FLY INFORMAL VOTEWAYS

by Tony Simpson

"Jack Marshall, Jack Marshall lend me your Muldoon,
For I've something to do, and I need the policeman.
An election to fight, on behalf of the Right,
Against Labour, Manapouri, Tim Shadbolt,
Barric Mincalfe, Tom Newham, Stan Rodgers
Brian Edwards, Trevor Richards, old uncle
Tom Skinner and all, Old uncle Tom Skinner and all
---traditional New Zealand folk ballad circa 1972.

I was staring moodily into my fourth cup of coffee last Saturday, and absentmindedly tormenting the cat, when there came a knock on the door, and there stood a youth of sober mein. "May I come in," said he?
"I don't want an encyclopaedia," I cried.
But it was too late. He had leapt over the threshold and slammed and bolted the door. "I am from the Labour Party," quoth he, forcing me back into my chair and shining a bright light directly into my eyes. I wish to ask you some questions. And so he did, such as: If the election was held today would you vote Labour or Labour and: Do you keep a canary (see Kornplaster and Phibes: The Keeping of Cage Birds as a Determinant of Voting Behaviour Among Trade Union Organisers: Proceedings of the Bratislavian Congress on Congress, 1971). And then he was gone.

A friendly soul I thought, but what a funny way to spend a Saturday. Then it struck me in a flash of midday insight: in nine to twelve months there will be an election. Feeling like Saul on the road to Damascus just after his unfortunate accident, I rushed outside to where my good wife was pensive handing out the washing. "Good wife,"

cried, "there is soon to be an election, and who will win?"

"McGovern, I hope," returned she, and suitably crushed I slunk back indoors, fell back into my chair, and imagined how it would be.

In a badly appointed public lavatory labelled Trades Hall, in the meaner part of town, in the offices of the Transnet and Genial Wankers Union, dressed in tattered overcoats, and crouched over a guttering candle, sat Normal Kirk and his band of trusty followers. "Brothers," he croaked, "I have here the Labour policy for the forthcoming election. A hundred-weight of coal in every bath!" There was silence for a moment, and then a thousand hobnail boots beat ecstatically on the floor and the Red Flag was on all lips. In the midst of this rejoicing Normal blenched. "The intellectuals are coming," he whispered hoarsely, and flew panicstricken into the night.

Meanwhile, on the other side of town, in the luxurious suite of the Notional Potty, tastefully decorated with Conamalco shares and imported Japanese beechwood furniture, Gentleman Jack Marshall was reading his orders from the Employers' Federation. "I will open my campaign," he purred to the assembled jackals of Wall Street, "with a mass rally at the Nelson Cotton Mill, followed by a whistlestop tour of Nelson province, and an address to the miners at Dobson. There will be a visit to the famous drowned village at Te Anau, a week's rest and recreation at the Paremoremo Tourist Hotel to see the first night of: Rits - A Comedy in an Infinite Number of Acts, and then I shall return to Wellington for cocktails with the French ambassador, Baron Pierre Chateau-Mouton-Rothschild who has promised to show me that there is no danger from the atom bomb by exploding one in his own rose garden, and only the town belt will suffer." Pithy applause rippled around the room, making a sound like the rustling of new banknotes. There was no doubt about it. The man was brilliant. There was a disturbance in one corner of the room, as Robert Muldoon (what a pretty name) lumbered to his feet, overturning several bottles of Gilby's Gin. "But we have no policy," he snuffled.

..."Sit down," cried the contingent from the RSA, showering him with withered wreaths removed from war memorials all over the country last Anzac day, "we have never had a policy in the past. What need have we of one now?"

But enough of these stereotypes. In November this year you will be exercising your vote along with about a million other souls. Pause, gentle reader, to consider what is going on here. This tiny lump of Victoriana in the Antipodes shelters several sorts of voters, and of one of these you make one.

To begin with there's your blue collar worker, traditionally a hairy person who lives at the bottom of sump. About 70% of him votes Labour, and there's less of him than there used to be. Then there's your tradesmen and whatnot, and some of them vote Labour and some for the other lot, and there are about the same number of them as there used to be. Next your farmers, and I don't have to tell you how they vote. The same with administrative and managerial workers (whoops, sorry, personnel).

And we've got about the same number of lawyers and accountants and doctors and clergymen and that, or more correctly we've got too many accountants and lawyers and not enough teachers and doctors and it all comes out in the wash, isn't free enterprise lovely. Oho, says some smartarse mathematician, if the population is going up and most groups stay the same in proportion to population and some groups are declining, who are these other people?

I'm glad you asked that question, madam. They are horrid, wicked people called technocrats who have arrived on the stage of history through a trapdoor labelled electronics technology and all who sail in her. They are computer programmers and television producers and scientists doing peculiar things, and designers and admen and all sorts. The political future of New Zealand belongs to them and they have no political home because almost no-one is aware that they exist. The Labour Party has never heard of them and can't understand why it isn't winning elections, and blames it all on the media, except for the left-wing of the Labour Party is an interesting case, by the way, because it has a vested interest in everything getting worse. They would weep bitterly if everything improved (especially under a Labour Government), they are like the nuns who broke down and cried because there were no more lepers. They also have a death wish. Two of its thicker
LETTERS

BLINDING VISION

Sir,

As a very simple first year student I would like to know whether this phenomenon of middle class blindness is permitted to surround us “enlightened” souls. I am referring to those eye-pollutes venetian blinds. For some time I have contemplated about the class of bourgeois. The peasantry there are some for good reason otherwise the local activists would have removed them. It is perhaps some foul communications to keep the city out. OR is it just that we can’t see the blinds for the verbage.

John McDavitt.

KEEP POLITICS OUT OF GOVERNMENT

Sir,

T. Chai alleged that the internal struggle of NZUSA was merely petty quarrels and NZUSA was incapable to handle the problem of student struggle on campus. I doubt how much T. Chai understands about the fight between two different lines within the NZUSA. The NZUSA dispute is essentially a political issue and some conservative students have attempted to divorce the activities of NZUSA from politics. They want to turn NZUSA into merely a student welfare service organization and bar the students from actively participating in politics, Anti-Vietnam War movement, Anti-Springbok Tour, Anti-National Service, Women Liberation Movement, anti-Stato and anti-imperialism activities etc.

However, T. Chai did not “suggest anything feasible” either.

