DOWNTOWN

A community newspaper published by the magazine section of the Wellington Polytechnic journalism course for the Inner City Ministry.

Motorway Stopped In Its Tracks



The motorway is grinding to a halt.

As present contracts are completed, work on the project will be suspended indefinitely.

No new contracts will be let until after a Government finance committee meets in 1976 -- and Downtown's informant says there is little chance of Government approval for further work to be started at that time.

This means that the motorway could end when work is completed on the Ghuznee and Vivian Street underpass.

By then the project will have cost more than \$30 mill-ion -- far in excess of the original estimate.

But official confirmation of the "death of the motorway" is not likely to be issued now -- or in the future.

Our informant says that the Government, Ministry of Works and other authorities will try to smother information on their plans under a cloud of silence.

\$20 MILLION FACE LIFT

More than \$20 million is to be spent by property developers in the city centre over the next five years.

A senior member of an architectural and construct-ion engineering group has told "Downtown" that his firm already holds more than \$10 million worth of contracts.

And new contracts are being negotiated every week.

Areas where major development is scheduled include the Te Aro flat and sections of the Terrace.

Many of the projects
are being kept under wraps
at present -- because
developers fear a mammoth
rise in site values if plans
are revealed.

On the drawing board, but as yet un-announced, are the plans of a group which seeks to completely rebuild the Terrace from the N.A.C. centre to the new Reserve Bank building on the Bowen Street corner.

It is understood this complex will include offices, professional suites and a self-contained shopping arcade.

Also included in the plans are covered pedestrian walkways, landscaped "city garden" and rest areas.

Further up the Terrace a number of potential developers have been exploring the purchase of run-down housing to make way for either office blocks or high-rise residential units.

Five years ago a private survey of office space in the central city area showed that space was at a premium.

An upsurge in the provision of prestige offices followed publication of the survey results -- but many of these remain unoccupied.

A senior City Council
official has said that the
"need today is for mediumpriced offices with room
for expansion." Cont. on Page 2

Downtown Profile



Thomas Lawrance came to New Zealand in the days of cobbled streets and horsedrawn carriages, when tales of sailing to the colonies to make a fortune were just as commonly told as they were uncommonly true.

He arrived in Auckland as a ship's fireman earning f15 a month. New Zealand appealed to him and he severed ties with his native England without any pangs of homesickness. Soon after, he married and settled in Wellington.

A frequent visitor to the Pensioners Day Cottage in Brooklyn Road, Mr Lawrance's 91 years have left him with some vivid memories.

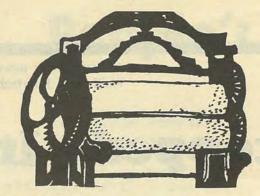
Perhaps Mr Lawrance owes his long lease of life to a history of physical effort. As ship's fireman he worked in hot and confined conditions, continually feeding 40 boilers with coal. As a docker on the Wellington wharves he worked for 1/6d an hour, loading and discharging heavy crates and bales of wool. Today he smiles and thinks of the comparative comfort of the dockers, with their cranes and machinery muscles.

He remembers the outbreak of World War One in New Zealand. "We didn't know what it was all about," he said. "There was no patriotism. People saw signing up as a cheap way to go to another country."

Personally, he believes that war is nothing but "legalised murder" where "people are thinking only of their privileges and how they can keep them". A seaman, he was exempt from the second world war.

Mr Lawrance has watched Wellington grow from a single-storied town to a multi-storied city, and has rejoiced with the rest of the world at man's first step on the moon. Yet he thinks that it is people that have changed most in his lifetime. He still remembers the segregation of sexes at his school, where the boys were confined to one floor and the girls to another.

Round



THE MANGLE

Graced with an old-fashioned name, The Mangle is a bright and new laundromat at 295-299 Willis Street.

The Mangle caters well for waiting customers. TV, magazines and small games provide entertainment during the 45 minutes the laundry process takes. It also has incorporated a drycleaning centre.

