

Democracy is Dead

Story by Peter Franks and Gil Peterson

Last Tuesday's S.G.M. passed a motion to send \$2,000 to the Vietnam Aid Appeal. The meeting procedure and methods of voting were, however, a shambles and a farce. Although the motion was finally passed 793 to 762 'democracy' as a viable system within the Students Association is now dead. Motions of no-confidence in both President Peter Cullen and Vice-President Mike McKinley are pending.

The motion to send the \$2000 was put to the meeting amidst a chorus of chanting, jeering and angry demands from the large opposition group. A large proportion of this group then refused to participate in a democratic count until warned that if they did not vote the money would go anyway.

Henry Stubbs, the mover of the first motion at the meeting, to send no money to the appeal, denounced this group's attempts to obstruct the voting and the procedure of the meeting. He said he moved the original motion to see what the popular feeling was, at a well-publicised S.G.M. He said that because the feeling of the meeting was clearly against his motion not to send the money, he would vote for the second motion, moved by Alick Shaw, to send the \$2000. He too was jeered.

The strong arm tactics of people like Mike McKinley and John Mowbray in refusing to accept the chairman's decision and the scrutineers' count after the first motion was lost, served to arouse further an already discontented crowd of supporters.

This fourth S.G.M. this year was held to ratify the decision of an earlier S.G.M. (attended by 130 people) to donate \$2000 to the Vietnam Aid Appeal. Tuesday's S.G.M. was held because people thought the decision of 130 students was unrepresentative and on grounds of financial irresponsibility. Henry Stubbs and his supporters argued that student money should be used for student purposes.

At the meeting, Peter Cullen assured students that the Students Association could afford to send the \$2000. An argument that this money would not get to Vietnam and would not be used for medical aid was effectively answered by Lindsay Wright a member of the organising committee to send the money.

The first motion was put to the meeting and declared lost by the Chairman, Cullen. A division was called for and Cullen asked people to move to either side of the Rankine-Brown courtyard so a count could be taken. The scrutineers all agreed that the motion had been lost, 3-2

Mike McKinley and others vociferously disputed this decision. McKinley moved to disagree with Cullen's ruling; this motion was also declared lost by Peter Boshier who had taken the chair. At this stage the meeting nearly degenerated into utter chaos. Cullen ineptly tried to bring the meeting to order amidst chanting and jeering. He was not assisted by all the people who hung round the microphone and screamed suggestions. The losers called for a referendum but this was declared unconstitutional.

Alick Shaw was then called to move the second motion reaffirming the decision to send the \$2000. Opponents of his motion jeered and screamed throughout his short speech and then tried to shout Cullen down when he attempted to put the motion. Scrutineers were appointed to count and again the supporters of the first motion tried to obstruct the count. John Mowbray refused to be a scrutineer, being content to inspire his supporters to disrupt the meeting. When Cullen called for a division, a group refused to move to one side so that a count could be made. Cullen finally decided that everyone would have to file past the scrutineers and be counted that way.

But the opponents of Shaw's motion refused to be counted. In a typically fascist way they kept on demanding a vote and then refused to accept the solution offered. While the supporters of the motion moved off quietly to be counted, those against held up the count for well over twenty minutes. Vice-president Mike McKinley was one of those who seemed unable to accept defeat and he had many supporters. McKinley was one of the last to vote. Finally the motion was declared carried 793 for and 762 against. It is not clear how many people voted twice.

The most disturbing thing about the S.G.M. was the gross irresponsibility displayed by the people who were constantly defeated throughout. John Mowbray and his mates who tried to disrupt the whole proceedings deserve the contempt of every student for their ghoulish tactics. Finally every student has the right to expect that the executive of this association will assist the President in conducting meetings properly. Mike McKinley failed badly in this respect. After the PBEC demonstrations he argued that executive members had a responsibility to support the President in handling difficult situations. That was his argument in favour of a vote of no confidence in H.T.Lee. At the S.G.M. his behaviour showed him to be a hypocrite.

No confidence motions pending

Photo of two men with microphones
Dividing, but with little rule
Photo from Vietnam aid motion

Letters

Tongue

The Rock Concert Idea

Sir,

For the U.K. equivalent of a N.Z. dollar, the average idle English youth could, on a Saturday night, go and see a double (perhaps Who and Hendrix) buy a hot dog and get home again on the train—all inclusive. His American counterpart could wander into a performance of perhaps Jefferson Airplane, or Grateful Dead, or if he was in the right place could clamber in over a broken fence and experience the Woodstock spectacular.

And what does the bored NZ teenager get? For a dollar he would witness a double-bill-pop-spectacular featuring top groups, Space-farm (that jarring confusion of disparate cultures) and Human Instinct (starring Martin Hope between keys).

Lets leave our top groups alone for a while, what does an average long-hair get on the Wellington scene? Again for a dollar he may be allowed into top 'Nitespot' Ali Baba's (Provided he has suitable attire,) he has the privilege of meeting some of Wellington's top thugs, of being deafened by rather 'creative' version of pop music, or perhaps of scoring with a teeny-bopper before she has to go home to Dad on the 1.05 unit.

Or should he go to Lucifer's - that attic where city money grabbers have made a huge-hearted gesture to students (to gain their patronage) in knocking 50c off the admission fee. Unfortunately the enjoyment value has slipped a little since Highway shipped their charisma off to Australia, and there dissipated it. They were a good group (if a little boring), and if you wanted a laugh you could observe the cliquy groupies and hangers-on maintaining superiority over any casual patron. (Yet I found it hard to believe that the joke was on me.)

How about the University's contribution? Previously, the standard of Varsity music was consistently abysmal yet it seems to be improving. That whole welter of musicians that circled around, Gut Bucket, Rick and the Rockets, and Simon and the Mammals seems to have stabilised itself into Mammal, and they are putting out what I consider to be enjoyable music, Varsity concerts are cheaper, quality of music is still variable, but the *concert idea* is very bad for getting across the enjoyment factor of music. The idea behind Collusion tends towards a more appropriate mode of getting this form of culture, but even so, the effect of the last weekends show was not what it could have been. The interior of the Union Hall was somewhat akin to a freaked out artist's impression of a clothesline. (And I suspect that much of that was designed to keep non-paying eyes out. With very little additional expense, huge sheets of calico could have been spread *all* over the walls, and into these all sorts of things (other than blotches of colour) could have been projected. Even the movies may have been projected onto an uneven surface, thus realising to a greater extent the advertising catch phrase that was plastered up all over the university. As it was, one found it very hard to get away from the pervasive utilitarianism of the Student Union building so the total effect was nothing more than the usual teenage dance.

The university perhaps has the opportunity to show ideas in the field of rock music to the more commercially oriented promoters down-town. It will be very easy to also make university concerts (I recoil at the word) commercially successful, but I must emphasise that this is *not* done by simply raising door-charges. Mike Butler.

[And when are you going to do something to help the situation then, Mr. Butler —Ed.]

Anti-War Militarists

Sir,

Just a few words on the antiwar demonstration on Friday.

While marching down Willis Street to the Town Hall the front portion of the march was stopped at an intersection while traffic officers stopped traffic. At this point a spectator rushed in, grabbed a placard from a marcher and smashed it down on the road.

Several marchers reacted violently to this action—with clenched teeth and fists, a scuffle ensued, which was soon broken up. From their appearance, they were prepared to sort out this 'right wing reactionary' etc. etc. right there and then. A sudden transformation from 'marchers against war' to 'fighters for peace'.

Their actions prompted me to try and interpret their motives for such an action.

- Was their personal security threatened by such an act?
- Did they carefully consider the implications of their actions before resorting to the easiest means of 'sorting out' the problem?
- Did the fact that someone disagreed with them convictions justify their resorting to violence?
- Did they have some 'special role to look after the interests of the demonstrators?
- Was the possibility that the fighting might spread in the personal interests of the demonstrators and in the interests of the demonstration?

If they cannot answer yes to all of these Questions then how can they justify their opposition to America's violent role as 'policeman' for the 'Free World', in Vietnam. All of the questions are as applicable to the Vietnam situation as they are to the demonstration.

Steve.

Soppy Mobe Lovers

Sir,

- What really personal sacrifices in time, money, study do we and these soppy mobe lovers make?
- Are they genuine? Do they sacrifice a year of almost free study and go out of this factory and talk and preach! In factories, churches and offices, about their and our 'Deep' convictions and beliefs?
- I've been on four; good fun, weather good social time good, followed by pissups afterwards. I felt we were bloody hypocrites.
- Wars are a wrong way to settle greivances But these social occassions, these boozy mobes dont really ring true.
- I've decided it requires genuine dedicated guts and more not a pleasant wander through Wellington on a Friday night.
- I now even believe some of us like being arrested.
- I've drunk and boozed often with some oldies. They seem to know more and been on more demonstrations than any of us. They just dont think us "Fair Dinkum".
- Two, the other night in the Grand, said, "You have greater chances to prove your worth. We aren't against you but you are only playing a game." This hurt a bit. But is it true? I think so now.
- We dont cut or boycott lectures, strike for a month, or lose our pay.
- We have greater opportunities to really prove our guts if we have any. But have we?
- All 'mobe' walkers and 'Badge collectors' should ask themselves this. I'm sceptical and cynical.

J. Richards.

\$2000 For The Creche?

Sir,

With reference to the \$2,000 donation for medical supplies to North Vietnam, I do not think it is enough. In fact \$2,000,000 would not be enough - a mere drop in the ocean. However while \$2,000 may not be enough to patch up even half a dozen of the millions of Vietnamese seriously injured through the war, it sure as hell

would go a long way to helping the university creche. According to our President Peter Cullen, the creche is "government responsibility." By what kind of perverted logic are the children of students "government responsibility" while injured Vietnamese are (presumably) Victoria students' responsibility? Think again, Mr Cullen - it seems the facts are very much the reverse.

All honour to Henry Stubbs for his stand. Its time we had less heads in idealistic chords and more feet on the ground. Henry's reasoned argument makes Rob Campbells emotive stuff look pretty sick. To be "aging" is not the sin you imply, Mr Campbell - in fact, unless you've discovered the fountain of youth I strongly suspect you may be aging yourself; and if you can't muster any cogent, rational arguments to support your views, if innuendos and petty mudslinging are the best you can do, for God's sake give everyone a break and stay out of print.

Solo Student Mother.

Tolerating Lunacy

Sir,

May I compliment the organisers and participants in last weeks guerilla theatre at S.R.C. For those unaware of the organisers identity, I am now able to reveal that it was a joint effort by the lunatic fringes of the socialist and christian movements on campus.

The christian contribution was of the order which has come to be expected from this group. The repetition of moralistic mouthings followed by recourse to legalisms. At its best a reminder of the illness of our society, at its worst dull and very boring.

The socialists contribution was quite the opposite. This was guerilla theatre at its best. The dramatic irony at a cast of women's libbers playing the part of neurotic women behaving like spoilt little girls has seldom been equalled. To have women behaving precisely as that chauvanist pig Freud would have predicted helped bring home to me how false his thesis was. The emotive response of pure hatred toward the christians and the accusations of perverted sexuality helped show me how well adjusted our women's libbers and socialist are. No one could entertain any doubt that these are the women and men of tomorrow, able to handle rationally their emotions, able to transcend bigotry and prejudice, able to build a world of equality and sister / brotherhood.

God help the revolution.

David L. Cunningham.

Accommodation Paralysis

Sir,

C.I. Jones is on to a very important issue. But No 44 Kelburn Parade is only a symptom of a disease, Creeping Paralysis. However a progress report on "44" (copies will be sent to Rt. Hon. R.D. Muldoon, Dr. D.B. Taylor,) 7,8,9, now 10, soon perhaps, 11 long vacant empty weeks, nearly half an academic (26 week) year.

It's high time President Cullen and big tough McKinley and the Exec. demanded and got a full Public Inquiry into this delay and other priorities on space etc? Do other similar situations exist? Salient could then publish the lot.