NEW ZEALAND’S DEMOCRATIC FASCISM

Sir,

We appreciate Gary Griffiths’ comment on the subtlety and hoax of “parliamentary democracy”. We also agree entirely with him one should not be illusion taking “parliamentary road” for future. Anyway, Gary seems to misunderstand the contents of the articles and letters appeared in SALIENT recently. We do not see there is any sign of advocating for bourgeois “democracy”.

We know very little about New Zealand politics. What is the “Kiwi-type democracy” as seen by us? It is the “democracy” for a minority of the ruling monopoly capitalists and dictatorship over the vast majority of the working people. This “bourgeois democracy” is based on the maintaining of counter revolutionary violence (i.e. armed forces, police, prison, court etc.), the control of capitalist economic structure, the control of mass media, of bureaucratic administration, education, trade unions etc. In times of relative stability, the class rule of the monopoly capitalists assumes the facade of “democracy”. Naked fascism is imposed when crises arises. “Kiwi-type democracy” and ruthless dictatorship are two sides of the same coin. The history of New Zealand bourgeois democracy can be seen from the aggressive activities by New Zealand’s role as a junior partner of imperialism abroad (for instance, the sending of army to South Vietnam and Malaya to suppress the national liberation movement), events such as the suppression of Maori’s strike; the sending of the army and police dogs to suppress the demonstrators at Mt. John, the government condemnation of the demonstration against imperialist PBCB meeting, the recent government cries for “law and order”, the amendments to the industrial relations laws etc. The growing fascism is manifested by the forthcoming new legislations on industrial law against anti-Springbok tour; the training of large scale armed forces and police dogs against possible disruption during the visit of Springbok team; against the political demonstrations; the imposition of “law and order”. All these have the support and approval of the so-called opposition party – the social fascist Labour Party of Kirk. The emphasis of using bourgeois dictatorship disguised as “parliamentary democracy”. It is common sense that the ruling class will adjust the legislations to suit their purposes. The hypocritical debates at the parliament merely aim at keeping the fascist “Kiwi-type democracy.”

It is apparent that all those parliamentarian readers are nuts. After staying here for some years, we find out New Zealand is one of the most politically backward countries. New Zealand so-called parliamentary politicians are blood-thirsty ill-informed of the world and we doubt very much their ability of understanding the world politics even at ABC level. The so-called two-party system at the parliament is merely a subtle and sophisticated form of bourgeois dictatorship. Both Muldoon and Kirk are no different to us. Essentially, New Zealand has no real freedom of speech, thought, protest, meeting, organisation if we remind ourselves of the restriction on activities led by Gilbert. The NZBC and TV have become important machinery of the bourgeois propaganda. New Zealand newspapers are among the worst in the world. Poor coverage of the news, both domestic and international, is understandable while most important news is distorted.

The parliamentary system is a subtle system of confusing and dividing the people so as to prevent them from organizing to overthrow the bourgeoisie. The parliament has been used as a rubber stamp for more fascist legislations and to tie hand and foot the common people. We are absolutely not “coloured by envy”. In fact, we have a good opportunity to experience and understand the more sophisticated and subtle form of fascist “parliamentary democracy” in New Zealand. We can understand the feeling of political frustration after realising the hoax of “parliamentary democracy” in New Zealand. We can understand the feeling of political frustration after realising the hoax of “parliamentary democracy”. We have ourselves suffered for nearly 20 years. There are some New Zealander students who have been deceived by the illusion of “parliamentary democracy”. These people are undoubtedly expecting to join with the reactionary ruling class in suppressing the people.

We do not agree with Gary on his conclusion of “utter futility of the anti-Vietnam War and anti-French Test protest marches”. In contrary, such phenomena demonstrate the excellent political progress in recent years. No doubt, this sort of mass struggle is still at a very low level of political struggle within the sphere of parliamentary politics. New Zealand may take longer time to materialise the success of genuine revolutionary struggle. Revolution will not take place overnight. If Gary will consider the political situation a few years ago, he will conclude that the mass struggle in New Zealand is developing rapidly in recent years. One must look at politics in the long term, and a revolution is inevitably a protracted one.

Gary, we wish to thank you sincerely for your valuable advice and also to congratulate you on your comments on the true nature of “parliamentary democracy”. We sincerely hope that you will also objectively analyse political developments and be optimistic for the future. Revolution is the main trend of the world today! Our warmest revolution greetings and compliments to you and New Zealand People.

A Group of Maori Students who Learn from New Zealand People

er, Will he suggest the University authorities to take immediate steps to investigate the ‘Peace Loving Malaysians’ incident? Has he contacted David Cuthbert and discussed about the capability of NZUSA to deal with such problems on campus? Investigation, however, is still going on. It is hoped that the few ‘Peace Loving Malaysians’ will be expelled from the University soon after the solid information is fully accumulated.

Student Movement Onlooker.

During the last three weeks SALIENT has received a number of letters relating to aspects of the Malaysian dispute(s).

We have printed only some of them. Much of what Malaysian correspondents are writing would be more effective if it was addressed directly to fellow Malaysians in consonance. I appreciate the fears of ‘spies on campus’ but I find it difficult to believe that Malaysian security is interested in the why or the if of the MSA/MSSA merger (though they may be interested in how its to come about). Malaysians sort it out in debate amongst yourselves. All this letter writing is getting you nowhere.

DOWN A LOCAL BROWN

Sir,

Much has been said and done lately on the subject of Maori language in schools.

While I support the effort of any group – racial, economic, political etc. – to achieve equality and fight discrimination I have personal objections to the Maori culture, which I would like to hear comments on from Maori readers.

1. Maori culture is very superstitious. As an atheist and humanist I cannot accept the superstitions surrounding the tangi and the multitude of spirits and supernatural beliefs. We soon the idea of Maori opening up the Red Sea so why not reject the idea of Maui fishing us up?

Any student of orogienies might tell you......

2. The Maori tribal arrangement is undemocratic. The elders, while deserving respect, have no right (in my mind) to wield the political power of the tribe. Everyone has a right to take part in political decisions — women, children etc.

3. The Maori was war-like even before the European arrived. Maori hakes, clubs etc all extol the virtues of war. As a utopian pacifist these values are unacceptable to me.

