WHEN MEANS THREATENS ENDS

THE DEMONSTRATORS

Some of them behaved in a way which must have presented quite a shock to the force on the part of the police. That may sound like a fairly involved way of saying that some demonstrators ‘asked to be arrested’, but in fact that isn’t what they’re doing. Those demonstrators who had thrown paint and flour in Parliament Grounds on Thursday night may or may not have been arrested. One of them, Horatio Curwen of the SALTSTAFF (still a student), was certainly not arrested. And yet the police, with the heightened tension of an atmosphere in which several people were subsequently arrested for hitting, with the fist of their hands, the side of a bus which had nearly run them down. And, on Friday night, several people saw one group of demonstrators run up into the police ranks—an action which, some reports go on to suggest, led directly to some of the 34 arrests made that day.

In fact, therefore, those demonstrators who behaved violently or provoked the police on Monday and Tuesday, the arrests of others who were content to protest peacefully. More importantly, however, they neatly sampled a part of the pretence provided by its initial object, the All Black Tour of South Africa, Rhodesia and South West Africa, to an incident and largely unreal issue—that of alleged police ‘brutality’. The Thursday night demonstration had at times too much of the character of an anti-police demonstration rather than an anti-Tour protest, and the situation was in danger of disintegrating altogether. Friday night, and Saturday, however, saw a fresh assertion of the clearly anti-racist and essentially non-violent character of earlier demonstrations and the self-mutilation resulting from the repressiveness of the Progressive Youth Movement and other opportunists. Fringe elements were effectively suppressed by a few troublemakers were still in evidence—those fortunate demonstrators who wandered along the fence shouting “This is the worst riot police in the world” and “Fascist Pig!” and policemen who gazed back at them with a degree of contempt which I shared fully. Or those protesters who remained too far to the left, who were toocox to do so by the police and asked to do so by Tom Potts (“Don’t let the police provoke you...they will try to provoke you but don’t let them do it...just keep quiet and don’t give them an excuse to arrest you for anything”). But the people reading the simplistic polarities—“We (demonstrators) good; they (police) bad”—had been effectively shut up by an overwhelming vote the night before against violence and for a peaceful protest.

The end—as the plane took off and there was clearly nothing anyone could do to stop a small group of New Zealanders (but with the moral support of what I believe to have been the majority of New Zealanders, including myself) from furthering this nation’s involvement in racism—was said. It was honest thought, and our—mea maxima —peace, and the police’s vows of non-resistance to their consciences told us was right—did not bear our ends.

THE POLICE

People who I spoke to after the demonstrations almost invariably had much more to say about the behaviour of the police and their response to demonstrators. This was natural enough from some points of view, but one thing should be made clear: it is grossly hypocritical to oppose police violence and condone police violence on the part of demonstrators. Many students appear to have been perplexed by this.

I am inclined to believe that most of the allegations made against the police have some substance. I witnessed one incident myself where a policeman, who has since been identified to me as Detective-Sergeant G.W. Lines, kicked a spectators’ dog. The student was witnessed by a member of the SALTSTAFF (and, not to doubt, by a hundred or more people in the crowd). This member of the SALTSTAFF, who was with me, was, with Margaret Buxon, the President, the same policeman punch another demonstrators.

I have also seen photographs (some of which are published in this issue) of other incidents and I have heard descriptions by reliable witnesses of incidents where members of the police force clearly have acted with undue force. In the case of the arrest being made in the back page photograph, it seems reasonable to ask why the person arrested could not be freed of his arms with the task of hanging onto his duffle bag, should have his hair pulled, incidents like this were not frequent, it seems. Many of the people who spoke to me about the demonstrations seemed surprised that I was interpreted as this one incident as evidence of violence as this fact that hair-pulling, arm-bending, kicking and many other perversions of process by which the police force have been trained do not constitute the actual violence which I suppose one means the reasons for the demonstrations were about to embark on.

It is also almost true to say, as NZUSA President Paul Grocott has said, that ‘on Friday night particularly, any of the 600 demonstrators still present outside the Majestic Theatre could have been arrested for exactly the same reason that 34 people were’.

The arrests appeared to be almost completely random; the police just began to pick people out from the porphy of the crowd and march them off, and even when arrest was made while Grocott was in the middle of making an appeal to the demonstrators to end the sit-in in Willis Street.

Those persons who were arrested were treated very badly by the police and of this there is no doubt whatever. They were denied access to counsel in the cases that I heard and it is clear that the procedure was deliberately done—effectively denied sleep by the police through a series of petty harrassments such as transfers from cell to cell. There were no arrangements for the withdrawal of blankets (although there were readily available) and constant interrogations. They were not given an opportunity to wash before the Court Session on Saturday morning and consequently appeared before the Magistrate—unshaven and without sleep for 36 hours—much as the police would have wished to them to.

THE MAGISTRATE

Mr Scully, the magistrate who on Saturday morning dealt with the demonstrators who had gathered in court as a petulant little bully. In threatening to clear the courtroom at the slightest sound from the members of the press, Mr Scully clearly seemed at times to be deliberately provoking the tired and disjected spectators. As a result, the police sought for a demonstrator, Mr Scully pursued for several seconds (‘and ball of $150 in [his] recognition’) before throwing the sex of the prisoner onto the table. Apparently, to the length of the demonstrator’s hair. This was repeated in each case, according to the SALTSTAFF, and in Shadbolt Mr Scully actually said ‘in her recognition’ before making a play of shoving into a ring to a correspondent or a display, and Mr Scully’s irritable demands for respect in a court in which there were far too many police officers to clearly suggest what one would have wanted in evidence, brought disdain upon the court.

On the other hand, and I mean this in no way to lessen the force of the immediately preceding remarks, Mr Scully did act in a very dignified manner. Most of the demonstrators who almost led us into a series of confrontations with the police: actions which would have done far more to damage the cause of racial equality than could the Tour itself.

WHERE NOW?

Paul Grocott concludes: “Inspector Mopple, who had the misfortune to be in charge on Friday night, said that the Majestic Magistrate has both said things which indicate a change in attitude, and a change in the authorities. As Shadbolt told his court: ‘You’ve got to choose between the lesser of two evils—violence and peaceful protest. I think you should give us a chance’.”

“And so,” Grocott continues, “I think we will see a new approach. The law-enforcement agencies will have to work out a new way for handling peaceful protest. None for few of them list alone will want a repeat of Friday night. The overall benefits and impetus for the cause of peaceful protest in New Zealand society which have come out of the climax of the anti-Tour movement will I think, become more clear in the months ahead. The other results are still eagerly awaited.”

Kane Wilkie, which, like most of my comments to this point, makes little reference to the specific question of equality movement and the anti-Tour protest now in progress. In fact, in my opinion, the progression towards the struggle for the participation of blankets (although there were readily available) and constant interrogations. They were not given an opportunity to wash before the Court Session on Saturday morning and consequently appeared before the Magistrate—unshaven and without sleep for 36 hours—much as the police would have wished to them to.

Two people Valley Censor Process Sir. Quire, SALTSTAFF, 22 April, 1970.

‘Bless Mr Grocott!’ he said. ‘He was a typical case of that which occurred is initiated by them. Tim Sheppard

Selby service

Sir. We are writing this letter in the first floor dining room while waiting for a meal which we were told half an hour ago that would be ready. Our number is not up yet but that time almost is. We suggest that any of your readers who do not have such a thick skin, an ability to decipher between a police and a monarch that does not rattle.


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THE TOUR DEMOS

Anti-tour protests over three days, culminating in a demonstration at Wellington Airport on 13 June, resulted in several violent confrontations between police and demonstrators and 46 arrests.

At 4.45 pm on Thursday, 11 June, about 460 demonstrators left Victoria to march, by way of Willis Street and Lambton Quay, to Parliament, scene of the farewell cocktail party for the All Blacks. The marchers set off from the University following a concert in the Student Union Building and an address by the Rev. Godfrey Wilson.

The marchers, on their arrival at Parliament Grounds, were informed by Bill Logan that the Clerk of the House would not permit the use of public address systems and that consequently there would be no speeches. The All Blacks, Mr Logan said, had arrived shortly before the demonstrators.

While awaiting the departure of the All Blacks from the party, protesters chanted anti-tour slogans and were addressed briefly from the centre of the crowd. Some flour bombs were thrown during the arrival of guests and a Public Service car, some police and some demonstrators were peppered by a paint bomb.

At about 6.30 the crowd thinned and peace was restored. The Prime Minister arrived and passed to smile and wave before entering a door at ground level beside the main steps.

The route of the demonstration appeared to change when three members of the Police Force ejected Mr Peter Cawley from the Buildings. He had entered the Parliament to speak to his Member of Parliament, Mr Cawley, who was ejected from the door way by the Prime Minister, landed heavily on the ground. He then spoke to the Police Officer involved who, Mr Cawley later claimed, refused to give his name.

Soon after seven o'clock, a City Council bus arrived and was backed to the main steps amidst cries of "How does it feel to be a fascist bastard?"

The All Blacks, some smiling and waving, appeared on the main steps shortly after and were greeted with a fresh outbreak of booing. Some objects were thrown.

As the bus pulled away, demonstrators ran towards the gate. Several of them arrived before the bus and three or four leapt into the path of the bus in an attempt to stop it. The bus accelerated and the demonstrators fell back, narrowly avoiding being run over. The demonstrators reacted by striking the side of the vehicle with their open hands as it passed. At no time did the bus stop.

Police arrested those who had struck the bus and marched them towards vans parked inside the grounds. Demonstrators appeared to become angry during the often violent struggles which followed. The Police formed a line inside the gate and forced protesters to leave Parliament Grounds. Further arrests were made.

One of those arrested called for help as he lay on the ground surrounded by Police. Another was dragged over a barrier after a policeman had pointed at him and shouted "We'll have him." Police later claimed that the demonstrator had thrown a piece of dirt. Several of the demonstrators attempted to obtain the names of Police Officers who, they claimed, had acted with excessive violence. Police refused to give any names. In all seven arrests were made.

The main body of protesters then sat down outside the gate. Lists were compiled of those arrested and the crowd, at the request of the organisers, dispersed after having been reminded of the demonstration scheduled for 5.30 pm the next day.

Friday night's demonstration was again preceded by a concert in the Main Common Room of the Student Union Building. At 5.30, nearly 500 demonstrators marched to Cuba Mall. Here, members of the public and the Students' Union had assembled.

Mr Tom Poata (Secretary, Māori Organisation on Human Rights) said that most Māoris were

continued next page
THE TOUR DEMOS

In 1967, he said, "They didn't do it, they didn't do it. It was a matter of fact, that they were wrong." In 1970, Mr. Richards said, the Rugby Union was committing another racist act and would climb down again. "What will their habit of being wrong do us?" he asked.

Mr. Richards said that the arguments against the tour could be broken into three categories: moral, political and sporting. The Rugby Union, he claimed, had acted wrongfully in each respect.

The demonstrator then marched to Parliament. Eggs were thrown at the marchers from the fourth floor of the Wright Stephenson building. At Parliament, it was decided to march back to the Grand Hotel where the All Blacks were staying.

When the marchers reached Stuart Dawson's Corner Chasing, once again, they were the target of eggs thrown from Wright Stephenson's. They found a line of police blocking the road. The police halted and brought the demonstration to a halt.

The Rev. Don Borrie, one of the protest organizers, negotiated with the police to allow the march to continue provided that the demonstrators marched directly to the University. On reaching the Grand Hotel, however, most of the demonstrators refused to go. The police used tear gas and broke up the march.

After about twenty minutes, the protesters set off again. At the Manners Street corner, however, the majority elected not to follow the first few ranks and turned left into Manners Street. Protesters were again halted at the Manners Street Post Office where the police made four arrests. The demonstrators turned and attempted to head back the way that they had come.

The police again halted all movement. Demonstrators, however, did not know what they were expected to do, again went down. This was at 8 o'clock.

After some time, the marchers were told to stand and were led down Feather and Bond Streets and thus back to Willis Street where the police again forced a halt outside the Majestic Theatre. The demonstrators again sat down.

The police issued an ultimatum to the effect that if the demonstrators refused to disperse, they would all be arrested. In an on-the-spot vote the majority of demonstrators elected to stay. A large crowd of onlookers gathered.

Dramatists numbering at this stage about 700.

The situation remained the same for some time until NZUSA

Roger Clark, a senior lecturer in law at Victoria and one of the three defence counsel for those arrested in the demonstrations, made this statement to SALIENT last week:

I am chiefly concerned about non-access to counsel. It is perfectly clear that a large number of people arrested for a lawyer on Friday night and were refused until after their court appearance on Saturday morning when they were released on bail. I had to wait for three hours before I was allowed to talk to one of the clients I did manage to reach.

The incident raises a number of other issues. The first is the condition of the cells at the Central Police Station. They were extremely cold and only the toilet facilities provided were buckets. Another point is that the interview room, contrary to an assurance given to the Council for Civil Liberties last year, had a one-way mirror on one wall. I actually saw a lawyer interviewing his client from the other side. Yet another point was the length of time involved in 'processing' those arrested. In my opinion it took far too long.

President Paul Grocott appealed to the demonstrators to disperse. As he was speaking, the police started pulling demonstrators on the outskirts away from the main body. Some demonstrators were taken to the footpath and others were arrested, photographed and placed in a police van.

Many demonstrators later claimed that the police were unnecessarily violent in their actions. Several photographers claimed that police officers mishandled them and struck their cameras. One photographer was arrested and charged with obstruction.

Three ambulances arrived and, by using their sirens, cleared a path through the crowd. Police Continued on page 6
THE TOUR DEMOS

arrests were made at the Airport.

About 100 demonstrators went
to the Magistrate's Court
immediately after the Airport
demonstration. All of those
people, who had been arrested
were remanded in bail. Several of
the demonstrators later claimed
that they had been treated
unreasonably while in custody
and some were denied access to
defence counsel.

At a meeting on Tuesday night,
about 25 of the
persons arrested identified
themselves and sought witnesses.

The meeting was told of a
meeting earlier in the day at
which fourteen members of the
Law Faculty (staff) had agreed to
undertake an investigation into
the events of the three days
of demonstrations. The immediate
object of the investigation would
be to identify witnesses to
offences alleged by police to have
been committed by those persons
who were arrested. Roger Clark, a
senior lecturer, said he was
particularly concerned about the
way in which some persons who
had been arrested were denied
access to counsel.

Offices were established at 18
Kelburn Parade and in the city to
receive statements about incidents
during the demonstrations. From

last Thursday, these offices have
been manned by members of the
staff of the Law Faculty and
statements will continue to be
collected for a few days yet.

