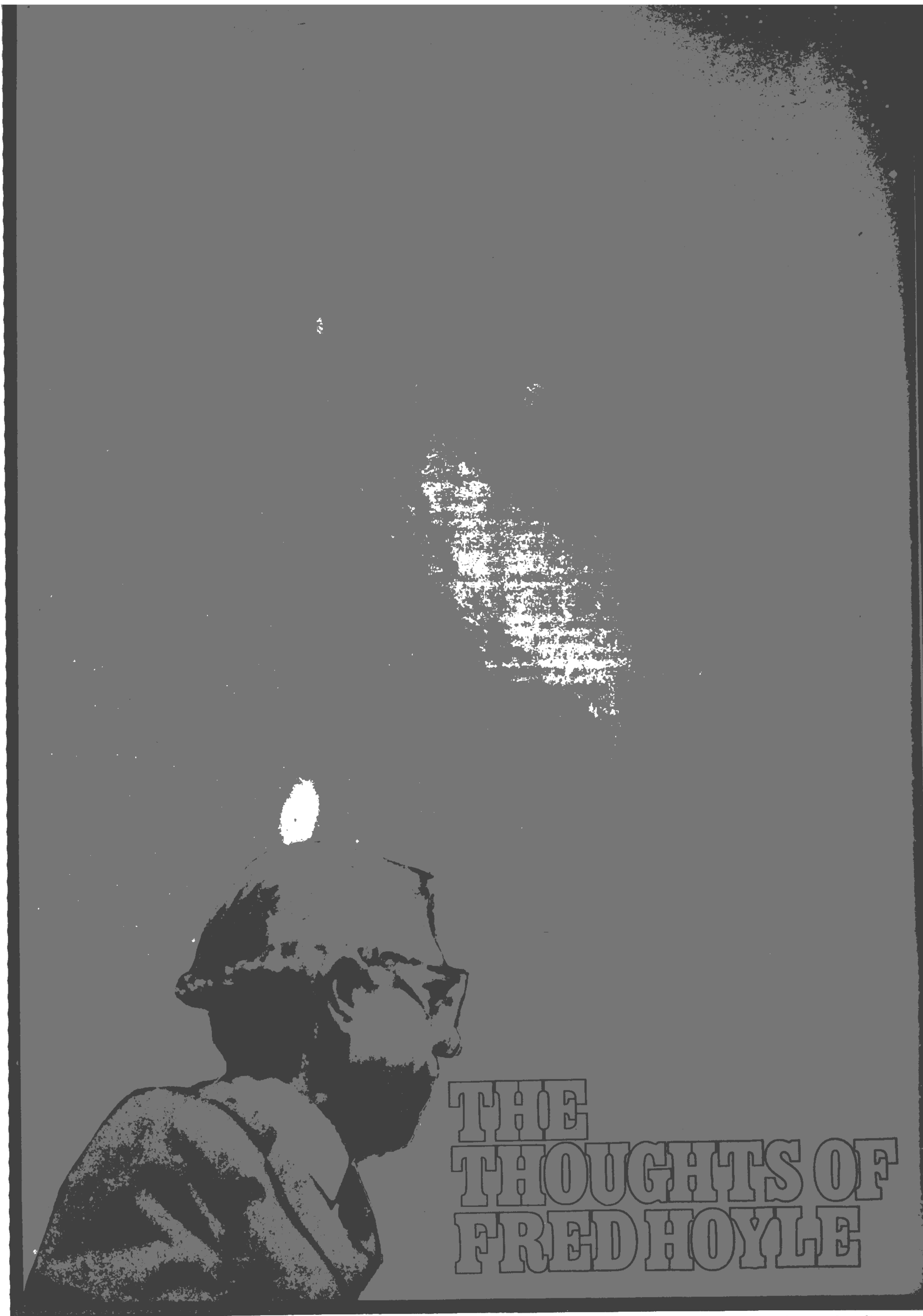


SALIENT

Waterfront Strike Emergency Regulations 1951

- 4 Every person commits an offence against these regulations who –
- (a) Is a party to a declared strike; or
 - (b) Encourages or procures a declared strike or the continuance of a declared strike; or
 - (c) Incites any person or any class or person or persons in general to be or to continue to be a party or parties to a declared strike; or
 - (d) Prints or publishes any statement, advertisement, or other matter that constitutes an offence against these regulations, or that is intended or likely to encourage, procure, incite, aid or abet a declared strike or the continuance of a declared strike or that is a report of any such statement made by any other person.
- 15 (1) Every person commits an offence against these regulations who –
- (a) Carries or displays, or drives or causes to be driven any vehicle carrying or displaying, or affixes in any place where it is in sight of any other person, any banner, placard, sign or other thing which contains any words to which this regulation applies; or
 - (b) Writes or prints or displays, or causes to be written or printed or displayed, on any vehicle, wall, fence, erection, road, street, or footway, or otherwise within sight of any other person, any words to which this regulation applies.
- (2) This regulation applies to –
- (a) Any words counselling, procuring, or inducing any person to do any act to which regulation 12 hereof applies.
 - (b) Any threatening, intimidatory, offensive, or insulting words in relation to any person or persons or class or classes or persons in respect of his or their refusal or failure to do any act to which regulation 12 hereof applies.
- (3) Every person who commits an offence under this regulation may be arrested without warrant by any constable.
- (4) Every vehicle, banner, placard, sign, or other thing, or any written or printed matter in respect of which an offence under this regulation is committed may be seized by any constable.

p.9 1951/the underground press
p.2 prof. hoyle
p.18 interview with w.wordsworth
p.20 fat freddy's back



On Society

I actually think that this society is collapsing - we have lived for a number of years with the cracks of the edifice beginning to widen.

They will very obviously widen in the next ten years. I used to feel that this would happen somewhere after the turn of this century, but observing the U.S. in particular, people are getting very conscious of it now.

I don't think the catastrophe is going to come in a place like India. They could probably go on for 2-3000 years without anything disastrous happening; if our particular civilisation has a built in disaster point it will not be found in the most backward societies.

The trend could be averted. If one said, "from now on there will be a reduction of the level of population by 25% over 30 years" this would not be a dreadful thing, it would hardly show. If it could be kept up for 150 years, then I think that our kind of civilisation could run another 1000 years without any trouble.

What the Americans have discovered is that what is the good life for a few becomes a bit bad when everybody does it. Furthermore it is impossible to have a good life if there are too many people. Our society is not going to solve the problem this time, it is rushing towards it at an accelerated speed.

At the end of the last war the U.S. still had the potentialities for a very triumphant future, but I think that they have thrown this position away. Today I don't know any chaps who are responsible scientists who don't think this. This is not just a scientist's view, the case is pretty well recognised by many political leaders.

Somehow the structure of politics just isn't right for this particular problem. They organise armies, to some extent economies, but this problem is on such a national scale that the necessary structural organisation in politics just doesn't exist.

Behind all this acceleration, I would say there is a point of instability of a particular organisation. The critical point has been reached, now there must be a total change. This change is going to come in the way people will have to organise themselves.

There are several ways in which you could imagine the future going. It could just proceed to a state of chaos, however to survive we must have a discontinuity, but it must be more than a discontinuity of political leadership. It is not necessary to change Nixon or Heath, but what they think, and what they think is important will have to change.

The dangers of a Civil War in the U.S. might have been a little more real at the time of the Chicago Convention. I thought at that time things could go either way. There was a rising of dissatisfaction among young people about the way the country was going. There is not so much an atmosphere of revolution among young people, but more of resignation. They have tried everything but it has not worked. There is the obvious dissatisfaction of minority groups in the big cities, but not to make a national uprising.

I think to get anything seriously revolutionary, you would have to get the kind of thing you can see in Belfast, combined with people with a wider social outlook. The people in Belfast are very narrow and bigoted. If you got the above combination revolution would be a serious proposition, but I don't see any signs of this happening in the U.S.. I've been looking very carefully to see if negro officers and men who fought in Vietnam would begin to do this sort of thing, but all I find are people like the Black Panthers, who are not going to do anything at all. There is a lot of hot air, but nothing really happens.

Mankind's increasing use of energy parallels the increasing instability of modern life.

In every past civilisation the energy content of the civilisation has been in the form of food. This means that the actual intake into the body has been a greater source of energy than any other source. Somewhere about the end of the last century we passed into a state where coal, and now more literally oil supplies more than the food. Farmers became a weakening political force. Now the energy that is expended in fuels of an inanimate kind is about ten times greater than that expended in food. So we are in a totally different position to any other civilisation. It is the energy which is at the command of society which is bringing disaster along. It is almost a literal explosion. Society is sort of blowing itself to pieces by what it is consuming.

If you want to see the worst effects go to the U.S. The Americans are not inherently worse than others, just further along the road. I expect that the U.S. could save the situation until the end of the present century. If they don't try, it could go a lot quicker than that. This is where you in N.Z. are sitting on a pretty good wicket. If disaster happens quick enough elsewhere you may be prevented from following the

same road. But if it is drawn out, you will follow the same trend.

on Astrophysics and Space Travel

I am interested in finding some basic connection between the universe and basic physics, but I don't think that space research will help much in this regard. U.S. finds reveal some interesting details about the moon, but I don't think that they are as revolutionary as some people might. But at least it has confirmed various suppositions that were reasonably commonsense and has removed some of the more fantastic speculations.

The whole business of rockets is just technology, not true science. One could get from a textbook what the reactions will be if you start burning up such and such a fuel, simple calculations like that can be done in first year physics, but having decided that, the problem is then how to make the rocket. That is technology, and it's not easy.

I don't think that there is any point or possibility in going outside the solar system. I think that they have even packed up going to Mars, it was said a year ago that if the U.S. wished to get to Mars by 1986 they would have had to have already started the programme, but it was regarded as too expensive. Also there are problems about the behavior of the body after these long trips in space. I don't know whether people could stand this weightless condition for several months.

on directions Science will take.

At the present time the accumulation of facts is occurring in such a rapid flow that the simplest thing to do is just keep observing them with out trying to do much inductive research.

The position is confused and could easily push the scientific world towards a general revolution. Under these circumstances it is as well to be prepared for what might happen, but there is no point in coming out with a revolutionary theory in the dark, as it were.

The number of people who are being skeptical about whether all problems can be solved by science is now quite large. None of my scientific colleagues has the same optimism as they had 10 years ago. I think that this is an inevitable occurrence at a given level of sophistication.

on Scientists, Social Responsibilities

People accuse the scientist of being insensitive to violence etc, but I would say that all the evidence shows that exactly the opposite is true. In the case of the H-bomb it was the politicians who asked for it, it wasn't the scientists. However it was said that the Germans would make it first, so there was a certain element of pressure from the scientists. Even so when scientists were instructed to make it two out of five of the leading scientists opposed it. Nearly all of the young people opposed it. I condemn those who agreed, not for any lack of spiritual awareness, but for the fact that they did not see what was involved. The scientists should have known enough about the world of politics to know that the politicians would use it.

People are now developing bombs with plastic pellets, so that the fragments can't be detected by a metal detector. When you get down to things like that you don't need much more than a gangster mentality. If one could bring something like a doctors' Hippocratic Oath to bear on it would help, but there is not the same emotional quality attached to science as there is to medicine. Another thing that worries me is that once a sophisticated idea has been found and published it becomes comparatively easy for people to understand it and it ultimately becomes even easier for a large body of people to use it. Once a discovery is out it is just like Eves apple - it is eaten.

on God

There is no conflict with religion in my work. I don't start from the premise that the world exists for our benefit. If you start from that premise, then it's very difficult to come to terms with the world. I don't see the existence of a big chap with a beard, but you can see the universe has order, although I don't go along with the view that this implies some father of the family who is ordering it. The feature of there being a structure is perfectly clear. It is a very subtle structure, to me that is all there is. But I would be religious in the sense that I don't believe the solution to the problems is to be found in a chaotic approach. When we have a scientific problem, if it is a sophisticated problem, the answer will have a very high intellectual quality about it. In that sense it is religious.

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TIT-BITS



Cambodia t. allman

Prince Norodom Sihanouk, it was officially claimed, had lost the confidence of his people when he was deposed as Cambodian Head of State last year. The present regime, by implication, deserved the world's support. But a remarkable series of interviews with highly placed, and for the moment anonymous figures in Phnom Penh reveals a very different pattern of conspiracy and intrigue - including a plan to assassinate the Prince, if necessary, as early as six months before the coup. T.D. ALLMAN here tells a story which remains a closely guarded secret inside the young republic.

Every political regime, using tactics ranging from the benign fiction of Plato's golden myths to the national brainwashing of Himmler's big lie, to some extent justifies its existence - and conceals its mistakes - through recourse to deception.

Somewhere in between, repeated again and again to the Cambodian population, as well as to foreign visitors, lie the claims of the Phnom Penh Government that last year's ousting of Prince Sihanouk, and the war that followed, were the result of spontaneous popular demonstrations.

The complete details of the moves leading to Sihanouk's going have long been closely guarded State secrets here. In a recent series of interviews, however, a number of high-ranking Cambodian officials for the first time consented on the condition that their names be not revealed for the present, to discuss candidly the events leading up to the change in Government and the beginning of the war.

The train of events re-created in the interviews, granted to me over the last month, is completely at variance with the official version of the events disseminated through the various propaganda organs of the Cambodian Government. The interviews, nearly 18 months after the events seem important not only in an historical perspective, but in the light of the Government's pretensions that the Cambodian war was unavoidable, that Sihanouk had lost the confidence of his people - and that as a result the present regime is entitled to world-wide support.

According to these people, all of whom still hold high posts in Phnom Penh, Marshall Lon Nol, his deputy, Sirik Matak, and important members of The Cambodian, high command and Parliament conspired to overthrow Norodom Sihanouk by force of arms and to assassinate him, if necessary, as early as six months before the coup actually occurred and the war started.

They also organised subsequent anti-Sihanouk demonstrations, which failed to attract popular support and thus delayed the anti-Sihanouk group's timetable for ousting the Prince by 48 hours. On the eve of Sihanouk's eventual overthrow, on March 18, 1970, the Lon Nol-Sirik Matak forces arrested scores of pro-Sihanouk officials and surrounded the National Assembly with tanks. Only then did the Cambodian Parliament proceed to oust the Prince.

The crucial March demonstrations, the final steps in Sihanouk's removal from power, were planned in a series of high-level clandestine meetings held in Phnom Penh in the early months of 1970. Several of them were held in the homes of Lon Nol and Sirik Matak; others occurred in moving cars to avoid detection by Sihanouk's secret police. Sihanouk himself was absent from the country at the time.

The result of the meetings, I was told, were personal orders issued by Lon Nol and Sirik Matak instructing the Minister of Education, at that time Chamm Sokhum, to arrange anti-Vietcong demonstrations in the Communist infiltrated province of Svay Rieng, and later in Phnom Penh itself Svay Rieng officials apparently feared the consequences of the demonstrations, but went ahead with them when they were assured that they "would help Sihanouk in his efforts to put pressure on the Communists to withdraw," as one of my informants put it.

After the small demonstration on March 8 of students and teachers in Svay Rieng, larger demonstrations were ordered for Phnom Penh. Government sound trucks urged the students to demonstrate, and officers of the Government sponsored Assembly of Youth arranged for students and teachers to assemble at the two Communist embassies.

However the actual sackings of the two embassies, which, together with Sihanouk's fall and a Cambodian ultimatum to the Communists, provided a casus belli, was arranged through the Cambodian high command and actually carried out by squads of military police in plain clothes under thy command of Lon Nol, Lon Nol's younger brother.

The demonstration in Phnom Penh on March was just one part of a planned two-part effort to oust the Prince. "We planned two demonstrations" one of my sources said, "one for the eleventh to create the crisis, the other on March 16 (1970) to provide the pretext for ousting Sihanouk."

Anti-Sihanouk tracts and anti-Vietnamese posters were prepared in advance at the Ministries of Information and Education. However the anti-Sihanouk demonstration on March 16 failed when pro-Sihanouk students surrounded the National Assembly. The Phnom Penh police, also pro-Sihanouk, that day arrested 20 hand-picked demonstrators carrying anti-Sihanouk tracts as they moved toward the

Assembly. As a result, I was told, "it appeared for the moment we were foiled."

Inside the national assembly that day anti-Sihanouk deputies, including the acting president of the Assembly, In Tham (now Minister of the Interior), were waiting for the demonstration to materialise in the hope that it would stampede the Parliament into ousting Sihanouk. Instead, "we began to be attacked for our anti-Sihanouk statements. The Assembly adjourned in confusion."

That night, as Phnom Penh newspapers carried headlines saying "Coup d'etat aborted," another high ranking meeting was held at the home of Sisowath Sirik Matak. He summed up the situation when he said: "We have gone too far now to turn back."

The next day, with the approval of Lon Nol, the arrests began. Tables arrested or forced from office included 20 high ranking army officers, the governors of Phnom Penh and the surrounding Kandal province, and two members of the Cabinet. Only after Lon Nol's troops had taken over the civilian Government of Phnom Penh, and tanks had surrounded the Assembly building, did the actual vote ousting Sihanouk take place.

The events of March 18 are alleged to be but the final stage of more than six months' efforts to depose Sihanouk (which began shortly after the former chief of state, in an effort to put pressure on the Communists, named Lon Nol premier and commander in chief of the Cambodian armed forces in mid-1969)

According to the sources, the anti-Sihanouk faction was ready to oust Sihanouk in December 1969, during a national congress held in Phnom Penh. The sources said that 4,000 military police and soldier, again under the command of Lon Nol, were ordered to pack the meeting which Sihanouk used as a sounding board for his programme. Seeing he was out-gunned, Sihanouk let the Congress vote for Sirik Matak's policies rather than dissolve the Government and call for new elections, as planned. Shortly afterwards Sihanouk left Phnom Penh for France, telling a confidant: "They are trying to make a Sukarno out of me."

New light is also shed on the role played by Lon Nol in the events leading up to Sihanouk's ousting. The Premier absented himself from Phnom Penh during much of the crisis, and some observers have suspected that he, unlike Sirik Matak, was not wholeheartedly behind the moves to remove the Chief of State. However, my sources agreed that Lon Nol all along had manipulated events from afar. "We always acted with his approval, on his instructions. He ran the Government - and our plans - by telephone from Paris."

Interestingly enough, my informants, in the course of half a dozen interviews, never named Sihanouk's foreign policy of maintaining good relations with the Vietnamese Communists as a reason for ousting him.

"Frankly," said one of them, "Sihanouk was as anti-Communist as we were." Another said: "He had power too long. We wanted it. The only way to get at him was by attacking the Vietcong." Military orders, signed by Lon Nol, directed Government troops to assassinate the Chief of State if he returned to Cambodia. The main fear of the moment was that Sihanouk would return, rally the country to him, and hold elections, which he would win "because he was so popular with the peasants."

Perhaps the most striking elements of the anti-Sihanouk conspiracy - for such it seems to have been - were its total lack of spontaneity, and the plotters' easy sacrifice of good relations with the all-powerful Vietnamese Communists in the interests of domestic and political expediency.

Local Body Stakes p. franks

A small but attentive congregation at Victoria University were recently privileged to attend a requiem mass for local body elections in Wellington. Celebrants were His Holiness Sir Francis Kitts, Cardinal A.P. O'Shea and Father D.M. McMillan. A vain attempt to disguise the sombre nature of the occasion as a secular 'election meeting' by all three celebrants was easily perceived by the majority of the audience, which displayed a nostalgic desire to return to more traditional forms of these services.

Mr McMillan, pet shop proprietor ordained in the 'Social Credit' faith, commenced the service in the most irreverent and unholy fashion, by, in effect, discounting the need for clergy in Wellington local body politics. He wanted a city manager, a taxation expert, a minibus feeder service, a monorail and a municipal waste-dispoer. McMillan inadvertently revealed that his schoolboy image was in fact more than skin-deep waste-dispoer was "very difficult to calculate"; a blunder that may cost him his holy orders if it reaches the hierarchy of his own faith.

A strange hush fell over the congregation when a reincarnation of Cordell Hull rose to speak. Unfortunately it was in fact A.P. O'Shea, former Secretary of Federated Farmers, who has emerged from retirement to take Wellington back to nature. Mr.

O'Shea's slogan for these 'elections' is "Come on Wellington", a gem of originality which should mobilise and radicalise a broad coalition of citizens behind him. In a manner befitting Billy Graham and thus suitable for such a serious religious occasion, he said, "I'm going to ask you young people to give up half a day a year"....to help fill in the deplorable potholes behind the War Memorial. "There's a good deal of altruism about, if I become mayor I'm going to tap it." (Mr O'Shea had earlier revealed that he had already been given a substantial contribution from a friend who was a plutocrat). Mr O'Shea made reference to his long association with the university - "I'm a life member of the Football Club", he said. Although he obviously has no chance of victory as a conservative candidate fighting a conservative mayor, it is to Mr O'Shea's credit, that he managed to provide the only memorable comments of all three candidates.

- "I would never run down parks" (answering a question about houses being replaced by parks).
- "I'm always willing to see two points of view - my own and the wrong one" (on his responsiveness to pressure groups).
- "If you all give a hand with the potholes, I'll give a hand too" (Mr O'Shea is sixty-eight years old.)

