

# salient

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY STUDENT NEWSPAPER

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## UNJUSTIFIABLE VIOLENCE AT MOUNT JOHN

by GEORGE ROSENBERG

Court action against at least one Police officer is intended following last weekend's demonstration at Washdyke and Mt. John.

One demonstrator had his jaw fractured and lost two teeth when he was allegedly kicked in the face by a police dog handler. Several demonstrators suffered bites from police dogs and one was bitten on his cock, another in his stomach, and many others had their clothing ripped or suffered minor bites to the legs or arms.

In addition several demonstrators were hurt, some quite seriously when they jumped over bluffs on Mt. John to avoid being bitten by the dogs.

It began peacefully enough on Saturday, March 11, when about 300 demonstrators, mostly young and students gathered from all over New Zealand at the Post Office in Timaru, on the East Coast of the South Island. They marched from there along the waterfront to Caroline Bay, a distance of about one mile.

From Caroline Bay the demonstrators moved out of town to Washdyke, about 3 miles to the north the site of the logistic and supply base for the Mt. John installation. The building, with a sign in front of it describing it as part of the U.S. Aerospace Defence Command was thoroughly defended by Police and the demonstration stopped there only long enough to hear a short speech by U.S. base expert Owen Wilkes. Owen spoke of the PX store and U.S. Post Office, the one-day ration packs and the 12 U.S.A.F. officers who occupy the building. He linked it with the U.S. military bases at Harewood and Mt. John.

### ORGANISATION LACKING

The lack of organisation from the South Island end was beginning to show. A demonstration without focus and without audience in Timaru could have been dispensed with. The Washdyke demo lacked energy or organisation. The organisation got the demonstrators there, but once it got them there it did nothing with them.

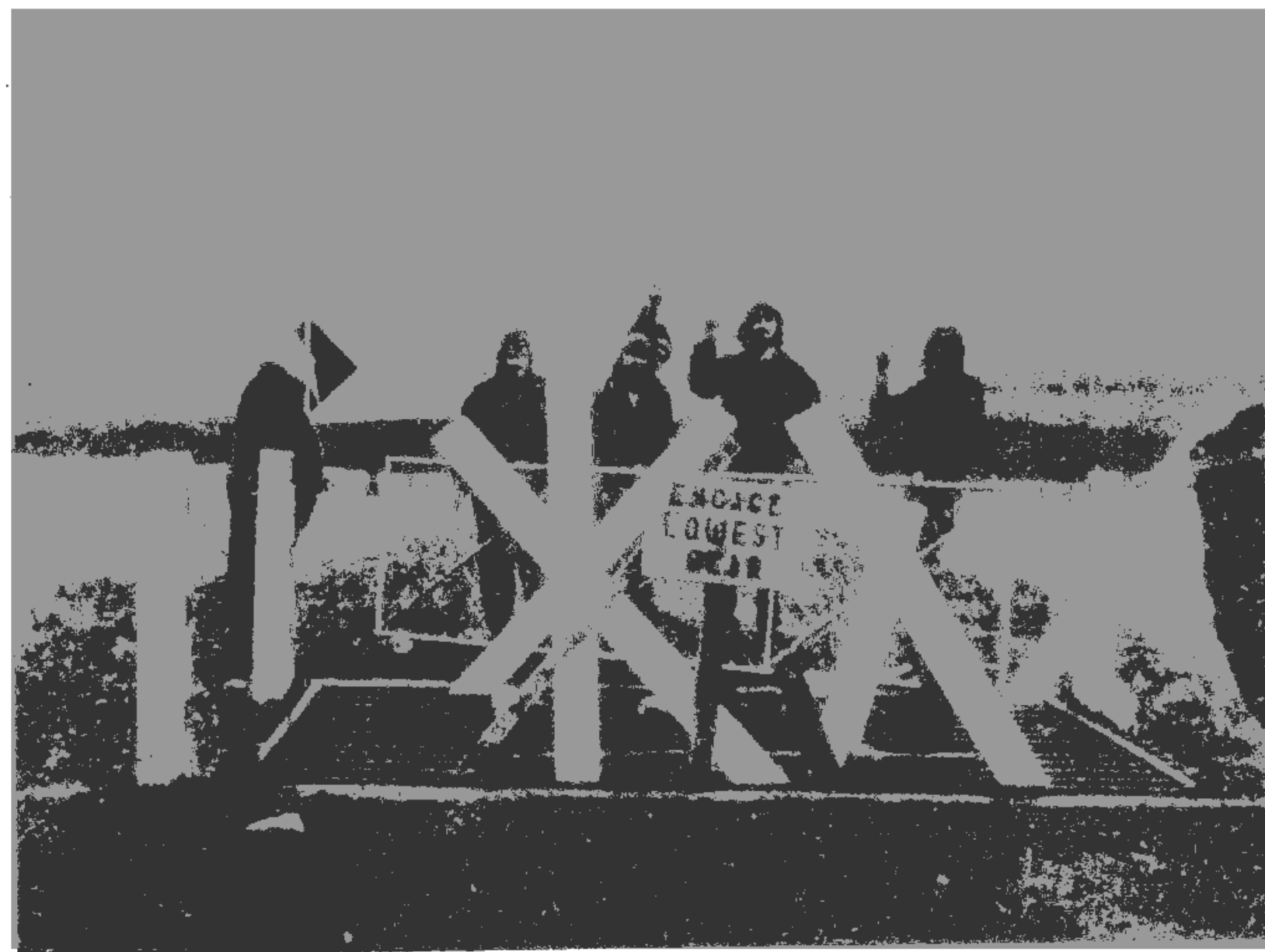
On this wet note the demonstrators moved on to the real focus, the Baker-nunn Satellite Tracking Installation of the U.S.A.F. at Mt. John, by Lake Tekapo. Camp was set up on Canterbury University land by the Lake. Nothing was organised. A number of people climbed the mountain to have a look at the base, and came back with a glowing report of the numbers of cops organised in defence. Meanwhile mathematicians calculated that at least 80 police and their dogs must have gone to the

base. Local hotels and the army base were full up. A local spy reported that two helicopters had been flown in the day before.

As evening closed in an increasing number of people made their way up the sides of Mt. John, a 1-2 hour climb in the dark. In camp a meeting around a bonfire failed to produce any speakers. By about 9pm there were twenty demonstrators on the dark and windy top of the mountain. They were sitting on a small rocky knoll which descended in a 6 foot bluff on one side, and fell away fairly gently towards the U.S. base, 100 yards away on the other. A police officer told the demonstrators not to move from there, and moved a number of his men, including two dog handlers with their dogs up towards them. Someone on the demonstrators side let off a skyrocket and a number of crackers. The inspector told his dog-handlers "use your dog and disperse that crowd". Two ran up the hill towards the seated demonstrators. One was screaming "fuck off, fuck off". This cop reached the top and began kicking the seated demonstrators. A sixteen year old Christchurch high-school student was kicked full in the face, but no one else was seriously hurt.

### DOGS GO BERSERK

When the dogs and their handlers withdrew the injured demonstrator was taken by two others to the U.S. base where the base doctor put on some bandages. He was taken by police down to the demonstrators and dumped at the feet of Christchurch organiser, Keith Duffield who was told that he should take him to a dentist. The Doctor at Fairlie diagnosed a probable broken jaw, and the boy was later admitted to Christchurch hospital. Press Association reports apparently based on information released by the Police stated that the injury occurred when the boy fell or was hit by a rock.