However, should we ask the Rt. Hon D.R. Muldoon or his deputy to arrange the principles of the Inquiry? We might get efficient and dynamic action. We are sure they would be willing to give their advice; they live in Wellington too.

Space etc was once a very, very urgent problem in the whole of Vic. The University's Public image is seriously involved (see Evening Post 5th July). This vacant house could have been used even temporarily for many purposes over these past 10 weeks.

Perhaps even in co-operation with the very overcrowded "City Night Shelter" (where two of us help) as a social service to the city by the university.

How long? How long do we wait? For Taylor's fearless open community gate? 'They also serve who only stand and wait'. But wait for what? Rob Muldoon of course!

G. Kelly, A. Morgan, R. Grey, J. McDonald.

Journalist Reveals All

Sir,

In reply to your correspondent "Lawrence Knight", who recommends that I go to meeting read minutes, sneak looks at Prof. Board and Council papers, rifle the president's mail and rape his secretary. May I point out that I do occasionally attend meetings, indeed my speeches at those meetings continually provide me with great copy for my report on the meeting. I tend, it is true, not to read minutes but in my experience the interesting parts of meetings are never placed in the minutes.

As for sneaking looks at Prof. Board papers etc this is part of my regular beat. However for such information Salient tends to rely on sources of information closer to power such as our Correspondent in the Registry.

The Presidents mail is rifled regularly. (It can be found in an accessible pigeon hole in the exec. workroom). Pins are stuck through everything in plain brown wrappers. Over the last two days he has received three ads. for Time magazine, two for Readers Digest, a reminder that his subscription for Tablet is overdue, a letter from the President of NZUSA reminding him that NZUSA exists, and 400 bribes from law students asking him to revoke the decision to give 2000 dollars to the Vietnam Aid appeal.

I have been meaning to have a go at his secretary for some time. In my experience "rape" has never been necessary on such occasions. I am sure that Lawrence Knight, if he tries, will find that the office staff are most accommodating.

Cob Ramble.

Study Lacks Life

Sir,

The majority of students think in conventional tiers of thought and lack first hand experience of people. Original research for the undergraduate is unthinkable because he is not ready for the responsibility pre digested, cossetted and filtered by the respected authority. These unthinking cretins will never thrill to the joys of a new experience. (I am perpetually re-minded of the poor PBEC delegate who was flour bombed. — It was probably the first time he felt a genuine emotion in his life!)

Occasionally on campus we hear a plaintive cry for relevance in a course of study However, on closer observation we find that relevance is defined as analyzing that which we have already experienced. There is a real reluctance to experience new things. Somehow Life and Study remain two wholly independent entities. I would suggest that prescribed courses of study have caused this reluctance. There is no sense of adventure, discovery, or even immediacy in education today. On second thoughts, this programming probably begins at Kindergarten or even at the Mother's breast.

Tony King.

Writing for, Not Against

Sir,

Why the fuck doesn't Tony King come out of his library, throw away all his social science bullshit which tells him that everything anyone writes about anything has to be so bloody confused that no one else can understand it and come down to the *Salient* office and take over from the vituperative guttersnipe he moans about. Stop worrying about the need for ideology or literature Mr King. There is a typewriter and an office girl waiting here for you if you want them.

Peter Franks.

P.S. Alan Jackson writes fuckwitted letters.

Apathy Party

Sir,

An excellent idea, but only partly true. Lets say Dr. Taylor, Cullen and the Executive decide students use their allowances and bursaries immediately and for the next year at least for housing (solo parents, pensioner flats etc.) as suggested as being very urgent by Lecturer Tim Dyce Wgtn Accommodation Committee, and similar urgent projects. Students can even help and learn to build them and Varsity's reputation. Councillors G.D. Porter and David A. Shand (election year too) are deeply moved by these problems, so their support would be invaluable.

However what's the betting the silent (!) radical (!) and Christian Catholic and SCM (!) demonstrating majority will all combine together and within 48 hours or even less be screaming outside Parliament for bread, prayer, and booze money?

Who was it who said 'Let them eat cake'? Our leaders I hope would say the same. It will test any genuine principles human, moral or animal and the guts of student conscience (Have they any?) After all what's a 28 week year out of a young "jokers" or bird's" life anyway? There is still 24 weeks for fun, more games like demonstrations, etc, and a bit of study too.

Jo. S. Smith

P.S. I've paid all my own way through b Censored varsities without mummy and daddy holding my calloused and grimy hands.

Factionating

Sir,

The story in "The Faction Line" (Salient July 12) regarding a party held by the Spartacist League contains an important error.

The police were called to the party not by Bill Logan as the story had it, but by up-tight neighbours. Logan refused to allow the police entry without a warrant.

Nobody was ejected from the party, either by the police or by the unwilling hosts.

Salient's informant made two other errors of detail: his claim that an Asian antique was smashed is without foundation and confirms his incompetence as a reporter, and his suggestion that the uninvited guests were members of the working class rather than members of the lumpen proletariat and the petty-bourgeois bohemian fringe, shows an inadequacy in in his abilities at class analysis.

One of Logan's mates.

Trying of New Caps

Sir,

Mr. Fyson's open letter to Messrs Shaw and Law is unquestionably well typed and stapled but spoils the ship for a ha'penny worth of tar by erring on a point of fact. The "big red boot stamping on a rat which had SAL on it....." was drawn by me and intended no smear, stain or insult to the Socialist Action League. In actual fact the animal under the Red boot of the New Zealand working class is a field mouse as in "wee tim'rous couwrin' sleekit beastie" which expressed consternation when its nest was destroyed by the plough of the late Robert Burns, as do the ruling classes of all societies at the destruction of their property.

The SAL on the mouse stands for Stop All Liberalism, while the fallen placard is included to symbolise the futility of nonviolent banner-waving demonstrations. The masses, (being the real heroes, while we ourselves are often foolish and ignorant) have taken the cartoon in its true light. — Look around this university and you will see many a mouse nest standing. However Mr. Fyson appears to have tried the cap and found it a perfect fit, even over the rusty ice pick.

I am only a common working man sir, and unused to the ways of intellectual paranoia, but I cannot remain silent in the face of neo bourgeoisie mystefication

Don Franks

Staff

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Editorial : The Battle For Easdale St.

Photo of police

150 police to defend an empty French ambassadors' residence — was this stupidity or provocation? The demonstration against the French Government outside the Ambassador's house was so badly organised that it only needed an authoritative assurance that all the official diplomatic parties had long since ended and their guests departed for any demonstration to have dispersed very quickly before the pubs closed. When, instead 150 police blocked the entrance to Easdale Street, physically separating demonstrators from the object of their demonstration, the protest inevitably became directed against the police and justifiably so. For police action was, simply a denial of the right to demonstrate. So determined in fact were the police that there should be no demonstration against French nuclear tests that for the main part of the evening they left the Prime Ministers house down the road totally unguarded, until a foray by demonstrators forced them to recognise their tactical error. What is the French Government to the police force that the prevention of protest directed against it becomes more important than stopping rocks being thrown at Jack Marshall's house? Not only was the police action directed to prevent any anti-French protest at no matter what cost, it was also almost certainly illegal. The blocking of a public street, and the refusal to allow even people who lived there to enter it, requires, according to one lawyer, a previous public, proclamation at the very least. Whatever the exact legal position, the refusal of the police officer in charge to tell an NZBC reporter of his legal authority for blocking the street shows that we are fast moving toward a total police state, where the police ignore all attempts to prove they are acting within the framework of the law. The eight arrests, two of schoolchildren, and the threatening of an *Evening Post* reporter with prosecution for trespass reflect an understandable but contemptible police determination to justify their large numbers by arbitrary arrests.

However many students think that the protest against French nuclear tests is a liberal preserve, the police certainly don't. They turned a protest that might have fizzled out at 9.30 into one that lasted until 4 in the morning. It was the first major demonstration against police suppression of the right to protest in Wellington. And the police deserved every long, weary minute of it.

Deviating For A Moment

And in the end the love you take is equal to the love you make. This week has been very busy and ex-hausting for me, said the chief muck-raker, Anderson, as he unearthed the latest ITT - CIA cons piracy. In fact, he continued in a ponderous monotone you could say with some conviction that the past few days have revealed the incredible tie-ups that have existed since time immemorial between business interests and the politicians. However, he went on to say, it is about time someone saw to it that this whole exploitative system was fucked from one end of Kingdom Come to the other.

So saying, he blipped Nixon and his running dogs over their heads, bombed the White House out of existence, made a press release to the same effect, and deserted to the Other Side, commonly known as the Alick Shaw/Peter Wilson/Rob Campbell camp. (Not to be confused with that other more devious definition of camp.)

At the same time the French bastards exploded the bomb to lick all bombs, and Anderson and his cronies went to Hell, where they received an extremely warm greeting from Byron Cullen dressed in a red dressing gown and a golf-spangled party hat. Meanwhile, on the other side of the coin, (other similes include world,

fence etc.) Dave and his heavy-footed friends waltzed hand in hand with Lindsay round a mulberry bush which turned out to be a nasty furze bush in disguise.

Lindsay and Dave were convinced that deep in the heart of the furze glowed red a powerful but venomous beast called Oligopolis which would take care of all problems perpetuated by two tick birds bearing the names of Anarchy and Apathy who, in the past, had always been first in the pecking order. They were to be mistaken, and after their fall from the halls of red carpet, they spent their last few lives eking out an existence cultivating furze bushes with soft leaves to replace slippery student grot paper. The drains became clogged with Tick birds go bling mulberries and thus, as a spokesman for the Woman's Mirror confirmed yesterday in an on-the spot consultation, there had been a dramatic yet totally Non Violent restructuring in the red dressing gown factory (Alias Santa Inc.) Latest creations for the summer were now to include a natty number modelled jointly by Mesdames Student Nurse and Polytech of 1972. (Miss Poly has hairy legs and tried to hide her colourful/coloured background under a feather cloak embroidered with prickly mulberries, but still looks stunning in her elegant hat of Tahiti travel posters put together under the expertise of the factory's travel consultant, who not only arranged jaunts to the North Pole for Santa come Christmas Time, but also earned funds to keep Santa Inc out of the red by teaching school children to sing the Star Spangled Banner (Only on a part-time basis -Ed's note.)

Shut your trap snarled Snowballs, as he glared at Patty Pussy from bleary eyes. If there's one thing to get straight it's this: there will be no, absolutely no messing round between the sheets. This is clean meeting and I want to keep it clean, get it? P.P. got it, swallowed, and appealed desperately to the floor, which was by now covered with blood, coat hangers and malformed babies. The mode of this gallery was ugly, and Snowballs had to act fast. Stealthily he slipped a stink bomb from his pocket and lobbed an underhand pass to Pussy who caught it with his mouth open and vanished into a cloud of smoke and sulphur

And that was that, sighed a crapped out liberal as she mashed her cigarette into a jar of Pond's cold cream and rolled over to dream of cities unconquered, fields untrod and quests not begun.

Amen by Paul Burns

BACK TO NORMAL AT UNIVERSITY BOOK CENTRE 15 MOUNT ST phone 48-911

Attack On Mssa And Msa

I am a Malaysian student who has been studying in this varsity for nearly two years. I do not belong to any of the two existing so-called Malaysian Students representatives, MSA and MSSA which have less than half of the total Malaysian students as their members.

During these two years, I had observed that both MSA and MSSA failed badly as the bodies to take care of our fellow students' affairs, academically and socially; and to bring together, various Malaysian groups (of different interests, politically and socially etc) to work for better friendship among ourselves, and to our hosts. New Zealanders.

Lack of support to the associations does not imply that the majority of Malaysian are either inactive or independent. In fact, most of us need help occasionally, and are just too willing to lend our hands when needed. But, unfortunately, the associations have lost the confidence of fellow Malaysians as bodies to seek for help, they are more well-known as "happen-in", concert promoters ...what's next?