Tim Shadbolt tells the one about the Prime Minister with
no brains at all . . .

Just one of at least a dozen policemen who were seen
without numbers on their keps during the three days of
demonstrations. "Well, you must remember that numbers
are very small," said Inspector Joyce. "They may be torn
off in transit or get lost.
SAUNDERS: Well do what do you think of what he did—he was breaking the law wasn’t he? He wasn’t violent and he probably considered that this was the best way to make his feelings known.

I don’t know the exact legislation but it is laid down that a policeman on duty must wear his full uniform. In the police regulations it states that a number is part of the uniform. A number of police officers were not wearing their numbers.

SAUNDERS: I doubt that very much. Higher ranks aren’t required to wear numbers. These are the ones you will have worn. They wouldn’t be conscripted.

I will have a photograph here of a policeman available at Wellington Airport. He is quite plainly not wearing a number.

SAUNDERS: Looking at photograph Well can’t I really tell.

JOEY: (looking at photograph handed to him by Saunders) You must remember that numbers are very small—they may be torn off in transit or get lost. Why are you so concerned about numbers?

Because they are the only way of identifying a policeman who may, in the opinion of those involved, have acted in an extremely violent fashion. Police officers consistently refused to give their names and avoided having their photograph taken.

SAUNDERS: This is a democratic country—if a stranger asks your name do you give it? If a police officer asks you your name would you give it?

If you’re arrested you have to.

SAUNDERS: I’m not talking about arrests. Would you give your name to a policeman if there were no chance of arrest?

If I had nothing to hide, yes I would.

SAUNDERS: Police don’t have to give names nor do they have to have their photograph taken.

Talking of photographs. I noted on Friday night that a policeman photographed each person as they were put in the van. They were held towards the camera and photographed. Under s.33 of the relevant Act they are required to give their fingerprints, fingerprints and photograph only at the police station when in custody. This was done in the street.

SAUNDERS: The Act states what those arrested are required to give. We can take what photos we like. The person can’t say no.

And if they refused would they be charged with obstruction?

SAUNDERS: No.

A photographer photographing the violence was charged with obstruction. Another photographer—Anis Wacra—stated that her camera was struck by a police officer on Friday night. She demanded an apology and received one. She asked an inspector if it was police policy to hinder photographers. He said no but the next day she complained that police had smashed her two hands over her camera two times.

SAUNDERS: If a woman goes to these demonstrations she must expect to get knocked about. As for the hands over the camera, well I can’t believe that (looking at his head and shoulders). The photographer arrested for obstruction claims that when the police took his camera off him at the station they exposed the film.

SAUNDERS: I don’t believe that.

At the demonstration on Thursday night several people saw an inspector place his hand over the television camera and the following conversation ensued—this is from memory.

Inspector: “You’ve taken enough film. Pizza face.”
Camera man: “Why? (If you take any more I’ll take it to the Director General. (to the sound recordist) Are you recording this?“
Camera man: “Yes, the camera isn’t going to speak.”
Inspector: “You’re not.”

JOEY: (looking at Saunders) I was the only inspector present so I have no knowledge of that situation. I’m sure your powers of observation weren’t very good. An inspector’s uniform is very distinctive.

Did you notice the incident where a man was thrown heavily out of the lower door that the Prime Minister entered?

JOEY: No.

Well the man involved spoke to an Inspector immediately after and tried to take his name.

JOEY: Are you sure he didn’t slip— it was very slippery just there because tarmac and paint had just been stripped. I slipped once.

No, he was thrown to the ground. He had claimed to be exercising his democratic right to see his Minister. (laughing)

JOEY: Well I was, as I say, the only Inspector there. I know nothing of this.

This is borne out by a reporter for one of the papers reported that policemen remarked on Friday afternoon “some along tonight and you’ll see some fun.” Also, correct me if I’m wrong, there was a police bull on Friday night.

SAUNDERS: Yes.

It was reported that police made the comment “Well usual was that they talked till it got dark tomorrow” This seems to indicate a lack of seriousness.

SAUNDERS: That might have been said but it was just gone dark. We don’t encourage that sort of thing.

One girl claimed she was hit in the stomach and then in the jaw on Friday night.

SAUNDERS: Well that sort of thing is very unnoted. It’s possible that someone could be knocked around in the general melee.

If you are in any regulations governing the handling of a woman as opposed to a man?

SAUNDERS: Are four policemen— one each side— unwise?

It depends on what they are doing to do the limbs.

SAUNDERS: Have you ever tried to control a girl in this state?

No, and I’ll accept your judgment of the difficulty of control, but four policemen on a girl seems to be a little unnecessary. Moving on to another point now— one of the lawyers involved in defending these arrests has complained that access was denied in some cases until after the remnants on Saturday morning.

SAUNDERS: We’re working under great difficulties—you might notice that silence is being renounced. It’s a matter of time. We haven’t got enough men to cope with an influx quickly. I mean they can’t concern themselves with every demand someone makes, a matter of sorting them out.

There were enough policemen to stand around insulating those arrested while they were in the cells. At least what’s been alleged.

SAUNDERS: No, doubt has been cast about the sort of things that those in the cells were saying.

The lawyer also claims that the condition of the cells was pretty terrible. There were eight people in one cell with one box. They had a公布er for toilet use which leaked. They were then prevented to wash their feet on the floor as it was covered with urine.

SAUNDERS: We’d like to see the cells improved too. Not As A class accommodations but better than this.

Some claims that they were asked for blankets and were refused are under investigation. Some are still left wet when they were allowed to the toilet early in the morning. In the morning they were given a cup of tea.

There could be blankets that had been used and were to go to the laundry. We don’t issue blankets that have been used.

Some of the demonstrators claimed that they were kept awake during the night by police officers striking the walls. policemen told a senior officer early in the morning that the All Blacks had had and seventy three prisoners had been arrested.

SAUNDERS: How many?

Seventy three. Is this a matter of discipline or do you encourage it?

SAUNDERS: We certainly don’t encourage it.

JOEY: We are required to check the cells every two hours. Night and day. We are always on between police and those in the cells. No one has ever complained and they certainly have nothing to lose by doing so.

A considerable number of complaints are coming now. The lawyer also alleged that, contrary to our announcement, policemen told a senior officer early in the morning that the All Blacks had had and seventy three prisoners had been arrested.

SAUNDERS: This is completely incorrect. What is happening is that we are having an early morning parade—you know the sort of thing. The police are acting in a more than normal way while the duty sergeant controls the/supports in the support of the other. What the Black Liberation Group says is that this was the thing that was being used by lawyers and that the police were police them and they looked. There is a microphone— it’s quite obvious—but this is merely for the duty sergeant for use to show those on the other side the name of those they are watching. Because of the words of the kind the Black Liberation Group made us a new interior regime. This was this observation room is occupied as an officer as we are short of space.

The lawyer claims that he observed a lawyer interviewing his client in this room on Friday night.

JOEY: I can’t see how that would happen—the duty sergeant wouldn’t let him through...

SAUNDERS: The room may have been used on Friday night but it was not reviewed.

The microphone is still there.

SAUNDERS: Yes.

Another point. When I was at the rear of the demonstration I saw a woman who was using the words may I say them—"Towing eyes. Less than two minutes later the woman was seen to be demonstrating, felled the beauty of a car and yelled "Fuck off you stupid cars" and then immediately turned to the policeman. We reported the other and they laughed. He was not arrested.

SAUNDERS: You may be a point here, I don’t know whether you say it or not but this could happen. A subconscious degree of distortion is involved here.

If we were able to produce signed statements which involved members of the group it would make a mare than twice would you imagine?

SAUNDERS: Yes.
THE TOUR

officers followed the ambulance and kept the road open. At this point most of the demonstrators began to disperse. In all, 34 arrests were made.

When the protesters arrived back at the university, an informal discussion was held in the Men’s Common Room as to the tactics to be used at the airport the next day. Legal advice was found for those who had been arrested.

The meeting moved to the Main Common Room where Margaret Briçon, Students’ Association President, took the chair. Opinion appeared to be divided as to what action to follow. The All Blacks departure from Rongotai Airport on Saturday morning.

was agreed that the demonstration would be short and disciplined. About 230 people stayed in the Student Union Building for a deep sleep. At 8:30 on Saturday morning, the marchers began a march to the airport. Two police convoys came with security precautions were awaiting them. About a mile from the Terminal Building, the marchers were joined by two bus-loads of demonstrators.

At about 7 am the marchers halted about 150 yards from the Terminal Building. While seated on the roadway, protesters were advised by Tom Pengelly to allow themselves “to be provoked” by the police. A small group began chanting “We will remember 11.45”—a reference to alleged police brutality at the Agnew demonstrations in Auckland.

A little later the bus containing the All Blacks was spotted moving along the Airport perimeter. Mr Poata said that the fact that the team had entered the Airport by a back entrance was “a major victory” for the protesters.

The demonstrators, whose numbers were estimated at about a thousand, were then asked to turn their backs on the Terminal Building. Demonstrators were then told that they could enter the Airport car-park and get to the fence bordering the tarmac by “going around” the police. This they did. Police lined the other side of the fence.

At the airport with the All Blacks on board headed down the runway, Tim Shadbolt cleared the fence and ran towards the tarmac. He eluded several police officers before being brought to the ground and arrested in a police car.

A police officer tried to push him but he was being lifted into the car.

After the Electra cleared the runway, another demonstrator, Peter Verschoffel, appeared on the tarmac. He ran considerable distance towards the runway before being apprehended. A police officer kicked Verschoffel as he was carried towards a police car.

The fence bordering the tarmac had been loosened and conflict between demonstrators and the police flared as police ripped away placards, which the police said, were poking through the fence.

Another confrontation followed on the car-park side, where Mr Poata told the police that the demonstrators were going to stay when the police withdrew. He also asked demonstrators not to be “provoked” by the police. Seven

DEMOs

SATURDAY MORNING, at least 2000 demonstrators left the Student Union Building at 4.30 am, for the march to the Airport. As the Policeman’s stall on Friday night, the word went round: “We’re going to get those Victoria University kids mudança.” “Well, that might have been said,” replied Superintendent Seaman when we asked him about it, “but it was just house talk. We don’t encourage that sort of thing.”

WHAT THEY SAW

13 June (Airport): witness saw two policemen attempt to arrest a speaker who was urging the crowd to disperse.

12 June (St Andrews Street): witness saw demonstrator placed on the ground by five policemen who then dragged the demonstrator for 20-30 feet. Witness (Wills Street) saw police pick up menacing demonstrators by the hair. Also saw several police kick and punch demonstrators—officers B13.

12 June (Wills Street) witness saw “a couple of demonstrators” pushing other demonstrators towards the police. Witness also saw a policeman pick a demonstrator up by the hair.

12 June (Wills Street) witness grabbed by hair and flung water over them while struggling with a police officer. Witness then swung over for assistance. Saw girl being flung in the same way, then punched. Attempted to intervene. Police replied that she had had her luck and she shouldn’t be here.

11 June (Parliament): witness saw several demonstrators throw objects towards Parliament. Recognised one as Hiram Bowers. 12 June (Wills Street): witness saw police push demonstrators to the ground. When the demonstrator got up he was punched repeatedly by the same policeman.

11 June (Parliament): witness saw demonstrator inside a policeman’s finger to an attempt to make him let go the bartender.

11 June (St Andrews Street): witness saw police punch by punch clothes policeman as he pushed at the barrier. Policeman pushed flat into witness face and twisted.

11 June (Wills Street and Bond) Constable B171 objected to witness taking his number and struck his leg to the ground. Another demonstrator sought to remove the demonstrator’s hand, stamped on the demonstrator’s hand, stamped on his leg by guy who shouted “Move on, get out of it.”

11 June (Central Police Station): witness saw if lawyers had been arrested for violence. Police replied “We haven’t got time to get lawyers.” Later, sat footsteps outside station.

10 June (Wills Street) witness saw a man pulled out of the crowd, punched in the stomach and face, and knocked.

10 June (Wills Street) witness dragged by hair to police van. He did not resist. His arm was twisted behind his back.

10 June (Wills Street) witness saw a policeman kick demonstrator in the face. Date and location unspecified. Witness saw policeman-B171 punch a demonstrator in the stomach.

10 June (Wills Street) witness saw demonstrator by the head. Demonstrator kicked witness down and pulled out his beard. Witness saw A255 pulling unstrung wire.

10 June (Wills Street) witness saw demonstrator being kicked by a policeman. Another demonstrator punched another policeman. Witness saw another policeman punching a man by the head. This policeman unpunched also.

10 June (Airport): witness saw another policeman being asked for his number, which was the showing policeman laid out violently, as several demonstrators had shouted. Some demonstrators had shouted “What’s your number, you bastard” at the policeman.

12 June (location unspecified) witness saw a demonstrator kick a policeman in the darkside twice.

12 June (St Andrews Street): witness saw a policeman repeatedly kicking demonstrators while standing on the balcony.

12 June (St Andrews Street): witness saw an African student who had sat down against the police and then punched in the small of the back by a police officer.

12 June (St Andrews Street): witness was being held by the hair, then kicked in the thigh. He had gone down to the police.

11 June (Parliament): witness saw a policeman strike a person who refused to go outside. Witness saw man struck in the face and then twice into the stomach.

12 June (St Andrews Street): witness was being held by the hair, then arrested. Witness said was trying to come between two demonstrations.

12 June (St Andrews Street): witness saw a policeman kick a demonstrator a short distance by his hair. He saw another officer kicking a gut.
MAJORITY OPPOSE TOUR

The first 1000 returns of the questionnaire circulated at the University show that a majority of students are opposed to the All Black tour of South Africa and Rhodesia. 38% of students indicated that they are in favour of the tour, and 54% are opposed to it.

Other results are as follows:

Do you think that burqas are degrading? Yes: 445; No: 478
Do you think you have ever been to a S.R.C. meeting? Yes: 673; No: 322
Do you think that the S.R.C. is a worthy institution? Yes: 456; No: 255
Did you agree with the invasion of Cambodia by U.S. troops? Yes: 356; No: 515

75% have ever read FOCUS. Yes: 80%; No: 13%

Do you think FOCUS conveys anything which other media don’t? Yes: 495; No: 276
Do you think FOCUS is a worthwhile magazine which Victoria should continue to support? Yes: 535; No: 235
Would you pay 10 cents for FOCUS if the newsprint and direct distribution were included? Yes: 235; No: 618

Do you think the continued use of marijuana should be legalized? Yes: 365%; No: 495%

Do you think PROCOSH should have been abolished? Yes: 445; No: 478
Do you think NZUSA is of any value? Yes: 645; No: 135
Do you think that university lecturers should undergo basic training in teaching techniques? Yes: 877; No: 75

Do you approve of compulsory military training? Yes: 385%; No: 66%
It is interesting to note that 15% of students were uncertain whether they had ever read FOCUS, and that 27% were uncertain whether they had ever read FOCUS.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA

Major demonstrations were held on main South African campuses on May 11.