After the first police attack the number of demonstrators increased to about 100. On three further occasions over the next 2 hours orders were given for the dogs to be brought in. The demonstrators were never closer than 20 yards from the edge of the base. When they were commanded the dogs went berserk amongst the seated demonstrators and those who did not get out fast enough were bitten. Richard Suggate was near the front during one charge. As the police told the crowd to move back a dog took hold of his arm in its teeth. Suggate told the cop handling the dog that he could not move while the dog was biting him, and asked him to remove it. The dog handler gave him a violent push. He fell on his back, and the dog attacked him and bit his penis. The base doctor told him that if it was still bleeding on Monday he should see a doctor. Suggate was later treated at Fairlie. John Holtz of Dunedin was bitten in the leg. A demonstrator from Christchurch suffered minor facial injuries when he fell trying to escape. Another person was treated for a shattered knee cap.

### NO JUSTIFICATION

There was no justification for the repeated police assaults. The crowd of demonstrators were never even within throwing distance of the sensitive part of the base. Violence from the demonstrators side was limited to a few stones thrown at police floodlights. Verbal abuse and threats were heavy on both sides. At one stage the Inspector in charge said "you can use any language you like, I don't mind", yet later Dunedin demonstrator Brian O'Brien was arrested for "inciting violence", and summonses for obscene language have been issued against two others. Brian O'Brien had just been handed the megaphone by another demonstrator and had not had a chance to say anything when he was grabbed from the middle of the crowd. Presumably one of the cops on duty had been ordered to arrest the man with the megaphone, and did as he was told.

There was tension in the air on Sunday morning when the main "official" demonstrators set out to climb Mt. John on the American built road up the mountainside. As was typical the organisation had no plans for any action when the march reached the base. Demonstrators arriving found themselves on a hill overlooking the Baker-Nunn satellite tracking camera. They also found themselves being looked at by a photographer inside the camera dome which had been lifted a few inches to allow photos to be taken and observations to be made. The partly hidden photographer soon closed the camera dome when rocks thrown by demonstrators threatened to enter the dome and damage the precious military equipment inside.

Owen Wilkes announced that an invitation had been issued for 4 demonstrators to be shown round the base, but explained that the only part of the base with a solely military function, the communications room, would not be opened. The marchers voted that a delegation should not go unless they could see over the communications room. In the end a strictly unofficial delegation saw over the base.

### SABOTAGE

While they were inside the people outside amused themselves by stoning the base windows, but the



aim was bad and only 2 windows were broken. No stones were thrown at police or people. Police left demonstrators at least 10 yards from any part of the base and the demonstration broke up earlier than planned. As the marchers returned down to the road they found that some of the last to come up had conceived the idea of throwing rocks on the road as a measure of harmless but annoying sabotage. The idea took on fast. An observer at the top of the road could see dozens of groups of 10 or more demonstrators rolling and carrying enormous boulders onto the road, making it impossible to vehicular traffic. Others systematically dismantled fences and removed road signs. One group developed a new technique of stapling wire rope to tar seal. Patents have been applied for. Basically it was an act of political vandalism, a piece of sabotage not difficult to repair, but at the same time an action symbolic of the demonstrators attitude to the U.S. Air Force base. It was also a sign of bitterness. Most of those also walking down the road had been injured themselves or had had close friends injured by police the night before. As individuals they were helpless before police violence. As a group they could make the Police, and even the U.S.A.F. itself, very temporarily helpless before their protest.



# Letters to the editor

Sir,  
Apart from Kathy Baxter's name and a fun page advertisement for a 'boobytrap' bra that's so sheer nobody's quite sure if it's really there' (!) there was no indication in Salient No. 1 of the existence of any women on the campus. The silent females of earlier years had the excuse that Greer hadn't reached print surely someone's sufficiently liberated by now to have something to write?

Jane Clendon

Sir,  
The proof of a failed painting is when nobody notices it. Such seems to be the fate of the mammoth (white elephant?) Don Binney painting purchased by this association. The poor, dull thing, it was a part of the establishments of NZ painting and this Students Association even before it was hung. IN truth, it was a part of the establishment even before it was painted- because it has been painted so many times before, and not only by Binney. How long will the imitative, ingenuous and barren frauds of NZ painting be allowed to perpetuate themselves?

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Kay Nairn

Sir,  
Can any of your intelligent readers explain why hippies and the like refer to money as

"bread" and to marijuana as "shit?" The original bread was of course the subject of a great Biblical quandary, whether it was the staff of life, or was it not to be lived by alone, I would be saddened to hear that the biggest crisis for today's youth is over the real worth of money.

Further, Freud and co note the close psychological connection between shit (meaning excrement) and bread (meaning money). The point out the body of phrases in the language connecting the two (eg 'filthy lucre' and 'making your pile' and 'rolling in it'). They conclude that such traits as excessive orderliness, the accumulation and hoarding of money, and the pride taken in money and material possessions are the adult equivalent of the tendency of children to play with and treasure their excrement. Now do these hippies refer to marijuana as shit because of the same childish association? Or because of some equally juvenile criminal association?

Now I'm not going so far as to say we should nickname marijuana 'bread'. The dietary double entendre might prove too tempting, and the possible re-evaluation of the Biblical texts might not prove too flattering to hippie ideals.

But I do suggest that money do hereafter be referred to as shit. For not only will the subconscious be more aptly reinforced, but also yet another Anarchist precept will thereby be accepted into the popular dialogue.

W. Blennerhassett.

The motion put forward at S.R.C. that the Students Association 'show disgust' at the attendance of the Vice Chancellor at the Suharto dinner was saddeningly reflective of some of this Universities 'great humanists', for in trying to stop the repression outlined in Indonesia, they are quite prepared to repress Dr Taylor (and anyone else in a similar position) in trying to tell him what he can and cannot do.

What right has anyone to tell Dr Taylor. a man appointed not elected, a man who in this instance went as a human being and not some elected mouth machine that he should do this, that, and anything else. If he were elected, then sure, he carries an obligation to represent popular thought, but as an individual he has a right to act freely.

Lee, in what was a typically unintelligible, boring and generalisation-packed rave, spoke of Dr Taylor in his Mercedes, and tearing round being entertained on our money. Where is his proof for the last assertion?

My point is that in trying to expand ideals, persons such as Lee are all too ready to tread over the very thing they are seeking to raise up. What a man does in this country is his own prerogative providing that he does not misrepresent or contravene the public, and I suggest that Dr Taylor as a man did neither.

Peter Boshier.

Sir,  
After going to sleep in most of my Psyc. I lectures so far, I have come to the conclusion that it is not only the boring lecture material, and the poor ventilation, but the shape of the seats.

The seats look superficially, very comfortable, but after about 5 minutes leaning against the vertical back, you are forced to lean on the desk for the rest of the lecture, or at least slump in the seat. These postures are bad for correct breathing and lead rapidly to drowsiness. Whoever designed these seats should be forced to spend a couple of years in them, and whatever profit he made out of the design should be contributed to a failed student's fund.

L.G. Weeber.

PEOPLE'S COURT  
Outside Magistrate's Court  
10a.m. Friday 17th March.

## Editorial

No, there aren't any long and detailed news stories about the 'fuck and bullshit' demonstrations. Nor are there any liberal mouthings about free speech and police tyranny. It takes little courage to join a crowd that seeks something as uncomplicated as the legalisation of two old Anglo-Saxon words.

The daily press, with its bold headlines and less than smart euphemisms has shown a real sense of disproportion in handling the affair. In the noise about those words the message of Germaine Greer took second place.

And barely 150 people bothered to attend a meeting on the responsible society in New Zealand, the day after Germaine Greer spoke.

In the light of Jack Marshall's recent statement on sporting contacts with South Africa we can be sure that NZ under his leadership will make a determined attempt to attain mediocrity in all things.

