



Architects vote to boycott exams at last Thursday morning's workshop meeting.

## DISCONTENT IN ARCHITECTURE SCHOOL FINALLY COMES TO A HEAD

# STUDENTS STOP WORK!

## BOYCOTT OF FINALS THREATENED

Late last week students at the School of Architecture laterally suspended their study programs and have since last Thursday morning a series of stop work meetings which were still proceeding as this issue went to press.

This series of meetings is the latest manifestation of a general feeling of discontent that has existed in the school for some time over basic faults in all levels of the architecture course. The decision to discontinue studies and hold the stop work meetings was taken at a lunchtime meeting the Tuesday before. At the Thursday and Friday meetings, 130 students from all four professional years (total roll 220), got down to the task of hammering out what exactly was wrong in the school.

### LONG STANDING GRIPEs - EXAMINATIONS

Practically all of those present spoke of deep-seated dissatisfactions with the content and general orientation of the courses offered and to a lesser extent with methods of assessment. During the Thursday Workshop sessions the meeting discussed the question of final examinations; practically all present considered finals as being undesirable and inaccurate as a means of testing a year's work. In the words of one student "The present grading system inhibits your originality. You kick your neck out and get it chopped off. Is it better to just pass or actually learn?"

On a vote, the meeting decided unanimously that the present system of grading and final examinations should be abolished. Motion:—

*That final examinations be abolished and that alternative means of assessment be discussed.*

In conjunction with this general resolution on examinations, it was proposed to the meeting that architectural students should boycott this year's finals if desired reforms in the School's course structure were not forthcoming. This motion was passed 116 to 12 with 10 abstentions.

### ARCHITECTURE SCHOOL : STOP PRESS

Monday morning a further meeting of the architectural students was held where proposals on course structure changes were clarified. In the afternoon, the student meeting was visited by the Dean of the Architecture Faculty, Prof. J. Wild, who, before the full assembly, invited

### CONTENT AND ORIENTATION OF COURSE RUBBISHED

With this indication of solidarity established, students then got down to work out what exactly was wrong with their courses. Out of the subsequent discussions the following points arose.

1. — That the present courses at the school are oriented towards the sole object of producing the professional architect; and that the amount of influence exercised in the School by the New Zealand Institute of Architects, (which has a similar relationship to the School as the New Zealand Law Society does with the Law Faculty), results in the perpetuation of a rather narrow approach to architecture that maintains the position of architect as a professional, subject to a restrictive code of practice. Many students believe this situation to be divorced from the realities of society. "Architects design for the establishment, the upper crust, the users." "We impose on ourselves restrictions on our freedom when we leave". "We do not have absolute freedom in this place. It's like a Technical Institute. This [the B.Arch.] is a professional degree geared to an existing political and economic system... they [Staff Members] leave things out and get things in."

2. — That students in their programs of study are too often presented assignments with preconceived solutions, (i.e. 1st Prof. — design a footbridge over a motorway, — instead of visualizing a way to get people from one side to the other), instead of being taught an approach to problem solving or analysing the social complications of design elements (-urban renewal, town house schemes). Contrary to what one would believe 1st Prof students actually have more latitude and freedom with their course.

3. — That the courses in the School are lagging behind in reflecting changes on society which many students in the School see occurring. Hence a conflict of opinion between faculty and students over the Architect's social responsibility now and in the future. Elements of the

courses are seen by some as supporting the architectural status-quo and thus provide no stimulation or incentive. "In four years there has been no change [in school course content] reflecting change in Society." "Is what is practised by the profession right for today's needs?"

### FURTHER RAMIFICATIONS

These points would summarise most of what was covered in last Thursday and Friday's workshop sessions. This week the architectural students have gone on to formulate what they wish to have taught in their courses.

These recent developments in the School of Architecture are interesting enough in themselves but they also have wider implications for the rest of the Student body of this University.

Final examinations and the lack of student participation in, or control over the determination of course structure and content have always been a bone of contention, amongst students in most universities both in NZ and overseas.

Sweet reasonableness on the part of students in requesting reforms through the "proper channels", has tended to be unsuccessful in bringing about radical changes to the system.

In the architects' own case, dissatisfaction with courses has been expressed on and off for the last year or two by certain of the 3rd and 4th Prof Students but little response from faculty has been forthcoming.

Students in all faculties should observe with more than mere interest this confrontation between the university bureaucracy and the architects.

Student representation on Senate has not obtained any important reforms out of the university. It remains to be seen how successful direct action by a tightly cohesive group of students proves to be in convincing these gentlemen that students themselves are capable of determining their own academic programmes.

a small group to join the staff meeting called to consider the explanations of the new course for 1973 (actually, the 1974 course brought forward). The students, having heard the proposals, reported back to the main meeting with a 31 page foolscap dossier (hastily gestetnered over the weekend) con

taining the tentative regulations and prescription for the 1973 calendar. The meeting received the Dean's report with the realisation that it was a red herring. At late closing of press, it was announced that the students had organised further meetings, some with staff, for the following day, Tuesday, and stop work was still in effect.



# Ginsberg—'real, warm'

BY BOB STOWELL  
Reprinted from CANTA

I met Allen Ginsberg this summer while teaching at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. He had come to Amherst to read his poetry that evening and, with three or four students, we talked for an hour in the lounge on the sixth floor of the twenty-two storey John F. Kennedy dormitory.

The first impression one has is of warmth; that Ginsberg is real, that he cares about people, that when he talks with you all of his attention is on you and what the two of you are discussing. His heavy black beard serves as a kind of counterpoint to the huge bald head.

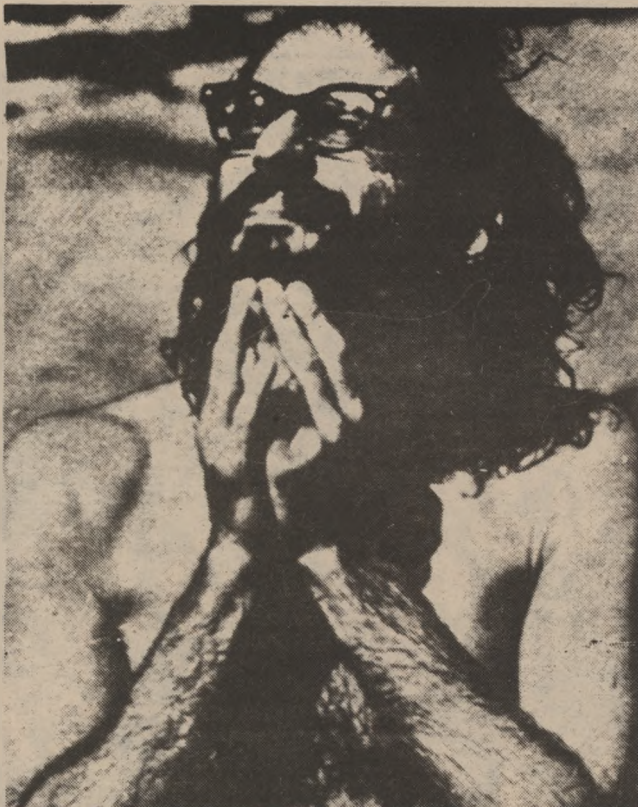
## Chicago Convention

We talked first about the student protests and the violent confrontations with the police, particularly the brutality at the Chicago convention of the Democratic party. Ginsberg said that having taken part in some of these, he could say without question that the police had often been both provocative and unnecessarily violent; certainly far more of the violence came from the forces of "law and order" than from the students.

There seemed to be a nearly automatic reaction when policemen see long hair and sandals to wade in with a club. The result has been a universal hatred and distrust of the "pigs" by the young, and this, in turn, has generated more violence.

He said that some of the more revolutionary leaders of the "Resistance" and the underground in America had decided to stay completely out of sight because of the distortions and mis-use of their views by the mass media. The big picture magazines and television were a natural menace to the radical. They often did succeed in "taming" unwary radicals by offering them big fees for articles or television appearances where they destroyed the effectiveness of his ideas by presenting them in "jazzed up" popular versions or through subtle distortions.

One young man in our group seemed obviously to be on drugs during our talk, and Ginsberg was especially gentle with him, speaking slowly so that he could follow the conversation. Ginsberg said that he had seen too often the disastrous effects of such hard drugs as LSD, "speed" and heroin, but he was convinced that the use of marijuana should be legalised. Like many others who have spoken about drugs, Ginsberg pointed out that marijuana was less of a social evil than alcohol. Both alcohol and pot were subject to mis-use by the sick, the weak, the inexperienced, but to forbid their use made little sense; Ginsberg did say that heroin had ruined several years of his own life.



Allen Ginsberg

We got onto the subject of war resistance when I asked him he felt about paying his federal income tax when three-quarters went for war in Vietnam and preparations for future wars. Ginsberg became quite excited and asked "Are you serious? Do you really know?" He had evidently just decided to refuse to pay any taxes for the illegal, immoral and unjust war in Vietnam. With a twinkle in his eyes, he said that he was also using the United States government. Ginsberg said that he had good lawyers who would take his case against the government. A number of doctors were willing to testify that the Vietnam war had done grievous bodily harm to Ginsberg, and they could prove this medically. In some past years his income had been too low to be of interest to the government, but now he had decided to make a stand. He hoped that many people would also refuse to pay for the war. Ginsberg felt that this was an excellent way for those who were too old for the draft to make a strong protest against the war.

## Howl with Ginsberg

Ginsberg was speaking in the evening at the university auditorium and he excused himself for a few minutes to telephone Robert Creeley who was vacationing nearby to see if he would like to be on the programme. That evening the crowd was so large that sessions had to be arranged (the auditorium holds 3,500 people). A guerilla theatre group came on the stage before Ginsberg and put on a raucous "happening" ridiculing the Vietnam War. Then Ginsberg read Howl and Reality Sandwiches as well as some of his unpublished poems. Robert Creeley also read a few poems and he and Ginsberg exchanged some comment on the modern American scene. The audience was most enthusiastic. Ginsberg's poetry must be read aloud; it suffers more than most work if read silently. Students somehow managed to hang a huge banner above the stage with the letters three feet high "... the Establishment."

As a footnote, I met another fine poet a few days later who attended a vigil against the war in Vietnam. A group of about 100 of us stood on the edge of a park in the centre of Amherst, Mass., having been held weekly for nearly three years. Members of the group took turns reading the names of Americans who had been killed in Vietnam. Standing next to me was a tall, ruddy-faced man who looked rather like a farmer in his red shirt and khaki pants. After the vigil he turned to me and said "I'm Robert Francis". One book of his poems, *The Sound I Listened For*, had interested me greatly. A few nights later I sat in front of a log fire in his cabin while he reminisced about his friendship with Robert Frost. Shelves of modern poetry lined his living room, making me realise the extent of the "rebirth" of poetry in the United States since 1950. I look forward to reading his autobiography when it is finished next year.



## ART OF THE SPACE AGE / Preview / Auckland Art Gallery

This collection is certainly one of the most comprehensive exhibitions of kinetic art to be seen in Auckland ever. The majority of the works are under five years old and only three are over 10 years old; the Duchamp 1934, Calder 1950 and Malina 1957.

Kinetic art arises in the twentieth century due partly to the ability of the artist to make things move but mainly through a growth in the perception of space. No longer do Renaissance based concepts hold good for the twentieth century artists. Space has become infinite, Einstein's Theory of Relativity altered our conception of space light and time. It is in the changing appreciation of these elements that we arrive at kinetic art. It is the awareness of movement or the elements which constitute movement.

Movement itself is not a criteria (a spinning Mona Lisa is still the same thing, one gains nothing more from it). It is the use of movement that is important.

Pol Bury's menacing Erectile is one of the few pieces in the exhibition which evokes direct emotions. The slow clanking protuberances seem unrelated to the hidden machine which powers it. The sound of the machinery accompanies the moving arms and the piece tends to have an organic life of its own. It does not act like a machine and its square construction seems to oppose any life—there is a conflict between what we know and what we see, it is this which creates the disturbing reaction.

