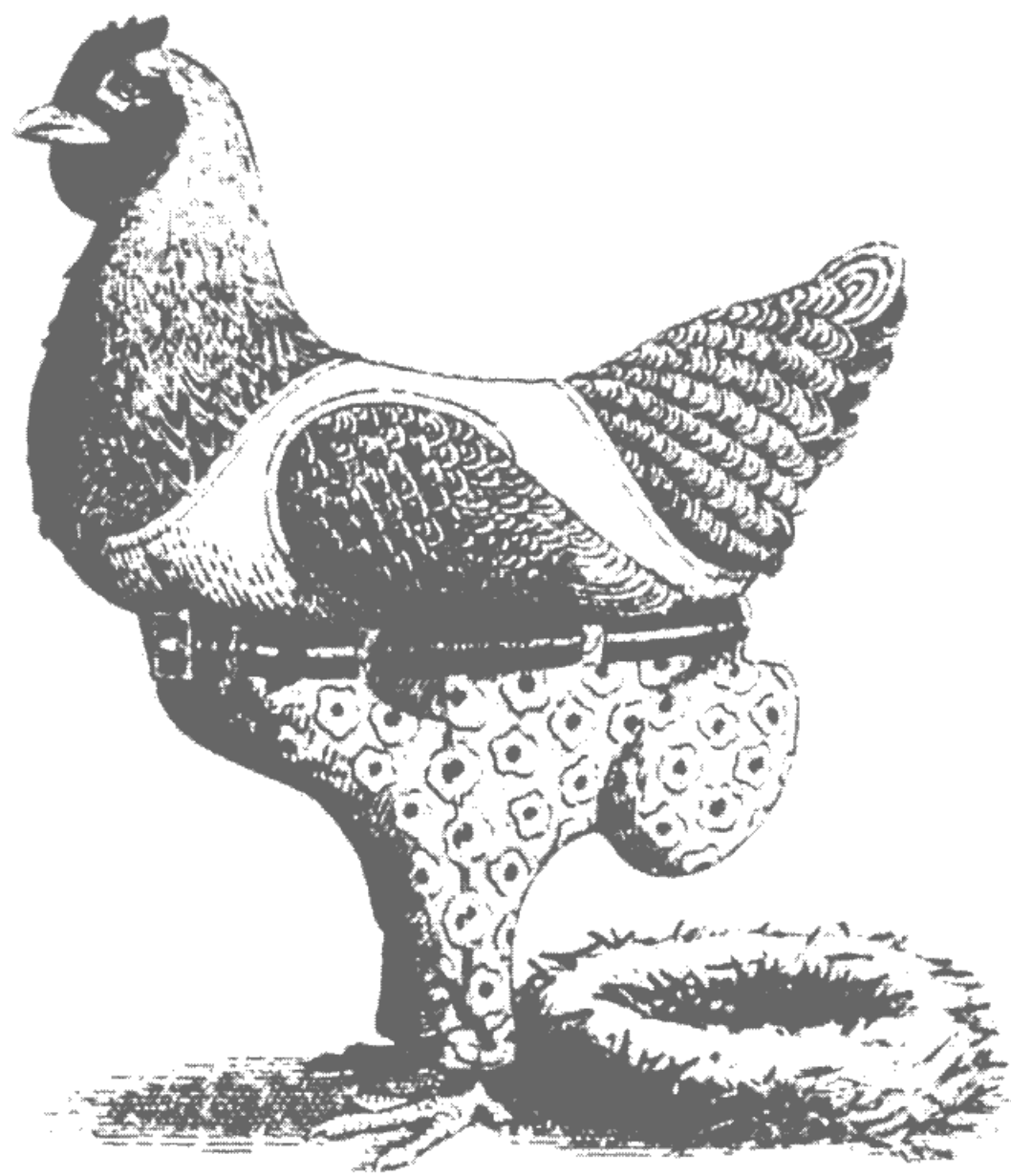


SALIENT

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY STUDENT NEWSPAPER

VOLUME 35. NO. 23 THURSDAY 21 SEPTEMBER 1972





LETTERS

THE ETHICS OF RACISM

Sir,
It has become fashionable for our supporters to claim glibly "I don't believe in mixing politics and sport". This claim has sent many anti-tour people (including HART) into a frenzy of activity to try and justify "politics in sport".

It seems to me that the "politics in sport" phrase has been a very effective red-herring designed by some clever friend of South Africa (white, that is) to distract the anti-tour movement from the real issue: ethics in sport. The South African cult of Apartheid is based on a religious belief (of early Dutch protestant origin) of god-given racial superiority — similar to, but less sophisticated than, the foundations of Nazism. For the white South African racial oppression and slavery are thus morally justifiable. For most of the rest of the world (including us?) they are not. The real question about the tour is: what place does ethics have in sport?

D.L. Atmore.

WHOSE HOUSE IS WORSE ?

Sir,
The suggestion by Student Movement Onlooker that NZUSA should investigate the Malaysian Issue is a "Big Joke"

NZUSA has been "Desperately" trying to elect a President for next year, and to be involved in petty quarrels of these kinds is nothing more than a farce!

For God sake, suggest something feasible.

T. Chia.

MSAMSSA NOT ON

Sir,
For the past five weeks I have been following with great interest the big debate in SALIENT — Attacks, reprisals all nothing short of verbosity and ignorance of a small number of Malaysian writers. I had no intention at all, to add my own chapter for a spill of emotion and hostile words could do more harm than good. On the other hand mere silence on the part of MSSA may, to some be indicative of their guilt of forsaking their basic principles and philosophy. It is high time I put the record straight.

It is true, there has been some talk among the MSA and MSSA leaders about cooperation between the two associations. It is NOT true that there was talk about a merger. Such a merger contravenes the basic philosophy of MSSA — an independent body free from government intervention and subscribing to the spirit of NZUSA and VUWSA constitution only.

It is abundantly clear that 'Student movement onlooker' is not prepared to see a united Malaysian and Singaporean community at Vic.

I cannot see how my article 'The Only Way' proves that the MSSA leaders are willing to surrender. Surely 'Student movement Onlooker' is living in a blissful state of

ignorance not caring to read the article in full. For the article merely sets out the issues that confront the Malaysian people in achieving national unity, the obstacles the Razak clique are endeavouring to overcome, which as I pointed out, are not that easy for at least another twenty years. I suggest 'Student Movement Onlooker' read it once again — he may be surprised to discover it further emphasis on the political philosophy of MSSA in a rather radical mood.

Shanmugam Viswanathan.
Editor, MSSA Critique.

TILL DEATH DO US PART

Sir,
The controversy over the MSA/MSSA issue is actually a non-controversy. The real issue seems to be rather an attack on the Malaysian Govt and its activities and policies.

Two major points seem to arise from the letters that have been published. (1) MSA is a tool of the Malaysian Govt. i.e. under its control (2) there are 'spies' on campus who are reporting the activities of Malaysian students to the Malaysian Govt.

1. Is MSA controlled by the Malaysian Govt a matter of fact? May I suggest that those who allege it is attend the MSA Committee meetings and look into its books. There does not appear to be any clause in the MSA constitution prohibiting observers to the Committee meetings as well as to look into the books of MSA. The question is, "Are you really concerned? Or as you just attacking the Malaysian Govt. using MSA as a scape-goat?"

2. If there are 'spies' on campus working for the Malaysian Govt, they are by definition difficult to detect. Witness the earlier meeting this year held in the student union to find out if the N.Z. Security police are on campus. It is fair to comment that the meeting reduced itself to the recitation of 'anecdotes' and this was admitted by Peter Cullen who himself also told a few anecdotes. If spies do exist on campus and in these days of the Black September Movement and that sort of thing an increase of security officers on campus might be expected, there is really nothing one can do except to pin them down and this is of course a most difficult task. Espionage and counter-espionage is a real art.

However, there is at the moment actual armed conflicts (bang! bang!) in Northern Malaya and the borders of Sarawak between the Malaysian armed forces and fuck-wits who like to call themselves National Liberation fighters. In Sarawak, the battle sometimes take place in the towns, especially Sibiu. This armed conflict (bang! bang!) is not just a joke. If anybody thinks it is not true, please read the STRAITS TIMES freely available in the Main Library. You don't have to run through many pages as an incident with the insurgents happens nearly every day. Furthermore, the SARAWAK TRIBUNE will give you more detailed accounts of the fighting in Sarawak, especially in the 3rd Division. The SARAWAK TRIBUNE is not available in the Main library but anyone interested will just have to call out and it will be handed to him for perusal. In the light of this, can one really blame the Malaysian Govt for having spies on campus?

It is our firm belief that many of those who have written to SALIENT opposing the Malaysian Govt. have great sympathies and ties to these National Liberation Fighters back home. Please study their letters carefully again.

I usually sign my real name in letters to you, Mr Editor. But this time I will not. The reason is because I know these freedom fighters i.e. have a license to kill and massacre i.e. have freedom to slit throats (please read STRAIT TIMES and SARAWAK TRIBUNE for details) Mean Business. If my name is revealed, you might not get another letter from me.
Thankyou Mr Lee Kuan Yew.

Peace Loving Malaysian.

AN OPEN NOTE TO THE EDITOR OF THE MSSA CRITIQUE.

Sir,
I do not claim to be a veteran reader of your MSSA Critique, but having successively read three issues of your magazine, I have felt moved to burst into print for the first time.

While it may be worthwhile having a magazine of such a nature for it seems to serve as a "forum" catering for a section of the zealous Malaysian students, it is nevertheless a bit "mishandled". Indeed, some of your articles have "stood up, bold and brave," yet I find in reading them that there is a synthesis of very scanty seriousness, albeit there is in effect an undue superfluity of, inter alia, wisecrack and waffle.

It may be ideal too, to present facts and views of "home politics" to the Malaysian students who are concerned about the well-being of the country, but I doubt if the manner of comment and criticism so adopted in your magazine can achieve any favourable reciprocal ends. Politics may be dirty or unsanctified, but in criticising or commenting on it, there should be a certain objective standard of judgement for without which it could sometimes be quite unacceptable or inconvincent.

We are tired of being fed with grudging and resentful "home-news-and-home-politics" stuff all the time, but to say this does not necessarily mean that we should sit back and adopt the "ostrich policy". We accept the fact that we should that "home-life" is not all roses, but our doom is not sealed too. "Revolution" is only the talk of the "riff-raff" and "lunatic" nowadays; reformation within the system itself may prove to be feasible.

I sincerely hope that in your yet-to-come issues, an attitude of "fair comment" will be adopted when analysing "home-politics" so as to give us a sense of balance—a 50-50 treatment of both sides of the story. Pure virulent attack without constructive suggestions or actions is always more harm than good. Articles of the "monstrous, middle-headed, pridefully aggressive, immorally jingoistic substance or element" should best be avoided. Indeed, "The Rape of the Lock" may have opened the flood-gate of the "real instigators or abettors" who could have irresponsibly led us to the subsequent, wider racial dissonance, and if this is what your magazine is intended, then, I am afraid that the rape is being committed with a degree of callousness and cruelty that may well have shaken the sensibility. Would it were left to rest in peace.

Stephen Chai.

THE CYCLOPTIC SECRETARY

Sir,
It is hoped that the Business Administration Dept. will get rid of that secretary. If they don't get rid of her they had better give her the message that the Business Administration Dept. employs a secretary to aid students, not students to aid the secretary. Removal of all those stupid little notices of "do's and don'ts" at the door would do a lot to help in this matter.

Ulysses.

NATIONAL YOUTH TRAINING CAMPS

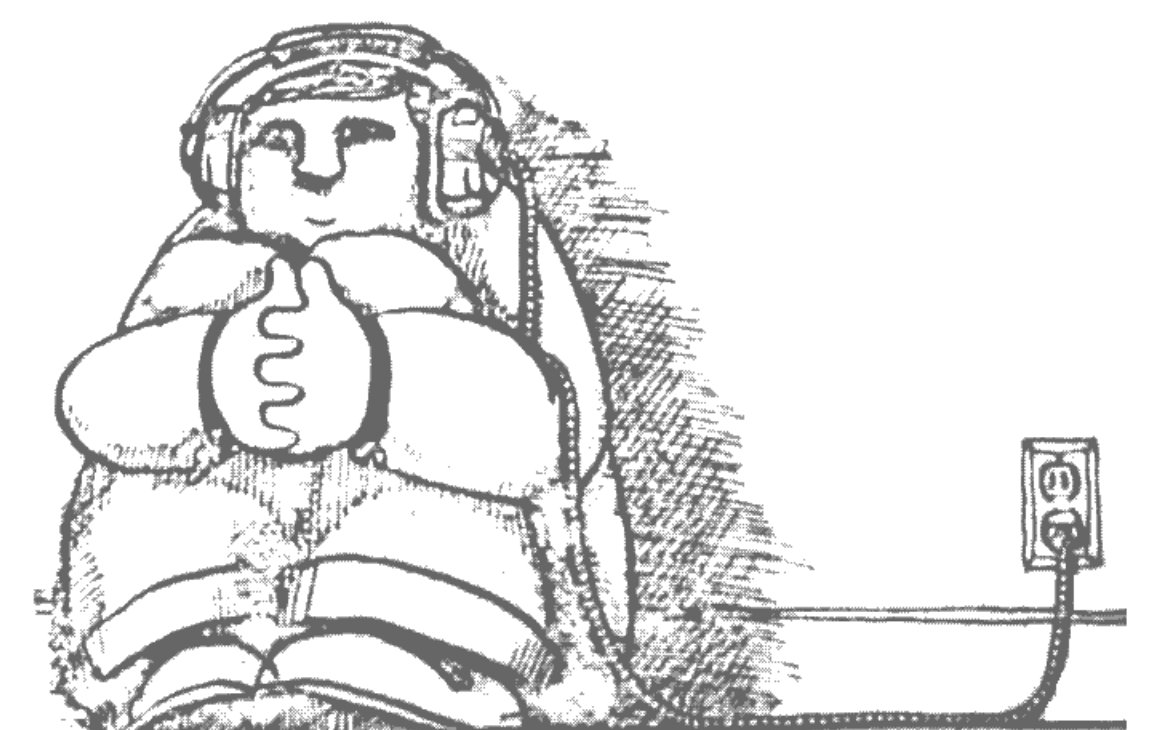
Sir,
Allow me to use your columns to offer advice to any students considering one or more years of teacher training.

Training Colleges are conservative. Depending on your orientation you might say "good", "all the more reason to avoid them", or "all the more reason my going there". Our advice is for those in the last category.

If you really want to get into a training college don't give the recruitment officer or selection panel any reason to suspect you are unwilling to take shit lying down. Keep quiet about your involvement in HART, COV, CND and other effete, radic-lib organizations, at least until you have written confirmation of acceptance. Neither is it wise to voice ideas about progressive or even liberal education. Save these ideas for reactionary lecturers and fellow students.

Don't be shy in seeking further advice from us who have gone before you. Many T.C. graduates will be only too glad to help you attempt to put these institutions back in touch with reality.

The Three R's.



Politics or Pampering NZUSA - No President

NZUSA met at Victoria on 9th and 10th of September. Like the August Council meeting at Christchurch a major item on the agenda was the election of a President for 1973. Like the Christchurch meeting an acceptable candidate could not be found.

