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CRACCUM

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HERALD SURVEY MISLEADS 70% SUPPORT 'TOUR' BUT ONLY 36% WANT ALL WHITE TOUR

In their 26/8/72 issue, the NZ Herald published results of a survey it had commissioned to assess support for the '73 Springbok tour. Its claim that 70% support the tour compares favourably with the results of the AU Psychology Dept's survey (68%). The Psych Dept then added a question specifying an ALL WHITE TOUR – support dropped to 36%. The original item is reproduced below:

PSYCH DEPT. SURVEY: MAJORITY SUPPORT '73 TOUR, BUT . . .

During May the Psychology Department conducted a survey among 500 Aucklanders, the object being to get an indication of public feeling towards the proposed 1973 Tour. The first two (of nineteen) questions were:

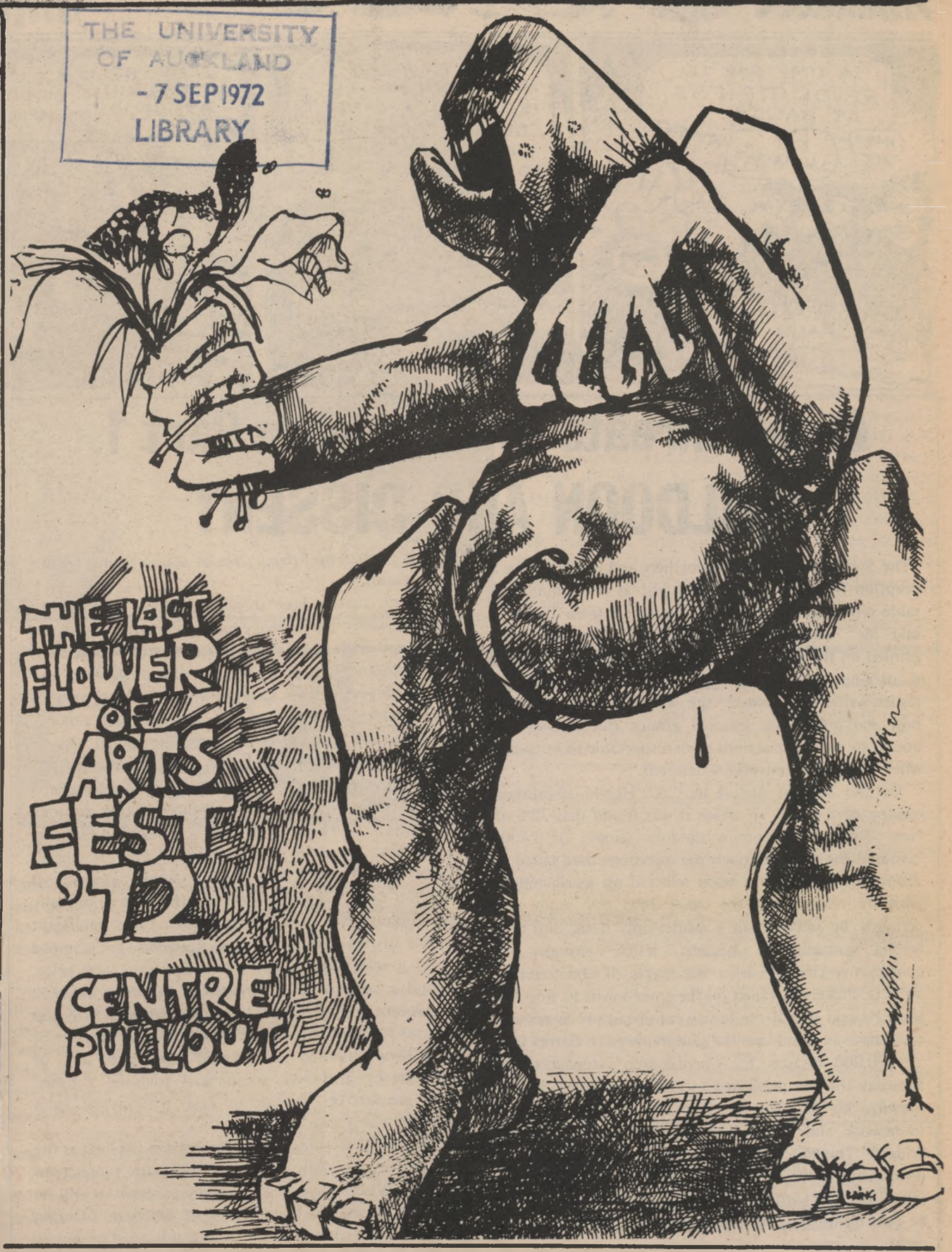
1. Do you believe that the 1973 Springbok Rugby team should come to NZ?

2. Should an all-white Springbok team come to NZ?

68% of the respondents answered YES to No. 1, but this dropped to 36% for No. 2. The Department records: "(it is) obvious that the stated racial composition of the team is extremely important in determining the acceptability of the team." A large minority (39%) said they would like the government to stop a tour by an all-white team.

In questions dealing with the nature of the protest, 90% were against violence, but only half the sample was opposed to "peaceful protests aimed at disrupting the tour". Only 23% were against "peaceful protest" without the "disruption" clause.

The underlying thread of sense in the responses is that more than half seem opposed to the coercion implicit both in the selection of an all-white team and in the use of violent protest.



Jean-Baptiste's infamous EXECUTIVE REPORT

AUSA EXECUTIVE: FIGHTS POLLUTION ON THE HOME FRONT

AUSA per the Executive will exert the strongest possible pressure on the Association-University Union Management Committee to remove the Association monogram and other identifying features from paper cups in order to make the litter in Princes Street and Albert Park more anonymous. The Exec after a 7/5 split decided that the mess was giving students a bad name and that stern action was called for. Perhaps the committee will issue an overprint series from stock with tasteful flowers over the guilty words—a sure collectors' item, or they could instead ask the A.C.C. to remove all identifying features from Albert Park.

1973 MODEL UNVEILED

A new executive has just been installed. Keys to their cabbage patches have been distributed including one each for the select 'grot' next to Bosom for Exec members and their guests.

The new president seems to be playing the decisive, tough chairman controlling a well-disciplined group, but comes across as a self-opinionated boss with a ready-made mind, desperate to finish and get out to the bathroom. He willl pare down the leisurely Woodroffian meetings by an hour or ttwo, but he is still somewhat ignorant of chairmanship. He has quiickly secured total control of press liason and insists that he vets corresponden ce. "Is that made clear!"

Capping Controller, Witten-Hannah is dryiing out, but still records his dissent to any and every motion.

Richard Gyde will not let his Education Ressearch Officer idea lie down. Having failed to gain acceptance at tthe Winter General Meeting, he is working through the Exec andd is now doing a feasibility study of his scheme for a professsional educational co-ordinator (estimated at a mere$3000 a year).

VP Newman is tying himself up in knotts working out a non-loaded fair referendum on Labour support and abortion law reform.

Student Liaison Officer, Beverley Austin is aarranging purchase of a few paintings from the Air New Zealland/Arts Festival Exhibition, to be chosen by that well-known pannel of art-fanciers, the Exec.

The rest of the Exec were unglamorous, halflf recruits and half veterans, they still seem docile.

LOOK AFTER THE THOUSANDS AND . . . .

The famous five thousand dollars to medicalal aid will be on its way by now, after it was found to be still stallilled last Thursday, 31st.

Equal pay contrary to the instruction of tthe Winter General Meeting has not yet been implemented andd as a sop, the association is contributing to an advertisement in n the Herald.

The motion providing funds for decoratiting paints to all interested parties has been repealed shortly beefore a letter was received demanding a dollar's worth.

JBP'S EXISTENCE VINDICATED

Finally, let me comment on the function annd reactions to this column. It started as a timid listing of events bback in April, and then naturally developed into a more criticical and scaptical Opposition, not so much because I disapprove, but as a matter of good government for the sake of balance.

Our politicans, like Spiro, believe that tthey represent the interests of the silent majority, and when threatened, attack the media first. Not surprisingly, Russell Bartlett has described the author as "the most unscrupulous liar on campus' and some time ago, we had a criticism session on the 'lies and falsehoods' coming through the column. 'You are the Exec's only contact with the average student, and you have a responsibility to tell the truth', said Russell Ernestly. 'Your column is always negative,' commented trendy Dick Gyde, 'Why can't it be positive, constructive, approving sometimes?' 'Why do you have to continue the tradition of always doubting the Exec and treating us as rogues and fools?' said another of the Grey Squad. (I record these from memory, and may have excised the occasional parenthetical clause or substituted the odd definite article).

I almost began to believe it myself until I asked for examples, and had to wait a quarter of an hour until some of my whimsy was invoked against me: in Craccum 18 re 'There were gleeful hand-rubbings when profits on the pool tables were announced'—in truth, none of them *really* rubbed his hands, they only looked *pleased*, and Business Manager, Rowe tells me that he was *really* thinking at the time that the pool tables could rip off even more if the people didn't rip off the covers. Recent references to Treasurer Garlick 'growing bright-eyed', and 'gloating' over USIS must be modified by reporting that he behaves offhandedly, even though he has been appointed USIS Officer in retirement, and keeps his own office here. What malicious evil lies!

Three numerical errors made in good faith were discovered and I correct them and beg mercy. In Craccum 20, page 3, column 2, line 39, read 'a third of our capital' in place of 'about half of our capital'; line 41, read 'three and a third per cent' for '3½%'; and line 43, read '233%' for '333%'.

Mea clupa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa (here I beat my breast).

Our dearly beloved Exec in fact is saddened by the disrespectful *tone* of what I write, not the alleged deceits. But without threatening, I suggest that mild name-calling, apart from the ancient impotent cliches, is a necessary ingredient of this service if it is to be something more than a summary of the minutes.

Jean-Baptiste Piggin

Or knows how to buy food cheaply from the grocers, please see one of us on Thursday.

ROSE SETT

Great threats to NZ peace: Part 1

MULDOON AND DISSENT

"The Springbok team will come here and it will receive a reception from the Government just as the communist table tennis team did and the netballers from Taiwan," said Mr Muldoon last Thursday. His statement was printed on the front pages of the "Auckland Star" next to an editorial headline "Call off the tour". The Star leader writer commented "Sth Africa can please herself how she orders her internal affairs. But we are not bound to make her actions seem respectable to outsiders when they are so universally detested."

On the 26th of August the "NZ Herald" published resultw of a survey in which it was found that 70% of New Zealanders (from a random sample of 2400) favoured the tour, although the questions used failed to differentiate between a team selected on merit and an all-white team. With the news that any team will certainly be selected on a whites-only basis, anti-tour feeling immediately became much stronger in conservative circles. Earlier the mayor of Christchurch, Mr N.G. Pickering, called on the government to stop the tour. He said that if the tour went ahead on its present racial basis it could turn the Commonwealth Games into a $150,000 disaster for Christchurch ratepayers. On Saturday the Star published a suitably aggressive cartoon showing Mr Marshall holding aloft a piece of steel framework and saying "Anyone like to buy a cheap bridge?" The editorial two days earlier had been just as unequivocal. "We should be more foolish than ever to (allow the tour) when we know the price to be paid will be paid by us in harm to our society and to our greatest sport."

While the Star denounced an all-white tour, Muldoon was announ cing to electors that paid protestors were more violent. Without citing examples he said "There is no doubt there is a lunatic fringe element in our universities". He added "We have those who are succeeding in promoting racial antagonism in NZ in the name of racial harmony", and again provided no examples. In a rough-shod blitz against anything that looks like dissent he has also announced that the government is looking at penalties for "political strikes" such as the ban on French ships or action against visiting sports teams.

But no matter how thickly Muldoon sprinkles his speeches with "the ordinary man", "lunatic fringes" and "small minorities" it is surely clear—on the evidence of Australian and British experience—that an all-white tour will create very serious disorder which no existing police force could possibly cope with, and that such violence will be a mere sympton of very wide spread dissent. When Tim Shadbolt wrote his famous article titled "THIS MEANS WAR", he might have been taking on a political pose, but he was probably making accurate preditions . . ."There will be full scale riots, A National Emergency. Some of us will probably die." It doesn't matter a stuff what the "lunatic fringe" is doing—if Muldoon can't handle his own nightmares it's not really our problem. But it does matter when a very significant number of ordinary liberal New Zealanders are stomped on by a man who wants his own way at any price. Beyond a certain point, democratic majorities cease to be relevant. The present division between pro—and anti-tour factions is too great to be settled by any sort of vote. Time has to be allowed for some sort of compromise, and even multi-racial trials or a token Bantu would be enough to ease tension and calm protestors for a year or so.

Muldoon is a vote-counting pragmatist. As long as the polls are on his side, his tongue will rattle support for the tour. When votes are at stake, just how far will he and the National Party go to protect "freedom"? During the '51 waterfront lock-out, National banned all public debate on the subject. Dissent became a criminal offence. Surely it's time to slow down and be very patient over the tour—perhaps to postpone it until the Sth Africans accept mixed trials.

Although this might be seen as meaningless tokenism by the more determined radicals, the A.U. Psychology Department's survey (see Craccum, 13/6/72) indicates that it would be enough. If some cossession isn't made, the important issues will be lost in electioneering, and '73 will be an ugly year with no winners.

NIXON NIXS UNANIMOUS JURIES

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

McINNES ON THE WINTER GENERAL MEETING

At the Winter General Meeting it was alarming to see the ever stalwart supporters of Miss Dunn and Miss Bartlett have opinions on such limited topics as abortion and contraception. A block of about thirty people were there only to take this University's support and membership from the Abortion Law Reform Society. At the beginning of the meeting Miss Dunn asked the Chairman to move her motion from the end of the agenda to the beginning. As it was a constitutional General Meeting, she was unable to do this. The Friends of the Foetus sat/snored/ignored their way through the seventeen constitutional amendments, about three and a half hours' worth, with scarcely a murmur, and only the occasional raised hand—more than likely a badly timed stretch. When Miss Dunn said her little bit about aborted babies crying and desperately struggling to survive the surgeon's callousness, there was little more sign of life, until the voting. Bravely all the hands were raised, and as the result was announced signs of petulance and a recount was asked for. Again the fists were raised and clenched in a great show of solidarity with unwanted deformed blobs of protoplasm.

If these people who are so concerned about the sanctity of life and had shown any interest in or participation in the formation of their own constitution, their credibility would be increased. At the moment, I can only conclude that they are obsessed with issues outside the scope of their experience (if they act according to their principles) and must moralise from some perverse and incomprehensible need for moral superiority.

Is it because they were not interested in the formation of their own constitution, because they felt they were not well informed enough to vote or because one should not involve politics with sport that they did not vote?

STOCKHOLM ENVIRONMENT CONFERENCE CONDEMNS APARTHEID

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

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

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

Collective

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U.S. WARSHIP DEMONSTRATED AGAINST

On Saturday 26th August about fifty people, members of the Whangarei Communist Party and Vietnam Committee along with members of the P.Y.M. and Auckland Vietnam Committee staged a demonstration against the presence in New Zealand waters of the U.S. missile destroyer, the McMorris. This ship was the first warship to shell Vietnam and has just returned from service there. Its visit to Whangarei was for the Rest and Recreation of its 'brave? and courageous?' sailors.