4. The Maori has certainly been cruelly treated by the European. While drunk with gifts of Pakeha grog his land was taken and his beliefs destroyed. But my beliefs haven’t been drunken away — no-one has to drink alcohol. Some of the wildest, most indigent eaters and boozers in NZ today are the Polynesian. When the marae, ancient Maori values are restored and we are all back in mud huts, who is going to be the first to decry the lack of D.B. cans?

Comments?

Sincere love & peace
Margaret Davie.

INTELLECTUALISING OLD AGE PENSIONS

Sir,

Professor Philpott’s answer to Mr. A. McDonald’s question why he failed to make submission to the Royal Commission on Social Security - was that it was outside his area of expertise. If the Professor merely considers himself a technician, piloting the wheels of capitalism, his answer is fair enough.

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PBEC LINGERS ON

The University administrators seem determined to drag the PBEC saga out of its logical conclusion. Despite a recent decision by the Prosectorial Board not to proceed further with attempts to discipline those students involved, the University Council this week resolved to take yet another legal opinion on the matter.

It seems as though the University lawyers in their original legal opinion on Prof. Campbell's 'objection' report decided that there was no possible chance that the council as a whole would not be given that the student involved, two of whom were non-students.

Poor old Danny Taylor the Vice-Chancellor just can't seem to oil his way quietly out of the whole mess.

Members of the Council were understandably upset that he had not seen fit to give them a copy of the legal opinion. And as well as having the University conservatives still calling for his blood he admitted at Council that local PBEC head MacDonald has been in constant contact wanting to know what is happening. No doubt he wants to report to his bosses in the United States that we can handle disrupters here.

The main concern at Council so far as one can gather, is (quite legitimately) that the University Union staff do not feel that they are being ignored. A vote of confidence was passed in them. But its hard to see what benefit there is to the staff in the decision not to charge the PBEC for the hire of the building. Imagine being so naive as to think that you could buy your way back into favour with international big business with $2,000!

ARTS FESTIVAL 1973

The planning for Arts Festival next year is in a state of upheaval. As yet no controller has been appointed. Planning began late for A/F 1973, and because of this venues in Christchurch, where it is to take place, have been already booked out.

Owing to the lack of suitable venues especially, Arts Festival could well be quite a different experience from all previous festivals. There are however five people at Christchurch very keen to organise Arts Festival, though none of these wishes to control exclusively.

Following the rumblings about the $8 entry fee after the Auckland Festival, NZ Universities Arts Council has decided to circulate tables of income and expenditure of Arts Festival which will be available for inspection at Student Office bases late this year.

At the November meeting Arts Council hopes NZUSA will approve of the calling for applications for the 3rd full-time paid NZUSA appointment, that of a director for Universities Arts Council.

Lads are currently preparing a booklet entitled: Why Labour Lost in '72. I wouldn't mind but they're bound to get it all wrong because their categories of thought belong to Europe about forty years ago. So it goes.

Most members of the National Party are completely unaware of the existence of these technocrats, too, as shown by the selection of Jack Marshall as leader. He represents the old coalition of farmers and nineteenth century urban middle class to whom the future does not belong. Jack Marshall is too soft-centred for the technocrats. Their man is your friend and mine Robert Muldoon, because he is the only person in the community today who has an eye for the future, but probably it might be. Technocrats want to be loved and he's prepared to love anyone who will support him - a sort of poor man's Ruy Long.

So you see it doesn't really matter who gets in November and my good wife was quite right to go on pegging out the washing with no display of political enthusiasm. National or Labour, Muldoon wins. If National gets in he gets to grumble the faces of the poor for another three years. If Labour gets in it won't have a chance what's happened and will blunder from crisis to crisis (a la Wilson), and end up in a haze singing twenty verses of Oh Jesus, I have promised, as the 1975 election approaches. Muldoon is probably the only member of parliament who knows what's going on and has a bit of style with it. What he does with his knowledge and style frightens the hell out of me, but in opposition he'll murder Labour. And he would get a bonus in the form of another stab at Jack Marshall's back, exposed by the failure of National.

It isn't a pretty thought and the only thing left to do is to make like the pig. Not the pig as in Muldoon, but the pig as in the story about the drunk lying in the gutter with a pig. A passing lass said you could tell a man who boosts by the company he chooses, and the pig got up and slowly walked away. Why don't we all just get up and slowly walk away.

Perhaps Professor Philpott doesn't know that the principles the present social security system was based on were set out in the form of value judgements. What a great loss to thousands of New Zealanders it would have been if Dr McMillan and Arnold Nordmeyer had thought back in the early 1930s, that they should stick to their areas of expertise (medicine and religion) and not expressed their value judgements and then fought to have them implemented. The crapped out social security system we have at present is not the fault of those two men but their contemporaries and successors in public office.

Professor Philpott failed to reply to Mr. McDonald's question as to whether The Responsible Society (Dr. W. B. Stutch's submissions) and the Royal Commission's Report are recommended reading for his students. Probably the answer would be no, because statements of clear principle and vision would be anathema to the technicians of the Economics Department.

The learned Professor says he has no expertise and obviouslyuger-all concern in the field of Social Security. I think that if he was put on an old age pension and had to go through the human degredation of a supplementary means test he would develop some 'expertise' about Social Security pretty quickly. I don't say that to personally insult the Professor but to show him what Peter Wilson meant by his accusation of 'class bias'. Insulting, may be, to the Professor, but none the less true.

- Neil McCranachy.
What If They Held A University & Nobody Came??

Well kiddies, the Sausage Machine is grinding us all down into a consistent mass no longer resembling meat, the additions of bread and water outweighing the original stuff, and making us just like the commercial article, and then out the end we come, uniformly skinned, but slightly different brand marks, B.A., B.Sc., B.C.A., LL.B. or something very similar, perhaps a little more bread to make the texture finer. Labeled, handshaken, thrown into the world, bemused, confused, stupefied, capricious and completely stuffed.

Gone are all traces of incipient originality, vitality, vivacity and love - we are now carcasses - amorphous grey, unfeeling, unstrategic, impervious to mediocrity. Out we go to become the leaders of Tomorrow, we the intellectual so-called, of the nation, completely and utterly rooted, subtracted by that machine that is cunningly placed at the end of the school system, neatly disguised as a gingerbread house. Into this inviting palace we go, but once we're in CLANG...........the door slams and we are removed - think this way - follow these rules - see this viewpoint - read this book - CLICK - CLICK - CLICK.

and out comes the sausage....dead.....but....it looks OK.