Doing his by-now tiresome Blossom performance yet again, the present occupant of the Holy See, Sir Francis Kitts struck an unforgivable blow at intern-denominationalism by appealing to the congregation to return a full Labour ticket onto the Wellington City Council. Out of sixteen members of the Council, he said we have six Labour men. To Graeme Mackay's cry of "What about Olive!?", Sir Francis demonstrated his amazing grasp of biology by retorting, "she does as good a job as most men; better than you." If you want direct representation on the council, he cried, "give us David Shand and Warwick McKeen." Sadly there were no offers. After an historical discussion of the great Labour Councillors of the past, including Bob Semple and Peter Fraser, Kitts surprisingly referred to the Labour Party's policy. However to the relief of the congregation, he only talked about the great deal of study and sound ideas that had gone into it and did not, thank God, mention what the policy was. Once again, Kitts demonstrated his ability to get to the guts of any problem, when he exclaimed that the biggest problem confronting Wellington City was one of money. He promised to put pressure on the Government for additional sources of revenue; a promise which might well come true if the present supply of dwarfs in the Cabinet is not speedily replaced.

While it is definitely the responsibility of any 'election' commentator to suggest whom to vote for, I sadly urge all voters to stay away from the polls on October 9th. The method of appointing the incumbent to the Holy See of Wellington must be changed and be made, as it always should have been; in Rome. - R.I.P.

The Most Feared Man in the West

m.mahony

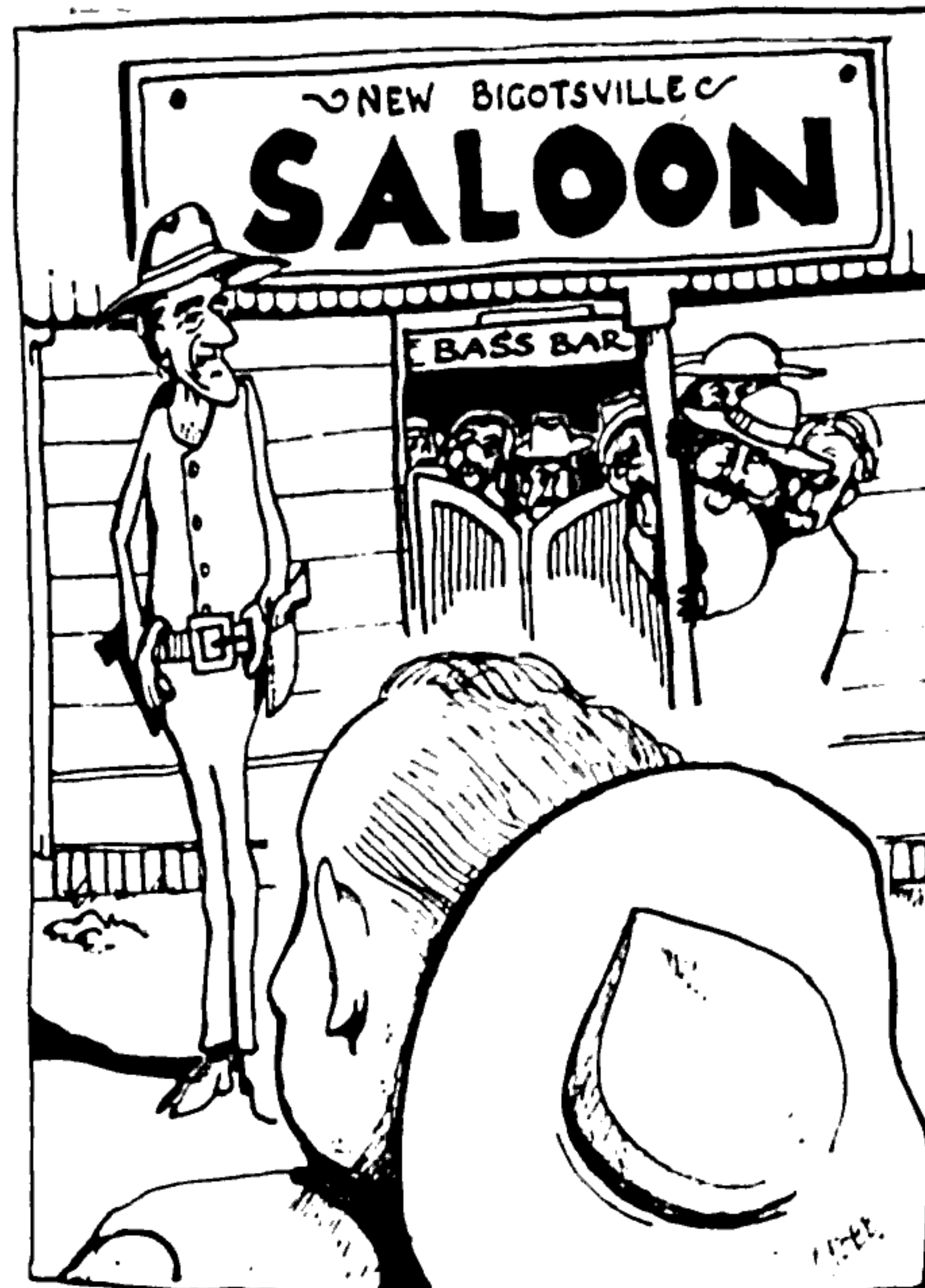
Storm clouds are brewing over the little Critter Country town of New Bigotsville and the impending deluge could leave a permanent scar. The trouble lies embedded in a war of personal conflicts between the town's Sherrif, Rob Muldoon, and Judge, Jack Marshall. Their vendetta finally festered to a head over the nomination of Brian Brooks for the position of Assistant Judge, by the town mayoral council.

Sherrif Muldoon, feared and revered in many quarters as a ruthless and uncompromising lawman, made his views on the matter clearly known in a vitriolic statement in the Critter Country Daily Gazette. He poignantly emphasised some aspects of Brook's background which he found undesirable - notably a tendency to stray too far away from the corral. It is obvious though, that the good Sherrif's outburst was just an attempt to hog-tie his main rival for Boss of the Prairies, Judge Marshall. By knocking the Council's man for the job, he attempted to sweet-talk the townspeople into believing that only he knew all the answers.

The present big-shot of New Bigotsville, Mayor Keith Holyoake, has been conspicuously silent on the malignant situation which has developed, leaving his most senior side-kicks to settle their differences themselves. A showdown between the two arch rivals seems perilously close and could result in one being carried off to Boot Hill or at least hitting the trail to other parts. It is even being rumoured that the Sherrif, a former humble costing clerk, could return to his metier as Head Teller of the Dodge City World Bank or even to join Pinkerton's Detective Agency.

Sherrif Muldoon has a mean reputation as a lawman not to be tangled with. He totes a lightning fast draw and the 30 notches in his belt are veritable testimony to this. Among his many exploits, one more recent was his taking single-handed of that notorious bandit, "Red" Anderson, who held up the Northern Drivers' Union's stagecoach several times and got away "with murder". These holdups over the years have cost the Union hundreds of thousands of dollars, says the Sherrif.

Also to his credit say many of the townspeople, the Sherrif has made it safe for honest citizens to walk the streets at night, by his constant campaigning against



town drifters and long-haired spongers. Since Muldoon was appointed Sherrif in 1967 he has really set about cleaning up the town, and it has been a case of heaven help any saddle tramps who got in his way. His hard-line tactics have incurred sharp criticism and some of his shooting at times has been decidedly off-target.

Another prominent and always law-abiding citizen agitated by the Sherrif's purgatory tirades is Norm Kirk, the proprietor of the "Ace of Spades" saloon. He has been working hard lately to arouse public feeling against Muldoon and it would suit him to see the good Sherrif ousted from office. He claimed that Muldoon was exceeding his territory by horning in and attacking decisions made by the Town Council and Kirk even went on to criticise the Mayor, Keith Holyoake, saying that he should have put the handcuffs on Muldoon and his voracious ravings.

He says that much of the present unrest in the town is due to the near-sighted attitudes of the Town Council's policies, but he fails to suggest any constructive alternatives. Perhaps, he has ideas of running the town himself with the help of his hired bar-room cronies. Kirk and his desperadoes run a pretty tight saloon with a good deal of backing from the wealthy businessmen. A fiendishly shrewd poker player, owning the biggest gambling house in town, he could decide that it is time to lay his cards on the table.

However, Jolyoake is a mayor of many years standing, and is not likely to surrender his office without a fight. He

would not be gunned down easily as many have already found much to their chagrin. He has the sort of inscrutable defence which wouldn't wilt, even if threatened by the bore of a colt 44. Besides that, if anyone tried to lasso him from behind they would most likely find themselves having to deal with a posse of irate cattle-ranchers and sod-busters.

The present mood of the town, after Sherrif Muldoon's warning shots fired over the heads of his opponents, seems to be one of suspended bewilderment. However, these badly-aimed shots could ricochet and the Sherrif could find himself filled full of his own lead.

Some of the town's eminent citizens say that he should climb down from his high horse that he is only using his badge as a front to his personal diatribes. New Bigotsville's epitome of law and order, on the other hand, claims he is just cracking down on the town's no-account varmints.

The situation was not improved, when Brian Brooks decided that the town smelled and high-tailed-it for the hills. This spurred Judge Marshall into action. He publicly rebuked the Sherrif and assured that it was he who was the law innovator in the town and in future the Sherrif would stick to enforcing the Council's decisions.

The big question, as the mayoral elections next year draw closer, is whether the bitterness between Marshall and Muldoon will lead to a public duel on Main street. And the last straw would be the good Sherrif telling the Judge to get out of town by sundown.

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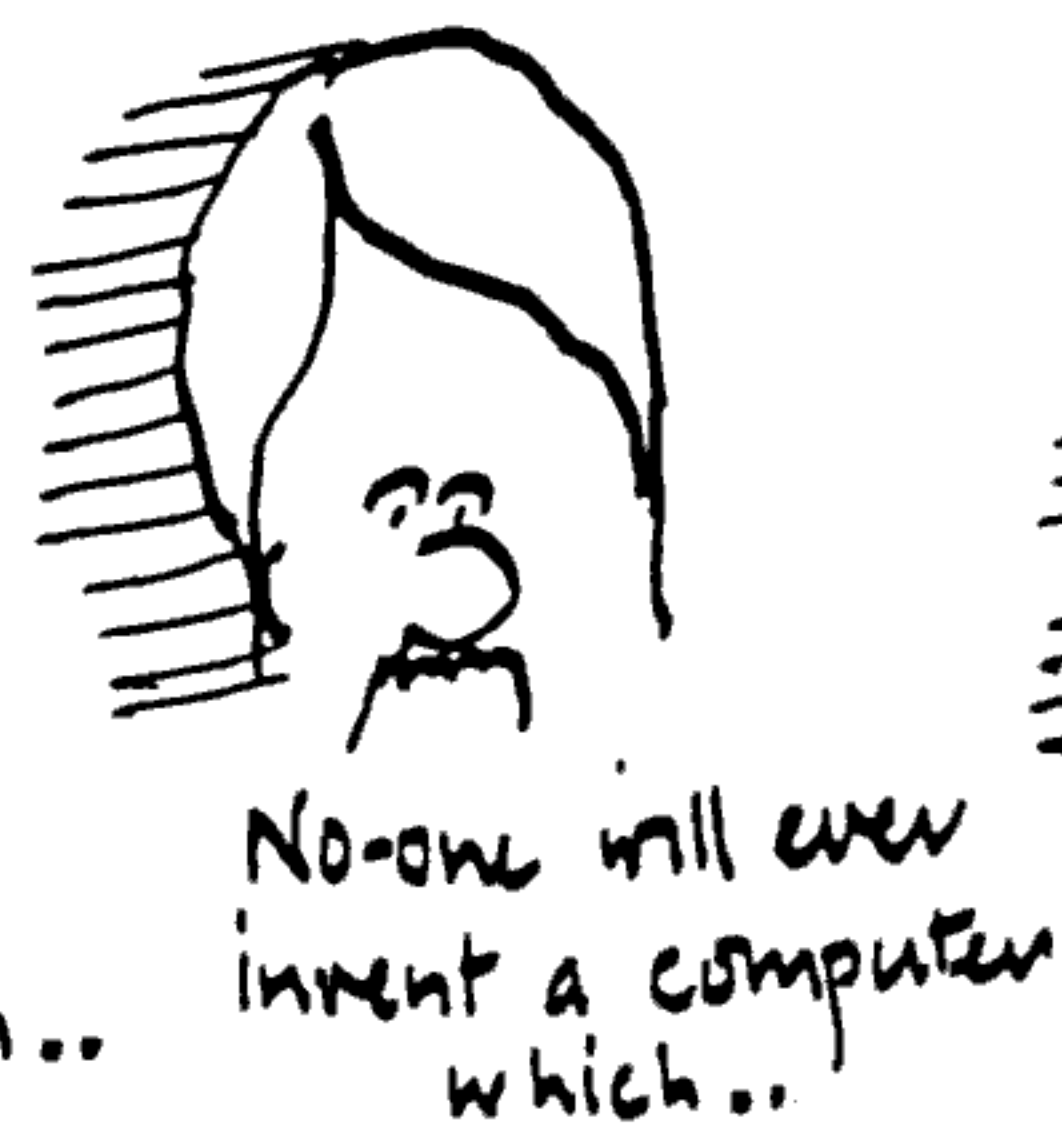
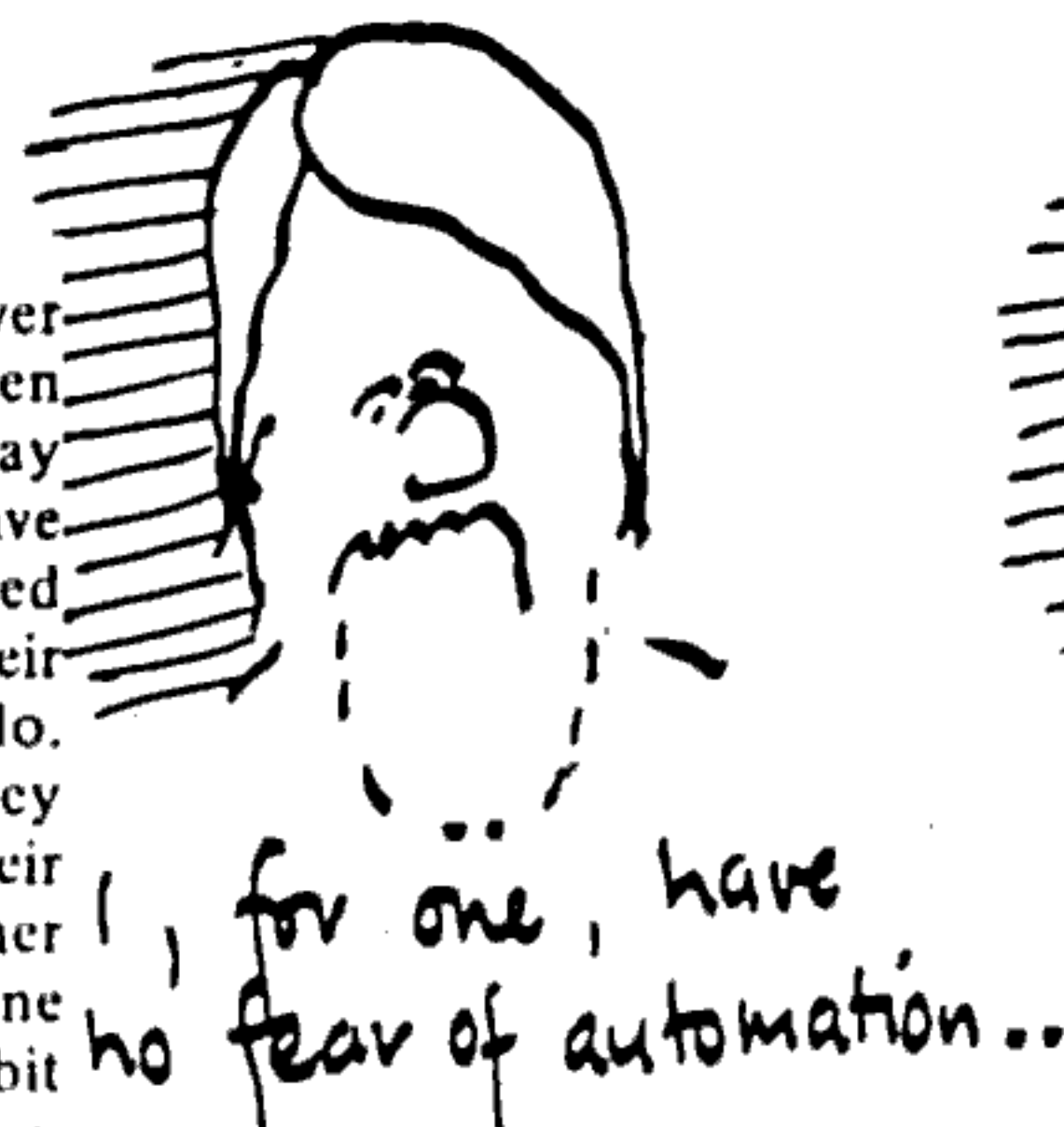
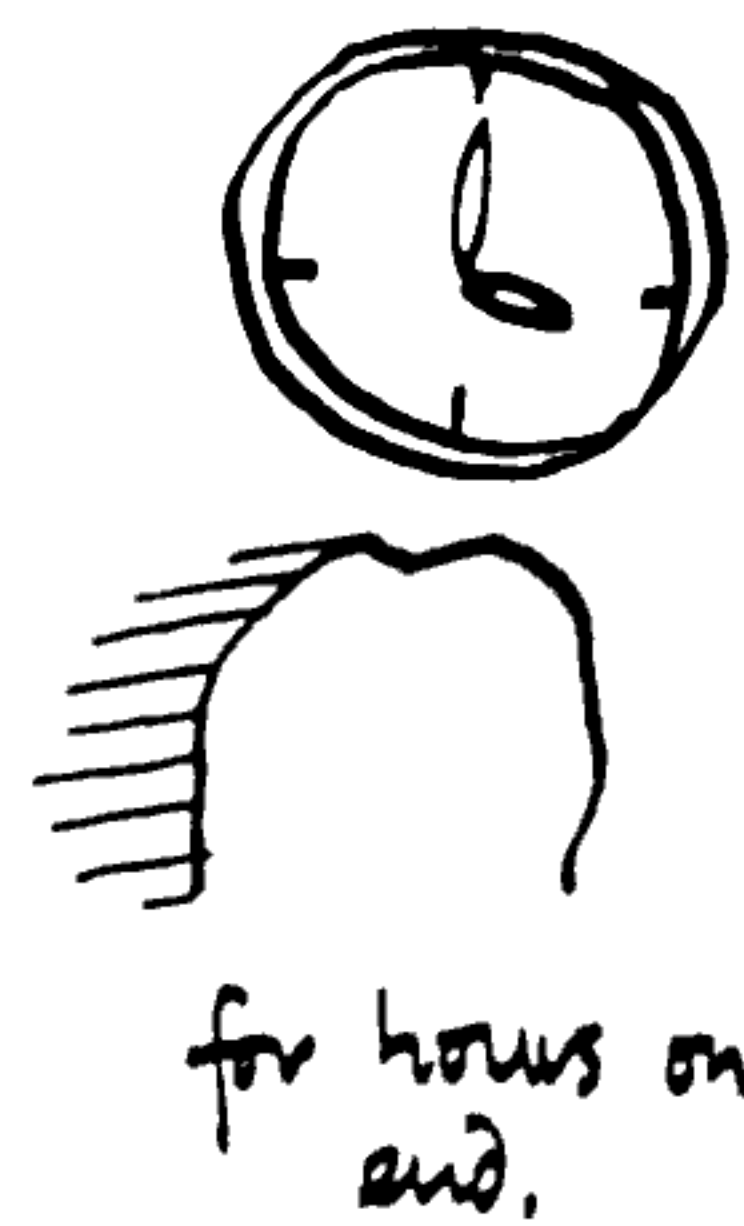
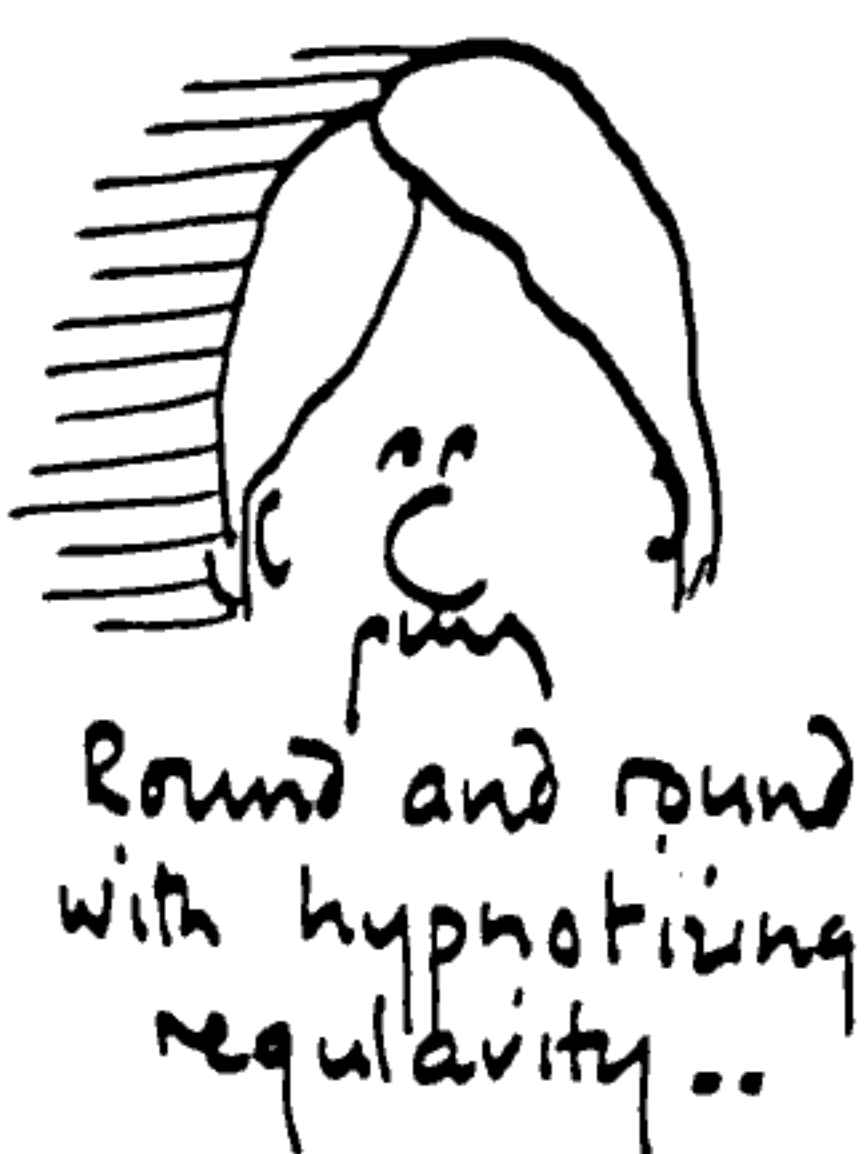
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Briefs

Some over enthusiastic opaquer, or some one else up at the Wanganui Chronicle got a little upset over some parts of Norm Kirk's letter in the last issue of Salient. They cut out a reference to the fact that Mrs Tirakatene-Sullivan practice inter-racial marriages, and that Tom Shand was an ex-member of the C.P.. Later in the issue a reference to Mrs Pig was reduced to Mrs P. All three comments were made in very bad taste of course.

