

National Students' Issue No.1

APRIL 10 1978

SECOND FLOOR

CHANCE STUDENTS

LEARN
BASEBALL

MUSIC
ROOM

STUDENT
TRAVEL BUREAU

CRACUM
CLUB

RESOURCE
OFFICER

CRACUM

National issue on the arts

EDITORIAL

For the first time ever university student newspapers throughout the country have combined to bring out a joint issue, and this is it. If you like reading your own local rag don't worry, you'll find it in here somewhere. But now you have the opportunity to look at all the others, to see what's happening on the other campuses and how events are reported.

Of course no paper appears here quite as it usually does. Each has been allocated a mere four or six pages instead of the normal 12 to 24 so many features are missing. Nevertheless you should be able to get the flavour of what goes on.

We have chosen a theme for the issue, the arts, and that is why you will find a higher proportion of space taken up by this subject than is usual. Not that we think the arts should be the major reason for student papers combining, but it is a field where analysis of the work in various cities is rarely brought together.

So apologies to those people who are not interested in the arts. Next term we'll be publishing another national issue on education, and in the third term there will be one on politics. Apologies also to those people who are interested in the arts and think that something important has been left out. That is inevitable. Perhaps if you wrote to your local editor and stated your case s/he might be able to do something about it. All the editors have had difficulty getting copy. People must recognise

the student press if they wish to be recognised by it.

How did all this come about? The idea was agreed upon at a student press seminar in February. At that stage Lincoln College's Caclin was not operational, which explains why it has been left out this time round.

Each paper has been entirely free to do as it likes in its section. This means each chose its own content and did the layout. All the pages were then sent to Salient in Wellington, to be cut and pasted into the previously agreed upon order and rushed to the printers.

Thus no one (except the odd bod at Salient who did the arranging) had any idea what the whole thing was going to look like beforehand. As the papers have their own styles this may have meant the result is an unholy conglomeration, but we hope this is not so.

It is significant that in a time when the New Zealand Universities Students Association (NZUSA) is facing its biggest crisis in years the student press has been able to undertake a venture of this kind. We hope this issue can demonstrate that in spite of the many differences among campuses and the national leadership (and among the papers!), it is possible to maintain a working relationship which is to the benefit of all. NZUSA has published this issue, and that is in the true spirit of cooperation and mutual respect with which it was established.

Salient

Official Newspaper of the Victoria University Students' Assn. Vol. 41, No.7, 10 April 1978.

Salient notes

Hola hi de putas, esta semana las noticias de Salient estan mejican! A more desperate pack of bandidos you won't find anywhere. Flies follow them wherever they go. Leading the filthy bunch is well known gringo raper of armadillos Simon "PEY-OTTE" Wilson, brutally aided by El Davido Perez Murray, infamous lizard crusher from the central Yucatan rain forest.

Arriving at the saloon presidential lackey Pedro Beach tethers the chief's horse outside, the signal for the rest of the harshly disciplined procession of desperados to dismount. Removing the door by its hinges they enter the smoke filled bar in a well disciplined rush marred only by the accidental but well disciplined stabbing and subsequent trampling to death of over-eager Maria Rodgers, whose mistake it was to try and get in before the chief.

"Barman! Half a dozen tubes of Fosters," barks Lamorna "Sleepy-eye" Rogers grimly, slapping a greasy 2-peso note

down on the bar. "Same again", mumbles Margot MacHemmingway in a surly baritone. By 1*\$%&*), give me a %@!""*%&% drink roars Jonathan "Tequila" Scott, throwing in a few more terrible oaths including things about rolled up sombreros, quite unrepeatable, and enough to bring blushes to the cheeks of local puta and blower of bandit's minds, Senorita Lorraine Robinson of all people.

Catching her eye El Greco Cotmorobar slips her a hint by foaming at the mouth and flashing a 1,000 peso note. She responds coyly, sprinting towards the stairway like an elf. Slipping the landlady Mama Scotney a wink and a few pesos, he moves rapidly after her. "You want sheets on the bed Signor?" inquires the good woman. "You sheet on my bed and I keel you," he snaps, flashing a knife menacingly.

Certain violence is averted only by the timely arrival of desert Tarzan "Twelve Gun" Thompson who pumps him so full of lead it takes six people to carry him outside. Minutes later a fight breaks out over by the jukebox where Andre "swamp fly"

Dungan, wanted in 27 states and definately not wanted in any of the others, is heard to bellow "NOT ABBA!" and spray the end of Stephano Benbrook's cigarette with heavy machine gun fire, killing Desparado Norm as he tugs at his hotdog, and severely wounding Quickfire Cathy Randall, until now fastest light table draw in the west. Sally lies slobbering all over the counter, while the brave Don Wright sits quietly in a corner mumbling incoherently about Futura Extra Bold Letraset and saucy Senorita Sue Cairney makes mince-meat out of all that beautifully typeset copy.

The sound of the shots carry to the end of the street where the sherrif, John Bailey, smiles wryly and takes another toke at his organic carrot juice. Looking at the moon, he sighs. Somewhere far off a coyote howls; another desert sunset. "One more Salient Notes out of the way" he mumbles. And, of course patient readers, that just about hits the nail on the head. Cheap trick eh?

SALIENT is edited by Simon Wilson and published on this occasion by the notorious band in the New Zealand Universi-

ties Students Association Hole in the Wall Gang baled up at 32 Blair Street, Wellington. If the stagecoach didn't lose a wheel being chased through the Manawatu Gorge and plummet into the ravine it was printed by Wanganui Newspapers, Drews Avenue, Wanganui.

SGM

Wednesday 12th April, Union Hall, 12 noon

Since nominations for the exec by-elections were reopened many more people have submitted their names. If they had not been reopened the election would have been a no-contest farce. First up in the SGM agenda are constitutional amendments to ensure this sort of thing does not happen again. Changing the constitution is a tricky thing, so come along to make sure it's done properly.

Should the exec get more money? Number two on the agenda.

And most important of all, the 1978 budget. Come and see what they're going to do with your money.

The auditor's report and Secretary's report for 1977 will also be presented.

to those who can do a better job (starting with Andy Tees, Paul Norman, Gary Phillips etc.)

Luv,
Arnold

P.S. Aardvarks are almost passe; watch for axylotls, they're making a comeback!

(Can I help it if I've got a warped mind? We'll be printing a "tasteless" graphic every week on the letters page for as long as we can, so maybe you too will learn to like them. — Ed.)

(I hope the editor's fingers aren't too grubby, he just went to get me a cup of tea and I wouldn't drink out of a cup that had been handled by grubby fingers — typstr)

We have had to hold a lot of letters over this week because of lack of space. But don't worry, we'll be catching up in the next issue. —Ed.

Letters

Reviewer Criticised

Dear Simon,

If Lawrence Macdonald wants to write book reviews, then by all means let him. But never again allow him to sneak onto your drama pages masquerading as a theatre critic. It is both irresponsible and unfortunate that he can only manage to devote one belated sentence to the production and performance of "Heroes and Butterflies". His quarrel is with the play, mine with his priorities.

Yours,
Susan Andrews

Pie in the sky Politics

Dear Sir,

I read with interest and amusement the first effort of "Dal I Larma" who wisely wants to remain anonymous. It was notable for its frequent factual errors and obvious lack of research and a pervasive pie-in-the-skyism.

(God Simon! We've got to get some control over the pi-in-the-skyists. They're beginning to overrun the place with all their weird cultist non-sense typstr)

I'd like to pick on one point by way of example. The Labour Party leaders have repeatedly indicated that the party will repeal only parts of the SIS Legislation or alternatively repeal it entirely and replace it by its own bugging, legislation. In denying this "anonymous" makes himself a liar as well as a political half-wit. The rest of his points are similar, contentious reconstructions of history and are unlikely to gain much currency among Salient's readership.

It was blind anti-communism, and equally blind trust in Parliamentary democracy of Labour's brother party, the German Social-Democratic Party, that split the opposition to Hitler's fascism and paved the way for its ascension to power. How can we expect a party holding the exact same philosophy to play any different a role here. And "anonymous" wants us to vote them into power!

Yours,
Political correspondent

Compliments and rules

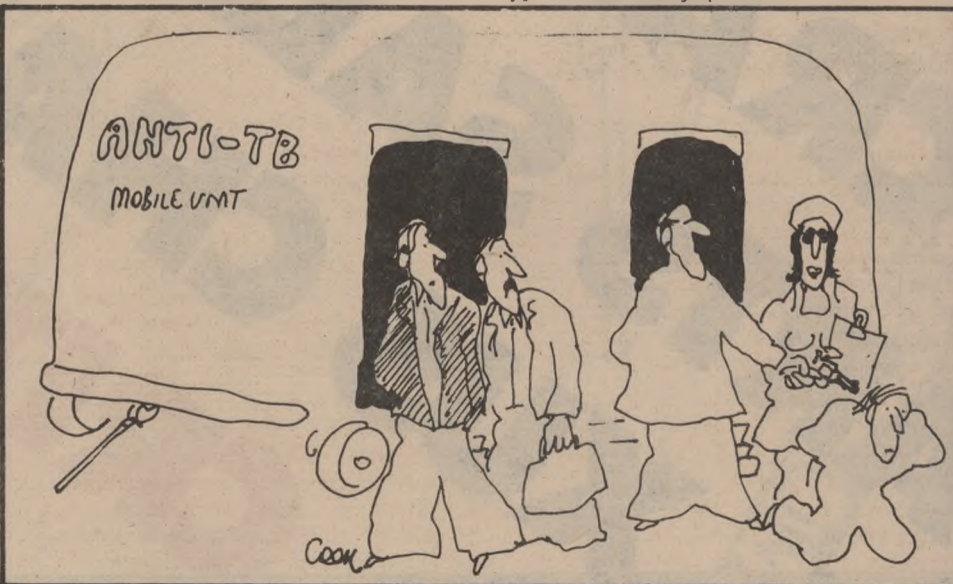
Dear Editorial Staff of SALIENT

I wish to congratulate you on the improvement in Salient's contents this week. Many of us are sick of the political content when we look to Salient for relief after working. I miss, however, the record reviews of last year and the Colin Morris Caption Competition. Has Colin decided not to sponsor it this year? Specially commendable from this week's issue are the review on Les Percussions De Strasbourg, Solo, and Roger Fox's Big Band. Also, while I'm giving you all an ego trip, the photograph of Bob Dylan last week was the best in the whole country.

Two rules I would like you to stick to: 1) keep the number of Malaysian articles down to the proportion of Malaysian students here, (ie: about every four issues, have a token Asian article); and 2) don't accept any letters to the editor over two inches.

Yours Zimmermaningly,
John Birch

(Colin Morris has declined to continue both the caption competition and supplying us with records, as he is concentrating on spending more money in Auckland. This means that we are having trouble getting records to review. However things do seem to be improving. We run the Malaysian articles for the simple reason that



SRC Zic

This week's business comm usually large at by the hope of Murray/Treen on of Lebanon appointed, but time in coming First up was giving a report meeting in Chri Matters of such there that our a separate feati I will not prece dy's run-down

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It had happ the Governmen zone following fishermen and declared the zo ment has taken the problem of

SRC Zionism wins

This week's meeting started early, the business commencing at 12.15 with an unusually large attendance perhaps swelled by the hope of seeing fireworks with the Murray/Treen motion on the Israeli invasion of Lebanon. They were not to be disappointed, but the motion was a long time in coming.

First up was President Lindy Cassidy giving a report of the NZUSA Executive meeting in Christchurch over the weekend. Matters of such moment were discussed there that our editor has decided to give it a separate feature in next week's issue, so I will not preempt him by repeating Lindy's run-down on the proceedings.

The Movick affair is still going strong and Lindy made mention of an appeal for financial support for James, but hopefully more detailed information will be forthcoming. The large Zionist lobby present at the meeting might have hoped that action was about to begin. No such luck! There were some SRC positions to be elected.

The Overseas Students' Officer was first to be decided. An obviously sincere (and judging by the persona vitae he gave to the meeting, competent) Victor Cheng was elected unopposed. He was followed by Paul White's election (in absentia) to the Environmental Studies Committee and Andrew Tees to the Parking Committee (after a strong speech attacking present parking facilities around varsity which received much applause).

The first contested position (that to the Victoria Book Centre Board of Directors) presented voters with a choice between two candidates (Rire Scotney and Gary Lewis) who seemed to agree wholeheartedly on each other's views. Furthermore neither seemed to have much idea of how the Book Centre operates, Gary even claiming he was going to look at getting cheaper prices. The Book Centre just cannot do this. They were both wary of a monopoly situation developing if Whitcoulls were to get in on the action, but seemed ignorant of the fact that this has not happened in other campuses where a joint ownership with Whitcoulls operates.

After a division in which No Confidence was added to the voting choice Rire was declared the winner. The problem of deciding between two candidates who appeared to have no policy differences was revealed by Andrew Tees who, having nominated the other contender Gary Lewis, felt obliged to put in a vote of no confidence when the count was made.

Other people elected were: Bridget Orr and Anne Scrivener (Languages and Literature Faculty), and Anne Scrivener and D. Fortune (L. and L. rep and Architecture rep on the Library Usage Committee). The graduate position on this committee was left until the Research Students meeting made a recommendation.

Finally at 1.25 pm. the long awaited Israeli motion came up: That this association condemn the Israeli invasion of southern Lebanon and that the International Affairs Officer send a telegram to the Minister of Foreign Affairs urging New Zealand to vote in the U.N. for an unconditional withdrawal of Israeli troops.

Introducing the motion David Murray referred to a systematic attempt on the part of Israel to annihilate the Palestinians. The invasion had concentrated on attacking refugee camps rather than military installations, and there were 200 military compared with 2,000 civilian casualties. His figures were from Time magazine, well known for its Zionist sympathies. Nevertheless the Zionist lobby were not prepared to accept them.

Waxing lyrical he said "Israel exists because Palestine is no more". To emphasise his view of Israel's aggressive expansionist policies, David quoted Moshe Dyan as saying that the invasion was a facet of a contingency plan developed well in advance of the actual terrorist raid to cope with just such an action.

In conclusion he said that the Superpower involvement in the Middle-East, with their conflicting interests, was a real barrier to a peaceful solution. Any such solution, we were told, must involve the granting of national rights to the Palestinians.

Seconder Mike Treen didn't consistently speak to the motion but made some powerful comments (none of which were convincingly refuted). While not denying the wrongs which had been done to the European Jews during the last war, Mike asked if this gave the Israelis the right to practice the same persecution on the Palestinians.

Seeking to draw a distinction between the PLO raid and its aftermath, he claimed that acts of terrorism by dispossessed individuals had some greater justification than aggressive acts of state terrorism such as the Israelis had perpetrated in their invasion of Lebanon.

Mike then outlined the racial tension present in the "Zionist" state. He produced results of a survey taken in Israel which showed that many Israelis believed they are intellectually, and morally superior to the Arabs ("That's right too!" one Zionist was heard to say).

The first person to speak against the motion was a Kibbutznik who claimed that Mike's picture of the racial situation inside Israel was a complete fabrication and that if he wished to get a true picture he should go to Israel and see for himself. Responding to the points Mike and David had made he explained that missiles miss their target, that eye-witness accounts of atrocities were likely to have been exaggerated. Regarding the original occupation of Palestine he said that at the turn of the



Egyptian student Tarek Sarour

century the region was occupied by wandering tribesmen.

Then began an attempt to justify the existence of Israel and its actions. We were told that Israel just cannot afford, from the point of view of military survival, to allow the PLO into the country. We then heard comments made which, to the cynical, sounded distinctly like the ones Vorster uses to justify his brand of racism.

Why was there no protest about the civil war in Lebanon in which 50,000 were killed and from which 1 million refugees fled? The PLO is a dictatorship in which any criticism of the leaders is summarily punished. The Palestinians living in Israel enjoy far more political freedom and a higher standard of living than their counterparts in other Arab regions. He left to prolonged applause.

The "Let's bomb Tonga" saga which many of us hoped had been forgotten was re-introduced by Sean Tuohy (speaking to the 2 minute time limit which had just been imposed) who produced a counter analogy. Consider the unpleasant situation in Ireland (in view of his name perhaps an unfortunate choice!) (deliberately chosen perhaps? — Ed.) and suppose the great powers decided to resolve it by giving the Irish (presumably those of one persuasion only) the right of unlimited entry to New Zealand, we having been shipped off to Australia. Would we not feel some justification for engaging in terrorist activities? Every meeting needs its lighter moments.

La Heyman spoke next and tried to bring discussion back to the motion. He bade us consider the stated aim of the PLO in staging their raid, to disrupt the peace overtures between Israel and Egypt. This he claimed was evidence that the Palestinians were not serious in seeking a peaceful solution to the conflict. This comment was also allowed to pass unchallenged.

For those of us not versed in meeting procedure, the next stage was interesting. First Andrew Tees, having condemned both sides in the violence, proposed an amendment to the motion which made it look very similar to his own motion, next on the agenda, to the effect that the SRC condemn the actions of both sides. This was duly ruled as being contrary to the spirit of the motion. Then came Peter Winter with exactly the same proposal, although he made the point that the two motions could not be reconciled. He was also overruled.

In what may have been intended as a master-stroke Peter Thrush popped up with a procedural motion, proposing that the Murray/Treen motion be tabled, and hopefully withdrawn and discussion begin on the Tees/Lewis motion. This was defeated, but before the fires could again flare up Richard Bohmer came up with the obvious solution to moving through the agenda, namely the interesting idea of actually putting the motion. This was passed and in the subsequent voting the motion was defeated by a majority of about 2 to 1.

So we moved on. Andy Tees and Gary Lewis had moved: That this association condemn the use of violence in Israel and southern Lebanon as an impairment towards mutual peace and security in the Middle East, and support peace moves towards reaching a lasting peaceful settlement recognising the rights of all peoples concerned.

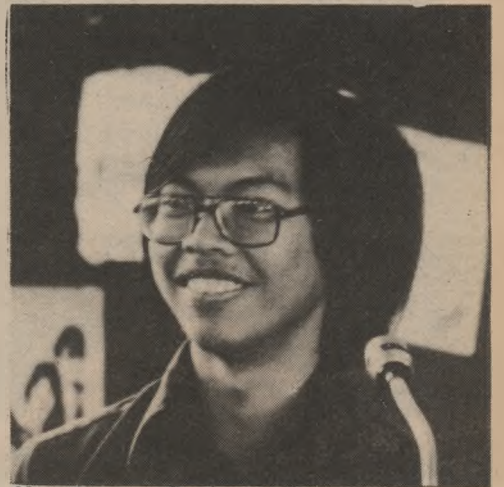
by the departing Japanese. New Zealand fishermen, starved of capital, can only sit by and watch. The danger to our fish resources and our fishing industry has by no means been removed since April 1.

The Government is arguing that the Russians have been allowed to stay as part of a squid-pro-quo deal guaranteeing our goods continued access to the Russian market. The argument completely fails to hold water. At the trade talks between Russia and New Zealand held the same week no agreement whatsoever was reached giving us guaranteed access to the Russian market.

The real reason for the fishing deal is the National Government's continuing submission to superpower bullying. This had been evident for a long time — why else would they have arrested only Japan-

The usual arguments about violence being wrong in any circumstances were trotted out, and it was interesting to note that those who had most vehemently opposed the previous motion seemed all in favour of this one.

One Zionist said that similar debates on overseas campuses he had visited were marked by a much higher standard of debate than the one he had seen today. Someone else got up to refute this, saying that in his experience the Zionist lobby always did its best to restrict speaking rights of other people and acted in an extremely undemocratic manner. That had certainly been the experience today, with the Zionists being quietly listened to yet making it almost impossible for anyone else to speak. Right on cue the barrage of interjections and abuse came tumbling out.

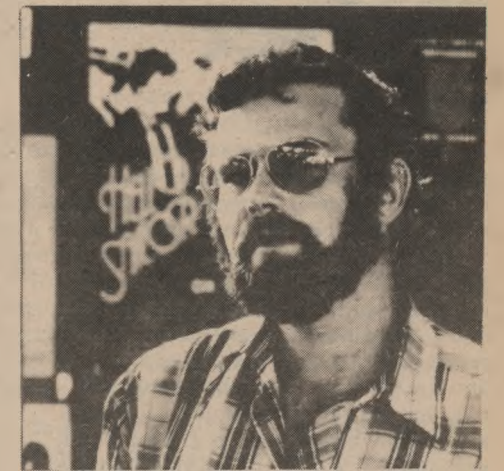


New Overseas Student Officer, Victor Cheng.

An interesting characteristic of the Zionist argument was the "we've been there there you haven't" attitude. Thus when Egyptian student Tarek Sorour got up to speak this was considerably undercut. Tarek's point was simple. You've taken the West Bank, the Golan Heights, your expansion never lets up. You think that's fair? he asked. "Yes," came the reply from many. Although he had offered friendship at the beginning of his speech he too was shouted down.

Another procedural motion that the motion be put, was carried. Tees and Lewis had a brief discussion over who should take the right of reply, Tees won and came out with the convincing summary, "I think you should all vote for this motion and that's all I've got to say," and it was passed. The meeting finished, a riot nearly broke out, which makes a change but was hardly constructive for anyone concerned, and that was that.

Peter Beach



The Israeli point of view...

Squid pro quo

Champagne toasts between NZ Deputy Prime Minister Talboys and Russian Fisheries Minister Ishkov? Unlikely? Not at all... it happened last Tuesday after the signing of an agreement that scuttled our embryo 200 mile exclusive fishing zone. But few New Zealanders would have joined in celebrating the agreement which guaranteed the Soviet Union continuing access to our fishing zone.

It had happened only months after the Government had declared the 200 mile zone following strong pressure from the fishermen and the public. But since it declared the zone last year the Government has taken no effective steps to solve the problem of the foreign fishing fleets

which have continued to destroy once plentiful fishing grounds and drive New Zealand fishermen out of business.

April 1 was set as the day of the big decision. After that date foreign fleets would only be allowed if sanctioned by a Government to Government agreement. It was a chance for our Government to stand firm. But they buckled.

While the Japanese and south Koreans have been kicked out the worst of the foreign fishing nations — Russia — has been granted long term access through the eleventh hour deal signed on Tuesday. The Russians have both the ambition and the ability to take up the "slack" left

by the departing Japanese. New Zealand fishermen, starved of capital, can only sit by and watch. The danger to our fish resources and our fishing industry has by no means been removed since April 1.

Political Correspondent

CAPPING IS COMING
Have you thought up your stunt yet?
Are you building your raft?
For further information see capping controller Spiro Anastasiou or the studass office.



Playwrights? What playwrights...

INTERVIEW WITH JEAN BETTS

Jean Betts is one of this country's formidable theatrical talents. Not only is she a fine actress but she is proving herself to be one of our leading directors. Plays such as *Arturo Ui* at Circa and *The Tooth of Crime* at Unity are two recent examples of her talent as a director. As well as this she has been deeply involved in the formative stages of Wellington's "alternative" theatres.

Recently she was awarded a grant by the QE II Arts Council to study theatre overseas. Before she left Andrew Dungan recorded this interview with her for *Salient*. (Notes explaining parts of the subject matter can be found at the end of the interview.)

Other

STREET THEATRE

Theatre has many arenas in which to perform, each one influencing what actually goes on there. I refer not only to the physical restrictions of the arena but also to the audience which goes along. The original Greek theatre performed in a large amphitheatre, which was also a temple. Hence it dealt with religious concepts and people went along prepared for a celebration for the gods. That influenced the style and matter of the shows. A place such as Downstage attracts a certain audience and if it wants to keep the audience coming it must perform plays aimed specifically at them.

But the arena of the street is totally different from these. The audience consists of people who happen to be in the immediate vicinity when you start performing. Since it is a common ground, the people in the audience could come from any age group, class, race, religion or socio-economic grouping. If you were to direct your show towards any particular section of that population you would be cutting off a lot of your audience. So the aim must be to direct your attention to everyone, if that is possible.

The people watching have not prepared themselves to see a performance. They have merely been walking along, maybe heading off to a particular place, maybe just going for a walk to kill time, but always concerned with their own lives. You suddenly catch them unawares. This at

first confuses them and they are antagonistic towards the intrusion. Or maybe they are interested in seeing what this completely unexpected event is all about.

But whatever it is, the immediate response is never apathetic. They have to take notice. Since people are continually walking past, any beginning you may have is not necessarily the first thing your audience will see. Somehow you have to create a show so that whenever people stop and watch they have to be able to get something from it.

Normally people take to the streets for political motives. They wish to make a statement about an issue that deeply concerns them. As politically sensitive people, they often have a concept of the broader aspects behind the issue, a disagreement with the trends that issue points towards, and a vision of what should be happening. If they have a deep-seated desire to alter the trends towards what are for them more sound directions they usually hold to a particular political ideology.

The important question is how much of your ideology can you present to your audience, and whether it is worthwhile to even try.

In the streets the audience has more power than in the theatre. Whereas in the theatre the spectators have come to your environment and therefore feel more or less as guests, on the streets you are on equal footing. If they don't like what you are doing, they will make their dislike felt by either walking off or actually getting up and abusing you. Either reaction is not particularly fruitful unless all you are actually attempting to do is cause it.

If you attempted to give, say, a coher-

Salient: *What do you understand by the term cooperative theatre?*

Jean Betts: Well, a bunch of frightfully keen and frantically talented people all really buzzing with plays and ideas and things like that, not just actors but playwrights and directors and people who are all three at once, all come together and they all conflict and they argue a hell of a lot, but one thing they agree on is they don't want any boss. Now as soon as you get a situation like that, where they are going to try and exist without any kind of authority, so that the whole organisational thing is a lot more fluid, you've got to make up for it in some other way. You can't just say, "Oh it'll take care of itself."

That's why the Pram Factory people said when they came, that the secret of a co-operative was meetings, regular meetings. That is the regular rigid thing that makes up for the lack of any sort of regular rigid authority. But what it's supposed to mean is that everyone has an equal say, that everyone's ideas are listened to, that everything is tried out, and mainly that everyone has a responsibility towards the whole thing. They are part of the whole thing rather than someone who takes orders. This means that people's creativity is really used. That's, I think the main value of it.

Then you get to more subtle problems like actually getting a play on. What kind of authority do you refer to there? Whether you have a director or not, and if you do how is the director regarded? I think that's something each co-operative works out for itself.

The aim is basically to get everyone who works in the theatre feeling responsible for it, that everything they give to it will be used so that no talent will be wasted. It's a creative environment, whereas the kind of theatres we've got here, I don't think are a creative environment. It's just exactly the same argument that goes with schools that A.S. Neill uses.

You were talking about talent being wasted - do you think that we do waste talent in conventional theatres?

Yes I do. It's no particular person's fault, it's mainly that a lot of actors think that if they've got a part in a play then that's their job. They limit themselves quite willingly to that job. I mean, you know how difficult it is in any situation to get people to take responsibility for a larger thing, but once they do, as you discover in things like workshops, or a co-operative working situation where things are going

at Marxist viewpoint on the real reasons for unemployment you would find it very difficult to do so in a street theatre performance. The argument is a very complex one and no one is prepared to sit down on the street with all that is going on around them and give it careful thought. After all the only reason they are there is to try and find a Mother's Day present, and this is an unexpected means of relaxation.

But if you were to present a very amusing sketch about unemployment that had a lot of colour, movement and sound, presented in such a way that whenever people stopped to watch during the sketch they would be able to understand what it was about you might be getting somewhere. All you would be doing is raising the issue. Any attempt at education is impossible. This can be achieved by people handing out leaflets to those gathered around.

So what value does street theatre have in a political campaign? One of its most important roles is that it actually forces those who watch to be aware yet again of the particular issue you are raising. It serves a similar role to a poster or graffiti. It also brings some laughter and joy onto the streets, and this in itself is something worthwhile.