Our attachment to the United Nations will be halfhearted as will our alliance with South Africa. The apartheid despisers among us will see to that. Mr Marshall's claim to 'building bridges' is redolent of political euphemism for compromise. Compromising on an individual relationship level is the surest way to an unexciting life. And Mr Marshall's aim, at international level, is to ensure public feeling in NZ is opiated to the extent that we will remain in that state of uneasy apathy which is part of most New Zealanders. New Zealand's independence is severely limited by its compromising follow-the-leader foreign policy. New Zealanders themselves have forgotten their pioneering ancestors.

As an analogy we now consider travel another way to one-up-manship. But metaphorical travel can be part of mind adventure. In order to gather prestige while travelling overseas one must try to go to the most exotic, out-of-the-way places, so in mind travel the most is gained by those who venture furthest out. The most distinct are those with the most to offer.

New Zealand's only claim in responsible politics is the abject claim describing mediocrity - that is, always at its best.

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# "The Instigators"

Last year Thunderclap Newman sang a pop song "Something in the Air." The recording was produced for the best of capitalist motives - profit. Some of the lyrics may, however, produce more than profit.

"Call out the instigators, the revolution's here....We've got to get it together for the revolution's here!"

We are three who attend Victoria University and who think of ourselves as the Instigators. We all oppose the capitalist system. Its evils, particularly its wars, its imperialism, its prostitution of nationalism, and its dependence on the exploitation of man by man, are manifest and need no detailed exposition in this manifesto.

We are all Socialists and have all involved ourselves with left wing politics. But our Socialism is eclectic. We refuse to accept the dogmatism of the larger established parties and we reject the determinism of Marxism-Leninism as purveyed by these parties. We reject the theories of dialectical materialism and democratic centralism, but we accept that use of the dialectic as an analytical tool can be of great benefit. We recognise that such parties could not survive without ideological discipline, but we feel that time and again the demands made by formal parties and groups on individual members have divided and fragmented left wing unity.

We feel that, although principle is crucial to the political awareness and activity of the left wing, there has been a lack of pragmatic compromise over issues vital to the left. Although the war against capitalism is fought on many fronts, we are concerned, by virtue of our limitations, with the 'home front'. Unified action on the 'home front' is the only hope of success for the left wing in any single society. We have seen fraternal backbiting destroy hope, initiative, awareness and organisations. We have seen the Anti-War Movement make great progress in what comes closest to our ideal - unity in non-obligatory action. However, even this effort has been scarred by ideological division.

We know that the revolution is not here - yet! We realise that the revolution is not just around the corner but we cannot wait for the forces of history, we must agitate, organise and develop. This must be done now. To delay is criminal. Our attempts will not be the first but our aims and activities will be new.

We recognise that many vital issues have the support of those who can think and are concerned. These people are not a majority, but this is unimportant. If social progress becomes dependent upon the pleasure of the majority no progress will be made.

'Home front' experience demonstrates that a numerical majority is not a pre-requisite of political success, and

we consider that the left wing is already strong enough to make its voice authoritative - even in a political structure which perpetuates and benefits from the capitalist system. The full potential impact of the organisational skills, the financial and political ability of the entire left will only be realised when it acts as a whole.

Our experience in 1971 confirmed that the essential element missing within the left was unity. After all, where was the unity at the last two Radical Activist Congresses, in the antiwar and the Committee on Vietnam in particular, in the ridiculous split amongst Wellington Communists, and in the general mass of gossip - much of it inaccurate and politically motivated.

We advocate unity, tolerance, and understanding as the solution to the major problem facing the left today-political effectiveness. The 'home front' tories are an example of the benefits of unity within diversity. No-one could call the members of the National Party a numerical majority, and no-one can deny the existence of serious divisions within it. The same goes for the Labour Party. The lesson for the left lies in the ability of the individuals within these groups to compromise for the sake of the ultimate objective. This does not stifle individual thought or expression - it is essentially a realistic approach. These groups hold together despite their differences, they are politically successful in more ways than the one simply measured by that irrelevant exercise called the general election. The left can emulate this success, all it requires is tolerance and compromise.

If the extreme left can demonstrate some of these characteristics it could force the Labour Party to move decisively to the left, or it could eventually isolate the reactionary right wing of that group. Some parties have completely rejected the parliamentary road. We do not entirely reject it because we feel that it can be exploited by the left for the benefit of it because we feel that it can be exploited by the left for the benefit of the people.

We have heard repeated calls for left wing unity. We have seen these answered with intensified intra-left disagreement. Reason alone has proven insufficient. We propose to change this - by force.

We intend to expose and aggravate the divisions within the left, and will expose personality differences as well as political differences. We will expose, for example, certain individuals who have made considerable profits from certain conferences (N.B. the plural)! The aggravation of existing contradictions with the left will thus eventually give rise to a new, effective, unity.

We have given these matters serious thought over a period of several months. We are all already active within the left and we have all devoted considerable time and energy on its behalf. We do not intend to stop now.

# GERMAINE...

by Bernadette & Therese O'Connell.

You can't talk about Germaine in the customary pseudo-cool student-journalistic non-style.

So fucking good I'm biased, after only hearing her. The book *The Female Eunuch* was good but most of the media coverage was bad ranging from 1970 comments (Dom Nov 21) on her "sad unsympathetic bitter" public image, to 1972 comments on her "not-so-unattractive" 33yr old characteristics. (Evening Post Mar 9).

I heard her twice, first at the reception last Wednesday. 150 people attended, in a low-ceiling room without air-conditioning and designed for 80, within the spacious 80c a drink, James Cook Hotel. There was the really old guard of Women's Liberation whose beliefs are identical with Germaine's, the really old split who now run the Victoria University group and whose beliefs are not identical to Germaine's (mainly because Germaine is not directed from U.S.A.) the new group of old people, strictly within the NZ government-scientific research based groups, plus the usual NZBC and newspaper types who cluster around any media star, plus the odd trade unionist, an earnest orthodox Marxist fanatic and a few old rich drunks who wandered in by mistake. Despite the divisions and schisms there was a great feeling of unity when Germaine came in. People responded to her sincerity and warmth immediately.

## LIBERATION TACTICS

The discussion was mainly on tactics within the Women's Liberation, a topic which will be discussed more fully in the Women's Liberation Conference April 1-2. Germaine elaborated on many of her basic ideas in *The Female Eunuch*. She told of how difficult it was for the average women to press for better conditions in her exhausting role of worker and mother/wife.

This was a timely reminder to trade unionists who often decry such women as apathetic.

The orientation of the reception was towards implementing some reforms now, and overall working towards a revolution. She did not convince the people there of the morality of such things as abortion and equal pay. Everyone seemed persuaded by her approach. She touched on the role of the middle-class women, which most of us at university are whether we like it or not. She said we must use our educational advantages in talking and writing. We must listen to working-class women. Germaine is not the stereo-typed Marxist who shrieks all into the factories (remember some Radical Activist Conferences?) nor does she see educational middle-class women as superior to their factory sisters.

One of the things I liked best about Germaine was her ability to utilise all fields of modern knowledge including psychology, sociology and economics in explaining and relating the position of women to social forces as a whole rather than simple-minded reliance on a few Marxist catch phrases or on an idealistic belief in the advantages of reformed capitalism.

Everyone came away from that meeting feeling enthused, revitalised and strengthened in the fight for Women's Lib.

## STANDING ROOM

At university on Thursday you couldn't find a seat by 11, by 12 you couldn't stand. The atmosphere was different from the reception, (though my arse felt the same). It was certainly different from the usual Forum treatment of speakers—she was listened to quietly, and cheered. Victoria has certainly changed in the past few years, from the early hostility directed towards Women's Lib. members.