The aim of the demonstration was to show that we will not tolerate the presence of any war machine used in the U.S. Imperialist War against the people of Indo-China.

A few of the demonstrators talked to some of the sailors off the McMorris, the majority of whom were conscripts. It was interesting to note that although most of them said they were against the war they were not very concerned about doing anything to stop it, unlike the many veterans who are now playing a leading role against U.S. aggression.

Demonstrators then went into Whangarei to distribute leaflets condeming the United States role and that of her allies in Indo-China. Many people expressed genuine and definite support for the protestors, and opposition to the presence of the U.S. warship. From the comments made it seems that amongst the people views are much sharper and clearer on the war than previously. This shows the effectiveness of many years of struggle by the protest movement.

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

THE CREEPING POWER OF CRACCUM

At the Winter General Meeting on 9th August, the following motions were passed:

That the new Rule 26 be inserted reading:

"The powers herein conferred on the Executive do not extend to the affairs of Craccum which shall be governed by the Craccum Administration Board as constituted by the Fifteenth Schedule hereto which shall be abd shall be deemed to be part of these rules. The Craccum Administration Board is hereby given full and complete power over and control of all business activities of Craccum except that a dismissal of the Editor(s) of Craccum must be ratified by a General Meeting to be held within seven (7) days" and that the following consequent amendments be also adopted:—

1. That the words "except any dismissal of the editors or editors of the Association newspaper by the Executive must be ratified by a General Meeting to be held within seven (7) days" be deleted from existing Rule 26A (ii).
2. That the Rules 26A, 26B, and 27 be renumbered as Rules 27A, 27B and 27C respectively.

That Rule 28 (i) be amended to read:

"The Executive shall control the funds of the Association and shall authorise all expenditure save that the Executive shall each year allocate to the Craccum Administ action Board for the production of Craccum a sum agreed upon by the Executive and the Craccum Administration Board, or such sum as is decided by the Winter General Meeting of the Association if no agreement can be reached. This sum shall be administered by the Association but shall be controlled solely by the Craccum Administration Board who shall authorise all expenditure therefrom."

THAT the following amendments shall be made to the 15th Schedule of the Rules:

(1) The addition to Rule 1 of the words "herein known as the Board"

(2) The deletion of Rules 4(a), (b) and (c) and the substitution therefor of the following:

4(a) "The Board shall be responsible to the Association in General Meeting for directing all business and other transactions of Craccum and for its distribution."

4(b) "The Board shall not be responsible to the Executive Committee of the Association."

4(c) "The Chairman shall be responsible for co-ordinating the activities of the Board published in Craccum within two weeks of that meeting."

3. The Substitution in Rule 4 (e) of the words "with respect to Craccum shall be fixed from time to time by the Board." for the words:

"shall be fixed from time to time by the Executive acting on the advice of the Publications Committee."

4. The deletion from Rule 4 (i) of the words "the Executive on the advice of".
5. The addition at the beginning of Rule 5 (d) of the words "Subject to the provisions of Rule 26".
6. The replacement in Rule 5 (c) of the word "Executive" by the word "Board".
7. THAT Rule 4 (ii) of the Fourteenth Schedule be amended by the addition at the end of the words "or shall make such other arrangements for the legal perusal of such material as may be approved by the legal adviser."

Although at first reading these motions are totally incomprehensible—indeed Miss Macky was horror struck and thought that if they were passed she would be forced to act illegally—what they do is take the Executive's power, or potential power, from the running of Craccum.

As we have functioned this year, once a week we, the staff of Craccum, had a meeting with the publications officer and business manager as they were the only non-Craccum staff members who usually turned up, and passed the same resolutions each week—payment of $5 here and $10 there, routine payments for photographs and distribution which never altered, but which the Executive in their wisdom felt should not be automatic. We'd also discuss our rate of spending in relation to the budget. If we had enough advertising we'd pass a resolution for a 20 page issue. Occasionally we'd pay for outstanding graphic contributions. We'd latterly discuss the running of Craccum. If, for example, too many typewriter ribbons had been bought, a resolution asking for the type-writer-ribbon-pervert to restrain his/her beastly urges would be passed.

After every second Admin. Board meeting Paul Carew would attend the fortnightly Executive meeting, and present all the resolutions passed by the Admin. Board to the Executive, who then had to pass them before any action could be taken, ie any payment could be made, for usually only money resolutions were made. Invariably Paul would have to withstand prolonged interrogation from the Treasurer. Often the resolutions were delayed over some small (but unquestionably vital) quibble.

Although tedious, this process was bearable, if only just. Until the famous sackings taroom taroom. Then it became clear to our naive little minds just how much power the Exec. did in fact wield. So these motions have grown out of our paranoia, our distrust of the old structure, and our belief that in fact the people who know about Craccum should make the decisions regarding the running of the newspaper. The Craccum Admin. Board will continue to meet every week—its membership is the Editor, Advertising Manager, Technical Editor, Publications Officer, one representative of staff, President of Association, Business Manager of Association and two elected representatives of S.R.C. Admin. Board also has the power to co-opt two more members.

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And in accordance with the new constitution C.A.B. will publish its minutes in Craccum, any queries arising from which should be directed through the Editor to the Board. If the new power crazed Admin Board sacks the editors or dissociates itself from the Abortion Law Reform Society then it is answerable only to the students in General Meeting. General Meetings can be called over any alleged irregularity in the Admin Board Minutes or procedure, and the only new constitutional clause in which the Craccum Admin Board is not directly responsible to students is in the appointment of the editor(s). The appointment must be approved by the S.R.C., and from there by a Special General Meeting if there is controversy, as Mr. Shadbolt provoked this year.

Obviously to us this state of affairs is far preferable to the old. It should be highly acceptable to all those students who didn't know about the motions and attend the General Meeting, as it places more responsibility on their shoulders with regard to the running of their newspaper. May next year be one of many General Meetings and participation by the many groaners around this place.

Heather McInnes.

Dear Sir,

A recent issue of Craccum, contained a statement that articles (bottles, etc.) manufactured from plastics could not be recycled and hence are a blot on the landscape—a menace to our environment. This view was also put forward in a recent programme on Northern T.V.

It is true that, at this moment, plastics are not recycled, however it is not true that plastics cannot be recycled. Most commercial plastics melt; a recycling process of sorting plastics from other waste, melting, and moulding the melt into useable products is easy to envisage. I have had, in the U.S.A., students researching this problem: analysing the fraction of plastic in waste (relatively small), the proportion of this plastic which is P.V.C., polyethylene, etc., and studying the properties of plastic products moulded from melts of "mixed plastics".

I sympathise with those who do not like to see plastics littering the ground. The way to avoid this is, I believe, to develop the recycling of plastics, which in the first place requires further research.

Yours sincerely,

David L. Holt
Associate Professor
in Mechanical Engineering

Dear Sir,

I am a first year student at the University of Auckland and would like you to clarify what the name CRACCUM means. Also could you please tell me how the name came about and when was the paper started—for curiousity sake.

Y.H.

Craccum was started as an unofficial newssheet in 1926. The name is an anagram of the first letters of the Auckland University College Mens' Common Room Club. In 1928 it became the official publication on this campus.

Dear Sir,

Stan Day's comment (in Craccum 12 August) on my article headed Marxism Rubbished (in Craccum 29 June) says little of any real significance, (although the bit about Sid Scott going blind was new to me).

Stan Day complains that my article was "emotively powered". So what? Why not? What isn't? Who ever does anything for any reason except that—on balance, perhaps—he wants to do it? This emotive "wanting" may be directed towards attaining objectives in sensible and logical ways, or the reverse may be the case. In fact the very purpose of a university, is to equip one for successful functioning in the former course. But whether used rationally or not, emotionally powered wanting is still the ultimate driving force behind almost any activity I can think of.

Why, he concludes, can't I just say that people, including myself, believe what they like to believe? Because some people try harder than others to believe not simply what's pleasant but what's true.

Yours faithfully
Lawrence Southon.

Dear Sir,

I must say that I find extremely objectionable the presence of dogs in the University Cafe and in the Library. On several occasions now I have had to eat in the company of roaming, scrounging hounds and today, to find one loose in the Library was just too much!

One can perhaps tolerate insanitary conditions in the Cafe but the prospect of reading pissed-on books would I feel transcend even the most common grounds of propriety.

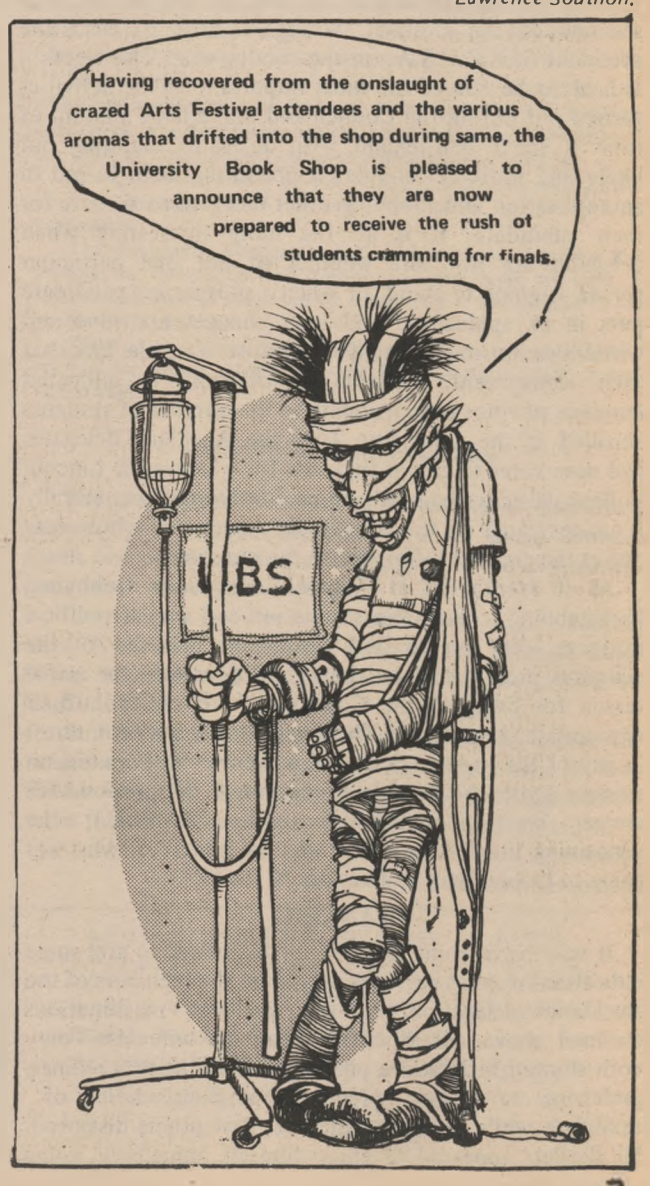
Yours faithfully

G.L. Parkinson

Dear Sir,

I am apalled by the cartoon "Trashman" in Craccum 19. The message is firmly in the Hegel-Marx-Hitler tradition: Utopia will be ushured in by a bloody revolution. Never mind how much carnage we cause, how many civil liberties we trample on, how little reasoned criticism we tolerate—such niceties are for after the Revolution. Meanwhile we have a historically ordained mission to destroy the existing order, by sabotage and by arson and by bloodbath. Verily we will have a rip-roaring time. Better even than playing cowboys and Indians, for these are real guns and real Big Chiefs. Vice-presidents, even. My, what a thrill to have the course of history wait for an itch in your triger-finger. Why worry about Utopia—Revolutions are much more fun!

Lawrence Southon.



Auguste Report on August Council 1972

In theory the Council is intended as the central policy and decision-making body for N.Z.U.S.A. Each constituent student association sends delegates to the Council, these persons usually either on that association's executive or else closely associated with the executive in some way.

COMMISSIONS

At the Council, the delegates serve on one or more of the commissions. Commissions are held on the topics of National Affairs, Student Welfare, Finance and Administration of N.Z.U.S.A., International Affairs and Education. They have the function of reviewing present N.Z.U.S.A. policy relating to their particular subject area, amending or rescinding it where necessary, and formulating new policy where it seems appropriate. Attention is usually given to considering ways in which policy can be actioned, and there are often profitable results from the opportunity given for executive members to discuss common or individual problems related to their office with their counterparts in other universities.

PLENARY SESSIONS

After all the commissions have completed their work in this way, it is then brought before a plenary session. This usually consists of the president of each constituent student association assisted by one other member of his delegation, and presided over by the president of N.Z.U.S.A. The plenary sessions review what has been done at each commission and makes further amendments and changes as they appear necessary. The proceedings of the plenary sessions are then written up in the minute books as N.Z.U.S.A. policy, and can be used as a basis for action by the various officers of N.Z.U.S.A.

POLITICAL INTRIGUES

If this were how it all worked out in practice, one could be forgiven for thinking it was somewhat unproductive and even, perhaps, superfluous. In practice however, it becomes far worse than it may appear in theory. The reason is easy to see: at one of the final sessions of the Council, voting is held to elect the president of N.Z.U.S.A. for the coming year. This election is held to be one of the most important of the activities carried out during the Council and thus a large amount of time is spent beforehand with delegates sounding out likely and unlikely candidates, pressuring them to put in an application and lobbying other delegations to vote for their candidate. It is all the more interesting when delegates are not sure whether or not one particular person is going to stand, or when a prospective candidate puts in an application and later changes his mind and withdraws. Further complications arise from the fact that each constituent students' association is allocated numbers of votes proportionate to the number of students enrolled at the university. Thus the Auckland delegates had nine votes to cast as they saw fit, whereas the Lincoln College delegates had only three. Lobbying thus naturally is concentrated on the constituent association whose vote makes the greatest difference to the outcome.

As it eventuated at August Council, the lobbying, backstabbing, character assassination and similar political intrigues went on to such an extent that few of the delegates present had much time to devote to the initial reason for being at the Council, i.e. to serve on their appropriate commission. There was little apparent interest in any of the matters under discussion at the commission sessions (with the notable exception of the proposal for merger between S.T.A.N.Z. and N.Z.U.S.A.), the consuming interest for most was the matter of who was going to be president of N.Z.U.S.A. for 1973.

