely on the capitalist press to do one's work is a lesson that has been driven home to Socialists and progressive groups over countless decades. Any competent political analyst, or activist in New Zealand knows that our press, firstly, is lazy and incompetent. Yet Mr Treen cries in wonder that 'No newspaper sent a reporter to any of the numerous meetings'. Secondly he knows that the press's world view is absurdly inadequate. But Mr Treen protests amazed that 'The newspaper reports reflected a total misunderstanding of the realities of South African life'. Thirdly he should know that the capitalist press thinks and speaks the bourgeois ethos. This will be in some measure confused and contradictory and if Mr Treen had cited examples other than 'Truth' and the 'Herald' editorial, the variety of negative, misinformed, neutral and positive reportage and comment would have demonstrated this. Finally journalists do not as Mr Treen implies, control the news.

But the bourgeois media is undivided on certain values. Mr Treen's hinting at some sort of crude conspiracy ('a press that seemed united in an attempt to distort .....') simply misses the point that our media are going to react negatively to anyone advocating any form of irregular political action. This unequivocal bias to law, due process and peace is paralleled by business motives regarding circulation, channel or station popularity, and so on which only too willingly seize on the unknown,

unsettling, or unpopular in a sensational manner.

Now, Barney Mokgatle is a revolutionary prepared to use violence. In context this is understandable, even commendable. He is not averse to speaking of this. What Mr Treen and his colleagues would have seen, had they not been bemused by Trotskyist metaphysics, is that this dedicated refugee would, in inevitably in the ruling ideology of New Zealand in 1977, be a 'target for distortion' and thus a tool of racism and reaction.

Luv'n Kisses  
Guy Dugdale

Dear Frank,

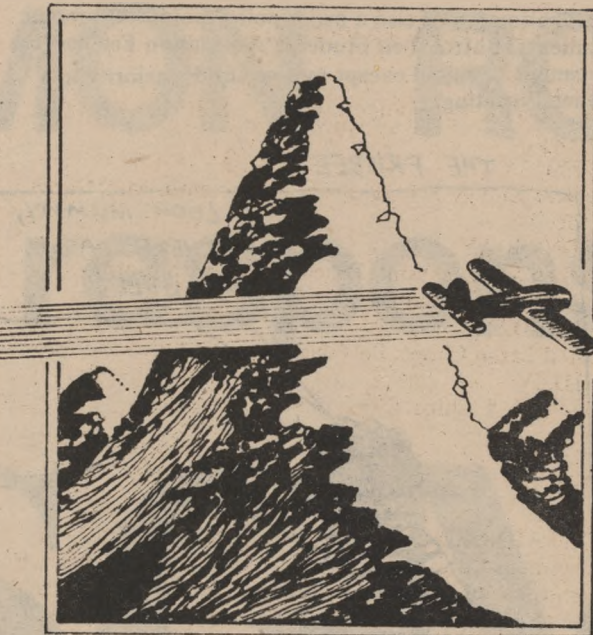
The Mid-East broadsheet handed out around campus recently was both misleading and irritating.

It claimed to give 'two views' on the Mid East question and was produced by NZUSA in 'the interests of promoting a rational, balanced debate'. In actual fact, the broadsheet was really one view (that of the Palestinians) which took up about 3/4 of the space. It was all nicely set out, in big print, with clear headings, pictures of Israeli tanks and bombed Arab cities. The Israeli view was given to us in the form of a heavy interview with the Israeli ambassador to New Zealand. It was squashed into one page, was in small print, had no headings and featured a pretty grotesque picture of Begin glowering at the reader. What is more, the validity of what he had to say was smartly quashed by a description of the body search of our hero the NZUSA interviewer, by rude and possibly paranoid Embassy officers. Even if the interviewer was asked to run naked down Queen Street, before being granted an interview with the ambassador, that has nothing whatsoever to do with the political situation in the Middle East. This bit of detail was entirely irrelevant to the question of the existence of the state of Israel and was unfair in that it further biased the reader against what the ambassador had to say.

If a group of pro-Palestinians want to propagate their views then that is fair enough, but don't use NZUSA funds to put out material that is cloaked in the word 'objective' while being obviously biased to one point of view. Judging by the result of the recent referendum among students, this appears to be the minority point of view which should therefore be put not by NZUSA but by those who hold that view.

Yours,  
Martyn Nichols

P.S. For those who may be wondering, I am neither Jewish nor am I an Israeli citizen.



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EDITOR .....	FRANCIS STARK
ASSISTANT EDITOR .....	DON MACKAY
TECHNICAL EDITOR .....	ROD MACDIARMID
LITERARY EDITOR .....	SIMON LEWIS
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	ANDREW GREEN
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After the fourth brandy I lost consciousness, so everything this week is as much a surprise to me as it is to you. I can remember some or all of the following working on the antepenultimate edition of CRACCUM for 1977: Barbara typeset, Andrew proofed, Don wrote, Lin and Chris contributed, Colin drew, Robert snooped, and I sobered up.

Dear Frank,

The National Campus Day of Action on September 16 to oppose legislation based on the report of the Royal Commission was the first time that NZUSA has conducted a major campaign in the field of women's rights. We therefore felt it appropriate to comment on the success or otherwise of this venture and more specifically to draw the attention of the National Executive to a major fault in the political content of the campaign.

First we must express our pleasure in receiving the two posters and the leaflet. Despite appalling weather were able to hold a fairly successful day of action - guerilla theatre, a forum and a picket of the Health Department.

There were, however, some minor problems. Firstly, the disproportionate numbers of leaflets and posters - namely too few of the former and too many of the latter - which meant we had to run off another leaflet. Secondly, the late arrival of the publicity reduced the impact of the day's activities. Finally, there was a lack of room to write the details of what was planned for the day.

More important is the issue of the politics of the campaign. NZUSA policy, as everyone is aware, supports abortion as a woman's right to choose and therefore calls for the repeal of all abortion laws. We expected the publicity to emphasise this women's rights aspect especially as many other groups opposed to the Royal Commission are defaulting in this area.

Instead, we found that the National Office of NZUSA had printed a leaflet which in no way unequivocally defended a woman's right to abortion. In fact, nowhere was abortion mentioned in the leaflet except in the graphic. Even this one mention the graphic was doctored to read "Abortion a Democratic Right" rather than "Abortion A Woman's Right".

Including this issue in a general 'democratic rights' campaign, or even women's rights campaign, in fact undercuts its impact. It means that only those who agree with all the issues raised - be they opposition to restrictive abortion legislation, cutbacks in the Domestic Purposes Benefit, deportations of Pacific Islanders, or whatever - join the protests.

What seems to be our National Officers' reluctance to mount a single issue campaign is further shown in their hesitation to produce a leaflet in conjunction with the Women's National Abortion Action Campaign (WONAA (WONAAC), an organisation which according to policy, NZUSA supports. They based their uncertainty on two spurious grounds - possible lack of finance and that co-producing a leaflet amounted to an indirect grant. Lack of finance has not prevented the production of the general women's rights poster nor has fear of giving an indirect grant stopped co-production of leaflets with groups such as the Working Women's Alliance, CANWAR and more recently CORAL.

A more probable reason for their reluctance is that concentrating on the abortion issue alone goes against some of our National Officers' own political philosophy. They see New Zealand threatened by a phenomenon called "galloping fascism".

This ties in with their hostility to feminism and to a separate women's rights struggle. (As shown by reactions to the setting up of women's commission at council). While not necessarily expressed openly, it is seen in such actions as commissioning a male member of the Auckland executive to purchase books on Women's Liberation.

We feel it is important that the National Executive halt this trend in National Office which is moving away from August Council policy. This is especially important in that we assume that NZUSA still sees opposition to the Abortion bill as its top priority and will be organising future activities. As a suggestion, the second reading of the bill in mid-October seems to us the most appropriate time for future protest.

Yours sincerely,  
Janet Roth  
Sue Glazebrook

Books are the best friends a man can have. You choose those that you like; you can rely on them at all times; they can help you in your work, in your leisure, and in your sorrow. You have them always around you at your beck and call in your home.

They are not nowadays very expensive if you only buy one now and then to make up your collection. At any rate, the nearest public library will bring almost any book to your hand without expense. But books of your very own are the better friends and companions. Don't buy a book because it is cheap, for very cheap books are often equally nasty. Go for the best while you are about it.

But reading without outlook is no good. You must balance literary knowledge by knowledge of the world, of men, and things. Travel is a valuable step to this, but an observant, sympathetic man can get as much knowledge of his fellow-men in a walk of a mile or so as a stodgy one would get in a thousand miles.

## Baden-Powell

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CHRIS GOSLI

# Grapevine

## WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS:

AN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION OR SOMETHING :

REMEMBER your first lecture ? There you were, all bright eyed and bushy-tailed, waiting for the fountain of knowledge standing at the front to spout out words of wisdom, for your eager brain. More than that though, this person through her/his great education and training was going to inspire you with brilliant rhetoric, meaty organised speech, and their obvious interest and enthusiasm. Ah! What bliss ! What naivety ! Now after the long hours of boring lectures, of notes with large blanks because you couldn't quite hear what the lecturer was saying (or realised you'd been dozing for the last ten minutes), of notes with scrawl up the margins from a lecture which had been all over the place, perhaps you've begun to wonder about that demagogue at the front of the class.

Perhaps her/his heart isn't completely in this lecturing business - perhaps they really have no idea of what they're supposed to be doing !

Congratulations ! You're right ! Your lecturer is probably either bored (or scared) stiff everytime she/he gets up in front of your class. You have just learned one of the basic facts about the position of academics in society and the university. Contrary to popular opinion, the primary job of lecturers is not to spread their vast knowledge to the word-hungry masses, but to churn out articles and experiments to be reported in obscure little magazines and journals.

But surely the university, entrusted with millions of dollars of public money has the best interests of student education at heart when appointing lecturers ? Alas, no. Join me briefly for an enlightening tale.

Lecturers, Professors, etc. are appointed mainly on the basis of statements by referees. The contents of these vary little - giving accounts of the successful work/research/writing that X has done in a certain field. More than the contents, the identity of the referee, if known by those making the appointment, is usually the most important criterion. (The international old boys network). Referees very rarely make any mention of teaching ability. Unlike both primary and secondary education, neither the Government nor the universities have any compulsory teaching qualification whatsoever for university lecturers, although expenditure per student is far higher here than any other area. The person who is lecturing has probably never received any instruction whatsoever in the rudiments of clear speaking, black-board writing, well-organised speech, or subject preparation.

Under the present under-staffed structure, perhaps tutors and lab demonstrators offer the best opportunity for real teaching and student assistance at university. But their appointment system is even worse. Most tutors or lab demonstrators are senior students who are doing this work for extra money. There is very little other work allowed for PhD students. Some stage III Students, in fact, must take labs as part of their course. They are often appointed solely at the discretion of the Head of Department, and like lecturers have no compulsory or even recommended teaching qualifications. These are the people who are supposed to help students with their problems and are the closest a student can come to somebody in the university staff, yet again academic criteria appears to be the only ones. Need I go on ?

So we know that academic staff need not and generally do not, have any teaching skills when appointed. But these things are hard to assess originally, anyway. Doesn't the university search out those who do show signs of teaching talent and make sure they progress ? Tut, tut. You're showing your naivety again. You've forgotten that a university isn't really a place to produce thinking human beings, but a place to turn out research documents to sit in dusty little private libraries.

The main criterion for promotion within the university academic structure is the production of said documents. The powers that be make little effort to assess the teaching ability of lecturers once they are appointed, research once again is the most important factor and once again, the welfare and future of students comes out at the bottom.

The fault does not necessarily lie with lecturers, however, but the system. Often their genuine interest is stifled by the research work expected of them. That is where the major fault lies. And a wholesale shift in university orientation is required.

Next week: How to solve the problems, or, What do you mean I can't teach ? I've got a PhD.

CHRIS GOSLING

### CATERING COMPETITION - LAST CHANCE

ALL entries for this competition will be received by the end of the month - see below for details.

#### Mural

A submission for designing and painting a mural on the wall behind the Health Food Counter is required. A \$50 cash prize will be awarded for the best executed design on the wall, completed by October 31, entries to be submitted to the Catering Sub-Committee by September 30th.