The conflict between political action and welfare work for NZUSA members again divided the Universities. The more politically aware were conscious of the demands the proposed Springbok tour may place on NZUSA and pumped for Gary Emms. Otago and Canterbury Universities felt Emms lacked ability and with the addition of Auckland's vote, prevented Emms from obtaining a majority of the votes.

Cuthbert has agreed to stay on until a replacement is found and the next attempt to do this will be November this year.

YOUR MONEY SPENT

Despite the second fall on the Presidential bill, the meeting last weekend passed the 1973 budget. \$1000 allocation for Anti-tour activities and \$500 for Anti-War work. The meeting allocated \$2,500 for U.S.P. work.



"So far I've read page one: four 'bloodys'. Page two: 'Piggin hell' and 47 people killed in Vietnam, one baby shot. Page three: 'one cumilingus' two 'bloodys' and a 'damn,' two men killed in car. Page four: three ladies have a fil. Page five: 'Hello ducky this is the man's fashion page' but, despite that, the overall feeling is one of intense boredom"

Despite the strain within NZUSA and the mutterings of withdrawal from some constituents, the storm will be weathered and a compromise candidate will wind his weary way to the presidential pillory. Nothing much will have changed — despite the interim therapy.

HYPOCRITES & SLAVES

The major dilemmas of NZUSA seem to be:

- (a) Primarily white, middle-class students adopting socialistic and revolutionary international policies, the realisation of which would destroy their middleclass security and complacency.
- (b) The simultaneous adoption of grossly selfish welfare policies, and selfless international ones.
- (c) The flippancy and ignorance surrounding the setting of environmental policies compared with the informed seriousness evident in discussions on welfare matters (e.g., NAC reductions.)
- (d) The disproportionate amount of time, effort, and money spent on general, selfish, welfare activities in relation to education reform.
- (e) The pointlessness of student representatives adopting policies which their constituents have not even discussed (or may not even be interested in); and the hypocrisy of such 'leaders' voting against their constituent's policies on less than rational and altruistic grounds.
- (f) The spending of the vast majority of NZUSA's income on bureaucratic functioning, and almost nothing on individuals, groups, and activities to which we make policy commitments.
- (g) The hypocrisy of having idealistic policies which could be enacted but about which it is deliberately intended to do nothing.

"ARE TRADE UNIONS RELEVANT?"

DO THE UNIONS HAVE A PLACE IN SOCIAL REFORM?

Local Unionists also speaking are Ken Douglas, Drivers Union
Ken Findlay, Freezing Workers.
A P.S.A. Representative

Brian Brooks:

Secretary, Auckland Clerical Workers Union
Executive, W.E.A.
Lawyer, and Lecturer in Industrial Law
Secondary School Teacher.

Thurs: 28th September. 12-2pm. Union Hall.

STAFF

SALIENT VOLUME 35. NO. 23 THURSDAY 21 SEPTEMBER 1972

This SALIENT was produced by Gil Peterson (Editor) and David Naulls, with the greatly appreciated assistance of Rob Campbell, Barbara McEwen, Helen Pankhurst and Graeme Collins.

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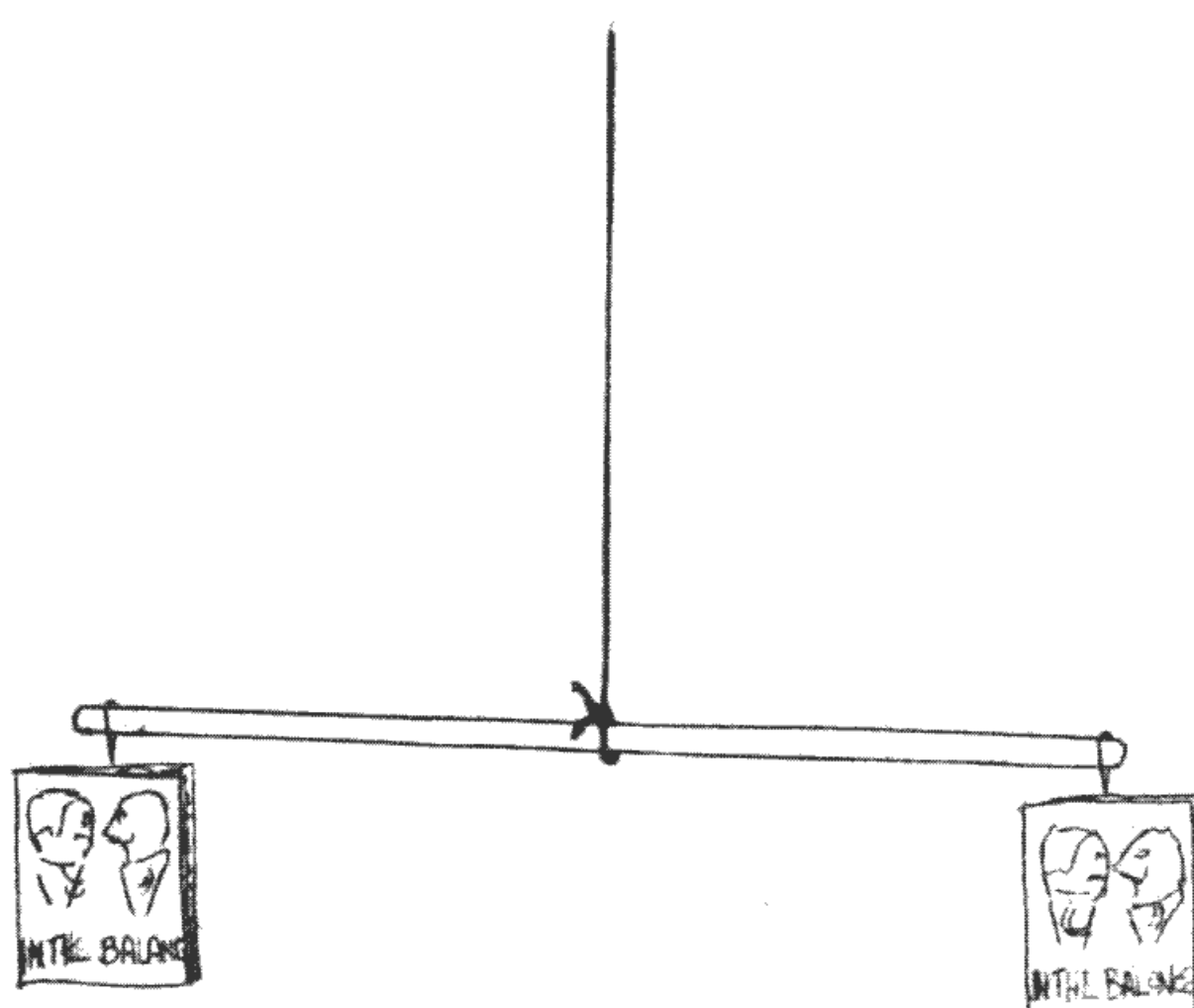
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demystifying economics

Peter Wilson's reply to Professor Philpott's reply

The arrant paternalism, moralizing tone, senile ravings about young people and loaded phrases like "demonstrable accomplishment" which constituted a good deal of your reply to my criticisms, are all quite predictable in the context of an education system which sees the teacher as knowing everything the pupil nothing and which therefore demands of the pupil that he respectfully acquiesce in the work of the teacher who is there to fill him, like a vessel with the correct knowledges. Should it appear at any stage that this relationship is being transgressed, then the transgressor naturally, is guilty of rudeness, arrogance, offensiveness and insolence. That you can level these charges at me in a text which is laden down with institutionalized overbearingness is not so much a personal failing as the outcome of your role. Therefore, will not dwell on the irony that you advance this invective in the course of substituting for my allegedly emotional "tirade", a calm "reasoned approach". Other aspects of your myopia are more significant.

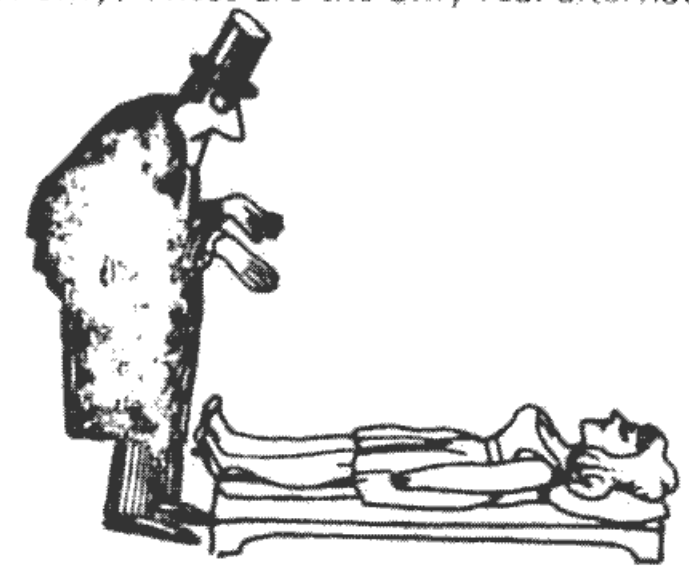
When you say that I "...will find [myself] in agreement" with most of the things contained in your speech, I am not quite sure whether you are expressing a wish or simply giving an order. Either way you are dead wrong. Laying aside your claim that your speech was "...concerned basically with the need for radicalism informed by more realism and less romanticism" on the grounds that it can only have been meant facetiously, I would like to make a number of preliminary points before returning to my basic reason for criticising your speech in the first place.

You make much of the fact that I had not read the full text of your speech at the time I wrote criticising it. The fact that I do not get invited to select gatherings such as the Institute of Management Convention or the National Development Council and do not have access to the documents available there is hardly my fault.

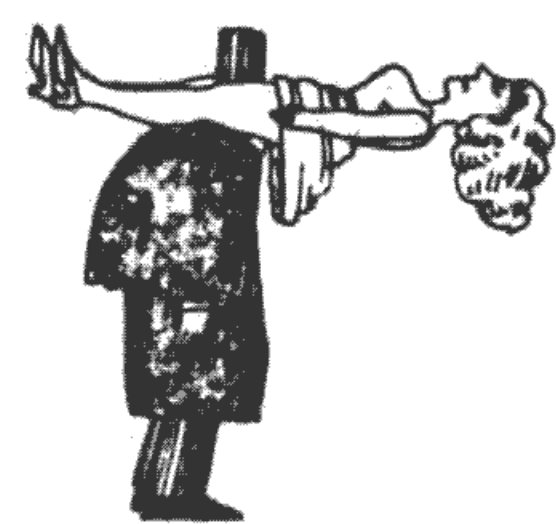
Next, the term "bourgeois economist" is not a "fashionable slogan" (First used 1859) nor is it intended to sug-

gest that you are necessarily a "yes man" for the status quo. What it does say is that your ideology is limited, in theory, by the limits of bourgeois society in reality. Thus in developing your views, even in criticising existing society, you are unable to go beyond the limits set by that society. And just as in practice there are certain problems which cannot be solved within the existing framework, so in theory certain dilemmas occur whose solution necessitates going beyond the stand point of bourgeois society. It is precisely because you assume this framework that you are condemned to reproduce the same one-sided answers which will not solve them in reality. However the term "realism" is often used as a euphemism to justify this state of shortcoming. With that in mind, let us return to your advocacy of growth as the panacea for the country's ills, and here I owe you an apology in passing. My statement that your call for massive growth "suggested you had not heard of ecology and the environment" was obviously wrong, and I now accept that you have heard of both. However, your answers to two of my other points in particular, struck me as puzzling because they were not answers at all. Firstly, in reply to my statement that you cannot reconcile private gain with public good you refer to Galbraith and *Affluent Society*. I thank you for that, because "private affluence and public squalor" was of course, the theme of that book, and evidence for the fact that private gain is in contradiction to public good abounds — which is, after all, exactly what I asserted. Secondly you provide in reply to my statement that capital profitability is your overriding criterion in deciding what kinds of commodity production to encourage, an outline of the need to provide above a basic level of industrial protection an extra 20 per cent or so — for existing or new industries which contribute to some of the social non-economic goals such as quality of life.... "Social non-economic goals" is a phrase worth pondering as expressive of the bias of capitalism, but more than that it poses the question as to what you regard as economic goals. The answer obviously, is those which yield the greatest profit, or in other words, capital profitability

and the pursuit of monopolist expansion, necessary if you want to fulfil your objective of keeping N.Z. up in the 'international league table', cannot be attempted together. The one cannot be achieved but at the cost of the other. Hence, either social expenditure must be stabilised (at its present low level) or reduced even further, aggravating shortages in areas such as housing, so as to increase saving and private consumption with the intention of giving a new dynamic to capitalist accumulation, or there must be stronger moves towards the socialization of the economy. These are the only real alternatives, for



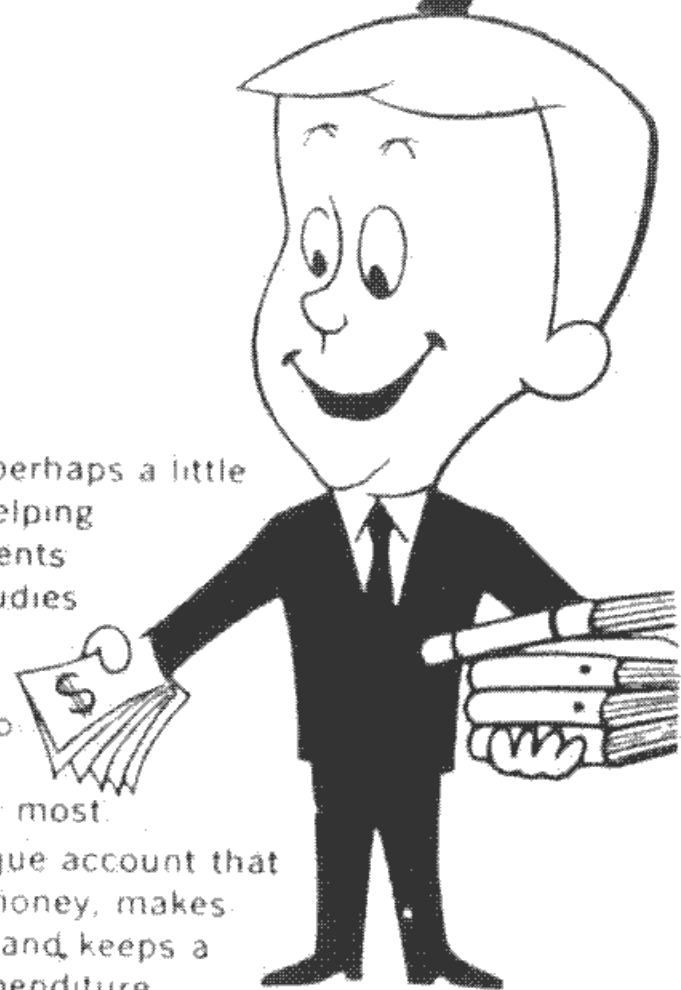
even if the social checks you seek to impose on your massively growing economy were technically feasible, that ignores the critical fact that they are and will be *politically* unacceptable to those who matter, the same people on whose capital this massive expansion of growth depends. What they want and will get is an intensified campaign against trade unions and "non-productive" elements like hippies and "opters-out", or in short, a system where the integrating logic of profit pulls even tighter and expresses its demands even more stringently. Your reference to getting "the message" across to trade unions and your pitiful attacks on young people for their "general lassitude" "unwillingness to cope with society" and "morbid egocentricity" are no more than a recognition albeit unwitting, of this fact. Your suggestion that I do not realise politics and economics are not the same thing strikes me as a lame way of saying that you do not expect to be taken to task over the political implications of your economic meanderings, or that your job is economics not politics. While I can sympathise with such a fragmented consciousness, I cannot be expected to share its confines. Nor can I be expected to agree with an ideology which seeks to introduce a stronger dynamic into New Zealand capitalism at the same time as it claims to be socially concerned. A truly radical position is based on the understanding that there is no sense in attacking the mechanics or dynamics of the capitalist system unless one intends to abolish it, not conserve it. For to attack the consequences of the system's logic (as you claim you want to do) is necessarily to attack this logic itself and to threaten the system. But because your ideological stand point will never permit you to recognize this and to make the necessary jump, you are condemned to the most tragic position of all — in the middle. And from these no-one has ever gone anywhere else but straight on to the shit-heap of history. In the meantime it is not students who are chiefly culpable of idealism for it is you who is offering us "pie in the sky," along with the two imperatives which have always accompanied it—"work harder and take less!!