Since people actually form into a group to watch the performance, they become aware that really there are a lot of people just like themselves walking the streets all the time, and that this whole group can, at any time, come together and find something to laugh about. For those few minutes they don't feel so isolated and alienated from their environment, and maybe feel that they can actually get together to change the way the society is moving.

And this is its most vital role. Imagine

well they put so much more into it. So many more ideas come out of it. A lot of creativity that even they didn't realise was there.

The Pram Factory people also talked a great deal about sharing skills, teaching them to other members of the group.

Now you see people would say that that sort of thing could happen at Downstage too but the situation is such that it's not easy for that to happen.

Because people have more rigid roles?

"The biggest problem (with Circa) is they didn't start off with a philosophy. . . There's no good reason that's keeping it strong, giving it a spine."

Yes.

So how do you think a co-operative situation could develop?

Well, from what I understand about the Pram Factory, it started with three playwrights getting together. Now, I don't know whether they had trouble getting people to put their plays on or what, but it seems to me there's a lot of frustration there. Once there are just a handful of people who are the right actors who can't find the right kind of plays or anything like that, then something like that could start.

Circa I think started for the wrong reasons, the wrong sort of frustrations (2). But it is a frustration that starts this sort of thing. I don't really see that handf. It's something I'd enjoy if it started and give a lot to, but I can't find it or make a start myself.

Circa talks a lot about co-operatives, what do you understand of the reality of the situation there?

Well Circa started talking about co-operatives and that meant that money got shared out to everybody. Not particularly money from each play going to the people in it, but that would probably be the basis of it, and if one play got more money than another, then the money would be shared out. But then they discovered that they would have to have some sort of legal wrangle to get around paying less than equity minimum. And the legal wrangle was that every play was to be a separate co-operative, rather than them all coming under one co-operative.

if in every city and town in New Zealand a group of people went on the streets and presented with great energy, colour and humour performances about political issues every week for a year, what a spirit of festivity would surround the streets. People would be continually aware of what was happening around them, they would feel happy about smiling at complete strangers, and maybe even stop to talk to them about the issues raised.

No real political change can happen without mass support. But how is it possible to get mass support for anything if the people can't even recognise a common ground let alone talk to one another about things. The isolation caused by the ethic of the individual, that hallmark of capitalism, is a major barrier to break down. The victims of it have been filling our psychiatric institutions for years. And because of the ethic the very institutions they seek refuge in are so large and anti-social that they feel more isolated and afraid.

We have been indoctrinated in our individuality for so long we have lost the power to really care. Until people begin to start caring for one another more than for themselves social development will always be frustrated.

To impose a socialist ethic onto New Zealand the way it is would be absurd. It would be going against the basic precept of Marxism, of understanding the real social movements within your society, and acting accordingly. The first thing to do is to make the people more social, that is to socialise them. You have to start small. I believe street theatre is a good beginning.

John Bailey

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That was supposed to be just a legal sort of thing to cover that side of it, but it's become the philosophy of the place now so that every play is separate in every single way. Not just financially, but completely responsible for everything that goes on, and if anything goes wrong, they're the ones that are blamed. There is no feeling of unity or of sharing. It's very much an employer and employed situation.

But it's still open enough for really good things to get in and happen. The biggest problem is they didn't start off with a philosophy. I don't mean they didn't sit down and work out one, they just didn't have one. There's no good reason that's keeping it strong, giving it a spine.

What about Unity, you had a lot to do with that when they set themselves up to go semi-professional. (3)

Well, it was a five month experiment which I was determined not to let go on any longer than five months. I personally felt that some group thing would grow out of it, and the main reason I think it didn't was their set-up too. The way Unity's committee is organised, if Downstage had a committee like it the sort of people who would be on it would be the cleaner, the typist, the accountant, all those sort of people. So they're the people who're running it and they're the people

"It's amazing how many playwrights and particularly good ones don't know a thing about theatre."

le you've got to deal with. That was the big thing about Unity as far as I was concerned. I discovered how much the organisation can really effect the whole heart of the thing.

It was a wonderful experience, the plays that were being done. Even when they weren't particularly well done there was something incredible about them; a play that had never been done before, or a new playwright being done, something like that. I feel very good about them. But it has to be run by the people who work there.

The worst thing and the biggest gap of all is playwrights. This is where the theatres are missing out again. It's amazing how many playwrights, and particularly the good ones don't know a thing about theatre, or don't know when they start. One thing I want to do when I'm away, is visit

theatres that employ playwrights or have them in the theatre and find out how they do it. If they employ them what the terms are, if they're supposed to produce a play a year or what, what kind of pressures they're under, if any, try to find the ideal way of getting a playwright working in a theatre, because that's the only way we're ever going to get stuff out.

Do you think the Playmarket workshopping of plays has helped playwrights in New Zealand? (4)

I'm sure it has. Something like that should be done much more often. There are plays coming into Playmarket at the moment that are a bit too good for workshops, they don't really need that kind of work. They need a really good reading, something like that. All those plays in that sort of category could be read regularly by say the Circa council or something like that. That's another stage we have to develop. All that sort of thing where the playwright can listen and hear discussion of the script.

Tony Taylor, last year, in an interview with Salient, bemoaned the fact that the good New Zealand plays were just not being produced. What has happened to our playwrights? Why are they not writing good plays?

I suspect that a lot of our potentially good playwrights have gone to the theatre, been bored stupid, and gone away and written for something else. I suspect a lot of our potentially good actors have done much the same thing. And I particularly suspect that people like Dean Parker have gone along to see or have read *Glide Time* or *Middle Aged Spread* or plays like that that are so terribly popular and thought something like, "I don't want to write that sort of stuff and yet that's the sort of stuff they want, so perhaps I'm not a writer, perhaps I ought to be doing something else."

What I would like to do or see someone do is an idea that Dean had a little while ago to get together a number of good New Zealand plays, of an unusual kind hopefully, and just do a season of them. Get together a company, hopefully under a co-operative sort of system, and not feel pressured to last forever or have a great philosophy. Theatre is a very "here today gone tomorrow" sort of thing anyway. That's one thing I think goes against it. Things like permanent buildings and permanent institutions go against the whole spirit of theatre which is so ephemeral anyway.

modation register and service for all travelling artists will be developed.

To give artists more control over their own destiny and to improve their status in the eyes of the public they wish to show that artists are capable of working together to help themselves. By participating in and initiating projects for the whole community they also wish to show that they are concerned about the cultural development of the city. They will also act as a pressure group and lobby for artists' rights and as an aid in dealing with Arts Council and other cultural institutions.

These are the aims and objects and since the group has only just started it is impossible to judge what success Te Aho will have in their fulfilment. The main danger, as I see it, is that they have to work out clearly amongst themselves what they all imagine cultural development to mean.

There are at least two ways of viewing it. One is that an artist is an individual working more or less alone developing his or her own creations for presentation to whoever cares to look at them. The other is that art is the property of society in general and the artists' role is to perceive the community's basic needs and aspirations and create works that reflect these things.

The first tends to be elitist, cutting off all those who haven't the training and experience necessary to come to terms with the works. But as for the second, if the work is accessible and comprehensible to all and really does touch on something simple and basic, it can serve as a useful tool in the development of that society. Rather than being only an aesthetic experience it can also have a progressive role.

One development I have noticed recently is a reluctance on the part of theatrical groups to become identified as being in any way political in nature. Even Red Mole seem to have moved away from their political orientation.

Well I think, that's linked very closely with the fact that people, rather than staying and fighting are leaving the country. It's a feeling of not knowing what to do. You think, "Christ, if this can happen then there's nothing we can do to fight it." I think that's the thing about the audience

"People keep on saying that sort of writing (*Glide Time*) is a stage we have to go through. Well, whether we have to go through it or not I don't want to be here while it's happening."

for a political thing, they're on the whole so confused and bewildered by things that a direct political satirical thing won't get through to them. It's not just the actors but their audience as well. I don't know what sort of political attitude one could take to get through to them.

This business of people leaving the country, does that have any bearing on why you're leaving?

I think so yes. I've just about come to the end of any fighting and I want to do something constructive, I suppose. At a time when the government has that sort of attitude, when there's that sort of lack of money, cuts in the arts council, just when I want to expand, makes me feel like, "Oh give up, forget it for a while."

Mainly I still think that it's a big disappointment that the playwrights haven't come forward. That was what I was really looking forward to and thought would happen.

Oh yes, *Glide Time* was the big thing. I read that for Playmarket and gave it a very bitter run-down. The next thing, it was on to thousands at Circa and I thought, "I'll give up this job, I obviously don't know anything about it." Now I'm back to my old opinion that it is blech. People keep on saying that sort of writing is a stage we have to go through. Well, whether we have to go through it or not I don't want to be here while it's happening.

EDITORIAL NOTES:

1. Pram Factory is the common name

Is it possible for both types of work to exist in harmony? We can but wait and see.

John Bailey

CHAMELEON THEATRE GROUP

On Jan. 2nd 1977 four people — Steve Matthews, Ian Prior, Helen Panckhurst and Aileen Davidson — got together and formed Chameleon. They immediately started work. After an intensive rehearsal period they started performing.

And they performed everywhere — in the streets, at fairs, schools, University, Polytech, Teachers College and once at Cabaret Capital Strut. A Chameleon is for-



for the Australian Performing Group (APG), a fully fledged cooperative theatre group in Melbourne. They perform their own work, the playwrights in the group being among the most respected in the country. Pram Factory are dedicated to Australian Theatre, that is exploring and developing Australia's history and identity through theatrical form. Their 1975 tour of New Zealand is still considered by many to have been the best theatre this country has seen.

2. Circa Theatre was started a few years ago by a group of professional theatre people, mainly actors, who were not happy with the opportunities offered to them by Downstage. Premiering Roger Hall's first two plays has made the theatre a financially going concern, but they have had a lot of problems with a lack of directors and opening their doors to relatively poor plays and productions.

3. "Semi-professional" to Unity meant that amateur people would continue to work in the theatre, but that professionals could also work there. As at Circa, the profits were divided up among the company of each individual play. During the early months of this system some very good work was done. In fact Jean Betts' cooperative production of Simon O'Connor's *The Song of Johnny Muscle* remains a landmark in Wellington theatre.

The advantage was that people who worked in theatre only because they were dedicated could get some financial reward, and it was up to them to generate that reward. Unlike Circa, there was a conscious intention to produce new plays and plays that would not get onto other Wellington stages. However interest has dropped off and the people who now run the theatre have chosen to resort to a very commercial program (including Noel Coward and Gilbert and Sullivan).

4. Playmarket is the agency for most New Zealand playwrights, and offers a script advisory service for anyone who want to use it. A play will be read by one or two people with theatre experience who will write a report on it for the playwright. If good enough it will be worked on by a professional theatre for two or three days, with the writer in attendance. This is known as a workshop.

The theatre is under no pressure or obligation to produce a finished piece, and although they play may eventually find its way onto a stage the main aim is to give the writer some idea of how theatres work and how his writing comes across as drama.

ever changing, and the group is no different, with its variety of performance spaces, styles; clown, mask, movement, music, "straight theatre" and performers.

These changes were very valuable for all involved as they continually forced them to explore and learn new things. Such a continual learning experience means that Chameleon will always try to be open to new influences and new performers rather than being a staid group with a set number of theatre pieces. It is always hard to say what sort of theatre Chameleon is at any particular time because it depends completely on who is involved at that time and where their interests lie.

In 1978 Chameleon is still changing and growing. Steve has had to pull out because of other commitments, Ian moved to Auckland and is at present working with Red Mole, and Helen is moving to Australia. So Chameleon reshapes, undergoes another change.

It now consists of Rose Wedde, John Bailey and Aileen Davidson. It has plans for tours, children's shows, shadow theatre and puppets, workshops, mask work, clowns and so on.

Chameleon is an organic entity. This is its essence. More people will work on Chameleon, others will leave. . . and yet Chameleon will continue.

This year they hope to be active on Campus taking workshops and giving performances, not only at Victoria but also at Canterbury and Otago and then . . . who knows? They keep themselves open and react to changing circumstances. They are chameleons.

Aileen Davidson

Keeping politics out of politics

A LOOK AT SOME RECENT ATTEMPTS AT POLITICAL ART IN NEW ZEALAND

Sleeping Dogs: a New Zealand film about New Zealand the way it could be. Made by New Zealanders from a New Zealand novel, set here and showing every attempt to remain true to the spirit of the country. Thus on the superficial level Dougal Stevenson reads the news, and going more deeply we unravel layers upon layers of that fine "kiwi" tradition of going it alone.

One of the most interesting things about the film is the way the theme is treated. It must be the most common in New Zealand art. Yet rarely is it set against social responsibility, and even more rarely are the political implications examined. The protagonist Smith subscribes totally to the doctrine of individuality. In what we are supposed to believe is the great New Zealand tradition he has come to regard himself as an individual whose problems are his own, caused or accentuated by other people and can be solved only by himself. So he takes himself off. But he finds that whether he likes it or not, other people refuse to consider him in the same light. As far as they are concerned, his overt expression of individuality is tantamount to an admission of social complicity. In Volker's New Zealand, the only way to get by on your own is to become a full and thus unobtrusive member of society. Right through the film, Smith resists all attempts to make him recognise any social responsibility. The New Zealand people who are not explicitly represented, can be assumed to be in a similar position. They are slow to realise the situation concerns them, slow to understand the extent and meaning of fascism as it is exposed, and slow to accept they can do anything about it. They prefer to remain alone simply because it is easier.

That the film dwells on this is its greatest strength. Whereas most New Zealand art examines the nature of individualism, **Sleeping Dogs** concentrates on its shortcomings. It doesn't just say that in times of crisis Smith's ideology will not suffice, but that this ideology makes an important contribution to the crisis' development because it teaches us to renege on our political responsibility.

ical responsibility.

Fascism in Sleeping Dogs

However, many people have said that **Sleeping Dogs** is unrealistic. In one sense (which I'll come back to) this is true, but for the most part it is not. Fully fledged fascism is most likely to arrive in exactly the way the film suggests: during a period of severe economic crisis when official union baiting is rife and a strong leader emerges. Most importantly, it would be welcomed by the people through the ballot box. Experience in New Zealand (eg 1951) and right around the world tells us no different.

The problem with the film is that it does not show us how and why this is so. We are meant to accept that it is. We are not shown the successive stages of economic collapse, with their corresponding pieces of repressive legislation being brought in and used, we are not shown the extent to which the people will gradually give up their rights in the name of some "common good" which they fail to recognise brings them no good at all, and nor are we shown how they will not join in organised resistance but prefer to try to go it alone, sticking it out in isolation while branding those who do see things more clearly as the cause of all the problems.

We don't see how much the media actually connives in spreading the ideology which keeps them in this position, and we don't see that faith in the Parliamentary "opposition" whose policies for dealing with the crisis are not substantially different is also an active ingredient in the spread of fascism. All these traits are current in New Zealand and show every sign of developing. In ignoring them the film keeps its action packed credibility intact, but in failing to establish a thematic credibility it loses out at a much more vital level. The importance of keeping drama alive was undoubtedly a major reason why these things were not shown, but we must also consider that the filmmakers did not have a good understanding of the political aspect of their subject. All of the above could have been presented in a 10 minute run down at the beginning and the film wouldn't have suffered a jot. But that would have required a coherent political ideology. All other evidence in the film (the lack of any definite aims of the "rebels", for example) suggests they didn't have this. Then there is the matter of "rebel" strategy, which definitely was unrealistic. New Zealand's population is heavily concentrated on the towns and cities, which means that resistance to fascism is going to come primarily from urban areas, not the countryside. Furthermore, a prime objective for any resistance movement must be to win the people over. Thus it is pointless to remove oneself from them. Karl Stead in his novel **Smith's Dream**, from which the film was taken, and Messrs. Mune, Baysting and Donaldson who wrote the film evidently had no understanding of this or else considered it of lesser importance than the spectacular possibilities of bombing Coramandel. And is the bombastic Bullen, incapable of giving a convincing explanation of the action, really to be considered a leader?

We can therefore see that even though **Sleeping Dogs** differs from much other New Zealand work in that it goes beyond an examination of individualism to tell us that that particular ideology can be dangerously wrong, its actual use of politics is not much different. Politics is really only a device to create action with and a background to an examination of a bourgeois ethic. It is a timely piece of work considering the present political circumstances but makes no real attempt to come to terms with them.

The lack of ideology
Sleeping Dogs is not alone. In Wellington theatres over the last year we have seen many overtly "political" works, including Anouilh's **Antigone**, Genet's **The Balcony**, Brecht's **The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui** and Downstage's current offering, Robert Lord's **Heroes and Butterflies**. All have suffered, at the stages of writing and production, from a gross lack of ideological understanding. I'm not necessarily trying to push a particular platform in saying this, for whatever one believes it must be acknowledged that the most these plays are able to do politically is create a general feeling that fascism is wrong.

There is not even the coherent suggestion that it should be opposed, and certainly no attempt to analyse the nature of fascism except in the most superficial terms or to show how it can be fought.

Antigone: the simple approach

Even the general feeling is debatable in **Antigone**. Anouilh's play was written while Germany occupied France in WW II, and the French found it easy to associate the restrictions placed on Antigone with their own loss of freedom. But consider the main argument in the play: Antigone is filled with a superstitious obsession about giving her brother a decent burial while Creon will not let her because she would only revive the factional feuding in the city.

We are supposed to believe Creon is a tyrant for not allowing her to do as she pleases. Isn't he rather the wise ruler who knows well that liberty is not an abstract thing which should exist quite apart from consideration of the greatest good? Intellectuals in occupied France may have found something in the play appealing, but it is a bad example if one is looking for sound analysis of political realities.

Furthermore it is useless in New Zealand. The phrase "the greatest good" does sound a bit like Muldoon's claims to represent the "ordinary bloke", but we need a much more reasoned argument to demonstrate why he is wrong, and a much more worthwhile value to be upheld than Antigone's concept of filial obligation if we are to understand why our democracy is developing a

Sex and politics: The Balcony (photo Stephen McCurdy)

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DOWNSTAGE THEATRE

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Downstage operates the whole year round presenting a diverse and exciting programme from Shakespeare to current satire.

Go just to see the play or make even more of an evening of it and go for dinner, drinks and play.

Generous concessions are available to students from ALL centres.

Prices: Dinner and play	(Monday to Thursday)	\$7.50
Dinner and play	(Friday and Saturday)	\$8.50
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Gallery	(Monday to Thursday)	\$2.50
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DOWNSTAGE'S PROGRAMME FOR THE NEAR FUTURE INCLUDES:

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PLUS A FULL LATENIGHT AND LUNCHTIME PROGRAMME

Whats up?

NZUSA POLICY WORKSHOPS ON WOMEN'S ISSUES
April 15th and 16th

NZUSA holds policy workshops every year which are designed to enable students to learn more about the various issues that NZUSA has policy on and how that policy can be actioned. The workshops cover selected topics drawn from National, International, and Education Policy. This year, for the first time, NZUSA is holding policy workshops on women's issues.

These workshops are not designed to cater for student politico "heavies" but are more an exercise in explaining the varied policies of NZUSA to its members (i.e. YOU) and looking at ways of actioning them. The structure of the workshops is such that encouragement is given for discussion and ideas to be aired.

All students are welcome to attend. If you have any queries, contact NZUSA Women's Rights Coordinator at 738-566.

The workshops will be held on the week end April 15-16 at Canterbury University in Christchurch. Billets etc. will be arranged. If you need your fare subsidised contact Lindy Cassidy, VUWSA.

Workshop topics are Abortion, Government Attacks on Women, Women's position in the Universities, and theories of Women's Liberation.

NOSAC

10th April, 12 pm. Boardroom.
All interested students are welcome to this meeting.
Up for discussion:

1. ISC (International Students Congress)
2. Overseas students Association in NOSAC.

FILM - FACTORY TAKEOVER IN THAILAND

This film is about the takeover of a jean factory, during the period of democracy (1973-6), by the women workers. The women, when threatened with a pay cut, kicked out the boss and took over control. With the help of student groups (the National Student Centre of Thailand in particular) they were able to continue production for some time until the government sent the troops in. The film shows how not only the power of workers when united, but also highlights aspects of the women's movement and the development of their awareness through struggle.

MEMORIAL THATRE 1 PM TUESDAY April 11

WANT TO GET INVOLVED IN THE ANTI-APARTHEID MOVEMENT?

1978 has been set aside by the United Nations as THE YEAR AGAINST APARTHEID. In NZ there will be a nationwide mobilisation on Soweto Day, June 16th.

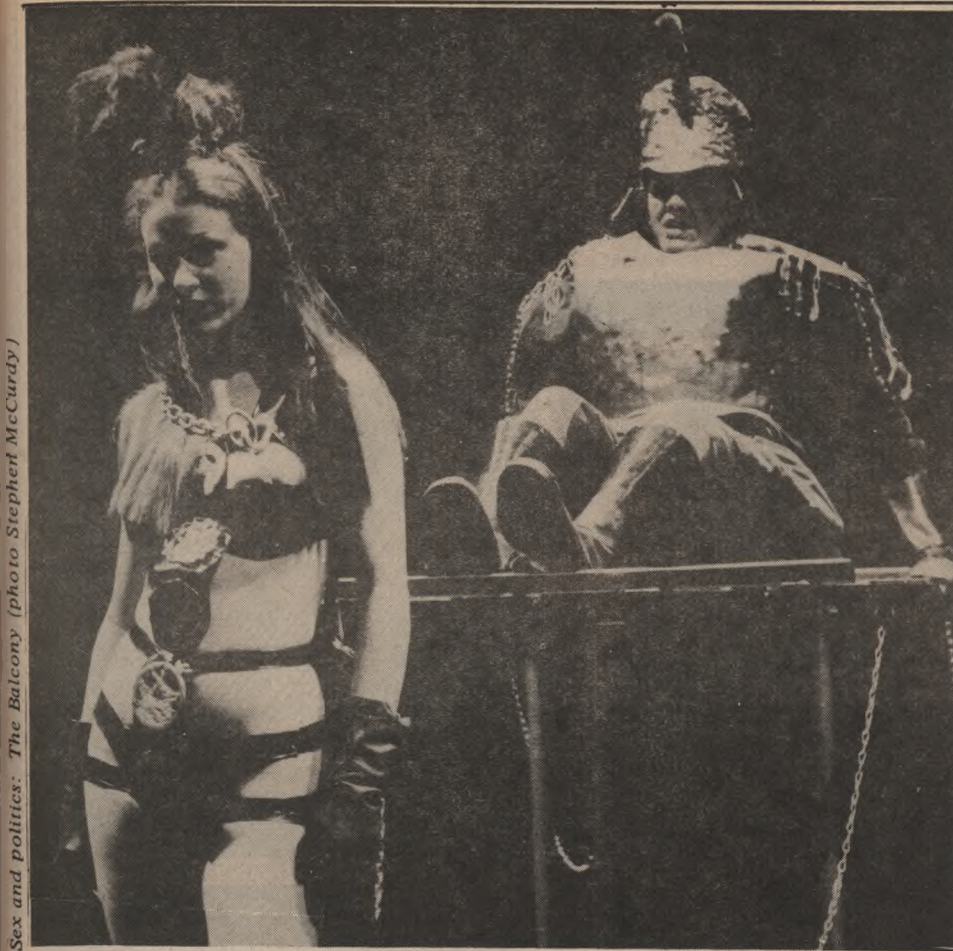
The anti-apartheid movement has as its major aim the expulsion of the South African Consulate from New Zealand. It also wants the government to honour its obligations to the Gleneagles agreement and cut all ties with Vorster's regime.

COME ALONG TO A MEETING TO FORM A JUNE 16th MOBILISATION COMMITTEE

Library Lecture Hall, Wednesday April 12th, 8 pm.

Debating Society's Annual Sex Debate

Friday 14 April 12-2 pm.
Union Hall
The Subject "That there is no pleasure in sex" will have you rolling in the aisles. (doing what in the aisles? - typstr)



Sex and politics: The Balcony (photo Stephen McCurdy)

is developing as it is.

Fascism in the other plays I have mentioned is very clearly an evil, yet in what way is it expressed? The corruption of power is the major theme. If we consider that power is the usual concern of drama anyway, being the essence of conflict, then this is not surprising. But how is the corruption expressed? Most often in the psychology of a petty tyrant.

Arturo Ui: why resistible

Arturo Ui is a good example. Brecht wrote the play in response to Hitler's rise to power in Germany, using quite explicit techniques to make the message clear. However we are not shown how or why this rise is resistible as the title suggests we will be, and it could be argued that the main factor in Ui's ascension to the top of the Chicago cabbage empire is his paranoid

inferiority complex.

Some dictators may well have such a complex but it could hardly be the motive force in the relevant period of history. Fascism is a social, political and economic phenomenon, not the creation of a warped psyche. If an artist considers it resistible s/he owes it to the audience to explain why, and what they can do about it.

In Arturo Ui this means we should be shown the prevailing economic conditions which allow fascism to develop: perhaps a laissez-faire system undergoing retrenchment. The play does show us why the people whom Ui oppresses are unwilling to oppose him: they are riddled with fear and ignorance. However the reasons for this are given only the broadest coverage. Finally we should be shown just how it is that Ui is to be opposed, and this includes the use of violence.

The play incorporates elements of all these things. The community's economy gets worse (especially when Ui starts to make his mark in extracting "protection" money), the fearful get downtrodden, the ignorant get used, the pacifist gets it in the neck. But somehow the overall effect is to suggest that although it is dreadfully unfortunate these things happen, they are not resistible but irresistible.

Arturo Ui belongs to that enormous class of works of art which argue for an end to evil by showing us the bitter harvest of defeat. It seems very difficult for people to accept that art can better serve the cause of justice by demonstrating how it is to be fought for, and how it is won.

Politics and sex

The Balcony and Heroes and Butterflies make the same mistake of dwelling too much on the makeup of the individual tyrant, but they also commit a worse error. Power corruption in those two plays is equated with sexual corruption. This idea breeds some fine imagery, and as imagery is the stock in trade of an artist this cannot be condemned outright. But when the formal qualities of a work supercede the theme for their own sake, or for the sake of "dramatic effectiveness" then we must think again.

The sex/power relationship is very common, and seems appealing. It is easy to correlate the degeneration of a political

figure with increased sexual corruption: the drama can be progressively intensified, and our psychological training has taught us to believe in it anyway.

Yet it remains an ideal way of not concentrating on social forces, of restricting our understanding to a particular situation which cannot affect us because we are not perverts or obsessed and have no chance of contact with those who are. It works as satire, but is that satire effective?

Rumours of sexual scandal are rife in our own corridors of power right now, yet no one is going to suggest that of those who walk those corridors their political conduct has been influenced by their sexual conduct. That would be a foolish way to ignore the political realities of the country. Yet this is the extent of Genet's and Lord's political acumen. The dramatic image, and a cheap one at that, reigns supreme over the theme, using the latter only as a convenient background. And thus the political message is not only lost, it is actively worked against.

Art and values

Political content is increasing in our art. Undoubtedly this is in response to the political mood of the country. Yet artists who recognise the crisis must make some attempt to understand why it is happening. A person's understanding of his/her environment will always colour the way s/he acts, and artists are no different. They may consider they owe it to their public not to preach, or even teach, but because they are intrinsically involved in the value system of society they cannot escape this function. To leave political analysis out of a "political" work is still to tell people something about politics.

There is of course the question of the artist's own position in the political system. We cannot expect Downstage, for example, to act contrary to its role in propagating the values of the bourgeois society which condones its existence. But we can expect those who work there to recognise what this means. That, however, is the subject of another article.

Simon Wilson

Ripping off Malaysia

A SUMMARY OF MALAYSIAN ECONOMY IN CONJUNCTION WITH FOREIGN INVESTMENTS (1950 - 1978)

This is the first of a series of articles giving a general background to the economy of Malaysia (including Singapore in general). Hopefully such a series will help overseas students, especially from Malaysia and Singapore, and New Zealand students to understand the complex political and economic situation of the countries.