The local fuzz have been a little over enthusiastic lately, or else they've been getting a bit bored with their lot. Any way over the last couple of weeks haries have been stopped in Aro St. area and asked embarrassing questions, such as their names, where they live and what they do. On finding out that you're a student they ask to see your I.D. card. Having had their fun they cruise off looking for another long-hair. Actually I heard on the grapevine that the Polcie Dept. has been a bit embarrassed over the Crewe murders (they just can't squash those rumours) and the Beard murder (they just can't convict their suspect), especially after spending millions of dollars of public money on the cases, so the present effort is probably a P.R. gesture just to let the public know that no one's going to get away with murdering a hitch-hiker or a farmer in Aro St. That's the great thing about Law and Order in the '70's, the only people you have to watch out for drive grey cars with red lights on top.



As I said last time Salient always gets it's fact wrong. Just to give John Hales a chance to redeem himself we gave him this little test to see how well he would do in exam technique. He crapped it. Have a go yourself - (answer true/false/undecided) You should;

1. Note your exam times carefully and have somebody else check them for you.
2. Ensure that you know what part of the prescription each paper covers.
3. Check the exam timetable each morning early enough to get to the examination room in time if necessary.
4. Safeguard your health; exercise, eat regularly, sleep adequately, avoid over-tiredness.
5. Consult your doctor, the Student Health Service, The Student Counsellors, if you are at all ill or are particularly upset. That's what they are for!
6. Apply immediately for aegrotat consideration if you consider that your performance has been or is likely to be impaired by illness, injury, bereavement or other critical personal circumstances involving a close relative. (It's not much good next February saying you were sick at exam time!)
7. Read exam questions carefully and answer the question asked.
8. Allot your time sensibly and ensure that you answer the required number of questions.
9. Avoid panic. The questions in the paper may seem formidable, frightening, unfamiliar - but they probably look the same to everyone else. Stay there and start on what you do know; the rest will come.
10. Sit all papers. Your first might not have been as bad as you thought; your second may be a winner.
11. Remember that however much the examiners have enjoyed your presence in their classes during the year, they don't want to see your back next year!

If you answered false to all these you should bolt in for an M.A. (Hons). John did.

...

Managed to catch Union Managing Secretary, Buick-Constable, off guard late last week. He'd just finished a round of tough negotiations on the new catering contract, and was recuperating down in his plush office on the ground floor of U.U.B. A few of the tit-bits he let out were - Prices for controlled items will be up 20% approx, next year, this increase is largely due to increases in the cost of labour (40% in the last twelve months) and the cost of rave materials, especially meat. That the Union Management Committee will be meeting today to complete the negotiations.

That the final approval will be given by Council on 18th Oct.

Looks like the 40% increase in Bursaries over the last five years is going to be very useful.

...

A couple of things for overseas student's.....If any overseas students are having any trouble in connection with renewing their entry permit to study in N.Z. next year, get in touch with Ian Boyd, Director of Student Welfare Services. He liaises with the Labour Dept. on behalf of the University, ring him at 46-040 ext 620, or see him in his office in the Counselling Service, 2 Wait-e-ata Rd.The Accommodation Officer, Mrs Brown, would like to draw all students' attention to the fact that the service provides placement for overseas students newly arrived in the country. Now that the Overseas Students Admissions Committee has been set up any overseas student who is offered a place at University will have accommodation guaranteed automatically. This means that accommodation will have to be found, either temporary till the students can find their own (a week or so), or permanent, at relatively short notice. Would any students who can provide either accomodation in Feb. next year please contact the Accommodation Officer in her Office, 1st floor, U.U.B.

...

It's really good to see that we have an Exec that cares. Fronted along to a meeting last week, to find that it was all off. Appears that they could get a quorum quickly enough, so Collins ended the meeting by not starting. Half an hour after the meeting was due to start there was a quorum sitting round the table wondering what they were going to do. The main worry was the O.King of various bills, but they all can rest assured, our credit record is so bad that a couple of weeks here or there in the paying of bills could make the slightest difference.

...

Anyway solvency for the Stud. Ass. might be preserved for another year following the outcome of last Thursdays S.G.M. A proposal to have \$1.10 per student paid directly to Cultural Council and \$1.90 paid to Sports Council was overwhelmingly lost. Appears everyone was threatening fee increases if the motion was past. But isn't it about time these bodies were guaranteed a certain sum each year so that they can at least get involved in a little long-term planning? Obviously not - leave them entirely at the will of successive Execs, just to make sure they don't get out of line, eh Trev.. The pen is mightier than the sword, especially when it's a National Bank biro.

ARE YOU COMPLETING A DEGREE IN 1971?

Maybe you cannot give an unqualified affirmative right now, but, even allowing for a wilful examiner and other natural hazards, you certainly hope to have graduated by Christmas.

Whether you are graduating in Arts, Science, Law or Commerce you would like to know more about your prospects in the Commercial Area. What career opportunities exist for you on the Wellington business scene in 1971?

Maybe this is where we can help. All our services to applicants are free of charge and naturally completely confidential. Through personal interview and use of our testing and appraisal facilities, we can give you guidance as to the type of firm you should consider, what area you would do best in, what salary you should ask for. More than that, we can arrange a personal introduction to the firm of your choice and ensure that your exploratory interview is both relevant and informative.

Just for the record, so far this year we have helped graduates, both male and female, from all faculties find jobs in: the primary production and marketing scene, chemical and industrial manufacturing, the motor industry, import and export, the pharmaceutical drug business, insurance, advertising, fabric design, finance, oil exploration, liquor, public accounting, personnel, timber, office supplies, publishing and others.

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THE STUDENT AS A NIGGER

Past the Bullshit

Students are niggers. When you get that straight, our schools begin to make sense. It's more important though, to understand why they're niggers. If we follow that question seriously enough, it will lead up past the zone of academic bullshit, where dedicated teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and to the nitty-gritty of human needs and hang-ups. And from there we can go on to consider whether it might even be possible for students to come up from slavery. First let's see what's happening now. Let's look at the role students play in what we like to call education.

Into the Cafeteria

Here at Vic the students have separate dining facilities. I am not allowed to take them into the staff club, and if I eat at the student cafeteria, I become known as the educational equivalent of a nigger-lover. In at least one building there are even rest rooms which students may not use.

Academic Mississippi

Students are politically disenfranchised. They are in an academic Mississippi. Many of them can vote in the national elections - their average age is about 21 - but they have no voice in the decisions which affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have toy government run for the most part by bureaucrats and concerned principally with trivia. The faculty and administration decide what course will be offered; the students get to choose their own toy parliaments. Occasionally when students get uppity and rebellious, they're either ignored, put off with trivial concessions, or get manouvered expertly out of position.

He'll Fail Your Ass

A student is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member "Sir" or "Doctor" or "Professor" - and he smiles and shuffles some as he stands outside the professor's office waiting for permission to enter. The faculty tell him what courses to take; they tell him what to read, what to write, and frequently, where to set the margins on his typewriter. They tell him what's true and what isn't. Some teachers insist that they encourage dissent but they're almost always jiving and every student knows it. Tell the man what he wants to hear or he'll fail you out of the course.

Lobotomised

Even more discouraging than this Auschwitz approach to education is the fact that the students take it. They haven't gone through twelve years of secondary school for nothing. They've learned one thing and perhaps only one thing during those twelve years. They've forgotten their algebra. They write like they've been lobotomised. But, Jesus, can they follow orders. Freshers come up to me with an essay and ask if I want it folded, and whether their name should be in the upper right-hand corner. And I want to cry and kiss them and caress their poor tortured heads.

Two Truths

Students don't ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to make sense long before they leave primary school. Things are true because the teacher says they're true. At a very early stage we all learn to accept "two truths", as did certain medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your tongue, your fingers, your stomach, your heart. Inside class things are true by reason of authority. And that's just fine because you don't care

anyway. Miss Widemeyer tells you a noun is a person, place or thing. So let it be. The important thing is to please here. Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers love children that stand in nice straight lines. And that's where it's been ever since. Nothing changes except to get worse. School becomes more and more obviously a prison. Last year I spoke to a student assembly and then couldn't get out of the school. I mean there was NO WAY OUT. Locked doors, high fences. One of the inmates was trying to make it over the fence when he saw me and froze in panic. For a moment I expected sirens, a rattle of bullets, and him clawing the fence.

No Spades in Pointy Shoes

Then there's the infamous "code of dress". In some high schools, if your skirt looks too short, you have to kneel before the principal, in a brief allegory of fellatio. If the hem doesn't reach the floor, you go home to change while he, presumably jacks off. Boys in high school can't be too sloppy and they can't even be too sharp. You'd think the P.T.A. would be delighted to see all the spades trooping to school in pointy shoes suits, ties and stingy brims. Uh-uh. They're too visible. What school amounts to, then is a 12-year course in how to be slaves. What else could explain what I see in a first year class? They've got that slave mentality: obliging and ingratiating on the surface and hostile and resistant underneath.

"... the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which teachers can exercise their will to power ... students do what you say - or else ..."

As do black slaves, students vary in their awareness of what's going on. Some recognise their own put-on for what it is and even let their rebellion break through to the surface now and then. Others - including most of the "good students" - have been more deeply brainwashed. They swallow the bullshit with greedy mouths. They honest-to-God believe in grades, in busy work, in General Education requirements. They're pathetically eager to be pushed round. They're like those old grey-haired house niggers you can still find in the South who don't see what all the fuss is about because Mr Chairlie "treats us real good".

Some students are expert con artists who know perfectly well what's happening. They want a degree and spend their years on the old plantations alternatively laughing and cursing as they play the game. If their egos are strong enough they cheat a lot. And, of course, even the Toms are angry down deep somewhere. But it comes out in passive rather than active aggression. They're unexplainably thick-witted and subject to frequent spells of laziness. They misread simple questions. They spend their nights mechanically outlining history chapters while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what's in front of them.

Fresh Pimples

The saddest case among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly introjected their masters' values that their anger is all turned inward. These are the students for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to the professor, who go through an emotional crisis every time they're called upon in class. You can

recognise them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their bowels boil audibly across the room. If there really is a Last Judgement, then the parents and teachers who created these wrecks are going to burn in hell. So students are niggers. It's time to find out why.

A Cattle Stampede

Professors were no different when I was an undergraduate during the McCarthy era: it was like a cattle stampede as they rushed to cop out. And in more recent years, I found that my being arrested at demonstrations brought from my colleagues not so much approval or condemnation as open-mouthed astonishment. "You could lose your job!"

Now of course, there's the Vietnamese war. It gets some opposition from a few teachers. Some support it. But a vast number of professors who know perfectly well what's happening, are copping out again. And in the high schools you can forget it. Stillness reigns. I'm not sure why teachers are so chickenshit. It could be that academic training itself forces a split between thought and action. It might also be that the tenured security of a teaching job attracts timid persons and, furthermore that teaching, like police work, pulls in persons who are unsure of themselves and need weapons and other external trappings of authority.

As Judy Eisenstein has eloquently pointed out, the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which teachers can exercise their will to power. You neighbours might drive a better car; gas station attendants may intimidate you; your wife may dominate you; the State Legislature may shit on you; but in the classroom, by God, students do what you say - or else. The grade is a hell of a weapon. It may not rest on your hip, potent and rigid like a cop's gun, but in the long run it's more powerful. At your personal whim - anytime you choose - you can keep 35 students up for nights and have the pleasure of seeing them walk into the classroom pasty-faced and red-eyed carrying a sheaf of typewritten pages, with title page, footnotes and margins set at 15 and 91.

Irrational Authority

The general timidity which causes teachers to make niggers of their students usually includes a more specific fear - fear of the students themselves. After all, students are different, just like black people. You stand exposed in front of them, knowing that their interests, their values and their languages, are different from yours. To make matters worse, you may suspect that you yourself are not the most engaging of persons. What can protect you from their ridicule and scorn?

Respect for authority. That's what. It's the policeman's gun again. The white bwana's pith helmet. So you flaunt that authority. You wither whispers with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with erudition and heavy irony. And, worse of all, you make your own attainments seem most accessible but awesomely remote. You

conceal your massive ignorance - and parade a slender learning. The teacher's fear is mixed with an understandable desire to be admired and to feel superior - a need which also makes him sling to his "white supremacy". Ideally, a teacher should minimise the distance between himself and his students. He should encourage them not to need him - eventually or even immediately. But this is rarely the case. Teachers make themselves high priests of arcane mysteries. They become masters of mumbo-jumbo. Even a more or less conscientious teacher may be torn between the need to give and the need to hold back, between the desire to free his students and the desire to hold them in bondage to him.

Another result of student slavery is equally serious. Students don't get emancipated when they graduate. As a matter of fact, we don't let them graduate until they've demonstrated their willingness - over 15 years - to remain slaves. And for important jobs like teaching, we make them go through more years just to make sure. What I'm getting at is that we are all more or less niggers and slaves, teachers and students alike. This is the fact you want to start with in trying to understand wider school phenomena, say, politics, in our country and in our countries.

Raise Hell.

Educational oppression is trickier to fight than racial oppression. If you're a black rebel, they can't exile you, they either have to intimidate you or kill you. But in high school or Varsity they can just bounce you out of the fold. And they do. Rebel students, renegade faculty members, get smothered or shot down with devastating accuracy. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. This may be a mistake though. Dropping out of Varsity for a rebel is like going north for a Negro. You can't really get away from it so you might as well stay and raise hell.

How do you raise hell? That's a whole other article. But, just for a start, why not stay with the analogy? What have black people done? They have, first of all, faced the fact of their slavery. They've stopped kidding themselves about an eventual in the Great Watermelon Patch in the sky. They've organised; they've decided to get freedom now, and they've started taking it. Students, like black people have immense unused power. They could, theoretically, insist on participating in their own education. They could make academic freedom bilateral. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration rather than fear and respect, and lay down their weapons. Students could discover community. They could learn to dance by dancing on IBM cards. They could make colouring books out of calendars and they could put the grading system in a museum. They could raze one set of walls and let life come blowing into the classroom. They could turn the classroom into where it's at - a "field of action" as Peter Marin describes it. And believe it or not they could study eagerly and learn prodigiously for the best of all possible reasons - their own reasons.

They could. Theoretically. They have the power. But only in very few places, like Berkeley, have they even begun to think about using it. For students, as for black people, the hardest battle isn't with the system. It's with what the system has done to your mind.

When Dan Ellsberg was in the Twin Cities earlier this year - to testify at the trial of two of the Minnesota 8 - a number of us had a chance to rap with him. During that conversation Dan laid out a very candid analysis of the war, the private strategy of Nixon's administration and the prospects for the future.

Here are some excerpts of Dan's comments during that discussion. . . . I still have some contact with them (former colleagues in government) and they have complicated my life a great deal in the last year; because if I had not been talking to them I would have been willing to believe what most people in this country believe, and that is that Nixon, whether he likes it or not, is bowing to political realities and getting out of Vietnam.

There's the Stuart Alsop theory, in his columns in 'Newsweek,' that Nixon is carrying out an enormous strategic retreat.

"He's getting out," Alsop hints sometimes, "totally. Those things you may have heard, that thunder in the background, is an occasional parting shot in what is basically a retreat. And don't worry about his threats, about escalation and so forth - that's just rhetoric."

I've found over the last year that this is what most people in the country want to believe; and although it contradicts what Nixon has been saying more than most people seem to realize, that doesn't make it incredible, because, as we know, who believes in what a president says?

He says he is going to stay in for a just peace; and he will not be humiliated. He will not accept a defeat; he will keep as many troops there as necessary, he says, and if they are endangered he will not hesitate to take strong and effective measures: "See what I did in Cambodia, see what I did last week . . ." He tells us all this, but people don't necessarily have to believe that - "That's just the president talking to the public."

So, unfortunately, I've had the pressure put on me. The people whom I trust, who were working for Henry Kissinger, and other people in (the Departments of) State and Defense, were telling me "Believe the President," and they would say, at that time, "I can't tell you why, I can't tell you the details, but when he says he's willing to escalate, believe him." And they said this before Cambodia, and they said this before this last (POW) raid.

I'll give you what I am now perfectly convinced - and have a good deal of evidence - is the Nixon strategy right now. I think that Nixon, like the four presidents before him, is determined not to be in office when Saigon falls to communism. And he is also determined, if possible, to stay in office until 1976.

Those two requirements mean to him that he cannot withdraw all troops or anything like all troops from Vietnam. He can reduce troops, because we had far more troops there than we needed to hold onto Vietnam. The extra troops were being used in a vain attempt: to do the trick, to kill enough of the other side to cause them to surrender. We've given up on that. Just to hold on to Vietnam, we had several hundred thousand more troops than he needed; so this gave him people to throw to the wolves, in effect, to throw off the sled when the political wolves got on his heels. And he's been dealing these out now, as needed.

But his plan is, first, to keep a hundred or two hundred thousand troops in Vietnam, indefinitely. He would like to get it down to fifty thousand. That's conceivable, but unlikely.

So it involves the presence in Vietnam of a hundred to two hundred thousand troops, doing logistics work, transportation, intelligence, communications, and above all, support to air operations, and including U.S. helicopter operations, 50 calibre armed helicopter operations, which already cause most of the Vietnam casualties.

To keep those troops in the country, to make that acceptable to the American public, you have to keep

ELLSBERG ON NIXON'S NUKES



casualties down. And to do this he plans not only to get them out of combat areas, but to threaten the North Vietnamese that if they should cause combat casualties at an excessive rate, or embarrass him politically by attacking hard, whether they succeeded or not, or by taking over too much of the country, he will destroy North Vietnam.

So a deterrent threat of bombing is the second pillar of the strategy, of what he calls "Vietnamization." And in the beginning it was an unspoken promise, which he has more and more made an explicit promise, and now completely explicit.

Third, why did he expect that this threat would deter the other side when past bombing did not? And the answer is, in his mind, first, it's a bigger threat than the Democrats made.

He has criticized the Democrats for small indecisive escalation; and what he has in mind, ultimately, is such things as the mining of Haiphong, the destruction of Hanoi and Haiphong, unrestricted bombing, probably including destroying the dikes - just a very massive bombing of North Vietnam which is what I mean by burning North Vietnam to the ground.

The urban destruction of North Vietnam could be far greater than it ever was before. He thinks that will make it effective. . .

And the other thing is, he will demonstrate that he is willing to do it. He'll make it credible by occasional large demonstrations, not only that he is willing to do it, BUT THAT HE CAN GET AWAY WITH IT DOMESTICALLY. He says to himself, "They are counting on domestic unrest, or congressional dissent keeping me from doing this. I will show them that I can do this and manage it in such a way that I don't get major dissent, or that I can ride it out."

That's the major outline for the strategy, carrying him at least to '72.

Looking further ahead, he probably does have the positive hope that by blocking the North Vietnamese long enough, threatening them that if they attack - they can't attack, because if they did they'd get burned out - they'd finally tire and make some very sweeping concessions which we could perhaps accept. . .

He has one premise there that may well be right. And that premise is that the American public cares mostly about U.S. casualties, and by reducing those he has the major aspect of dissent. And the American public does not care about bombing and does not care about North Vietnamese casualties or South Vietnamese casualties, or Laotian, or Cambodian casualties or refugees. . .

He and Kissinger believe that his reaction to Cambodia was a reaction first to the Kent State students and second to the troops in Cambodia. Specifically, that students were mainly concerned about Kent State and adults mainly about the troops. . . If he could do without shooting white students next time, and if he keeps American troops out of it, he could get away with a lot. The POW raid and the bombing (and the Laos invasion) have probably persuaded him he is right.