The most time consuming piece is Stan Ostojka-Kotkowski (an Australian of course)—it has a sound-light cycle of at least 15 minutes. Enclosed within an opened box a tree of red green and orange car rear lights. Sound and light complement and oppose in a prolonged chorus of a self contained environment.

J-R Soto's constructions attempt to create a three dimensional graphic work using overlays of perspex. Two planes in opposition to each other are changed by the movement of the viewer. In *Vibration*

with a Blue Square, a dynamic movement is created by utilising basic optical illusion facts. The interesting aspect lies in the utilization of the work of space by the painterly medium. The space is a painterly one but completely transitory, there is constant changing illusion. This defies the normal laws of the painterly object.

Morellet's Sphere constructed of light rods all at right angles to each other creates strange illusions. Through square tubes of rods see changing patterns of perspectives. The area and structure of the spherical qualities but an internal change takes place. This type of sculptural minimal art. There is no inherent complexity—complexity is created psychologically by the distortion of space. *Planes*—this exists only in perceptions. This piece should be seen in an area of contrasting light. At Wellington the thing was suspended high up in a well-lit room. It is to be hoped Auckland doesn't do the same.

The Duchamp Rotorelief, made in 1934, is in many respects a model for a great number of the other works. A simply constructed machine, relying on a simple principle of illusion, it also has the element of much 20th century art—one needs only a few seconds to look at it. The eye-twitching effects can be appreciated for long periods but it need only be seen to be appreciated. While this is necessarily an attribute of all 20th century art, it does occur. It is an acknowledgement of the transitory nature of visual things.

The Jean Tinguely pieces and that of Takis are superb examples of junk sculpture. Finely articulated pieces of scrap metal evoke a sense of the materials. We are also made aware of the ability of 20th century materials to create a strange organic life of their own.

This is an exhibition for touching and peering—please touch all exhibits. Some of the pieces are for laughing at, others are laughing you. They are making movement in all dimensions—even inside your head.—John Daly-Peoples.

## THE BEATLES ILLUSTRATED LYRICS, ed Alan Aldridge. \$3.30 Copy from Whitcombe & Tombs.

The book is the audio-visual experience—look at any picture and the melody starts in the child. Right from the beginning; the ritual chant of love me do when everybody spent school hours pissed as sods at somebody's grandma's place listening to these first achings and now we find that Paul slagged off school himself to write that song with John! The Beatle thing was made in the highschools, in boarding convents, these boys with their bright red guitars gave the girls wet panties and the revolution began. John Lennon next to Marx and Engels (p.102) and the funny feeling that he is the most important; Don't you know it's going to be alright just takes the guts out of the change the world thing—it's time to go, the road thing exactly as early Beatles to Hamburg, the Star Club, Silver Beatles. SHE'S LEAVING HOME BYE BYE . . . and that tender comic notation by Julian Allen (must be the same guy from the old Eagle comics) . . . quietly turning the backdoor key stepping outside she is free . . . social value systems self-destruct because of the newly left home.

The strange preoccupations of this book, almost a concordance of phallic practice: from the stance of the leather boys as caught in Merseyside when the Beatles topped the local fan poll and Paul was called McCartney Jan 4 - 18, 1962. A man with a gear(joy)stick in his trousers; lover of Sexy Sadie in elephant drawers—I mean standing there with a great proboscis where his fly oughta be; the art of Donald McGill there to illustrate Day Tripper (see Orwell, *Decline of the English Murder*); and then for Get Back, the best Beatle music ever, the flesh of either sex becomes interchangeable—the woman sits on the man like a pair of overalls. Most of these from Alan Aldridge himself, erstwhile cover designer for Penguin Science-fiction series, turned onto these things through illustrations for the Observer Nov. 1967. But he makes it clear that he is not interested in hagiography, more to grab ahold of the sixties and to see why (perhaps) the Beatles made so much plunder from the times I wanted money to be rich said John.

These images: from Helter skelter, woman as plastic monolith where men twirl from her head to her pudenda as in the carnival, woman eating and destroying the male with her anterior labia! What



goes on repeats the thing, impossible to describe but prettily reaching conclusions reached just by taking the words literally; the traveller theme as in *Strawberry Fields* forever where 2 kids know nothing is real. In my life with its rediscovery of innocence, beautiful painting by Peter Le Vasseur, and the cat sitting there, Liverpool ever like this; and the 2 apples in the foreground, perhaps the most successful thing here, in this book, is this one:

The perception of innocence plays throughout with intelligence of the phallus, the girl who illustrates *If I Fell* with elegant naked body (she's only about 7 yrs) and do you remember what Lester did with that one in *Hard Day's Night*! It's the penicillin hand that presages knowledge and in ten years time she becomes Polythene Pam . . . those in the cheaper seats clap, the rest of you rattle your jewellery. The knowledge of the old man in Eleanor Rigby and those mortuary beds coming out of the picture, she didn't even look as if she was going to.

The hermaphrodite theme, the male scratching his pistil, female grabbing at her stamen like those androgynes that Allen Jones was doing—here again the steadfast literalness of the illustrated leads to such stark conclusions: Tell me what you see; the male Breckinridge creature who is there for Back in the U.S.S.R.; the Law's mask for I'm a loser. All hell breaking loose for that strange asexual figure of Searle's saying Help, I need somebody.

You gotta take this book on your trip Easy and Freedom Ride but for the ponderous, there is more to it. David Hockney who close to the Beatles; can we give him the freedom of the city too Mayor?; Rudolph Hausner, the German Expressionist; Rick Griffin phantasmagorical strip for Why don't we do it in the road (well, why not?); David Bailey; John Glashan; Heinz Edelman. THE BOOK OF THE YEAR and now I've got it.

"Me used to be angry young man  
me hiding me head in the sand  
You gave me the word  
I finally heard  
I'm doing the best that I can."

—Alan Brunton



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-Alan Brun



THE ROCK WOMAN by James K. Baxter. Oxford University Press. (Copy from University Book Shop).

is a despair here from Baxter, a selection of poems which increases from the pontifical voice of the lapsed religious in the early poems, through the rhetoric of the one bringing definition to the Muse in debt for the gift of the gab. Yet the work is in each phase, the search for the signs of pity in a time and place where art is surface and craft afraid to be more than art. There is always the vision of innocence in the experiences and to the making of these verbal artefacts. The work is the greatly of the man's failure to dream a reality. I think of Baxter at our doorway, taking our hands with a gentle bow while that dismal tenement for signs of beauty and while yet with his beads to hold out his palm to indicate that he was a rent-collector. Here in *The Rock Woman*, the same vision in the dream and the same shock of the real to destroy its innocence.

search for pity led to keeping a bunch of freaks and heads and for the policemen who tramped in each morning to a silent life of their own suspicions. Yet the Muse became erratic, the construction of the work which came before that is the concern of *The Rock Woman*. For the person of these years you should turn to *The Small Prophets & No Returns* wherein is briefly

the character that most likely led Curnow the Old to rail against the 'young Rimbauds' in 1953 (*Here & Now*). But the themes of his selection.

in the Matukituki Valley impressed the archsould off Old back in the dark and abysmal time of Penguins but it was pretence than a poem, the sort of thing written in the style of both to lay them to rest and as the clarion call to a new era. The embarrassing part of the charade must have been when he took up this soft-romantic attitudinizing and mistook it for a success. Some of the lines are silly, 'Remote the land's heart', 'And who sleep in close bags fitfully'. William Fox's watercolour has a quality in it than these several stanzas of 'mindless ecstasy' and a prosody. The Svengali here is Yeats through Phoenix with the Holcroft in close attendance—look also at Virginia Lake with its destroyed Fantastic Eden of a waking dream' or to New Zealand where we are asked to consider 'The rain's choir on curtains of moss.'

There is so much crap in the Baxter opus, why then should we be seriously? Not simply because there is now an army of poets, O'Sullivan, Hunt, Ireland, Johnson, but for these reasons: liberation of the expressionistic mind and the boldness of the language before his verbs. The love lyrics in which the metaphors are the poet himself (and the felicity of 'the geometric pattern is the moment', a separate discovery of Carlos Williams' 'intersection of the two kids'). The irregular rimes, the inversions, the pick of words, the futility of battle with the way of seeing even before the way of writing, 'the pulsation of electronic vigour'; the images have their round, perhaps probable moments but are gently accepted.

religious temper which has personal form in *Pig Island Letters*, relating the cloying aspects of Marianism, and relating them here to his place, and to these people:

Give my love  
He is aware of  
In the Otago storms  
spray to salt the landward farms  
Eleanor R  
Whoever can listen  
enough will write again.'

is the search for the 'source of our grief'. From making a mad with long plaits to the apocalyptic vision rising beyond man, from the housewife itchy for Satan to the poet letting in the tomcat. Even, one imagines, to Baxter burning his undelivered in secret Wellington backstreets.

the grasp of myth in specific locations: The Watch, At the Henley Pub, his Taieri Mouth to where young poets regimed late last year while in Dunedin:

high tide I the burning  
drake coffinless stood  
saw the moon stride over  
the belly of the flood  
against the tide's turning.'

the quest for the word as revelation, the poems after Rimbaud, which achieve a simplicity Lowell missed, where he finds again his Muse and the burden of his own work, 'Who will speak the graph of pity?'

for pity here must be that an unimaginative Academy cannot find for Baxter which would support him, yet not set him about the mournful task of teaching, so that he may remain amongst the Bruntons.

#### LET IT BE/directed by M. Lindsay-Hogg/Regent

When I was down at Arts Festival I took some time out to see *Let It Be*. The cinema was nearly full, I was sitting near the back, and the sound was very low, and, well, it really surprised me how bad—well, not bad, but boring, it was. The Beatles have become involved in another dog I thought—Michael Lindsay-Hogg has burned them, just like Spector did with the album.

The other day, I went to see it again—this time in Auckland (I just went to get familiar enough with it to write about it)—the cinema didn't have many people in it, I sat up near the front in the middle, and the sound was much louder. . . .

What really surprised me, after about a quarter of an hour was how much I was bloody enjoying it. You know, I had gone in there, firmly convinced, knowing I wouldn't like it, and I was enjoying it! It felt pretty strange, but quite good; I think it was partly due to the better seat, but mainly to the loud sound—some of the dialogue between the lads is nearly or completely inaudible and the louder volume made it easier to pick up a lot of good chatting—you know—the sort that's between people who know each other really well. The main effect of the volume though was that I found myself really getting into the songs—much more than I was the first time.

It was near the end of 1968 when the Beatles started talking about another movie—a total of 300 hours of film, from three to four cameras was shot over more than 100 hours in January and some of February 1969—the idea of the return to simplicity was influenced apparently by Dylan's John Wesley Harding (and other factors too detailed for here) and to hear the songs in the movie, without the mark of Spector, the greatest over-producer of them all, as on the album, is really good—this is what the original title *Get Back* is all about. They changed the title to *Let It Be* because with the album still in the can and the film still in the editing room after a year—the best recourse, apart from going forward (as they did with *Abbey Road*) was just to let it be.

I think that one of the reasons for the film being as low key as it



## THE GODFATHER

Consider the number of recent films which are based on novels, *Clockwork Orange*, *Straw Dogs*, *Love Story* (hmm), *The Last Picture Show*, *Death in Venice*, etc., etc. Can't people write film scripts anymore?

What can I say about *The Godfather*? In the first 18 weeks of American release it took over \$100,000,000, an all time record. It looks like becoming the biggest money maker of all time. The British press have called it the film of the century (which century). A sequel, *Godfather Pt. 2*, is being worked on and it's premier is planned to the day about 18 months from now. The massive production achievements of days gone by are still possible, perhaps on a reduced scale, but still possible.