Pre-1957 Malayan Economy was largely geared to serve three main economic needs of the British.

a) Supplying raw materials to feed British industries. British domination in the production of rubber and tin in 1953 accounted for 85% of Malaya's exports and involved over 25% of the production.

b) A convenient dumping ground for British manufactured goods. Initiatives to set up local industries were played down to a minimum.

c) A global profit ground for British Investment.

Between 1949-53, nearly 15% of the country's national income flowed back as profit to the British.

In 1957, Britain, colonial master to Malaya gave her 'independence.' Since then, has the Malaysian economy been better off? The following will give you an answer:-

Inflow and outflow of Capital investment by foreigners (British, Japanese, Americans and others) in the Malaysian economic sector.

Year	Inflow	Outflow
1961	\$133 M	\$364 M
1976	\$370 M	\$1031 M

How do these foreigners manage to earn so much profit?

The answers:

1) Agriculture - Foreigners control 42.2% of rubber and oil Palm, 68.9% of coconut and tea. (The 4 crops amounted to over 1.7 million acres). 78% of the four crops total are controlled by agency houses

(Sime Darby, Guthrie, Harrison and Crossfield, Ballou Boustead, Plantation Agencies and Dunlop).

2) Mining - (Quarrying, tin mining, oil and natural gas extraction). Foreigners control over 54% of fixed assets (1972 fig.) 62.8% of equity ownership in tin mines. Concessions have been granted by the government to 9 transnationals of an area of about 15.7 thousand sq. miles of the continental shelf for prospecting activities.

3) Manufacturing and LTD Companies Foreigners control more than 45% of the fixed assets. 51 out of 77 corporations are either foreign owned or controlled and these corporations owned 33.5% of the total assets of all operating LTD companies.

Does foreign investment help to reduce the unemployment rate?

Number of unemployed

1965	180,000
1970	241,300
1975	272,800

Professor Syed Hussein of Alatas University of Malaya, basing his calculation on the number of school leavers found that between 1966-70 there were 750,000 unemployed and in 1975 the figure exceeds a million.

The reasons behind it.

a) Industries brought in by foreign investors do not cater for the needs of the local population. They are mainly export oriented with narrow markets.

b) Foreign firms are capital intensive and not labour intensive. Further more foreign investment does not raise the standard of living of the population. Workers in Malaysia get about 1/6 (M\$3 to M\$3.50) what their counterparts in the USA get.

Industries: 1st 3 months of 1975, 6,300 workers were retrenched.

Plantations: 60% of 250,000 estate workers earned between \$100-\$120 a month.

We are not alone.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND

A COLUMBIA/EMI Presentation
CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND A PHILLIPS Production A STEVEN SPIELBERG Film
Starring RICHARD DREYFUSS also starring TERI GARR and MELINDA DILLON with FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT as Lacombe
Music by JOHN WILLIAMS Visual Effects by DOUGLAS TRUMBULL Director of Photography VILMOS ZSIGMOND A.S.C.
Produced by JULIA PHILLIPS and MICHAEL PHILLIPS Written and Directed by STEVEN SPIELBERG

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IT IS A MOTION PICTURE ABOUT WHAT MAY BE THE SINGLE MOST SIGNIFICANT EVENT OF ALL TIME...

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COMMENCING APRIL 28th in HAMILTON, PALMERSTON Nth, NEW PLYMOUTH & INVERCARGILL

GENERAL EDITORIAL

Where dwelleth the artistic scene in Christchurch?

Christchurch is a comfortable city, with a medium-sized population, a logical plan of traffic movements, a cathedral, a dubious river, and an occasional eccentric. Does it have anything to distinguish itself in the production of 'Literature'? The major New Zealand novelists and poets seem to reside elsewhere — mainly up North where it is probably more comfortable in winter to sit on the porch, in shirt-sleeves and reflect (Christchurch has the most foul winters — it is recommended that the healthiest way to survive them is to stay inside and breathe as little as possible!). It may be due to the dominant flatness of the city and homogenous population that there is a certain lack of vitality that characterises the outpourings of urban poetry and prose from Ponsonby and Aro Street (this may be a spacious argument but I have never heard of Palmerston North producing any poet of note). Nevertheless Christchurch does have some unique features and several institutions of literary /artistic significance.

THE ARTS CENTRE

Administered by a trust, the Arts Centre is a conglomeration of buildings and outbuildings housing up to 85 tenants (ranging from the Gilbert and Sullivan Society to the Light on Yoga Group) on the former Town Site of Canterbury University (which moved to Ilam in 1975). Its aims are:

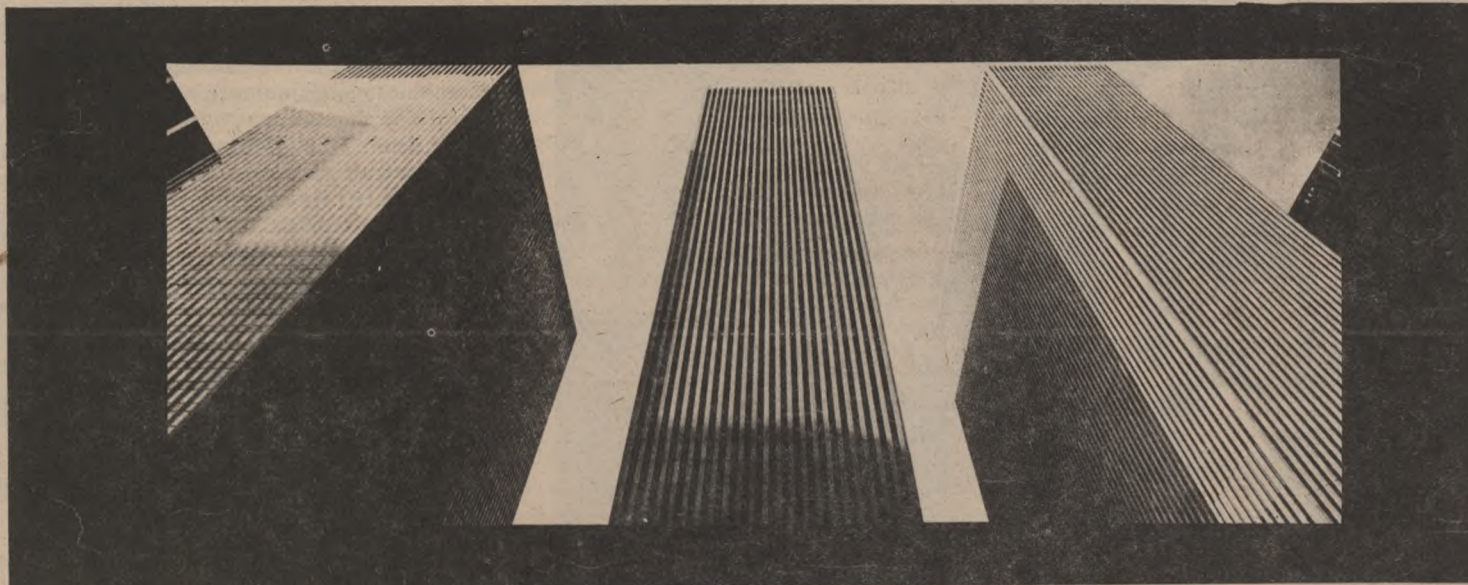
1. To preserve the historic and magnificent neo-gothic stone buildings.
2. To foster and promote the interests of art, culture, education and recreation for the people of Christchurch and elsewhere.

These are surely noble aims, but I know of nowhere else in New Zealand where there is such a diverse, lively, casual and readily accessible avenue to the arts. There is a real sense of excitement about the place — you can stroll through the old stone cloisters, under the beautiful gingko and chestnut trees, and see a potter at his kiln, or outdoor ballet, or hear Vivaldi, or poke around a bookshop (the only one I know that stays open weeknights) or eat at a French restaurant. It offers immediate gratification for most sensual delights. Dating from the middle of last year, a group of local poets have held monthly poetry readings at the Centre and they have generated a good deal of interest.

THE COURT THEATRE

This is Christchurch's sole professional theatre, situated in the Arts centre. It puts on about nine plays a year, with performances running from Tuesday to Saturday evenings (with lunch-time performances or late-night shows, solo presentations and visiting actors or producers). It is sited in a former lecture theatre and retains the three-sided visibility and intimacy. The repertoire of the theatre tends to stick to main-stream drama, especially those that are assured of commercial success, such as "Glide Time" and "Hay Fever". It seems to cater primarily for the Fendalton crowd out for a Night of Kulture and their performance. At the interval can sometimes be quite nauseating. Christchurch does have several small amateur dramatic groups (such as the Elmwood Players) who do sometimes attempt experimental drama, but on the whole the city does lack the boisterous and bold theatre life of Wellington and Auckland.

CANTA ARTS



MASTERS INDEPENDENT CINEMAS

What Christchurch lacks in live theatre it certainly makes up in access to cinema. The Masters chain is a group of five cinemas scattered about Christchurch, relatively free of the inhibiting monopolistic practices of Kerridge-Odeon, and offering an infinite combination of re-runs of quality films, new releases and foreign films. Against the national trend of the closure of cinema houses it has opened two new cinemas within the past six months! One is the ROXY at Sumner which has the added attraction of genuine American Soda Fountains, and the other the ACADEMY, which opened a month ago and is sited in the renovated ex-Gymnasium of the Arts Centre. The latter specialises in foreign titles and festivals featuring noted directors. The AVENUE in Riccarton and the TWIN CINEMA at New Brighton add to the variety and all encourage student attendance by offering discounts. These cinemas, together with the Film Society, offer probably the best scene for the film devotee of any city in New Zealand.

ARTS FESTIVAL

This is a fortnight-long festival held in early March (to catch returning students I suspect) and offers the usual exhausting selection of art, music, theatre, film, dance, literature, etc. Of special note in this year's festival (for me) was a concert with Aaron Copeland conducting his own "Appalachian Spring"; a jazz concert in the Town Hall; a world-wide exhibition of contemporary drawings in the Art Gallery; an exhibition of sculptures called "Platforms" at the Canterbury Society of Arts Gallery; and the N. Z. Novelists' Symposium (if possible read the past two issues of Canta for a thorough review of this event).

THE UNIVERSITY

Perhaps this is stretching the notion of sources of art/literature a little far, but if this is to be circulated nationally to all students, some of you may be interested in comments on what is offered in the literature line at Canterbury (based upon my experience of course!). The English Department is noted for its conservatism and its remarkably slow movement towards recognising that some literature has actually been written since the 19th century. It is still almost totally unaware of the advent of internal assessment in the University world too. There are signs of change however — for the past few years there has been a paper in Contemporary Literature (i.e. British drama, poetry and prose since 1945) offered to Stage 1 students, and since last year a much-needed paper in New Zealand Literature has been offered. But, on the whole, the department still tends to dwell in the land of Edmund Spenser and Sheridan, and for those seeking an outlet for a more active, creative search of literature I would advise another university. However, American literature, a much neglected field, is catered for very admirably by the American Studies department of the University.

I apologise for the sketchiness of this review of what is offered in the sphere of art and literature — the omissions are conspicuous, such as the importance of Caxton Press, the published work of local poets, the Ilam Art School, local galleries and local painters. What I have tried to convey is that there exists sufficient stimulus in Christchurch for participating in, and contributing to,

the arts. Maybe these institutions are repeated in other cities. I know best the stimulus on the human, less abstract, level — the quirky features about Christchurch that amuse, anger and stimulate you (sometimes to write poetry). For instance, the lights in the evenings on the Port Hills; the snow-covered Alps in winter; the heavy, warm North-West skies; the antics of the Wizard and other nutters in the Square; and of course The Old Stone Buildings, The Avon, Christ's College and The Town Hall.

Geoff Lealand.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS ELECTION 12TH

It seems to be a real purpose of the on campus. Popu an Officer represe Contrary to that b the Women's Right those students wh for, the issues wh 'women's rights'.

Extend this op issue of legalised a justification (that a woman's right to of her own body) women easily ide to men. However fight for abortion of the male sex as includes the reaso pregnancies leadin child abuse, juven related social prob economic realities the country's wor funds to support n not be child-raiser rational approach members of a con and all such peopl the situation as it

An issue which past fortnight or s allocation of a wo building. I feel th such a room. The Women's Group fo what they see as th communication an women. Personal of communication where males are p I talk to seem to s expressing their vi the Caff. I do not ation as adequate encouraged separa fact. I see no adva which will only ag of women from th whole.

However, as this recently been raise have, as yet, incon women's room. I reconsider my sta enough women su by 'enough women specific number, b large number of un Indeed, it is this g generally need to p back to the admin that true represent view may be achie

Nominee for Wom

Ms Katrina Amos.

EDITOR'S NOTE

At the SRC mee two candidates, Pa Kathleen Quinliva position of Wome Neither was succes "confidence" vote Nominations we opened. Both can nominated, and th were printed in CA further person ha candidacy, Katrina I would recomme of Canta from th three policy state apologies to any have stood since print; s/he who l deadline.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS OFFICER – ELECTION 12TH APRIL

It seems to be a point of debate as to the real purpose of the Women's Rights Officer on campus. Popular belief assumes that such an Officer represents all women students. Contrary to that belief, it is my opinion that the Women's Rights Officer represents all those students who believe in, and are prepared for, the issues which, collectively, are termed 'women's rights'.

I extend this opinion particularly to the issue of legalised abortion. The emotional justification (that is, the philosophy of a woman's right to choose over the functions of her own body), is a concept to which women easily identify, that is, in comparison to men. However, the logical aspect to the fight for abortion is as accessible to those of the male sex as it is to females. This includes the reasoning of unwanted pregnancies leading to unwanted children, child abuse, juvenile delinquency and other related social problems, as well as the economic realities of loss of labour from the country's work force, the use of public funds to support mothers who would rather not be child-raisers, and so on. This rational approach is appreciable to all members of a concerned community, and all such people can help to humanise the situation as it now stands.

An issue which has emerged over the past fortnight or so, is that of the allocation of a women's room in the Union building. I feel there is limited need for such a room. The justification from the Women's Group for a women's room is, what they see as the encouragement of communication and co-operation between women. Personally, I find no problems of communication with women in a room where males are present, and the women I talk to seem to show no qualms about expressing their views, for example, in the Caff. I do not see ease of communication as adequate justification for encouraged separation of the sexes, in fact, I see no advantage in such a move which will only aggravate the alienation of women from the community as a whole.

However, as this question has only recently been raised, female students may have, as yet, incomplete views on a women's room. I would feel bound to re-consider my stand on this issue if enough women supported it – and by 'enough women', I refer, not to a specific number, but to the views of the large number of uncommitted women. Indeed, it is this group of women who generally need to produce more feedback to the administrators, ideally, so that true representation of the moderate view may be achieved.

Nominee for Women's Rights Officer,

Ms Katrina Amos.

EDITOR'S NOTE

At the SRC meeting a fortnight ago, two candidates, Paul Dalziel and Kathleen Quinlivan, stood for the position of Women's Rights Officer. Neither was successful; the "no confidence" vote won.

Nominations were immediately reopened. Both candidates were re-nominated, and their policy statements were printed in CANTA 5. Since then, no further person has announced her candidacy, Katrina Amos.

I would recommend rescuing your copy of CANTA from the bog and reading all three policy statements together. Apologies to any candidate who may have stood since the time of going to print; s/he who hesitates misses the deadline.

NOTICES

C.U.T.C. POOH PARTY

FRIDAY 14th APRIL

8.00 p.m. in Maths Common Room.

Bread and butter provided.

BYOH.

Appropriate dress essential.

Price \$2. (H for hunny, what else!!)

CAFCINZ

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING

Saturday April 15, 10.00 a.m.

Corso Hall, 206 Barbadoes St.

All welcome to attend.

Enquiries to P.O. Box 2258, Ch.Ch.

THIRD WORLD ACTION GROUP

If you've heard as much and know as little about the New Economic Order as we have come to a low level talk and get hold of some of the basic ideas. Anyone welcome.

Today – (Wednesday 12th)

International Room – 7.30 p.m.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION VARSITY IN FOCUS?

The photographic club announces its first competition of the year. What is it? Basically, you are given a 10 shot 35mm film (yes, free, gratis etc) and have 2 hours to "shoot it off" around the university site. Any subject, indoors or out. At the end of the 2 hours, you return the cassette to us, we process it, and return the negs. You then have until the end of the May holidays to submit up to 10 prints, which will be judged and displayed. Prizes will be of colour or black and white film (winner's choice) or paper.

WHEN: April 19th 12 noon – 2.00 p.m.

WHERE: Pick up film from the ticket office, in the Studass. Return same to same place by 2 p.m. Put your name on cassette.

WHO: Only Photosoc members, but you can join (Cost \$2 only), on the day.

WHAT: Do you need. An empty 35 mm camera, a bit of time, a bit of imagination.

The negatives will be returned via the Studass office, available from mid-day FRIDAY 21st.

BE THERE!! DO IT!!

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS CONGRESS 1978

DATE: 6 - 10 May

PLACE: Students' Union Building, University of Canterbury.

AIM: The point of this Congress is so that students can meet for five days from all corners of this country and discuss the situation, both here and countries where most Overseas students come from.

PROGRAMME: Forums, discussions and workshops on the following:

- Modernisation in Third World countries.
- Education in society – 'Learning what for whom'
- New Zealand Economic Crisis
- Overseas Women Students – Their position and direction
- Overseas students in NZ and other countries.

Concerts: A grand cultural concert aims to portray the life and aspirations of the people in developing countries and NZ.

Sports recreation: A break from all sessions and bring everyone in closer contact through friendly competition.

Gatherings: One of the best part of the Congress. Friendly people around. Talk whatever you can to whoever you like.

The present planning committee consists of Fijians, Malaysians, Kiwis and Samoans. We welcome all people to participate in this project.

Canterbury National Overseas Students Action Committee.

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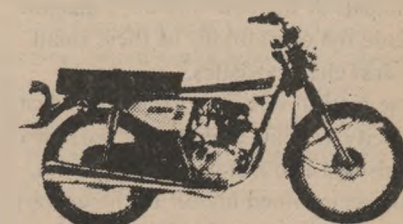
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To those who would object to the use of the phrases "alternative community" or "counter-culture" I sincerely apologise, finding objections to them myself, but finding also no satisfactory substitutes.

A note in *The Press* is the only mention ever given by it to the Festival of Plentitude, which was celebrated this last January for five days, between the feasts of St. Agnes and of the Conversion of St. Paul, beside the Punakaiki River, half a mile south of the blowholes and a mile or so up a shingle road from the main road. Perhaps if the Festival had conformed more closely to my expectations this would not be written, as I would have seen nothing remarkable or interesting, except of course for the natural interest of human life; but as something of an outsider the circles of the alternative community, most of my knowledge being drawn from books (hardly the best education) I am in a position to describe it from the point of view of an interested and tolerant observer. I am also nosey, and (in company with a mere half-dozen others) had hair that hardly hung over one's collar - hair just at that awkward length, neither *fashionably* short nor magnificently and rebelliously long and not even fashionably middling. Although I am (quite honestly) reluctant to say mean things, I felt that there were a few people not yet sufficiently tolerant of short hair to accept our sincerity. Not that we (I went with a friend) are really *in* the active part of the alternative community, but we were at least moved by a spirit of honest inquiry, and the principals of the new way do, I imagine, include the overlooking of these small physical characteristics.

The festival was described in its advance publicity as being a festival of participation instead of a festival for spectators. Being accustomed myself to the university theory that tutorials are places for students and tutors to toss about ideas, and that they are not just opportunities for dramatic monologues by the tutors, I was prepared to accept this announcement with a grain of salt. In fact, there was participation although (I suppose inevitably) of a limited nature. Unarranged performances by members of the audience were given occasionally during gaps in the organised programme especially while bands were setting up. But they were just during gaps in an organised programme; and the programme itself (largely featuring very good bands) did not of its nature lend itself to audience participation except perhaps dancing. (It always interests me to note that such a simply-living community requires such great sophistication of its musical equipment.

Bands would often take a quarter or a half of an hour to set up; whereas a symphony orchestra (other things being equal) would not take five minutes, and would require electricity only for the purpose of lighting up its sheets of music (for which candles would be just as good). I heard only four musical instruments being played privately - two guitars, an oboe and fiddler, no more.

As well as the bands, the main form of entertainment, two travelling troupes of actors made the occasional appearance. In the case of one troupe, the word "actors" is only an approximation, as none of the troupe's members could act for little green apples. Their repertoire consisted of moral tales embarrassingly performed in a stylised manner, and also painful and blatant preaching on the rape of the forests, the evil of capitalism, how materialism is bad for your health, and other causes that all those present would have supported for the last ten years. All very true, doubtless, but definitely

FESTIVAL OF PLENTITUDE

Music, Theatrics & Frolics
Punakaiki, West Coast
21 - 25 January

preaching to the converted, and done (as I say) badly, and without revealing any new traps, any new aspects or even new solutions to the problems (or old solutions for that matter - except by vague implication). Political theatre can be good, but one would have to be on one's couple of hundred acres in the bush for a very long time before one could look forward to their arrival.

Another troupe (I regret that I mention so few names, but comprehensive written programmes were not supplied for one's five dollars - only a place to camp and a right to listen and participate, and for sixty cents a throw, a hot meal every

evening; including one evening when a number of young persons, your correspondent included, suffered from food poisoning as a result); another troupe (as I say), which chose to isolate itself from its audience by being old-fashioned enough to use the stage, was much better, using topical events and materials for the most part, which were presented in an imaginative way, with plenty of originality, healthy satire and good humour. It was interesting to see in their show, and in the festival generally, confirmation of a suspicion I have had for some time; that is, that although the members of the alternative society "may not be conserv-

ative" as that term is used *politically*, yet most of them do not belong to the typical "trendy lefty" class. The Values Party received quite a few knocks in the drama and elsewhere; so in a way, did their own community (the farmer's dog in one most amusing sketch was called "Earth"); and hardly anyone I spoke to supported abortion, most seeing the unborn child as already a human and spiritual being. But I digress.

As well as these forms of entertainment (being of their nature directed to passive audiences) there were other diversions. Instruction in yoga was available (free); so also were massages, and saunas (the river being a good substitute for snow); there was also instruction in transcendental meditation, by some nice decent young men whose manner and appearance belied the fact that they were adherents of some eastern sect. Their tent was next to ours, and we came to enjoy their rhythmical guitar chords as (every morning) they moved inside their tent from one foot to the other with their hands stretched above their heads for twenty minutes or so. I mention in passing that it was surprising (well, not really) how great was the interest in eastern mystical ideas and how great was the adherence to them. There were, for example, public films on them (to understand which one needed more sophistication than I have - or at least, a more gullible nature or a duller or befuddled mind); there were also many people speaking of them, reading about them, and bearing witness to them. This is a very disturbing phenomenon. There have been many ages in the history of the West when the honest and decent have rejected the falseness and artificiality and deceit of their day and have sought a better way of living. But in the past that has always been done by returning to the ancient virtues and tenets of our own civilisation (for Western civilisation has many noble ideas and accomplishments and beauties, including a religion of great profundity and beauty). We see today a complete rejection of the heritage of our ancestors, and a turn to something completely alien and, in the end, incompatible. We could be just as true to ourselves, and faithful to our inheritance, if we sought to change our civilisation from within. But I digress again.

The ubiquitous Wizard had to be present. He dwelt, like all of us, in a tent. (There was a certain biblical quality in the way we all spoke of our tents; we felt like Abraham and his children). His tent was a large ex-army one, and from it he sold his game of "Salvation" (a spiritual form of "Monopoly": and from it he issued forth, one day, with his troops for a battle against the barbarians (i.e. the non-British) across the river. The usual splashing and hitting of sticks together and throwing of flour bags, marred only by one or two over-enthusiastic supporters who gave the Wizard a bit of a rough time. That, and one's own wanderings up the river, down by the sea, and through the bush) was it in the way of supplied entertainment, except for one or two discussion groups, and on speaking of them, I shall leave my description of the actual festival, and go on to speak of one or two remarks and questions about the alternative society generally. I cannot hope to say much in the brief space allotted me, but I hope that (just as in tutorials) I may mention one or two ideas which my readers may muse over at their leisure.

One of the expectations I did have of the festival quickly dashed was that it would be *joyous* and spontaneous, full of high spirits, exuberance and happy smiling faces. One of my strongest impressions was of the - I shall not say *sullenness* - but at least *shyness* and *introspection* of many of those present. This, I must emphasize,



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was not universal — but it often happened that, when one was walking up the river, through the bush, along the shingle road, alone or with a friend, one would happen to meet someone, also from the festival, coming the other way. I was all ready with a nod, a cheery smile and word; but it was *amazing* the number of times when the other person would refuse to acknowledge your presence, but rather walk straight past with eyes either fixed on the ground or else gazing into the far distance. On at least two occasions, I even smiled and nodded (in a friendly, not a pretentious way) at persons who were looking straight at me, but who made no sign in reply. I have racked my brains for explanations for this. I am reluctant to describe it as either discourtesy or ignorance, especially as these manners of courtesy are natural to men, being the products of ordinary social intercourse. (Now I must point out that I am not suggesting that if one were to wander, say, down Hereford St. on a crowded Friday afternoon, one should smile and nod at everyone one sees. I say that if one be wandering alone in some empty place to acknowledge the presence of one other; especially when you and that other have something in common. We are all aware of this principle. When one meets someone in the bush, one smiles and says a word; one may even stop and chat. When one is away on holiday in the summer, one speaks to the locals and smiles at those one sees on the beach). In explanation one person suggested that although to me this might seem like an empty place, yet to many others it might seem like Hereford St. or Woolworths on a busy afternoon. I do not find this entirely convincing. Another suggested that it was the result of the use of a curious substance popular in certain circles. This does not convince me either; because of the times and circumstances of our meetings, and also because, (I speak only from my own experience, highly limited and drawn entirely from books) it seems to me that the moderate use of the substance would not have this effect, but quite often the opposite. The question of this attitude must therefore remain unsolved. One cannot say, however, that most of those at the festival were very pacific; that may be part of the cause, and it is also part of the cause of a little argument that occurred at a discussion group led by Herb Seal, M.A. (once the Rev. Herb Seal; now divorced, broad-minded, and living in a caring community in Australia). My companion, the tall blonde giant Wilhelm, was rash enough to ask a question which was misinterpreted to suggest that members of the alternative community were guilty of escapism. This provoked much bitter reaction. It also provoked some confusion on Wilhelm's part, and a narrow escape for him, as he did not understand the word "vibes" and almost asked the speaker what it meant. The general feeling among those present seemed to be that there was no element of escapism in the alternative movement. Is this easy to believe? The question of whether any *other* attitude would be any better is another question entirely; but it is my opinion that the escapism is there, in at least many cases. If one honestly believes that something is good one is naturally inclined to share one's knowledge with others. If one thinks that one has the answer and that other people are on the path that leads to destruction, one wants to point out to them the method of salvation. But if one sees the world going the wrong way, and one seeks merely to save oneself, *that* is escapism. Yet how many there are guilty of it. (You must understand that, whatever things I accuse the alternative community of, I am not condoning any such things, or worse, in the full world. But the fact that the outer world is worse is no reason to refuse to analyse its microcosm, a microcosm which is trying to do better).

I found few who involved themselves in the outside world to any greater extent than their own self-interest dictated.