#### Cafeteria dining area

A design sketch-plan with suggestions to improve the layout and appeal to the Cafeteria ground floor interior is required. The cost to implement such a design should not exceed \$5,000. A \$50 cash prize will be awarded to the best design accepted by the Catering Sub-Committee.

\$5 cash prizes are being offered to each of the best 10 suggestions accepted by the Catering Sub-Committee for improving the facilities and services in the Cafeteria that would ultimately increase revenue.

#### Conditions

No members of the Catering Sub-Committee may submit suggestions.

The judges' (Catering Sub-Committee) decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into regarding any submission.

### SUB-LETTING FLATS OR ROOMS DURING THE SUMMER VACATION

Each year the Accommodation Office receives inquiries from students from the south and some Auckland students for accommodation for all or part of the vacation. Anyone who would like to sub-let during this period should give details to the Accommodation Officer, Room 005, Basement, Old Arts Building.

If you wish to obtain vacation accommodation in another University city, you should write to the local University Accommodation Officer.

### AS WE ALL KNOW CONTINUED

Just in case there is anybody around who justifies their dismissal of Christianity and its claims by appealing to the higher authority of science, we have organised a panel on "Christianity and Science". The panel consists of three christian staff members - Prof. B. Davis (Chemistry), Prof. G. Seber (Mathematics), and Prof. P. Spedding (Engineering).

Come along armed with your devastating questions to Physics G20 (Physics L.T. No. 1) Wed 28 September at 1 pm.

### EVANGELICAL UNION

#### CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

##### MONDAY

Ham Steak & Pineapple; Beef Curry & Rice; Sweet of the Day.

##### TUESDAY

Steak & Kidney Pie, Macaroni Cheese with Ham; Sweet of the Day.

##### WEDNESDAY

Chicken Vol aux Vont; Poached Fish with Mornay Sauce; Sweet of the Day.

##### THURSDAY

Grilled Lamb Chops; Beef Jardinere; Sweet of the Day.

##### FRIDAY

Fried Fish & Chips; Sweet of the Day.

### DOPES

The AUNORML group will be holding a meeting in the Womens Common Room at lunch time on Wednesday. The purpose of this meeting is to appoint suitable persons to be responsible for running of the society next year and to begin advanced planning for proposed extensive activities during Orientation. All fiends supporters, and even enemies provided they are nice and polite about it, are invited to attend.

### COFFEE BAR

This is open all weekends of the third term, Saturdays and Sundays from 9 am to 4 pm serving sandwiches, cakes, pies and yogurts as well as coffee and fruit drinks.

### RESTAURANT LICENSED

Patrons may now "bring their own" wine or beer. There is no corkage fee and no glass hire charge, although wine glasses will be hired at 5c each. A corkscrew will be supplied, and the superb selection of foods is available at the same low prices throughout this term.

### MALAYSIAN SOCIALIST REVIEW

Malaysian Socialist Review is a journal interested particularly in South East Asian politics. It is put out by a group of Malaysian students resident in Australia. Over the year of its existence it has been the centre of a large amount of controversy. Peter Gleeson of the Young Socialists and AUSA's International Affairs Officer will be looking at why Malaysian Socialist Review came into existence and the role it can play.

1 pm Tuesday September 27 Executive Lounge.

### HELEN DEE

The Socialist Action League is running Helen Dee for the Hospital Board to highlight the repressive nature of the Royal Commission legislation. She is calling on the Auckland Hospital Board to come out clearly against this legislation. Her campaign is also highlighting the racist nature of the present health services such as the lack of paid interpreters and the generally rundown conditions as exemplified by the lack of facilities for children.

Helen Dee will be speaking at a forum organised by the Young Socialists at 1 pm Thursday September 29 in the Executive Lounge.

### MORUROA MON AMOUR

Moruroa Mon Amour - French Colonialism and Nuclear Testing in the South Pacific, a talk by Bengt Danielsson and Marie-Therese Danielsson will be presented on Wednesday, September 28 in the Maidment Theatre at 8 pm. There will be no charge for admission. Next week's CRACCUM will feature an interview with these two specialists on the culture and history of Eastern Polynesia.

### AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

There will be a meeting this Tuesday September 27 at 47 Wakefield St, at 7.45. Any enquiries to Paul Robertson 874503, or Amnesty Int., 558878.

### PUZZLE SOLUTIONS From P.19

#### CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1 Go, 3 Sly, 5 Ai, 7 Ark, 9 Inn, 10 Natal, 13 Afar, 15 Ills, 17 Tom, 19 Lot, 21 All, 23 Ogre, 24 Unto, 26 Elephants.

DOWN: 1 Gaza, 2 Or, 4 Let, 5 An, 6 Inks, 8 Kna(ve), 9 Ill, 11 Art, 12 Aim 14 Flog, 16 Lilt, 18 On, 19 Love, 20 Tree, 21 Anon, 22 Loss, 25 R.H.

#### NAME THOSE WHO PRAYED

1 Hannah, 2 Jacob, 3 Manoah, 4 Solomon, 5 David, 6 Abraham.

#### LET US SING

- 1 Christians awake, salute the happy morn
- 2 Hark ! the herald angels sing
- 3 It came upon the midnight clear
- 4 The first Nowell the angel did say
- 5 Angels, from the realms of Glory
- 6 Softly the night is sleeping
- 7 As with gladness men of old
- 8 Away in a manger, no crib for a bed
- 9 O come, all ye faithful
- 10 O little town of Bethlehem
- 11 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
- 12 Once, in royal David's city

## Sits Vac

### SUB-EXEX

Nominations are now open for the sub-executive positions of Environmental Affairs Officer and Social Controller. Nomination forms are available from Studass and close with the Association Secretary on Tuesday 4 October 1977 at 5 p.m. Candidates will be required to attend the SRC meeting to be held on Wednesday 5 October 1977 in the SRC Lounge at 1 p.m.

### AUDIO-VISUAL COMMITTEE

Nominations are now open for the position of AUSA representative on Audio Visual Committee of Senate. Nomination forms are available from Studass and close with the Association Secretary on Thursday 29 September 1977 at 5 p.m. Candidates must have completed the equivalent of two years' full-time course work and will be required to attend the Executive Meeting to be held that evening in the Council Room, ground floor, Students' Association at 6.50 pm.

# Footlights

## POETRY READING LEWIS E. SCOTT LITTLE THEATRE

**P**OETRY has become a universal language - it can be written by almost anyone - but good poetry requires more - must live, it must be felt - and some very good pieces were heard in the Kenneth Maidment Theatre last Tuesday 13th at the reading of Lewis E. Scott.

Scott is an Afro-American who has fought in Vietnam, travelled the world, and now writes from his home in Wellington. He describes his army life as neither choice nor avoidance. He hadn't thought much about the morality of the war.

"I did think that, although I was her darkest son, I would fight for America because at that time I believed in Martin Luther King's dream of a united nation."

But then King was murdered, and when Scott returned to America, nothing had changed. He still had to keep his cool when a cop called him "boy" or "nigger".

It is perhaps this which has sparked off his bitterness of the Black Americans' way of life in what he calls "America - a wall of whites." But it's easy to get carried away on a Racial consciousness kick where black and white roles are reversed and Scott often slides toward a very militant black American attitude. However, this seems balanced by his often very moving pleas for peace and harmony.

For his is the work of the Black Man-Child of America - he speaks for the dead, for the "nigger", for all who cry, for those who do not - one poem is appropriately titled "I bin there child".

Often humorous, his words are also blunt, strong, and very, very emotive. Like the "stars'n'stripes" bourbon he proffered backstage, they are a hard kick in a too often complacent stomach, perhaps best felt in the following:

Watch a flame and candle  
Take two fingers  
Hold them closely round the flame  
Let the pain linger just for a moment  
or better yet -  
Until the whole body feels the pain  
Take the two burnt fingers

put the flame out  
You have just been introduced  
To the first moment of being a Black Man

It is difficult, when listening to this sort of poetry, not to become emotionally involved with it. No one in the audience could remain unmoved, I know I felt it.

Lewis E. Scott is potentially one of our best modern male poets and any future readings will be well worth attending.

TONY MATTSON

## THE CHERRY ORCHARD CHEKHOV THEATRE CORPORATE

**C**HEKHOV'S great plays make tremendous demands on their actors. It is probably only the rare performance which captures everything. It says much for Theatre Corporate that their "Cherry Orchard" succeeds so well.

One could point to a number of things which did not seem completely satisfying. The play is not a comedy in the sense that every opportunity for laughter should be exploited, and it is a pity that some of the pathos, some of the wry humour got lost or submerged. Ranyevskaia is more than a foolish, generous, charming woman. She must have a noble innocence as well if we are to believe, as we must, in the inevitability of the outcome of the play. These extra qualities could have come through more strongly. Very old men seldom seem right on the stage when played by young men. Here was no exception.

These are small reservations. The characters were all fine studies. Some of them, notably Trofimov and Yepikhodov, are so extraordinarily Russian as to have no ready parallels in one's own experience, but they were all nevertheless perfectly credible, and the tensions and interaction among them were forcefully realised. I liked the simple set with its air of quiet elegance, and the music seemed just right. Less successful were the unconvincing off-stage noises.

This is a fine and moving performance about which much could be said. If a company stands or falls on Chekhov, then this production by Raymond Hawthorne hardly falters.

PHILIP MACDIARMID

## FESTIVAL DEBATE

Wit and logic - the two errors of creation - have been used in Festival Debates to provide an ever-increasing supply of entertainment for students and the general public. This year the Auckland Debating Association hopes to heighten these tools of the debater in the Town Hall on Friday September 30th at 8.15 pm. Under the Chairmanship of David Lange (M.P. for Mangere), Auckland and New Zealand will each vie for audience support on the topic that "Obscenity is in the Mind of the Beholder".

Representing Auckland are Evan Haora, Dietland Roots and Paul O'Sullivan, whilst their opponents, NZ., will be led by James Young with Jim Hopkins and John Milne.

Tickets may be bought on the evening from the Town Hall but are currently on sale from the Auckland Festival Office, His Majesty's Arcade, for \$2 (Discount for parties of 10 or more).

Festival Debates depend on your continued support. If wit and logic are to remain then a loyal audience is needed to enjoy these arts of debating.

J.S.

Dooniasha, the parlourmaid (Judy Gibson) cries as her attentions are spurned by Yasha (Chris White) in 'The Cherry Orchard'.



# COME SECONDARY TEACHING

GRADUATING?  
**APPLY NOW FOR THE 1 YEAR  
GRADUATE COURSE (1978)**

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Guy Nash or Diane Finlay  
University Careers and Appointments Office  
Phone 74-740 ext 632

OR

Heather Macdonald  
Auckland Education Board  
Phone 31-569

Simon Lewi

TWENTY-T

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# LAST LINERS

Simon Lewis

## TWENTY-THREE

Lessons of real subjects. The room was very small and was inside his head. He switched on the light and the grey of morning retreated to hover mistily above the grass. He was the first person there. A little world of objects lay shrouded in sleep. He alone was uncovered. His feet almost in contact, with the floor, were insulated by the shoes which fitted so warmly. His fingers though were separate and tingling to touch. Everything slept so nakedly that he did not want to intrude, it was enough to be in the room, and further he would lose the centre if he moved. Then he broke the spell of dominance by reaching both hands out and grasping the bank of heated pipes along the wall. His fingers began to ache from the contact, and the flood of pain from the head established a distance to the edge of his body. In this way school began.

He ran his fingers over his skull. His fingers found it, surprisingly hard and rounded and too small. He took care of small things that were alive. He breathed into his hands. His mouth smelled like Rotorua, but nice. An overpowering vitality which he could not claim. The rawedged sweetness of a growing thing. In the end I had to leave, you were more beautiful than me.

It started to rain outside and he could see people approach through it. They filtered into the warm classroom, dripping wet. They were too old to go to school, they were all adults and perfectly proportioned, but too small. Had he come to a night class for dwarfs? They appeared totally unconcerned though too self-confident, gathering into little knots and chattering like school children, or warming themselves by sitting on the heater, their legs dangling. Occasionally one would turn and glance at him with unconscious hostility. He knew that they were at war with their bodies and all the world, though only their eyes betrayed them. And a fist here and there knotted in innocent frustration. He could now see the distinction between their childlike moving bodies and their repressed animal heads. They appeared particularly mean in profile, the backs of their heads rising straight up from their necks. The Chinese used to bind the feet of girl children. It became apparent that all the teachers were sick.