This is the type of film which through careful characterisation on the part of the actors, through thorough observation of period detail, and through a complex script creates and makes acceptable real a world in which the audience can have no part. If the wide sweep of John dos Passos's *U.S.A.* stands solidly behind, and if Americans can identify with this kind of epic production, then for New Zealanders the connection must apparently be second hand. Not really, for we have been tutored well in this. The majority of our films for many years have been American, as is a large part of our television. The premises which postulate *The Godfather* are no longer alien. The legend of the Mafia has become part of our bedtime story repertoire. So whether we praise or reject this film will depend on our acceptance of whether or not this type of film making is still valid. How far removed when all is said and done is *The Godfather* from *Sound of Music*?

Granting validity, judgement comes easy. Brando is everything he's cracked up to be, every other actor is just as good, the film's going to clean up academy awards right, left and centre. The three hours of film unwind themselves with complete internal cohesion. Puzos' story weaves it's way through weddings, christenings and plenty of the old rata tat tat, to mould the character and position of the new *Godfather*, Michael (Al Pacino). Michaels' father Don Vito Corleone (Brando) and elder brother Sonny (James Caan) are dead when he assumes the mantle, as the film closes you could assume that we are back to the beginning of Don Vito's career.

If you expect Brando to be the dominant character you are wrong. The film is about his son Michael, Brando will not disappoint you (he never does), but Al Pacino emerges as the centre as much if not a little more than Brando. These two actors make the film. The large supporting cast is not to be ignored, for in many ways the multitude of smaller men who form the backdrop are the only reason Brando and Pacino can be so good. Prominent among these are Stirling Hayden (looking very much older than he did in *Dr Strangelove*) who plays Police Chief McCluskey, Richard Conte as Barzini, Al Martino playing a Frank Sinatra type known as Johnny Fontane, Morgana King as Mama Corleone and dozens of others who look familiar from the days of *The Untouchables*.

Although very much an actors film, this reflects into the direction. Francis Ford Coppola is one of the younger American directors, who along with Peter Bogdanovich and William Friedkin (*French Connection*), supports the idea that a film should be first and foremost good entertainment. (This is why I said you must consider your attitude to the political aspects of cinema before judging the likes of *The Godfather*). Coppola has set himself up as an observer, restrained the camera, not let the old cars get the better of him, and let the actors get on with it.

The R16 classification is intriguing. *Clockwork Orange* was lumbered with an R20, *Straw Dogs* an R18, and yet the violence in *The Godfather* outdoes them all. R16 is O.K. by me, but let's have consistency. The reason is probably the lack of anything sexual, you can see Sonny Corleone being cut to bits by machine gun fire but not little Alex taking his pleasures.

Players: Marlon Brando, Al Pacino? James Caan, Richard Castellano, Robert Duvall, Stirling Hayden, John Marley, Richard Conte and Diane Keaton.

is, is that the making of an album is a fairly monotonous job (unless you're a John Fogherty and C. Clearwater—they can produce an album in a matter of days)—imagine sitting through hours of takes and retakes in the process of getting the sound just right. It's at this concept level that the flaw really occurs and this is compounded by Lindsay-Hogg's treatment of it—I mean, it could have been interesting. Lindsay-Hogg seems to have been influenced somewhat by Warhol's method of documentary where what actually happened, in the time it took to happen, is shown, and because of this, the movie will never be as popular with the masses as were the two Lester efforts and *Yellow Submarine*. Warhol isn't interested in popular success, and anyway, he's into exploring new grounds like boredom. Lindsay-Hogg adds his own ideas to this basic method though in a selfconscious attempt to make the movie more 'interesting' and 'cinematic' and these, like the closeups of parts of Paul's and John's faces for most of the movie (I mean, who wants to look at where John nicked himself in his neck by his tonsils when he was shaving anyway?) really miss the point that making music is a collective activity, with the musicians working together. Warhol would have just set up the camera, back far enough to get everybody in the shot, and then gone out for a sandwich or something.

On top of this is the pointless editing—rapid, rhythmless cutting for lack of anything else better to do. Lindsay-Hogg was worried people would be bored just sitting there watching four or five (Billy Preston) guys play and so he ends up pushing you further and further away from the simple reality of the music. It's these faults that show that Lindsay-Hogg—although he used to direct the now defunct *Ready Steady Go* on TV and the *Stone's Circus* (originally for TV but as yet unreleased), is not really into rock, or the people making it.

But I mean, the production isn't all that bad, and even if you're not really into what the Beatles are doing now on record you should go, just to hear what the *Let It Be* album could have been like, before Spector turned simplicity into spectacle. — F. Bruce Cavell.



JETHRO TULL/STAND UP/PHILLIPS

If you want to know about Jethro Tull then you should really know a bit about Ian Anderson because Anderson is really Jethro Tull—well almost. . . . You see, it's he who writes their songs, sings, plays various instruments, formed the group and partnered Terry Ellis in producing this, their second album, *Stand Up*. . . . O.K. just who is the real Ian Anderson; he was born in Blackpool and lists his initial influence as the early Beatles, Stones then Jimmy Reed, Howlin' Wolf, and later Alexis Korner; also Mingus and Ornette Coleman, Zoot Money and other big jazz men—Graham Bond too, and this makes sense "although at the time I didn't really realise how much Bond's music was." Well Anderson came to London and met Clive Bunker, drums; Glen Cornick, bass, and Mick Abrahams who later left to form *Blodwyn Piggy* and was replaced by Martin Lancelot Barre. . . . Anyway, they're all just names aren't they? Lancelot dragons and maidens and things—But Anderson, Mr Ian Anderson, is a pretty big name in British Showbiz. . . . "Mr Entertainment heads for America" and "Tonight on top of the pops we have. . . wait for it. . . (no not Jagger). . . yes. . . Mr Ian Anderson". . . Well he can take it all: he even thinks he deserves it and he's not far wrong see.

Jethro Tull got their first big break at the Sunbury Festival in the summer of 1968; they were established then and they have never looked back. At a time when progressive groups were taking themselves very seriously, Anderson was leaping about in a hairy great army coat with his flute in one hand and the microphone in the other. Well of course they soon found themselves in the Top Twenty with *Living in the Past* and *Sweet Dream*, so they had to cut an album. Their first album was nothing exciting, in fact rather poor, but it showed what they were about, what they could do, and they've done it—*Stand Up* their second album is very good. The trouble with their first album was weak arrangements and bad material—an undefeatable combination, Anderson was to blame, but he was green and with chart success like *Living in the Past* you can't blame him for pushing his luck. Mature lyrics and excellent arrangements are the backbone of *Stand Up* and without hesitation I would rate this as one of the best five albums from England that I've heard in the past twelve months. Another would be the Rod Stewart album and with a little opposition I would also include *Led Zeppelin*.

Well let's take a look at the music on *Stand Up*. First side, first track, *A New Day Yesterday* sets the standard for the whole thing—it opens with a solid bass run and Clive Bunker type triplets—heavy is the word, with phased in and out fuzz guitar. The strong rhythm section, bass and drums, carries it along through one verse then suddenly there's Anderson's flute and you know it's Jethro Tull. Never overdone, always expertly handled this flute is really something—in a beat number it's a beat flute, in a slow ballad it wisps along, a gentle sound.

A bell-like introduction with lead guitar and bongo rhythm, that delicate flute, and Jeffry goes to Leicester Square. Like half the numbers on this album this isn't the swinging Tull you're used to—more subdued especially in *Bouree*, an instrumental, where the flute carries the whole theme over a clever bass run. Back in the Family is the harder side of Tull. *Look Into The Sun* with phased voice, a little wow guitar and a pretty pleasant sound. Nothing is Easy, is from the charts and *Fat Man* is a strange number; tambourine, bongo rhythm, Sitar type lead, add up to an eerie sound. *We Used to Know*, makes use of a beautiful chord sequence on acoustic guitar, and that flute again, add a little wow guitar, stir and that's it—leave it alone—it's just right. . . . Well, the high point must surely be Anderson's *Reasons for Waiting*—acoustic guitar again, Hammond organ, Sir Lancelot on flute, catchy rhythm alternating with a flowing bass line, violins too—well it sounds a bit blush doesn't it, but it's fantastic—music to chat up your school girl mistresses by—it all comes off—the whole thing—the last track *For a Thousand Mothers*, is really the only overworked number on the album and even so it's still superior to the majority of the first Tull album.

The quality never lets up. Technically it's superb. You are never overexposed to stereo gimmicks—the stereo is there, a good balance, never detracting from the musical content. The recording is good. . . there's presence and little distortion.

Jethro Tull is a group with a distinctive sound and there are really too few of them about. They seem to have found their thing and they're playing with it, and it's standing up. If you like Jethro Tull—hurray! . . . If you don't what else can I say?—Derek King



"...sky church is still here, as you can see."

# JIMI



"Experience"  
Viking VP 359  
"Rainbow Bridge"  
Reprise RS 2040  
"Hendrix in the West"  
Polydor 2310

Judging by the standards Hendrix set in his previous recordings, the quality is spread very thinly at times over these posthumous collections. But I shouldn't complain—at least a third of the material here is equal to anything released previously, as well as some tracks that are probably as good as Hendrix could ever get. Though, were Hendrix still living I couldn't see him sanctioning the release of a lot of this material.

"EXPERIENCE" is a live recording of the original Jimi Hendrix Experience, performing at the Albert Hall in February, 1969. The recording forms part of the sound-track of a film made of the performance. ("Experience Vol. II" has yet to be released here.)

Opening with an accelerated version of "Sunshine of Your Love", the first side is a quarter of an hour of unrestrained jamming. The second track, "Room Full of Mirrors" is another rave. It is the type of music best played at full volume to obscure the fact that there is really not much there to listen to. Side two is worse. "C Sharp Blues" is a slow twelve-bar blues, with some of the most uninspiring guitar playing I have from Hendrix since those atrocious recordings with Curtis Knight. The tracks generally are so structurally flaccid that they fall apart when Hendrix starts to improvise. (For a more interesting piece of jamming listen to "Jam Back at the House" on "Woodstock II"). The last track on the LP is six minutes of tune ups, vague rapping with the audience, feedback and the sound of the Master grinding his amplifiers to death. Entitled "Smashing of Amps" it tends to sum up the rest of the LP. This is scraping the bottom of the barrel and Hendrix's manager, Mike Jeffrey should feel ashamed to have his name associated with it.

"RAINBOW BRIDGE" is a collection of studio tracks, with one live track included. It is the sound-track from a film Hendrix made in Hawaii with a mystic named Chuck Wein. How much the music here has to do with the film will be seen when the film is finally shown here, as the LP is a collection of tracks recorded over the space of 18 months at different studios. "Look Over Yonder" with Mitch Mitchell and Noel Redding was recorded back in October, 1968.

The later tracks have the simpler, undistorted sound that characterised the music on his last release. "The Cry of Love". Some tracks on "Rainbow Bridge" sound as though they could be rough work-outs or discards from the same recording sessions. "Earth Blues" on side one sounds like a paler version of "Straight Ahead". Like the preceding track "Dolly Dagger" it tends to lack excitement which is not helped in either case by the extraneous backing vocals. On these tracks Hendrix is backed by Billy Cox on bass and Mitch Mitchell on drums. "Pali Gap" a languid instrumental that follows these two, has some very restrained guitar work in it. It reaches no great heights but is a careful piece of work with the conga playing of Juma Edwards working in well in the background.

This is followed by a tighter, filled out version of "Room Full of Mirrors". This is a better integrated track than any of the others previously mentioned, with some very strong bass playing by Billy Cox. The last track on side is a studio version of "Star Spangled Banner". It is a more formal, almost orchestral in comparison with the Woodstock version, done with multi-tracked guitars. At the end of the layers of guitar work flow and cascade over one another. "... just part of the static in the air", is how Hendrix referred to it.

"Look Over Yonder" and "Hey Baby" on side two are average performances, interesting instrumentally but very weak as far as lyrics and vocals are concerned.