Since the Mangle opened in December it has been spiced with unusual events.

The tale is told of how one night a man, obviously inebriated, walked into the laundry, took off his clothes, stuffed them in the washer, started the cycle and sat down to wait.

LISA'S SHOP

Lisa's Toy Shop is
the only one of its kind
in the Upper Willis Street
area. The relaxing atmosphere doesn't make the
customers, mostly children,
feel they "mustn't touch."

All kinds of home-made playthings line the shelves, some made by intellectually handicapped children. They are constructive, durable, and keep the child's interest longer than mass-produced toys.

Lisa plans to extend her shop to a basement where children can come and play and make toys.

People interested in making toys of any kind can find a market for them in Lisa's Toy Shop, 154 Willis Street. THE RESISTANCE BOOK SHOP

The expected posters, underground magazines and books are there at 154 Willis Street. After talking to Lloyd Weeber, a co-manager, it was apparent that this is not a "shop" in the conventional sense.

Resistance people are involved in helping students who arrive in Wellington with nowhere to go. They help them with accommodation, jobs, and are involved with local protest movements and demonstrations.

\$20 MILLION FACELIFT (CONT.)

The Council is also encouraging the development of high-rise residential buildings which, according to the chairman of the town-planning committee, Cr. E.M.C. Fowler, "are vital in curtailing the urban sprawl on the outer borders of the city".

It is to these areas that young couples move to buy homes -- because of the lower initial cost -- but many of them would prefer to live nearer to the city and their place of work.

In an attempt to encourage this type of building the Council is often prepared to waive some of its more stringent by-laws -- particularly those pertaining to the provision of parking facilities.

The Te Aro flat, which is already being developed, is to be the site of a "World Trade Centre" later this year.

Opening for the centre, on the corner of Sturdee and Cuba Streets, is scheduled for mid-year.

This complex, being developed by the Cornish group of Lamphouse companies,

seeks to provide all the necessary facilities for international trading under one roof.

Another project in the area scheduled for early completion, is a \$53,000 commercial centre of the Public Service Investment Society. Included in its plans are a showroom, warehouse and office space.

The Te Aro area is another section of the city
centre which is still predominantly occupied by
decadent, residential properties perched on small
sections.

Developers are seeking to amalgamate these small titles to utilise land which is now largely zoned commercial and light industrial.

The commercial success of the Cuba Street Shopping Mall has made it apparent that the area lying between Upper Cuba Street, Upper Willis Street and beyond Ghuznee Street, is ready for re-building and interest in the area is already shown by substantial rises in property values.



Historic Homes Face Decay Or Destruction

Historic cottages in FootscrayRoad, built by Wellington merchants in 1886, are now slowly becoming delapidated.

The present landlords have lost interest in the properties. Many of the tenants are elderly and live without hope in their decaying surroundings.

Why have the landlords lost interest? This has been the outcry. The land is destined to be used by

either the Education Board or the Motorway Development.

Therefore renovations seem to be a waste of money.

"We are living in a cloud of uncertainty." said one of the cottage's tenants. "At any moment we could be evicted."

And so the four cottages that hold so much of Wellington's history sit waiting for a decision on their future.

How white is the little white school book?

The Little White Book is an "anything you can do" reply to the Little Red School Book. Aimed at the younger generation, it attempts to put down every revolutionary idea the Little Red School Book inspires. Its weapon is religion.

Advocating "completely new standards" for society, the book deals with such subjects as abortion, adultery, venereal disease, school revolution, and the spirit world, but it treats every issue with a strong religious slant.

Obviously, the writers' intention is to get the Christian message across to young people, but the religious angle is seriously overplayed. Few people will want to read such an obvious "soul saving" publication, especially one that speaks of little more than repentance, hell, fire and brimstone.

However sincere the writers may have been, their book appears to be insincere and fails in its purpose.

Perhaps if the subjects were treated in a more objective manner - explaining the problems rather than merely labelling them "sin" and leaving them unexplained the book would have seen more success, and fewer people would read it tongue-in-cheek!

