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The Craccum Blurb

It was a fine, clear morning down in the shadow of the quad last Thursday. There sat a lone deserted figure (even the feminists thought I was a threat), who typed his way through some hours of last week's orgasmic climax to the Education Fightback Campaign.

The first student to question Jim Brown asked, "What's the story about losing your A bursary." Jim explains the story, they ask further questions about the new Bursary system. They are concerned. That's a good sign. Look up and see Romi Patel. Wave and yell at each other. Look up again and he's gone. Romi is the manager of Radio B.

An unusual idea for an editorial? Sitting in the quad writing about why a sixties issue and also commenting on the events last Thursday. Leo Sayer into the Quad. Inward howls of protest. Yah. The schoolgirls, arrive, Pete and I wave some more hellos. Amnesty International come round with their petition for the release of a political prisoner in Syria. A plug there, if ever you saw one.

But for the moment we'll leave the seventies and go back to the sixties, which is what 28 or so pages of this issue is full of. So why a sixties issue? For a number of reasons really. And I'll have to crystallise my thoughts as I write but here goes.

All things must progress. It's an unfortunate fact of life but it's what happens. By progress, I mean progress in the sense that it's progress that benefits the majority of people and doesn't adversely affect the environment. Real social progress. And obviously some times are more progressive than others. The feelings from the articles contained in the Sixties issue I unashamedly endorse. Most of you would have realised by now that I'm a bit of an anachronism a throwback from another age. Yeah....

Well the editor's gone away and here I am typing except I can't find the capital letters, , , , FERRITT SHITS IN THE WOODS WITH THE POPE!!!!!! Catholics revolt against sports officers and student newspaper editors. blah blah woof woof.....excommunicate them the little toads..... FART!!!!!!

Sports Officers are absolutely inept and they can't even spell right. BYSTANDER H. THE EDITOR OF CRACCUM IS NOT HERE, CAN I TAKE A MESSAGE, OR SHOULD I PUT YOU ON 'HOLD'. COME ONE, COME ALL NOW AT FERRITT'S FREE FOR ALL!!!!!! o.k. There is an idiot at present waving a hotdog on the other side of the quad. The president is at present at his office smoking a joint. Disgusting behaviour. Wait till I tell Patricia Bartlett. Ferrit is sulking because we've taken over his typewriter in the best spirit of the sixties (whatever they were)

Sorry about that intrusion. Some hippies have taken over my typewriter for a bit. So as I was saying, society must progress. And at the moment it's not. In fact society in most respects appears to be going backwards. And that's good in my opinion. At this point a slight deviation will occur as I attempt to read (with my virgin lips) a poem. Man cannot live by dope alone. Not much of a poem, but it contains a valid comment on life in the sixties: man needed sex and rock'n'roll as well. Or is that a later extrapolation of true sixties feeling? I think perhaps it is. Sixties is nothing so external — sixties like most other eras, is a feeling rather than a fact, and the feeling of that era is.....FAMILY! I reckon so anyway. Maybe it's only 'cos I was small in the sixties, and family is important when you're small. But that paragon of American West Coast Underground Rock'n'roll bands, the inimitable Grateful Dead of storied fame, showed how even the crassness of California could be overcome by a feeling of unity. That's more of a plug for one of the finest bands the Sixties gave us than the sixties themselves, but who cares.

This was supposed to be a carryon of the fabulous Merritt's own golden words, so I should return. Why a nostalgia issue. Nigel Pearson, fool that he is, is of the opinion that such a move typifies the backward stance of Craccum — goes so far as to say that it is completely out of touch with this campus. It is the opinion of the author that the events of the sixties are still relevant to us, that we still have a lot to learn from them. If we consider recent constitutional developments, it is obvious that pretty soon we are going to have to dust off all that the demo age taught us. WOT ABOUT SEX ON CAMPUS, he says eyeing the lewd grabbings of Kevin and, oops! here comes Kevin! It is the opinion of this next author (the same one wot let you know about wot your president was up to in his office) that the sixties have some relev-

CRACCUM, JULY 30, 1971. Page 2

ance, but I'm personally too young to remember that much of it, but wot I can remember was pretty ineffectual. Anti-violence: doesn't make sense, we live in a violent society, we must accept that. People are not naturally peaceful and nice, they're bastards. Over to you Merritt. On the other hand, Dave's busy, so I'll keep going. I would like to live in a non-violent society but I realise that human nature doesn't allow it, so, nice as the sixties were, for middle class kiddies like us to pretend to throw off our background, it don't work. We must acknowledge our bourgeoisie backgrounds, and work from them, using the advantages they give us, to change. But I could go on like this for hours; I just wanted to give a different point of view from all these ageing pseudo hippies, sitting around on their arses, stoned, longing for the good old days that they never fucking well knew. How many of your lot were there, marching, being arrested? Bloody few of you, I bet. As for family. YUK, where have these people been. AAAAAAARGH. crush the oppressive family unit, not support it, bye bye. Right, enough of that reactionary cynic, Jim Brown is here talking now, the Resource Officer wants to know the time, and the rain is just starting. Kevin is now raving, as nobody else is here yet. Will the march go on in the rain. Suspense.....TV is here, I'm the only one here, everyone else is sheltering. I alone brave the rain.....everyone else is hiding the TV just took me, sitting here, I'll come on the news as EDITOR OF CRACCUM, ha, ha, ha, ha. Dave has lost his job to me. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha, power, wealth, WOW

A reactionary student is ranting and raving, and making a certain amount of sense. Some radicals are going to storm the library, so I'm going with them. Well, who says student apathy is dead. Just been thru the library, asking them to put down their books for half an hour, what happened? Nothing except a few shutups. Niki, Helen, Eric and John walked with us as did DAK, Daryll, Diana, Trevor and Michael. With us as did DAK, Daryll, Diana, Trevor and Michael. None followed us out, students don't deserve their you. What a disappointment. The law library got blitzed, they are the ones who voted to go to their lectures today, rather than go to a march. Let's fucking fucking cut off the fat in the Law Library and faculty eh? They are not going to have all their staff replaced when they leave, but they don't mind. Steve Mitchell, Gary Thomason are speaking, (not at once) and some of it sounds sensible, I never thought I'd hear that. Assorted speakers from Elam and ATL are telling us what we already know, when's the march? Craccum staff are really letting the side down Tara won't march 'because shes got an essay to hand in, but she's with us in spirit, really.'

TELL US WHAT DOES IT ACHIEVE REALLY ANYWAY, DO YOU THINK WE ARE BETTER OFF WITH MORE MONEY. IS MONEY ALL THAT IMPORTANT.

craccum

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Advertising Manager Anthony Wright
Arts Editor Eugenie Sage
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Craccum, July 30, 1971



Craccum is as usual registered with the Post Office as something or other and is printed week after week by the Peoples Publicity Department of Wanganui Newspapers Limited, which is in Wanganui. Craccum is meanwhile published by the obscure but potent Craccum Administration Board and opinions expressed we naturally wash our hands of. Pass the towel, Pontius...

claptrap

72.

a short manifesto & warning of what is to come from heather.

The University has approximately 10,000 students. Maybe each one of those students knows by sight up to a hundred other students. Maybe that one student knows about twenty people to talk to. Maybe he/she feels he/she really knows and can talk with five people.

Maybe that person feels vaguely out of place at the university—everyone around him/her looks happy and busy and clever—but after all it doesn't matter cos he/she is only going to be there for a couple of years, and then can start doing what he/she really wants to do.

Maybe that person gets involved with one of the big clubs—a sports club. Maybe that person reads the noticeboard but doesn't see anything that he/she is particularly interested in, because he/she has heard from someone that this club is run by so'n'so who doesn't care too much for newcomers. Maybe that person reads the newspaper and wants to say something too. Maybe one day he/she goes up to the office and looks in, sees people talking and working together & feels they would not welcome his/her intrusion.

Maybe when he/she graduates, he/she looks back and says his/her university years were the happiest of his/her life. And recount lovingly the exploits of the capping clique (of which of course they were not a member), remember with contempt the professor, or with warmth a tutor. But what does he/she remember of his/her contemporaries. What can he/she say other than "ooo yes so'n'so went into public service, made quite a name for him/herself."

The point really is that although people who are not involved with a university talk about "the university community", they are talking about a fiction in their own heads. The university is fragmented, made up of cliques—the craccum clique, the student politician clique, the druggie clique, the artie clique—even the sports clubs are run by cliques. And maybe those cliques make up 1% of the student "population."

This could well be because people don't believe in the university structure & don't think it's worth changing or even participating in. But I don't believe that political consciousness is that advanced. I don't believe it exists at all. And I think that is because people are too scared to become involved. Their first excuse is that they must devote most of their time to their studies. (I don't know if they really believe that). The excuses go on to say the shit-stirrers always spoil things—but no counterplots are conceived. That would indicate there was some life there.

My point has been made if you feel angry about this. My point has been made if you recognise someone to whom this could apply. Perhaps that helps you to understand what I'm saying.

What I want us to do with craccum is to try & involve the voiceless people, the lonely people, the scared people—and that means about 9897% of you all. Let us try to make this campus an exercise in living together & learning to live. You can be good at physics or psychology but probably you'll be no good at living. You'll vegetate, measure out your lives in coffee spoons and units, no doubt propagate at some stage, but never participate. That is the probability, and I refuse to take sociology to learn that. All I need is my eyes & ears & gut. All anyone needs to learn with is what they were born with but has been progressively squashed out of them—energy feelings imagination. I hope craccum this year can become a forum for your feelings & an excuse to all get together. Ultimately to do away with the need for excuses. I want to see the demarcations between editing and drawing and typing done away with—everyone should participate at all levels of this newspaper.

One of the ways we're going to attempt this is by opening up the craccum office, at least once a month, for a day/week/as long as you want to stay around, & having a type of media factory here.

The basic concept of a recent Media Factory was that participants should explore methods other than spoken/shrieked/whispered words to communicate thoughts and feelings to other participants. People soon realise that there is no such thing as a standard for a "good" photograph/painting/music. That its value lies solely in the fact that it is; that it is a message from someone/two/seven to someone/eighty/thousand else.

Craccum media factories will obviously be to produce the next week's newspaper. And if you contribute by painting the walls or dancing in the rubbish tin—well, I guess that'll help too.

2 Come up to craccum office TODAY—

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RUBBISH PAGES



and then there were two.

The only reason I stayed on Craccum so long was because so many people were trying to get rid of me. Now that I've beaten them all I can resign with dignity.

I suppose anyone could give a hundred good reasons for resigning as editor of Craccum. There's all the hassles with advertising and money and politicians which I won't go into. But above all that this was a unique year in that we had three editors of Craccum which meant three people with three different ideas of how and it should be run. Gordon emerged as the most energetic and determined of the three and took on most of the workload.

In a way there just wasn't enough to get stuck into and I work best under pressure I gradually began pottering around doing very little and feeling most frustrated.

The whole fuck up really began because a committee elected the editor of Craccum. Not only is this bad in that the committee is made up of idiots but it also can lead to a situation where the technical editor hires the editor and worse still a situation where the majority of students wonder how the hell they end up with so and so as editor. This resulted in all the AGM's SGM's Tv. debates etc. In fact I spent so much time during my term in office involved in political brawls with Mary Dunn and her friends that I never actually edited one single issue of Craccum. All of this could have been avoided if the editor of Craccum was elected by the students. If I can make one last wish this is what it would be. The editor of Craccum is far more important than that of President. It is imperative that the editor be elected by the students and not by some committee made up of people like Lang and Wellington.

Farewell and thanks to all the people I've worked with. My new career as Kitchenhand in the King Dick is tremendous.

Also we are buying some land at Huia if anyone wants to invest 100 bucks and 7 dollars a month for three years you can have an acre of good land.

Peace and Revolution

Tim



bandages



not bullets for Vietnam

A collection will be held on Sat., Aug. 12, collectors to assemble at 9 a.m., Student Union Bldg. Cars needed for transporting collectors.

Medical Aid Dance this Friday (11th) in Cafeteria

DOGBREATH, MOSES & others:

Admission 50c or \$1 incl. 2 cans of beer

For information ring 30-789

FOR THE N.Z. MEDICAL AID COMMITTEE



"I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips" *Isiah.*



Thomas then told Mr Temm of a series of visits from the police. The first call came from Detective Hughes, who got his car stuck while turning in the driveway and backed into an electric fence.

He said: "I turned the mains off after he had a little experience."

NZ Herald

Detective senior sergeant Brian Mills of the Auckland Police Car Squad, said prosecution of these types of offenders would tax police resources.

"I would rather we kept a better relationship with the public. After all, most of us are a bit stupid at times."

Sunday News

Youthful Attitudes

Sir,—Here I am at my Queen St counter. It is Friday night and before me parades an endless stream of hippies and drippies, unkempt, uncouth and uncivil.

Am I too old—or is the memory of that clean-shaven, pink-skinned, bright-eyed, straight-backed 21-year-old in the pressed uniform still too clearly painful to recall?

Does a youth need a uniform and a sergeant-major in order to pull back his shoulders and fill his lungs full of fresh air? One Tree Hill. Square One.

NZ Herald

Sweet Smells the Male

Sir,—Your correspondent Mrs M. E. Hazeldine pleads for smells which are not synthetic. How refreshing! I too am just as old-fashioned, but in addition I long to meet a man who smells not of feminine-scented after-shave lotion, but of that erstwhile essentially virile scent of leather, gun-oil and tobacco.

(Miss) Prudence Wyatt. St Heliers Bay.

Please send Craccum your discoveries of Verbiage, Verbicide, Malapropism and similar Nonsense.

HOSES

BATTLING ON...

Craccum last week won a BATTLE to get a good second-hand typewriter.

Currently it has three clapped out ones. Anyone overhearing exec. wrangles on the subject could be forgiven for believing that a paper doesn't need a good typewriter.

The struggle for money has been so difficult that the staff have virtually given up. It has been a choice between exhausting ourselves in long bureaucratic confrontations or putting all our resources into producing "Craccum" with totally inadequate backing. In the midst of all this, of course, the executive tried to lynch Publications Officer, Paul Carew, by dissolving the Craccum administration Board and sacking the editors. The exec's method was to burst out with a barrage of lies and claims of irresponsibility and mismanagement. With leading exec protagonist Russell Bartlett as the president elect there will no doubt be continuing strife.

Consider the present scene. Craccum is expected to come out weekly and to contain an element of "news". Only in the last four issues has there been a token allowance for "reporters" — for most of the year Heather has had this role, which has left Gordon, for the princely sum of \$20 a week, to man the phone and attempt to make something of the assortment of contributions that come in. By the time we get to "paste-up" day (Monday) all material has been co-ordinated, typeset, and is ready to be pasted down as finished "photo-copy". This task is meant to be handled by the technical editor, but as it has taken about 50 man-hours for each of the last 4 issues it has been necessary for three volunteers to work for nothing. Besides simply "pasting up", recent issues have included many extra hand-set headings—each Monday we have put down about 800 letters by Hand. To make life easier I have made available graphics from the "Underground Press Syndicate", of which I happen to be a member — this supply costs me about \$250 a year.

The rest of the week, for me, goes something like this. On Tuesday we have an editorial meeting to plan the new issue — Heather, Gordon, Bob and I read most of the new copy and plan our assignments for the week. We have a further meeting on Thursday which is more concerned with acceptance or rejection of copy and a discussion of how everything should be typeset. By this stage a theme for the issue has been decided on and we spend the next three days on the lookout for suitable items — especially graphics — to complement the theme. At 5.30 on Thursday is a meeting of the Admin. Board — as the Board shapes Craccum's destiny as much as the editor's do, we usually attend. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday I write and type out the articles I have to produce, and make many phone calls, visits, interviews etc, which may be necessary. As I prefer to do a job thoroughly or not at all, I spend about 20 hours doing this — plus an average of 5 hours meetings, 12 hours layout, miscellaneous trips to typesetters etc, for \$10 a week. If, during my 37 hours, I make three return bus trips to Craccum and have three meals, my "costs" are \$4.50.

All the potential but...

Unless you happen to believe in the idea of a free press, this performance is obviously absurd. But Craccum is so close to being a free press that it's worth fighting for. If the bureaucrats are too dull witted to see that it needs provision for greater resources, this will have to be demonstrated to them point by point. We need one properly paid editor (why are the cafeteria assistants treated as professionals and the Craccum editor as a half-baked beginner?); one well paid reporter and two or three part time assistants; one proof reader; one typist; two layout assistants as well as the present "technical" editor and "photographer"; plus half a dozen student volunteers doing their publications apprenticeship without pay but with a large say in what the more "professional" members of the staff can do. Such a system would provide for the quality that the paper deserves and at the same time keep the level of student influence much higher than it has even been. I suggest that we should work to the goal of having an editorial committee consisting of no more than three non-students and nine students (including some of the paid staff) who would democratically shape the paper's content and policies. Against all adversity this is what we have been attempting in the last few issues. Anyone who wants to participate in the exercise is welcome to come up and see us.