Now some of them began rummaging in their pockets, drawing out pre-rolled cigarettes and putting them into their mouths. One fellow, a dark one with a beard, walked up to the blackboard and wrote on it in childish script "The best way to solve the teacher shortage is to create a pupil shortage." then left the room by climbing through the window. Laud felt uncomfortable and was thinking of laughter, but none of the others was laughing. A red lipped woman took courage and ran to the board, wrote clumsily "The returned servicemen are still pissing down from Canada". That was quite witty Laud felt, this time everyone stopped talking and gazed at the creature. "Do you want anything more in the way of news?" Forgetting to nod they turned back to their groups and resumed the chatter.

There was a knock on the door and a nurse peered in. She was fully grown and a frilly cap, white, topped her beefy face. "Who wants to be first?" she asked. Immediately a queue formed with its head at the door, about half the people in the room were in it. Of course Laud did not join. He was afraid of the nurse. Time passed and slowly the classroom emptied. Laud decided it was the moment to leave. He ran to the window and with great difficulty climbed up onto the sill. Everybody agreed with me. We would leave him there.

Last Liners was produced as a Literary Supplement for A.U.S.A. 1977 by Simon Lewis, with help from Richard Lello and the staff of Craccum. My thanks to Vicki for her illustrations, to David Parkyn and Sally for their enthusiasm, and to Christian Martin of the Literary Society. The best of flotsam to next years captains.

But for this strange brouhaha of last liners, information raincoats, wild colonials, famous antibodies - the trick is not to say too much.

VICKI SMILLIE



## UNTITLED

And learnt to budget  
Emotion for a working week.  
I made it to the city  
And it made me.

Returning, back to what was home,  
I find no haunting.  
Over the years,  
Dredging has changed the currents,  
And the tide reveals  
Bare sandflats for the gleaner's winter sun.  
The fish are fewer,  
And the clouds  
Seem uneasy in their tenure of the sky.

The years are negotiable  
For a kind of maturity,  
But that long trip home  
Is one thing experience can't buy.

## MOTO EKE, THE WIND IS CALLING YOU

Brett Schneideman

A cloud  
is sainting a mountain.  
Three attendants  
stand nervously by,  
ready to hold him down  
if he screams.  
Then they scatter.

A foal is sleeping  
in the meadow.  
Mountains are sleeping  
in the distance.  
The foal twitches  
her legs.  
The mountains twitch  
their legs.  
The foal is a stone.

A white butterfly,  
drunk on dust,  
staggers down the road.  
An old plough, unused,  
lies by the road.  
Yellow flowers  
are decorating it.

The cornfields are crying.  
All the tribes  
of Judah are gathered.  
God is reading them a lesson.  
The wind is comforting them.

## GUILIANOVA

Jon Adams

Above the grey harbour  
as the afternoon gathers its shadows  
women in dirty aprons  
wait for the boats to come in.  
Watching the mist come down  
from the mountains  
and the white houses disappear  
from sight,  
they wring their hands anxiously  
wondering whether, somewhere  
beyond the curve of the sea  
there is a storm rising.

Later, making my way down,  
among the rocks, against the sky,  
the first boat beaches.  
The women stab down the stones  
onto the sand  
chattering like geese,  
poking and pecking beside the nets,  
their husbands turning and twisting  
with the catch.

Returning down the solitary streets  
to the Cafe with its peeling walls  
and dusty lamps, listening to the rain-  
thinking of summer  
I hear doors close -  
the squelch of fishermen's boots.

There is no time for strangers here  
A lone dog sniffs at my feet.

## SONG OF THIS EVENING

Sue Stover

Tonight I celebrate  
the walls between people  
the milky rape of nature,  
the grayness of choice,  
the haughty spines of laughter.

I would celebrate  
the clock on the windowsill,  
but I am afraid if I touch it  
it will stop running.

I will watch and wait.

THE SOUND OF CAR HORNS JUST  
AMBER CONES

R. Von Sturmer

Between the red and the orange  
She fell through  
Passing  
The spinal cord of time  
Parting  
Deep waters of the blind  
To a window  
Which offered every view  
To a garden  
Where wild emotions grew  
To a lover  
Who was all her lovers  
A skeleton of delight  
And they danced  
A dance of colours  
Whirling patterns/suns in flight

A wind mill  
Became an eye lid  
Became a light house  
Became the blue mist  
That she wore  
On her breast  
Like a flower  
And her lover  
Cut himself  
So the sky would bleed/  
Bleed the night  
Night of that wind  
Wind from the heart

The full moon enlarged  
Like a pupil dilating  
Excavating the earth  
They discovered traces  
Of a giant smile  
And the toys we each forget/  
When she cracked open an egg  
There appeared a black yolk  
With all the stars inset

As molecules materialized  
Through the walls  
She stepped outside  
To watch the cells divide  
Spermatazoa  
Seethed across the sky  
Beyond  
The blurred bloated eye  
Of the infinite  
Began to water  
A very heavy drop  
And as the rain hit her windscreen  
She stared past the wipers  
Steered into grey traffic streams

She had fallen back  
Between the orange and the green



VICKI SMILLIE

When the boy c  
with his hands i  
asphalt and saw  
reached down a  
money in it, on  
who sat next to  
his pocket and  
grating things t  
kerb, that the w  
fell in. The wat  
wrinkled down  
through the wa  
came up again  
the surface. He  
lay loosely scat  
one at a time o  
itself in the mi  
come up again.  
Not then. Turn  
contact with so  
Gordon Sloane.  
walked away. T  
and calling to a  
sauntered off t  
picking up mor  
the dog that wa  
when it came u  
back legs on th  
to side.

Just round the  
side of the road  
kids outside the  
with kids buyin  
place, eating th  
wind to pick up  
spent the mone  
kids went home  
walked down fl  
on either side.  
beside him and  
which he lower  
his house he ser  
inside. And the  
eyes shining as  
stones along th  
ing one foot of  
his hand and ju

As soon as he c  
had been drink  
into her room a  
clothes pulled u  
her hair and th  
he had rolled o  
had a chair and  
as it was full of  
things that wer  
down to watch  
mother's room  
outside. The gi  
went into a hor  
lovely furniture  
not done. Her  
sister was getti  
him into her ro  
blooming all ov  
spread that lay  
her so that she  
own room, was  
on a record and  
falling off the f  
him with her m  
lay on top of h  
his fingers in m  
yelled, "Stop t  
He got up and  
his pockets. He  
tree.

Later he went  
belt in his hand  
around the bo  
started to hit h  
a broom and s  
ing "He's killin  
father stopped  
with the belt u  
the boy again a  
like the dog th

The next day t  
"We know you  
were seen."  
The wallet was  
"You did take  
"No I didn't."  
"Don't lie, you  
Then he got th  
"You've got a  
expulsion."

When he went  
smiling at him.  
him round the  
down into his  
he lay beneath  
out, arms and

When the boy came along walking across the playground with his hands in his pockets, kicking his shoes over the asphalt and saw the wallet lying on the ground, he reached down and picked it up. There wasn't much money in it, only a few dollars, it belonged to the boy who sat next to him in maths. He put the money into his pocket and dropped the wallet into one of those grating things they have on the side of the road by the kerb, that the water runs down. It made a splash as it fell in. The water came up and wet the socks that wrinkled down round his ankles. The wallet fell right through the water when it made that splash, then it came up again opening out the stretching itself across the surface. He stopped and picked up some stones that lay loosely scattered about and dropped them slowly one at a time onto the wallet until it suddenly folded itself in the middle and slipped quietly back. It didn't come up again. He waited to see if it would but it didn't. Not then. Turning away quite casually he made body contact with somebody standing beside him. It was Gordon Sloane. Gordon looked at him smiling, then he walked away. The boy put his hands into his pockets and calling to a dog that wasn't there "Here boy," he sauntered off taking his hands out of his pockets and picking up more stones started throwing them. He caught the dog that wasn't there behind the ear and kicked it when it came up cringing and dragging its belly and back legs on the ground, and swishing its tail from side to side.

Just round the corner were the shops, some down one side of the road and some down the other, with lots of kids outside the takeaway bar. Slow day after school with kids buying chips in paper bags from the takeaway place, eating them and throwing the bags away for the wind to pick up and blow into people's gardens. The boy spent the money on chips and cigarettes and some of the kids went home with him, eating and smoking as they walked down flat streets with flat lawns and flat houses on either side. The girl who lived next door walked beside him and he looked at her from under eyelids which he lowered across his eyes. When they reached his house he sent them off. He wouldn't let them come inside. And they looked at him before they left with eyes shining as if to say they knew why. He threw a few stones along the road, bending his body backwards lifting one foot off the ground letting the stones spin out of his hand and jump down the street.

As soon as he opened the door he knew that his mother had been drinking again. And she had been sick. He went into her room and she was lying on the bed with her clothes pulled up and there was sick on the floor and in her hair and there was that man lying on the floor where he had rolled off the bed. He went into the lounge which had a chair and a TV set and he couldn't sit on the chair as it was full of bottles and things so he pushed all the things that were on the floor over to the wall and sat down to watch the TV. After a while the smell from his mother's room made him feel sick so he got up and went outside. The girl next door called out, come on over, he went into a house with wall to wall carpet in every room, lovely furniture and the beds not made and the dishes not done. Her mother wasn't home from work and her sister was getting dinner ready in the kitchen. She took him into her room that had pink wallpaper with flowers blooming all over it and curtains that matched the bedspread that lay on the floor. On the desk they had given her so that she could do her homework quietly in her own room, was a transistor and a record player. She put on a record and lay on the bed with the floral sheet falling off the floral innerspring mattress and looked at him with her mouth open, tongue touching her lips. He lay on top of her and put his hand up her pants and dug his fingers in making her yell. Her sister came in and yelled, "Stop that you dirty bitch." He got up and went outside, whistling with his hands in his pockets. He found somebody's cat and tied it up in a tree.

Later he went home and his father was there, with his belt in his hand hitting his mother over the head and around the body and legs and when he came in his father started to hit him. His mother got up and ran off and got a broom and smashed every window in the house screaming "He's killing my boy, he's killing my boy." Then his father stopped hitting him and ran after her, hitting her with the belt until she shut up. After that he went for the boy again and the boy lay on the floor and cringed like the dog that wasn't there.

The next day the head called him up.  
"We know you took the money from the wallet, you were seen."  
The wallet was lying on the table in front of him.  
"You did take it didn't you?"  
"No I didn't."  
"Don't lie, you were seen."  
Then he got the cane and a warning.  
"You've got a bad record. The next thing for you is expulsion."

When he went out into the playground he saw Gordon smiling at him. He went for him like a tiger, grabbing him round the neck with his hands, forcing his thumbs down into his throat, pushing him to the ground where he lay beneath him eyes ready to pop, tongue sticking out, arms and legs going like hands on a drum. The boy

# The boy who wasn't there

Patricia Mountfort

DON COLEBROOK



kept his hands round his father's throat, lifting and striking the head down, lifting and striking down, while black baboons came out from behind stunted tree trunks and showed their teeth, beat their chests with closed fists and threw things through the air. The other kids screamed and ran about, teachers came rushing up. They dragged him away and gave Gordon mouth to mouth. Someone took him and locked him in a room.

He didn't stay there very long though as it was quite easy to get out the window and slip away, while everyone was busy with Gordon, calling a doctor, talking about what had happened and forgetting to ring the bell that summoned the pupils back to their classes.

Mr Randall one of the teachers never locked his car and today he had left the keys inside, so the boy drove off without anyone seeing him. He went to see if the girl next door was at home because he hadn't seen her at school and when he got there he sat out in the car tooting the horn and she came out giggling and saying 'Is that you? What have you got there eh?' And he said, "come on, hop in." When she was in he said "just a minute" and went inside his house and came out with his arms full of bottles which he put in the back seat of the car. They drove off to one of those beaches and found a secluded spot in the sand dunes. This time no one came and screamed when he lay on top of her and she said "you've got lovely legs Stan" and then they drank the beer.

It was when they were driving back that they had the crash. He was alright, the others weren't but he was alright.