The other aspect though is that his bet on the North Vietnamese is almost surely wrong. In fact it's such a stupid mistake that one could hardly imagine how a U.S. President could make that mistake. But all you have to imagine is that he is not better than the four presidents who preceded him, that they all made that mistake. They all made that assumption: everybody has a breaking point, these people too, etc., etc., which is not a good assumption. . .

The people who are expert on North Vietnam and follow what they are saying and are in contact with them believe it overwhelmingly likely that the North Vietnamese will challenge it. Especially when they realize his intent to keep troops there, which they probably already have by now. And when it is clear to them that domestic dissent will not get Nixon out of there. . .

The implication of all this is that the war is not over. And that expansion is likely, very likely. And it will take the form of continued, heavy Indo-Chinese casualties, which have never reduced actually. . . Increased casualties, if anything, and increased bombing, very increased bombing. Now what to do about this? Most of the people who've been telling me this say the only thing that can be done, basically, is to get rid of Nixon in '72. And that may be true. It certainly is the most likely way, without at all being a guarantee. . . On the other hand, the same people believe premises that I just told you, that have the implication that North Vietnam is likely to be destroyed before November of '72, or before January of '73. And if you're very concerned about that, which I am, then the election is not an answer. . .

(I was talking) with Harrison Salisbury, who's editing the Op-ed page, the page opposite the Ed page in the New York Times, last week. He said - and I have now one last turn of the screw here - he not only believes I was correct in this prediction of the future, but that he has believed for a long time, on the basis of his personal knowledge of Nixon, that Nixon believes that he wants, and if fact that he believes he must have to get through the next election, a crisis like the Cuban (missile) crisis - to win the way Kennedy won. Not necessarily a nuclear crisis, but a major power confrontation, so that he could show once and for all (that he has) balls or something. . . And that he will win the political influence, and the diplomatic influence. . . He feels he needs that before '72. . .

Finally, the possibility of nuclear weapons comes in the following ways. . . Some of you may have seen a column by James Reston that said this president will use nuclear weapons - dash, underline, any weapons - to protect American troops if necessary. The JCS (Joint Chiefs of Staff) would probably feel that was the best offer they'd heard from a president since Dulles under Eisenhower and Nixon, who was associated with that policy. . . again, it would probably fail to deter, ultimately.

Nixon could feel that having made the threat of that. . . that to protect his credibility he'd have to carry it out. In fact, I could imagine that Nixon, this president - and this makes him, I think, the most dangerous president that we may have had of the last five - has in his mind that his gift to history will be that he will restore to the American arsenal the threat of nuclear weapons, the power of that threat.

And what it will take to restore it is an effective use of nuclear weapons, probably a demonstrative kind of clean airburst, small, tactical nuclear weapon on an unpopulated area or something. But a precedent that would give him back the threat.

If that is so, he is the most dangerous man in the world. He probably is anyway. But in historic terms this would be a great step upward. . .

QUESTION: Hasn't he pledged to non-first use?

RESPONSE: No. . . . You think so. . . . A lot of people think so. . . . No. As a matter of fact, it has been put to Henry Kissinger several times in this administration: "Are you willing to give a no-first-use pledge for Vietnam?" And he has said "No, we will not do that." . . .

QUESTIONER: Couple that with a massive rounding up of radicals in major cities of the country.

ELLSBERG: I think he's prepared - that's by the way the last thing mentioned. The. . . This ought to cheer you up (laughter). . . . The - that is - I think that they would not do such again, any kind of major escalation, without preparation of a kind that they did not have with Cambodia, both to keep the thing in hand, and, if anything, to exploit it with a really major Canadian type, if not Greek type capability for keeping things in hand.

And I presume that the planning for this is going on now, as contingency planning.

ALL ABOUT ELLSBERG

Daniel Ellsberg has spent much effort in the last year trying to bring the import of the Pentagon papers to the attention of both the public and many government officials. He considers the papers to be "the U.S. equivalent of the Nuremberg war-crimes documents" and hopes that "now those responsible for the escalation of the war will be held to account for the papers they signed."

After serving as a lieutenant in the Korean War, Dan worked with the Rand Corporation, a government think-tank, where he performed defense and foreign policy consultant work under Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson. In 1965 he

was sent to Vietnam. Working on pacification studies, he was first with the Defense Department as a GS 18 (highest civilian grade—equivalent to Lt. General) and then with the State Department as FSR 1 (highest grade—just below ambassador). He returned to the U.S. as an increasingly outspoken dove. He worked with Henry Kissinger for a number of weeks in late '68 and early '69, and was with Rand until April, 1970. Dan is now with the Center for International Studies at M.I.T.

The Pentagon Papers provide documentary evidence for something that radicals have been saying for a number of years—that the

Vietnam War was no mistake; rather it was a deliberate, calculated maneuver to assure U.S. hegemony in Southeast Asia and the Asian Pacific.

Despite platitudes to the contrary, U.S. objectives in that part of the world remain unchanged. Therefore, the death and destruction in Vietnam will continue unabated. We hope that the lesson of the Pentagon Papers and the following interview will generate a new sense of urgency in the American people to stop the insanity of their government.

The interview is from Hundred Flowers/UPS in Minneapolis via Freeway/UPS.

1951

the underground press

Unprovoked Assault on Peaceful Workers

in Cuba St.!

"The remarkable fact about this lock-out - without precedent in the history of this and many other countries - is that the longer the struggle lasts, the more the dockers develop to even greater heights their solidarity."

-Information Bulletin, Trade Union International of Seamen and Dockers (W.F.T.U.) June 1951.

"...the swarms of clandestine leaflets, posters, pamphlets and appeals that make up a remarkable volume of underground literature"

-British New Statesman and Nation. Many of the leaders of our peaceful and "In its election householder 'The People versus the Wreckers' (a plagiarism of the title to a union pamphlet) the Nationalist Government referred to union publicity as inflammatory, unbridled, scurrilous, poisonous, malignant, savage, filthy and foul. The list is not exhaustive; 'Unrestrained' was also one of the words used."

-151 Days (Dick Scott).

"Yet in all the unions' publicity...much of it reflecting the heat of the moment and all of it written under great provocation, not one line can be found urging sabotage, terrorism or any other primitive reaction to employer brutality."

-151 Days (Dick Scott)

Never in New Zealand's history has there been such a flood of illegal underground literature as appeared during the waterfront lock-out of 1951 - 151 days of courageous struggle and solidarity by workers and their allies against the full weight of the forces of the State - the Government, police, daily press and radio.

Dick Scott, in his "151 days - the official history of the great waterfront lock-out and supporting strikes Feb 15th to July 15th, 1951" writes, "To meet the clamorous demand for union information it is estimated that 650,000 official bulletins were issued, 400,000 major pamphlets and printed leaflets and perhaps 400,000 miscellaneous appeals, stickers, dodgers, 'rolls of dishonour', 'flat beer' lists, verse, open letters. These figures may be conservative. The Wellington Watersiders' Official Information Bulletin is alone estimated to have been circulated in a quarter of a million copies." Only about 100,000 of the total propaganda produced would have been legally printed.

In relating something of the union publicity story in Wellington during those momentous 151 days, it is necessary to understand how the watersiders organised for their fight. Wharfies have always represented a very diverse section of the community from every possible trade to accountants, university professors, businessmen, officers in the armed forces etc. There was never a subject brought up in which you couldn't find an 'expert' from growing roses to astronomy. So when the shipowners locked out the men and the long struggle began, the basis was there for an organisation where the skills and abilities of everyone could be brought into full play. An Action Committee was set up, superseding the Executive of the Union and numbers of sub-committees established under its control - publicity, finance, relief.

There was a bootmaker's shop working full time, a transport section with qualified mechanics working all day, full-time hunters, butchers and fishermen. The women's auxiliary became an important section. For instance no wharfie's child born during that period went without a fully-equipped layette. Meetings were held every morning which everyone had to attend. These daily meetings were the organising centres, the place where the ideas of everybody could be freely put forward. At the same time the workers and their wives developed an amazing discipline and solidarity. It became like a city within a city, with a workers' government in operation.

...with a savagery not witnessed in New Zealand since the '30's, and with less reason than any previous occasion in our history, truncheon-swinging, baton-happy Policemen under Inspectors Sugrue and McLennan shed the blood of freezing workers, wharfies and sea- Cuba Street on May 2.

WE DIDN'T START IT - it is not we who desire violence. But we make our protest heard.

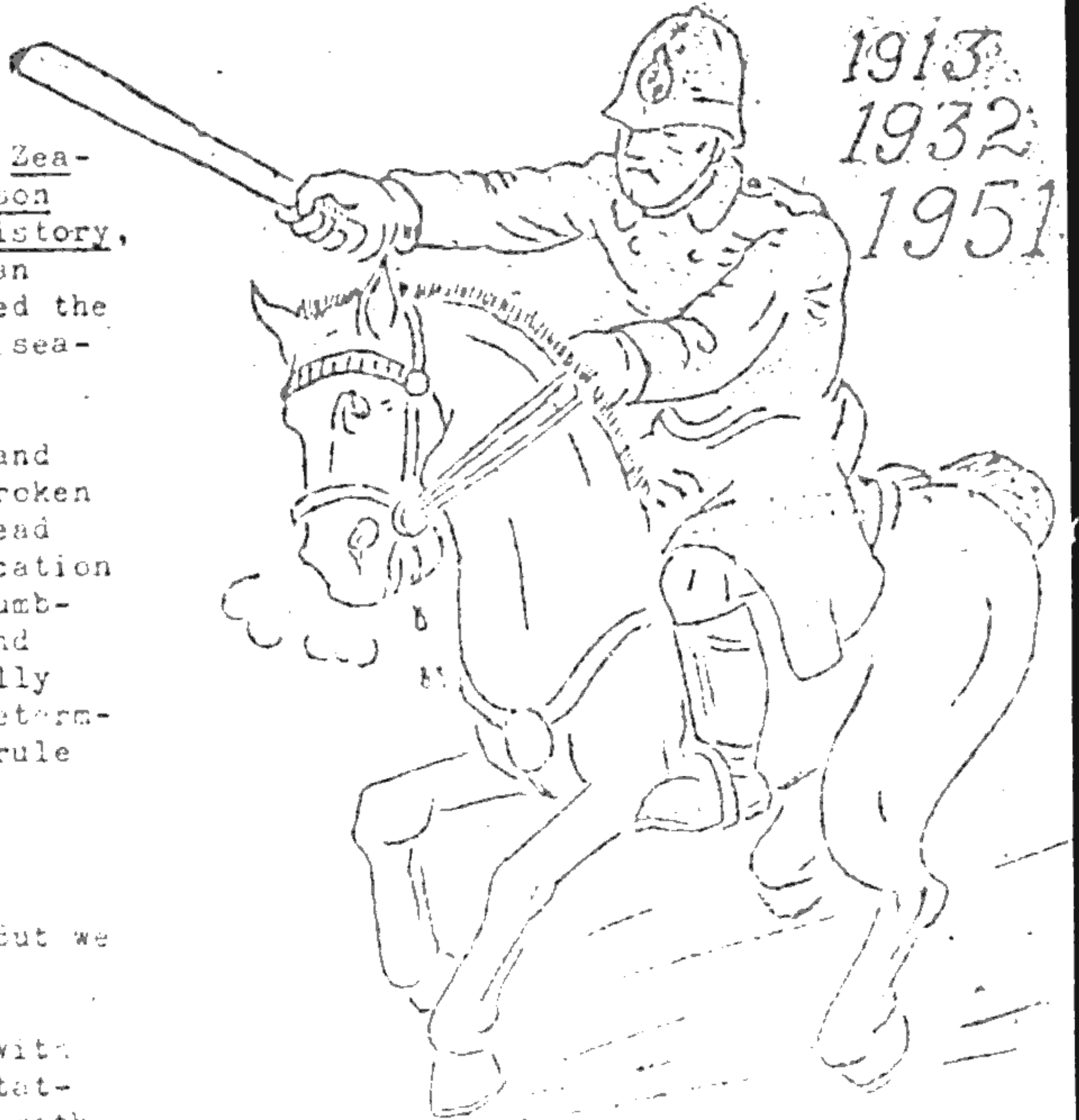
With the press and radio denied us, with the Government refusing to see our deputations, and at the time of going to press with the Police, (F/W Sec), and Drivers Tom Magee in Police cells, our only avenue of protest is the public demonstration.

We have shown that we are restrained and disciplined. We will follow the instructions of our leaders.

and his storm-troopers understand we determined that our organisation be maintained.

There was a bootmaker's shop working full time, a transport section with qualified mechanics working all day, full-time hunters, butchers and fishermen. The women's auxiliary became an important section. For instance no wharfie's child born during that period went without a fully-equipped layette. Meetings were held every morning which everyone had to attend. These daily meetings were the organising centres, the place where the ideas of everybody could be freely put forward. At the same time the workers and their wives developed an amazing discipline and solidarity. It became like a city within a city, with a workers' government in operation.

This then was the framework in which the publicity committee worked. As the struggle against the shipowners and Government intensified the full force and power of the fascist legislation embodied in the Emergency regulations became concentrated on the propaganda coming out from union centres throughout the country and particularly in Wellington. Just as it became a crime to give a wharfie's child a biscuit, so it was a crime to hand anyone a



ment of civilian dock guards to supplement those in Police uniforms is the gelling of a railway bridge over a Waikato culvert. This attributed by inference to our allies, the miners. However, the Waikato Miners' executive knew nothing of the incident

we believe that the miners had nothing to do with it for these reasons:

by RONA BAILEY

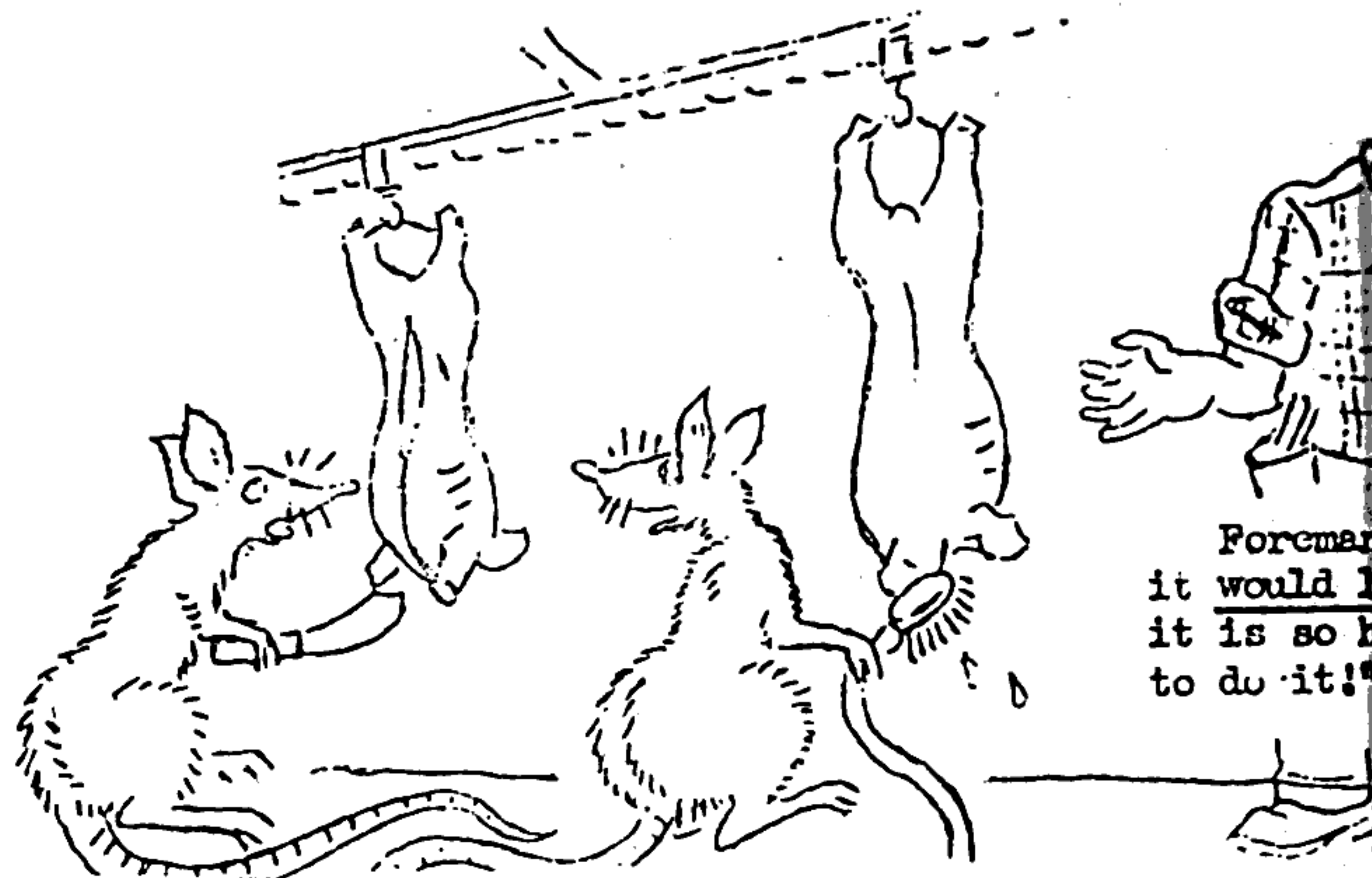
actions brought forth howls of mortal anguish. As the influence of the information bulletins and pamphlets spread like a prairie fire in Wellington, the hunt intensified to find out where and how they were produced and distributed. Dozens of homes were raided and ransacked by plainclothes police with no warrants and usually late at night. Private mail was confiscated, phones were continually tapped, people followed, and firms' supplies of paper checked on. But all in vain. They never did discover the typewriter, the gestetters, the distribution centres shifted nearly every night - for the hundreds of thousands of copies produced. The coppers were certainly close once or twice. On one occasion, police barging in to what they thought was a likely flat, discovered to their joy an antiquated printing machine. Together with all the type face, it was whisked away in a great flurry of elation. Imagine their rage to discover it was not the much wanted machine that was producing what Minister of Labour Sullivan called 'this vile stuff'.

to p.12

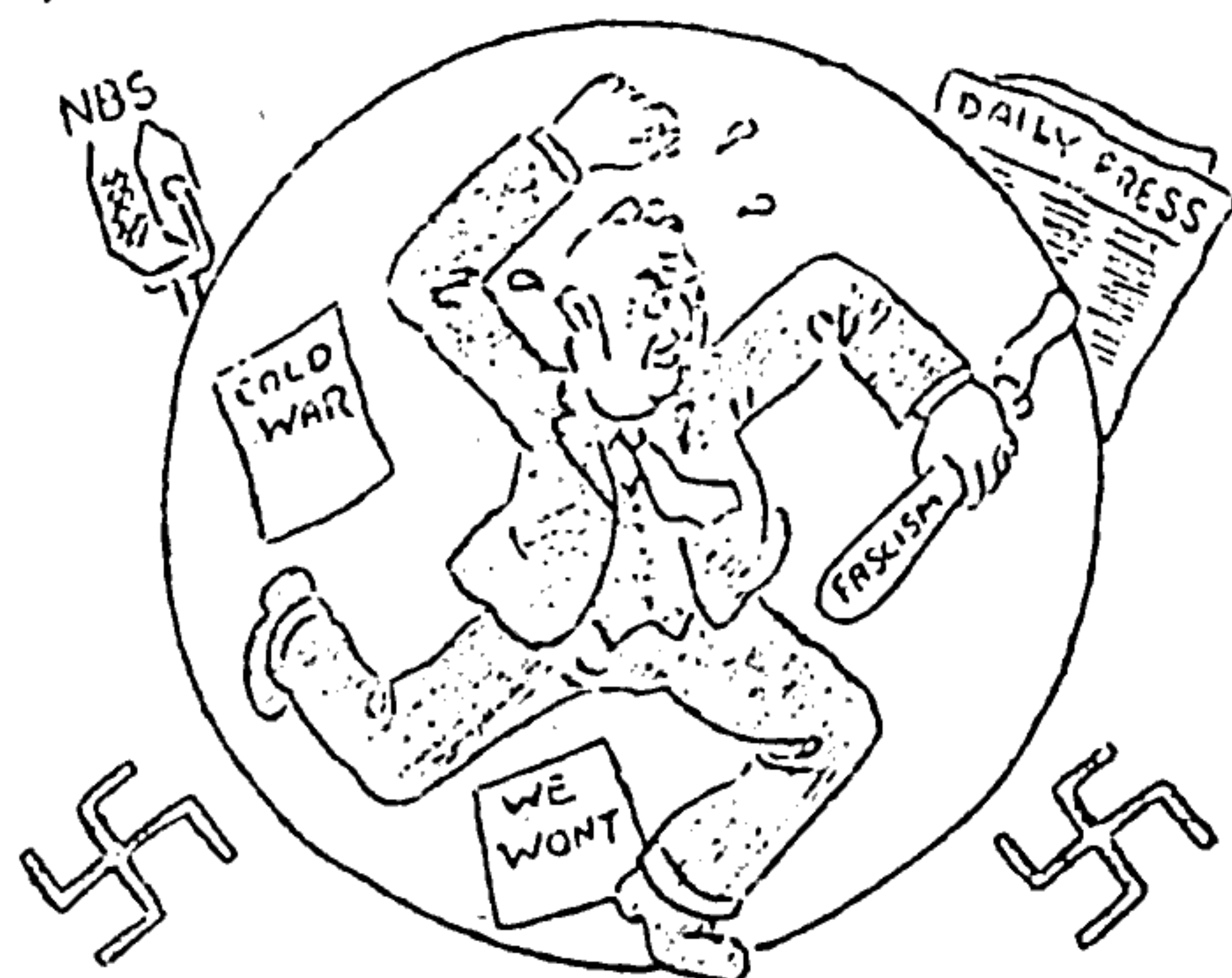
"Some of the best political cartoons in N.Z. history," is the way in which Rona Bailey described the cartoons printed in the Waterfront Newsletters in 1951. Printed on these pages are some of these, along with the front pages of the pamphlet 'If it's Treachery Get Tuohy' and a scab list.