Sir,
Professor Philpott has indicated that he is prepared to pay and pay heavily for social and economic improvements. But, he adds, this is the rot of society? Implying that he'll cough up if and when the rats and mice begin the Social and Economic Improvement Fund. It doesn't take an economics professor to realize that wealth comes from labour. On the other hand it's not hard to close eyes to the fact that any social or economic improvements have been paid for and paid heavily by the working class, in money, labour time and quality of life. I agree that personal sacrifice may be a fair test of ideals, but, just incidentally it's a test on which professors don't have a monopoly either.

Don Franks

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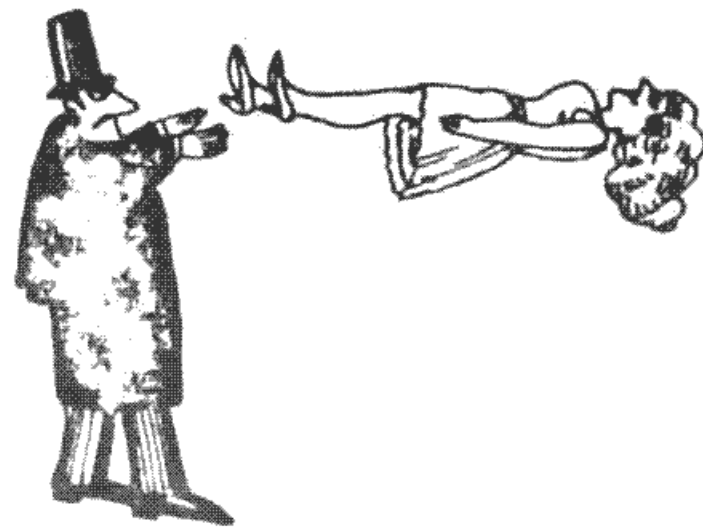
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is your *overriding* criterion in deciding what kinds of production to encourage.

But the point about your references to conservation and social expenditure is that you see both as something that will have to be *paid for and sacrificed for*, rather than as two essential areas to which an economy should be geared. This is bourgeois ideology, as defined earlier, in its purest form.

The accelerated expansion of social and collective services

Sir,
In a letter last week your correspondent Mr A. McDonald expressed scepticism of my declared preference for high levels of social expenditure on the grounds that I did not express this view to the Royal Commission on Social Security.

My view in 'this regard (as, I said in replying to Mr Wilson)' is a personal view—a value judgement and other people will have different value judgements'. Apart from the fact that I was talking about the wide field on collective social expenditure in general and not just about social security, I can see no earthly reason why my value judgements should have been pressed on the Royal Commission or should carry any more weight than anyone else's. The place for me to express my opinion or value judgements is as a voter, not as an economist.

There are of course special areas of expertise in this field concerned not with value judgements but with the financing, administration, and economic effects of social expenditure. They are not areas in which I possess special knowledge but there were people on the Commission and on its staff (including some from the University Department of Economics) who did have this knowledge and who were consequently less likely to waste the time of the Commission than I in advising in this specialist area.

B.P. Philpott
Macarthy Professor of Economics
Victoria University of Wellington

LIGSLURP

PhD's \$10 Refund

PhD students are entitled to a repayment of \$10 because the rise in the fee was never officially approved.

The University Council at its last meeting decided that an increase in the fee was not valid for this year as the approval required through the University Grants Committee had not been given.

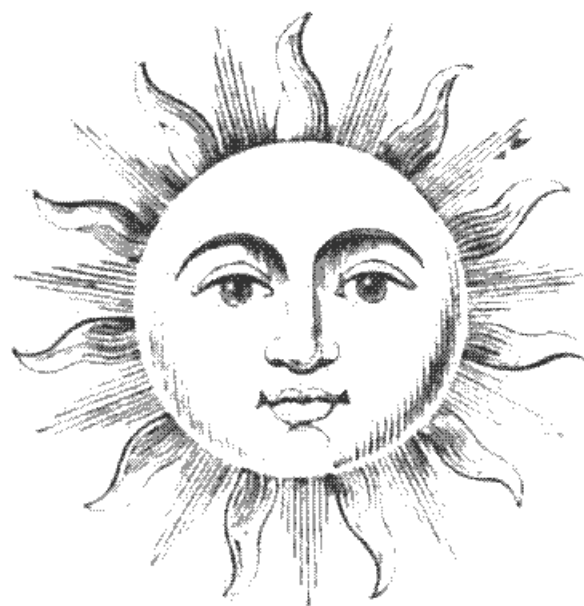
So, if you're a PhD student and hard up at the moment, a trip to the Registry to enquire about this will be well worth your while.

AUSSIE RULES

Trentham Memorial Park, Sat 24 Sept. at 2pm
Any enquiries phone 769-042
All welcome

HART MEETING

Tonite, Thurs. 22 Sept at 8pm
Union Hall, University Union.



Smash and Grope

The Condom Vending Machine in the Men's Toilet at the eastern end of the S.U.B. has been interfered with three times recently.

On the first occasion some superman broke the perspex and extracted 50 condoms. Two days later a merchant stole another 36. The following day an entrepreneur tore the machine from the wall, scattering condoms all over the toilet floor, and made off with his prize. Unfortunately he discovered it was no use on its own, and he returned with it to find all the condoms that he had left on the floor were stolen. Forlornly he left the machine there.

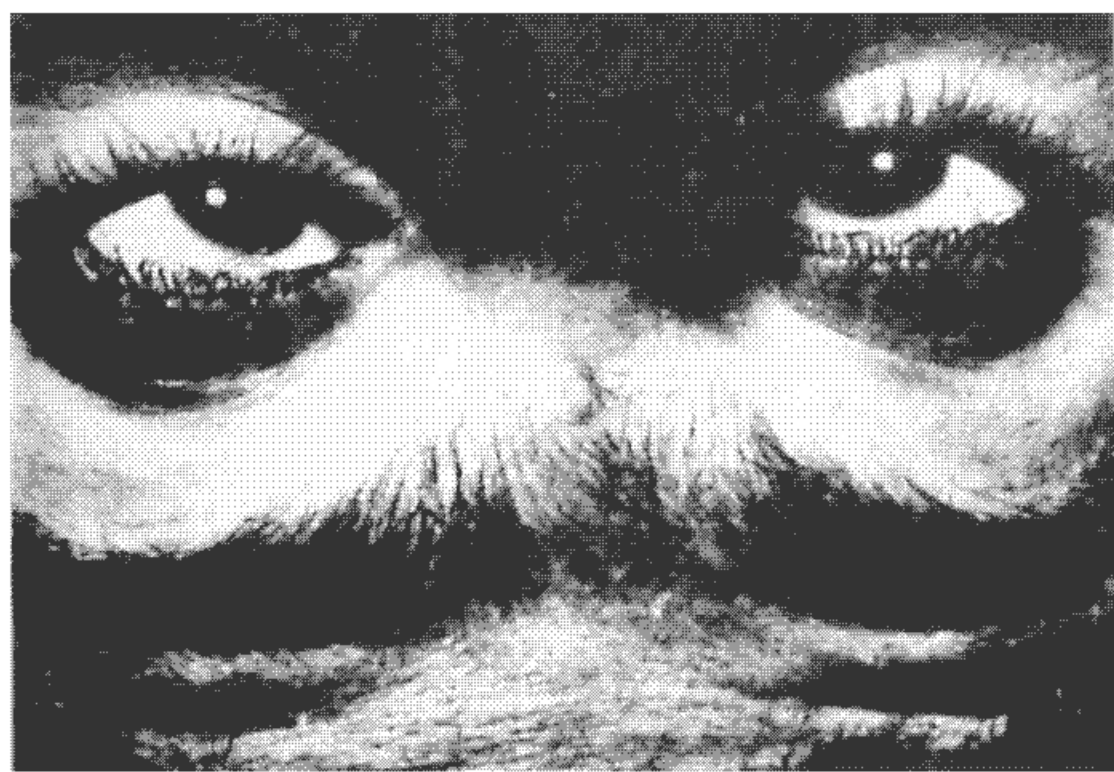
The moral, and there must be one in this instance, is if you are that frustrated, masturbate, because its a helluva lot healthier than getting contraceptives via the commercial dirt and 'unhygienic' atmosphere of a shithouse vending machine. To 'cleanse' it would simply mean placing its obsolescence in the foyer where everyone could have equal access and where it's recommended siting was in the first place, before the medical 'experts' advising Union Management Committee began to pussy-foot around.

BLOOD

Students are not noted for their generosity, but they are especially known for their psychopathological tendencies. The old obsession with hot coursing blood is as strong as ever, and there is no indication that it has anything to do with the increasing popularity of horror films. You have an opportunity to experience hot coursing blood.

Donate some. In the exhibition Foyer on the mornings of the following days: Monday 25 Sept, Tuesday 26 Sept, Monday 2nd Oct. or Tuesday 3rd Oct. from 9.15am-12noon. You can donate your blood.

Tea & biscuits will be provided to the survivors, but to participate in this infrequent rite you must fill in an appointments sheet in the Main foyer of the U.U.B. Eat some breakfast before participating, and don't sit exams or tests afterwards. Members bring your blood identity cards.



NON-GRADUATE RECRUITS

WHO? WHERE? WHEN? WHAT?

If these questions pertain to the campus, and you can answer them, then you're our man (or woman).

So why not answer them for the benefit of others as a **CONTACT OFFICER** next year (1973).

All the job entails is that you be available for 1 hour a week to answer campus queries.

Drop in, and book in:-
CONTACT OFFICE, OPPOSITE LOUNGE,
S.U.B.

Propagandists 1973

It seems that Peter Franks has finally got the upper hand in the Peter Franks — Tony King debate that has haunted SALIENT correspondence columns all year.

Last week, Franks and Roger Steele were appointed joint editors of SALIENT 1973. — Mr King your fate next year is sealed. However this doesn't mean that despair must take over. Both Peter Franks and Roger Steele have shown themselves to be volatile writers. Franks is versatile enough to write shit and brilliant critique. Certainly we can expect from these two a SALIENT of very professional proportions, and with a provocative and critical orientation.

CAPPICADE, has fallen to the clutches of that veteran of publications who is probably editing the magazine to complete the list, Graeme Collins. This means CAPPICADE will be good, meaning a lot better than the nondescript, garbage that we were landed with this year.

ORIENTATION HANDBOOK which has of late become a sort of 'Yellow Pages' has been promised a spring clean by its Editors Graeme Nesbitt, Les Atkins and Rick

Bryant. Nesbitt has promised the magazine will be 'grouse and real freaky', so next years freshers will be subverted earlier in the piece.

Unfortunately ARGOT, the associations literary magazine has been ignored in the grab for the more prestigious positions. ARGOT is possibly the least known of Varsity publications, yet is often the best. Someone must be interested in fostering literature so for your information the position of editor is still open.

Lastly we come to Treasurer, the man who does a lot of behind-the-scenes work. Warwyck Dewe proved both in Easter Tournament and in publications that he is efficient and his re-election was undoubtedly deserved. Still these Commerce gentlemen seem to share a golden thread, and like Byron Cullen, Warwyck will learn that money is a necessary evil, and is to be regarded sanely only in times of crisis.

This impressive line-up and enthusiastic team will spend every cent of your dollar levy for the revolution.
Peter Boshier.

DRIVERS UNION STUDENT MEMBERS

NZUSA and the Wellington Drivers Union have come to an agreement over students doing driving work over the summer vacation.

The Union will recognise students who are members of NZUSA and these will be given full membership rights of the Drivers Union for the period of their employment, for a fee of \$5. Students concerned are recommended to make membership arrangements prior to commencing employment.

The purpose of such an agreement is to avoid friction between groups of workers and to this end students will be expected to keep in accord with the Union's practices and traditions.

The Union's local area extends to Palmerston North. Anyone wishing to contact them can do so at the Wellington Office, Trades Hall, Vivian St. Ph. 556.019.

PIZZA COMPETITION AND "THE LOVE ROOT"

Bring your Pizza along between 7.30 and 8pm to the smoking room (S.U.B.) Enjoy at 8pm "THE LOVE ROOT" an Italian movie with English subtitles then at 9.30pm back to the Smoking Room where a cookery book on Italian food will be given as a prize to the best pizza maker. Pizza Wine, Movie, Music - All for 50c come along. Bring your pizza - All welcome.

mini-meals

The Ground floor Caf is now serving mini-meals on menu items that are easily divisible. These are small helpings for lower prices and have been brought in at the request of students.

vegetarian meals

Every day the Ground floor Caf will now be including one vegetarian item in the hot meal menu. This is again in response to a petition by a number of students who do not eat meat.

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WELLINGTON.

How the Housing Shortage Helps the Protest Movement

The encroachment of American monopoly capital (imperialism) has been observable in NZ for twenty years, and most markedly in the last five or so years. This encroachment has inevitably meant increasing economic and social difficulties for New Zealanders, and equally inevitably the development of anti-imperialism as a popular movement.

In view of the objective circumstances, it is surprising that anti-imperialism is not further developed and more wide-spread than it is. Over recent years, anti-imperialism has loomed behind the Vietnam protest movement and behind the conservationist movement and behind the anti-tour movement, but in those movements it has not yet come to the fore. The first open manifestation of anti-imperialism in NZ was the demonstrations against the Pacific Basin Economic Council conference at this university in May.

The PBEC events therefore marked a very significant advance. But this advance to open anti-imperialism, so far as it has occurred, remains confined almost completely to students. The vanguard role of students in the anti-imperialist movement is historically normal. It occurred in China in 1919, when there was a great outburst against Japanese imperialism. But students are too small and ineffective a social force in themselves to take on American imperialism. They must find allies in this struggle. U.S. imperialism has the willing co-operation of powerful elements of the NZ bourgeoisie (big capitalist class) who constitute the NZ ruling class. These elements know their future is tied hand and foot to U.S. imperialism. Accordingly, they view with dismay the developing anti-imperialism of students here, and their political henchmen have gone into action to turn the tide. By open and underhand by gentle and violent means, the attempt will be made to defuse the recent student developments.