"That was when he was 15." his social worker said. "Of course that wasn't the beginning, the beginning was when he was eight."

His mother was standing on the front door stop in her pretty nightie with her pretty golden hair falling round her shoulders, calling to him. "Come here Stanley, come here darling, I don't want you to play out there. "A man spoke to me. He gave me some sweets. He wanted me to help him find something."

"Don't take sweets from strangers." his mother said lifting the cigarette to her red, red, lips and drawing in the smoke. Then she let the smoke drift out her mouth and turned and went inside.

She would lie in bed most days, sometimes getting up before his father came in to prepare the dinner. Or sometimes she would get up and put on a dress she hadn't washed and ring for a taxi and come back with a brown paper bag full of bottles. Then she would start laughing. There were the days when she came back with the black gone out of her hair and a man with her. He always went outside and played then. He didn't always go to school and she didn't mind, she got him to clear the house, laughing at him and kissing him and tying an apron with frills on it around his waist.

"That's right, darling, clean up the house for mummy, we don't want Daddy to be cross when he comes home do we?"  
When he played out in the street the man came and talked to him and she came outside in her dressing gown

with the dirty spots down the front and called out "Stanley". The man looked at her from behind his car and let the breath come out through his teeth.

One day he didn't come home from school till very late. She didn't say anything. She was asleep.

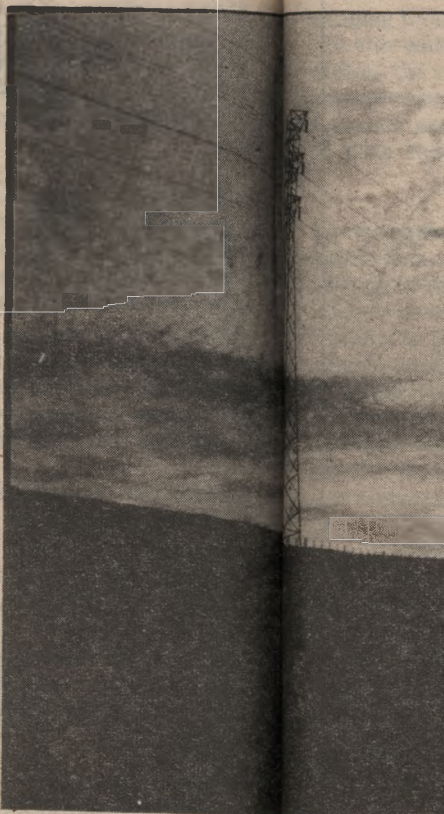
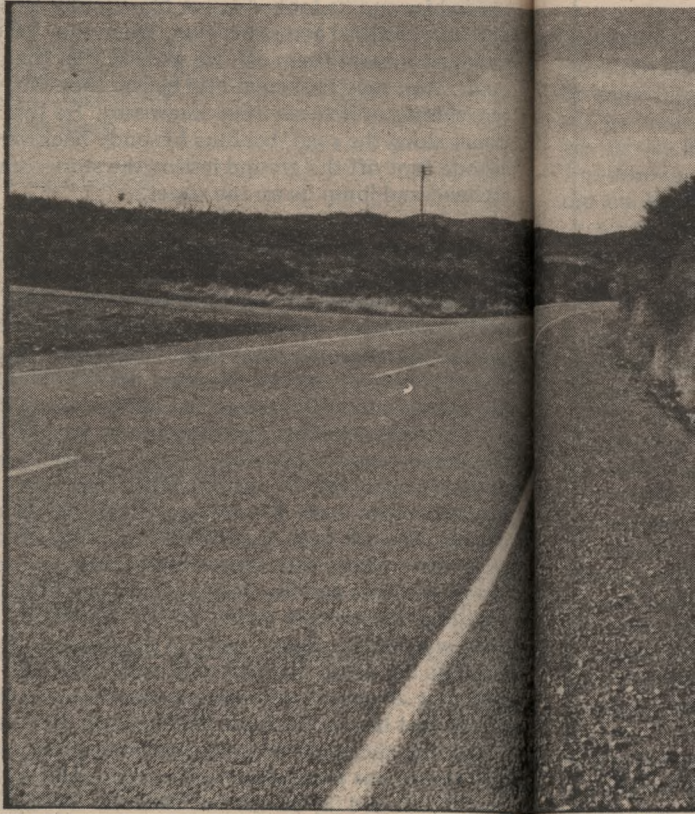
He went and lay on his bed. His father came in and started to cook the dinner, then he came to Stanley's room and said, "What's up mate, you crook or something?" He was sick over the bed and said "It hurts." His father was puzzled. "What does pain, you gotta pain or something? Show Dad." But he wouldn't show him and ran to the toilet and tried to use it and started to scream and his father came running in and looked and said "Jesus Christ."

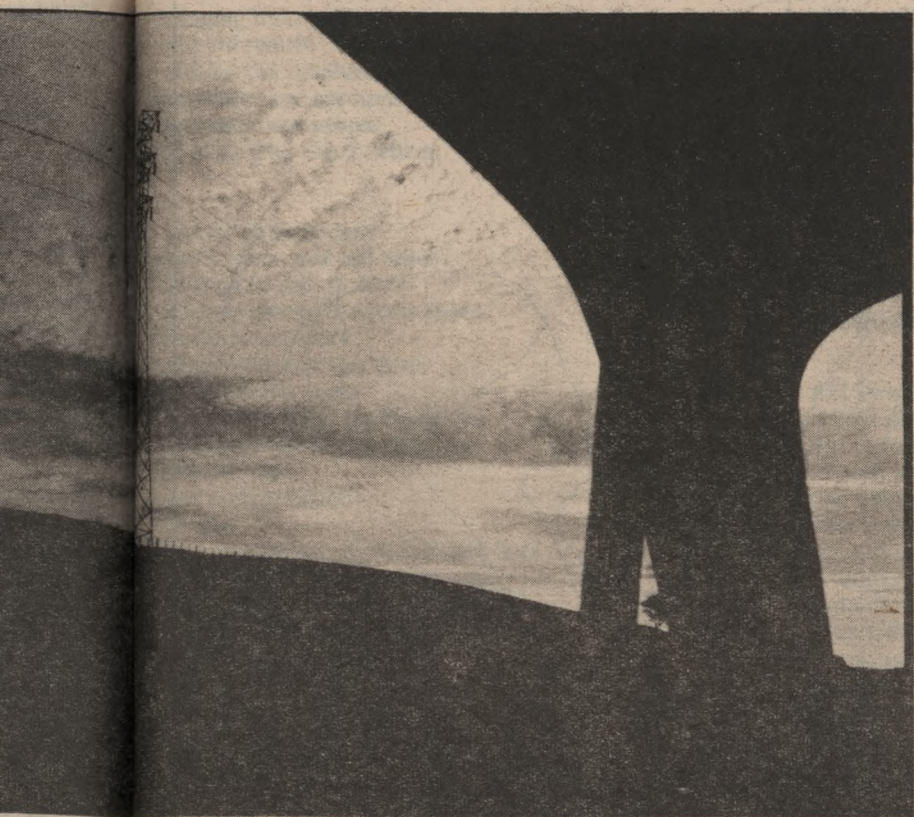
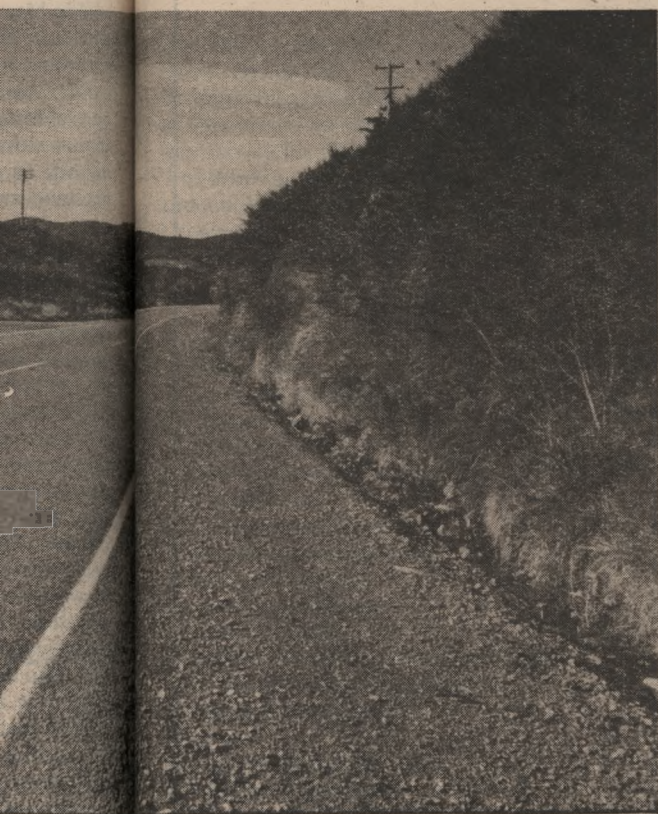
His father ran into his mothers room and tried to wake her striking her again and again across the face saying "Get up you bitch, look what's happened while you've been boozing your head off. My son's been interfered with." But she just dropped back into the bed and his father hit her again. He saw him hit her when he came into the room with his blood-stained pants in his hand. "I'll get a doctor son, don't you worry I'll get a doctor. He started ringing and someone answered. "Send someone out here right now. I don't care this is an emergency, my kid's been got at. She was always like that, the drink and the men, only I didn't know, no one would tell me would they. Always talking about the posh schools they all went to. Well you'd better get off your arse and get out here or I'll have the cops onto you."

He was taken to the hospital where a lot of doctors came to see him. The police came too. "Who did this to you son?" they said and he said "The man." They went to see his mother and when they came out they said "No wonder." After that they went to see the neighbours. Some of them had seen a car, some said it was brown, some said blue. Then one of the kids remembered a number. He and some others had been playing a game on the way home from school on that day and he had written all the numbers of all the cars he had seen in their street down in a notebook. Stanley was taken to the police station to see some men and he said "That one."

A long time later he was taken with his father and mother into a big room where a man in a black gown asked questions and no one was allowed to come into the room except some other men in black and the policemen and the man. He said yes it was that man. Someone stood up and said this man was very respectable. Everyone thought well of him. He was carrying out a survey in that area and similar areas, but not that day, his secretary would vouch for him. He had witnesses who would say that the boy was a liar, who took things from the local shops and hardly ever went to school. "You can't take the word of a child and certainly not this child whose mother was -". But the man in black said that was not allowed.

He was lying in bed with the light out and not yet asleep when his father came home late and went into the bedroom where his mother was. He heard him shout at her, then hit her and she started to cry. He got out of his bed and ran into their room, striking at his father with his fists and crying out "Don't hit Mum. Don't hit Mum." His father turned and smacked him across the mouth. "Get out of my sight you lying little ponce."





DAVID BLAKE

## DARIEN TO PANAMA

Frank Stark

Hapless, like the innocent he'd like to be,  
Lazarus comes home  
And rattles out his supper,  
While the afternoon is fighting for the upper hand.  
'Achievement isn't easy - nothing is.  
It's a testament of stamina,  
From Darien to Panama by land.'

With a modesty he never knew he had,  
Lazarus demurs  
In the fashion of a mimic,  
Says he can't see where the interest in it lies.  
'Achievement isn't easy - then, nothing is.'  
And he clenches his bravura,  
To span the great caesura of his lies.

## CONFRONTATION CONVERSATION

Jeremy Bartlett

Said the B.A. to the Engineer  
"What purpose do you serve, my man  
What good do you do here?"  
(a time elapsed)

"Well .... I'm not very bright  
But I can lift heavy things"  
(another time elapsed)

Said the Engineer to the B.A.

"Well ....

"Well what do you do, eh?"  
(one picosecond later)

"The metaphysic implications of your question, though  
sociologically derived, far exceed, and, if one were to  
take a primarily neo-existentialist viewpoint, actually  
make null and void any didactic parallels or even  
conformity with a universal constant so ..."

"Freudian Defence Mechanisms!"

interrupted the Engineer

"What ..." the B.A. stammered  
visibly paling  
suddenly ailing

"Its written on the wall  
Of the Psychology building"

offered the Engineer

"It seemed suitably big."

"Oh"

said the B.A.

"Yeah"

said the Engineer.