But then, on the other hand, might there not be good reasons for this? Is it not possible that these people condemned as 'escapist' have in fact been missionaries once, only to be rebuffed and rejected so often that they feel they now have the right to leave the world to stew in its own juice? And is it not possible, also, to say that by their very existence they are giving the world an example? For if they went out into the world what sort of example would they set and how would they get their message across? They could do something such as set up a newspaper, which no one needing their message would read; as for *personal* example a person just visiting a big city for a short time cannot set much of an example; and in fact, all a denizen of the cities would see would be a dirty long-haired yobbo, probably on drugs and of disgusting habits, and probably riddled with the worst class of diseases. It is true of course that the early Christians, for example, set such an example that the pagans said of them "See how these Christians love one another"; but there were more Christians about than there would be of these people; and these Christians were in *physical* appearance no different from anyone else, so there was nothing to distract the eye from the nature of their characters. But I do not know if only one or two strangely — and, to many eyes, *wrongly* -garbed people could effect the desired conversion. Perhaps, in the end, one might come to the conclusion that little more in the way of missionary activity can be done than is being done already, and what is being done already — the mere *presence* of these communities as a challenge to the polis is the best service that can be done "The only way to improve the world is by improving yourself," as Norman Douglas said, and to judge by diet, most members of the alternative community would even agree with the rest of his sentence: "and the only way to improve yourself is by keeping your bowels open". For things do change. Even in the last ten — in the last five years, what changes there have been! Look now at the Beatles' hair when they *began* on their career. It was, even by our parents' standards now, so short as to be respectable.

Even so, it is perhaps a pity that one or two externals, such as length of hair and use of a prohibited plant are used on the badges of the alternative community. I think that these things deter many people who would otherwise be most sympathetic. It could be said that these externals are a symbol and a bond of unity. Quite apart from the fact that these things are also used by many people not at all involved in the alternative community, it would also be a sad thing if it required externals such as these — if it required externals at all — to bind together a movement that presumably has a *spiritual bond* between all its members.

This is an important question, for it leads to the question, what is the real difference between the alternative community and the greater one? For a start, what characterizes the alternative community? We may say that for the most part it has a chief characteristic a love and respect for the earth. It springs from a deep-seated disenchantment with contemporary society, and a desire to find a more satisfying way of living; it has a less possessive attitude towards property. It has its own native manners, and it is hospitable to the stranger. It does not rely much on complicated machines and the things they make, but the reverse. It has a respect for life, human, vegetable, and animal. There is usually a vague spiritualism of one type or another floating around.

In many of these respects, it is not all that different from ordinary society (by which I refer to purely *personal* feelings and relationships, not vague ideas of 'the monstrous city' for example). I never know how many people are

dissatisfied with contemporary society, but at times I think the number is large. Nearly everyone has *some* affection for the land; most New Zealanders are gardeners; the Maruia Declaration was the largest petition ever presented to Parliament. We have our own manners and courtesies, and we are, I think, hospitable. When not in groups and packs, leading each other on to desires to birch and hang people, we are humane; and there is *some* vague spiritual sentiment in everyone. This may be over-optimistic, but I am prepared to believe that there is not all that much difference between the two groups of people. We are *all* naturally conservative. My opinion is that very little separates the two societies, and that if we all dressed ourselves and our hair the same way (which everway that was) and smoked the same things (whatever they were) we would be *almost* indistinguishable. There would still be some differences — the use of technology, in particular — but I think most, except the soft and the elite, would find themselves at home — at least for a while. Boredom would soon set in, although only because we came from a place where there were more amusements. If we were not used to them we would not miss them.

All that being so, I wonder (at times) why there is the use of symbols of blatant defiance — long hair, pot, nudity — that offend people en masse (Get a person on his own and he might admit he did not care, or was even envious — but the group consciousness is different). They may be legitimate symbols of defiance; — but even if so, they are also acting as deterrents to many honest and otherwise sympathetic people. They are by this time, however, natural habits, difficult to break; But there is still a hint about them of the defiant childish rebellion.

I say also in support of my claim that most New Zealanders are basically the same, (once they are extracted from the grasp of their offices, their cities and their official and

expected standards of conduct) that the atmosphere at Punakaiki was no more friendly than — in fact, I would say *less* friendly than — the atmosphere at any holiday place or camping ground. (I do not refer to motor-camps of which I have no knowledge). There one smiles and speaks to complete strangers, one is friendly, contented, happy to lend a hand in any work that has to be done; and it is not only out of natural laziness that one is reluctant to return to work. If one's home were there, and one's work, one would stay nearly all year round. The ancient virtues which the alternative community would restore we have already (although, admittedly, not so openly). They need only a *little* watering and cultivating. They were not just re-discovered, let alone recreated, by this generation. I am necessarily saying that this generation claims that they were).

I myself have not been caught young enough. Certainly I could not live permanently without music, theatres and libraries; without mail and the newspaper in the mornings to tell me of the world. By the time I left Punakaiki I was longing for real — no sort in particular, just as long as it was nice and red, with lots of blood and a bit of fat — and also for the sight of an erotic clothed body. Most of us look better with at least a *few* stitches on. I was becoming afraid that too much skinny-dipping was making me quite insensitive. (It was only temporary). I am too late or too fond of where I am now.. But I can console myself with the thought that the real alternative community knows no physical boundaries; that in city or country it's all about peace, love, water-beds and cosmic consciousness; respect for all life, including other people; liberty, equality and wholemeal bread. I sincerely applaude those who are earlier or braver than I am but wonder if we are really different; in any case, I wish them well.

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FRIENDS '77

GLENN JOWIT

I am an Honours student in Photography at the University of Canterbury.



Bill Sutton



Dick Lovell-Smith



Sheila Sherry



Mr and Mrs Shand

GET INVOLVED!

FIGHT APATHY ON CAMPUS !!!

You wouldn't believe it looking round the union but there are dozens and dozens of things starting to happen — if you want them to succeed so that Canterbury doesn't just vegetate for another year, give us a hand (cos' us tired old regulars are slightly overworked)! Bring us your new ideas, and a helping hand — no experience needed. A few things that spring to mind for the next week or so:

BURSARIES

\$26/\$15 wouldn't pay Rob's gin bill, let alone keep us living, and if all we get is another token payment before elections we'll really be stuffed for the next three years. We need NO abatement a bursary tied to the cost of living, and a dozen other anomalies removed, SO; we need a REAL campaign; so far we've got "Poverty Stein" this Sunday, dirt cheap at 50c to those "appropriately" dressed, debates between M.P.'s, talkbacks, saturation advertising and anything else you can come up with — plotting sessions will be advertised and we'd be glad to see you there.

S.I.S.

The campaign of publicly exposing agents is in storage till later in the year; we're waiting for the next agent to give himself away — watch out for it, bound to be an election issue (I'd personally be interested in gathering any information on suspicious characters — you can find me round the union building — Greg Waite).

C.A.F.C.I.N.Z.

Campaign Against Foreign Control In New Zealand — the people who brought you the P.B.E.C. demonstration, exposed Comalco and generally fight foreign control in N.Z. Their A.G.M. is this Saturday, 10.00 a.m. at C.O.R.S.O., 209 Barbadoes St. An off-campus group which is well worth supporting

I.S.C.

The International Student Congress is in Christchurch this year, May holidays 6 — 11 local and overseas speakers, panel discussions, workshops; topics include education — learning what for whom, the N.Z. economic crisis, women in the third world and many more — look out for the posters.

WORKSHOPS

N.Z.U.S.A.-sponsored workshops to discuss policy, learn skills, etc. A lot of experienced people will be here — a tremendous chance to learn for those just starting to become involved. On the weekend of April 15/16th — attend some or all; includes sessions on women's rights; national and international issues; bursaries. Once again look out for the posters.

CAPPING: WHERE IS BOB DYLAN?

The man who has been hailed as the greatest rock star of our age is currently resting in a secluded South Island town in preparation for a series of intensive engagements with Frog Promotions Ltd. Frog Promotions Ltd. have been charged with engaging performers and artists for the Canterbury University Capping Festivities for 1978. Yes dear reader, the greatest performer of our age is coming to You! Do I detect a trace of doubt? Well you snivelling snot-nosed disbelieving little turd, just read on.

Capping begins on Monday 24th April and we have a week of riotous festivities, with lunch time concerts, poetry readings and evening hoolies. Some of the main features of the week are: the Undergrads' Ball on Wednesday 26th. On Thursday we have that great public spectacle Procesh followed by the Drinking Horn. Friday features that aquatic extravaganza the Annual Avon Bike Race and Suzy Spreadlegs Saucy Circular "Nee Deep" comes to you hot from the press. And as if that is not culture enough Frog Enterprises are proud to present *Mudlark* (musically undistinguished lecherous and ribald concert) that evening. For all the lovers of science we have a public seminar at Rugby Park where some of the most eminent minds on campus will delve into the mysteries of the biological process of peristalsis. Yes, it's the Chunda Mile; bring the wife and kids to see society's future leaders in action on Sunday 30th.

The frog will be in full croak and the Cunning Stunts Organisation, that group of happily deranged cretins, will be there to entertain you. It will be a week of fun for all. But PLEASE get into things, help collect, sell mags, work out your own stunt, get some friends and build a float — it's easier than you think and you'll get all the help you need at the Capping Office. And where does Bob Dylan fit in? Watch out for our full programme next week.

CAPPING CHARITY: MEDICAL ACCIDENT TEAM

The generosity of the Canterbury University Students in selecting the Emergency Medical Service as the recipient of this year's charity will be appreciated by all involved in Accident and Emergency Care. The funding will provide new equipment for on-site resuscitation and improved communication facilities, which would contribute to better pre-hospital care for accident victims.

CAPPING

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GEOF LEALAN
Literary Editor
University of C
Christchurch.



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PRICE

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C

The following poetry is by two local poets, both students at Canterbury. And Daniel Halpern is a modern American poet. The literary page of CANTA (Canterbury University Students' Assn weekly newspaper) follows the somewhat predictable pattern of other student newspapers — a heavy domination of poetry with some short stories. As much as this lends a certain inflexibility to the notion of literature I think it fulfills a very necessary function. For many students, being published on the literary page for the first time is the all-important boost to self-esteem, and inducement to continue writing. Certainly much of the poetry I have submitted to me contain flaws aplenty and is often of dubious literary merit. I sometimes publish with the utmost reluctance a clumsy or badly-constructed poem, but one that also contains the germ of original vision or peculiar passion. There are certainly recurrent themes in student poetry e.g. alienation in the midst of crowds; bad male/female encounters; search for an identity. It is often easy to dismiss these as post-adolescent self-absorption, but frequently a poem I receive shows signs of real experience of pain, doubt and pleasure and so I feel I would be a fool and an oaf to degenerate it. I feel that the student newspaper is probably the only avenue open nowadays for publishing first steps into public writing, and is an important means of encouraging refinement of style and craft.

This is not to say that all poems published in CANTA are crude beginnings, as much of it shows an already developed maturity and grasp of the craft of poetry, as the poetry below of Susan Archer and Gay Cusack shows. I do welcome contributions (i.e. poetry, short stories, long stories, comix, fragments, graphics etc.) from anywhere, so if you wish to submit anything for consideration, just send it to:

GEOF LEALAND,
Literary Editor, CANTA,
University of Canterbury Students Assn.,
Christchurch.

POETIC FRAGMENTS

TAKE FOR EXAMPLE

Take the insect for example.
The pale wings that work in air
and the singing legs.

It goes forth into the air
unafraid. It can return
to the place it set out from,

or it can continue flying, outward.
If it does not turn back
it is always singing

to some new part of the world
as it passes — to the flower
in its first opening,

to the leaf floating on a branch,
to the bird upon the grass,
to the window and the house,

to the man who slaps the song
between his hands
in the one applause he knows.

And the man goes back.
He goes back to the place
he set out from without a song.

Daniel Halpern

FOR ROBIN LEE

From the warm sunlight
into the cool air of the church
skeins of light through stained glass are
falling on the beauty of golden hair
and red-eyed grief.
In the soft darkness of the coffin
the body is cold
like an empty place in class
or at the dinner table.
An arm about the mother holds her
while she weeps for her son who is dead;
the voice of a choir is the light breath of
his passing as the church becomes empty —
"You can stop now, they've all gone".

You can stop now, they've all gone.

Susan Archer.

GORSE-CUTTING

The lateral cut is most effective.
Killing gorse, I love it
Dry, it bristles outwards and leans into me
as it falls.

I catch him as he dies;
lurched over the others dead, I have killed it.
Broken branches in the ditches broken limbs
fingers splintered nails spiking me
any chance they get;

White wood beneath the rough bark is flesh
of his neck bending forward I sway back and
down upon the neck —

Or is it the skin of his thigh that I cut white
without hesitation the rhythm of his dying and
My hands on the slasher sweep above my head
and down and down
and moving on always the ends of him behind me.

Susan Archer.

GREYWASH AMBER

Words,
as I tenderly pluck you
from the shelves

I can make you speak
Like the sterile lecturer
grasping for poetry
in the air of an empty Dunedin winter,
And trying to poke life into bridge-currents
with the same gestures.

Then you can sit face up
waiting to be scanned —
and forgotten.

Or, I can find you a dance
from "the boredom and the horror and the glory"
so that you whisper,
And only the patient listener
can hear
and remember your steps.

It is always winter;
The shelves must be stocked
with filaments and casings
so when the bulb goes,
in the instant of the flash
and the groping in the darkness
I may find the right words

to build light.

BLUE SUSPENSION

Brown wood and moss-covering,
women, their wicker baskets

of dark bread and cold meats, wine
and the girl who wore the denim dress,

whose eyes I never saw in the strange
light of the afternoon. Take this

photograph from me, the lawn filled
with mallets and colored balls, wickets

and the trimmed hedge. I remember this,
the summer and the summer baskets, her dress

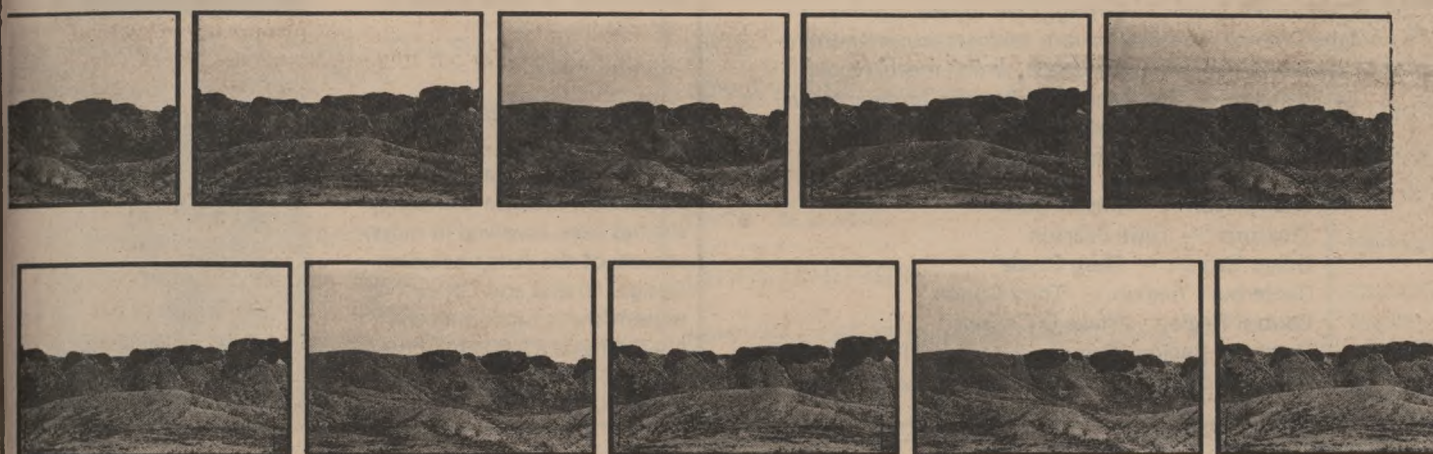
and the water when I found her, the strange
light on wood below the surface of water,

the dress fluttering there, fluttering
as if in a wind, as if I were seeing it

from the lawn, a dark wood scent still upon me,
the dry feel of the wooden mallet in my hands,

the bright balls moving toward wickets, the black
bread, the red wine, the girl in her blue suspension.

Daniel Halpern



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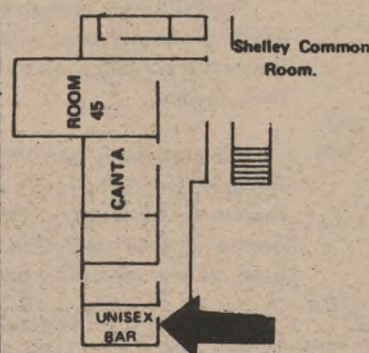
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NO APPOINTMENT NEEDED

New Zealand Students Arts Council (Inc.)

Although the NZ Students Arts Council had its origins within sports administration in the 1940's, it was not until the early 1970's that it appointed its first full time employee. Since that time the Students Arts Council has played an important role in promoting and fostering the arts both on behalf of its student members and to the public at large.

The Students Arts Council currently has two full time employees — a director and assistant director — whose job it is to seek out artists and artwork from every region which are suitable for national exposure, and then to organise and implement subsequent tours and exhibitions.

A Chairperson and Treasurer are elected by the member organisations of the Council to hold honorary positions for one year terms.

WHAT DOES THE STUDENTS ARTS COUNCIL OFFER?

The Students Arts Council operates on a number of levels. Firstly it offers student artists and performers the opportunity to have their work toured. It promotes the work of NZ artists who have not previously received national exposure, but who deserve greater recognition and are of particular interest to students. The Council also promotes overseas acts of high calibre that will act as a stimulus to the local scene. Many of the Arts Council's activities are open to members of the public.

It is important to realise that while it is not the Students Arts Council's responsibility to supply all the cultural needs of any particular campus, it plays an important role in stimulating the development of cultural exchange within the region.

The Students Arts Council also makes an important contribution to the cultural life of each campus through the organisation of training seminars for

people involved in the organisation of the arts on campus.

WHO BELONGS TO THE STUDENTS ARTS COUNCIL?

The Students Arts Council is an autonomous organisation with ten member student associations throughout the country. This makes the Council the largest national students organisation. Members are:

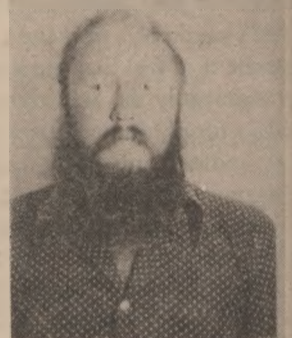
Auckland University
Auckland Technical Institute
Auckland Secondary Teachers College
Auckland Teachers College
Waikato Students Union
Massey University
Victoria University
Canterbury University
Christchurch Secondary Teachers College
Otago University.

WHO MAKES DECISIONS?

The responsibility for the directions of the Students Arts Council is held by representatives from each member association who meet twice a year at a May and November Council Meeting. Day to day running of the Council, approval of tour budgets, etc are administered by the Executive Board, which meets regularly in Wellington. The Board consists of a representative from each region, the officers of the Council, plus co-opted members. Present members are:

Chairperson — Vincent Burke
Treasurer — Dave Pearson
Otago Region — Marg Cassie
Canterbury Region — Tony Couch
Central Region — Steve O'Connor
Northern Region (Campus Arts North) — Allan Boyd
Co-opted Member — Dave Jenkins

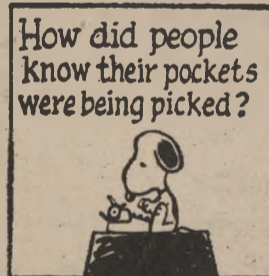
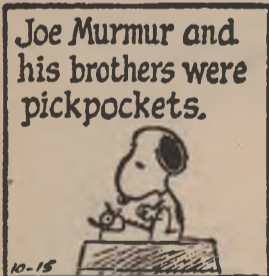
Vincent Burke is a post-graduate music student from Victoria University with a long standing interest in the promotion and research of the arts, particularly in the area of music education. Vincent became involved in the Council's activities when he organised the classical music programme for last year's Arts Festival.



Paul Davis, a graduate of Canterbury University and Christchurch Teachers College, was appointed as the Council's second director in early 1977. Paul was the Council's Christchurch representative for several years, and at Canterbury University was involved in the organisation of campus activities for more years than he cares to recall.



Holly Cooper is 21 and began work for the Council in January of this year. An ex-student of Victoria University she has been involved in most aspects of the Arts, including Design, Drama and Dance. At present she is organising the NATIONAL STUDENT DISCOUNT SCHEME and PHOTO-ART '78.



the new zealand
students' arts council
announces Photo
art '78

This year the New Zealand Students Arts Council is organising a National Photographic Exhibition with entry by way of competition. With a selection of 10 on-campus photographers represented by 3-4 photographs each, an exhibition of some 30 to 40 images will tour the country between July and December going from campus to campus — and where possible, public venues.

The ten exhibitors in PHOTO-ART '78, then will have their work published in Photo-Forum's tri-yearly magazine. They will also be presented with the usual token trophies and have a chance for their work to be recognised through the auspices of PHOTO FORUM AND KODAK NZ LTD.

The exhibition aims at enhancing the future of the amateur photographer with the belief that s/he has an important contribution to make to photographic art in New Zealand.

It is in this way that impetus for the competition is placed on artistic ideals and recognition, rather than materialistic gain. Thus PHOTO-ART '78, as both a national exhibition and competition, is rare in a day of ever increasing photographic work.

Entry forms are available on your campus — watch for the PHOTO-ART poster.

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National student discount scheme April 1978

AUCKLAND

NEW ZEALAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

CONCERT : Organ Recital — Weir
VENUE : Saint Patricks
DATE : April 12th
TIME : 5.30 pm.

CONCESSION: Students \$1.00 off

CONCERT : Organ Recital — Weir
VENUE : Town Hall
DATE : April 14th
TIME : 12.15 pm.

NORTHCOTES BRIDGEWAY CINEMA

CONCESSION : Students \$1.20
Public \$1.60

N.B. THIS DISCOUNT NEEDS SUPPORT IF IT IS TO CONTINUE

AUCKLAND CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY

CONCERT : Melos Quartet of Stuttgart
DATE : Monday 10th April
VENUE : Town Hall

CONCESSION : Public \$6.50
Students \$4.00

SUBSCRIPTION CONCESSION : Students \$20.00
Public \$36.00

PLUS 25% reduction for group of ten students and free ticket for the organiser

MERCURY THEATRE

PERFORMANCE: the Cat and the Canary - John Willard

DATE: Opening April
VENUE: Mercury Theatre, France Street, Newton

CONCESSION: Students \$1.00 off

SUBSCRIPTION CONCESSION

A: Students \$16.00
Public \$24.00
B: Students \$12.00
Public \$16.00

THEATRE CORPORATE

PERFORMANCE: East Street — Chris Still
DATE: 23rd March to May 4
VENUE: Mercury Theatre, 14 Galatos Street, Newton

CONCESSION: Students \$2.50

MOVEMENT DANCE THEATRE

CONCESSION: Students \$1.40
Public \$2.00

SUBSCRIPTION TO UNIVERSITY DANCERS \$2.00

VENUE: Judo Room, Student Union Building, Auckland University

SYMPHONIA OF AUCKLAND

CONCESSION:

- Subscription Concerts:
Area B: Public \$27.00
Students \$24.00
Area C: Public \$22.00
Students \$19.00
- Light Music Concerts:
Area B: Public \$14.00
Students \$12.00

Area C: Public \$11.00
Students \$10.00

N.B. DON'T FORGET THE LEO KOTTKE DISCOUNT:

STUDENTS: \$6.50
PUBLIC: \$7.50

DATE: Saturday April 15th
VENUE: His Majesty's Theatre
TIME: 8.15 pm.

'THE BYRDS' DISCOUNT

DATE: June 17th

PALMERSTON NORTH

NEW ZEALAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

CONCESSION: Students \$1.00 off

THE 'BYRDS' DISCOUNT

DATE: June 15th

DUNEDIN

NEW ZEALAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

CONCERT: Organ Recital — Weir
DATE: April 9th
TIME: 2.30 pm.
VENUE: Cathedral

CONCESSION: Students \$1.00 Off

CONCERT: Conductor — Inoue, Piano — Sandor
DATE: April 20th

FORTUNE THEATRE

CONCERT : Middle Age Apread — Roger Hall
DATE : April 1—22nd
VENUE : Fortune Theatre, Octagon

CONCESSION: Students \$3.00
Public \$3.50

DUNEDIN OPERA COMPANY

PRODUCTION: "La Traviata" — Producer Noela Simpson

DATE: 19th, 20th, 26th, 27th, 28th April

CONCESSION: Students \$3.00
Public \$5.00

THE 'BYRDS' DISCOUNT

DATE: June 10th

CHRISTCHURCH

NEW ZEALAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

CONCERT: Sub-conductor Inoue, Piano — Sandor
DATE: April 22

CONCESSION: Students \$1.00 off

CONCERT: Piano recital — Sandor
DATE: April 27
VENUE: James Hay Theatre

CHRISTCHURCH HARMONIC SOCIETY

PERFORMANCE: Bach "Jesu meine freude"
Faure "Requiem"

DATE: Sunday April 23
VENUE: Christchurch Cathedral
TIME: 3.00 pm.

CONCESSION: Public \$4.00
Students \$2.00
Subscription for three concerts \$6.50

COURT THEATRE

PERFORMANCE: Glide Time — Roger Hall
DATE: April 8-15th
VENUE: James Hay Theatre

CONCESSION: Students \$1.00 off

CHRISTCHURCH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PRODUCTION:

Hebrides — overture — Mendelssohn
Six songs from 'Youths Magic Horn' Mahler, Patricia Lawry (soprano)

Symphony No. 3 (Eroica) — Beethoven

DATE: April 15th
VENUE: Town Hall Auditorim
TIME: 8 pm.

CONCESSION: Students \$1.00 off

SUBSCRIPTION CONCESSION — Students \$16.00
Public \$19.00

MASTERS INDEPENDENT THEATRES

Christchurch — Academy
Sumner — Stagedoor
Sumner — Hollywood
New Brighton — Roxy
Riccarton — Avenue

CONCESSION : Students \$1.50

THE 'BYRDS' DISCOUNT Christchurch; June 12th

WELLINGTON

DOWNSTAGE THEATRE COMPANY

PERFORMANCE: Savages — Christopher Hampton
DATE: 27th April — 3rd June
VENUE: Hannah Playhouse, Courteney Place

CONCESSION : Students \$1.00 off

NEW ZEALAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

CONCERT: Piano Recital — Kersenbaum
DATE: April 15
VENUE: State Opera House

CONCESSION: Students \$1.00 off

CONCERT: Sub-conductor Inoue, Piano Sandor
DATE: April 29th

WELLINGTON CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY

CONCERT: Gagliano Trio
DATE: April 18th
VENUE: Little Theatre, Lower Hutt

CONCESSION: Students \$4.00
Public \$8.50

N.B. DON'T FORGET THE LEO KOTTKE DISCOUNT:

STUDENTS \$6.50
PUBLIC \$7.50

DATE: April 16th, Sunday
VENUE: The State Opera House
TIME: 8.15 pm.

THE 'BYRDS' DISCOUNT

DATE: June 14th



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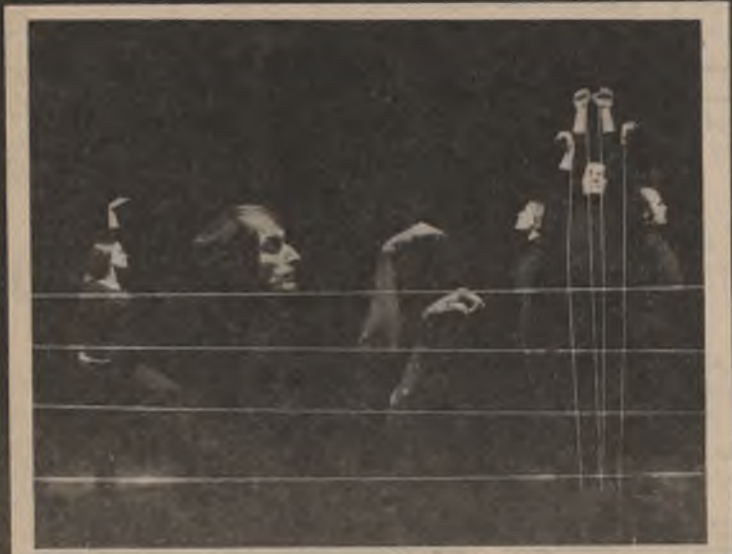
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Key

1. Reefer Madness, 1977
2. Renee Geyer, 1976
3. Theatre Beyond Words, 1976
4. Aboriginal Dance, 1974
5. Sam Hunt, 1978
6. Gary Mc Cormick, 1978
7. Music Players, 1974
8. New Dance, 1973
9. Indian Musicians, 1975
10. Sonny Terry/Brownie McGhee, 1976
11. Split Enz, 1974, 75 and 76.
12. Hello Sailor, April 1978
13. Limbs Dance Group, 1978
14. Pure 's', 1978

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YOU'LL LAUGH-THEY'LL DIE

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Directed by BERT DELING Photography by TOM COWAN

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CRACCUM

Theatre of the Absurd?