In China in 1919 the urban workers and others nationwide quickly joined the students in opposing imperialism. This was the start of the popular movement which after various turns and setbacks carried through the Chinese revolution. In NZ a similar advance by workers and others is necessary if the student initiative is not to peter out. Fortunately, this advance by workers is occurring, although so far, only on a small scale and in obscure quarters. The current wave of house occupation in Wellington is part of this advance. An analysis of the house occupations needs to be made to show this.

In May-June this year a Modern Study Group met on a number of occasions at the instigation of the CPNZ but with other groups attending. In the course of discussion, it was apparent that a widespread response to the deteriorating conditions brought about by imperialism was a concern with people's welfare, in particular with the unemployed and the houseless. It was therefore decided to try and promote some activity on these issues. Certain lines of activity were undertaken or explored, but with-

out result, and later on these lines were criticised as too formal and dropped.

Certain elements who were at the Modern Study Group meetings took part in a number of militant activities on various topics, as a result of which a small, organised group of activists took shape, consisting of workers and students. This group continued its concern with the unemployed and the houseless, and this concern came to the surface in the occupation of 275 Taranaki St. as a protest over the housing situation.

The important thing about the 275 Taranaki St. occupation is that it occurred. It marked a new turn in the protest movement in this period. But in other respects it was not important. Its participants — students and workers — were the same as had been seen in earlier protests. It lasted only a couple of days, was effectively broken up by the police, and ended without any success gained. But the roles of two social groups were significant. The liberals in the form of the Tenants' Protection Association took an interest, but their tactics of negotiation got nowhere, and the activists came to see that such types and tactics were only sell-outs. The other group was the bikies. They took an interest in the occupation to the extent of arriving on the scene and clashing with the police. They had no contact with the activists who were barricaded in.

The activist group showed its mettle by not letting the matter drop at this point. Instead, they discussed their experience among themselves and with others, they investigated the whole situation regarding vacant houses in Wellington, and decided that they would occupy a second building which was the largest un-occupied in town, was state-owned, and was in a neighbourhood with many working class residents — Kent Flats.

The Kent Flats occupation started off with much the same ingredients as the 275 Taranaki St occupation. But as it continued new features emerged. New politically advanced youths appeared on the scene from outside the student milieu. Houseless, unemployed people joined the occupation. These new arrivals gave the occupation a material instead of an idealist, basis, since these new groups had the motivation of actual need. At this point in time, members of the V8 gang arrived on the scene, but unlike at 275 Taranaki St. they were invited to join the occupation, and did so. This development caused great distress to the liberals of the Tenants' Protection Association and other petty-bourgeois elements, who walked in terror of the V8 boys, and very quickly decamped. The students decamped at the same time, possibly for the same reason, but possibly for the holidays. The result was that the Kent Flats people were now a solidly working class group of mostly unemployed houseless people. This was a very significant transformation, because it brought into existence for the first time in the present period a militant working class protest movement



completely independent of the trade unions. The shift from Kent Flats to Kelvin Grove was made in stages by the groups at Kent Flats, but in the process the unity of the groups involved was cemented. This unity was demonstrated by the occupation of the inter-island ferry *Maori*, in which youth of all groups took part. The three-hour occupation of the *Maori* was the high-water mark of the housing protest. That ship is indefinitely laid up, has 600 unused beds, and would make a good hostel for students, a possibility already raised in the past. This occupation also demonstrated the concern of the working class elements for students' welfare. Whether as a result of this or not, students have since begun to take an interest in the Kelvin Grove community.

The occupation of the *Maori* had another still greater significance. By this occupation, the working class activists challenged the overseas monopoly interests, the imperialists, ultimately U.S. imperialists, who with the N.Z. government and others own the *Maori*. It was an attack on the property of imperialists, an attack our ruling class viewed with all seriousness, as they showed by sending twelve car-loads of police to defeat it. Although only a small incident in itself, the occupation of the *Maori* demonstrated that a mighty social force, the NZ working class capable of great daring, imagination and humour, had entered the direct struggle against imperialism.

Niel Wright.
Communist Party of N.Z.



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THE GREAT HOUSING CON

Coloured slides and bleeding hearts were all that Wellington people were offered at Monday night's public meeting on Housing. About 1,000 people turned up and many of them were quickly angered by the non-answers offered by their political 'leaders'.

A pamphlet advertising the meeting promised "a new-style public meeting" which would be "entertaining, informative, challenging". It was not a new-style meeting at all. The programme was dominated by tiresome, waffling politicians and academics. Little time was given to discussion and questions from the floor, and when sections of the large audience started to express their disgust, the Chairman, Public Administration Professor John Roberts tried, unsuccessfully to shut them up.

Towards the end an obviously pre-arranged motion was moved from the floor. Roberts refused to accept any amendments to it, and then declared it carried after refusing to take a vote! Some bemused political science students in the audience wondered at the hiatus between the democratic theory Roberts teaches and his practice as a chairman. To others, who had seen this political martinet in action at the Politics Participation & People conference a fortnight earlier, his behaviour was no surprise. There Roberts had refused to vacate the chair when motions were moved disagreeing with his ruling and expressing no confidence in him.

Sociologist Ray Bradley began with an academic address on a survey he had organised in May on Wellington's housing problems. Bradley's coloured slides and academic



discourse did not help to clarify the problem though the results of his survey have shown up the problems a lot of people knew existed through their experience of living in bad housing.

Bradley's slides were followed by the Wellington City Council's housing committee chairman, George Porter. Porter didn't have any problem with demands from the audience to do something because, as usual, he simply called for more assistance from the government to help the council build houses. That's a pretty good line that George Porter has developed, and he said "we're well aware of the problem and we're anxious to help solve it" at least four times, to hammer home his concern.

At least Porter was the only Tory speaker on stage to sound even vaguely credible. Ken Comber, Holyoake's son-in-law and the National candidate for Wellington Central, made a complete laughing stock of himself with his ignorant, bumbling answers to questions. He told the meeting, which rollicking with mirth, about the great work Dan Riddiford had done to solve the housing problem in Wellington. That sort of crap really brought the audience on. In comparison, Labour candidate Dave Shand performed quite well and certainly stood out among the politicians on the platform. He supported a capital gains tax on all urban property transfers which was suggested by economist C. Gillion, and rent control, although he seemed unsure about Labour Party support for these measures. Petone M.P. Fraser Colman did not clarify Labour's policy on either proposal. Comber did not support a capital gains tax which was hardly surprising as he is a landlord. About the best thing that can be said of Comber is that, if elected, he will be a fitting successor to Dan Riddiford.

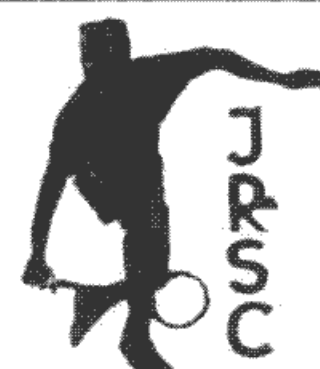
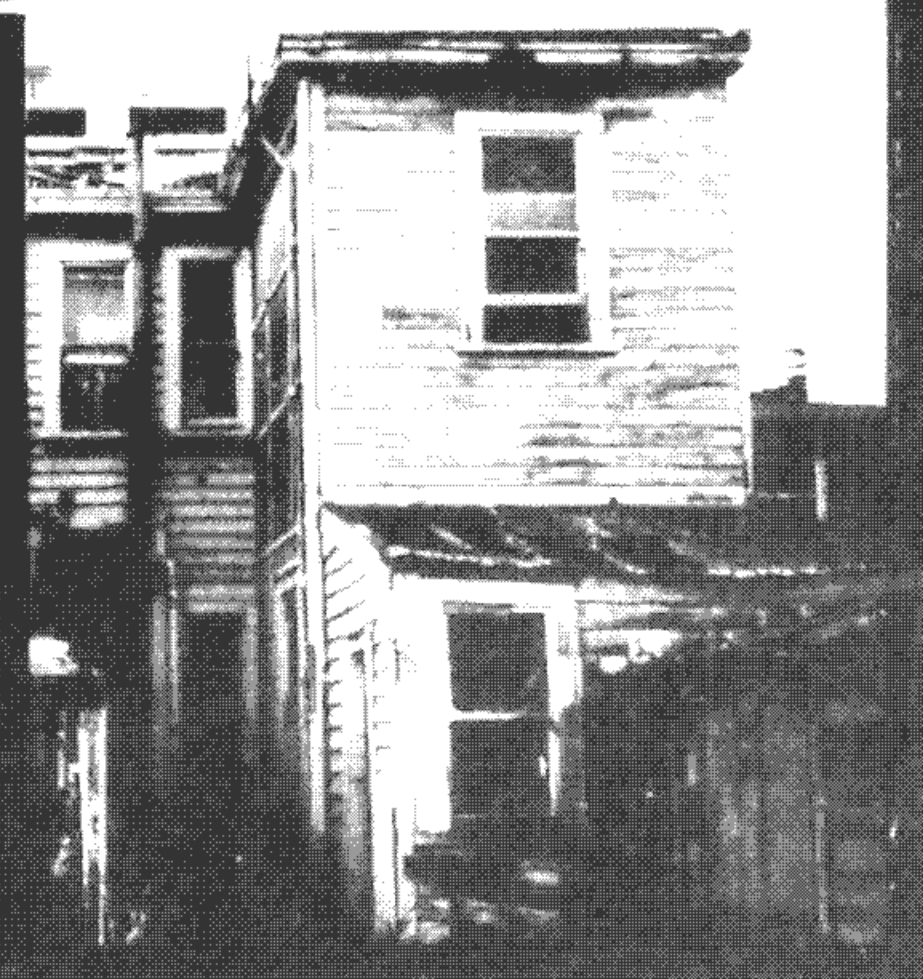
Eric Holland, the Minister of Housing, showed quite

plainly his inability to solve any housing problem anywhere, let alone one as serious as Wellington's. Starting off by saying how the Government has to protect the taxpayer from the costs of more housing (presumably he was thinking of his constituents in Fendalton), he confessed that he thought there was nothing wrong with people who made a profit out of renting houses. Of course Holland did deplore exploitation of tenants by landlords but he did not say where he drew the line between fair profit and exploitation. Obviously in practice he cannot do so and therefore his approval of making money out of people's need for a place to live shows that he is part of the problem and incapable of a solution.

Interestingly, none of the official speakers had much to say about landlords at all. They were all content to mouth about 'the housing problem', but none stated clearly that the 'housing problem' in Wellington is very much a landlord problem. In a situation of extreme housing shortage, the opportunities for people to make large and quick capital gains from housing are enormous, especially when there is little government finance at cheap rates of interest for council housing, and few state houses being built. The Tenants Protection Association produced a hard hitting leaflet explaining the real problem of housing in Wellington. But the Association's chairman, George Rosenberg did not get a seat on the stage and the chance to speak with all the dignitaries. Nor did the squatters, who have been the only people to produce an immediate solution to part of the housing shortage all year.

Tim Dyce, whose Wellington Citizens Committee on Accommodation organised the meeting, praised the squatters actions in his speech. But why didn't he invite one of their representatives to explain what they'd done and their solutions from the platform. Dyce will have to realise one day that he won't get very far without offending the likes of Frank Kitts and Eric Holland. If he doesn't the homeless of Wellington will still hear Frank Kitts referring to the 'Good Book' as a solution to the problem of housing in ten years time.

The meeting was organised so that the politicians and academics had all the time in the world to mouth platitudes while the people in the audience had none. With that sort of 'democracy' it is scarcely surprising that many people got pissed off and started yelling at the politicians' dribbling paternalism. If Mr Dyce organises any meetings on housing in the future, he should keep the politicians away and turn the platform over to the people like Tenants Protection and the squatters who know the problem and have done the most to find a solution. -Peter Franks



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Violence In

"Love is an open wound" – Charles Brasch.

There isn't a great deal of New Zealand writing we can fairly call literature; and what there is of it isn't especially marked by violence, either in manner or content. I suspect it would be rather better as literature, if it were more violent. And it wouldn't be difficult to argue that New Zealand writing has become progressively more violent, more frank and brutal and uncompromising, as it has matured. One could easily illustrate this by tracing a line, say, from Lady Barker through Jane Mander and Katherine Mansfield to Janet Frame; or from Alfred Domett through Arthur Adams to R.A.K. Mason, Alistair Campbell, and James K. Baxter. These earlier writers don't often shock us, the later ones sometimes do. And the power to shock is surely one of the marks of an adult and living literature.

There are two main snags, however, about this historical, "evolutionary" approach. First, it tends to assume that creative writing, like social development, is not merely continuous (which it is) but also some kind of steady progress and advance (which it isn't). Second, the whole modern age since the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars has been a pretty violent one – a tract of time crammed with private anguish and public slaughter on a scale hard to match in the long annals of man's inhumanity to man. Literature, like the other arts, has had to reflect and keep pace with all this: so that modern literature almost by definition is a literature of violence. The veneer of civilisation has worn pretty thin; we are all aware of the destructive forces it covers.

To find words for modern life is as brave an act as that of the cave artist who drew the slender figures of primitive men confronting the most powerful of predators. In the cave drawings the monster is faithfully observed, the artist's technique assured. Our modern monsters aren't as easily brought to view, and we are still struggling to find the techniques to present them.

I am not a philosopher, still less a theologian; so I shan't venture into any discussion of the age-old problems of evil, violence, and human suffering. Even in the most hopeful of religious schemes, the Judaeo-Christian, man has fallen from grace before he's got fairly started and the first mortal birth is the birth of a murderer. To account for the presence of an Adversary, for the force of evil in the heart of man, we have to presuppose a revolt of angels and war in heaven—in a word, primordial conflict, suffering and doom. Other religions, whether or not they share the hope of man's ultimate redemption, agree in recognising the chief facts of the human condition: for good or ill, we all inherit conflict, suffering and mortality. As Beckett's Hamm puts it, *You're on earth, there's no cure for that.*

Now this whole business of painful or tragic conflict between man and his predicament, between man and his fellow men, has always been the stuff of great literature. There is no drama in Eden till the serpent enters it. The death of Abel is the first tragedy. The Old Testament, in sum, is a fairly blood-stained record of the fortunes of the chosen people, and it reaches its greatest eloquence in the warnings and lamentations of the prophets. Homer's *Iliad* is one of the most violent books ever written, and one of the greatest. Goethe's *Faust* shrinks in comparison with Dante's *Commedia*, we might claim, not because Goethe was a less gifted poet, but because his enlightened scepticism couldn't face the full horror of human depravity that Dante (fortified by Aquinas) took in his stride.

And since Goethe, the characteristic mark of modern literature has been "to exact a full look at the Worst."

What I am trying to suggest is not that great literature must be violent in tone, or must approach the special effects of Greek tragedy; but that it must somehow accommodate violence, at least dip if not plunge into the tragic flux of human suffering, whether in Naxos or in Nelson. If violence alone made great literature, Seneca would be greater than Sophocles, and he isn't. Polite novelists like Jane Austen or Henry James can convince us by a mere tremor, by the slightest of vibrations in the crystal, that they are just as responsive to the agonizing pressures of their time as more flamboyant writers like Stendhal or Dostoevsky. One of the most violent novels ever written is that exquisitely polished exchange of letters in French high society, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*.

May we agree then (ducking a number of nice problems in aesthetics) on one general working assumption? In all times and places, but especially in our own time and to some degree in our own place, good imaginative writing must always, like Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, show the two contrary states of the human soul. I think this is as true for a short lyric as it is for the longest and most elaborate work of fiction. "Without Contraries is no progression", whether we name the contraries as Love and Hate, Reason and Energy, Good and Evil, Faith and Unfaith. And without contraries there is no art.