WANKING

It may be of some interest, at this point, to give some indication of what part was played by the members of the Auckland delegation in the political machinations outlined above. Mr Woodroffe and his wife Mrs Foley both showed little active participation in the proceedings, preferring to quietly press forwar their choice of candidate while accepting the fact that others disagreed. Mr Bartlett appeared to enjoy himself immensely, going into huddles with various delegates from other universities, conducting secret conversations in dark corners, negotiating deals with various of the possible candidates, and asking leading questions when the final three candidates were being interviewed. Mr Rowe, trying hard to emulate Mr Bartlett, assumed an air of "I know but I'm not telling" at various times, but failed to convince anyone except himself. Mr Chan succeeded very well with his ploy of doing nothing whatsoever which could be construed as being 'politicking'. Naturally, therefore, everyone began to wonder what on earth he could be scheming about, on the mistaken assumption that he would not have come to the Council unless he had some good reason for doing so. Ms Turner was either entirely aloof from or completely swamped in the whole proceedings; either way she did not appear to attempt to influence the course of events in any way. Both Mr Garlick and Miss Ward did not stay long enough to have had any influence even if they wanted to, and, contrariwise, Mr Devitt arrived too late and too tired with the same result. Finally, Mr Gyde displayed obvious political ineptitude by wondering to himself whether it might not be better to hold the elections for president at some place other than at Councils, thus allowing all the delegates to denote all their energies to the purpose for which they were sent. Heresy of this kind, however, was better left unsaid.

EDUCATION COMMISSIONS

I will now leave this general critique of Council as a whole and report something of my own activities at the Education commissions. During the four sessions it became obvious that none of the education delegates were very much enamoured with the present N.Z.U.S.A. policies on education, nor were we very interested in formulating new policies which would do little more than add to an already over-burgeoning bureaucracy. N.Z.U.S.A. policy at present consists of remits put together as a result of a large number of past councils. Some of the remits are merely statements of belief or ideals, others indicate solidarity with other organizations, and others again are merely procedural motions instructing various officers of the association to carry out certain tasks. Obviously, therefore, there is no overall philosophy and rationale behind the present policy, it is merely the result of a number of years of uncoordinated activity.

The education delegates felt that what was needed for N.Z.U.S.A. was a thorough and comprehensive statement of beliefs about education in general and university education in particular. This could be written up as a booklet stating N.Z.U.S.A.'s philosophy of education which could be used as the basis of concrete action by N.Z.U.S.A. personnel and individual education officers. Thus, we have decided to organize a four day workshop session for education officers and other interested students. This should be held at some time near the end of February next year. We plan to prepare a number of papers which will be presented to this workshop session and which can be used, as a basis for a complete statement of aims and objectives in university education. My own task will be to prepare a paper on the subject of 'Equality of Opportunity in Education'. Anyone who could like to assist me in writing this and anyone who may like to participate in the workshop session should contact me as soon as possible.

Richard Gyde
EDUCATION OFFICER

AN ALTERNATIVE TO OUR SECONDARY EDUCATION SYSTEM

It has been said by many people many times that our secondary education system is not what it could or should be. If you agree with this statement be you parent, teacher or pupils, isn't it about time that you did something actively towards providing something better?

Complaints have been made about the secondary system i.e. that it is orientated towards passing exams rather than toward developing the abilities a person has; that it condones corporal punishment and that it is very inflexible for an institution that is supposed to provide for individuals. So many of the schools activities are unrelated to the world that the pupil is later expected to live and work in. What is the point of a system geared towards academic achievement and advancement to a university degree when only a small number of people want to pursue this goal.

We are a group of people who think that the secondary system is inadequate and we are keen to provide some alternative.

This alternative could be termed a progressive school, but as this term has developed unfortunate connotations for some we would like to suggest what we think this involves.

1. Non-compulsory attendance.
2. Content to be broadly based with an emphasis on skills for survival rather than only facts.
3. Content to be pupil orientated rather than exam orientated.
4. Pupils able to make decisions rather than having decisions made for them.
5. Pupils interests to be pursued rather than teachers interests.

We are interested in providing this schooling for anyone and therefore would like to meet others interested in participating. If interested phone 768-069. Ms A. Denny.

Applications now called for Craccum editor and technical editor for 1973.

Applications are invited for the following positions on the 1973 Craccum Staff:

1) Editor (present allowance $40 per issue)
2) Technical Editor (present allowance $30 per issue)
3) Advertising Manager (payment by commission)
4) Distribution Manager ($10 per issue)
5) Reporters (2) ($10 each per issue)
6) Photographer (present allowance $10 per issue)

All present payments are subject to change, and certain variations have been permitted—for example, two editors currently share $40.00. Because of changes in the structure of the Craccum staff, the "Fifteenth Schedule" of "Rules for Auckland University Students' Association (Inc.)" doesn't cover all positions, although general allocation of payments remains the same. The relevant sections of the schedule are:

5b)The Board shall appoint (those officers listed above) who shall take office on the 1st of January (1973).

5c)The appointment of the editor shall be made by the majority of the Board present and voting, and shall be subject to his signing a contract with the Executive.

5g)The Technical Editor will be appointed by the "Craccum" Administration Board provided that such recommendation be approved by the Editor.

Applications, including a statement of qualifications and policy where necessary, should be passed on to the Craccum Administration Board (via the present editors or the Publications Officer) no later than October 8th 1972, after which the Board will interview applicants and make its selections.

APPLICATIONS are called for the positions of ASSOCIATION ARCHIVIST: and also to fill the vacancy on the Joint Finance Committee. Nominations for the latter close at the beginning of the executive meeting to be held Thursday 14th Sept,6.30.

Dave Fleming Memorial Journalism Award.

Nominate your favourite article for the award from this year's Craccum or other AU student publications.

Address nominations to Publications Officer, AUSA, by 30th September.

THE LIFE & TIMES OF RESISTANCE

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

Four people lived in the shop, at 436 Queen Street, and paid $30 rent to the Auckland City Council, which with appropriate irony was the landlord.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Resistance and The Queen Street Businessmen

by Tony Thurston

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The meeting ended within 20 minutes of going into committee.

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

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

Departure of Denis P. Cooney

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

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

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

Logan Moodley (Secretary)
Ruebena Paraha (Shop Manageress)

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

AIR NEW ZEALAND FINE ARTS AWARD

Presented to:
Roger Peters
a sculpture student at Elam,
for his lovely warm bubbly dangerous environment. A unanimous decision of the three judges, Messrs. Brett, Kirk-Smith, and McCahon.

The REFERENDUM to decide AUSA policy on:
(a) Support for the Labour Party in the forthcoming election
(b) Abortion
will be held on FRIDAY, 15th September 1972 from 9am - 6pm.

THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD

Bank of New Zealand
EDUCATION LOANS and financial CONSULTING SERVICE for Auckland University students
ask for your leaflet at the BNZ University Office adjacent to the University Post Office and mailroom
13.1

More about buying bikes and beetles
Bikes accepted as deposits on VW's
VW cars, vans, campers, and beach buggys
These bikes sold at wholesale

72 Suzuki 90 trial bike	$390
71 Suzuki 90cc twin	$390
71 Yamaha 200, 5,000 mls	$550
71 Yamaha 75cc Scooter	$250

CHEAPEST IN TOWN.
ALL at AUTOLAND, 5 Exmouth St, (off Newton Rd)
Phone 375-484

Direction Records do-it-yourself advertising captions! No prizes

Direction Records have the biggest and lowest priced selection of records in town.
Two shops in: Darby Street (opposite 246) And Swanson Street telephone 379 092.

Obtain your T/D licence for the Christmas holiday.
Special student rates $6.50 per hour.
PHONE: **Heavy Transport Driving School**
83-393
592-466

NZUSA
news flash!!
AUSTRALIA
* november departure dates finalised
* december and january dates nearly finalised
* hurry and contact student travel now!
$136 return .... $136 return .... $136 return
Student Travel Bureau - room 223 top floor student union 11-5pm daily

laurie summers limited
for kawasaki and honda 'bikes
Mt. Eden; 83-89 Mt. Eden Rd.
Phone; 74328 or 74329

HIGHLIGHTS AND EPHEMERA FROM THE FESTIVAL PHANTUM

The FESTIVAL PHANTUM was the daily newssheet which ran from 21st to 25th of August (five issues) covering the main part of the 14th NZ Universities Arts Festival. Phantum presented a mixture of photographs, news, commentary and notices which were assembled throughout each night (on average I got to bed at 7 a.m.) in the absence of Radio U it helped provide a degree of continuity, and apparently attracted larger crowds to the events it publicised (Jack Body reports that "Sexus" drew its biggest audiences after Phantum 2).

Because PHANTUM was the first paper of its kind, its potential and problems were discovered as they happened. Many newsworthy things were missed because we had a tiny staff of volunteers and couldn't cover more than we did. We received no unsolicited photos—there were surprisingly few camera freaks at work. John Miller carried the whole photographic assignment by himself and did a very fine professional job—for which he deserves some retrospective payment.

The use of the Heatherprint/Earwig press, which was admirably operated by Heather Mc Innes, gave us greater flexibility in printing than we would have got anywhere else. Although we under-estimated the time necessary to prepare negatives (about four hours instead of one) the paper hit the quad at about 3 p.m. each day. If we'd been processing our own negs this could have been midday.

For the record, and for the use of future organizers, the key points in running a paper like the Phantum are:

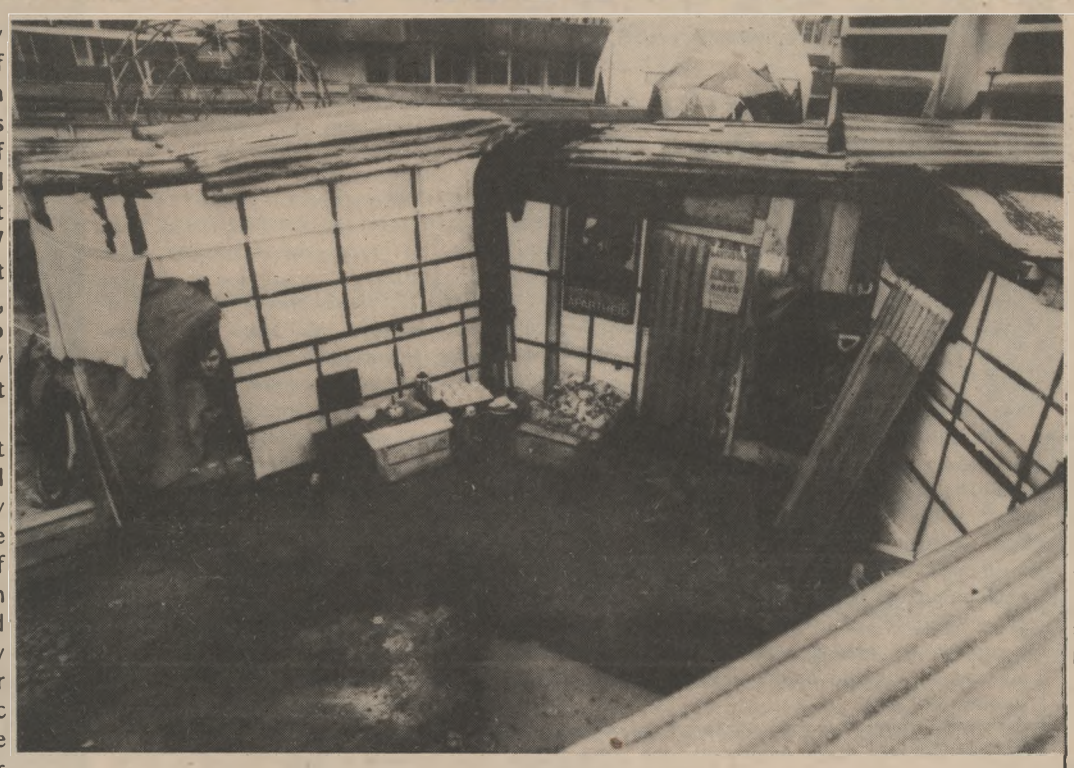
1) A fully competent and dedicated staff (which we had).
2) Plenty of advance publicity emphasising that a paper will be published and that people in charge of events should go out of their way to arrange interviews, reports and photos.
3) A liaison officer to bridge the gap between the Festival Controllers and the paper. The Controllers and the Phantum staff were so over worked that we had no time to systematically review each day's happenings.
4) A daily paper is probably a way of creating interest than the Festival Handbook—it has sponteneity and directness which could only be matched by a radio station, and should be budgeted for accordingly.

JOHN MILNE

FESTIVAL PHANTUM:
STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

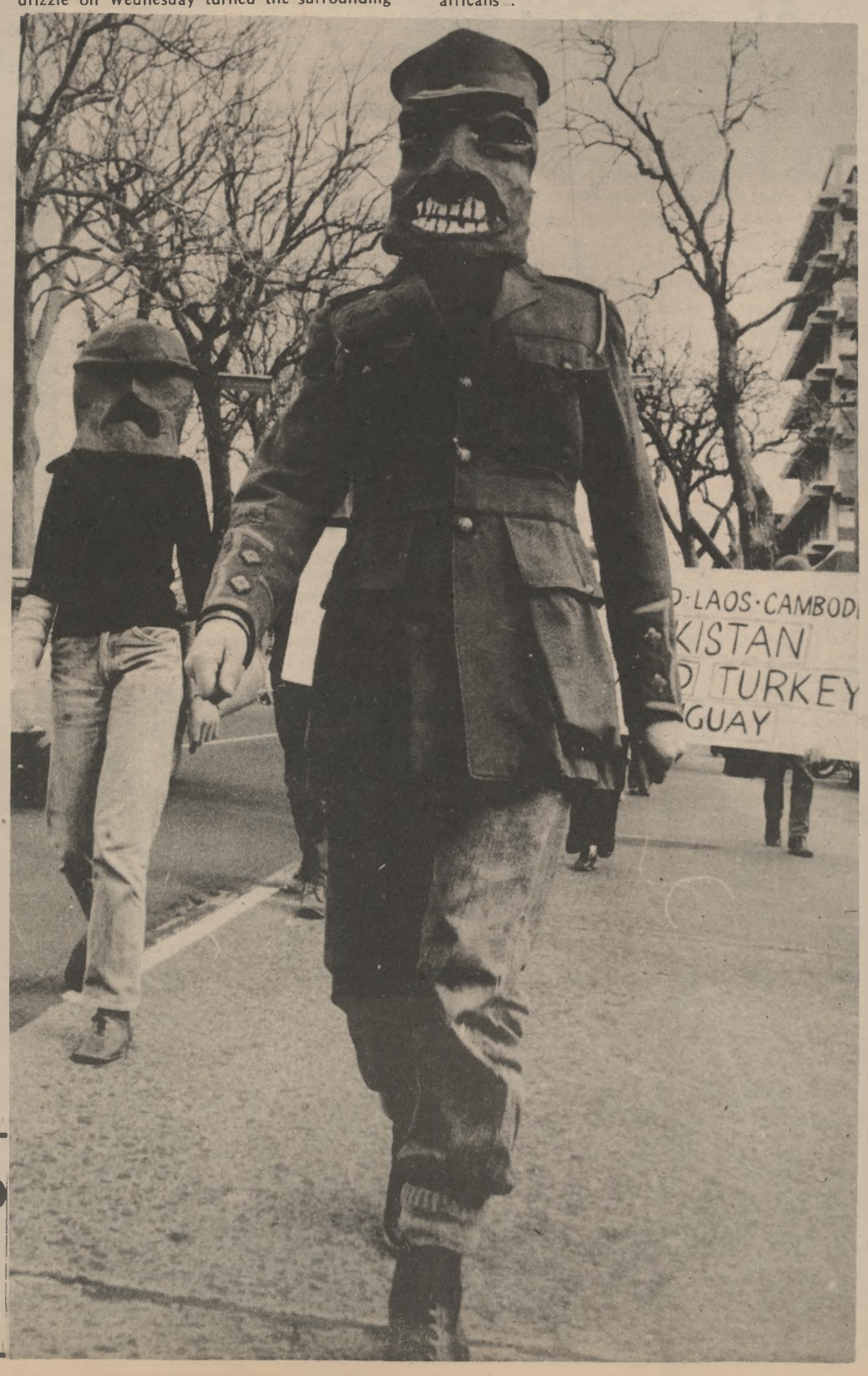
Paper	$52.50
Plates	30.00
Printer's pay & machine running costs	50.00
Letraset	3.50
Line negatives & halftones. (supplied by Acme Printing)	92.40
Retouching & setting up	12.00
	$240.40

Donations of $14.41 have been allocated for cartoons and it is hoped that some of the advertising revenue (approx. $52.00) will be paid to our photographer. The nett expenditure over income is expected to be about $200.00.



