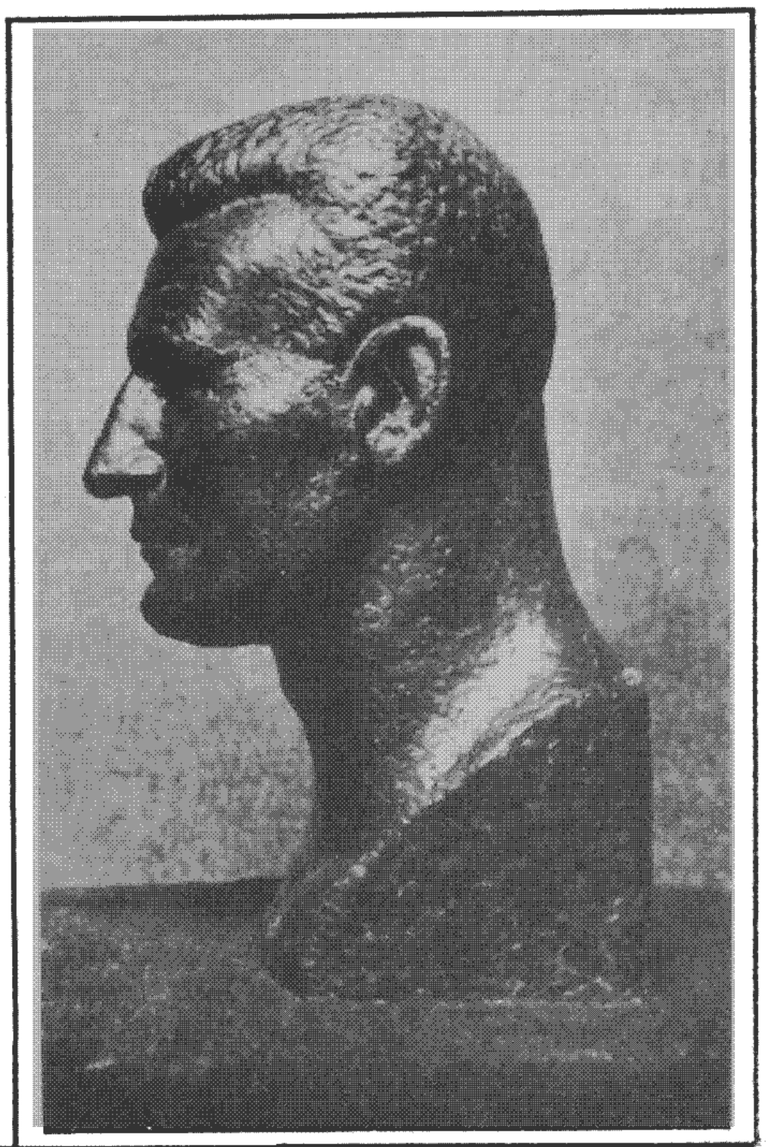
salient

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY STUDENT NEWSPAPER

VOLUME 35. NO.9 May 4 1972



REWI ALLEY Lit.D.

The Council of Victoria University of Wellington is to confer a Doctorate of Literature (Lit.D.) on Rewi Alley, "an extra-ordinary, ordinary New Zealander".
The conferment will take place at tonight's capping ceremony and will be the only honorary degree awarded this year. Rewi, recently in New Zealand, has since returned to China and is unable to be present at the ceremony.

Rewi ("Ru-ee") Alley has led a life which few New Zealanders can equal. He was born in 1897 in a small Canterbury township and attended Christchurch Boys' High School. He enlisted at 19 and a year later was on his way to France with the 1st Canterbury Battalion. After being twice wounded and with the Military Medal (but little else) Rewi returned to New Zealand and joined a friend to take up a back country 2000 acre sheep farm in Taranaki under a returned soldiers' settlement scheme. In 1926 he walked off the farm with little to show for the 6 years of hard labour, and worked his passage to China, intending to stay only a few months "to have a look". In fact, a few minor excursions to other countries excepted, Rewi's 'visit' has lasted until this day.

When he arrived in Shanghai in April 1927, he took a job with the Shanghai Municipal Council Fire Brigade as a factory inspector and during his periods of leave he helped with famine and flood relief, particularly in Suiyan and Hankow.

This work was to lead to perhaps Rewi's greatest achievement. In 1938 he organised the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives —known to the Western World as "Indusco" or "Gung Ho"("work together"). These small-scale industries produced the goods required by the community during the Japanese invasion, after centralisation of production was made impossible.

The Co-operatives, which numbered approximately 2000 were specifically designed at that stage to meet the war needs and were based on both civilian and army personnel. However the Chinese Government did little to help the scheme and in fact did what it could to hinder development. The Government of that time saw such a system as contrary to its policy.

Despite this the Co-operatives flourished and Rewi extended his activities to building training schools for the Co-operative apprentices and organisers — notably the schools of Shwangshihpu in Shansi and Sandan in Kansu. He continued this work up to 1948-49 when the Imperialist Government was defeated in the Civil War and the People's Government in effect took over the job Rewi had been doing as part of its policy. As a consequence Rewi's position became rather uncertain until he began to work for the Government: first as a Worker on the Peace Council, then as an official traveller and reporter on conditions in China. He also represented China at various meetings in different parts of the world.

LITERARY ACHIEVEMENTS

Rewi Alley's concentration on writing began in 1948 and has continued to the present day. His widespread interests include poetry, translations, documentary accounts (relating to China and nearby countries), and various smaller pieces.

His latest contribution is *Poems for Aotearoa* (1972) which he wrote while in New Zealand in 1971-72. This book is simply about places he visited while here and his reflections on 'imperialism'.

It had been assumed all along by the Western World that Rewi was a Communist, but although he was a strong supporter of the Chinese Government and its policies, it was only in 1960 that he joined the Communist Party. Surprisingly, he joined the New Zealand Communist Party while on a return visit here.

His achievements in the literary and social fields are more than significant. He was, and is, a practical worker. He was deeply involved in social work in China particularly in improving the conditions of workers and peasants. Such work gave him a great insight into the current Chinese scene and an appreciation of just what conditions were required for the worker. This was appreciated by Jawaharlal Nehru who sought to have Rewi work in India as he had done in China.

Rewi contributed in an original way to the development of the New China. The Chinese Industrial Co-operatives, which he initiated and organised provided the blue-print for the communes which now exist under the People's Government.

For many, however, Rewi Alley's greatest contribution has been his literary achievements. His poems are very personal, close, and deeply felt. He is second to none in the translation of Chinese literary works, especially Chinese T'ang Poets (notably Tu Fu and Po Chu-i). His documentary and diary accounts are all first-hand and although the standard varies (as with his poetry) these writings are generally good.

In particular, there is one book which he wrote after the death of one of his fellow-workers — *Fruition—The Story of George Alwyn Hogg* — which provides a personal insight to Rewi Alley and his feelings about his comrades.

Rewi Alley has had a variety of tags and descriptions attached to him. He saw himself as "an ordinary New Zealand plug". Others have seen him as "unhesitatingly among my half dozen immortals" and such a description is not uncommon. Edgar Snow saw Rewi as "only medium height, but.....tremendous rugged arms and legs.....When he stood with those giant's legs spread apart in a characteristic attitude, he seemed somehow rooted to the earth.."

THE DEGREE

Victoria University has chosen to honour Rewi Alley by bestowing on him a Doctor of Literature by way of recognising the contribution he has made to literature. He has been described by one critic as "a good poet, a brilliant translator, and a workman-like author".

In 1948 Rewi Alley turned down a knighthood from the British Government. That he has actually accepted a Lit.D. from this University must not pass un-noticed.

— G.R.C.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Comrade,
Thanks for letting T.S. Auld's views on Marxism-Leninism appear in Salient. That Mr. Auld revises Marxism-Leninism in the name of Marxism becomes obvious as he writes. In his second paragraph Terry demonstrates that at the Anti-Apartheid Conference he followed, not Marx, but the BBC commentator Michael Dean and his estimation of what constitutes Marxism.

Says Terry, "Michael Dean correctly characterised Devereux as a 19th Century economic determinist". Like Dean, Terry gives no information as to what constitutes my "economic determinism'. His definition of this phenomenon is "the attempt to explain mechanically the whole historical process in its infinite variety directly by the economic factor." This certainly has no application to my thinking or what I had to say at the conference.

What I said, and what Terry does not attempt to rebutt, is that South African and N.Z. societies are divided into classes,that is groups of people having differing relations to the means of production and hence to each other. In South Africa this inter-relationship of class forces has produced the social-political system of apartheid - the South African variant of Fascism. Such is the Marxist conclusion with which Terry implies agreement when he says "The Marxist recognises that the state of the productive forces in the long run determines all social relations....." But having agreed thus, he attacks the CPNZ because it recognises this truth as applied in the particular case of South Africa.

From this confusion Terry goes on to another, by affirming "Marxists recognise that there are times when political and cultural changes are decisive for changing the economic basis." Our Party sees these changes as the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the universal recognition of Marxist-Leninist philosophy as the most powerful cultural force in bringing about and consolidating this change. But for Terry such aims of the CPNZ are "pseudo-revolutionary phrase mongering."

The social and economic conditions in which these changes can be brought about have existed for a long time, but revisionists of whom TerryAuldis a typical representative, pretend that the political and cultural changes which will "promote economic development and change the economic basis" of Society do not need to include, in fact specifically exclude, the necessity for the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Because Terry and his revisionist cronies have thus abandoned Marxism-Leninism, they attack the CPNZ. They have deliberately buried Lenin's affirmation that he who does not accept the need for the dictatorship of the proletariat as his guide to action is not a Marxist. If Terry and his revisionist friends proclaimed this truth while pursuing their present policies, their revisionism of Marxism-Leninism would be clear for all to see.

Their line is clear. I paraphrase their programme. All the demands being made by different social groups, if they are pressed strongly enough, can be realised in practice. The resulting changes in the political and cultural superstructure will have a decisive effect on changing the economic basis of society. It is therefore politically correct to give complete uncritical support to all groups which are drawn into opposition to the policies of the ruling class.

Terry's stand suggests his belief that Apartheid can be eliminated without a change of class relationships. But he now goes much further than this and implies that the defeat of Apartheid would in itself be a political and cultural change which would change the economic basis of South African Society. Could revisionism be more open?

Is it not obvious to all that Apartheid is the last resource of a decrepit and desperate ruling class? And does it not follow that this class cannot abandon this form of its class rule no matter how much moral pressure is brought to bear on it? To do so would place their ruling class in immediate jeopardy.

S. Devereux

C.O.'s About ~turn

Sir,
As egotistical as it seems I'd like to have a letter published by Salient. This one preferably. The scene being that I registered C.O. on Friday 21st after they'd chased me for two years when I refused to comply with the C.M.T. Act and register on my 19th Birthday or thereabouts. Because, as I told the C.O. Committee, I thought the act was a bad one. I still think it is, although the Committee (and the "Post") obviously thought that I'd accepted it due to my preference for fighting C.M.T. on moral rather than legal grounds.

But the point behind my wind-change is that, while I consider the Act a bad one, which was meant to be shown by my deferring registration for almost 3 years, I place more importance on a carefully-listened-to (they was out to get me, you better believe it) vocal and written (they each still have copies of my carefully consistent statement) declarations of protest Not against the Act so much, but against the army, its corruption of the morons who go off "just ter 'ave a good coupla weeks roughin' it a bit, y'know?" amidst all the cheap piss the army somehow flogs (up the taxpayer!) and come out looking for a fight to prove how tough they've become in a few weeks, and how many deadly tricks they learnt; and the brainwashing of their tender, half-cooked minds. These guys obviously haven't learnt to think (otherwise they wouldn't go near the place) and they come out believing because they are told so that the only way to save the world is to start a war and blow it up; and against the reactionary goddamn Government for poking all of our noses into "immoral, unjust and unGodly wars" (a quote from my statement) — and I don't just mean Vietnam, I made emphatically clear, but any war (or support of same) which might be undertaken as a token gesture, which is about all bloody New Zealand could ever do — the fingers would be a lot better. I also made it quite clear that how could anyone who could not morally justify every single one of these bitter mistakes register anything but C.O., or even tacitly condone the whole system? which they interpreted correctly as saying that everyone should register C.O. Then if we have any megalomaniac's wishing to rule the world they wouldn't have a hell of a lot of help to do it.
Which sort of vaguely reaches my point-which is more or less a question. There are a hell of a lot more fucked laws than the C.M.T. Act, so why try so hard to get rid of it right now? The Army isn't ready yet (and won't be for a long time— neither yet are all the beautiful people of this country) to back down, let their screws out of so many of our brave young patriots, and admit that we don't even need a bloody army. I don't like anything compulsory, especially something like this, but moral grounds gets anyone whose head can hold more than half a thought out of C.M.T. anyway, and accomplishes the double purpose of registering some protest against the Govt, the Army, and "the clods" (or are they all clods), as well as protesting against immorality, wholesale slaughter, and even just everyday aggression. On the strength of that, I'd like to hear (I would like to support O.H.M.S. if I can justify it — the idea of anarchy appeals) why I should have continued to refuse to register. Because I don't know (and neither do a few others I assume) exactly why we must have this Act abolished at the expense of a few martyrs.

Grant M.

Educating Examiners

Sir,
On Monday 17th April, students in Education I sat a multiple choice test. There are two Education I classes, I attend the first session and on the morning of the test we were instructed NOT to take a copy of the questions out of the room as the afternoon class would be given the same exam. We would, however, be given a copy of the questions later on. Today the lecturer, Professor Fieldhouse, informed us that 2 copies of the exam paper had been taken from the room and a student had told him that a few members of the afternoon class had been seen with the exam questions before the second exam was held. As a result, this exam will not be taken into consideration for the granting of terms, at the next test students won't be allowed to take bags, papers etc. into the exam room, and furthermore staff will stand at the doors to check nothing is taken out of the room at the conclusion of the test. I'd like to express my contempt for the actions of the student or students who took the exam papers, and to say I think they are infantile, untrustworthy stupid twits.

Blanaid FitzGerald.

Sir,

It is very good news to hear we are to have an Independent Labour candidate in the General Elections
We have the choice of two National Party Candidates:-
(1) Counciller Shandy-Dandy-the glamour boy.
(2) Riddiford or Sir Roy Jack.
Shands claim to fame is "I'm 26, a Senior, mature lecturer in Muldoon's Cost-Benefits Analysis Accountancy systems." This is better handled, by Muldoon's henchmen, than a pleasant nice glamour boy calling himself LABOUR. Cost Benefits belong to the 19th Century and are outdated. Mr Shands other dynamic effort was to waste hours of time and effort the University Club, so that the graduates in Labour philosophy can sip tea, drink booze and butter each other up. — Are the old age pensioners welcome, the solo parents, the so called dropouts, "Trade Union Members, in fact the populace who need somewhere to go? O.K. if they are a Dandy-Shandy type and been "educated" in what?
All these dynamic qualifications, for a LABOUR? candidate aged 26, God what will he be like at 36, pregnant with ideas for a super-Post Graduate Club, or Muldoon's shadow minister or rubber stamps? Thank goodness, we shall have these coming months, an independent Labour Candidate, who claims only a modicum of guts but at least genuine Labour guts.

Albert Rhodes.

p.s. It is also said Shand borrowed Student funds to help found his University Club
If so this makes him a real Tory scrounger.

Sir,

During the AGM of the Association, the Treasurer was booed and heckled as he tried to amend a motion. The mood of the meeting was for giving a donation to O.H.M.S. Was the Treasurer against this move? No, he was trying to give more.

During the tour debate Bishop Baines was rudely told to speak up or leave by some supporters of HART. Was the Bishop supporting the tour? No, he was giving a reasoned account of why the vast majority of the christian church in New Zealand opposses the tour.

During the same debate I overheard someone singing the praises of Ken Gray's reasoned speech in favour of the tour. Does Ken Gray support the tour? No, he is one of the few Rugby players in this country with enough mental capacity to see past the Springboks to apartheid. His opposition to the tour is no secret.

Is not this a wonder, is not this a mystery, that here in this community which steadfastly seeks wisdom and knowledge, we find so many post-students, persons who have ceased to study because they know it all. People who know what all treasurers say, who know what all Bishops say, who know what all Rugby players believe Is this another achievement of our age, that our knowledge is such that we no longer have to listen to others, but can wipe out minds of them in advance?

We should bear in mind that in the words of our neighbours are found our greatest hopes We should respond to the words of our oppressed neighbours in southern Africa. We should also hear, with sorrow or with joy, the words of our neighbours in Wellington.

david I cunningham.

Blunders

Sir,
Those people who read my article IRISH MUCK RAKED in the last SALIENT will have noticed at least two places where the article did not make any sense. Some Protestant proof-reader had obviously been at work.
In the second paragraph of the fourth column on page nine, the article as printed reads: "Fention noted several other incidents where Protestants in safe areas have been blown up, which "have been credibly disowned by the I.R.A. The most celebrated about 100lb, had been left in a corridor." With the 22 words ommitted it should read: "The most celebrated", he says, "is the explosion in the Four Step Inn, in the Protestant heartland of Shankill, where a huge amount of gelignite, about 100lb had been left in a corridor."
In the third column on the top half of page 11, a quote from Conor Cruise O'Brien reads: "The Irish News continued, "Dr. O'Brien said most newspaper reports at the time and pinned the blame on the now defunct 'B' specials. "This should read: "The Irish News continued, "Dr O'Brien said most newspaper reports at the time and studies by impartial writers showed it was the R.U.C. who ran amok. The report to some extent 'white-washed' the R.U.C. role at the time and pinned the blame on the now defunct 'B' specials".
Also in the second paragraph of the fourth column on page 9 James Fention is quoted as saying about John McKeague, leader of the Shankill Defence Committee, "There is no evidence that his activities have divided the Protestant ranks." Peter Franks

Racist Pub

Sir,

Last Friday night myself and a group of other students were having our Friday night drink in the Grand and as usual we were very casually dressed; as were the majority of other students. At about 7 pm a group of young Maori guys, likewise casually dressed, came and sat beside us in the corner. Shortly after their arrival a large security man came up and asked them to leave because their dress was offensive to the public. They refused to go and were given 10 minutes to reconsider their decision. Ten minutes later the hefty security man backed up by half a dozen equally hefty mates moved in and demanded they go. Their protests that all students were dressed the same, and they were being picked on because they were Maori's were ignored.
On being asked why the Maoris and not us were given the boot we were told to mind our own business. This is terrible and I for one will not drink there again.

D. Wright.

Sir,
With reference to John Hales' missal of the 27th inst:- although this young man may well have left school only recently, to the best of her knowledge 'different to' has not become acceptable. John Hales sociolect may be acceptable in his world, but, for her part, he appears not to have studied his suprasegmentals. Therefore she sees no need for John Hales to come the old uncooked crustacean with her. Despite her delight in seeing his use of 'more than'.

Victoria Beatrice Jones

Sir,
I mean that. Its a very blue sunny sky here at NaeNae. I'm just happily dialogueing away with my and your friend, Roger (non-student full-time contributor to this paper) who has very considerately written two pseudonymed replys to that thing of mine the other week which suggested to your questing beneficient readers that life was much too beautiful to ignore by burying oneself in hate escapades. The point being that the South Africa protest was just one of those. That's all. Hope you have a good time.

Peter Simpson.

BABY BITES VICE-CHANCELLOR

It takes a man 700 steps to get from Hunter to the University creche. The average for a woman would be 900. A toddler would need about 2000 steps which will take him anything up to 20 minutes.

If you have a car and enough money to pay regular parking fines your minimum expenditure in time would be half an hour each day if your lectures are fairly close to campus.