It isn't the artist's task to resolve the contraries though of course we all recognise some supreme works of art (like Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus*, and Dante's *Commedia*, and Shakespeare's final plays, and Rilke's *Duino Elegies*) which seem to have achieved this miracle. But he must somehow include them – the Tiger along with the Lamb, the Satanic mills along with the beams of Love—if he is to convince us that he is a man speaking to men, that his work is rooted in life as we know it.

If we turn, then, from the company of masterpieces to what has been written in or about our own islands, the same general values should still apply. How fully, or how adequately, have our best writers managed to accommodate violence? I am too ignorant of traditional Maori chant and song to bring it into the picture—though it is obvious that in the celebration of heroic myth, and in the bawdy humour of satirical exposure, Maori poetry has resources nearer to those of Homer and Aristophanes than pallid modern English words can easily compass. Nor can I fairly bring in probably the finest verses ever composed in this country, the doom-laden and prophetic poems in exile of the German-Jewish refugee, Karl Wolfskehl.

Quite arbitrarily, I want to suggest a few broad categories with their own convenient labels. These might be: Cosmic Violence ("Man against the gods"); Natural Violence ("Man against nature"); Social Violence (organised and in some sense licensed conflict of bodies of men, as in wartime or periods of class struggle); and finally the very elastic compartment I can only call Human Violence—the shocking things men and women do to themselves and to one another, with whatever motive, and too often gratuitously.

Cosmic Violence

(Here we most miss some reference to the oldest Maori poetry.) The first example I would cite of a new Zealand writer who has found words for what Keats called "the giant agony of the world" is the poet R.A.K. Mason. Mason, these days, is something of a forgotten man. Of course he's in all the anthologies, a few of his best poems are so familiar they've been worn smooth as pebbles. It is somehow typical of latter-day attitudes to Mason that the lines of his most frequently quoted should be the sestet of his "Sonnet of Brotherhood":

... then what
of these beleaguered victims this our race
betrayed alike by Fate's gigantic plot
here in this far-pitched perilous hostile place
this solitary hard-assaulted spot
fixed at the friendless outer edge of space.

The assumption is commonly made that the poet is he speaking of New Zealand, as a sort of Tristan da Cunha snoring in the night on the remote fringes of southern oceans. But of course he is speaking of men isolated on earth, on the outer fringe of a hostile or indifferent universe; to read the poem otherwise is to diminish it, to reduce a vision which, through narrow, reaches at least as far as Galileo's telescope.

This isn't, of course to claim that Mason is our first truly philosophical poet, or that his youthful attitude of almost total revolt is a satisfactory one. There had been philosophers haunting our shores before him one thinks of Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*, or the chunks of undigested German metaphysics in Domett's *Ranolf and Moha*; or one recalls the work of other poets who project more easily acceptable views, such as Ursula Bethell, Eileen Duggan, J.R. Hervey, M.K. Joseph, J.E. Weir. What matters in poetry is not philosophical validity but urgency of apprehension, controlled intensity of expression. Mason is the one New Zealand poet who could write with utter conviction:

All the selves that have been slain
have so drenched this place with pain
how can any soul endure
where the whole ground is impure
with its own dead?...

Before our poetry could come of age, before it could learn any deeper resonance, one poet at least had to be crucified: and Mason was that poet. I think that for this I would honour him more than any other of our literary ancestors.

There is one other example I should like to cite of "cosmic" attitudes, and it comes from an even more neglected poet, Ruth Dallas. Her *Letter to a Chinese Poet*, published a dozen years ago in *Landfall*, still seems to me one of the most impressive imaginative achievements in our verse reaching out from these islands across the centuries to pay tribute to a Chinese poet of the Tang dynasty, Po Chu-i, and easily assimilating Taoist or Buddhist notions of flux and recurrence, of a continuity that need not be baleful.



Katherine Mansfield



Charles Brasch



James K. Baxter

by James Bertram

Warming a set of new bones
 In the old fire of the sun, in the fashion
 Of all men, and lions, and blackbirds,
 Finding myself upon the planet earth,
 Abroad on a short journey
 Equipped with heart and lungs to last
 Not as long as a house, or a peony rose,
 Travelling in the midst of a multitude
 Of soft and breathing creatures
 In skins or various colours, feathers, fur,
 A tender population
 For a hard ball spinning
 Indifferently through light and dark,
 I turn to an old poem,
 Fresh as this morning's rose,
 Though a thousand summers have shed their blooms
 Since the bones that guided brush or pen
 Were dust upon the wind.

So men turned to a carved stick
 That held the lonely history of the tribe.

Round the sun and round the sun and round.
 We have left the tree and waterhole
 For a wilderness of stars. . .

Round the sun and round the sun and round.

th Dallas ends this section of her poem with a tribute to the makers, to all those who by the power of art have left the earth richer than when they came."

we chosen these two poets to illustrate two extremes, of art and acceptance, among possible attitudes to the old human predicament. Art, like life, needs both rebels and its reconcilers. And those deceptively simple poems of Ruth Dallas.

A tender population
 For a hard ball spinning
 Indifferently through light and dark--

in to me to "Accommodate violence" with a serenity worthy of the old Chinese master she is saluting.

y I add a word about two prose-writers, to complement the two poets already mentioned? These are, in my view, the two most gifted writers of fiction New Zealand has produced, and both are women: Katherine Mansfield and Janet Frame.

h are impressionist writers; neither would commonly be thought of as "philosophical." Yet clearly both write of life from a point of experience, often painful experience, and both offer a view of life that is tragic rather than consoling. May I remind you of the well-known passage from Katherine Mansfield's letters in which she writes to her husband:

... I've two "kick offs" in the writing game. One is joy--real joy--... and that sort of writing I could only do in just that state of being in some perfectly blissful way at peace ...

The other "kick off" is my old original one ... Not hate or destruction (both are beneath contempt as real motives) but an extremely deep sense of hopelessness, of everything doomed to disaster, almost wilfully, stupidly ... There! as I took out a cigarette paper I got it exactly--a cry against corrup-

tion--that is absolutely the nail on the head. Not a protest--a cry, and I mean corruption in the widest sense of the word, of course.

Because she was a supreme artist in words, and because she could sometimes write directly out of her own joy in the visible world, Katherine Mansfield has left us some of the most perfectly achieved lyrical stories of this century. But a shadow falls across the sunny lawn of *The Garden Party*; the sea *At the Bay* grows chill and numbing; in *Bliss, Prelude* and the rest we are seldom unaware of the snail under the nasturtium leaf. If this is an art in miniature, like Jane Austen's, it is still one that comprehends the full range of existential tensions, however delicately pointed. And in one tiny story, *The Fly*, though it may be directly referred to the time of the first World War and a single useless death, she has expanded a metaphor from *King Lear* into a haunting parable of the human condition--tortured, struggling, but doomed.

Janet Frame, most obviously the heir of Katherine Mansfield in her early stories of New Zealand childhood, in her equally acute sensibility and her comparable mastery of verbal texture, offers us a view of life infinitely sadder and more anguished than Katherine Mansfield's. The reasons for this have been acutely analysed by Professor Joan Stevens in a remarkable radio talk given earlier this year. For Janet Frame "life is a terrifying brilliance from which most of us must hide"; mortals are all in a state of siege; any apparent security we try to construct is illusion. Hers is a true art of crisis; but because she has made herself technically into a very fine social and satirical novelist, with an assured control over a much broader canvas than the short story can offer, she is able to map her own universe of pain and human isolation in a number of moving explorations of men and women who groped and collide and rarely find happiness: but in whom we can, indeed, recognise ourselves.

It has often been remarked that New Zealand lacks any major work of fiction--as large in scope or theme, say, as Henry Handel Richardson's *Fortunes of Richard Mahony*, or the later novels of Patrick White, which can establish for us a really representative slice of life. Katherine Mansfield was moving towards this in her assembled sketches of the Burnell family; Robin Hyde tried it fragmentarily, and under pressure in *The Godwits Fly*; Sargeson made his most ambitious attempt in *I saw in my Dream*. But Janet Frame came closest to bringing it off, I believe, in *Owls Do Cry*--that distressing saga of a doomed family in Waimaru--and if her later and increasingly sophisticated novels are considered together, they add up to an analysis in depth--in terrifying depth, and pitched in an unremitting tenor of violence--of the quality of life as it is very often lived in these islands.

Natural Violence

On my second category of "Natural Violence" I propose to say very little. A comparison with Australia might again be fruitful. Because of the physical nature of that continent, the extremes of climate, the harshness of its desert interior, and the great privations suffered by the first explorers, the struggle of man against nature has been a recurring theme for painters and writers. Such legends as those of Burke and Wills haunt the Australian imagination. A novel like Patrick White's *Voss* makes

brilliant use of this rich heritage. We have nothing comparable; and the best passages about human endurance and determination in the face of natural hazards are to be found in the plain factual accounts of some of our early explorers and pioneers.

Yet three obvious challenges remain: the sea, the bush, and the mountains. They are still the proving-ground for many young New Zealanders, and there must be a few of us who have not lost friends who came to grief in confronting them. The mark of these three permanent features of our environment is heavily scored in our fiction as a continual counterpart to the easy comfort of suburban and small town living. Not too far from the lighted window panes are always the bare peaks, the lonely bush, and some of the stormiest waters in the world. We must all remember scattered episodes that point up this particular confrontation: the lonely bush farm in John Mulgan's *Man Alone*, and Johnson's battle for survival in the dripping forests of the Kaimanawas; or Forbush's ordeal among the skuas and penguins in the isolation of his Antarctic hut. The novelist who has concentrated on this theme of natural hazards is Ruth France, in two convincing stories of man against sea and flood *The Race*, and *Ice Cold River* which hold their suspense with no hint of strain or exaggeration. But the field remains underworked: for example, the high drama of mountain climbing in New Zealand that one might have expected long before this, is still to be written.

Social Violence

I turn now to more fertile ground: the literature of war, and of social violence. Considering our relatively brief history, and our relatively small population, New Zealanders have had a pretty fair dose of this. And most of it has been of our own choosing. For New Zealanders Maori and Pakeha alike are a pretty aggressive lot. Whatever they may profess publicly, they really like fighting, they're quite good at it, and if there's a war going on anywhere, they can't bear to be out of it. Just why this should be so whether it's due to historic conditioning, "The stain of blood that writes an island story", or to the pioneer spirit, or to Rugby football, or to eating too much meat, I must leave to the social historian or the psychiatrist to determine. But the facts seem to be beyond dispute.

Well, of course there's a very considerable literature--both documentary and imaginative about New Zealanders at war. It's only quite recently that we've begun to get the Maori Wars into perspective; but there are two fictional treatments, William Satchell's *The Greenstone Door*, and Errol Brathwaite's impressive recent trilogy *The Flying Fish, The Needle's Eye, The Evil Day*, that are well informed, sober, and mature. And such a poetic sequence as Alistair Campbell's *Sanctuary of Spirits*--a splendid evocation of the blood-boltered ghosts of Kapiti, is a good deal more successful than anything before it in suggesting the explosive, obsessive violence of Maori warfare in the old feuding days.

If the First World War has left for us a single literary memorial worthy of its trench-locked, grinding destruction it is Katherine Mansfield's short story *The Fly*. But there are three other books I should like to mention, documentary rather than fictional. These are Robin Hyde's tour-de-force of imaginative reporting, *Passport to Hell*--a book so rare nowadays that very few have read it, but totally convincing in its raw presentation of vicarious war experience.



Frank Sargeson



Sylvia Ashton-Warner



Dan Davin

And two others that exactly complement each other, like two caryatids framing an arch (though hardly an arch of triumph). First, *We will not Cease*, the testament of the pacifist Archibald Baxter who with a group of like-minded conscientious objectors was forcibly shipped overseas, sent into the front lines, and given field punishment lashed to a post under enemy fire. And second, Alexander Aitken's *Gallipoli to the Somme*, a classically objective account of infantry soldiering at the Dardanelles and in Flanders.

The special strength of these two books lies in their restraint — the moderation and purity of their diction, the exact discrimination and detachment with which they record horrors Thebes never knew. To illustrate these qualities, here is Aitken on Goose Alley, 1916:

"The road here and the ground to either side were strewn with bodies, some motionless, some not. Cries and groans, prayers, imprecations, reached me. I leave it to the sensitive imagination; I once wrote it all down, only to discover that horror, truthfully described, weakens to the merely clinical. A few yards back from the road a man lay forward supported on his elbows, not letting his body touch ground; one could but surmise why he did this. He remains vivid, indissociable from the place.... Yet there is something to be confessed. Under the strictest eye of truth, my sympathy for these men at that moment was abstract almost to vanishing-point. I deduced their pain, I know I should feel it as grievous beyond measure; but I was still wholly mathematical, absorbed in the one problem—whether pairs of consecutive explosions of those howitzer shells showed the slightest difference in direction. It seemed to me that they did."

So Aitken shifted his own position, and lived to tell his tale. From Archie Baxter I cannot quote except at length; instead, here is his son's poetic tribute, from *Pig Island Letters*, to his father's experience.

When I was only seven in a gland
Or less than that, my father hung
From a torture post at Mud Farm
Because he would not kill. The guards
Fried sausages, and as the snow came darkly
I feared a death by cold in the cold groin
And plotted revolution. His black and swollen thumbs
Explained the brotherhood of man.....

These events occurred early in our century: we have had fifty years to recollect them, if not exactly in tranquility. The characteristic attitude of those directly involved in the First World War was one of traumatic shock, of stunned disbelief that such things could happen. When it all began happening over again some twenty years later, the mood was very different. Any comparison of the literature of these two wars will show that combatants and civilians in the second, unlike combatants in the first, could no longer be shocked by anything done by either side.

The writer who most strikingly links the grim tensions of the depression years, the political passions of the Spanish Civil War, and the looming shadow of a greater conflict, is John Mulgan. That he was able to do this so well in a couple of short books hastily written in the very short time allowed him, is one of the minor miracles of our literary history. The content of these two books, *Man Alone* and *Report on Experience*, is limited; but the selection of detail is so sure, and the writing so clean and forceful, that an astonishing amount of the coming-of-age

of his own generation is packed into them. Above all, Mulgan succeeded in achieving a new stance and temper—stoical, ironical, laconic, with deeper feelings firmly under control—that for the first time seemed adequate to the presentation of class conflict, war policy, and the peculiar savagery and reprisals of partisan warfare.

Mulgan's special strength is his lucidity, his power to strip down his bare narrative to the significant episode only. Dan Davin's *For the Rest of our Lives*—much the most ambitious war novel attempted by a New Zealander—is work of a very different kind: wide-ranging, richly loaded with detail, full of bravura set pieces and baroque flourishes. I'm very fond of this book myself, for it's one of the few that suggests that some New Zealanders at least could see war—in that ancient Mediterranean theatre—as history, could think and discuss ideas even in the front line, or when having a bash amid the fleshpots of Cairo. To suggest the quality of the writing, of Davin's brooding response to the tangled motives and questionable credits of wartime, I should like to quote one passage from an early chapter. Here Frank, an intelligence officer in Cairo, is interrogating a New Zealand soldier who has been decorated for a brilliant solo escape from German captivity in Greece—an escape achieved by an unsuspected talent for the quiet strangling of a series of guards and sentries.