Shall we now have a think......Yes, thats right.....a think......(You could even do it over the Vacation.)

Is the University doing for me what I want?

Is it teaching/showing/leading me into new fields of thought critical and non-compromising?

Is it allowing me to grow in myself, to become more human, more caring, more sensitive?

Is it providing me with the necessary skills to help form a new society?

Am I completely satisfied with what it is at present??

and if you answer any of these questions NO (imagine) what are you going to do? Are you going to accept (and branded with your dishonesty for life) or are you going to try and effect some changes. Remember People (a subservient statement) WE ARE THE UNIVERSITY!!!

without us it has no reason for existence - for God's sake let us control not it control us.

What is needed is not a continuation of the school system, but something to counter its stupefying influence, and in the University we can do it - what justification can there be for a course or faculty that has no students - and vica versa if there is not a faculty of what we want - less staff - one - think of the possibilities - academic freedom, liberating thinking, decisions made by students, we might even get some progress not repetition.

For the University to survive in any effective form it must cease to be a palliative offered to the people by those who have the power in our society......"You can all go to University, by one means or another, and you can all attempt to get the qualifications that will allow you to come up on top with us, but if you fail, ah well you can't say we haven't given you the chance to join us, you're not good enough so you will have to go back to the masses again.

We have to make the University the change agent in our society - the instrument that shapes society - is not shaped by us - AND WE CAN DO IT BROTHERS AND SISTERS if we do it TOGETHER!!!!!!!!!!!!

Peter N. Rendall.

MSA AGM

The A.G.M. of the Malaysian Students' Association which was held on the 16th October was well attended. The following people were voted into the executive positions:

President - Steven Oh
Vice President - Kamaluddin Awang

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

"LITERATURE AND LINGUISTICS"

by

PROFESSOR C. KOOZNETZOFF
Professor of German in the University

on

Thursday, 28th September, 1972 at 8.30pm

In Lecture Theatre 1, Lecture Theatre Block

Secretary - Boniface Siu
Asst. Secretary - Charles Lian
Treasurer - Ken Lum
Committee Members - Philip Low, T.E. Teh, James Mason Jeremy Goh.

In view of the controversy which surrounds this Association the committee decides it necessary to state its policies:

1. To resolve the MSA's differences with MISA by direct negotiation with the latter.
2. To maintain the autonomy of the MSA at all times.
3. To endeavour to work for the formation of an overseas students committee which will consist of representatives from all overseas students' Associations in Wellington.
4. To promote closer intercultural intercourse between Malaysians and New Zealanders and other overseas students.
5. To work towards creating a regular students' newspaper to serve as a voicepiece for all Malayan students.

MSA is an open association and therefore we wish to see greater participation in it by our local counterparts.

Boniface Siu.

Bank of New Zealand

EDUCATION LOANS AND
financial CONSULTING SERVICE
for Victoria University students

ask for your leaflet at the BNZ University Office in the Hunter building - open from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.

admin. OUT OF LINE

The Registrar's office of the University recently ceased the sale of names and addresses of past students to commercial firms in town. That they used to sell them has been admitted to Peter Cullen, and these kind of sales have now been stopped for student security reasons. Firms representing such organisations as Time magazine would buy names and addresses to forward advertising material to potential clients. The questions that must now be asked are: Who received the money from the sales? Did it go into administrative funds or into someone's pocket? If the former, in which area would it have been spent? And when did this kind of activity endear the University to the students subjected to it?

Pioneer coffee lounge

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51-951 (Pte.)

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the cock saga continues ...

WHILE TOZER GOES FOR "SUBSTANTIAL DAMAGES" WHAT HAPPENED TO "FREEDOM OF SPEECH".

by John Tweed.

It’s always handy to be in the Police force when you want to play around with the law to suit yourself. Take Chris Wheeler’s June 29 confrontation with Wellington CIB over his supposed “criminal libel” of Detective-Inspector Tozer of Christchurch CIB. Now, nearly three months after the police raid on Chris’s COCK headquarters and removal of all his files they’ve apparently decided not to proceed with a prosecution. Which is very handy for Det-Serg Tozer, whose lawyer, Brian McClelland, of McClelland, Wood, Mackay and McVeigh (regular police lawyers), will by now have Wellington CIB’s assessment of how much they think Christopher Robin is worth. During theirraid the Police apparently asked a number of questions about how much COCK’s equipment is worth. As Chris has now been sent a letter by McClelland etc saying they intend to issue a writ for “substantial damages” it’s obvious that they think they can get the money out of him by forcing sale of his printing gear. Perhaps members of the constabulary are hunting up an MBE for putting COCK out of business, which would no doubt make the police, who’ve never been interested in things like freedom of speech, quite glad.

What is more to the point and what makes this whole business begin to stink a little high, is that Chris put out a public apology which was circulated all over the country over two months ago and without being asked by either the Tozers, McClelland etc or the Police. After all, although Chris muckrakes in the old tradition, his stories when not based on the sort of conjecture everybody indulges in, have the ring of truth. No-one in its five-year history has ever successfully sued COCK which says a lot for its accuracy. The fact that he made a mistake over Det-Serg Tozer’s background has been admitted by Chris in public and Tozer should be satisfied.

It’s highly unlikely that with COCK’s relatively small readership that the Tozers have been at all materially damaged in any way, particularly when you consider that the sort of people who read COCK chose ideological sides long ago. COCK is mostly read by an already converted audience. Certainly none of Tozer’s mates probably believe a word in it. So it all comes down to in the end is revenge. It’s not revenge on Tozer’s part, but on the part of the Kiwi Establishment; nor for a mere five lines or so in a reasonably poorly circulated magazine, but revenge against COCK for having stayed around criticising people and things for so long without going under to the sort of pressure the Kiwi Establishment can put up when it feels itself attacked.

Which brings us back to that little business of freedom of speech. Obviously when you’ve got free speech some things are going to be said which are going to be wrong or untrue. That doesn’t matter much in the free speech society because sooner or later someone’s going to point out the error and the situation will be corrected. In COCK’s case a correction has been made. A very widely publicised one too.

If we’ve got free speech in New Zealand the matter should rest there. It won’t because we haven’t and we’re not going to get it until the whole law of libel is overhauled in this country so that a lot more of the facts about our society get out. They’re not getting out at the moment and we shouldn’t have to rely on the spurious voice of Chris Wheeler’s COCK to fill the obvious news gap.