The demonstrations took the form of walkouts, picketing and the burning of classes. They were organised as a result of an appeal by the National Union of South African Students to protect the continued detention of 22 Black African political prisoners.

The prisoners, members of the banned African National Congress (ANC), had first been arrested in May 1968; they later appeared in court charged with violation of the Government's all-party approach to anti-apartheid. The principal defendants, Nelson Mandela, who was convicted of conspiracy and seditious utterances, and ANC leader Nelson Mandela, were acquitted, then immediately detained again under the Terrorism Act. It is this legal instrument which detains members of the opposition (technically for 90-day periods, but almost in certainty) that NZUSA has consistently attacked.

The May 11 protests took the form of campus rallies, picketing and the burning of classes in earnestness in Cape Town, Johannesburg, Durban and elsewhere. One of the most publicized active campuses was the University of the Witwatersrand. Johannesburg. Four members of the Wits Faculty of Law issued a strong statement charging that the Terrorism Act gave security police higher authority than the courts of law. They can make detentions simply on the initiative of a named police officer. This inspired a number of students to carry placards reading, "Let judges be the judges" and "Charge or Refuse."

The original purpose of the May 11 demonstrations was broadened to include expressions of deep sympathy with the sufferings of the latter anti-apartheid hunger strikers in Ohio (US). The decision to condemn the use of armed force "against the peaceful anti-war demonstrators" in the US was taken at a special meeting of the Students Representative Council (SRC) of the University of Wisconsin.

Major demonstrations were also held on main South African campuses on May 5, just one day after the Kent campus shootings. Both the SRC and NZUSA issued messages of sympathy and solidarity to Kent State University.

The Warwick students scheduled a second series of protests for the following week, May 18. On the eve of the march, at midnight, permission for the second series was denied. Some 2,000 students gathered on the Warwick campus in the morning to decide how to react to the ban. The majority chose to comply with the order, but nearly 400 went ahead with the protest in defiance of the ban. Police intervened, arrested and fingerprinted hundreds of students, then released them. But a police spokesman announced that 337 of the students would be formally charged under the Reiter Act. All subsequent requests for permission to demonstrate on protest against the latest incidents have thus far been denied by the Johannesburg police.

On May 20, more than 2,000 students in further hold a meeting to discuss new tactics of peaceful protest. Out of this gathering, the largest series in South Africa for several years, came the idea of a home-to-home campaign to build support for "the right of non-violent protest."

The so-called "doorstep" campaign involved hundreds of individual Baptist students. At the University of Cape Town students staged a teach-in on the theme of "Democracy and dissent."

PUBLICATIONS BOARD

Simon Arnold is the new Executive appointee on the Publications Board. Bob Dykes was the only other applicant for the position.

SALIENT NEEDS STAFF, SEE THE PUBLICATIONS OFFICE

Professor D.F. McKenzie, a representative of the Professors Board, made this statement at a meeting of the Joint Committee of the Council, the Professors Board and the Students’ Association on 10 June.

Professor McKenzie, speaking in the course of a discussion on university education and research, said he had known a number of staff who had been very active by student criticism of their work. "It is undesirable to label sensitive lecturers," Professor McKenzie said.

Students’ Association representative Margaret Bryan and that "our lecturers should be anonymous, and the staff member concerned should not seek his own evaluation."

The Vice-Chancellor, Dr Taylor, said that "a sensitive lecturer might be motivated to try out other methods of part of the course which is criticized."

The Committee agreed to recommend that "the heads of departments constitute a system carefully to ensure that they rest full, frank, and responsible answers, and that they take such measures to their own students' benefit from any undesirable effects of irresponsible answers."

SALIENT

Because of the amount of material generated by the anti-Tour demonstrations and other factors, we were unable to prepare a number of news stories for publication in this issue of SALIENT. We’ll catch up on these stories (the most significant of which are reports on the Marijuana Seminar and on Baxter and Micaile’s discussion on New Zealand involvement in Indo-China) in the issue of SALIENT which will appear immediately after Study Week.
The Editor

SALIENT

Dear Sir,

As you know, but perhaps other students do not, the Publications Board has been investigating and assembling facts, opinions, and comments on SALIENT's production methods. This is to determine the practicability (as opposed to desirability) of producing SALIENT weekly. As this discussion has all but concluded and the report been written, it is only fair that individual students be given a chance to bring their views to the Board. Therefore, anyone who has anything constructive (CONstructive, please) to say now has his chance.

The Board's report is well overdue so a prompt response to this invitation would be appreciated. Please reply to the Publications Officer, Students' Association Office.

Graeme Collins
Publications Officer

ALL YOU ANTI-
VIETNAM
EXPERTS:
WITHOUT THE YANKS
WE WOULD NOW BE
UNDER THE NAZIS
OR THE JAPANESE
OR THE COMMUNISTS
WAKE UP!

This note was found penned on one of the notice boards in the Student Union Building. The owner may repossess it if he so desires, by entering the SALIENT office and asking for it—if he manages to wake any of the staff.

NZUSA President Paul Grocott has been receiving letters from an irate taxpayer. SALIENT readers may be interested in the gentleman's grievances. (None of the letters were signed):

This letter is representative of the opinion of tens of thousands of decent people. Something you and your long-haired bearded unwashed sneering arrogant bastard student males would not understand, decency. I read your arrogant anti-social statements the other day and I must say with countess others that you must be a depraved filthy human being in your amoured for marijuana to be legalized. What sort of mongrel scum must you university students be? You are supposed to be in our universities to study professions and what are you studying—communist pigs doing. Making a cess-pit of sexual and drug libel, communist espionace and everything is rotten. A sad day for universities to be breeding ground for human rats. As far as apartheid is concerned you students pigs only want to make trouble and strife.

Margaret Bryson
President
Communist Anti New Zealand Movement
Victoria University Students' Assn.
WELLINGTON

Well you student rats, yes you long haired unwashed bastard dogs, depraved troublemakers you've all excelled yourselves last Saturday. If ever I saw a pack of mongrel mongrel snarling human dogs it was you student scum at the All Black farewell, what the hell sort of foreign weird anti-social venunum are you at all? Any healthy red-blooded young New Zealander of either sex would be only too glad to wish their own N.Z. team the best regardless of any political views. Any how you dirty anti-police anti-social bastards only want to make trouble. You mongrel scum of either sex if you had to live right in among South African natives you'd damn soon change your views. Go to Auckland and live in Ponusky or Grey Lynn among the natives there. Oh my god.

There are the black darklings who you student depraved rats so much love this is only one instance of what is going on right here in N.Z. districts in Auckland such as Ponusky and Grey Lynn that were built up as respectable white areas by white people hating like you students pigs) bastards. I was reared up in Grey Lynn when it was a decent respectable district, and now aided and eggled on by student rats like yourself, Law, Rudman Grocott and Co it is just a stamping ground for coloured niggers.

TO THE SCUM OF OUR SOCIETY. UNIVERSITY STUDENTS Yet another example of your black swines attitude towards white women since last Saturday when you vicious student scum sack to a record all time low in evil malice towards your own country men these coloured characters have been insulting white people in the knowledge that you repulsive university mongrel bastards are harking them up. It's a great pity this woman in the tunnel had not been you, you depraved student rat or one of your fellow university student sluts. It might change your opinion a bit regarding coloured people. This is one of the main reasons why white South Africans have to keep coloured natives in their place. You student rats will raise the same here.

(Enclosed newspaper cutting headed "Tunnel Attack on Woman")
FOOD PRICE INCREASES

The caterer, Mr Levenbach, has applied to the Catering Sub-Committee for price increases for a wide range of items.

Most of the proposed increases involve uncontrolled prices. Most room dinners would rise by 6d to 1s 9d, or 6 to 9% of the prices if the proposals are approved.

An increase in the price of filled rolls from 2d to 4d was also proposed.

CATERING SUB-COMMITTEE

representative Margaret Bryson said that her committee had looked into the price rises and they felt that they were justified.

The increased prices will come into effect after study week.

COUNCIL ELECTION

Denis Phelps, the Students' Association Secretary, has been re-elected to the University Council.

He received 69 votes to Mr J.R. Barnett's 61 at an SRC meeting on Monday, 8 June.

Mr Phelps said prior to the election that he regarded his job as one that would be regarded by the Council as being a 2-year term, to carry forward the view of the SRC as expressed. He said he was the duty of students in "attacks the prevailing conditions of society" and "to name hell in society."

FOCUS

"FOCUS could be an important propaganda organ," said Charles Draper at a meeting of the SRC sub-committee on NZUSA on 5 June.

Mr Draper, chairman of the FOCUS Administration Board, said that FOCUS "will always be important unless it gets a real back, such as an important back-up."
SALIENT looks at

AMERICA
dying, or merely insane?
ALTAMONT—The Stones’ free concert. Sympathy for the Devil. “Something weird always seems to happen when we play this song,” said Mick Jagger as the Angels murdered a black man on the stage about twenty feet away from him.

The SUNDAY EXAMINER and the OAKLAND TRIBUNE lied about it. So did radio and TV. Including KSAN, at least during the time of the concert. They were programmed for Woodstock West, instant Woodstock. So they reported it, even though it never happened. A beautiful day. Only one murder.

I got there a half hour early. Packed a half mile away. Walked into the front row rumbling, some heavy about Press and sat down, my arm leaning on the monitor speakers. The traffic jam was another media myth, you see.

A fat guy about three hundred pounds of heavenly joy, stripped, naked, lubber, Gross, idiot smile, His bouncy body and his little pecker. Like a parody. But it was all right if he wanted it that way, from my point of view.

However, the sight of him freaked some stud who immediately wanted to beat him up. Not an Angel, just some young man who immediately suffered and started growling, like a German Shepherd getting ready for a dog fight. His girl friend threw herself on him: “Na, Johnny, no!” Rebel without a cause.

Later a bunch of people, mostly Angels, beat the fat guy up.

The first fight was with pool cues. I think somebody hit an Angel to start it. Anyway, an Angel toppled into Ed Leimbach’s lap as he sat unable to move and everybody else split. During Santana’s set. Oh, yes, all the music was good. I was about five feet away. Suddenly, the crowd exploded. Young people, hair ... now hippies ... the windbreaker-wearing set, last two years of high school, first two of college. They had been throwing food to each other shortly before. Suddenly, in one spot they exploded and began rushing away screaming “No! Stop! Help!” A circle of open ground. In the middle people were hitting each other. A photographer at the side, getting-focused. An Angel said “No pictures!” Two of them jumped the photographer. Another guy said something like “Hey! Stop that!” An Angel cracked over the head with a pool cue. He sat down.

People all around began to raise their hands in the V sign. That was their big response. It was so fucking pathetic.

Another fight during the Airplane set. Balin tried to stop it. They beat him up. Kantor got pissed off and said so over the mike. An Angel went for him.

“You’re hitting my lead singer.”

“He insulted my brothers.”

“This is my band.”

“This is my family.”

Finally Grace Slick wood them away with a rap about fucking is better than fighting. Don’t touch bodies except to make love. Smiling at various Angels. Howlhouse tactics. And brave. And smart. Lili Muleine. It pleased me off that the Airplane kept playing during one fight. It pissed me off that Jorma wore a big iron swastika around his neck. Oh yes, it’s a nun symbol. And we’re only in it for the music. They ended their set with a song about revolution. “Horseshit.”

Balwin was brave. Or foolish? Yes, but there were few fools that brave that hard. Hardly anybody stepped into the fighting to stop it like he did. It was easy. And if Grace hadn’t stepped forward, the temper was such that the Angels were about to massacre the Airplane.

Why didn’t the Airplane walk off stage then? I doubt they could have. They were at bay.

No fights during Flying Burrito Brothers. One fight during Crosby, Stills etc.

We half-watch the music, half-watch for the next fight. People said “When the Stones come on, somebody will get killed.” It was in the air.

“Disgusting! I bet they’re having an orgasm right now.”

Sandy Darlington

The whole crowd was upright from the start. They wanted fast food. They were too crowded. Body to body. At the end of a set, we’d stand up. Whereupon people would push forward. Then others would yell “Sit Down!” We’d sit down on each other, or yell “I can’t until you move back! Yes, it was inhuman. So this is the Aquarian Age.

I kept thinking we are so stupid, so unable to cope with anything practical. Push forward, yes. Smoke dope, yes. But maintain? Never. We don’t know how. We’ve been conditioned, straight-shelled, straight-exhusted and vitamin-pilled, but we don’t know what to do on our own. Reports of a revolution are vastly premature. We don’t like the power structure. But we have to live together. We will be governed by others until we learn how to govern ourselves.

Sam Cutler, the Stones’ road manager, was MC. I liked his London accent. Many didn’t like him because of his manner and choice of words. I can’t, after exactly what he said, but it was things like, “People, we must resolve our tensions with equanimity.”

Then: “Move back. Get off the light power. We need a doctor. This is a Party.”

Dull technical English vibes. The English live together fairly well. They do it by being repressed. Mind your head, don’t jump the queue. It’s not much help in a high energy situation.

During the Stones’ set, there were several fights at first. It was dark then. Primeval gloom. The swamp. Suddenly a circle would open up. In the middle, a bunch of Angels kicking somebody.

A girl jumped on stage to touch Mick. Four or five Angels pounded on her. Jagger said “Hey Hey, ONE of you guys can handle her, you don’t need eight.” After he said it three times, they decided a bit. No more girls tried to get on the stage.

At one point, some Angels drove their bikes into the front of the crowd to take the pressure off stage. That sounds terrible, and the noise was a drag. But in fact it was a good idea, except that after ten minutes people had swamped where the bikes were.

The crowd got into kiting Angels without much trouble. All those nice kids with their V signs that didn’t do anything, and their day was being spoiled by the Hells Angels. Before violence. Oh life could be so beautiful if only the bad guys weren’t here.