"By the way, sir," the soldier ends. "That strangling business. There was nothing else I could do, was there? I mean, a man had to get away, didn't he?"
"Of course you had to get away. Serve them bloody well right."
"Still, it's not like shooting a bloke."
"Forget it. You improved their characters. Made good Germans of them." They shook hands.

Frank, remembering the incident, adds his comment:

"Thus every man. Every man a parricide, shut in the bag with the cock, the snake and the monkey, and flung into the sea of solitude, landlocked and still. There, plumbing in silent nights the dark, bottomless pit of self and its knowledge of guilt, closed in the black of the bag with the bird, the reptile and the beast. And through the meshes poured the waters, closing in on isolation and closing at last the beady eyes of cock and snake, the terrified eyes of man and monkey, pouring through beak and past fang. To the end of that man's life doubt would come seeping in through the coarse mesh of praise."

Somehow the R.S.A. and the New Zealand public generally, have never taken Davin's war fiction to their hearts. They much prefer Guthrie Wilson, whose *Brave Company* came out some four years later, and with the vivid actuality of its combat scenes in Italy, its concentration on the fate of a single small unit in a single phase of action, has many claims to being the typical novel of New Zealanders at war. This is an authentic picture of the close fraternity of fighting men, appreciative of each other and of the enemy, resentful only of politicians and bludgers at base and the women at home who sometimes let them down. That is the old Anzac stereotype, really; and though Wilson can be quite thoughtful about the ethos of war, and even try to ram home a few moral truths about it, the strength of his book lies in the stimulus of its action and dialogue, rather than in the banality of its reflections. Basically, I think, Wilson is a conventional Kiwi with a strong liking for the rough stuff, which he can

handle with real power.

But there is one later book of his, *The feared and the Fearful* of 1954, which calls for mention — if only because it is perhaps the most violent novel New Zealand has yet produced.

This is a genuine Gothic 'horror tale', with a central figure—'Il Brutto', a New Zealand infantry officer whose giant form and distinctive skull would make him appear a sort of mindless monster spawned by war itself — that is quite unforgettable. Brutto is a superb natural fighter and leader of partisans, a kind of Colin Meads of the Abruzzi. But he is so determined to keep his independent command that he is implacably ready to kill off friend and foe, man and woman, with utter lack of scruple. Of course he is mad, and it is the war-wound that has made him mad. But the uncanny logic of his own hunter's instinct for survival, and the special skills in destruction that war has given him, make him for the time being irresistible. The first part of this book, the whole Italian section, with its not too improbable love interest, and with Brutto at last gunned down by his closest friend and most loyal lieutenant, seems to me masterly in its kind: a completely self-sufficient and deeply imaginative parable of war. Unfortunately, by carrying his story back to New Zealand, and by turning Brutto into victim as well as hero, a Christ of the battlefields keeping his rendezvous with God on the slopes of the Tararua, Guthrie Wilson ruined what might, I feel, have been his finest work.

There are other war books that deserve mention — among them Errol Brathwaite's beautifully written study of a Japanese officer in the Pacific islands, *An Affair of Men*, which (along with Laurens van der Post's *A Bar of Shadows*) seems to me one of the few really perceptive treatments in English of Japanese war psychology.

Human Violence

Now I must try to sketch a few headnotes for my final category of human violence, before suggesting a few tentative conclusions.

I begin again with our earliest indubitably first-rank literary artist, Katherine Mansfield. There is one vein she opened up, in a few early stories not widely published until after death, which is quite uncharacteristic of her later work. This is the deliberately tough genre-study of life-in-the-raw we meet in *The Woman at the Store* and *Ole Underwood*. No one who has read these stories can forget the idiot-child who maliciously betrays her mother's sordid crime, or the crazy old derelict who briefly assuages his own lonely anguish by flinging the little cat down the sewer drain. Sooner or later someone was bound to take this kind of thing further.

The Woman at the Store is clearly the prototype for Jean Devanny's *The Butcher Shop*; and the little cat, victim of human frustration, is even more grotesquely martyred in Sargeson's *Sale Day*, when it is thrust by a disgruntled farmhand into the open range under the frying chops. And the difference between these two later treatments is, of course, the difference between backblocks melodrama pretty crudely handled, and the masterly use of violence as a deliberate effect of art—the telling stroke that points up unbearable strain.

Violence in Frank Sargeson— and there is plenty of it, between the delayed charge of 'A Great Day'



Janet Frame



Maurice Shadbolt



Bill Pearson

James Bertram, professor of English at Victoria prepared this address for the Wellington branch of the Royal Society of N.Z.

It was printed in *The Gazette* (Aug. 1970), and is available in The Royal Society publication *'Violence'* (Social Science Section 1971 — ed. J.M. Barrington.)

and the positively Jacobean piling up of corpses at the climax of *'The Hangover'* is almost always the result of deprivation, of the warping of human instincts by the cramping environment of a joyless, repressive, still fundamentally puritan society. *The Hangover* is a particularly telling instance, because the spectacular homicidal outbreak that stains its final pages with gore comes from an apparently model youth who is the special pride of his hardworking respectable mother—and who has taken the precaution of wearing for the occasion a number of lightweight plastic raincoats, so that he can strip these off one by one as he proceeds to each encounter with his chain of victims. The symbolism here is almost too neat, the whole fiction perhaps too near a casebook study of the era that produced Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*; but the point is made, in the novelist's own terms, with a stylised and sinister elegance.

Sargeson's art is his own. I wish I had time to discuss it. Nor would it be difficult to cite examples from other writer's of the fifties and sixties—from the "three Maurices" Duggan and Gee and Shadbolt, from Sylvia Ashton-Warner and Ian Cross and O.E. Middleton—of a similar, if generally less subtle, exploitation of the violent outbreak to point up or explode emotional and social tensions. Two sisters have been especially adroit in their handling of near-psychotic conditions: Fleur Adcock in her poetry, and Marilyn Duckworth in a series of brittle but closely-observed novels of human disorientation. Fleur Adcock has written some notable hate-poems, and has also been able to suggest, in verse-fables that mix the language of dream and fairytale, something of the nightmare encounters in which we all become involved, whether in domestic relationships or in such public disasters as the Vietnam War.

Can I, in any meaningful way, attempt a summing-up? The literary historian, I think, would by this time admit that we have something however patchy and unevenly developed—we can call New Zealand literature. It can show some significant achievements in poetry and the short story, with at least two novelists—Sargeson and Janet Frame of striking and abrasive quality. Drama—the most open form of all internationally, these days—remains pretty thin, though at least more New Zealand plays are being written and performed than ever before.

In general, our literature is modest in scope and intention, restrained in statement, low-keyed, avoiding extremes of passion or rhetoric. And this in a country with an early history of singular boldness and imaginative sweep, with a native tradition of fierce myth and bawdy humour that has remained untapped almost to our own day. Perhaps at last we are beginning to tap it: we must be especially grateful for such a poet as Hone Tuwhare, who reaches for some of his rhythms and images into these deep ancestral wells.

In a setting of sea and hills that remains beautiful but harsh, we have evolved our own comfortable, materialistic, egalitarian society—that is also conformist, intolerant, and too often small minded. Does our literature exactly reflect us? Are we, as a people, meagre, strained, and lacking in generosity;

Out of Ireland have we come;
Great hatred, little room,
Maimed us at the start....

Yeats wrote of his own country. If the lines were modified to fit New Zealand, they might read:

Great rancour, little joy
Maimed us from the start.

That is why Frank Sargeson is, in a precise sense, our first truly national writer: because he has shown us to ourselves from within, shown us the narrowness of our own hearts.

May I take the parallel with Ireland just a little further, to make my last point? For in this parallel we may find, I think, both a warning and a challenge.

Ireland at the turn of this century, in the bitter crisis of her struggle for national identity following the fall of Parnell, most needed two writers of a very special kind: Yeats and Synge. Yeats, who had first tuned his own exquisite instrument to sing nostalgically of the misty past, found new modes and a new compass when he faced the realities of his own time: he made himself into the great violent poet we all know, holding suspended in deathless verse the extremes of savage passion and formal, balanced control. Synge, a gentle, lonely, compassionate man, wrote violent humorous plays that flayed his own countrymen as mercilessly, and as surgically, as Apollo flayed the faun. Without the work of Yeats and Synge, would the splendid flowering of literature from this one small Atlantic island have been possible?

New Zealand's social crisis, in our time, came between the two world wars. We have no Yeats—though I have always felt that Mason, with better luck, might have become one. Yet the influence of Yeats, beyond that of any other modern poet, helped to inject energy and urgency into our own post-war poetry. If there are two New Zealand poets who have, since then, produced a substantial body of work that follows a similar trajectory to his, I would suggest they are Charles Brasch and James K. Baxter. In the later poetry of these writers of two generations—more surly in Brasch than in Baxter—there is a readiness to accept the full complexity of most of our modern dilemmas, and meet them in terse, colloquial, unstrained but arresting language. I am sure that the real stature of Brasch as poet is insufficiently recognised: Baxter is perhaps a little over-valued, especially by the young. But for his unreserved immersion in the destructive element, his passionate commitment to the cause of the derelicts and drop-outs of our too-complacent society, I have nothing but admiration.

Love the Sole Vocation

Have we a Synge? I suppose Sargeson comes nearest, especially in such a story as *An International Occasion*, which appeared in *Landfall* last year. This is a brilliant little portrait of our fragmented social condition, in which the mixed, isolated lodgers in a decayed boarding-house are brought together through the missionary zeal of a Swedish sea-cook, share an uncomfortable Sunday communal meal, and retire, variously affronted, to their private occasions until flushed out, or trapped and burnt in their rooms, a fire started by the shadowboxing Chris. Chris is the unassimilable element—a simple Kiwi working-man who is paying off old scores for what the welfare state has done to him. Duggan and Gee, too, in their best stories, have a hard cutting edge, a tough satirical twist, we stand badly in need of.

Well, there it is. Perhaps we have had better writers than we deserve, though, on the whole, our public attitude

towards them has almost as unappreciative as the Irish attitude towards Synge and O'Casey, Joyce and Beckett. It's my own feeling, that they have to hit us quite a bit harder, before we really sit up and begin to notice them.

Twenty years ago, Denis Glover used his mouthpiece Harry to outline the poet's task:

Sing all things sweet or harsh upon
These islands in the Pacific sun,
The mountains whitened endlessly
And the white horses of the winter sea.

How often since then the lines have been quoted as merely lyrical and picturesque, in the manner of paintings in a Kelliher Art Competition! But these mountains that beckon can kill; these waves that enchant can drown, suddenly and savagely. Over the years since Glover announced his "Themes", it is the harshness rather than the sweetness in our way of life that has nourished our art, and prompted its most searching insights.

Today the art that begins in joy is rare indeed. As for the "Cry against corruption" "the air is full of our cries". I end with some lines from Charles Brasch's *Not Far Off*, which seem to me to catch the tone of these last years better than most:

To see your neighbour as yourself
His heart stripped self-naked
Is to confess in every heart
The hateful and the crooked
Beneath its lies and boasting,
And at the roots of hate
The trivial and vapid.

To shun your neighbour as yourself
Maddened with self-knowledge,
The vapid and the trivial
That bear no human message —
Destructiveness, forgiveness
Work to the one issue :
Let hatred wreak its outrage.

That comes from *Chantecler*, the mask of the foiled, frustrated human lover, who cries again:

Where I love I hate
And cannot
Love where I hate
But, blind in the net
Turn and burn and
Curse the foiled heart.

Whether indeed we live now in a cold ante-purgatory, or in some kind of refining fire, the strain on the creative imagination is all too clear. Again, perhaps Brasch has found the best words for it:

Loving your fellow men
Never ask to be loved.
Loving your given and chosen land
Do not look for its love in return.

Love is first and last confession
And sole vocation,
Love that gives itself
Into men's unjust hands
Love that will not be healed
Love is an open wound.



Maurice Gee



Guthrie Wilson

Ligslurp Contd.

Sir,
As a past resident of Bowen Hostel, I would like to express a word of thanks before third term ends. I am grateful to University for offering me the such place to stay. This is really the only hostel where personality, social and intellectual developments rapidly improved. All residents know each other well enough that fun and true friendship often prevailing, when we come to conversation. This is what every University hostel should have if good human character is to cultivate. Regular meetings were held to ensure that it was functioning well, especially on the food. [An experienced student was put in charge] The warden is also a student who is a distinguished person on our campus. He can handle anything without hardship, except sometimes annoyed by the hot water system.

A retired resident

ESP

The N.Z.E.S.P. Society is a research and University orientated body whose aims are to investigate all forms of so-called Extra-Sensory or paranormal phenomena on a logical scientific basis.

Included in such investigations would be: Telepathy (communication between persons without, apparently, the use of the recognised senses); Precognition or premonitions, including dreams, which apparently predict events which subsequently occur; Spirituistic phenomena, such as Mediumship, Poltergeists, and Hauntings; Ecsomatic Experiences (out of body or astral travel.)

This body grew out of the Auckland University Society For Psychical Research, formed in 1967 and has been in existence for four months.

It is felt that researchers throughout this country need a central body to exchange ideas and research material on these topics, and also a well presented journal along the lines of The International Journal of Parapsychology.

In 1971 a preliminary survey was carried out in Auckland with the help of the news media, to try to gauge the number of such experiences and to find people who would be interested in examining the topic. This proved successful, and the body wishes to extend its research throughout the country.

To date one symposium has been held in Auckland with the guest speaker being Dr. F.W. Knowles, E.E.G. Department, Sunnyside Hospital Christchurch; who has been active in this research for 40 years, and has had a number of papers published throughout the world. (A transcript of this symposium is available in the University Library.) Should qualified people be obtainable, one symposium a year is planned.

One member of the committee is preparing a Masters thesis on the topic of survival after death and we are aware of at least one other thesis being prepared in this country.

Interested students and staff are needed to examine reports of phenomena in the Greater Wellington area and also as experimental subjects. However it must be stressed that we are in no way associated with religious or sectarian bodies.

If this article has interested you or you require more information please write to:

The Secretary, N.Z.E.S.P. Society,
P.O.Box 6269, Wellesley St. West,
AUCKLAND.

Aboriginal

Alick Shaw interviewed Mrs Kath Walker. The following is a compounded statement of the interview and her address at Victoria.