As Vic. Law prof. Geoffrey Palmer remarked in a widely publicised article in a recent issue of the NZ LAW JOURNAL, "We need uninhibited, robust and wide open debate on public issues in New Zealand. We are not getting it and we will not get it unless the libel laws are altered.”

Jack Marshall told National Party supporters at Wyndham on July 8 that damages should not be awarded in libel cases unless real loss or damage could be proved in court. It should be interesting to see if THE BRIDGE BUILDER intends to put his money where his mouth is and do something about the whole defamation law. While he’s about it he could also get rid of the criminal libel section in the Crimes Act. Unless they just want it there to frighten off editors who haven’t been bought out by Dan Riddiford’s Wellington Publishing Company there’s no need in law for it to be there at all.

PACIFISTS’ VISIT

George Lakey will be here from Sept. 21 to Oct. 9 and will conduct weekend schools in the three main centres of New Zealand.

George Lakey believes violence only breeds violence and that change is real and lasting only if achieved by non-violent, persuasive means. Weekend courses with him are offered to stimulate thought and give training in non-violent approaches to various issues.

The Wellington seminar to be conducted by George Lakey will be the weekend of Sept. 30 - Oct. 1. A wide range of organisations will be invited to select individuals to take part. Among them may be church and student bodies, CARE, HART, OBMS, CND, COV, unions etc.

It is hoped that the participants in the George Lakey seminars will return to their organisations as resource people.

The visit of George Lakey will thus give impetus and depth to the efforts of those individuals, amongst them Quakers, who are already active in this field, and will add others to their number.

George Lakey combines the roles of activist and writer. His first time in prison was for a civil rights sit in with Martin Oppenheimer he wrote “A Manual for Direct Action” (Quadrangle 1965) He was co-chairman of A Quaker Action Group which sent the sailing ship “Phoenix” with medical supplies to North and South Vietnam. He was project director for the latter voyage in 1967.

His scholarly writings include articles in several anthologies and “The Sociological Mechanisms of Nonviolent Action” (Canadian Peace Research Institute, 1968) In a more popular style he was co-author of “In Place of War” (Grossman, 1967) and the author of pamphlets published in Europe and India as well as the United States.

He has lectured and taught widely. Woodbrooke College, Birmingham England, Martin Luther King School of Social Change in Chester, Pa, (1965-69) Grefsen Hoyre Skolen Oslo, Norway. He lectured in ten countries in Europe in 1969/70 as well as throughout the U.S. since before taking his M. A. at the University of Pennsylvania he taught elementary school, did youth work with the YMCA and worked in a psychiatric hospital. He has been executive director of the Friends Peace Committee in Philadelphia.

In addition to lecturing his present work is organizing for the Movement for a New Society. With his wife Berit and their three children he is a member of the New Life Centre, a cluster of communities devoted to the struggle for fundamental change.

Enquiries concerning George Lakey’s visit can be made to Joe & Phyllis Short, 64 Kelburn Parade.

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HOURS: 9-12 and 2-5 weekdays

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REJECT LEGALISED MURDER REGISTER AS A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR!

For information write or phone:

George and Berit Lakey
The articles on pages 6 and 7 are reprinted from Farago and Semper Florcat, Australian student newspapers.

Thoughts From An Australian Liberal

I often think that the first person to go in any "Night of the Long Knives", whether in Australia, America or Nigeria, will be the liberal, the intellectual, the tentative one. If I try to have a bet both ways, trying to identify with the black struggle, but retaining my nice, middle-class values, then the Black Panther will take great delight in me — so will the Whitekraken.

In simple terms, the issue is between non-involvement and utter commitment. If you would work against racism here or overseas, it cannot be a dilettante interest, but must be complete identification. At the very least, you must be aware of yourself and where you stand in relation to the struggle, whether in the white or black community. You must clarify your bias and recognize things will not be done "honorably" in either community. Blood, literally or metaphorically, will flow, and it will be mine first — because I will wait around too long to try to reason things out.

Denis Walker spoke at the end. He attacked me (the chairman) for wearing a tie (to be "respectable") and for getting "upright" when I thought he was getting drunk before the forum. (All crap, of course, I am a revolutionary like him, infiltrating the system, from within.) But Denis, like Don and Gordon, is one of the people, his people. If he gets passed every night and screws where he can then that is what the people themselves do to obliterate their equal existence. Here my bourgeois self-righteousness rose in my voice, and I see how phony my gestures towards respectability are. If Pastor Don gets drunk does he lose the love and respect of his people? All that happens, I would suggest, is that he scars of us would be do-gooders. But Denis knows something more than this, that there is a better way of life somewhere ahead for his people and for all those oppressed by the system. And he means to tell them, educate them to stand up for their rights as people, even if that means evading through pigs blood to attain them. And Denis won't use violence first. It is only that the system itself predicates violence whether in the form of the cop in the corner or the judge in his judicial bench, or the liberal academic in his ivory tower or the capitalist in his house on the hill.

Blacks are angry, seething, and cantankerous. They have every right to be so after centuries of repression, discrimination and prostitution of their culture and race. And how can we white help until we first know the constructs of our own existence and belief? Change may well come without the bang of cannon and the pop of m110 cocktails. But confrontation will occur before all are equal in our society, and this particularly applies to the blacks, who after all are only a certain aspect of the wider struggle. And if we white liberals would do anything, then we must follow out the logic of our beliefs and commitments.

Let us recognize that with our liberal rhetoric, we only cloud the real issues and lose the respect of black groups. We are not viable beings with whom to do business. At least if you are black, you know where you stand with George Wallace or Boltie-Petersen.

Sam Riickerson

Australian Racism Debate

Australia is racist, concluded the five speakers at last week's debating union forum on the topic "Is Australia Racist?" "Racism is the suppression of a group of people who wish both to remain a separate entity yet also have a political identity". This was the definition given

by Mr. Gordon Bisco, who works with an Aboriginal legal aid organisation in Sydney. He believes racism exists in Australia totally. He sees blackness as the central issue because the Aboriginal society was formed on the land and it is the basis of its future.

Mr. Bisco expressed a certain optimism because he considers that today's Aborigines are ready to create a new, separate lifestyle. Aborigines are fighting for land rights, and in this organised struggle is a form of black power, he concluded.