Just who are running the shows of these two associations? In my opinion, which reflects many others, they are a group of selfish power-sucking fascists who achieve nothing except for themselves. (I apologise to a few who are not) They monopolise the associations without taking into consideration all the Malaysian students as a whole. There never has been a time when they have put forward 'somethings for everyone'. A few dances a year merely serve as their own games to show their existences, are poorly attended by fellow students even though relatively better advertised than any other programmes.

So far, these self-claimed representatives have been left to play their monopolies. But, I have become sick of their using of Malaysian titles to achieve their interests. I have little means to destroy these small but strong dictatorships, and I wouldn't like to further split Malaysian unity by forming a party. However, I have a few words for the sick committees of MSA and MSSA. If you fellows want to play leading roles in the Malaysian students' affairs, you better have a good wash-up or else piss off.

An ideal overseas' students' association is one that binds together all our fellow students and extends our friendship to all sectors of the New Zealand community. The association must reach out to the students and concern themselves with their differences, for instance. Programs planned must aim for students as a whole and take into account the various students' interests. Above all, a student leader must have faith in his cause, always try to see things from the side of the people he is trying to lead and put his responsibility above his own concerns.

Finally, for the sakes of Malaysian students future, I challenge the present 'leaders' of both ineffective MSA and MSSA to abdicate their positions, and a well-organised association to be formed under a democratic election. This is what most Malaysians would like to see, and whether it will come true depends on the willingness of the monopolists to test their forces.

Well, fellow Malaysians, speak out for our rights and get rid of the parasites in our small society. Berjaya! TET.

My dear child,

This 'letter' was received by three of those who were tried and acquitted for throwing tomatoes during the recent Parliament demonstrations. In reply:-

Image of a hand-written note

for sure this type of unconstructive criticism is that of an immature child-like intelligence.

Thanks for your letter it shows you up as a real 'Fuckwit' - justice for once fell the right way - as none of those charged and acquitted had any contact with tomatoes let alone threw one, the 2 or 3 persons responsible were not caught! It is obvious that you are fascist in your outlook on Justice - you would convict the innocent person because you disagree with their idea's - this is the line of thought Adolf Hitler followed.

You seem to be typical of the apathetic fuck wit we find as some members of the public and some whom have infiltrated this university, unfortunately. Inhumanity is alright as long as it is not inhumanity against yourself besides Vietnam and South Africa are a long way away and war as in modern warfare and discrimination on race are foreign to you.

Well its about time you woke up and thought of things on a level that these things are happening to your fellow human beings not just Black's in South Africa or wogs in Vietnam.

The War and racialism in South Africa can be aligned to the Adolf Hitler policies, repression of all Jewish activities and rights, and atrocities in concentration camps; with South Africa and her non whites and U.S. and others in Vietnam respectively. I might remind you that New Zealanders fought and died fighting this — fighting for the freedom of speech (of which protest happens to be a part).

So why are you supporting it now you should be fighting it as we did — in the war to end Wars?

So if our suspicions hold, that you are probably a member of the public, then next-time you see or read of a demonstration don't condemn it because you don't like the people in it. Look at their idea, find out about them then judge it on the basis of is this right or wrong, and if you were a Non White South African or a Vietnamese or whatever then would you like to be subjected to the same treatment. You are invited to come and throw as much abuse and tomatoes as you wish at me, or just talk.

Marc (La) Heymann. Grant Waterhouse

Bombs Away....far away

The arguments in favour of the H— bomb tests carried out by Samoan nuclear physicists last month off the Riviera coast are superficially plausible.

In a world of uncertain alliances, Samoa could not stake her security on the promise of another nuclear power to come to her aid. Therefore, Samoa had no alternative but to develop her own nuclear deterrent.

Asked why Samoa has tested the weapons in French waters, instead of tier own, a Samoan government spokesman pointed out that as France was an autonomous Samoan region (with its own deputies in the Samoan Parliament), the matter was an internal one. All Frenchmen were Samoans.

Samoa threatened nobody, he said. She merely claimed the right to defend herself.

This inevitably led to some unpleasantness but the alternative was to abandon Samoan civilization to her enemies. Samoa also needed nuclear weapons to defend her territories. In 1954, when Samoa begged America for an atom bomb to drop on Vietnam in order to protect Samoan interests there, she was refused. Samoa needs nuclear weapons to defend her colonies, and the Samoan tests are undoubtedly justified in terms of "la gloire de Samoa".

Of course, these arguments offer the same sort of justification that the Nepalese and Albanian Governments gave for their superpower nuclear testing in the fifties and early sixties.

However, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that there is more than a hint of racism in the Samoan attitude - to put it bluntly, that a Samoan life is more precious than a French life, that it didn't really matter if a few of those rather quaint, simple, pink-skinned Frenchmen, who didn't really understand what the tests were all about anyway, did suffer genetic deformities as a result of the Samoan tests.

Samoa has shown the same icy contempt for world opinion that she had displayed in other tests during the past 10 years. Somehow, the world is supposed to understand that there is something special about being Samoan, that Eastern Samoan civilisation has given more to the world than other cultures. One should not forget of course that Samoa had fought side by side with French soldiers to defeat Fascism in the Second World War, although it had to be admitted that the death-rate of French soldiers was higher than that of the Samoan forces.

We can only hope and pray that the developing Western nations will resist the temptation to use their all-too-scarce resources to build up a nuclear potential. The selfish example of Samoa is a disgrace to the civilisation she purports to represent as well as providing a ready-made justification to those countries already flirting with nuclear weaponry.

It is a matter of regret that the New Zealand Government's protest was so tepid. We are left with the suspicion that New Zealand wants to keep her options open for the development of her own nuclear deterrent, with testing to be carried out in some other far-away place. Why not in the Pacific near, say, Samoa An unreal proposition, perhaps.

But to our everlasting shame, the New Zealand government seems to accept the proposition that the Samoan tests are justified

Politics of Protest

The last French nuclear tests were countered in New Zealand with purely liberal protests. Words were spoken about sending boats into the test area, but no boats went. There was talk of a trade embargo on France, but this was rejected because New Zealand had a favourable trade balance with France. A breach of diplomatic relations was canvassed but no major political grouping took the issue up. This time, all this has changed. Yachts rush into the mid-Pacific once a week, carrying M.P.s, The Federation of Labour has blocked exports to French Polynesia. The Labour Party has argued that diplomatic relations should be broken off. One element in the situation, however, remains constant, the French are going on with their tests in spite of all protests.

The reasons for protest are so well documented as to be admitted even by the Prime Minister. Atmospheric nuclear testing has been condemned by the Stockholm conference on the environment. The tests proceed also in complete disregard of the wishes of the elected representatives of French Polynesia, an area so thoroughly colonised that the need for its independence has been excluded from discussion at United Nations level. The distortion of the Tahitian economy by the development of the French military complex there, and the complete disregard by the Paris government of the will of the majority force even the Tahitian liberals toward demanding independence for their country. The New Zealand Government has no choice but to admit these facts. It claims that it is taking all practical and effective measures to stop the tests. But these "practical and effective" measures are not stopping the tests — and according to Mr Marshall, will have no effect until the next test series.

It is not often that protest on any international issue goes to the length of demanding a diplomatic break with any country. Not even the Vietnam war movement has yet made a major issue of demanding New Zealand sever diplomatic ties with the Saigon regime. It is not often, either, that so wide an array of opinion is ranged against the Government without the Government shifting an inch from its position. The reasons for Government obstinacy are transparent. Faced with a loss of European markets for his capitalist friends if it attacks France seriously, Marshall will allow France to do anything it likes so long as it can veto New Zealand's exports to Common Market countries. We are lucky that France just wants to contaminate the atmosphere and practice its new brand of radioactive colonialism. If France wanted to invade the South Island Marshall would issue diplomatic notes just as often, and nothing more.

In a democratic capitalist state, it is not the people but the financiers and exporters who make the decisions. The people and the financiers are now in direct and total conflict. The working class, as usual inadequately represented by the Federation of Labour, is still taking the major actions in leading protest, by depriving (along with Australian and Fijian unions) the French technicians at Muraroa of their tellies and tinned fruit. The Students are getting arrested in large numbers outside French ambass-adors houses from which Victoria's French Professor Norrish emerges happy, flushed and inebriated. But the protest is not succeeding. The French are still testing. If the Federation of Labour wants the Government to act, it should start directing its embargo against the Government. A week without telephone communication in the Foreign Affairs Department might make the bureaucrats in that department more responsible to workers. Even better would be the cutting off of Parliament's telephones. But these actions are not being taken because the Federation of Labour is soared. Its secretary has already had his first bomb threat from a Vietnam war veteran. And, in any case, the main reason for Federation action was to divert workers' attention from the fact that it wasn't organising the general strike

against the Wage Remuneration Authority

Photo of atomic bomb

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Charged Atmosphere!

When the first two demonstrators arrived at Easdale Street last Friday night there were only a half dozen police loitering with intent at the top of the road. "No entry" they said, as the last lingering party guest, Victoria's Professor Norrish, [*unclear*: yed] his way happily down Bolton Street. The taking of the Bastille had been well and truly celebrated, and now the French ambassadors house where that great revolutionary event had been commemorated was to be protected by the guardians of all dead revolutions, the New Zealand police force.

Up Bolton Street they trooped, some in buses, some in marching girl formation, to form a solid phalanx at the top of one of the smaller select streets in Wellington, where six or more garages are always open to shelter cop cars but always closed to drenched and starving protestors. 150 of the capital's finest to defend the freedom to test atomic bombs, to protect fine homes and French wine, and to stand between the last French aristocrat in Wellington and the rabble.

Slowly demonstrators arrived at one stage almost out-numbering the assembled constabulary. From the abyss into which Bolton Street descends, the Terrace canyon, startled pedestrians could hear the roars of anger and amazement as the brave police arrested their first bad, brutal schoolboy. Face to face stood demonstrators and cops, the odd demonstrators who walked slowly along the serried ranks smoking having his cigarette confiscated by the law why was Easdale Street blockaded? Every demonstrator asked this question once, to be given by every single cop the standard Eichmann answer: "I have my orders". If they had been frying French Polynesians in gas ovens at 12a Easdale Street, the police would still have protected the ambassador. That's what duty, discipline and responsibility mean.

Photo of atomic bomb

The night grew blacker, the cops more sombre, the demonstrators more angry. People sat in the road to prove that they too could block public roads without legal authority. They were kicked out of the way. They sat down in front of the police buses bringing reinforcements to the embattled defenders of Laura Norder, They too were kicked out of the way. Various people who tried to photograph what was happening, including an Evening Post cameraman, were warned against the dangers of trespass and accurate reporting. Police numbers disappeared from uniforms with the same rapidity champagne disappeared at the midday diplomatic reception. Police refused to identify themselves. An old story. After Auckland's Agnew demonstration. People came up to me, worried liberals who had spent a night at the cinema, to ask why the police were being baited. I told them that if the police wanted to stand in for the French ambassador, they deserved the same treatment. Poor police. Even when guarding Nicolay they were only allowed to eat in the kitchen with the servants (fire imported from Normandy) But that didn't stop them being treated exactly the same as the Ambassador - or for that matter the French Premier - by the enemies of French policy. A police-mans lot is not a happy one. But the choice is in his hands - he can always resign.

At 10.45pm someone said Roger Cruickshank had heard a cop say everyone would leave 12a Easdale Street at 11.00. At 11.15 the rumour was confirmed that only the ambassador and his wife were home. People started ignoring the cops and talking about writing Salient articles about the demo. Someone else said two windows in Marshalls house had been broken when Thort editor Peter Rumble, shouting 'Marshall is responsible for it all' had led a hundred or so people down to the PM's modest dwelling. I kept saying, Surely they haven't brought out 150 cops if they don't intend to arrest us all. This of course assumed cops were rational and was therefore a miscalculation.