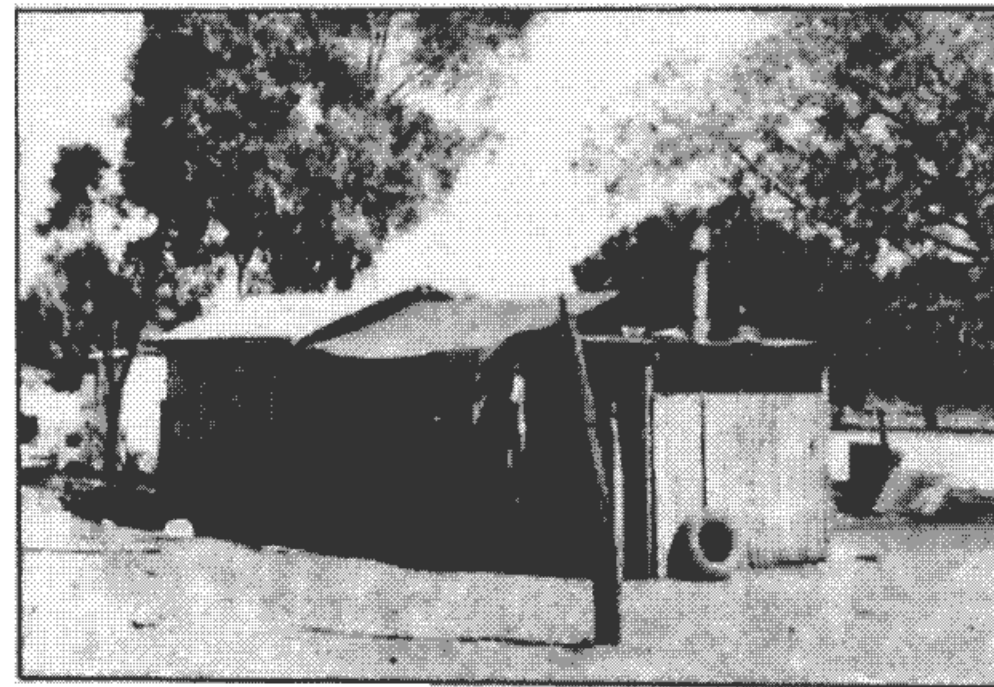
Kath Walker has worked for the civil rights movement for many years in Australia. She retired two years ago only to return to the campaigning. She has had several books of poetry and prose published.

The central issue in the struggle for civil rights is undoubtedly landrights...unless we get landrights back to the people, we cannot go in any direction. We are in limbo until they settle this issue and it must be settled so the Aborigines can develop a policy of self determination.

The Aborigines want to live outside the mainstream of Australian society. ... They want to emerge and to live according to their own ideals and ideas with the maintenance of the tribal system, and all that goes with it.

The main enemies in establishing self-determination are the government which is so short sighted it is not funny and the apathy of the public. We are in a racist country...to most Australians we are no more than a nuisance. In the countryside they would like to put us on an island out of their way. They do not even think of the land as ever having belonged to the Aborigine. And the big miners, the Beef Barons and other industry. BUT the 5th generation Aussie no longer owns the land either. He is also governed from outside the country. Whats stolen once will be stolen again. It has got so bad that a group of people have now got together and formed Australian Heritage a Company to buy Australia's land, to keep ownership in Aussie. I serve on the board of directors, along with John Grey Gorton and others. It was formed to try and prevent the land-grab.

The main causes of the most classic examples of discrimination, were the beef barons. In the olden days the white man came in and took a land block...that also entitled him to the tribesmen living on that land...he could and did enslave them to work the land. People like the Vestey Bros. who have been in the country for 50 years, that is how they got rich...they own 40,000 square miles and they pay the Federal Govt 50cents a year per square mile.



Recently legislation has come in that provides for the equal pay of Aboriginal stockmen. That happened about two years ago and now the Gurinje people pulled the young stockmen together and they are standing by them and demanding equal pay. They demand a guarantee in writing.

BLACKS UNDER CONTROL

It now appears as if the whites of the U.S., S.A. and other parts of the world are coming to Australia because there the black man knows his place. They are dead scared of the blackman in their own country and they come to a country where they think the blackman will always be under control. But I doubt that they are right for in the next ten years there will be a drastic change, for the students are now working with and standing in with us in our fight. The Aborigine will be a force to be reckoned with. Most of the work of the Panthers has been done in the cities and with the urban Black. But we are getting contacts with the nomadic and the semi nomadic people we pass it on to our contact and he tells the others, the aborigine has a very retentive mind and there is also the aboriginal telegraph...the



bush telegraph and I'll back it against anything they have in the P.M.G. in any country. You can bet that if I speak in Brisbane then within three days the gulf of Carpentaria will know what I said, word for word. But anyone who speaks English is almost regarded as an agent of the white man. This will take a while to get over, but it will come. The young must also have a negotiator and to speak over their elders is a disrespectful thing to do. The Panthers need an older negotiator to work with them, to speak for them. I speak for them sometimes but they do not even accept me as a radical. To them I am a conservative and far to kind to the white man. It must be admitted that my generation has not achieved that much.

I dont trust the white politician even though I work to influence them, I dont believe on turning your back on the whiteman. To do that is to behave as the 5th generation Aussie...He turns his back on us and thinks that we will go away. We wont. We must come to an arrangement. The young people say no bargains no compromise. They want unconditional land rights, back to the people with as much land as we need to live an independent life.

200 YEARS RENT

If we were given enough money — we are asking for 200 years rent for the land stolen — the urban aborigine would probably leave the cities. Given land rights there would be no urban aborigine. We are looking for a separate society within the main Australian society. The white man's education is of no use to us at all. We don't need the sciences it would be of no use to us in our own way fo life. The education we need to fight the political battle ahead can best be given to us by the students who now stand with us. However at present we do not pose a threat. In 5 years time perhaps we will and then the govt. will move to chop those who stand with us as well. With regard to the Queensland laws they are sending out screeds of material exposing the Act and asking the public whether they would like the govt. to have such powers over them. The public cant believe that these laws exist. But the Australian is a racist and the immigrants are running from their own black people and coming to Australia where the black is well behaved. They think that here we will remain under control.

The Panthers feel that the only good white man is a dead one. That makes them as racist as the white, but perhaps I am too optimistic. They may say this only to frighten them. I dont know. However I believe that we must get the best together so the people of the world can live together. However the Panthers say the white man cannot be trusted. They can cite many examples of lies and cheating. They say that he is a greedy man and that he is a violent man and they are correct, but we are stuck with him, he wont go away. I feel

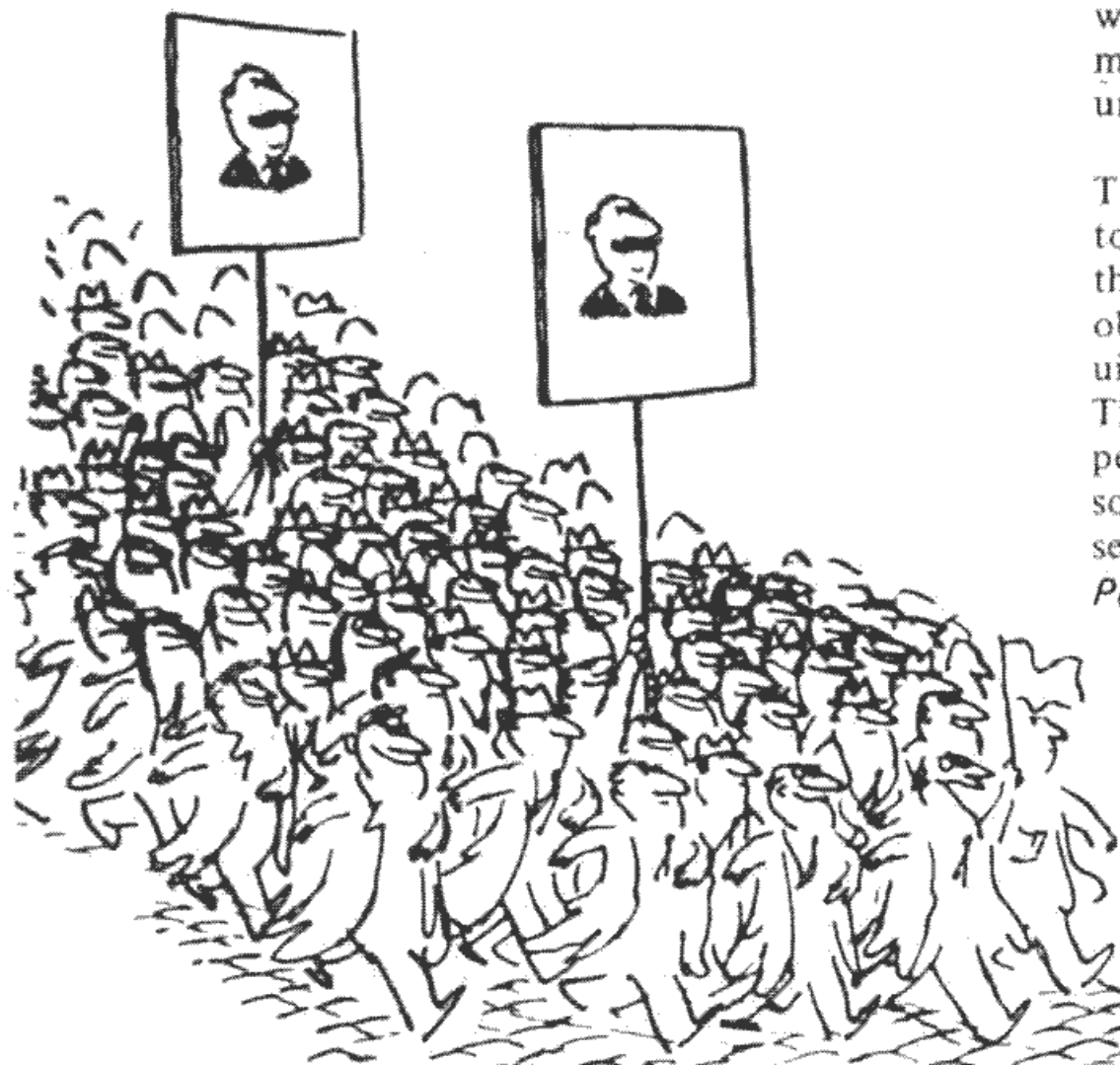
Apolitical Science

by ROB CAMPBELL & PETER WILSON

The last few years have seen an increasing concern amongst students over the content of their courses and of the values inherent in that content.

All social life is political and capable of scientific investigation in one way or another. The core of all social and political investigation, however, is the method of inquiry.

Many of the social sciences have become tied down at various stages in methodological wrangles which have diverted them from investigation. Political science lies at the other end of the spectrum, and little is done at this university to promote a consciousness of methodology in Pol. Sci. students.



We believe that 'objectivity' is used merely to avoid the important issues. In the 'objective' study of American politics in the first year we learn a descriptive and functional account of the Presidency, Congress, the Supreme Court and the main political parties. We might even learn of the reasons for a political convention, but not of the reasons for the riots outside the Democratic Convention in Chicago (1968); we might learn of the formal and legal extent of the powers of a President, but not of President Johnson's policies in Vietnam and the consequences of this policy for the Vietnamese; we might learn of certain decisions of the Supreme Court, but not of the reasons for the massacre of prisoners and hostages in Attica prison. A poor white in the South, a negro in Watts, even an American suburban housewife would not recognise the politics we learn. Mass, non-institutional politics in America are ignored.

The same kind of 'objectivity' occurs when politics in New Zealand is mentioned: we learn of the powers of Parliament, the role of the MP, the powers of Parliamentary Select Committees and, above all, of the presence of pressure groups in our society which encourage compromises and thus "make democracy viable." We do not learn that

once an opposition party arrives in Parliament it is effectively castrated; we do not learn that Members of Parliament are mainly party backs; we do not learn that certain people (prisoners, widows, homosexuals, rent-payers, children, for example) get screwed because their pressure groups are ill-equipped and ineffective. If the students of political science cannot learn these things then they too are being castrated, albeit slowly and in an ideological way.

We are not being given the tools with which to understand and interpret the modern world. The School of Political science is still living in the 1950's - trying to stimulate bourgeois liberal thinking and to accommodate assumptions and terminologies of the Cold War at the same time. We believe that Marxism, Existentialism, Fascism and other philosophies should be studied, and not merely as historical artefacts. Ideas are being fought for on the streets of the world: we want to understand these ideas and we want the thinking skills and attitudes whereby we can not only understand what is happening but also make a commitment one way or the other. This is the understanding of political studies in its truest sense.

There is a tendency in political and all social sciences to objectify man. They tend to put up a division between the subject of the study (i.e. you the student) and the object (what you are looking at). "Persons are distinguished from things in that persons experience whereby Thing-events do not experience. Personal events are experimental. Natural scientism is the error of turning persons into things by a process of reification that is not itself part of the true natural scientific method." (Laing, *Politics of Experience*, 53.)

An important consequence of the 'liberal' analysis of politics we are offered - that politics is either about how people reach agreement in a dispute or about why they *should* reach agreement - is that our learning trains students away from political activism and makes them 'impartial observers.' Many students who claim to be activists outside the classroom are constrained, by the type and content of the teaching, to be onlookers when in class. Yet, we all know that what is needed today are actors, not spectators, no matter how "well-trained" the latter may be. Though many of us feel and experience this, the 'liberal' the latter may be. Though many of us feel and experience this, the 'liberal' analysis undermines our confidence in the reality of our experience.

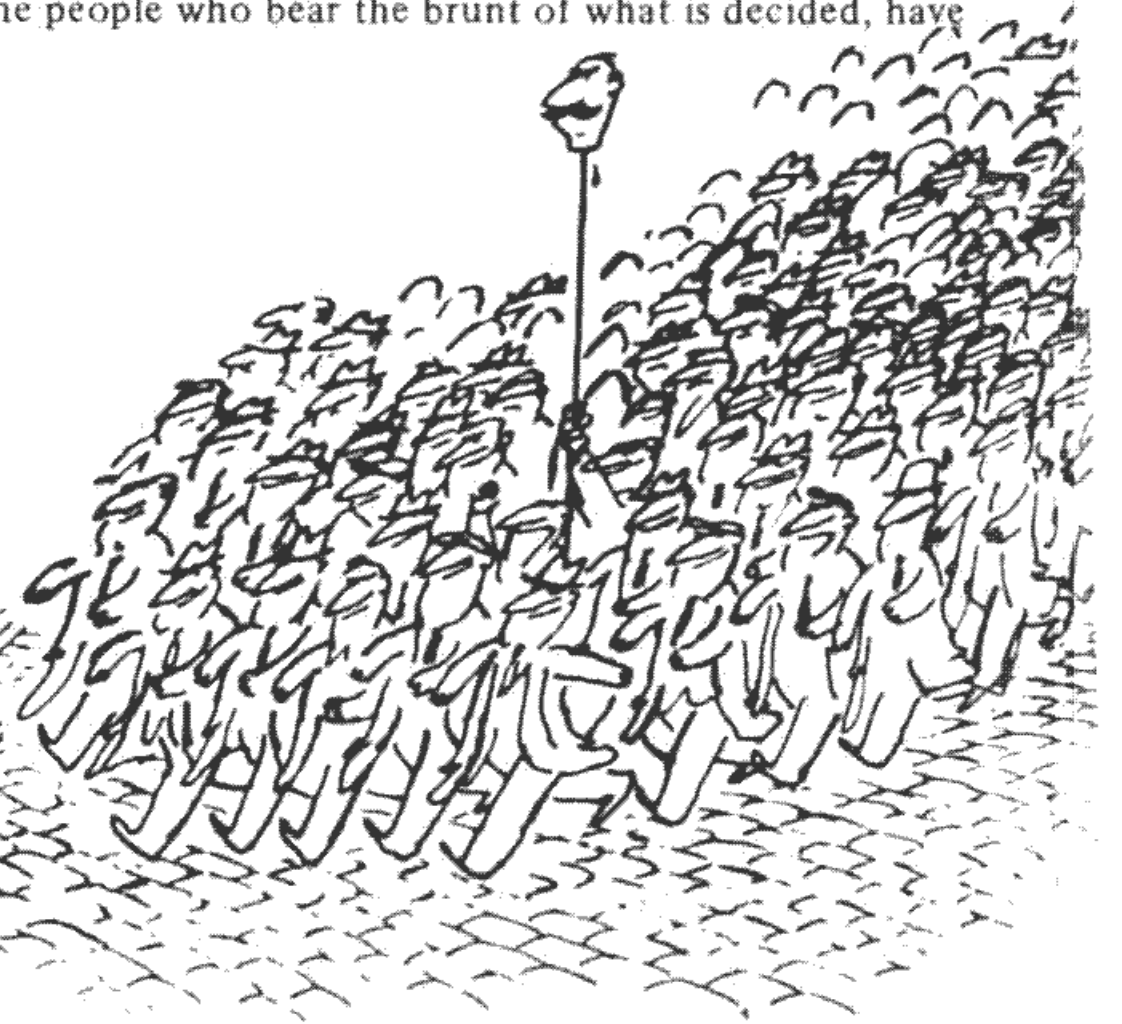
In order to do this, it has been necessary to bastardise the word 'objectivity'. It comes to mean seeing that 'there are arguments for both sides,' and so we are faced not only with the politics of consensus, but also with the political science of consensus. The idea that there are arguments for both sides is a useful educational idea because it can sometimes open the mind of the bigot; but often there is (according to one's morality) only one side, and sometimes there are a multiplicity of viewpoints. Our argument is that the political science of consensus we are taught is so rigid it cannot allow these alternatives, and thus we are denied insights and new information.