Most people are not so fortunate and they can spend up to an hour and a half walking from and to the creche. This would happen if youdo sociology (10 Clermont Tce) or have an hour in between lectures in the mornings on which the creche is packed to capacity, and you have to be there to look after your own child. Another will need more than 3 hours on a particular day and will have to come back because of regulations about this.

When the creche started several years ago, only a few dozen people were involved. At the moment there are 150 parents and 92 children. At the rate the demand is increasing at the moment, 67 Fairlie Tce will be too small even as early as next year. Annexation of the garden next door may alleviate the situation for another year.

Support from the Students' Association is nil which is remarkable as we all fork out $24 - on top of the creche fee, and most of us simply haven't got the time to make use of any of the facilities provided by the Association.

The psychological effects of the underdog situation are clearly visible. No-one has ever complained about dragging prams up the twenty-odd steps. The lack of equipment slowly turns the place into a dumping ground. No consistent philosophy or help has been offered by any of the university departments concerned with education, sociology, psychology etc, who have a chance that is unique in Australasia to apply knowledge, techniques and give students practical experience. There would even be scope for the setting up of a primary school where valuable experience could be gained in a New Zealand situation. So far lecturers have to bludge "overseas experiments", the value of which might be highly questionnable in our situations.

The only place for a creche, of course, suitable from a community planning point of view would be the lawn in front of Hunter, which could become a meeting place and play-ground for children and students.

Most students are incredibly alienated from children because of what we might call "the system". A chance daily meeting of people who are different, who see the world from a three-foot level would be really cool.

We don't want to be tucked away in a far-out corner. We want our kids to share other people. They are a gift and we are proud of them. We have been talked into too many complexes (couldn't wait till you'd married, another one for the over-population, ah, the bored housewives again). Why not a little pride in us from the university.

Printed by the Wanganui Chronicle, Box 433, Wanganui and published by the Victoria University of Wellington Students' Association, Box 196, Wellington.

Dear Mr President,
I have previously spoken to you regarding the disfigurement of campus buildings by graffiti and slogans. To me these seem so senseless, ineffective and in such bad taste that I find it impossible to believe that they could be perpetrated by the students of this university.

I would imagine that the majority of yourmembers would be disgusted and tired of this senseless disfigurement of the campus environment ant the erosion of educational funds.

May I suggest that your Association organises a Campus Environment Protection Patrol C.E.P.P. to detect and expose those responsible.

During World War II students at my university mounted a voluntary all-night watch on college and university buildings to safeguard their fabric against the incendiaries of the vandals of our generation. May I suggest that you take like action to protect your own university heritage from the vandals of your time.

Yours faithfully,

Edwin Slack.

APOLOGIES

Salient on April 11 published an article about the Peace Research Media Project, in which reference was made to Mr Barry Mitcalfe.

In one part the article suggested that Project funds had been misapplied, in particular in payment for a trip Mr Mitcalfe made to the South Pacific in 1971.

This suggestion is wholly false and without foundation. The Victoria University of Wellington Students Association (Inc.), its executive, and the editor of Salient, being the persons responsible for the writing and publication of the article, unreservedly retract it and express their deep regret that it ever appeared. They have a high regard for Mr Mitcalfe and his voluntary public service in a number of organisations including the Media Project; and they wish to publicly record their full and unqualified apology for the distress the article has caused.

Solicitors acting for Mr Alister Taylor have communicated with the Students Association as publisher of Salient in connection with an article appearing in Salient on 11th April 1972 headed: "Peace Research Media Project." The words "for example, one of the organisers according to several prominent left-wingers who should know made a helluva pile from a conference he ran a few years ago" is considered to be gravely defamatory of Mr Taylor in that it is widely known that he was organiser of the "Peace Power and Politics in Asia Conference" held in 1968. Salient takes this opportunity of acknowledging that Mr Taylor was organiser for the conference referred to and employed in that capacity on a modest retainer for a period of a few months in 1968. Mr Taylor was so employed after the termination of his employment with the N.Z.B.C. brought about by his prior involvement with the conference organisation. Salient deeply regrets any imputation in the article which might have carried the suggestion that monetary gain was any part of Mr Taylor's motivation in participating in the anti-war movement.

Salient further regrets reference in the article published by it to the effect that "not everyone was satisfied by some figures" which "were produced". These words gave the impression that Mr Taylor had failed to properly account for moneys entrusted to him. Salient and the Association accepts that such an allegation is totally unfolded.

As far as Mr Taylor is concerned Salient and the Association accepts that any suggestion of financial irregularity relating to the Peace Media Research Project is totally baseless and it regrets any impression to the contrary which the article in question might have conveyed.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (CONT.)

Sir,
I think that Miss Days Bay Wharf '72 rather misses the point. That Liberals like Giacometti sculpture quadrisonic sound and Citroens is rather premised on the fact of their being in a priveledged enough position to do so. The list of attributes listed in Salient No. 7 were testimony to a blind conformism and dilletantism which extends to politics as much as to Beardsley posters. Liberals, having securred a stable niche in the current order of things are aware that to be 'in' one has to be fashionably anti-Establishment. Liberals are anti-Tour, but they are blind to the racism endemic in their own communities and on campus; Liberals are anti-Vietnam, but don't realise that Vietnam is no accident but simply an instance in a repeated pattern of forcible support of elites in countries of the Third World; which are hence sympathetically disposed to Western 'economic penetration' (read exploitation) the profits of which help support the Liberals 'Liberal lifestyle!' Remember, it were 'liberals' like Kennedy (vs Nixon) and LBJ (vs Goldwater) who got us into Vietnam in the first place.

And even if an apprehension of the fact that a great part of the basis of 'Western Society' is based on Genocide and the systematic exploitation of minorities (remember the profits from the trans-Atlantic slave trade and the conquest of India helped spark off the Industrial Revolution) and that this pattern is repeated within our own society ever dawns, the Liberal has too many vested interests to really do anything about it— except to apply a Social Cosmetic. Thus rather than questioning the very concept of prison (universities for crime), the Liberal campaigns for prison 'Reform'. Rather than questioning the concept of Mental 'hospitals' (where the old are taken to die or where the nuisance child is drugged or undergoes electro-convulsive 'therapy') or of Schools (wich after all were first instituted to 'keep the kids off the streets'), both being mere Homologues of Prison, the Liberal again fights for 'Reform'. In a world gone mad, the only real alternative for people who simply want to pursue their own lives in their own way is quite simply to set up their own social groupings and develop their own way. Hence the 'Alternative Society'. Rather than just a collection of alternative Social Institutions, it should present alternatives to them. With an economic independence from 'Society' based on co-operative groupings (eg. the food co-op), the 'Alternative Society' is immediately subversive and allows for the development of new forms of community, of life-style, of human relationships.....

Miss Days Bay Wharf '72, force-fed muesli and unbleached flour by the advertising machine and secured in her economic niche, would not have the determination or strength of gut—feeling in being wronged or discriminated against to wrench herself free and join the Revolution.

Derek Smelser.

Sir,
With reference to your front page article of last week's SALIENT, I was sickened and disgusted by the methods you set out with great glee that protesters hould use if confronted by a police dog. You guys, who are always crying about the value of human life, (quite rightly so) don't seem to think that this sort of right exists, as far as a police dog is concerned.

The fact that our prick of a government is going to use police dogs at future demos is a worrying thing, and you are quite right to discuss the point in SALIENT, but are you only concerned with dismembering police dogs? We should be more concerned with kicking the bastard in the balls who controls the dog, rather than the dog itself.

Two points about your article. Firstly, the point made above, about the streak of sadism your article revealed. Decondly, I think you are rather misleading in the way you reckon it would be bloody easy to tip up a 120lb police dog. Try it! It is for us to put the pressure on the fucking Govt. to prevent the cops from using dogs to, face it, prevent people from exercising their democratic rights to protest. I don't suppose we can expect any support from the N.Z. public. They are too fuckwitted and ethenised by the National Government to give a stuff, as long as the piss is still flowing in their veins. Look at the Evening Post on 27th April, where all the mothers of ten in Timaru showed this. Let us throw wolf shit, but only at the National Government, not at a bloody dog that doesn't know any better, only obeying orders.

While I'm still spouting, I want to say a few words about the bastards who have been posting up anti-apartheid slogans around the place. Who the fuck do they think they are? Christ every one with an ounce of decency supports the sentiments, but what right do these cowardly pricks have to write these slogans all over the varsity buildings? These immature shits wouldn't have the guts to do the same in town or at Athletic Park, but Christ, give them a varsity building and away they go! Don't seem to give a stuff that we pay through the arse to clean them off.

When mention is made of the word "responsibility", all the pseudo-intellectual fuck artists laugh and sneer. It's not hip to respect the property of others, but I bet these pricks would screamif someone painted slogans all over their digs.

Finally, while on the subjects of posters, I spew when I think of some jackbooted fascist cunt putting up Nazi stickers around this place. If me or any of my mates catch you, you fucking yellow fascist shit, you will look like a fucking police dog after being dealt with a la SALIENT or Suggate's penis.

Yeksot Nottis

Sir,
By your check-list, I am an out-and-out liberal. Yet strangely, I can not summon up much guilt about liking Bach or beeswax candles. My withers would be more wrung if you defined liberals as people who learn Maori, but have never spoken to the Islanders next door, or hate the war but have never written to their MP. A lack of correlation between words and deeds is a besetting sin of us liberals, but also of plenty of you super-radicals too. 1. Radicals wear camophlage jackets. 2. Radicals say they've smoked pot, whether they ever have or not. .... It's too easy. I think I've come to my present state by an honest analysis of the issues, and not for the sake of the image it presents. Can every radical say the same? And the 64 dollar question. WOULD YOU RATHER I WERE A BLOODY CONSERVATIVE? It was we liberals, and not you radicals, who knocked back the conservatives to the extent that we can all read the Little Red School Book, watch Hair, etc. undisturbed. You may despise those two, but WOULD YOU RATHER THEY WERE BANNED? And the bloody conservatives are still in power, to the extent that the LRSB *would* be banned if they hadn't been knocked back. So pull your bloody heads in: we're not altogether with you, but at least we're not against you. It's conservative and fascist fatheads, not fuzzy eggheads who are the real enemy. Peace,

Arthur Kipp.

Autobiography

There wrote a friend, imperiously commanding
Put down the story of your life;
And the letter came on a stormy day so that
Winds took it from one's hands,
Flipped it against a tree, then as deftly
Detached it, blew it under an old man's skirts;
A puppy gave chase; a lad retrieved it,
Bringing it back laughing; another story from
Another atom? These infinitesimal atoms and
All stories, maybe, fit into some pattern somewhere . . . .
So at fifty, with a good December fire, and the
Walls of the room still echoing with the voices of the day,
It is pleasant to check up accounts; the day
Gives that privilege, shall we say.
And Muggins, the tabby cat, puts an inquiring paw
At the pen as it scratches; arches its back,
Carries her tail erect under one's nose as
One lies on the K'ang [1]; and the kerosene lamp
Glows quietly. Certainly interesting to reach
Fifty today! As nice as five, fifteen, twenty five?
It's been grand to have them all; it would be
Fun to have them all again.

FIVE: Running up a pile of bags of chaff in a school house yard;
First close haircut; Canterbury, New Zealand's loveliest, and in the
Township of Amberley, where the ground felt warm and friendly
Under bare feet; where we would go to the cow bails, and get
Great mugs of warm milk; Saturdays in the Kowhai River, delighting
In each other's suppleness at the old swimming hole; gorse hedges,
Rabbits; the wonder of the smithy, and to be able to stand under
Railway bridges when trains passed over; fighting with
A freckled-faced friend much loved-and in all, just as most
Free kids anywhere love to be part of loveliness.

TEN: Tall gum trees, tussocks, one's horse and gun, apple pies,
Love of a mother that was more than food, more than all else,
Enfolding always, lifting, heartening, capping off each day with
A goodnight kiss; blending love into light, love into hope for
The future, love into faith for ourselves, into justice within
Our group, into fairness and beauty, responsibility and comradeship,
Good solid things that stay by one, making any other legacy seem
Foolish; and this all so quietly, always leading from the rear.

FIFTEEN: Then all the other things—schools, running home from playing fields
On frosty nights, stolen peaches, patched shorts, winds caressing
Bare legs, light hearts that looked and were satisfied with the
Glory of Autumn and Spring; and occasional thrashings, richly deserved,
Wholly necessary; and Castle Rock, windy Waimea Plains; learning to plow,
Endure cold, and eat a little bitterness at times; to read all that
Could be read; doing many foolish things, and rarely repenting.

TWENTY: Troopships crawling around an African coast; riots in Capetown, sickness
In Sierra Leone; fractured arm, and nights in the sick bay, listening to
A Maori boy in delirium. A ship full of dazed country boys being carried to
They knew not what; then the shouting, cursing, welding into one following unit
On Salisbury plain; numb fingers, numb brains still dazed, and then into
Menin Road, mud, dear friends' frozen faces that lay in the mud for us to pass
Each day; death so common, one wished for it; Dead Mule valley by night and
Alone; a vacant world gone insane, to the insane orchestra of an insane
Machine gunner; shattered trees that lifted shattered heads to a dead
Sky; but there was a man who gave a bowl of rice and milk when dysentry
Would make no food stay; who gave his bed to lie on for a day;
Comradeship did that, though so much else we had been taught had been
Forgotten, violated; and there was the apprentice from the bookshop
Who sold one treasures in High School days—and he lay beside and died
With torn intestines and a calm face; and the policeman who once had
Warned one for riding bicycles on footpaths; his arm was torn off;
He died in agony; and then through hospitals, operation tables, back to
Homeland quietness; down through the East Indies, and the quiet wonder of
Panama; to a home, years, that were no count of time, had almost made
Forgotten; and one felt like something from another world; apart.

TWENTY FIVE: Quiet normality in Moeawatea Valley, valley that sleeps in the
Daytime. A few scattered settlers in vast forest areas under the shadow of
Egmont; where horses could not pull, we pulled; sweating up cliff faces,
The last garment, tattered shorts, put on shoulders to keep fencing posts
From chaffing; shearing sheep, building houses, cooking, reading, swimming
Flooded rivers after timber, swapping lies about pig hunts; producing
Wool for a glutted market, struggling to meet interest, ever mounting interest
On mortgages, hoping for one day land sale, and riches; and trampling
On the flowers at our feet; food that grew abundantly, water power

Rewi Alley

that asked
To be used to make the wool we threw away into the socks we needed;
Better had we tilled the few flats, and let the hills stay in forest; found
Bits of industry for off days; but we had been sick, and we were
getting
Well again . . . and there was the loveliness after rain, the bell birds
In crimson Rata trees, sheep stringing out on the ridge . .

THIRTY: Gone were dreams in the daytime; and down one reeking
lane after
Another, fronted with blasphemous names, "Five Happiness Courts",
"Blessed
Harmoney Alleyways", where people rotted in conditions intolerable
in the
New Industry that went to make men rich; make who rich, I never
really
Found out; all connected with the business seemed to be rotting in one
Way or another. A long way from Taranaki to Shanghai? Not at all—
though
The way did lie through a fertiliser factory in Botany Bay, wireless
room
On a freighter picking up indentured labour at Rabaul, Ocean
Island, Nauru,
Then on to Ilo Ilo and Hongkong; and one saw ways of working,
and of using
Men, one had not known of before; and dissatisfaction came, which
deepened as
One pressed through Shanghai lanes; and one watched history being
made,
Watched what happened to those who fought warlords; watched lives
that
Snatched at shadows, and left the substantial; wondered how shadows
could
Be made so real, given great names, armies, titles, newspapers; while in
Ten thousand villages the substantial lay neglected; then one Spring
To a shabby city not far from reeking Shanghai, to see Plum Blossom
beside
A great lake; and on the return walk to the railway station to see
Other blossoms; five lads stripped and being dumped; an unshaven
red
Eyed little man with a pistol, pressing it against each throbbing brain
In turn; end what had been effort to help the rotting fingers, scalded
arms
Of silk filature children one had seen so helplessly; they didn't look
Much like what we had heard to be labour leaders, but that is what
Shanghai
Papers said next day they were; a fat shop apprentice clapped his hands
After each shot, turning a laughing face upward; all this indelible ink
Written on the parchment of one's skull. Then there were days in
escape
From Shanghai's concentrated misery; days in Tien Ping San; soft
glory of
Leaves, Shih Hu, Mo Do, Junk sails from the top of Quinsan Hill;
then a
Change in scene—Mongolian plains, famine swept Saratsi[2] and a crazy
canal,
Corpses raked into holes; grain merchants fat and happy, sunshine,
bandits,
Ingram[3] the doctor delousing peasants; intellectuals on summer vacation
Concerned about face and fame in the midst of unutterable horror;
and then
In other years to other fields; Japan, Korea, Sungari River in Summer
Changsha after revolution, Wutai, Tai and Hua Shan, the soul tearing
beauty
And misery, inextricable mixture that is always China; the great flood,[4]
Dyke repair, the general who said 300,000 refugees were red bandits
to be
Gotten out in two weeks; Han River banks jammed; mud and slough;
wet
Padded clothes, babies being born, old dying, youth being executed,
dykes
Taking shape, wheat, more wheat, and not all going to dyke workers;
then
A few quiet weeks through tropics to familiar shores; taking Alan[5] and
A memory that would not pass; of two eyes that had passed on a
Hankow road,
Where they had come, killers and the to be killed, and with the last,
One who walked lightly, whose eyes burned steadily, looking past the
sordid
Street, past the terror; a flapping uniform flattened out in the bitter
Wind against his spare form; and one felt like throwing off the
greatcoat
That suddenly became too warm, leaving the ranks of the well fed,
curious,
Joining him; yet one only slumped back; let the procession pass, felt
Cold and exhausted; and the eyes stayed; and they are still with one.
Who was he? What had he done? Heaven knows!

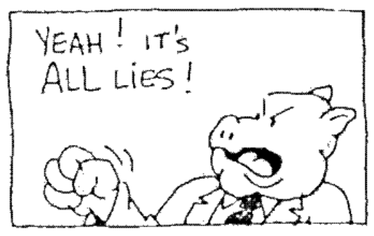
THIRTY FIVE: Two adopted sons. Shanghai and work to do. The
birth of better
Factory inspection; and one was with industrial sickness, industrial
disputes,
Industrial hopelessness, industry gone mad, lopsided, the spider city
battening
On a bankrupt interior; the mess that could yet be left to see
Azaleas on Chekiang hills in Spring, purple clover and yellow rape,
peasants
In blue moving quietly, temples and bridges, beauty without which life
Would have been utterly crazy. And good friends who also passed,
and left
Their mark as all true friends do; Lu Hsun.[6] and the rest; and people
came
To look at Shanghai's misery, came and went solemnly; and some
wrote books
About China, and some said a few sentences about the chaos of newer
Industry; and there were shelves filled with books, and home comfort;
Too many, too much; and one wondered if the world would go on
like this
For ever; then off to factories in other corners—Chicago, Pittsburgh,
New York, Birmingham, Copenhagen, Hamburg, and then from Paris
and Geneva
Back to a toppling Shanghai; corpses piled high; dogs dragging bones
down
Deserted streets; home and books gone; Alan with a piece of bomb cut
from
An arm, waiting for Mike [5] for a place to fight back; an insane
Shanghai, then.