I don’t like Authority ever, so I didn’t like the Angels much either. But how to relate right then? How to help? I’m not a fighter. And talking was out. Hence, I was as helpless as anyone. Impotent. That’s the word. When the musicians tried to calm things down, they were the same way. They had power of sorts as long as they played. But as soon as they stopped we screamed from the shelves of their guitars and said “Cool It!” It was like a commercial.

During the Stones’ set, the fights were all the more terrifying. Because of the darkness. Somebody threw a smoke bomb into the first few rows at the beginning of Sympathy for the Devil. Some brother, as we say.

And in the middle of the circle, there
SWAMP...ALAMONT

would be one or two lying on the ground bleeding.

Who got the Angels to act as Security? The Stones and the Grateful Dead. Gleason puts them down for that. Well, I saw the Angels do the same job at the Bertha, at Santa Cruz Rock Festival, and their beautiful birthday party dance at the Carousel with Big Brother in 1968. They were rough. They are rough people. But within bounds. And I thought that they did a good job.

Ahead of time, I think it seemed quite reasonable to go to Alamont. I figure it this way: Everybody was busy with negotiations and carpentry, and somebody said "What about Security?" And somebody else said, "Call the Angels." And everybody said, "Yeah, great, well that's one problem taken care of." And that was it.

At the concert proper there was an air of excitement, nerves and tension from the start. It had nothing to do with the Angels. A lot of people were passing out drugs. It's not going to leave free drugs at a crowd. It simply is wrong. People who do it should be stopped. Because it's so tempting. If someone would have laid acid on me at the beginning, I would have taken it.

Why is it wrong? Because the situation is too crowded. You can't move. But you can't move at all. And when heavy things happen, like fights, it starts a current going in everyone. Also the younger a person is, the more likely he or she to take drugs as a festive gesture, and the less likely he or she to be able to maintain. In short, it increases the chances of drug use. And that is wrong.

The bad vibes of the situation got to the Angels. Well, so that's unfair. They got to all of us, but the Angels were supposed to be the Force of the moment, so they washed up the bad vibes and got uptight. If you want to blame somebody, you can blame them. But if you do, you are lying. It's false to blame them for beating people up. Because we all know what that about them ahead of time. That's why we ask them to "keep pace," because they are tough and they can fight. We expect that of them.

If the situation got tough and weird, suddenly we as a crowd expected them to fall in with our story. Does that make sense? Life doesn't work that way. We gave them authority. When your give someone authority, it's because you are unwilling to do it yourself. And when you give someone authority, they carry it out THEIR way, because that's their way. That's fast, after all. They were asked to do THIS dirty job so the rest of us could lay back and be joyful and irrepressible. So we did do so. Don't we, boys and girls?

I don't know anything about the Angels personally, and I'm talking as a spectator. It's just that I have met a man wants to be an Angel partly because they are tough and because of the bikes and jackets but there is a deeper reason also. They are proud to be Angels, because they know they are honest. And they are. You don't get any bullshit. Quite true, they aren't pacificists. But they aren't saying they are, either. They are saying, among other things, "Don't fuck with us or we will fight you." And that crowd fucked with them. The whole day fucked with them. We were frustrated. And we wanted violent. We wanted to make scarpers of them.

All you groovies who are saying that politics is dead, look around you, and within you: there's a lot more dead and dying than you realize. And forget the slogan about how rock music is revolution. It isn't so. Revolution is change, and it's based on people. Huge amounts of them. And the huge amounts haven't learned anything yet. If you really like the slogan that music is revolution, try it out on the Panthers. Go tell Bobby Seal that Archie is where it's at.

It's really check time in the old west.

Yeah, and what about the Stones? Ah yes, speaking of theater. Violence and frustration. Jagger pulled off his belt during Midnight Ramble and began hitting a girl on stage with it. As in, "You heard about the Boston Whip? It's the same as Peter Seeger with that axe. But not on the surface. And mass crowds relate to surface.

So the Stones footed the United States and sang violent songs. People say "Why don't you sing for free?" So they do. They pretend the arrangements for the concert the same way they draw out their set, aiming for peak frustration. "You think you're a bunch of flower children, you fucking American fascist creepers. Look how disgusting you are. Mind fuck. Please to introduce myself, hope you catch my name."

FROM TIME, 5 January

Home and family are the focus of Middle American morality. Thus the women of Middle America are often more disturbed than their husbands by the assaults on that morality. They usually reduce large items to the immediate scale of their lives: inflation is a steal not served, law and order a five-year-old son who must walk six uncertain blocks to school. Their lives are not so much shrill as perplexed.

Mrs. Mildred Rublin, 39, the wife of a Yale professor, worries about her changing neighborhood. "A lot of the new Middle American habitat in a television age—but boys and girls and street kids and her son look at a teacher and steer away together. This is sick," she says. "We must accept three things as facts of life. We don't have to read about them. Sex is so cheap and available now, it seems to have lost nothing. When I was married, I felt my husband and I shared something very special, something I'd never shared with anyone else. God didn't have that attitude any more. We locked up to actresses like Bette Davis and Loretta Young, not women walking down the aisle on the verge of delivery."

Mrs. Mary Hargrove, 46, lives in Silver Spring, Maryland, and works as a hospital attendant in Washington. She won't come downtown after dark and neither will my friends. The city is deserted after dark. Everybody is afraid to walk on the streets. I think it's because of the city, with its Leonards. Crime is on the increase. My husband is in a nightshirt and nightcap, and he used to be up and 24 hours a day. No more. He doesn't work after dark.

Mrs. Barbara Bailey, 34, the wife of a city manager, says there's nothing about the America in which her four children are growing up: "I believe children to live and grow up in an America as I know it, where we are proud to be citizens of this country."

I'm dammed sick and tired of listening to all this nonsense about how awful America is. If you feel that way, why stay here? I went brought up to think that anything that is worthwhile is also going to be suffering. For, it's never going to be one big beautiful world, like some of the flower children seem to be dreaming. Life isn't like that.
Through their money and power they have the ability to let other people have to speak from entering our newspaper on their own terms.

It is truly tragic that there is still feel that there is not a struggle going on in this country—for power, for struggle for survival, a struggle for our humanity that is directly contrary to the Bank of America and everything that it stands for.

In addition, we discovered that the editors and business managers do not have the power to decide what goes into this paper. We are not so pretentious and naive to think that we speak for the student body of this community.

This paper is the product of the people who put it out. The selection of stories, the way they are written and printed, is the result of the personal and collective personalities of the people who viewed this paper.

As an annual examination of this paper is to re-state what is in our newspaper, and what it should be. We feel that those stories and editorial comments are not just interesting and meaningful, but are necessary for the growth of our lives and the society.

However, we do feel that it is possible to be fair and to strive to be complete.

Rather than attempt to disguise our opinions in made-up good-by common practice, in the end we are trying to use it for their own personal and social lives.

As editors we have the responsibility to our readers to evaluate and judge our decisions on what is going on.

In the case of the Bank of America, this was not a commercial decision, we discovered that we were not permitted to evaluate and judge its political and economic value.

Because of the University rules we are forced to operate under, and because of the power of the Bank of America, we cannot be free of its influence. We can only attempt to interpret our propaganda in this way, to be free of control and free of speech.

As of now it is not possible to run this ad, even though this paper uncompromisingly states that the Bank of America should be run.

Ultimately, the product we each enjoy and debate is the result of the community's decisions, and we must often assume responsibility, not just perspective.
EVERY DAY, THE RAH RAH KILL BILL

Leon Lowty wanted a military career because his father had been medically unfit for service in American forces during World War II. "I felt I had a job to do for two people," he says.

After high school graduation in Columbus, Ohio, he enrolled in the Coast Guard. He dropped out when "I found out I'd have to spend two years on icebreakers." Transferring to Ohio University, he joined Army ROTC and was voted the outstanding cadet in the programme. He won several medals and a promotion to battalion commander before graduating in 1968 with honours in architecture and design.

Today Leon Lowty is a graduate student and teaching fellow in A & D Fellows at the University—still appalled at his nine months of active duty. He does not regret his resignation from the Army.

Last autumn, seven non-commissioned officers at Fort Benning, Georgia, refused to go to Vietnam. Two were court-martialed for smoking pot; both are still in the Army, one in a latrine. Two were court-martialed for refusing to go on a fire-fighting crew but were discharged. For the other two, who refused, charges were pending.

Leon Lowty was one of the fortunate few whose resignations were accepted without penalty. Leon had been in the Army only four months when he quit. He had already been in Vietnam, now he is rezglement, too. But he is still in the JROTC, because he has been in it a year and a half. (He says he "thought the military was more than a business.""

Leon Lowty was commissioned a second lieutenant, Lowty decided to get out of the Army in June, 1968, shortly after he was commissioned over the protests of his JROTC commander who earns $8,000 a year and who had been very effective in the military system. "But I rationalized it all away, he said. "I told myself, 'Don't worry, you won't have to fight, just get your grades and be out.'"

That was foolish. Later, after he went to the Vietnamese Embassy, Lowty was told he had to have a service in six months.

Confronted with Vietnam as a personal dilemma, Lowty decided to get out of the Army in 1968, shortly after he was commissioned over the protests of his JROTC commander who earns $8,000 a year and who had been very effective in the military system. "But I rationalized it all away, he said. "I told myself, 'Don't worry, you won't have to fight, just get your grades and be out.'"

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That was foolish. Later, after he went to the Vietnamese Embassy, Lowty was told he had to have a service in six months.
The following article, written by RAMPSART Editor Robert Scher, describes the treatment given to demonstraters at Berkeley by National Guardsmen following a demonstration last year.

The National Guard had simply closed off a large area of downtown Berkeley, arresting shoppers and spectators alike. I had a valid press pass, given to me that day by the Berkeley police, but with my long hair and all, the sergeant would not let me leave the ring. Angry, I sat down with those caught, chatting for hours, surrounded by bayonets. A cop pulled me up and told I was arrested. I showed him my press card. Tensely impressed, he wrote down the name and sent me on to fingerprinting and the sheriff’s box. Later, I was given a bath in a toilet after a few hours looking at Santa Rita (the county prison farming) behind bars from the concentration camp to a chicken farm. The toilet stopped at the stars and moons with daggers jungled on. “All right, you creep, move your ass out of here. The last one out gets your head cracked open.” People who live in college towns spend their lives seeing older movies, and it was difficult to find to that that sense and violence had suddenly become the real world. We stumbled out of the bus and through a gauntlet of club-wielding deputy sheriffs. They push in from all angles and they hit you with the head — does sound like a tack.” He said something like “tack it easy,” and they moved in on him. The rest of us made it through the gate and were greeted by the sight of 300 youths lying prone on a concrete yard—for hours—hands bound, legs straight out at their sides, legs pulled closer together. Two hundred bodies perfectly free and quiet, but the guards walking between the rows of bodies gave proof of life as they stretched and pulled the men with their clubs. These guards were the same deputies who had done all the shouting in Berkeley the week before—the “blue uniforms” in America it’s always comic book suburban, marauder, unreal and last funny. It was getting dark to cold, the countryside was moonlit, and we could hear no cars moving on Highway 50 below me, and the place was flooded with guards—enough to turn any organized resistance into a bloodbath.

The concrete was gray and it dug into your cheek. The wind blew some of the smaller bits into your eyes, which had to be open to catch sight of the guard about to whack your limbs for having moved or stopped in the hitter core. After 30 minutes you couldn’t turn your head to rest on either cheek. We lay there from 6 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. The fellow who was beaten so we came all the bus was forced to take a different position—resting on his knees, arms hanging at his sides while three guards systematically beat him for several minutes—one guard for the stomach, one for the back, and one who specialized on the head. (He got out once a doctor reported that he knew blood and that his body was a mass of bruises.) The rest of us just lay there—no one said anything, no one screamed. Perhaps some tried, but the minute their hands moved they became the center of other guards’ attention. “If you don’t like it, do something and we’ll have you on a felony for assaulting an officer—you’ll never get out.”

That’s the threat that finally kept you in line.

While my body had already become very important because it was vulnerable to pain, my mind floated elsewhere, gladly and insanely. All this time I thought of James Belling and Max Lerner and the other good, national men. I began to compose an open letter to Reason. “Dear Reason,” I want. “This letter concerns your column held the New Left responsible for the increase of violence in American society. You condemned the New Left for its distant of the legal system. Remember? It’s the column that had the cut line about the New Left kids being neo-Nazi cyberballs who won’t pay their dues. Well, before I get into those apparent Scotty, why don’t you try paying some taxes? Let’s down on this concrete floor, motherfucker, hands back legs together, as the guards here say. “Come on, creep, lay flat.” Get your ass down there, check to the stone, keep your hands out—what you are doing, masshooting? Move your head and I crack it open.” I don’t want to hit Santa Rita to shoot to kill. Sorry, Scotty, have to run now. This guard talking to me.

The guard is, like most all the other guards, a spooky, nasty redneck (except that he’s chain

white—not enough sun in northern California). Like most of the younger ones, he was let out of the Marines six months early because of the profession. He seems to have only two comments to make about life. One is, “We live to kill Santa Rita,” and the other is, “Creep, I split them.” He has been comin’ downtown for two hours, and now his club is two inches from my nose. I don’t want to go over there. It’s a good thing, a favor, a release. My head wasn’t cracked, nor will I be shot—on the contrary. I am getting to go to the bathroom. One cannot simply walk in and piss in the latrine, there seems to be an elaborate and stored ritual which the fat, middle-aged latrine guard is best on following. It requires that one first sit in line, three feet from the latrine, and observe a good two minutes of silent reflection. Then the fat guard has us all jump to and line up on the sides of the small box that is line out above on each and, unavoidably, on each other.

At 8:14 p.m., we are given a minute’s exercise running in place. Soon we are allowed to sit, hands clasped, no talking—cursive. At 10 p.m., they, us, showering, into a housetowel right on a double bunk—and it is rumored that a doctor has blocked the guards’ fervor and often expressed wish that we freeze to death in the cold cell.

During all this, they are calling out names for booking. Bookings is blamed, because until one is booked he cannot be bailed. I am not booked until early the next day. We are kept in housetowls from 10 p.m. to 6:30 a.m. Three lawyers arrive and they are wild cheers from inmates. The guards shout back, no one may talk to the lawyers with the guards watching.