Another anonymous cop was quoted as saying that a very silent order to disperse in half an hour or be arrested had been issued. One or two people who had been planning to leave stayed on. A girl said, "Isn't this a parody of the Russian Revolution", What she meant was the French revolution. Tim Shad bolt, who at one stage was to have calmed passions and spread love by a public speech appeared for two minutes in a battered Ford Prefect, and then silently drove away. Peace and flowers, Tim, peace and flowers.

Slowly the cops grew calmer, and the demonstration relaxed. People began to talk about ordinary things, like Alister Taylor and bookshops. People who had been outside Easdale Street started complaining of frostbite. It looked as if the last arrest had been made, but it hadn't, because only five arrests had been made at 12, and eight were reported in Saturday's Evening Post. But someone invited me to a take-a-cuppa down the road and listen to LP's so I left, though the demonstration persisted until four o'clock. That's what happens when the fundamental right to demonstrate is denied.

*

Incident at Easdale/Bolton Street Intersection on Friday July 14 Between 10.30 & 11.50Pm.

The Police Action

On 14 July (Friday) at a recent gathering to protest against the French I was smoking a cigarette and decided to walk along the line of linked armed police. A policeman grabbed my cigarette and proceeded to dispose of it. He then pushed me. As a result I fell over. I was assisted by others gathered around. I then proceeded to look for the number of the policeman concerned. I asked the policeman for his number because he wore a coat which covered the area on which I knew numbers were normally worn. He refused. I asked him a number of times after that for his number. He refused. A number of people joined me in asking. The policeman concerned still refused. I called for a camera. A photo of the policeman concerned was taken. A police officer then came along and told me to depart. I told him I wanted the number of a policeman during which I attempted to point him out. The police officer then pushed me. I again fell over. I then took the name of a witness who saw it all happening. Later I found another photographer who took a photo of the policeman who pushed me. This photographer then took another photo of the 1st policeman who pushed me. I also talked to another person who identified the policeman who pushed me as Craig, who went to a school in Christchurch.
P. Maru.

*** Barak Sope ***

Barak Sope, a New Hebridean student will be visiting New Zealand over the next couple of weeks speaking on Pacific Islanders attitudes to the French Bomb Tests and linking the tests more generally to the impact of French Colonialism in the Pacific.

Sope's trip is being financed by the Overseas Speakers Fund of NZUSA at a time when interest is alive on university campuses and in New Zealand at large on the issue of French bomb testing. NZUSA feels that the opportunity should be taken to provide up to date information on the nature of French colonialism in the South Pacific and on anti-French social and political movements in New Caledonia and the New Hebrides.

Sope is a degree 3 student in the School of Social and Economic Development at U.S.P majoring in Political Science. He has been educated in both French and British schools at the primary level and British schools at the secondary level. He has been involved With local political movements such as Na Grimmel within the New Hebrides and in 1972 he represented the New Hebrides at the Waigani Seminar held annually in New Guinea. This Seminar provides a forum for more radical Pacific Islanders to air their views on political independence etc. The New Hebrides archipelago is jointly administered by France and Great Britain as the world's only condominium. The two colonial powers have placed very little emphasis on the promotion of decentralisation or decolonisation. In accordance with the Protocol which Britain and France signed in 1906 no regulation or factors concerning the development and the administering of the New Hebrides can be passed unless the two powers jointly agree to it. Barak Sope, as a [*unclear: radi-ical*] young graduate in years to come will be called upon to lead the fight against the colonial powers who 'administer' his country.

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Abortion Law Time for Reform ?

Facts About Abortion

- Abortion is practised universally whether legal or not. For example, in France, where it is illegal, abortions are estimated to equal live births.
- Though very few in number, some pregnant women *do* commit suicide as a direct consequence of their unwanted pregnancy.
- The health risk of illegal abortion is not borne equitably, the rich tending to get safe medical abortions in private clinics while the poor are forced to use the back street non-medical abortionist.
- legal abortion can be simple, non-repugnant and in countries with high standards of medical care, such as Czechoslovakia, as safe as pregnancy.
- Psychiatric after-effects of legal abortion are infrequent and minimal (4) and occur mostly in women whose psychiatric condition predated conception.
- Legalised abortion reduces both the rate of and mortality from criminal abortions. Note that the Swedish failure to find a reduction in criminal abortion rates as cited by Professor Liley reflects not a liberal abortion law as he suggested, but a law which in the 1950s and early 1960s in practice actually approximated to the present New Zealand law. This is reflected in the decline in abortions from 0.90 per 100,000 of population in 1951 to 0.37 in 1960 (11). Tietze claims that criminal abortion continues in countries like Hungary because it is secretive while legal abortion lacks privacy. Thus, if privacy could be achieved by allowing abortion as an outpatient procedure in a doctor's office, rather than by requiring the approval of a panel of doctors in a hospital, further declines in the number of illegal operations could be expected.
- Future fertility is not impaired by uncomplicated medical abortion.

The Present New Zealand Law

The New Zealand law, embodied in the 1961 Crimes Act, permits abortion if done in 'good faith for the preservation of the life of the mother'. In practice, however, most abortions are done on the basis of the bourné decision (risk to physical or mental health of the mother) and many New Zealand doctors favour even more liberal abortion laws (3). It has been claimed with justification that, due to advances in medical science, indications to safeguard the life or physical health of the mother are now few in number and that most legal abortions in New Zealand are on 'psychiatric grounds'. As a psychiatrist I must point out that psychiatric grounds' are determined mostly by obstetricians not by psychiatrists, many of whom feel that the prediction of future psychiatric illness in the mother as a result of pregnancy is at best an inexact business and that the risk is low. There is little doubt that most therapeutic abortions in New Zealand are, in fact, done on compassionate grounds masquerading as psychiatric. The law assumes an exactitude in medical science which it does not possess and hence is open to variable interpretations dependent on the doctors own views and, undoubtedly, the social and financial status of the patient as well. The present law is what might be termed a 'cop out' by society which, while theoretically forbidding abortion, says to the medical profession, 'It's okay as long as you can pass it off as a medical rather than a moral question.'

Complete Prevention of Unwanted Pregnancy is Impossible

Many (including abortion law reformers I argue that abortion is a poor substitute for abstinence or birth control as a means of preventing unwanted pregnancy. It is no good, however, being naive about human nature and the complex psychological, emotional, cultural, and intellectual problems of sexual behaviour and birth control. The illegitimacy/pre-marital conception rate in New Zealand shows that it is time certain facts about sexual behaviour in un-married New Zealand girls were accepted and that one cannot argue Canute-like for universal premarital abstinence.

Neither can adoption take care of all unwanted children. Many unwanted children are not available for adoption since their mothers feel tied to them by guilt, and there is a group of physically or racially handicapped children who are unadoptable. One effect of the new British abortion law has been actually to increase adoptions in this latter group.

Drawing of a naked woman with flowers

The Sanctity of Life is Relative

When there is a conflict of values (such as the health of the mother versus the life of the foetus) a solution must be found which may be decided by quantitative (the greater good or the lesser evil) or qualitative (killing is always wrong) sets of values. It should be quite clear after a moment's thought that most English-speaking societies have very clearly opted for the quantitative position as attitudes on killing in self defence, war and the present New Zealand law on abortion illustrate. It is important to realise, however, that opponents of abortion law reform do not often adhere to a position of absolute sanctity of life, since most of them are not pacifists and many do not oppose the use of IUDs (intrauterine devices) as a form of birth control despite the fact that the IUD works not by preventing conception but by preventing implantation of the fertilised ovum. Moral purists might also claim that birth control by preventing life is a violation of the sanctity principle. Finally, the sanctity of life is in the end relative to what we are willing to pay for it. Our government for example, when allocating money for our hospitals, has in the end to say that certain roads are more important than, say, an artificial kidney machine for a particular hospital.

Is the Foetus a Person?

Until the beginning of the 19th century, the time of quickening (16-20th week) was taken as the point at which the foetus became a human being. Professor Liley (see Broadsheet *A Case Against Abortion*) has pointed out that this was in part due to medical ignorance about the exact moment of conception and how to determine it, but if we examine the current New Zealand abortion and inheritance laws to say nothing of the perceptions of pregnant women (Who often do not identify the tumour growing in their uteruses as a baby until the point of quickening), it is obvious that *in practice* both the law and many women draw a distinction between a foetus and a human being. Homunculus (or miniature man) arguments about the foetus are sentimental rather than real, since for many of us the foetus does not have the essential characteristics of visibility, viability, human shape and interpersonal responsiveness which enable us to *feel* that the foetus is a *human* being like us. Finally, the state of development of the brain, at the time most abortions are carried out, is so rudimentary that any notion of foetal consciousness must be dismissed.

Hallmarks of Good Abortion Law and Practice

- It does not ignore the facts and attitudes on abortion held by a majority of the public, particularly women.
- Private moral decisions are left to the individual woman and not delegated to doctors.
- Medical decisions are made by doctors (principals whether it is *safe* to do an abortion on a particular woman).
- Medical advice is freely and non moralistically available to the woman — principally appraisal of the risks of abortion or of continuing the pregnancy.
- The final decision (subject only to medical veto on grounds of high risk or unavailability of medical facilities) is made by the woman in private rather than by a panel of doctors.
- Participation by all medical and nursing staff is made voluntary.
- The privacy of the woman is respected.
- Illegal (that is, non-medical) abortion is made a serious crime for the abortionist.

What Happens When Abortion is Legalised?

Professor Liley has correctly noted that there is an immediate escalation in abortions but his statement that 'there is no limit to the level that the abortion rate can reach' is not borne out by the experience of countries such as Czechoslovakia and Hungary where (unlike Sweden liberal laws have been in effect for more than ten years. In both these countries there was a sharp rise in the first three to five years of the law, followed by a flattening out, so that the rate is now fairly stable (11). Further, simultaneous public education on birth control can reduce the rise even more. Thus, in Japan, the rate of legal abortion per 1,000 live births has declined from 717 in 1957 to 387 in 1967 (1).

The strain on health services produced by the rise in abortions after legalisation is a potential problem, but the development of new, simple and safe techniques done on an outpatient basis has enabled cities like New York to cope without difficulty.

Conclusions

The debate over abortion is rather like the outcry in the 1920s and 1930s as women fought for the right for birth control. A substantial number of women see the abortion question as a private moral decision, not a favour to be dispensed arbitrarily by doctors (mostly male) in what is basically a demeaning adversary relationship —

the woman implores, the doctor deplures, then occasionally relents. Many of us in the medical profession would like the responsibility for the decision taken from our shoulders and vested in the woman herself.

In this respect it would be a recognition of the right of the woman to control her own reproductive activity. But women's rights are not the only arguments for a more liberal attitude to abortion which, in contrast to what is often suggested by opponents of abortion, is dictated by a basic and humane concern for the woman afflicted with an unwanted pregnancy, for her family, and for society as a whole. It is thus no paradox that, in sharp contrast to countries in which abortion is prohibited, the ones with liberal abortion laws are generally those in which the status of women is most equitable and the concern of society for all its members most marked.

Drawing of a naked woman on a cross

The Victims

The following articles are examples of the suffering women undergo when they are forced by the laws against abortion to seek relief from unwanted pregnancies by illegal means. That women must break laws, endure the most degrading and humiliating treatment or resort to near self-destruction in order to control their reproductive lives is one of the greatest crimes committed by this society.

Irene Kennedy's story, which she told at the Abortion Action Day meeting at Victoria on July 1, shows how safe and easy an abortion can be under the right conditions. She was lucky. Safe illegal abortions are not easy to find and cost a great deal of money.

Put yourself in the position of one of these women. Imagine discovering that something is growing inside you, which you cannot stop. Imagine the terror of finding no-one to turn to, no-one who can end your problem. Imagine the scorn you will face for being so "irresponsible" - for bringing a child into the world which has no place to go. Imagine the guilt and pain which will be heaped upon you for having sex and, being female, conceiving.