HOLLAND'S "FOUR FREEDOMS"



WORKERS V. HOLLAND



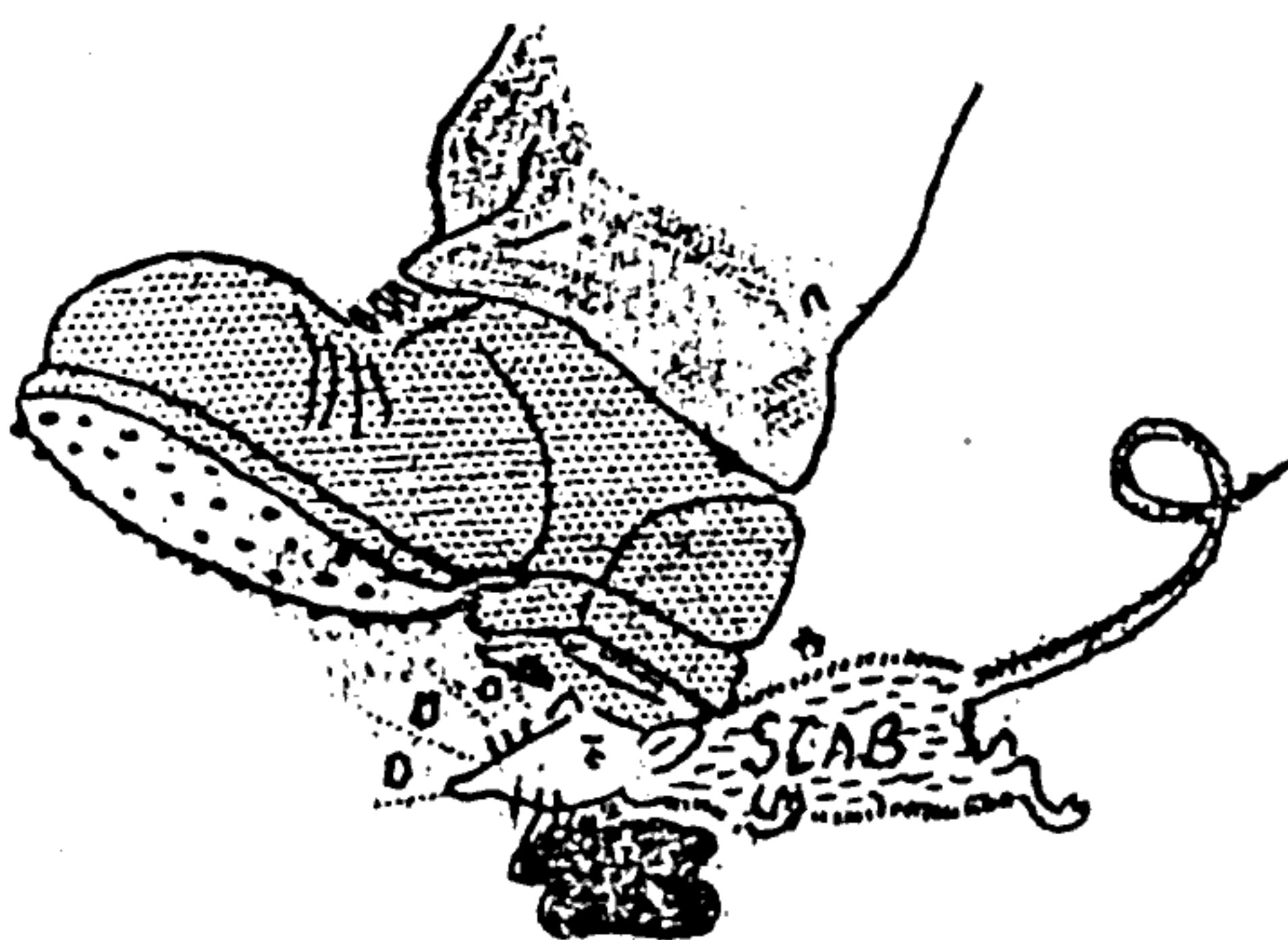
HOLLAND V. N.Z.



A report to Unionists on the situation today, with an appendix giving the experience of workers overseas under the same fascist attack

PUBLISHED BY THE "EARLY BIRD" PRESS.

***** Being the truth, this pamphlet automatically becomes illegal.



The names contained in this pamphlet are those of the scabs on the Wellington waterfront - creatures who have descended to the lowest depth known to a trade unionist and worker - ratting on their own class and joining hands with the boss

- * - Former member of the union
 - + - have now left the waterfront
- This list replaces all existing ones.

TREASON GET

EVERY worker the facts of the alias Finta farm owner, license spilt the employee inside the

READ THIS PAMPHLET

(Warning: Under is persecuted in this pamphlet)



"Canute" Holland



As an aid to understanding of some of these:-
Bill is Bill Sullivan the then Minister of Labour,
Sid is Sid Holland the then P.M.

Section 18 b of the Regulations allowed any member of the police force to enter any property, wherein his opinion an offence against the regulations had occurred.

Pig Iron Bob is Bob Menzies then P.M. of Australia.

IT'S
TERRY
JOHY!

should know
ntan Tuohy,
rick Walsh -
stor, import
ack-renter -
rojan Horse
ade Union
nt.

I LEAD IT TO OTHERS

where the worker
the guilty go free,
(is illegal)



1951 cont.

The best they could do was fine the owners about 14 pounds for not having it registered, despite the fact that it was shown that a Government department had a similar unregistered machine. The name of the magistrate who gave the verdict will be known to many - M.B. Scully. It can now be said that the police were incredibly close to the offending typewriter that night! On another occasion, the originals of the cartoons appearing regularly in the Wellington publicity were hastily shoved under the mattresses of youngsters asleep, as word of another raid came through.

On the 145th day of the lock-out, the following appeared in Bulletin No 44: "We have long been wondering what it is that the police have been searching for for so long - our inside information service has now given us the drum - they are looking for the producers of the bulletin and other publications! We wish to apologise to 'Call-me-Dave' (a reference to Dave Patterson in charge of police searches) and the

rest of his band for any inconvenience we may have caused them and hasten to assure them that we are only too happy to meet them - as a preliminary, we suggest that if Dave were to present himself alone on the beach at Cape Palliser at midnight the staff of the Bulletin will be pleased to introduce themselves. In case Dave should be early, we suggest that he could sing the following little ditty to keep his spirits up as he paces up and down the beach -

*He seeks it here, He seeks it there,
Our Dave he seeks it everywhere.
Is it above or is it below,
If he can't find it soon, our Dave will go.*

An elaborate decoy system was developed to smuggle the bulletins in to the daily meetings and it never failed. 'Obvious suspects' with big bundles under their arms ostentatiously whooped over fences, dived into cars, raced away at the sight of a copper. At the appropriate moments, the police would be baited in a highly

organised fashion to divert attention. It seemed that the only gendarmes who were wide awake to what was happening were those dragged in from the country and they were more concerned about getting back to their women and gardens. Taxi, bus and truck drivers, privacy and Government employees by the dozens all became distributors and all were subject to prosecution if caught.

On March 12th, the first illegal Official Bulletin of the Wellington Watersiders had appeared in an edition of 2000 copies. The opening article, "Workers' United Front" stated, "The united front of the workers can defeat Holland's fascist Waterfront Strike Emergency Regulations, and can assure trade union independence and peace.

"It seems certain now that with the amount of support we are receiving, that our policy must be to stiffen up our struggle. Towards this end we must get every possible rank and file worker to insist on decisive action in his own union. The time for procrastination is over. Trades Unionism must fight now if it is to survive. This struggle is not simply a wharfies' struggle; it is a question for all workers. United action now is the only reply to Holland, the would be union-smasher." The Bulletin carried its first cartoon of a policeman wielding a truncheon - extremely prophetic in view of what was still to come, the Cuba St. batoning and the police brutality on Bloody Friday (May 18th) in Queen St. Auckland.

Fifty two issues of the Wellington bulletin were produced. A new issue appeared every two or three days, in editions ranging from 2000 to 6,500 copies and in one case 9,000. Dick Scott notes, "The wide influence of the watersiders' information bulletins not only sprang from their defiance of a Government which feared to debate its actions. For tens of thousands of New Zealanders they gave a twice and thrice-weekly news service which took over from a discredited daily press."

Technically well produced under difficult conditions and with minimum equipment, the bulletins contained some of New Zealand's most brilliant political cartooning. Their vital role in unifying workers throughout the country cannot be overestimated. Eagerly sought, they mostly passed from hand to hand, until almost falling apart. The Bulletins were lively, reflecting all aspects of the day to day events in Wellington, and throughout the country, as well as giving news of support from workers in other parts of the world. Government leaders, police and scabs came in for the greatest drubbing, both satirical and serious. Original verse, stories, rhymes and parodies frequently appeared, forming quite a part of the literature of 1951.

The highlight of publication was of course the famous 12 page cyclostyled pamphlet, "If its treachery, get Tuohy," in the first edition of 6,000 copies. This gave a run down on background, history and role being played in the struggle of F.P. Walsh, then President of the Federation of Labour. One couldn't buy a copy for two pounds after a day or two; by the end of a week it was changing hands at five pounds. Reprints soon appeared in Auckland, Dunedin, Benneydale, Napier and Wellington (two more editions of 10,000 and 6,000). It became a matter of prestige to own one.

A later pamphlet, "Workers V Holland, Holland V N.Z." was published in two editions in Wellington by the Early Bird Press - their insignia a cock crowing on a copper's helmet. A number of editions appeared in other centres.

At one period the publicity committee had great difficulty in getting paper. The workers discussed it and decided that as taxpayers they were entitled to Government paper, in view of all the avenues of legal publicity being closed to them. Hundreds of reams mysteriously began to find their way from Government offices to the bulletin publishers. There was never a shortage again.

With the Government using every means at its disposal to obtain non-union labour - the shipowners were losing thousands daily - leaflets, articles in the official bulletin, calling on workers not to scab on their workmates, poured out from union sources. The cover of the small leaflets and scab lists invariably showed a worker's boot crushing a rat (scab) with appropriate comment like "the names listed in this pamphlet are those of the creatures at present befouling the Wellington waterfront - when we pass an open sewer we will remember them"; or "creatures who have descended to the lowest depth known to a trade unionist and worker - ratting on their own class and joining hands with the boss"; or even "creatures who voluntarily sell their honour as workers, trade unionists and men, a form of life so low that the hand of God, reaching down into the more, could not elevate them to the depths of degradation." If the language seems overly colourful today, it did not seem so then nor was it, as the scabs had to be taken to the wharves in covered wagons guarded by the army, the anger of the locked out and striking workers was so intense against them.

*Have you see the 'covered wagons'
As they rattle through the town?
Not a soul can see inside them
Though there a plenty stand around.*

*With shame they hide their faces
As they hide within those cabs
They're members of the Holland Gang,
Down on the wharf they're SCABS!*

Workers carried scab lists in their pockets for years afterwards.

The most ingenious pice of pamphleteering against scabbery was when some workers in the Government Printing Office took a Department of Health leaflet which depicted a rat and 'Beware industrial disease', printed across it "Don't scab" and issued it in thousands of copies. A worthy contribution from the Government!

The field of publicity, both production and distribution was just one of many areas where dozens of ordinary working people with no special skills or experience defied the State to produce miracles in a just cause. With very little sleep, working always into the early hours of the morning to deliver the goods every day for months on end, they defeated all the combined efforts of Government and police to track them down.

Together with the daily meetings, and the relief organisation, union propaganda was one of "the three strategic fronts," (Scott) throughout the whole course of the lock-out.

Twenty years later, with the Government spoiling for another industrial showdown, with the knowledge of police action at the Ky, Agnew and 'Stop the Tour' demonstrations fresh in our memories, February 15th to July 15th, 1951 is a time to remember, an event to study. Young people who were not around in 1951 may think that it will not happen again or could not happen nowadays. Under capitalism, the basic purpose of the forces of the State never changes and when challenged it will act in precisely the same way as it did in 1951. It can and will happen again.

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INLAND REVENUE

Off the Record



Tamburlaine

Say No More Kiwi

In case you haven't heard already, Tamburlaine have made an album which is to be released very soon. Recorded here in Wellington in HMV's studios, this collection of fine new songs (all but one are original) manifest the talent that even the earliest performances by this group revealed. They achieve a lyrical coupling of voices and instruments that is attained by very few. The songs are crisp and fesh, the performance confident, and the recording fair.

Various instrumental embellishments are employed to good effect. Flute, harmonica, violin, and cello are used on various tracks to add extra colour and grace. Denis Leong's adroit piano is featured as well.

As in concert there is a mixture of acoustic and electric elements. Some Other Day, Lady Wakes up, and Pass a Piece of Paper were among the songs I enjoyed most, though a more extended track about the flame of Thoriman developed further.

Tamburlaine have not copied other contemporary artists, nor have they retrogressed. Their album is good, not only for New Zealand, but for a much wider musical scene. It's certainly of that quality.

Zeke

Live Taste Rory Gallagher

Polydor Polydor

Taste were an Irish rock-trio who thrilled audiences from Belfast to Birmingham with a solid driving sound. Led by the cheerful Rory Gallagher, lead guitarist, the other members were Ritchie McCracken (bass) and John Wilson (drums).

However things did not go well with the band. There were arguments over the money, and later this year the trio split. McCracken and Wilson complained that the cheerful, foot-tapping Gallagher was ego-tripping. He treated his ghythmists with disdain, frequently changing the beat during stage-numbers without prior arrangement. Thus Taste died and Gallagher announced he wanted to form his own group but still exercise complete control of the music.

Live Taste is a solo memorial to the Irish Trio, unless the bootleggers hit N.Z. This album is a recording of a performance at Montreux Casino, Switzerland. Although the dressing room punch-ups endangered the groups appearance at time, the personal animosity does not show in the music. Gallagher's playing is very good - he plays and sings with a driving, infectious cheerfulness.

There are five tracks on the album, four of which are Gallagher compositions, marked by his aggressive slide guitar work. Unfortunately the extended track *I feel so good* has been artificially divided into two parts, for record-pressing purposes. A good record though, of an exciting performance.

Food Brain

Gallagher now has an album out, backed by his new men, Gerry McAvoy (bass) and Wilgar Campbell (drums) and Vincent Crane (piano) of Atomic Rooster helps out on two tracks. There are ten tracks on the album, all Gallagher compositions. On this album his style is mellower, featuring blues style slide-guitar. Though there are driving tracks like *Hands Up* the tone overall is more relaxed and personal - as heard in tracks like *I'm not Surprised*.

This album is one of the best albums heard this year and is strongly recommended listening.

'Phaethon'

Food Brain

Social Gathering Polydor

This album, featuring a rampant bull elephant on cover, is one of the most exciting and original albums to be released this year. It is an album of pure progressive rock music, with some jazz influences.

Food Brain are a group of young samurai from the Land of the Rising Sun. They comprise Shinki Chen (Guitar) Hiro Yanagida (keyboard), Masyoshi Kabe (Bass) and Hiro Tsunda (Drums). Also on one track the group is augmented by Michihio Kimura (bass clarinet).

The strength of the group lies in Yanagida whose facility on electric organ is absolutely too much. He has a very good hand for extemporisation whilst remaining in total rapport with Kabe. John Mayall after a recent tour of Nippon remarked that many rock musicians there were better technically than their European counterparts, though lacking in originality. Yanagida has both technical excellence and originality. He does make Emerson look like a beginner.

Food Brain are an incredibly together-group. They play very much closer than many a Western rock group. Naturally they write all their own material. Though they probably have a classical background they do not use classical form. Side Two features a very short, very beautiful track 'One-sided Love' featuring only Yanagida on electric harsichord; which shows a complete understanding of Rameau and Scarlatti.

Nippon is Nippon, Tokyo is centre of modern electronic industry and electronics play a big part in this album. There is electronic distortion and mixing which creates some unusual and compelling sounds.

Side One may be viewed as a short suite, featuring organ and bass creating a driving, compulsive, totally progressive sound, in which may be detected influences as diverse as early Pink Floyd and traditional Japanese ceremonial music. A short track *The Conflict of the Hippo and the Pig* (a musical Noh interpretation) ends the side.

Side Two is largely a continuation of the Suite on Side one though Chen's wailing guitar more often is heard predominantly. Then the beautiful One-sided

love followed by *The Hole in a Sausage* which is ultra-progressive and features electronic distortion (especially of the clarinet) and frequent tempo changes.

This album is undoubtedly the most original progressive music released this year. It is worth pawning your E.L.P. and Straws for.

'Phaethon'

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OFF THE PRESS

A Couple From N.Z.



DR W. B. SUTCH, M.A. (Hons.), B.Com., Ph.D., is New Zealand's best-known combination of economic, political and social historian.

THE RESPONSIBLE SOCIETY IN NEW ZEALAND Dr W.B. Sutch

Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd Late October 1971.

Retail price \$2.40, 141 pages

What sort of future do New Zealanders want for themselves, for their children? What sort of society has New Zealand become? What sort of society could and should it become? This short book is about these facts. Of interest to all who live here. Also, to those of us (i.e. all of us) who have in some way benefited by Social Security, Health Services, Child Allowances and Education bursaries. Originally written for the Royal Commission on Social Security it has become the most outstanding contribution, and an important document about the social history and social future of the New Zealand people.

The Royal Commission has been described by the chairman, the Supreme Court Judge, Sir Thaddeus McCarthy as being "at the very marrow of our way of life in New Zealand". Together with the Royal Commission on Personal Injury (The Woodhouse Report) they are the two most important papers concerning the social cohesion of the nation in the past 30 years.

Throughout ten chapters we are taken through the economic basis of society, the philosophy and history of social services. The gradual growth of the welfare system, the misuse of its founding ideals and concepts to protect and promote services for the rich, and submit those on lower incomes to indignity and punishments for being poor and sick. The complete misuse of the 1938 Social Security Act, by successive governments is exposed; thus enabling New Zealand to regress deeper into Poor Law values and attitudes

of the 18th and 19th century.

Here the University Departments particularly Political Science, Economics and Sociology have failed to teach and show in human terms the practice and principles of the English Poor Law. N.Z. society was nurtured and conceived in these practices and still operates them today. The means test, the Hardship Allowances for students and Legal Aid procedures might ring a bell.

Much new material evidence is given. The Medical 'War' of the 1940's and the complete failure of N.Z. to develop an adequate Universal Health Service; the betrayal of this service as planned to the Doctors is described. They were the most politically arrogant group to hold N.Z. to ransom, in spite of the declared wishes of the people on two occasions at the polls.

The crisis - covered up today - facing the needs of the children, older people, the health services, social services - regressing deeper into patchwork poor law, operations are examined in some depth. The final two chapters suggest ways out of this degrading situation. This is the challenge to everyone who is a citizen of New Zealand. One that affects all, and cannot be ignored. Silence simply means consent.

The book's opening sentence "The most important economic asset of any country should be its people". This not only Dr Sutch states but believes as an article of practical application and faith; whereas the large majority of the 50 odd university economists pay less than lip service to it. He goes on to say that social policies should be actively pursued to this end; "the quality of the economic growth depends on the quality of the people, the two are inseparable".

He says with reference to New Zealanders, "they are morally entitled to this desirable 104,000 square miles of this earth, if they can, make a marked contribution to the welfare of man by evolving systems of education and health, which are in advance of others with the emphasis on social, spiritual and intellectual attainment and human quality and dignity".

He is concerned with a society of 2.8 million people, not 196 millions, not 50 millions but of about 3 to 5 million within 30 years. An elementary fact, ignored by sociologists and economists here who live in the academic security and myopic state of University day dreams.

There is plenty to do to stop the social rot. How it can be done is outlined. In this endeavour, the University staff are not only timid and conservative but have treated this Royal Commission with contempt, ignorance and casualness.

Out of over 50 economists at universities none made any submissions to this Royal Commission, out of either personal, social or even professional interest or concern. Yet they are paid by the N.Z. taxpayer. The same also applies to Accountants in Commerce Departments (over 50 of them), Political Scientists (over 40) and of course Sociologists (over 50). Altogether over 200 'professional' staff. Two minor submissions by a small group of sociologists from Victoria University were made. One which developed an insurance scheme outdated 25 years ago. God help the students and the future of New Zealanders if this is taught as enlightened social thinking.

The best that can be said of these 200 economists, sociologists, accountants, political scientists is that

they should be thoroughly ashamed of themselves. There is no excuse for their failure. The Vice-Chancellor of Victoria - in an address to the Commonwealth press union, as his second plank of University staff in the life of the Community said the staff should be involved in the community and giving it leadership. Here was a great opportunity, the first for 30 years, in a major field for their "expertise" to be used. Perhaps the ignoring of pleas for salary rises or even cuts in salary might help them find social consciences.

Dr Sutch's book deals with the real social issues in New Zealand and develops a coherent vision and sense of social purpose. The book is important educationally for schools, church groups, universities and for anyone concerned for a just and sensible, even Christian based, society in N.Z.