One lawyer talks too much to an inmate and is himself made an inmate (somehow interfering... etc.). The other lawyers leave and the guards snap back to business. They are on these for the 24 minutes they’re wet. The guards don’t want to see any closed eyes—no sleeping. If you are close, you get a rap on your bunk or your cell. “Yes, sir,” you say. If not, then外出 be beaten and left face down in the cold. The ACLU green card had said. “You have the right to a call counsel.” Later another kid was asked whether he will get to call a lawyer. “You say somebody? creep Here have it,” creep. His head is bashed out and his. Fuck the ACLU green card. Survivor. You forget your rights and concentrate on the main problem, keeping your eyes open—p.m.—pray for bookings. We are already called and we get deserted as our number decline. Finally, our names called—up against the fence—nasty redheaded pig makes us trot, whacking the last few.

The booking but is all efficiency—a bus of deputy sheriffs, five contemporaneous fingerprinting and searching. You start by sitting on the floor, once again having your eyes covered with a towel, and then your eyes opened “or we’ll rip them out and pass them up there.” Scared. You’re sitting, from stop to stop—first stop is for searching again. “Stand up, look up, show your face.”

Now, creep like this. Her head is then thumped hard against the wall, legs kicked, one big hand grasping your neck—this for no tied over for backup. Down on the floor, we stairs along on one side, the next station then up again, breaths at attention, answering questions for the deputy who is typist. “National state?” “Arrested,” “Are you a ‘Bullshit, don’t lie to me or you’re dead. Children’? “One, "Lieutenant." “Yes, sir, "Yes, sir," “Yes, sir,” “Yes, sir,” “Yes, "You get a job, hoppo," “Yes, sir, "Edison, sir," "Where?" "RAMPSART magazine," “Yes, sir,” “How did you get here?” “We’re not supposed to be there,” as the assembled deputies are duly informed that the original RampsART men are supposed to be there. They all seem reasonably impressed and one man as quiet as the back to his club. A deputy huddles me over to the sanctuary of his ink pad. It is almost 1 a.m., fingerprints “to get Washington quickly,” he says, another cop. Then it’s back on the floor, eyes straight ahead, to be given a bolupna sandwich and a small container of milk that has been drunk we had in 15 hours. Because I am the editor of RampsART I get to “clean every fucking” piece of paper off the floor of the cell while I am eating my bolopna sandwich.

With thanks Grudcd, we’re off to compound C and deep, only to be awakened 45 minutes later. It’s a breakfast time, time up at 5 a.m., “move your ass, creeps, run to the mess hall or heat gets split.” It’s Wheat Chex and watery milk and keep shows off the table for the table for the table get cracked. “Hey, you fukins hoppo, don’t you understand English, get up against the wall.” Whack—the poor bastard didn’t get to eat his Wheat Chex.

We then stand up and one of the medical volunteers white smock thought by a so slightly, “you happy? ” hours is too thrown again up are try no to the door. Keep straight at it or to the doubletime!” It’s slow through the bullshit and it gets worse—of went off with the night the police i efficiency the arrest, I wasn’t back is in another room the beating.

There in who actual downtown it didn’t only the one who thick was when he him hail show down more now we’re working on the outside the list, but guards’ them the list, but I take in of guard (farmer—sympathy wouldn’t let me conviction attention on normal prone never badendant). The guards “let the kids get it straight to the Trest.”
...and it's all on record

Scherer's description of that night in Santa Rita did not end with the RAMPARTS article. The following was made of a reading of the article in these liner notes by VILLAGE VOICE writer Nat Hentoff:

On May 22, "law enforcement officers" arrested 480 people in Berkeley in connection with the "People's Park" protests. All charges against those 480 had been dropped. I cannot conceive of a more important album than A Night at Santa Rita being released this year and for the years ahead. It transcends all Schwab categories—from any kind of music to any kind of spoken word. Robert Scherer's account of his night in Santa Rita, the Alcatraz Country Blues Band writes the most basic of all questions in this country. More basic than a moon landing. More fundamental than who wins for what office. The question is simply—and obviously—whether freedom can survive here. The freedom to dissent, the freedom to just speak out, the freedom to be who you are.

Within the prison farm on that night—in the United States—what differentiated the treatment inflicted on Shaw and his fellow prisoners from what they would have received in detention in Haiti, in Greece, in South Africa, in these Russian camps where dissident writers are sent? Nothing. And that is the chilling truth of this article.

A further question is raised. The guards. Is an Eichmann possible only in Germany? Was an S.S. officer possible only in Germany? What is wrong in a country that produces men who treat other men as less than animals? In the life of those guards, in the school they went to, in the families in which they grew up, what fusion of frustration, fear, and bottomless insecurity about their own humanity worked to create such instruments of cruelty, of sadism? But the burden is not only on the guards. In a country in which the majority of men do not even try to be free—and thereby do not fear those who are different from them—the conduct of guards like these would be overwhelmingly recognized as a sickness, a terrible disease of the spirit. But, if you remember, the majority of the citizenry did not condemn the riot by Bill Hay's police in Chicago in 1968, nor would the majority of the citizens in Alameda County demand that these guards be replaced. For guards, after all, were sawing "hippies." H.P. essay. "hippies" are different, and those who are different are not human. Just as "jocks" in Asia are not human and can be the first to be used in the atom bomb. And in these later years, can be raped. In the name of order, violence and brutality is committed.

Make no mistake about it. This country is inside the edge of another cycle of repression. It's happened before. The Alien and Sedition Act of 1825. The Fugitive Slave Act of the 1850's. The Red Scare from 1919 to 1925. The mass imprisonment of Japanese-Americans in concentration camps during the Second World War. Senator Joseph McCarthy in the 1950's. And now the Attorney General of the United States asks for "preventive detention." A man is innocent until proved guilty? That's for bleeding hearts. Think about it. The Bill of Rights, remove its identification as the Bill of Rights, and put it on the ballot in each of the 50 states for a plebiscite. Do you think the Bill of Rights would pass today?

Think about it. Think of what happens to long-haired youths spotted by streetwalkers in small towns in Wyoming, in South Carolina. Think of what happens to him—to you. Spanish-speaking people telling the police in the big stories about those "rights." Think about the dangers of participating in a non-violent peace march in Chicago.

To what purpose? Because Santa Rita is not all of America. It is not black America, or Puerto Rican America, or Mexican American, or Indian American. Nor is it the America of a huge majority of the young of all kinds of backgrounds and heritages. As Eldridge Cleaver kept saying and writing, this has to be a time of coming together by all those who do not want Santa Rita to become all of America.

A time of coming together by all those who know, as Josephine Johnson writes, that "we are dying of preconceptions, outworn roles, devalued images, enervated religions, and sentimentalities. We need a new world. We've wrecked up all the old ruins. The old men have no roots. They don't know it. They just go on talking and failing away and falling down on the young with their tons of dead weight and their power. For the power is still there in their lifetimes. But the roots are dead, and the land is poisoned for miles around." The power is still there in the old, in Alameda Sheriff Madigan, in young guards who are already dazed and old. But there is other power, life-affirming power. The kind of power identified by the Rev. Rev. Leon J. Presson, Bishop of Manchac, N.Y.: "The martyr Christ is in a sense a man in a state of permanent revaluation subjected to abuse in and for himself but extends to the society in which he lives. This is Catholicism, this is a movement dedicated to training revolutionaries-men who will remake themselves and then go on to remake society.

But not only Catholic education should be that. And not only mature Christians in a state of permanent revolution. All kinds of people in this country, most of them young, have educated themselves in some men and women who will remake themselves and then go on to remake society.

A Night at Santa Rita is a profound educational experience, an educational moment, an epiphany, a message. Treat this album as you would a Tom Paine pamphlet you were born in America two centuries ago, spread the word. The word is freedom. But the odds, don't the odds against you? No, we are. But, as Albert Camus said at Columbia in 1948: "We cannot accept any optimistic conception of existence, any happy ending whatsoever. But if we believe that optimism is silly, we also know that pessimism about the action of man among his fellow is cowardly."
WAITING FOR IMMORTALITY.....WITH A THERMOSTAT IN HIS HAND

Welded into a steel capsule, twenty-four-year-old Steven Mandell was cremated in his right hand he holds a measuring device which indicates how long he has survived outside the capsule. It shows minus 32°F Fahrenheit.

Steven died in July while he was still a student at New York University. But he was a man of unusual abilities. He believed that if you are dead-freeze immediately after death and lie quiet, you will be "thrown out" cured of whatever killed you and brought back to life.

So now his rock-hard body, zipped up in a plastic bag, is immersed in liquid nitrogen, welded in a steel container and inserted into a canister, waits in a redblock building behind a crematorium on Long Island for a place in the next world. It could be a long wait even the most optimistic cryonics don't expect. Steven be around again for at least a hundred years and many of them think it may be five centuries before he is up and about. Naturally, they all expect to be him again-they will either be at the opening of his capsule or they expect him to be at the opening of Steven Mandell is the eighth person to be deep-freeze in the United States and he is also the youngs, by far. The first body to be to a "cryo-capsule" was that of Dr. James Bond, a wealthy, world-renowned professor of psychiatry who died of cancer in California in 1948. Since then, the professor has set aside a $200,000 trust fund to be spent on research and projects aimed at bringing him back to life. Full details of Dr. Bond's pipetting were quickly made available to the scientific public in a hard book entitled We Freeze The Man, written by a cryonist with an eye to the main chance.

Several months later a woman followed Bond into deep-freeze and there were six in equal split twenty years and a year for one of the United States where the frozen optimism, if nothing else, is starved and whose chaperons were put in the euthanasia of psychotics. The human being--becomes capable. JUSSELL MILLER tells how $15,000 buys them the prospect of immortality. Plenty of Americans think it is chump at the price.

The Frick is one who can claim most credit for the birth of the deep-freeze movement in a physics professor from Michigan with shaving hair, round spectacles and the promise of an impressive paunch. His name is Robert CW. Jussett, author of Proposals For Immortals, which is now the cryonist's bible.

It was the Fricks enunciation that caused the first embryonic organization, Immortality Continuation, to start a letter-writing campaign to the Life Extension Society for fear that the information about cryo-capst would lead to deathtime. And from the Life Extension Society, the chain of cryonist societies was formed.

Jussett says he got his idea for the book in 1947 while he was recovering from shattered wounds in an army hospital. "I had read about xenon with glee, and I thought, and it became clear to me then that these experiments allowed us to the gap between the present and the future in human science."

He did nothing about his theory for years because he felt it was impractical and better qualified would quickly see the possibilities and take action. But by 1952 Jussett had published a book and he started to publish it in 1954 and it subsequently appeared as a moderately successful paperback in a number of languages.

Cook of the book is Jussett's belief that: "Death, like old age, can now be regarded as a disease: a very serious disease to be sure, it's generally fatal—but not necessarily uncurable."

The concept of non-fatal death through freezing was given an initial cold shoulder by most scientists and physicians and this was main reason, according to the author, that the idea was slow to get off the ground.

"I had thought that within a year of the book we would have been freezing people by the dozens and would only take a few years before we would be freezing them by the thousands and the hundreds of thousands. But obviously I was wrong about that and at the present time our rate of growth is still rather slow. However, there are changes occurring in people's minds that are very real and very important and my impression is that large numbers of people are going to change from passive to active interest."}

No one views this prospect with more enthusiasm than Dr. Edward H. Wascher, a lead phycician in Phoenix, Arizona. Dr. Wascher is president of the Cozy-Care Equipment Corporation. He made the $15,000-tine capsules which now contain the first eight frozen bodies and he intends, despite the imminent threat of competition, to make capsules for the hundreds of thousands of candidates that Jussett is talking about.

Cozy-Care's future didn't always look so rosy; in fact, Mr. Jussett's first venture into the freezing business was more spectacular than scientific. The Life Extension Society persuaded him to provide a cryo-capsule for a dog which was then haddred off to Marty Laff's STLH Rescue House in Washington, scene of the Society's third annual conference.

Marty was a curious fellow who felt frozen dog in his restaurant was not good for business and he insisted that it left outside in a van which was parked outside his restaurant. It would have been a problem if it was happening in the US.

What happened to American dogfights descended on Mr. Jussett's freezing head and the result was that he moved on his promise to store the dog in perpetuity, claiming that he had always thought a pig should have been the victim as there were fewer piggytails in the US.

All this happened to the dog not known, but the incident provided no more than a small setback to the amazing, wiggler's plans and Cozy-Care is now recognized as the leading supplier of cryo-capst.

Eventually, Mr. Jussett was last quoted as remarking: "I suppose you can say I am bringing home the bacon to the US."

Jussett insists that the chances of another life for the eight people now in "cryogenic suspension" are good. "This has been the central aim all along—how realistic are their chances? In the past most scientists have had little, there is a chance, but this chance is very unprofitable one, or a very remote one, or a vanishingly small one, or a negligible one."

Jussett has always insisted from the beginning that this is not time and to do so is scientifically impractical and extremely unlikely. It is, he believes, the true way to cryostat the human body. And while the scientists say the chances are extremely small, they are not telling you the result of "any calculation. They simply don't have any measurable evidence: they can't state what the probability of survival is. They can't say it is less than fifty per cent, or less than ten per cent, or less than one tenth of one per cent, or whatever it is they are trying to suggest."
Long Island. Say, why don'tyee come out on
Sunday?

The Laboratory for Life Extension Research
is a garage turned into an afterthought on a
faded green wooden house in a faded suburb
called Lindenhurst. The house is taken over a
weekends by members of the Oxyrhynchos Society,
many of whom wear something like Federal
uniforms comprising black trousers and dark blue
military shirts with the Society badge stitched on
one sleeve. Some even sport wide leather belts
with buckles made of the initials C2.

Not much research was going on when I
arrived as a Bob Dylan record all but drowned
conversation. On a mattress in one corner of the
room a sturdy man was drawing a plan of a
multiple-body capsule for the benefit of a girl in
an Indian loincloth who introduced herself:
"Hi, I'm a pop star."

Curis Henderson, a lawyer who is president
of the New York Oxyrhynchos, spluttered a greeting
and attempted to explain the multitude of legal
difficulties with which he had to cope. "My
client's a queer fellow—" he began. "We
got a lot of handling about who owns the body
after a cryopod dies because some of our members
forget to sign the body authorization.

We only need two things to freeze
someone—the money and the body. So all a
member has to do is sign the body authorization
and take out an insurance policy. If they do these
two things we'll freeze 'em.

"Steven has a $10,000 insurance policy to
cover the cost of freezing, but I think $15,000
would be more realistic. Ideally you need enough
left over after initial costs have been met to
provide a trust fund that will accumulate interest
over the years and will pay for the cost of an
attempt to bring a person back and give him
some money to start with."

"One of our biggest problems is that a lot of
people with money who think they are coming
close want to take their money with them. The
law of perpetuity says you can't tie up funds
indefinitely, but we are setting up a kind of fund
which we think will get round that."