Germaine attacked the whole middle-class mythology on marriage and love. She related love to Platonic concepts in the recognition of equals thus contrasting it to the present power struggle that mars most heterosexual relationships. The beauty of lesbian and homosexual love that it is not based on the subordination of one individual. Her comments on abortion were a pertinent, stressing of the fact that a number of people who have already had, or helped in abortions (a show of about one hundred hands gave some indication) and the shakiness of religious arguments based on incorrect biological fact.



On the bringing-up of children Germaine felt that the need of the moment was to form co-operative creches - not Government-controlled ones. This would bring some measure of freedom now to women who are burdened with the dual role of working and caring for the family.

Above and beyond her specific stands on particular issues was her unifying concept of personal liberation. The need of every woman to understand and desire liberation. This should lead to helping other women and men to create a better society. (Yeah, I know its a cliché but its still relevant.)

## DO SOMETHING

If you missed Germaine's talk then for your own sake read *The Female Eunuch* (this report is totally inadequate in expressing her ideas.) And if you went and found that a bit of what was said

struck home and you are sufficiently motivated to involve yourself with the real struggle for liberation, then **DO SOMETHING**. If you disagree with the University-based group - and many of us do - as Germaine Greer said, "Form your Women's Lib. group on your street and come to the conference."

If you totally disagree with Germaine Greer; in other words, if you're an insensitive moron, resign yourself to the fact that you're a dying minority. For everyone's sake, don't let Germaine's tour be in vain. Don't let it be a mere intellectual agreement. Don't retreat into the position of elderly radicals (i.e. over 18 years old) as viewing such change as hopeless or conflicting with your own conditioned emotional needs, but let's get together and destroy the female eunuch.



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# ...GERMAINE WHO?

Thrill seekers, ambulance chasers, hero builders, what more can the world offer you now you've had Germaine Greer?

But what a feeble history you really have had; of allowing your palate to be whet, but being too afraid to drink, or, heaven forbid, get drunk, on the revolution.

There have been the days of student infighting. But you gave that up. You're too blasé to have even your heckles raised. And the problems of bureaucracy, inefficiency and waste remain.

The high points of student politics, for example forum, you have let degenerate into occasional flashes of exhibitionism. The dishwasher surrealists tried to provoke more than an amused reaction but there's only a few political patsies and a tiresome procession of tiddly winks, Winnie the pooh and the buzzy bee pullers to show.

Now and then you take your almost forgotten consciences for a public walk, with your unconvincing protests and empty chants. Do you remember yourselves thronging to marijuana debates, cheering the freedom lighters, hissing the doubters? But did you dare to light up in public? Did you actually act out your subversion fantasies of posting joints or acidifying water supplies? No, you continue to fuck the meddling peddling and be fucked by the frauds, and you continue to smoke secretly forgetful of the honest man in jail.

What have you done on what you describe as the race problem. You're even less than "some of my best friends are blacks" liberals here. You haven't got any best friends. Rather than becoming an Uncle Tom in your inevitable old age, why don't you join an Asian Society, or a Maori Group, now. And learn, learn, for right now you know nothing.

Now you've been lured into a typically inarticulate acceptance of Womens Lib, because you've decided to make pop-type stars out of political leaders. You don't seem to have been capable of understanding the albeit confused, but bloody sincere home grown Womens' Liberationists. Your brand of belief can only begin when you've indulged in the doubtful glamour of a newsseeking roadshow. Its a sad joke to hear you enthusing over Womens Liberation over the dinner table, as late as this. Especially as your wife or girlfriend is out in the kitchen



doing the dishes. And to know, that, even if you're too blind to see yourself as a political dabbler, your 'converted' feelings will be in a week, no more than a faded memory of last weeks thrill.

The fact that you can't see, is that Germaine Greer is absolutely irrelevant to honest political interest, let alone conviction. It is time, in this fucked up world, that you got the stars out of your eyes. It is time that you reached out to your fellows who have got the guts to have political convictions and do something about them. It is time you converted yourself to action.



## MOTIONS QUESTION CHAPLAINS' PRIVILEGE

Two motions have helped bring back controversy into the Student Representative Council by attacking the University chaplaincy. In essence these are: 1) The Chaplain's registration should not be handed out along with essential enrolment cards, 2) The Student's Association should no longer provide the Chaplain's with a room specifically for their use in the Union Building.

Peter Wilson says that he is in no way intending to be anti-religious in moving these motions, but that the University chaplaincy should be on the same basis as other voluntary organisations and not have entrenched privileges. The chaplains' described their position as follows: Victoria University has never officially recognised the presence of chaplains on the campus (unlike the other five universities). It has, however, appreciated their presence and been happy to use them as counsellors. Long before an official Student Counselling Service was set up, students of all religious faiths and of none had been going to chaplains for counselling. The need for counselling, demonstrated by the amount actually done by chaplains, played a significant part in influencing the authorities to set up student welfare services in our universities.

Today, chaplains play two roles. They continue to serve the university community as a whole in a welfare role. Even though we now have excellent student counselling and student health services, many students still prefer to turn to a chaplain - even though fifty per cent of those consulting a chaplain have no active church allegiance. Problems that are dealt with include those of personal inadequacy, emotional disturbance, difficulties of relationship, academic difficulty, accommodation, sexual problems (including homosexual), depression, career confusion, lack of purpose in life, as well as the specifically religious.

Of value to the chaplains in performing this role is their field work: their visits to students in schools before they arrive at university, and their contacts with students in hostels and in their homes through which the troubled students can sometimes be put in touch with other people who can help him in his difficulty. The chaplains also work in close contact with the other members of the Welfare Services.

The second role of the chaplains is as ministers to the Christian members of the university. Not only do students seek them out in this capacity, staff at all levels - academic, administrative and domestic - value their presence also. Nevertheless the number of students alone who express an interest in religious activity by their response at enrolment is surprisingly large - about 1150 in the 1971 enrolment (1972 figures are not yet available, but they are certainly greater).

Despite the different circumstances of their appointment, the three chaplains work together as a united team to serve the university. Most of their activities are planned together at regular staff meetings, and each is available to any member of the university regardless of his religious affiliation.

Chaplains came to Victoria because students and staff wanted them there. They will remain as long as there is a sufficiently large number who make use of them either in their general welfare role or specifically as Christian ministers. The fact that the need for chaplains continues to

that in response to requests the team of chaplains has grown from one in the nineteen forties to three full-time chaplains in the seventies indicates that the need for chaplains continues to grow as the university expands.



N.Z.U.S.A. ~ STUDENT  
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CLOSING DATE — 3rd APRIL

# BURNING BRIDGES

by PETER GILES

Marshall's prissy parade of tired phrases on March 7 was a final rejection of principle and common sense. The essence of the statement - support for sporting contact with South Africa - was as predictable as the well worn clichés used to convey it. It was never really in doubt that a pragmatic Government, otherwise lacking in direction, would fox-trot after public opinion as fast as its rheumy joints would allow. What was surprising however, was the Prime Minister's clumsy dismissal of the United Nations. During the course of the "Gallery" interview he indicated that there were some decisions and opinions of the United Nations with which the Government did not agree. The implication was clear - where New Zealand disagreed, New Zealand, in all its wisdom, would not be bound. So much for the United Nations; so much for New Zealand's international standing; so much for New Zealand. Insensitivity is now policy.