## DO DA MONSTAH \*

Ashley Zeitbaum

I used to be a horrible & wouldn't get outa bed  
then along came a Monstah an knocked me on de head  
singing

Monsters are friendly  
Monstaring is fine  
Monsterize yer fellow man  
its nearly half past nine

I filled my head with knowledge and nasty things to say  
then Monstah he out-nastied me so we all went off to play  
singing

Monsters are so friendly  
but easily misunderstood  
its too hard to be nasty  
much easier to be good  
& so I became a Monster just being me all day  
& thoughts of what I am, like them, keeps them far away  
I sing

Monsters can be anyone  
but some are in disguise  
Monsters look the way they are  
just look into their eyes

& Nasty is just nasty  
if that's the way you think  
with junk & mud to play with  
who needs to swear and drink  
singing

Monsters we am friendly  
Monstaring is fine  
we fright away de nasty heads  
we do it all the time

Befriend your local Monstahs  
or show them to your wife  
give us junk & cookies (maybe?)  
and lead a better life  
singing

Monsters are friendly  
go & find one soon  
da way folks treating Monsters now  
they're packing for the Moon.

\* Song of the Monster Liberation Front.

## SPRING IN WINTER ?

Brett Schneideman

Leaving law lecture/tolling bells

I go bookshop

Buy book

of poetry like river

to run through my body-plains

Plonk/Plonk.

but say, "no, the hell with it. no poetry  
i like. i write the best poetry."

And so swagger

walk swagger walk swagger

to park.

Sit me down on mossy bench-bank

by fountain spurting water beads

& inscribe -

inspiration in inkspot

leaked, weakened,

turned muddy, vapid.

La-bas our friendly crazy man,

Flashing teeth, short back & sides,

Relaxed in religious zeal, preacheth

Hell-fire damnation, humanistic hymn of

good mercy.

While I sit here scared of him

(somewhat) and pressing hard with my pen

like feverish

grip on metal rod.

Legs crossed I feel calf on kneebone

Crisp whisp of wind

stroking my collar-ruffled hair.

Rumbling in stomach

Grumps uneasy

Sun paints invisible

on my lemon beige trousers.

Never and never enough.

Never and never enough.

Never and never enough.

## THE GIGGLE

Sue Stover

"Quietly freaking out," he said, as I stopped to kill a  
minute.

I blinked and looked again at the steady blue eys and  
translucent halo of blonde curls.

This chemistry major ... Quietly freaking out ?

This man with his pacifist's smile and enlightened  
aura ?

No, not him.

Me ... with my stringy hair and spacey thoughts ...  
with my faded jersey and bulging jeans and acid  
stomach ...

Me ... I could freak out ... staring at glossy covers and  
thousands of words that grazed across my forehead and  
disappeared - laughing - back into the printed page of  
bristling black taunting ink ...

Me ... who watched grey clouds and brilliant skies and  
black stars and mute faces, and wondered why I lavished  
myself with weekends eating peanuts - every hull and  
speck of salt - on the library mezzanine ...

Me ... who slumped asleep on the desk and caught  
headaches from the neon lights ...

Me ... I could freak out ...

But who else ?

The rest of these shivering bodies with tight eyes and  
jolting hands ?

The minute slaughtered, I smiled benignly at him and  
wandered over to My Corner ... thirteen books piled in  
slipping stacks.

I shoved my hands into my pockets.

The Art Gallery clock chimed two.

The polished blonde next to me looked up - taut face  
and eyes - and dropped her bic with a sigh.

Quietly freaking out.

I set my bag of peanuts in the rubbish and carefully  
walked towards the exit gate.

Saturday afternoon. The sun was shining.

I felt a giggle rising from my tummy.

## from MAN IN THE STREET

Gloria Stanford

That's me down here,

Coloured off-white,

The arse in gear

On Saturday night.

Mowing the lawn

In a Sunday head,

Cursing the dawn

From a Monday bed.

That's me all right,

The average bloke,

Her shining knight,

Yeah, we like a joke.

The kids run free

On the long white cloud,

Turn on T.V.

With the square-eyed crowd.

That's me old mate,

The Kiwi raj,

I drink up late,

And I drink down large.

I pay my way,

It's a great old lurk,

I earn my pay,

And the wife don't work.



VICKI SMILLIE

## MY RED H

David Parky

I'm looking for  
the kind to bl  
with Marx an  
and garlic bre

I'm looking for  
who never kn  
who've turn  
can meet you

people sensua  
people gentle  
tough and ter  
a little tempe

Johann Bach  
Mavis West an  
in a midnight

## OHU VISIT

Watch him wa  
Head up, eyes  
Life has begu  
Smiles appear  
Early scouts o

It wasn't alwa  
Just a year ag  
up he trudged  
eyes bleary w  
Demons clut  
The dark side

How did he g  
Driven by his  
Dropped him  
said he wasn't  
was driving h  
'I'm drinking  
and smoking  
I need to cra  
is that alright

A familiar sig  
a familiar fac  
on every stre  
bar and outp  
of the human  
But there's m  
This one is n  
from some fa  
of educated p  
preening thei  
gripped in in  
dramatic dre  
This face you  
from Gerald  
No small voc  
this one  
He's in the m  
he's played it  
all the way  
and behind h  
his parents d  
bringing thei  
into this wor  
with all the s  
scriptures an  
necessary an  
to make The

Up our path  
just sixteen,  
nothing to re  
subjects pass  
Nothing to r  
unless you fa  
he found it a  
to keep his m  
and forget al  
and the wind  
and him cryi  
in pain  
when his fat  
as the cattle  
and he forgo  
and the wind  
as down the  
eager to be v  
and sit up on  
and nuzzle c  
and feel so a

Ah but does  
as a face is sh  
as a boy is st  
dead in his t  
by a father h

MY RED HEAVEN

David Parkyn

I'm looking for sexy communists  
the kind to blow your mind  
with Marx and Lenin and Mao Tse-tung  
and garlic bread with wine

I'm looking for sexy communists  
who never know their place  
who've turned their back on nuclear 'love'  
can meet you face to face

people sensual  
people gentle  
tough and tender  
a little temperamental

Johann Bach and Charlie Parker  
Mavis West and La Passionara  
in a midnight Red sonata !

OHU VISITOR (Nations & Stations)

Watch him walk now !  
Head up, eyes clearing  
Life has begun to flow again  
Smiles appear, now and then  
Early scouts of an Independent dawn

It wasn't always so  
Just a year ago  
up he trudged  
eyes bleary with too much drink  
Demons clutching his insides  
The dark side of the New Zealand moon

How did he get here ?  
Driven by his dad  
Dropped him off here  
said he wasn't to stay in the house  
was driving his mother mad  
'I'm drinking a lot, you see  
and smoking shit too  
I need to crash here the night  
is that alright ?'

A familiar sight  
a familiar face  
on every street corner  
bar and outpost  
of the human race  
But there's more to it than that  
This one is not  
from some family nest  
of educated prima donnas  
preening themselves  
gripped in incestuous  
dramatic dreams  
This face you see in every Kiwi lounge  
from Geraldine to Waipu Cove  
No small vocal minority  
this one  
He's in the majority\*  
he's played it straight  
all the way  
and behind him so  
his parents did too  
bringing their beloved  
into this world  
with all the strictures and structures  
scriptures and ruptures  
necessary and proper  
to make The Good Citizen

Up our path he came  
just sixteen, just left school  
nothing to report there -  
subjects passed, subjects failed  
Nothing to report  
unless you face the times  
he found it a strain  
to keep his mind on the books  
and forget about the rain  
and the wind  
and him crying out  
in pain  
when his father whistles to the dogs  
as the cattle come for their hay  
and he forgot to close the gate  
and the wind whistles in his face  
as down the track he runs  
eager to be with dad  
and sit up on his knee  
and nuzzle on his shoulder  
and feel so alive !

Ah but doesn't the wind whistle too  
as a face is slapped  
as a boy is stopped  
dead in his tracks  
by a father bellowing



David Parkyn

SALLY GRIFFIN

(red in the face)  
he's sick of his boy  
always messing things up  
'It's just plain careless  
that's all it really is  
just plain careless  
don't you realise that ?  
How many times must I remind you  
of where your future lies  
in the Holy Bible  
in the Old and the New  
in thinking of others  
and being careful too  
None of this running down the hill  
like some mad African  
uncontrollable  
unbound by convention  
untied by rules of  
civilisation

And look at the result!  
Will you just look at the result?  
And for once pay attention  
to what I have to say  
instead of careering around  
with a silly grin  
on your face  
as if you think the world  
owes you a place  
of light and of sunshine  
with no anger and no pain  
Lord! I've been patient  
explaining in great detail  
and in great length  
all about the martyrs  
and how they met their deaths  
I've told him of the evil  
that lurks everywhere  
ever present, ever ready  
to bring down the unwary  
Even in God's Eden  
the serpent came our way  
Does he think it's not  
here in the farmyard  
lying dormant in the brain?'

Ah! Memories of childhood  
there's plenty there alright  
But it doesn't pay  
to look too deep  
you only get depressed  
That's what the blokes all say  
when they're huddled from the rain  
or taking smoko  
while they're stacking up the hay  
'Don't think too much  
- it only causes pain  
don't read too much  
- it only causes strain  
Mental, that's what you go  
barmy, blimmin' barmy  
just like all the rest'

But of course  
up our path he came  
(just like all the rest)  
looking for some time

to rinse the nightmares  
off his chest

And now he's concluded  
(just like all the rest)  
that now is the time  
to bring into line  
the body and the head  
and passionately admit:  
That all of us are crippled  
that only cripples walk with grace  
not alone, unaided  
but together with 'the rest'

And yes -  
the road is long  
And yes -  
the road is hard  
For Independence is given  
to no-one and no nation  
Independence is taken

So watch him walk now!  
Proud New Zealand Eagle  
We had one once  
We will fly again

UNTITLED

Alice Trout (Mrs)

During the periods of my death  
I was instructed in the lie of the land  
I was handled with care  
& taken abroad to find  
my feet & wings.

They told me, their eyes shining,  
of moments and the art of their use  
When it was all over, by days,  
I visited a peopled room & sat still.  
The moment arrived, unexpectedly,  
as though pushed by a silver hand  
to give it sanctity  
and left as our bodies intervened  
like a human intrudes  
upon a playing glade of rabbits.

What am I to do with the time that  
I have no way to spend ?  
They say there is no end.

UNTITLED

Allyson Hayes

A gaze that flutters at the window-pane

Mind travels to some other time  
at the sight of falling rain  
asking the same old question  
over and over again

How did this moment come to be ?  
was it the road that turned or me ?

Watch the city and feel its stain  
wreck your head on afternoon TV  
smoke another, brew the tea,  
when today closes down again  
to what will it have brought me ?

A window, or mirror reflecting cares,  
a chain of glimpses across the years  
frozen at rate of one frame per lifetime  
this abstract face at the window.  
Wonder if I'm still young and down  
imagining an eternity of this glance and stance  
or am broken by the tread of time  
gazing and recalling the line  
of days and years spent in this pose,

this frame of mind  
the ribbon of life froze, painfully resigned  
to be stuck on this road  
this space,  
this time  
until

by ecstasy or overload I snap out again  
from the anachronistrance.

To be instead of dreaming  
to chat without screaming  
to act instead of watching  
to give without accounting  
to live at this instant  
without support or alibi  
without a hope or memory

and face the fact that roads turn  
and so, it seems, do I  
sometimes  
like  
when I'm watching rain  
staleated in the brain  
gaze fluttering at the windowpane.  
Astonished to see that I'm over the edge  
of the map, the mind, the game.

## DEATH BY JUDAS LIGHT

Hugh Cook

Motorway by Peckinpah -  
A scream strung up in the contralto  
By the false-dawn's lynch-light  
The ambulance wings in  
And uniforms tranquilized by professionalism  
Streamline carnage onto stretchers.  
Meantime, the commuters heading inward  
Hold to schedule,  
Hold to sixty,  
Hold to the muck in the gut,  
And hold to the road to the dream.

## VIGIL INVOLUNTARY

Insomnia's night.  
Crickets gnaw at the stars.  
A linoleum moon  
Rolls on the sea.  
I track creaking floorboards  
To refrigerated light.  
Milk and cold potatoes.  
Memory  
Fumbles day's detritus  
It's cold:  
The sky is frozen to the window pane.