There was a time when Auckland University seemed very dull. We had the piping hot politics in the '60s and early '70s, but culture vultures were sadly deprived. In 1960 the idea of a students' arts centre was first mooted; 16 years later it sat on the northern edge of the Student Union Quad.

The Maidment Arts Centre cost a total of \$950,000, half of which was raised by the Students' Association. There are two theatres in the complex: the Kenneth Maidment Theatre, affectionately known as the Old Maid, which seats around 450; and the Little Theatre. Although by no means perfect, they are adequate for almost any cultural event on campus.

There is no denying that the existence of the Maidment Arts Centre has given cultural groups on campus a vital boost. With facilities such as the Old Maid and Little Theatre have, large scale productions can now be mounted; films can be watched in comfort; exhibitions can be hung without cramming; dancers can work unconfined by space. Yes, we're very lucky, but

The MAC is administered by the Theatre Management Committee, a sub-committee of the joint University-AUSA Student Union Management Committee. At the moment the day-to-day running of the theatres is controlled by a Theatre Manager, Ros Clark, and her assistant, Eleanor Wragge. Ms Clark is also the Students' Activities Officer. Recent decisions to restructure the administration now mean that there will be a Business Manager and an Artistic Director, Ms Clark. The Students' Association pays half of her salary, while the University finds the rest and will also pay the Business Manager.

Boring and irrelevant as this may sound, administration has, however, had an enormous effect on the theatre in the past. The position of Theatre Manager was created to ensure that the theatres functioned efficiently. The Students' Activities Officer was naturally expected to encourage students to use the theatre and arrange events of interest on campus. Obviously it's impossible to do both well, and after a chaotic spell an assistant to the Theatre Manager was employed. Ms Wragge took over an enormous amount of the clerical work which included bookings. Ms Clark got whatever was left in the way of administration and responsibility for arranging and promoting students' activities.

Soon after her appointment Ms Clark initiated the Maidment Arts Centre workshops, which covered a large range of theatre-based skills, from stage-lighting to mask-making. At the same time workshops for school-age children were begun and the two merged so that in many cases students taught rather than learnt.

While there's no need to be super-exclusive about Students' Association facilities it seems that energy and resources are being wasted on these workshops. It is true that many skilled student technicians and actors have been produced. It is also true that the same would have happened without involving a large number of predominantly white, middle class children who could be absorbed into similar arts orientated classes around the city. It is after all a student theatre.

Ms Clark has also organised a number of productions in both the Little Theatre and the Old Maid. These are far more than a simple actioning of her policy on students' activities, however. 'Seven For A Secret That's Never

Been Told', a children's pantomime, was written and directed by Ms Clark and involved participants in the MAC workshops. It was an excellent production but was hardly likely to appeal to a significant number of students. 'The Pied Piper' staged earlier this year, was also great. The kiddies loved it, but what about the students who are paying half of Ms Clark's salary? There do seem to be elements of empire-building and horn-blowing in all this, and it seems unlikely that while Ms Clark is directing her own productions, she can also manage the theatre and students' activities as well.

We are very fortunate in having not just one but two theatres on the Auckland campus. We are also fortunate in that over the last 2 or 3 years Auckland seems to have

Another question is of course, finances. There are set fees for hiring the theatre for an afternoon or evening performance. Ms Clark knows these fees. But when 'The Pied Piper' was staged this year and the final costs calculated the hireage fee was well short of what it should have been.

It has become the practice that when two evening performances are held the production is charged twice for that time because there have been two sets of door-takings. Ms Clark however has managed to avoid this, and payment in full for the coffee bar, but because of her position in The Theatre justification has been simple.



In her new position Ms Clark is now answerable only to the University. In fact she refused to sign an agreement putting her under the Students' Association Union Manager. And yet, we, the students, are paying half of her salary.

When the theatre was opened it was agreed that there was to be no artistic judgement of events proposed for production. Anything that was offered was to be put on. Now, however, this situation seems to have been reversed and Ms Clark is the one setting the trend. Her productions although involving students have a high proportion of non-students, mainly in lead roles.

'Tristan and Iseult' for example has occupied her time for weeks rendering her incapable of carrying out any of her other duties. She also managed in this case to move the fortnightly film-screening

Paul Barton

accumulated, in spite of its traditional 'commercial' bias, a significant amount of the cultural wealth of this country. There no longer seems to be a great need for a professional 'encourager' such as Ms Clark in her role as Students' Activities Officer, and the Theatre Management Committee has recognised this. Instead, however, the committee in its wisdom has created the post of Artistic Director which Ms Clark will soon fill.

If this nebulous title means even more of the same then it's the last thing we need. In general students do not want to see pantomimes. A double feature of 'Lady Sings The Blues' and 'Catch 22' wins hands down for student attendance, although this is not a happy thought for the culturally inclined.

There is no doubt that we need a Business Manager for the Theatre. We also need an Artistic Director. Ms Clark obviously has the experience and the ability to perform such a function, but The MAC is above all a student arts centre and that must never be forgotten. When the Theatre Manager proposes a Capping Revue featuring only the dance troupe Limbs, who are often seen on campus, one must question her familiarity with student opinion and, indeed, her policy on student activities. When this suggestion was questioned by one of the students who had intended auditioning for the revue, Ms Clark intimated that she didn't care a great deal that students might feel left out. Fortunately this idea was since been dropped and there will be a traditional capping revue this year. Nevertheless, this does show a sad lack of concern for student interests and student use of the theatre.

from the Old Maid to the Cafe, even though it was agreed at the beginning of the year that no production could do so. But if you're the Artistic Director

With any joint University-Students' Association venture there is a danger of students losing control. Naturally University departments should make use of the facilities, and there have been many worthwhile and well-attended events staged by the English and French Departments for example. Outside groups too should be able to use the theatre. But we must be careful. We must retain control.

Next week we will be printing a questionnaire on Student use of the theatre. Please think about it and fill it in carefully. Remember this is OUR theatre.

LOUISE CHUNN



Rip It Up

The Scavengers

backyard band you associate with the 60's Beatle cults. In other words, the music's basic but at least it's musical background. One phenomena that keeps cropping up is that of groupie bands setting themselves up purely from within the movement itself, the incest works; there is a constant impetus for the big bands to keep pushin forward.

Adding their voices to the chaos is that of the professional musician: 'A year ago they were laughing at us now they're playing Sex Pistols stuff we were playing a year ago.' - Scavengers

- Do you like being different?
- Different from what?
- For instance, the people you went to school with
- Shit, I don't want to get married and live on the Shore

Johnny Volume of The Scavengers

At a guess there are around 300 or so Punks in Auckland, and at a pinch 40 hardcores. It's trying to piece them together under the superficial title of Punk that's hard. If we take what comes first out of 1976 then it's probably The Scavengers and the Suburban Reptiles, who, by early 1977 were making a sort of name for themselves - around



Jenny Robb

Julie & Sandra from The Idle Idols

For some reason or another Auckland has always considered itself a really fast centre of the Rock Movement in New Zealand. After all don't all the meaningful Fanzines (Hotlicks and Rip It Up) originate from this self-styled Rock-guru town.

Always first to assimilate all the real trends and the only place in the country with a population anything like New York, how could Auckland fail to miss this first in a universal counter-culture.

Now it's revealed to the rest of the country - the great leap forward into Punk. Nevertheless trying to look at the Punk Rock movement in Auckland is like looking for a short haircut at Woodstock, by which awful analogy I'm trying to point out the deficiencies in even trying to line-up Auckland, as we really know it, with Punk.

Auckland's a pensioner city - they all come here for the nice weather - nothing ever happens here.

Ronnie of The Scavengers

The trouble with the Punk movement is that it lacks a definition from which I can ramble interminably yet logically on. Obviously there is an active musical stance, which tries to reject the highly technical sophistications of those groups everyone swooned over in the early '70s - Led Zeppelin/Queen/Elton John (?) Instead these groups can be seen going into the raw, raw power of say The Who and the overplayed 'Daddies of the Punks' Lou, Iggy and good ol' David B.

The thing is that ain't all to Punks. There's a social style which tends toward intensely in-group sociology - there's a much more rigorous approach to a social hierarchy than any musical movement within the last decade.

It's the more bizarre manifestations of this leaderless cult following that has attracted the vacant attentions of the press in the search for headlines (or fillers ?) One should really look at the whole thing in its unity and see past that initial stage of reaction where everything appears so transparent and what appears to be yet another fashion-rock trend can metamorphosize itself into something quite valid.

Auckland Punks have obscure origins in that you can't really pin down any sudden development. Some of the groups that have adopted this Punk accolade (the energy of the movement ?) originate in that sort of

the private parties, Elam dances etc. The Reptiles are probably best known out of town. They released the first New Zealand produced 'New Wave' disc - a 12" single which has had its critical ups and downs - but at least its sold; No. 57 on the North Island charts and an amazing No. 36 down South. They've not been so noticeable of late. With tenuous self-conscious Art School origins and Bowie/Damned looks they've done TV clips and have appeared as a guest pic in 'the prestigious NME'.

The Scavengers have a less co-ordinated image, having come together in Advertising at Auckland Technical Institute as a band for a dance in '75/'76. Like the other bands around they have changed; now they're a trio. With loud, tight playing, they cultivate probably the most aggressive image, though this can be deceitful. 'We're sick of violence.'

The Scavengers are probably the most successful of all the local bands. They've managed to accrue quite a following of their own - and financially they're among the more noticeably soluble. They have regular pub gigs as well as the Zwines residency and, it seems, tangible aspirations to leave the country. Audiences may not be the mark of popularity but they do at least enable you to pay your way. Numbers don't seem important if you're looking at it from outside, but when you're on the floor or stage it gives inspiration not to get bored when you're playing or pogoing

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- It seems silly that people are scared of us.

The Idle Idols

From 'The Fan Club' at Snaps Gallery, April 24 - May 7



Until recently these bands have stayed outside of the pub/club circuit, playing in specifically punk-orientated shows, at such places as the old and dingy State Theatre and the hall above the Classic Cinema - all very underground. Now they get the odd pub date and have their own nightclub, Zwines, and for a few weeks Diamond Dogs, but it couldn't stand the strain and reverted to disco and female impersonators.

A year ago they (professional musicians) were laughing at us. Now they're playing Sex Pistols stuff we were playing a year ago.

The Scavengers

Zwines has now turned out to be the only place one can hear Punk/New Wave regularly. Although The Scavengers have the residency most other Auckland bands have played there - The Assassins, The Phantoms, The Stimulators and Xerox. A very wide gamut of style; from the vaguely New Wave Phantoms to the more impressably Punk Stimulators.

One of the dominant features of Punk is its technical availability. It's loud, it's easy, and you can rip it off from anywhere. The musical style lends itself to that



Rip It Up

The Stimulators at Zwines

The Stimulators come on, quite drenched, and seem to create a similar sound. They're all after that flatness, almost a symmetry of rhythm, losing the gawky edges that have coloured the earlier performance. The lights are off by now and the police are popping in. A regular feature of any Punk dance.

Getting down to reality you can go somewhere like the Masonic Hall. It's a large rather vacant venue normally used for Bill Skelton and his band of Golden Oldies; dancing on Saturday night and no partner needed! Tonight it's got a smattering of about 150 punks. There's a guy who looks like some sort of atavistic Brian Eno, a couple of Cardin-esque models direct from Auckland's booming hairdresser set and the usual safety-pin and black zoot suit set. The Assassins with the returned OE'd Roger Roxx. They open with a beer bottle smashing on the front of the stage into some dying banger-bash noise. The thing is that even before the music has cleared up (they're always muddy to start with) the tone's being obscured by a really heavy rhythmic timbre.

- Would you like to be popular?
- Yeah.
- What would you do if 13 year olds took you up? (Is Johnny Rotten really rotten?)
- What d'ya mean?
- Well if 13 year olds wanted you to do something like play at Western Springs - would you do it?
- That's the sort of audience we like, though not at Western Springs - that's a rip off.

Johnny V again

Punk's going through a difficult stage at the moment. It's in what the established artist would pass off as a state of flux. No-one really wants to carry around an epithet as Punk and it's trying to give a valid image primarily to itself that's going to be the problem in the near future.

To be able to establish roots in a society is probably the greatest challenge any counter movement can have. Give it a year or so

CHRIS THOMPSON



- Why are you Punk?
- Because of our fascinating personalities.

The Phantoms

Dep The heart The City It's seeming th 9, Lust nd grife...

One of the invisible new groups around town (this is really high magnification) is the Idle Idols, made up of women and a male lead singer who have been associated with Punk right from the start. They haven't yet reached that stage where one starts imposing arbitrary criticisms of technique but its gonna do all right Then again you can hardly look at them simply. They play Clash songs but have overtones of everything from Richard Hell to X ray Specs and show an unashamed interest in The Who and early Beatles (there I told you) and are quite aware of the image they present and even of their position in the whole scene.

The Assassins with the returned OE'd Roger Roxx. They open with a beer bottle smashed on the front of the stage. And into some dykng banger-bash noise. The thing is that even before the music has cleared up (they're always muddy to start with) the tone's being obscured by a really heavy rhythmic timbre. You can always replace the lack of finesse with a juddery beat even if you can't hit the note. Not very nice because the song sounds really great, taken right out of the guts of hell. Roxx sounds as if he's puled his voice apart ever so carefully with the token ratchet chain.

During the interval, when in pubs you'd be into the muzak, the boys out the back are around with the fire extinguishers, adding to the chaos that a half attended dance seems to generate. They're just in for a good time.



Home Front

Well hello again folks. We have this week a bumper issue of Craccum on the Arts. Much credit is due to the Editors who have toiled long hours to produce this issue, but it does mean I will have to be brief.

April 26, a week after some of you have received your bursaries, there will be a National Bursaries Campaign. The emphasis is on the removal of anomalies (eg abatement) at cost of living adjustment and return to at least the 1975 level of payment. NZUSA is co-ordinating this campaign nationally; our Education Vice President, Chris Gosling, locally. If you believe, as I do, that an investment in higher education leads to a thoughtful and productive country, then you too will actively support this cause.



Attending a National Executive meeting of NZUSA proved to be a soul-searching experience. If you want to see NZUSA acting within specific areas, then it must have policy within these areas. There is a working party being set up to look at the structure and actioning of policy, so if you have any ideas please come and see me.

James Movick, who is threatened with deportation, is having an appeal launched on his behalf to help cover legal expenses. These have been incurred whilst fighting the Minister of Immigration, Mr Gill, over his right to stay in N.Z. as a full time elected NZUSA officer.

The AGM has been deferred till Thursday April 13. Briefly the main issues are:
Definition of Policy and who has the power to make AUSA policy
Should Executive have 3 more political appointments those being Environmental Affairs Officer, Women's Rights and Overseas Officer
Non Sporting Blues schedule
Priorities for future buildings and the use of surplus funds.

Capping week in the first week of May is progressing but any offers of help will be appreciated. Wishing you a good week.

Merv
The President

MONEY FOR MOVICK

In this country, justice is available to all - or at least to all of those who can afford to pay for it. A trust fund has now been opened for James Movick, the man who was elected International Vice President of NZUSA and then refused a work-permit to allow him to stay in the country and carry out the task he was elected to do. By the time this issue hits the streets, your Student Association office should be in possession of forms for all those who would like to contribute to this cause. The management of all funds deposited in this trust fund will be handled by Otago University Students' Association as directed by the National Executive of NZUSA. Political expertise seems to be extremely thin on the ground at the national level in student politics; if the Government succeeds in getting rid of Mr Movick, he will be hard to replace.

NASTY BUSINESS

Thieves and rogues are breaking into the lockers in the downstairs loos but all they find are smelly sox and ratty old textbooks. So please don't leave any valuables down there. The custodians could lock up the whole area between midnight and 4 am and at the weekends, if you want them to. Executive would need to agree to it.

What do you say ?

LIGHT, PEACE & BROWN RICE

Yoga Society are raising their tranquil heads and bodies again this year. Classes in practical yoga are held in the Dance Studio of the Rec Centre on Wednesdays 10 - 11 am and Thursdays 5 - 6 pm; donations are accepted. There will also be a committee meeting on April 13 at 6 pm in the Club Room of the Rec Centre. Join your mind with your body and master all states of consciousness

LET'S TRY AGAIN

Following a long-established precedent, the first attempt to hold an Autumn General Meeting failed for lack of a quorum. The next attempt to muster 200 disciples of democracy will be at 1 pm on Thursday April 13 somewhere in the catering complex. This meeting has vital business to conduct, such as appointing Auditors for 1978, adopting the accounts for the year last gone, and putting a ban on smoking in the Cafeteria. So if you're curious - or if you smoke - roll up on Thursday and do your bit.

OUT ON THE STREETS

NZUSA are mounting a glorious new Bursaries Campaign for 1978 which will culminate with a National Day of Action on April 27. One week before this the Bursaries petition (7,000 names from Auckland !!) will be presented to Parliament. The occupants of Room 113 in the StudAss Building are organising Auckland's contribution to the campaign. They need lots of helpers to make this bid for a better bursary successful.

ON CAMPUS

WEDNESDAY APRIL 12
Little Theatre, 1 pm 'Sylvia Plath, a Dramatic Portrait.' A Drama Diploma production, directed by Lois de Lautour. Tickets at the door - \$1 for public and students. Continues till Friday 14th.
Old Maid 8.15 pm 'From Screwtape to Narnia' - an anthology by C.S. Lewis; directed by Dale Bradley. Tickets from Auckland Festival Society \$4.50. Continues till Sat 15th, matinee Sat 2.15 pm.
Cafe Extension, 7 - 11 pm Varsity Folk Club's event with Dave Parsons.

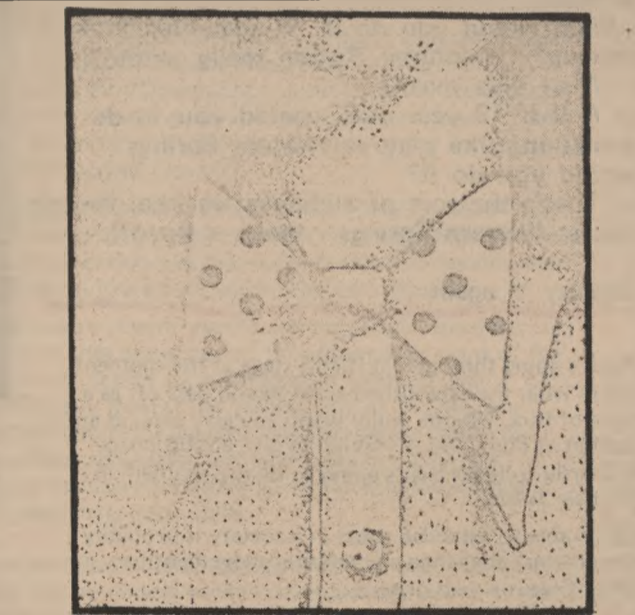
THURSDAY 13th APRIL
SRC Lounge 1 pm Young Socialists Forum: Unemployment.

FRIDAY APRIL 14
Old Maid 1 pm Conservatorium of Music lunchtime programme.
Old Maid 2.15 pm, Law Students' Society showing Sports Films, as mentioned in last week's Craccum.

SUNDAY APRIL 16
Old Maid 8 pm University Folk Club Concert with Bev Young, Dandelion and others. Tickets at door \$2 public, \$1.20 students.

MONDAY APRIL 17
Old Maid 8 pm 'John Cairney in Person'. Sponsored by Theatre International Limited. Also on Wednesday April 19.

CRACCUM



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Jenny Robb
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Typesetter Barbara Amos

It's been a quick, short week with few helpers. But this is a very special issue and we hope you like it. Thanks to Ratz Theatrix and Chris Thompson for hard work and to Paul Barton, Miles McKane, Mairi Gunn, Jeremy Templer and Jenny Robb for photos. And we'll see you next week from the pages of the regular Craccum.

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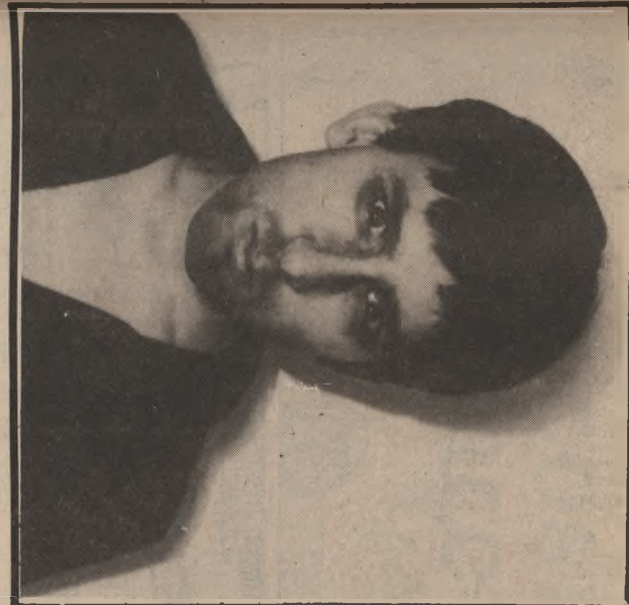


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As I walked down the boulevard I was suddenly aware of a strong sense of foreboding

The sky was a soft salmon verging on apricot.

I was cooking tea and my husband came home, late as usual, and he said "Whats for tea ?", so I grabbeche axe and said "Chops !".

I felt the knife in my hands, I lard the screams, I

Now we come to the part of thshow where we ask one of you to "Axe Out Your Fanta".

"Over to you Mary."
"Thank-you John."

Bom bom bom bom
Ba dom bom bom bom

For what is the human body but a walking corpse,
a thing condemned to death and decay from the very moment
of its conception. An arrogant pile of refuse that takes
life from everything around it and gives nothing in return.

I love you Sharon, I have done ever since I saw you being admitted to
casualty.

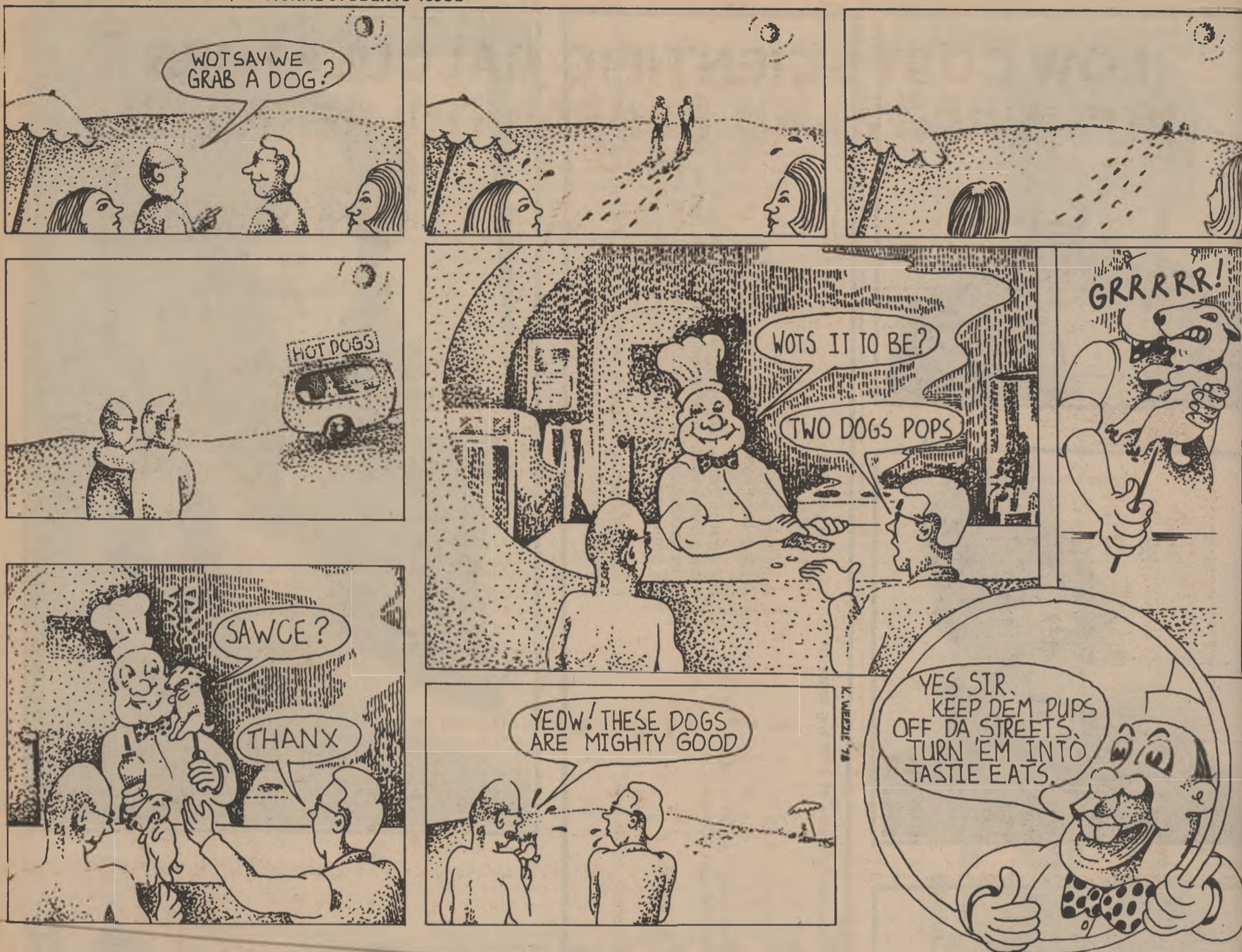


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THIS WEEK

- 1) MINUTES FROM 05.04.78
- 2) MILITARY FUNDING OF UNIVERSITY RESEARCH
- 3) POLYNESIAN INTERPRETERS IN COURTS & POLICE STATIONS
- 4) LANGUAGE COURSE FOR POLYNESIANS
- 5) GENERAL

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nexus

A newspaper of the Waikato Students' Union

GOPHER PRAIRIE REVISITED

A REVIEW OF THE ARTS IN HAMILTON

This article is not meant as an objective analysis of the arts in Hamilton. It is one person's opinion, though it may be said to be sympathetic to a number of similar views held about the arts in Hamilton.

In 1920, Sinclair Lewis wrote his great novel *Main Street*, in which he attacked the drab complacency of small-town America. It could have been written about Hamilton in 1978. Hamilton NZ is Gopher Prairie USA glorified. It is a big city (90,000) with a small town mentality.

Hamilton's origins are firstly military and secondly agricultural. It was founded as a militia settlement during the Maori Land Wars in 1864 when the first members of the Fourth Waikato Regiment landed on the east side of the Waikato River.

From the 1870's on there was an influx of new settlers with the necessary knowledge and capital, and the Waikato flourished as a dairy farming area. Hamilton grew with it and developed as its natural centre.

Today Hamilton is still the centre of a largely agricultural area, and while it has lost the smell of the earth and gained the smell of factory smoke, it is a market-place. It serves. It is reactive to and reflective of the needs, wishes and whims of the Hamilton and Waikato community. It does not create. It does not initiate. It merely serves and hosts.