Censor's Slashing Provokes Demo

More than 30 young people demonstrated outside the Cinerama Theatre on a recent Friday night. Their protest: the fact that the British film 'Performance," screening at the theatre, had been cut by 17 minutes for local audiences.

The film censor cannot be blamed directly for
this extreme cutting, explained one of the demonstrators, film society
committee member Michael
Heath of Kelburn.

The censor had in fact originally banned the film, and his ban had been upheld by the Films Appeal Board.

But then the owners of the film had themselves removed 17 minutes, resubmitted what remained, and the censor had passed this without further cuts.

The Friday-night demonstrators sought to draw attention to the fact that the New Zealand version of 'Performance' was therefore 17 minutes shorter than the original version as shown in Pritain and the United States. It was also 15 minutes shorter than the 'Performance' being shown in Australia, where the censor cut only two minutes from the original version.

Film Society members are to the forefront in the current campaign against cutting films when they are restricted to adult audiences only.

Another demonstrator was Peter Herbert, a committee member of the Federation of Film Societies, which has led a deputation

to the Minister of Internal Affairs to submit the view that adult censorship should not be acceptable in New Zealand.

He explained that the Film Society view supports the system of classifying films as G,Y,A, or even restricting entry. But when entry is restricted to adults only, then film societies can see no reason for removing words or sequences as well.

Film societies themselves have been permitted
by the censor to show uncut films. It's perhaps
for this reason that the
Wellington Film Society,
which shows films for five
or six nights a month in
the Library Hall and the
Museum Theatre, has attracted a membership of
1500 this year.

Three



Taxi Belles

Women are breaking into the male preserve of taxi drivers. They are right behind the wheels.

Of the 151 drivers in Wellington, 26 are women, and the number is growing every year. Women drivers seem to feel that they are more suited to this job, than men. One woman driver said "I don't think it is a male profession anymore."

Women drivers seem to exercise more caution and diplomacy in talking with passengers. They too have problems, but solve them quite easily and without losing their head. Passengers generally prefer travelling in taxis driven by women. One driver in her forties said that driving fascinated her, and that is why she chose this job. "Being a housewife bores me," she claimed.

Most of the women have no regrets about climbing behind the wheel. Getting to know various types of people is an interesting part of the job. Passengers talk more openly and personally to women drivers than they do to men.

Only when confronted with hard cases do they call the police. But this is very rare, according to the women drivers interviewed.

Most of the men drivers feel that women are less prone to accidents and support the female presence on the taxi rank. However, a few males take a hard line and argue that women should not drive at all. An elderly taxi man believed women drivers are a menace and have as many accidents as men. His voice was loud and his language colourful.

Women taxi drivers are not forbidden by law to drive at night. But judging by their growing status in the taxi world, they will soon be taking to the road after dark.

Joseph's Dreamcoat

A modern rock opera -telling the story of Joseph
and the coat of many colours
-- will be staged by the
Drama Christi Studio Theatre
group during the school May
holidays at their Taranaki St.
studio.

"Joseph And the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat" was created by the same scriptwriting team which produced "Jesus Christ Superstar" and is in the same style.

Joseph is sold to slave traders by his 11 jealous brothers. He is taken to Egypt and the wife of his master tries to seduce him. He resists and is thrown into prison.

For five years Joseph remains there, without trial. He interprets other prisoners'

dreams until he gets the chance to explain Pharoah's dream about lean and fat cows. So impressed is Pharoah that he makes Joseph organiser of food supplies.

Meanwhile in Canaan the famine has struck Jacob and his family. So they travel to Egypt where the grain is being sold and happily find Joseph.

This classic story finds new life in the Drama Christi presentation.

Children 20°

Adults 40°

Date: Fri. 12, Sat. 13, May
- 6:00 p.m.
Sun. 14 May - 7:00 p.m.
Fri. 19, Sat. 20, May
- 6:00 p.m.
Sun. 21 May - 8:15 p.m.