Marshall's revamping of the time honoured bridge formula gave rise to more important questions than whether or not he is capable of originality. He made no mention of the reaction of South African sportsmen to the cancellation of various tours. He failed to deal with the argument that much water has flowed beneath the first bridge to no effect, and he refused to acknowledge that world opinion has struggled out of the century that moulded his mind. Instead he dealt with irrelevancies - receptions given to communists (invited, as Kirk pointed out, by the Government), New Zealand's liberal tradition, and so on. The rationale that lurked behind these banalities was always plain - the Government's reading of public opinion. Even here, however, Marshall's reasoning may have been at fault. Successful political handling of the South African question depends on an understanding of two factors - factors which have created a schism as much within New Zealanders as between them. The first is a myth - the myth of racial equality in New Zealand. Since the myth is deemed one worthy of upholding it is defended tenaciously and upheld at every opportunity. The second is a certain sympathy felt by one frontier society for the members of another who have the misfortune to be outnumbered by the buggers. One early result of these opposing notions was a pattern of public statements asserting on the one hand support for the principle of racial equality (as practised in New Zealand) while on the other recognising that white South Africa had a peculiar set of problems (numerical inferiority) not easily solved. Thanks largely to the efforts of HART and CARE, however, this last rationalisation has become less convincing - though the sympathy remains it must be manifested less overtly, lest the contradiction be exposed. This is where sport comes in. The Boks can be beaten while being extended the sympathy that devolves from association (It is perhaps ironic that anti-South Africa feeling in New Zealand was as its height fifteen or so years ago when this country received a visit from a particularly notorious party of Springboks). To ensure that this satisfying resolution remain in existence, care has been taken to sanitise sport of racial undertones. Consequently sport and politics don't mix. The Prime Minister could have satisfied both elements of the split New Zealand psyche by adhering to this principle; by (after stressing the Government's disapproval of apartheid) asserting the Government's belief that sporting bodies should be



"I've heard of the United Nations, Bwana Philip, but this current bunch of niggers is ridiculous."

left free to make their own decisions. To go further, to approve of sporting contact with South Africa, amounted to an ill considered attempt to curry public favour. An understandable by-product of the democratic principle is that the public expects its Government to manifest a degree of high principle - Marshall brought his Government down to the people. In the event Kirk, has been able to slip into the middle ground of non-interference combined with a moral stance.

Thus, in addition to indicating extreme insularity and narrowness of vision, Marshall's statement has compounded the general unease. The bridge building concept is demonstrably over optimistic. Witness the delighted reaction of representatives of the South African Government. And the public, for all its outward acceptances, mistrusts those who make overly optimistic statements. Many may wonder about the bridges that never were: the bridge to Communist China; the bridge to Nazi Germany. There is furthermore, an element of tragic comedy in the vision of a busy little nation of bridge-builders stolidly ignoring the outside world, forging a segregated plank for white supremacists to tread their way to a spurious respectability.

Press reaction was all that could have been expected given that the press is responsible for the extraor-

ary insularity which typifies New Zealanders. The Evening Post carried Marshall's statement on page one. The next night hostile reaction was carried on page three; the story occupying the space claimed by Marshall the night before concerning the transportation of a clutch of bulls to Somes Island, the exercise coyly code-named "Operation Bullship". In its editorial comment the 'Evening Post' acknowledged that Marshall was guilty of cliché but urged its readers not to let that fact mask the sound common sense inherent in the statement. The 'Dominion' weighed in with a fatuous editorial before leaving it to Germaine Greer to castigate New Zealanders for not putting their own houses in order before criticising South Africa - a strange performance from one who confessed to incomplete liberation while preaching liberation to others.

On all sides the prospects are rather grim. In an international context New Zealand is now firmly aligned with South Africa and its supporters. The country is more firmly divided than ever; and, worst of all, New Zealand is continuing to allow a twentieth century slave system to go unchallenged. If Jerry Ruben is right and riots are parties, New Zealand is set up for a big stir next year. Marshall will be able to claim some responsibility for the bitterness that will constitute the Nation's hangover.

## Apartheid Conference

Although the passport of Paul Pretorius, President of the National Union of South African Students, was withdrawn so he could not attend the Apartheid Conference here next weekend, other featured speakers are well-qualified to discuss the theme of the Conference which is "to examine NZ's Relationship with Racism and Colonisation in South Africa."

These main speakers are Terry Bell, a South African journalist at present in NZ, interviewer Michael Deane of the B.B.C., Whetu Tirikatene-Sullivan, Dr Szuszkiewicz, the director for the U.N. Information Service for Australia, NZ and Fiji, and the President-General of the African National Congress Oliver Tambo. The National Union of South African Students is still trying to send a representative, though Paul Pretorius' experience indicates that the South African government "has no interest at all in the right of free speech or free discussion for South African citizens".

The Conference will be conducted both in plenary and group sessions and will centre in the Union Hall here at Victoria, beginning both Saturday and Sunday at 9am. It is being sponsored by the H.A.R.T., C.A.R.E., the Student Teachers Assoc. of NZ and N.Z.U.S.A.

The Conference discussion will orientate around the publication *Fight Apartheid - A Manual For Action* which is thrown in with the \$2 registration fee for students (\$4 for non-students), but copies can be bought at the studass office for 50c each. Discussion should result on the national and international planes.

If the conference goes off as well as it is planned to, (all it needs now is your attendance) the anti-apartheid movement in this country will have gone a long way forwards co-ordinating its efforts into a closely knit fighting force.

On Friday night March 17th - 8.15 and 10pm Public showing of these movies clearly depicting the nature of apartheid-style oppression: *Behind the Lines*, *Twentieth Century Slavery* *The Dumping Grounds*.

The appearance of a swami on campus brought a response of somewhere over two hundred people on two successive nights to hear him talk on the Yoga Sutras of Patanjali. Patanjali was supposed to have taught over fifteen hundred years ago. By comparison, the visit of Germaine Greer caused the union hall to be packed, with the overflow clustered round speakers outside in the rain. And thereby hangs a tale.

Such is the nature of people that a woman who can use emotive and sometimes colourful language in talking about the inferior position of women in the world today can elicit a far greater number of willing listeners than can a man who talks about some of the most profound aphorisms that have been handed down to man today.

There was an unusual resemblance between the two bases of the talks, namely, that each was speaking to some extent about liberation. Dr. Greer is as I hardly need mention, concerned with the liberation of women whereas Swami Vekatesananda's toe lectures tackled the question of the liberation of the soul. One can, of course, contend that neither the soul nor women are in any form of bondage, so that one can listen good-humouredly to both, and be none the wiser.

Perhaps a sad reflection on the kind of education that is presented at university is in its concentration upon the physical material world, and its scant regard for anything beyond.

Those who might have considered that the Swami's lectures would be "out of this world"

## SMELL!

would have been mistaken. He dealt at some length with the problem of knowledge, what it is, what kinds there are more in the form of questions than statements - such as "what is right knowledge or wrong knowledge, how do we know that we know anything, what is it that knows or does not know that we know anything" Questions like these one hopes, interest students other than those doing philosophy, and possibly psychology.

Since Patanjali's Sutras deal with the struggle of the soul towards liberation (God?), the Swami had the following comments to make: "If I understand what God is, with what do I understand what God is?..Do I know what God is, or do I think I know what God is?..The world outside is a mere construction of my own thoughts. Yoga, is a technique of finding an instrument other than God to understand God."

Yoga, in its fullest sense of meaning and interpretation, is far more than just a series of physical exercises that twist and contort the body into a number of spine-stretching positions. It is a serious task of introspection and self-analysis that requires much dedication and effort. Maybe that's why people take no more than a passing interest in it - it's too much like hard work.

# EIGHT~LETTER WORD LOVE!



*Come Janet. Come John. Let's join the others down at the police station.*

*Shall we shout with the others? What shall we shout, John? Let's shout bulldust and bullship and bull.... and flup and fluck and phuzz and .....*

*"Bulldust!" "Bull....!" "Flupp!" "Fluck!" Shout louder, John. Shout louder Janet.*

*Look Janet there is a policeman. Look John there are twenty policemen*

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# Right On Billy Bunter!

The Little Red School Book - Reviewed by  
Giles Brooker.