Black Panther, Denis Walker, gave a different dimension to the concept of racism and black power. Racism is linked to exploitation, he said. People should regard the problem as one of oppression against oppressed. "I get ten dollars a day for working in a timber yard whilst some pig receives three thousand. This is not racism — it's exploitation and oppression".

Denis Walker stressed his concern that the problem was one of exploitation, saying that the politicians and universities function to maintain the stricking system. He finished by linking black power to this issue, and said: "In black power we're organizing and educating the armed overthrow of this stricking system."

Mr. Stuart Murray, the Director of the Aboriginal Affairs, took a different approach to the subject. "I do not feel inferior", he said, "I stand on my own land and have my own culture. The weakness is in your architecture, for you are the lost souls without a culture". He expressed a desire to help white Australians, including the Prime Minister, from their apathetic indifference.

Turing to the Aborigines he said that education, housing, employment, and above all, racial security, were their priorities. Aborigines have no say in allocating any money granted to them, he said. He also pointed out that Aborigines are always placed in advisory roles in government offices, and that they should have some executive positions. Mr. Murray finished by saying that if given such opportunities, his people may be able to assist the poor white people to conserve and develop.

Racism, according to Pastor Don Brady, is a general thing which cannot be turned on an individual basis. Queensland legislation was a good illustration of racism, he said, because it was designed to stop Aborigines from developing and becoming self-determining. It also deprived them of their rights, as seen by the growth of blacknités on the Cow Pensula.

Pastor Brady subjectively summed up his feelings about racism by describing his experience at demonstrations and other public gatherings in Queensland.

To prove his belief that Australia is racist, Tony Lawson, a former Abolish director, turned attention to education. He said that the quality was heavily biased towards Europeans, and continued "In 1968 a white child had four times the resources spent on his education, than did his black counterpart. And in the Northern Territory, it was not until 1951 that Aborigines received official education. Furthermore, the 1966 census revealed that 26% of adult aboriginal males had no education whatsoever, whilst another 26% had received primary education only."

White and Aboriginal people must work together as individuals and organizations to overcome racism, he said. However, Mr. Lawson closed his speech and the forum with a reminder to the audience that Aborigines have their own culture and traditions and these must not be ignored in the process of fighting racism in Australia.
**guns for human rights**

**Farrago May 13th 1972**

Australian Black Panther leader Dennis Walker said last week that he wanted the law changed so that blacks in Queensland could carry guns in the streets as "a warning to the pigs."

Walker, speaking at a forum on "Black Power in Australia" during O-Week, said nearly all aboriginals in Australia were an oppressed minority which was continually bullied and discriminated against by the whites and especially "the pigs."

"We don't want to work through the legal system; we can't... the whole thing (the Black Panther Party in Australia) is based on the defence of the black community, and... people won't get anywhere unless they can overthrow this repressive system" and hence the formation of the Aboriginals and blacks United for revolution.

The Party was formed basically on the models of other Black Panther groups in the U.S., U.K. and Europe, and it's platform is centered on the 10-point program of the U.S. Black Panther Movement with the addition of an Aboriginal Land Rights platform.

**TWO LEVELS**

Their programme consists of parallel actions: (i) the formation of the black community "on how fascist the system is", and (ii) the survival programme which would give to underprivileged Aboriginal persons food, clothing, housing, medical facilities, legal representation, "pig protection" etc. In other words, the aim of the party is "human rights."

**OVERTHROW**

Although he acknowledges that "people need to know what existed before the white people got here", Dennis does not believe in reviving an interest in correlations and other aspects of Aboriginal culture "because they give no change in the power distribution of society."

Walker explained quite clearly in a answer to a question that they have no hope, not any aim to work through the "white capitalist system" they have this to overthrow it completely. He also explained how he would like to organize the black community to take over conventional power systems in society, he talked of taking over the inner cities, and the administrative process (e.g. local Aboriginal and gaining economic power through having black representatives on national commissions throughout all sections of the country.

**ARMS TO RESERVES**

He stated that he wanted to send arms to the Aboriginal reserves. He was rigorously questioned on the point of carrying guns, but replied with the answer that it was their right to walk down the street carrying a gun to make sure no pig could touch them.

Another Black Panther, Sue Chilcote, also spoke of the suppression of Aborigines, especially in Braidwood. Her speech seemed to be more one of personal experience than that of Dennis Walker, and she drove home her point more clearly. She said she realized that the more fortunate did not always get off so easy. She also said that she was very lucky, and because of the failures of her own education, she had joined "the fool's errand of doing her bit to smash the white capitalist system."

Don McPhie

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**Apologist for Inraction**

"A lazy personac
detroleum, living halfway
tween black and white, reduced to a miserable
ghastly around white
man's town, with life a
continuous mist of money,
poverty, racial prejudice,
sickness and death."

This is the common
accepted picture today of the "Cowboys-dwellers", the mixed-blood Aboriginals
living on our land. It's a picture reinforced by most literature on the subject, and often by the social workers most connected with Aborigines. It is also accepted by most sympathizers with the Aboriginal case, who assume that by some process "white system" is to blame, and that Aborigines must be helped now.

Recently I spent many
weeks with a group of Aboriginal seasonal
workers, it was at a bush
camp, on the banks of the
Naracoort River, near the small outback N.S.W.
Town of Wake, This is a
cotton-growing center, and
during the summer
breaking season, the
dark people arrive from
throughout North and
North-West N.S.W., and
Southern Queensland. Up
to 1000 Aboriginal
workers and their families
then live in illegal bush
huts around the town,
supplementing the few
hundred local Aborigines.

Temperatures are very
tough, the hours are long,
the pigs are few, the
conditions are bad for
white people can take the
heat and intensive
nutrition associated with
working in the sun.
Instead of the miserable
shifts of "cowboys-dwellers", the dark people, were in general a
proud group, proud to be Aboriginal. They were healthy, well fed, well clothed. The young Aborigines, in fact, are very similar to University students in their clothes, long hair, beard and music taste.

They were not
workers on the
underworld sifted from
13 year old girls to
grandfathers. They did
not marry whites, in fact the
whole pattern of living in a
direct contradiction to
most literature on the
Aboriginal Problem.