It should be used in all economic, political science, public finance, and sociology courses - and even education, law, psychology and history. It is a basic text where each chapter (self-contained) should be discussed, discussed and discussed until each tutorial group has thrashed out its collective social concepts - staff and students alike. Thus avoiding boring, useless, enigmatic essays. This will depend on students and/or staff taking the initiative. Will it happen? It certainly should and is needed. This depends on the desire and will of the students, staff, church leaders etc. The University staff apparently couldn't care less. So will the students and Christians see that the book can be discussed as part of their courses? The title the Responsible Society is taken, the World Council of Churches Assembly 1954 - criteria for, a just society. So far the churches in New Zealand show very little signs of realising the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, and the motivation and structure of our economic system are contradictory. This book will point the way for study by churches so they can produce definite statements of conviction on social policy.

Sir Thaddeus McCarthy has described it as a submission which will cause "a minor social revolution in the attitude and thinking of New Zealanders". Dr J.O. Mercer C.B.E. says he hopes it will be read by all concerned with Medical Services.

All New Zealand's Health services, social services and approaches to education should be judged by the standards set down in the Responsible Society. These are United Nations ones signed over 25 years ago, by politicians on behalf of ALL NEW ZEALANDERS.

For those who live in the semantic artificial world of academic phantasies Dr W.B. Sutch, in the field of experience has been Head of the Dept of Industries and Commerce, Advisor to five Governments, N.Z. U.N. delegate, Chairman of the Social Commission of U.N. and also the Economic and Social Commission, Visiting Fellows to various Universities.

Finally some one has at last set the criteria and guidelines for us all. The choice is ours. Time is short, will we act?

The N.Z. Labour Party will have a chance to redeem itself. So also will the Christians and Churches. And alas those dynamic people the staff of our Universities and students too. All will find social objectives to commit themselves to.

"CRUX"

N.B. The N.Z.U.S.A. may promote the book at a special price, contact them

RESURRECTION: A SYMBOL OF HOPE.

Lloyd Geering.
Hodder and Stoughton; Sept 1971.

The vast majority of people today dismiss the Biblical stories of the resurrection and Jesus as rubbish, not worth a second thought.

A minority insist that the stories are literally true - and life transforming.

Both groups exhibit a lamentable ignorance of the fruits of a century of careful and scholarly academic study of the biblical documents.

Lloyd Geering in his latest book *Resurrection: A Symbol of Hope* attempts to dispel this ignorance. "The controversy in New Zealand," he says, "made it clear that many loyal church members had little idea of the change and movement that have taken place in the last hundred years in Christian thought and study of the Bible." (p.7) We may add that it isn't only loyal church members who are ignorant of these things.

Opponents of Geering have tried to make out that his point of view is eccentric and adopted by very few Christian scholars. How wide of the mark they are is shown by the two and a half page bibliography and the fourteen pages of references which clearly establish the truth of Reinhold Niebuhr's remark (quoted on p. 61), "There are very few theologians today who believe that the Resurrection actually happened."

At some point most writers and speakers defending the traditional story of the Resurrection triumphantly ask what else but an empty tomb and a literal Resurrection of Jesus could convert a demoralised, frightened group of disciples such as is portrayed in the gospel account of Good Friday evening into the confident world evangelists of a few weeks later? Most traditionalists apparently believe this argument unanswerable. In this book they will find that Geering has taken up the challenge and easily shows that the expectations the disciples inherited from the Old Testament tradition, together with a number of other circumstances of the time, are quite sufficient to account for the construction and acceptance of a Resurrection story in the early church.

Most of us (whether we believe in the Resurrection or not) are pretty sure what is meant by the Resurrection and what are the events that were alleged to have taken place. Unconsciously (as with the Christmas story) we adopt a version largely based on the writings of Luke. In fact this is by no means the only version of the story to be found in the New Testament. The general picture conveyed by the narratives in *Luke* and *Acts* is derived from traditions circulating in the church around AD 80. *The Epistles of Paul* give a picture twenty or thirty years earlier than this, and earlier strands still can be distinguished which reveal a very different version of what took place. So "the traditional understanding of resurrection not only vastly oversimplifies the New Testament traditions but is open to serious objections." (p. 27)

In the major portion of the book, Geering traces the idea resurrection from its beginnings in the civilisation of the ancient Middle East more than four thousand years ago. He begins in the area also covered



by Dr Henry Chadwick in his lecture *Dying and Rising Gods of Antiquity* (Victoria University; 26th July 1971). Ideas of resurrection arise from the vegetation gods mythology, where new life springs out of the death of the old crop. It is a totally new harvest each year, not a restoration to life of the old crop (which has already been gathered, stored and eaten).

The Jews continued to take death seriously and regarded death as affecting the whole person. But the Greek tradition saw the personality as divisible; on the one hand there was the material body which died, and when the body died it released an indestructible part - the soul. This thinking was alien to Jewish traditions and was rejected by them until the second century B.C. From this time onward it gained support in some sections of Judaism but was firmly rejected by others.

The debate was still going on in Jesus' time. Paul felt that the Platonist idea of the immortality of the soul was irreconcilable with the Jewish concept of the resurrection of the body, and in *I Corinthians* he argues against the idea of immortality. Eventually, however - despite St Paul - the church achieved a synthesis of the two doctrines which in fact tended rather more to immortality than to resurrection.

Geering is easy to read and reliable in his scholarship. Nevertheless many people will put down his book with a feeling that it is incomplete. He has established his thesis that resurrection is a symbol of hope. He has shown the sort of things people once hoped for when they used resurrection in this way. He has shown that these hopes are no longer relevant expressions for today. So he leaves us with an injunction to hope, but no idea of what to hope for.

The new theology has made the old theology untenable (unless you deliberately refrain from exercising the critical faculties you are supposed to develop at university), but the new theology still has to find something in its place which will provide a similar inspiration.

Maybe all that we can do at the moment is to hope that it can.

Peter Jennings



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SPORT

SIGNING OFF

Thanks to those people who have willingly contributed to these pages throughout the year. Some people are worthy of special mention. Ian Dunn's interest in University sport is well-known, and although his rugby column was somewhat controversial, he was one contributor who could always be relied upon. Andrew Wright was ever-ready with copy to do with the administration of the various sports played at this university.

Rick Priest, of the Cricket Club, Peter Murphy and David Turner of Karate, Cliff Laking (soccer) and Doug Hill (Hockey) have been particularly keen in promoting their clubs through Salient.

Others prominent were: Gav Adlam (Rifles), Ann Armstrong (Ski), Philip Kear and Ian Stockwell (Athletics), Alan Laidler and the Gym staff and many and Ian Stockwell (Athletics) Alan Laidler and the Gym staff and many others.

With the interest shown by these people university sport looks like having a bright future. Upgrading of facilities will also help.

Apathy appears to be the catch-cry of university administrators. It appears to me however, that this apathy can be countered if interest is engendered in the recreational pursuits this university offers. Those who do get involved in University sport are generally those who show the most interest in their university, and those who are least apathetic. It is a pity such people constitute a minority.

University sport has a big following among the public, and can be a significant factor in maintaining good community - university relationships.

This year has been quite a successful one for Vic sports enthusiasts. Special congratulations should go to the cricket team, for their outstanding record at Summer Tournament, and also to the Rugby Club, firstly because they won the Wellington Club championship; and secondly because of the success of the Senior A side which was much criticized early in the season.

My thanks go to all those willing contributors who, because of space limitations, must go unmentioned.

1971 BLUES

WATERPOLO

B. Britten
G. Stephens
M. McKinley
V. Pickett

303 RIFLES

J. Whiteman
R. McKinley

ATHLETICS

P. Kear
I. Finlayson
C. Banks
E. Cairns

CRICKET

R. Priest
T. Druce
J. Greenwood
P. Reid

RUGBY FOOTBALL

G. Kember
R. Willis
P. Smith
K. Shirley
G. Mourie
D. Evans
W. Sharp
C. Sutton
J. Kirkby
R. Deyell

MEN'S INDOOR BASKETBALL

P. Mitchell

HARRIERS

I. Stockwell

TABLE TENNIS

Mary Lou McCombie

RUGBY LEAGUE

J. Bailey
R. Leonard

SMALLBORE RIFLE

J. Adlam
I. Cossar
K. McGregor

SWORDS

R. Hayman
A. Apathy
S. Norris
S. Grant-Taylor

BADMINTON

B. Quirke
H. Barley
S. Musker

GOLF

C. Watt
G. White
R. Barltrop

SOCCER

R. Temple
C. Cameron

YACHTING

G. Coleman

SOCIAL DIARY

— Friday:

...went along to the Blues Dinner on Friday night, and had a very nice evening. Mr. A. Wright was in attendance, looking very dapper in a light blue ensemble and tramping boots. Cocktails began at 7.30pm, and just after 8pm everybody moved off to dinner.

Mrs Levenbach, a rather haughty woman, made her presence felt early in the piece, but was soon quietened. On the whole, the meal was rather pleasant. Had a very delicate seafood cocktail, soup, fish, chicken with the most delectable legumes, 'Kirsch Parfait' and coffee.

Mr Philip Kear, of the VUW Sports Committee officiated as chairman of the gathering. It was by the way, quite a large group, about 130 people I believe. This gentleman told a rather tasteless joke about Lord Nelson's brown trousers which quite upset the tone of the evening. Then Mr-Malcolm McLaw spoke, prior to the Presentation of the Blues Award Certificates.

Guest speaker was Mr Barrie Trueman, the National Soccer Coach. A charming and witty man, but decidedly lower-class accent. However he did give us some home truths about New Zealand sport, namely, that we New Zealanders excel more at strength sports than skill sports. On the whole, an amusing and interesting speech.

This was followed by the presentation of Trophy to the Sportsman of the Year. Mr John Gibbons, of Rugby Senior A's and an Olympic rower, countered Mr Trueman's comments on the New Zealand sporting scene rather abruptly I fear, but went on to present the very handsome trophy to Mr Phillip Kear. A deserved title for this young man, who has shown courage and dedication throughout his athletics career, and is at present national 400m champion.

Throughout the dinner I was fortunate in sitting next to a Mr Horsly and his party - Charming old gentlemen, all of whom won blues in the 40's. One thing which emerged from our discussion was that perhaps the system of awarding blues should be revamped, to ensure that only those who really deserved blues re-

ceived them. There were some who missed out this year but should have got one apparently. One member of the Karate club who has spent much time coaching his fellows, won distinguished black-belt status this year, but has received no recognition from his university. This is only one example. A sorry state of affairs indeed.

Messrs Dave Howman, Richard Orgias and Andrew Wright should be congratulated on their running of this year's Blues Dinner. A most enjoyable time was had by all, especially me. Arrived home pissed at 3.30am!

Salient Social Reporter

BELATED TOURNAMENT NEWS

SMALL-BORE RIFLES:

The surprise defeat of Vic's small-bore rifle team by the occasional university or three, will be spoken of in hushed tones over the bar in the pub at Hog Swamp (pop. 8) for many years to come.

The intrepid marksmen, to wit, Mr G. Adlam, Mr I. Cossar, Mr K. McGregor, Mr H. van Dam and Mr D. Wilson, soundly thrashed both Otago (2335.148) and Lincoln (2334.82) with a score, remarkably similar to last year's of 2340.135. (The scores of Canterbury, Massey and Auckland, are available on written request to the appropriate authority.)

Four new records were set. In the I.C.I. Shield, B. Mason, Auck., bettered the record set in 1965 by 1.2 with his score of 599.52. A. Vincent, Cant., managed to drop one point over ten cards to obtain a score of 999.81, four points above the previous record and virtually unassailable. In the North Vs South match the North won with a score of 1972.143.4.4 above the 1962 record. The N.Z.U. vs Auckland Assn, shoot resulted in a record smashing 1979.156 but the opposition managed an even more record smashing 1989.168 so that was that.

N.Z., Blues were awarded to B. Mason and A. Vincent. Vic Blues were awarded to G. Adlam, K. McGregor and I. Cossar, (for sexual equality on the mound!)

K. McGregor

SOCCER

Victoria fielded its strongest spud for a number of years with the inclusion of one National League and several Central League players among the fourteen who travelled. Pre-Tournament discussion generally favoured Victoria and Auckland as candidates for first place, while Canterbury and Massey were expected to provide stern opposition.

On Monday morning, Victoria defeated Lincoln impressively by 8-0. Heavy overnight rain had created a slippery surface which suited Victoria's quick ground-passing game. At half time the score was 7-0, but the second spell saw the addition of one more goal only as Victoria eased up. Goal scorers in this match were Bryan Park 3, Paul Cameron 2, Dave Bradshaw 2, Tony Compton 1.

The afternoon game against Massey was, in contrast, very closely contested. Victoria did not achieve supremacy until the final ten minutes when three goals were hammered past a tiring Massey defence. Massey

with peter winter

of football that effectively nullified the Victoria attacks and they clearly hoped to win by snatching a break-away goal. A cross-field wind of gale force proportions assisted Massey's tactics and Victoria struggled hard to breach a stout rearguard that was superbly marshalled by the Massey captain, John Saunders. As the second spell ticked away without any score, Victoria's supporters became anxious. Eventually however, Victoria hit the front with one of the best conceived and executed goals of the Tournament. Warren Moyes picked up the ball in mid-field and made ground before passing to Alan Park on the right wing. He cut across the penalty box and pushed the ball on to Ian Garner who split the defence with a perfect pass to Bryan Park, ten yards in front of goal. Bryan's shot gave the keeper no chance: 1-0 to Victoria amid scenes of jubilation both on and off the field. Two minutes later, another right wing attack led up to a Ronnie Temple goal and just on full-time, the demoralised Massey team watched Bryan Park hook a magnificent shot into the top left hand corner of their goal. As in the morning, Victoria's defence looked very solid with Paul Cameron, Ross Powell and Stan Wypych all combining well.

Tuesday morning provided yet another change of conditions, the playing surface having become much heavier. Against Otago, Victoria looked lethargic in the opening minutes and they received an early setback when Stan Wypych was unsighted after an Otago corner and the opposition was able to capitalise on the loose ball. Victoria took twenty-five minutes before equalising from a Dave Bradshaw cross which was mishandled by the Otago keeper and stabbed home by Bryan Park. Three more goals followed in the second spell: Paul Cameron headed in from a Phil Peters corner; Dave Bradshaw grabbed an opportunist goal after a promising run by Phil Peters had been halted; and Ronnie Temple was on hand to convert a good pass into the penalty area. Although Victoria's winning margin was three goals, their performance was not as convincing in this match. This was possibly due to a cartilage injury suffered by Ian Garner, the captain. The knock prevented Ian from taking further part in the Tournament, besides destroying his chances of N.Z.U. selection. It also proved disastrous for the positional pattern Victoria had adopted. As link in the 4-2-4 formation, Ian's running, control and distribution had been crucial to the forwards' supply of good ball; his absence necessitated redeploying players for the remaining games.

On Tuesday afternoon, Victoria defeated Waikato 2-0. This match had no bearing on Tournament results, since Waikato was present by invitation only, having been ruled ineligible to participate competitively by N.Z.U. Sports Council. Play was scrappy for most of thirty-five minute spells agreed upon as the Victoria team tried to conserve its energy for the critical match against Auckland on Wednesday afternoon. Goal scorers were Ronnie Temple and Bryan Park. One ominous feature did emerge from this game, however. The speedy Waikato forwards managed to penetrate Victoria's mid-field defence on several occasions, some-

thing which had not occurred previously. No remedial measures were immediately apparent other than reversion to a traditional single centre-half line-up, but unfortunately this move was decided against.

The Auckland match was played on a bumpy surface drying out under a blustery cross-field wind. During the early exchanges, Auckland used their physical advantages to full effect and Victoria players were subjected to some fierce tackling which prevented them from settling into a rhythm. The absence of Ian Garner in mid-field was felt acutely as the bustling Aucklanders frequently retrieved possession by back-tackling. Nevertheless, Victoria did receive two glorious opportunities to score in the first quarter. First, a magnificent cross from Ronnie Temple was hit outside the upright and minutes later, a header from Alan Park dropped in front of an open goal but nobody was following up. After fifteen minutes, a long pass through the centre was not chased back by Victoria's defenders and Stan Wypych was left stranded in goal. From the restart, Auckland swept straight back onto attack and hesitancy in challenging allowed Auckland's right winger to dribble in towards the near post and crack a firm shot past the advancing keeper. Five minutes later, Victoria's morale reached a nadir when Stan Wypych made his only serious mistake throughout the Tournament to give Auckland their third goal. From this point, the result was never really in doubt, although Victoria pressed hard on numerous occasions. Towards the end of the first half, Phil Peters beat the Auckland keeper, John Morris, with a screaming drive that just skimmed over the bar and in the second half, Victoria forced several corners and free kicks. From one of these, Bryan Park curled the ball goalwards and Morris needed all his class to pull off a fine save. Neither side was able to improve its score however, and a disappointing game ended Victoria 0, Auckland 3.

After losing to Auckland, Victoria were somewhat casual in their approach to the last match against Canterbury on Thursday morning. Midway through the first spell, Victoria's Alan Park "scored" a hotly disputed goal from an acute angle. In spite of being badly positioned at the time, the referee overruled Canterbury's protestations. However, justice triumphed moments later when the equaliser was scored from a well flighted corner kick. Early in the second half, Dave Bradshaw put Victoria ahead again when he outstripped the Canterbury defence down the right wing and cut infield to score with a low shot. Canterbury attacked strongly after this reverse and eventually levelled. Finally, they notched the winning goal after Victoria had conceded a penalty. The game ended Canterbury 3, Victoria 2.

The overall standard of soccer at this Tournament was extremely high and in securing second place equal, Victoria performed most creditably. Every player toiled hard throughout the tough schedule of matches and three were rewarded by selection for the N.Z.U. team. They were Paul Cameron, Phil Peters and Ronnie Temple. The N.Z.U. played the touring Australian Universities side at Newmarket Park on the

Saturday and went down 1-3 in a disappointing spectacle. Owing to National League commitments, most of the N.Z.U. defence was unavailable and the second-string were no match for the speedy visitors.

BADMINTON

The Vic contingent won all of the games convincingly, and were our most successful competitors. Their results:

- v Auckland, won 15-1
- v Canterbury, won 16-0
- v Massey, won 10-6
- v Otago, won 16-0

The team lost most of the singles in the game against Massey, but came back to win all of the doubles and most of the mixed doubles. A fine team effort.

The team's depth ensured success from the beginning. Every other team, except perhaps Massey, had no depth at all - hence our convincing wins.

N.Z.U. team members selected: B. Quirk (No. 1 man), M. Barley (No. 3 woman), S. Musker (No. 2 woman).

A. Laking, Secretary.

CROSS COUNTRY

The N.Z.U. race was this year held over the One Tree Hill Domain alongside Auckland's Cornwall Park. The 4 lap course which consisted of fairly undulating country was relatively firm underfoot which ensured a fast race.

As expected Euan Robertson from Massey took the individual honours. This was his fourth win in the past five tournaments. This win, coupled with his 7th placing at the National Cross Country Champs, makes Robertson one of the best University cross-country runners of all time.

Second home was Martin Everton of Lincoln who competed for Canterbury at the Nationals. Third was John Le Grice of Auckland who was the 1968 National 3 mile Champion.

First home for Victoria was Ian Stockwell who gained 7th place. This placing enabled him to gain a position in the N.Z.U. team. Second Vic man was Eric Cairns (12) and third was Ian Hunt (15).

Auckland won the teams race for the Dixon Trophy with 21 points followed by Lincoln (45) and Victoria (50). Otago who have won the trophy for the past 8 years sensationally collapsed and won the Wooden Spoon.

The competition for the top North Island University (Shakleford Trophy) saw Victoria with 67 points finish second to Auckland (37).

The emergence of Lincoln as a force to be reckoned with in N.Z.U. Cross Country was one of the features of this year's tournament. Lincoln took the Carmalt Jones trophy for the top South Island University. This was Lincoln's first win for 40 years.

Highlights for Vic's Cross Country reps were the dinner at the Leopard Tavern and the joke telling session which was followed by a visit to [redacted] one of Auckland's famous [redacted]

HOCKEY

Winter Tournament 1971 showed up in rather dismal light the relatively poor standard of Victoria's Mens' Hockey team. It showed in fact that Victoria was not competent to win one game, that it had no player worthy



Victoria Team; back, Paul Bradshaw, Vladimir Halama, Joe Bryde, Phil Jones, Marilyn Waring. front, Ann Armstrong, Alex Sim, Alison Blakeway.

of N.Z.U. selection and that the standard of play of Victoria's tournament team has slipped backwards considerably in recent years.

But Tournament did more than this. It provided the team and its supporters with a most enjoyable and unforgettable week of social activity in Auckland, and so, despite the team's poor record, the week could by no means be called an unsuccessful one.

Its record was: a 1-6 loss to Canterbury, a 0-4 loss to Massey, a 2-5 loss to Auckland, a 1-1 draw with Waikato, a 4-4 draw with Otago and another 1-1 draw with Lincoln.

Contributing largely to Victoria's unimpressive effort was its general lack of fitness which was borne out most strikingly in the hammering delivered by Canterbury. Inexperience, the fact of never having played together as a team and a general unwillingness to make a dedicated effort were other factors which help explain the results.

However, many of the team's weaknesses became less apparent as the week progressed and the corresponding improvement in Victoria's play was seen in the fact that not one of the last three games was lost. The match against Otago was particularly noteworthy for it saw the team produce its best hockey of the tournament.