FORTY: Hankow in Summer heat, with Japanese advancing steadily.
Yet the same
Old Hankow. Trying to get factories to the Northwest this time,
trying to
Be midwife to the infant Gung Ho, trying to get people to really work
Together—Kiangsi, Fukien, Kwangtung; then into Chekiang and
Anhwei again,
From Ordos sands by Yulin, down to Meihsien, back to Chungking
and Chengtu,
Lanchow and Loyang again; typhoid, malaria, and all the narks; but
people did
Work together; especially the common ones; it was quite a trail;
Sungpan
Thibetans,[7] army blankets, from the sheep's back to the soldier's back,
Misunderstandings; different ideas; dialects, hours in Chungking dug-
outs,
In Yamens,[8] in chasing rats; in conferences; and then more con-
ferences;
Letters by the million; where are all those letters? A little success,
a lot
Of failure; plenty who died for the job, as well as those who deserted
it;
Plenty to make one feel humble enough; to deflate the most optimistic;
much
To learn, little time to learn it in; groping, and more groping . . . .

FORTY FIVE: More conferences, more army blankets; more lads who
once had
Ideals, leaving them for new positions, new wealth, new fame; tattered
armies
On highways, leaving their dead with dysentery, with every other
thing;
Profiteers who laughed at production; who the devil wants industry
in villages?
The people cannot be trusted ———why give them industry? Yet there
were so
Many who helped; and in Shwangshihpu,[9] a mountain village, George
twenty
Years younger, and so much wiser, decides with others that if we are
to (build)
A future Gung Ho, we have to put more work into grass roots; and
so the trek to
Sandan, ancient capital now a village, in the heart of China's North-
west
Where raw material, poverty, and opportunity march together; and
the lads
Pulled, hauled, rode on trucks that spilled them off, and finally they all
Collected there; and George said, "We'll live in Sandan, die in
Sandan"—and
He died all right, fighting tetanus spasms; and perhaps because of that
the
School loved, with its pottery, its tannery, paper and glass making; its
Machine shops and farm; its sheep out on the steppe, and its paifang [10]
beside
Playing fields, and the lads who now start going East again, with new
Understanding. Inflation drains the villages anew; friends help in
Many lands to hold what we have struggled for together; that is epic!

FIFTY: Dream? Why, there's a million things to do. And they say
Go away—and write, talk—and outside, the wind rattles the shutters; a
Dragon's head falls from the temple roof next door—it has stood since
Ming, [11] which is not so bad; and tomorrow we'll go the rounds again;
past the hut
Where there is a big fat dog coiled up in a basket too small for her,
and then
The next house where there is a dog in a basket too big for him . . . .

1. k'ang—a bed of mud bricks warmed by a fire which can be lit underneath it in winter time.
2. Saratsi—in Inner Mongolia. The drought and famine of 1929 were responsible for the deaths of 3,000,000 people in Northern China, and Rewi Alley spent his Summer holidays on relief work in this area.
3. Ingram—"A famous Mission doctor, killed by bandits in his seventies. Father of Ruth Ingram, well known W.H.O. Health worker who was here in 1947. Dr Ingram was a very powerful personality." Rewi Alley.
4. The great flood—the Yangtze flood of 1931. According to Sir John Hope Simpson of the National Flood Commission, Rewi Alley was largely responsible for the successful distribution of the 300,000 refugees. He organised the dispersal, and arranged for transport and supplies of food.
5. Alan and Michael—the two Chinese boys adopted by Rewi Alley, one during the famine, and the other during the rebuilding of the dykes.
6. Lu Hsun—the pen-name of the famous Chinese writer Chou Shu-jen (1881-1936).
7. Sungpan Thibetans—In "Scorched Earth" Edgar Snow relates how he once met Rewi Alley in Chengtu, Western Szechuan. "He had just walked back 250 li from Thibetan Singp'an, across mountain tracks where few Chinese dare go unaccompanied by armed escort."
8. Yamens—a yamen is the Provincial Magistrate's Office.
9. Shwanshihpu-Southern Shensi, the home of the training school before it was transferred to Sandan. In his book "I See a New China" George Hogg describes Rewi Alley's cave in Shwangshihpu. Its distinctive feature was "that at any time out of school hours it is filled with boys. Boys looking at picture magazines and asking millions of questions. Boys playing the gramophone and singing out of tune. Boys doing gymnastics off Rewi's shoulders or being held upside down. Boys being given enemas, or rubbing sulphur ointment into each others' scabies. Boys standing in brass wash-basins and splashing soapy water about. Boys toasting bare bottoms against the stove. Boys pulling the hairs on Rewi's legs, or fingering the generous proportions of the foreigners' nose. Boys are just the same anywhere, says Rewi. "Wouldn't those kids have a swell time in New Zealand!"
10. paifang—See note to "Then we raised a paifang . . ."
11. Ming—the Ming Dynasty, 1369-1644.



HOW FREE IS THE N.Z. PRESS?

Not very, according to statistics in the April 10 issue of The New Zealand Listener. There are 26 major metropolitan and provincial newspapers producing one million copies a day, 700,000 of which are provided by eight metropolitan newspapers. Auckland consumes one third of this daily production. In 1966 there were 41 newspapers serving the Press Association of New Zealand. Now, it seems there are only 26. A big drop in six years, and an acceptable one if it had led to an improved quantity and quality of news. Public should be aware that a large metropolitan consumption results in the publication of news which might be appealing to an audience of mainly city people, but less appealing to provincial readers. This too could be tolerated if metropolitan newspaper did not penetrate so deeply into rural areas, providing little in the way of local service but skimming the cream of revenue for smaller newspapers who are having enough trouble making ends meet.

For some provincial papers this penetration has resulted in economic stagnation, lowering of tone, reduction in staffing and service, not only to the district but to the Press Association. If provincial papers go out of business, or are bought out only to be closed down overnight because of the nuisance they present to metropolitans, then there is a danger that competitive reporting will not only be reduced, but wiped out completely in some districts. The Public has always had Press serving as a watchdog on the spending of its money. There is a built-in safety device in having more than one reporter cover the same meeting, because of the post publication scrutiny of editors in opposing papers. A lazy or biased reporter is soon revealed and dealt with. It makes it easier for a "cagey" public body to woo one reporter into under or over "playing" an issue.

It makes it easier too for a chief reporter to not cover a meeting if he knows the opposition will not be there. It is agreed two reporters can never record the same event in the same way. Surely this is healthy and desirable. Rationalization in the industry should never touch news gathering. It is too personal.

If the proposed merger between the Wellington Publishing Company and Blundell Brothers takes place later this year (there seems to be little in the path of the proposition at this stage) then more than 700,000 of New Zealand's metropolitan newspapers will be processed by three giant combines and three independent companies. The combines are: New Zealand News Ltd with the Auckland Star (138,000 copies) and Christchurch Star (69,000); Wilson and Horton Ltd., with the New Zealand Herald (224,000) and the proposed Amalgamated Press with Evening Post (100,000) and The Dominion (77,000). The three independents are The Christchurch Press (69,000); The Otago Daily Times (41,000) and the Dunedin Evening Star (30,000). This means the metropolitans publish a total 608,000 a day against the surviving independent's 140,000.

The April 10 Listener suggests the United Publishing and Printing Co. Ltd., as the smallest of the five groups which dominate the North Island's newspaper production, "makes an obvious target for takeover by an expanding company to either the north or the south." It also states "none of the provincial dailies has a circulation greater than three per cent of the million total". Having purchased the smaller newspapers such as the Thames Star, the Levin Chronicle etc., the larger groups are not obliged to offer sustenance of fresh capital and they can phase them out after a decent interval. History shows this is usual.

In this election year it will be likely that some provincial areas and some politicians will note there is only one reporter taking notes for a decreasing number of newspapers serving an increasing population.

IS IT RATIONALIZATION OF THE PRESS OR NATIONALIZATION?

If you are interested in this question come to the lecture hall in the Wellington City Council Library at 8pm Monday May 8 1972. A public meeting on this subject will be convened by Alan Lewin.

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working the system

To "work within and on the fringes of the current political system" is the idea behind the article "Is The Dream Over"

This idea is a good one, for basically the political system consists of its members, and if sufficient of its members feel the same way about a new idea, they'll change it. Unfortunately this change may take some time. I've no doubt that it is far easier to gather a group of individuals at the University and get them to agree, than it is to get the whole of a political party to agree. Take the idea of abolition of capital punishment for example. It is easier to get a group of students to agree with the abolition of capital punishment than it is to get the National Party to agree. Although the latter takes far more effort, it is likely to have far greater effect. Of course party conference remits are only recommendations, and therefore it could be argued that the effort is frequently wasted. True. Yet at the same time, by sticking with the system, the individual within the system is likely to gain more influence. By introducing like minded friends, this influence is likely to grow. The like minded friends are likely to create an image within the party which will attract other like-minded friends. Eventually the party will grow towards the individuals frame of mind. Of course this is a difficult path to follow – there will be many issues the party may adopt that you personally disagree with. But politics is the art of compromise, and I might add, to gain your own ends.

The political pressure groups should not be dismissed as useless. These groups serve as a filter for ideas for the party and help create the climate of opinion for change. They may provide expert opinion on such issues. Nor are marches a waste of time, although too many marches tend to spoil their effect, as they become a cliche. One well supported march in one year is better than 20 mediocre and ill attended ones.

I question the values of letter writing to an M.P. as a means of producing results. This tends to work better for personal problems (eg. getting supplementary allowances) than on national issues. If you were an M.P. who was strongly against the Springbok tour, would 5 letters in favour of the tour change your mind? I doubt it. But if you follow the system through, and achieve a position of influence - by becoming an MP or having office in a political party, then that pressure is likely to have far more strength. Don't be content to be a spectator at the political games, become a participant in the games yourself!

ROSEMARY YOUNG
V.U.W. NATIONAL CLUB

political power does not come out of the ballot box

The article "Is the Dream Over?" is another example of the sell-out political views which SALIENT has been publishing from anonymous sources. Who is providing this rubbish – Brigadier Gilbert, the University Administration, student reactionaries, the CIA, or the Labour Party? The article shows its sell-out politics in its complete aversion to force as a political consideration. But Mao says, "political power comes out of the barrel of a gun", a truth which applies universally for political action.

It is true that mass marches have little effect on the fundamental policies of the capitalist ruling class. All mass marches can show is that there is numerical support for the viewpoint at issue. The ruling class may be influenced by a show of numbers, if it is otherwise motivated to do so. But numbers alone are no challenge to the ruling class, which after all is a 10% minority getting smaller all the time, and long skilled in dominating over the other 90% of the people, whom it divides, setting the different sectors against each other.

It takes force to affect the ruling class. Force applied by large numbers of people united as a class can overthrow the ruling class, as has been seen in Russia 1917 and China 1949. Numbers alone cannot compel the ruling class. The ruling class has its troops standing by out of sight at all mass demonstrations, ready to shoot down unarmed people. This applies in NZ. "Bloody Sundays" are events of this nature. The political leaders who lead the unarmed masses to Bloody Sundays, such as Father Gapon in 1905 have been revealed as *agents provocateurs.* The organisers of mass demonstrations here may be the same sort of people. Force without numbers cannot overthrow the ruling class, but it can affect the ruling class. **Small groups of demonstrators, ready to use appropriate force, can win their point.** This is shown as recently as April 16, when a group of about 80 demonstrators marched on to the Auckland wharves in protest against an Australian warship just returned from helping U.S. aggression against Vietnam. Although the warship was open to the public, it was quickly closed when the demonstrators, organised by the Progressive Youth Movement and the Vietnam Committee, appeared. In Wellington we need demonstrations of this sort. It is demonstrations of this sort, not the occasional mass marches, that force the ruling class to keep warships out in the roads, a clear sign of their weakness and fear.

The article "Is The Dream Over?" is wrong when it says that the government is content to administer the country "usually to the benefit of the capitalists – sometimes at their behest ". On the contrary, the government does so *always* to the benefit of the dominant sector of capitalists and *always* at their behest . Likewise, the article is wrong when it says that the government has the potential to control the country, but does not choose to exercise it. On the contrary, it is the capitalist class, as the ruling class who control the country, and the government is completely incapable of acting otherwise than as an administrative committee of the ruling class. This being so, it is nonsense to suggest that any public campaign can get the Government to take control and act against the interests of the capitalist ruling class; and consequently sheer nonsense to suggest that a Labour government could be got to act so.

The article is wrong in ruling out the possibility of revolution. Small but effective actions, such as the April 16 demonstration mentioned before, can be taken, and the objective conditions are developing which will make effective mass revolutionary action a real possibility well within the foreseeable future. NEIL WRIGHT
Communist Party of New Zealand.
Wellington Branch

SALIENT 7 FEATURED AN ARTICLE "IS THE DREAM OVER ?" WHICH QUESTIONED THE VALUE OF THE USUAL POLITICAL DEMONSTRATIONS. THE ARTICLE PUT UP SOME TENTATIVE ALTERNATIVES TO THE DILEMMA AND THE DREAM OF STUDENT RADICALISM.
HERE WE PRINT A SELECTION OF CRITIQUES OF "IS THE DREAM OVER". THIS SYMPOSIUM AIMS HIGHER THAN CRITICISM. WHAT WE HAVE HERE ARE SUGGESTIONS TOWARDS .....

Constructive Politics

radical synthesis

OWEN GAGER SPARTACIST LEAGUE

The time should be past when crapped out liberals like the editor of SALIENT should imagine students can be persuaded to support a politician without being told a single word about his policy, his views, his past record or that of his party. The paid Labour Party advertisement on page 14 of the same SALIENT at any rate provides more (though hardly indispensable) information about Dave Shand by printing his photo and describing him as a senior lecturer. The article *Is The Dream Over?* is simply third-rate party propaganda. (Why is it that both the article and the Party advertisement, if the two really are separate, don't tell you Shand lectures in that progressive suject, *accountancy?)* But then the electioneering part of the article was written at a time when Pat Dobbie was around the Salient office. The rest of the article does raise some interesting questions.

The history of the modern student-based radical left is a record of unconscious borrowing from older radical traditions not student-based at all. The origins of most existing forms of radical protest are to be found in the past of the New Zealand labour and communist movements. Proclamations of a 'New Left' simply prove that student radicalism is based on the illusions of youth that history is irrelevant. Those who ignore history are doomed to repeat it. And the repetition of history is the past and future of the 'New Left'. The nineteen-thirties Auckland unemployed confrontations with the police remain unrivalled by recent PYM confrontations. New Zealand's most radical sit-in happened at Parihaka in the nineteenth century, not in the American consulate at Auckland in 1969. More people were arrested in the 1914-18 anti-war movement than in the last four years' anti-war activity. At the same time those who graduate from the New Left to public service positions, profitable radical publishing or accountancy lectureships move to the right even faster than the Labour leader jailed for opposing conscription in 1917. The Labour Party proved in the nineteen-tens that getting arrested doesn't automatically turn you on as a revolutionary. The 'New Left' has still to learn the lesson.

Students who use means of political action devised to express the political and industrial militancy of people very different from students must find their actions abortive, especially when the people who originated the now standard forms of protest are not now radical and have to be persuaded to turn radical again. But if protest is to be revitalised these people must participate. The alternative is to move toward yippie-type demonstrations, the only form of protest originated spontaneously and entirely by students.

It is possible for students to revive the other social groups lost militancy and draw them into revolutionary action. The classic example is the students' sparking off of the May 1968 French revolution. However this was only possible in a country with a working-class revolutionary tradition, congealed in a conservative Communist Party, but unfreezable when political heat is applied. Similar New Zealand traditions are far less strong. Here actions which the student left can take to re-establish contact with labour radicalism are much more directly political. If the **Anti-War Movement** were to support Vietnamese workers' control of their own factories when the NLF forces hit Saigon, No matter what the official line is from Hanoi, it will win New Zealand workers. If ecology action, instead of campaigning for property owners frightened of property values falling, worried about the environments in which factory workers earn their living, it would be talking about some of the worst environments in New Zealand. If the Polynesian movements ceased to represent almost exclusively the tiny section of Maori people who get to university and organised, instead, the majority who dig ditches or work on assembly lines it would grow fast. For a new beginning to be made a political movement must be built which amalgamates all the existing single issue radical movements programmes into what they really mean a revolutionary programme for the overthrow of New Zealand capitalism, which embodies, though without being imprisoned or restricted by, the entire history of the New Zealand left.

Keep On Marching

"Is the Dream Over" is a typical article by a demoralised radical whose peripheral involvement in the movement has given him little understanding of what it is all about. Anyone who had been deeply involved in the antiwar movement would not say that "The anti-war coalitions, instead of exerting day to day pressure on the administration, seem content to gather large masses of people once or twice a year in Washington then go home and plan for the next march." **An antiwar mobilisation is a whole educating and activating process.** It is the high school student justifying his antiwar button to his or her schoolmates, literature tables, picket lines, films, university teach-ins, speakers in schools, and discussion at union stopworks. The mass march is but the culminating focus where the whole movement (reflecting widespread antiwar sentiment in the total population) comes together to exercise its collective strength against the government.

"In six years of (antiwar) marches not one fucking thing has been acomplished." Why then did Nixon, Holyoake and McMahon withdraw the bulk of the troops from Vietnam? Not out of good-will, but because of the growing antiwar sentiment which was expressing itself through mass protests. The Pentagon Papers, various newspapers, and occassionally even government officials, admit to this. And why are all kinds of bishops, All Blacks and city councillors coming out against the Springbok tour? Not through some spontaneous leap in race consciousness, but because the 1970 tour demos and the ones now developing (combined with the actions of black people in the US and around the world) have forced them to think about the issue and take a stand.

Those who lose the perspective of going out to the people and getting them involved in mass actions tend to drift off in one of two directions (and sometimes combinations of both).

One, which can be labelled 'ultraleft", is to escalate the rhetoric. It makes you feel good and pure, even if you don't have much of an audience. You also have a lot of fun trying to put down other radicals who, because they are relating to the consciousness of the people involved in various mass campaigns, do not sound as 'left' as you do.

On the other hand, you can do what the author of the Salient article suggests, and work through 'accepted' channels - writing to your M.P., electing 'better' M.P.s, etc.

However, if we are to get rid of this capitalist system and all its derivative social evils, we cannot rely either on our own 'radical' declarations or putting 'good' politicians into office. Building the forces to make a revolution is a long process requiring patient work; it means building independent mass movements (e.g. antiwar, anti-tour, women's liberation), involvement in the trade union and student movements, and socialist educational work.

Socialist theory is put to use to understand the dynamics of the unfolding struggle against capitalism. It enables us to see that the struggle of the Indochinese people is the focal point of the conflict between capitalism and socialism on a world scale, and the necessity to build a mass anti-war movement to get all the US troops and aircraft out so that the Indochinese revolution can be victorious.

We can also see the importance of the anti-apartheid movement, the revolutionary dynamic of women's liberation, why students are radicalising ahead of workers at the present time and the importance of the fight against wage restraints.

Understanding that **the workers must be the central component of any revolution in New Zealand, it is necessary to relate to and support their present organisations, the unions and the Labour Party, and carry the political campaigns into these areas,** but without having the slightest illusions about the FOL leaders or any Labour M.P.s - including people like David Shand.

Read the other contributions in this issue and think to yourself - what are they asking me to do? For us this is an easy question to answer. March for the repeal of all anti-abortion laws on May 6; help build the July 14 nationaly antiwar mobilisation; help build mass protests against the Springbok tour; join the forthcoming Socialists for Labour election campaign; read Socialist Action and other socialist publications available on the campus literature tables; and come to the Young Socialist meetings and the Militant Forum.