The "Aboriginal
Problem" is apparently
that three people are not yet completely assimilated
into the so-called
Australian way of life. They remain a distinct
subgroup with different
living patterns, housing,
type of employment, and
family relationships. The
government policy is one
of assimilation, if the
implied hope that future
generations of Aboriginals
will be white in everything
but skin colour.

The assimilation policy
is the exact solution
when you ask the Prime
Minister how many Aborigines
there are in Australia, he
always gives the number who
claimed into the Housing
Commission homes in the only
city country town.

The U.S. abandoned
its assimilation policy for
the Indian in 1934 in the
subsidized land rights.
Australia should redistribute
its own assimilation
policy for providing
Aborigines of the
lower settled parts of
Australia.

I doubt if the
advocates of the
assimilation policy have
ever actually lived with
Aborigines, experiencing
the whole relationship
of the family. It is a
relationship which exists
between the immediate
family, and then older people
are not put in huts. I also
doubt if they have ever
listened to the crying to
patronize young Aboriginal
men and girls, around a
campfire at night. I don't
understand if they have ever
wondered what the Afghan
war had been in the
Australian way of
life in the best for all
Aboriginals...

In Wake was the
local Aboriginal help centre
in one of the type
"charities" which have been
in operation for so long
without any results. It has
been found from different
provinces that very
pitiful, maybe even a
lot of infants or
children died, so that
the health of the
white within town.

There are other areas
where town has not
very often interest in
Aboriginal los, the
Government would
have to give them even
medical treatment.
It is now the only way to
get these inns, which
should be like hospitals or
rehabilitation. It is this
that would be very
important to give
Aborigines a chance in
dealing with the
town sometime this
year.

Why is it not possible for
the Federal
Government to move
into housing
positions? All towns have
people. In Wake was a
place of the
moving all medical
services, and with
discourage in
ever-present problem.

The town has had its
calculated behavior in
leaves provided by the
water supply. The Aboriginal
would have to move
between town and town.
In the bush, the
rehabilitation
housing position.

The government
action programme for
the future... even... in
town, it's been
enormous to such a
refere... the
potential of the
Aborigines, that it
has... other.

The growers claim that
provide a
campfire with
Anniversary and their
family is impossible, as
those from
different... we... we...
then... it's
difficult... of the
power distribution of
society.

They have been
asked to move... to walk
down the street carrying a
pig to make sure no pig could

Another Black Panther, Sue
Chilcote, also spoke of the
suppression of Aborigines,
especially in Braidwood. Her
speech seemed to be more
one of personal experience
than that of Dennis Walker,
and she drove home her
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said she was very lucky,
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the fool's errand of
doing her bit to smash
the white capitalist system.

Don McPhie

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**Identity and Resistance**

Australian Aborigines are the oldest inhabitants of this country. They have a rich culture and a unique history. Despite centuries of discrimination and marginalization, they continue to fight for their rights and identity.

The assimilation policy, introduced in the early 20th century, aimed to integrate Aborigines into white Australian society. However, this policy has been disastrous, leading to cultural loss and the destruction of Aboriginal communities.

The request for "guns for human rights" by the Australian Black Panther leader, Dennis Walker, highlights the desperate need for self-defense among Aboriginal communities. The black community in Australia is facing intense discrimination and marginalization, and weapons could serve as a means of self-protection.

The Aborigines' fight for their rights has been met with resistance from the dominant white society. This struggle is not only about land rights and cultural preservation, but also about equality and dignity for all Aboriginal people.

The use of violence in this context is not justifiable, but the message behind it is clear. It is a call for recognition, respect, and the right to determine their own future without interference from the government.

In conclusion, the situation of the Aboriginal community in Australia is dire. It is essential to listen to their voices and support their demands for equality, justice, and self-determination.

Michael T. Robinson
Third Year Student
A Discriminating Landlord

62 Elizabeth Street, Mr Naran Parkhe owns this house. He refuses to pay a cent for improvements. His excuse, that he is a poor pensioner. He has just sold one shop and owns another.
A Ratanogar family have lived here since October. They pay $21 a week. Windows broken in every room except one. No hand basin. Filthy ragged carpets.

Mr and Mrs Tavali have six children.
Mr and Mrs Rejani have one and another on the way. They often get sick.

Sir,
With all the problems of housing around Wellington in recent years, and lack of action by civic authorities, we would like to warn other tenants about seemingly 'do-good' local body officials with whom we have recently had our experience.

These people, hinting that what they are doing is for your benefit, enter flats and take down details as to the number of tenants, rooms, and general living conditions. It appears, or so we have been told, that more than five people in a flat (which they classify as one tenant and his board) constitute a boarding house, and is thus subject to severe fire prevention regulations which most landlords cannot afford. They are therefore forced to restrict numbers in flats to five (a family wants as one tenant).

We have a flat with six bedrooms but are "legally" allowed only five tenants, and for a sympathetic landlord some of us would have had to leave. Our extra tenants are now termed 'guests' to avoid regulations.

So instead of the local authorities providing additional accommodation, they are imposing petty rules, and causing even more evictions. Some people may now find they are guests in their own homes.

"We ask him to fix the windows but he just puts on an angry face and uses long words we can't understand."
Last week Tenants Protection called to see the family. After getting nowhere with the landlord, he was subsequently informed that the windows were being fixed in lieu of paying the rent this week. Parbhu called at the house a day early when the husbands were at work, demanding the rent before the window man had come. Parbhu told Mrs Taraitoa she would receive a month’s notice because he is selling the place. It is worth $6,300. Yearly rates are $122. He can live off the profits of his own immorality now.

WHERE CAN THIS FAMILY GO?

Will the next owner receive money for putting people in this building?

This is only one case in hundreds. Our society’s laws allow this to happen. Polynesian people are usually the victims.

"We asked for nice second hand carpets so the kids could play on them but he said 'no they'll wreck them.'"

Knows a Corroding Sardine Tin

The back stops here, the ego-trip comes home to roost and it is Crow. Three backs, precisely, for a pretty, decrepit little book. Thank God some read the signs and abstained.

The preciousness astounds, Chan, in his three-page "Editor's Indulgences" (complete with picture of sitting Orien
tal person), comments on "... inward, or plausibility too in N.Z. writing". He has a point. This is like a second instal-
ment of that forgettable little book, "Postcards from Paradise". R. Glover & M. Young are both here. So is Stephen, 3 pages, 8 poems worth. Nothing makes me sick. The romanticism of all this is cloying and effete.