WHY YOU CAN NOT TRAVEL TO SOUTH AFRICA THROUGH THE STUDENT TRAVEL BUREAU

At its Council Meeting held in May 1972, the New Zealand University Students' Association decided that as part of its extensive campaign to destroy apartheid the Student Travel Bureau will not

..... provide, assist and organise or in any way be associated with any group travel or individual travel which includes South Africa as a stop-over or destination.

..... carry promotional literature or information in any form which is directed towards the promotion of the South African tourist industry.

..... use the services of South African Airways (SAA) for a group travel itinerary or for individual students travel arrangements.

These decisions combined with NZUSA's activity in other fields of anti-apartheid work are designed to isolate South Africa commercially diplomatically and in the sports field.

Apartheid reduces itself to absurdity in such regulations as forbid mixed racial casts in plays. One Cape Town theatre has underlined this by putting on "Othello—for Whites Only." In this version Othello never appears on the stage at all. When the times comes to do Desdemona in, he sends in Iago to do the job. This idea of doing a play without its main character can be taken as a not-so-subtle criticism of apartheid on its home ground.

NIXON NIXS UNANIMOUS JURIES

A new ruling from Nixon's reactionary Supreme Court allows any state to pass a law allowing juries to convict on a majority vote instead of unanimous decision. This will make political railroading easier—Huey Newton of the Black Panther Party would be in jail now if the ruling had been in effect during his trial. California may pass it soon.

NAZIS PRAISE NATIONAL M.P.

The June issue of OBSERVER, the magazine of the "National Socialist Party of NZ" opens with a big heading "WELL SAID 'ALF'" and a picture of Alf Allen, currently Mr Speaker in the House of Representatives. The fascists (at last folks—we use the word correctly!) have seen much to admire in Allen's "law and order" raves... they say "We support your stand 100%. The only shame of the matter is the fact that there are not a few more of our elected representatives with the GUTS to speak out in the public interest."

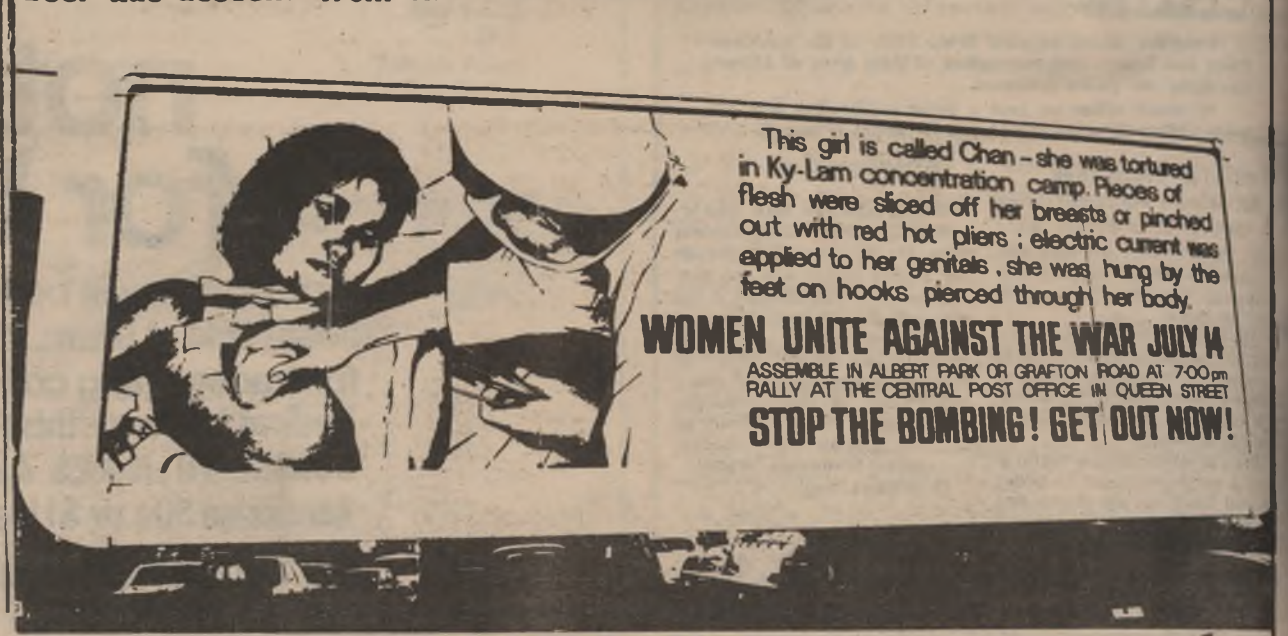
NSP's... leader, Colin King-Ansell, says his party will probably contest some of the seats in the general election — with men like Allen in power it's a wonder that they see any need to try.



ABORTION REPORT

Last Friday evening, a demonstration was held in Queen St., to mark Abortion Action Day. 150 persons participated in the march from the Town Hall to Ellen Melville Hall, and which, contrary to a fatuous piece of reporting in the Herald, did attract considerable attention from passers-by. Addressing an after-march meeting, Toni Church said, amongst other things, that sex was good, clean, healthy and beautiful and here to stay; that puritanical christians would like to see sex kept to a minimum with women kept down as much as possible — preferably underneath; that there was no satisfactory, freely available, method of birth control; and that women are aborting themselves (in N.Z. at the rate of 1000 legal and 6000 illegal abortions/year), whether one liked it or not.

Beer ads descend from Auckland billboards and



STUDENTS

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STUDENTS MEET MULDOON ON HOUSING

In the last five years, Auckland University has done very little in the field of student housing, compared to, for example, Victoria, who have received 100,000 subsidy from the University Grants Committee and Canterbury and Otago, who have acquired land for this purpose.

There are two ways of obtaining the finance for land and housing, either through the Grants Committee, or by going to the Minister of Finance, as Auckland Housing Sub-Committee has done. Under the Urban Renewal Act, local authorities have the authority to re-zone areas as 'reclamation areas', the Government provides loans to the 'reclaimers' at very low interest rates - 3 1/2% to 4 1/2%, as well as subsidizing 75% of the cost of clearing the land.

Approaching through the local authority, the Ministry of Housing and the Treasury, the Auckland University Housing Sub-Committee has asked for a loan of 200,000, to be used in building a complex of student flats. An area that has been tentatively discussed is Freeman's Bay. They are also looking for a site closer to the University site.

It was in connection with the proposed loan that Bartlett & others visited Mr. Muldoon recently (the chit-chat read Dave Hopkinson's report) to present their submissions. The basis of their submissions was a description of housing problems in Auckland, especially relating to the student and tradesman groups. They are at the moment awaiting the Treasury report on their submissions.

WIN THE MINES!

WASHINGTON (UPS) - The first victim of the American fields around North Vietnam appears to have been a U.S. destroyer.

The U.S.S. Warrington was hit by two mysterious blasts July 10 while shelling North Vietnam from six miles offshore. The damage was so serious that the ship may have to be scrapped.

The Pentagon announced Sept. 8 that fragments recovered from the ship indicate that the blasts were caused by the mines laid around North Vietnamese ports by U.S. Navy planes - though the area where the Warrington was operating was not known to have been mined.

VOTE NOW, ABORT LATER

LANSING, Mich. (UPS) - A successful petition drive has put the abortion issue on the November ballot in Michigan.

The initiative would legalize therapeutic abortions during the first 20 weeks of pregnancy. The present law, written in 1846, allows abortion except when there is a "clear danger" to a woman's life.

The initiative to legalize marijuana in the state failed to gain the required 300,000 signatures earlier this year.

CRAPPUM CENSORSHIP

Crappum is censored. No one seems to mind. Except for a few enquiries ("What were the missing pieces of the Greer... etc") and a flutter of enthusiasm at 'Forum' (about the item on the Seamen's Strike which was totally deleted) we have little excuse to believe that the university had anything to do with the idea of free speech. There was even a stir about last week's cover story - the printers phoned the Students' Association and Miss Macky was promptly up in the Crappum office to check whether the Wheeler case was judicious. The man behind the editor's desk said no, it was - no charges have been laid. "Are you certain of that?" "I am - I am Chris Wheeler."

RESISTERS TO BE ARRESTED

A letter from Christchurch, OHMS member Mary Whitte writes: "I have had a little bother with the police. They came to see me last Wednesday night. Mr Polizeman tried to make me register for military training but of course I refused. Then he says 'I must caution you that anything you say will be taken down and used in evidence against you blah blah etc.'" I refused to make a statement for him but we gave him a cup of cold coffee. By the time he had written down the formalities the coffee was stone cold but he drank it and so did I. All three of us Christchurch draft resisters are being imprisoned within a month on a charge of failing to register. After that jail term (non-payment of fines) they are going to take us to military camp under police escort. Basically I'm scared but I'm proud to be doing this whole thing."

Caf clamour

Each week in Craccum, and again in forum on Thursdays we naked "cafeteria critics" are exposed to statements such as -

"There is a significant element of this university who have failed to realise" quote from M.J. Butler, Craccum August 6.

"To all the cafeteria critics, if you have really got a social conscience and want to help, come out of the cafeteria and put some real clothes on" W.B. Rudman, Craccum August 6.

"Those of us students with more responsible views" ... Peter Law, Craccum August 6.

Come down out of heaven Gods, perhaps you may find some students more responsible and conscience stricken than you think.

Earlier in the year the Exec appealed to students who wanted to help, to "come to the AUSA office and offer your services". Who, and what is Exec? I have now found out that it is that faceless, moronic bunch of dormies which hides behind the smiling, conservative varsity bureaucrats, Law, Rudman and the others. Yes, bureaucrats, concerned with the preservation of the AUSA status quo, the very guardians Plato talked about 2,000 years ago. AUSA is the perfect example of a one party "communist state" the party being "Executive Old Boys". Rudman and his lieutenants Law, Spring etc and Flavell now conveniently purged, now a "has-been" condescending in the Grad Bar. These are the unapproachables, the enlightened, "long to reign over us" Us the pathetic masses - born to be used.

And they make the offer - "come and help" in the true Christian tradition. "Come and you shall be saved". The difference being that Christ was approachable - he was prepared to humble himself. But not Exec, not Rudman, Not Law, Not Spring, they'll sit naked as Grad Bar critics, in the same tradition as the cafeteria critics.

If you want to stir up the student body, go forth and be fruitful, be a student, one of the masses. Approach the students and you in turn will become approachable, Exec and Old Boys.

And all the rest of you philosopher kings, don't say "you apathetic students", or "those of us with responsible views". Join the masses, uneducated as we may be, we're not stupid. - Bob Hillier

STOCKHOLM ENVIRONMENT CONFERENCE CONDEMNS APARTHEID

The First Principle of the Declaration on A Human Environment adopted at Stockholm states as a common conviction that:

"Man has the fundamental right to freedom, equality and adequate conditions of life, in an environment of a quality which permits a life of dignity and well-being, and bears a solemn responsibility to protect and improve the environment for present and future generations. IN THIS RESPECT, POLICIES PROMOTING OR PERPETUATING APARTHEID, RACIAL SEGREGATION, DISCRIMINATION, COLONIAL AND OTHER FORMS OF OPPRESSION AND FOREIGN DOMINATION STAND CONDEMNED AND MUST BE ELIMINATED."

New Zealand is a party to these declarations and principles so it is interesting that the freedom loving press of the land have made no mention of this first principle. But then New Zealand's record of voting on Apartheid resolutions in the U.N. is nothing to crow about either.

ACTION

The United Nations has designated 1971 as International Year for action to combat racism and racial discrimination

what are you doing about it?

R.S.A. - July 'Review' news

MORBID PREOCCUPATIONS

The R.S.A. "REVIEW", in an article on the declining membership of the R.S.A., notes that:

By 1896, 47.5 per cent of RSA members would have died.

MISERABLE DEFENCE ALLOWANCE

On P.3, Cedric Mentiplay sobs that NZ defence budget of \$128,175,000 is inadequate. If you work that out in Vietnamese scalps it seems bloody excessive. Or is it the price of protection against Japanese fishing trawlers?



Charles Upham V.C.
ABOLISH ANZAC HOLIDAY

(and we quote):

"The patron of the Ex-Prisoners of War Association, Charles Upham, said recently that Anzac Day should be abolished as a public holiday.

"It should be held on the nearest Sunday each year, so that people who want to commemorate it can do so without being insulted by long-haired louts.

"Anzac Day does mean a lot to people who lost friends and relatives in the war, but I don't know why everyone should have a special day for it.

"These protestors are just a bloody nuisance. They're a bunch of louts just like the motorbike gangs.

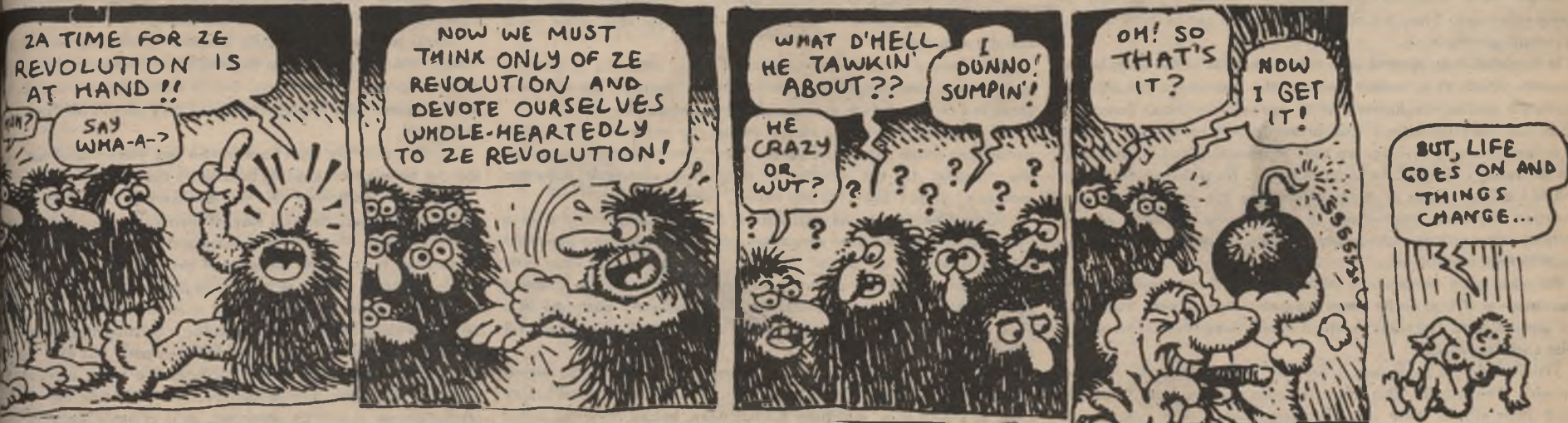
"... He was critical of the way news media reaction to the Anzac Day incidents in Christchurch and the way in which they were "glorified".

"These people are only going to disturb things if they know the news media is (sic) watching, and it's the television and the newspapers which magnify the whole situation."

Fifteen years ago I was given a book called VC Heroes. In those days VC didn't mean "Vietcong". Upham himself has been the subject of media glorification - the book recalls that: "In one twenty minute skirmish, he personally knocked out a machine-gun post, a truck full of German infantry, and a Tiger tank. He was wounded twice. But as usual he paid no more attention than if he had been bitten by sandflies."

One can admire the efficiency of the man, but if his idea of freedom is too narrow to include demonstrators, what on earth was he fighting for?

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FEMINISM & THE MEDIA



Internationally the women's movement is centred around 3 main demands.

1. State supply of child care centres, nursery schools, automatic laundries, cheap communal restaurants.
2. Equal pay—and by this we don't mean equal exploitation, we want to do away with the assumption that women exist through their husbands. This demand in turn subverts capitalist methods of evaluating wages. The assumption that women are paid only through their husbands also has obvious repercussions in education and training opportunities. Demands for equal pay thus also include demands for equal education and training opportunities.
3. Women demand complete control over their own bodies. 1st by free contraception and advice and if these fail, by free abortion on demand.

These three demands are subversive within the context of capitalist society. They are alternatives which can be fully realised only under socialism.

It is increasingly necessary to remind people of the three linked demands which W.L. makes because the movement has become associated almost exclusively with sexual liberation. Screaming about misrepresentation in the press—doesn't really help. If they are misrepresenting us—who are they representing and in what way. The following examples are random quotes from various magazines available in N.Z. Each of them shows how the message of sexual liberation has been internalised to support the old world of boy catching and marriage making which revolutionary sexual liberation would in fact, undermine.

We also need to bear in mind that each of these women's magazines—or if you prefer men's magazines for women, is directed at a specific class. The ways in which sexual liberation is internalised varies correspondingly.

THURSDAY, is by its own definition "The Magazine for Modern Women". The March 13th issue includes reports from 6 people about their dinner date with Germaine Greer. The following is written by a woman.

"From her brilliant tinted head to her painted toenails she's all woman, as we're wont to say, the antithesis of the raucous, bra-burning, sneering hag that liberated women are so often assumed to be. She exudes a powerful femaleness, which, in case you hadn't noticed, is extremely rare amongst females; she slides her long body about in chairs like she's not concerned about it at all. One minute you think she's languid, next minute you think not, she could never be that, she's passionate all the way. Anyway, she's a very sexy lady."