You don't agree with abortion? Nobody is denying you the right not to have one. The law is denying those women who choose abortion from getting an unwanted pregnancy terminated safely, legally. It is denying women the right to decide.

The Abortion Action Committee is campaigning for the right of every woman to choose whether or not to continue a pregnancy, whether or not and when to have children. That freedom of choice can only be guaranteed when the abortion laws are repealed, when contraception becomes freely and available, and when easily sterilisation is no longer denied to those who want it.

A march to demand these conditions is being held in Auckland, Wellington and Christchurch on July 28. On May 5, over 500 marched in Wellington and Christchurch - let's make July 28 several times as big. This is an issue that the politicians must not be allowed to ignore.

i "...\$600 to Make it All Better..."

interview from the American magazine "Ramparts"

When did you get pregnant?

[unclear: I] was 17 at the time. I was also a Catholic, a school leader [unclear: nd] a frightened little girl. How could I possibly be preg-[unclear: ant] Everything had always gone as I'd planned. I was to [unclear: raduate] in two weeks and go on to college in the fall.

Certainly I couldn't tell my parents. There would be a [unclear: uick] and quiet shotgun wedding for sure abortion wasn't [unclear: ven] in their vocabulary. And to my friends I represented [unclear: II] those fine Catholic values: purity, honesty, goodness, [unclear: te]. I was determined not to marry John, and I was even [unclear: ore] determined not to lose face.

[unclear: Did] you think about having an abortion?

[unclear: I] had absolutely no contacts for abortion whatever. I'd [unclear: eard] of trying bars, but the second-hand tales of butchery [unclear: id] rape terrified me. As a fluke, I decided to see a doctor [unclear: I] one of the "looser" sections of the city. It was a lucky [unclear: choice]. Although his nurse eyed me disapprovingly, the [unclear: doctor] was very helpful. He said he would simply give me a [unclear: rw] "shots" to make me start bleeding, and in three or four [unclear: ays] I'd be back to my innocence. Seven days later I [unclear: returned] to his office; nothing had happened. He soothed me. Well, sometimes it takes a stronger injection." he offered. [unclear: and] I waited another week.

The bleeding never came. And the little thing inside me [unclear: as] about eight weeks old by then. So on my third visit to [unclear: am] (I still hadn't learned), he examined me again. This [unclear: me] he began fondling my nipples and telling me that it [unclear: as] no wonder I was in that condition—I had such a lovely,

[unclear: rm], shapely body. I was afraid to leave, afraid to run—I [unclear: seded] his help so desperately. I just lay there while he con-[unclear: nucl] stroking me and talked about the possibility of, for or so, "making everything all better."

How did you get out of there?

Finally I regained some sense of control. I got up, dressed myself and told him that I'd think about it. But I knew I could never get that much money without compromising myself.

When I got outside, I barfed. I was disgusted with that horrible lecher inside, with men in general, with the round lump inside my belly, and most of all with myself. I barfed until even the phlegm was gone.

In September I began school as planned. I knew I'd have to do it myself. I rode horses, ran up and down stairs, jumped, climbed, twisted, shook; finally I began pounding.

I pounded my abdomen until it was bruised first with my hands, then against bedposts, chair-backs, anything. Hut nothing worked. I starved myself until my body began to take on the look of an undernourished child with a distended stomach. Then I began begging John to hit inc. But he wouldn't. I pleaded and sobbed until he gave in. He'd hit me hard with his fist, and his eyes would fill with tears, begging me not to ask so much But I was determined to abort it and he was going to help, goddamit—he was responsible

Did your parents have any idea of what who going on?

Well, by Thanksgiving I was five months pregnant I was sure my friends suspected, but no one said a word. My fantasy of coming out of the mess unscathed remained unshaken until Christmas Eve. My mother couldn't take it any longer; she hysterically accused me and I denied everything. I still don't understand why she believed me, but she must have wanted to. And for the first time I faced reality. There I was, six months pregnant with a child which was certain to be deformed or brain-damaged, if born.

So what did you do did you go back to school?

Yes, I returned to school after Christmas vacation more determined than ever to get this "thing" out of me. I began the beatings again. On the day of my first exam I went into labor As I was leaving the classroom I felt a warm surge of water rush down my legs. At first I thought my bladder had collapsed from all the pounding and pummeling. Then I knew it was the sack that had broken.

Was John there to help you at all?

Yes, he drove me into the country. He tried to comfort me and persuade me to see a doctor, but I raved about how could he dare ask that of me when it was so close to being over. That night I slave.' in the basement of the dorm, praying (I still prayed) that the pain wouldn't make me scream for help until John could take care of mc again.

The following night the thing was born. And it let out a cry. A seven-month-old baby born in the parking lot of a men's dorm on a freezing January night.

I sneaked back into the dorm a few minutes before closing time, wrapped in a dirty car blanket to hide my blood soaked clothing. I braced myself against the walls and worked my way up the four flights of stairs to my room.

The next day I asked what had happened to the little thing. And John said, "Don't worry, honey, I took care of it." I pressed him more, and he told me no one would ever find it. It was buried in cement at the bottom of a stream two hours' drive away.

And I couldn't even cry.

ii No Flowers but no Regrets

by Irene Kennedy

[unclear: We] do not know precisely the number of illegal abortions [unclear: performed] in N.Z. each year, the figures vary between [unclear: 5,500] and 12,000. Illegal abortions are sometimes [unclear: dangerous]. More often than not, they are attempted by women [unclear: themselves] out of sheer desperation because they do not [unclear: qualify] for a legal abortion; or done in unhygienic conditions [unclear: y] quacks.

[unclear: In] Canada there are at least 100,000 illegal abortions a year. [unclear: of] these 20,000 are admitted to hospital for post-abortive [unclear: mplications]. At least 1000 of these cases result in severe [unclear: lisability] or death. (Source. Canadian Birth Control Hand-[unclear: ook] 1970).

Canada's prohibitive abortion laws are similar to those in [unclear: ew] Zealand. These figures contrast greatly with those in [unclear: ountries] where abortion is legal and easily available; [unclear: ungary]: between 1962-64, 358,000 legal abortions with 2 deaths.

Czechoslovakia: between 1962-64, 140,000 legal abortions without a single death.

[unclear: Bulgaria]: between 1962-64, 67,000 legal abortions without a single death.

Compared with countries where abortion is illegal, the [unclear: ortality] rate is very low.

[unclear: Illegal] abortions can be safe if performed by qualified people [unclear: a] hygienic conditions. But *Safe* abortions which are out [unclear: ide] the law are done at great risk to the careers of those [unclear: who] perform them — such was the case of a doctor from [unclear: whom] I obtained an *Illegal* but safe abortion.

The prospect of an unwanted pregnancy is a traumatic experience for most women. I was faced with this problem — I didn't want to keep the baby but at the same time I didn't want to adopt it out personally I do not believe that adoption solves the problem of unwanted pregnancies. It was suggested to me that I have an abortion. The doctor I went to see in New Zealand advised me not to seek an abortion here because the possibilities of obtaining one safely through illegal channels were very slim.

I was advised to go to Australia but was warned that I had only ten days to go before I would be three months pregnant, after which few doctors would risk doing an illegal abortion. I was then faced with the unenviable task of finding a lot of money. Luckily a friend was able to lend me \$350. At this point I did not know that with \$300 and over, you had to book the return flight for not less than two weeks.

When I arrived in Australia the first task I was faced with was finding the doctors number in the phone book. I explained to the receptionist that I was from New Zealand and could I have an appointment as soon as possible as I only had a short time to stay. She told me to be at the rooms that afternoon.

In the course of my interview with the doctor he asked when I was due. I lied a little saying I was 2½ months late instead of 3. The operation was to cost \$120 and to be in cash. I told him I only had travellers cheques and he explained that travellers cheques could be traced. I was also told that the hospital was a small private one and that there would be 2 nurses another doctor and himself. He told me not to worry, that it would be perfectly safe.

I went to cash \$150 in travellers cheques which to my surprise caused me no trouble. Early the next morning the taxi took me to the hospital, the nurse ushered me into a room whereupon she asked me for the money then left me to get undressed. After about a quarter of an hour I was led to the operating theatre clad in a dressing gown with a pad hanging at the back. The theatre was spotless and the two nurses and doctors were waiting for me. Once on the operating table I knew nothing more till I woke two hours later.

I was relieved and pleasantly surprised to find no pain. When I talked to the other girls in the ward I found they felt the same. Before I left the woman advised me, for the next six hours, to walk around as much as possible. Also I wasn't to have intercourse for a month in case anything went wrong and if it did to ring my doctor immediately. Nothing went wrong and I was back at work after a couple of days.

I've never once regretted my decision, for me I think it was the best possible thing. If the operation had not worked, and this happens to many women, I would have seriously contemplated suicide.

I don't think women should be punished for seeking relief from an unwanted pregnancy, and from my experience I can see no reason why the practice of abortion should not be made *Legal* — so that it can *Always* be *Safe*. If the abortion laws are repealed, women will be able to choose whether or not they want to continue an unwanted pregnancy.

lii "...They had to Cut it Up Inside me..."

How long ago did you have your abortion? About two years ago.

Did your children know about it?

I talked about it thoroughly with the oldest one and the middle one.

Why did you decide to have an abortion?

I was facing the danger of having a deformed child. I had had two miscarriages before; the doctor had called them blighted ovums. I had a talk with him about this and I told him how I felt I was 40. And somehow I felt it wasn't worth it to me if the baby was defective. It would have been a burden on all the other children. It's an expensive proposition and it would have been a very painful experience. I wasn't about to take the chance. The doctor would have been willing to prescribe a therapeutic abortion, but it would have had to go before a hospital board and there just wasn't time. I had waited so long considering and considering and considering—There wasn't time for the board to meet and make a decision. I would have been in my fourth month. I realized that I was taking quite a chance either way; I didn't know which was worse.

We finally decided to go ahead with an abortion out of the country, and I knew—I just knew—that there would be complications.

Did you have an appointment for the abortion?

Yes. It was all arranged. The man was a doctor. He had a degree from the University of Mexico. I got his name from an underground list of doctors who do abortions. I tried a number of them before I found this man most of them had been cleaned out of Tijuana in May. They had an answering service in Tijuana and had to relay the call to Juarez. They would call you back and give you the information and you would say what you

wanted to do. Then they drove you by a roundabout way to the clinic. It was pleasant and clean, but nothing was sterile. They didn't even put towels on the table-not even a paper towel.

That's something I wouldn't even have noticed.

Well, I was aware of it because I was in nurses' training and I know what sterile technique is.

It must have been terrifying to you then.

It was. I resigned myself at that point that I was going to have complications and that I would hurry back to my own doctor as soon as possible to be taken care of. If I had been in any kind of situation where I could have done something about what I saw, or even comment on it, I would have done so, but I was completely at the mercy of these people.

What was it that frightened you so much about it?

Well, as I said, the place was very clean but it was not sterile. They didn't even have a cover on the table. When the instruments are piled up and put in a bunch on the table they're not sterile. When the doctor does not wear gloves it's not sterile. And any lime you have anything coins directly into a sterile part of the body that's not sterile, there's a danger of infectio... There was no anesthetic [unclear: use] none whatsoever It was a perfectly formed fetus and the had to cut it up inside so it was a pretty sticky thing.

How long did it last?

I went in Friday night I was so far along that they had [unclear: a] dilate me, and the dilation took 12 hours. So from the [unclear: tim] I came in till noon the next day they dilated me. And they did not use an anesthetic I was very uncomfortable. Apparently my blood pressure was very low and they would [unclear: no] take the chance (from their point of view) of giving me [unclear: a] anesthetic. The next day about noon they did the [unclear: abort] and they made me rest about an hour and we stayed [unclear: thi] night. I was exhausted. Well, part of the reason was [unclear: because] after it was all over we went on a walking tour of [unclear: Juarny] And then we went to dinner and by that time I [unclear: could] even stand up anymore and I went tubed. The next [unclear: roo] ing we took the plane back and everything was fine [unclear: that] was Sunday night and Monday night I called the [unclear: doctor] told him what happened and asked if there was anything [unclear: a] could do. He said, "No, if there are any complications [unclear: a] me know." So everything was fine until that [unclear: Wednesday] don't remember what we were doing, but all of a [unclear: sudent] was in a cold sweat and in tremendous: pain. I called [unclear: to] doctor. I remember sitting on the table waiting for him [unclear: a] come in and I almost passed out. I had a massive [unclear: infeet] but it only lasted for a few days.