The arts in Hamilton do not occupy a particularly exalted place. They are not a community thing, not broad-based, not extroverted, not living. Culture is neatly packaged and preserved for an educated and economically advantaged minority to view or listen to. The plays, recitals, exhibitions and concerts are not taken out to audiences in Garden Place, to the river banks, to suburban halls, to the pubs. Instead, the arts are housed in buildings to which the converted have worn their track over the years of faithful and dutiful patronage. There has been very little new blood injected into the Hamilton art scene over the years, and the Fountain city may really become, as one writer has put it, "the arse-hole of the North Island."

The arts, as was stated before, are the reserve of an educated and economically advantaged minority. This is because these people have been in the tradition of Hamilton, the dominant group in municipal, social and cultural affairs, and because they have not encouraged any broader participation in creative expression. The theatre goers, the concert goers and the exhibition viewers are essentially the same people. The rest of the people stay home and watch television.

Continuing with the theme that Hamilton is not a creative and initiating city is the view that Hamilton is an audience city. The framework exists for organising the performance or exhibition of other people's work, but this framework has not catered

for homegrown works. Hamilton is largely a host and audience city, rather than one of indigenous creativity.

What follows is a breakdown of the various art-forms active in Hamilton.

Performing Arts: Theatre Technique Trust is the city's only professional theatrical company, and operates from a theatre restaurant. Its programme is varied, of a reasonably high standard, and is to be congratulated for programming two local plays later in the year. It would be a good idea though if they could perform around the city, taking their performances to the people who don't really know about theatre. Their current production is *The Killing of Sister George*, by Frank Marcus.

Hamilton Operatic Society has launched into big business in their new theatre restaurant with a production called *The Razzle Dazzle Show*. Their advertising talks of "beautiful girls, sophisticated costumes, exotic feathers and non-stop dancing and singing, at a cost of \$9.50 per head (show and meals)". Big business means big prices, and \$9.50 is far too much for most people to contemplate going. Previous productions include *Joseph and His Technicolour Dreamcoat* and *Godspell*.

The Playbox Theatre is Hamilton's outlet for repertory type plays. Their current production is *Trap for a Lonely Man*.

The Campus Drama Club usually has two or three productions a year, and are rehearsing *Early Morning* by Edward Bond.

A new feature on campus this year are 'Thursday Evenings'. These Thursday evening performances in an old lecture theatre are designed to develop and encourage student performance abilities. So far works by the Spanish playwright Lorca, Sylvia Plath and R.D. Laing have been performed. The whole concept depends very much on student involvement and ideas, and it is to be commended for providing this opportunity to people who probably would not have had any other theatrical avenue open to them.

There is also a dance group on campus, Break-through, and this is another group to be congratulated for taking the initiative to inject some more life into campus.

Visual Arts:

The Waikato Art Museum is the city's public art gallery and museum. It houses historical relics from the Waikato's history, and has a permanent Hamilton Centenary exhibition. They work well with the resources they have available to them, but it is unfortunate that the size of the gallery is fairly limited and that the building it is located in is at the edge of the central business area. It is not publicised very well either. They are currently exhibiting photos by Brian Brake.

The Hamilton Society of the Arts usually has an exhibition on, but is fairly low key affair.

There are two or three private galleries and dealers in the city, but their influence and involvement in Hamilton is minimal.

There are three movie theatres, which must set some sort of record for a city of 90,000 people. There used to be about double that number some years back. The Hamilton Film Society has had an upsurge in membership, and is one of those groups in Hamilton that seems to be hidden away yet working industriously with what it has got. There are movies on campus on Wednesday and Sunday nights.

Music:

The New Zealand Symphony Orchestra visits about once a year, the Chamber Music Society is a fairly cosy little group which plays host to visiting musicians on the New Zealand Federation of Music circuit, and the Waikato Symphony Orchestra is in the process of expanding. (See story in this section). There is no jazz anywhere in evidence, folk

has largely given way to folk-rock, and there hasn't been anything phenomenal in the way of rock since the days of Red Hot Peppers. One night-club has an impressive line-up of visiting groups, and the other night-club has its own resident band. Punk is non-existent, discos are popular. The band rotunda by the river is hardly ever used for music.

Maori Culture:

Virtually non-existent in Hamilton. Ngaruawahia is the focus.

Literature:

Hamilton has a published poet or two, residing mainly in the University English Department. Public readings are a rarity. Hamilton is also the home of the *Pacific Quarterly Moana*, which was previously *Pacific Quarterly Cave*, which was previously *Cave*.

Crafts:

Every year in February there is a craft festival on the west bank of the river. Always successful, accessible and a good vehicle for bringing art to the people.

Fountains:

Hamilton is called the "Fountain City." There are seven fountains, some in parks, some in buildings. They are rated by many people along with butterflies and gnomes. The centennial fountain — 70,000 bucks worth — is being constructed at the moment, and drivers should be able to get a good glimpse of it when they drive around one of Hamilton's busiest roundabouts. The fountain is in the park surrounding Founders Theatre (there is already a fountain outside the Founders), and is right on the edge of the central business area, away from the centre of town (there is a fountain there too). So much for sculpture.

There is some relief on the horizon for Hamilton. As part of the centennial celebrations, a Festival of the Arts is being planned for August and September of this year. A great deal of activity is planned for the three week Festival, and it is expected that a number of new or ignored areas of artistic ability and potential will be utilised. It is imperative that the Festival organisers make sure that the arts get maximum exposure all over Hamilton, from Te Rapa to Hamilton East to Frankton to Melville, and it is equally imperative that the Festival has some sustaining effect on Hamilton life. What is desirable is that the Festival beckons people out of their sleepy hollows to participate — not just to sit and watch or listen, but to become involved in some sphere of creative self-expression. It must stimulate new activity, and not become a mere publicity stunt for established groups who may want to promote their own causes rather than enriching cultural life in Hamilton.

The Hamilton Festival of the Arts has the potential to fight the Village Virus that afflicts Gopher Prairie USA and Hamilton N.Z. Sinclair Lewis wrote of "living dead men" living on Main Street in the USA. Hamilton appears to be Main Street New Zealand, and something has to happen before the rot sets in. There are things happening in Hamilton in the arts, but not nearly enough for the size of the city, and not involving anywhere enough people from different backgrounds. Mohammed won't come to the Mountain in this case, so the Mountain will have to go to Mohammed. The arts have to be taken to the people so they can see something past their TV sets. There should be no reason why the delicate wraps cannot be pulled off paintings, plays and recitals and taken to places where they are more accessible. Then participation must be encouraged. If interest is not encouraged, more of these bloody fountains will start appearing on every street corner without anyone noticing them... and that would be a real shame.

Brian Sweeney

GENERAL GUFF

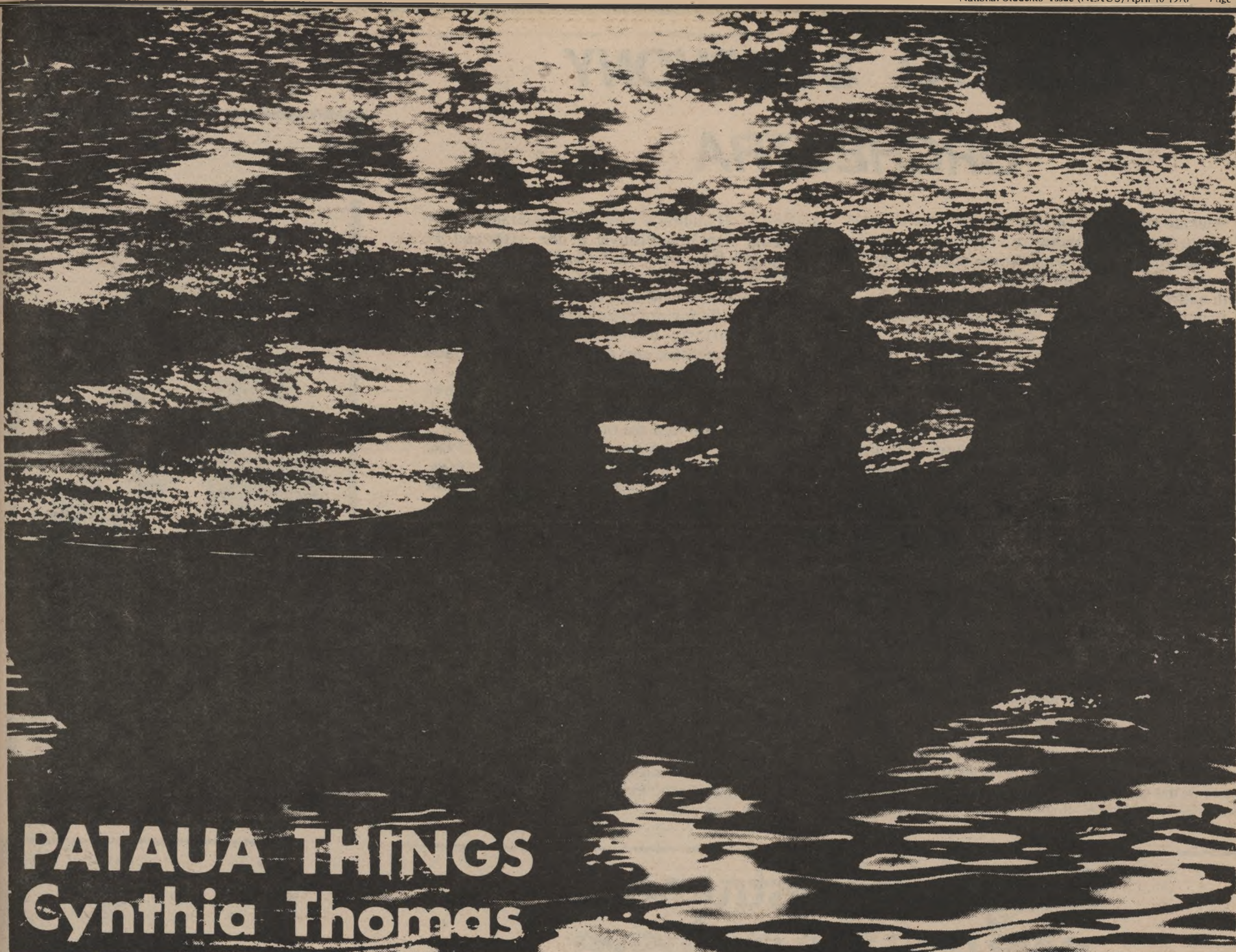
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The Editor of NEXUS is Brian Sweeney.

All general enquiries should be directed to the Editor, NEXUS, P.O. Box 13020, Hamilton, or to the Waikato Students' Union. Ph. 69-139.

Wind blow
nobody else
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to see Gwen
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bare and bear
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smooth and
Pataua with
orange bucke
Memories
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PATAUA THINGS

Cynthia Thomas

Wind blowing at Pataua. Gwen's at the shop but nobody else's there. It's a winter Wednesday and we're here, came in the car and crossed the bridge to see Gwen, and Peter — but he's gone now and the bach is all closed up. It's not so ugly in the rain, more beautiful with wet sand and waves exposed bare and beautiful without boards. The mountain is a perfect breast through the bach window — smooth and round and firm. So that's Pataua, Pataua without people, Pataua with pipis and orange buckets and memories.

Memories . . . Into the Vauxhall, was it last Christmas? . . . No, that time I got a record and didn't like it, it was the time when Pop came and we had dinner in the garage on the long table. Anyhow, it was summer alright — with sweat and jandals and beer and stuff.

We sit on the steps. We're friends together — revising our Pataua memories for discussion. I liked her even more while we sat together and watched seagulls circle the big rock in the middle of the bay.

I can see the pull of water under the bridge from here, and I hate it. I hate the fishing families that somehow I am part of, and the sprats that he catches and feeds to the cats. I hated them jumping off and me watching and wishing I liked 14-foot drops into sucking rivers when the tide's going out with the sunny afternoon.

I remember now. I was making love to a creamy milkshake outside the store, and it satisfied me completely. Then John came out with his brown cardboard box of groceries, and Gwen was saying hello and goodbye, and come back soon, don't worry about the change, in one smile. I remembered Jake, who went a lot out of his way to keep out of the way and smoked a lot . . . of things that Peter said when he was making sandals. But anyway, here was John. He had blue jandals and I didn't have any. — Get yourself some soles — he'd said. I said I always lost my soles in summer, on the beach.

Along the track, anyway. Christ, I thought I'd never make it over those stones to the beach. I remember the concrete steps were painted green and there were coins set in them. I felt I had to be fascinated by something, great steps, terrific . . .

terrific. Come on in. OK. There I was then, doing the dishes and wishing the dunes didn't hide the sea so there'd be something to watch except him and the house with no people in it. What did he say now?, ah yes, nothing above me thank God, just commenting of tins of spaghetti and New Zealand butter and ants in the cupboard. Then it was time to go. Confused about the silliest thing — how? — I'm off — no. Got the time? — no — Mum'll be waiting — definitely not (still at the age where it matters). Anyhow, I didn't need to think — sweat for nothing. I'll walk you to the bridge. OK.

Passed the cowshed on the road. He said he hated white, all white things (am I white?). White's bleached and empty, just faded colours. So. Goodbye then. Lift your feet because he's still standing at the corner, (watching water, but you'll never know) and it so easy to trip over the uneven boards on the bridge, or some kid's stretched-out nylon fishing line, or hook, or something.

Didn't think much. Not far to go. God I hate groups of people with me on the outside. Prying. Feeling like an apple with a bit out of it. Passed the shop now. Gwen's not there, her day for Whangarei in the van today, but Les is. Nearly there, nearly there, past the two girls in jersey silk skirts and mascara, Judy, that's right, in the green Zephyr on Tuesday. To the big tree and I'm there. Tides out and it's muddy. It's cold here, in the shade. Up the steps and in. Sigh. Smells like summer, and salt, and suntan lotion inside. Mum's stretched out on the bed with a Georgette Heyer. Dad's outside in the little tin shed with last week's Sunday News. Along the road I can see the kids with the old horse, hoping the Maori in the old house opposite doesn't see. I know, the other year I was there too, with the flea-ridden puppies. We got brave and knocked and asked to ride the horse. Said it was dangerous but we didn't think it was really. Felt good, knowing salad was coming, with little tomatoes and lettuce, and ham, and milk — lots of cold milk taking your breath and giving you strength to drink more, and putting the rest in the fridge for later, after cards and monopoly around the table.

When it's dark we change. Put on pullovers. Mum loves it then ("But not until you've done the

dishes"), grabs the kids and the lines and takes off to the bridge. Dad and brother take the light and spear and head off flatly-fishing. I'll go somewhere. I guess. Put the cats out and shut the door, but remember to have the lock across because you can't get back in from the outside if you don't. Passed Mum on the bridge — it's freezing. How does she stand it?

— Any luck?
— No, but nearly
— Too bad, back soon, OK?
— Not too late, OK?
— OK.

John found me on the other side of the bank.
— Come on over. There's a fire. And Paul and Susan are here.

— OK.

Was dark. Knew who Paul was by the colour of his jandals in the firelight, green. So warm. Only circle anywhere with light, only sound outside. Met Susan too — white stripe on blue. After a while it was good, and warm with people and the fire still going. Martin's mother from Auckland was there too, an and she was good. I thought Mum'd be home by then, probably.

— Hear the waves? — he'd asked.
Feels good, this — I'd said.
— But the waves are nearer.
— Yeah?
— Yeah.
— OK . . . smells good too.
— Yes, it's a good thing.

Didn't hear much then, because it was perfect by myself, a little circle inside a big circle, an apple without a bit out of it — a whole.

Next morning I lay in bed while the warm glow of pleasure crystallised into a clear-cut thought. Mmmm, warm, fresh, salt-smell. Upped and grabbed a towel and took off. Was good then, too.

But met Paul who said some people had come or something and someone was in intensive care at Whangarei Base.

Oh, bugger, bugger, bugger. I reckoned with too much of a good thing.

So we left the steps, and Pataua for summer.

WAIKATO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Waikato audiences will shortly be able to hear the Waikato Symphony Orchestra's opening season for 1978 when they play consecutive concerts in Te Awamutu, Tokoroa and Hamilton on April 17th, 18th and 19th.

Founded in 1976, the WSO has flourished remarkably under the able conductorship of Colin McMillan. In 1977 its itinerary included concerts in Auckland and several Waikato towns in addition to the major concerts in Hamilton, two of which resulted in the Founders Theatre being completely booked out. As a result of its first two successful years, the orchestra is looking towards a further improvement in its standard and a growth in its undertakings in future years. As a step towards this, the orchestra has not only attracted the best musicians in the Waikato, but is also embarking on a policy of attracting able orchestral players (especially string players) from other centres to Hamilton, on the grounds that suitable employment and accommodation will be found for suitable applicants. Already this policy has brought forth enquiries from around New Zealand, and as far afield as Australia and England. With research establishments such as Ruakura and the university being situated in Hamilton, this policy is especially suitable for university students and graduates who wish to join a quality amateur orchestra. (If you're interested in this proposal, contact us at Box 1349 Hamilton)

A feature of the orchestra is its growing involvement in the community, not just of Hamilton but of the whole Waikato, through playing at such ac-

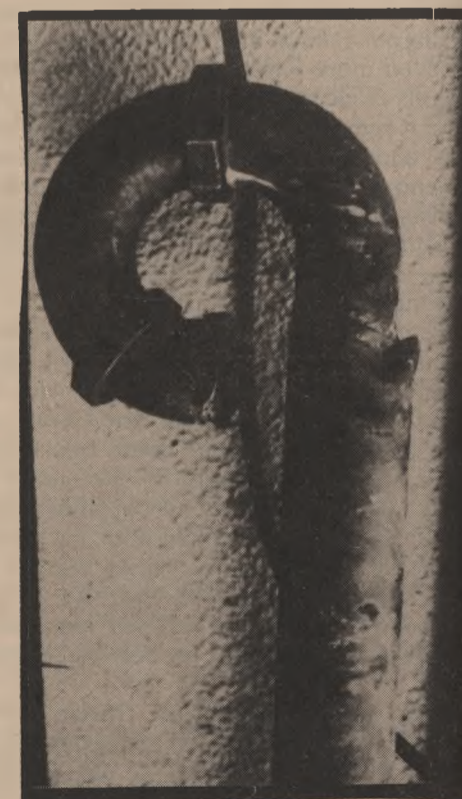
tivities as Hamilton's centennial celebrations, the proposed Hamilton Festival of the Arts, and Te Awamutu's Rose Festival. To facilitate non-players participating in the orchestra's development, a WSO Supporters Club has been formed, which in addition to offering preferential backing rights, and issuing quarterly newsletters describing the orchestra's activities, also offers a free concert (and social) in December to all members.

The injection of newcomers from other centres and of more younger players (including several university students) into the orchestra, has enabled it to undertake an ambitious programme for 1978. Concerts in August will feature operatic works, while special family concerts, and concerts for schools are planned, in addition to a series of prom concerts in November. The forthcoming April concerts offer an interesting programme for both established listeners of classical music and newcomers to the field:

Mozart . . . Eine Kleine Nachtmusik
Beethoven . . . Symphony No. 1
Mozart . . . Divertimento No. 9 for Wind Quintet
Grieg . . . Heart Wounds and Last Spring
Schubert . . . Symphony No. 6

To attract a wide audience, prices have been kept down to \$3 for adults, with a special price of \$1 for students, so if you're complaining about lack of things to do in Hamilton, forego your Wednesday night at the Hillcrest (or your hard work in the library) and come to the Founders at 8 p.m. to hear an enjoyable concert.

Arthur Grimes

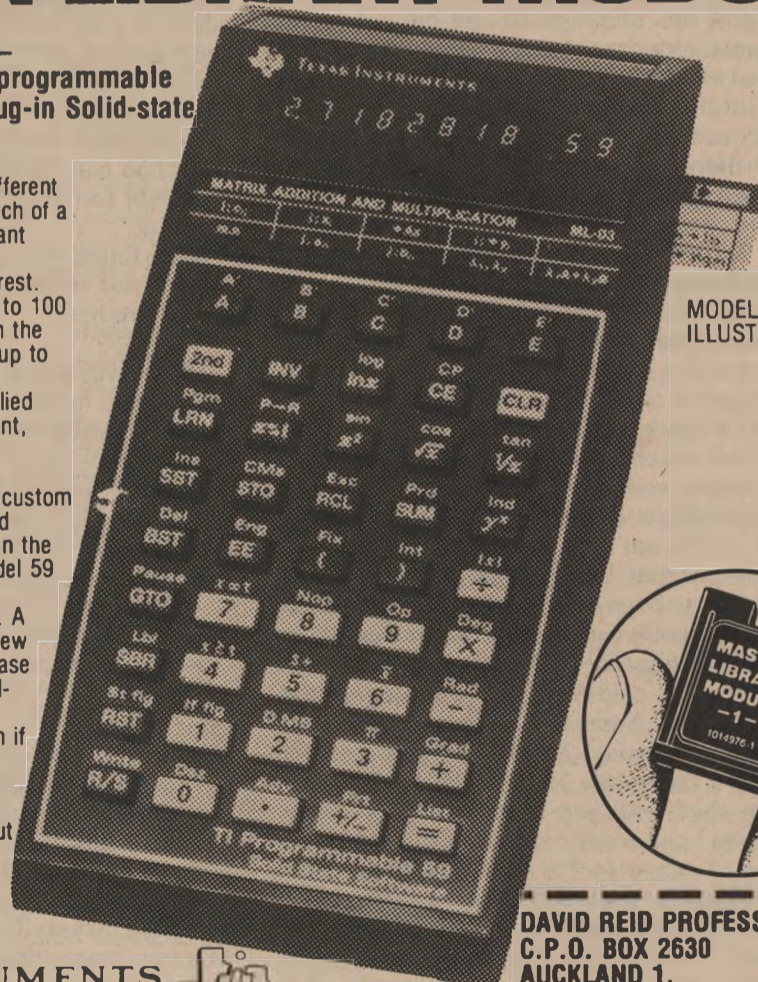


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Rene O'Connell

yesterday was, a good day

FLICKS

New Movie Programme For 1978

April:

Wednesday 12: OBSESSION
 Sunday 15: OUTLAW BLUES
 Wednesday 19: LET IT BE
 Sunday 23: THE OMEN
 Wednesday 26: TAXIDRIVER

May:

Wednesday 3: IF

MAY HOLIDAYS

Sunday 28: FRANKENSTEIN DRACULA
 (Original 1939 versions)
 Wednesday 31: W.C. FIELDS AND ME

June:

Sunday 4: LOGAN'S RUN
 Wednesday 7: HUNTING PARTY
 Sunday 11: BUGSY MALONE
 Wednesday 14: DECAMERON
 Sunday 18: FELLINI'S ROMA
 Wednesday 21: EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE ONE
 Sunday 25: ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST
 Wednesday 28: HINDENBURG

July:

Sunday 2: SEVEN PERCENT SOLUTION
 Wednesday 5: YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN
 Sunday 9: CHINATOWN
 Wednesday 11: CANTERBURY TALES
 Sunday 16: THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA

Wednesday 19: DOG DAY AFTERNOON
 Sunday 23: COUSIN CO SINE
 Wednesday 26: A TOUCH OF CLASS
 Sunday 30: DAY OF THE LOCUST

August:

Wednesday 2: 2001 — A SPACE ODYSSEY
 Sunday 6: THE ROMATIC ENGLISHWO-MAN

Wednesday 9: MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL

AUGUST HOLIDAYS

September:

Sunday 3: THE PINK PANTHER
 Wednesday 6: THE GAUNTLET
 Sunday 10: ROCKY
 Wednesday 13: THE GODFATHER
 Sunday 17: CABARET
 Wednesday 20: SLEEPER
 Sunday 24: THE LAST DETAIL
 Wednesday 27: ORCA — KILLER WHALE

October:

Sunday 1: BOBBY DEERFIELD
 Wednesday 4: THE GREAT GATSBY
 Sunday 8: WOMEN IN LOVE
 Wednesday 11: VANISHING POINT
 Sunday 15: CARRIE
 Wednesday 18: SILENT MOVIE
 Monday 23: THE DUCHESS AND THE DIRTWATER FOX

Wednesday 25: THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME

Sunday 29: CROSS OF IRON

SHERE HITE OF "THE HITE REPORT"

A NATIONWIDE (USA) STUDY ON FEMALE SEXUALITY

Will be speaking at the University
 on

Thursday April 12
11.00 - 1.00

Lecture Theatre 4
Public Lecture Seminar

Shere Hite will speak about The Hite Report and her current work on Male Sexuality

National Issue

O.U.S.A. EXECUTIVE

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE PETTY KIND

The Exec meeting of April 3rd got off to a late start as Andrew was ten minutes late. In fact Grant Liddell was about to assume the Chair when the Boy Wonder arrived. Grant appeared as anxious to sit in the Chair as Andrew had been last year.

However, it was Harry Wood who finally got the Chair (surprise, surprise) when approximately half Exec stood for the prestigious Union Management Committee. Harry is not a good Chairman but he is unlikely to improve without experience. The Union Management Committee has long been regarded as a perk for the boys committee - probably because there has been little outside interest - this year we had eleven candidates for seven positions and Andrew, who has been advocating student involvement, must have been pleased with the result when only two Exec. members were elected.

With the appointment of Graeme Bailey as Accommodation Officer Exec now has a full complement - I wonder how long this will last - Andrew in this respect seems luckier than his predecessor though time will tell.

Exec finally brought itself into the 20th Century by granting expenses to delegates on O.U.S.A. business outside Dunedin that is to say to people attending meetings of NZUSA, NZSAC, NZUSU and standing committees thereof. Formerly these had to come out of delegates own pockets and as these meetings could never be called 'perks' this was long overdue.

The old perennial of Exec members at Forums came up. Exec seemed envious of Paul Gourlie's ability to draw the crowds and Andrew asked them all to attend regularly as "a lot of shit that goes on is healthy shit." However attendance at Forums is not enough, Alan Richardson pointed out that some Exec members had not spoken at forums and asked if individuals had no opinions of what has been going on this year.

Up to this point the meeting had been proceeding in quite a positive

manner but as we approached General Business the shit hit the fan. Max Fabre started the whole debacle by moving a facetious motion rescinding all former policy that interfered with "normal bodily functions recognised in polite society." That is to say that Max was dying for a fag and was unable to have one. (See CRITIC number one). The motion was quashed as General Business can only be raised with the leave of the meeting but Andrew lit a cigarette anyway. Mr Tobin then raised a motion of no-confidence in the Chairman, seconded by Alastair Stewart. The Chair was then passed around the table finally being accepted by Peter Morton. Pettiness aside Mr Tobin correctly pointed out that it was Andrew's job to enforce all O.U.S.A. policy whether he agreed with it or not. Andrew uttered the following gem "Mr Tobin will you withdraw your motion if I put out this cigarette?" The motion tied and Peter Morton refused to exercise the Chairman's casting vote after Andrew had threatened to resign if the motion was passed.

Max Fabre then compounded his irresponsibility by moving a motion of censure in Roger Tobin which fortunately for sanity didn't receive a seconder. The meeting ended in more silliness when Marg Cassie, Colin Barruch, Max Fabre and Rachel Griffin (all smokers) walked out - though upon reflection it was probably the wisest thing they could have done.

POST SCRIPT

As there were several important items left over from Monday nights meeting Andy called an emergency meeting in the Main Common Room. This proved to be a wise move as the Exec members managed to behave themselves in front of us masses. But we had more stupidity when David Batchelor moved "that motion 31/78 (the no smoking ban) be rescinded for this meeting" - a dangerous and probably time consuming precedent which caused more comment from the floor than any other issue raised at the meeting.

STEPHANIE DALE

LETTERS

Dear Belinda,

I have just read your article "Icing without the cake?" in "CRITIC" No. 2 and I am bloody furious.

I refer to the comments about NZUSA National Officers which are attributed to David Merritt. I am concerned not so much about the accuracy or otherwise of the comments (that's something to be determined by yourself, David and others present at the Exec meeting in question), but at the fact that they have been printed in "CRITIC."