HEAT-WAY STAR



Photo by courtesy of Evening Post

Colin Taylor, the first New Zealander home in the Heatway Rally, is a "seat-belt man", said his father Mr George Taylor. "Ever since he left the cradle he has wanted to be a good, careful driver."

And anyone who can dice with Andrew Cowan along unfamiliar country roads at 90 to 100 m.p.h. in his wife's car must be a good driver.

On one part of the rally there was a tight turn from a sealed road to gravel. Colin said he managed the turn but looked back to see Andrew Cohen overshoot the mark then do a hand-brake turn at 60 m.p.h.
"The stomes flew and so did the

crowd," he said.

During a night section of the rally, Colin sped to the top of a hill and found his headlight beams disappeared into space.
"I realised I was nearly over a 400 foot drop but somehow we managed to get the car back on the road."

Colin worked at a service station when he was eleven and by the age of 12 he could drive his father's car. He urges all young people interested in motor racing to join a car club.

For car rallying, Colin's advice is simple. "You have to have plenty of stamina and a power of money."

Bless them all.

They were all there last month. The long, the short and the tall. All there to remember those who did not come back.

Alone they stood, unidentified in a crowd.

But they were not alone. For them there were thoughts and memories going back more than quarter of a century.

In those long, lazy, hazy days of summer more than 25 years ago, home -- and death -- were far away.

The memories are far away, but they are vivid and clear.

In their minds they can still hear the voices of young men raised in song. The bawdy ballads of the barrackroom.

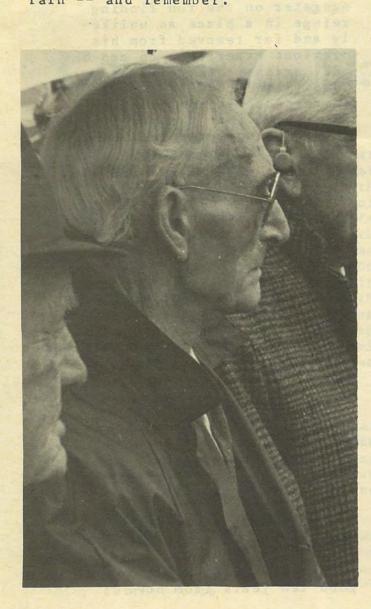
For them the rafters still ring.

But many, too many, of the voices they still hear have been stilled.

Some were drowned in the mud of Flanders. Some silenced in Crete, others just lost for ever in the shock of battle.

They must wonder why they went, why they came back and why the intervening years have not swallowed them up -- as they have swallowed so many others.

And they must wonder if, next year, they will be privileged to stand for an hour in the early morning rain -- and remember.



ANZAC DAY







downtown movies

Holiday Roundup

Children's holiday films tend to be a dispiriting mixture.

Chitty, Chitty, Bang Bang makes the inevitable reappearance, but this time there are several new films of real interest as well as one repeat that's worth following up.

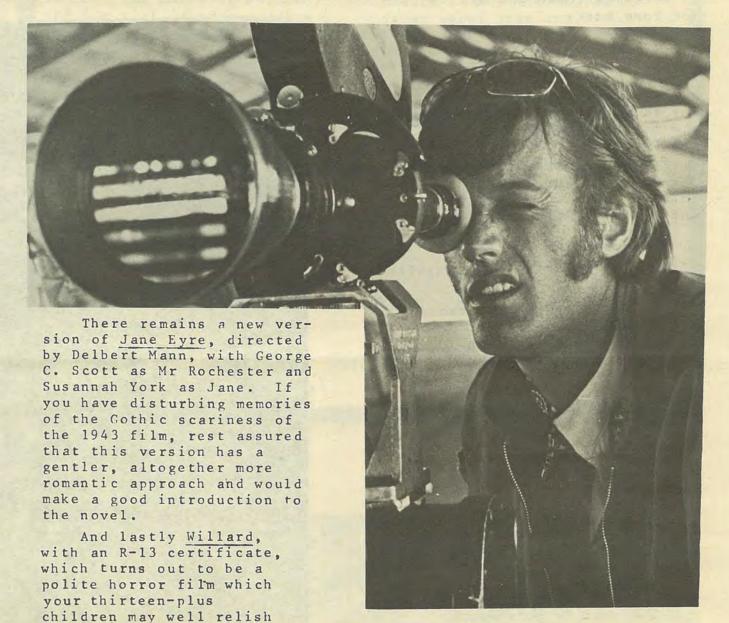
The star turn will probably be Reginald Mill's Tales
of Beatrix Potter, artfully
spun into a full-length ballet
by Frederick Ashton. Children
will recognise the characters
instantly, for the animal
masks are faithful renditions
of the Potter drawings, and
the animals live enchanting
lives in a real world of hills
and ditches and solid stone
walls.