The following day we all drove out to the
Washington Memorial Park where Mandell's
capsule is kept in a square red-brick building
 alongside graves of small cardboard boxes containing human ashes. White Penn, Director of Biological Research at the Life
Extension Laboratory, was trying to explain to
a nearby grave-digger how he could perform his
own experiments with mice, Harold White,
Director of Engineering Research at the Laboratory, checked the capsule's liquid nitrogen
level.

"Say what you like about Steven's chances," he
announced suddenly, "but I tell you something—they ain't coming back for sure. " He
cocked his thumb at the ashes.

All the macabre events and people
surrounding the death of Steven Mandell have
been accepted with remarkable equanimity by
his widowed mother, Mrs Pauline Mandell. In a
quiet voice she told me: "I realize of course that
Steven's hopes are very slim, but I feel that if there is a particle of a hope, any flicker of
hope, then I think it is worth it because that is
what he wanted. Even if it doesn't help Steven,
perhaps it will help someone else.

"I don't have much scientific knowledge, but
my son had—he studied aeronautical engineering—and he really believed it was worth
while. Will I be forgotten? No, I don't think so.
Quite frankly, I don't particularly want to come
back at another time."

Eltinger certainly disagrees with her last
sentiment. In fact not only does he want to come
back with his family, but is hoping that perhaps
they may never have to. "I think there is a
possibility that a simple answer will be found
within decades to this old age. But if I die I
will certainly be frozen and so will my wife and
children—we have made all the necessary
arrangements. I believe that any attitude other
than an optimistic one towards the possibility of
revival is unrealistic. Assuming of course that
rejuvenation continues to exist and we don't blow
ourselves up, and given what one might call a
normal progression of events, I am extremely
optimistic."

Many of people must agree. In California
now they are building large multi-occupation
capsules, one capable of holding two dozen
people and the other big enough for several
hundred. At Washington Memorial Park a large
warehouse is to be built behind the graveyard to
store capsules of the frozen dead from the New
York area. And this, Eltinger believes, is only
the beginning. Eventually, he says, it will become
universal.

Who knows? Maybe one day poor Steven
Mandell will listen once again to the Beatles—on a
tape recording of his 'loneliest memories' that he
threw with his to his deep-down non-draft-board,
Los Angeles

CITY WITHOUT A SOUL

Down the Hollywood Freeway cruising in the Cad. Downtowners like a sore. Bums on skid row at Sixth and Main. Guest wine between their lips. Terminal dope freaks with the needles at their eye-balls. This is your centre, L.A.—city without a soul.

Unless... $10,000 per annum... three-bedroom super deluxe... better than your neighbour's... house without a home... in beautiful Anaheim... centre of Orange County... home of Disneyland... and thousand of never-to-be-seen again clean-cut Mouseketeers... Forgotten America... Orange County salutes you... unless... two hours on the freeway... 20 miles to the office... stereo radio or tape... telephone on the seat... power steering... power windows... power brakes... leather seats... tinted glass... big V8... better than last year... only $100 deposit from your friendly Ford dealer... can be called your soul, L.A.

Unless... one million blacks... in South Central L.A. Watts... barbed windows... pawn shops... second hand stores... but even if my underwear is dirty I have a black Caddy... colour TV... doesn't give me no shoot, man... walk-in closets... beautiful 50 years ago... this featuring site on your arm, America... can be called your soul, L.A.

Unless... 65,000 Italians in Highland Park... 400,000 Jews and Jews in Fairfax... 40,000 nips in Monterey Park... 2,500,000 west bees, bennies and Mex in East L.A.... 200,000 fags in Hollywood... 2,000,000 dopes all over... 4,000,000 white collars... 2,000,000 blue collars... 1,000,000 John Birkjers... and I... can be called your soul, L.A.

-K.A.
The richest man in the world is a miserable old prick.

It is foolish to spend your money for the benefit of mankind. Although you may unwittingly distribute your wealth to those less fortunate, you will do so only because of your own self-interest. You cannot expect others to benefit from your generosity. People who have wealth should use it wisely. The world will not be the same without your generous donations. It is not about giving, but taking. The world is a selfish place, and all you want is to be remembered as a rich man. But let me tell you something: you are nothing without your wealth. The world will not care about you once you are gone.

People who have wealth should use it wisely. They should do so for the common good, not just to maintain their own status. But, let me tell you, you are not doing it right. You are spending your money on parties and vacations, not on improving the lives of others. It is not about giving, but taking. The world is a selfish place, and all you want is to be remembered as a rich man. But let me tell you something: you are nothing without your wealth. The world will not care about you once you are gone.

Because the 1960 elections, the Kennedy era was in full swing. Congress, with more than the President, formulates the law applicable to oil and natural gas. But, what really annoys President Kennedy's attitude? I had never heard such a statement before. As far as the administration, I heard that the Justice Department had caused previous charges against Oswald to be dropped—which made it possible for him to be available to shoot anyone who dared to speak against the President. It will not work against the President of a country at all. If you have any idea about the policies the President has adopted, you will understand that there is no more need to decide about them. Which of President Kennedy's policies do you consider pro-greatness?

Do you favor any of President Kennedy's Great Society programs? I favor the society, with its gradual improvements from July 3, 1776 up to November 22, 1963, which made this the present of all nations. The Great Society is expensive to the nation, and it is at variance with the constantly improving society that made America great.

You've been quoted as saying that upper-bracket taxpayers should have seven times as many votes as those in the lower 40 percent. Wouldn't that be easier, say the left?

This gradual suffrage you are talking about is from the model constitution in my book, Alice. I have never suggested that the United States adopt this. Alice was written in an idealized period of suffrage and composition whereby they would try to govern themselves by yielding a dictatorship. The purpose of gradual suffrage is to guard against the common and other close to the power that be in participative in a republic. I agree with them that they should not have more with the poor. In the freedom, the ordinary citizens in one place to live in one environment, anyone can improve his living standard and place of residence whenever he wishes.

Most civil rights leaders wouldn't agree that this is a good idea, ever. Anyone can split his lot in life—anyone who really wants to. How do you feel about demonstrating? Demonstrations are not the proper way to exact laws. They should not be incited by agitators seeking power and votes. Do you regard Martin Luther King as an 'agitator for the welfare of his race and votes.' I hope, I agree with his opinion of him.

Harold Lafayette Hunt, an ultra-right-wing Texan, is probably the richest man in the world. "It isn't just that Hunt is to the right of McKinley," it has been said, "He thinks communism started in this country when the Government took over the distribution of the mail.

"The Communists need not invade the United States," says Hunt. "Pro-Communist sentiment in the U.S. is already stronger than when the Bolsheviks overthrew the Kerenski government and took over Russia."

Communism is stronger in the U.S. than in Russia. The United States has been charged by the world with World War Two, during which time it had done this to Russia, as George C. Kennedy recommended—which we could easily have done in the 1950s—let's pretend we had nearly as many problems as we do today in the world. Our country would be a good deal more secure. Maybe knocking out Red China's nuclear installations would have been easier than leaving them alone for a Third World War, five years from now, which we might have to fight."

You wish that we had knocked out the Soviet Union's nuclear capacity. Yes, General Kennedy, who was in charge of the Air Force in the Pacific, unfurled a flag to me in 1950 that the his countrymen treated him with respect and made him a hero. Moscow, accompanied by transport planes which could not leave Russia, would be surrounded, and Moscow's great, crucial installation, and all, would be destroyed as we destroy a city. We had enough money for each family to send a youngster through college.

Do you think the United States is faring well in the Cold War?

Pretty badly. The Communists are advancing and, at least most of the time, we are not doing much. We are happy when we can say that we haven't lost any ground to the Chinese in a while. That is not very much. But we should be taking precautions where we have advanced freedom's front, where they have lost territories to the free world, where we have liberated people held in Communist slavery. The answer is that our victories are very few, and the Chinese are plentiful. We are losing the Cold War.

Do you think that there is any likelihood of our reaching a peaceful accommodation with the Soviet Union?

Let me say this: if we do go, we will, if we reach an accommodation with the Soviets, it will be for the benefit of the Soviets and to our detriment. The Soviet leaders have repeatedly explained this to us for more than 40 years. As I am concerned, this so-called peaceful co-existence means that we are peaceful while they try to do us in. It is nothing more than surrender on the installment plan.

Could you be happy without a fortune? Yes, I could give it all up—though perhaps not without a few words of advice to the next world. But I see in this world, it is very sad, and I hope it can be remedied by a very small effort. Not to diminish, but to increase the world's joy, and it can be remedied by a very small effort. Not to diminish, but to increase the world's joy, and it can be remedied by a very small effort. Not to diminish, but to increase the world's joy, and it can be remedied by a very small effort. Not to diminish, but to increase the world's joy, and it can be remedied by a very small effort. Not to diminish, but to increase the world's joy, and it can be remedied by a very small effort. Not to diminish, but to increase the world's joy, and it can be remedied by a very small effort. Not to diminish, but to increase the world's joy, and it can be remedied by a very small effort. Not to diminish, but to increase the world's joy, and it can be remedied by a very small effort.
In this article, DENNIS ALTINIAN, examining the ways in which the American Dream and other issues may go to make up the American Dream and looks at the future of the myths which bind Americans to their country.

"The United States", Lyndon Johnson has said, "was the first nation in the history of the world to be founded with a purpose. The phrase of purpose still sound in every American heart. North and South: "All men are created equal", "Government by consent of the governed". "Give me liberty or give me death". These are not just clever words or empty theories. In their practice, they have fought and lived for centuries and today are risking their lives."

In saying this, Lyndon Johnson was reaffirming a belief of tremendous importance for most Americans: the founding of the Constitution as an expression of the national purpose rather than merely a legal or institutional arrangement. Nor has this belief been confined to the national boundaries. In the first of the Federal papers, written to urge the adoption of the Constitution, Hamilton wrote: "We have reason to believe that it seems to have been reserved to the people of this country, by their wisdom and virtue, to decide the important question whether societies of men are really capable or not of establishing good government from reflection of choice... A wrong election of the path we shall take, may, in this view, deserve to be considered as the general misfortune of mankind." This was echoed by Jefferson, who wrote: "It is impossible not to be sensible that we are acting for all mankind, that circumstances denied to others, but indulgent to us, have imposed on us the duty of proving what is the degree of freedom and self-government in which society may venture to leave its individual interest."

Americans have always had this sense of nationhood and purpose, the civil war has been accompanied by, indeed has risen out of, a faith in themselves, a belief that America is indeed, as S.M. Lipset wrote: "the good society itself in operation." Out of this faith, as much as any philosophical conviction, has come the tremendous dynamism and energy that have made America the most hated, loved, feared, despised, admired, envied, analyzed, emulated and sought after nation in the world. To Americans and non-Americans alike, from Governor and Goethe to the Puerto Rican immigrants of West Side Story, the United States is a symbol of the ideals, that is, one among several units on the international scene.

In recent years America has impinged on us to the extent that we are most familiar with the family life and foibles of its distinguished citizens rather than our own. For this reason it appears to provide the surrogate father figure necessary since Britain's abdication. For our radicals it provides an identifiable target on which to vent their frustration. Yet, oddly enough, it is the strongest adherence to America politically who often display an Anglophile dislike of American society, while those politically anti-American find their inspiration in the writings, speeches and actions of Americans. One might feel as one likes about America, it appears, but about it one can never be neutral. Perhaps it is because of this that we remain to unable to comprehend America, while at the same time being so aware of it. It is, at once, both the most familiar and the most foreign of countries. Familiar because we read its magazines, watch its films and television, and follow its politics.

Foreign because we fail to understand the meaning of the nation, which is not as simply American, and that the American identity of America that misses that most elusive, and most significant, of dimensions. Yet without this dimension we cannot understand the great moral crisis through which America is now passing.

The surface manifestations of this crisis have been increasingly apparent with the emergence of violence as the norm, rather than the exception, in much of American life. Only the respect brought about by peace feels made possible for the President of the United States to move again about his own country as other than a fugitive, in screeching helicopter flights to carefully selected gatherings. But this respect coincided with the assassination of Martin Luther King—only, one might add—cynically, another casualty in the death toll in the Civil Rights battles. The first break of urban violence throughout the country before even the last snow had melted.

Today America is a people in sophisticated weapons in preparation for major battles during the summer: middle-class housewives and embittered youths are forming themselves into private vigilante armies.

These are not isolated cases, but the symptoms of a deeper malaise that threatens to tear American Society apart. Nor is it sufficient to say that violence has always been a part of the American heritage, although this is undoubtedly true. This however is the case of Al Capone or Bonnie and Clyde: today's lawlessness is collective rather than individual, rebellion rather than crime. When Johnson spoke of the need to preserve national unity this was not mere political rhetoric. It was the expression of a real fear that America has been overtaken by a series of crises it is not within her power to control, and, most importantly, that no new balance is coming into being. For the purpose to which Johnson referred is no longer clear, nor is it any move the shared purposes of all Americans. The disillusionment with the American Dream expressed by Abele and Mueller in the Federal papers is echoed in large sections of the country, in particular to the extent of their alliance with middle-class students and underprivileged, black, sectarian Negroes which Robert Kennedy has been able to describe. If internal conflict is the most significant, it is the souring of the dream abroad that provided the catalyst for the present crisis.

What is remarkable about aspects of American foreign policy, its guiding principle over the past twenty years has been the containment of Communism. This could be defended both in terms of the need to check rival great powers and ideologically (the need to combat alien and evil doctrines). The latter was as important as the former, and, unlike Australia, America's Cold War was often men committed domestically to liberal social reforms. It is illegal that a country which sanctifies pragmatic politics opposes foreign affairs with an ideological fervour with Dulles like Torquemada, or Russ, like Billy Graham, preaching the faith throughout the globe. Vietnam, however, shattered the faith for many millions of Americans. No longer was it possible for them to believe that their country was defending that freedom and safety of the world and proclaimed the essential purpose of America. The war in Vietnam has created the consensus that once existed on the need to contain Communism, whatever and however it might appear, and as yet not satisfactory alternative purpose in foreign policy has appeared. Not only is talk of victory in Vietnam so frequently made, the belief that made such talk relevant no longer exists. The example of America is disillusioned by the failure of her mission in Vietnam, as well as more British editorializing of NEWSWEEK and the WALL STREET JOURNAL, has little counterpart in Australia, for she did not need to rationalize the war to ourselves in terms of moral absolutes. Many American opponents of the war, men like Faulkner, Aiken, Kennan and Lippmann, had opposed it, of course, mainly because of their distrust of the evangelical in foreign policy.