This particular article concludes with

"But when someone mentions her mysterious lover she gives a little secret smile and goes off into a sort of warm trance and remembering her intellectual discourse of a few seconds before, you start to know what she means by an experience of a feeling that is 'oceanic.'"

In other words, Germaine the liberator, is transformed into the latest model of bedroom satisfaction—body and soul, what more could a man want?

What about those other aspects of W.L.? Well the writer just quoted does use the words "power" and "radical" but she puts them in a context which neutralises them completely—

"For all her power and radical genius she makes no pretensions about how much things are worth. They're mere instruments to get the message to the world—the despairing exploited suburban mother-of-three ("She's the real expert," says Dr Greer).

Radical has become an attribute of "genius" whatever that is—a lumpy abstract emotively connected with the "despairing exploited suburban mother of three." Greer's "message" would have used radical power in a very different way—but Greer's message is named not explained and the implications are completely absorbed in a haze of (anticipated) emotional identification from our mother-of-3 and sympathisers.

The men feel threatened—and admit it—but in a way which ensures ego-protection, so that they bounce right back to be pretty close to where they, and their readers were, before they had heard of Germaine Greer.

"Much as I normally like the company of women of intelligence and conviction I found her rather harsh and tough brand of intellectualism had a slightly unaphrodisiac effect (yes that's your castration complex playing up, you cryptomisanthrope male twit). That may seem an odd reaction to this ultra female feminist, but you did ask me to describe my symptoms with candour, doctor. I would hazard a guess that the man for G. Greer would be a blend of Karl Marx, Albert Einstein, Che Guevara and Sean Connery. And God help all four of them if they stepped out of line."

Knowing all the arguments and latest "trends" becomes a form of self-protection and an excuse for doing nothing to change your own or anyone else's lives. And note the way he envisages a man for G. Greer. He just can't imagine a relationship. He must meet a physical and intellectual ideal to match ideal Germaine. We are still amongst the superstars—further, the relationship must be competitive. They will be "equal" but the equality is based on a competitive fight for cold war equilibrium.

Archtypal Germaine is even more evident in the closing prayer offered by the 6th (woman) writer.

"We have a lot to learn — and your standards are impossibly high, Germaine. But perhaps if we can start from these two things—love and compassion—your presence may not have been entirely wasted on the petty irrelevancies which characterised much of your visit, and when we have learned them—if learn them we can—will you come back again Germaine Greer, if you can bear it and show us the next step?"

This is pretty entertaining stuff—but its superficiality conceals some heavy manipulation. Germaine is being turned into the ideal woman (read wife). Attention is focused on her physical appearance, her liberal views on sex and her "compassion." "Love" and "intelligence" are thrown in afterwards as speciality offers. On the surface we are being offered a revision of Victorian moral standards—Ah sex—well yes, it should be talked about yes open nice healthy sex, sex the universal panacea, the almighty cleanser of mankind. BUT for every inch of liberation there are 10 miles of restrictions. Note that in all these magazines sexual freedom is bounded by—assumptions of marriage. Sex is pre marital and post marital—thus to quote 17

"The real question is whether a girl chooses to go to bed with a man before she gets married."

again, liberty within bounds.

In EVE, an article entitled "Germaine Greer is a very Super lady" (concentrating of course on Germaine's physical charms) is balanced by another article entitled "How to live with an impossible man." This latter outlines a strategy for getting men to do all those little "odd jobs" he's supposed to do around the house. (Basically you does them first, then husband is not supposed to notice him doing them ever after—don't be surprised if the technique sounds phony to you—it is phony).

I don't know what Thursday's or Eve's readership is—but it seems that the lower the paper is aiming on the social strata, the more transparent are its methods of manipulating social readjustment. TRUE CONFESSIONS, which seems to aim at a lower class is thus more limited in its techniques—but it is directed towards the same end as THURSDAY. The following comes from a story entitled "The Good Girl didn't get him ... I did!" "Sexually" liberated woman Judy has an affair with an engaged man then, at the end of the story he tells her he loves her and—

"So let's cut that liberated woman stuff and go and get married."

and July?

"I threw my arms around him and hugged him with all my might."

Sexual liberation is the latest "cure" for happy pre and post marital relations. It parallels all those other remarkable techniques for keeping a marriage together. For instance this week Women's Own has an article "How to Fight Fair," subtitled "A good argument can clear the air. A dirty fight makes the air thick with sorrow and resentment. Do you know how to fight properly? A questionnaire and scoring system is included.

"If you had 15 or more right answers you and your husband have fair fighting techniques and probably a very healthy marriage. If you had 10 or under you should immediately have a good fight on how to fight."

"Fuck" could be substituted for "fight" because the writers on sexual liberation in Thursday, Eve and True Confessions and the writer in Women's Own have exactly the same end in view, namely to keep those family units functioning. It is assumed that if you are unhappy, you are not really unhappy, there are a 100 "cures" included to bring you back to happy social readjustment. Sleeplessness is becoming compulsory with all the characteristics of capitalist compulsive consumption. People cease to discriminate between individual products. On the female market, last year's model is discarded for this year's—and this year's model is none other than the liberated woman. The old favourite curves are back—packed with new extra special ingredients—concern and compassion (what more could a man ask for).

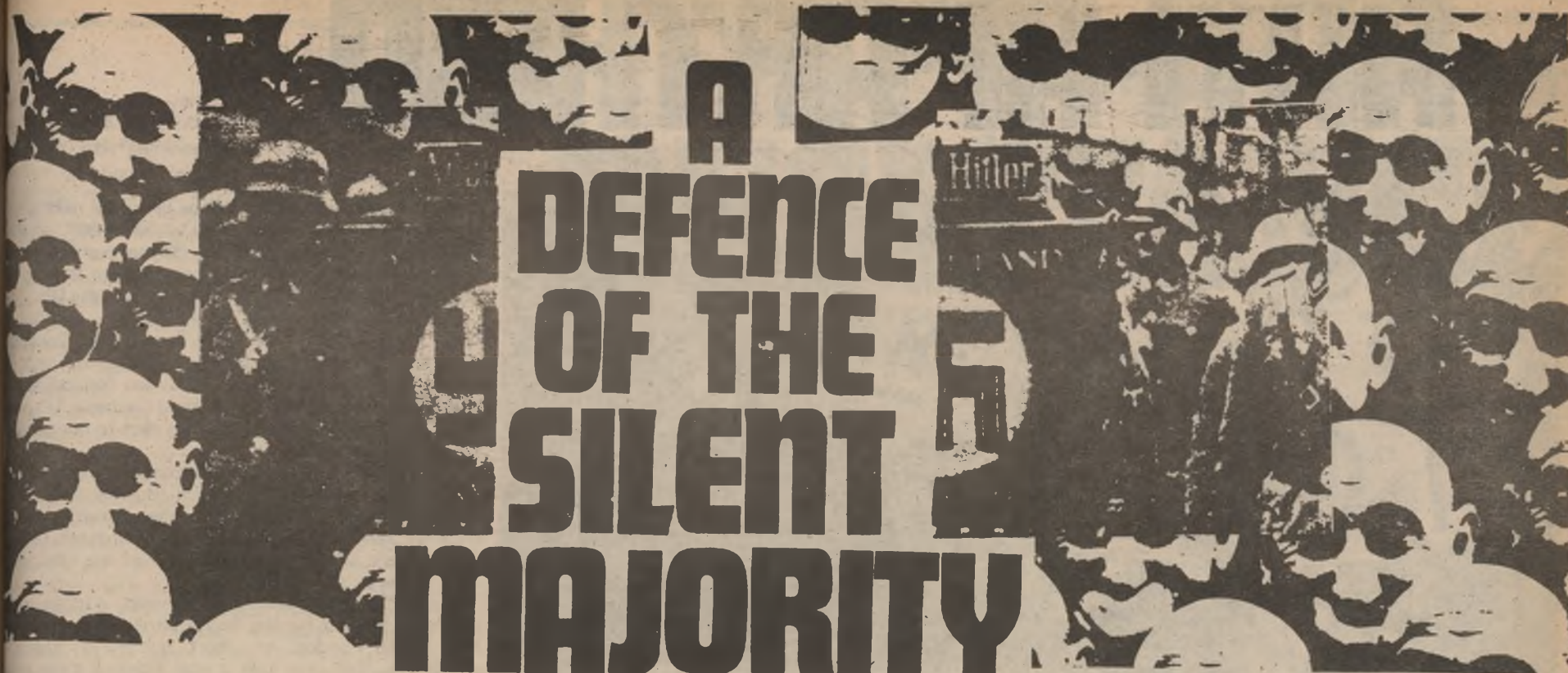
Many women have already preened themselves to the standard model. They have taken up the media's emphasis on sex, the media's gestures (posing at the demo) (when a woman says, and they say often, I don't need liberating—10 to 1 they mean I don't need sexual liberation).

In fact they are right back where last year's model was, playing the old female roles kidding themselves that something has changed.

Not the significance of the Permissive Society—it permits—something which is the least harmful way of distracting people from the real issues involved. The roles of female and of male have been imposed on us from birth in the interests of the present social system. If we are to relate to people as people, as opposed to possessions gained on a competitive market—then we must analyse the ways in which sexual divisions compliment and enforce existing class divisions.

The sexual revolution is an important part, but only a part of a more total revolution which includes the three demands which prefaced this paper. The sexual revolution must be tied to social revolution—or it will be absorbed, as it is being absorbed now, to perpetuate, rather than to destroy, capitalism.

A DEFENCE OF THE SILENT MAJORITY



Politicians, Protesters, R A Executives, Diplomats, Service Officers, both here in New Zealand, overseas, East and West of the Iron Curtain, claim that the so-called "Silent Majority", by their silence, indicate support for the policies of a particular group they claim to represent.

This is not true; the majority remain silent because they know the truth and are ashamed or afraid of speak it.

Today July 22nd 1972, a small news item appeared in the New Zealand Herald, un-noticed, un-commented, that marked the end of old era; and I believe the beginning of a new.

N.Z. Herald 22/7/72

Industrialist Of
Hitler Era Dies

WA-Reuter Dusseldorf
Friedrich Flick, a farmer's son who rose to become the most single industrial power behind Adolf Hitler and said to be the richest man in postwar Germany, died yesterday. He was 89.

The news item was brief mention of the death aged 89-year-old of Friedrich Flick the richest and most carefully guarded war criminal of the Second World War.

In 1918 Germany lost World War One.

Twenty-one years later Germany was re-armed and capable of conquering all Europe and North Africa as well as Russia, almost into Asia.

Sixty million people died before Germany and her allies in World War Two and Italy were stopped.

Heroic war historians tell how that war was won, many claim, they fought it, therefore only we are entitled to talk on any subject.

Few people are however will to discuss why; as distinct from the fact there was a Second World War at all.

Fewer still want to draw any comparisons between the political, economic, social and military sequences of the years 1918-1939 and 1945-1972.

The years 1919-39, were the years in which the bigotry's, prejudices, blunders, treacheries, that resulted in the disastrous outcome of World War I that we call World War II were practised and practised.

All the bigotries, hypocrisies, treacheries of those years have, since 1945 been re-preached, re-practised, behind a carefully guarded and rigorously enforced set of political regulations called the Official Secrets Act in New Zealand.

Other nations call the Act by different names but the effect is universally the same; truth is cold bloodedly suppressed or distorted to protect the political, diplomatic, business, or service interests of the bigots and incompetents who made it necessary for millions to die for their blunders or to fatten their bank accounts.

Friedrich Flick was a classic example of the type of man who used treason, murder, graft, greed, selfishness to line his pockets with cash, then having lined them, used the fear of others that their treason, graft and greed would be exposed to protect his own stained bank-vaults and himself.

German preparations for World War Two began with meetings between German Army General Staff Officers in 1918.

It was recognized Germany had lost the war (WWI).

Plans were set in foot to do three things.

Transfer as much negotiable cash from Germany to neutral banks as possible and conceal it.

To retain in existence the hard core of the German Staff Officers Corps.

To retain in being in the eyes of the German people an element of an undefeated German Army.

The Russian Revolution was used by German Staff Officers to persuade Allied officials that only a German Army policing Germany could prevent a similar revolution in Germany after the war.

Allied politicians uncertain of their own political security in a post war world readily agreed.

Units of a 100-000 man German Army under General Von Fritsch, marched along the Unter Den Linden into Berlin in 1919, in fresh uniforms, in parade ground order, lead with bands and drums, carrying their arms, while Allied Officers saluted, and German people watched.

The myth of an undefeated German Army versus the Communist threat was created with Allied approval.

In direct violation of the terms of the Armistice, sixty trainloads of military industrial equipment including the entire Fokker Aircraft Works were removed by bribing Allied Armistice enforcement officials.

Cash and negotiables worth to this day undisclosed sums were transferred to neutral banks.

Friedrich Flick was one of the principal organisers of this mass protection of cash and industrial military resources.

Thus the German Army Staff had achieved their initial objectives.

The Allies had been persuaded to believe a huge Russian Army was about to invade Europe.

The German Army and its Staff had been preserved.

Cash and industrial resources to rebuild that army had been protected from Allied seizure.

The seeds of World War Two had been planted.

It would take pages to detail how that plant grew.

By 1925 a new German Airforce was in training using aircraft built in Holland, engines and guns purchased secretly and illegally from English and French arms companies and smuggled to secret and illegal airfields.

These airfields located at Tlopt in Russia were obtained by Von Seeckt by persuading Russian politicians that the Capitalist West was planning war on Russia.

Military operations carried out in Russia by units of the Royal Air Force and Royal Navy both openly and secretly between 1919 and 1923 made the German Army Staffs task of persuading Russians to believe their lies almost childishly easy.

Stalin's incompetence as a leader, his blind hatred of Britain and her Empire made it even easier to persuade British officials to close their eyes to arms sales made illegally to German buyers.

By 1927 the keels of the new German Navy were laid.

Always Flick and ambitious and greedy business friends were busy, arranging a deal here, greasing a palm there, always with an eye to industrial control of West Europe's natural resources for themselves.

The Funds secreted in neutral banks in 1918-19 were opened.

The National Socialist Party under Adolf Hitler was selected to become the political front behind which Friedrich Flick and his friends and the Army Staff would hide while the military seizure of Europe was carried out.

Money was poured into election campaigns and in January 1933 Hitler had become Chancellor of Germany.

The Gestapo were on their way door to door eliminating "unreliables" and potential opposition leaders.

Senile, incompetent, bigoted, English, French, American, politicians simply shut their eyes, and continued to believe that the Russian Threat was real.

The few who saw the truth were dismissed as "Communists" fools.

Where this was not possible methods ranging from fake court martial e.g. (Brigadier William Mitchell, Chief of Staff, U.S. Army Air Corp) to political dismissal and compulsory

retirement, e.g. (Air Chief Marshal Sir John Trenchard, Royal Air Force) were used.

Reports by Defence Staff Committees that did not coincide with the political theories were ignored or/and suppressed, (e.g. the 1934 Staff College report which predicted the German use of air power and armour to piece work conquer Europe, and the success of an overland attack on Singapore, which incidentally took place in late 1941 early 1942 exactly as the 1934 British Staff report said it would, and into which British and New Zealand political officials to this day still flatly refuse to hold or permit any public inquiry for they know what the answers must be, and some 1934 members of parliament still today hold senior political posts.

In 1939 the new German Army marched into Poland.

By 1942 Friedrich Flick and his friends, the German Army Staff realized that Hitler was mentally unbalanced and could not be controlled as they had planned.

They saw their plans for a German Europe disintegrating in the insane ambitions of a few men who had committed the disastrous error of believing the lies they had told the German people and the world.

A desperate attempt to salvage their plans by murdering Hitler was made.

It failed, the war dragged on to its grim and ghastly end.

Having accepted their failure the Army Staff Corp began in 1943 to prepare plans for a new German attempt at a German Europe.

By 1944-45 cash resources looted from all over Europe had been placed in neutral banks.

Realizing that this time no German Army or Army Staff could survive it became essential to provide a non Nazi military myth would have to be provided and so it was.

Field Marshal Erwin Von Rommel a non Nazi and respected professional soldier by all sides was called on by staff officers.

Two hours later he was dead. The story was put out that Nazis murdered him and the hero myth around which a new future German army would be built was created.

At the War Crimes trials Flick was convicted and sentenced.

His cell was a well-equipped business office and before long he was, in response to pressure put on political officials in the allied countries who claimed he was essential to a non communist Germany, released.

By 1946 German officials crying of the terrible Communist Menace had gained solid support in Britain, USA, France.

East German officials played Russia on the same line crying of the "Capitalist Menace".

By 1948 both Germany had the nucleus of their Air Forces back while former allies who had fought so savagely began to glare suspiciously at each other urged on by whispering German voices.

State records vanished or were suppressed.

Faced with ominous demands for public inquiries into "why was there a second world war?" politicians both East and West had to find a means of re-directing public mistrust for they dared not release state records and admit the truth, their careers and political faces would have been the price if they had.

So in 1952 at the London International Debt Conference the bulk of German war and pre-war debts were written off. No one dared to try and collect for that would have meant explaining how the basic debts were incurred.

By 1958 German Armies and Navies had been recreated.

By 1962 Germans had access to nuclear information.

By 1970 Germany was again economic master of West Europe.