BANTUSTAN SURVIVES RAIN

Bantustan, a fasimile Bantu kraal built by HART, housed over 20 on some nights. Heavy drizzle on Wednesday turned the surrounding clay into thick goo, made the hangi cabbage leaves even soggier, but failed to budge the "africans".



TUESDAY DIVERSION

H.A.R.T. STICK-UP

The Queen Street premises of 'Atlantic and Pacific Travel' were plastered with anti-apartheid and anti-tour stickers yesterday morning by about 10 HART supporters.

Paper Tigers Talk

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Festival sees revamped style in protest

Queen Street and Karangahape Road pedestrians were treated to an anti-war march with a difference. The French Theatre Action group, assisted by others, were the main participants. The marchers wore masks and costumes reflecting those aspects of our society which permit the obscenity of war to continue.

For an anti-war march, public reaction was unprecedented—in some parts of Queen Street passers by thronged 5 to six deep to watch the procession. It seemed that many did not know how to react—no 'long hair commie yahoo' comments were heard.

Shadows of dancers on backdrop during a performance of Victoria's "Dance Fear"—choreographers Linda Rigler and Trish Hall.

Auckland won the dirty limerick contest with the most peurile displays of wanker-fodder since nz became a colony.

ROTHMANS' STRUNG UP

Wednesday 23rd

A cigarette dispenser containing Rothmans' brands was removed from the milk bar and strung up, 18ft above the quad. Although no damage had been done and no cigarettes taken, police dusted for finger prints and later took the names of three people in the Bantustan.

BACK TO THE WOMB

An inflatable plastic environment being played with (& in) near the chemistry building.

Colour environment—the experimental house in Wynyard Street utilised fluorescent materials and ultra-violet light to create distinctive effects. It also did wonders for the 4th PHANTUM which was produced in fluorescent pink.

Squatters Barricade Common Room

There is a shortage of accommodation for Arts Fest participants. Last night about 25 of them decided that the top common room was the logical place to spend a night in lieu of anything better. Suspecting an impending raid by the custodians and union manager, the squatters began to barricade themselves in shortly before 9pm. In a stirring show of solidarity many more climbed over the balcony on the top common room to join those inside.

Food was provided by the builders of the Bantustan who were fortuitously opening their hangi at the time of the occupation. The doors were opened again by the occupants after assurances were given that no attempt would be made to prevent them from sleeping there.

(The "shortage" of accommodation was mainly a problem of getting supply linked up with demand—at the end of the week there was a surplus of billets).

At the half-way stage money became a big issue.

NON—PAYERS MAY SABOTAGE FESTIVAL

Arts Festival is in danger of making a loss because of the large number of crashers who are getting into many events without ever having registered. The festival controllers estimate that there are at least two and a half thousand non payers—about the same as the number who have paid.

A graph by the controllers' desk, indicating the present level of 'brokeness', is now up to 'Aussie here we come broke' (it passed the suicide level on Monday).

While the organization for events has gone very well—there have been several major successes and no disasters—the number of registrations has been very disheartening. Students have felt that with $8 payments the festival must be wading in loot, when in fact it is near penniless.

The festival Controllers came out strongly against those who claimed the Festival was a rip-off. Bruce Kirkland delivered a report to the PHANTUM at 4.30 a.m. Wednesday. It ended thus:

We will not listen to any shit about $8 being too heavy when in fact you can only get a 'couple of dozen' for that figure. We have worked for 12 months on those 7 pages entitled 'Programme'. We decided on the concept and status of the festival. In our opinion the concept of Arts Festival had to be progressive. We sincerely believe that the manifesto mirrors this concept. Well we say fuck the critics. No one criticises the programme or questions our ability to fulfil it. The only criticism is that people do not wish to pay for it while at the same time milking it. To me it suggests a fucked up ideology. The festival should be and is designed to be community property—i.e. persons contribute equally to the sum total and share the resources. However, it is clear that there are the inevitable persons who think Mr Magic should subsidize their extravaganzas. They think they are ripping off the Arts Festival, and that's shit-hot. But they only rip off the persons who have contributed to the sum total and those that have worked 12 months for no material reason.

But who really cares about this? We could have produced a $4 registration by eliminating Barry Humphries, Australian Dance Theatre, NZ Ballet Ensemble, Sexus/Kurtzwellen, and the imported films among others. We could have produced the normal superficial rock bullshit scene to amuse superficial people. But why bother. In fact I really don't know why I wasted 12 months at my expense, both financially and academically (not to mention ideologically) to attempt to produce a festival of the arts. But this world is full of whys.

RADIO U GOES PIRATE

Radio Arts Festival was denied a licence by the Broadcasting Authority but has gone into business anyway. Opposition had come from Radio Hauraki which was, ironically, the city's first prirate station. It was claimed that the new station would not provide any additional service (its main aim was to play music) and it would take away advertising revenue from existing commercial radio—a doubtful point as Radio U will only be promoting Arts Festival.

The new pirate, 1380 on the dial, came on the air briefly at 1.40 a.m. on Sunday 20th, and after technical troubles were sorted out it continued into the day on 50 watts.

Station staff expected a clash with the broadcasting bureaucracy on Monday.

As papier mache plague has crept over the front of the Student Union building domes have crept up behind it. This one, although planned for 15 months ago, arrived nicely on time.

At 8.00 am Monday, Radio U went off the air after a tip-off that the Pot Post Office were attempting to locate and confiscate their 'illegal' transmitter.

The P.O. Inspectors arrived shortly after 8.00 and managed to track down the approximate whereabouts of the transmitter, hidden in the Student Union Building, by tracing the wire from the antenna on the roof. Usint the plans of the S.U.B. the inspectors located the transmitter behind a block wall (which they knocked down) in a tunnel underneath the building. This was between 9 and 9.30. Various students and festival participants, fearing for the safety of this piece of equipment so vital to free radio, barricaded the inspectors in the tunnel using the discarded blocks & bus stop signs. A borer bomb was thrown in to flush out the inspectors but they clung to the transmitter and couldn't be budged. Meanwhile, the custodians removed the barricades. By now a dense throng of those concerned had linked arms around the entrance to the tunnel, to wrestle back the equipment. After 'negotiations' the P.O. inspectors walked out. The police, their P.O. removal van, and their warrant to remove the offending piece of equipment had failed to materialise. The transmitter was whisked out of the tunnel and into a waiting van to be driven away to places unknown.

A Post Script to the Morning's Activities:

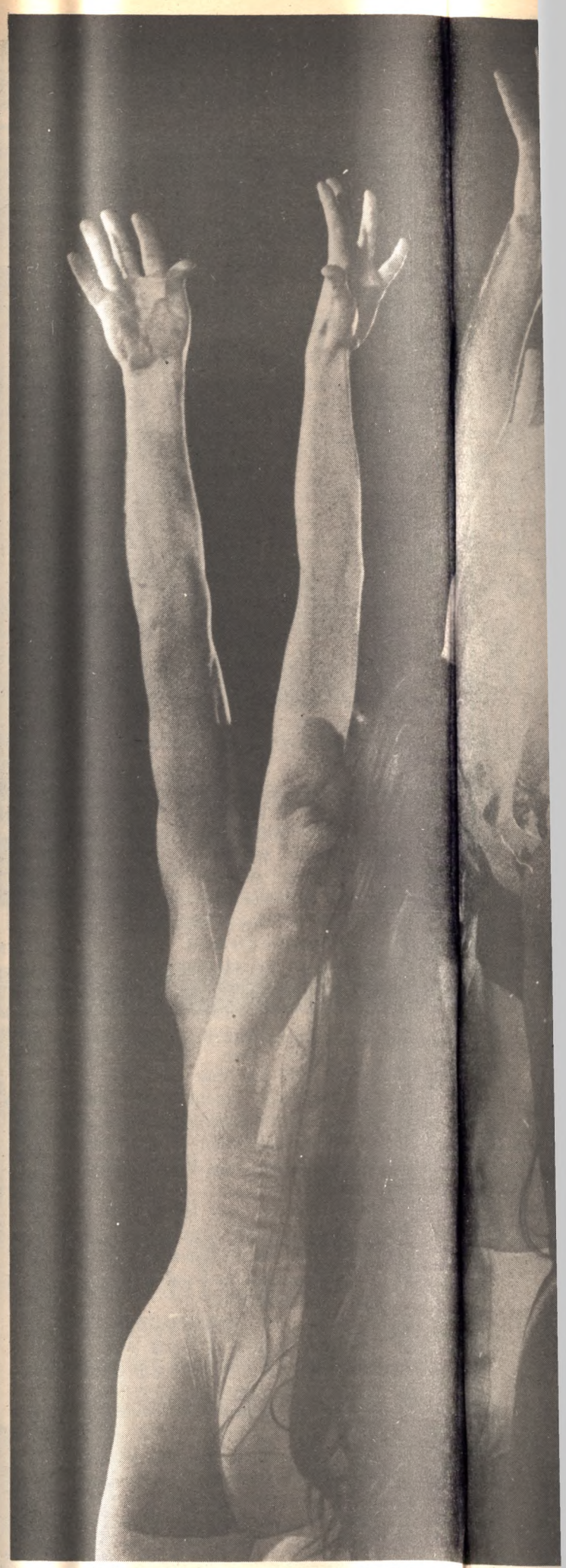
The police are investigating complaints of assault from the radio inspectors. They are also after the comrade in whose name the van was hired, to charge him with aiding and abetting in this heinous crime against the Barons of Private Radio. He has apparently been told to go down to Central, but went to see his lawyer and hasn't been seen or heard of since.

The police, both uniformed branch and C.I.B. refused to comment on the matter.

THE BOMBING OF AUCKLAND

A short but very effective work by Wystan Curnow and Allen Smythe, using slides and recorded sound to show what it might be like were Auckland bombed in the same way as North and South Vietnam are by the "forces of the free world".

The juxtaposition of aerial photographs of Auckland, glossy photographs is used to make the viewer/listener aware of how it might feel to be an individual suddenly experiencing a bombing raid. The suffering of the flesh underneath the ideological mystifications spun around the war.



Jack Body's "Sexus/Kurzwellen" attracted more people than could be fitted in the Mao Community Centre. A tour to Wellington and season in Auc 72 have run off amme to be scree

SPONTANEOUS INERTIA FOR BAZZA

Are you still stuck up the Education System's Arse?

"A great waiting"

"The lecture theatre, the lecturer hasn't arrived—the students are waiting."

Barry Humphries didn't show up on Monday for the Guru hour in the Caf, but 500 good students did—the Cafe was crowded student practically on top of student. After 50 minutes a few got up and left, but the rest remained—still this is a festival for Christ's sake—except for a couple of imaginative free spirits who played the piano for the people nearby and the chick who played the recorder for her friends I could've sworn it was a lecture theatre. If someone had come in and said "Take notes" and proceeded to speak, I think pads and pencils would have appeared from nowhere. The lecture/lecturer situation is bad enough (it occurs to me that lectures are like concentration camps, and lecturers camp commandants, or church services and priests) without getting conditioned to it.

HUMPHRIES AS EDNA EVERAGE

Monday night of Arts Festival Week in the Town Hall the debate "That this house is disgusted with the habits of intellectuals" starring Barrie Humphries, Erich Geringer, Brian Edwards, and several other pansies. Eight o'clock and All filed on to the stage, except Barrie Humphries. As he had failed to turn up for a scheduled session earlier that afternoon, I resigned myself to the celebrity's obvious stage fright, and consoled myself with the fact that Dr. Geiringer had arrived. It seemed the debate was about to begin without the leader of the affirmative team when a rather overdressed matron waddled on to the stage. About two people realised that this was Humphries. She apologised for Mr Humphries' lateness—something about she had last seen him in the Sport's Bar of the Big I—and she had come to tell all the lovely people here tonight that he probably wouldn't be able to make it and could she do anything to help in the talk. Which she, in her shocking pink coat and Queen Mother hat, wriggling skirt over knees, falsetto screeching genealogies and garden gnomes, didn't hesitate to do. Of course she was Edna Everage, Bazza's aunt. And a very nice lady she was too, with good sensible ideas she perched on like stiletto heels.

Then a few other people spoke, a man called Dugdale and a lady who's apparently famous on the idiot box and then, to salvage the evening from Everages and more mediocrity, Erich Geiringer. Then some tinted cop, then Brian Edwards with his best gals and gags from his undergraduate year.

Fair made [redacted] want to chunder.

But for Mrs Everage's charm. or some rubbish.

MAD DOGS, the 24 member rock group which chartered a plane to come up here, had a great performance last night at the Peter Pan. The dance floor was chokker block and people responded as never before. They really released all the inhibitions in the audience—the only 'spectators' were in the gallery where there was no room to dance.

When the lights came up after 25 minutes of encores at 20 to 3 a.m. the dancers saw with amazement just how much glass they'd been wading through—in the frenzy of the performance feet had been cut painlessly.

Tambourlaine and Mamma and Mammal were also pretty cosmic. Bless 'em all.

Barry Humphries participated in the Festival debate ("That this house is disgusted with the habits of intellectuals") but not everyone knew he was in it—his entire performance, disguised as Edna Everage (pictured), was in a brilliantly sustained falsetto.

Palmerston entrepreneur, Arthur Ranford, was one of many hawkers who variously enriched/improverished/embellished the festival.

'NAM', presented by Victoria. Bryan Stubbings played Sgt Jim Burny. Based on actual letters written by Burny whilst on service in Vietnam 1967—68.

ABOVE: a ladies' team plays (& defeats) the male chauvinist pigs at (sort of) rugby.

BELOW: ferris-wheel passenger lurches towards John Miller's wide angle Nikon.

eason in Auckland now seems likely.
have run off extensive footage for a
me to be screened late in the year.