Victoria's outstanding player was undoubtedly Geoff Kirkham at centre-half who played with determination throughout and who ensured that some measure of respectability was always attached to the team's effort.

Roger Wilcox too, deserves special mention as the pick of the forwards. He was the star of the Otago match and was responsible for preventing what would have been an unlucky defeat by scoring a very neat goal in the final seconds of that game.

Peter Morgan was solid full-back and he performed his duties as captain with credit. Phill Judd at centre-forward emerged with the distinction of being the team's top goal scorer.

Special mention must be made of Victoria's loyal band of supporters, the S.L.P.D. (Side-line piss-drinkers) who barracked in lordly tones, although not always constructively. The Victoria women's team also lent loyal support.

The social scene showed some team members up in rather surprising fashion. Who would have thought before tournament that the team contained a guy who can do daring feats of agility four storeys above Queen Street, another who spends his Sunday nights in lonely vigil on verandahs, a couple of grave-robbers and a bloke who can't even drink his milk?...

D. Hill.

RUGBY LEAGUE

1971 Winter Tournament must be regarded as the most successful ever for the Rugby League Club. Going up to Auckland as "Another" side Victoria were unlucky not to draw first equal.

First game up was against Canterbury. Down at half time Victoria came back to lead but was beaten 11-10 in the last moments.

Otago in the next game was allowed too much room; consequently Victoria was beaten 24-11.

At this stage it appeared Victoria would take the Wooden Spoon but a great performance the next morning against the 'guns' of N.Z. Rugby League, Auckland, saw Vic win 12-9 and follow it up in the afternoon with 27-15 victory over Massey. It was a great day. As for the night....!

All the team gave a 100%, but Victoria's outstanding individuals were Cyril Martin and Brian Smith. John Bailey too was rewarded for

his good forward play with a place in the N.Z.U. team to play Australian Universities.

The Sports Dinner night saw Victoria dominate proceedings with Cyril Martin receiving a presentation for Tournament top try scorer and Harold Mill take the Emerald trophy for the Tournament's outstanding sportsman.

After a disappointing club season this year Tournament was a great boost and points to a good season for 1972.

V.U.W.S.C.

Ski Tournament was hosted this year by Canterbury University at Temple Basin, near Aurthur's Pass. The Auckland and Victoria teams arrived on Sunday and made the forty minute climb to the huts in the rain of an approaching storm. The bad weather continued and the races planned for Monday and Tuesday were cancelled, while the racers and officials sat out the storm.

Good use was made of this time with drinking horn being held on Monday night. Victoria produced no great stars but solid dinking gained us third place in each division! Our former team captain, John Armstrong who was acting as course setter this year, won the mens' individual title.

The weather cleared a little on Wednesday to allow the holding of the first run of the slalom. This was completed on Thursday together with the Grand Slalom and the Downhill.

Team results:
Men;

1st Otago, 2nd Victoria, 3rd Lincoln

Women

1st Otago, 2nd Victoria, 3rd Auckland

P. Jones from Vic finished third in the individual title races.

Ann Armstrong.

SHIELD POINTS

	AU	MU	VUW	CU	LC	OU
Soccer	8	2	2	2		
Badminton	2	4	8			
Men's Basketball	1		1	6		6
Women's Basketball	8			2		4
Fencing	4		8	2		
Golf	4			2		8
Harriers	8		2		4	
Men's Hockey	8	4		2		
Women's Hockey	2			8		4
Judo	2			8		4
Netball	4		2			8
Shooting	2	4		8		
Squash	2			4		8
Table Tennis	8		2	4		
Rugby League			2	8		4
Skating			2	2	2	8
Karate *	8		4	2		
TOTAL	63	14	29	58	6	54

* Karate results do not appear in the totals because Karate is not a "full sport".

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GLENVALE



MORE PEOPLE CHOOSE GLENVALE



Following the worthy precedent of having an overseas judge, consider the Rothmans poetry awards, we have invited the founder of the English romantic movement of the early 19th century, and observer and critic of poetry for many years now, to have a private and exclusive interview with Salient about the state of New Zealand poetry. Mr Wordsworth, who has outlived two world wars and the industrial revolution, is now nearly blind, due, he says, to excessive prognostication in his youth. However he is still lively, for a 201 year old, and the irascibility he occasionally portrayed was more likely to have been caused by the presence of a large and frightening fire-extinguisher accidentally pointing in his direction throughout the proceedings, than by weight of years. Indeed it was painful to see how insubstantial Mr Wordsworth now was, a ghost, or perhaps pure spirit...

Salient Mr Wordsworth, what do you think of the notion that an overseas judge can judge New Zealand poetry?

Wordsworth Let me consider for a moment, I recall a similar situation with regard to Emerson, that fine old man from the States, back in the 1850's. He made a pilgrimage to England to have a chat with me. He desired to know my opinion of American literature. Well, I could not say a great deal, as I had not, at that stage, read anything of American literature. I told him he was doing a great job. He was disappointed that I was no more enthusiastic - I discovered the reason later. He was my fervent admirer and well known for his paltry imitations of me. Er, what was the question?

Salient Do you consider it necessary for an overseas person to judge New Zealand poetry?

Wordsworth There are a number of problems here. He would have to have the experience of world literature, which you would lack here in your pioneering isolation. But this would not necessarily be of any value in judging your poetry, for which you would need to apply New Zealand standards. It would be even more dangerous had he perused a small proportion of New Zealand poetry, as then he would surely be prejudiced in favour of those poets he knew. It would not be entirely satisfactory for an overseas judge to consider work produced in such a savage, pioneering country as this, forlornly remote from the reaches of civilisation. It is not satisfactory for me to be here by the like token. However if you cannot produce a notable critic of your own it could be justified. It would probably be of more value, though, to an ethnologist or anthropologist than to an upright scholar of the poetic muse.

Salient A number of people regard as selfevident the choice of prizewinners, not because they were the best - it is always hard to consider the best in this field - but because they reflected the views favoured by the group, occasionally known as the Paremata Prophets, and dominated by three people - Sam Hunt, Jim Baxter, and Frank McKay, who review each others work, edit and criticize, and in their spare time write couplets to each other.

Wordsworth My boy, I do think you are the slightest bit vicious in your attitude towards this proselytizing. After all it was when pacing the meadows at Stowey or climbing the mountains around the peaceful lake Gresmere with such hardy companions and disciples as Coleridge and my brother John (who is now dead and buried - God bless him) that I formulated the creed that stood as the basis for the romantic movement. Were it not for just such a circle of enthusiasts the frail and timid youth John Keats would never have brought his gentle masterpieces to light. Of course, your friends could never produce such a movement as mine - nobody else could be blessed with two such intelligent and sympathetic mentors. I mean, of course, Sam Coleridge and my dear sister Dot, who, though oft confused in their cogitations, nevertheless contributed immeasurably to the formation of my early philosophy.

Salient So you think that there really is some merit in this cabalistic approach to poetry?

Wordsworth I certainly would not venture to judge this instance, but may I be permitted to discuss the question in a more general way? I have oft discovered that in such a band of acquaintances there will exist vastly differing areas and gradations of talent, and commonly vastly differing influences at work on the poets. They must influence each other to some extent and this can be most beneficial. Byron was a great friend of Shelley, but yet their poetry is readily distinguishable. Byron received his training from Schiller and other contemporary Teuton writers; Shelly was influenced to a much larger extent by me. One can also compare Sam Coleridge with me. Of course I influenced both his thinking and his writing style immensely, but nevertheless he still produces a distinctive poetry showing, I feel, his greater idealism, and the obtuse impress of Swedenborg and Hartley.

Salient To an extent I feel that is also true here. Sam Hunt and James Baxter write in very distinctive manners, except when they are corresponding in doggerel. Don Long and Gary Langford are also quite different in their approach to poetry, Don Long being more, and more openly, influenced by minor American writers. However this is not the aspect that concerns me. I am disgusted with the way these people build up each others' reputations out of all proportion to their respective talents. Now Baxter is considered the best poet in the country...

Wordsworth ...Oh, I thought that honour was shared between Gloria Rawlinson, William Morris, Rowley Habib, and others, the names of whom I cannot recall...

Salient ...You have, I see been looking through the International Who's Who of Poetry...

Wordsworth ...I happen to be on the selection panel for next year...

Salient Congratulations!

Wordsworth I disapprove of the whole tenor of the book. It gives its poetry prizes to parrot pieces that are valiant attempts of little ladies with Pekinese dogs. All trying hard to be called romantic.

Salient That leads us to another important topic. New Zealand poetry is often dismissed as being romantic. As the leading exponent of the attitudes that have been associated with romantic poetry, such as the search for simplicity, the extolling of nature, and the probing of the exotic, would you say that the New Zealand poetry you have read justifies this name?

Wordsworth I would consider that definition a slur that grossly maligns me and my poetry, were I not convinced that you have never read my later, better work. True, I did applaud simplicity, and still do to some extent, but in those early days of my youth that was making a virtue out of necessity. *Lucy Grey* and *The Thorn* were written honestly and sincerely then. Now I feel embarrassed by that sort of poetry. It is similar to the adolescent poetry that is so prevalent among the magazines that you so kindly lent me - *Argot*, *Mate* and *Arena* in particular. I presume there is a great volume of such poetizing written in England, but I cannot recall it ever being regarded as serious writing, except among a few groups, amongst them, I am ashamed to say, the English compilers of the International Who's Who.

Salient Would you say that most of the poetry you have seen has the romantic attitude?

Wordsworth On the contrary, I consider that the earlier writers that I have had acquaintance with were decidedly Victorian in their expression, regrettably much too Victorian in many cases. No true romantic would discuss fairies in the bottom of the garden.

Salient Who are you referring to?

Wordsworth To whom am I referring? Why, to Katherine Mansfield. She is one of your poets, is she not?

Salient (aside) Oh, Her!

Wordsworth What is that? Speak up, my boy! I cannot

An Interview about N.Z. Poetry & other matters with W.W. Wordsworth

comprehend the manners of young people nowadays.

Salient I said "Why did you say 'too Victorian'?"

Wordsworth Yes, with your exotic mountains, jungles and waterfalls, and your sauvage natives, I feel you would have had grand opportunities for creating a new folk-idiom.

Salient But have we not done so, to some extent?

Wordsworth What I have read seems to much an imitation of the fine stuff of the great minds of England, made by pioneers with thinking blunted by the dull thud of an axe or the coarse stain of a convict curse.

Salient What would you consider a folk-idiom appropriate to New Zealand.

Wordsworth In the earliest days of this country's discovery, it would have afforded a superb opportunity to observe and emulate the primitive native in his own innocent naked splendour. I could have imagined such an unspoilt vista radiating great emanations of pristine bliss. I would have expected the settlers to raise a new community, free from the prehistoric stains of civilisation. Instead, apart from a few selfconscious references, the aborigine appears to be a dead person as far as your poetry is concerned. You have civilised and educated the poor savage to the point where some are, judging by the names in some of these magazines, writing to imitate the decadent English styles rather than the other way around...

Salient An article appeared in Canterbury's student newspaper, *Canta*, the other week, talking about the infusion of Chinese culture, in particular poetry, into New Zealand, by three Chinese artists. The poet who was considered, Stephen Chan, seems to me to write fairly distinctive poetry, but one that is not recognisably foreign.

Wordsworth Of course, anybody could be influenced by Chinese writing without anybody noticing - the Chinese have been literate for much longer than any Western culture, and have been most prolific writers. However I have been unable ever to distinguish between a great deal of Chinese writing in translation and Western poetry. Japanese poetry seems much more distinctive. But many people have been profoundly influenced by Chinese poetry, among them the French symbolists.

Salient Would you not say that the infusion of different cultures, and a wider knowledge of modern overseas trends will give greater relevance and expressiveness to New Zealand poetry overseas.

Wordsworth If you write to be well known, this is true. However I do not consider this the best reason for writing poetry. Poetry is meant to express one's inner self, and must be prompted by the urgings of God in your consciousness. You suddenly feel in the presence of your superior, as I did one memorable day, many years ago now, while strolling on Mount Snowdon. A huge mist was swirling up and around me, and suddenly I was transfixed by a blinding light. It was then I became convinced of the existence of a deity, one I could put my trust in...

Salient What do you think of the new writers in New Zealand? The ones represented in the magazines I gave you?

Wordsworth I would never consider them new. That is going too far. My opinion is that these people, instead of copying English styles of the 1880's, have just discovered Continental literature of the turn of the century, in particular French symbolism and the Russian experiment in sound. These range from Apollinaire's celebrated, but rather inconsequential, *Il Pleut* to Marinetti's *Bombardment of Adrianople*. Marinetti called what he was doing 'liberated words'. You would probably call it something similar. Alesksei Elisyevich Kruchonykh was experimenting in the 1910-20 period with something he called 'universal language'. Perhaps this would be close to what you call 'concrete poetry'. I have seen no developments further into this field of idiocy than these people attempted.

Salient Would you go so far as to discount these as valid poetry?

Wordsworth I have not the slightest notion of what you might mean by 'valid poetry'. You must realise that I was brought up in a very different cultural climate from the present one, and very much pleasanter I must add, so these changes come as a bit of a shock. Now in the 1900's these experiments were intended primarily to shock - their impact as a cognitive mechanism outweighed to the utmost any poetic message. But nowadays they are just an

excuse for writing without talent.

Salient I am obliged to disagree with you on that point. However we must not get involved in arguments at this stage. Would you agree, though, Mr Wordsworth, that people tend to think and create more imaginatively while young, and get recognised only after they are past their prime?

Wordsworth Certainly not. I am most ashamed of my early work - *Descriptive Sketches*, *Lyrical Ballads*, and even the *Prelude*. And *Tintern Abbey*, which I believe is used with tiresome regularity in poetry classes at school, is much too cloudy and obscure. I did not write intelligently or well until after I was forty. I consider that nobody should make themselves heard in this world until after they have settled down and can take an objective view of matters. In one's youth one must occasionally blow one's safety valve, and we blew it in *Lyrical Ballads*. I was unpopular, as it deserved to be. But the young people of today, the bodgies and widgeys and so on, have gone too far. They are attempting to take over a world before they have the maturity to control and guide it. People are nowadays like lost sheep, being led astray by blind lambs. It is worse than the situation I warned about in *Michael*. Man needs a spiritual basis for his life. Poetry should be the guiding light, inspired by emanations from the Lord. Nowadays this prime, religious purpose of poesy has been lost in a deadening concern for form. Poesy should be the wings of the angels of God. It should uplift people and show them the true way....

Salient Well, thank you, Mr Wordsworth, for coming along today and having such an informative discussion with us. We hope you still have a long and healthy existence ahead of you. And don't forget to buy an Argot as you leave. Only thirty cents.

Wordsworth ...for ever and ever, Amen.