Keith Locke
Socialist Action League

Peter Wilson on 'The

TAKING YOUR CHANCES

"Is The Dream Over?" was based around one central theme, that demonstrations do not affect the policies of the Goverments against whom they are aimed. This is a realistic reading of the recent history of protest marches, both here and in the U.S. And although there were and still are people who would disagree, who believe that marching has a direct effect on policy, I think most would go along with the author of the article when he says that demonstrations were only intended as a means of showing strength and of focusing public opinion on the issue. Within this limited framework the demonstrations in New Zealand against the war in Indo-China have undoubtedly made an impact, just how much success is of course another question. **But when a movement is protesting against the mass murder of Asians and the wholesale destruction of their lands, it cannot forgo any opportunity to increase its support or to prod people into looking at the issues.**

However I agree with the author that a time does arrive when the issue-evoking potential of demonstrations is exhausted, at which point marching may become counter-productive ie: marching for marching's sake, rather than to highlight the issue. Naturally, if it could be shown that marching did affect policy, then I would say keep right on, but unfortunately this is not the case—the New Zealand troops came out when Nixon allowed Holyoake to take them out. Our efforts did not figure in that calculation.

YOUNG DAVE TO THE OUTER

So like the author of "Is the Dream Over?" we come to the question of "What Is To Be Done?" and simultaneously, we come to the addendum on the end of the Salient article there it is suggested that we put our noses to the grindstone and shoulders to the wheel for 26 year old Dave Shand, Labour Party Candidate, who will be elected in Wellington Central this year with your support. this unsubstantiated piece of philosophical voluntarism is followed by the assertion that, "He is admittedly a party man but if you can't get the support of a party yourself you may as well do all you can to support such young politicians". In a nation whose institutions are riddled with senility, it is perhaps too easy to see youth a as a political virtue in itself. But 'young' does not necessarily equal 'progressive' and the generation gap, while an important consideration, must always take a back seat to the ideological gap which in this case separates Dave Shand from socialists of all age groups.

LABOUR DON'T WANT US AT ALL

Plunging on with "Salients" writer who seems intent on proving that the dream is not, in fact, over, we are told that "If you support their (ie young politicians) candidacy they will push your ideas". If this was not straight bullshit, it would almost seem as though the writer has received a tip from the inside—otherwise how could he know something the rest of us don't? To test the hypothesis try Dave Shand on the idea that if students are ever to be a real force for social change they must first be united, hence the setting up of University Clubs admitting only students who are graduates should be prevented because such clubs are elitist and divisive. Next point "Those who say there's no difference between National and Labour either, haven't looked closely or just can't make up their mind." Apparently the main difference is that Labour is more desperate for voters and vote — catching policies." Therefore "we are told, they want us" Without wanting to increase the degree of alienation present among students on campus, nevertheless must be said,"sorry, the Labour Party doesn't really want you at all." In fact, your support is a liability and its not worth chasing because your actual votes count for fuck all anyway. What the Labour Party wants is that wavering middle class voter who will be chased up the hill of state aid to private schools and down the dale of deliberately ambiguous attitudes policy towards the war in Indo-China. It all adds up to the fact that a voter who sees no difference between Labour and National is politically astute. And it is interesting to note that even "Salient's" writer who is presumably advising radicals, does not attempt to make out a case for a difference between Labour and National on the grounds of policy or principle. Instead he resorts to a pragmatism whose form at least would do Norm Kirk proud, while its content can again be related to Labour Party pragmatism in that it entails a program that simply will not work.

RUBBING THE OIL LAMP

As for how to get rid of National Party M.P's such as Harry Lapwood, well, the writers recommended method is too involved and difficult I would suggest instead that we all rub our oil lamps and make the required number of wishes.

PRAGMATISM OR PRINCIPLES

Retrieving the debate from the realm of dreamland, it is obvious that many people, including radicals, socialists, will be giving thought to the Labour Party over the coming months and defining their attitudes both collectively and individually. In shaping my own attitude towards the Labour Party several small incidents come to mind and attain an influence that may at first seem out of proportion to their actual size. One example is when Gerry Wall, M.P. for Porirua, standing in a room with Dr. Jim Cairns of the Australian Labour Party and one of the leading figures on the Australian Left, could say, "I'm sure Dr. Cairns will agree with me when I say that a political party can only do one of two things, it can educate or it can get into power — we've chosen to do the latter." I also recall the wink Cairns gave to the other people in the room. Then there is Norman Kirk telling students at Vic last year —"We opposed the war in Vietnam in 1966, and look what happened, — it cost us Mirimar" Or Peter Debreceny who oversees the Labour Party's relationship with the media saying that "The job of an opposition party is to get into power", or more recently, the Party's General Secretary, John Wybrow, pronouncing that this year Labour will strive for the attainable rather than the desirable. These are fragments, but they add up to a strain of thought within the Labour Party that no-one least of all socialists, can ignore or should ignore in trying to decide whether to work or simply to vote for Labour. "Moreover the Wilsonian formula of the lesser evil is no answer to anyone who really thinks about his or her politics; on the contrary its appeal is strongest when people, frustrated in the search for alternatives cease to try.

In saying that all the statements above add up to a strain of thought, I am perhaps mis tating the case— in an important sense they add up to a strain of non-thought. They are all heavy with pragmatism, a dull pragmatism which has met with outstanding success in exorcising from the Labour party the kind of theoretical thought indispensable to any kind of socialist programme. Within the party this strongly rooted tradition manifests itself in a form of pure anti-intellectualism, one of Norman Kirk's more distinctive traits. The rationale is that we cannot afford to play with ideas, by definition dangerous, whole we are engaged in the down-to-earth, practical business of trying to win elections. That we do not win elections is not a cause for rethinking , but rather a sign that the party is simply not swimming fast enough to keep up with the tide. Theories, ideas, become an even heavier ballast

It's Not A Dream

Bill Logan, Spartacist League.

SALIENT'S anonymous, ex-armchair revolutionary makes a number of worthwhile points in his article "Is the Dream Over?" But his basic premise, that all we can do is reform the present bourgeois system, is completely rejected by the Spartacist League.

We live in an era of war, class exploitation, colonial oppression, pollution and racial and sexual persecution. These are a direct outcome of the Irrationality of capitalism in its era of decay. The laws of capitalism force the imperialists into a militant protection of the markets they control, and into all kinds of barbarity.

The only way to bring an end to these atrocities is to bring an end to capitalism internationally and the only force capable of doing this is the international working class.

In his criticisms of past and present "radical" political groups, SALIENT'S correspondent is dead right - but he doesn't go far enough. Instead of just criticising the automatic impulse to get out and march, he should look at the social composition of the marches, and the ideas of the "radical" groups' leaderships.

What he fails to see is that the vast majority of anti-tour, anti-war marches etc are reformist in their demands and leadership, and petty-bourgeios-student in composition. Hardly a revolutionary force.

But although he unconsciously criticises the demonstrations for this ("....the war continues.....the capitalist corporations are still getting rich from selling the means of death...."), he then goes on to develop this same reformism to its logical conclusion - work within the system. He dismisses in passing, the possibility of revolution, and his reasons for doing this are perhaps, from a "right-now" viewpoint, valid.

But the built-in irrationality of capitalism and the basic conflict of interest in it between the bosses and the workers makes crises in the future inevitable. Revolutionaries must struggle to come to an understanding of this society and of the revolutionary means of smashing it. **And recognising the working class as the only potential revolutionary force, they must strive to build a party of the working class, guided by revolutionary politics.**

It's because of the efforts of those reformists who've been leading the protest movement that we do not have such a party. They've made every effort to discourage truly revolutionary action or truly revolutionary thinking in anyone (the radicalisation that has occurred has been largely a reflex reaction to the inadequacies and incompetence of the existing powers). Certainly they've made no attempt to build the political consciousness of the working class, which, when united and aware of its interests and what it can do, is the decisive revolutionary force in society.

The Spartacist League stands for working class revolution, but realises this is not going to be an overnight thing. **The immediate aim must be to build a vanguard party which will intervene in the day-to-day struggles of the working class to lead them nearer and nearer to the revolution.**

This must be the task that takes up all our energy at present - trying to make this sick bourgeois society a slightly better place in which to live. Fighting to put the National Party out isn't going to raise anyone's political consciousness, and by siphoning off energy from the struggle to build a vanguard party, slows down development of such a party, thus re-inforcing the assertion that the number of true revolutionaries is growing too slowly for revolution to be seriously considered.

Dream' & the Labour Party

than before and must bejettisoned more furiously as a result. This may be variously called a vicious circle, a downward spiral or simply a swing to the right. Its effect on the electorate is fairly accurately gauged by a question posed in the New Zealand Partisan last year, "Is New Zealand Going Fascist?."

THE DEVIL YOU KNOW

The other major side effect is that which the "Salient" writer sought to deny - the essential sameness of the Labour and National parties. The manner in which this sameness contributes to the consistent electoral failure of the Labour Party in N.Z. is well expressed by Ken Coates speaking of the Labour Party in Britain, "there has seldom been good reason to change the devil you know for the devil you don't know: and against a Labour Party every principle of deference to the Establishment is always active unless it can be undermined by credible alternative policies. That is after all, what an Establishment is about". And further "...no alternative administration can field itself until means have already been discovered to persuade enough people that there are good reasons why they need a change, until then all that exists is what already exists, which will present itself as all that can exist. **All this is summed up in the conservative presumption that politics is the art of the possible, which always means the acceptance of what is actual as being also ultimate. Socialist politics is the art of enlarging the possible,not that of kowtowing to the actual, which is frequently absurd where it is not flagrantly dangerous.** Understanding the need for a programme for change, and for alternative policies, the Farm Road Branch of the Labour Party has established "Policy Study Groups" and has so far held seminars on social welfare and workers participation, and has brought out a monograph on the first area. Viewed as dangerous insurrectionists they received the Party's cold shoulder, though apparently more interest in their activities has been shown shown in the last couple of weeks by the hierarchy. This is the kind of important change possible from within, but without having had Farm Road's first-hand experience I would still say that to change the Labour Party so, one must beat it first. To a party whose prime concern is to catch the prevailing wind, firm alternative policy is a liability - it may confirm friends, but more importantly it will almost certainly run the risk of alienating people.

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

The built-in ambiguity and indecisiveness of Labour Party policy in the past is the outcome of an attempt to remain all things to all men. That we are not likely to see any noticeable change in this attitude towards policy was established at last year's conference when President Bill Rowling smugly assured members that Labour knew what its election policies were going to be, but wasn't going to announce them too far in advance because the nasty old Tories would pull their usual fast one and steal our policy That is a fair indication that in November, Labour will as usual be relying on the law of averages and the indifference of the voter to the small print, for its chance to administer the status quo for three years. As usual also, it will fail.

CHARISMA MIASMA

But in its attempt to win it will use and thereby expose another strain in the Labour Party that must be opposed by any socialist. I am speaking of the "market researchy - trendy - charisma" approach. The recent history of charisma (a la J.F.K.), in the Labour Party is an interesting one. It took on advertising, market research types to "sell the product" to the people as the jargon goes. Ironically enough, it now seems that we're getting landed with a party full of these trendies. Hand in hand with this have gone the gains made by the pseudo-concept of "charisma". The party now appears to believe that it may be able to pull off a swifty whereby innovative clothing (i.e. trendy gear) and innovative "packaging" may be adequate substitutes for innovative thought. The drive for "charisma" entails another, more serious danger to those in the Party who believe that social change is more important than "pop politics". And that is that rank and file members, particularly younger and more impatient ones, who are only too ready to seize on anything that will replace their feelings of frustration with a sense of positive contribution, will quickly latch on to a figure who, by possessing certain personal characteristics, seems to hold some sway. As Erich Fromm puts it in *Heart of Man*, people try to reject their impotence by attempting "....to restore their capacity to act. But can [they] and how? One way is to submit to and identify with a person or group having power. By this symbolic participation in another person's life, [men have] the illusion of acting, when in reality [they] only submit to and become a part of those who act." Radicals on the outer fringe of the party, or outside of it altogether, who are considering throwing their efforts behind candidates who convey the illusion referred to by Fromm, should carefully consider the motives for their intended participation. **All those within the Labour Party should join with the Farm Road Branch in attempting to show the Labour Party that market research is not sociology.**

Finally could it not be suggested that the Party use its close contacts with the media men to investigate the re-establishment of a Labour Party newspaper. The difficulties would, of course, be immense. But without this the long-term education and persuasion of public opinion towards socialism remains a dream and it is dreams we are attempting to eliminate.

Hopefully it will be clear by this stage that **what is wrong with the Labour Party will not be corrected by electing its candidates to Parliament.** There is much more basic work to be done in the fields of communication and education between party and society. The party's parliamentarianism, its belief that getting 'one-up' in the House is significant, and its electorialism, its devotion of all its energies to the moment of the vote, are both serious impedements to the creation of a party which can take part in and even *lead* ongoing political activity in society at large. The party's inability to do so at present, its insensitivity to what is alive and moving in society is reflected in its failure to respond in any way at all to the radicalism of youth in particular.

KEEP ON LAUGHING

I do not think we should allow that ardour and radicalism to be dragged down by the weight of the Labour Party's electoral mechanism. Rather it should be expended in trying to explode the oppressive weight of sanctified encrusted authority and custom. We have no obligation to accept their forms: to do so is to accept subjugation. Before people are prepared to challenge formal authority, that authority must first be desanctified, it must be ridiculed and laughed at for the farce that it is, and yet at the same time it must be realised that the task is a serious one that it must be hand in hand with the construction of real alternatives.

For young radicals the best thing that could happen in November would be as many people voting informal as possible - we know that the whole gambit of elections and parliamentary democracy must eventually go if we are to achieve the aim of a self-managing society, and the sooner we promote an awareness of its irrelevance and dispensability the sooner will we enter the necessary transition, wherein new perspectives for action will begin to unfold.

PETER WILSON
PRESIDENT VUW LABOUR CLUB

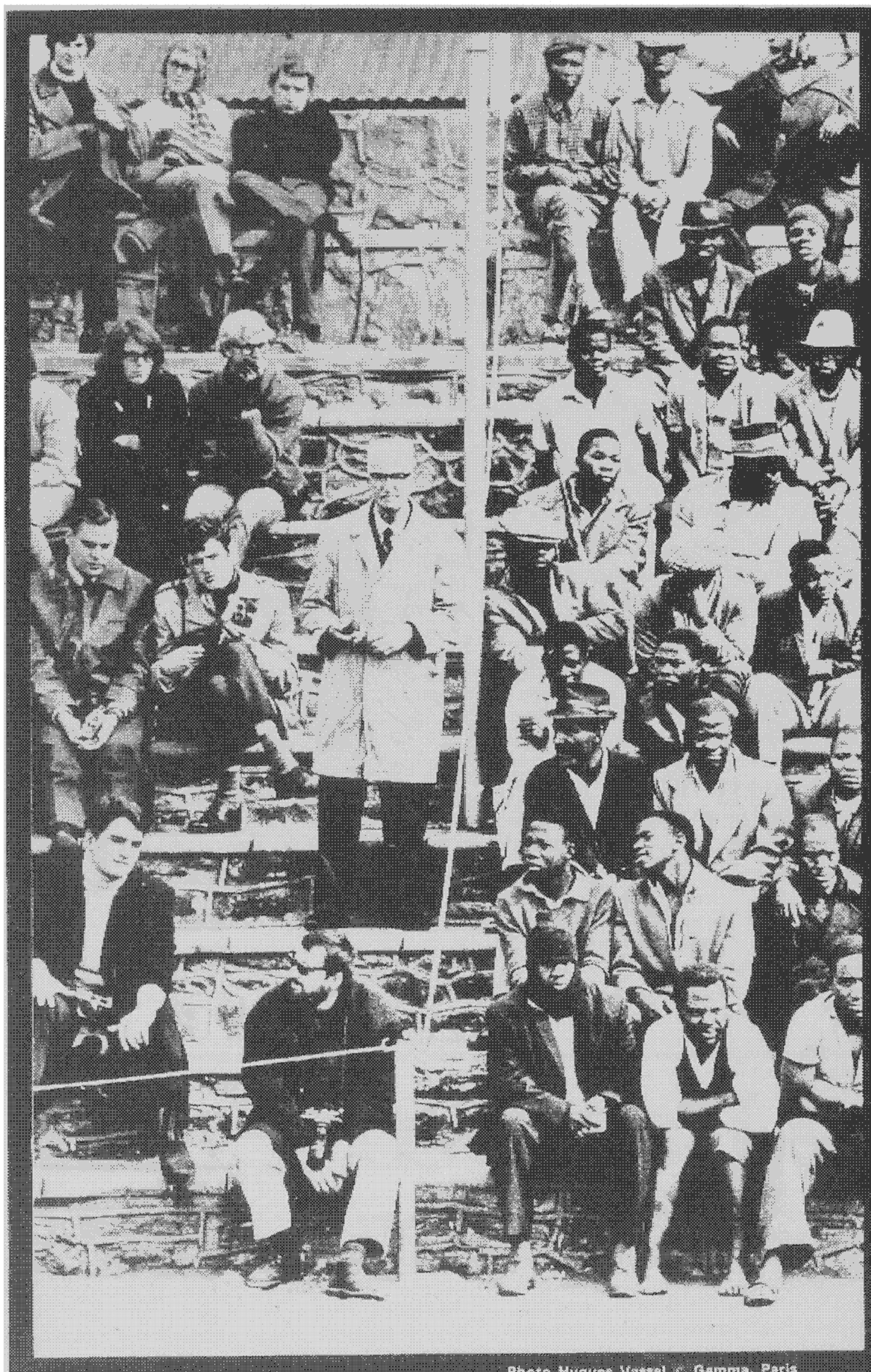

Photo Hugues Vassel © Gamma, Paris

SEGREGATION IN SPORT is strictly enforced under South Africa's apartheid laws. White and non-white persons may not compete against each other in sports nor even attend the same sporting event as spectators. Exceptionally, as in this photo taken recently near Johannesburg, non-whites are allowed to attend major events provided that separate entrances, seating and toilet facilities are made available.

Inequality before the law in S. Africa

Like other modern States, the Republic of South Africa is a country governed by laws. And the laws by which a country chooses to live are normally matters with which the United Nations not only does not concern itself, but which, in fact, it is expressly forbidden from interfering with by its own Charter.

However, a feature that gives to the laws of South Africa the character and dimension which have caused concern throughout the world and which have made them the subject of formal denunciation by the United Nations can be simply stated: while these laws apply to all the people of South Africa—white and non-white alike—they are laws of the white man alone, enacted by the white man alone, for the benefit of the white man alone. Neither in the formulation nor in the execution of these "laws" do the Africans, who form 70 per cent of the population, nor the Asians and the Coloured, have any voice or influence.

It is this character which makes many of the "laws" of South Africa, in effect and in reality, instruments of iniquity and oppression.

The following examples are drawn from a study prepared by Professor Leslie Rubin of Howard University, Washington, D.C., a former Senator in South Africa, representing Africans, for the United Nations Secretariat's Unit on Apartheid, showing how legislation described by the South African Government as being designed to promote "separate development", amounts to a legalized contempt for all human beings of the non-white races.

RACE AND COLOUR

A person who is "obviously in appearance white" and is "generally accepted as a white person" may not be classified as a white person if one of his natural parents has been classified as a coloured person.

AN African is "a person who in fact is or is generally accepted as a member of any aboriginal race or tribe of Africa".

A coloured person is "a person who is not a white person or an African".

A person who is not in fact an African, but "in appearance obviously is an African" will be classified as such in the population register, unless he discharges the onus of proving that he is not in fact and is not generally accepted as African.

A man who "in appearance obviously is a white person" must be classified as a coloured person, if one of his natural parents has been classified as a white person and the other as a coloured person.

IN deciding whether or not a person is "in appearance obviously a white person" the official concerned must take into account such person's "habits, education, speech, deportment and demeanour in general".

IF a person "in appearance obviously not a white person" is "generally accepted as a white person" in the area where he is employed, but is not so accepted in the area where he lives, he may not be classified as a white person.