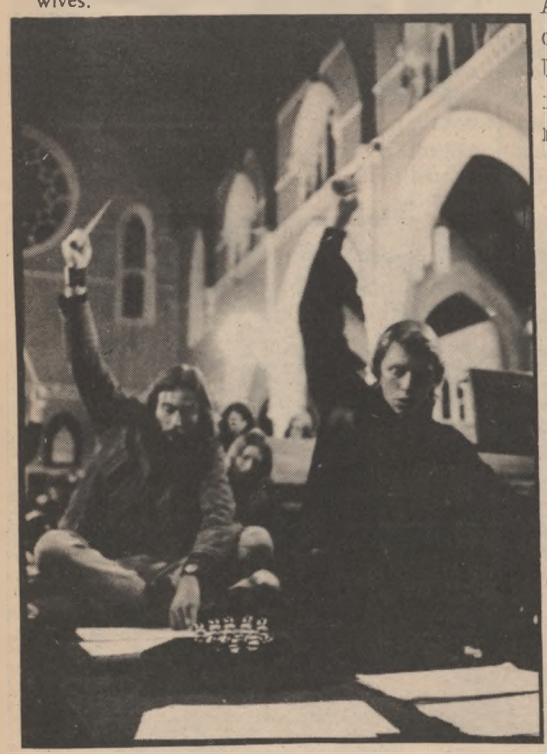
Local Nazi leader, Colin King-Ansell and cronies, spent several hours at the Festival "War Game"—an elaborate contest of strategy and luck. By midnight in the game pictured, America had surrendered, Russia was strongly placed, and the Nazis finally adjourned to their wives.

POOH VISITS ZOO

Wednesday 23rd

Although it was raining at the north pole, the pooh people still found it at the zoo. Unlike the old days they went in a bus and also met a hippopotamus.

The Festival coincided with a 'birthday ballot'.



THE SCRATCH ORCHESTRA, St Paul's Church. 'For chorus (shouting and playing ridged or notched instruments, sonorous substances, rattles or jingles) and organ.'

As a papier mache plague crept over the front of the Student Union, so domes snuck up behind it. This one was planned for 15 months, but arrived nicely on time.

Dear Editors,

The organisers of the 14th NZ Arts Festival would like to extend their grateful thanks to all persons in the university (students and staff) who assisted in the running of the festival. The organisers, by virtue of their function, have a difficult task in assessing the lay reaction to the event, Those involved and participating in the activities do ensure the success of the Festival.

To this end, the long hours by all involved, have been worth it.

With thanks,

Bill Spring and Bruce Kirkland,
Arts Festival Controllers

A couple of months ago, AUSA forked out $200, traded in some old typewriters, and bought a real typewriter (electric, carbon ribbon etc). It was used to do all the typing for the PHANTUM. The last historic message from the PHANTUM is here reproduced in its original form.

GOODBYE

This is the last PHANTUM budgeted for and the last you're going to get. If you have a full set, treasure them - they represent something which has never been done before. The paper has been the result of a unique conspiracy between Craccum, Earwig, and the Arts Festival controllers (thanks to Bruce and Bill for confidence beyond the normal call of duty).

Except for the production of 'process' negatives, Phantum has been produced entirely by Craccum staff, Roger Steele (from Salient) and the students who sent in contributions. It goes a long way to proving the feasibility of a student owned press.

Very special thanks go to Heather (for nursing our cantankerous printing machine); John Miller (for the finest photographic marathon in his life); Howard Cooke (for his cartoons), everyone (for responding); and me, for being the last to bed at 8 a.m.

Goodnite.

John Milne

Scenes from "51" a brilliant political play on the 1951 lock out, presented by the Wellington Amanus Theatre Group who will hopefully repeat it in Auckland over Labour Weekend (Oct 21-23)

YOU ARE BEING QUESTIONED BY THE POLICE

1. DO YOU HAVE TO GIVE THE POLICE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS? NOT UNLESS

A) you are driving a car — Then you must give them your name and address and the name of the car's owner.

B) the police have actually caught you committing an offence and tell you they are definitely going to lay a charge against you. See 6 below, also.

2. DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT YOU ARE CHARGED WITH—YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO KNOW.

A policeman HAS TO tell you the reasons for which he is arresting you. Note his number, incase he is arresting you unlawfully.

3. DO YOU HAVE TO GO TO THE POLICE STATION? NOT UNLESS —

a policeman is arresting you. So ask him "Are you arresting me?" If he says YES, ask him WHAT FOR? He HAS TO tell you. THEN go quietly, but note his number (see 2 above). If a policeman asks you to "accompany him to the station" to "answer some questions"—you DON'T HAVE TO GO.

4. CAN THE POLICE ARREST WITHOUT A WARRANT?

YES. Since the 1961 Crimes Act there are a lot of offences for which police can arrest you without a warrant. BUT you can insist on being shown the warrant as soon as practicable after your arrest (Section 316 of the Crimes Act).

5. CAN YOU GET BAIL?

If there is no warrant, and if it's going to be 24 hours before you go in front of a magistrate, the police SHOULD GIVE YOU BAIL. They have the power to.

If there is a warrant, THEY MUST SHOW IT TO YOU and you can't get bail unless the Warrant says so.

6. YOU DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER ANY POLICE QUESTIONS WHATSOEVER (EXCEPT as in 1 above)

The Judges Rules say the police should:

Take you to the station without questioning;

Make a formal charge and hand you a form containing its precise details and the statement: "Do you wish to say anything in answer to the charge? You are not obliged to say anything unless you wish to do so, but whatever you say will be taken down in writing and may be given in evidence." (Our emphasis - M O O H R)

BUT it is better to say "I don't want to say anything until I have seen my lawyer" than to remain absolutely silent.

Police have been known to use such silence as evidence in court that the prisoner agreed with them on some point,so silence CAN (tho it shouldn't) be used to make you look guilty.

So ask for a lawyer—and, ABOVE ALL, DON'T SIGN ANYTHING TILL HE COMES.

When you give your name and address, GIVE IT YOURSELF: "My name is . . . and my address is . . ." Don't answer Yes or No to a police questions, because police have been known to include other details (such as membership of an organisation) in trick questions as to name and address.

7. YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO USE THE PHONE TO RING YOUR LAWYER OR A RELATIVE OR FRIENDS (if you are held at the station). YOU HAVE THE

RIGHT TO LEGAL ADVICE, and when your lawyer comes YOU HAVE THE RIGHT to talk to him out of earshot of the police or anyone else.

But if relatives come and if the police let you see them, such an interview will not be private. The police will listen in.

8. BEWARE OF BLUFF AND TRICKERY, IGNORE THREATS AND PROMISES

Any threat or promise or bargain made by the police to get a statement from you is completely illegal.

For instance, it is illegal for them to threaten anyone asking for a lawyer "Don't you know that if you refuse to answer you can be arrested for obstructing the police in the course of their duty?" (They triied this on a N.Z. Communist years ago.)

Don't get chatty and talkative even with the most "friendly" policeman—anything you say can be used againstt you or misinterpreted.

FROM MOOHR

EXERCISE
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CRUX
The Prophet of Humanity

Man today is in revolt against a dehumanizing world; against the alienation and loneliness of mass man. His searching to become human and free from a manipulated 'plastic' world is frantic enough to risk revolt, yet he has no new principles to offer.

This search for freedom, and the natural instinct of man to seek meaning, has led him to drugs and mysticism—a means of escaping the Tangible and suppossedly experiencing the Ultimate. But instead of this moment in his life giving meaning to the whole of it and the discovery of inner peace and contentment, he finds he has merely escaped the immediate, and has no way of facing what he must come back to.

So long as man holds onto the desire to be autonomous and refuses acknowledgement of God, he will never experience the fullness of humanity and the freedom which must come with it, revealed to us by God himself, in the person of Jesus Christ.

Because Man has rejected God, he seeks in man's creations his meaning and freedom, and today art has become a major prophet of this search. Ever since the Enlightenment of the 19th Century, art has been seperate from the sciences, and artists elevated to the function of revealing deep realms of truth—that beyond the tangible, as well as interpreting his times, with an insight into all that goes on—hence galleries have been set up as temples of this so-called High Priest of humanity, where people may go and seek their answers.

But in this art there is a dual quality of truth and falseness. On the one hand it is false in its portrayal of man as he basically is—merely because the art has been created solely from man's own senses, with no acceptance of reality beyond them, yet there is a truthfulness in the depiction of man today—with God dead and man dying—losing his humanity and whatever else makes him man.

But too often modern art today is bypassed, and we have failed to see that it is a key to the understanding of our critical situation—that it is the work of man crying out in protest against dehumanization, the dehumanization and suffering that is pointed out so vividly in the Old Testament book of Isaiah:

'The earth mourns and withers,
the world languishes and withers,
the heavens languish together with the earth.
The earth lies polluted
under its inhabitants
for they have transgressed the laws,
violated the statutes,
broken the everlasting covenant.
Therefor a curse devours the land,
and its inhabitants suffer for their guilt,
therefore the inhabitants of the earth are scorched
and few men are left'.

(Isaiah 24:4-6)

and although much modern art today shares in this realism of human suffering, it is only the Bible that clearly points out that man is the original cause of this outcome—that it is through his breaking of the laws of God, thus refusing God, that man has become lost, and knows not his purpose, nor his freedom. Although people are hungry today for righteousness, their fear and agony arises merely from the fact that they can't see how it can be achieved—modern art's answer is protest against evil by doing evil, hate God and fellowman—redemption will only come by revolution and terror.

But Jesus Christ's revolution is one of love not terror. It was He who came and showed man what his humanity was, it was He who offered man the road to freedom, but it was man through his self-righteousness and rejection of God, that closed this road for himself, enslaved himself to the immanent, turning God's creation of love into a prison of hell. When God created, He gave man as a framework in which to live, structures of reality. These structures are possibilities, for example: we could not speak unless we had been made with the "possibility" of speaking . . . there could be no economics, no teaching, no art, but for the fact that they were made possible by God. These structures are man's horizon for his activity. He cannot do anything outside this created order—to be outside the order would be outside of reality, and to reality belongs imaginations, fantasy and discoveries. Man can live within these structures in love and freedom, with his personality. This is humanity—to make something of life, to realize the God-given possibilities.

Because art belongs to this order, it therefore obeys the same rules as human life, and will not fulfill its purpose unless it is being wholely true to humanity. Christ showed us what an essentially human attitude is—truth, honour, justness, purity, loveliness, graciousness, excellence, worthy of praise—if these are norms for man whether he be christian or not, surely they must be included for an artist (also whether he be Christian or not.)

A true work of art doesn't mean a reproduction of what is seen, but a true personal interpretation of reality experienced both emotionally and rationally by the artist. A work of art is honest if it is in keeping with the place or occasion for which it is made, and is righteous if each element has been given its due, so as to create a harmonious whole. To be pure in art doesn't mean the exotic or sexual must not be displayed—these have a place in art, just as they have in life, it merely means the work doesn't play on man's wrong desires, but helps him to see the goodness and beauty of life.

Loveliness is expressed in the inner harmony—without truth, honour, and purity, beauty cannot be realised—so this doesn't mean the bad and the ugly shouldn't be portrayed, as long as they are interpreted truthfully.

The artist must have love and concern for those receiving his work, and he must not seperate himself from his own environment and time, if he wants to achieve anything of relevance.

beauty is a gift given by God to all to create, and it is when man appreciates God's true intent for His race and discovers beauty, that he is in a position to constantly reapply the truth to his contemporary time and situation.

S. MORRIS

Records, Books, Film and Theatre

Texas Cannonball
Freddy King
Capitol SW 8913

Freddy King Meets Leon Russell once again. And, once more the result is a peerless blues album that fuses Freddy King's guttural vocals and whining guitar work with Leon and company (Preston, Gallie, Radle, Blackwell and Gordon) as well as with Duck Dunn and Al Jackson the latter two joining with Preston and Russell on the second side.

From a deliberative version of the Hayes-Porter tune, *Can't Trust Your Neighbour* to a mellow re-working of the Elmore James classic *The Sky Is Crying* ,King and the group play it for R&B for all they're worth. I note R&B, because that's how King and company approach Bill Wither's, *Ain't No Sunshine* – those who have criticized King's singing owe themselves a listen to his vocal on this one.

Side two is further fleshed out by King's own *You Was Wrong* and an effective *How Many Years* – King should definitely explore more of Howlin Wolf's vintage material. On side one the R&B echoes abound once more. Freddy King begins things with a revised Creedence tune. *Lowdown in Lodi* that is successful but not as exciting as what follows: a beautiful version of Lowell Fulsons classic *Reconsider Baby* followed by three of Leon's own fine blues.

Things shift into high gear with the sensual, *Big Legged Woman*\ and get serious with, *Me and My Guitar*, the longest cut on the album, it is stunningly enlivened by absorbingly taught, high-register B.B. King-like guitarwork and is one of his most powerful "in person" songs. *I'd Rather be Blind*, draws side one to a jarring close and is Leon Russell at a lyrical apogee, paralelling the blues tune-wriging ability of a Willie Dixon. Freddy sings it close to the vest as usual, spices affairs up with his shrill metallic punch and drive. Recommended.

Gary Von Tersch

Asylum Choir II
Leon Russell and Marc Benno
Shelter SW8910

The Asylum Choir was formed of Leon Russell and Marc Benno way back when, long before Leon stood on stage with George Harrison and Bob Dylan. They put out a record on Smash which popped in and out of Smash's catalog in near record time. This album comes from Leon's personal stash not to mention his own label, Shelter. So it's repackaged and released. What you'd expect is an old bomb with a new cover, but I happen to think it's one of the more interesting things Leon Russell's done. And while Benno gets equal billing, it is Leon's album. The only things that are apparently Marc's are shared credit for writing on most of the songs and some occasional backing vocals. No credit is given for who plays what, so I don't even know if Benno did any of that.

First song, right off the bat, is *Home Sweet Chicago* and it was written close on the heels of the Democratic convetion, and is about that now famous debacle. "But its such an unconventional friendly city," he writes. The music is basic Russell, pounding piano and all, but the lyrics are something else: "Hey man here's what to do/You got to see Chicago Zoo/They got the flying Northern Redneck/and the goosestep point of view.

This is immediately followed by a somewhat vague but definitely anit-military song, *Down On the Base*. It's got that rocking, jiving barrelhouse sound that contrasts mighty ironically with the lines about mutilation and barbs like, "My life's a small price to pay/To teach those commies the American way." Not everything is this heavy though, and it goes on to what was undoubtedly the first recording of *Hello Little Friend*, which is pretty much a duet with Marc Benno providing strong harmonies. Altogether, though its not as good as any of the subsequent recordings.

Last on side one is a song that sounds a little strange now that Leon is on top of the heap, because its called *Trying to Stay Alive*. I guess we're all trying to do that but it's kind of funny to hear Leon Russell sing it.