The article states:

"David Merritt explained the composition of National Office with those involved heavily in international concerns being Lisa Sacksen, James Morick (sic), Dave MacPherson, Peter Franks, and to a certain extent himself. It appears that only Stephanie Dale has no interests in this field."

James Movick is NZUSA's International Vice-President. He is involved heavily in "international concerns," particularly overseas students' welfare (which is clearly a domestic concern as well). That, after all, is his job.

Lisa Sacksen, Dave MacPherson and David Merritt can speak for themselves. But the comment is wildly inaccurate about Lisa and Dave MacPherson. David Merritt is the best person to comment on what he is involved in.

So far as I am concerned, the comment is simply a lie. For the last few years in which I have been employ-

ed by NZUSA as Research Officer, I have been only very rarely involved AT ALL in "international concerns," for example I wrote two background papers for the overseas students cut-backs campaign in 1977 and attended a few meetings.

Almost my entire time is taken up with work on bread and butter issues and I will give three recent examples of that fact.

1. From the beginning of November until we left to attend the Annual Council of the Australian Union of Students in early January, Lisa Sacksen and I were heavily involved in work connected with holiday employment problems of students. I did little else during this period. This work involved us in constant contact with the Ministry of Recreation and Sport in helping to establish and ensure the smooth functioning of the Student Community Service Programme and with the Department of Labour on student unemployment, regular contact with those students' associations which were active in these areas and which requested our advice and help, and intermittent contact with individual students who asked for our assistance (usually when they had been sacked). Included in this last area was a serious dispute with an employer involving a sizeable number of students, which we became actively involved in.

2. By the end of November it had become obvious to both of us that a large number of students would not get work for long enough to enable them to save sufficient money to support themselves at university this year. We therefore formulated a proposal to extend the present hardship provision in the bursaries regulations so that students on unabated bursaries in particular (for example those in hostels facing high, fixed costs for accommodation and food) could apply for extra assistance. The NZUSA Executive adopted this proposal in early December and Lisa and I then negotiated it with senior officers of the Department of Education just before Christmas. The direct result of this NZUSA initiative was the special hardship allowance of up to \$7 per week which was announced by the Minister of Education earlier this month.

I must add that I am not claiming that the successful negotiation of this special allowance was solely due to the efforts of the two NZUSA officers concerned. Rather it reflected the solid and persistent campaigning by NZUSA on student finances over the past five years and more, the rank and file support university students have given to this campaign and the fact that NZUSA is recognised as a major and credible pressure group on these questions by the Government.

3. One of NZUSA's priorities in the field of education this year is improving training of academic staff and better evaluation of lecturers. Last December I was appointed by the Minister of Education to the working party which is reviewing teacher training. I have devoted a lot of time to this work since that time and have concentrated

on university teacher training. Recommendations based on NZUSA policy which I have advanced have, to date, been well received by other working party members. The working party will report back to a widely representative conference on teacher training in August.

The article goes on to quote David as follows: "He described NZUSA's policy as icing without the cake." In my opinion, that comment is quite inaccurate as the detailed points I have made above show.

I do not make a habit of blowing my own trumpet, but I do make a habit of defending myself, with the facts, when unjustly attacked. I welcome constructive criticisms of NZUSA and its policies and I would be more than happy, if invited, to discuss and debate the points raised in your article about NZUSA, and other criticisms, with Otago students.

In conclusion, I would like to reiterate a point made earlier in this letter: the accuracy or otherwise of the comments attributed to David Merritt by you is something that I cannot determine because I was not present at the meeting at which they were allegedly made. That is something for the people present to sort out. At the same time I must state that I am in no way impugning your honesty as a reporter and an editor.

Kind regards,

Peter Franks,
NZUSA Research
Officer.

ANTI-COMPOSITION WHAT!

AN INTERVIEW WITH IAN McDONALD -
MOZART FELLOW 1978 by Donald Sangster

This fellowship is awarded annually by Otago University to a New Zealand composer.

Don: *Ian, how do you define a composer?*

Ian: I'll take the word apart for a start. Composer or composition. I suppose it means: - 'position' means 'placing,' and 'com' means 'with,' so composing means 'placing with.' So a composer is some-one who puts things together; particularly sounds. We've come to think of a composer as some-one who puts sounds together.

Don: *How does this definition comply with your idea of 'anti-composition'?*

Ian: An 'anticomposer' is someone who wishes to point up some of the problems of our conventional idea of what a composition is. An anti-composer is really a composer. I think an anticomposer is still 'placing with,' in a new and arresting way. I think of a piece, I can't remember who by, in which a performer comes onto the stage with a shoebox full of butterflies, and the composition is that he releases the butterflies in the auditorium and when the last butterfly has escaped from the auditorium the piece has finished. A butterfly, is such a little insignificant thing, that to imagine the idea of an auditorium of 500 or 5000 people, all waiting upon the butterfly to finish the piece, is quite a delightful concept.

Don: *That such a degree of chance can arrest so many people's attention.*

Ian: In a way, you could say that 'anti-composition' places things apart.

Don: *Would John Cage be an anti-composer?*

Ian: I would call him an anticomposer, or at least to have been involved in anti-composition.

Don: *To change the subject, what does the Mozart fellow do?*

Ian: As far as I can tell, he can do virtually whatever he likes. He doesn't have to present anything, although he may be asked to give his views on the fellowship, and could be asked to talk about his work. There doesn't seem to be any compulsion to create anything. The Burns and Frances Hodgkins Fellowships are much the same.

Don: *Can you tell me of some of the work you are going to be engaged on this year.*

Ian: I keep thinking of new projects all the time. I am currently engaged on writing music for a film for TV1 called the 'Steps.' It's about children who discover in their imagination, that the steps around Wellington can be performed like musical instruments. They start hallucinating sounds. There are particular steps around Wellington such as Boulcott Street, Plimmer's Steps and Oriental Bay zig-zags which are particularly suitable.

Don: *What sort of music are you writing for 'The Steps'?*

Ian: Well, it's a very problematic film because of the delicacy of the message; these kids involve an old man; it becomes his dream and he is the conductor; the police, the postman, the milkman, fire brigade, and everybody are dragged into it, and they all perform the steps, until there is a huge crowd performing the

steps. There's a very delicate message to get across here - what is going on inside people's minds. The music must be pitched percussion instruments - gongs, celeste, harp, tuned drums etc. Because of the grandness of the old man's vision, this must become a big orchestrated sound, but because of the simplicity of the rhythms of the human body, and the evenness of the steps as a musical instrument, I think the rhythms and the structure of the music must remain simple.

I am writing a violin and guitar piece for Miles and Margaret Jackson so that they can have a New Zealand piece to play on their locally made instruments.

Other projects include:
Four Portraits of Painters - a symphonic poem for electronic sounds, orchestra and choir. The Painters are Frances Hodgkins, Mrkusich, Woolston and McCahon.

Revision of an 18 month old cantata - Cantata for Joanna - for wind instruments, jazz group, chorus and two singers.

Completion of a string quartet called 'M' and turn it into a film.

A book on traditional harmony. In the book, I want to present the architecture of traditional harmony, explaining why things are done, from a design point of view, rather from the point of view of the vertical relationships of the notes - an overview but specific at the same time.

Don: *Could you tell us about the piece that you are writing for the Otago music tutors?*

Ian: It is a collection of 15 pieces, tentatively called 'Reflections,' for my colleagues on the executant staff - voice, piano, violin and cello, taking them in all possible combinations, with an electronic sound tape.

Don: *Ian, what do you consider to be the future of New Zealand music?*

Ian: That depends on the future of everything else in New Zealand, and that I

should remain very open about. I can't see any immediate trends. Whatever happens is also tied to whatever happens on the rest of the surface of the globe; The current economic system seems to be pretty sick and today the standard of living is going down and music will probably benefit from that - become more relaxed, more intimate. There will probably be more of it too.

Don: *An interesting reflection of that is punk rock, which is an entirely different form.*

Ian: I suspect that punk rock is capitalist music in its last throes. Though some of the groups are bloody good - their sense of theatre is very good.

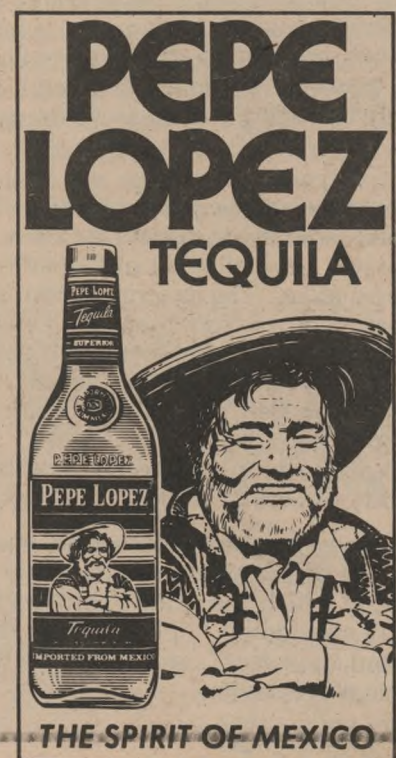
Don: *Do you think New Zealand has any good Punk Rock Bands?*

Ian: No! They haven't got the guts to be punk enough! They haven't got the guts to be bad enough! New Zealanders are too goody-goody!

Don: *Well on that 'note' - bum or otherwise - Thanks Ian.*



Photo: Bill Beavis



THEATRE Middle Age Spread



Robert Dempster

Cast of Fortune's "Middle Age Spread"

"Middle Age Spread", by Roger Hall

Directed for the Fortune Theatre by Alex Gilchrist

Reviewed by T. Stevenson

In "Middle Age Spread" (now appearing in the Fortune Theatre's spacious new quarters), Roger Hall covers much the same ground as he did in "Glide Time" - the everyday lives of representative middle class New Zealanders and the attitudes towards themselves and other people they reveal in their actions and conversa-

tion - with much the same success. Mr Hall proves again with his latest opus that he is a keen observer of those around him, and that he has a sure talent for creating from his observations recognisable, life-like stage characters.

Having taken the trouble to create accurate and not overly critical representations of middle class life in his dramatic works, Mr Hall earns his reward when his audiences respond with delight to seeing characters like themselves acting out familiar foibles and preoccupations on stage.

If "Middle Age Spread" has less of the sharp, epigrammatic wit which was such a feature of "Glide Time", Mr Hall has compensated by taking greater advantage in his latest work of the possibilities of staged drama; some of the funniest moments of "Middle Age Spread" arise out of the portrayal of simple, mute domestic rituals like preparing a room for a party or going to bed with a head cold.

Roger Hall's present acclaim, then, derives from his considerable talent for showing us ordinary people acting out their mundane routines. He is much less skillful, however, at incorporating into his plays the comments he is trying to make about the situations he is describing; a limitation which is highlighted by the gratuitous nature of the climax of "Middle Age Spread". The lesser crises of the play - Elizabeth's failure to respond to her husband's romantic mood, or Reg's explaining the reasons for his infidelities - seem to aim at poignancy or serious revelation, but tend to lapse into mawkishness or cliché redeemed only by flashes of Mr Hall's wit: "How would you like to come second to a spinning wheel?" asks Reg, almost saving a rather uninspired monologue with a single line.

Such moments of flatness can partly be blamed on the Fortune's cast. Barry Dorking, for example, whose fine performance as Colin seemed to encapsulate the play's prevailing mood of dissolutionment alleviated by verbal wit and a certain zeal even in suffering, failed to match his acting to increases in tension in the dramatic situation. Joyce Smith, who otherwise portrayed Elizabeth with an admirable sensitivity to nuances of character, similarly failed to respond adequately to the change of mood towards the play's end.

Strong performances were given by Stephen Crane (Robert) and Sherill Cooper (Judy); Sherill Cooper acted with a pleasing and appropriate vitality throughout the play, and Stephen Crane avoided with finesse the obvious pitfall of caricaturing, in his part, the stuffily conservative accountant of convention.

As Reg, Peter Drake gave a confident performance but tended to overdo his character's boisterous insensitivity; while Shirley Kelley, playing the part of Isobel, had some difficulty in realising the rather one-sided character she was portraying.

The technical aspect of this production was up to the Fortune's usual impeccable standards; the set designer especially utilised the stage admirably. The director, Alex Gilchrist, might well have coaxed further refinements of characterisation from his cast, but generally he has put together a production which will deserve the success it will doubtless have.

Sir Thomas More

Shakespeare's Sir Thomas More
- a world first for New Zealand.

The first complete production ever of this exciting play is to be presented in May by Otago University. It is the high spot in a year of celebrations of the birth of Sir Thomas More, one of the few men who dared to defy King Henry VIII, and paid for his courage with his head.

Written in 1601 by Shakespeare, in collaboration with other fine dramatists of the day, the play was censored so heavily for its dangerous political content, that discretion won over profit, and the script was abandoned. Now, specially for this Quincentennial production, a modernised acting edition has been prepared by Dr Alistair Fox of Otago's Department of English. From his careful work on the jumble of handwritings, crossings out, blots and beer stains which grace the original manuscript, has emerged a most exciting and sensitive drama.

Thomas More is to be played by Ern Joyce, a distinguished radio actor, supported by a cast of 60, drawn from all areas of Dunedin, town and gown alike. The enormous cast has made necessary a move from the small University theatre, to the Mayfair, a comfortable theatre, well-equipped with lighting and fly-tower. "The move is going to be Hell", said the producer, "but we've got a good team." The 'team', headed by experienced professionals, comprises the entire body of Drama students at Otago.

The designer, Louise Petherbridge, has taken advantage of the Mayfair's adaptable evocative set, in which the actor's comfort has been carefully considered. "I hate to see them worrying about their feet", said Mrs Petherbridge when discussing the design.

The whole undertaking, involving over 150 people, is being produced by Jane Oakshott, a dynamic English director, recently appointed to the Lectureship in Drama at Otago. Asked if the prospect of so many people was alarming, Miss Oakshott admitted that her last full-scale production involved just under 1,000. "The real problem" she added, "is not the people, but the special effects. For example, the gallows that has to work - but not too well!"

The production coincides with Capping Week at Otago, and should prove a memorable occasion for graduands and their parents, as well as for the many fans of Sir Thomas More who are already flocking to the Box Office. Dr Nye, heart specialist, and prime mover of the celebrations, commented on the enormous range of people to whom More, even after 400 years, is still a vitally important figure, "A symbol of integrity and strength; an individual against the system; a man of great courage in the face of death. A man for all reasons."



Photo courtesy Evening Star

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ART FO

Ralph Hotere
April 1978.

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ART EXHIBITIONS



Robert Dempster



Robert Dempster



Robert Dempster

INTERIOR The emergence of an idea Janet Bathgate

Spectrum (linocut) Janet Bathgate

Someone with Roses Clive Humphries

SHOW AND TELL: Exhibitions.

Been wondering what New Zealand art is doing on the front page? Been puzzling about just who this McCahon is? Curious about a painting's ability to get more publicity than Talboys? Then I have a treasure hunt for you philistines: go immediately to the Museum foyer then after an hour take in the Otago Art Society gallery across the grass, through the trees. Finally, buzz down to Princes Street, No 395, up the stairs. If you find no jools, blame yourself; then try it again, for some nice little gems of N.Z. art await the gaze of those who bother to sample the exhibitions at present on offer.

From the long experience of Hotere (Bosshards, 395 Princes St, to April 21st) through Polytech Art Department boss and tutors Tomlin and Holman, (Art Society gallery, to April 16th) to Eileen Mayo and the newer printmakers, Janet Bathgate and Clive Humphries (Museum foyer, to 16th April), there is as wide a diversity of styles and statements as one could wish for, all polished by confidence and competence, which leaves the onlooker a straight path to the image and impact without the common hindrance of annoyingly hesitant technique. The shows all deserve your interest, and you will enjoy theirs. Slowly, you'll come to realise why at last Muldoon had opened his fist and let a painting pop out.

Out of the sophistications of modern technology he draws his technique and makes his craft. It is a source of wonderment to me that this artist can take the highly volatile and cosmetic colours that are found in commercial nitrocellulose laquers and get such a totally classic, serene and limpid range of sensations. Muddy brown lettering hovers on the subtle refractions of a black field. Ultra bright reds are teased out into thin stripes, purple runs down the dark surfaces in clotted strands, khaki brown graffiti is crudely written across varnished panels. Dozens of vibrating orange lines stretch over small splashes of paint, pink like cherry blossom. One of the things the artist is exploring is light filtering through or getting blocked on its passage. Practically any one of the paintings has got something to teach us about the mystery of light.

In "Tau Atu, Tau Atu" the gold underlay of gold, the middle ground of olive green, russet and brown splotches unite to create a fiery glow. It seems as if light is struggling and fighting to emerge out of a mass of opaque blobs. And over this vivid burning light which wants to blast through the leaf shape splotches is a perfect white circle. The painting hangs together like a frozen explosion.

"The Song of Welcome to the Migrating Cuckoo", a poem whose roots are buried deep in the mystic territories of the Great Maori Tradition is worked in as part of the pattern in several of the works. One of the paintings from this set gets blown out by its overload of jazzy fluorescent colours — it ends up as just a jumble of scrambled words straining to be symbolic. So it's a failure? So what? The rest of the dozen works add to Ralph Hotere's place as a major landmark on the map of New Zealand painting. Two drawings from the Ko Wai Koe (who are you?) suite are included but they won't knock

London born in 1949, hospitalised until the age of 9 years with a kidney complaint, winner of national schools art prizes at 9 and 11 years, then a scholarship to public school. Not a bad start. "A" levels passed at 16, university turned him down for the crime of youthfulness, so straight into one of his self-confessed 'biggest mistakes' — art school. Despite the presence on staff of such notables as Peter Blake, he merged with honours (in three-dimensional design) and a bad bout of confusion which was to result in a five year period of no personal art production at all. Seems the art school, in its determination to impose its values on him, persisted with theoretical matters and left him stranded with very few skills by graduation. Specialising in interior design for three years, he never once walked into one of his interiors! All drawing board, set squares and mathematical progressions, this influence is to be seen in some of his earlier prints at the Museum exhibition as a 'set design' or 'stage managed' quality, something Humphries now finds unappealing: "too predictable". So he couldn't leave art school fast enough, but it was from one romantic notion to another — a year in the Devonshire countryside lured by the prospect of work on a 12th century chapel, only to find the idyllic mask disguised a less pleasant face: unemployment for a spell, an interlude grave-digging, and the beginnings of a disastrous first marriage. A young son too, still obviously close to his heart.

Back in London another period unemployed, then straight off the deep end into a secondary modern; art teaching, untrained, unprepared, horrified, a sole male staff member, the Donny Osmond of the girls' school. Now almost a social recluse, by-product of a collapsing marriage and difficulties of proving himself a survivor at teaching; his son only gave him pleasure. And still no personal art work. Teaching all the skills he hadn't been taught at art school restored some of the vanished confidence, and as the years passed the classroom work grew easier, the mind a mite stale. It was either a lifetime of art teaching, scaling the professional ladder to obscurity and institutional comfort — or out. It was out.

Heathrow 1975: climbing the steps to board an aircraft to New Zealand with his Dunedin-born wife, quite unaware of what the place even looked like, hoping for the perpetual colonial promise of a 'fresh start' and nursing a growing need for art again. Not an easy step, the last one; New Zealand ahead, his son, and many dear things behind.

National Student Issue No. 1 is published by New Zealand University Students Associations, 32 Blair St, Wellington.

Those who helped with this issue: Stephanie Dale, Belinda Carter, Grahame Sydney, Robert Dempster, Al Stewart, Martin Durrant, Linda McGilvary, Don Sangster.

ART FOR GOD'S SAKE

Ralph Hotere at the Bosshard Galleries.

April 1978.

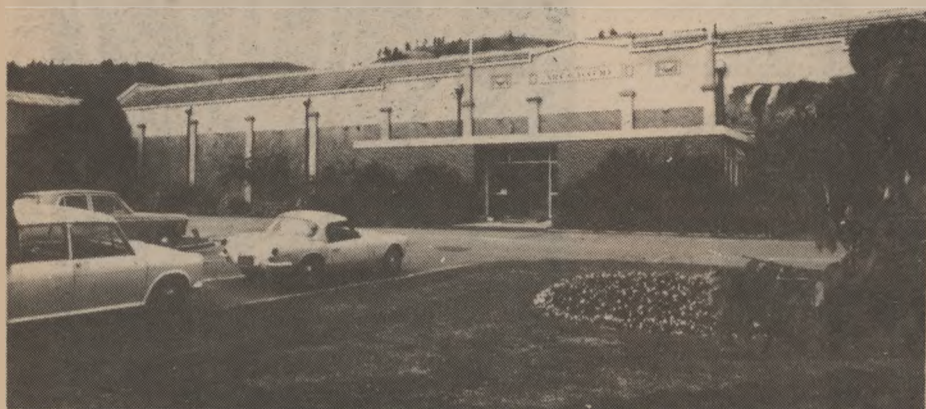
— David Eggleton.

New work from an old master. Selected along with Pat Hanly and Robert Ellis to complete a mural for the new Overseas Terminal at Auckland International Airport, Ralph Hotere has a model of his project on display. This artist's preoccupations over the past year as reflected in his current show are brilliant representations of ideas of travel and flight.

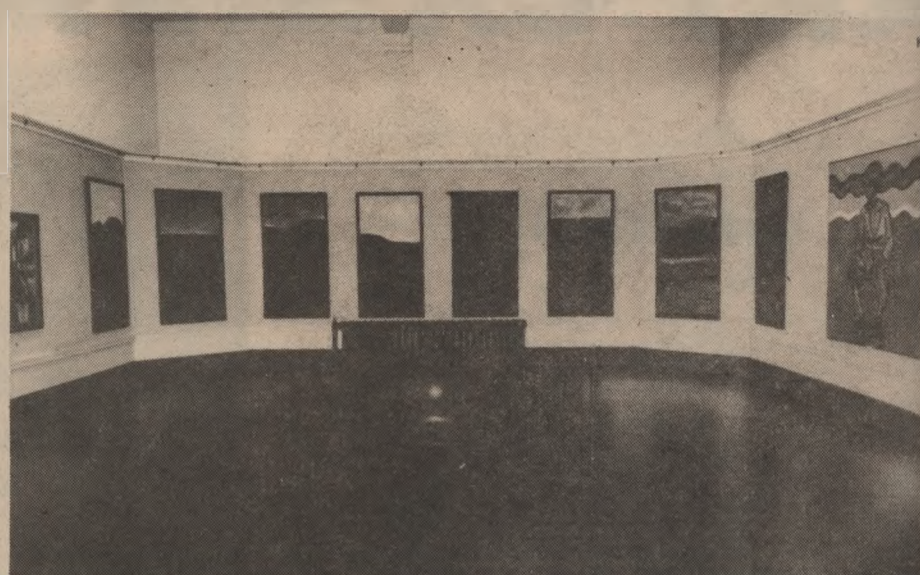
From Hone Tuwhare in "No Ordinary Sun" and Bil Manhire's "Dawn Poem" he draws the language that he transforms into ideograms.

From the rich sensuousness of the Otago landscape through the seasons he draws the memory traces, intermingled dreams, dreads and intensities of feeling that go together to make his art. His works are works of art the way the ceremonial huia cloaks of the early New Zealand tribesmen were.

PUBLIC ART GALLERY



Robert Dempster



Pardon me while I lift my lid to vent a personal gripe. It concerns the role of the galleries, and that of the Public Art Gallery — property of the ratepayers I believe — in particular. Dunedin has long harboured an impressive number of notable artists; New Zealand's only art school was once in this city, and though dissipated now, its legacy to the present day remains as a small but keen following in the community, some fine private collections, and a Public Gallery which reflects the style and extent of our earlier dominance. The Art Gallery Building itself is the sole relic of the great South Seas Exhibition a good fifty years back, and feeling it.

Today Dunedin houses — I nearly said "boasts" — several of this country's key painters and, praise be to the Hodgkins Fellowship, can lay claim to having accommodated many more significant artistic figures over the last decade or two. Given also the presence in this town of respected writers and musicians, one would justifiably imagine the public pot to be positively bubbling with interest and enthusiasm, the air to be steamy with warmth and receptivity. Imagine, imagine.

The public pot, as Dr Seuss might say, is not hot. The city's chief artistic energies are either private affairs known only to a tiny proportion of the community, or products of a retailer's whim. The vast and airy Public Art Gallery, whose major function surely is to keep the public informed and interested in contemporary visual arts, is today a chilled, unwelcoming mausoleum. Instead of providing a focus for all that is enlivening and representative of current activity in the arts arena, as well as maintaining representative collections of previous periods, it slumbers, eyelids drooping on all save the occasional touring exhibition — those which manage to seep this far south. Were it not for the odd McCahon "Of course you can do it"

painting competition and Pankhurst's "Maybe Tomorrow" — the piece which keep our local P. Bartlett equivalents hiding magnifying glasses up their fur-trimmed sleeves and suspicious of all small-patterned wallpaper — the general public would scarcely hear of it. As a perceptive friend once declared; it is "a wart on the cultural bum of the city", and he went on to say how one needs a compass and a team of bloodhounds to find the place.

Now, many people wonder why this has come about; why, for example, as the general interest in New Zealand painting sparks from ember into flame, why do families who venture into the echoing chambers find, with embarrassment, their children hushed into silence? Why, for example, is not more rate-payers' funding channelled into maintaining the contemporary collection, or carpeting the noisy floors? And just how much is being spent on the restoration unit there? None would dispute the need for a competent restoration laboratory in New Zealand, but should it be a public gallery's major preoccupation, its main claim to fame? Should not the restoration unit be independent, possibly even a private operation? And is the gallery performing its duty to the general public when as recently reported, it plans to spend \$32,000 on improving — no, not the collection — the entrance area??

My present prejudice against the Public Art Gallery stems from a wish to see each gallery doing its best to inform and excite interest in the community, and I am saddened to think of what Dunedin is missing when the potential is so obvious. Thank God for the Museum foyer! While another rate-payers' concern, it at least maintains a busy, stimulating schedule of exhibits, allowing many local artists their first opportunities to show, and providing at very little cost, an excellent venue and display facilities. Indeed, it almost seems that in some strange manner the roles have become reversed

— the Museum foyer has become the public art gallery and the Public Art Gallery has become a museum of art. Certainly the Museum foyer is a people's place, where children are encouraged. It even sports a lounge-chair area, carpet, and continual Hocken collection displays as well. Museum staff frequently show an initiative which must make even the Art Gallery's heavy eyelids flicker (try shouting "McCahon is top!" outside Mr Weston's window and you'll probably wind up on the front page, if he can wangle it...) and no family keen to investigate some new dimension of our culture need muzzle its chicken-littles before entering. At the Museum the Welcome mat faces upwards.

Were it not for the Museum foyer, the Otago Art Society and Bosshards' (know where that it?) local visual arts would be a miserable scene, like so many little Flick the Fire-engines looking for a reasonable fire at which to show off. These three venues brighten the dull air; while the Public Art Gallery would have you believe the Dunedin atmosphere is one long, cold, rainy season, the fires spurt and occasionally blaze up at that trio of hire-places.

But until the Big Engine gets its bells back, little Flicks and little fires it must be.

I believe that Dunedin for one must determine exactly what part it wants the Public Art Gallery to play in its cultural life, then take steps to have that determination put into action. Over the last decade the Gallery's role has significantly altered; the Museum has such a lengthy waiting list of exhibitors it will accept only group shows now, in order to hasten the flow and the Art Society Gallery also fields a substantial list awaiting the opportunity to display new work. The artistic energy here is considerable, but the very institution which should reflect that activity is the case involved. Surely that situation needs a reappraisal?

Grahame Sydney.

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

A GUIDE TO DUNEDIN ART GALLERIES

"What a load of rubbish New Zealand art is!" exclaims Reg, in Roger Hall's *Middle Age Spread*. Depending on which of this city's galleries you wander into, he will be seen to be speaking either a fundamental truth or a non-sensical generalisation more worthy of our brave leader.