By 1971 meetings between East and West Germany to prepare the way for, "essential re-unification of Greater Germany" were being held.

The United Nations was slowly undermined, the "Flicks" of Europe, had no further use for it.

So slowly the whole horrible page of history that was written between 1919-1939 is being written again.

Our political leaders cry of the "Russian Threat".

Communist political leaders cry of the "Capitalist Threat".

The German people are deluded, misled, used exactly as they were before.

Now Flick is dead, lived out his life in wealth and power. The men he has trained in his place will be the leaders of the new future Greater German Fourth Reich the primary object of which will be the same as it always was.

A German Europe, by armed force if need be.

C.B. ANDERSON

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ANTI-APARTHEID



CONFERENCE

To go to Wellington. To attend an anti-apartheid conference. To start the fight. To see who else is interested To see who will be supporting you.

8.40am. Saturday. Jim was taking me to the university. We passed through Courtenay Place. We see a "Dom" poster. POLICE PLANS FOR BOK TOUR. Oh, yeah? However, it's just a bullshit story saying they are making plans. Hardly news.

I arrive. There are quite a few familiar faces. Good. Auckland will have some action this year.

9 am. It begins. First speaker, Terry Bell, feature writer on the 8 O'clock, born in South Africa, father a white railway worker. Terry has spent at least two periods of 90-day detention under South African security laws, has worked in other African countries, Britain (on the "Daily Worker"), he'd have trouble getting back into South Africa (legally).

Terry sets the tone of the conference, very high, factual, a controlled and constructive rage. He says, "Hit Peter Hugh Philip M.B.E., South African Consul-General in New Marshall Bridgebuildingland, with facts."

A sampling of facts.

Bantu-speaking tribes are recorded as living in South Afrika from 1300. Philip says the whites should have the land because they arrived first. Whites are recorded visiting the Cape of Good Hope from 1500. The whites claim for themselves 87% of the land, blacks are designated "aliens" in these areas.

South African international propaganda is highly organized. Individuals are actively encouraged to write copious personal letters overseas, the best form of salesmanship known to modern marketing. Professional journalists are often, consciously or unconsciously vehicles for South African propaganda getting into the daily media. Terry recalls that while working on the "Rand Daily Mail", he knew a journalist whom he's been to school with and who was highly competent at his job. During his later detention, Terry found out the man was agent Q018. (The Q Branch was the precursor to the Bureau of State Security BOSS).

There are many, many more facts.

Terry's opinion: South Afrika is an expansionist, racist state, dedicated to spreading its doctrine throughout the world, the Nietzschean, Herrenvolk Superrace. (The president of the South African armaments board, Professor Samuels, says South Afrika is now spending more than \$100 million on weapons manufacture alone—triple the amount being spend in 1965. He says this means an international arms boycott would have little effect on South Afrika's military capability).

It continues. Michael Dean, New Zealander, BBC interviewer for the past twelve year, worked on the "Rand Daily Mail" in 1958. Also struck trouble in South Afrika, can't go back. He confirms Terry's observation of the Herrenvolk ideal.

The liberals get shafted.

Dean: The South African government says it has a genuine opposition. These are the liberal Press in the form of the (you guessed it) "Rand Daily Mail" and the Progressive Party.

(An anecdote: On his first day on the "Mail", Dean wrote a story about a black who'd saved a white man's life.

He asked for a 2-column wide photograph of the black. Was told that blacks only got ½-column wide pictures).

The Progressive Party is represented in the South African Parliament by Mrs Helen Suzmann. She lives in a rather large house in Johannesburg with 17 black servants and her party is bankrolled by Harry Oppenheimer, of diamond and goldmine fame. Harry is also big in the South African Foundation, an allegedly independent, much-monied, liberal balls-clutching bunch.

Question time: this is when it became apparent that people were serious. Questions were direct, there was a bandstanding.

Exceptions: the various Wellington Communist Party factions, splinter groups, Marxist Labour, Trotskyites, theorists. One of them starts a rave about the class struggle, international capitalism being at the root of racism. He was laughed at. Why? Everyone there knew and had accepted that. More important, they'd gone beyond that and were asking what could be done. The rave was unnecessary. The urge towards action by the conference becomes apparent.

The afternoon session: Chris Laidlaw and Bod Burgess. Laidlaw, Rhodes Scholar, toured South Afrika with the All Blacks in 1965 and 1970. He begins out front: going on the tours was a mistake. He thought at the time that the contact might have some effect on the racists.

Neither he nor Burgess will play against the South Africans next year, unless there are genuine mixed trials and a mixed tour. Both say there's little hope of that.

Laidlaw, articulate, puts down present NZRFU Council. He says there'll be no change in present rugby union policies until the passing of the present council.

Burgess, less articulate, yet quietly and deeply opposed to racist sports tours. Both came over as very human, troubled, everything not fully worked out but starting to make a stand. A standing ovation ends the session.

Liberation movements in Southern Afrika. It is impossible to consider racism in South Afrika without looking at the whole colonial structure of Southern Afrika. Portuguese territories; Angola, Mozambique, Guine. Liberation movements in the lot and being fiercely resisted by the white, racist, capitalist nation.

The most obvious examples; the Cabora Bassa Dam being built in northern Mozambique. This dam will tap the power of the Zambesi river, turn four million acres of barren land into arable fields and open a sea route from the African interior to the Indian Ocean. The Portuguese government should know this. It spent 11 years and \$7 million to find out. Economic and social advances will be enormous. The Mozambique liberation movement sees it differently. That four million acres of land will be farmed by a million imported white settlers, while 25,000 blacks who've lived there for centuries will be shunted off to reservations. All that hydro-electric power will be carried by a thousand miles of cable to the booming industries of South Africa and that waterway to the sea will be of most benefit to the racist Smith regime in Rhodesia, currently hampered by trade embargos.

South Africa has already put up about \$2574 million for the project, international banking concerns, including Barclay's Bank of London, are also contributing. American, European and South African firms have also been granted massive mineral rights to the area.

This lengthy digression brings us to the next speakers: Dr Szuskiewicz, director UN information service to Australia, New Zealand and Fiji. He spoke of UN aid to the liberation movements but said he was there to observe the conference and would be reporting back to the UN.

Logan Moodley: black South African, expelled went back once illegally, can't get back now. Currently in Australia, has been fighting for aboriginal rights. First person to be served with an injunction forbidding him to enter Australian Federal Territory at Canberra. It's believed this had something to do with his plan to burn down the South African embassy.

He, like the various Marxists from Wellington, spoke of international capitalism and racism. But the distinction was plain. He spoke facts, figures, named countries and firms involved. However, the Marxist word merchants later got a foothold and started coming on with all the labels again, went to the pub.

8pm, Saturday. Miss Frene Ginwala, African National Congress, banned by the South African government, flew from London on short notice to address the conference. Had been told it was a church affair and had spent most of the trip looking up the Dutch Reformed Church. Terry Bell met her at the airport, a hurried briefing and there she was in front of us. She was beautiful. Fact followed relentless fact. Details and more of the same. Ammunition for the fight we have in front of us. A very brief sampling of those facts:

An African working in a white area, such as Johannesburg. He can't live with his wife. He earns between \$1 and \$19 a month. If his wife wants to visit him, she can only do so for the purposes of conception and must get a pass from the local administrator for 72 hours for the purpose. She has to state her reason when getting the pass.

Great for maintaining cheap labour. The significance of this procedure that the South African government doesn't realise is that you get three days to breed children and the rest of your life to breed a hatred which can be passed on to your children.

An objection overcome: won't trade boycotts hurt the blacks far more than the whites? That's right, says Frene, but when you've been kicked around and killed for years, a few more hardships don't matter if they're bringing free nearer.

Violence: you heard her on TV. There comes a time when a responsible leadership cannot tell its people to lay down in front of the train. There is a time to pick up a gun and fight.

(In the light of the Mt John demonstrations and threats of more police dogs [on short leads, f'chrisake. They'll be elastic leads you can guarantee], we must reconsider the use of violence as an effective tactic. There's too much emotional rejection without full consideration).

Later that night we heard of the Maori Council meeting held that day. Dr Pat Hohepa sought the council's support for his visit to the UN apartheid committee in New York. They didn't mind his going, but were not too keen on his speaking for them. In the words of Tom Potae, Pat put it on the chairman Dr Pei Jones, that all he wanted was a knighthood and Dr Jones left the chair in a huff.

9am Sunday. Before the start of the conference, the Marxist Labour group handed out a leaflet with the brilliant question: "A QUESTION OF TACTICS—NON-VIOLENT DISRUPTION OR MASS MOBILISATION?"

This piece of bullshit then went on to piously reject violence without discussion, put down non-violent disruption and call for mass demonstrations outside rugby grounds. They instanced last year's anti-war mobs and said these were responsible for troop withdrawals from Vietnam.

I was in those marches and I sure didn't see no war stop. This was the only bad feature of the conference—these continual attempts by arrogant groups to push some party line about an illusory united front at the expense of the united front which was already being demonstrated.

Sunday was business day. After a review of New Zealand's anti-apartheid groups and their origins, the conference broke up into five groups to discuss specific means of getting the message about apartheid across to the sports administrators, government and the people.

I went to the trade boycott and worker action group. Some good stuff was forthcoming, although the official union reps there could not give any commitment from their unions.

The arguments that arose showed fairly clearly what conflicts can be expected to arise within the unions as they decide their attitudes towards the tour. There will be disappointments but this is not ground to attack the unions on.

Later that day, Pat Kelly, of the Northern Drivers' Union, gave an able speech in which he asked for support from the intellectual left, not criticism or misplaced advice. He has a valid point. The final decisions of the conference I won't go into. They're extensive and if you have any feeling on the subject at all, make it your business to find out what they are and what you can do to put them into action. But for godssake don't just talk about "those poor blacks". They're in the shit and we CAN help. They've asked us to.

— TED SHEEHAN.

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THE LIFE & TIMES OF

RESISTANCE

"Resistance Bookshop" is Auckland's contribution to a world-wide phenomenon of dissent. It began in 1969 as a shop, meeting ground, gossip centre, coordinating point for those who belonged to the "protest" movement. It was the time of the Agnew movement—there was a spirit of youthful optimism . . . the "shall-not-be-moved" syndrome.

Four people lived in the shop, at 436 Queen Street, and paid rent to the Auckland City Council, which with appropriate irony was the landlord.

During the first year, the momentum of protest kept everyone together.

In the second year, with the poster boom and the general rise of interest in "hip" products, money flowed more steadily, under the fine control of Pat Bolster, Resistance was slowly being granted—it was there, the first point of reference for hundreds of Aucklanders, and a starting place for many young writers. For a short time in December '71, January '72, there was a great boom—"Bullshit and Jellybeans", the "Little Red Book", and a great influx of other publications, helped bank balance up to about \$600. With the help of Earwig and Steve Taylor, a late model Gestetner duplicating machine was bought. The "movement" looked as if it was getting some of the efficiency it had always needed. There were some big and impressive meetings—a burst of unique solidarity. For two or three months, Resistance functioned superbly—it was radical, not politically aligned; it was getting things done in printing, theatre, and demonstrations had a new touch of originality about them.

Then it began to wane. Although Pat Bolster has since moved to Zambia, the decline began before he left. To most people there has been an indefinable malaise—yet the same thing has been occurring all over the world. The "underground" has ceased to be novelty and now has to earn its place. The mere existence of "movement" shop is no longer enough—it has to be functional—even professional—and yet retain the personal, strip-off atmosphere that it has always had.

The process of change has brought with it bickering, dissatisfaction, and a crisis. Rent is up, turnover is down. Enthusiasm is low. Yet the shop is better maintained (even the broken windows have been repaired) than ever before. An electronic stencil cutter is on hand for public use. The Gestetner has been well looked after and is readily available.

Given a big injection of efficiency—especially in promotion—the shop could thrive. But it has to continually work to attract support. Last years books aren't going to entice this year's customers.

This coming Sunday, at 7 p.m., there will be a meeting at the shop to vote for several major positions of responsibility. There are vacancies in accommodation (at least two). Anyone can get involved—although the shop is a company (436 Queen Street) with no special qualifications are needed to participate or even manage the place. For anyone very determined and competent, this could be the last opportunity of its kind. 436 Queen Street is big (large basement, darkroom, meeting room & four bedrooms as well as the shop), good frontage, fair rent (\$38 per week), central location . . . everything a good radical bookshop needs.

Resistance and The Queen Street Businessmen

by Tony Thurston

The Queen Street Business Association isn't too happy about the way its annual general meeting went on Tuesday night (29/8/72).

For the first time since the association was formed 22 years ago, the old boy network failed to protect the president, secretary, and executive from intelligent questioning and a bit of opposition.

Needless to say, this didn't come from any of the long established members of the association.

It came instead from six delegates representing the Resistance Bookshop, which as a business operating on Queen St, is entitled to membership in the association—even if it did take a bit of a fight to make the association see it that way.

The hackles rose as soon as the five—Don Swan (Siggy), Lloyd, Logan, Reubina, Arthur Johnson and Jim Reid—walked into the room and started noshing into the sherry and cheese and pickles right along there with the rest of them.

But the fun really started after the secretary, Mr W. Bryan, read the president's report. (The president, Mr E.S. Coutts) was sitting next to him, but it must be infra dig to read your own report.

Under the heading "Demonstrations", Bryan read: "The executive has been concerned at the frequency, size, and general disruptive effects of the demonstrations being held in Queen St., especially on late shopping nights. Vigorous representations have been made to the appropriate authorities on behalf of members and their customers."

So Siggy asked what representations had been made, and to whom.

Mr Coutts didn't seem willing to answer at first, but the meeting found out that the association had been to see the City Council and had gained exactly nothing. Mr Coutts didn't put it like this—he said no assurances had been gained, but the council was aware of the problem.



Shop residents (top left) Lloyd and Logan, and (below) Arthur & friend. (Right) typical Resistance window display.



Under the heading "Violence in the Streets", the meeting was told the association had requested more cops on Queen St to control street violence.

Arthur Johnson suggested that instead of more cops, it might be a better idea if the root causes of violence were examined and rectified through social action.

This, said Mr Coutts was not really the business of the QBA. While he recognized the validity of Arthur's suggestion, he said the main concern of the association was to maintain law and order in the street.

So Arthur put a motion—"That a people's militia be formed to control violence in Queen St instead of the police."

This, he was told, couldn't be done, as the president's report had not yet been adopted.

Well, replied Arthur, his motion could be considered instead of the general business section of the meeting.

Surprise, Surprise! The QBA's annual general meetings don't have a general business section. If you want to raise some general business, you must give at least 24 hours notice so it can be incorporated in the agenda.

Siggy—who is an expert on constitutions and incorporated societies—challenged Coutts to show where this strange idea was specified in the QBA constitution.

While Bryan fumbled ineffectually with the minute book, Arthur declared: "I'll have to walk out in protest. I think it is shocking that at a meeting like this there is no provision for general business." So he left.

A couple of the staid section clapped sardonically as Arthur left, but most just sat quietly wishing the Resistance Bookshop would vanish so they could all go back to being jolly pals again.

Lloyd then raised another point from the president's report.

Speaking on extended shopping hours, Coutts had mentioned overseas areas and then said: "Auckland is different from these areas, however, in that greatly extended hours will not provide another dollar in the customer's pocket."

What, Lloyd wondered, (along with a number of other people) did that mean?

Mr Coutts grew quite testy, and said it was perfectly obvious what it meant (oh really?). He finally said "You can take it to mean what you like", and there the matter lay.

By this time, the conservative wing of the QBA was getting a trifle weary (and wary) of its new-found left-wing. One gray-clad chappie hopped up and moved that the president's report be adopted (without further discussion).

Coutts quickly put the motion which was passed—with dissenting voices from the Resistance group.

"Five voices, one shop—funny that," thought one of the conservatives, so he asked now many people could represent a business and how many could vote.

Blank looks and then Coutts swept smoothly to the rescue with the bland statement that it was obvious only one person could vote.

Well, not so smooth, perhaps. A challenge from Siggy to find the relevant section in the constitution. More fumbling by Bryan, and Siggy gets stuck in.

"You are running an incorporated society," he told Coutts, and you are bound by the constitution. If you do not abide by the constitution, you are liable to proceedings at law."

If the constitution did not say how many could represent and vote, he continued, the matter could be decided by the meeting. However, any resolution reached would have to have a two-thirds majority.

This presented a lovely impasse. Who gets to vote in a vote to find out who gets to vote?

Like any other question, this could be solved by forgetting about it, so while half-hearted Bryan continued his constitution search, the meeting moved onto accounts.

One youthful but straight member of the association wanted to know what the \$376 for legal expenses had been.

He was told there had been a dispute over the eligibility of a certain business for membership and this \$376 had been the association's share of the hassle.

But he wanted more detail. "Nearly everybody here is on the executive and know what this is all about," he complained. "I'm not, so I feel as though I am being left out of an in-joke."

Before Coutts could say any more, someone from the floor said the meeting should go into committee (means the public and press are excluded). This was agreed to with marked alacrity.