Side two is less startling, and there's only one heavy song, *Ballad for a Soldier*. It's a better anti-war song than *Down on the Base*, but it takes a bit more listening. This was before Leon recorded *Master of War*, but its plain that that song had already made its mark on him. There's also a song called *Straight Brother* that may be about Russell's or Benn's straight brother. It probably is, and it includes incidents that seem too personal to be made up, although its pretty vague. But its nowhere near as strange as *When You Wish Upon A Fag*. This is the only hard rock anti-smocking song I know of. Russell throws together a large number of cigarette slogans, jingles and pictorial associations and comes out with a song that's understandably jumbled. But it makes you listen. All in all, Asylum Choir II is a fine recording.

Alec Dubro

Who Will Save The World
The Mighty Groundhogs
SUAL934523

The Groundhogs have been around for years, with intermittent changes of name and not to successful sidetrips into albums, other than in the by now established Groundhogs tradition. Originally starting as a fairly average respectable British blues band they have progressed through the crappy "underground avante-garde" to a style which denotes something a little more than your average blues band and the limitations of being such. Possibly, without Mayall, Tony S. McPhee would have become the "father" of the British blues.

The blues they once played has by now mutated into heavy lead & wire & steel guitarro pulve-rock and the two albums *Thank Christ For The Bomb* and *Split* were coneptual entities about man's spiritual and moral condition that beat Jethro Tull to the punch on that particular number. McPhee's guitar work is as frenzied as ever, but denser and more complex than before, so you keep getting more out of each song with each playing.

The Groundhogs are treading with a sure stride straight into the interior of the avante-garde, and the beautiful thing is that they still sound at gut level just like the powerful trio they always were. *Earth Is Not Good Enough, Music Is the Food of Thought* and the ten minute rush through *The Grey Maze*, may not set your tonsures on fire as titles, and may have some heavyhanded lines between the instrumental assaults, but who listens to the words anyway? Unless they are good enough or bad enough to reach through and grab your attention in which case they're great either way.

McPhee even records an instrumental electro version of Amazing Grace in a move roughly analgous to the Hendrix *Star Spangled Banner* shuck, and pulls it off with aplomb. Who needs bagpipes when you've got the Groundhogs. Who needs to say thanks for the memories by dropping another five bucks odd on another sorry Hendrix stew pot for that matter, when you've got the Groundhogs. Who needs, ever, to have to say you're sorry when the Groundhogs are ranting and romping free, cutting a swath as wide as the outer reaches of a Mohawk haircut across these fair lands of ours?

Murray Thompson and Lester Bangs

Good Times A'Comin'
Hookfoot
SDJL 934498

Hookfoot is basically Caleb Quayes group. Quaye, it will be remembered, played lead guitar on two of Elton John's albums and also appeared on Nigel Olsson's album. Nigel Olsson was, of course, Elton John's drummer. This does not, however, denigrate the rest of the group, all of whom played on the Tumbleweed Connection album.

Quaye's and the groups apprenticeship with Elton John, shows up quite clearly on this album. The medium differs of course, Elton John's piano being replaced by Quaye's lead guitar, but Quaye writes a good proportion of the songs on the album and balances his instrumentation around this.

On *Sweet Sweet Funky Music*, the opening track, the sweet funky guitar riffs and tight vocal harmonies are a good indication of what is to follow. Country rock numbers like this and *Flying In The U.S.A.*, *The Painter* and *Good Times A'Comin'*, the title track, form a major part of the album. Which is not to say that it becomes monotonous, rather that each track has its own original treatment within the set format that Quaye seems to have adopted. *The Painter*, for example, has an Emerson-like organ break–heavy and backed by chopping guitar riffs.

The style of the album musically, is basically in this funky, country reck style with lyrics to match. Although there are a few exceptions. One is *If I Had The Words*, a slow rocker featuring Ian Duck on harmonica, a track that is reminiscent of the early Crosby, Stills and Nash. Another is a short instrumental track, Slick's Blues for Gumbo. Duck on Harmonica again and Quaye on a single acoustic guitar, treat the number as the basic blues it should be. But the track that is really grabbing is, in my opinion, *Living In The City*.

This track could be regarded as an added advertisement for those bucolic "back-to-the-land" hippies who never seem to make it out of the city, but Hookfoots treatment song moves it far from those panhandling minds, and it becomes a cry from the heart rather than a statement of the lifestyle. The vocal is backed by acoustic guitars and a heavy bass which fades away till we are left with only the voices, in tightly controlled harmony and the lyrics: "Living in the city/Things can get Quite heavy/You forget the sound of your own voice/And you live out of key/And you cease to be free."

Which all makes for a fine album from a group whose second album-I now look forward to with unabashed interest.

Sidewinder.

Pink Moon
Nick Drake SIL 934506

Out of a wierd pink moonscape comes Nick Drake, his third record rises like soft mist and drifts gently out across a timeless, endless, void of silence. Silence save for the sound of one guitar and one voice building with imperceptable strength and a speed a picture in your mind of something you are sure you've heard before.

The effect is instantaneous and pleasantly complete. The songs are phantoms from the surreal plane that most poets seem to travel on–the music is a transport worthy of the words. He plays guitar a bit like early Jansch simplified and sings a bit like Donovan seemed to be learning how to.

At times you feel yourself a spectator in some very personal contest with life where the enemy is unawareness and uncertainty and the weapons are a finely chorded, sinewy music as diverse, full and rich, as life itself should be.

The words are doors and doorways standing without rooms or halls behind them–an easy entry into freefall–drifting, spinning slowly, stringing countless phrases, words and sounds like coloured beads on fine soft threads.

There is nothing virginal about Drake's music, the style is not new, the format proven and the messages have, by comparison, all sunk in a long time ago. But the whole thing is paradoxically quite new, refreshing and surprisingly crisp. The control of voice over orchestration and vice-versa is complete and perfectly in balance. Such a fine drift and turn of phrase intrigues the imagination. The voice as an instrument has a beautiful presentation that equips the songs with gently beating wings–and, as a listener, unavoidably you are flying with them; "Falling fast and falling free/You look to find a friend/Falling fast and falling free/This could just be the end . . ."

something of Carlos Jobim–a gentle Brazilian rythym, a finger painting in the sky. Something joyful something sad; "Dancing a jig in church with chimes/A sign of the times today". The time is now but here time is still, inverse and as subtle as the cosmic clown could ever be.

"Sailing downstairs to the Northern LIne/Watching the shine of your shoes". Drifting through a city steeped in sadness comes Nick DRake–a breath of ocean air–immune and suspended in the fluid of his poetry. The music in itself is poetry–compelling and intricate, it profuses like running water–a tumbling acoustic guitar, that is sometimes plucked like a sharp in open tunings often strangely chorded–always holidng yet another riddle–yet another subtle change.

Definitely a good record for those steamy stoney summer days ahead.

Paul Campbell.

LIFE IS NOT REALLY A CABARET

PLAYERS: Liza Minnelli, Michael York, Helmut Griem, Marisa Berenson, Fritz Wepper & Joel Grey. DIRECTOR, Bob Fosse. SCREENPLAY, Jay Allen.

First of all let's make it clear that CABARET is not really meant to be a musical as such. Some overseas critics have run it down for not being a true adaptation of John Van Drutens' play of the same name, this would have been fair criticism if that had been the intentions of Fosse, but I don't think that it was. The inspiration of the film is the same one as Van Druten used for his play; the novels of Christopher Isherwood and in particular GOODBYE TO BERLIN.

Having said that let's ignore the possible sources and judge the film as a self-contained entity. The scene is Berlin in 1931, the decadent amoral world that preceded and in part fostered the rise of the Nazis. In this world we have Sally, the scatterbrain cabaret performer; her boyfriend Brian, the english scholar; Baron Max, the degenerate aristocrat; Natalia, the rather innocent Jewish heiress; and her suitor Fritz, the young man on the make who in the finish jeopardises his future by admitting that he too is a Jew. These five and their interactions compose the film, but there is a sixth without which the film

would be seriously retarded, the knowing eyes and heavily made up face of the Cabaret M.C. This character can not be described, someone called him a "primping wonder" and that comes close, but you have to see the film to feel him. Joel Grey who plays this part succeeds in creating the most whole character of the movie, (although he is far from wholesome).

There were several things in CABARET which disappointed me, first and most importantly was Liza Minnelli. On stage she's very good, her numbers are performed with convincing force, but when she comes to playing Sally Bowles she's not so credible. This is unfortunate because we are immediately aware of two characters, Liza Minnelli the powerful stage performer and Liza Minnelli the weak actress. The dichotomy would have not been so important if Fosse had set out to make a straight musical, for you don't expect the characters in a musical to be very real anyway, (whatever a real character consists of). Part of the blame here carries over into the direction, which was also slightly disappointing. Foose seems to have not seen this danger and he deliberately juxtaposes the cabaret world against the political events, corrupting the outside world, and so this flaw in the film is highlighted. Maybe some other actress could have pulled it off, but then that's hard to say. It's hard to imagine anyone else in the role, this could be because of the quality of Liza Minnelli's stage act, which brings the emphasis back to the musical side of the film. The musical side should be strong but it shouldn't predominate, at least the film structure points that way, but Liza Minnelli's equivocal performance allows it to, hence the films weakness.

Michael York as the bi-sexual Englishman Brian Roberts has an easier role to play and he does it with professional skill. Brian as a character is not really that much to admire, initially you tend to regard him as someone to balance the film with as semblance of wisdom, but in the end he too has deluded himself just as much as Sally. The only characters who don't delude themselves are Natalia, the most innocent one, and the M.C., the most experienced. Max may fit into this type, but his belief that the Nazis can be controlled when all the evidence around him says they can't, questions his ability to judge himself and his circumstances.

Finally to sum up a rather inconclusive review. I loathe musicals, yet I enjoyed this film, so I don't want to call it a musical. I think Fosse tried to avoid it, but Liza Minnelli's singing seriously compromises him by its very brilliance. There are many things to appreciate in this film, including the very clever reconstruction of the period. (I have been told that the mens' clothing were 1971 style 1931 fashions.) Things like the sequence where a virginal young lad singing in such a seductively beautiful voice turns out to be a member of the Hitler youth make an immediate and positive impression, and there are other equally effective scenes. Although I must express reservations, CABARET has much to recommend it.

Howard Willis.

Stradbroke Dreamtime, Kath Walker, Angus and Robertson, 1972 ($3.25) – 10% through the U.B.S.

I read of this book in the Aboriginal Publications Foundation quarterly "Identity", and the reviewer was entranced with it. I bought the book, have read it, and I fully agree with the reviewer, who calls it a "vivid impression". Kath Walker is an Australian Aborigine, and was brought up on the island of Stradbroke, off the Queensland coast, and where, incidentally, she recently returned to live, and hopes to buy some land for a park, museum and art gallery.

"Stradbroke Dreamtime" is in two parts. The first is a number of episodes from Mrs Walkers' childhood, and the second are myths and legends she learned as a child, and in later years. Unlike the collections of Aboriginal myths and legends written by Europeans, anthropologists and others, these tales are told simply and in a fluid style, with a feeling and sympathy for the subject that few Europeans, if any, could muster convincingly.

Apparently this book is for "Ages 9 and above", but I am willing to bet that many, many of the readers will be well past their childhood. Many of Mrs Walker's feelings are expressed in the stories of the first part. She writes of the former beauty of Stradbroke Island, and the changes of "civilisation":

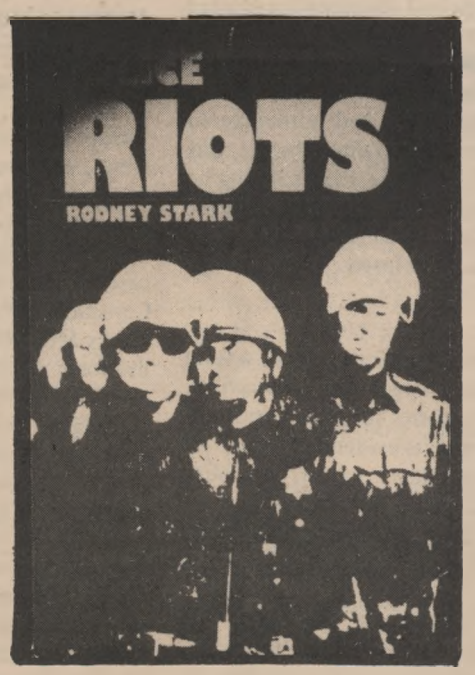
'Motor cars belch fumes over the land, and the noise of industry drowns out all other sounds of life. Men's machines have cut and maimed what used to be.

Stradbroke is dying. The birds and animals are going. The trees and flowers are being pushed aside and left to die. Tourists come to soak up the sunshine and bathe in the blue Pacific, scattering as they go their discarded cans and cigarette packs and bottles and even the hulks of cars. Greedy, thoughtless, studip, ignorant man continues the assault on nature. But he too will suffer. His ruthless bulldozers are building his own grave.

The glimpses from her childhood show experiences with which the reader can perhaps identify ("the education department in those days considered it wrong for a child to write or sew with the left hand . . . many times the head teacher's ruler came down in full force on my knockles"). When she was caught disobeying, and sewing with her left hand, she was scolded strongly. In reaction she clenched her fist, and smashed the teacher's watch.) OTHER STORIES give fleeting, but telling insights into some of the hardships of being an Australian Aborigine: The menial tasks given Aboriginal workforces, the small wage and mean rations. One story tells of Kath's father's anger when one of her sister's arms is broken when they are playing:

"How are we going to get her to a doctor; You know the doctor here only attends to white people–he doesn't treat Aborigines." Kath Walker writes here sensitively, but with no bitterness. She tells of foodgathering ("Dad taught us how to catch our food Aboriginal-style, using discarded materials from the white man's rubbish dumps"), and of her fathers reactions to their poverty ("We had to make the most of what we could find lying around . . . Dad's philosophy was simple: if you really need something and can't afford to buy it, then you should take it. He never thought of this as wrong. It wasn't his fault that he never had much money. The fault lay with the Government, which doled out such low wages to Aborigines.")

The content and style of the book make it the sort you can read again and again and not tire of. The many line drawings by Dennis Schapel are a superb complement to the text. Although a retail price of $3.25 may seem exhorbitant (?), I would disagree–I would willingly have paid twice the price.



POLICE RIOTS
Rodney Stark, Focus Books, 1972. $8.35 (!)

Stark tries to recount and account for a reasonably prevalent phenomenon in the U.S.–police riots. A police riot is a series of events during which pretty ordinary situations are transformed into unrestrained police violence. There are many factors in this situation or catylised by the situation. So to understand this violence STark asks what are the characteristics of the police which shape such behaviour; who are the police; what do they normally do, what do they want to do and what do they think they are doing?

If you are a black, puerto rican or chicano then unnecessary police force is a common occurence. In fact the police advocate illegal use of force. Even official commissions manage to point this out. So seeing that excessive violence is routine behavior it is easier to understand why the police can riot during extra stressful situations like mass demonstrations. Hitting people is a customary police tactic, but usually in individual cases. Dealing with people in a mass is an unusual situation. This is what makes a riot–"that the police are doing collectively in a short period of time and in a small area what they would ordinarily be doing in pairs or in very small groups across a very large area over a longer time." p.84.