Yet the beliefs of a generation die hard, and whatever the outcome in Vietnam it will continue to be that much easier within the United States. It is doubtful whether the will to escalate any further, and probably that Administration—any Administration—will ever, in principle, act on this major role in a

"When I pass my prime I only hope I have the good sense to grow old gracefully."

Love is all you need.
From previous page

new Saigon Government for the National Liberation Front. By so doing they will, in effect, be accepting their inability to combat Communism in Vietnam, to win the 'honourable peace' to which the American delegation has referred. One shudders to contemplate the effect on a country that has committed 500,000 men to a war that, unlike Korea, cannot even end with the restoration of the status quo ante-bellum. Just as the French defeat in Indo-China sixteen years ago had a long-range effect on her future political life, so an eventual settlement in Vietnam will bring cries of treachery and disloyalty that could prove even more divisive than have the protests of the anti-war movement.

Bound up with, indeed both cause and effect of, the collapse of the myths that made Vietnam possible is the situation in the cities that make up virtually every metropolitan centre in the United States, the scene of potential war. The assassination of Dr Martin Luther King was almost too perfect a symbol—what drama, what a chance to connect? For King was the outstanding representative of the traditional Civil Rights Movement with its Pete Seeger songs, heroic defiance of cattle prods and clergy-led marches, whose ends were integration and means a non-violent appeal to the conscience of White America. After his assassination what Negro can believe, as King, a true Jeffersonian liberal believed, that there is a road to a better and more humane America?

King too believed in the purpose of which Lyndon Johnson spoke: 'Even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream cherished in the American Dream. I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.' For the embattled militants of Watts and Hough and Harlem and West Side Chicago, however, the Young Negroes of whom Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown are only the most articulate, these words no longer have any meaning. Nor do they even more tersely say 'We Shall Overcome'; they build Molotov cocktails. Unlike other ethnic groups the Negro finds that automation and prejudice deny him the bottom rungs of the ladder; the American myth says lead to middle-class respectability. Unlike the workers who, encountering bitter resistance in their struggle to unionize, still cling to the ideology of Horatio Alger and 'log cabin to White House', increasing numbers of Negroes no longer feel any identification with the American creed of individual perfection.

The cry of Black Power is, in itself, a repudiation of America: a convincing one: it can be made for an interpretation of Black Power that places it in the tradition of civil rights movement solidarity as a part of the existing coalition building that is the essence of American politics. But however convincing Stokely Carmichael may be when addressing White liberals, the Civil Rights Movement has been transformed from a revolutionary affirmation of American values to a revolutionary denial of those values, and a demand for a new type of society, one that traditional politics seem unable to create.

It is in revolt at the war and violence in the cities that the crumbling of the old American beliefs are most obvious. There are other symptoms too. It is a time that art reflects social pressures; the last decade has seen a tremendous outpouring of artistic creation that has been increasingly typified by violence, diatribe and disillusionment. In art the constant search for a way of depicting modern society has produced a rapid succession of modernist fads, just as the collapse of liberalism in Europe expressed itself in Dadaism and Surrealism. In music not only pop music speaks the language of rebellion of traditional values; so-called 'serious' composers (though the Beatles are no less serious for being popular) are turning to new forms and techniques that display the inability of conventional approaches to convey their emotions. On the stage, influenced by a number of London imports, American playwrights are offering an increasing number of plays, happenings and events that reject the schmaltz of Broadway musicals and family comedies. In literature the cult of Black Humor, which makes sense of American society only by making it macabre, has influenced many of the most interesting contemporary authors (Joseph Heller, John Barth, James Purdy, Thomas Pynchon, etc). It is accompanied by a new realism, individual rather than social in its focus, which is expressed in the attempts to shock and disgust found in books like Burroughs' The Naked Lunch, Becham's Stalinsc and Le Roi Jones' The System of Dulle's Hail. Even films, so long the citadel of complacency, are beginning to echo a new awareness of the underside of American life, as in The Pawnbroker and Bonnie and Clyde.

America has always been a society with tremendous centrifugal forces, regional and ethnic. To hold the country together has posed problems unknown in a small and homogenous society. American unity has been very much the product of a shared belief in the American Dream, however the interpretations might be, and a faith in America that has made it possible, for example, for a country with enormous class divisions to deny these in its political behaviour. (One should not forget the enormous importance of pledges of allegiance and civic lessons in the public schools, where millions of immigrants were imbued with the American Dream. Writing of the task of the schools at a time when the Dream was also under challenge, Charles Beard said: 'Once more, as in the early days of the Republic, the terms, conditions, and methods appropriate to the maintenance of democratic society swing into the centre of educational interest."

Today, as periodically in American history, the sufficiency and the relevance of the American Dream are being questioned. The questions take many forms. Police doubt to the universal validity of American ideals is expressed in Congressional committee rooms. Frustration with the application of these ideals has led to student unrest on most of the large American campuses among the academic elite of the country's five million students. In the urban ghettos men talk, in fact and in colour; the great bulk of Americans do not share the feeling of Berkeley or Harlem. However, the sense that the old ideals no longer provide an answer to contemporary problems, that new problems, at home and abroad, demand new ideals and new purposes.

Lyndon Johnson, President, will probably be seen in history as marking the end of the Roosevelt era (the New Deal) at home and the Truman era (of containment) abroad. Many of Johnson's domestic reforms, important as they were, were first mooted during the 'thirties. The Civil Rights legislation of his Presidency, though more important than the legislation of any, and all, of his predecessors since Lincoln, does not go far enough to solve the problems of housing and jobs and education which demand far more than integration into the existing social structure. His actions abroad were responses conditioned by the last twenty years of Cold War, and little more than adequate. What Rovere said of foreign policy applies with equal force to domestic politics:

"The policies we are applying were not meant to endure forever but to tide us over, to bring us safely into the present age. We have arrived, we are safe but more or less intact, and it is incumbent upon us to look on this new age and seek new ways—of new ways are required and it seems to me perfectly clear that they are most desperately required—and with it, instead, our leaders and many of their most eloquent critics are locked in debate over what it and who is not being true to the bygone age."

It may be that in the end America will find the resources within its own traditions to meet the new challenges. The American Dream has become perhaps the most important symbol of complacency, a belief that American society is essentially good and requires only a little bit of tinkering to make it perfect. Yet the Dream was in its time a revolutionary one, and in the belief that it was in the power of men to completely remake their society. This is the essence of the Dream, and it is a necessary set of political and economic arrangements. Even the new militant elements of Black Power express ideas that would not have seemed alien to Jefferson, in their claims for local control and freedom from a welfare bureaucracy. In the days of the American Revolution, hampered by "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness", to quote Jefferson's version of Locke, could be attained by leaving government alone. In modern, urban, post-industrial America that is no longer sufficient. The great challenge America now faces is to find a way of reuniting a sprawling, grudgingly mixed, distributed resources, which can only be done by government action, without merely enlarging the massive bureaucratic state which already administers her inadequate social services. Without this the American Dream can only become the American nightmare.
A shawte histree of the English langwise...

A knowledge of the history of his language has been a great help to the English scholar, but even if you are not English, you still ought to know something about it. You may then pursue your own researches, and become an amateur expert as I did. You will learn that "amateur" comes from the Latin—amare, he loves; or, the lover. The true amateur will trace English back until it no longer exists, and by studying it in depth, come to know everything about nothing, a feat usually reserved for philosophers.

In the days when English wasn't Latin, was, and this period is called the "Zeroth Influence" after Zenor Mottel, a drunken jester in a funny thing happened on the way to the forum. These are the glorious days of early Britains, brought down to us in the tales of King Arthur's Court. Little is left of that era, but some names continue, especially of those towns named after court jesters—Worchester, after the unapproachable where jesters, and Winchester, after the weak joke expert, the wise jester.

Moreover, deep in the Black Forest, the natives were restless, even though they were German. Roman rumors had it that they talked peculiar, and this made the Germans nasty. The nasty bits are recorded in Grimm's Fairy Tales, but the technical details are to be found in his monumental classic, Grimm's Lore. Changes from k to g and k to b, b to p, p to t, and so on altered the entire outlook of the Germans. Where the German said "Kremlin juicy," the German now said "Kremlin patty," and the "pulp of the lips" became the "out of the pockets," none of which were funny when a Roman army was dispatched to dispatch you. This wasn't really fair, when one considers that a rather anemic "Nero pudding" became "Nero fiddle," although the Romans may have thought this an ambush. The Germans moved out, and headed for Norway and Sweden, which had liberal immigration policies towards well-read, bored, and bored, bored. Some of these later became the Angles and the Saxons, who had the honour of being a successful invader of Britain.

The first Anglo-Saxon invader was a minor chief, Burem, who set sail for Gliik near Istanbul, but on misdirecting his boat to Britain, still insisted to his crew that he was right. "We are now in Gliik," he said, and English they remained. Anglo-Saxon words can be recognized as hard-sounding (e.g., "hard") and monosyllabic (a word which echoes, and re-echoes, and re-echoes...). "Norse" means its meaning—good poetry.) The Anglo-Saxon poems are both long and short, because they were not civilized. A man was judged civilized in those days, by whether he used a pine tree. Anglo-Saxon forests, which grew pine, were "poetic," because they were not civilized. A man was judged civilized in those days, by whether he used a pine tree. Anglo-Saxon forests, which grew pine, were "poetic," because they were not civilized.

The next invasion was by monks, who, in a clever pioneer movement, captured the minds and morality of Anglo-Saxon religiousists. They altered the names of the work, spelling Monday "Munday," since monk was split monk. A love of food (all the greater for fasting) created Cawday and Fryday, both also misspelt. Wednesday, (Wimny's day) was named after St Wimny the Fool, who had been cooked over a slow fire. (Later, the martyr was renounced at Winfield, since "Wimny fed." The land was divided into bishoprics, or sees, and each bishop named his own see. Mercian see (Mercys) and Guernour's see (Journey) are examples. Soon there were more sees than sees, so the barons wrote in protest, "Suffice by the see." The bishops replied ironically to this by naming one county Suffic and another, right next to the first, Surrey, since they weren't in the least bit sorry.

The Celts, meanwhile, retreated either into Wales, where all names were written in a code, or to Scotland, where began the first of the clans. These were registered by an old Scots monk with a bip. The first of the Clyde was "Firth of Clyde" and so on for the "Firth of Tay" and others. The Fourth clan ("Firth of Forth") were so named because they were the fourth registered but didn't have a clan name at that time. The monk even named a town after his pipe—"Perth." Then came the Normans, and with them came the "poultry" (or it is "Gallic") flavour to our native tongue. The name "Norman" came, as had English, from the mouth of the conqueror, who shouted "Vive le roi!" to the man who would conquer England again, which was understood by the English as "No beast Norman..." and the two races could agree from the beginning. The French suffix -ette, meaning little, became -st. Thus to occupy a house as William occupied the country was to be a little...
Room, a film that can affect in many ways, produces two divergent reactions (either like Wagner, if I may be forgiven the pet reference): people either revel and walk out halfway through, in ignorance or fear, or stagger out at the conclusion, moribund and muttering impressions. The film did not find in me a totally willing response at either pole, although I did admit that sitting out the preceding Room had in the nearest locality may have exacerbated my already unresponsive mood. It is not often considered, but nevertheless significant, that films, or, I suppose, any other form of communication or expression, very often catch one on the wrong foot. A work that might be adjudged great when experienced on the Thursday might be viewed as something less exciting if seen on Friday instead. The influence of mood, disposition, or what you will, cannot be underestimated, especially in the cinema where even the fleeting two hours worth may an experience never to be repeated. In this case I speak of room that perhaps, even, acceptably, or at the very least, the faculty of being to suggestion and influence. To clam up when presented, and express boredom or desire, is the easy way out if the mood is not right, and even overt hostility often occurs out of the conflict between the pressures of the film and the restlessness supplied by the viewer's inappropriate frame of mind.

Having said this, I will pursue the matter. An initial "this is great stuff!" reaction to a movie often looks distinctly shallow second time round. (My current appraisals of Hiroshima Mon Amour, Blu-ray Up, and Wild Sweetness are of this order.) The probable explanation is that in the first instance one is attuned to an extent where the perceptible response is an enhancement of the way one feels at the time as much as of the film. Another viewing will reveal whether not the film has the capacity to stand a change in the emotional disposition of the viewer. My own opinion is that the best films are capable of being seen many times, since their particular impact is independent of changing fashion in techniques, or temporary fashions like plot twists and so forth. How else to explain my being able to see it through after twice times in one day, a certain Western 15 times in ten years, or a number of other favorites to a comparable degree? Here are cases where a film's strengths are sufficient to override momentary vagaries of temperament. This persistent satisfaction may be partly to aesthetics rather than intellectual apprehensions, but it is exacts whatever explanations are offered.

These matters remarks essayed by disappointment at being not so appreciative of Room as I feel I perhaps ought to be, or as visibly moved as have been most of my friends. One must be wary, however, because this approach is beginning to veer dangerously towards the state of affairs where aesthetic 'truths' are achieved by counting heads. There may, after all, be very good reasons why one should not be an overwhelmingly impressed by the film. My own prejudice is against the Grand Allegory approach, which I have always found distasteful. Presumably, though I may be wrong, part of the impact of Room derives from the implication that the events depicted are real, and so we are to have our own and secret fears. I find it difficult to jump the abyss between one's Cofard's cagy redoubts and Rex's psyche. Since the Angel of Death and his victims do not trigger the automatic emotional response, I am left in varous with a bizarre fantasy. The setting is splendid and the technique superb, but stripped of psychological relevance there is insufficient dramatic content to maintain a high degree of involvement.

The film nevertheless inspires a detached kind of interest throughout, and at times quite exciting. Joseph Losey's directorial style is fascinating, even in those films where he has to peer over wild and woolly scripts. In Room as in The Servant, he has a ball maneuvering his camera and actors about amidst the director, producing a kind of provoking sensation which is mildly hair-raising. (Surely, but is one of the world's best lighting cameramen, which was his incredible color photography in Room(In fact, without these two fine acting the film would have been a flop, worthy only as an excuse for the brief, extraordinary appearance by Noel Coward [featured by Tennessee Williams, rumour has it, impossible at all].)