The remaining track, "Here My Train A Comin'", is the real gold on the LP. Recorded live at Berkeley it is 11 minutes of fiery vocals and tortured, grinding guitar work. It moves with a slow "Machine Gun" like ominousness with all the fire and fury that is absent from the other tracks.

"HENDRIX IN THE WEST" is a more consistent LP than "Rainbow Bridge" and a better live LP than "Experience". It is a collection of live recordings from performances at Berkeley and the Isle of Wight, backed by Cox and Mitchell, and from San Diego, backed by Redding and Mitchell.

Side one is heavy rock, opening with a breathless version of Chuck Berry's "Johnny B. Goode" and leading straight into "Lover Man".

A version of "Blue Suede Shoes" follows, with the others the emphasis is on the rhythmic backing and the lead breaks; the vocals, virtually drowned out, seem to be thrown in on top as an after thought. The pace is accelerated with the last track—"Voodoo Chile". Near the end he sings slowly with the guitar chopping out the rhythm very softly underneath. It feels as though he is just quietly and gently controlling something potentially very explosive. The tracks on this side demonstrate above all else the enormous rhythmic power that Hendrix had under his control.

Side two opens with Hendrix's introduction at the Isle of Wight, doing a hatchet job on "God Save The Queen". Like with "Star Spangled Banner" at Woodstock he makes the anthem sound ridiculous and shot full of holes. This leads into a few moments of "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" then fades off into the distance. What follows must be some of Hendrix's finest moment on record.

Anyone who has gotten into Hendrix's work knows that he was more than just the raver he appeared to be on the surface. "Little Wing" and "Red House", which take up most of side two, bring this out. These tracks also show how good Noel Redding and Mitch Mitchell could work in behind Hendrix. "Little Wing" is every bit as good as the version on "Axis, Bold as Love" but with the vocals more prominent. It is a short, sympathetic, brilliant piece of work. However his extended version of "Red House" is a masterpiece. He does with his guitar what Janis Joplin did with her vocals in "Ball and Chain", articulating a spine-chilling picture of misery and despair—falling and building emotional waves to its climax. What he calls "... a little of the blues".

Hendrix has said, "I feel guilty when people say I'm the greatest guitarist on the scene. What's good or bad doesn't matter to me; what does matter is feeling and not feeling. If only people would take more of a true view and think in terms of feelings. Your name doesn't mean a damn, it's your talent and feeling that matters. You've got to know much more than just the technicalities of notes; you've got to know sounds and what goes between the notes." Listen to "Red House" and "Little Wing".

## MAGGIE'S FARM BENEFIT DANCE

# A FAIRY TALE FOR THE OLDER CHILD

Once upon a time, two penniless hippies decided to open a nightclub in Auckland. Not just any old nightclub, you understand, but one for our sort of people. Not just a place where you went to fill your head with rock, maybe pick up a bird, sat around listless and bored, danced cool and never spoke to anyone.

No! This place was going to be something special. A place where you went along and paid half the price of anywhere else to get in, the bands weren't interested in crowding the place with hoppers, and nobody cared that much if it made any money or not. A place where unknowns could get up and play and know that the audience would judge them on their merits and not on the number of hit singles they'd had.

And, "Hey, yeah we don't need to stick exclusively to music. People like the living Theatre Troupe could perform up there. And we could show lots of movies. And generally it'd be really great to have a place where people went along and met other people, and saw the sort of thing they wanted to see, and everyone would just sort of, you know, be happy together or something like that, if you know what I mean."

Then about ten months ago they found this fantastic place in Queen St, just up from the Town Hall.

"It's small, sure, but if we knocked down a few walls, it'd

probably be big enough, and if we really want to do it enough, we can get enough money to pay the rent from somewhere..."

So our two happy hippies took out the rent on 396 Queen St, and set out doing things with great vigour. To help pay the rent they got a couple of other guys to chip in. And, for a while, things were cool. But, you know how things go; a lot of people paying their rent shot through to Australia. Somebody broke in and ripped off all our tools, and things got pretty fucked up. Suddenly our two happy hippies had to face up to the fact that ideals cost a lot of money, and people don't like giving other people their money, which is fair enough if you look at it like that. However just as they were about to chuck it in, the whole scheme some nice people came along and gave them some moral reinforcement, lent them tools, and generally restored their faith in the project and humankind at large.

Which brings us up to date. They've got the enthusiasm, they've nearly finished all the building work, but they've run out of money. Money for plates, cups, etc. for cutlery, for sandwich toasters; for Zipheaters, for chairs, for lights; for the million and one other things you need money for.

So they're putting on a concert in the caf on Friday June 9. There's going to be five bands, and they're all going to be playing for free because they want to see the place opened. So, if you want to see the most happily ever after club Auckland has seen, come along at 8pm on Friday the 9th with ONLY 60 CENTS in your

pocket (that's 12 a band) and see:

**TOLEPUDDLE:** N.Z.'s most successful folk-rock band. Turning professional January this year; played Mary Hopkins concert Western Springs, Daddy Cool Concert Carlaw Park. Folk and rock concerts up and down the country.

**MADISON KATE:** On the road to becoming one of Auckland's best rock bands. Style of music varies from Neil Young to Hendrix. Resident at the Montmartre.

**PONY:** Formed specially for the occasion. Another one of these folk-rock things, but more rock than folk. A potpourri of well-known Auckland musicians producing a distinctive, for want of a better word like shit hot, fucking neat, farout, groovy, full downhome, sound. (Guess who's in this one.)

**MURRAY GRINDLEY'S CHOO CHOO:** Or, more aptly, Murray Grindley's Choo, because the other choo can't make it. You probably remember Murray as one-time leadsinger with the Underdogs Blues Band (Sitting' In the Rain' days).

Also, Henry Jackson and a couple of others from last year October have got together with some other prominent musicians to form a band playing music by Frank Zappa. They're still working on a suitable name, and a prize of three electric weazels will be given to the best suggestion on the night. Running out of room, so luv a kissiz, Andrew and Paul etc.

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FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

## radio bosom

There has been a lot of controversy about the "music in the quad". Recently I read in the Auckland Star that a bunch of professors (Senate, or Council or something) were not too happy, as the noise had been interfering with study in the library, and members of the public had complained. Apparently the issue has been held over until they see what the position is in the second term, and since they have not asked me themselves, nor in fact contacted me at all, I thought I would tell everyone what is happening.

Over the holidays Selwyn Jones, president of Blues, Jazz, Rock, has set up a studio at the Arts Centre (24 Grafton Road) from which we intend to pipe music to the Student Union, by arrangements with the Post Office, and it should be installed by the time you read this, that is, if we don't encounter too much opposition from "Mr Student Union" and his lackeys! Selwyn is a former director of Radio Atlanta, which applied unsuccessfully for a private licence with Radio I and Radio Hauraki in 1969. They then planned to start an off-shore 'pirate' station, but this fell through for want of a suitable boat. At the Arts Centre Selwyn has set up Radio Atlanta's equipment, consisting of two turn-table decks (NZBC quality), a mixer, and a tape recorder.

As both the Coffee Bar and the Milk Bar have sound systems built into them, it will be easy to connect up to them, and the amplifier, for 'music in the quad', will be sufficient to use in the common rooms. Because several of the other organisers (including myself) were connected with RADIO BOSOM—set up in 1969 for Capping Week—we have decided to call this venture RADIO BOSOM. Our ultimate aim is to apply for a private licence, perhaps next year, for it is a well known fact, that the next private licence to be issued in Auckland will go to the University. The Public Liaison Officer is approaching established stations, for student time on Sunday evenings, and if he is successful, these two efforts combined should give students enough experience to confidently apply for their own licence some time in the future.

Initially we will run programmes for at least three hours a day, but this could easily be increased if enough people are interested. Unfortunately, as we have not received one bit of help from the Students Association, the scheme has been financed by Selwyn and myself, and frankly we do not have much to come and go on. We are desperately in need of interested would-be announcers, owners of private record collections, and anyone else willing to help in any way what-so-ever. All ideas, or suggestions will be gratefully received, and interested persons may contact either Selwyn Jones or myself, or come down and have a look at the Arts Centre.

We will definitely not sell out to middle-of-the-road tastes as all the Auckland stations have; we exist only to play the music you wish to hear. Disc-jockeys from other stations are to be invited to front the best shows, and we will be experimenting a lot, so the result should be interesting. At the very least RADIO BOSOM should encourage students to think more about music, and provide advertising for any groups who wish to use it, but it will only work if you get behind it. RADIO BOSOM for ever!

President Dave Neumegen

### BOSOM THRUSTS OUT

Radio Bosom cranks into action Monday week. This is the new music system for Studass i.e. a system owned and operated by students from our studio at the Arts Centre. We intend to pipe music from the Centre Monday to Friday. 12.00 to 3.00pm via a telephone line provided by the P.O. We hope students will bring along records to play and host their own shows. We have ex-N.Z.B.C. equipment (belonging to me which I'm lending) and speakers provided in the Coffee-bar/milk-bar/top common room. We have a lot of enthusiasm and interested people behind us and we hope you will help by promoting for us in Craccum—I don't know if you'll give us a full page advert or not but it would be a good idea. Hope you will help as this is an attempt by us to get students interested in music and to reduce impersonalism at Varsity. The services provided by us are advertising functions ONLY for societies, etc. I have N.Z.B.C. and private radio D.J.'s whom we will get to do one show a week—all the best will be by students who have had previous radio experience.—hope you groove.

Selwyn Jones



## HARVEST

NEIL YOUNG : Harvest (Reprise)

Legend has it that Neil Young requested three test pressings of Harvest from three different Warners/Reprise plants before he approved its release. But you see he was making a movie about himself at the time so he took quite a while to work out which pressings were the best... and then Kinney held up the release so the album would be covered by the new federal copyright laws... and our copy was actually pressed in Germany for distribution in England... that was because of the power strike. So really we should all feel pretty happy that Harvest is going to be released here only two months after the Rest-of-the-World!

London Symphony. But on this and the other orchestrated track it seems sooo obvious that Young has never been to England or the LSO or the USA—I don't think that they were ever both together in the same studio. (Apparently they were, but I bet it was at different times.)

'Heart of Gold' follows—super, chaps—you've heard it on the radio already. James Taylor and Linda Ronstadt (lovers at the moment) do back-ups. Final side one cut 'Are You Ready for the Country' features Dave Crosby and Graham Nash. Stephen Stills is around on nearly all tracks. So all of CSN & Y is there. Lovely.

A bloody good track is 'Old Man' which unfortunately evokes instant memories of the 'Old man lying by the side of the road... don't let it bring you down' type. Young must have realised this—why did he do it?

'Alabama', follows, a traditional-type protest song, and then a live cut, recorded at UCLA; an anti-heroin song entitled 'The Needle and the Damage Done'. Final one is 'Words' but I'm too afraid to play that lest its the one the Gibbs Brothers wrote. Its a beautiful line-up, and its going to grow on us. Harvest is the pick of the crop.

— ROGER W. MORGAN.

Harvest... selected tracks are being played daily on Radio Bosom. Release date about May 1.

### VOLUNTEERS/JEFFERSON AIRPLANE/RCA

I'd never really got into the Airplane before I was given this record to review... somehow they just didn't seem to sing any decent tunes and the vocals seemed so... syrupy, you know what I mean? But I'd read good reviews of it—like in Rolling Stone... and of course, Playdate—you can always rely on Playdate to give a good review to every record—the two reviewers are frightened they may appear unhippy not liking anything that is new, or that should be good.

Anyway, I'd read this good review in the Stone, and the Airplane have got this big following in the States, and their previous album After Bathing At Baxter's (there was another after this which I haven't heard but by all accounts this wasn't much) was meant to be good (I've just heard that—it is too—the production is simpler—not so many instruments, but the improvisation they get going in Volunteers is there), even though it didn't sell well here, and so I persevered on.