To quite a degree the police regard civilians as 'aliens', a threat to order because the police are an isolated and distinctive subculture. But some civilians bear the brunt of their attacks. Blacks (and other coloured ethnic minorities), students, radicals, hippies are special targets and conflicts have created mistrust, fear and hate. Police jobs, too are becoming more dcult with fewer resources (though some areas have tanks!) so it is little wonder that the police lash out at certain groups. Police outlook is distorted by their social location, ignorance and prejudice. And as they have the monopoly on legitimate use of violence, the police will, no doubt, continue to abuse those they fear.

The police seem to have tactical incapacities and misconceptions which contribute to police riots. Just by massing police together, with their lack of discipline and tactical knowhow, gives them a way of attacking crow Massive displays of police tend to provoke demonstrators into violent acts, too. Often police don't know what is expected of them–making them more tense and hostile. In fact, violence is probably the only tactical competence the police have. So in a police riot, they are doing what they routinely do, to those they don't like, and they are doing the only thing they are adequately trained to do.

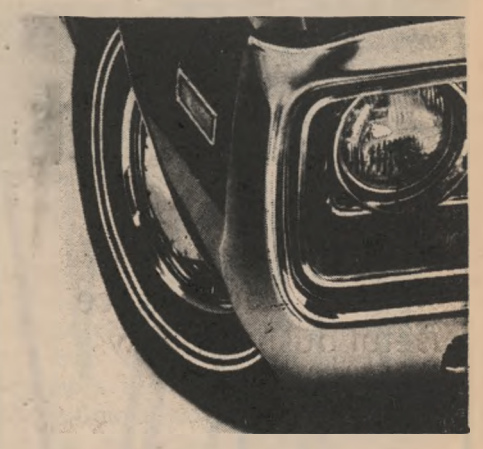
Stark has a very interesting chapter on police ideology, something that should be replicated here. They see the world as made up of individuals who commit crimes because they are motivated by evil. Collective behaviour is seen as the production of evil conspirators. From these narrow beliefs, the police get unreasonably alarmed at what they see–Chicago 1968. Police don't simply hate Blacks and militants; they believe these people are actively bent on destroying the American way of Life. They are all seen as revolutionaries, even though, obviously, most activists are not.

Stark shows quite clearly that the police are unwilling and their officers are in no position to set police affairs in order. Police of course, cooperate to protect themselves against charges of wrongdoing, so restraint upon their behaviour will have to be imposed from outside the organisation.

The book ends with suggestion on changing the police. Basically, he says, three changes are necessary: (1) the kinds of police officers will have to change, which means changes in training and recruitment (2) police departments will have to change policy and administration (3) external control agencies will have to become more powerful, in regulating the force.

This book must not be directly transposed to N.Z. Police have not rioted here for two whole years (Agnew demonstration, Auckland.) But the book shows the way police violence can grow and then escalate. I recommend that you read it; but I don't recommend that you buy it. $8 for a paperback is robbery! But encourage the library to buy a copy.

KATHRYN DE NAVE



TRAFFIC

Those who are familiar with Jacques Tati and his earlier works would probably feel a little let down by TRAFFIC. The rich even wit characterising MON ONCLE seems more sporadic here, giving way to the clever but essentually stop-gap one-shot gags. Despite this, Tatis' acute observation, and his subtle development of absurd situations will still reward the viewer. Above all Monsieur Hulot retains his old charm. By no means the hest film of the festival, TRAFFIC was certainly nowhere near the worst. But Tatis' uniqueness prohibits too much comparison except with his own work, and it is just that uniqueness which makes his films worth seeing.

"G" cert. 95 mins. COLOR BERKELEY.

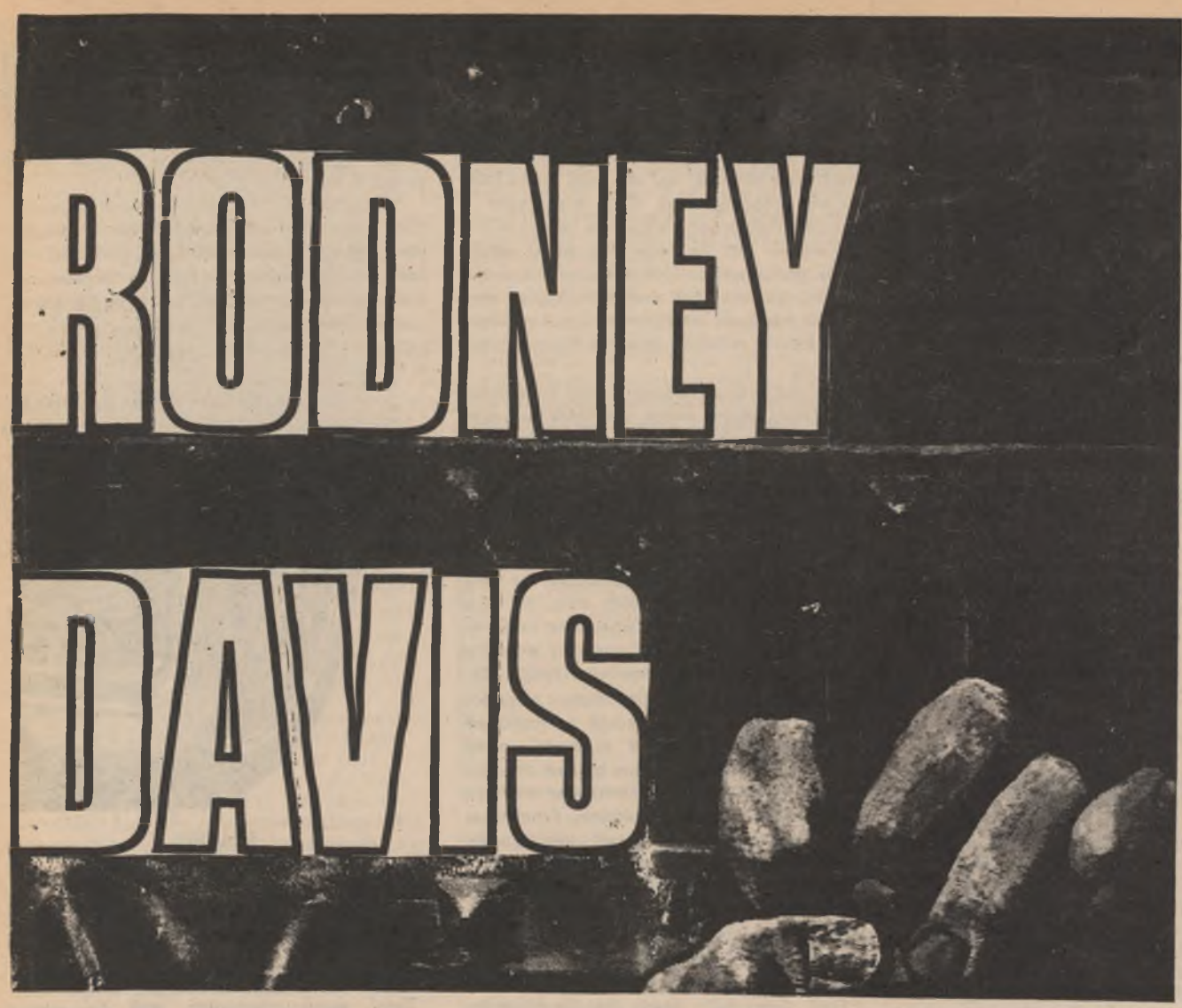
Englands most progressive rock group

versus

The Forces of Evil

NOW AVAILABLE on United Artists SUAL-934523

RODNEY DAVIS



Rodney Davis was 20 years old when sentenced. He has now spent over 4 years in prison for a crime which he did not commit.

ROB LEES

ONE

Four years ago, on the evening of June 28th 1968, Rodney Davis was visited by Detectives [redacted] and [redacted] of Auckland Central Police Station. They asked Rod to accompany them "on a small matter on which (he) might be able to help". This "small matter" entailed a visit to the Auckland morgue where Rod was shown the body of his best friend Greg Sharples. This was a strange move on the part of the police, as the deceased next of kin are usually called on to identify the body. However their reasoning becomes clear when it is realised that immediately after this, Rod was taken from the morgue to Central, and while in a state of shock interrogated about the events leading up to the dealth of Gregory Sharples.

Five days before, on the 22nd, Rod and Greg Sharples had gone to the Grafton bach of Michael Ryan, arriving at about midnight. For just over an hour the three of them injected drugs, using a syringe belonging to Rod. At about 3 a.m. Michael Ryan woke Rod as Greg was suffering from an over-dose. They took him outside and after some time it appeared that he was recovering. There was some mention of sending for an Ambulance, however both Greg and Ryan thought it unnecessary. When they returned inside the equipment was cleared away and the three of them went back to sleep.

On the Sunday morning Rod returned home to his mother's place as Greg and Michael Ryan seemed to be alright. He spent the rest of the day asleep. At about 8 p.m. Rod returned to Ryan's place in Park Road. Ryan informed him that Greg had been in considerable pain for some time. Rod asked him why he had not called an Ambulance and Ryan assured him that Greg would recover, and that they could not risk sending Greg to hospital. An argument developed and it was finally agreed that Ryan would go for help while Rod disposed of the remaining drugs and equipment. When Rod returned to the bach, having hidden the drugs, Ryan told him that friends had arrived and then gone to get an Ambulance. Rod went to his car in Boyle Crescent and waited until he saw the Ambulance go past.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

I, David Michael Harold, called on the day Gregory Sharples was taken to hospital, at Mike Ryan's bach, at about 11 a.m. Sunday June 22, 1968. Mike Ryan and Gregory Sharples were present but not Rodney Davis.

After talking with Mike Ryan for a few minutes he told me that Greg had taken an over-dose earlier in the morning himself *and that he was alright now and sleeping it off. I asked if he had been to hospital to which Mike Ryan answered he hadn't. I left but about 8.15 p.m. together with Stephen McMilland and Clarrissa Kirkwood I returned and we saw that he was very ill and we all left and went to Auckland Hospital and got an Ambulance. If Mike Ryan had showed concern at the condition of Gregory Sharples he could have called or made it to one of the flats near-by, he ha been sick during the day but he left the bach soon after the Ambulance left with Gregory for the hospital so he was able to move.*

During the visit I made in the morning I was with a friend who I shall ask to make a statement also.

Signed. "D.M. Harold"

Rod claims that once at Central he was subjected to long and wearying examinations. In a statement presented to the House of Representatives he tells how he was urged by Detectives [redacted] and [redacted] to inform against Michael Ryan—who was at that time hiding from the police—and say that it was Ryan who had administered the narcotics to Sharples. He also claims that it was further suggested that if he said where Ryan was hiding he could go free. Otherwise he would be "very sorry". After the police had finally found Ryan, Sheehan told Rod he had one more chance to inform. He refused.

TWO Magistrates Court

Rod's first appearance in the Magistrates Court was on June 28th. The police laid three charges—using Morphine, using Cocaine, possession of narcotics for the purpose of supply. The prosecution presented its evidence on July 1st and 5th. On the 5th, Rod's third day in court, the police applied for a further remand to the 12th. The Magistrate granted the application, but told the police Prosecutor that unless they found more evidence by that time he would dismiss the case.

This is important as the subsequent actions by the police were obviously motivated by this need to obtain new evidence. Instead of the police returning Rodney to the remand wing of Mt. Eden after this court appearance on the 5th, they drove him to Central and he was not returned to the prison until about 8 o'clock that evening. Rod claims that during this time he was repeatedly threatened and beaten by the vice-squad, as they attempted to establish the evidence they needed. More relevant to the actual case however is that on the day before the new evidence was required in court, the police made a surprising discovery. A search of the grounds around Mrs Davis's house allegedly revealed two bags of narcotics. The police could now appear in court the next day and be certain that the case would not be dismissed.

Following this alleged discovery, the first three charges were "withdrawn by leave of the court", and the police set about preparing four new charges.

On the 20th of July, about a week after Rod's last appearance, Michael Ryan was charged in the Magistrates Court. The police laid only one charge—permitting his premises to be used for the administering of narcotics. This is a minor charge. Ryan entered a plea of guilty and was fined $50 with a period of probation. The police said surprisingly little. However Ryan repeated what he had told David Harold on the Sunday Greg was taken to hospital.

"Michael Ryan said in the Magistrates Court that one of his friends had died after administering a narcotic to HIMSELF on Ryan's premises". (N.Z. Herald, July 22nd, 1968).

The new charges laid against Rod were: one charge of manslaughter (causing the death of Gregory Sharples), two charges of administering narcotics (to Gregory Sharples and Michael Ryan), and a charge of receiving stolen goods (narcotics). (This last charge related to the fact that the narcotics Rod and Greg took to Michael Ryan's place were Suspected of being stolen from a chemist shop.)

The police were only able to lay these charges as, after his own trial, Michael Ryan changed his account of exactly what happened on the night of June 22nd. Ryan suddenly turned Queen's evidence. He now maintained that rather than the three of them injecting themselves, as both he and Rod had previously stated, Rodney Davis had done ALL the injecting during the early hours of the Sunday morning.

This meant that the chance of convicting Rod on the new charges was greatly increased. Had Ryan not changed his story the possibility of either Rodney or Ryan being convicted on anything other than minor charges would have been out of the question.

THREE Police Pressure

73, "The confession of Rodney Davis produced in the Supreme Court was obtained by TORTURE on the part of Police Officials".—Howard League for Penal Reform.

During the subsequent Supreme Court trial not even the police claimed that Rod had set out to harm Greg in any way. However they did produce in evidence the statement made by Rod on the night that he was taken to the morgue and then arrested. In this rather garbled statement Rod says that although he did not inject Greg, he did offer advice when Greg was having difficulty injecting himself. This statement is important because it was the only real evidence against Rod (other than Ryan's change of story) relating to the two most serious charges. Rod claims that he was forced into making this statement. Whether this is true or not, it is obvious that having just been shown Greg's body he would have been in a state of shock when interrogated by the police.

Without going into a lengthy discussion of the validity of police statements being allowed as evidence in court, two points are worth bearing in mind. First, it is well known amongst the legal profession that unlawful and improper methods are sometimes used by the police to procure statements for prosecution evidence, (see N.Z. Law Journal, 1st June 1971, a speech by Mr Justice McKenna). Second, it should be noted that this statement was composed of answers made by Rod over many hours of questioning, yet it took only a few minutes to read out in court. In statements such as this, sentences which follow one another could in fact be spoken at different times, with lengthy intervals in between. These statements are noteworthy in respect of what they don't contain just as much as what they appear to contain.