The questioner didn't get much further with his enquiry, but if he's thought about it, he's have realised that the business concerned was Resistance, which felt it should be a member of the QBA as it was a retail business operating on Queen St.

The QBA wasn't keen on this idea, and hence the legal battle.

The meeting ended within 20 minutes of going into committee.

The Resistance delegates toyed with the idea of leaving the association in committee forever—you have to have a unanimous vote to come out of committee—but decided to let them off the hook easy.

Right at the end of the meeting, there was a general business section for points raised from the floor. Arthur's walkout was not in vain.

Departure of Denis P. Cooney

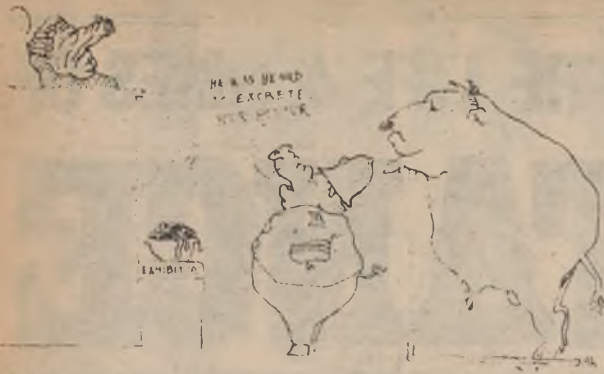
The supporters, directors, shareholders of Resistance regretfully announce the departure of Denis Cooney. Denis, one of the stalwarts of struggles for some time, has gone north seeking adventures.

Contrary to popular belief Resistance is not a sinking ship. A meeting on Sunday last decided amongst other things to reassess its business ventures namely 436 Queen St, Co. Ltd.

A public meeting has been called for to decide the future of Resistance and the protest movement in New Zealand on 17th September. Among the positions seeking to be filled are Treasurer-accountant and Coordinator.

Logan Moodley (Secretary)
Ruebena Paraha (Shop Manageress)

RESISTANCE DUPLICATING SERVICE
Electric stencil cutter available
along with a Gestetner duplicator
and electric typewriter.
At RESISTANCE also a wide range
of books and craft goods.
436 Queen Street, Auckland. 75-693



THE BULLSHIT TRIAL

1

Laws change when thousands of people break them and their enforcement becomes impossible or extremely embarrassing.



2

The only power we have in our society is the power of political pressure. Disruption and embarrassment are our best means of political pressure. This is what forces politicians to withdraw troops from Vietnam, Sports teams from South Africa, Pot smokers from prison, and 'bullshit' cases from court. I doubt that Marshall and Muldoon will be swayed by their conscience, but I do believe that during election year they can be swayed by the political pressure which results from direct action.



3

So far \$50 has been collected for bail, court costs, legal expenses, and fines for those people arrested during the 'bullshit' trials. Please send any further donations to Craccum Offices. Also anyone who witnessed arrests, please come up and see us. All those who were arrested please come up and we'll take photos of you so witnesses can identify you.

Some people were amazed by the determination of the protesters but many of us felt that this was just a warm up run for the elections and '73 all black tour.



4

If every time they arrested one person for saying 'bullshit', they had to arrest 50 people during massive demonstrations that follow, it is likely that the courts will become extremely reluctant to prosecute. Our greatest ally is probably the fact that the courts prisons and detention centres are jammed full.



Phillip Pither

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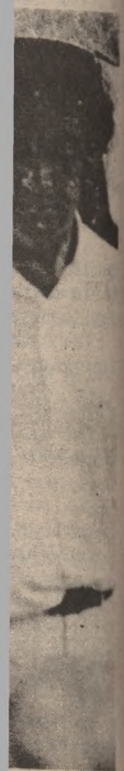
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an inventors view of filth

John Milne

The words "fuck" and "cunt" have become the de facto pall bearers of decency. Printers frantically censor them as if the body in the coffin is suddenly going to come back to life.

They could have chosen any of several words — or even invented ones, like FARK or MIRKDOON or CUPTIRDLITS. Early this year it looked as though NZ had won the privilege of reading as many f & cs as could be printed, but by some obscure shuffle within the power structure we regressed five years. F & cs are now available only through imported material, Alister Taylor and the "underground" press. Scurrilous filth mongers have had to refer back to the old classics of indecency to resurrect words which are less likely to be persecuted. Take for example the language used in ESKIMO NELL, that Odyssey of the wanking class. NELL is well sprinkled with f & cs, but makes greater play with more ambiguous words, lesser slang terms, and a few latinisms. Here's some:

balls	shoved
nob	lust
dick	thrust
prick	harem
horny	abdomen
gun	foreskin
randy	sucked
pregnant	phallic
flashed	copulating
whores	passions
drawers	lecher
arses	sugar stick
tart	spunk
sin	fornicate
vice	French letter
harlot	screw
tool	you
sod	too

These have become the Jaycee words of the language — entirely suitable for almost any context, but capable of evoking whatever sexual connotations the yarn spinner might require. I present them here only to indicate the intrinsic hopelessness of any legislation aimed at censoring "indecency". What is the censor going to do with verses like these:

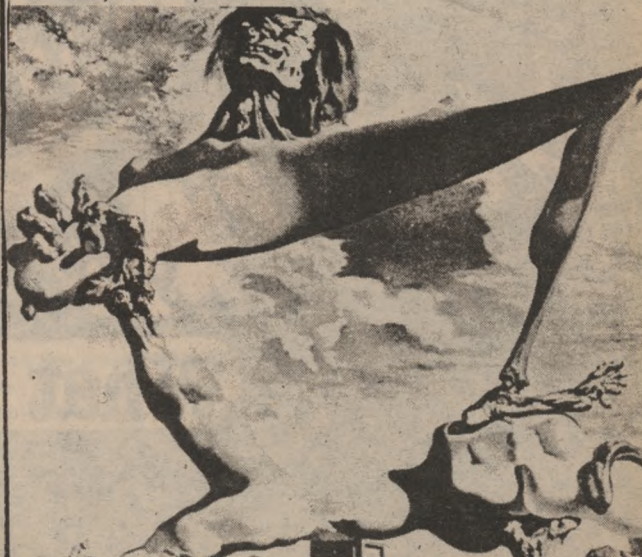
"But Eskimo Nell she stood it well
and looked him in the eyes
With the utmost scorn she glimpsed the horn
that rose from his hairy thighs.
She blew a puff from her cigarette
onto his steaming nob,
So utterly beat was Mexico Pete
he forgot to do his job."
and later in the epic:
"He slipped to the floor
and he knew no more —
his passions extinct and dead —
He didn't shout as his tool came out;
it was stripped down to a thread."

If one seeks to define "content" in these lines its impossible . . . the censor can't cross out the words that haven't been written. Censorship creates "guerilla" language — innocent words suddenly become saboteurs. The same techniques can be used in pictures. No "explicit" sex photos can compete with the entirely decent nostril of a hippopotamus, or a hairy belly button. Salvadore Dali makes a specialty of erotic non-images . . . his "rotting beans" MIGHT be benises . . . who is to say? His paintings are a major contribution to the graphics of perverse sexuality, and they're almost devoid of sex.



**This article
was withdrawn
by the
printer.**

It's not easy to dismiss the whole business as some distant and inconsequential parliamentary bullshit. I've had hulking great cops thumping through my house on an "indecency" witch hunt. You can laugh at the bastards, but they're still real.



Craccum

Volume 46 Issue 8
Thursday 20th April
1972.
Free to students
5c on the street
Registered for transmission
by post as a newspaper



SECURITY SERVICE CRAPS OUT AGAIN

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Dear Sir or Madam,

At approximately 3.30pm on Monday 10th April 1972, I was phoned at work by a Mr Anderson of the Defence Dept. He said he had some things to discuss with me, and suggested we meet at 1 p.m. the following day (my lunch hour). We met as arranged at the Queen's Arcade in Queen St and went to the Riviera Cafe, where Mr Anderson insisted on paying for my refreshments. At this stage I did not know what he wanted to see me for.

When we sat down, he produced an I.D. card which stated that he was an officer of the Security Intelligence Service (S.I.S.). He then produced a form with "Top Secret" stamped on it, and asked me if I would like to read it and sign it.

It stated that I John Stewart Watkins did hereby agree to cooperate in full with the S.I.S. and to furnish any

information as may be requested by the S.I.S. It also stated that divulging the content of any conversation between myself and an officer of the S.I.S. to any other person would be a violation of the official Secrets Act, and makes the offender liable to penalty under that Act. The other side of the form was a reproduction of key clauses in the official Secrets Act, and also defined Treason and Sedition, and the penalties for same. I refused to sign it, and handed it back, after having read it.

He then stated that I was a member of the Auckland Anti-war Mobilisation Committee, and asked me if I would be prepared to divulge information on persons and organisations represented on that committee. He particularly requested information on any members of the Communist Party, Socialist Unity Party and other Communist groups (Socialist Action League etc).

In reply to my questioning, he said that the S.I.S. is no longer under the jurisdiction of the Justice Dept., but now comes under the Defence Dept. and is not answerable to the Police or any other civilian Dept.

I refused his request to inform point blank. I then asked if money was involved, and he said that was up to me, if I wanted to co-operate or not. I again emphatically refused his offer, and he said he didn't expect everyone who was approached to do so, and we parted company.

The rendezvous was witnessed from beginning to end by an associate of mine, and the officer would be recognised again by both of us.

Thanking you,
Yours sincerely,
J.S. Watkins



What left-wing bias?

NATIONAL'S PARTY CONFERENCE

WOULD THE RAPIST IN THE
CABINET PLEASE STAND UP
or



'How many decrepit, hoary, harsh, writhen, bursten bellied, crooked, toothless, blear-eyed, impotent, rotten old men shall you see flickering still in every place.'
(Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy)

It has come to my attention, from what I have read and from what people have told me, that the body of persons who might be said, for want of a better word, to govern this country, is composed almost entirely of decayed book-keepers, clapped out lawyers and jumped up peasants. Many of those who fall into this latter category owe their position largely to some ancestor, who fortuitously came into the possession of large areas of land carelessly mislaid by sundry Maoris some hundred and more years ago. A case in point is Dan Riddiford, wellknown colonial Englishman and owner of a law degree from an English university.

I have it on impeccable authority that an earlier Riddiford, to wit the first, described in the records as a merchant of Wellington town (which is to say a shop keeper) once betook himself to the Wairarapa before it was besmirched by pakeha hand. There he enjoyed the hospitality of the local tribe, which included the very close friendship of the chief's daughter, but when he awoke in the morning he was approached by the chief who told Riddiford that he had had a dream, and in that dream Riddiford had given him his horse. Encouraged in his generosity by the presence of about twenty husky warriors who were fingering their meres and looking at him in a certain way, Riddiford smiled politely and handed over the horse. He saved his cursing until he was out of earshot and trekking back along the beach in the hot sun, but after a while he began to think and eventually he turned and walked all the way back. When he reached the chief he said: "I also had a dream last night. I dreamed you gave me all the land from there, to there, to there, to there."

The chief replied: "The pakeha is very cunning, "and gave him the land. So that is how the Riddifords stopped being shopkeepers and became landed gentry. Now that story may not be true, and indeed I have it on even more impeccable authority that it isn't. But in spirit it's very typical of how many of our present rulers became so all fire aristocratic.

As a Burkean conservative I find it both painful and disgusting that were a Martian spaceship to land in my garden, and the occupants to politely request, as they traditionally are supposed to do: Take me to your leaders, I would be obliged to exhibit before them some sorry creatures — the grubby parvenus, petit bourgeois nouveau riche and other low caste riff raff at present occupying the government benches on parliament hill.

That I should continue to categorise them in this way is apparent from the gradual emergence in time and space over the past week or so of a curious object which has been described in the newspaper as the National Party Convergence. Its preoccupations have proved interesting and have done nothing to dissuade me from my previously expressed opinion of our glorious ruling class and their friends. All manner of mythical beast made their bow to the assembled multitude, spoke their piece and went their way. And Robert Muldoon spoke. Yes, he actually spoke. Oh swoon, swoon all ye bridgeplaying, tea drinking, cucumber sandwich eating, blue rinsed ladies of Remuera, Karori, Fendalton. What a man he is. How masterful. How sexy. There he stood on the platform with his chest thrust out. You couldn't see most of it because it was obscured by his chins, but there was a little piece just above his belly which you could see, and how manly it looked. Oh yes, and Jack Marshall spoke too. But Muldoon the poltroon was the man we'd all come to see, wasn't he ladies.

But halt, I proceed too fast upon the typewriter. Let me take it as it comes. Many matters were discussed in a desultory manner, such as poverty and unemployment and the economy, the debate serving to show largely that the brain atrophies through lack of use. And there were two matters which stuck in my mind.

Very early in the piece came the moment I'd been waiting for. There was a fanfare of trumpets and onto the stage poned the Lawn Order Circus, a new season by special request from the last election and just returned from a tour of Mr. Speaker. "Stewnce Demonstrators," cried various delegates, working themselves into a state of advanced hydrophobia. "Shoot them. Hang them. Birch them." And having had their orgasm they indulged in a little afterplay and dribbled to a halt. Alas, twas not to be. "Down you ravening dogs," shouted the platform. "Verily we have pooped in our nest over this issue, so cool it." And they did. Instead, delegates spoke long on the question of sex education and agreed that it was a good thing and should be done in schools, but not, mark you, by teachers but by specialists. This is reasonable. After all, most teachers belong to a trade union and we know what the sexual habits of trade unionists are like. If you gave them a woman they'd only put coal in it. And here's the funny thing. There is a curious rumour circulating at present that the present cabinet has as a member a convicted gang rapist circa 1934. No responsible person would, of course, give any cognisance to such a rumour. But it is curious I repeat that the opportunity to quash this rumour was there in a debate on sex or on law and order, and it was not taken. Gang rape is a terrible thing. It could be called, in the words of Mr Speaker, 'hunting in packs'. I would hate to think that we had a cabinet minister who was tarred with such a brush.

It is summed up in one awful word — pragmatism. For twenty years the triumph of the National Party has been its pragmatism, which means in practise that it has been unable to recognise a principle even if it fell over one. The policy has been a successful one. Most New Zealanders are not interested in principles, they are interested in shouting: The Guvmint oughta do something. The National Party, unimpeded as it is by principles of any sort has been able to 'do something about it' with a great measure of success. However, over the past years it has been confronted with two unfortunate and not necessarily related trends.

In the first place the economy has gone all to hell and seriously damaged the government's ability to do anything about anything, so that it has been thrown back on the rather less successful policy of now you see it now you don't. An example is giving the pensioners an increase in the Budget but sending out circular letters saying that now they have an increase they won't be needing the supplementary assistance thoughtfully provided so they could eat from time to time, so it is hereby cancelled. In the second place a number of issues of principle have been unkind enough to raise their heads and refuse to go away because they have been issues which New Zealanders have cared about, and to which it is almost impossible to take a contrary position. Omega. Who wants to be a nuclear target? Manapouri. All those in favour of environmental desecration raise their hand? French atom tests anyone? On all these issues the government has been caught with its pants down, and although it has hurriedly pulled them up again it has been too late. Too many people have seen that the naked bum of the government is such as that of other men. It is round, and spotty, and rather pathetic to look upon.

No government can expect to suffer such a trauma and survive, and the government is consequently badly frightened. That worries me because a frightened rat is a dangerous rat, particularly if it's cornered, and although the National Party Conference tried to cover it up, members of the government have stopped fighting scientifically and are lashing out. Brian Talboys was to be descried on television not so very long ago doing his famous impression of a cabinet minister losing his cool when confronted by the French tests in the person of Jim Knox. And so it has gone on. A sorry procession of ministers appear on television to apologise for what they said on Gallery the previous week. Perce Allen was a real scream. Spike Milligan couldn't have written a better script. A Minister of the Crown appears at peak viewing time to apologise to a man bitten in the cock by a dog.

And more importantly, through it all shines crystal clear the news that the present government has no idea of what's going on around it and doesn't seem to care. In the words of the old poem *The Perfect Reactionary*:

*As I was sitting in my chair
I knew the bottom wasn't there,
Nor legs, nor back, but I just sat
Ignoring little things like that.*

You are cordially invited, if you are over twenty and have managed to stay out of gaol, to attend the funeral of this corpse on the last Saturday in November of this year. Like most funerals this one will serve no useful human purpose except in allowing some grizzleheaded sons of toil to throw up their sweaty nightcaps and clap their chopped hands if Labour somehow gets in. Some might also be constrained to weep, not for the deceased but for the state of the body politic, and then, drying their eyes, creep sadly home.

No flowers by request.

Tony Simpson.



Paper Tigers Talk

A REPORT BY ROGER STEELE ON THE
MEDIA CONFERENCE HELD AT ARTS
FESTIVAL (Wednesday 23rd)

While the hippies, the yuppies, and we believe, the zippies were out in the quad yesterday cavorting, snorting and generally debauching themselves in vintage festival style, the heavies were within the panelled walls of the boardroom conferring on the future of the student press in New Zealand. Editors, publications officers, and hangers on from student papers and executives up and down the land met to improve communication between their papers with the ultimate aim of buying a printing press for common use.