I'm glad I did—it took about a week of constant playings, and then I went away for Anniversary weekend. After three days' break I listened to it again and it sounded really good.

They're difficult—you can't put them on and then settle down to read

## RACING

### Wet weather tips

Last week's rain brought about the downfall of many good punters at Ellerslie. Unfortunately most horses are unable to run on both hard tracks and soft tracks. This means that a sudden change in track conditions forces the punter to discard all previous form and start looking for horses with either proven ability to run in the wet or horses whose breeding suggests they should be able to handle the soft going.

Last week was a good lesson for punters who have not previously taken much notice of a horse's inability to cope with heavy conditions. Horses sired by Better Honey had a particularly good day last Saturday. Ahjay and Hinematua both won well in the wet and Michael Thomas finished well for third in an earlier race. All three were sired by Better Honey. Another good wet weather sire is Head Fancy. Two of his progeny, Jans Beau and My Voli ran exceptionally good races last week even though their form in recent starts had not been outstanding.

As we are likely to get frequent fluctuations in the state of the tracks through the Autumn, punters should keep the following points in mind. First unless a horse is really top class, one should forget about horses that have done well on hard tracks. The only exceptions to this rule are horses like Tomray, whose breeding (Sabaeon-Lochray) or past form clearly demonstrate that the horse can run well on any sort of track. Secondly one should pay careful attention to Thursday trackwork. For example last week Fresh Up had no problems handling the soft track during training. On raceday he again had no problems in winning the two year old novice race. Alternatively Ystradowen was reported to have trained very badly at Takapuna last Thursday, and in the Championship Stakes this horse failed miserably to race up to recent form.

Thirdly punters should look closely at breeding. Horses sired by Better Honey, Le Filou, Cyrus, Head Hunter and Fair's Fair always seem to do well on wet tracks.

Many trainers will now keep a horse in work in the hope that a week of fine weather will cause tracks to be unexpectedly firm. In this situation horses that raced well in February/March, could surprise with an unexpected win. Students should keep an eye on midweek training to see how many of these 'summer' horses are still in training. Roger Wilde is no longer with us.—Mike Law.

## SHARPEVILLE at Waihi Beach

SPECIAL BUSES

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a mag or something—you've got to listen to them.

I think that they are at their weakest though, with the melody lines. The music is beautifully arranged, but it is not until they break away from the melody, into improvisation, that they really start to go. The group centres around Kaukonen, and his lead guitar work really shines, especially in the extended instrumental passages. In fact, all the playing is beautiful, as well as the Airplane's three musicians, there are several guests, including Nick Hopkins on piano, Jerry Garcia on steel guitar.

I don't think that they have yet achieved the free feel in the melodies that they have got in the vocal harmonies and the improvised passages.

They do Wooden Ships (by Crosby, Kantner and Stills) sung by Crosby, Stills and Nash etc. on their first album, in which the vocals come off really well though, and I also like Eskimo Blue Day.

If you're interested at looking at one of the ways senior rock is moving, buy this one—as Joey Corrington, the Airplane's new tour drummer says: "I used to hate them, their first albums. Then I got to know Jack (bass) and Jorma (lead) and what they were capable of doing. It took playing with them to see how free the band is."

— F Bruce Cavell

# HOTEL KIWI

## Symonds St AUCKLAND

Inside  
EASTER  
COUNCIL  
PAGE  
4

# JOHN MAYALL

## & HIS BAND

with KEF HARTLEY, BLUE MITCHELL,  
LARRY TAYLOR (ex Canned Heat) etc

limited seating • sure to be a big demand  
BOOK NOW • AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT

AUCKLAND TOWN HALL  
thursday 23 March 8.30 p.m.  
book at John Courts



# THE LITTLE WHITE BOOK

A GUIDE TO THE RIGHT THINKING MIND  
THE LITTLE WHITE BOOK

Printed by The Founder Press. 75c

This is the supposed antidote to the Little Red School Book. Like the LRSB it is translated and revised from the original Scandinavian version, and has probably been two paces behind the former as it has made its way around the "free world". At the front of the book thanks is given to Patricia Bartlett and the Society for the Protection of Community Standards (SPCS). The right thinking mind is exposed in all its rancid glory,

The book doesn't give arguments or suggestions, it gives instructions. Whereas the LRSB attempts to foster the building up of confidence in the audience it is aimed at, to show that the authorities that run the lives of school persons, parents and teachers and give out moral instruction and admonishment are not infallible and have an arbitrary basis, the LWB sets out to reaffirm the authorities (read "paper tiger") position. In the introduction it says.

*This book is intended to help those who have fallen by the way-side and give added will-power to those who are questioning the true way.*

The right thinking mind is a god-fearing one.

Readers are warned about the presence of invisible demons in daily life and the demonic influences of certain films, movies and books (mostly of a foreign extraction). All the dangers of a pagan existence, no less. It sets out to win school persons back from the path of revolution and self-determination to the straight and narrow pad of obedience for Thy Name's Sake.

*To get the best, we must all conform.*

Is the message and the erstwhile beauty of the little book is that it states it with all the subtlety of daily school discipline. The prejudices of the olds are not only ludicrous, but also funny if you forget the fact that they still have the power to inculcate them into the minds of innocents. But punishment, as they say, is part of character building.

Moral statements are passed off as factual ones in the book or at least if what is supposed to happen doesn't in fact take place it ought to. It very much reminds me of old Headmaster who used to say with all the authority invested in him by God and the state "we ought to do what we ought to do because we ought to do it." Schools are for work not play, and like sex it is not important that you enjoy it as long as you get results.

*There is time enough when schooldays are over to make decisions and think for yourself.*

One reason why school persons shouldn't be left to think for themselves is their vulnerability to seduction by teachings from the underground . . . in magazines such as C-K and Earwig. If you leave people who haven't been sufficiently brainwashed to think for themselves there is a good chance that they might start thinking differently. To be virtuous is to be industrious and hallelujah brother if the real hero in the community doesn't turn out to be the businessman. I quote:

*You are told of men cheating and lying in business, dying of ulcers through overwork and worry. You hear of wars and misery of rich nations and poor nations. What you must remember is that the individual is as important as the mass. You are more important than an Asian peasant. How much better to be a success with an ulcer than a vagrant riddled with venereal disease.*

The reader is then warned of a strange obsessive influence from the Orient that is quite overpowering and based on a Communist philosophy . . .

*You become pawns in a plot that threatens our country.*

*"The age and country you live in demand that you make up your mind: Where do you stand? There are men far better equipped than you who are elected to make decisions, to decide who is to be our enemy and who is not.*



*The Devil is using subtle tactics. He is disguised as the friendly Hippy offering you a flower and the girl you see smiling at you in the street. The Devil is everywhere and you must beware.*

The only standards are God's standards, but as it is implied that all authority flows from God so one does the will of God by doing as one is told.

The status quo and God are by implication allied. What evils that are mentioned are drawn from the commandments; lies, adultery, immorality, murder. Exploitation and genocide don't get a mention. Nor does apartheid.

Modern civilisation is compared to those of Rome and Greece, in a state of decay and in imminent danger of collapse. True, true but the reactionary mind will never comprehend to what extent his values are responsible and how ineffectual they become in the face of the realities they have fostered.

It is with the sex act that the tone of the book begins to become shrill, understandably a large portion of the book is devoted to matters concerning sex. The wowserish mind tends to have a morbid fascination with what it finds so abhorrent. If we must have sexual intercourse it must be contained in marriage, it then becomes "a beautiful thing." My favourite quote:

*"ALTHOUGH IS IS POSSIBLE TO ENJOY THE SEXUAL ACT; IT IS NOT COMPULSORY AND FOR GIRLS IT IS NOT AT ALL NECESSARY . . . only realities count and in practice the sex act is neither pleasant to view nor to indulge."*

*"When a man puts his ship into his wife's harbour, it is called making babies: the usual term for making babies it going to bed."*

*Boys and girls can give one another sexual pleasure by touching each other. Many boys through lack of willpower and disregard for womanhood become excited. Because of their sexual apparatus, their virile thoughts are sometimes illustrated in the most embarrassing way. Boy readers will know what we are talking about."*

Our co-educational system it seems is responsible for young girls becoming pregnant while still at school.

An attempt is made to scare those thinking lustful thoughts by raising the spectre of "the killer venereal diseases." Further mystifications abound . . .

*Your body you know, is the temple of the holy spirit; who is in you since you received Him from God. You are not your own property; you have been bought and paid for.*

*There is an old saying that mothers used to tell their daughters in Victorian times; 'When your husband mounts you, close your eyes and think of England.'*

Thus in the missionary position and with a celestial brass band playing Rule Britannia the good woman will enter the kingdom of God.

*"If a man and woman go to bed to make babies, they should do just that . . . You may be told that the world is becoming overpopulated and that too many children are hard to feed in this materialistic world. Let us reassure you*

*by reminding you that nature works in mysterious ways, balancing the increase in babies with plagues, floods and earthquakes."*

The 'pill' is linked to hare lips, warts, scales, loss of hair and deformed births. The aim of all this is to make sex outside the bounds of marriage appear as filthy and disgusting as possible while inside marriage it is permissible when related to procreation.

Instructions are given on how to protect yourself against VD in public lavatories. 'Liberal' statements to the contrary, VD can still, according to the LWB be picked up from toilet seats.

*"Pornography is a vast industry. Greedy communist money-makers are behind it. It is part of their master plan.*

Homosexuals should be forced to turn away from their vile sins. When overcome with his vile aberrations he (the homosexual) should count to 100 and take a cold shower.

Dirty old men standing under lamp-posts in trench coats with bare legs attempting to spread the philosophy of the sexual revolution, are also warned against.

Dull shoes are recommended as a precaution against peeping toms.

*"Shiny shoes can easily reflect the innermost secrets beneath your petticoats.*

*Most protestors take part in protests just to boost their own egos. They don't care about other people.*

The answer to the problems of the world is individual Christian charity. For "there is something rather phoney and uncommitted about taking responsibility for events on the other side of the world."

"Human nature is not basically good. We are all egotists. We are all sinners. We are all inherently aggressive . . . What will you do with this evil, self-centred human nature that is in you? Taking cold baths is not enough; the mind must be controlled as well as the body.

Final advice Write letters to the newspapers, supporting the crusade against mini-skirts, bra-less women and pornography. Keep a constant eye open for dirty films and demand their censorship.

Nothing is good unless acceptable by the powers that be. The Little White Book sets out to re-establish the validity of the authorities that the Little Red School Book attempts to show as questionable and ends up exposing the arguments of the status quo as being so much superstitious, sex-obsessed horseshit springing like an evil nocturnal emission from the minds of frightened, and bewildered people very much out of tune with the age.

As the ship goes down we can rely on more of this constipated advice to come chundering up from the fetid bowels of the right thinkers of this world.

Grammaticas Rex







## TIM SHADBOLT on THE FINANCING OF THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLBOOK

credit column and like most NZ farmers or businessmen you have virtually no cash until you sell out. This in Alisters case is unlikely because before he has the chance to sell it is likely he will be bankrupted by libel suits. At present Constable Takatimu is suing us for \$22,500 for one sentence in Bullshit and Jellybeans. Future publications are all controversial and radical and because of NZ's rigid libel laws will probably all lead to numerous printing hassles and libel suits.

As for ripping off school kids, surveys show that 85% of the little Red was brought by people over 30. It was mostly sold in schools by student groups who used all the profit for the building up of the S.S.S.A. Resistance bookshop was also put on a sound footing for the first time in its history because of Alisters publishing and all this went into printing equipment.