## SEAGRASS

Seagrass grew here in my childhood.  
The fish  
Outgrew fishermen's tales,  
And scallop  
Enriched the channel.  
I wandered  
The prosperous hinterland of illusion,  
And in the library  
Contemplated an art-paper geography  
And the brave flags of history.

Somewhere along the road to eternity,  
Childhood's flesh  
Eroded into muscle.  
The brain shed ideals  
For efficient function,

wu-shih

In a brown coat  
he shakes  
angry words & fists  
at the mountain.  
The onset of silence  
coincides with an  
end of waterfall.  
The brown coat is on  
the mountain,  
his fist halts the spray  
on the wind  
the bridge of colours  
bears him  
The mountain shrugs &  
walks away.

THIRTY

Simon Lewis

We live together in silence, with the crickets  
translating. Last night I walked through our house,  
rubbing two cups together like frogs sounding in my  
fingers, and your laughter. You had said that I was one  
of those righteous people who'd eat your breakfast for  
you. I said, it's easy to talk politics; too many people  
always do. The crickets give depth to the night inside.  
Though I talk of night I expect dawn, which changes  
and is changed, hesitantly as you stir.

When the crickets cease the silence is even louder. If  
the crickets never stopped, their sound would be as  
silence, after a time. It is this time that defines the age  
of our solitude, and our age also, for we are one moment  
older.

These are notes to a new beginning.

ANDREW GREEN

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# ABORTION FORUM

RECENTLY THERE WAS A DAY OF ACTION ON THE PROPOSED ROYAL COMMISSION LEGISLATION SOON TO RECEIVE ITS SECOND READING IN PARLIAMENT. PART OF THE PROGRAMME WAS AN ABORTION FORUM FEATURING, AMONG OTHERS, THE FOLLOWING SPEAKERS.



SANDRA CONLEY

JAN GEARY



CRACUM SEPTEMBER 19 PAGE 15

Jill Ranstead

**T**HE Royal Commission rejected the World Health Organization definition of health, namely "a state of infirmity." It is in this light that the bill has ignored the wellbeing of New Zealand women on deciding the grounds for an abortion.

For example, what are the grounds for terminating a pregnancy resulting from a sexual offence? The Bill only allows an abortion where pregnancy results from intercourse between parent and child, brother and sister, grandparent and grandchild, and a man and any member of his family who is under his care and protection. The Bill does not allow an abortion on the grounds of rape. However, an I.U.D. or morning-after pill can be given within 72 hours of the rape.

In a recent study of rape victims (Jackson and Anich 1977) we asked the victims in what way their lives were effected. 48% stated that pregnancy resulted from the rape. In view of the trauma experienced by the victims, 13% having physical injuries, such a procedure as outlined in the Report is in total disregard for the victim. Since about 95% will not be pregnant from rape, and only about 20% of rapes are reported this procedure makes even less sense.

As one of the victims in this study said:

"I nearly went out of my mind and wanted to commit suicide - only for understanding parents I would have done so. I went to three doctors and not one would help in any way with an abortion. Because I was in such a bad state all the doctors wanted to do was to put me in a mental hospital until after the baby was born."

Is this how New Zealanders care for the victims of sexual offences?

The Bill specifies that only certain people may give contraceptives or contraceptive advice to children under the age of 16 years. These people, doctors, parents and family planning personnel do not include the people who have the greatest amount of contact with young people, - teachers, nurses, social workers, psychologists and even brothers and sisters.

Thus we have the case where a child's brother may be prosecuted for supplying a condom or offering advice and fined up to \$200. For a second offence, he is liable to imprisonment or a fine of \$400. In the case of the child who requests such contraceptive advice, he will have a conviction entered against him. This means that the young person by seeking information from a teacher, a friend or a sibling is risking a conviction which will deny a career in government, legal and other fields. A second offence will be liable to a fine of not exceeding \$400. So much is the price of advice.

This Bill denies young people the opportunity to trust people other than parents or specialists.

This Bill denies New Zealanders from caring on a one-to-one neighbourly basis for one another. We have become a country of laws and specialists which alienate

Miriam Jackson

the people from the mutual care and consideration of each other.

On the other hand, any female declared mentally subnormal may be administered a contraceptive regardless of the person's wishes.

Such is democratic choice.

If the abortion section of the Bill is an attack on basic human rights, then the involuntary sterilization of the mentally retarded is even more so. If this section of the Bill is passed, then New Zealand will be one of the few countries that has involuntary sterilization of the mentally retarded.

Up to 1974 only three states of the American Union had involuntary sterilization of the handicapped and in 1974 two of these states repealed their legislation as they considered that the right to consent or not consent is a basic human right. This legislation could be held to be contrary to the Declaration of General and Special Rights of the Mentally Retarded (1969) drawn up by the League of Societies of the Mentally Retarded (to which our IHCS belongs) in Stockholm in 1968. This declaration included Article 1; The handicapped person has the same basic rights as other citizens of the same country and the same age."

The reason the Royal Commission gave for recommending involuntary sterilisation of the retarded was to guard against the possibility (and assumed) promiscuity of the mentally retarded female. Other countries e.g. Sweden, have been able to deal with the possible promiscuity of retarded persons by methods other than involuntary sterilisation. In Sweden the retarded are protected in situations where the exercising of their rights would get them into difficulties e.g. sexual behaviour, by the appointment of guardians (who may be parents) who are then responsible for the guidance of the retarded person in such matters as contraception etc.

The Bill glibly talks about obtaining reliable information on the intellectual and social development' of the retarded person. Presumably this refers to intelligence and other psychological tests. Intellectual assessment

methods are discriminatory and their reliability and validity dubious particularly in the case of borderline retardates. They discriminate against minority groups, for example, Polynesians and Maoris are significantly over-represented in Special classes thus more Polynesians and Maoris are vulnerable to being sterilised.

Perhaps this is one way the Government has thought up to solve the 'islander' problem'.

The Bill does not discriminate the age of the person who may be sterilized - it is known that intelligence may change over time and in the case of the environmentally

continued on p. 16

**A**BORTION is a women's issue. It is an issue which concerns all women from the moment we are capable of reproduction, to the moment we are not. It concerns women of every class, of every race, of every size and shape, of every occupation, of every credo of faith, every religion or political persuasion. And yet, throughout this country today, there rages a debate on this same issue amongst parliamentarians, doctors, experts, lawmakers and power-holders. And our so-called representatives in Parliament are falling over themselves trying to get that pernicious piece of legislation, the Contraception Sterilisation and Abortion Bill, passed through their hands and out of their minds. They seem to think that if the considerations of both pro- and anti-forces are weighed up, some compromise will be reached in the never-never land in between that will be satisfactory to most people. All very well for Peter Pan and his like, but for 51% of the population of this country this is not so.

Because there can't be compromise on an issue like this. Arguments about the rights of the foetus, about controlling the number of abortions performed each year, about the integrity of the medical profession, and about the problems caused by unwanted children - these arguments are not the point. The real issue is the right of each and every individual woman to have control over her own reproductive cycle, her own body, her own life.

Now let's think about that for a moment - about what that really means. Consider a woman, a maturing, growing, developing woman, potent, warm with life, a creative and productive human being. Then consider this society and who runs it, who holds the power, who makes the decision, who has defined and structured it. The general situation of woman is well down under and outside of these structures and she is kept there by a set of law-enforced beliefs based essentially on the fact that her biological build is different from a man's. From this fact a whole ideology of woman-hating, woman-oppression has been generated.

So, when she works either in the occupation of her choice, or through sheer economic necessity, she is told that she is a bad employment risk, and that sooner or later she will get pregnant and leave; and if she decides on having a child while she is working, she finds that child-care facilities are inadequate, and that there is no room in this society for her to be both a contributor to its workings, its products, and to be the mother of her child.

Then if she chooses to be a full-time mother, independent from the support of a man, she finds that this society will not allow for it, and it cuts, drastically, the Domestic Purposes Benefit she needs.

I could go on and on, and on, about the ways in which women are held back, kept under, put down, indeed alienated from this society, but essentially, it is seen in the way we are denied control over that most indefinable part of us - our sexuality. Male-dominated technology has failed to come up with good, safe contraception; a state that has been organised for the benefit of a few has failed to provide good child-care facilities when it knows that it can rely on the bulk of New Zealand women to subordinate their lives to this end. It has failed to provide abortion clinics when the physical and economical reach of every woman, and now it would seek to impose further control over the lives of women with new restrictive, repressive abortion laws.

And there are reasons for those with state-invested power to do so, too. Given that the maintenance of the status quo is dependent on keeping us where we are, then it becomes quite clear that if we were to have control over our own lives, if we were free to order and define our lives as we see fit that status quo would be threatened and shaken at its very roots. That is why we have abortion laws imposed on us - not for the protec-

JILL RANSTEAD continued from p. 15

tion of the foetus, not to keep control over the number of unwanted children, not to safeguard the integrity of the medical profession, but to keep women down and outside of the workings of this society, and to ensure that the users and abusers of power in this capitalistic, exploitative and patriarchal state can keep it that way.

So we cannot accept compromise in any form on the abortion issue. If we are to be fully autonomous, self-determining human beings, living without fear, restriction or control, then we must have the right to decide for ourselves, by ourselves, on what is to happen to our bodies and our lives.

But it's been said that the abortion decision should be made by the woman and one, two, or even three doctors. So what about the woman living in one of the suburbs whose doctor is a strict Catholic, and does not 'believe' in abortion? She is forced to either accept that doctor's belief, and go on with an unwanted pregnancy, or spend valuable time, energy and money tracking down a doctor who will allow her the abortion. And what about the woman living in more isolated rural areas who can only hope like hell that the one doctor within the 50-mile radius is going to be sympathetic?

And why should a woman have to drag her weary way through the institutions of power on an issue that is fundamentally nobody else's business but her's: A woman's body, a womb, a menstrual cycle - these belong to the woman and the woman only. No man, no matter how qualified, no matter how expert, has the right to decide on what happens to that woman's body.

It's been said, too, that abortion should be made legal for the first 3 months, and then, at this arbitrary cutting-off point, it should suddenly become illegal. So what about the woman who doesn't know she is pregnant for the first couple of months, because of a faulty pregnancy test, or whatever, who then spends the next week, or month, in anguish and in fear of losing her job, of being booted out of school, of being rejected by the man concerned, or by her family, and who then must spend some few weeks trying to find somewhere, some way of getting an abortion, or trying to find the money to pay for it? Is she then to find in that fourth, maybe fifth month that she will not be able to have a safe legal abortion after all?

And finally it's been said that a woman should be granted access to abortion in certain circumstances, like when her life is in danger. But when a woman seeks an abortion, she does so because she is pregnant and does not want to be. Not because she thinks she might die, or go insane, or anything as drastic as that - although with the sort of conditions we have now, those are possibilities - but she seeks an abortion because she has decided that at that stage of her life she cannot afford to have a child. And only she can know the full circumstances - economic, social, mental, emotional, physical that surround her pregnancy. No state-imposed, authority-administered legislation can decide on that for her.

It's like I said before: abortion is a woman's issue, and we women must come together to fight against the laws that enforce our oppression. It is no good relying on the goodwill of MPs, or anyone else who holds the power at present. The total liberation of woman is not in their basic interests - we must do it for ourselves.

And now we have the Contraception, Sterilisation and Abortion Bill sitting in Parliament House - the fourth attempt in three years to screw down on what is already a bloody lousy situation for women and we cannot afford to sit back.

We demand that the Bill be totally rejected and thrown out, because if it gets through, it's going to mean misery for thousands of us;

We demand the total repeal of all abortion laws, because anything less has nothing to do with what we women want and need.

And we demand that abortion clinics be set up throughout the country to meet the needs of each and every woman.

This isn't going to happen overnight, nor over the next month, nor even over the following short-term. But we know what we want, and we are prepared to work and fight for it. And with the collective effort of us all, we can make it happen, and come one step more towards a democratic, just and humane society.

MIRIAM JACKSON continued from p. 15

retarded person the I.Q. may be raised on many points by training. It is possible then that an application may be made for sterilization of a person who at a later age may not be regarded as 'retarded'.

Again the assessment procedure is in the hands of the medical profession with no specification of other professions, Medical training does not give expertise in learning difficulties or the trainability of a retarded person.