EVEN twenty-five years after a person has been classified in the population register as a white person and issued with the corresponding identity card, the Secretary of the Interior has the right to seek such person's reclassification.

MOVEMENT

A proclamation in the *Government Gazette* may, at any time, prohibit any African from being in any town during such hours of the night as are specified, unless he is in possession of a written permit signed by his employer or by an

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without receiving payment, repairs a defective electrical fitting in the living quarters of a friend who resides on his employer's premises in a town is guilty of a criminal offence.

AN African is prohibited from doing skilled work in the building industry in any town in white South Africa.

A white person who pays his domestic servant for repairing a damaged roof in his home commits a criminal offence.

A municipal labour officer may, at any time, terminate the employment of any African in his area, if he decides that such employment "is not bona fide", even though the employment has continued for twenty-five years to the complete satisfaction of such African's white employer.

A white workman, who is permanently totally disabled is entitled to a monthly pension based on his earnings; an African similarly disabled is entitled to a lump sum based on his earnings, but not to a monthly pension.

WHEN an employer has established living quarters for his African workers, no worker living there may receive a visitor at any time, unless he has been granted permission to do so by his employer or some other authorized person.

EDUCATION

THE Minister of Bantu Education may, at any time, and without being required to give any reason for doing so, withdraw any subsidy previously granted by him to a school maintained by an African tribe or community.

AN African living in a town who, without being paid for his services, conducts a class in reading and writting in his own home for a few of his African friends is guilty of a criminal offence.

A white man who spends a few hours each week in his own home teaching his African servants to read is guilty of a criminal offence.

AN African religious minister who conducts regular classes for his congregation, in which he teaches them to read the Bible, is guilty of a criminal offence.

A private correspondence college which enrols an African as a student in any course without the permission of the Minister of Bantu Education is guilty of a criminal offence.

ANY person who provides special education for handicapped African children without the approval of the Minister of Bantu Education is guilty of a criminal offence.

AN African student who attends even a single lecture in a course at the University of Cape Town without the permission of the Minister of Bantu Education is guilty of a criminal offence.

MARRIAGE

IF a marriage officer performs a marriage ceremony between a white man and a coloured woman, the latter having falsely represented that she is white, the marriage is void and of no effect.

IF a white South African lawfully marries a coloured woman abroad, the marriage is void and of no effect in South Africa.

ASSEMBLY AND ASSOCIATION

AN African who has lived continuously for fifty years in the town in which he was born is not entitled as of right to have an African friend visit and remain with him for more than seventy-two hours.

IT is unlawful for a white person and a non-white person to drink a cup of tea together in a café anywhere in South Africa unless they have obtained a special permit to do so.

UNLESS he has obtained a special permit, an African professor delivering a lecture at a white club, which has invited him to do so, commits a criminal offence.

A coloured person attending a public cinema in a town (even though he occupies specially separated seating) is guilty of a criminal offence, unless a special permit has been issued.

AN African attending a Church fete in a town is guilty of a criminal offence, unless a special permit has been issued.

IF there are no cinemas in a coloured township a permit will be issued allowing coloured persons to attend a cinema in a town, provided that separate entrance, seating "and other facilites" are available for coloured persons.

A permit will not be granted to a white orchestra to accompany an African choir presenting performances even though the audiences are segregated.

A permit will not be granted to Africans to watch a Carnival organized by the students of a white university; it will be granted to coloured persons and Asians only on condition that no refreshments are served.

IF an Asian (or a coloured person or an African) sits on a bench in a public park (which has been set apart for the exclusive use of white persons), by way of protest against the apartheid laws, he commits a criminal offence punishable by a fine of not more than $840 or imprisonment for not longer than three years or a whipping of not more than ten strokes, or both such fine and imprisonment, or both such fine and whipping, or both such imprisonment and whipping.

ANYONE who has rendered aid to the family of a person convicted of committing an offence by way of protest against apartheid laws is also guilty of an offence.

IF there is only one waiting-room in a railway station, it is lawful for the station-master to reserve that waiting-room for the exclusive use of white persons, and any non-white person wilfully entering it commits a criminal offence.

AN unmarried man who is "obviously in appearance" or "by general acceptance and repute" a white person and who attempts to have sexual intercourse with a woman who is not "obviously in appearance" or "by general acceptance and repute" a white person is guilty of a criminal offence punishable by imprisonment with compulsory hard labour for not longer than seven years, unless he can prove to the satisfaction of the court that he had reasonable cause to believe, at the time that the alleged offence was committed, that she was "obviously in appearance or by general acceptance and repute" a white person.

A coloured person is guilty of attending a "gathering" if he has two friends to dinner.

IT is unlawful for any political party to exist unless all its members are persons who belong to the same ethnic group i.e. unless all its members are Africans or whites or coloured persons.

IF a white person addresses a gathering most of the members of which are coloured, and calls on his audience to support any political party, he is guilty of a criminal offence.

TAXATION

EVERY African, male and female, who has reached the age of eighteen years is liable to pay an annual tax (known as the general tax) of a least $4.90, in addition to the ordinary income tax payable by all South Africans, unless he satisfies the authorized official that he has reached the age of sixty-five years.

EVERY African who is the occupier of a dwelling in an African township is liable to pay an annual tax (known as the local tax) of $1.40.

IN certain defined areas, any white policeman may, at any time, stop an African walking in a city street, if he believes him to be liable to pay these taxes, and demand from him the receipt for his general tax or local tax for inspection.

IF the African fails to comply with such demand, the policeman may arrest him and have him brought before a Bantu Affairs Commissioner, who may then order his detention until arrangements have been made for payment of such tax as may be due.

OWNERSHIP OF LAND

NO African is entitled as of right to acquire freehold title to land anywhere in South Africa; nor is it the intention of the present Government ever to grant such right to the African, even in his own Bantu areas.

OPINION AND EXPRESSION

THE South African Publications Control Board consists of nine persons (all of them white) appointed and paid by the Government. One of the functions of the Board is to prevent the showing of any film which depicts white and non-white children sharing the same classroom or white and non-white adults dancing with one another or white and non-white men and women embracing and kissing one another.

ANOTHER function of the South African Publications Control Board is to prevent the showing of any educational documentary film which expresses approval of racial integration or disapproval of discrimination based on race and colour.

.....

IT is a criminal offence for a newspaper to publish an article which is held by the court to have harmed relations between whites and Africans because it used strong language to assert that apartheid is unjust to the African people.

THE South African Publications Control Board may, by notice in the *Government Gazette* prohibit the importation into South Africa of all books (other than those for which it chooses to issue a special permit) published by a specified publisher, if it is of the opinion that such books are likely to create the impression that apartheid is unjust to the non-white people of South Africa.

IF an African has received a letter from another African asking him to join in a peaceful demonstration against unjust apartheid laws, his premises may be searched at any time on a warrant issued by a magistrate for evidence that an offence has been committed.

IF such letter was typed, the typewriter may be seized and delivered to a magistrate who may order that it be destroyed.

ANY African born outside South Africa (even though he has lived in South Africa for 50 years and has not committed an offence) may be declared to be an undesirable inhabitant.

AN African who writes "Down with Apartheid" on the wall of the house of any person, is guilty of a criminal offence.

IF one issue of a weekly magazine published in South Africa has been held to be undesirable, and the Publications Control Board is of the opinion that every subsequent issue is likely to be undesirable, all future issues of the magazine may be prohibited as undesirable, by notice in the *Government Gazette*.

THE RULE OF LAW

AN African who has been required by an order of Court to leave a certain area must do so, and no Court of law may grant an injunction preventing such removal, nor may appeal or review proceedings stay or suspend such removal, even when it has been established beyond all doubt that the order of Court was intended for some other person and was served upon him in error.

ANY person who breaks the window of a building (including a private residence) in the course of a demonstration calling for the grant of increased rights to the African people, is guilty of the offence of sabotage, unless he proves that his act was not calculated or intended to encourage feelings of hostility between white persons and Africans. The offence is punishable by sentence of death.

ANY person who advocates military intervention by the United Nations in Namibia (South West Africa) is guilty of a criminal offence punishable by imprisonment for not less than 5 years or by death.

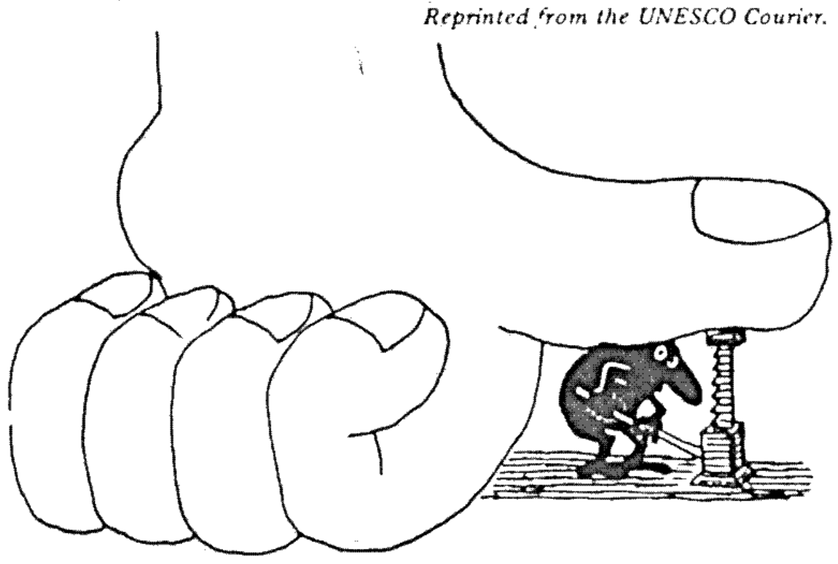
NO person other than the Minister of Justice or an official may have access to such detained person, nor is any person (not even members of his immediate family) entitled to any information as to what has happened to him or where he is.

NO court of law may order the release of such detainee or pronounce upon the validity of any action which has been taken against him.

AN African living in a Bantu area may not, without special permission to do so, carry a knife whose blade is more than 3½ inches long, while outside the allotment on which he resides. If he does he is guilty of a criminal offence punishable by a fine of not more than $280 or imprisonment for not longer than 12 months, or a whipping, or both imprisonment and a whipping. ■

The case-laws cited derive, for the most part, from the Bantu (Urban Areas Consolidation) Act No. 25 of 1945 ; the Bantu (Abolition of Passes and Co-ordination of Documents) Act No. 67 of 1952; the Bantu Labour (Settlement of Disputes) Act No. 48 of 1953 ; the Bantu Building Workers Act. No 27 of 1951 ; the Workmen's Compensation Act No 30 of 1941; the Bantu Education Act No. 47 of 1953; the Extension of University Education Act No. 45 of 1959 and Proclamation No. 333 of 1 November 1957 issued under the Group Areas Act No. 77 of 1957.

Reprinted from the UNESCO Courier.



WHAT HAVI

a play by

Myrna Lamb, an American feminist, wrote this play after learning of her daughter's suspected pregnancy.

As a result of a criticism which labelled her "playlet" 'more diatribe than dialogue' she altered it to include the SOLDIER and GIRL since it satisfied her sense of justice to represent the plight of the young male who is denied control of his life by his government in company with the young female who is similarly denied control of her life and her own body. The play was originally produced in a modest fashion at New York in 1970.

Time: whenever.

Place : a space, silent, encapsulated. A man lies with his head angled up and centre stage, feet obliquely toward audience. His couching, by all means psychiatric in flavour, should also be astronautic and should incline him acutely so that he almost looks as though he is about to be launched. An almost perpendicular slantboard comes to mind or a simple sliding pond or seesaw.

There is a simple desk or table angled away from the man, and a chair placed toward desk that will keep the occupant's back toward man in authodox (approximate) psychiatric practice, but will give profile or three-quarter view to audience.

At rise man in business suit is situated as delineated. Woman in simple smock (suggestive of surgical smock) comes on upstage and crosses without looking at man. He does not see her. He sits silently. Some time elapses. A soldier, in a green beret outfit, complete with M-1 rifle, comes to stage centre. He faces audience.

MAN: Where am I? What have you done to me? Where am I? What have you done to me? Where am I? What have you done to me?

(SOLDIER stands at attention.)

WOMAN: (her voice dehumanized by amplification) Don't worry. Don't worry. We have not done that to you.

MAN: That? What do you mean, "that"?

WOMAN: We have not taken anything.

MAN: Oh. (Pause) But where am I? What have you done to me?

WOMAN: Are you in pain?

MAN: Yes. I think I am in pain.

WOMAN: Don't you know?

MAN: I haven't been able to consider it fully. The whole procedure. . . strange room —anesthetic—nurses? Sisters in some order?

WOMAN: Nurses. Sisters. In some order. Yes, that would cover it. Yes, anesthetic.

MAN: Anesthetic.

WOMAN: Yes. We didn't want you thrashing about. Or suffering psychic stress . Yet.

(SOLDIER executes left turn and salute.)

MAN: I am suffering abominable psychic stress now.

(SOLDIER stands at attention through next speeches.)

WOMAN: Yes, I know. But the physical procedure is at an end. You are in remarkably good health. Arteries. Heart. Intestinal tone. Very good. Good lungs too. Very good. I suppose that's due to the electronically conditioned air and the frequent sojourns to unspoiled garden spots of nature.

MAN: What has that to do with it? Was I too healthy? Was that it? Did some secret-society deity decide I should be given a handicap to even up the race?

WOMAN: Well, that is an interesting conjecture.

MAN: It can't be! That I was considered too healthy? That's preposterous.

WOMAN: Yes, it is. You couldn't really have been too healthy.

MAN: Then . . . what have you done? Was there a handicap?

(Left turn and salute by SOLDIER.)

WOMAN: To even up the race. I believe that was your phrase. I approve. Very compressed. Very dense. The race that we run . . . the race of man, as we shorthandedly express it . . . and somewhere in my memory, a line about the race going to the swift . . . yes, and then the association with handicap . . . a sporting chance for the less swift.

MAN: Handicap . . . some kind of tumor . . . some kind of cancer . . .

(Young woman hereafter referred to as GIRL crawls onstage.)

Is that it? What have you done to me?

WOMAN: No, no. Calm yourself. No cancer. No tumor. Not parasitic death, my friend. Parasitic life.

MAN: I don't understand you. What have you done to me? Parasitic life? (Pause) Parasitic life. Pseudoscientific claptrap. Parasitic life. Witchdoctor mumbojumbo. Parasitic life. Wait a moment. There is a meaning to that phrase. It can't apply to me—not to me—not—

(GIRL pulls on SOLDIER's leg. She is still in crawling position. SOLDIER stands at rigid attention throughout next speeches with no obvious awareness of GIRL. She rises and approaches him, reaching out to him).

YOU DONE FOR ME LATELY?

myrna lamb

WOMAN: Yes, it can apply to you. We have given you an impregnated uterus. Implanted. Abdominal cavity. Yours. Connections to major blood vessels were brought in very quickly. As a matter of fact, it was destined for you. It has achieved its destiny.

MAN: I don't believe it. I can't believe this nightmare.

WOMAN: Well, that is how many people feel upon learning these things. Of course, most of those people have been considered female. That made a difference, supposedly. We've managed to attach a bit of ovary to the uterus. I don't think it will do any real good, but I will give you a course of hormonal and glandular products to maintain the pregnancy.

MAN: Maintain the pregnancy, indeed! How dare you make that statement to me!

(Using outreaching arm of GIRL and foot leverage, SOLDIER flips her over and throws her to floor.)

WOMAN: I dare. There is a human life involved, after all.

MAN: There is a human life involved? You insane creatures, I'm fully aware that there is a human life involved. My human life. My human life that you have decided to play with for your own despicable purposes, whatever they are.

WOMAN: Do you think you are in the proper frame of mind to judge? My purposes?

(SOLDIER does pushups with sexual-soldier connotations over outstretched body of GIRL)

Your ultimate acceptance of what you now so vociferously reject? The relative importance of your mature and realized life and the incipient potential of the life you carry within you? Your life is certainly involved. But perhaps your life is subsidiary to the life of this barely begun creature which you would seek to deny representation.

MAN: Why should I give this . . . this thing representation?

(SOLDIER rises and kicks GIRL aside. Walks to rifle. Walks around GIRL, pacing, right shoulder arms.)

It is nothing to me. I am not responsible for it or where it is nor do I wish to be. I have a life, an important life. I have work, important work, work, I might add, that has more than incidental benefit to the entire population of this world— and this — this mushroom which you have visited upon me — in your madness — has no rights, no life, no importance to anyone, certainly not to the world. It has nothing. It has no existence. A little group of cells. A tumor. A parasite. This has been foisted upon me and then I am told that I owe it primary rights to life, that my rights are subsidiary! That is insanity! I do not want this thing in my body. It does not belong there. I want it removed. Immediately. Safely.

WOMAN: Yes, I understand how you feel. But how would it be if every pregnancy brought brought about in error or ignorance or through some evil or malicious or even well-meaning design were terminated because of the reluctance or the repugnance of the host? Surely the population of the world would be so effectively decimated as to render wholly redundant the mechanisms of lebensraum, of national politics, of hunger as a method, of greed as a motive, of war itself as a method.

(SOLDIER lunges and stabs at the invisible enemy, accompanying movements with the appropriate battle grunts and cries. There is hatred and despair in the sounds.)

Surely if all the unwilling human beings who found motherhood forced upon them through poverty or chance or misstep were to be given the right to choose their lives above all else, the outpouring of acceptance and joy upon the wanted progeny of desired and deliberate pregnancies would eliminate forever those qualities of aggression and deprivation that are so necessary to the progress of society. After all you must realize there are so many women who find themselves pregnant and unmarried, pregnant and unprepared, with work that cannot bear interruption, with no desire to memorialize a casual sexual episode with issue. So many human beings whose incidental fertility victimizes them superfluously in incidents of rape and incestuous attack.

(Following the lunges, stabs, and grunts, SOLDIER slams the rifle against the stage in vertical butt strokes.)

So many creatures confounded by sexual desire or a compelling need for warmth and attention who find themselves penniless, ill, pitifully young and pregnant too.

(Finally SOLDIER simply stands, lifts rifle to shoulder.)

And so many women who with the approval of society, church and medicine have already produced more children than they can afford economically, psychically, physically. Surely you can see the overwhelming nature of the problem posed by the individuals desire to prevail as articulated by you at this moment. If one plea is valid, then they might all be. So you must learn to accept society's interest in the preservation of the foetus, within you, within all in your condition.

MAN: Do you know that I want to kill you? That is all I feel. The desire to kill you.

(SOLDIER points rifle at GIRL's head.)

WOMAN: A common reaction. The impregnated often feel the desire to visit violence upon the impregnator. Or the maintainers of the pregnancy.

MAN: You are talking about women.

(SOLDIER spreads GIRL's legs with butt of rifle. Nudges her body with rifle.)

Pregnancy, motherhood is natural to a woman. It is her portion in life. It is beneficial to her. It is the basic creative drive that man seeks to emulate with all his art and [illegible] and literature. It is natural for a woman to create life. It is not natural for m[illegible]

(SOLDIER kicks and rolls GIRL's body in sharp rhythm corresponding with beginning of WOMAN's sentences in next speech so that GIRL, in three movements, is turned from her back to her stomach to her back again. SOLDIER then turns away. Freezes.)

WOMAN: The dogma of beneficial motherhood has been handed down by men. If a woman spews out children, she will be sufficiently exhausted by the process never to attempt art, music, literature or politics. If she knows that that is all that is expected of her, if she feels that the fertility, impregnation, birth cycle validates her credentials as a female human being, she will be driven to this misuse of nature as a standard of her worth, as a measure of the comparative worthlessness of those who breed less successfully. That will occupy her sufficiently to keep her from competing successfully with male human beings on any other human basis.