It is true that the Little Red sold far more than was budgeted for but the blame for this can be laid on Pat Bartlett rather than on Alisters desire to get rich. The simple fact is that publishing is big business and you need capital. The whole Earth Catalogue on which I'm presently working requires a credit of 16,000 dollars. I'm sure its a worthwhile project but who in NZ could possibly publish it except Alister Taylor. Its the same with student Newspapers. Maybe student Associations arnt the most liberated bodies in the country but who else has got 8,000 bucks a year to spend on a paper. There seems to be an element of jealousy in a lot of criticism levelled at Taylor so I wont mention the numerous donations he makes to radical causes. Instead you should look at his own life style. He lives a sparse social life, drives around in the firms station wagon and lives in a damp single bed roomed, 12 dollar a week batch with his dog and good mate Gillian. He has no stereo, no driveway, no bar, no swimming pool, no yacht, no sports car, shi skis, none of the mod cons (they dont even have a washing machine) that one would expect of a successful young publisher. He pays the bums and poets and radicals promptly and generously and is slow paying and tough as hell on big business. OK so perhaps he isnt a raving commie anarchist — but for a guy who a few years ago was President of the Young Nationals he isnt doing too bad.

As a friend of Alisters I'm not trying to defend him — he doesnt need it. Its just that so much cynicism and demoralisation can be caused by pseudo Aussie radio 1 radicals who accuse everyone of being falsly motivated. The fact is that in NZ. noone gets rich off the movement and anyone who does make any money at all churns in back into other projects. Generally speaking this is true thoughtout the world.

(The spelling is Tims)



## COMRADES JOIN THE UNIVERSITY BOOK SHOP

in celebrating the  
100th anniversary  
of Lenin's birth

buy a Russian

book

from our

BIG

anniversary display

ubs

## progressive books

CONTROVERSIAL TODAY AS ALWAYS  
WE HAVE A REPUTATION  
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PROGRESSIVE BOOKS  
14 - 16 DARBY ST. AUCKLAND.

## Book Review

The name ATP publishers won't mean very much to most people. It's just a small outfit. Alister Taylor, Graham Culliford and Gill McGregor. Alister was a prominent member of the young Nationals and President of NZUSA. He is the sort of guy that thinks big. In 1968 he organised a Peace Power and Politics Conference which created international controversy with the invitation of Felix Frankfurter and other well-known figures. This also led to his dismissal from the NZBC. Graham Culliford was editor of the NZTA in 1968. He almost finished his BA married a girl and an MA and they became pig farmers on 2 acres of land in Littleton. Gill McGregor is the back bone of the outfit. As staunch as a mule and the first woman in 6 years to do a producers course in the NZBC. This small group have a lot of help from friends and a few casual workers. What they have accomplished for a part time publishing company is amazing.

—Sam Hunts Braken Country. Sold out 1st issue of 1000 copies in 1 month.  
—Bullshit and Jellybeans—In its second printing having sold 12,000 in 3 months.  
—Affairs—A high school magazine. 15,000 issues per month.  
—The PPTA Journal.  
—The Muldoon Jokebook—sold out. 20,000 issues.  
—The Little Red Schoolbook 12,500 issues sold within a week.

the  
little  
red  
school-  
book

This week the Little Red Schoolbook will be appearing before the Indecent Publications Tribunal. The Education Department referred it to the Justice Department who referred it to the Tribunal. While the Tribunal is deliberating another 20,000 issues will be printed and released. This book has the support of many leading educationalists in the country but the Education Department is so upset because the Little Red Schoolbook is simple and honest. As usual the excuse for this political repression is 'the Indecent language used'. The book also faced extreme pressure from the President of the Master Printers Association. As a result it was typeset on the quiet in Lower Hutt. Secretely printed in Wellington. Folded in Fielding and bound in Palmerston North. It is already the fastest selling book in the history of New Zealand publishing, however, as with Bullshit and Jellybeans, the book has never appeared on the 'best seller' lists which is run by the conservative Booksellers Association.

Every University Student should read this book as much of it is surprisingly relevant to University. When you've finished give it to your younger brothers or sisters.

I don't know how ethical it is to review your own book but I found Bullshit and Jellybeans an exciting and revealing documentary of the 60's. However I may be a bit biased. Many of my ideas have changed. That's the trouble with radical books—they age fast as the authors become more revolutionary. It's already a history book but its still worth reading. Beg, borrow, steal or ever buy a copy. You don't have to worry about me becoming a Capitalist—I give every penny I make to radical groups and causes.

Actually I'm not a great reader myself but there are a few books around worth looking at. These are perhaps just two of them.



This space  
for armchair

This space provi  
for armchair RE

This space provided  
for armchair REVOLUTIONARIES



Published by the Craccum Administration Board for the proprietors the Auckland University Students' Association and printed by East Waikato Publishers Ltd, of Canada St, Morrinsville, at the printers' works, Kensington St, Putaruru.

Sir,

We've reached the point in the pot controversy where arguments of "good" and "bad" are rather archaic, of interest to only a few very staid members of our society who still think—"Drugs"—evil, satanic, illegal!

These days most people have tried the stuff or at least heard a good deal about it. Many people have "tasted" considerably more than pot. The layman's concept today incorporates 'needles, hypodermic syringes, heroin, L.S.D., trips, highs, pills, hashish, marijuana, and those mysterious little plants that your neighbour is still trying to spot in your glasshouse. Parents, at first horrified that their kids are on the stuff soon try it themselves to know what 'evil takes their young'. Then they go and smash up the booze bar in the basement and start rotary hoeing the vegetable garden.

"Forbidden fruits taste sweeter" and cost ten times as much. If you're not in the scene to smoke it, you're in it to make some fast bread and the pay-off is big. Then look at the abysmal failure of prohibition in the thirties. People like doing illegal things, and as long as pot remains in the Act people will smoke it. Everybody likes drinking fine liqueurs because they are hard to procure (but still obtainable) expensive, and the more enjoyable for it. This equally applies to pot.

For many years now, New Zealand has trod more slowly the social and economic paths of the United States. The American Government has spent millions of dollars in an attempt to curb the drug problem in the last five or six years. In Time magazine (March 16, 1970) the article entitled "Kids and Heroin: The Adolescent Epidemic" depicts the trend that this country is pre-destined to follow. The U.S. Government's attempt to wipe out the scene has failed miserably.

New Zealand has lead the world in many things. So let's legalise the controlled use of pot and profit by the mistakes of America instead of blundering blindly along the same path. Pot is here to stay! Legal or otherwise. Lets recognise this and apply our commonsense to its regulation. While we blither on about pot heads, heroin is already filtering into the major N.Z. cities. Kids don't care whether they 'hit it up' with pot or heroin. It's all illegal and it's all lumped into the Narcotics Act. They don't know that one can hurt, the other heal. The courts as theoretical interpreters of the law, are playing 'ostrich' and Parliament is taking its brief annual vacation.

But when they do eventually legalise pot, an irrevocable part of NZ culture will die. Many people who once gardened under a full moon, will do it on sunny Sunday afternoons. Where they once drew the curtains and formed a tight circle on the floor to save the smoke as the pipe was passed they will relax in armchairs. In certain houses, dubious nocturnal activities will give way to rolling up at the government dispensary to collect daily THC rations—little white pills

Head



Sir,

One must, I suppose, thank Mr Tong (Craccum, March 19) for his excited attribution to the New Left of the Ideas that have concerned political thinkers over at least the last 300 years.

The letter does however underline the confusion that exists, in the minds of some who profess to hold New Left views about the identity of the obstacles in the New Left's path. The suggestion that these confused people could themselves be the greatest obstacle sends them screaming to print with protestations that the enemy is the elite. There is a tendency apparently to assume that corruption and the "elite" will always go hand in hand. Have we reached the golden age, then, is change no longer possible? This sort of belief is the obstacle I wrote of before. Surely the thing to do is to prevent rather than constantly cure. Mr Tong comes close to it when he suggests that "authority and responsibility could be firmly based in the same source." Is it too much to ask that this source, people living in a climate of "social uplift, intellectual stimulation, and individual satisfaction", be admitted to be an elite?

There is no reason whatever why such an elite should come from one sector only of society, or why it need be permanently constituted. History leads us to believe that at any given moment in time there will always be elite, however ephemeral.

The aim must surely be to ensure that we create a society where, no matter who forms the elite of the moment, there will always remain the concepts of co-responsibility and sensitivity to mass-movement that the holders of power lack so drastically today.

If any one level or group starts chopping down the others with cries of "elitist" then nothing will be achieved but a constant corkscrewing through Left and Right. But if we confine our efforts to helping ourselves only, if we allow suspicions to grow that we are deep down power hungry and if we get squashed before we start, then there is little prospect for the future.

Our present education and social systems are responsible for the "us" versus "them" thing that cannot see positive action without looking for hidden motives. Consensus is what we are after, and communication is what will get it. Our small contribution will be in the freeing of the education system to allow communication of ideas from generation to generation. The freedom we will need to achieve is primarily freedom from suspicion.

When we allow a society to develop which finds its stimulus in perpetual fear and suspicion then that will be the time to cry Hell and Beelzebub.

Abridged

S.T. Eagle

Sir,

In two editions of Craccum now, there has appeared an article on ice-creams of all things, and it looks as if this is going to be a current column. I am referring to 'Papa Steffano's Ice Cream Cornet.'

Yes, it is indeed a very entertaining column to say the least and I have enjoyed both editions of it that have appeared so far, as apart from the usual bogged-down, hackneyed shit about such things as Vietnam issues, A.U.S.A. executive policies and problems, Make Love not War peace bids etc.

The column, as far as I can gather, is written by someone (Steve Ballantyne) who appears to be an authority on the subject of icecreams as can be seen from his wide knowledge of brands, textures, flavours etc. It seems to me that this is his personal hobby which few students share although, as I mentioned before, the column makes entertaining reading.

What I'm really trying to get at though, is why the editor allows this column to be published, when he cannot be bothered with the idea of a Racing Column that was put forward by Jack Pott in Craccum two editions ago. I, myself, am a race-track enthusiast and I know for a fact that there are hundred of other students who share my hobby.

Jack Pott is a regular, comparatively successful race-goer who, I am quite sure, would willingly write the column and the editor (who shows preference to an elite little group and bows to their desires and wants and preferences instead of to the interest of the student population, as a whole) answers this suggestion with, and I quote 'Piss Off' which, it seems to me, is all that he ever says about anything.

If the editor of a student newspaper cannot fill the needs and interests of the majority of students, then I politely ask that he 'piss off' and let someone else take over the job of editing Craccum—someone who will do the job properly with an unbiased outlook on issues and articles put forward for publication—so there.

Fuck off—ed. Paula "Trotter"

Sir,

There is a significant element of this university who have failed to realise that a demonstration is an advertising campaign and as such the message should be orientated to the masses.

While I recognise that a red flag may be the flag of the 'people' the New Zealand people are basically middle-class and therefore red in their mind is equated with the yellow peril—communism.

In the civil rights marches in Queen Street and on Friday's Vietnam Mobilisation, red flags were abundant, creating a result of alienation of 'spectators' who often lined the footpath three deep.

If a demonstration is to be successful the pro-communist element must learn to leave their red flags at home. Peace and civil rights are more than enough to fight for without trying to convert the 'peoples' politics as well. These same people should also decide whether they prefer peace or communism and if, as some at Friday's post demonstration meeting, they choose the latter they should stay at home.

The demonstration as any advertising campaign should be orientated to its market and a red flag in Queen Street is as market-orientated and pacifying as an orange-man in Bogside.

M.J. Butler

Sir,

The publication of a photograph of the first cook of O'Rorke Hall, Mr Harald Neumann, on the front page of last week's Craccum as part of the story on the O'Rorke Hall kitchen, would, inadvertently, do considerable harm to his reputation. This would be most unjust because he took up his position only a few days before this incident, inheriting a very dirty kitchen, almost empty stores and a shortage of staff. Thus he was fully occupied turning out three meals a day under most difficult conditions. No blame for the state of affairs can be attributed to him.