How much did this cost you?

Six hundred dollars.

[unclear: "Ramparts"]

Iv ".... I Inserted a Piece of Coathanger and Just Kept Pushing...."

I got pregnant during the end of my senior year in high school. When I told Jim, he made it clear that he had no intention of giving up college to marry me and that I'd better get an abortion.

Is that what you wanted to do?

That was the first thing I thought of, but then I started thinking about the life growing in my body.... In the end, though, the thought of being an unwed mother was worse than the thought of an abortion, so I decided to try and get one.

Did you contact the abortionist?

Actually Jim was the one who found one. We grew up in a small town where the kids didn't even let on they were screwing, let alone know where to get abortions. There were only two doctors in our town and I didn't dare go to either of them; both were friends of my family and I knew the idea of an abortion would shock and repel them. Jim finally got a name from a guy he'd played against in a football game in Sacramento. Once he'd given me the phone number of the guy to contact, Jim said he'd fulfilled his obligations and the rest was up to me. He got a summer job in another town, and left.

How far along in your pregnancy were you?

I had missed two periods I guess about eight or nine weeks. I had read somewhere that after eight weeks an abortion got more and more dangerous, and I was getting very frightened. I went to a pay phone and called the number in Sacramento. A man answered and I told him I wanted to make an appointment to come and see him. He laughed in a weird way and said, since when did anyone need an appointment to visit a bar. That really threw me and I almost hung up. Then he asked me if I had a "problem" I'd like to talk to him about that he liked to help people with their problems. I told him I did want to talk to him and he said to come to the bar the next day. I told my parents I was going to take the bus to Sacramento to go shopping. . . .

Did your parents have any idea of what was happening?

No, and I was terrified that they would find out. I was sure they would have thrown me out and that my father would shoot Jim. My parents are very into their religion and it doesn't leave any room for the kind of "mistake" I had made. I was having terrible morning sickness, and when my mother began to notice, I started going into my bedroom closet every time I had to throw up. It was the only place I could go where no one would hear me.

What happened when you got to Sacramento?

I had a hard time finding the bar. It was in the skid row part of town, and I had to walk by the junkies and winos. By the time I found the bin, I was so frightened I was crying. I forced myself to go in, and sat on a stool. I sat there for a long time before the bartender came over. He asked me what I wanted and I told him I wanted to talk about my "problem." He really looked me over then. When he finished, he asked me how old my "problem" was I told him, and he told me to come back to the bar that Saturday with \$400 and he'd see that my "problem" was solved.

When I left the bar I felt so dirty and humiliated I didn't think I'd ever go back. But of course I did. The shame and guilt and fear about the abortion was still more bearable than the thought of facing my parents and that town as an unwed mother. It seems silly now; but for me, then, there really was no choice.

This time I took a taxi to the bar—I couldn't have faced walking those streets again. I sat at a table until the bar closed, and then the bartender came over and asked me if I had the money. I gave him the \$400 I had saved for college. Then he took me to one of those third-rate hotels—it looked like the kind where rooms are rented by the hour. When we got up to the room, he told me to take off my clothes and get onto the bed. I asked him where the doctor was. He told me the doctor would be there in a few minutes but that I had to be "prepared" first. I told him I didn't want to get undressed in front of him, but he said if I didn't cooperate, I wouldn't get the abortion. So I got undressed and lay down on the bed. As soon as I lay down he came over to the bed and told me to spread my legs so he could make the preparations. The next thing I knew, that bastard had thrust as much of his hand as would fit into my vagina. I started screaming, and he slapped me hard across the face with his other hand. Then he covered my nose and mouth so I couldn't breathe and told me to shut up or he would rip my insides out. He took his hand out of my vagina, and all of a sudden he was raping me. I started screaming again, and he hit me and I fainted.

When I came to, there was another man bending over me. He had a rubber apron on over his T-shirt and a gauze mask over his face. I was so terrified I literally willed myself to die. When this man saw that I was conscious he started calmly explaining what he was about to do. It was so unreal—he was acting as though the rape and beating had never happened. I finally got myself to ask him to please give me a shot to stop the pain. He told me I didn't need a shot, that all I had to do was pant when he inserted the instrument (I don't remember what he called it) and I wouldn't feel any pain. He was a real sadist. He stuck the instrument in very slowly as though he was trying not to hurt me. All of a sudden he gave it a hard twist. The pain was excruciating and I passed out again . . . When I woke up, I was lying in a pool of blood.

Was the "doctor" still there?

Yes He was sitting in a chair at the foot of the bed. We just stared at each other for a while. Then I realized that I was numb from my waist down. That terrified me and sort of aroused me from my shock. My change of expression seemed to be a signal to the doctor, for he got up from his chair, came over and put his hand on my forehead, and told me that I had been hemorrhaging and that he had given me a shot. Then he started sort of crooning and rubbing my forehead. When his words finally started penetrating my numbness and fright. I realized he was telling me that the abortion hadn't worked, that I would have to go through everything again as soon as I recovered from the hemorrhaging. He pointed to a bottle of pills and told me to take one every four hours. He said I should stay in bed until I felt I could walk, and then go home. As he walked toward the door, he sort of turned and said something about I had been a bad girl but he would see me again anyway, and next time it would be free.

How long did you stay in the hotel?

I guess it was about 10 or 12 more hours. I couldn't stay longer or my parents would have wondered why I didn't come home. I tried to get up a couple of times, but each time I sat up I would start bleeding and would have to lie down again. I was still lying in all that blood. God, it was horrible. Finally, I was able to get up without bleeding, wash and get dressed. The bus ride home was a nightmare, but somehow I made it to my room and collapsed....

I stayed in bed for two days, telling my mother that I was having bad menstrual cramps and keeping the room dark so she couldn't get a good look at me. I spent those two days thinking about what that [unclear: rument] must have done to the fetus. I kept dreaming of malformed babies.... I was going crazy. Finally, I got up, got a piece of coathanger and sterilized it. Then I inserted it into my vagina and just kept pushing....

My mother found me the next morning. I had aborted but had almost bled to death. When they got me to the hospital, the doctors found that my uterus had been [unclear: punctured] and infected and had to be

removed. I was 17 years old, and I would never have a baby.
"Ramparts"

A Day in the Death of the Welfare State

by michael murphy

Last week, by accident I trod on Piggy Muldoon's 'special Social Services budget package.' I was surprised at the result, it just squashed flat. The outside looked great with the wrapping and everything, but it had nothing in it!

How did I manage to tread on it? Well, you see I had caught some sort of extremely rare disease, which is still to be identified.

Some of my friends' had put it down to flu or glandular fever, while some of my foes had put it down to a rare Indian malady. In the first instance I was urged to consult my doctor and in the second I was assured that the only way to rid myself of it was to get as far away from India as possible. It was suggested that somewhere south of the South Pole was the best place. Wishing to believe my friends I decided to see a doctor though this presented a problem, because I didn't have any money, being an unemployed type. I was into the second day of my illness and rapidly chewing through my second pack of 'as pros' before I saw the light. Of course, why hadn't I thought of it before—every New Zealander has a right to medical care all I had to do was to go down to the Public Hospital, explain my illness and poverty and they would take it from there.

When I arrived at the Casualty Department I was confronted by a frightening young woman who obviously had no idea of the normal relationship between receptionist and patient. The manner in which she asked for my name and address was enough to freeze the balls off the proverbial monkey. However, I was determined and launched into my story giving special emphasis to the difficulty in obtaining work in Wellington. I was hoping that this would have some effect on her hardened heart, but I couldn't really see any. All she did was keep flinging her arm in the air, pointing it in the general direction of the wall. I ignored this as time went by putting it down to some nervous disorder, but it became increasingly obvious that unless I did something she would continue pointing indefinitely. So reluctantly I looked in the direction she seemed to be pointing.

What I saw was a bloody big sign which in effect said that the Department only treated cases that the doctors consider to be accidents or emergencies. I wasn't put off by this and turned saying in the calmest voice I could muster "That's just the point. I haven't got a doctor and I haven't got one because I can't afford one, so please just be a good girl and let me see one of your's". She shook her head emphatically and began to point at the sign again. 'Christ, not that again I thought I decided to try another tack "Are you a doctor?" I asked as casually as possible. "I beg your pardon?" she replied as she rapidly tried to analyse what I was up to. I repeated my question and as she could see no sinister motive for such a seemingly crazy question, she admitted that she wasn't. As soon as she uttered the words I had been waiting for, I pounced, "Aha, just as I thought. Would you just put my card through then please, because according to your sign only the doctor has the discretion to decide who's an emergency and who's not. Reeling, but never the less realising that she was fairly beaten, she completed my card and told me to sit down and wait for my name to be called. This I did happily.

After about three quarters of an hour my name was called and I walked into the examination room confident that at last my disease was to be looked at. I was met by a staff nurse who said "And what is your name?" I told her my name and she asked me what was wrong with me. "Well I.... you see I picked up some sort of germ and it's really painful. My glands are swollen, I can't swallow and my head is bursting." She looked at me very firmly and said "Have you read the sign outside?" I admitted truthfully that I had. "Well," she said "you should know that we can't treat you here". "But hell I could be dying for all you know." I countered, "and besides I can't afford a doctor". She said she was sorry but that was the way it was. She was sorry? I bet not half as much as I was. It was becoming obvious that there was no way could induce them to put a stick down my throat and get me to say "ah", short of collapsing in front of them. I would have done that, I was feeling so depressed, but I was soared they would put me in with the so called nuts in 17a. So instead I just thanked them for their help and left.

When I got outside I felt really bad. Boy! The sky had sure fallen on my head. I thought Piggy had fixed up all the social services in the budget. In fact, I was sure he had. Thinking I had better just check up, I went home and rang the Deputy Director of Hospitals at the Health Department. He said that he hadn't heard very much from Piggy at all this year and the policy I referred to had always been hospital policy, although he admitted that it was only recently that it had been enforced strictly. "A matter of necessity" he said.

Well I still wasn't satisfied, so I rang the Hospital concerned and asked to speak to the Superintendent. Needless to say, I couldn't speak to the Superintendent but I did speak to the man in charge of the Casualty Department. I told him the story and asked him how they decided a person wasn't an emergency case if they

never examined them He couldn't answer right off, but after a moments hesitation he said that any person who waited two days before seeking medical advice couldn't be an emergency. I was simply amazed at his power of reasoning. I should have thought of that, it explained the whole thing. — If you are sick for more than two days without seeking medical advice, you just couldn't be an emergency. Even if you kicked the bucket you wouldn't be classed as an emergency, because you couldn't be, you had waited more than two days before seeing a Doc.

Armed with this information and another packet of the famous 'Aspro'. I went to bed and thought about it. I thought about Piggy's budget package that had squashed under my foot and I thought about Dr McMillan and all the hopes he must have had when he dreamt up the Social Services scheme. I bet he's one man that is turning in his grave.

The Faction Line

We crapped out last week telling you about Bill Logan's party. But even if one revolutionary leninist (Trotskyite) party in Wellington isn't quite dead yet the other is going down the same slippery road to extinction.

Owen Gager, New Zealand's second oldest Trotskyite, is standing for Wellington Central as a labour candidate on a typically principled Marxist platform. There's only one 'thing worrying Owen though. Its not Dave Shand, of course, but the dynamic new Values Party. Owen doesn't want Val-ues opposition in his campaign so he tried to do a deal with the party's leader, ex-NZ Herald journalist Tony Brunt.