Richard Burton reenacts his film as beautifully as ever, and although I generally find his particular brand of psychopathic irritancy it is impossible to concede that Burton is impressive, especially when the script requires him to make obvious to the watching Mrs Caffin his role as Harlequin of utmost tidings. I am never quite sure whether Elizabeth Taylor is brilliant or atrocious, always excepting Suddenly Last Summer, in which she matched the great Katherine Hepburn with a virtuoso performance. In Room, Taylor is haggard, overtired, slightly rotten. Even this physical presence is perfect, whatever one might wish to say about her weary delivery and flowered hysteria. I think the performance becomes more believable as the film progresses, and her last scene with Burton is the best in the film. Apparently vast liberties were taken by Williams when adapting his play for the big screen. (Noam Twain loved a good scene in a way the film does.) The action bears his heavy imprint from beginning to end, but here is the level of a box-score I cannot say. As an analysis for present as this cannot possibly on justice to such a complex work. My initial assumptions are correct: a second viewing should decide the matter for me. Until then I shall have to regard Room as a most tedious exercise (and worth not even again for just that reason), but one dewed of the emotional tone I initially respond to. Having wasted so long to see this film, perhaps now we shall be allowed to praise the pleasure of Joseph Lowry's Accident, as yet unfettered in Wellington. The management of the Princess might note the best selling work of the last five years by inquiring whether not Accident is available for screening. Given the unassailable credibility of the distribution, this greatly good film has probably left the country for good.

Joey Madison, more than most films, is subject to the kind of temperamental influences I have been discussing. I came out of this film much with a melancholy and somewhat improved by what I had seen. But further reflection began to reveal Room in the film's style and structure, until I am now at the stage where I think it unlikely that the events to the hours preceding my going into the theatre that made up the story and its brilliant characters. I ask myself, for example, why the two lovers committed suicide in the first place. An inspection of the film reveals little in the way of motivation, and since the narrator is said to be based on an historical incident there can be no failing back on the explanation that the relationship is a mythic one, doomed to extinction by nothing less arbitrary than a decree of the gods.

The plot is that the lovers kill themselves because they are starting. They are starving because they have no money, and there is no hope of improving their lot because it is impossible for them to get work. This tragic progression would be convincing if the film provided some reason for their not being able to find employment. In the barest hint when a motive pursued aware her that one can work, but for the lack of him. But this, surely, is not enough. Something more substantial is needed to explain the fatal passion that grips the characters, since this passion perduces the film and is the very essence of its appeal. If less time had been spent on lyrical photography and more on providing a reasonable explanation of events, the film would have been a more coherent dramatic unity. I don't think this attitude is unduly sceptical. Eliot Malpass says much about the tragic act of suicide, and although the moment itself may be intensely moving, one can feel only deflated when one thinks about the film later on. A more than usually convincing motivation must be found for this course of the narrative. True people killing themselves as one need hardly point out, on a trivial affair.

There is a line in the film that goes roughly something like this: "If you lie with your eye close to a blade of grass, the grass can see clearly, but you can't see what's behind it. The rest of the world is blurred." This metaphor to his reflection accurately, it seems, the working philosophy of Wilder and his photographer Josef. They were only on the surface, with exactly that visual surface unwittingly described by the character, in a heavy strain on the viewer, struggling to find something in the film he can get his teeth into. The use of the long lens is fine in short doses, as it has been used in this manner in other films, but when the technique is employed for lengthy periods the resulting 'cinematic' view is to see, and becomes eventual superfluous, excessively boring.

Another aspect of the film that I object to is the music. At every moment of portentous implications, at every moment of tension, at every moment of danger, and at perfect and grinding, a little piece of Blaumauer was heard on the soundtrack as, if to remind us that something significant is going on. The device is unsuited of this level of film making, and is as about padding as carnival for TV in my opinion. I appreciate, on the other hand, the way in which the film states at the outset what is going to happen. At first I found this a little too obvious, but it has added to the plot of a considerable measure of its impact. I became gradually corrosion, more, that this was eventually the point, that the film exhorted dramatic surprise and attempted instead to engage our sympathy in spite of our knowledge. Counteracting this, though, is the suspicion that the passion of properly stated motive may have been even more apparent if the false death had been sprung on us with more foreshadowing.

Having made these several remarks, what am I left with? Some nice points of criticism, a few acting, a few writing, and a film that is genuinely effective. This does not seem to me to be enough, I do think of film of Joey Madison as only a partial success, despite my initially favourable reaction.
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TV with David Smith

THE TERROR IS THE MESSAGE

More than once during the short life span of this column I have suggested that the NZBC would produce much more satisfying material at the local level if it were to recognise its technical limitations and present its viewers with compactly-packaged shows using the very best talent (in close-up) as it produces. After all, the ‘local’ intimacy of TV has been recognised by most of the top networks of the world so why not follow suit and perhaps save money in the process? Well WNTV had just that when the first drama production of the year arrived in the shape of The Gutless Pointing Morality, replete with two fully accredited Downstage personnel. The author had previously won a Felix award for his play Green Gun Simon and with quite a few stops being pulled in studio arrangements all bodied fair. Why then was the result bad enough to warrant inclusion in Sunday’s religious programmes? Clearly the answer must be that all the approach work and good intentions in the world go for nought if there is a basic misunderstanding of the medium in any of the producing departments. Here the producers were using theatrical techniques at the personal level while the probing electronic eye of the TV camera was allowed to dwell on every facial and verbal idiosyncrasy exposing it as yet another pimple on an already blotchy complexion. It goes without saying that under these circumstances the last thing that the main characters needed was a script which could be described as early Payton Place with a sprinkling from the Penguin Book of Giches. Direct confrontation with the camera is fine, provided one has some manipulation in the way of dialogue or personality. Eric Wood, however, floundered simply because his one dimensional role didn’t even have the odd aphorism or epigram—at least one could say it is original to exclude references to artificial butterflies on the porch having officially gone out with Extra ‘52’, So TV drama slips another notch till next time, which won’t be very long apparently, Plastic Marriage passes away leaving only a fading memory of Eric Wood fumbling at Glenys Levtion’s right boob. Unfortunately it wasn’t the only fumble and nor was it the only boob.

Sportview came good for five minutes last week with some excellent filming of the Gilmour clash but then the motion shots tastefully coupled with appropriate music and an intelligent voice-over went some way towards making the drivel of the past and recent past. All good sports should have as much art as science in them.

Not since Manssouri and the decimal coin design fracas has such a flagrant disregard of public opinion been shown. Once again the programme planners in their ivory towers have demonstrated that their understanding of the average NZ adult has been computerised to them. The Minister of Broadcasting should take the only honourable course open to him and resign. All political parties undertaking to put an end to Saturday Night Show on in the evenings will certainly get my vote.

Good TV ‘Front men’ are worth their weight in cannabis and Dirk Bogarde is very good. His raising from the dead of Charles Laughton and Evelyn Williams in I Claudius was a resurrection even Professor Goring would have approved of. The painstaking research and the resulting annihilation of the rushes of this aborted epic movie made a viewing experience more lasting in impact than perhaps would have been the case had the film been completed and shown intact.

The Gallery interview with the P.M. had been falling into a bit of a rut I think Mr Smith means “runt”—Ed over recent years but with the advent of “Sir Keith” a new perversion presented itself, Brian Edwards set out to find the real man inside the built-up show. After twenty minutes of pretty gruelling stuff (15 chortles of “Just ordinary man” Mr Edwards clearly would have created more headlines had he given in to his natural inclination to leap up and smash this clumsy dwarf round the face (both of them).
MUSIC REVIEW

STRAINSKY—88th Birthday Concert. Excerpts from The Rape of the Prom—Emily Baird and Bruce Metcalfe with Bruce Greenfield (piano); Elgir for Solo Violin—Gavin Saunders; Mass—Bach Choir and members of the NZSO Symphony Orchestra. Reviewed by GORDON BURT.

Stravinsky is 88. From Firebird to In Memoriam J.F.K., probably the most "ennobled" composer in history, (Bach and Beethoven are no longer assured, merely established). A victorious 88 at that, resident in New York (very likely that he can't have been all that accommodating—which may tell us something about the aforementioned In Memoriam J.F.K.) magnificently enjoying for HANPER's magazine at The Performing Arts (.,.,., Becker's prior.,.,.,.,), should at least make people look at ascetics with a thought for who might be in them...)

Unusually vivid (or Britten's Requiem—nothing fails like success) he might have had a field day at the VODW Music Society's celebration concert. Stravinsky's view of the Mars a grand, Byzantine, but all dramatic and ceremonial: with apologies to Fred Delius of television fame, one might say there was too much Jesus in this performance. (Sigh! Yes, Fred said it of English music.) Gavin Saunders' rendering of the violin—Elgir beautifully anticipated but a degree or two below at times. Excerpts from The Rape of the Prom too—undeniably taste music—brilliantly tossed off by George Metcalfe and Emily Baird abetted by Bruce Greenfield in the swinging piano.

One penetrating thought however: perhaps the most truly "twentieth-century" composer in that (like Proust) he has had a go at just about everything—a global villager perhaps. Play on, master.
The third Folk Club concert for 1970 was held in the upstairs common room on 12 June and featured special guests Phil Gethard from Christchurch and Decian Alfley from Australia. To a certain extent, the music was overshadowed as the unfortunate news of the evening’s and Tour de France domination filtered through and the demonstration themselves arrested.

The evening got away to an uncomptected start with well known traditional material performed beautifully by Richard Doctors, Dave Bronsine and Bob Silbery. Richard Doctors also gave his characteristically high standard of individual performances.

A promising new group called Geltid led by Martin Field and featuring guitar, clarinets and flute performed contemporary and traditional material. Their sound had potential dignity in chamber music style but was marred by lack of serenity and monotonous arrangement. A contrasting certainty showed in the experience of Max Weir, Graeme Neinah and Gaila Heath. They gave a polished performance in the American idiom, and as was expected, were particularly impressive in the blues they did—Verna and Deep Down Mama.

Phil Gethard’s setlist included contemporary as well as periodical New Zealand material. His particular thing is to rile our folk here at the grans stage, and he is endeavouring to keep it up full-time while his contacts are still alive. This concept one of his first songs was a poem, A Country Road I Know by Sandy McMillan—an old volleyball who lives in Geraldine. Phil set it to music.

One of the most interesting developments on the contemporary New Zealand folk scene recently has been Tambo’s—a ragas of folk song, traditional musicians that achieve a surprising depth of musical ‘synchronisations’. Their line-up includes Steve Robinson and Denis Leong on guitars, with Simon Moria on cello and Penny Friese on flute. Tambo’s claim to play ‘real—nothing more, nothing less, and their claim is not unreasonable. Their problem does not seem to be performance, but what to perform. The Moody Blues number, Legend of a Mind, demonstrated their musical ability best, but their material is disparate and they do not seem very sure where they are progressing to. It is to be hoped they get their bag together soon.

Decian Alfley has a large Australian reputation, recently enhanced by his part in the musical direction of the Ned Kelly film. He lived up to expectations, with a fine voice and an economical and effective piano backing. Unfortunately the mood of the audience was somewhat lowered by this time, and he recognised it by concluding the evening with Br Volta’s Overcome, accompanied by appropriate gesture.

Some of the performers remained to entertain those participating in the sleep-in.

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**HALLS OF RESIDENCE APPEAL**

Acknowledgement of Donations

The Victoria University of Wellington Halls of Residence Foundation, Inc., gratefully acknowledges the generosity of the undermentioned business houses and organisations who have contributed so generously to the appeal launched in 1967 for the building of Halls of Residence for students of this University.

This list does not include the many hundreds of former students, parents, charitable organisations and trusts and members of the public who have given so freely to the Fund and whose gifts have been privyly acknowledged.

(Sgd.) L. R. ARNOLD, Chairman of the Foundation.

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**Lion with everything**

with chips, salami, savs, gerkins, birds, Beatles, poker... you name it

and Brown is mighty
CONCERTO FOR POP GROUP AND ORCHESTRA featuring DEEP PURPLE and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by MALCOLM ARNOLD (EMI Harmony SHVL 767). Reviewed by DON HEWITSON.

Feature track on Deep Purple (Telephone PCS1 6083) was April—a three-minute grosse-concerto done by organist Jon Lord. It is, in fact, an encore from another record. Lord had shown an aptitude for adapting classical music to pop groups before this was his first complete effort—piano, organ, acoustic and electric guitar, bass, guitar and drums combining with a singing quartet and seven piece wind section. April required up to eleven different tracks so it was basically a recorded concerto, not designed to be performed live. Lord's next effort is in much more important steps forward.

At times the Concerto for Pop Group and Orchestra sounds like a modern day Vaughan Williams piece but this descriptive nature is of little consequence. The first movement has its fair share of awkward moments—Lord has written for orchestra and group as separate entities and this has led to some problems with balance and interplay. The beginning is a lengthy orchestral introduction built around a theme introduced by the clarinet; tenor saxophone is then shunted by the awkwardness of the entry of the brass section. Finally the group enters and it seems incongruous as Ritchie Blackmore's lead cuts an electronic swoosh through the orchestra.

Everything is much more unified once the group arts into the theme and leads up to the guitar cadenza but it is obvious that Lord has not quite got the task of presenting the group and orchestra as separate antagonistic forces.

The second movement is built around two evocative tunes introduced by the copper and flutes. At this stage the composer is writing for orchestra and group together and the whole effect is much more relaxed and satisfying. The idea of using a vocalese in a concerto seconda era rather out of place but Jon Lord has a delicate lyricism in a sensitive manner well blend with the mood created by Lord. This movement is undoubtedly based on the theme of the concerto—a memorable effort by Lord, orchestra and Deep Purple. The percussion section is featured in Edwin Gray's solo and is joined by drums and bass guitar and then by the whole group. This time there is no hesitancy as group and orchestra play at full blast. Blackmore introduces the same theme, playing it in a straight line over three sections in the key of G minor.

The movement is rather syncopated strings introduce the third movement. The percussion section is featured in Edwin Gray's solo and is joined by drums and bass guitar and then by the whole group. This time there is no hesitancy as group and orchestra play at full blast. Blackmore introduces the same theme, playing it in a straight line over three sections in the key of G minor.

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Dispute hits strait rail ferry service

5 dismissed; crew refuses to sail

7 PROTESTERS ARRESTED AT FAREWELL FOR ALL BLACKS

The DOMINION caption to this photograph read: "Police struggling with one of the demonstrators involved in the melee which broke out at the All Black farewell." As you can see from a comparison of the DOMINION front page (for Friday, 12 June) and the photograph below, the policeman's handful of hair was carefully excised from the photograph—undoubtedly to preserve the sensibilities of the mothers of ten who this week have been complaining about rat-bag students who beat up cops.