Those who are interested in the visual arts but who have yet to poke a toe into the cesspool of kulture in Dunedin will find that there, as in most metropolitan areas, the galleries fall into two categories — *one*, those retailers of reproductions, artists materials, framing, pottery and craft which *occasionally* show original work, and *two*, those wholly committed to the display and encouragement of original work. Though New Zealand is nurturing a sizeable number of admirable artists and craftsmen, and though Dunedin has its fair share of that arts community, category two is pitifully thin and undernourished; the Bosshards battle on breaking new and hard ground; the Otago Art Society provides a regular fare usually with a slightly "art society" afterglow, and the Museum Foyer maintains an interesting and often exciting public face, at little or no risk to themselves.

As for the retailers — well, paintings are their second string, generally playing flatter notes than the framing, photo-prints and art materials. At regular intervals, and with no little trepidation, down come the art nouveau posters, the Escher puzzles, the Haywains and the Wedding Feasts by whichever of the Breughels, and up go the brave new originals for their ten-day public tests.

The Dunedin Public Art Gallery also shows touring exhibitions — seldom of local origin — and sometimes even dabbles in the commercial market, curiously enough, for it is neither dealer nor retailer, nor is it supposed to be.

Finally, and least visited of all, more collection than gallery, upstairs in the Arts library on campus, a small door off the mezzanine floor opens on one of the country's most comprehensive repositories of New Zealand paintings and drawings: the Hocken collection. Awaiting a larger gallery space in 1980, but an invaluable storehouse of visual goodies.

All galleries should be carefully and regularly watched, for all are capable of surprises. Remember a poor exhibition should not label a gallery useless — they will inevitably produce

shows of variable quality from time to time, for that is the nature of the art game. Either admire their guts for showing the poor ones, or pity the proprietor explaining away the deficit at the end of the show . . . but keep watching.

1. Joseph Abernethy Ltd, 89 George Street, Shop hours.
Moray Gallery Ltd, 32 Moray Place West, Shop hours.
Rosslyn Gallery, 14 Hanover Street, Shop hours.
Building Display Centre, Manse Street, (very occasional shows) shop hours.
2. Bosshard Galleries, 395 Princes Street, Tues—Frid 11.30 a.m.—5.30 p.m.
Museum Foyer, Museum, ground floor, Hours 10.00 a.m.—5.00 p.m.
Otago Art Society, Shona McFarlane Gallery, Museum Reserve corner, Hours 12.30—4.00 p.m.
Dunedin Public Art Gallery, Logan Park, Hours 10.30 a.m.—4.30 p.m.
Hocken Collection, University Library, Phone 40109 to arrange a visit.



TWO PUB POEMS

LAWFUL PURSUIT

Poetry man
on the icicle
of cold reality

swoons
for an eyeful
of blue cold stone

Under the willow fronds
addresses evidence
of penetration

swoops gull-beaked
on silver fish
flashing, stabbed!

More honey darling
and the afterglow
of rich innuendo
begs pardon,
and the question remains.

2.

Supplicated
in this cathedral
I hold my
rosary beads
with flesh -
trembling hands,

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God Almighty.

I beseech thee
to forgive
my trembling
laconic
insubordination

ordained
in this church
of thy
almighty

approbation.

JIM BOYACK

UNTITLED

At three in the morning
a moth's last dance
says why its crown

is fear

Hot pain that spits from
a candle that crackles
as it flies :

honoured
I watch it die.

UNTITLED

2

Never far from a note-book
I lay back in a chair
Reflecting

On the tiny specks of fly-shit
And how subtly
They cover the ceiling

Familiar with the abstract
I remark on the importance
Of feeling : then jokingly
Pronounce a selling; a genuine
Fly-shot etching, explaining

It cost three thousand

You react to my charming
Suggestion by bringing supper,
Smiling :
Cold peas and carrot-peeling

ANDY TUWHARE

THE FARMHOUSE (from the painting by Grahaeme Sydney)

When the fog has stood like this
For days, its hat clasped softly
In its formless hand, when the mist
Sighs once and then stands greily

At the windows and the doors
And when the river fades and dies,
Draws slowly in its silence before
It's silence dies.

Then she is afraid to look outside
To see her washing flat and still
As it might always stay not damp nor dry
But keeps her sofa to the wall, sits until

the television stops. When Jack died
When he no longer pulled off his boots at
the door,
Run water, stopped clumsily inside,
Breathed heavily out the mist, she was sure

Of this, that the blind would not tap,
And the light hang yellow and dim,
Tonight or another, days will stop
And the mist pad gravely in.

JAMES P. FIRERELL

From A Painting of Our Youth

Six test cricketers unanimously* agree Lion Beer tops the order.



* Well, almost unanimously.

Lion Beer

If you know what's good for you

LBDP153



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LETTERS

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CHAFF NO. 7

Registered at P.O. Hq. Wellington as a newspaper.

So you looked through and finally found 'Chaff'. Good for you.

As we have been restricted to four pages, many of our regular features will not be appearing. We regret that we cannot fully cover what Capping activities have happened but the next issue will do that.

I hope people do not think that what we have in the following four pages is all that is going on in the arts in Palmerston North. It is necessarily a selective collection.

ROSITA

LETTERS

Dear Rosita,

I've done it this time!

The timetable I included on the back page of the last Chaff was for the International Student Congress NOT the May Council of N.Z.U.S.A. May I apologise to your readers for this error.

I'll let you have the May Council Agenda as soon as possible.

Yours sincerely,

MIKE PRATT
President.

Dear Sir,

At present N.Z.U.S.A. is being used as a vehicle for voicing the long haired radical view point of the stirrers. I oppose this misuse of our national association. Although students are no doubt interested in international national and moral issues, since N.Z.U.S.A. is a union, even if there is a majority of students in favour of a particular policy, it cannot claim to represent the views of all students as it appears to do at present. (To my knowledge, no complete census have ever been attempted on any topic). Similarly M.U.S.A. Exec, as representative of the student body on campus, should not express a view on such issues, and I am pleased to note that as a result of the recent A.G.M., M.U.S.A. no longer has plicy on abortion nor the middle east conflict.

If any political function is to be performed by N.Z.U.S.A. it should be factual reporting only.

Furthermore, I object to student moneys being used for such things as that obviously biased poster printed for N.Z.U.S.A. concerning Movick. I also disapprove of N.Z.U.S.A. financing Movick's legal battle.

As Steve Fergusson reports in Canta 4, N.Z.U.S.A. is in debt to the tune of \$44,000, half of which is due this year. Student Service Holdings Ltd (SSH), the parent company for N.Z.U.S.A. commercial functions such as STB Ltd, has a trading deficite of \$75,000 (Salient 2). This is due to mismanagement and gross extravagances in Wellington. (Have you seen that building? How many telephone extensions does it have?) Guess who'll be paying these bills.

N.Z.U.S.A. income is well over 70,000, of this, quote Lisa Sacksen, "about \$20,000" was for salaries, (it will be a lot more this year as national exec decided to double some salaries. The President, Lisa Sacksen, will get \$10500). Allowing the princely sum of \$20,000 for running costs, the bursaries campaign, debt servicing, maintenance, etc. WHAT HAPPENS TO THE REST?

For these reasons and my inherant dislike of bureaucracy, I fully support the intention of M.U.S.A. to withdraw from N.Z.U.S.A. It's about time students deleted these dreamers, left over remnants of the anti-war movement, and assorted hangers on. Anti-establishment bullshit is well and good but only if all students support it!

PAGO

P.S. If M.U.S.A. does withdraw from N.Z.U.S.A. those students with itchy feet - don't worry, I.S.I.C. cards will probably still be available. The directors of STB Ltd are trying to scare you to save their big fat salaries and bureaucracy.

HELP 550 KIDNAPPED CHILDREN

Ten years after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, when 130,000 fled as refugees to the West ('voted with their feet' to use a phrase beloved of Lenin) 550 children, who were mostly under 2 years old at the time of the invasion, are still political pawns.

All over the world, there will be protests outside the Czech embassies, consulates and legations on Saturday 15th April, to try to obtain the re-union of these children with their parents. Massey students who can't go to the legation in Wellington (12 Anne Street, Highland Park) are invited to join in the postcard blitz. The campaign is organised by L'aide Sociale Tchèque, of Frankfurt, West Germany. Here in New Zealand, the card blitz is organised by J.T.T.C.W. Whilst the latter is a religious organisation, the efforts to re-unite the families is not conditional upon the parents' political or religious affiliations.

(Cards are available from the 'Chaff' office).

CARSON REPLIES

Though not unexpected, the attack by Dr Barry Singer on my Middle East article and self cannot go unanswered. In "objectively" extending my brief outline of the situation he has insinuated "vague and sinister undertones," obliquely accused me of anti-Semitism as well as, bias, omission, distortion, absurdity, viciousness (twice) cynicism, one-sidedness, vitriolism, nonsense and even said that I was wrong.

Firstly, the historical foundations of Zionism do exist, as Dr Singer says. I did not deny Judaic ritual since the diaspora, only noted the formal origins of its evolution into a political strategem to form an exclusively Jewish state where other people were already living. Also, covetousness does not become any more respectable with age.

Secondly, the ancient and undeniable link with Palestine emerges again in the Balfour Declaration which "looks favourably" on a "National Home" for Jews. This can't be a 'virtual promise' nor does it mean a state run by and for Jews exclusively, which is the aim of Zionism. Many older New Zealanders still think of Britain as their "home" but don't want to go and live there and throw out the people who already do. Followers of Islam put great emphasis on the pilgrimage to Mecca but that doesn't mean that they are all going to become citizens or even supporters of Saudi Arabia.

Arthur Koestler, (probably abhorred by Dr Singer for his thoughts on psychology alone) said of the Balfour Declaration: "In the Declaration one nation promised to a second nation the country of a third."

The Arab peoples have the right also to feel agrieved over the denial of their independence, which was promised at the same time as the Balfour Declaration, in the letters sent to the Grand Sherif of Mecca by the British representative in Cairo. The British made two undertakings and ignored them both for years.

In citing the Balfour Declaration as mandate the Zionists have destroyed their own case for they have not kept to its conditions.

Thirdly, the question of land aquisition is part of the overall policy to Judaize Israel; a policy which predated Israel itself.

Prior to this time Jewish settlers had not managed to acquire a great amount of land, but what was bought was not to be sold back to Arabs. After the war which created Israel a great amount of Palestinian land was confiscated and vested with the Jewish National Fund. In 1967, the Israeli government passed the agricultural Settlement Law which prevented Arabs from even leasing this land, so that some Palestinian Arabs who had been driven off their plots, which they had original title to,

now were denied even the right to work this land.

In this context it is worthwhile to quote the Israeli Foreign Minister, Moshe Dayan who said in 1973, "The State of Israel was established at the expense of the Arabs and in that we did not come into a void. There was prior settlement here. We are settling Jews in places where there were Arabs. We are turning an Arab land into a Jewish land."

Fourthly, the Zionist lobby in the United States is an extremely powerful one. That has nothing to do with representation of Jews in banks and newspapers of the ability or inability of Jews to plot as well as anyone else, as Dr Singer has tried to make out in his accusations of anti-Semitism.

Last year, Senator James Abourezk stated, "The Israeli lobby is the most powerful and pervasive foreign influence that exists in American politics." with, "its ability to suppress virtually all criticism of Israel or its policies in the United States press." Newsweek stated of this lobby, "one of the most effective networks of foreign influence . . . in order to mould public opinion and exert pressures." Zionist groups are well organised and well financed, even to the extend of funding American politicians who are fervent in their support of Israel or standing against its critics.

In claiming that U.S. government support for Israel is because "concepts of decency and friendship are still part of what America is about" Singer ignores the cruel savagery and duplicity of the Viet Nam war experience.

Fifthly, the concept of Israel as compensation for Auschwitz is a piece of faulty reasoning if nothing else. Creating a superghetto in the Middle East was never going to bring back a single one of the six million Jews who died under Hitler. Furthermore, Israel was created after the Nazis were finished and no longer a threat. European Jews were hoodwinked into believing that somehow they must seek security in an allegedly vacant homeland. What right had the European powers to make the Palestinians pay the Third Reich's reparations anyhow?

Six, Dr Singer shrugs off the treatment of Arabs and Oriental Jews in Israel as "characteristic treatment of minorities everywhere", (even though they're not). Only South Africa exceeds Israel in its systematic, legal and widespread exploitation, discrimination, persecution and dispossession solely on the basis of race. In other countries such things are often prevalent but only in these two places is racism enshrined in the concept of the state.

The seventh point concerns the legitimacy of Israel itself. If Palestine is to be legitimate then Israel must be illegitimate. The two are not hostile neighbours, they are claims to the same territory. I therefore stand by my reasoning for Israel's non recognition of the P.L.O.

Citing the U.N. General Assembly recommendations as a basic for legitimacy immediately raises questions about why the Zionist claims for a separate state were so unusual in the first instance. If the U.N. is to be the arbiter then why has not Israel carried out the directives set it by the U.N. Security Council, such as the instruction to withdraw from land taken in 1967?

My eighth answer concerns anti-Semitism. Dr Singer sees Israel as a dream which will answer this age old scourge. In reality, it exacerbates and then ignores anti-Semitism in the rest of the world, encouraging Jewish chauvinism as a solution. By attempting to turn back the clock 2,000 years in utilising nineteenth century style colonialism and twentieth century U.S. military hardware, Zionism is not curing an old problem but creating a new one.

DON CARSON.

NOTICES

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

THE ARMED FORCES AND SOCIETY

SPEAKER: Lueutenant Brian Webb of N.Z. Army
at Quaker Meeting House,

227 College Street

Thursday 13 April 7.30 pm

Preceded by a shared tea (bring a dish) 6.00 pm

NOSAC NEWS

INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS CONGRESS

The 3rd I.S.C. will be held in Christchurch during this coming May vacations. The congress will last for five days from 6th of May to 10th of May.

Unlike the 2nd I.S.C. last year, this year we have more varieties in programme.

The programmes are:

- (i) Forum
- (ii) Discussion
- (iii) Mini sport tournament
- (iv) Films and slide shows
- (v) Cultural concert
- (vi) Gatherings

There will be a plenary session when National Overseas Students Action Committee (NOSAC) coordination will be nominated and elected for the year 78/79 to represent all overseas students in N.Z. So, be there to elect your choice.

Most probably the trip to attend the congress will be subsidized. If you are interested, please contact M.U.S.A. or any overseas students club's Presidents or the campus NOSAC coordinator F. Yap (Telephone 75-662) for further details.

PALMERSTON NORTH FILM SOCIETY

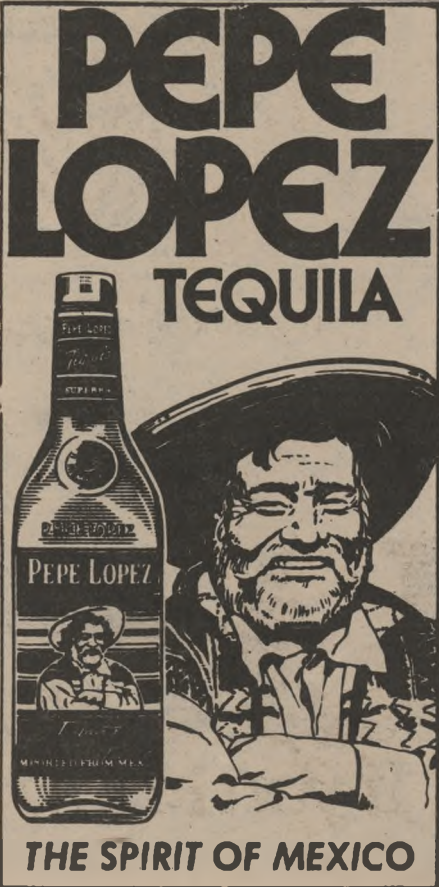
The next screening will be held at the Manawatu Art Gallery next Wednesday 12th April.

FILM - WEDNESDAY 12th

S.S.1 12 - 1 Sponsored M.U.C.F.

'The New Chuck Colson'

Chuck Colson, Nixon's hatchet man, who would walk over his Grandmother to put Nixon in the White House, talks of his change of life and attitudes after encountering Christ.



CENTREPOINT THEATRE

A PHOTOGRAPHY ESSAY
by COLIN PARRISH

CENTRE POINT

These photographs were taken over a period of a year and a half, in an attempt to put into practice some of the ideas I have had about documentary photography — namely that to take good photographs of people in any situation it is not merely enough to go in and record the visual, exterior impressions, but that you must immerse yourself in the place until it becomes a part of your life and you become part of its. Then, and only then, you can begin to capture the quintessence of the place, the reality that isn't apparent on a casual viewing, but which comprises the place for the people involved.

The Centrepoint Theatre in Palmerston North is one of a small number of 'community theatres' scattered around the country. It is a fully professional theatre, all the performers being full time employees whilst working there. The company varies between four and thirteen in number, depending on the needs



of each particular play. A hard core of actors tends to stay for a while and maintain a certain continuity and there is a varying crowd of free-lancers who stay for various periods. The actors are picked not only on their acting ability, but also on their ability to work well together — something vital in such a small intense group where, working six days and nights together with little opportunity to get outside their own circle, any breakdown in relations amongst the actors can have catastrophic consequences on the quality of the work produced.

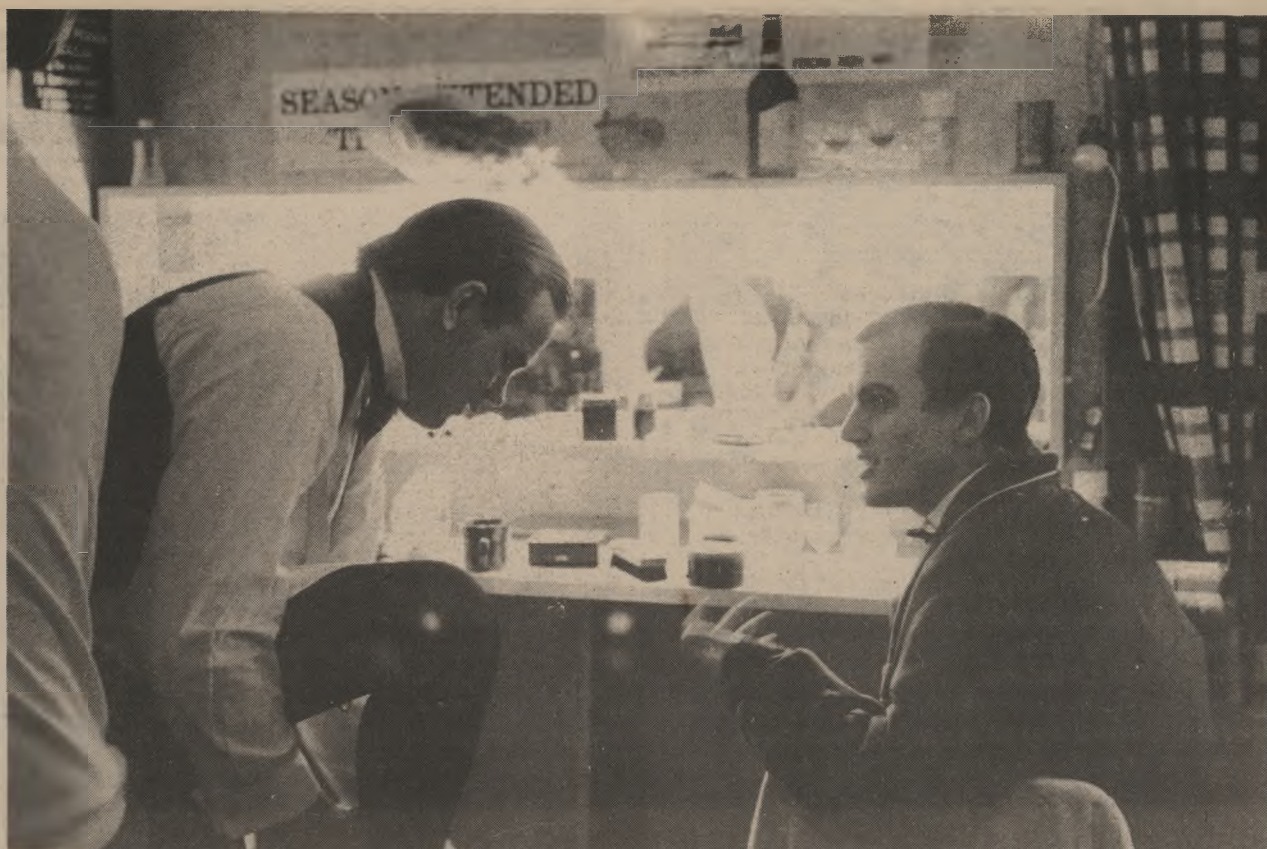


The theatre in the centre of the city — the restaurant (or at least stop to a large and fine Zealand). The building — pouring with rain and puts on the new theatre of

REHEARSAL

The real guts most days, putting running the curtain, discussing the script and fitting it all rehearsal.

The theatre itself is an old converted coffee bar in the centre of town, small and badly ventilated, the backstage also the kitchen where the meals are prepared - the restaurant keeps the place alive financially, (or at least stops it going totally bankrupt, as it runs to a large and frightening loss like all theatres in New Zealand). The dressing rooms are out the back, through an alley and up a flight of stairs on the roof of the building - a marathon run in full drag when it is pouring with rain. However, the place has survived and puts on theatre of the highest quality, and the accommodation problems will be solved when the new theatre opens in June.



REHEARSALS

The real guts of the theatre - 10 a.m. until 4 p.m. most days, putting together the next play whilst running the current one. Started by reading and discussing the script, the blocking - pacing out the moves and fitting it all together, polishing it in the dress rehearsal.



DRESSING ROOM

A small room with mirrors around the sides, surrounded by lights. As there is no green room backstage this becomes the main place of contact before and after the performance - a place of laughter, tension and hard work.

BACKSTAGE

Behind the set or in the kitchen. Both are poorly lit to avoid light shining out from behind the set, quiet to prevent noise. People sit about, doing sound effects, checking, worrying, waiting.

PERFORMANCE

The final product and justification for the whole process.





MASSEY DRAMA SOCIETY

The Drama Society has just completed an exceptionally successful production of *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*, with every one of ten performances between 15 and 31 March booked out.

The photo shows the servant Lancelot (Trevor Brimler) in conversation with his half-blind father, Old Gobbo (Malcolm Johnson).

Direction was ably provided by Marjorie Webster. Particularly fine performances were given by Jacqueline Rowarth as Portia and Terry Skelsey as Shylock, who between them made the famous court scene electronically exciting and powerful every night.

Other Drama Society activities for this year include the Revue, at present being mounted at top speed within two and a half weeks for performance on Tuesday 18 to Sunday 23 April. The scripts, all home grown are still being written!

In the second term at least a single one-act play and hopefully two of them will be produced for the Theatre Federation Festival in July. Another production, and social function, including a fortnightly club night, are proposed.

JOHN ROSS

THE PRINTED IMAGE

PRINTING EXHIBITION, 18 March - 16 April

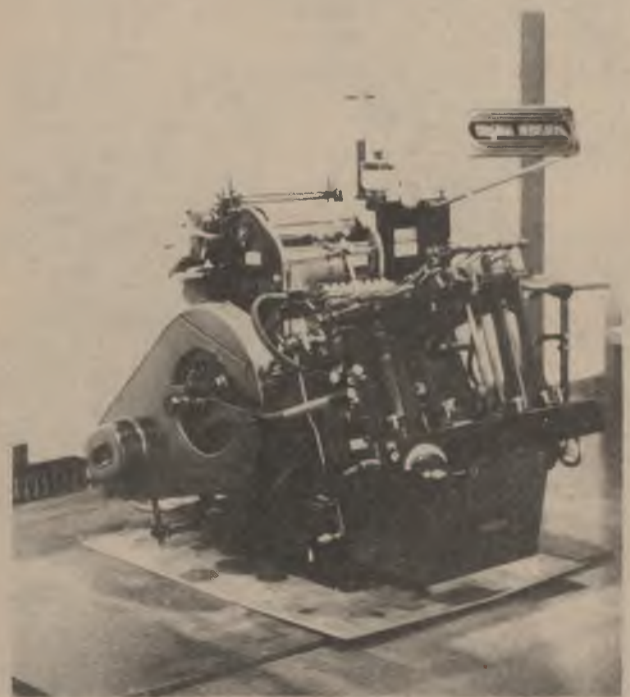
The local Art Gallery in its new building, held a display of printing methods, various art objects printed with these different methods, and a selection of material printed by the small printeries that do small runs of special works, for an example a poet may get his poems printed when the bigger firms won't touch them.

The display traced the history of printing from the earliest wood block systems to the newest computerised typesetting used by the Evening Standard.

The displays contained reasonable descriptions of each process and then gave a selection of prints that done with the type of printing in that was being discussed at that time.

The displays included Brass Rubbing, Wood Blocks (of various types). The various types of metal plates used, these range from those that print what is left raised, those that print the raised grooves that are left when the plate is cut with a tool, to those that print the low areas, and finally the lithographic process that prints off a flat surface that has water repelling areas that print. Also on display was the type of printing used in laying out a paper such as this one.

There was an old Heidelberg press that was being used to give live displays of printing. In the same room



M.A.G.



as this was a display of paper types and a short thing on how paper was and is made.

The final part of the display was a selection of works done by the little presses around the country, this included work by John Baxter.

All in all this was a visually excellent display and it is hard to do it justice in words, as well as this, it was also informative. I enjoyed it immensely and if there is a chance to see it anywhere else in the country, I would recommend it to anyone.

PETE STONELL

MANAWATU ART GALLERY

The Manawatu Art Gallery like many of its sister institutions regard its primary role as educational and as a consequence its exhibitions and related activities explore as broadly as possible the exciting world of the visual, performing, cinematic and related arts in its historical and contemporary context.

As a public amenity like the library and museum, no admission is charged (not even to tertiary students) to the various exhibitions and many of the related activities.



ALL IN THE MIME



The mime artist Robert Bennett and friend (Louise Travers).

Over the past three years Robert Bennett has presented mime performances at Massey, either solo or with groups that he has trained himself, the most recent being on April 7, 1978. He has also provided workshops for Massey students on mime and commedia dell'arte.

He is English, and trained at the Rose Bruford College of Speech and Drama in Kent. He has lectured at Colleges of Education in Adelaide and Sheffield, U.K. and is currently at Wellington Teacher's College as Senior Lecturer in Drama. Later this year he will be leaving New Zealand to study, perform and develop his techniques in Europe.

His Mime Company, MIME INTERNATIONAL, has performed frequently in Wellington and the North Island and has toured New Caledonia, performing "L'Enfant Prodigue", a three act mime melodrama, and the "Magic of Mime", a full length comedy show. MIME INTERNATIONAL has been invited to tour Poland in February 1978, but lack of finance is curtailing this. The Company has appeared frequently on T.V.

Present members of MIME INTERNATIONAL are: Les McLean, Paul Whitehouse, Rob Wood, Louise Travers

JOHN ROSS.

FORTHCOMING EXHIBITIONS

23 APRIL - 14 MAY:
Brett Wong - Paintings, Drawings and Watercolours 1961-1976.

18 MAY - 7 JUNE:
The right to Work - Posters from the International Institute of Human Rights.

28 MAY at 3.30:
The Right to Work - A Public Forum
In association with the Poster exhibition an open forum with addresses and discussion by various persons representing the PSA, Labour Department, Trades Council and unemployed will take place in the gallery. Everyone welcome.

18 MAY - 11 JUNE:
Jeffrey Harris - Paintings 1969 - 1978

2 JUNE - 30 JUNE:
David Moore - Retrospective Exhibition of Photographs 1940 - 76

10 JUNE - 2 JULY:
Bronwynne Cornish - Procelain Supreme

10 JUNE - 25 JUNE:
Tibetan Carpets

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