J.E. Packer,  
Warden

Sir,

I read with interest your article in Craccum 3rd June issue regarding cafeteria losses. You are in error when you state that Canterbury subsidises catering to 50c per head—we make no subsidy.

On the contrary, we are being paid by the caterers and expect to make a profit of something over \$3000 this year.

We still get pie and veges for 27c, sandwiches for 6 and 7 cents, hamrolls for 8 cents, tea and coffee for 6 cents, etc. Compare and sigh!

C. A. Grantham  
Treasurer, Canterbury Students  
Association.

Sir,

How much longer do I have to put up with the shit your paper is putting out. All that radical trouble making for trouble's sake. Aren't there enough problems in the world without your self-righteous attempts to make them worse? I think that most of what you write is undesirable and in bad taste. I don't know whether you see yourself as some kind student leader but you certainly appear as no more than an idiot in my eyes!

I hear you have said that you live by no morals, that you don't even believe in morals. Well that's evident in your pushing through that motion over abortion. Human life means nothing to you I suppose, unless it can be used as your own political propaganda.

And just how can you live without morals? Does that give you the excuse to do just what you want? I suppose you think it does. Well I don't. I believe in a moral code even if you think that's old-fashioned and stupid. Because I think your actions are stupid and I'm sure that the professors you criticize think just the same way.

I dare you to print this letter. I want to point out to other students that they should not allow such a person to edit the student newspaper. No wonder our town-gown relations are the way they are with people like you carrying on the way you are. What are people going to think of students when they read what this paper supports?

It's not only ultra ultra left-wing, it's also pretentious. I mean all that trash that is supposed to be arts review. How many students do you think can understand the rubbish that goes into those pages. And we're paying for the newspaper. We're paying you a salary to produce it and all you do is publish radical rubbish and pretentious arts reviews.

I think that many other students think like me. We're sick of you pretending to be Superman walking around the university without a shirt on and we're sick of the trash you print.

Brian Jessup

Sir,

I find myself in excellent company to be a criminal running a small but real risk of prosecution and of expulsion not from the University but from the teaching profession. After much thought I decided to do more than just ignore the law, and the result was a loosely organised group of teachers, University, and professional people who were interested in law reform. "Teenyboppers and the P.Y.M.", said the original advertisement, "need not reply". The serious response has been most encouraging. I have doubts if Recommendation 11 of the Board of Health Drug Committee's February report—the recommendation for a massive sixth form education campaign against cannabis—can be carried through. The Committee itself expresses forebodings in paragraphs 15.20 and 15.21.

Associations and societies aside, may I use your columns to appeal to those who find the present state of the law both ludicrous and intolerable? There is no need to join the enthusiastic youngsters waving banners at the police. Ordinary and orderly democratic methods are less exciting than demonstrations, and they need thought, persistence, and hard work; but the rewards for those with the brains and stability to master such methods shall be, inevitably, the change we seek. I should be interested to hear of Auckland action, through the address below.

Ken McAllister  
27 Southampton St,  
Chch 2. Phone 31.853.

**SGM**  
today  
quad  
1pm

Psychology IA,

You make me sick! In the first place you have the gall to leave your strictured, blanketed, little middle-class holes and ooze into Auckland University each year. You fester in the stomach of the great cow system to end up eventually as degreed excrement.

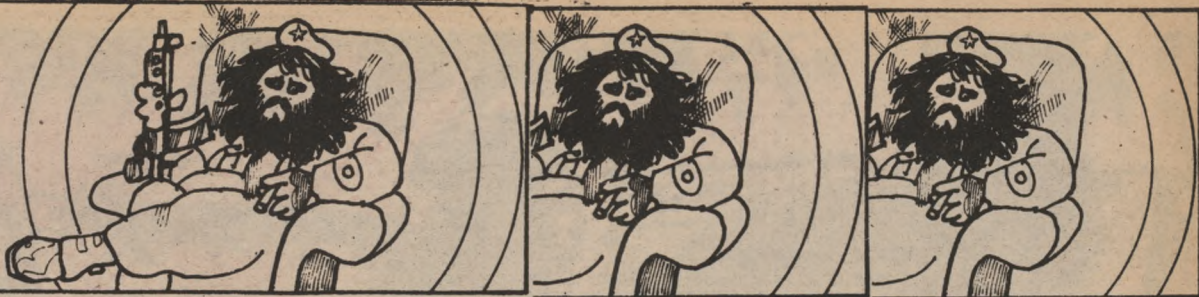
In recent years, students world-wide have been killed, bashed, beaten and excluded; at Auckland students have worked, worried and failed units. For what?—for you miserable uninterested little louses.

It's disgusting that when you are asked to elect a rep you walk out. You SHOULD walk out, you should walk, run or crawl right back to your mummies and daddies; your homes and flats; your libraries and parties. It is the best thing for you. You are only fodder for the great cow—destined to remain now and forever—EXCREMENT!

P.K. Stallworthy  
ex-Education Officer.



# This space provided for armchair REVOLUTIONARIES



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I have nursed two grievances  
against Craccum and/or its  
contributors during the years of  
our acquaintance.  
The first is the use of  
emotionally charged descriptions  
of fact—situations and perjorative  
epithets applied to people.  
Coupling this with broad  
generalisations drawing  
conclusions not justified logically  
by the arguments presented, I  
often doubt the impartiality of  
the author.

The second is the use of a  
word of several shades of meaning  
without distinction among them.  
It is sometimes difficult to extract  
the core meaning from the  
numerous variations. For  
example when student writers  
speak of 'rights' as they  
frequently do, do they mean  
rights properly so called or  
powers and abilities, privileges  
and licences or immunities, each  
of which is essentially different.

Can Craccum require of its  
contributors this added precision  
of thought?

F.W. McInnes

Standing at Forum recently, I  
was sickened by the supercilious  
attitude and the generally  
pseudo-intellectual attitude  
displayed by students to the PYM  
discussion on campus. As for the  
factual elements: having heard  
them prattle all last year about  
communist workers' cells and getting  
to communicate with the  
worker, I was amused to see that  
having been presented with a  
workers' movement on their  
 doorstep, they were reluctant to  
touch them with a barge-pole.

Students appear to think that  
they have a monopoly on  
intelligence. In fact, academic  
ability does not necessarily equate  
with wisdom. The worker tends  
to have a better practical grasp of  
what is needed to change our  
society. A student-worker  
communication of ideas will  
develop an intellectual-practical  
approach to problems which  
approach can only be of benefit  
to both.

Throughout the rest of the  
Western world the protest  
movement is organized by  
students. New Zealand is  
dominantly in the position of  
being its movement almost  
entirely organized by workers. We  
could turn this into a unique  
worker-student coalition. It's up  
to you.

P. Ryan

In the first  
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I did not vote in the recent  
elections for SRC since I did not  
consider a random tick against a  
man of names a sufficiently  
responsible act of choice. This  
does not spring from apathy on  
my part but from the inefficiency  
of the administration in seeing the  
candidates and their policies  
received adequate publicity  
before voting day. The voting  
figures show the dismal state of  
student democracy. Is Studass  
going to produce a genuine  
representative Council or playing  
the politics of the few? Is this the  
"close link" between Exec and  
students mentioned in the  
agenda? If Studass still believes  
the SRC let us hear their  
response in action, with a serious  
action.

K.W. Turner  
W.L. Kitchen  
D.R. Reid  
H. Phillips

Sir,

I was amazed at the godly  
sanctity of millions of people all  
over the world, and at the  
prayerfulness and extreme  
concern of many Aucklanders, for  
the three American astronauts. I  
 marvelled at the way a society,  
which today is generally reluctant  
to admit the existence of God,  
suddenly fell to its knees in  
earnest prayer for the safekeeping  
of the three men in space. What  
blatant hypocrisy! I was amazed  
and disgusted with the way old  
women wept with emotion on the  
safe return of the three from  
space. I wonder how many of  
these so-called religious people,  
these people with giant hearts full  
of human pity, weep and pray for  
the dozens of women and children  
killed every month in  
Vietnam? Who, out of those who  
ring up embassies and space  
centres and pray earnestly for  
three men, have the same concern  
and pity for the brave and  
reluctant soldiers vainly slaying  
each other in Vietnam? How  
many of our God-fearing citizens  
have the same thought for the  
100 men, women and children  
callously murdered recently in  
Cambodia, or for those  
slaughtered for Democracy at My  
Lai? for the hundreds that will be  
killed tomorrow? What a  
nauseatingly false and pharisaical  
society we've been (unwillingly)  
born into! How many "prayers in  
hundreds of tongues" are offered  
to the supposedly dead God for  
those who will die in the futile  
wars of today? How many  
religious leaders, gathering  
ecclesiastical robes around them,  
will lift their blind eyes to a  
brazen heaven and beg of the  
Almighty mercy and help for the  
starving millions of our festering  
planet?

Jo Midgley

Sir,

As a result of submissions  
presented to the Auckland City  
Council re the Council's decision  
to ban processions on late  
shopping nights in Queen Street  
and Karangahape Road, the  
Council has seen fit to resolve  
that this resolution be rescinded.  
A wise and wonderful decision  
indeed!

It would seem, I would  
humbly suggest, that the pure  
soul of these aldermen has  
"mounted on native wings  
disdaining little sport, and cut a  
path into the heaven of glory,  
leaving a track of light for men to  
wonder at."

Bill Spring.  
President  
AUSA.

Sir,

What kind of slop is getting  
churned up in the cafe these  
days? Since the new management  
have started to take over;

— the previous day's leftovers,  
mashed up together and given  
the rather dubious name,  
"potatoes" (particularly foul on  
Mondays) have appeared on  
the lunch menu.

— price reduction for  
unwanted courses of  
vegetables have been  
abolished.

— and portions seem, to this  
expert eye anyway, to have  
diminished in size.

Why should we have to pay  
for food which we refuse, so that  
it can be served up, and refused,  
and paid for again, the next day  
and the next and the next . . .

Wayne Bainbridge.

Sir,

The note "Power Play"  
(Craccum, April 23) seriously  
misrepresents the discussion led  
by Jane Hanne and me. Our main  
topic was "Authority and  
Revolution", though this is not  
apparent. Phil O'Carroll,  
surprisingly, slurs over important  
distinctions then states that our  
viewpoints became almost  
indistinguishable.

This seems to be based on  
similar answers Jane Hanne and I  
gave to a limited range of personal  
questions. It is to be hoped that,  
as reasonably moral people, we  
would. But the problem remains  
of what to do about people who  
are not reasonably moral, whether  
they be criminals or politicians.  
Similar personal values do not  
imply that Jane Hanne and I have  
similar political beliefs, or that  
our views, if applied, would lead  
to the same sort of society.

My own belief is that we can  
have maximum personal freedom  
within a society which gives  
authorities enough power to  
restrict some abuses of freedom,  
and also to compel all of us to  
help provide goods which we all  
want but would—individually—be  
happy to dodge paying for. It  
remains every man's responsibility  
to keep what check he can on  
those to whose authority he  
consents.

I further maintain that in a  
reasonably successful society,  
revolution really is likely to do a  
hell of a lot more harm than  
good, and requires pretty rigorous  
justification.

I do not presume to state Jane  
Hanne's views. But, though based  
on values I accept, they are vastly  
different from my own.

D.F. Lorking

Join the staff of  
CRACCUM—  
The Progressive Enterprise.

Sir,

I'm pissed off by the way the  
organisers of Bludday, and various  
other appeals, go about getting  
the support of people at this  
university.

The handing out of Give  
Blood stickers may well simply be  
a method of spreading the word,  
but I'm sure the effect is to  
blackmail those who have not  
volunteered, into doing so. Sure,  
it's a very effective way of  
overcoming the apathy a lot of  
people have towards such causes,  
but its effect nevertheless, is to  
isolate the 'ins' from the 'outs',  
putting unfair pressure on the  
latter.