MAN: You cannot dismiss natural as an inappropriate term. My body cannot naturally accomodate a developing foetus. My body cannot naturally expel it at the proper moment.

WOMAN: Females cannot always naturally expel the infant at term.

(SOLDIER turns, rests butt of rifle on GIRL's stomach, and presses. GIRL pants.)

The pelvic span is a variable. Very often, the blood or milk of a natural mother is pure venom to her child. Nature is not necessarily natural or beneficial. We know that. We alter many of its processes in order to proceed with the exigencies of our civilizations. Many newly pregnant women recognize that the situation of egress is insufficient in their cases. In your case, there is a gross insufficiency. The caesarian procedure is indicated.

MAN: But that is dangerous, terribly dangerous even to contemplate. I tell you I am terrified almost to the point of death.

WOMAN: Others have experienced the same sense of terror. Their kidneys are weak, or they have a rheumatic heart, or there is diabetes in the family. As I have told you, you are quite healthy. And you will have excellent care. You will share with others a lowered resistance to infection. But you will not go into labour and you will not risk a freak occurrence in which strong labour produces a suction through the large blood vessels that bring particles of placental detritus and hair and ultimate suffocation to the labouring woman's lungs. . .

MAN: Your comparisons are obscene. My body isn't suitable for carrying a child. There isn't room.

(SOLDIER slams rifle between GIRL's legs. Hard.)

WOMAN: Many female bodies are as unsuitable for childbearing as yours is.

(SOLDIER stands at attention again.)

Modern science has interceded with remedies. Your internal circumstances will be crowded. Not abnormal. Your intestines will be pushed to one side. Your ureters will be squeezed out of shape. Not abnormal. Your kidneys and bladder will be hard pressed. All within the realm of normality. Your skin will stretch, probably scar in some areas. Still not abnormal.

MAN: But I am a man.

WOMAN: Yes, to a degree. That is a trifle abnormal. But not insurmountable.

MAN: But why should anyone want to surmount the fact of my being a man? Do you hate all men? Or just me? And why me?

(SOLDIER executes present arms manoeuvre.)

WOMAN: At one time I hated all men.

MAN: I thought so.

WOMAN: I also hated you most particularly. I am not ashamed of it. (She turns toward him.) You may guess the reason.

MAN: I recognize you of course.

(SOLDIER comes violently to attention and slams rifle against stage, vertical butt.)

WOMAN: And you understand a little more.

MAN: But that was so long ago. So — so trivial in the light of our lives — your life — mine — so trivial! Surely your career, your honours, the esteem in which you are held . . . surely all of this has long since eclipsed that — that mere episode. Surely you didn't spend all those years — training — research — dedication — to learn how to do this . . . to me!

(SOLDIER adopts caricature of at ease position.)

WOMAN: Surely? No, I cannot apply that word to any element of my life. Trauma is insiduous. My motives were not always accessible to me. That mere episode. First Then certain choices. Yes. Certain directions. Then, witnessing the suffering of others which reinforced memories of suffering. Then your further iniquities, educated, mature, authoritative iniquities in your role of lawmaker that reinforced my identification of you as the . . . enemy. All those years to learn how to do this . . . to you.

MAN: You really intend to go through with this, then?

.....

WOMAN: (silence . . . looks at him . . . even through him)

MAN: what will become of me? I'll have to disappear. They'll think I've died. Absconded. My work. Believe me, lives, nations, hang in the balance. The fate of the world may be affected by my disappearance at the moment. I am not stating the case too strongly!

(SOLDIER squats, staring out at audience.)

WOMAN: I recognize that. However, those arguments are not held valid—here.

MAN: Why not? They are valid arguments anywhere. Here or anywhere.

WOMAN: I think your are rather confused.

MAN: Wouldn't you be under these circumstances? (Realizes.)

(During speech that follows SOLDIER and GIRL circle counter-directionally in blind panic, looking to see where the danger is coming from as SOLDIER aims rifle fruitlessly in several directions.)

WOMAN; Yes. Would be and was. So were many others. Couldn't approach friends or relatives. Seemed to run around in circles. Time running out. Tried things. Shots. Rubber tubes. Tricky. Caustic agents. Quinine. Wire Coat hanger. Patent medicine. Cheap abortionist. Through false and real alarms, through the successful routines and the dismal failures, our minds resided in one—swollen—pelvic—organ. Our work suffered. Our futures hung from a gallows. Guilt and humiliation and ridicule and shame assailed us. Our bodies. Our individual unique familiar bodies, suddenly invaded by strange unwelcome parasites, and we were denied the right to rid our own bodies of these invaders by a society dominated by righteous male chauvinists of both sexes who identified with the little clumps of cells and gave them precedence over the former owners of the host bodies.

(GIRL drops to ground, her face hidden in her arms. SOLDIER simply stands.)

MAN: Yes. I understand. I never thought of it in that way before . . . Naturally . . .

WOMAN: Naturally. And yet, you were my partner in crime, you had sex with me and I had sex with you when we were both students . . .

MAN: Did you consider it a crime?

WOMAN: Not at the time. Did you?

MAN: I never did.

WOMAN: When did the act between two consenting adults become a crime—in your mind?

MAN: I tell you—never.

WOMAN: Not your crime?

MAN: Not anyone's crime. . .

WOMAN: So you committed no crime. You did not merit nor did you receive punishment.

MAN: Of course not.

WOMAN: Of course not. You continued with your studies, law wasn't it?

(SOLDIER pushes GIRL all the way down with rifle. He gets up and kisses rifle.)

You maintained your averages, your contacts. You pleased your family, pursued your life plan. You prospered. Through all of this, you undoubtedly had the opportunity to commit many more non-crimes of an interestingly varied nature, did you not?

MAN: Non-crimes? Your terminology defeats me. Yes. Yes to all of your contentions. I led a normal life, with some problems and many satisfactions. I have been a committed man, as you know, and have done some good in the world . . .

(SOLDIER kisses own arms.)

WOMAN: Yes I know. Well, the non-crime that you and I shared had different results for me. Do you remember?

MAN: I do remember . . . now. But I wasn't in a position then . . . I wasn't sure. I recognize my error, my thoughtlessness now . . . but I was very young, I had so much at stake. . .

WOMAN: And I? Everything stopped for me. My share of the non-crime had become quite criminal in the eyes of the world.

(There is a shot offstage. SOLDIER cries out. He is wounded in the belly. He falls. The GIRL falls and cries out simultaneously.)

Wherever I went for help, I found people who condemned me and felt that my punishment was justified, or people who were sympathetic and quite helpless. I had no money, no resources. My parents were the last persons on earth I could turn to, after you. I dropped out of sight; for a while I hid like an animal. I finally went to a public institution recommended by a touch-me-not charity. I suffered a labor complicated by an insufficient pelvic span and a lack of dilation. I spent three days in company with other women who were carried in and out of the labour room screaming curses and for their mothers.

(SOLDIER and GIRL are lying head to head on their backs. They are wounded and they cry out inarticulately for help as the amplified voice overpowers their cries. Their downstage arms reach up and their hands clasp.)

My body was jostled, invaded, exposed as a crooning old man halfheartedly swept the filthy floor. Many of my fellow unfortunates would come fresh from their battles to witness the spectacle of my greater misfortune. Three days and that cursed burden could not be released from the prison of my body nor I from it.

(The GIRL screams. She begins to pant loudly as though she can not catch her breath. The SOLDIER moans.)

Finally there was a last-ditch high forceps, a great tearing mess, and the emergence of a creature that I fully expected to see turned purple with my own terrible hatred and ripped to shreds by the trial of its birth. What I saw, instead, was a human being, suddenly bearing very little relationship to me except our common helplessness, our common trial. I saw it was a female, and I wept for it. I wept and retched until my tired fundus gave way and there was a magnificent hemorrhage that pinned me to that narrow bed with pain I shall never forget, with pain that caused me to concentrate only on the next breath which seemed a great distance from the one before. Some kind fellow-sufferer and my own youth saved me. I awoke to tubes spouting blood from insecure joins. The splattered white coats of the attendants made it a butcher shop to remember. I never held that baby.

(The arms drop. They lie still to end of speech.)

For some days I was too ill. And then the institution policy decreed it unwise. There was a family waiting to claim that female creature, a family that could bestow respectability and security and approval and love. I emerged from that place a very resolved and disciplined machine. As you know, I worked. I studied I clawed. I schemed. I made my way to the top of my profession and I never allowed a human being to touch me in intimacy again.

MAN: It was—it was criminal of me to have been the author of so much suffering . . .

(SOLDIER sits up.)

to have been so irresponsible . . . but I was stupidly young. I never could have imagined such things. Believe me.

WOMAN: Yes you say you were young. Stupidly young. But what was your excuse when you were no longer young and stupid?

MAN: I'm sorry. I'm tired. I don't understand you.

WOMAN: Your daughter and mine grew to womanhood. And she and all her sisters were not spared the possibility of my experience and those of my generation.

(GIRL sits up. GIRL and SOLDIER face each other. SOLDIER stands and becomes speechmaker, rifle arm behind his back, other hand "sincerely" across his heart.)

Because there you were. Again. This time, not perpetrating unwilling motherhood upon a single individual, but condemning countless human females to the horrors of being unwilling hosts to parasitic life. You, for pure expediency, making capital of the rolling sounds of immorality and promiscuity which you promised accession upon relaxation of the abortion laws. Wholesale slaughter, you said, do you remember? Wholesale slaughter of innocent creatures who had no protection but the law from the untimely eviction from the mother's sinning wombs.

(GIRL crouches at his feet, in attitude of supplication. She rests her head on his boot-tops and lies still.)

You murdered. You destroyed the lives of young women who fell prey to illegal abortion or suicide or unattended birth. You killed the careers and useful productivity of others. You killed the spirit, the full realization of all potential of many women who were forced to live on in half-life. You killed their ability to produce children in ideal circumstances. You killed love and self-respect and the proud knowledge that one is the master of one's fate, one's physical body being the corporeal representation of it. You killed. And you were so damned self-righteous about it.

MAN: I cannot defend myself.

(GIRL crawls off to stage right.)

WOMAN: I know.

MAN: But, I beg you, is there no appeal from this sentence?

(SOLDIER cradles rifle.)

WOMAN: As it happens, there is. We have a board before whom these cases are heard. Your case is being heard at this moment, and their decision will be the final one. The board is composed of many women, all of whom have suffered in some way from the laws which you so ardently supported. There is a mother who lost her daughter to quack abortionists. There is a woman who was forced to undergo sexual intercourse on the examining table by the aborting physician. There is a woman who unwittingly took a fetus-deforming drug administered by her physician for routine nausea, and a woman who caught German measles from her young niece at a crucial point in her pregnancy, both of whom were denied the right to abortion, but granted the privilege of rearing hopelessly defective children. There is an older woman who spent a good part of her childrearing years in a mental institution when she was forced to bear a late and unwanted child. There are others. You won't have too long to wait, now. For the verdict.

MAN: I promise you, that if I am spared, that I will be able to do much to undo the harm I have ignorantly done. This experience has taught me in a way that no other learning process could . . . I am in a position to . . . For the first time I can truly . . . identify . . . it would be to the advantage of all.

(SOLDIER leaves rifle and stands as a human being, without pose.)

WOMAN: That is being taken into account.

(Someone brings report or WOMAN goes to side of stage where she emerges with it from a cubicle.)

MAN: Is that the decision?

WOMAN: Yes. The board has decided that out of compassion for the potential child—

MAN: No, they can't!

(SOLDIER turns to audience.)

WOMAN: Out of compassion for the potential child, and regarding the qualities of personality and not sex that make you a potentially unfit mother, that the pregnancy is to be terminated.

(BLACKOUT)

ABORTION ACTION WEEK

Early this year, the Second Women's National Abortion Action Conference in the United States called for an international Abortion Action Week, May 1 - 6, to be a week of educational activities and demonstrations around the demand for the repeal of all anti-abortion laws, and free, easily avail available contraception and sterilisation.

In response to this call, women's liberation and Abortion Law Reform groups throughout NZ are holding educational activities and demonstrations this week. In Wellington, an ad hoc committee, the May Abortion Action Committee, has been set up to organize such activities, in particular a march through the city on Friday night (May 5th) followed by a public meeting in the Concert Chamber at about 8p.m., with speakers from the Women's Liberation Movement, the Abortion Law Reform Association, NZ Medical Association, and others.

This Action Week is just part of the ongoing struggle for women's right to control our own reproductive functions - to decide for ourselves whether or not we want to continue a pregnancy. The demand for the right to abortion is one of the central demands of the women's liberation movement, for we see the issue as a question not of morality, but of *control*. The anti-abortionists say it is immoral to kill a foetus; we say it is immoral to force a woman to go through with an unwanted pregnancy. The woman alone must have the right to decide, not lawyers or doctors or clergymen. As long as a woman must beg for a legal abortion, as long as she has to invent some "justification" other than the most valid one that she simply doesn't want to have a baby, there will still be a demand for illegal abortionists who *don't* ask questions, that women will go to, at risk of their lives; and women will still try to abort themselves with knitting needles, vacuum cleaners, soapsud douches and all the other dangerous or useless "home remedies".

The law as it stands is irrational and contradictory. If abortion were really murder, it would be illegal under all circumstances, yet it is condoned if the life of the mother is in danger. If it is merely the *quality* of the woman's life that is threatened, however, abortion becomes "immoral". Just as irrational is the righteous concern that is shown for the foetus in the womb, which rapidly chan changes to indifference for the child once it is born. Thus, an unsupported woman who has been forced by the law to have a baby she didn't want will find no sympathy from the state for her predicament. Either she must suffer the emotional agony of giving the child away, or she must try and find support from relatives and friends.

It is obvious that the law isn't concerned with the "sanctity of human life". What the abortion laws are about is *control.* Women are kept in an inferior position because their status is defined by their child-bearing function. We are held responsible for that function - inasmuch as any circumstances it may put us in, however desperate, are considered our own misfortune - yet we are denied control of this function.

Unequal pay is "justified" by the observed fact that women workers often have to leave because of pregnancy, or take time off to look after sick children. Discriminatory education is based on the assumption that woman's chief function is childbearing and rearing. Sexual exploitation of women is partly caused by, and partly causes, the concept of women as being primarily concerned with getting a man and having children. And so on. The abortion laws play a vital role in upholding this structure: that is their function. While women are denied the right to control their own bodies, they are effectively prevented from even realising the possibility of full liberation. Women are handicapped not by their childbearing function as such, but by their inability to effectively control it. We demand this control as our right.

The law will be changed when a majority of people demand that it must be changed; and women are a majority. Abortion Action Week is just the beginning. Show your support by marching this Friday night. Assemble at the Cenotaph, 7.15 p.m.

::Stop Press::

WHITCOMBE & TOMBS

BEST EVER SALE

PLEASE NOTE EXTENSION IN TEXTBOOK DEPARTMENT 1ST FLOOR— TO INCLUDE FIRST TWO DAYS OF 2ND TERM.

IF YOU ARE TAKING ANY OF THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS YOU WILL FIND BOOKS OF INTEREST IN THE SALE:

ACCOUNTANCY
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
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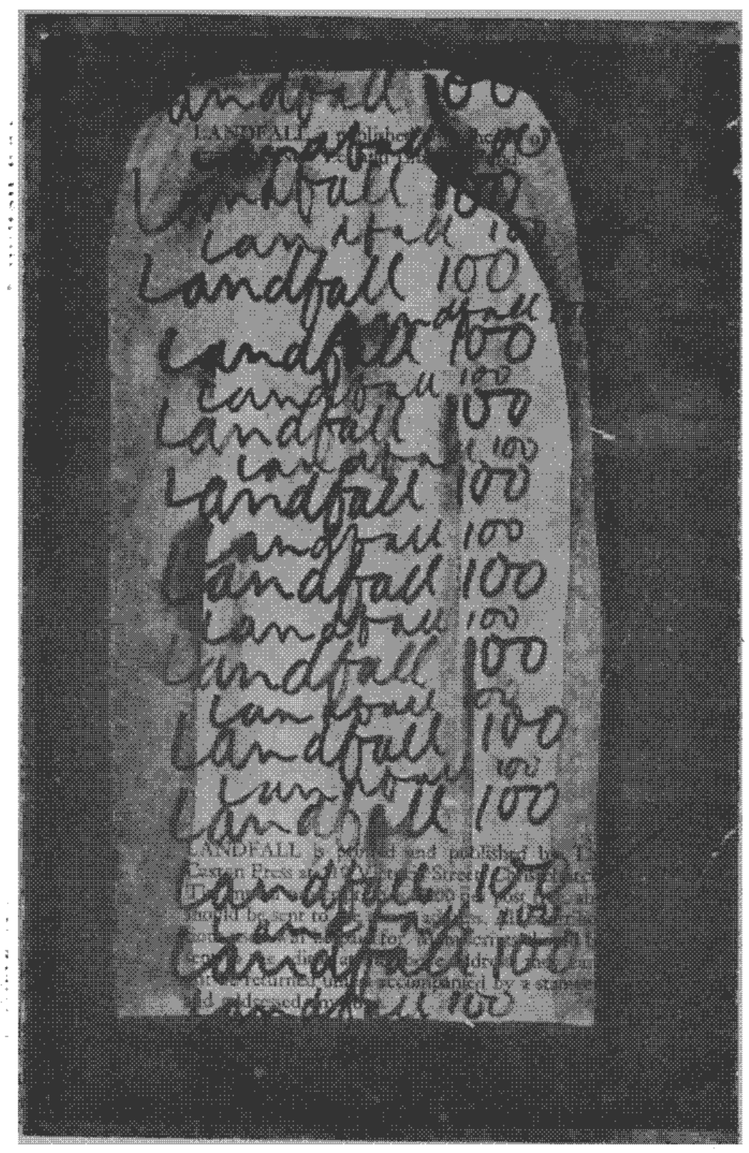

LANDFALL 100 – CAXTON PRESS

Landfall has always occupied a curiously ambivalent position in the eyes of aspiring young writers. The open response to each new issue is that it is the usual old thing, the usual longwinded tired and outmoded writers, the usual bore. The secret aspiration is to be one of the lucky people listed in the ranks of the new contributors. The word goes round not to send writing to Landfall, as it solicits all it needs; but secretly all the gossips seal yet another packet and put it in the post.

This attitude is more pronounced than that produced by other magazines. Of course every writer always produces a perfect work, and it is only the inherent bad taste of editors that causes it to be rejected. The criticism of *Landfall* is more damning than that - the magazine is 'establishment'. If somebody is accepted for publication the doors have opened for him. He will be invited to the right sort of cocktail parties, meet the right sort of people. He will be invited to be a member of P.E.N. He will have no trouble finding a publisher. He will be able to sleep with other poets' wives without any comments being made. On the other hand he will be expected to churn out writing of a certain calibre and style. He will be expected to write erudite romanticism in letters to his friends (who are meant to save them for publication), and he will have to start writing a rambling literary autobiography.

To a great extent *Landfall* has brought this sort of reputation on itself. Much of the original writing and all the reviews and articles are generally solicited. With very few exceptions new contributors to *Landfall* have been previously widely published elsewhere. For all these people *Landfall* is little more than a confirmation that they have made a big enough name for themselves. But in other ways *Landfall* has had its reputation thrust upon it. From the first the magazine filled a vacuum. It was the only magazine in New Zealand that published substantial literary scholarship, that regularly gave probing reviews of New Zealand fiction, or that even published regularly. At the time it started it published works by young and vigorous writers. It could not help becoming a standard of acceptibility.