Regretably, the two-tofour-year olds for whom these
Potter creatures are a part
of everyday life, will find
the ninety minute film too
long though they would love
Ashton's delectable Mrs TiggyWinkle and fall out of their
seats at the antics of the
tiny mice running riot in a
doll's house.

WILLIE WONKA AND THE
CHOCOLATE FACTORY is making
a second appearance in Wellington. This is one of those
rare fantasies that is sufficiently biting (thanks to
Roald Dahl's script from his
own novel) and hilariously
inventive to be enjoyed by
children and their parents.
The goodies are never sentimentalised and the baddies
are enjoyably awful while
the wildly bizarre machinery is worthy of Emett
himself.

Older children should head for BLUE WATER, WHITE DEATH which is an absolutely riveting account of the six months spent by photographer Peter Gimbel and colleagues searching the Indian Ocean off South Africa, Madagascar, Ceylon and Australia for the Great White Shark, "the best eating machine in the world." This is not so much a study of the creature, as a dramatic story of the search. It's very exciting and the photography is exceptional.

Sequels often look thin at the edges, and LIVING FREE is no exception. Joy Adamson's books have an honesty and lack of sentiment that has been brushed aside in this film. The animals look magnificent, but the characterisation and plot are embarrassingly phoney.



Medium Cool

but which may produce an

unwelcome shiver if rodents happen to be your

current problem.

Using his own footage of the 1968 Chicago riots, Haskell Wexler, a brilliant cameraman turned director, has made a very personal, often angry, and always questioning film. The theme is the reporter's moral responsibility toward the material he records. Not just personal responsibility (do I, the reporter, record this disaster for posterity or jump in there and try to rescue something from it?) but also collective responsibility (how far a news media intent on excitement, on recording violence, does itself produce and fan that violence).

What the film goes on to show us is the social and political education of one man. It doesn't all hang together, but there are some lovely moments. In a Chicago ghetto Robert meets a woman who has moved there from West Virginia with her young son. A quiet, groping scene follows where nothing much happens, but you can feel this man thinking his way into the woman's situation, you can see some kind of understanding and compassion taking root. This is what cinema is about: it works visually.

Performance

This film has the framework of a thriller. The opening is as fast, glittering and repellent as a James Bond. It's the old story of gangster on the run finding refuge in a place as unlikely and far removed from his previous experience as can be made artistically credible. Chas (James Fox) is a thug so respectable and glossily successful that the parallel between underworld and business techniques doesn't need the underlining it gets. He insinuates his way into the strange, silk-swathed house of mirrors belonging to a one-time pop idol (Mick Jagger). The film is about identity; about the performance we all give in our own lives. It questions who, and why, and what we are- it narrows the gap between male and female, between love and loathing, between living and dying.

The New Zealand distributors have lopped seventeen minutes from the film they received, but even before that, it had been re-edited for Warner Brothers.

Mutilated as it is,

Performance remains a film of
extraordinary beauty and interest that will still look
good ten years from now.

icm diary

Wesley Methodist

SUNDAY 21 MAY - WHITSUNDAY

10.00am. I.C.M. Commissioning Service

The Bishop of Wellington will license Mrs. Christina Gibb as a Parish Assistant.