The background to the meeting was that 'Salient' and 'Craccum' have been in trouble all year with the executives of their students association and with their printers. 'Nexus' (Waikato) has been strangled by administrative pursestrings, and 'Critic' is choking. 'Canta' and 'Chaff' are better off. Canta is financed by a \$2 levy per student year, whereas all the others struggle on with less than a dollar. This gets the papers printed but quality suffers, as do the staff, many of whom go unpaid for their long weeks of work.

Censorship has been a headache for student papers whose printers operate under restrictive

laws which hold them (as well as the publisher) responsible for the content of what is printed. Printers therefore tend to take no risks, a policy which results in blots or blanks all over pages. Sometimes they become hyper-paranoid and leave whole pages blank. Usually the printers' fears are unjustified.

One of the results of the conference is that papers will combine in asking for quotes and will form a loose alliance so that the common printer will stand to lose several contracts instead of one if he is not more amenable to a paper's demands. With this enhanced bargaining power we will have more say in the content of our papers and the quality of the printing should also improve.

Ultimately we must buy our own press, which could cost up to \$100,000. This may sound a lot but it is a feasible amount if spread nationally over the next few years. The consensus of the meeting was that it is a small price to pay for the only real chance of a free press in NZ.

The immediate effect of all this on the student is that he will sooner or later be asked to finance the essential expansion of student publications. Student paper people need the money in order to improve papers for the students and the public. Students are presently pouring vast amounts of money into trusts for buildings they never see and which their successors will probably find obsolete. The products of more publication funds will be as worthwhile as they will be tangible.



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TE WIKI NUI O TE REO MAORI

NATIONAL MAORI LANGUAGE WEEK

A Short History

Early 1970's: Petition calling for establishment of a National Maori Language Day and compulsory teaching of Maori at primary schools, organised by Hana Jackson on behalf of Nga Tamatoa.
14 September 1972: Te ra o te reo Maori, National Maori Language Day Petition presented to Parliament with 42,000 signatures.

1973: It was decided that one day was insufficient to publicise the Maori language and on 14 September Te Wiki Nui o te reo Maori — National Maori Language Week, began. Since then the week beginning 14 September has been used to publicise and foster interest in, the Maori language.

1974: Minister of Education, Phil Amos, concedes that Maori should be compulsory in primary schools — a reversal of previous policy.

1975: Maori Land March begins, coinciding with beginning of National Maori Language Week.

1977: Bilingual syllabus introduced in Ruatoki Primary School (Bay of Plenty).

1978: Advisory Committee on English — Maori bilingual education established.

1979: Te Huinga Rangatahi o Aotearoa changes date of National Maori Language Week from 14-20 September to 30 July - 5 August, so as to involve primary and secondary schools more easily.

The poor standing of the Maori language is just one issue in the melting pot of Maori grievances. When we look around us today it is hard not to come to the conclusion that our language is dying out and with it will go part, if not all, of our Maori identity. This is not overstating fact or distorting reality. Most Europeans are unaware of the present condition of the Maori language and the efforts being made to maintain and revive it as a living dynamic and applicable language. The prime aim of this article is to make clear these two points and give a brief explanation of the particular relevance National Maori Language Week has to all Maoris and should have to all New Zealanders.

Historical factors need to be taken into consideration if one is to understand the contemporary status (or lack of status) of Maori language. The arrival of Europeans in great numbers heralded the imposition of a new dominant culture over Maori culture. Today only in those remote rural areas where contact with European culture was comparatively limited is Maori still spoken by a reasonably large proportion of Maoris, (but on a total population ratio this number becomes very minute). Those Maori communities where people were unable (and sometimes unwilling) to stem the tides of European culture, today, are the areas where the number of fluent Maori speakers is comparatively small. It is these areas that are of prime concern today.

After the Land Wars and subsequent confiscation of land from tribes who were "foolhardy" enough to resist the encroachment of the pakeha, a significant part of the Maori people became landless. To the Maori, land — te Whenua — was and is a spiritual and emotional concept, not the material possession it is to pakehas. After their alienation from the land, Maoris were compelled to work as serfs on land they once "owned". This proved fortuitous for the establishment of the industrial society we have today because it helped provide a landless labour supply for future capitalists. Government policy in those days was the overt subordination of the Maori people — an inevitable corollary was the physical decline of the Maori population due to the Wars and imported European diseases. Of course, with the death of so many, use of the language also declined.

Fortunately, the Maori race did not die out and with its renaissance Maori consciousness rose also. Government policy mutated into covert subordination — assimilation. Thus Maori children were discouraged from speaking Maori in schools —

often they were physically punished for doing so. Needless to say, Maori was not taught in schools. The political, economic and social implications of capitalist society upon the Maori population and the population as a whole, were taking effect — urbanisation, over-crowding, increased crime rates and lower life-expectancy. Such conditions were not conducive to the fostering of Maori despite the revivalist tendencies in Maori society — for example the Young Maori Leaders Party and the Ratana religion.

Today, officially, the government encourages the "integration" of Maori and European culture — a term which means different things to different people. To Hunn, it meant "pepper-potting" Maori families in cities so that they could rub shoulders with European neighbours and hopefully absorb some European norms and values. (1) The situation at present is that despite numerous changes the Maori language is still dying out. In some schools, both

primary and secondary, Maori has been introduced as the major second language course, teacher-training colleges are now beginning to cater for the special needs of Maori, and other minority groups, children, the Education Department has sometimes proved fairly responsive to submissions by Maori groups.

The major idea for people to understand is that these ad hoc programmes are really like putting band-aids on wounds that require surgery, when compared with more salient social and physical forces operating in our society. First, only a minority of the Maori population are fluent Maori speakers and these people are mostly in the 40+ age group. The younger generation — the great majority of the Maori people — do not possess the same fluency in their language. There are many reasons for this. Maori is seen as not to be of much use in our present society. To advance socially and economically one must be learned in English and thus Maori parents in general have neglected teaching

their children the language. Also, the Maori child (and adult) is continually bombarded with European orientated values in nearly all aspects of his life — schools, business, his/her place of work are all European dominated, and it is not surprising that many are found lacking in motivation to preserve their language and culture.

The second social force of importance here is that of urbanisation. Those rural areas where the Maori language is still strong are progressively weakened with the emigration of the younger generation to the cities. Here they have comparatively little contact with Maori. Despite initiatives like urban marae this trend remains unhindered. Urban marae schemes and their influence remain insignificant compared to the wider social consequences of urbanisation.

Intermarriage between Maori and pakeha has tended to hinder the generational transmission of the language by the Maori parent to his/her offspring. Though intermarriage is inevitable it has unfortunately tended to facilitate the Westernisation of future generations of part-Maori children at the expense of their Maori culture. Of course many parents have coped with the situation and it is hoped that further aid in teaching Maori will give more encouragement to parents to be sensitive to both of their children's inherited cultural backgrounds.

Another major factor stems from the influence that the English language has had on the Maori language. This is most noticeably expressed in "pidginization" and individual variation. Maori in some areas has been "corrupted" so that it resembles direct transliteration of English words, tenses and especially, conjunctions. European words have been "incorporated" into Maori for convenience and some translations of English words into Maori for which Maori has no equivalent, have been quite gross and unnecessarily complicated.

In 1973, Terangi Nikora from the Department of Anthropology in Victoria University, in an article for National Maori Language Day, came to the following conclusions:

1. To the learner the Maori language appears to lack a linguistic system and is not useful because he does not evaluate the language in terms of the cultural context.
2. The learner is constantly comparing Maori with English but this is not a valid practice as each language belongs to outwardly different language and cultural systems. Each language must be assessed on its own merits — not through translations.
3. Maori language can act as a bridge between Maori-pakeha members of the community in the same way that English can.
4. Maori-speaking people must contribute more towards the dissemination of the language via material in Maori or about its society.
5. The critics of Maori language need to know the language and traditions in greater scope and depth. With this knowledge they are likely to be less derogatory of customary practices such as the ritual eating of food after a 'tangihanga'.

So much for the problems and their sources. What are their solutions and how can we go about them? In almost any nation today where an alien culture has been forced upon the indigenous culture, the social and physical decline of the native population follows. This has been an almost inevitable consequence, and the process is particularly applicable where capitalist societies have colonized overseas, as was the situation here. The subordination of the native race and their assimilation into the capitalist mode of production were both necessary preconditions for consequent industrialization. So if we are to take a macro-social point of view the only real solution, then is to change the whole fabric of society — in short, a revolution.

BACKGROUND NOTES

SOME HARD TRUTHS; ?? WHAT DO YOU THINK?

1. That the future survival of Maori as a first language for any significant proportion of Maori children is very seriously under threat and its loss would be a major tragedy to all.
Therefore —
2. that a great deal of thought needs to be given urgently to the future direction of Maori teaching in schools.
3. that in a time of economic recession and severe restrictions on new policy it will be difficult to sustain an expansion of the current Maori for everyone policy therefore it be recognised reluctantly;
4. that demands for programmes from Pakeha Committees, principals and teachers is diverting efforts and attention away from language maintenance and revival efforts of Maori communities (3-5 yrs)
5. that Maoris may have been appointed to the wrong areas. Perhaps they should be

working, initially anyway, in areas with high concentrations of Maori children, especially Maori speaking/comprehending children.

6. that the current Maori in schools approach has been most successful in achieving the 'social' aims of the programme but less so with the language ones.

7. that for many DSIs, Inspectors and Principals the 'social' aims are considered all-important and 'language for communication' less so. Also true of teachers of Maori. Our own people teaching are giving up???

Recognise;

8. that the current Maori for all policy will never produce fluent speakers of the language and while this is no great loss to Pakeha IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR OUR YOUNG!!! Only Bi-lingual schooling can do this.

ON CAMPUS

A number of activities are being planned to publicise National Maori Language Week on Campus. Details as yet are sketchy but keep an eye out for posters, TI TW TI, an ear to Radio B, if you wish to keep up-to-date.

1. FORUMS —

— A number of speakers will talk on a variety of issues concerning not only Maori Language but also other contemporary Maori issues such as land, education and urbanism. They will be speaking at the Human Sciences Building Quad if the weather is fine. If not, they will be in Room 704, level seven.

2. POSTERS, SIGNS —

— Signs all around Campus with the Maori words for the objects, persons or flora that they happen to be attached upon.

3. CAMPUS TOURS —

— An introductory tour around campus for a number of secondary students from South Auckland and, hopefully, some items by their Maori clubs.

4. BOOK DISPLAYS —

— In the Quad and University Bookshop.

5. RADIO B —

— Listen out for Maori proverbs, songs and day's events.

6. CONCERT Friday night, possibly at the Maidment.

— A pot-pourri of play, mime and poetry; plus a concert by the Auckland University Maori Club.

7. Publication of "KORERO BLOW", a half-humorous, half-serious magazine published annually by the Auckland University Maori Club to co-incide with National Maori Language Week. It is printed on a shoestring budget (so don't expect any glossy graphics), but is well worth buying.

HIBOSHIWIA DAY

AUGUST 6
LEST WE FORGET





Who Gives A Fuck

While you read this, another boat will be putting out into the South China Sea loaded with Vietnamese refugees. It will be trying to get to safety before the November monsoons strike. The boat will be anything from 25 to 65 ft long; generally it will be a river fishing boat navigated by fishermen. Most will never have been out of sight of land before.

Food and water will be minimal and will run out quickly. The normal quota of fuel, if it is allowed for the 300 mile journey to Malaysia or for the run to Hong Kong will be an unbelievable four gallons. Navigational charts and aids will be practically non-existent. One boat that was aided recently had a chart the size of the palm of a hand for the entire South East Asian area.

What aids they do have will probably be stolen by the pirates that may strike a boat up to three times. Also taken will be the food and water, most of the clothes and any money or valuables that have got past the Vietnamese guards. Refugees report cases where engines have been stripped from boats. Those that try to take avoiding action will be rammed and any resistance will be met with severe beatings and drownings. If a woman is attractive she will probably be raped at some stage of the journey.

World Vision officials estimate that between 30,000 and 50,000 have perished at sea so far this year, for many boats that actually reach their destination are turned around and headed back out to sea. This means that refugees are dying at the rate of one every two minutes.

The lucky ones that manage to make land-fall will be settled in refugee camps. These camps are desperately over-crowded. There is no money and when it rains everything leaks. The food provided will keep you alive but little more. Refugees will try and find those members of their family they set out with. As the boats are towed out to sea from Vietnam in groups of three or four and it is common for only one to get through they will probably not find them. They will also try to find permanent residence and a wait of up to two years in the refugee



Photo courtesy of the Auckland Star.

camps while applications are considered is quite normal. Usually there is no work available during this wait.

As the camps become increasingly full the governments of Indonesia, Hong Kong, Singapore and Malaysia have taken harsh steps to stop the refugees becoming their responsibility. On anything more than a superficial examination their action, while not necessarily agreed with, is easily understandable.

It is hard to believe this is happening and we try not to think about it. But the fact remains that these are human beings with just the same feelings and emotions as us, to whom such things are happening. The people that perish at sea are missed. Each death means that someone has lost a brother or mother or a loved one.

Boat people are fleeing Vietnam because more than half the population is starving. A severe rice shortage follows the worst floods in 40 years last August and September. These ruined millions of acres of rice-

fields. Rice is rationed and refugees in Auckland report there is no meat, poultry, milk, tea or coffee.

Since last March, new economic measures have deprived many people of their property. Thousands of private businesses have been taken over by the government. To do away with the 'problem' of private saving, the currency was changed in April 1978.

Hardest hit by the new measures have been ethnic Chinese. More than half the boat people are estimated to be Chinese. Refugees arriving in Auckland say unpopular elements like Chinese are black-listed and trucked at gunpoint to new economic zones.

These are on land defoliated by war and beyond cultivation, even by experienced farmers. Life on them is so bad, many commit suicide.

In provincial villages, life is dominated by loud speakers carrying government propaganda — and orders to young men to enlist for army service.

Says a Chinese now settling in New Zealand, 'The spiritual harassment of the regime drives almost all to mental breakdown. They'd rather drown than continually suffer.'

New Zealand's response to the situation has been to take an extra 1800 refugees by 1981. Apparently the most New Zealand can absorb is 900 this year. Yet the Inter Church Commission on Immigration and Refugee Resettlement has recently announced to the government that it has more sponsors for families than there are refugees allowed into New Zealand. Meanwhile, Australia has agreed to take 9000 this year. This is on top of over 20,000 refugees from New Zealand in the same period. On a per capita basis, it is claimed NZ is doing more than most. Without commented on the artificiality of this statistic it can be said that two wrongs have never made a right. The fact that others are not doing much to aid the refugees does not mean that NZ can feel satisfied with its effort.

PRACTICAL STEPS THAT CAN BE TAKEN:

1. Write a letter to your MP, the Minister of Immigration or Prime Minister. The address is: Private bag Parliament Wellington.

Tell him a) we must increase our quota of refugees beyond 2,700 by 1981.

b) we must increase our facilities for handling these refugees. c) we cannot leave people to die when there is still much we can do to help.

2. On Friday August 3 at 7.30pm there will be a silent march up Queen Street from the CPO to Myers Park where a meeting will be held. It will be an attempt to show the Government that people feel that more must be done to aid the refugees. Its success will depend on the support it receives. If you are concerned, get out and tell others it is on, and be there together with your friends, your family and anyone else you know who cares.

Paddy Driscoll

Spatchka



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CONSERVATION WEEK 3 — 12 AUGUST 1979

**THEME: ENDANGERED SPECIES,
SPECIES AT RISK.**

Environmental enthusiasts are urgently needed for groups to launch a rally/come demonstration. All dressed as trees, birds and other members of the natural flora and fauna. People are also urgently needed to help with leafleting aimed at making the people more aware of conservation. WE NEED LOTS OF PEOPLE *contact Brian Gray Studess*

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36 Customs St. East.

Arts

Subscription Concert
Director: Piero Gamba
Lili Kraus
Town Hall, Tuesday 24th July.

Piero Gamba has been conducting professional orchestras since he was nine years old. Lili Kraus was a professor at the Conservatory Academy at the age of twenty. Together, these two great musicians give a warm and thoughtful performance of Mozart's piano Concerto No. 20 in D major, K. 406. Mme Kraus's reputation as an interpreter of Mozart was again justified: sensitive playing and bright personality won the large audience. At times the orchestral accompaniment seemed perfunctory, however it's support for the piano was sound if not inspired.

The concerto provided a complete contrast to the first work on the programme: "Salm" (Gaelic for psalm) composed in 1978 by New Zealander Lyell Kallinich. The piece was inspired by the characteristics of Scottish religious song. It's derivation from song is obvious in the lyrical first movement, which begins with a long solo cello melody, taken up by the rest of the cello section, then built upon by the rest of the sections in turn: violas, second violins and first violins, becoming further extended in range. There are some very interesting tone contrasts between the different instruments — the first notes on the violin sounding at the same time as low double bass notes, for example. The movement was written solely for strings and gave them the opportunity to display their fine ensemble playing and control.

The second and final movement is "a colourful commentary" on the psalmody of the first movement, using all the forces of the orchestra, with especially prominent brass and percussion parts. Contrasts of timbre, often heard in the playing of one pitch between different instruments, are again important, as are complex rhythms and contrasts between sustained tones punctuated by percussive effects.