They met one grey Sunday afternoon in the Salient office. Surrounded by countless witnesses Owen sat and read Brunt's political platform. "I agree with 70% of it", he finally exclaimed, failing to tell Brunt that he meant he agreed with 70% of the actual policies which made up 30% of the whole thing. But Owen's opportunism failed. Brunt, who has got someone from I.B.M. lined up to stand for his new radical Values Party in Wellington Central, wasn't interested in doing a deal with Gager. Another great crap out for revolutionary leninism, Gager and his off sider Franks who tried to jack the whole shabby compromise up.

Star

As "Faction Line" is accused of incompetent reporting in a letter from one of Logan's mates this week, and a correspondent accused us generally of incompetence last week you'll be wondering how we get our stories.

To take a typical example. Bill Logan's party. In fact word of Bill's show came from at least five sources. People who were there, people who were alleged to be there, the neighbours who might have called the police, the person who inspired the bikies to go to the party from the "Duke" and all the N.Z.U.S.A. heavies, Maoists and amateur journalists who heard the story the night after the party at Peter Cullen's place. All these people gave differing stories to Salient, but we lost all but one of them. Don't think that was the story we printed. Oh No. In fact we lost that one later, too.

But no one ever forgets a good smeary story. So we recreated it and showed it to all the Trots in Wellington (minus Bill and his two followers, and our friends at Mount Leon). So there were at least fifty people involved in the whole effort

While we maintain that somebody made the guests unwelcome, and somebody called the cops, and an item of furniture was broken, we do not hesitate to deny that our story was riddled with factual errors. What the hell do you expect from fifty people ? But Logan's mate is wrong to question our ability at class analysis. If bikies are either lumpen proletarians or petty-bourgeois bohemians, and not genuine workers, then wharfies must be comprador bourgeois and freezing workers intelligentsia. And according to the same funny line of thinking Logan's Spartacist League would be but a pack of middle-class shits, wouldn't they.

Star

The mobilisation is dead, long live the factions! That is the new call to action from the Wellington Left. What is of course important is who won the battle of the mobilisations. In terms of numbers, the game the Socialist Action League like to play, the C. O. V. won by a small margin - about 300 or so, not counting the people who joined in the march on the way. What intrigued us however was the chanting. The Wellington Mobilisation Committee (with its "tiny proportion" of S.A.L. members) won out there. Their 'one, two, three, four, stop the bombing, stop the war' chant might have sounded like a randy flock of sheep but it had more impact than the dis-jointed chants of 'One side right, one side wrong, we support the Vietcong' which came from sections of the main march. In fact cynics noted at the time that the latter slogan sounded very much like the chant 'Four legs good, two legs bad' George Orwell dreamed up in Animal Farm.

But principled political struggle must continue. The morning after the Mobe George Fyson, co ordinator of the Mobilisation Committee's march, issued a statement dissociating his committee from the half-assed sit-down in Lambton Quay and the rally at the end of the march, where a US flag was burned and horror of horrors, 'Obscenities were shouted through the microphone" So there are the reasons for the Mobe Com

mittee's continuing split from the COV: a burning flag and a couple of four letter words. With principled differences like these, the Wellington left has surely reached the height of political struggle and must certainly have overcome its capitalist enemies long ago.

Rumour has it that the RSA has been hitting out at OHMS again. A reliable source reports that the RSA has approached the Education Department proposing that they stop OHMS from speaking to students at Secondary Schools. It is reported that the Department turned them down flat Not discouraged by this the RSA then set about approaching individual headmasters with the same proposals. A teacher at Upper Hutt college said that their headmaster had been under strong pressure from the RSA to stop a proposed debate between OHMS and an organisation or individual with opposing views. The RSA was asked to take part in this debate but declined. They don't like putting forward their views, they only like stopping others from doing it!

Star

Drawing of an ugly man with a gavel

The Values Revolution

A talk given to the Wellington branch of the National Organisation for Women on the evening of June 14 by Tony Brunt.

The inaugural meeting of The Values Party was held here at Victoria early this year. Their policy is one with emphasis on a humanist approach to politics, rather than having an obsession with economics. In the coming election Tony Brunt, the party's leader, will contest the Island Bay electorate, and other electorates in Wellington, Christchurch and Auckland will be contested too. The Values Party address is Box 137 Wellington.

Tonight I do not want to talk about women's liberation. I want to put it in perspective and outline its place in the Values revolution which is going on at the present time. That term is a rather dramatic one but it is a fact that at the moment we are going through nothing less than a revolution in social values and there is no precedent for it in human history.

Firstly I should define what I mean by a value. A value is that which acts as a guide to human behaviour. It may be as lofty as a principle or it may be as ill-defined as a basic human urge. Now the primary motivating forces of man in western society were, until recently, the need for physical security and the need for economic security. Physical security involved protection of oneself and one's family from fellow man-thieves, invaders, hostile tribes and armies - protection from dangerous animals and protection from nature—the elements. Economic security involved adequate food, adequate clothing, a comfortable home and a good standard of living and reasonable assurance that this would continue into the future. Although physical security must have come first, for the most part the two values systems co-existed side by side. There was never a time in history when you got a transition from the quest for physical security or survivalism to economic security or materialism, and I do not mean materialism in a derogatory way. There was no clear graduation from one need to what psychologists call a higher-order need. Perhaps after the Middle Ages physical security declined in importance relative to economic security because of a gradual reduction in the number of wars and the development of a law-and-order system. But there was no clear historical cut-off point.

The Drive for Security

Now let's move forward in time to New Zealand of the late 19th and early 20th century: an egalitarian society a fairly prosperous one, one in which there was an increasing standard of living and increasing expectations about the future. But then came that incredible phenomenon which was to shape the lives and outlook of a generation: the depression. The depression involved not just a decrease in the rate of increasing wealth; it involved an actual deterioration in the standard of living. People were deprived of things which they had previously had. This could only serve to increase the drive for economic security a hundred-fold. And this was further reinforced by the rationing of the Second World War. So man sub-merged himself in the push for affluence, and it coincided with another startling development of the 20th century the Technological Revolution. This supplied him with the means to achieve that affluence in a very short time. Within a period of about thirty years after the depression man had achieved something which he had been struggling for for centuries and centuries. It was a momentous period in human history.

Tony Brunt

Too Much Technology

At the end of it we started to get the first signs of a transition from the goal of economic security to the goal of what one might call psychic security. A transition from materialism to humanism, quality of life. But it was not that simple. It wasn't only brought about by the satisfaction of one need and a natural progression to a higher one. It was also hastened by a rejection of certain aspects of the system we created to give us affluence. The society that developed out of the depression was an increasingly urbanised one. People came together to service technology. And unfortunately where you get large concentrations of people in a technological society unless the cities and towns are extremely well planned, you tend, paradoxically, to get a decline in the sense of community. People become used to the sight of other people. A certain impairment of consciousness results. People become insensitive to other people. You get a lowering in the emotional quality of human interaction. A second aspect of the society was the pervasiveness of technology. And unfortunately too much technology in life tends to crush and limit the human spirit and its freedom of expression. Now that sounds rather religious but it is true nevertheless. So in America about eight years ago you got the start of two movements which posterity, I am sure, will judge to be quite momentous—the Hippy Movement and the Anti Vietnam Movement. Both, in different ways, rejected the old values, although the hippies' was a more comprehensive rejection. What the hippies were saying was, basically, this: We have to drop out of society to recreate our links with other people on a more spontaneous and warmer basis than is the norm in society. This was summed up by their four-letter word. Love. They said, there is too much technology and organisation in our lives. We have got to get back to nature. This was symbolised by those two words. Flower Power. And, thirdly, was their involvement with drugs. They used LSD as a means to expand consciousness in a society which was neither vibrant nor stimulating. They used marijuana in the way that people mainly use it today- as a group thing; something you share with people; something that increases rapport—an aid to communication in a society which builds subtle barriers between people. The Hippy Movement overlapped with the Anti-Vietnam movement but the two were really separate. What the Vietnam protesters were saying, in essence, was this: We reject the conventional military strategy of forward defence, especially in this case. It is a strategy with roots in old value systems containing all sorts of irrational fears about physical and economic insecurity. Your picture of how America is threatened from abroad is completely out of keeping with contemporary realities. We don't believe in your war. We don't want to fight in your war. We don't want to kill innocent people. We don't want to kill people.

Cartoon of mankind's greatest hope

The Burgeoning Bureaucracy

It was these two movements which really began the quality of life ball rolling. In the 1950s there had been the campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and the publication of Rachel Carson's pioneering anti-pollution work, "The Silent Spring," but neither really gripped for long at the grass roots level because people were still preoccupied with achieving the Good Life. It was not until the mid-1960's that the emergence of a new value system began and it is only now crystallising.

Let's go back and have another look at the society which grew out of the depression. I have already mentioned the growth of cities and technology. We also saw the growth of bureaucracy. The first Labour Government said: We don't want another depression therefore we will control the economy. This meant Government regulation and bureaucracy. They also said: We have to redistribute wealth on a more equitable basis. This meant more bureaucracy. So with the growth of the population, the economy and cities, you got expanding bureaucracies and the unfortunate thing about large bureaucracies is that they tend to become fairly ponderous and unresponsive to the changing needs of the times.

We also got the adoption of the goal of economic growth. We got it at the Government level, with the preoccupation with increasing gross national product, and we got it at the level of the businessman with his belief in expansion as maintaining the viability and profitability of his business. John Kenneth Galbraith, the American economist, believes it 'began first at the level of the businessman and was gradually adopted at the political level in order to serve the needs of industry.

Shaping the System that Shapes Us

So we got all these inter-locking features of what I will call, for want of a better word, the system. The children of the depression learned to love the system because it brought them out of the depths of despair, in many cases, and gave them economic security. They were reluctant to tinker with it because they worshipped it. But in allowing full-rein to these non-human goals and non-human aspects of the system-economic growth, increasing productivity, increasing profits, technological advance, bureaucracy, individualism and competition between people-society allowed them to take on a life of their own and run out of effective control. The system,

to too great a degree, is now shaping us to meet its needs, and its demands and its goals. What we have to do is reshape it to meet not only our material needs but our deeper, non material needs.

Cartoon talking about old men who rule the world

And the movement has begun. It can be seen at work in a number of different areas in society.

In the industrial field it is under way in the form of job improvement programmes to produce what management theory boys now call occupational self-actualisation. Basically what it consists of is making jobs less grinding and boring and more satisfying, more interesting and more fulfilling. It is something you can apply at most levels of industry but it is making its greatest headway in production line firms overseas. Production line industries tend to produce much worker frustrations and unrest. Docter Fuchs, an American economist, has this to say about the production-line blues:-

"For many decades, many psychologists and sociologists have maintained that industrialisation has 'alienated' the worker from his work, that the individual is deprived of contact with the final fruit of his labour, and that the transfer from a craft society to one of mass production has resulted in depersonalization..."

It is this depersonalisation that job improvement is attacking and its main thrust, at least on the production line, is in the direction of giving workers more responsibility, more tasks to perform and reducing the monotony of narrow specialisation.

Re-Routing the Grind

The companies which are introducing the concept include Ford, Chrysler, IBM and Philips Electrical. But job improvement has applications in other areas of industry. A very successful American businessman called Robert Townsend wrote a book called "Up the Organisation" which outlined how it could be implemented in ordinary business firms. Here are a few things he said:-

"In the average company the boys in the mail room, the president, the vice-presidents, and the girls in the steno pool have three things in common: they are docile, they are bored, and they are dull. Trapped in the pigeonholes of organisational charts, they've been made slaves to the rules of private and public hierarchies that run mindlessly on and on because nobody can change them.... (we have got to) start dismantling our organisations where we're serving them, leaving only the parts where they are serving us."