This is the first time a Parish Assistant has been licensed to work in an ecumenical venture. Mrs.. Gibb works within the Inner City Ministry and is the first married woman to be licensed as a Parish Assistant.

At 7pm. the Ministers will conduct a Christian Education programme on the Charismatic Renewal. At the worship committee's request, some Sunday evenings are being devoted to contemporary movements within the Church.

St Peters Anglican

May 14. 11am.

A special broadcast entitled "That They All Be One" marks the week of prayer for Christian Unity through parable, preaching, and prayer.

In June the Parish will share in study and discuss-ion on the Plan for Union before voting in August.

Electoral Roll:-

Urgent! To ensure your vote on Church Union, see your name is on the electoral roll. Forms can be collected from church or mailed by writing to:

Mr. Frank Dawson 176 Aro Street

April 26 Annual General Meeting of Parishoners.

A new vestry was elected; Mr. Frank Dawson was elected as Peoples' Church Warden, and Mr. Brian Moffitt appointed as Vicar's Warden. The Parishoners also discussed alternatives to Sunday evening worship, and the need for a teenage group.

The organ rebuilding is now complete, except for pipes which have yet to arrive from England. An opening recital by Auckland's well-known organist John Wells, is planned.

Profile



"EVERYONE TALKS ABOUT THE WEATHER BUT NOBODY DOES ANYTHING ABOUT IT."

Mark Twain's words aren't true any more.

Ralph Pannett of Kent Terrace Presbyterian Church is an electronics engineer who designs, specifies and commissions instruments to measure the weather.

He has been granted a scholarship by the Confederation of British Industries to work for a year with an English firm that deals with advanced environmental measuring systems. He will also visit meteorological institutes in Europe and North America.

Ralph's work for Kent Terrace and the ICM will be greatly missed in the next 12 months.

Kent Tce Presbyterian

Kent Terrace is waiting for the five-yearly visitation of the parish by Wellington Presbytery. This "internal audit" is to review the life and activities of the parish by assessing the congregation's response of the city's needs. A fourman team, headed by Mr. Bruce Purdie of Wadestown, will meet with the congregation to hear their concerns, probably on Thursday 25 May. A working tea with the Parish Council is planned, followed by a fully representative congregational meeting.

An afternoon At Home for older members of the congregation is being planned by the Woman's Association for Tuesday May 30. Members who find it more difficult to get out now are invited to meet old friends.

The Worship Committee is working out a series for morning worship in June so that the congregation can be well-informed on the Church Union proposals.

Ample opportunity will be given for wide discussion.

Common Council

The University council has agreed to Bowen Street Nurses Home being used as a youth centre, but the Ministry of Works still has to come to the party.

Tim Dyce is heading up a brand new management committee for Youth Centre Activities. Other faces round the table include representatives from Youth Line, Youth Action, Young Christian Workers, Maori and Island Affairs and V.S.A.

Knocking heads together for ideas are the Family Life Education Council and reps from Social Security, Probation Service, City Council and N.S.A.D.D. The major idea to emerge was a suggestion for an Emergency Line for Parents. The youngsters have plenty of opportunities to seek advice, but what about Mum and Dad.

Presently studying a list of possible areas of activity in which they could assist I.C.M. are several Catholic Deaneries round the city. This follows a very profitable couple of hours spent with their representatives recently.

Another profitable couple hours in mid-April thrashed out the part to be played by Churches assisting the Education Department with introducing the new secondary school curriculum.

The Medical Association of New Zealand has agreed to help in the establishment of a Drug Referral Centre. This takes the plans drafted by Tina McPhail and Bob Scott last year a step further.

Seven

DOWNTOWN PERSONALITY



The custodian of the Wellington Polytechnic, Mr. Geoff Walker, a freeman of the City of London and former beadle to the Lord Mayor, is returning to England after an absence of 22 years.