The political implications of this section of the Bill are frightening. The Bill has the power to allow the removal of the right to procreation by a certain group of persons - given that test results can be altered and are dubious anyway, a situation could arise in which a non-benevolent Government might use this power to eliminate the continuation of a sub-group in society, e.g. racial minority. One might consider this idea is science fiction fantasy in our 'democratic country' but probably the Germans in the 1920s would have felt the same way. Is Adolf Hitler alive and living somewhere in New Zealand?



ANDREW GREEN

**T**HOUGHTLESS and stupid behaviour by a very small minority of students and others may put the valuable student standby concession for domestic air travel in jeopardy, if such behaviour continues.

This point was made to me by officials of the National Airways Corporation and the Student Travel Bureau Ltd when I interviewed them about the operation of the 50% fare concession offered by NAC to full-time tertiary students who possess a valid International Student Identity Card (ISIC).

"Those who try to buck the system by tampering with their ISIC cards, 'lending' them to people who are not eligible for the concession and other forms of abuse are an administrative irritant", says David Cuthbert, Managing Director of STB Ltd. "Their activities cause extra work for NAC and ourselves, as well as marring the success of the whole scheme."

Cuthbert's claim that the student standby scheme - first introduced for university students in 1972 - has been a success is borne out by the facts. Over the last twelve months students took some 60,000 individual journeys on NAC flights using the 50% fare concession.

"When you think of the real benefits the scheme provides for thousands of students", David Cuthbert says, "it's just not on for a small handful - some of whom aren't even students - to put the future of the scheme at risk and thereby harm the interests of the great majority. And every student can help ensure the continued operation of the scheme by making it clear to this small group that abuse of the scheme is completely unacceptable."

Greater awareness by students of the benefits the scheme provides and the damage that can be caused by those who abuse it is one way of tackling the problem.

But it is by no means the only way. As a result of recent discussions between NAC and STB Ltd, various administrative measures have been implemented by both parties to further safeguard the security of the

student standby fare concession. The officials I talked to are quietly confident that these measures will both prevent attempts to abuse the scheme and better detect those who manage to do so.

Individuals who are tempted to buck the system also need to bear in mind the fact that abuse of the student standby fare concession can lead to criminal prosecution of the offenders. Most irregularities detected are now automatically referred to the Criminal Investigation Branch of the Police for investigation. Criminal prosecutions can, in most cases, be initiated on grounds of fraud, false pretences, or forgery.

And apart from running the risk of criminal prosecution, all students who are implicated in any abuse of the student standby scheme have their ISIC card black-listed or confiscated, thereby losing all the student concession privileges it allows.

Ross Anderson, NAC's Security Manager, makes the point that abuse of the scheme can be harmful to individuals' futures. "I don't think that students realise the difficulties they can get themselves into by abusing this scheme", he says.

"I'm sure they don't realise the consequences which can arise and that a criminal prosecution can follow. Individuals do not realise the implications that a criminal prosecution can have in the future, so far as their own careers are concerned."

Finally the officials I interviewed said that students should bear in mind the following points:

- (1) Renew or apply for your card early, especially if you plan to travel during the Christmas vacation. ISIC cards can be sent to the Student Travel Bureau for renewal, or can be applied for (provided the students is eligible for the concession) any time after 1 October.
- (2) Do not lend your card to any other person for any reason.
- (3) Do not tamper with your card in any way.

PETER FRANKS

## 'Country Bankrupt'

**A** reply from the Under-Secretary for Trade and Industry, Mr K. Allen (M.P. for Tauranga) in response to the cutback issue information sent to him by NOSAC sparked off a storm in Wellington recently.

The letter contained the words, "Your Association does not seem to realise that New Zealand is nearly bankrupt."

A press release was issued by Lisa on 26th August which stated:

The President of the New Zealand University Student's Association, Ms Lisa Saksen, today expressed deep concern about recent news she had received informing her that New Zealand was nearly bankrupt.

Commencing on the news, Ms Saksen said "I am appalled that the Government has kept this news from the taxpayer of New Zealand. I think it has an obligation to immediately furnish us all with the full facts of our country's financial situation".

In relation to the Government's cutting of costs "in every direction" Ms Saksen stated that she thought more could be done, "particularly in relation to M.P.'s salaries and the enormous amount this country spends on maintaining N.Z. troops overseas."

Ms Saksen commended Mr Allen for his honesty and undoubted courage in breaking this important news to the New Zealand people.

The letter by Mr Allen and the press release by Ms Lisa was subsequently printed on the front page of the Evening Post with the bold heading reads NZ NEARLY BANKRUPT, STUDENTS REMINDED. (27-8-77). A letter written by Mr D. Merritt (Internation-

al Vice President, NZUSA) and Mr. D. Macpherson, Research Officer, NZUSA, in reply of this was also printed in full as the main letter.

This letter, amongst others, made the following points:

"Mr Allen's statement that the Govt. "has cut costs in every direction." is patently untrue. While this country may well be nearly bankrupt one only has to look at the large increase in Parliamentarians' salaries to know whose interests those people are really concerned with.

"Specifically on the subject of overseas students cutbacks, we noted Govt. Ministers have time and time again said that NZ's overseas student programme is a form of aid to developing countries. Despite this, we see the Govt. cutting the number of private overseas student admitted by 38% in one year, while at the same time increasing its spending on NZ's military base in Singapore to over \$20 million (money that benefits no one in the long run).

"Secondly, Mr Allen says that "the great majority of people agree" with the cut back to overseas students by what authority does he make this statement? Has he circulated information on the issue to any of his constituents - as we have to all our members. Has he received any feedback from his constituents - as we have from thousands of our members."

On 30-8-77 the Dominion reported that The Acting Prime Minister, Mr Talboys, disagreed with the statement made by Mr Allen. Mr Talboys said he would be talking with Mr Allen about his statement. "I will suggest to him that he shouldn't exercise such poetic or journalistic licence," he said.

WHAT HAS  
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## WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ENVIRONMENTAL TEACHING ?

**D**OES a university education really equip one to cope with the realities of a changing society, and does it provide students with the knowledge necessary to function as informed citizens in a world whose future is complex and uncertain? Many criticisms are levelled at academic education because much of what is taught seems to have little relevance to the real problems of the day, so that students may leave the university with a degree which leaves them with only a bundle of specialized and abstract techniques which are quickly forgotten once their place is assumed in the real world.

One of the most glaring examples that comes to mind is that, despite the ever-mounting problems caused by increasing world population, dwindling resources, economic crises, pollution, and demands for controversial new forms of energy such as nuclear power, the University currently has no undergraduate teaching program to tie these crucial issues together and equip university students generally to be able to function in society in an informed and responsible way. It seems to my mind quite irresponsible for the University to allow a graduate in chemistry to pass out of the pearly gates qualified to take up a position in a chemical firm without even giving

him a smattering of the environmental problems that may emerge later from the line of employment he has undertaken.

Perhaps it is permissible for a man on the street, who has little chance of causing more damage than dropping litter, or pesticide on his garden, or excess detergent down his drains to be ignorant of environmental issues, but it is certainly a different matter with an institution that claims to educate specialists both for scientific occupations and for teaching future generations about the delicate interactions between the systems of life and energy that enable the planet to function.

A case could be made that an adequate understanding in environmental issues should be a compulsory part of a scientific and perhaps any university education, but the only case I wish to make here is that any student of this university should have the right to environmental education.

In 1973, some of us who felt that environmental education was being ignored at Auckland University, introduced, through the Science Faculty, proposals for an environmental studies course. We also included a proposal for finance for environmental teaching to go to the University grants committee so that future courses could be adequately financed and staffed.

Because of free offers of help from lecturers from many departments who were prepared to put in the time and effort in addition to their normal working load it was possible to put on a course, Environmental Studies 84.200, comprising one paper, with a small grant for tutorials. This course was quite successful and ran for two years with a student enrollment of about 100, which is larger than many courses in the university, and certainly quite large enough to justify proper financing. The course ran for two years on the voluntary assistance system, but at this point many of the lecturers who were co-operating to keep the programme running were going on leave and it was put in abeyance for lack of voluntary staff to organize and run it.

What is a clear lesson from this is that adequate finance and at least one lecturing post is necessary to keep a course like this going, and that the lack of this from the university has caused the course to stop running.

What is less obvious is the reason why adequate finance has not been granted. Because of the current financial situation, the University Grants Committee has refused to allow any extra money for new courses in the university. Thus any money would have to come out of that provided for existing departments. However, since the people who would have to vote such a scheme are the heads of these established departments no money is forthcoming. The reason of course is that because money is tight, departments are hanging on to all the finance they can, and tend to see any whittling away of their resources as something to be opposed, however admirable the scheme may be. In fact because so many departments impinge on environmental education, it would only require a very minor and easily absorbable redeployment, of their money and manpower to enable a very effective undergraduate environmental program to get off the ground.

What is harder to understand is that there is quite a widespread feeling among academic staff that any such problem-oriented education lacks the conceptual penetration of individual disciplines, and is just a cultural hotchpotch of no academic value. The argument has even been put that no one can become educated in the environment unless he understands all the sciences first and hence that undergraduate environmental teaching is out of place. Such conclusions are merely the contradictory endpoint of the fragmented approach to knowledge that has grown in the academic community.

What is even more ironical is that it is the very environmental problems that are causing the finance shortage that it is claimed makes adequate funding of the environment course impossible. Thus, because of the environmental problems, we have no money available to learn about them.

Moves began again this year from within the university establishment to revive the environment 200 course, but so far the proposals have been passed from committee to committee and there is no reliable prospect in sight of it actually getting going again in 1978. Certainly, there is little likelihood of it getting the funding it needs. It is now very late in the academic year and unless a firm decision is made to re-establish it, it will be yet again assigned to limbo.

When I first became involved in working to get environmental studies started in 1973 I was looking towards an effective teaching program in all aspects of the environment that would keep pace with the growing needs from society by 1980. It is now 1977, and it seems that there is no more chance of these needs being met by 1984.

The only way such a programme is going to come about is by real involvement and support coming from the student community. Students should be pressing for the education they need. In a wider sense, also, it is questionable whether a relevant and comprehensive university education can come out of a financing system where different departments vie with one another for finance and leave no room for the areas of knowledge that are general enough to span many disciplines.

How then can we get a balanced education? That is why the doctor of philosophy degree was one embracing qualification in knowledge. Is philosophy dead then? Something's happening, but you don't know what it is, do you Mr Jones?