What does this form of 'objectivity' mean when it is applied to a concrete situation such as the war in Indo-China. It means that the "Victory to the N.L.F." slogan is unacceptable because we have been taught that there are "two sides to every story".

A TRUE OBJECTIVITY ON THE OTHER HAND, IS

ONE WHICH CONFORMS TO THE OBJECT OF THE STUDY. In the case of the Indo-Chinese war it would lead us to the conclusion that the actions of the N.L.F. must be interpreted in terms of their situation. They are the acts of a peasant nation defending its existence against an invader which has at its command unprecedented technological power. Western social science cannot help but interpret the invasion in terms of the invaders. As R. Zaner says in his *Way of Phenomenology*, "...at the heart of the matter is the insistence that every knowledge claim is necessarily at the same time methodological, and vice versa. There is no such thing as a "method", as distinct from what is discovered thereby; and what is discovered is inseparable from the "way" one got there".

It has been claimed by members of the political science department that "there is no departmental policy as such." This is an ambiguous statement and can be interpreted in various ways. To most students this statement must be most discouraging - does the department have *no* educational aims? It is also claimed that what is taught is merely a result of the talents and interests of the teachers employed. Nevertheless, staff are selected by their peers and as Professor Roberts has commented "Inevitably, the department re-creates itself in its own image." We believe this is so and that what he forgot to say was that students, the recipients of departmental policy and the people who bear the brunt of what is decided, have



no say in either creating the image or in determining the substance of the courses taught in the department. Therefore, Demand One is this; students in the Department be involved in staff selection. The content and style of courses is at present controlled by the staff member in charge of the course. We reject the present kind of questionnaires which ask students their opinions about the courses, because they are unreliable and invalid guides to student opinion. More importantly, we reject them because no guarantee has ever been given that the opinions of students about how they are treated will ever be acted upon. Demand Two: the content of each course be guided from time to time by each class in consultation with staff members.

While the cry for "relevance" is often misguided, and merely the immediate reaction of people too used to being told what they will learn, we are concerned at the absence of studies into contemporary radical politics. Demand three; priority be given to the institution of a course in the Politics of Dissent.

We reject the increasing trend towards the employment of those skilled exclusively in quantitative methods. As Laing noted "Natural scientism is the error of turning persons into things by a process of reification that is not itself part of the true natural scientific method. Results derived in this way have to be de-quantified and de-reified before they can be re-assimilated into the realm of human discourse. The error fundamentally is the failure to realise that there is an ontological discontinuity between human beings and it-beings."

We recognise our demands as minimum demands. The real demands can only come from the mass of students. Their claims will be based on their understanding, their experience of what political science should be about rather than what they are told it is. Why is there no dialogue between staff and students? Why are students continually left out of discussions? What do their teachers have to protect? Surely as teachers they should trust students' understanding of the situation.

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BOOKS

OVER THE HORIZON

Poems: Arthur Baysting



While it would be unwise to set up the *New Zealand Listener* as the *Edinburgh Review* of the twentieth century, its wholesalesly destructive (almost Gagerite) review of Baysting's first selection of poems made the valid front that the selection was uneven. Different themes, and different style contrast to the point where, if it were not for the general level of competence, one might imagine oneself reading James K. Baxter.

The *Listener* notwithstanding standards for first books of New Zealand poetry are not high, and these poems show more wit versatility and observation than the work of many older poets. The poems surpass their predecessors read at Lit Soc poetry meetings in distant years. What disturbs less than the variety of poetry, since an absolutely homogeneous first book of poetry is an academic utopia, is its motivation. There is, so much wit that poems often seem *Jeux d'esprit*. The emotions of the poet occasionally appear, like tears from under dark glasses, exotic and restrained, though expressing commitment. The style avoids complexity like heroin in a pilgrimage towards transparency.

Why are these poems written? They are too elegant to be alive, too simple to describe complexity, and too balanced to cope with universal neurosis. Like well tended trees at the centre strip of a motorway, they embody a formal and irrelevant symmetry, though Baysting, unlike the Ministry of Works gardeners, understands that the entire operation is an unconscious joke. The humour, still, seldom passes the unsound barrier of absurdity. After the absurd simplicity of Bob Dylan, Baysting's wit is romantic nostalgia for the days of Bracken. Alan Brunton's poems in the 1972 Arts Festival Literary Yearbook exhume better a far more meaningless and therefore realistic world. Without endorsing any particular Auckland 'school' (schools



of poetry are still impossible in New Zealand) it is time for poets to copy those who shout loudest since shouting is the only possible form of poetry. Where Poetry is shouting, the only differences between poems are between the scream and the rave.

-Owen Gager

DRAMA

STOP YOU'RE KILLING ME
or I can't take it any longer— somebody help me!

by James Leo Herlihy
AT UNITY THEATRE until 30th September.

Unity's latest offering is a superb production by Bill Juliff which does full justice to the brackish humour of James Leo Herlihy, and his frightened picture of America breaking down. I say 'brackish' because the comedy is neither zany, wholesome, stomach-aching nor wholly black and bitter (despite the author's efforts to chill our sniggers with a thrill down the spine). It lies uneasily between; the humour of what Herlihy calls 'lonesome' people, people alienated, afraid of other people, of getting involved. Their fear lies primarily in their inability to treat each other as individuals. They resort to categories, talk of 'they' make jokes about marijuana, 'ethnic' groups, people with long hair, 'so you can't see her face'—defensive (nasty) jokes. They can't converse—most of the talking is monologue.

In the first play, Gloria, Manhattan socialite of a lower order, recounts the events of an unexpected party to friends, nudging her husband awake at suitable moments to crack a cruel one at his expense.

Death here is at third hand. A young junkie dies; Gloria had refused to pay for her next fix. Shirley Keesing portrayed the poor bitch beautifully. We progress to Terrible Jim fitch and girlfriend holed up in a sleazy motel. Dialogue impossible: the mutilated girl refuses to indulge in it, we leave them with Jim on the point of stabbing the girl, who is certainly not an unwilling partner to her own murder. Susan Smith's performance as Lonesome Sally Wilkins is perfect. Yawning long face, absent eyes, terribly dumb and blonde, completely wrapped up in herself, and so evocative of yer typical gangster moll in Hollywood myths. Stuart Devenie managed to sustain a rather melodramatic role very well. In the final piece of the trio, a campy bestseller author—a brilliant piece of obscenity from Bruce Tidswell, and extremely well staged—is bloodily murdered by the two characters who made his fortune for him, a dumb hunk of Amerikan manhood dominated by Mama striking down Commies. The violence, physical and psychical, has increased as the conscious witicism sags.

But America as monster is nothing new to us. James Leo Herlihy fails to pass on his fear, his horror which manifests itself in the bestseller writer, a man terrified because he has discovered that there is something more than a little rotten in the state of Amerika, who fails to look at himself first... 'Take the mote out of thine own eye...' The humour in these plays is not mordant; nor morbid enough, the characters fail to move or frighten; the audience leave chatting of trivialities. I can't help comparing it unfavourably with Jean-Claude Van Itallie's *America Hurrah* which I saw onstage did a few years ago. Perhaps it had the advantage of forerunning a whole 'school' of similar horror plays, but it had the audience uncertain and silent at the end. *Stop You're Killing Me* can't be simply written off as a dish of New York froth, but the author is too paralysed by his own fears to frighten his audience, to confront and knock their dearly held conceptions.

-cathy wylie

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION & REALITY

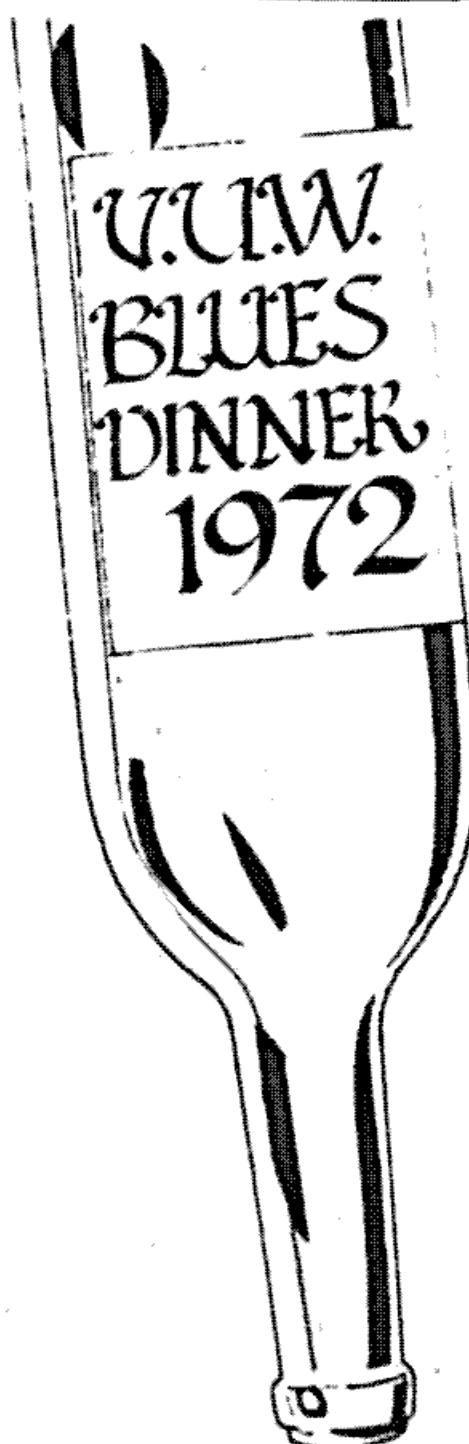
Briefly, Transcendental Meditation (T.M.) is a technique leading to greater enjoyment and fulfillment in the world. During the practice of T.M. a thought of an appropriate nature is experienced in finer and finer states until its finest state is experienced and transcended. Going beyond finest thought a state of pure being is achieved, which is neither doing nor thinking, just being. This state of pure consciousness is found by experience to be a course of happiness, energy and creative intelligence. The experience of finer states of thought leads to clearer and deeper thinking, peace of mind, improved physical health, improved social relationships. In fact, the practice leads to a total integration of personality.

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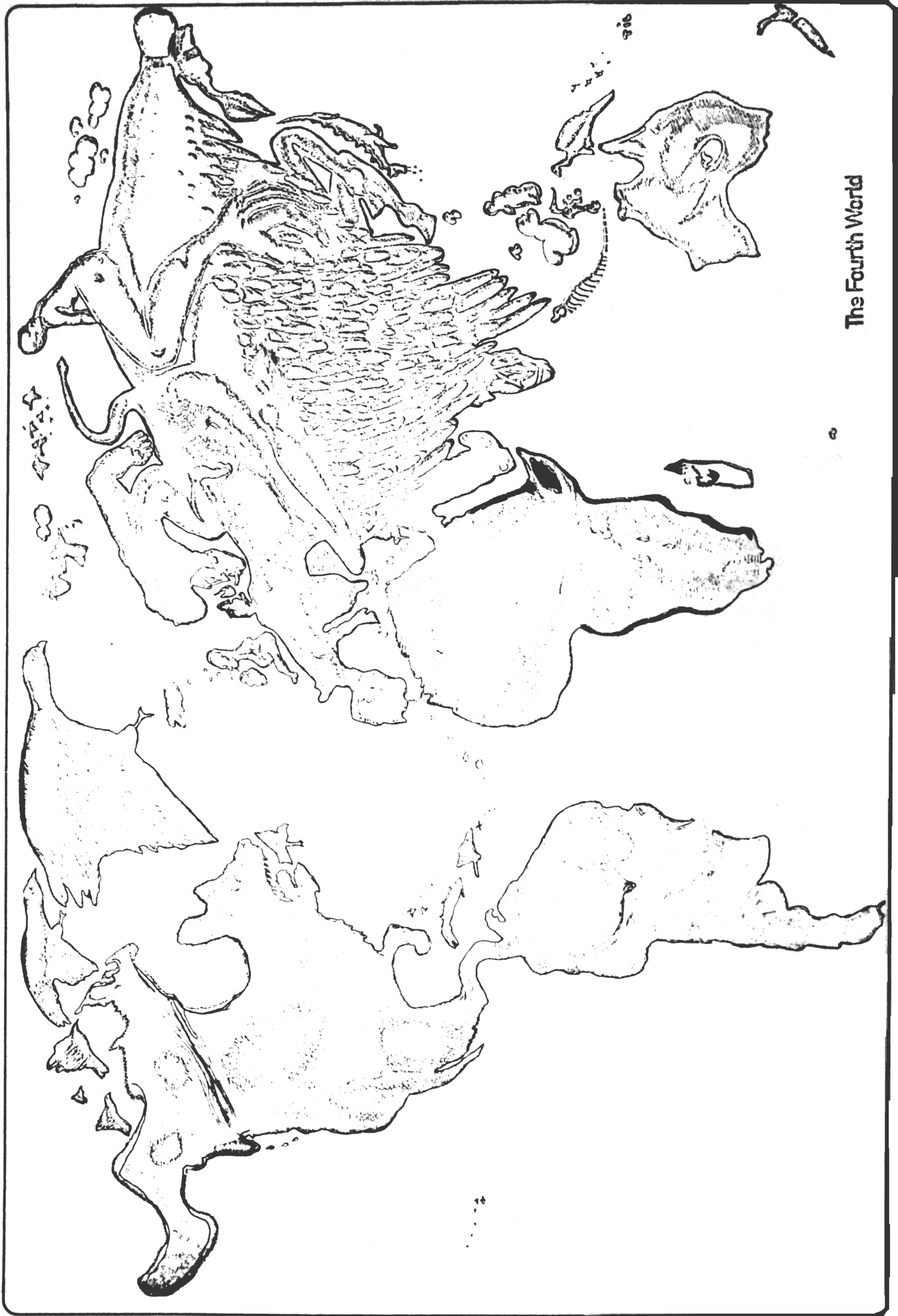
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