Well, we've got another great money-spinner from Alister Taylor, publisher of profitable radical tracts. Following close on the heels of the very popular *Bullshit and Jellybeans* (\$2.95 soft cover but glossy pages - at your friendly neighbourhood bookseller now) in which Tim Shadbolt attempted to "justify the ways of God to men," we now have *The Little Red Schoolbook* by two Danes, Soren Hansen and Jasper Jensen, which sets out to show "why adults are paper tigers" who can never control children completely. Most of the book however tries to suggest ways of improving the environment imposed on children by adults, be they real or only paper tigers. Despite the obvious literary/political allusions in the title, the course suggested for students to follow is not particularly militant, except as a last resort, and much good could come from the great interest which the book has raised. At a price of \$1.50 however, one wonders if kids should really have to pay so much for their liberation, and if Mr Taylor and associates are really more interested in the market which is worried what the kids are going to do next, and will pay to have it all laid before them.

The Schoolbook is a series of statements divided into sections on the various elements of the educational system e.g. Learning, Teachers, Students, The System, not forgetting the notorious sections on Drugs and Sex which can at least assure enough claims of scandal to encourage further sales. Both however are quite straightforward discussions of topics which are frequently ignored in schools by a system which is scared of ever putting anyone in embarrassing situations. Which brings us to the problem of the language which is no real problem at all when it is realised that the majority of people who are "so offended" by the use of fuck are just as offended to hear about "sexual intercourse" in public. It is the subject not the terms used in the discussion which upsets them. It is necessary for such subjects to be discussed and the language of the people seems to be clearest for this.

The Drug section is well balanced and gives a lot of weight to arguments against starting or continuing to smoke nicotine and continues through alcohol and all the other drugs with foreseeable comments. The main advantage is in placing nicotine and alcohol in a truer perspective.

Both these sections are useful to students. However they are just two of the innovations that are needed in schools, and their position in the middle of an explanation of how these innovations can be best achieved is slightly diverting. It seems quite possible that these sections may cause the book to be banned or censored.

which would be a shame, but we've got to have freedom of speech, haven't we? (Anyway it makes for a few more sales.)

Much of the information and advice given in the schoolbook is quite sane and useful, however many of the attitudes are often simplistic. The writers/adaptors make generalisations about teachers and then attempt to tone these down by prefixing them with the word "many" however not enough weight is given to praising the efforts of the many teachers who really are trying to do good things. Students need to be given examples of good teachers so they can recognise good qualities when they are present.

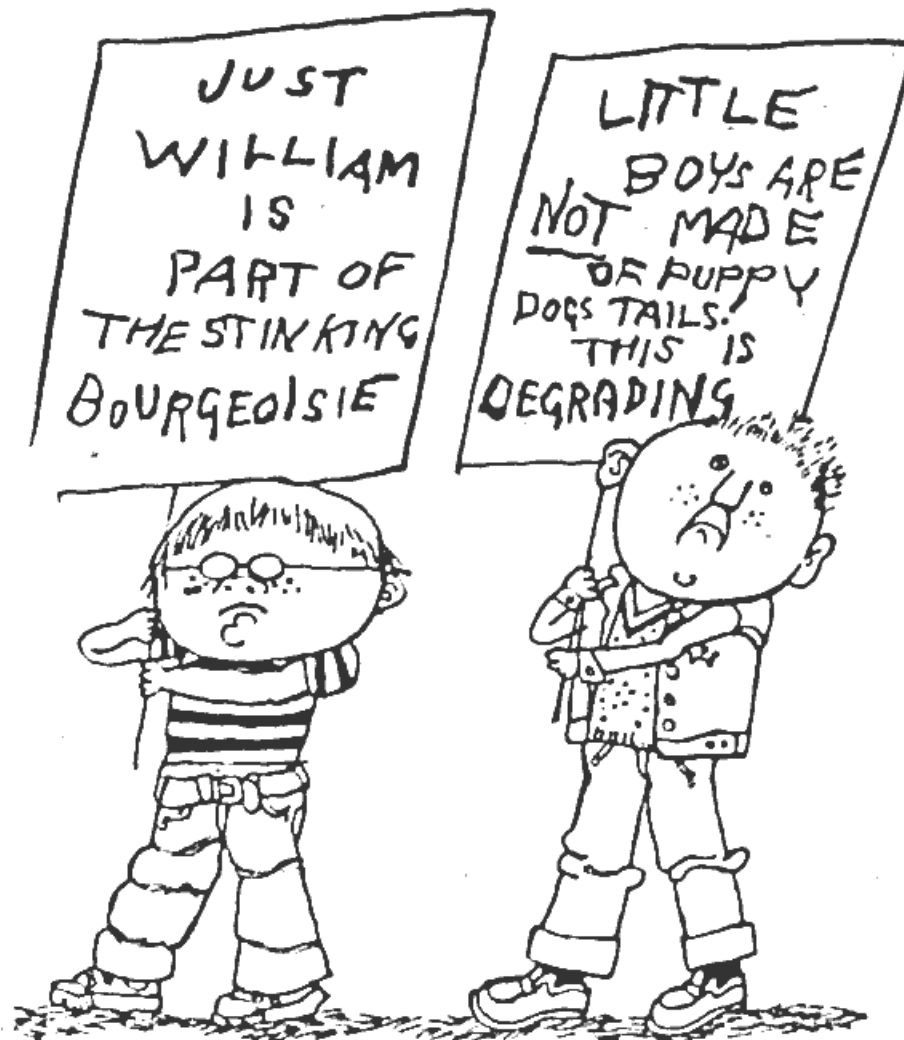
It is often forgotten that a teacher is prevented from making improvements because of the system and the lack of reasonable finance. Given that all students are individuals, it is extremely difficult to keep 30 of them interested from 9.00am to 3.30 every day, and the teacher should not be condemned out of hand if he sometimes fails to attract everybody's attention.

Perhaps the most interesting and useful comments come in the advice on how to have influence:

"to have influence it's important to remember... That's it's easier to influence someone if you like them and they like you.  
That the most influential thing you can do is to be honest (and tactful)  
That you need to know the person you want to influence - and to understand why he does what he does.  
That a person who's frightened is hard to influence: he often gets angry so as to hide his fear.  
That it's best to bring out disagreements into the open if everybody knows they exist.  
That discussing and sorting out disagreements is a good way of learning more about each other. It also helps clear the air.  
That if words fail, you can try positive action.

This is good advice for budding student activists etc at university also.

Secondary students are questioning their education with much greater urgency today, and are seriously consider-



ing the priorities which are given by an elder generation for their education. If this book causes a few more minds to start wondering it will do some good. It might even be an excuse for a bit more "communication", that golden word. Basically, *The Little Red Schoolbook* seems to be following, if not even taking advantage of, the trend for much greater awareness and more questioning attitudes in schools, but if it is used well there could be many advantages.

To try and keep the book from the kids would be very dangerous and would just polarize everybody. Accepting the fact that kids already know most of what is in the book, and talking with them about it, may open the way to improved schools, both for the students and the teachers. It is important that the kids are presented with the teacher's viewpoint so that they can have another point of view to compare with that given in the schoolbook. It is by comparing different attitudes that the kids can work out the best answers to their questions.

The Schoolbook is obviously well worth looking at for all students, even at university, but I still feel that an effort could have been made to provide the same information in a cheaper way.

It would be very interesting to know what royalties Hansen and Jensen (or is it Jensen and Hansen) asked for the copyright. Until we know, I'd suggest that everyone take a hint from Abi Hoffman and Steal this Book!