The same applies to the 'I  
Gave, now I Feel Fine' rubbish  
that was dished out during  
Procesh. Most people are generous  
if they understand why particular  
causes need support; to sell what  
amounts to 'certificates of  
generosity' merely arouses the  
childish thrill, usually latent,  
displayed by most peacock-like,  
medal-bearing, R.S.M's.

Stickers like these debase what  
could be an enjoyable experience.  
Although I think blood donation  
is a wonderful act, I don't think  
the organisers should employ the  
same methods as do such rackets  
as churches and R.S.A. i.e. passing  
around a plate, poppies etc. This  
is obviously a worthy cause, so  
such tactics are not necessary.

My final bitch is that I don't  
like being referred to as an  
'apathetic bastard' by posters and  
by megaphone. To get a person's  
help, it is not necessary to abuse  
him.

A.E. Cannell.

Sir,

I should like to congratulate  
Mr Richard Rudman, your  
reporter on his most perceptive  
analysis of the N.Z.U.S.A. Winter  
Council Mr Rudman's imitations  
of Professor McChumpman are, I  
am pleased to say, becoming  
increasingly self-assured, and I'm  
sure he'll make Checkpoint one  
day; he ought to watch these  
semi-colons, however, and his  
sentences might well on the whole  
end a little more climactically, if I  
might be permitted that one small  
observation.

Erudite and rotund though he  
was, I do nevertheless feel that  
Richard (I may call him Richard,  
may I not?—or Dick perhaps) was  
a little astray in his analysis of the  
Waikato effort. We were not  
trying to drum up support for any  
invasion of our Administration  
block this term, since we'd be  
quite capable of handling it  
ourselves, and anyway it probably  
won't be necessary, since the  
Administration are currently  
being extremely reasonable. When  
the Crunch comes, however, you  
may be sure that Dick will be the  
first, positively the first, person  
we will not turn to!

Also, our 'doctrinaire radical  
kick' (to use Dick's most eloquent  
metaphor) was not really  
intended to 'impress' anyone.  
Unlike the undoubtedly dazzling  
grandstand performers from some  
other associations, Waikato  
delegates say what they believe  
when and how they like, rather  
than what they hope people  
might like to hear.

The future, indeed is not  
bleak. But as one leading  
ex-student journalist remarked to  
me: "probably the worst people  
to write about student politics are  
failed student politicians."

Peter Fletcher  
President, W.U.S.A.

Sir,

The evolution of social  
structure is closely linked with  
the change in social status of  
women.

No matter male or female,  
claiming interest or disinterest, we  
are all involved.

I am somewhat wary of  
involvement in a group claiming  
an attempt to achieve women's  
"liberation". It seems so easy to  
seek and find within such a group  
a status perhaps not satisfactorily  
achieved outside. It has also  
become common to such groups  
to produce some sort of  
counter-myth to that of  
"virility". The atmosphere thus  
effected seems one in which  
meaningful arguments lose much  
impetus. (It is surely unfortunate  
that Mr Jackson has been forced  
to spend much of his energy  
valiantly trying to defend himself.  
As a result, what appears an  
attempt at serious comment on  
the issue of women's liberation  
becomes a mere gesture.)

What image does the feminist  
have of a liberated woman? Much  
confusion in the minds of both  
male and female results from an  
absurd assumption that equality  
implies similarity.

It seems important that we try  
to understand how men and  
women perceive the status of  
women and how they view  
changes in this status. Any  
movement for freedom could  
conceivably be a real agent for  
change in social structure if it  
sought out, and attempted to  
represent vocally, not an elite  
minority but the deep  
expectations of many.

Caroline L. Smith  
Geology Department

Sir,

The tone of your editorial,  
'Come Together', April 23  
suggested that the Philosophy  
Department students were  
initiating the discussion of this  
university's examining methods.  
While not wishing in any way to  
decry their efforts, I think it is  
only fair to point out that a  
sub-committee of Academic  
Committee (appointed by Senate)  
has for some weeks been studying  
this problem, and circulated all  
Heads of Department on April 13,  
asking them to consult their staff  
and students about the policy  
they wish to adopt in respect of  
examinations in future. The  
discussion is already in train, and  
on the broadest possible basis.

W.K. Lacey  
Department of Classics

(We certainly did not mean to  
imply that the philosophy  
students were the only people  
doing anything about exam  
reform.—Ed.)

Sir,

It's time for more jellybeans  
for our thoughtful, active city  
fathers. When we want to  
demonstrate against one of the  
hotel's guests down the road, all  
we need are the posters and  
people—because amenities have  
been supplied to ensure our safety  
against impolite police and  
in-a-hurry motorists. Sturdy posts  
tastefully fringe the pavement and  
holes for more are waiting in the  
roadway.

String an equally sturdy chain  
between posts and attachments to  
power poles and a citadel for  
demonstrators is complete. Oh,  
joy!

Despite gratitude for this  
amenity, however, a complaint  
must be made—because these  
posts illegally obstruct the  
pavement when you try to step  
through them into the gutter.

Melodie

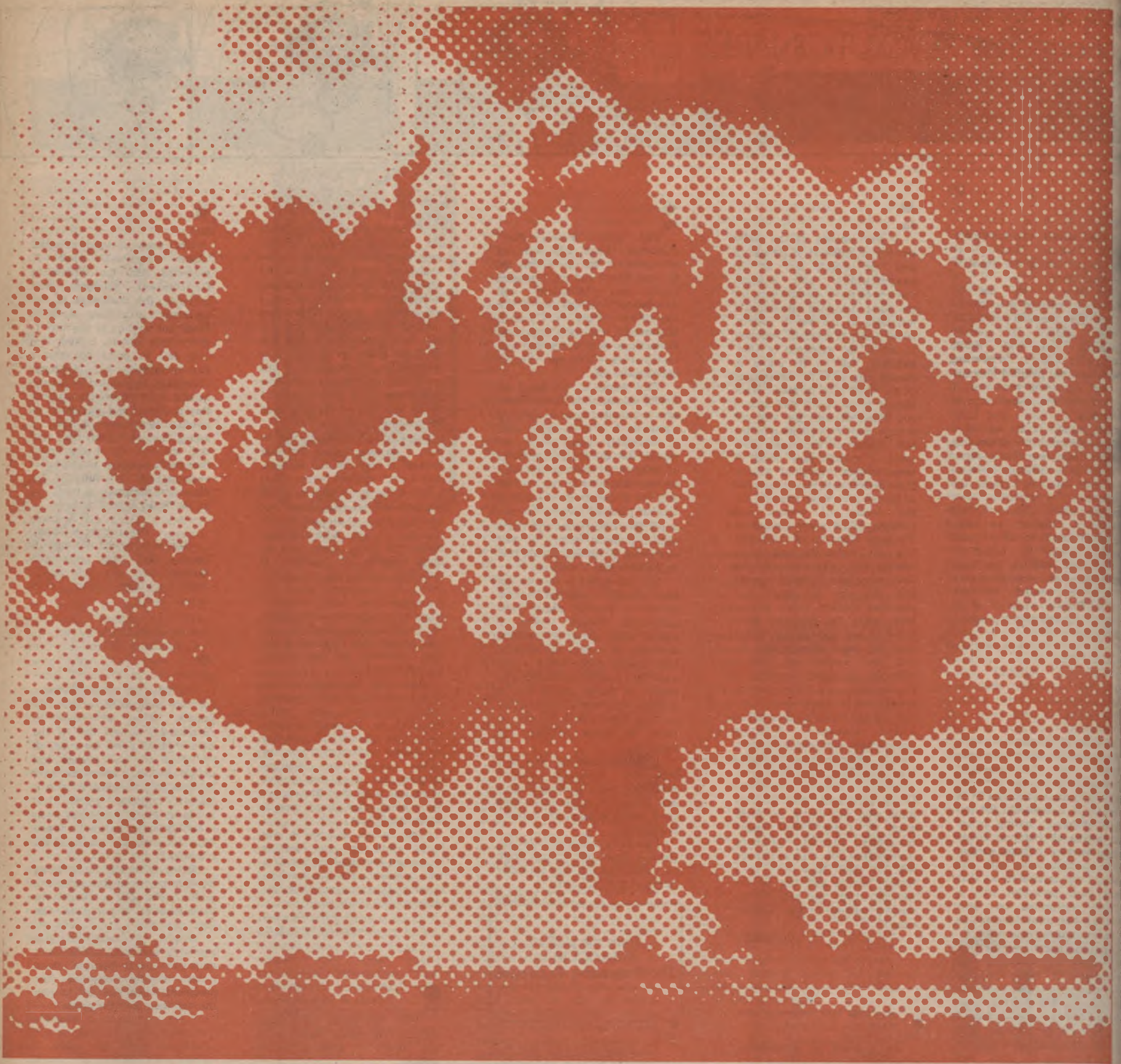
Sir,

Well at least we are now  
getting a lot of variety. I mean as  
you answer more and more letters  
that criticize you, your  
underground vocabulary will be  
more and more developed but  
your little quirk last week and I  
quote "fuck off" was about as  
much as one could ever hope to  
expect from you. With such  
profound words as these, it is  
quite obvious that you are hardly  
qualified for the job you are  
doing. You and you alone, Mr  
Chan, are degrading OUR  
newspaper. It is people like you  
who earn students an unfair  
reputation of being obscene when  
people like you should be setting  
a comparatively decent example.  
"Celebrities" like you were not  
made to stand up and shout Fuck  
Off everytime something comes  
up that you don't agree with.  
Being a female, I find it hard to  
tolerate these words from you,  
especially since I am not  
completely unfamiliar with the  
term. All I want is a good reason  
why you won't publish a racing  
column other than that your  
personal interest does not lie in  
racing. Is this too much to ask?  
Probably.

Paula "Trotter"

Since Miss "Trotter" is not  
unfamiliar with the term, I hope  
she is not unfamiliar with the act.  
And with horses, it's just so much  
better. Ed.





# IT'LL BE A BLAST

The Cracum Sixties Benefit Party

Saturday at 6pm in the Caff

Films

Videos

Poetry

Speeches

Authentic music of the Era

Folk Singing

Tripping

Hall of Mirrors

License

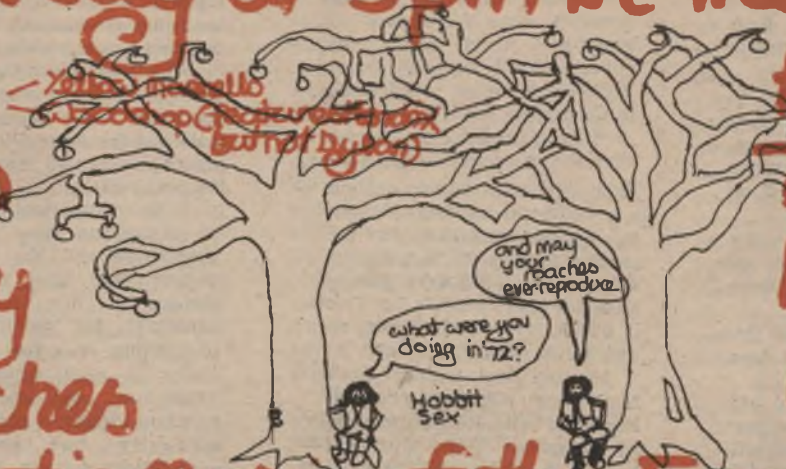
or-  
I will  
show  
the  
cinders  
of my spirit  
through  
the ashes  
of my chance  
(Shakespeare)

I mean,  
this is for  
real  
man

ONE DOLLAR  
BUCK A  
HEAD  
ONE DOLLAR

GOOD  
VIBES  
GUARANTEED

SONGS OF LOVE  
AND HATE  
LOVE  
HATE  
LOVE  
HATE  
LOVE  
HATE



Blood will  
have  
blood

The last embers of the furnace  
of romanticism in the  
deluge of pragmatism  
(Baudrillard)

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