It is a pity, but perhaps inevitable, that this standard has become jaded. The writers who started the magazine are now becoming old, and some of its supporters are already playing harps. But these are still the core. It is understandable that new blood (but after all no newer than they were when they started the magazine), people like Wedde, Hunt, Haley, Edmond, people who write in a different style and idiom, who think different thoughts, who are influenced by Olson and Berryman rather than Graves and Auden, are accepted sceptically and with misgivings, rather as a gaudy beachball four feet round is accepted by a baby. Of poets who have written just as prolifically and well, but have not impressed the owls of academe there is no sign. Where is Pasley? Where is Olds? Where is Beyer? Where is Loney?

Notwithstanding the experimental nature of *Landfall's* acceptance of younger writers, any attempt in this direction is a good sign. What I feel is a more important criticism is that a great deal of the writing by the stalwarts is so bad. In *Landfall 100* we have a curious miscellany. On one hand there is Sargeson's reminiscent egologue, *The Drive*, consisting of overloaded, selfconscious ramblings that last for much too long. On the other hand there is Wedde's clipped, subtle, breathless story-within-a-life, *The Real Thing*. On the one hand we have twentyeight pages of egotistic backslapping in the interview between Brasch and Milner. On the other J.E.P. Thomson slashes Downstage's policy of choosing plays to suit an elite but boorish audience, in an incisive and long-due article. In o one letter academic wit is given full rein when K.O. Arvidson regretfully turns down an offer to review Shadbolt's *An Ear of the Dragon*. In the following correspondence between Judith Binney and Frank Sargeson dictionary-and-dagger bitchiness becomes the call. When contributions are good they cannot be equalled anywhere; when they are bad they consist of backslapping, bellypunching memories of the old stalwarts writing in the usual prolix measured style. This issue contains what is best and what is worst about *Landfall*. Despite what Brasch says in his interview it is "a magazine written by intellectuals for intellectuals". There is nothing wrong with that. What is wrong is that it is trying to appeal to a new and different person, one who is young, vital, widely read; but it is using the restricted themes, outlook, and literary styles of twenty years ago. The world has done a big jump; *Landfall* has not quite made it.

So how fitting that *Landfall 100* an issue so rich and varied should have a tombstone for its celebratory cover. *Landfall* is on the rocks. With a stationary subscription list, increasing costs and increasing competition something had to be done. It is rumoured that the editor, Robin Dudding, has removed it from the padded confines of Caxton Press, and will try to revitalise it as a private concern. It is true that there is still a vacuum for a magazine of this calibre in New Zealand, and this might provide an answer. If not we must bow our heads to the passing of this barren headland and look across the sea for a new safe anchorage to shelter in.

—John Hales.

Extracts from the 'LITTLE WHITE BOOK' to be released here next week. Published as a counter to the LITTLE RED SCHOOL BOOK it is the Jesus Freaks formula for the good life.

Chapter on "Freedom Vibrations"

p12 'When freedom vibrations hit you, watch out they dont lead to freedom for corrupt human nature.'

"Drop outs"

p15 'Many girls, as a result, are casting their pearls before swine!'

"Strange New Gods"

p18 'Record sleeves reveal a great deal. Notice how some of their designs are increasingly concerned with demons. The Devil is using subtle tactics today'

"Living together before marriage"

p30'...Sexual adventures outside marriage lead to destruction, degradation, disgust and disillusionment!'

"For those who have already experimented with Sex"

p36 'But if you have already had sexual intercourse, don't think you're a write-off as far as God in concerned... God still loves you... Is it hard for you to ask God to blot out these affairs? He will do it, if you ask him through Jesus Christ. If you dont understand this language, ask so some Christian friend to explain it.

"Masturbation"

p49 'You live in a sex-mad world, and we know that it makes it difficult for you. We only want to help you not to become a slave to the habit!'

"Homosexuals"

p55 'The danger for you is that practising homosexuals are very aggressive, not only in order to get equal rights but also in order to satisfy sexual desire by seducing people into this way of life who were not born homosexuals.

. . .But the Bible calls it 'unnatural'

Gods words ... 'Be fruitful and increase' show that it is right to call homosexual activity 'unnatural'

Jesus Christ can deliver the homosexual. Instead of exercising his tendencies the homosexual must turn away from his sin!!"

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DOWNSTAGE THEATRE

NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH
by Edward Bond
produced by Ian Mune

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drama

NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH
by Edward Bond
Season until May 27th

For a play so foreign to the Downstage type theatre goer the present production met with an amazing response on the night that I saw it. As usual the conversation before the curtain rise was more concerned with the nature of the restaurant's coffee pots than it was with the impending theatricals, such an atmosphere usually leads to theatre of a similarly banal nature, however the theatre won this battle and a night was spent in contemplation that is rarely afforded by a theatre that seems more often to concern itself with mimicking the techniques of cinema rather than the exploration of the magic of theatre that was attempted on this night.

This is a play that has a great deal to say to anyone who cares to think, but is not a play where the message submerges the medium. It is a parable that is of essence theatrical rather than moralistic. For a play without heroes it is nigh impossible to feel out of sympathy with any of the major protagonists and so one's sympathies are a little cloudy at the end when the Empire is richer by one jewel.

Ian Mune both directs the play and by virtue of his performance as the Tyrant Sgogo is rather the key to the action in terms of the stage as well. As a performance his is finely tuned, amazingly, as he directed himself. He does however labour under some difficulties as the script has forced upon him some rather difficult pieces of Orientalia that are just not within the range of ability of a western trained actor no matter what the level of his skill. This is best illustrated by the dressing of Mune early in the play. The use of subordiate actors to do this on stage is a normal part of Japanese theatre but under the heavy hand of the west it does not work, for the speed neccessary for cush work is just not within the scope of the western theatre bond has taken ideas from eastern theatre and yet still depends on a script that is to dominant to carry such theatre. He has however moved closer to what I believe is the leaning that theatre must have if it is to survive as an essentially primitive art in a technological world. That is, it is a play of myth, a play of the extradordinary, rather than an aping of the commonplace.

Ken Blackburn is as good as it is possible for an actor to be, working as he is in a mood that is all too uncommon in our local theatre. His is a performance that illustrates the quality that distinguishes the stage actor from the actor for television. His is not the illustrative or representative style. His is a performance that is creative. He plays the part of the poet forced by circumstance into politics with restraint and great ability. Basho is a man who is by nature arrogantly retiring and he exercises power in a way that is plainly enjoyable to him, even though he remains a cynic and although his was a greatness that was thrust upon him.

John Banas as the young Priest Kiro is at times the personification of innocence itself. It is a part that requires the greatest delicacy, and the professionalism of Banas coupled with the expression of a Viennese choir boy gives his role the strength and importance of a piece many times its size. John Banas seemed on the night to have more of a sense of the ritualistic than most others on stage. It was on Banas, Mune and Blackburn that the play utterly depends and that is just as well for they got precious little help from the chorus after they opened their mouths.

The other priests, especially Peter Corrigan turned in admirable performances and provided excellent relief from the play as a whole which was fairly hard going. Stephen ("I'm sixteen and not ashamed of my body") Matthews was better than I have ever seen him for as the play as a whole was remarkably relaxed for a piece so stylised, so were all the performances bar those of the students at the Q.E.2. school who were suprisingly bad. There were some very bad among them and when they spoke they were a trifle distracting as the difference in ability from the rest of the cast was so marked. Peter Corrigan was a most engaging and universal cleric. With all the priests there was more than just a hint of Derek. Nimmo and the Fal de rol nature of the seminary was wonderfully apparent.

Ronald Lynn as Prime Minister was a well played universal politician and extracted a good milage from the script. As was almost inevitable with a part of this nature the acting was somewhat superficial. Michael Haigh as the pompous and Henpecked Commodore was at his best. His was a role of a predictable quality, a punch magazine version of the British Military of the day. "Their military caste use the language of the nursery." The strength behind the colonial administration was clearly the Commodore's Georgina and here Janice Finn excelled. Hers was a beautiful portrayal of the Wesleyan lady missionary and she worked very hard to bring a performance of that standard to the audience.

On the whole quite the best piece of theatre that Downstage has produced in a very long time, for it is effective and important theatrically and has an integrity of purpose that is all too often absent from our stage.

— Alec Shaw

Persistent rumours indicate that after 35 years of wandering in aimlessly in the kiwi kultural wilderness the theatre scene at Vic is taking some shape and direction in forthcoming new experimental and innovative productions.

Our reporter provided further credence for these rumours when he captured members of the Dance Theatre Group in preparation for a production of an original DANCE THEATRE piece inspired by the crisis in Northern Ireland.

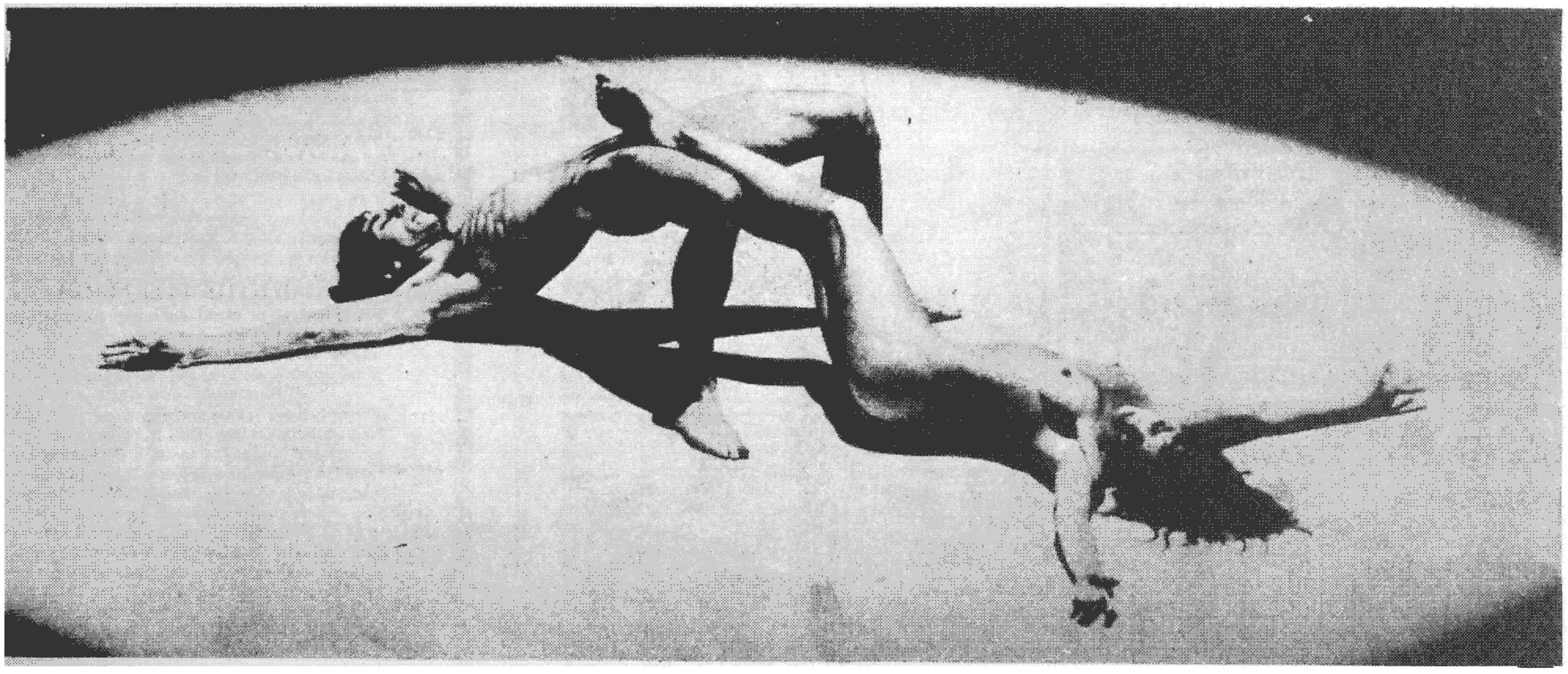
When pressed to elaborate they further revealed that the production would be staged in September with full sound/lighting/ and set design treatment allowing plenty of time for experimentation with all these facets. Auditions (in private, of course) for male and female dancers, and info for other interested parties may be obtained by contacting Lynda Rigler, 70319 daytime.

AUDITIONS

Auditions for a new play, In Search of a Last Stiff, writ ten by former Victoria University student, Jeff Kennedy, will be held shortly after the beginning of the second term.

This is a crazy, Comic-strip piece which will allow for many kinds of different activities and experimentation. Do you juggle? Do you dance, act, play a kazoo, kick old cats? Are you an expert in existential tumbling?

Watch out for notices announcing auditions to be held at Drama House, 91 Kelburn Parade. Come and bring your energy and ideas.



POPEYE~ON~THE~BOX

Several months ago, the opening of the Satelite Receiving Station at Warkworth was greeted with great outpourings of glad tidings from the NZBC and Post Office and even given newspaper supplements(admittedly no recommendation for anything). Visions of the future flashed before us - instant Kabuki from inscrutable Japan; inscrutable Kangaroos dead from Australia and, in time to come perhaps, man's first faltering steps on the surface of Mars and Venus. We allowed ourselves to believe that the merest twiddle of a dial would bring instant global telecommunications into our very living rooms – the McLuhan dream/nightmare come to pass.

Two weeks ago, as the Apollo 16 astronauts (whose eminently forgettable names escape me) were about to land in the Valley of Tears of wherever, the NZBC main News Bulletin ran a lead-item of gripping visual and emotional intensity. First we saw a what appeared to be a long-shot of a case of terminal smallpox. But the sound-track quickly dispelled this childish notion. The unmistakably boring tones of the nameless moonmen were heard, describing their inch-by-inch descent to that strange place known as the "lunar-surface". As this went on, the camera slowly zoomed in on this pock-marked plastic abortion. Suddenly, over the picture, came the caption: "SIMULATION - NZBC". Jesus wept!

Everyone knows that the NZBC is desperately trying to appear poor. But all the same, someone ought to ask Mr Ben Coury to ask Mr Bruce Broadhead to ask Mr Cooper Marshall to ask Mr Lionel Sceats to ask Major-General McKinnon to ask whoever this week's Minister of Broadcasting happens to be to give him/them/they/us enough money to buy a little live time on this coaxial cosmic contraption. The public needs stimulation not simulation. To quote Dylan Thomas (himself a frustrated astronaut):
"Finches fly in the clawtracks of hawks
On a seizing sky ....."

Everyone seems to have had a peck at the poor corpse of *Section Seven* so, for what its worth, here's my four cents worth. Very briefly.

The series was ill-conceived - thirty-minute feature television must be either fast, funny or serialised. The plots suffered from chronic gutlessness and a tendency to nauseating liberal cliche. We badly need some playwrights who know how to write decent dialogue and to create credible characters. We need to see more - much more - of Ian Mune on television - he totally out-acted Ewen Solan even taking into consideration the fact that he had much the better role to play. The series appeared to do a disservice to the NZ Probation Service. Be they ever so humble, there's no place for this kind of unhelpful picture. Given such a bunch of pseuds, any self-respecting probationer would immediately ask for a retrial and plead guilty in the hope of being sent to Paremoremo. To sum up: not enough action, generally poor writing, an over-ambitious idea, wrong guest-star.

Frankie Howard is a genius. With a bevy of carefully rehearsed ad libs and a collection of camp jokes almost as old as he is, he weekly takes the top spot on my list for sheer enjoyment. The secret of his success is his willingness - even eagerness - to send-up everyone and everything in sight, especially himself. He is, in effect, a Brechtian lampoon of every television programme, real or imagined hacking his way through a script as full of porn as Pat Bartlett's bookcase. And he never appears to feel any qualms ("Qualms dear? Who's she?").

The show is filthy, corny, totally devoid of taste and about as intellectually stimulating as a Thugee's loincloth But whatever you do, don't miss it.

Alun Owen's double-bill *The Ladies* was made to look even better than it was by its placement - immediately after the last episode of *Section Seven*. The difference lay largely in the scripts. Alun Owen, like his contemporary John Hopkins, is a masterly writer of dialogue. He gives his actors lines of beautiful shape and rhythm, lines which roll effortlessly from the tongue. Nothing is wasted Not one opportunity for the development of character or situation is missed.

We have yet to see the best works of Hopkins and Owen, I am sure. So far, neither has bettered Hopkins's devastating quarted *Talking to a Stranger*. But it's bound to happen sooner or later - so keep watching.

Watch For: *Dad's Army* (Sunday night) - the generally welcomed return of this gentle comedy series featuring the harmless bunch of bunglers ironically called the Home Guard.

SOCCER

Results and goalscorers in the games played on Saturday, 29th April 1972 were:-
First Division team v Hungaria
(1) 1-3 (R. Shuker)
Third Division Section A team v Stokes Valley
(1) 0-6
Third Division Section C team v Wellington Diamond United. (w) 2-1 (s.Patel, J. Reeve)
Fourth Division team v Karori Swifts.
(1) 2-3 (K Garty, B. Manley)
Sixth Division team v Petone
(w) 6-1 (see next weeks results)
Seventh Division team v Naenae
(d) 2-2 (J Rees, D. Wood)

The first team gave yet another disappoingting performance when it was beaten 3-1 by Hungaria in the early game at Evans Bay. University started well, and opened the scoring when an angled shot from Roy shuker beat the Hungaria 'keeper. Hungaria levelled the scores shortly before half time, and took control in the second half when they scored a further two goals. In the second half the Varsity side failed badly. There was a complete lack of coordination between attack and defence, and the forwards after a good start in the first half failed to function as a unit. Best players for Varsity were Nick Billows, Alex Battyanyi, Ian Garner and Ran Basnet.

The Third Division, Section A team was well beaten 6-0 by Stokes Valley at Delaney Park. Weak defence and poor marking led to the Varsity te team's downfall. Best players for Varsity were Barry Davies and Dick Wood.

The third Division, Section C team beat Wellington Diamond United 2-1 at Kilbirnie Park. The University side turned in a good team effort and in the second half gained control of the mid field Goalscorers for University were John Reeve and Surry Patel.

The Fourth Division team went down by the odd goal in five to Karori Swifts at Martin Luckie Park This was a creditable performance by the University side, which played most of the game with only eight men. Varsity goalscorers were Kevin Garty and Bruce Manley.

The Sixth Division team maintained its 100% record with a 6-1 victory over Petone at Strand Park. Goalscorers were unknown at the time of writing.

The Seventh Division team gained its first Championship point of the season when it drew 2-2 with Naenae at Karori Park. Varsity did most of the attacking and went into a 2-0 lead after 25 minutes. Naenae replied with two breakaway goals, one in each half. John Rees and Dennis Wood scored goals for University.

CAR CLUB

The "Escort Challenge Trial" held recently by the Vic Car Club consisted of one hundred and twenty miles of trickery with a running time of four and a half hours. The trial started at Lower Hutt and went over the Akatarawas to lunch at Otaihanga. The last section was mainly a touring section and the trial ended at Lowry Bay. The first four placings were.
1. R. Leighton (Triumph)
2. M. Baker
3. B Sterling.
4. P. McGuinness.

The Car Club is now one og the most active clubs on campus and has a programme of events including trials, With a tool-loan cooperative and discounts on various things from shops and garages, it pays any student who owns a car to join. Club evenings are to be held at least once a month, featuring guest speakers from M.A.N.Z. (Motorsport Association of N.Z.), oil companies, and well-known drivers. The club, after Mr Murray Thompson's speech at the Tournament dinner, hopes to be able to put forward at least one car for the "Heatway" rally next year.