Despite the work's modernity, it was received, perhaps because of its emotional power and appeal, and it's recent lack of intellectual pretensions. The programme was completed by a performance of Brahms' Symphony No. 4 in E minor Op. 98. Here Mr Gamba really show his mastery. Conducting from memory, he encouraged a full, rich sound from the orchestra, moulding it into a clearly-articulated, well-balanced interpretation, making full play of Brahms' intricate rhythmic patterns and lyrical melodic lines.

Shieff

Symphonia of Auckland
Subscription Concert
Donald Hazelwood (violin), Juan Matteucci
(conductor) Town Hall, Monday July 23.

Monday night's concert proved once again how lucky we are that the Symphonia has Juan Matteucci as its resident conductor. Fresh from his recent visit to his homeland, Matteucci demonstrated just what the Symphonia can do in capable hands.

The concert began with Weber's Overture to the Singspiel Abu Hassan. This is much music of the pit, and was over as soon as it had started.

Donald Hazelwood, Concertmaster of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, was the soloist in the Brahms Violin Concerto in D major. Since his last visit in 1976, Hazelwood has acquired a 1735 Guarneri violin, in his hands, it became clear why instruments are so eagerly sought by violinists. Brahms wrote this concerto for or so after the second Symphony, it has somewhat the same qualities of intimacy and confidence. The solo line is technically difficult, and though he coped competently with the technical acrobatics, Hazelwood was not able to transfer this technique and give the clarity of

Cleopatra
Little Theatre
Wednesday July 25th
and Every Lunchtime till August 3

There were no throngs gathered outside the Little Theatre contrary to the forecast in last week's 'Craccum'. Perhaps it was the weather; perhaps the apparent lack of sufficient advertising (which had been bountiful, until vandalised by film festival enthusiasts) or perhaps it's just that the performance promised to be a little too 'heavy' for the average student 'Mickey Mouse' mind.

From the inner sanctums of the theatre wafted the pungent aroma of incense - possibly necessary in the illustrious lady's day to disguise any contributions made from the Nile, but a little overpowering in these modern times, especially when the audience is enclosed in such a confined space.

The setting was imaginative, but would have had more impact through bolder use of colour. The make-up and costumes were too muted with minor emphasis on creativity - skirts hunched miserably over the men (or flowing Roman gowns) and a very unflattering style of dress draped over the various Cleopatras (could 'this' be the voluptuous siren of ancient times?)

Yet somehow the quality of the acting overcame the deterrent. Diction, expression and movement, were of a very high standard, enhanced by the full use of the stage area to its best advantage.

Although I found some of the individual scenes hard to follow as to who was actually speaking at the time (revealing my ignorance of such eras) the court scenes and personal scenes, between Antony and Cleopatra were clearly interpreted.

The many-faceted personality of Cleopatra smoothly progressed through her five portrayals - it was interesting to watch the variety of her character as revealed through her love affair with Antony, and even more interesting when highlighted with humour. Even the dramatic deaths of the two lovers had their more light-hearted sides.

All teething troubles aside (due mainly to first performances) this production is good entertainment at a ridiculously low price and one which will, like a good wine, improve with age. However be quick as it's quite heavily booked this week, and who's strong enough to overpower such seductive allurings anyway?

GIN

statement and expression demanded especially by the first movement. However, his treatment of the broad themes of the Adagio, and his attention to the calm mood of the movement, lead one to hope that we shall see Donald Hazelwood again in the not too distant future.

The star work of the evening was invariably Tchaikovsky's "Pathetique" Symphony No. 6. Rarely have I heard the Symphonia give such a consistently sustained performance of a serious work. The "Pathetique" is probably the most admired of Tchaikovsky's orchestral works, mainly because of its haunting treatment of death and the futility of human existence; themes that obsessed Tchaikovsky more and more, the nearer he came to his suicide. The delicacy and sensitivity of the interpretation of the last movement were such that there was a full five seconds of silence between the end of the movement and the tumultuous applause that followed.

Q.C. Maxwell-Jackson



Rod Wills
Urban Drive
Snaps Gallery July 23 - August 10

The wooden floor is a brilliant red, a sharp contrast to the ascetic whiteness of the walls. Two woven matting chairs in the centre, green pot-plants fill the corners, and on the walls a series of urban scenes. Not shots drawn from the hustling, bustling centre but from the quieter edges, reflecting the small-town atmosphere of New Zealand. Much of the work is recent, from April to June of this year and it mirrors Will's interest in the old stucco-clad houses of the 1930's. With their hidden flat roofs and bulbous curved walls they seemed to drift out of style with the Second World War. Wills shows some of the ones that remain, in all their tarted-up glory. It is the houses that each photograph concentrates on, people rarely intrude. They go about their private lives behind the venetian blinds and net curtains. Little touches indicate their presence, the ubiquitous bird bath, peeling paint on the front lawn, carefully pruned shrubbery. But even these seem in keeping with the character of the houses, as if the personalities of the occupants have been moulded by the houses in which they live.

Even if 'real' photographers are supposed to confine themselves to subtle tonings of black and white Wills refrains from any self-indulgent concentration on creating eye-appealing splashes of colour. He uses colour to better explore the personality of each house. Their often garish shades are set against the blue of an Indian Summer sky or blocks of shadow to give one another an atmosphere of late-afternoon peacefulness. Some of the

houses seem to glare malevolently at the viewer, with windows forming castle-like peepholes, slits in a Ned Kelly armour. Elsewhere interesting patterns of light and shadow are found where light is refracted through the windscreen of an unfinished speed boat. Wills is something of a sky-watcher in other photographs. Laden overcast clouds create a heavy atmosphere complimenting the derelict state of one house or he contrasts stacks of fluffy cumulus dissolving into blue, with the empty frame of an unused ferris wheel. For the most part the photos are a series of simple statements; capturing the style and character of a period and letting the onlooker draw his or her own conclusions, rather than carefully structured compositions. But where he attempts this he is successful. A humorous study shows a garage with a banner advertising extended hours. The low-slung nature of the building itself is repeated in the ribbon of tarseal, bisected by thin white lines in the foreground. Several of the photographs provide an insight into architectural form as the way angular roofs disturb the harmony of the more gentle concrete curves. Wills heightens this impression by using unusual camera angles so that the houses seem to sway slightly or bend inwards - giving a sense of movement instead of stolid squatness.

In all an interesting exhibition, for its historical qualities and the sympathy with which the man behind the camera lens approaches his subject.

EMS

Auckland City Art Gallery
Woodcuts & Wood Engravings from
permanent collection till 5th August

An exhibition of prints from the sixteenth century till the present day. Displaying the techniques from the old masters Dürer and da Vinci, German Expressionism, British Vorticists to the Japanese school of Ukiyo-e and some New Zealand cuts.

The woodcut, the oldest of printing processes, originated in the 10th Century in China when the artisans were by trade cabinet makers who often without any aspirations to art often applied their skill in an unimagined way. It wasn't until the late 14th Century and early 15th century that great technical achievements were made in this medium. Albrecht Dürer's The Angel with the Key of the Bottomless Pitt shows how tonal lines took on an expressive function through the use of single tapering scoops, which by depicting the fall on light, in the way of shadow, brings an otherwise static fiction to life. Goya da Vinci who has been credited with the invention of the chiaroscuro process uses schematised colour to convey a

whole range of tones in a harmonious way as seen in 'Descent from the Cross' which though based on Raphael's painting, becomes a unique image with completely different expressive qualities.

The Japanese have always had a keenness for woodcuts as was evident in their material culture. The Ukiyo-e prints depict their life and culture during the 18th and 19th centuries. Kinoshita's woodcuts prove to be an eye-opener both in content and technique of cut. With use of line and colour he produces an almost modernistic transformation of the usually recognisable medium.

The one or two New Zealand cuts, are worth a look at too. An anonymous artist's picture of Auckland - from the New Wharf, contains detail not usually noticed in painted pictures of the same view. And shouldn't be bounced over quickly, as yet another mid-19th century unoriginal.

The wood cut has certain strengths, often the images produced by imaginative artists couldn't be realised in any other form.

John Broad

THE STUDENT AS A NIGGER

Past the Bullshit

Students are niggers. When you get that straight, our schools begin to make sense. It's more important though, to understand why they're niggers. If we follow that question seriously enough, it will lead up past the zone of academic bullshit, where dedicated teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and to the nitty-gritty of human needs and hang-ups. And from there we can go on to consider whether it might even be possible for students to come up from slavery. First let's see what's happening now. Let's look at the role students play in what we like to call education.

Into the Cafeteria

Here at Vic the students have separate dining facilities. I am not allowed to take them into the staff club, and if I eat at the student cafeteria, I become known as the educational equivalent of a nigger-lover. In at least one building there are even rest rooms which students may not use.

Academic Mississippi

Students are politically disenfranchised. They are in an academic Mississippi. Many of them can vote in the national elections - their average age is about 21 - but they have no voice in the decisions which affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have toy government run for the most part by bureaucrats and concerned principally with trivia. The faculty and administration decide what course will be offered; the students get to choose their own toy parliaments. Occasionally when students get uppity and rebellious, they're either ignored, put off with trivial concessions, or get manouvered expertly out of position.

He'll Fail Your Ass

A student is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member "Sir" or "Doctor" or "Professor" - and he smiles and shuffles some as he stands outside the professor's office waiting for permission to enter. The faculty tell him what courses to take; they tell him what to read, what to write, and frequently, where to set the margins on his typewriter. They tell him what's true and what isn't. Some teachers insist that they encourage dissent but they're almost always jiving and every student knows it. Tell the man what he wants to hear or he'll fail you out of the course.

Lobotomised

Even more discouraging than this Auschwitz approach to education is the fact that the students take it. They haven't gone through twelve years of secondary school for nothing. They've learned one thing and perhaps only one thing during those twelve years. They've forgotten their algebra. They write like they've been lobotomised. But, Jesus, can they follow orders. Freshers come up to me with an essay and ask if I want it folded, and whether their name should be in the upper right-hand corner. And I want to cry and kiss them and caress their poor tortured heads.

Two Truths

Students don't ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to make sense long before they leave primary school. Things are true because the teacher says they're true. At a very early stage we all learn to accept "two truths", as did certain medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your tongue, your fingers, your stomach, your heart. Inside class things are true by reason of authority. And that's just fine because you don't care

anyway. Miss Widemeyer tells you a noun is a person, place or thing. So let it be. The important thing is to please here. Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers love children that stand in nice straight lines. And that's where it's been ever since. Nothing changes except to get worse. School becomes more and more obviously a prison. Last year I spoke to a student assembly and then couldn't get out of the school. I mean there was NO WAY OUT. Locked doors, High fences. One of the inmates was trying to make it over the fence when he saw me and froze in panic. For a moment I expected sirens, a rattle of bullets, and him clawing the fence.

No Spades in Pointy Shoes

Then there's the infamous "code of dress". In some high schools, if your skirt looks too short, you have to kneel before the principal, in a brief allegory of fellatio. If the hem doesn't reach the floor, you go home to change while he, presumably jacks off. Boys in high school can't be too sloppy and they can't even be too sharp. You'd think the P.T.A. would be delighted to see all the spades trooping to school in pointy shoes suits, ties and stingy brims. Uh-uh. They're too visible. What school amounts to, then is a 12-year course in how to be slaves. What else could explain what I see in a first year class? They've got that slave mentality; obliging and ingratiating on the surface and hostile and resistant underneath.

"... the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which teachers can exercise their will to power ... students do what you say - or else ..."

As do black slaves, students vary in their awareness of what's going on. Some recognise their own put-on for what it is and even let their rebellion break through to the surface now and then. Others - including most of the "good students" - have been more deeply brainwashed. They swallow the bullshit with greedy mouths. They honest-to-God believe in grades, in busy work, in General Education requirements. They're pathetically eager to be pushed round. They're like those old grey-haired house niggers you can still find in the South who don't see what all the fuss is about because Mr Chairlie "treats us real good".

Some students are expert con artists who know perfectly well what's happening. They want a degree and spend their years on the old plantations alternatively laughing and cursing as they play the game. If their egos are strong enough they cheat a lot. And, of course, even the Toms are angry down deep somewhere. But it comes out in passive rather than active aggression. They're unexplainably thick-witted and subject to frequent spells of laziness. They misread simple questions. They spend their nights mechanically outlining history chapters while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what's in front of them.

Fresh Pimples

The saddest case among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly introjected their masters' values that their anger is all turned inward. These are the students for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to the professor, who go through an emotional crisis every time they're called upon in class. You can

recognise them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their bowels boil audibly across the room. If there really is a Last Judgement, then the parents and teachers who created these wrecks are going to burn in hell. So students are niggers. It's time to find out why.

A Cattle Stampede

Professors were no different when I was an undergraduate during the McCarthy era; it was like a cattle stampede as they rushed to cop out. And in more recent years, I found that my being arrested at demonstrations brought from my colleagues not so much approval or condemnation as open-mouthed astonishment. "You could lose your job!"

Now of course, there's the Vietnamese war. It gets some opposition from a few teachers. Some support it. But a vast number of professors who know perfectly well what's happening, are copping out again. And in the high schools you can forget it. Stillness reigns. I'm not sure why teachers are so chickenshit. It could be that academic training itself forces a split between thought and action. It might also be that the tenured security of a teaching job attracts timid persons and, furthermore that teaching, like police work, pulls in persons who are unsure of themselves and need weapons and other external trappings of authority.

As Judy Eisenstein has eloquently pointed out, the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which teachers can exercise their will to power. You neighbours might drive a better car; gas station attendants may intimidate you; your wife may dominate you; the State Legislature may shit on you; but in the classroom, by God, students do what you say - or else. The grade is a hell of a weapon. It may not rest on your hip, potent and rigid like a cop's gun, but in the long run it's more powerful. At your personal whim - anytime you choose - you can keep 35 students up for nights and have the pleasure of seeing them walk into the classroom pasty-faced and red-eyed carrying a sheaf of typewritten pages, with title page, footnotes and margins set at 15 and 91.

Irrational Authority

The general timidity which causes teachers to make niggers of their students usually includes a more specific fear - fear of the students themselves. After all, students are different, just like black people. You stand exposed in front of them, knowing that their interests, their values and their languages, are different from yours. To make matters worse, you may suspect that you yourself are not the most engaging of persons. What can protect you from their ridicule and scorn?

Respect for authority. That's what. It's the policeman's gun again. The white bwana's pith helmet. So you flaunt that authority. You wither whispers with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with erudition and heavy irony. And, worse of all, you make your own attainments seem most accessible but awesomely remote. You

conceal your massive ignorance - and parade a slender learning. The teacher's fear is mixed with an understandable desire to be admired and to feel superior - a need which also makes him sling to his "white supremacy". Ideally, a teacher should minimise the distance between himself and his students. He should encourage them not to need him - eventually or even immediately. But this is rarely the case. Teachers make themselves high priests of arcane mysteries. They become masters of mumbo-jumbo. Even a more or less conscientious teacher may be torn between the need to give and the need to hold back, between the desire to free his students and the desire to hold them in bondage to him.

Another result of student slavery is equally serious. Students don't get emancipated when they graduate. As a matter of fact, we don't let them graduate until they've demonstrated their willingness - over 15 years - to remain slaves. And for important jobs like teaching, we make them go through more years just to make sure. What I'm getting at is that we are all more or less niggers and slaves, teachers and students alike. This is the fact you want to start with in trying to understand wider school phenomena, say, politics, in our country and in our countries.

Raise Hell.

Educational oppression is trickier to fight than racial oppression. If you're a black rebel, they can't exile you. They either have to intimidate you or kill you. But in high school or Varsity they can just bounce you out of the fold. And they do. Rebel students, renegade faculty members, get smothered or shot down with devastating accuracy. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. This may be a mistake though. Dropping out of Varsity for a rebel is like going north for a Negro. You can't really get away from it so you might as well stay and raise hell.

How do you raise hell? That's a whole other article. But, just for a start, why not stay with the analogy? What have black people done? They have, first of all, faced the fact of their slavery. They've stopped kidding themselves about an eventual in the Great Watermelon Patch in the sky. They've organised; they've decided to get freedom now, and they've started taking it. Students, like black people have immense unused power. They could, theoretically, insist on participating in their own education. They could make academic freedom bilateral. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration rather than fear and respect, and, lay down their weapons. Students could discover community. They could learn to dance by dancing on IBM cards. They could make colouring books out of calendars and they could put the grading system in a museum. They could raze one set of walls and let life come blowing into the classroom. They could turn the classroom into where it's at - a "field of action" as Peter Marin describes it. And believe it or not, they could study eagerly and learn prodigiously for the best of all possible reasons - their own reasons.

They could. Theoretically. They have the power. But only in very few places, like Berkeley, have they even begun to think about using it. For students, as for black people, the hardest battle isn't with the system. It's with what the system has done to your mind.

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MT. EDEN

It would be totally unfair to say the men in our jails are treated like animals. It just wouldn't be true—the animals are far better off. Lions get better food and an exercise yard with far more stimulation and ten times as big per lion as society's prisoners get. When the animals need calming down they use tranquiliser guns when they want to calm the crims they shoot them. Yes it may have been a cocket and it was just a sheer coincidence that out of the 82 men it happened to hit the ringleader.