Further evidence of the dubious nature of the police case is found in the court statement of Detective Constable Kruger. Prior to July 11th (more than two weeks after Rodney's arrest) the police had no evidence in the form of actual narcotics. However on July 11th, they allegedly found a brown satchel concealed under sheets of corrugated iron in Rod's mother's property. A further search allegedly revealed a duffle bag hidden at the back of the section. In both bags were narcotics. The police implied that Rod had hidden the bags prior to his arrest.

Two things are relevant here. Although it had been raining during the time between Rod's arrest and the discovery of the narcotics, both the bags and their contents were perfectly dry. Also the defence produced a witness in the trial who testified that the bags must have been concealed after Rod's arrest. A friend of Mrs Davis told the court that three days after Rod was arrested he had pruned a tree near where the satchel was found. He testified that the corrugated iron was in a different position that the police evidence stated. He went on to say how the following week he had mown the lawn next to the hedge where the second bag was found. Had the bag been there then, he claims he would have seen it. If this witness is to be believed, obviously the bags of narcotics were hidden after Rod was put on remand in Mt. Eden.

FOUR

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW ZEALAND
NORTHERN DISTRICT
AUCKLAND REGISTRY

THE QUEEN V. RODNEY FRANCIS DAVIS
Manslaughter (1 charge)
Administering narcotics (2 charges)
Receiving (1 charge)

Hearing: 2nd September 1968.
Counsel: Morris for Crown
Brown for Accused

Notes taken from NOTES OF EVIDENCE TAKEN BEFORE WILD C.J. AND A JURY OF TWELVE.

The actual trial in the Supreme Court lasted only two

days. The range of evidence was narrow, consisting of medical evidence as to the cause of Gregory Sharples death, evidence of various friends of Gregory Sharples and Michael Ryan relating to their movements prior to and during the day in question, police evidence (Rod's statement and the alleged discovery of the narcotics), and one defence witness.

Rod was not given the opportunity to take the stand, although he requested the permission of his counsel to do so. Brown refused this request, which was probably a mistake as the jury did not have an opportunity to hear Rod's side of the story. However the refusal is to some extent understandable as Brown expected Rod's sentence to be no more than 3 years, and probably thought that his appearance in the box could do little to sway the jury.

In retrospect it seems that he should have taken the stand. A reading of the Court manuscript shows several obvious discrepencies in the evidence of witnesses which both Rod's account and further questioning from the defence could have revealed and used to Rod's advantage.

Undoubtedly the most interesting evidence came from Michael Ryan. His change of story lead him to state quite clearly, that rather than the three having injected themselves as he had formerly maintained, Rodney Davis had done all the injecting:

Q. How did you turn on?
R. We injected pethidine . . . .
Q. Who injected it?
R. Davis.
Q. Into whom?
R. Sharples, myself and himself. The order of injection was Davis first, me second and Sharples third.

Ryan went on to tell of them being injected by Davis and only Davis, about 5 times at intervals of approximately ¼ of an hour. This is a far different story than that which he had told David Harold and had repeated at his own trial in the Magistrates Court some 6 weeks earlier.

It is perhaps relevant to note at this point a suggestion which arose out of the evidence given by the Ambulance driver who first examined Gregory Sharples at Ryan's bach.

Amb. Officer Peter Ross: I examined him. The first thing I noticed apart from his general condition was the marks on his arm, – it would be his left arm. Looking further I found marks on his right arm . . . I could not be accurate how many marks I found altogether. It would be in the vicinity of 5 or 6 marks in total. One of the marks appeared to be rather fresh. I rubbed it with my finger and it bled a bit.

Questioned as to whether the mark which bled could have only been a few hours old in origin, Ross replied: Possibly, yes.

Another medical witness who gave evidence, Dr Smeeton Auckland Hospital's Senior Anaesthetist, when asked after the trial about this puncture mark confirmed what Ross had stated about it being only a few hours old. This is important as it points towards the fact that Sharples had at least one more injection after Rod had left the bach to go home to bed. This injection could have only been administered by either Sharples himself or Ryan.

Although it didn't come up in the trial, it is also important to note that had Sharples been sent to hospital earlier during the Sunday his life may well have been spared.

The two relevant pieces of evidence produced by the police were, the discovery of the narcotics, and the statement made by Rod when he was first arrested. As we have seen this alleged discovery of the narcotics and the implication that they were hidden by Rod before his arrest, was disputed by the one defence witness. The dubious nature of the police statement has also been covered.

FIVE Wild Justice

To achieve some sort of understanding of the severity of Rod's sentence it must be remembered that 4 years ago the whole drug "problem" was being held up as the gravest social danger of the evil sixties. The courts, continually faced with young people coming up on narcotic charges were, and still are, confused and limited when dealing with the individual offenders. This has led them to grasp at the only sentence they could find to fit their narrow interpretation of the situation, the deterrent sentence. This has only been successful in that it has allowed them to deal with the problem without facing up to it in any sort of meaningful way. Rod's case was probably the most serious ever brought before the courts. Chief Justice Wild came up from Wellington to preside over the hearing.

The sentence given to Rod was to mark the beginning of an attitude adopted towards drug offenders, an attitude which is still with us today. The deterrent sentence is still being used and the use of narcotics is growing more rapidly than ever.

Chief Justice Wild's speech illustrates the hysterical overtones Rod had to contend with.

. . . second half of Wild's speech given before passing sentence.

RODNEY FRANCIS DAVIS
Sentenced by Wild C.J.
at Auckland, 6 September 1968.

". . . People generally may be aware that, despite the steps that Parliament took a few years ago, the illegal usage of narcotic drugs is increasing in New Zealand, but they may not be aware of the full extent of the peril. Three factors will emphasis that peril. One is that in Auckland in the first eight months of this year to August the number of persons involved in drug offences is three times greater than it was for the same period last year. A second feature is even worse. It is that, whereas the drugs involved last year were mainly marijuana, the drugs this year were mainly prepared narcotics stolen from pharmacies—principally pethidine which was one of the three used in this case. The third factor is even more alarming. It is that, whereas last year only one in 20 of the persons involved was under the age of 21, this year over two-thirds are under that age of 21. Last year nearly all the offences related to possession of drugs. There was no case of death before the Courts. But the tragedy that has occurred in this case was bound to happen sooner or later. A jury of your fellow citizens has found you guilty of killing your friend by the administration of drugs. I take into account everything in your favour but the sentence of this court must mark our community's total denunciation of the use of drugs except for therapeutic purposes under proper supervision.

On the conviction of receiving you are sentenced to imprisonment for a term of three years. ON EACH OF THE CONVICTIONS FOR MANSLAUGHTER AND ADMINISTERING DRUGS YOU ARE SENTENCED TO IMPRISONMENT FOR A TERM OF TEN YEARS. Those sentences will be concurrent."

SIX Petition To Parliament

Immediately after the sentence was passed in the Supreme Court, application was made for the case to go to the Court of Appeal. However to have a retrial of an actual case, counsel for the defendent must be able to produce sufficient new evidence which waasn't available at the time of the original trial. In Rod's ccase this wasn't possible as vital evidence which could have got him off the charges was available, but his lawyer had merely failed to make use of it. This meant that the only application that could be made was on the grounds cof "severity of sentence". Several days after the trial iin the Supreme Court ended Rod's original lawyer went overseas. Frank Haigh took on the case and went to Weellington to the Court of Appeal. However the appeal was lost.

The case was next presented to the Goovernor-General under s.406 of the Crimes Act. This lead to a meeting with the then Minister of Justice, Riddderford, who listened but (not surprisingly!) did nothing.

The next step taken was to petition PParliament. This involved the enormous task of the drawing up, editing and presentation of the evidence, personal statements and other relevant material. The petition was ppresented to the House of Representatives by Martyn Finnlay in October 1971, on behalf of the Howard League foor Penal Reform and Rodney's mother.

It held that the sentence given to Roodney Davis was unjust, inordinately severe and inapproopriate for the following reasons:

(a) Rodney Davis was charged with annd convicted of the manslaughter of Gregory Sharpbles, but had no intension of hurting Sharples in any wway.
(b) Rodney Davis did not induce or peersuade Gregory Sharples to take drugs, and was noo more than a party of three drug takers.
(c) The confession of Rodney Davis pproduced at the hearing (Rod's statement) in the Suprreme Court was obtained by torture on the part of the Police Officials.
(d) The accusation of Michael Ryan that Rodney Davis had administered drugs to the deceased, Greg Sharples, was obtained by the Police from Michael Ryan. by the offer of non-prosecution if Ryan would make the accusation.
(e) It is strongly affirmed that the three were equal as drug takers, but it is also contended that even if Rodney Davis had administered the drugs to Gregory Sharples and Michael Ryan, the sentence is entirely inappropriate and far too severe against a youth who had no intention or desire to harm his associates.
(f) The sentence is seen to be entirely unjust when compared with the sentences given for manslaughter and the use of narcotics.

The petitioners put forward two further points:

(1) Rodney Davis has already been in jail too long and should be relased forthwith on parole.
(2) That Police Brutality in procuring confessions is a blot on the administration of justice and all reasonable safeguards should be established to counter the practise.

The petition and submissions "praying for a review of a Court decision" were considered by the Petitions Committee in November, and the Petitioners received the reply: "The Petitions Committee has carefully considered this petition and has no recommendations to make." Before presenting the petition Martyn Finlay stated that, in his opinion, the submissions made out a strong case for review. After the failure of the Committee to make any recommendations, he expressed his regret. Finlay has continued to support Rodney whenever possible.

Rodney was 20 years old when sentenced. He has now spent over 4 years in prison for a crime which he did not commit. The first few months of his 10 year sentence were spent in the maximum security block at Mt. Eden. This was followed by several months at Waikeria. When Paremoremo was first opened Rod was one of the 35 inmates to be transferred up to Albany. He was the first inmate ever to be put in "D" block, and was not moved for about 12 months.

When the Parole Board sat in March of this year Rod was bearly eligible to see the Board. However his case was considered. He is still waiting on official notification of the Board's recommendations.

Towards the end of June two representatives went to Wellington to see the Omsbudsman on Rodney's behalf. They were told that he could officially do very little but were promised that he would find [out the recommendations of the March Parole Board meeting. Rodney comes up before the Board again in September.

SEVEN
THE COMMUNITY ACTION COMMITTEE FOR THE IMMEDIATE RELEASE OF RODNEY DAVIS

Dear Sir,

This committee has carried out a long and detailed examination of the arrest, trial and subsequent imprisonment of Rodney Francis Davis. It is our contention that, in the eyes of the community, Rodney Davis is far from proven guilty of the following two charges:

(1) On or about the 22nd day of June, 1968 at Auckland by an unlawful act, namely by administering the narcotics Morphine, Pethidine and Cocaine, did cause the death of Gregory Philip SHARPLES and thereby did commit manslaughter.
Crimes Act 1961 s.177.

(2) On or about the 22nd day of June, 1968 at Auckland did administer the narcotics Morphine, Pethidine and Cocaine to Gregory Phillip SHARPLES.
Narcotics Act 1965 s.5 (d).

It is further held by this committee that even if he was guilty of the above offences, the penalty of two ten year sentences to be served concurrently is cruel and merciless. It is a crime against the youth of New Zealand.

Rodney Davis has already been in jail too long and should be released.

Yours,

ROB LEES. (Sec.)

(Footnote)

Since this article was prepared I have had the opportunity to visit Rodney at Paremoremo. My information up to that time was taken solely from material gathered by the Howard League for Penal Reform since Rod's unjust and wrongful imprisonment. Our discussion was important in that it revealed an error in my article. Rodney assured me that it was in fact him who had hidden the drugs found by the police. This point, however, does not bear any significance to the actual grounds for his release. It is important only in any general discussion of the case, such as the article attempts.

R.L.

It should be noted that Rob Lees, the author of this article, has used all the evidence at his disposal. HE has not been able to speak to Michael Ryan, and so this side of the story is not contained in this article.

don't believe everything about

Apartheid

■The leaders of the non-white people agree with apartheid.

The Zulu leader Chief Buthelezi doesn't agree with apartheid. The South African Government tried to deprive him of his authority. Chief Buthelezi was elected by the Zulus as the leader of their territorial assembly.

Chief Matanzima, Leader of the Transkei agreed with apartheid until 1971 when his requests for vital land and jobs for his people were rejected by the South African Government.

Nelson Mandela who led the African National Congress opposed apartheid. He is now imprisoned for life.

Chief Luthuli, recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1960 opposed apartheid and was tried for treason.

■The homelands or Bantustans are places where separate black nations have successfully developed according to their own traditions.

There are 15 million blacks in South Africa. Half of these live in the homelands. There were less than 30,000 jobs available to them in their homelands in 1968. On the borders but outside the homelands were a further 100,000 jobs.

Most homeland inhabitants are non-workers dependent upon wage-earners living in the cities outside the homelands.

The homeland authorities cannot maintain military or police organisations, enter into diplomatic relations, make laws on transport, communications or financial matters, or control the entry of anyone into the homelands.

■South Africa is maintaining law and order.

The International Commission of Jurists stated in 1969 that: "The independence of the judiciary and the guarantee of its impartiality are constantly interfered with. Many enactments provide that the executive's power over the lives of individuals and organisations shall not be challenged or questioned in any court of law."

The average daily prison population of South Africa is 75,000. By comparison, Britain, with three times the population has an average daily population of 30,000. 47% of the world's judicial executions take place in South Africa. This is admitted by a South African Government employee, van Niekerk, in the Annual Survey of South African Law 1968.

South Africa's defence forces are trained primarily for internal security work and are an extension of the state police network.

■Under apartheid the blacks are better off and share in the prosperity of the country.

Total Government spending in 1970 on all services for blacks, 75% of the population, was 165 million dollars. That is 5% of all Government expenditure and is probably less than the black share of direct and indirect taxation.

In average earnings, for every dollar paid to a black, a white is paid $17.50.

The blacks have no economic power because trade unions are outlawed and any strikes or boycotts they might organise are labelled Acts of Treason under the 1962 Sabotage Act.

■Blacks can't be trusted to participate in ruling the country because as yet they are too primitive.

The South African blacks strove towards political maturity through such parties as the African National Congress, the Pan Africanist Congress and the All-in-Africa Congress.

The ANC was founded in 1912 and proscribed in 1960. The PAC was founded in 1959 and proscribed in 1960. The All-in-Africa Congress was founded in 1961 and proscribed in 1968.

■If there is so much wrong with South Africa why do so many blacks enter the country to work.

The South African Government pays, for example the Portuguese Authorities who control Mozambique and Angola, a fee for each black contract worker sent to the South African mines. The International Court at the Hague condemned this practice as slavery in 1969.

■Cutting off sporting contacts with South Africa is punishing non-political NZ sportsmen because of what the South African government does.

It is a greater punishment for a black South African sportsman not to be able to raise his sporting standards through competition with his own white countrymen.

The world standing of white South African sportsmen makes them attractive opponents. Black South African sportsmen resent the fact that they alone in the world are forbidden competition with them.

■You shouldn't criticise South Africa unless you've been there.

Through newspapers, TV, film and radio you have been there.

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