John Hales

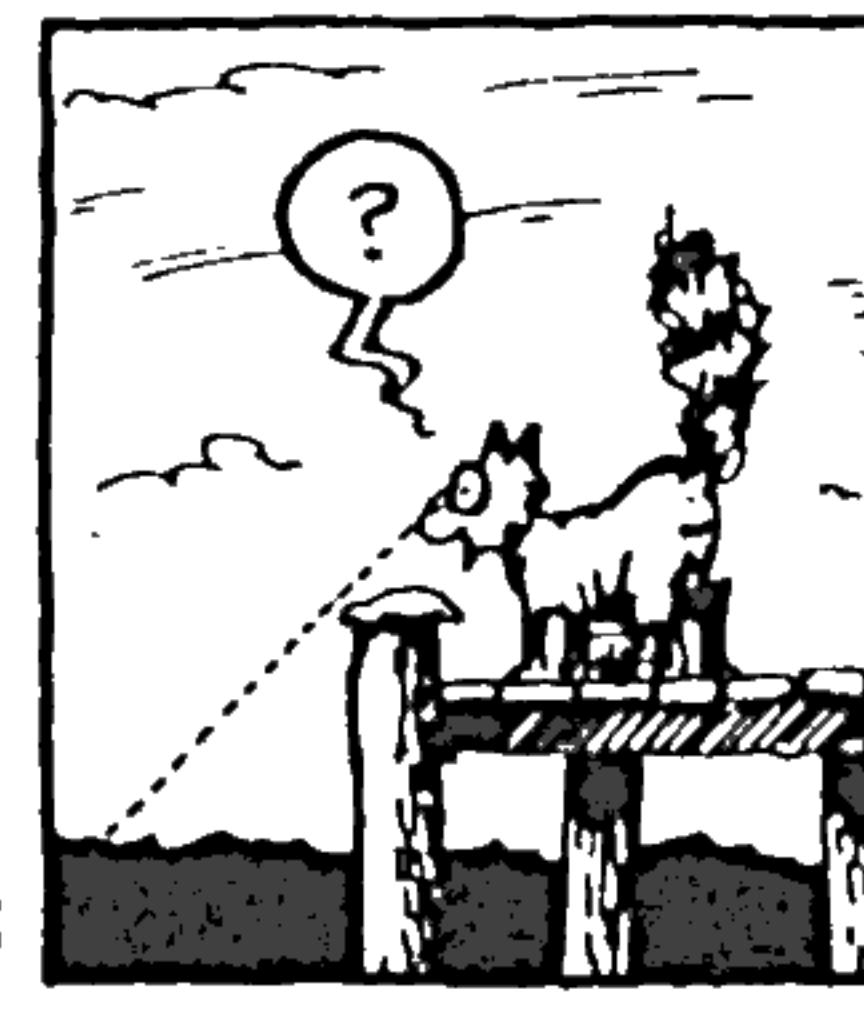
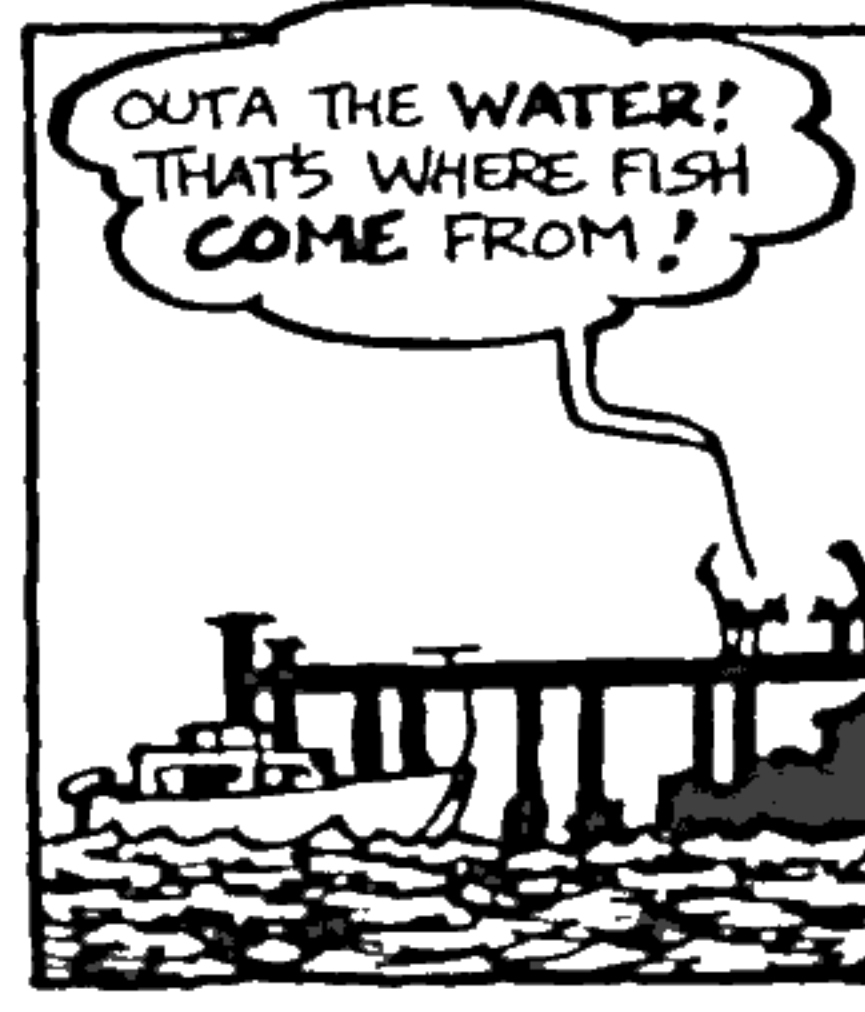
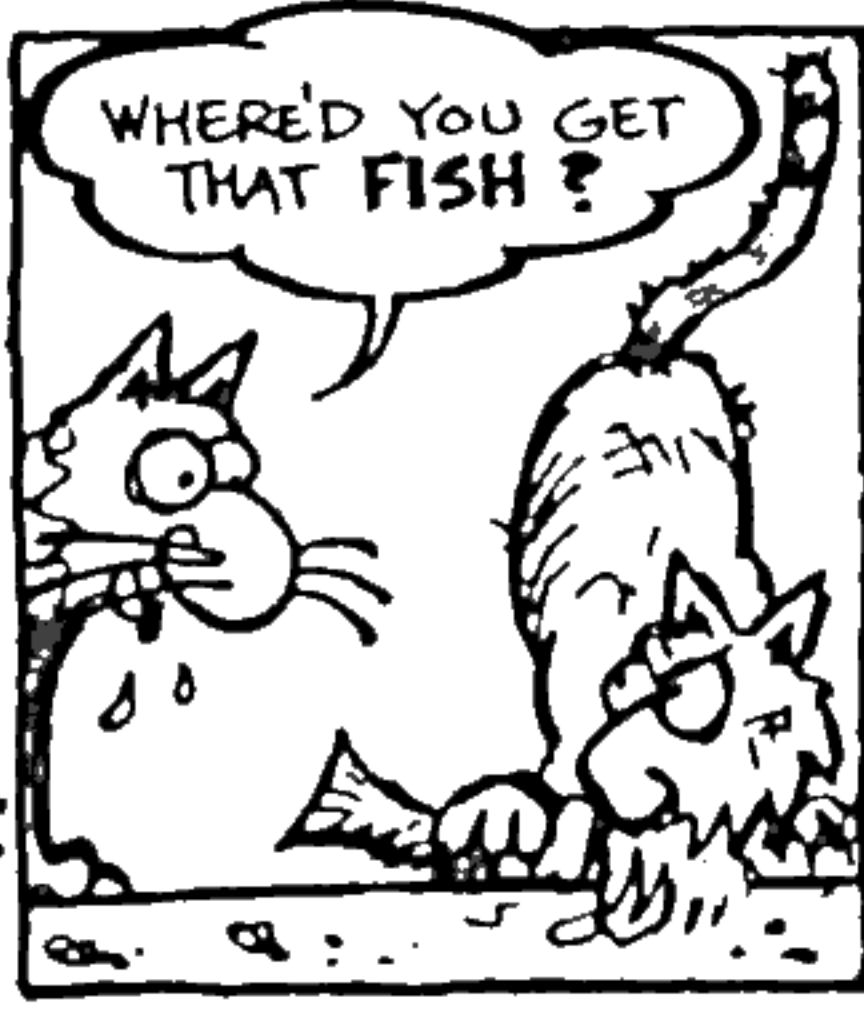
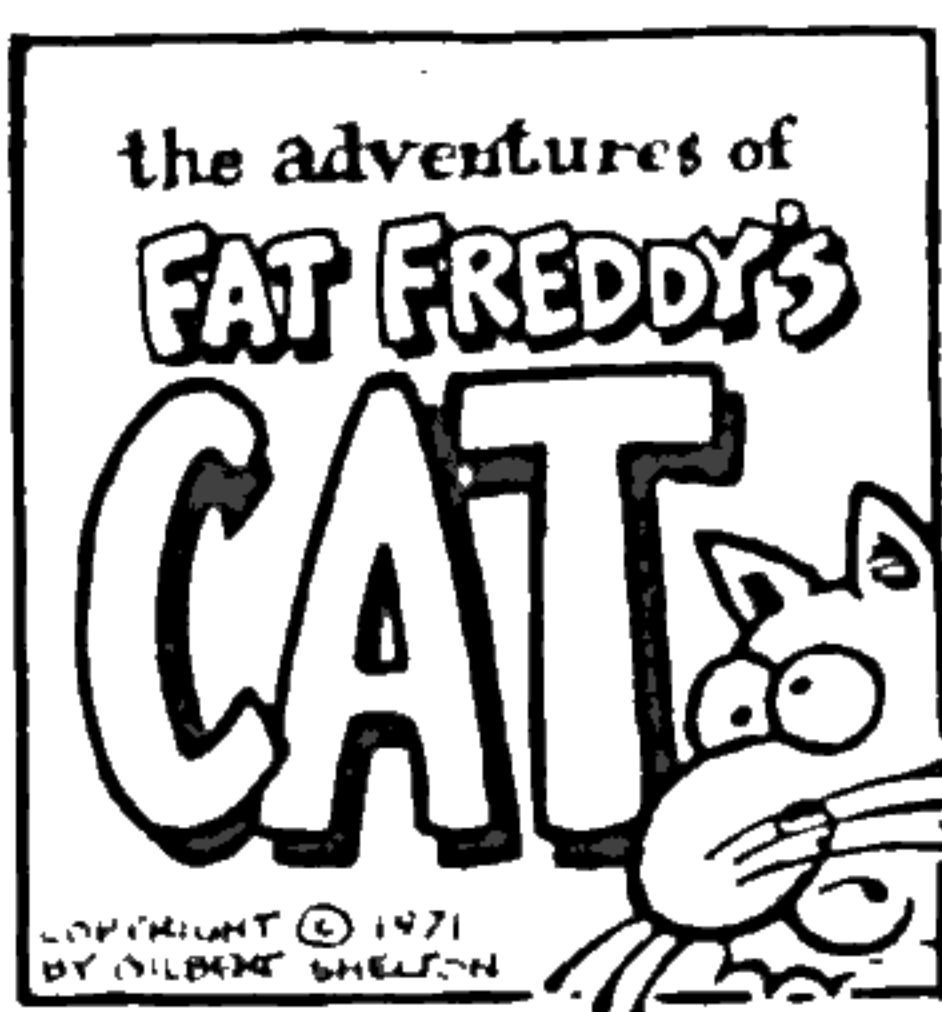
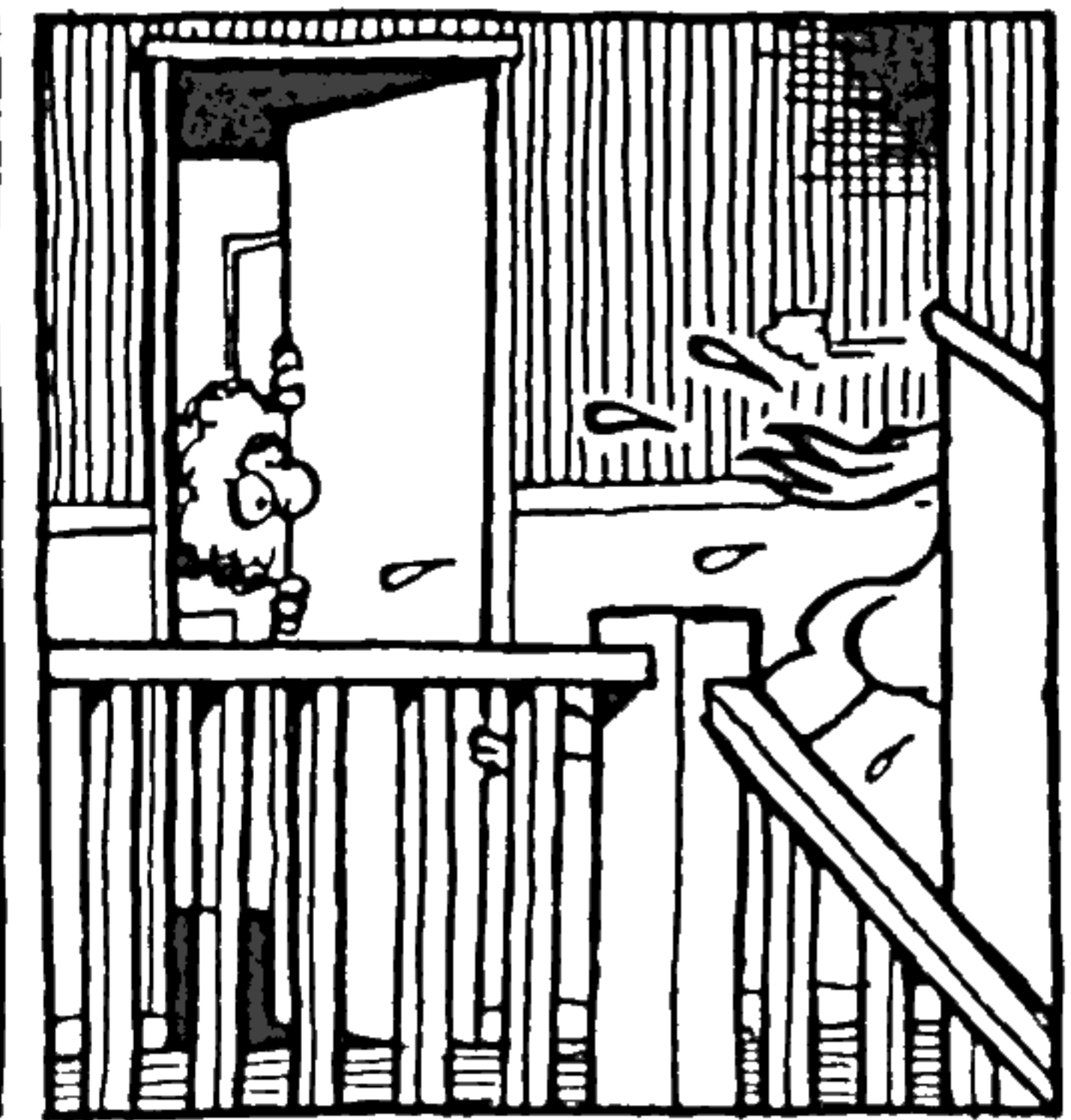
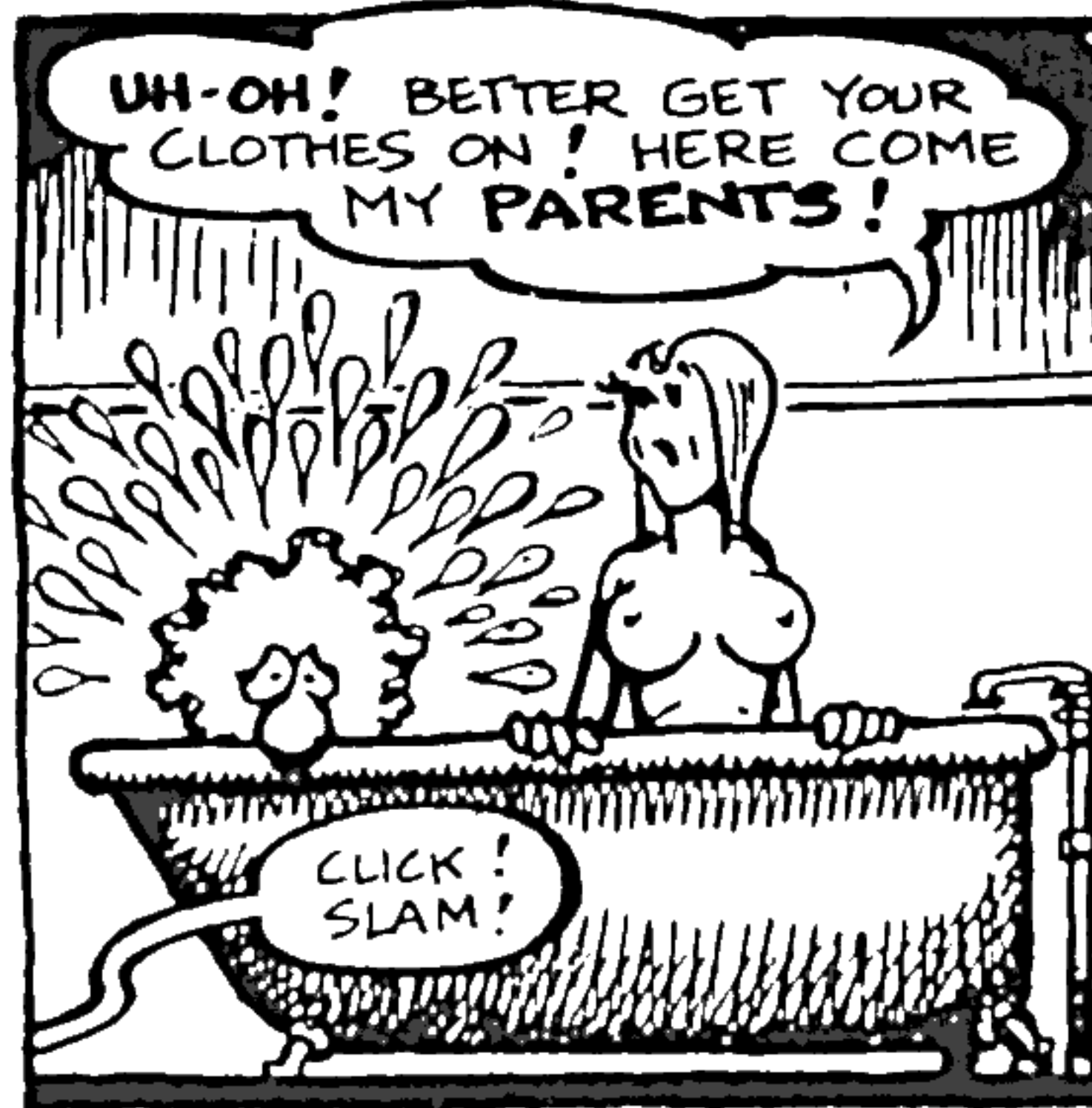
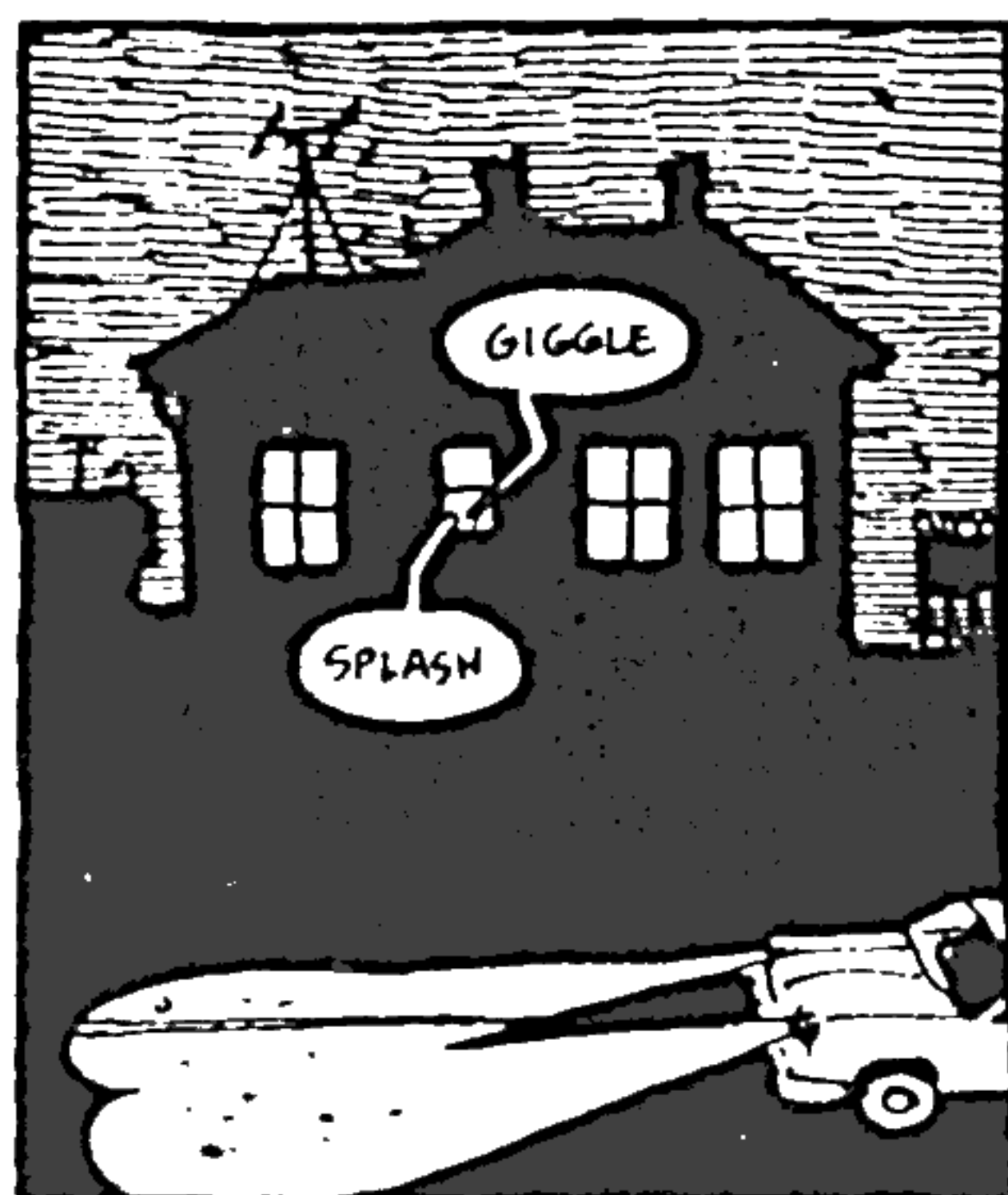
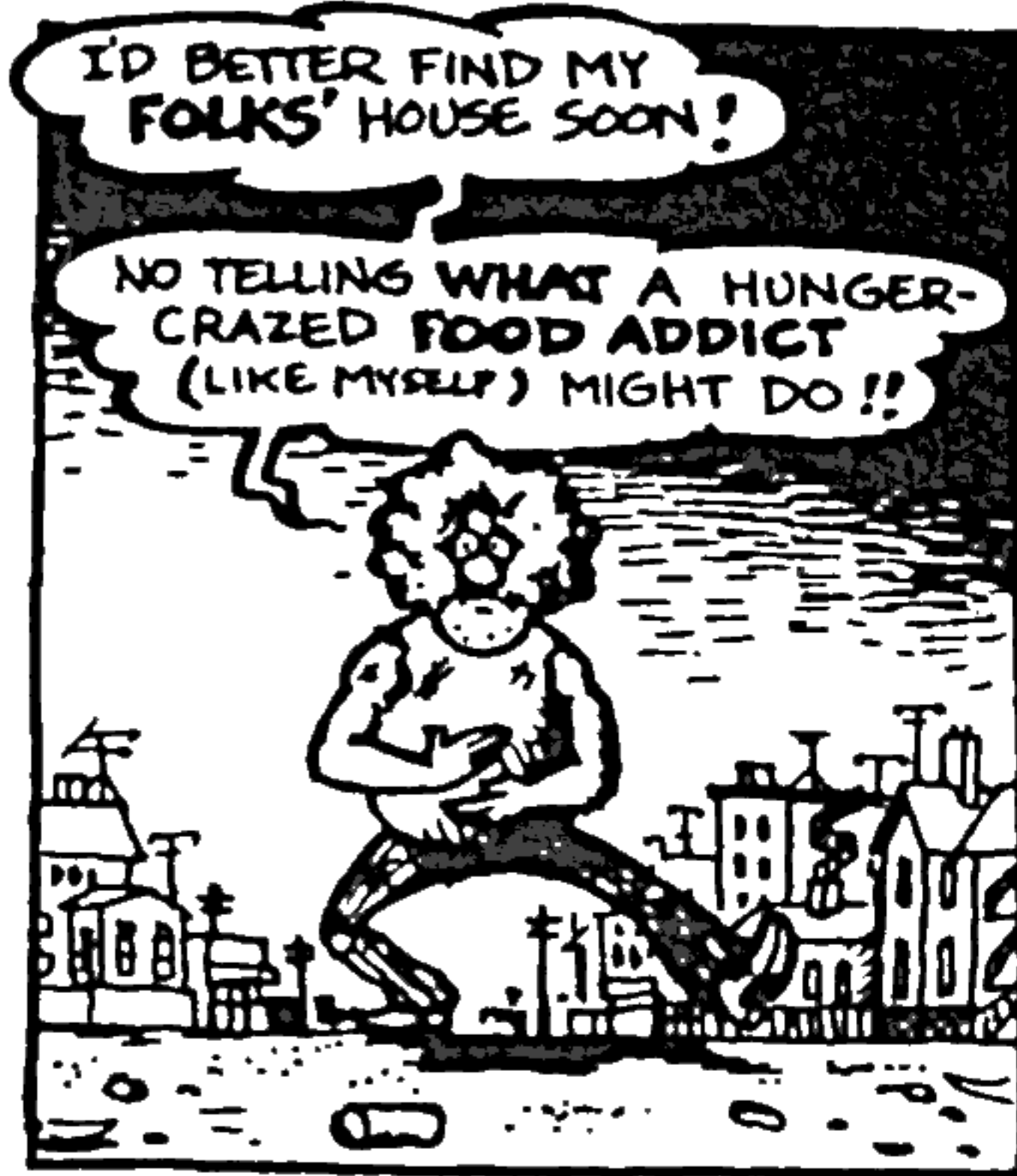
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Dear Freaks,
In the COLLECTED FREAK BROTHERS, Freewheelin' Frank sez: "Smokin' grass an' drinkin' beer together is like pissin' into the wind!" I'm confused; is this supposed to be good or bad? And don't tell me to try it, because I just happen to know marijuana is illegal...
Karl Schweitzer
Bakersfield, Calif.
Well, go piss in the wind then, if grass is illegal in Bakersfield.

Dear Weirdos,
Have a great idea for smuggling dope on airplanes. Spray your pack ages with a 25% diluted solution of the smell of a female dog in heat. As far as I have ever seen they use male dogs to detect the dope, so you would have every dog pissing on walls and trying to fuck everything in sight, including the trainers. In the resulting mess, you'd merely slip away! Or else, release a SKUNK

FREAKMAIL!
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LOS ANGELES 90036
in an airport as a friend of yours is landing with a shipment. For some reason, dogs are a bit wary of skunks. For revolution, try disruptive tactics - radio & television jamming - look up the back numbers of Scientific American for how to construct an

ODIEN COIL. The damned thing just blanks everything out for about 1/4 mile. It's loads of fun during the Ed Sullivan show.
Ronald J. Carnecki
Detroit, Michigan
Dear Freaks,
I wonder if it is possible for you to cut down on saying "Freak," etc., in your comic books 'cause my parents get so FURKED UP when they catch me reading

your strip ???
Michael
Encino, California
Dear Freak Brothers,
Is there any way to get a prescription to your comic book?
Dana
Louisville, Kentucky
Instead of going to the drug store, with the RIP OFF PRESS (Box 1158, SAN FRANCISCO 94114) for an underground comic catalogue!!