Rationally speaking our criminals make excellent scapegoats—they are totally deprived of all their rights—they can't write letters to the papers, they can't use phones to talk with newspapers, they have absolutely no union or association of any kind, they don't have the vote and they are not allowed to study law while in prison. Besides many are new to the city coming from country areas or the islands—many have had very little education and are not trained in how to be articulate in any way—especially when it comes to dealing with the slippery bureaucrats of the justice department. They have absolutely no protection. It is easy for Riddiford to sit back and philosophically propound with righteous indignation that prisoners should use the correct channels to protest when they don't even know how our democratic system works—how our legal system works and have never been taught how to protest effectively and peacefully.

Yes they are excellent scapegoats—and are well thrashed as such. With political parties launched a fear orientated law and order campaign—'Walk the streets in safety—Vote Labour'—Vote for us or the bashers will get you type of rubbish.

When the politicians aren't riding the Law'n Order bandwagon commercial interests fill in the gap. How safe are You—buy our socks. The growth of private armies such as Securitas. And then there's always a certain weekly newspaper whose Title has little connection with its contents that is always prepared—when sales are picking off to launch a Birch the Basher campaign. The politicians—the businessmen the news media will all willingly exploit the crim and arouse fear as much as possible when it comes to selling the wares or gaining a few votes. All these things are stacked against the crim—and if he tries to complain they really put the boot to him—shoot the bastards—hoses, dogs, more prison—that's what they want. The only thing missing is gas chambers.

PRISONER'S DEMANDS

Do you know what it means when they complain about food. It means mass cooked washed out unhealthy stuff that's so old it makes your shit really stink and you know it stinks because you don't have a toilet—cells have potties. Three men in one cell eight foot wide. You eat and piss and eat and sleep in that cell. Do you know what that does to a man. Food means rations ½ an ounce of butter, 2 spoons of sugar, five slices of white bread, half a pint of milk. Try it sometime—for a year or two. Wages. Prisoners get 65 cents for a whole week's work. Try it sometime—for a year or two. 65 cents means you can't support your wife and children. That strips a man of his whole dignity as a husband and father. It means his wife and children have to go crawling to the Social Security department and plead to the bureaucrats—or starve. This means you leave jail after say a 12 month sentence with ten dollars—no food—no home—no job. Ten dollars and a police record. That means no government jobs. You're not allowed to enter a race track or TAB for the rest of your life. You can't own a hotel, or licensed premises. That means he has his freedom. You can call anything freedom these days—Watties produces the labels and they fit on any can from the Vietnam War to Auckland's by-laws.

But for some men pay is no problem. They don't have work. No training menial job for them. They are the large group of unemployed. That means you rot. That means there's a twenty foot circle you just walk around and around 8 hours a day—try it sometime—for a year or two. When you get young strong men and lock them in a stone box whether they're prisoners or boy scouts they'll soon get up to mischief. Men are idle. They can talk. But there's nothing to stimulate healthy discussion—no talks, modern films, debating, acting or anything to create interest. So they talk about crime—the only thing they all have in common. I learnt how to use dynamite, how to blow a safe. How to use a knife. Which shops in Auckland take hot gear. There was no effort to help anyone adjust to society. In fact it was exactly opposite. It helps you adjust away from society. Booblife has a whole new set of values—a monetary system based on tobacco. A whole new language—screw, turnkey, peter, fig, round, bomb, foreign stuff, digger—this is boob talk. It's a whole new world and after a few years it becomes the only world some men can live in—they go back and back. This country has a staggering recidivist rate.

MORE & MORE

Radios are vital—your only link with the outside world. They are controlled by the main office and you have a choice of two stations. In many cells they don't work. Sheets are vital as some men sleep 10 to 12 hours a night—there's nothing else to do. Normal sex life is nil. That means you either join the homosexuals or masturbate.

Yes they do send homosexuals to jail. That's the mentality of our judicial system. They send homosexuals into jammed packed prisons—packed with virile young men. That's to cure them. Clean sheets mean something vital to men.

And if your still not demoralised they have strip searches. This means several guards force you to strip naked in front of them while they search you. Visiting is once per week. That's when you see a six year old son clinging to his father's leg and pleading—mummy please come stay with daddy. You see woman and children must suffer as well. Hitler didn't just send the males into the chambers.

Yes I could go on and on—censorship of all mail, shocking medical facilities, poor training of guards who are often new immigrants, the large numbers on remand—young—not even tried yet who mix with the grey shabby conformity of clothes and hair. It all adds up to one thing. We are totally degrading demoralising and breaking up human beings. We are breaking these men's spirits. They have no hope, no future, no purpose. They are fighting for human survival.

There's something else you ought to know about New Zealand. A phenomenally high proportion of prisoners are Maoris. This means white policemen shooting brown prisoners. It means white turkeys locking up brown prisoners. Except for a few Uncle Toms it means white men oppressing brown men and that's not a strange situation in our tiny little land of the long white cloud.



Shadbolt recalls life inside



We need a complete reappraisal of our prison system and many progressive changes. In Sweden prisoners have private huts, telephones TV, concert socials and their wives can stay with them on weekends. There is plenty of work and they get almost full wages—pay board and support their own families. There are no locks bars or walls. The results are that Sweden has a far lower crime rate and recidivist rate than NZ.

NATIONAL PENAL CODE COMMISSION

"It is impossible to turn an offender into a law abiding and decent member of society by creating in him rebellion against its methods of disciplining him or preparing for him a parasitic life after his release by removing from him all opportunities for initiative and the development of social responsibility".

Our politician's last answer to Mt Eden's rioting was Paremoremo—a large concrete block symbolic of the heads of our judicial administrators. It turned out to be the biggest ever abortion in a long history of justice department miscarriages. Dr I.F. McDorald, senior lecturer in Criminology at AU at the time described it as "a monument to the spirit of vindictive retribution". How right he was.

This time their answer is to rebuild Mt Eden and to add a high wall along the motorway so that no one will see how bad it is or be able to demonstrate against it. A type of blinker system.

And the Minister of Justice—the go-ahead, imaginative progressive young Turk of the hospital brigade. First he made a statement saying that overcrowding was only temporary—and then trying to hide his own guilt at making such a statement he made another statement saying that prisoners often tell lies. This was followed by his Law'n Order statement. Then when it came to facing a crim on a TV debate

he presented this incredible excuse that he didn't want to make any statements until an official enquiry was held. They then tried to get the Secretary of Justice and he also dipped out. There was an ex crim left alone to do a Gallery programme on prisons so they eventually raked in a prison officer who appeared on the programme but was able to set his own terms which was that there would be no debate between us. So Gallery with its magnificent buildup of fires and rioting prisoners fell a little flat.

Kirk wants more guards and higher walls with the emphasis on security and makes 'we'll fight them on the beaches we'll fight them in the fields' speeches about 'those few those gallant few' 'the thin blue line' while he carefully counts the potential votes.

No one has yet complemented these who really have suffered from our primitive prison system and humbling politicians. Since 1965 they have been waiting for things to improve. Waiting ... Waiting.

These riots are a plea from the heart—please listen to us—look at what you're doing to us. Why why why. Smugly we think that torture is banned. But we're not torturing their bodies anymore just their minds and souls. Vicious subtle psychological torture—degradation humiliation fear brutalisation. We like to see prisons as their punishment but we are only punishing ourselves.

We brutalise those men and then cry out with self pity when they brutalise us. But it's no use just blaming a primitive judicial system, prejudiced magistrates, police brutality and incompetent ministers—none of these things would survive without the solid support of our silence.

THE TIME HAS COME TO MAKE A STAND



RICHARD NEVILLE: The Republican Convention; leftist disunity NIXON & AMERICONG IN COMBAT

MIAMI BEACH (UPS) — "I was drafted to Vietnam to be humiliated, lied to and shot at!" shouted a young man outside the Fontainebleau Hotel. "Now I am back home to be harassed by secret agents, further lied to and spat upon by my government."

His emotion overflowed into the crowd, many of whom, like the speaker, were clad in battle fatigues, although they didn't have the former disadvantage of being confined to a wheelchair.

These were the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. It was a muggy Tuesday afternoon, and three crippled veterans were delivering a formal letter of protest inside the hotel while a crowd of marchers rested by the roadside. When some of the vets plunged into the uninviting water of a muddy estuary adjacent to the hotel, a patrol boat immediately appeared — in addition to the already encircling army helicopter.

The spirit of unarmed street people when confronted by the grosser accouterments of power is something I had learned from newsreels of Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Belfast, but never before witnessed. Those in the water instinctively set off in pursuit and began splashing the occupants of the boat, which weaved about in apprehension. Roadside spectators, familiar with the process of overkill, half-expected the surfacing of a U.S. submarine. But the return march got underway before the encounter could escalate into catastrophe, and the swimmers were beckoned ashore.

An hour or so later, as the march neared Flamingo Park, with everyone sweating profusely and on the brink of exhaustion, the rains came thundering down. "Rain! Rain! Stop the war!" began the chant, which later evolved into "Rains flood the dikes! Rains flood the dikes!", progressing to "We Seed the rain! We seed the rain!" until it finally matured into "They seed the rain! They seed the rain!"

At this point, the march collided with "Street Without Joy" — the march of the Vietnamese dead.

In the wake of two giant papier mache airplanes held aloft by scores of people wearing masks of Richard Nixon's face were hundreds of demonstrators dressed as Vietnamese peasants, their faces painted white to symbolize death. Many of them had used stage make-up to affect gruesome injuries and carried brutalized babies constructed also from papier mache.

This march proceeded to the regular demonstration site outside the convention hall. It was a prerehearsed exhibition of guerilla theater, dutifully observed by helicopters, FBI photographers mounted on surrounding apartment buildings and luxuriously armed contingents of Miami police. Finally the planes were set alight by the Americong and hurled over the chain link fence into the convention enclosure, where they were met by police wielding a portable fire extinguisher. But the extinguisher proved defective, and the B52's blazed away in defiance of those who tried to quench them.

"Street Without Joy" was the grand finale of pre-planned protests, for on the morrow was the chaos of scattered street fighting and mass arrests. On Tuesday evening, however, I insinuated myself inside the convention hall, where I mingled with another breed of energetic demonstrators — Youth for Nixon.

Throughout the week it was reiterated with pride that these right-wing firebrands had paid their own fares down — from the way they dressed and the style of their accommodations, it seemed they could afford it. To my questions about Vietnam they responded, "All's fair in love and war," an epigram which is impressive only by its inhumanity. These are the Pepsi Generation: clean-cut, aglow with genital deodorants, their speech crackling with all the wit of hair-spray commercials and their neatly pressed wardrobes set off with badges reading "Right on! Mr President."

"Do not go near Flamingo Park," they were warned on arrival in Miami, "or you will be photographed by the FBI. Don't go near the convention hall except by pre-arranged order, or you will be confused with radicals and end up on police files."

So rigidly were they organized (being commanded even to burn office propaganda lest it fall among irresponsible elements)

that hardened reporters spread rumors that they were hired hands.

If only it were true.

In sad reality, Youth for Nixon are genuine fanatics who need little encouragement to display their enthusiasm for President Nixon. The old dream of yippie was that kids would kill their parents' culture. But that culture is still alive — and kicking back. I was in the convention hall when this bubble gum generation stormed the floor, mouths foaming in ecstasy at the confirmation of Nixon's nomination, and along with the black mayor of Tallahassee I stood dazed as they danced about hysterically for 20 minutes in a frenzy of conquest, both of us too scared to reveal the true nature of our feelings, watching transfixed with diplomatic smiles.

Youth for Nixon was a potent force in Miami, popping up everywhere a royal family member was scheduled to appear, usually accompanied by a racy Dixieland band, elevating in unison the four fingers of their right hands in a gesture of salute reminiscent of Nazi Germany, chanting "Four more years . . . Four more years . . . Four more years . . ."

What does Miami mean for the protest movement?

Basically, that it is in a state of shambles. Flamingo Park, on the final Wednesday, conjured up an image of what it must have been like on the eve of the final battle of the Confederate Army. Police had virtually sealed the convention hall, reneging on prior agreements made with movement representatives. In the future, such bargaining should be undertaken with more cunning and less candor. Was there any need to publish the final sit-in plans days in advance and distribute them to the police?

The park lacked, during the crucial final hours, a proper communications system. "Leaders" were compelled to address small contingents of demonstrators and then set off on sit-ins with the foreknowledge of certain arrest. I recall Allen Ginsberg rehearsing his unit with the chant of "Ahhhhhhhh," designed not to avoid incarceration but to keep tempers pleasantly refrigerated.

Those not inclined to volunteer as lemmings formed spontaneous affinity groups intending to block traffic and set off armed only with damp kerchiefs and potatoes to stuff up exhaust pipes. Although uncoordinated and outnumbered, some of the affinity groups displayed remarkable dexterity and determination in blocking intersections and snarling traffic.

Over the next few months, radicals will be searching desperately for new strategies. One possibility will be an alliance with disenchanted liberals. Ironically, as the left suffers a crisis of identity and confidence, former establishment figures such as Daniel Ellsberg, the Berrigans and Ramsey Clark are renouncing former alliances and collaborating with the peace movement. The expedient necessity of such alliances is depressing news for those whose optimism was baptised by the visions of the '60's.

Many still pin their dreams on McGovern, but if he loses dramatically the revolutionary left will be isolated. Already it is smitten with sectarianism. There is no accepted consensus of analysis or strategy. Former activists are writhing from deep personal alienation. There is a dearth of upcoming leadership and the horizon is clouded by the bubblegum kids marching to the beat of the White House. Maybe Miami will be seen as the Alamo of the old New Left. Maybe the sixties are over.

CRACCUM PHOTOS ON SALE

Proof sets of the hundreds of photos taken for Craccum are now available for inspection in the Craccum office (including all the Arts Festival pix).

10" x 8" prints of any of these may be ordered at \$1.00 each.

Orders (with payment) should be made and collected from the Studass office unless you can place them directly with John Miller at Craccum. Make sure you get a receipt.

Pentagon News

By WALTER POLLARD

Good Evening, the time is 8 o'clock and here is the news from Wellington.

The War in Indochina has finally been won and the victorious Americans are fighting their way to the sea.

Commenting upon the situation, "The Herald" wrote in today's Editorial: "It is hard to over-emphasise the heroic quality of this victory. Single-handed and aided only by New Zealand, Australia, South Korea, Thailand and the South Vietnamese Army, together with the fullest non-combatant support from Japan and the Philippines, the Americans have defeated the North Vietnamese."

"Defended by a ring of steel, South Vietnam, thanks to generous American Aid, is now the garden of South East Asia. Order and Public Trust have been restored and even Elections have been promised as soon as the Peace Candidates have been apprehended. The Chinese hordes (disguised as Vietnamese but identified by the loess on their boots) have been driven back and the Power and the Glory of Western Civilisation will continue to shine forth in the foreseeable future. To whom can we compare these brave Americans, if not to the Army of Leonidas the Spartan, who also held a Pass against Asiatic Hordes and defended the Free World."

The final Victory Parade through pacified Saigon this afternoon was hardly marred by the absence of Negro Troops (temporarily confined to barracks for the occasion) nor by the fact that the rest were too stoned to march straight. No Vietnamese Officials were there to see them off and President Thieu has announced that the seat of Government has been temporarily transferred to the off-shore island of Con Son, which has just been given a seat on the Security Council of the United Nations.

The latest Government White Paper, just issued today, accentuates some of the positive results of Government Policy over the last decade, and goes on to enumerate: "The Domino Theory," upon which our policy was based, has been vindicated, for the defense of South Vietnam has been largely instrumental in convincing Thailand to join the United States as the 51st State.

The "Immortality of Neutralism" was also demonstrated when the Cambodian People rose as one man and demanded that Cambodia join in the War. The people now enjoy the victory they always wanted, both in the Eastern Capital of Saigon and in the Western Capital of Bangkok spontaneous demonstrations of loyalty are an everyday occurrence.

"Finally the 'Nixon Doctrine' has proved immensely successful, as we go to press we learn that it has been adapted for the Home Front and that a party of Crow Indians has been wiped out by the loyal Sioux and that the Bantu Militia, undergoing training by agreement with the South African Government, has re-taken Washington from the Black Panthers."

Final items of News: The Trial of those involved in the My Lai episode, which received a lot of malicious and ill-informed publicity at the time, ended today with the acquittal of the living; the dead were posthumously docked one month's pay. Colonel Meadlo, who received a Purple Heart for conspicuous gallantry in the field against overwhelming odds, is said to be very happy in his new job as Instructor at Fort Bragg in Counter-Insurgency Warfare.

The Chairman of the Dow Chemical Company, Mr Curtis Le May (who was once a General in the United States Air Force) arrived in Auckland today where he will address the University on "Aerial Archaeology" accompanied by slides of South East Asia, where the removal of the top layer has uncovered Early Palaeolithic sites with artifacts which carbon-dating has established to be earlier than, though identical to, contemporary artifacts.

And that is the end of the News.

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