For the laymen distinction must be drawn between a rally and a trial. A rally, i.e. "Heatway" requires extensive modifications to the car, (roll-bars, full harnesses etc.), so as to make the car as safe as possible on speed sections and special stages. A trial has no speed sections or special stages and emphasis navigation and timing aspects. Thus no modifications are required. So bring your bird or fella to the next trial and have an outing.

The next event will be the "Hornwag Trial" to be held on Saturday May 6th starting from the top carpark at 6.30pm. The trial will end at Waghorn Lodge near Paraparaumu and will fast develop into a piss-up, or so the experts predict. Those who wish to stay the night at Waghorn only need to bring the three B's (Booze, Bag, Bird) and food. An "Economy Run" (a good chance to check out your car and hangover) is planned for the run-back to Wellington on the Sunday morning. Other trials are planned so watch the noticeboard. Feature events in the near future are a June Gymkhana at Te Marua, and a Seven-hour Midnight Trial in July.

=SNEBGREBLING'S SPORT=

Well wankers I'm running out of contributions for the sports page and consequently its tone is being lowered when I'm reduced to writing shit like this.

Unfortunately 2nd term sports results have no show in getting in the next week's Salient because of deadline problems but if you don't mind Salient being a week behind, get those results rolling in. They must be in, along with any photos, comments etc, by Wednesday the week before publication at the latest.

Well if you've bothered to read this report that was presented to SRC last week you'll realise if you're a sports club officer that you have a bit more work to do.

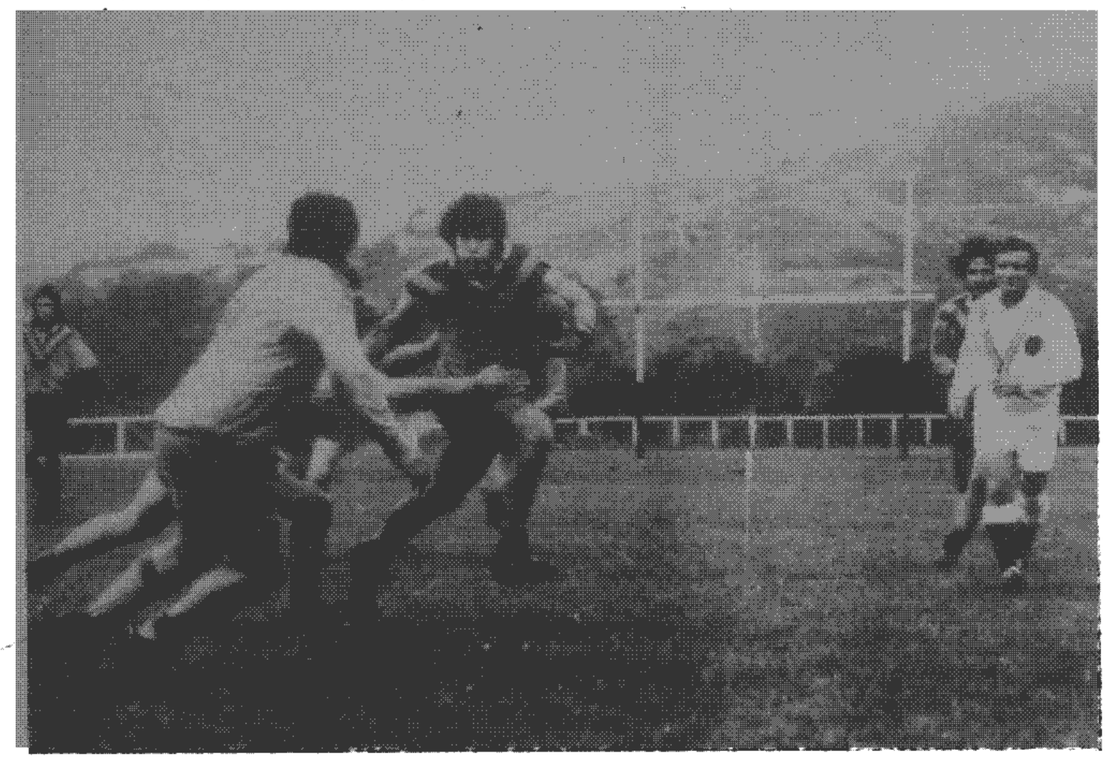
Before Sports Committee will consider your grant application it must have apart from the accounts a) a list of all club members broken down into members of VUWSA and non-members. b) a list of team members similarly broken down. It would appear kiddies that it will be no use trying to work a fiddle because VUWSA has a master roll of students against which your membership lists will be checked.

New Grant application forms will be available soon, so if you have already put in an application stiff cheese, you'll have to do it again — such is the course of bureaucracy.

Grant applications for so called "winter" clubs will be considered as follows.

25th May	Badminton
	Ski
	Rugby
	Golf
	Squash
	Karate
8th June	Soccer
	Womens Hockey
	Underwater
	Mens Hockey
	Swords
27th June	Judo
	303 Rifles
	Table Tennis
	Harriers
	Bikes
	Car Club

Application forms should be in by 30th April but because of the change of forms some latitude will be allowed.



LEAGUE

On Saturday 22nd April at Strand Park, Lower Hutt, University played Randwick and won by a convincing 34 points to 6. The team was: W. McKelvie; M. Smith, T. Jamison, R. Taukamo (capt), S. McConnell, D. Bidois, M. Muru, W.Moore, T. Sadlier, I. Kendricks, J. Dixon, A. Haronga, H. Mills.

Randwick provided stern opposition for the first twenty minutes, after which they were leading 6-5, but then seemed to fall apart, especially so in the second half. This was primarily due to Varsity pushing the ball through the backline, fir it is here as in most Barsity rugby teams, that they look the most dangerous. Randwick defended inadequately when confronted with the strong running and superbly timed passing of Ronnie Taukamo and Tom Jamison in the centres, although Evan Nathan, an ex-University player, at stand-off half for Randwick, gave his opposite number Dave Bidois quite a few anxious moments. Mick Muru played his usual alert game at scrum-half, whilst on the wings Mike Smith had more chances than Steve McConnell and added anothed two tries to the two he scored the previous week. At full-back Bill McKelvie proved sound and ran into the backline effectively.

In the forwards, Bill Moore and Alan (Horse) Haronga were outstanding. They ran well, backed up superbly, and were always onto the loose ball that Randwick dropped all day. 'Sacs' Sadlier had a good game with his hooking, and Ian Kendricks was ever there to support the ball-carrier. Ubiquitous was the name of his game. Jon Dixon, too, had a good all-round game. Harold Mills was feeling the affects of the 'flu', and showed it at times. He was forced to leave the field late in the second half with what proved to be water on the knee. The replacement forward was Mana Bell.

Scorers for University were: T. Jamison (3 tries), M. Smith (2 tries), H. Mills, W. Moore, J. Dixon, W. McKelvie, and M.Muru. D. Bidois kicked two conversions. This failure to kick the goals could yet cost the team a match, though no doubt Dave will be working on this facet of his play. Of the many goalkickers used, he certainly looks the most promising. The forwards, too, are not as yet showing their true capabilities. Failure to turn in the tackle was especially evident at times. But Varsity do have 4 points from two games in the Senior Second Division.

The Junior First team was not so fortunate, losing 34-3 against a very strong and fit Porirua City A side. But there are quite a few promising players and with better combination this team should be producing winning League before too long.

Perhaps most important of all, there will be a 'do' in the Union Hall on Saturday 27th May. Come along and have a really great time. Watch for more details on the notice-boards.

David Pennington.

YACHTING

Here we are.

To prove it we had our A.G.M. on Wed. 26th April out of which it was passed that there will be an open day on May 28th (1st Sunday after May Holidays). Anyone who is at all interested in going for a sail come down to the Royal Port Nicholson Yatch Club Lockers Oriental Parade at 10am and we'll take you for a spin, with expert helmsmen (even a N.Z. rep) and then have a few ales afterwards.

This year the club is determined to grow with club days being organized. For this we would like people who own boats for one interested in sailing to join the club by contacting Paddy Taylor Ph: 41-868 or Dick Orgens Ph: 861-277

GRANTS REPORT for SRC

CLAUSE I

The collection of membership fees from non-students who are members of sports and cultural clubs was discussed at the annual General Meeting of VUWSA on the 6/4/72. It was alleged by some members of the Association that many non-students both in sport and cultural clubs were not paying the membership fee to the respective club-in the case of Sports clubs or the Cultural Affairs Council-in the case of the Cultural clubs as required by the Constitution. Because of this, the following two motions were passed:

Motion 1:

THAT the Annual Report, Budget and Accounts of VUWSA be not accepted until the SRC is satisfied that the financial affairs of affilliated clubs receiving grants and loans are in order, and that no monies be paid to the Sports Council or the Cultural Clubs Committee until the SRC so agrees.

Motion 2:

THAT the following be appointed members of the committee of investigation:

Peter Cullen -President & Chairman.
Gil Peterson -Cultural Affairs Officer
Mike McKinley -Sports Officer
Gary Urwin -Treasurer
and Messrs Arnold, Collins, Cuthbert, Law and Miller

Both motions were carried.

CLAUSE II

The Committee has held a number of meetings and has reached the general conclusion that it cannot satisfy itself that the financial affairs of cultural or sports clubs in 1971 were satisfactory in so far as it was unclear in many cases whether or not non-student rate as set out in the Constitution.

CLAUSE III

In the case of the Rugby club the Committee decided that most non-student members were not charged at the non-student rate. In the case of the Anti-War Movement and the Socialist Club the Committee decided that there were non-student members who again did not pay the minimum $1 non-student Cultural Club levy. In fact, no member of any Cultural Club paid the $1 minimum non-student levy.

CLAUSE IV

In view of the fact that Schedule 3A of the Constitution, (Section 7) (states that any non-member of VUWSA must pay a minimum fee of $1 to the Cultural Affairs Council to become a member of any Cultural Club and in view of the fact that Schedule 3B, section 7 states that any non-member of the Association must pay a minimum fee of $2 to the respective sport club they wish to join in order to become a member of it. *(Note 1). The Committee hereby recommends:

a) **that the grant application form for both sports and cultural clubs contains a question requesting the total number of members of VUWSA and non-members who are members of the respective club. In the case of sports clubs - a team list for the present season must be included and thus must be broken down into those persons who are members of VUWSA and those who are not In the case of Cultural clubs the same two lists must be supplied.**

b) **A spot check of Cultural clubs is to be undertaken by the Cultural affairs auditor and of Sports clubs by the Sports Council auditor to ensure that the list of students and non-students they give is consistent with the VUWSA membership roll. A spot check should involve the four Cultural and four Sports Clubs respectively.**

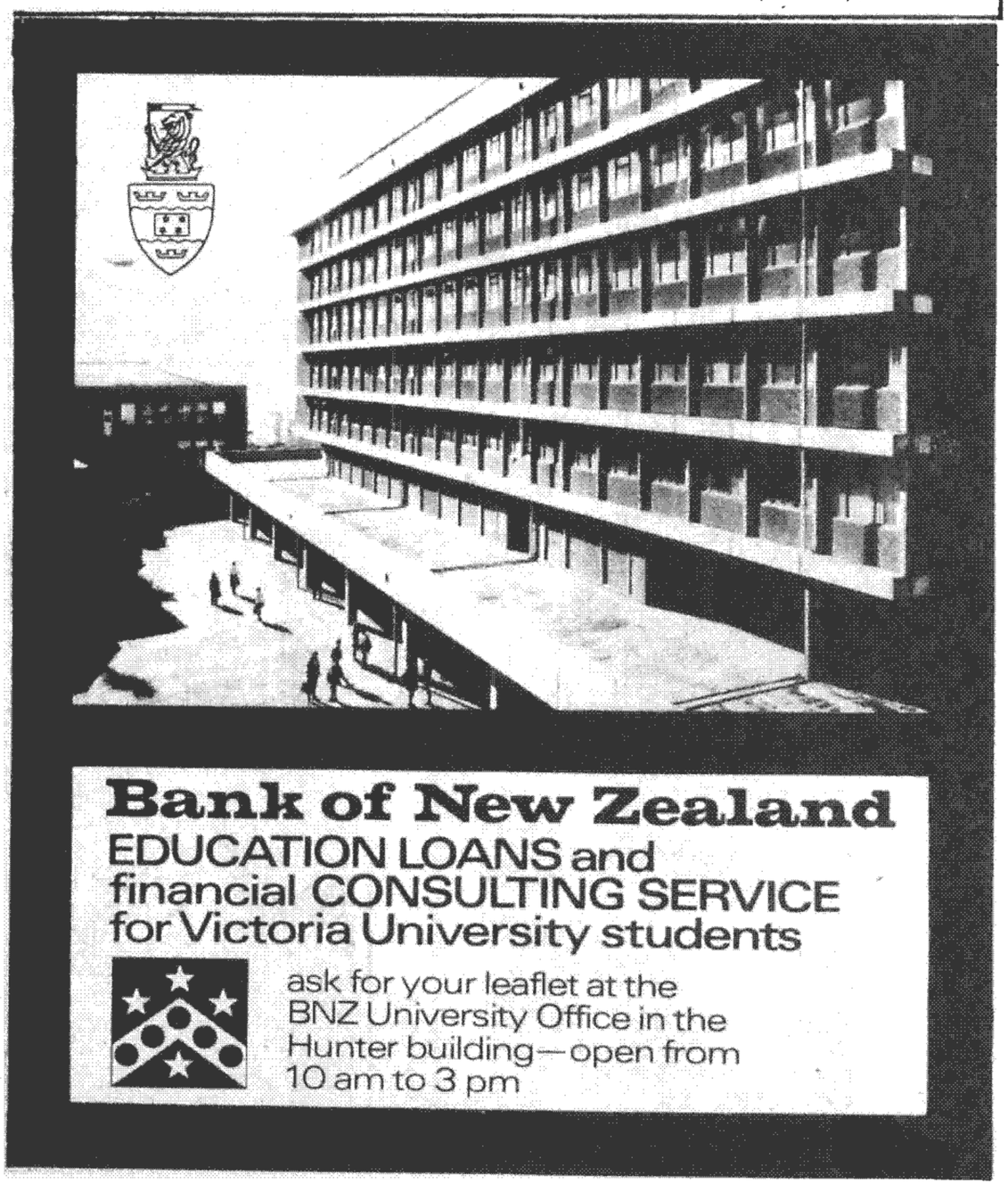
c) **No grants are to be paid to any Cultural or Sports club until it complies with recommendation (a) above.**

CLAUSE V

The Committee wishes to make clear that although the non-students fee collection principles set out in the Constitution have not been followed in 1971, the recommendations set out in this report are abided by the position will thereby be rectified.

CLAUSE VI

The Committee recommends to SRC that the above recommendations be implemented and that the Annual Report and accounts of VUWSA for 1971 do be accepted and that the Sports and Cultural grants be paid over to the Sports Council and the Cultural Clubs respectively.



DEVON BIGGS

THE MAN THEY COULDN'T PHOTOGRAPH

ROUND ONE

A reporter (me) and a photographer just happen to be outside Devon's house(144 Kelburn Parade) one evening when who should pad down the path but Devon himself,off for his regular run.Its no trouble spotting him - know anyone else who goes for a run every morning and every night carrying a transistor radio?I mean,who else do you know who is convinced that world war 3 might break out at any minute?
Anyway,out he comes,'click' goes the camera,and Devon runs past seeming not to notice.Incredible! He's been avoiding the camera for years and its as easy as this to snap him!
We walk off up the road,the job over.Uh oh - job not over· here's Devon down the road towards us,he must have heard the the camera after all.Hello,he's pulling his jersey up to cover his face ! Ithought he'd grown his beard to do that ! The photographer is too dumbfounded to snap this trick.Devon mumbles 'Just Taking A Look' and shuffles off to his home.
Half an hour later we are walking back down Kelburn Pde; blathering away - hello,Devon whizzes past,he's been following us,listening to every word ! We laugh considerably, its so hard to believe that he's for real !And he's angry,he shouts 'Jesus you 're amateurs !' And hes right !!
Later in the darkroom the crucial shot doesn't develop -the negative is completely white.The Biggs hex on cameras wins again !

"A near thing - I'll have to liquidate this snoop "

"Now we'll see who can run" - no apology for trembling camera.

"I'll give up this chase,hand it over to 'Operations'.The transistor can't be a walkie-talkie after all!

Masked man in Kelburn - It couldn't happen here ? -!! jerks this time because I was trying to get a close up.

ROUND TWO

A few days later I set out alone except for an Instamatic. The plan is to meet a girl (handy to have a witness) at 7.30am; hoping to catch him on his morning run.While I'm walking up Kelburn Pde to the rendezvous up Grove road beyond Devon's place,I espy the man himself,so to speak,running towards me down the parade.I slip into a convenient garage,hoping to 'shoot' him unawares.Pad pad - Click- but he's got the drop on me and his hand is over his face and he's cursing me even as I shoot."Now we'll see who can run "he growls ,so I take the hint and hare off up the road,he's after me but he doesn't catch me.Near his house there is somebody to witness any violence so he ducks inside.I locate my witness and we sneak up by his side door,overhear him frantically asking the phone operator to put him through to'operations'. They can't have paid much attention to him because no police car turned up .

We wander off,knowing that he'll be out 'to get another look'. And surely enough 20 minutes later he surprises us at the top of of Kelburn Pde.This time he's wearing a sort of a mask,a piece of white material to hide his features.Not an unwarranted modesty in Devon's case (remember his election photo a few years ago - he substituted a photo of an ape - or was it just another indistinct shot ?)! But Devon's not doing it for modesty, its his job,to prance around Kelburn at 7.50 in the morning wearing a mask !Maybe he even thinks this is normal,acceptable behaviour ! Anyway;he takes a swing at me,does this merry jester,but he's not serious because I've got a witness.And he mouths more foul imprecations.Really,Devon,in front of a lady!

This time we develop a series of jerky shots,none of which reveals the face.Round two to 'the professional',but it was a close one!

Off to work in his Govt dept -love that tranny ! (Background painted out,we don't give everything away)

ROUND THREE

The only solution is a telefoto lens or an invisible site.One morning spent in a car proves fruitless - we arrived minutes after his run and he must have known we were there - he didn't come out to go to work.. Round three to Devon.

ROUND FOUR

Devon never even knew about this one - we do make a bit of an effort to avoid victimisation !Devon on his way to work and us in an upstairs window was the lucky combination. Unfortunately the cameraman wasnt quick enough with his telephoto lens,so the best we've got is a murky shot not a studio portrait..Round four we'll have to call a draw.
We're throwing the competition open and we'll offer a prize for a perfect picture of Devon's countenance.The nature of the prize will have to be kept secret of course - but anyone guessing 'ayear's subscription to NEWSWEEK' wouldn't be far out .

by R.E.Porter

Last week SALIENT mentioned a rumour that the Vice-Chancellor had not included all the information from Brig. Gilbert when the V-C passed on the Brigadier's reply to Peter Cullen.
Peter Cullen has since seen the Brig's original letter and reports that in fact it has not been censored.

Mr P.Cullen

President ,V.U.W.S.A.

Dear Mr Cullen
Brigadier Gilbert takes the view that as a result of the Hutchison report any communication between his service and the university must be through the Vice-Chancellor.As a result,he has sent me your letter of 17 April to him together with a note of his replies for communication to you.This letter is therefore to give you those replies and they are as follows:

1. no.
2. There are no members of the service currently enrolled as university students.
3. Yes,to the University authorities concerned.
4. There was consultation in 1967,subsequent to the Hutchison Report between the Service and my predecessor.There has been no occasion for consultation between the Service and myself.In 1970 there was consultation with the authorities of another University.

Yours sincerely
Vice - Chancellor

- 4 MAY 1972