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# drama

## THEATRE ACTION.

"...mime is a physical approach to theatre...giving the audience the physical experience...it's much bigger than just a white face and movement." Francis Batten. Theatre Action offer examples of two styles of mime group theatre during their present season at Downstage the two items in the first half are concerned with 'basic' drama, utilising masks— "...you discover a mask...identify yourself with it...then put two masks together, work through improvisation, build a shape...two masks and an object are rich in possibilities." The 'factor' then tries to express the character of his mask through movement, and reaction to the other masks. The object(s), such as chairs, a cushion, a milk shake mixer, a newspaper provide the spur for action usually competitive. The object's shape, feel and sound when used in different ways is added to the mask characterisations. It's like watching a cartoon strip— highly enjoyable, and humorous, but, one is constantly aware that it's all a game, albeit a clever and creative game played with 'masks' and their self-imposed illusions about the nature of the 'objects', and thus their use. I was ready for both items to finish well before they did, although they both have hilarious moments instance the mounting frustration of the human being beset with three invisible masks, and their bewildering play with 'his' objects, a fine visual joke for the audience), and both arouse interesting ideas.

'Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight' is an example of "illusionistic mime...the body becomes different things" (a round table, a hunted bird, the seasons, beside characters). To get its audience over the credibility gap, the mimes here needed to be a lot tighter than they were. It was very difficult at times to work out just what was being represented, and the piece required some distracting working out of all the fussy details. It also had the atmosphere—that jolly enthusiasm— of the Drama Quartet and of most theatre produced for children. A pretty piece at times, but the group seemed to feel more at home behind the masks put on for the first half.

Unfortunately, the promise of a more group-orientated improvisational and professional approach to theatre, and Francis Batten's comments after the performance were not reflected in the quality of the mimes. Perhaps one expected too much; we still retain that unwholesome awe for the repatriated artist; our idea of mime largely shaped by the delicate, almost campy, and highly egoistical approach of Marcel Marceau. However, despite their lack of finesse, and the urgent need for more precision in their movements, the members of the group have reserve energy and vivacity, which makes the evening (and welcome discussion afterwards) delightful experience. It's a far more creative style of theatre than the usual unhappy confrontation between script and actors, or the cozy, undemanding, Downstage styles.

Cathy Wylie



## Preview of THE BAND ROTUNDA by JAMES K BAXTER

Five years ago, James K Baxter as Burn's Fellow and NZ's preeminent poet, had his first play produced in the Globe Theatre, Dunedin. "The Band Rotunda's" main characters are drunks; its main action the poetic unfolding of "life at the bottom".

In the play, Baxter's concern for the plight of man is left to the actor to interpret. Since then, Hemi has taken this concern to Jerusalem and beyond, exposing the sentimental illusions and inadequate notions of law, order, justice and reason that leaves Grady bereft and Jock dead.

Concrete Grady and Jock share their fish and chips and their bottle, but this is their total communication in the play. Theirs is a bleak, lonely world. Defeated by the arrogance of our systems, beyond the reach even of the Salvation Army, those at the bottom sit and wait for their doom to overtake them. This lack of compassion from a more fortunate level, this lack of sunshine that Baxter wrote about then, Hemi is trying to alleviate now.

With his ear for rhythm is the spoken line, Baxter makes poetry of the metaphors latent in ordinary speech. "Get up, mate. Rise and shine !... To a bright beginning!" assumes a certain poetry, seen through a meths bottle from a park bench in the dawn. The characters range of communication, though limited, is genuine; their forms of language, though violent, are intended to express a bleak, truncated poetry. Their central problem is, as for us, the incommunicable weight of life itself.

Bill Julliff produces the play. Its season is from March 17th - April 1st, including Good Friday. At Unity Theatre.

## THE BACH CHOIR

This choir, which is composed of university-oriented young people, has recommenced auditions and rehearsals for 1972. New members are welcome to attend the weekly practices which are held each Monday at 6pm in the Music room, Top Floor, Hunter Building. Works in preparation this year include Zadok the Priest by G.F. Handel and the Mozart Coronation Mass.

In the few years this choir has been together it has gained a reputation for sensitive and authentic performances. Its present conductor Dr. John Hawley, has extensive experience in choral work in N.Z. and in Britain.

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# films

## THE FRENCH CONNECTION

Reviewed by Rex Benson.

This stylish thriller has topical and 'shocking' connotations with its heavy emphasis on the illicit 'drug' world. The film is also supposed to gain something by the publicity proclaiming it a True Story. However, the sensational subject does not give the film an undue advantage, and it is neither more nor less interesting because of its real-life origins. Basically a thriller, and adhering to many of the conventions of the genre, it is unusual primarily because of its excellence.

First a couple of comments which may not be brickbats as much as reflections on a developing trend. In common with some other recent films, *The French Connection* has a certain obtuseness in the manner in which the narrative unfolds. Bluntly - unless the viewer is abnormally sharp or blessed with precognition, it may take half an hour or more before he gets a firm grip on what is actually happening on the screen. (*Get Harper* is an even more extreme example) This elliptical style of presentation may have its point in films where the singular purpose is to mystify the audience, but in others where the plot is as important as the pyrotechnics, the method may turn out to be self-defeating. The other point concerns the dialogue. Where this is mod, blurred, confused, hesitant, intermingled, it may be necessary in some cases to provide sub-titles for 'foreign' audiences.

The joys of this film are in its relentless pace and bravura acting, topped off with some very tasty lashings of violence. These factors mould perfectly, and with the location settings, lend a nitty-gritty realism to the proceedings. I don't think I have ever seen New York looking so seamy, except perhaps in *Midnight Cowboy*. Certainly the scenes in the lower tenement areas contrast with the drawing room settings of the criminal conferences. Such 'human diversions' as there are (Popeye's unlikely seduction comes to mind) do not detract from the momentum, as they are of sufficient intrinsic interest to preempt the reaction 'get on with it' (accompanied by a stifled yawn).

The machinations of the plot must be convincing in themselves, and no plea can be entered on their behalf that the incidents portrayed actually took place. In this respect I have one or two quibbles. The reconstruction of the car, for example, grated a trifle, with all due respect to the N.Y.P.D. And I am still chary about accept-



ing at face value the proposition that wild foot chases can take place openly in the streets without a flicker of reaction from those loitering in the vicinity, even though I am led to believe that this is actually the case. The car chase on the other hand is so exciting that the 'suspension of disbelief' is total. The denouement at the station with the quarry battered and the pursuer exhausted is entirely convincing, in contrast to the usual (and convenient) conclusion where one or more of the vehicles involved ends up in the drink.

Director William Friedkin has managed his latest offering extremely well. Only occasionally is there a hint of instability in his control of actor and camera, the odd

uneasy moment when the shots seem casual, almost off-hand, but these are generally carried along by the vitality of the action. Gene Hackman as Popeye gives a fine performance, with perhaps just a trace of burlesque now and then. Oddly enough, the lapse into blatant mugging does not seem out of place in the context of the character. His compatriot Roy Scheider is the strong, silent type with momentary flashes of extroversion, the perfect foil to Hackman's agitated antics. The rest of the cast is as excellent, with the French actors wearing their trans-Atlantic transposition particularly well. A catalogue of good and bad points does not, however, seem relevant when one is actually watching the film, which is an unpretentious, gripping, and very satisfying piece of work.



Murray Head, Glenda Jackson in 'Sunday, Bloody Sunday'

## SUNDAY B\*\*\*\*\* SUNDAY

Reviewed by Simon Arnold.