Mr. Walker, the son of a police constable, was born in London 71 years ago. He attended Saint Stephens School in London and left at 14 years of age to occupy a position in a sports shop cleaning golf clubs for 6/8d a week. He tried his hand at various jobs before trying to get into the Navy.

He decided he would go to sea "somehow or other" and eventually took on the position of steward's boy on the T.S.S. "Pakeha".

The general strike of 1926 finished his sea career as he "thought it was time to get out".

He then worked for 14 years for a company which sold wholesale supplies to pointers before taking on a housekeeper's job.

In 1936 he joined the city livery company as assistant beadle, where his services were enjoyed by members of royalty.

In 1937, Mr Walker joined the Air Raid Warden's-Service and became a full time warden when the ARP went into operation.

In the last raid made on London, Mr. Walker managed to save one of the livery halls by throwing two incendiary bombs off the roof and covering another with sand. He had just finished when a bomb landed close by. "A door hit me on the shoulder and when I came to I was spitting out brick-dust," said Mr Walker. The building survived almost intact. His daughter invited him out to N.Z. so Mr Walker decided to set out for N.Z. to retire and just "tour around ".

He was offered a job at the Maori Affairs Department, Wellington, where he worked for six months before taking on a caretaker's job at "Wellington Tech". When the Wellington Polytechnic was created he stayed on to give 12 years of service as a custodian. He will return to London in May and spend about six weeks visiting those he left 22 years ago.

JESUS

People's Press



"The Jesus People's
Press", a newspaper circulating through the inner
city claims to be the
official publication of
the "Jesus People".

It claims to be spelling out the Christian message
but so far it has done little
but enlist Christ's name as
justification for a collection of politically biased views.

A confusion of political and religious aims is typical throughout the paper. "Revolution For Better or Worse" - it proclaims, on the slopes of Mt Eden, accompanied by indistinguishable photos of the Jesus People converging on Trafalgar Square. Then we read:

"The revolution was about to blow; ... within the week. This was no gimmick!" Revolutionary slogans - "Seize the Day!" opposite a drawing of a man who looks suspiciously like Che Guevara, labelled Liberator.

An analysis of the political situation in the United States - "Satan moves in the States". The remedy?

"a march for Jesus" a stand against the filth
that is rapidly becoming
New Zealand's way of life."

What filth? Which Revolution? Why make Satan an American? The Paper specialises in asking emotive questions and avoiding answers.

But the Press makes a firm stand against Communism. It puts forth "A Chinese Challenge" - bring God's thoughts to Mao or Mao's millions will bring his thoughts to you. Communism also knows "that sexual knowledge or information severed from moral obligations tend to undermine the foundations of democracy".

The Jesus People may be sincere in their attempt to spread the Christian message, but let them be honest and say that their paper does not do that. It represents a garble of political and social ideas, inaccurate and contradictory information, appalling journalism and above all, a philosophy that is un-Christian enough to be an insult to those others who call themselves Christians.

Alice Mantel.

Mitchelltown Memories

Mrs Watson, a resident of Mitchelltown for 50 years still refers to the area at the top of Aro Street as "square-rigger gully" - a nickname many early residents use.

She still remembers walking along the road to get
milk from nearby farms.
These farms are now covered
with gorse and blackberry
bushes.

There were greengrocers, a grocery, a butcher's shop and a coal merchant and his two carriers - one with a horse and a buggy and one with "one of those motor cars".

Bullocks pulling heavy rata logs along Old Bullock Road were a typical sight in Michelltown, a former trading district.

An outcry was caused in the early 1960's when the Government planned to rebuild Mitchelltown: very little rebuilding has taken place and many houses are over one hundred years old.

Now many old and unused houses in Mitchelltown are to be demolished and with them will go an early part of Wellington's history.

All correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, J.W.Bluck, P.O.Box 27067, Upper Willis St. Post Office, Wellington. The publication is sponsored by the Inner City Ministry who cannot accept responsibility for opinions expressed.