The quality-of-life movement has its most popular expression at the present time in the environment band-waggon. We all know about it so I won't go into it. Except to say that I think the movement to control our present technologies is motivated by something more than the desire to lessen their damaging impact on our environment. People don't realise it, but man gets one of his most sublime satisfactions from mastering and beating not his fellow man — but technology. When I worked in Auckland I wrote several stories on acts of vandalism against cars. I actually saw a new car that vandals had worked on after the owner left it on the side of a country road one night. They jumped up and down on the roof and bonnet, kicked in the doors, smashed the windows, lights and grills, slashed the tyres, smashed the dashboard, ripped up the seats, and ripped out all the movable parts from the engine. When you see something like that you can't help feeling the causes go deeper than drunkenness and mindless antisocial behaviour. *Why* do we love watching movies of cars crashing against brick walls at 70 miles an hour? *Why* do crowds gather round a property where a building is being demolished? It's because we love seeing man take on technology—and win for once. Have you seen those photographs of New Yorkers walking along streets which have recently been closed to the traffic for a few hours each day? They all seem to have nervous smiles on their faces. They are getting a real kick out of it but they feel they are doing something wrong. These people are going through the first stages of liberation from technology, a certain rediscovery of self, and mastery of their own environment.

Cartoon cont.

Cutting the Dogma

The new humanism can be seen in the decline of organised religion. People, especially young people, are rejecting ecclesiastic bureaucracy in favour of a personalised morality. They are rejecting institutionalised religion, with all its ritual and all its dogma, and recreating and enriching their links with other people on a more direct basis. Instead of harmonising via the church they are cutting out the organisation for a more humanistic approach. I don't think it is a rejection of the Christian truths of kindness and brotherhood. It's a rejection of the organisation. The new humanism in religion can also be seen in a number of areas.

The growth of communes in our cities are an attempt to create a community in microcosm. Our most progressive town planners are now decrying urban sprawl and calling for housing development which fosters a sense of community. The movement to get one per cent of our gross attempt to do on an international scale what we must do internally, create a greater sense of community.

The Values Revolution also manifests itself in our community through such groups as Care and Hart, Gay Liberation, Nga Tamatoa, the Vietnam Peace Movement, Coenco, the revitalised penal reform movement and the Women's Liberation Movement.

But the Women's Liberation Movement differs fundamentally from most of the other groups. It is more ambitious. In order to gain the fulfillment you want you don't just have to reshape a system which developed this century. You have to change aspects of the system which have been in existence since time immemorial.

Chaos Re-Interpreted

So the chaos in our society at the present time is not really a chaos at all. It is the emergence of a new set of values. The chaos is occurring because of the inability of many people to comprehend what is going on. This lack of understanding, and the fear to which it gives rise, is quite understandable. There has never been such a sudden valued change in the history of man. Many people in our community are suffering from what Alvin Toffler has called "future shock". It is the result of too much change in a single lifetime. The future is unfolding so quickly that people become disoriented.

We have got to show people the new social synthesis which is forming in our community today. It is a new political synthesis too. It is almost a new ideology. It is a set of ideas with a common thread which act as a guide to political action. The common thread is humanism, although without the atheistic overtones usually associated with that word. We have got to meet the needs of people and not the needs of the system. It is not social ism or conservatism—it is humanism.

And there is a great desire for change in our society today. I can see signs of it in our newspapers every day. I can feel it when I talk to people They want change because they realise New Zealand has been drifting for too long. But they can't put their finger on what they want. 1972 is not like 1932. There is no clear pointer for the direction to change. There is a pointer but only those who are thinkers and sharp observers can see it. They must clear the mist from the sign which points to a warmer and more compassionate society.

New Zealand is once again restless and when that happens the world should sit up and watch. For great change in our society seems to come in 40-year cycles. It was 40 years after we really began developing in earnest that we had the industrial reforms of the 1890s. It was 40yrs. after that that we had the great social reforms of the first Labour Government. The pattern seems to be that we go forward and then we consolidate. And when we go forward we lead the world.

That third 40 years is almost up.

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pop eye

The possibilities of colour television are almost endless and therefore (by Keith's Law) infinitely ridiculous. Take, for instance, the BBC's latest colour comedy *The Gnomes of Dulwich*. In this we see the poor man's Tony Hancock (Terry Scott) and the half wit's Arthur Lowe (Hugh Lloyd) attempting to turn a five minute sketch into a full series. The horrendous gnome make-up helps them to a new nadir of banality as they mix thinly veiled and ill directed satire with the kind of low camp humour which went out with Christmas crackers. In the first episode, the gnomes held a stop-work meeting to protest the influx of plastic gnomes made in Red China. With many a ho-ho-ho and elaborate aside they managed the difficult feat of balancing boredom with tastlessness. Perhaps we've had too many good comedies from BBC lately (Milligan *Dad's Army* and even *Up Pompeii*) or perhaps its just that these two should have been chained to the end of the pier where they belong.

The best thing on television is still *Softly Softly / Task Force* which has recovered superbly from a very bad start. With incisive scripts and consistently brilliant acting from Stratford Johns (Barlow) and Frank Windsor (John Watt), this series is one of the very few "musts" of the week. The series is all the more remarkable when one considers that each episode is recorded in one day. The studio scenes are run in order, with the film sequences dropped in as required.

The NZBC's *Pukemanu II* proceeds according to schedule and could produce a few pleasant surprises. It should be much better than the first series in almost every department and at least two of the scripts are excellent.

First, second and third prized for naivety, pseudery, cheek and downright cant must surely be awarded to the Americans. *The Bold Ones*, *The Partridge Family*, *Marcus Welby* and *The D.A.* are typical examples of the viscous crap served up (with a side-salad of "meaningful realism") night after night at peak viewing. Having said that, it must be admitted that one of two American shows have redeeming features. Unfortunately the NZBC has decided that these should be screened in the afternoon, when only layabouts like us can see them. Watch for *Then came Bronson* (above average) *Easy Rider* formula with good acting from Michael Parks out of James Dean) and also *Matt Lincoln* Community Psychiatrist minus Freudian shit handles credible problems of minority groups). This last show is a sort of McGovern-style *Wozek* and the episode I saw on July 4 had some superb moments.

Something must be done about Tuesday night's program. Only *Coronation Street* and *Gallery* relieve the tedium as a plethora of unmitigated hog wash swills across the screen. How about this: *Partridge Family*, *Alias Smith and Jones*, *Tuesday Trimming*, *Love American Style*. Yes, it is a commercial night - but all the same.

Beaton by Bailey gave us a delicious taste of life in high-camp London. Half the queens of high-society arabesqued across the screen in fifty minutes of riotous send-up. Even the title managed to be a send-up. Such amazing camp trendies as the Earl of Litchfield and Mick Jagger rubbed shoulders with comparatively respectable "names" including Cyril Connolly and Lord David Cecil. But the duo which really took the wafer were Truman Capote and the lady (?) editor of "Vogue". How anyone could have taken this astounding yet totally unpretentious piece of nonsense seriously quite escapes me. But, that being so, why was it shown very late on a Sunday evening? Perhaps some guilty consciences in the Programme Purchasing Department?

Love'S Body

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Records

Spirit : Feedback — Epic

Well most of you will never have been treated to a taste of this group, but those who have tasted can skip a few lines while a few details are filled in. Spirit started in California in the summer of 1967 with a little help from Lou Adler. the founder of the Mamas And Papa's. Although the sound of this group is quite remote from the Mama'S And Papa's one and shouldn't be confused with it. Nobody knows much about Spirit except that

they have a shaven-headed, dark sun-glassed drummer who had been playing jazz for fifteen years before he got into rock, a bassist who played with Canned Heat and I beautiful lead guitarist by the name of Randy California who happens to have a black magic box that emits incredibly long wavering horizontal lines, though nobody can actually work out what's inside it. It was rumoured that they were going to play at the Isle of Wight and that's why everyone was turning up but they didn't so everyone got it on with Bob Dylan,

They're given out four L.P.'s before *Feedback* (*Spirit, The Family That Plays Together, Clear Spirit, Dr. Sardonicus*) but with a different lineup to the one on this L.P. Of the original five, two remain: Ed Cassidy on drums and John Loche on keyboards, and they are joined by the Stachely brothers who add the lead guitar, bass and lead vocals. The two other ex-Spirit members joined another group called Jo Jo Gunne whilst Randy California seems to have disappeared from the scene.

Mention must be made of the four L.P.'s produced by the original Spirit, because *Feedback* is wholly uncharacteristic of their previous work. This is probably due to their split and the passing of a few years. The basic Spirit was one of a blend between jazz and tight hard rifty rock. They in fact produced a very individual sound to which no other rock group came close. They were especially noted for their slow moody peaceful horizontal instrumental tracks (on *Clear Spirit*) but were only listened to by a few people who got hip to them and consequently were one of the many bands who deserved recognition but didn't get it even though they produced tracks like *Aren't You Sad* on *Family That Plays Together* that went beyond the realms of pop and into new horizons.

The first thing about the reorganized Spirit is that they're into a different trip that's quite remote from a feedback one; the title does not have any connection with the music. They're not as hairy as before. Their rockers all written by the Stachely Brothers, concern Chelsea Girls.

They say that Dylan Thomas drank himself to death
But I do better with Chelsea girls
Gonna give that boy no rest
Just getting that Chelsea lovin

Earthshakers,

You can shake my earth for what its worth
But don't leave your curse on me

Cowboys

Cadillac cowboys
You see them everywhere you go
They're the ones that won the west
They wear their spurs just for show

All contain hard brutal riffs with good of rock 'n' roll guitar and bluesy piano interspersed.
The LP. also contains one country trip called *Mellow Morning*.

Picking in the morning with my friend Matthew
Drinking Cowboy Coffee
And thinking of something to do
The cat's on the table a-crying to be fed
But I can't put this guitar down
While there's a tune in my head

Ad for Italian club

The instrumentals which Spirit are quite famous for still occur but the ones on this album *Puesta Dec Scam* and *Trancas Fog* although still retaining the jazz piano have here simply fallen into junk No more of the beautiful horizontals to fix on!

Most of the other tracks are not worth talking about. The same applies to most of the above tracks. Their

first four L.P.'s really showed what the original lineup could produce, but they're hard to get hold of. The thing about Spirit now is that 'they've eased up, things must have got too heavy, which is a pity because on this L.P., besides the occasional inspired moment they've degenerated into another same old rock 'n' roll band and it's not hard to lend a hand.

Scott Cameron

Gentle Giant Acquiring the Taste

— Vertigo

Gentle Giant's stated goal is the expansion of the frontiers of contemporary popular music. They attempt to achieve this by recording compositions that are "unique, adventurous and fascinating" (to use their own words), abandoning all notions of commercialism. Between them they command a fair range of instruments, including the whole set of electrified keyboards and electronic synthesis. However, they don't make it.

This failure is in part due to their reluctance to forsake the musical styles of the past, though this malady is not singularly theirs. Some years back when the "progressive" scene was new, groups tried to explore new ideas and idioms. It seems that now the structures they built have collapsed, leaving an aura of depression that is relieved by fondling historical genitals.

Which brings me to the point, it is pointless to embark on a new synthesis using the materials of earlier attempts. Gentle Giant have both a moog synthesizer and a mellotron at their disposal, yet they sink into masturbatory crap with vibraphone and xylophone. The title track evokes perhaps the most disgust — a minute and a half of solo moog relegated to a quasi-sixteenth century dance Triviality itself. If the music is banal, there can be no word to describe the ability of the lyricist!. Consider this jewel from *Black Cat*.

There's a cat prowling through the streets at night
And she's black and her eyes are burning yellow fierce and bright
The lights are darkened;
Senses sharpened;
Wide awake.

Perhaps I've been unequivocally harsh, for there are odd patches of transcending excitement. *Pantagruel's Nativity* is an interesting track, for example. The album is well-structured, and the production (Tony Visconti) quite exceptional, but as a progressive group Gentle Giant have run aground somewhere between popularizing classics and formalizing rock.

Philip Alley.

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