In the golden age of Hollywood all a director needed was a possessive insecure wife, a shifty and uncertain husband, and a lusty but conventional mistress, and by working out the contradictions in the characters, he could spin out a good B grade movie. But as the ads for Sunday B\*\*\*\*\* Sunday have it, that's adolescent stuff. Adult movie directors (John Schlesinger) take possessive, insecure divorcees (Glenda Jackson), artistic and uncertain bisexuals (Murray Head) and conventional homosexual Doctors (Peter Finch), and with the added complexity coupled with excellent unobtrusive acting creates a more well out of the B grade class. But all good things must come to an end, and that's what Sunday B\*\*\*\*\* Sunday fails to do. The movie builds up until Rob, the artist finally leaves for America leaving Alex, (the divorcee) and Daniel, the doctor, to wallow their way through about 15 minutes of chance meetings and self-analysis, culminating in Daniel philosophising to the camera, before the Director remembers to slip in the credits. And that's the end that remains. There is no sympathy for the characters, no sense of frustration with their problems, not even a feeling of being let down by Rob's natural, yet unsatisfying retreat from the situation. - just boredom.

If you don't enjoy going to sleep this film could be the answer.

## —record—

FIELDS

Reviewed by Phillip Alley.

CBS.

If you remember Rare Bird and their million seller *Sympathy* the name of organist Graham Field will be familiar. Their music used is powerfully slow organ work, something that disappeared when Procol Harum stopped producing. Now Field has formed a new group with a couple of excellent musicians. The format is pretty much the same as in Rare Bird, though there are some interesting new fields touched upon - possibly that's the significance of the title.

Something about the new group, Fields: guitar/bassist is Alan Barry, who has worked with Pete and Mike Giles (ex King Crimson) and recently played lead guitar on the first solo album by Gordon Haskell (also ex King Crimson). Barry wrote three of the songs for this album, and is the lead vocalist. Andrew McCulloch is the drummer. He played on King Crimson's *Lizard* album and previously worked with Manfred Mann, Arthur Brown and Greg Lake.

The pattern is obvious - Graham Field has selected musicians that are primarily concerned with the blend than with the breaks, so that the listener is conscious of a group rather than three individuals. And yet there are quite extended moments in which the contribution of each is discernible even when the overriding impression

is of unity. Farcically, an example here, is the track entitled *Three Minstrels* which has the feel of an old English folk tune.

Getting back to Procol Harum: though Fields have their strength, the music does not sound dated. A major factor contributing to this is the sensitive use of electronic effects and distortions. There are so many instances of rock musicians who have wrecked their music by over-indulgence in this sort of gimmickry. No one can control feedback as well as Hendrix could. On this album there is a pleasant amount of subtlety - overstatement is not used where a hint will do.

But why become concerned with the trimmings? The songs here are so beautiful - not one bummer among them. And yet there is no dragging sameness. Between two bigger, harder tracks there is a little jewel entitled *Fair Haired Lady*. Alan Barry sings his own song here, backed with just classical guitar and double-tracked clarinet.

Sometimes fragile, sometimes overpowering, the beauty of this album is lasting. It has a spectacular cover to match. I feel that this group has a stability that derives from their unity - Emerson, Lake and Palmer may follow the even path of the supergroups, but Fields stand to survive longer.



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Where Are You?

If you exist there are a number of bods who are interested in joining the club and have a bash at getting into tournament.

I am fast becoming pissed off at the lack of copy from the majority of sports clubs around here. With over 30 sports clubs you wouldn't think it would be too difficult to get enough copy out of them each week instead of reducing me to writing crap like this.

My Lord High Editor is starting to make rumbling noises about the same clubs contributing all the time and that it might be a good time to close down the sports page anyway. A lot of

people probably agree with him so if I am to stave off redundancy I must have copy and photos.

Summer clubs should be contributing at the moment, clubs such as swimming, cricket, yatching or is it to be assumed that most summer clubs are defunct? Pull your fingers out.

## Rugby

The wisdom of commencing Rugby Trials early in March was stressed when apart from 20 minutes of Junior Trials, the programme on Saturday, 4 March was cancelled owing to weather conditions.

The attendance was poor and it must be remembered that the competition will start in four Saturdays time. Organised pre-season training is held at the Boyd-Wilson field each Monday, Wednesday and Thursday throughout March - so Use these sessions to run off accumulated lethargy!

The brief spell of Junior trials did have encouraging aspects - Peter Howman showed that his reputation as a strong-running attacking winger is justified. Last year's front row from New Plymouth Boys' High School 1st XV (Bruce McAllum, Barry Price and Alan Ormrod) will prove formidable opposition to other club sides.

Some of the Senior trialists indulged in a not too social game of "touch-rugby". Mick Bremner must surely take satisfaction from two of the clubs' recruits - Rick Green and Alex Mathieson, formerly of Canterbury.

Most of last year's Senior 1st squad should be available this season although aspirants for inclusion in the 1972 side will have every opportunity to show their abilities in forthcoming trials.

In selecting the Senior 2nd Squad, Derek Barton's main problem would be who to omit. It is most interesting that so many members of last year's talented Junior 1st team are to be trialists for the Clubs' 2nd XV;

From the Club's viewpoint it is satisfying to learn that many players from the 1971 Under 19 teams will be trialists - 10 members of the 1971 A side were selected to play for Wellington and, in addition, the team was the top side in its Division. The B side overcame difficulties with outstanding team spirit in 1971 and players from this team are certain to press their claims vigorously.

Team spirit is a vital element in any side's record and, because of this rumours regarding non-availability of certain Junior 2nd players of 1971 are disappointing. No rugby club, particularly University, can afford to lose footballers who win their grade by talent and team spirit in the manner of last year's "J.2's".

Ian Dunn

## Motor Bikes

The Club will be holding a pub evening every Friday night after 7pm in the Public Bar of the Grand. So come along and look for a group of greasy longhairs rapping on about bikes and various other things.

Every second Sunday, (the 1st was on 12th March) the club will hold a run to various places in the bottom of the North Island. We will meet at 10am. at the Cenotaph. The destinations will hopefully be decided beforehand but if not then we'll all work it out before you leave. Don't forget this will be a permanent fixture and will be cancelled only due to fire, flood, plague or earthquake.

The Hutt Valley Motorcycle Club will be needing as many people as possible to help out as marshalls for the Motorcycle Grand Prix at Gracefield on Sunday 19th March. If anyone wants to do a bit of flag waving etc., with a free white coat thrown in and a close-up view of the racing then please contact Gerard Dobson, 889-178 or Peter Craven, 2685003 as soon as possible.

Anybody wanting to use the club garage and/or tools, or borrow the club scrambler please ring Don McIlroy,

767-102. These facilities are available to all financial club members so please make the most of them.

## From the Gym

INTRAMURAL GAMES have started with great enthusiasm skill and organisation. First round results;

BADMINTON (Played on Monday).  
Maths beat Chemistry.  
Staff beat Geography.  
English beat History.  
Physics beat Education.  
SOCCER (Wednesday).  
Law beat Physics 3/2  
Staff beat Chemistry 6/4  
Economics beat Maths 9/4  
Geography knuckled English 15/3.

History drew with Education 3/3.  
BASKETBALL (Thursday).  
Staff beat Physics 38/4  
Economics beat Chemistry 38/18  
Education beat Rudman house 32/20.  
History beat Geography 35/10.

All classes started this week so check the published timetable if you intend to join a class and also to make sure the gym is free if you want a game of badminton. NOW is the time to set up your exercise programme for the year. Ask a member of the Physical Welfare Staff about Yoga, personal fitness, fitness training, dance, trampoline or Dr. Greer.

PEOPLE'S COURT  
Outside Magistrate's Court  
10 a.m. Friday 17th March.

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old telephones an old typewriter, babies gear (toys?) etc.  
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ILLUSTRATED PUBLIC  
LECTURE

Michael Smither. Monday March 20, 8pm. Check the 'Evening Post' on Saturday for details.

PUBLIC LECTURE

Professor Dietrich Ritschl "Present Trends in Continental Theology", LB2.8.15 pm Thursday, March 16.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

For the next three issues Salient will take classified ads FREE OF CHARGE.

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