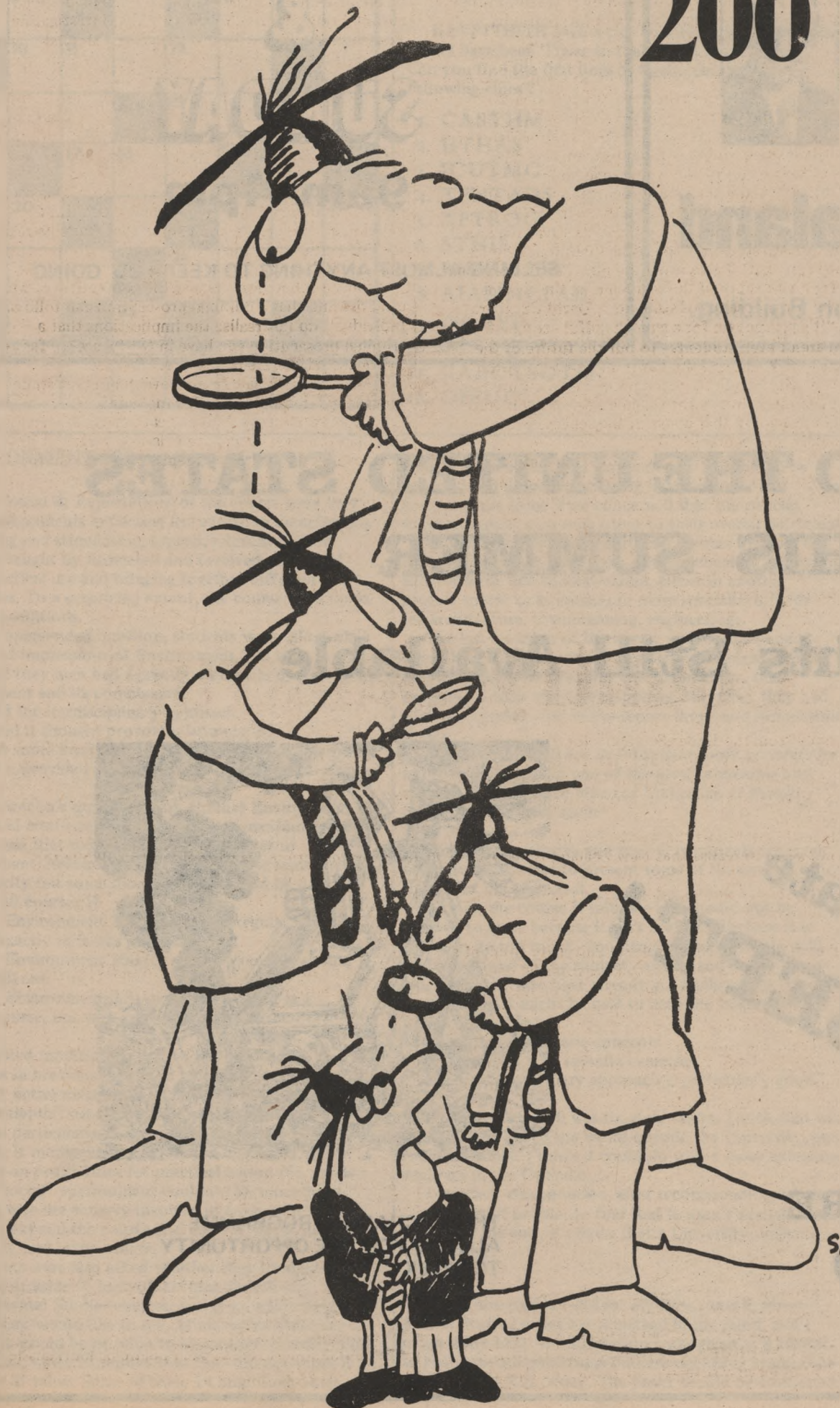
CHRIS KING

## STUDENT REACTION TO ENVIRONMENT 200

**E**ARLIER this year at the request of a Senate Subcommittee set up to consider whether the course, Environment 200 should be offered again in 1978, a questionnaire was prepared by Dr John Jones, the higher Education Research Officer. These were sent out to 132 of the 188 students who had taken Environment 200 in 1974 and 1975. 67 completed the questionnaire form and returned them and the information given below is based upon these returns.

Students were asked questions about why they took the course, what they expected from it and how they

# ENVIRONMENT 200



continued on P 19

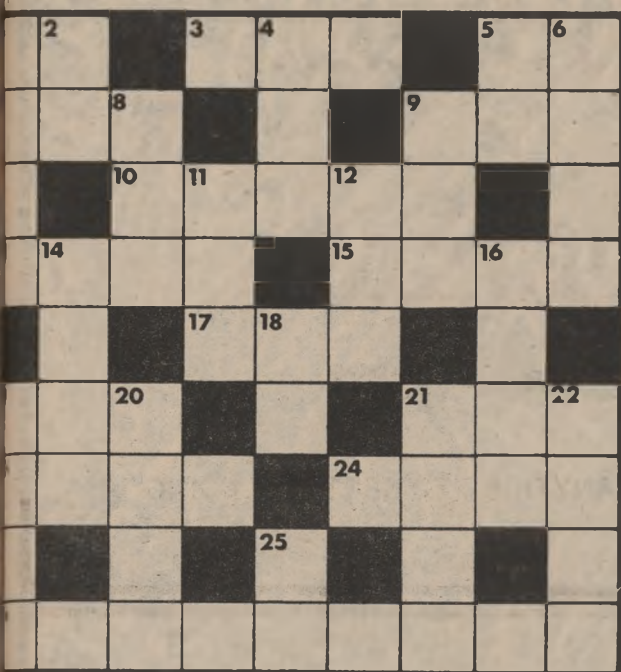


## ACROSS

1. Depart
3. Cunning
5. Joshua attacked it (Joshua 8)
7. Noah's house
9. No room here (Luke 2: 7)
10. African province
13. Distant
15. Evils
17. Short for Thomas
19. Abraham's nephew (Genesis 14: 12)
21. Every
23. Giant
24. Preposition in Psalm 121: 1
26. Animals with trunks

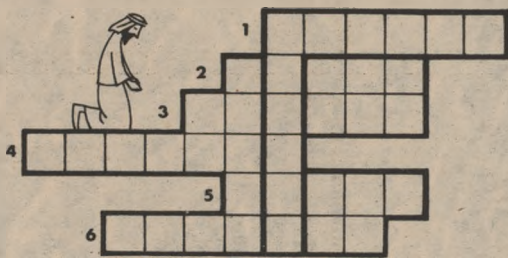
## DOWN

1. Desert city in Acts 8
2. Either
4. Allow
5. One
6. Writing fluids
8. Three-fifths of a knave
9. Sick
11. Skill
12. Target
14. Beat
16. Rhythm
18. How to keep your hair
19. Affection
20. Plant
21. Soon
22. Paul counted all things (Philippians 3: 8)
25. Royal Household (abbrev.)



## Puzzles

## Old Testament



Name those who prayed:

1. For the gift of a son (1 Samuel 1)
2. For deliverance from Esau (Genesis 32)
3. For help to train his child (Judges 13)
4. For wisdom (1 Kings 3)
5. For blessing on a house (2 Samuel 7)
6. For the gift of a son (Genesis 15)

The answer to No. 1 will read the same sideways and downwards.

## LET US SING ....

Had PTHITH been a clue to this puzzle, the answer would have been 'Praise to the Holiest in the height'. Can you find the first lines of twelve carols from the following clues?

1. CASTHM
2. HTHAS
3. ICUTMC
4. TFNTADS
5. AFTROG
6. STNIS
7. AWGMOO
8. AIAMNCFAB
9. OCAYF
10. OLTOB
11. BABOTSOTM
12. OIRDC

## Books

ABLE WAS I ERE I SAW ELBA  
DANIEL HOFFMAN  
HUTCHINSON

**D**ESPITE the Beat Generation, acid, and Bob Dylan, Daniel Hoffman has maintained his controlled and graceful style in the two decades of writing which are represented by the poems in this anthology. The gentle but inescapable emotional force of his poetry is conveyed within a disciplined framework of rhyme and structure, with a restrained and careful use of language.

Hoffman draws his inspiration from a wide variety of situations and feelings, and his moods range over a correspondingly diverse spectrum. A recurring feature of Hoffman's verse is his sympathetic and sensitive response to nature, a personal and somewhat romantic reaction which transcends mere trendy ecofreakism. He expresses his envy of the innocent ease of animals in 'Moving Among the Creatures':

They are contented in their bodies - I can tell it -  
I trip on vines, stumble in potholes  
And long for something of myself that's in them

To Hoffman, nature seems to offer some relief from the ugliness of our existence as 'Imperfect images of an indifferent God.' In 'The Centre of Attention', a would-be suicide on a tower is persuaded to climb down towards the crowd of onlookers,

Nearer to their condition  
Which is not sufficiently interesting  
To detain them from business or idleness either,

Or is too close to a despair  
They do not dare  
Exhibit before a crowd  
Or admit to themselves they share."

His pessimism is tempered by wit, however even it is held in check by his characteristic elegance. Hoffman does allow himself to escape, at least partially, from his self-imposed discipline in the group of poems exemplified by 'The City of Satisfactions', a somewhat exhausting epic with the qualities of a disturbed dream.

Hoffman's established position in the U.S.A. as a poet and critic is quite understandable in the light of this anthology. Despite the diversity of the poems they are consistently approachable and contain an impressive emotional and imaginative content.

DAVID POINTON

## ENVIRONMENT 200 continued from p. 17.

actually found it. Expectations of the course were very high, most students expecting the course to be extremely interesting and stimulating, topical, relevant to New Zealand, taught by dedicated and involved people, of some practical use and bringing together different disciplines. To a surprising extent, the course lived up to these expectations.

In an open-ended question, students were asked what their chief impressions of Environment 200 were.

18 felt they now had a greater awareness of the environment and its complexity.

9 liked the interdisciplinary approach.

9 found it thought provoking/stimulating.

7 were more aware of a world crisis/limited resources.

3 felt it provided a good background to topical issues.

In answer to a question as to whether Environment 200 should continue to be offered, the unanimous opinion was that some sort of course similar to Environment 200 should be offered. At the same time, the majority felt some modifications would be desirable (as with all courses!)

(i) Environment 200 should be a regular course 5 offered exactly as it was previously.

(ii) Environment 200 (or a similar course) should 0 not be offered.

(iii) Environment 200 should be offered as a regular course, but with some modifications. 60

Suggested modifications (with the number of responses in brackets) included more field trips/practical work (9), better co-ordination of the various topics (9), a less "in-depth" subject-specific course needed (this comment particularly re the section on World Ecosystem) (9), make it more specifically related to NZ (7), more emphasis on possibilities for practical action (5), needs a greater "social" environment content (5), more guest lecturers who are actively involved in environmental issues (4) expand the course and make it worth more credits (3), and many others.

Students were also asked whether they thought it would be of value to have other inter-disciplinary Environmental Studies courses, and if so, what sorts of courses they would like to see. 41 answered that they thought it would be of value to have other interdisciplinary courses, while 14 replied that they did not think it would be of value. Some of these 14 amplified: their

chief sentiment was that Environment 200 should be consolidated before attempting to introduce other courses while some were concerned that the courses might compete with each other to their overall detriment.

Of those who wanted additional courses offered, the majority favoured 'follow-on' courses covering aspects of Environment 200 in more detail, either in another general course or in courses in more specialized fields (eg architecture, townplanning, engineering).

The last question of the survey was an open ended one asking the students for any other comments which they thought were relevant. Not surprisingly, this produced a wide range of responses. However, they had a lot in common, and in the report they were summarised thus:

*Environment 200 has its faults and could certainly be improved, but its still one of the most interesting and enjoyable courses I've taken at University. It should certainly be offered again.*

Some representative and typical comments are given below in an attempt to present some of the overall flavour of the responses.

'I think the course is valuable and should not be allowed to lapse because it isn't perfect! Perhaps it is trying to do too much - to introduce some people with no background to the subject - and to add to the knowledge of those who have already got background. Therefore perhaps it might be best to have the course at two levels

1. Introductory basic concepts
2. Advanced with specific examples

The interdisciplinary approach is particularly good.'

'Environment 200 was the only course I took that was directly relevant to the world outside the University, and the job market. I think it could do with a more extensive write-up in the Calendar.

I was very disappointed, after recommending it to a number of people, to find that it wasn't available last year. It is the sort of course that a University ought to be offering.'

'Of all the papers I did for my B.Sc., this Environmental Studies paper has remained in my mind, and I often think back to information I was given as it relates to problems and situations that are occurring around the world and in N.Z. today. The paper should be continued.'

'The course, as run previously was definitely interesting and possibly even rewarding but I felt it fell short in so much as it served only to foster a continuing interest in an already converted audience (mostly Zoology or Geography Eco-freaks!). The course should have concentrated on the technological impact on our environment and explored more the avenues of solution of environmental problems. .... To be of lasting value the course must set students to work on solutions. .... If the course is to remain an introductory one, then "Introductory to what?". Definite need for an advanced follow-up'.

'Env. 200 was a very useful interesting course and should be offered in some form whatever it is. The problem of organising a large number of lecturers from different departments should be given to a full-time organiser who can also serve to tie the various aspects of the course together. .... I think Env 200 would have as much appeal to someone with an Arts background as with Science and it is an ideal way of presenting somewhat scientific and very important topics to a non-scientific person.

I do hope this course is not dropped, or at least something replaces it.'

'There is a definite need in New Zealand to encourage interdisciplinary approaches! We're parochial enough without being too tied up in our own subjects - by all means specialise but don't forget that life can be explained in a hundred other sciences and humanities....'

LIN ROBERTS

I believe the course Environment 200 should be taught by the University of Auckland in 1978

I am interested in taking Environment 200

Signed .....

Please tick the appropriate box then cut out this coupon and post it in the voting bin near the AUSA office.

There will also be a petition on this subject - come to the table in the quad between 12 and 2 and sign it!



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