"Tell us, what is it you do exactly to justify your exist-
ence?" - Louis Simpson.

What's worth reading? Well, Smithyman, of course. Brus-
ton, Edmond, Haley, Loney. Southam ruins the potential of his pieces with that disturbingly prose-y feel which pervades such of his recent work (see LANDFALL 102).
Baysting at least has wit on his side, except when he gets personal (auckland, april) or reminiscent/nostalgic (tahiti-
amit beach), and we are all heard "theater". Damned by and for their slightness, many of his poems still exhibit an ability to write well, to pick the right words and speak measure (Met, quasi texts... the mayor) and to order material. One wishes he could, Sr would, use these talents in a more substantial way. He plays things far too close & safe.

Smithyman is graceful, evocative, precise. Sometimes to the point of finissage. There are more Berrymanish echoes, though, and he's still far and away our best & most con-
sistent poet.

Edmond's "The Fines" is pretty ambitious. His short, lyric-
tal things in FRANKY indicate where his real strengths lie. Some of "Night Shift", too, a few LANDFALLS back, Noty, by and large, the "Graffon Notebook". Anyways, "The Fines" (1970) is most definitely a collection (nasoochien?), cliched descriptive paragraphs ("a sound as gentle as the rain", "a bone crushed soft as patty"); his current readings in biology etc (E-F, Part III), anthro., (Part V, The Big People - a popular book - see Louis Simp-
son's "The Peat Bog Man") (Adventures of the Letter I), and Seamus Heaney's beautiful "Tolland Man" ('Winter-
ing Out). There is also a too-sapid identification, 2 in Stead (I was Fort Desert and Porton Down, Lake Erie (w.), Lake Geneva,, etc.) The whole thing reads, as some-
one remarked, like "Haley with a conscience."

Brenton is suave, eclectic, blues and pop-songs as ever, but has humour & style, is entertaining & good to read, compared with the Shellback saga.

Haley continues the process of disintegration, lately seen in "Golden Acro" (EDGE) and "The Anomaly Stakes" (CAVE), in both cases, he seeks to incorporate, evolve, ex-
splicate Burroughs, far too long, and ultimately disappoint-
ing because he won't get to grips with anything. He needs a change, it is at the bottom of the bag of tricks (an analogy with Sam Hunt is tempting) and has produced nothing in the way of a landmark since "Heardings" (AFYH 1970).

Loney's perplexed, finely fretful "Mahinerangi Notes" has all its faults & virtues. It's too long, too scattered, and composed of too many parts that could be cut out at random with almost any of his other works. He's got the material, but lacks the structure that makes one poem stand apart from another.

Olds has promised much for a long time. Stranger that he should escape his convoluted Ginsberg phase, find a new clarity and simplicity (see "The Habits You Left Behind"), Cavanon Press, and then slip back into a self-
indulgent revel in his own myth. "Talkin' where the warm wind blows" sees him drown in a sea of self pity, dope, and bin-nostalgia. It's Huntish, too. Someone should undertake a study of the person. Modern N.Z. poets for some time have tended to confuse Art and Life. Some examples.

Baxter is alcoholic/young Rimbaud wrote alcoholic/ young Rimbaud (wasted) poems, as Catholic Catho-
lic poems. Then created in his boorish the self-image of inchoate savage and guru he has tried to live, and write, up to ever since. Where can he go? Don't you think the old bugger gets tired of role-playing just as we get tired of him?

Johnson thought his boring poetic results from a boring exist-
sance. So he split. The poems surely didn't im-
prove. And even more crucial, in the N.Z. context - who-
ever hears Louis Johnson's name mentioned any more?

You make your myth and you live in it. Some type thought-
their, carver emperor. Stead, self-styled "swastika-academic poet", "Gormon, eminem gove, our very own Moses, it's poetry that suffers for it.

Perhaps it's a question of imagination. One used to think the younger poets had that quality. But the same things happened. They were regarded as the literati's Hell's Angels. expected to rave, to screw indifferently, to booze up large. A phase, for some, a way of life, for the rest. They do it, then they go home and write about it. There's a sort of sophistication involved which is usually a bore. Maybe you end up destroying yourself. But, if poets exist to write poetry, what are they doing playing at being poets, and doing damn all about writing, and making it better?

To return to Chilatthana, A meaty subject. Langford's "Bushido" long poem (cycle) sequence which sets out to explore the warrior theme through history, apparently. The parts develop no syntheses, there's very little happen-
ing. The poem is bookish, vague, histrionous (choke, spil, spit, belly, black beast, dark cave, secret cavern, eye of the sun, hands and [88]s) cliched, and the violence is superfili-
ous, Spillane & Humberror horror (sked, base, gashed hole, smashing his skull, brains... all over my hands, etc.) What

no sperm? There must be other, more adequate ways of tackling the disease. There is war, sacrifice, rape, bloodshed & lust? If not, forget it.

D.S. Long shifts from "the image of the borrow pig" (mainly from William Fox) to ditto of the mirror, zingin' & getting nowhere. Yet, the Oxford Dictionary of Found Poems crops up again. The last bit reads like Peter Sellers' horrible Nancy (Now, children, after we've axed Mummy to death & strangled Daddy up...). There are 8 acknowledgments for source material, including one to himself, for "Buttow Pin" (Cavanon Press). One hopes he finds his confidence, after all that. Quite simply, Long is avoiding the issue - which, one might assume, is the writing of poems.

Needless to say, these are the highpoints of the book. There are some rather boring photos and two or three pieces which book remarkably uninteresting. Oh yes, Nagahia's in some foolish cow & shiny Lesbian Love stories, & Stephen has even written a poem for her, called (rather obviously) "Nagahia Is A Woman". How's that for getting to grips with the real issues in Life? Perhaps he's hoping for a succes de scandale...?

Needless to observe, that of the 35 contributors, no less than 22 are domiciled in Auckland. (Who said parochialism was dead? See FRIED AT LAST! Many no doubt Steve's friends, as one might judge from the letters (see below) and recent literary politics.

There is also, somewhat surprisingly, a touch of the Com-
crown. Brian Warwick, domiciled Mr. Eden, a poem called "Leaving", a blatant, word-for-word ripoff from Jacques Prevert by way of Alan Brownjohn (see your Penguin Modern Poets 14). The Phantom Hoaxter lives!

All in all, a tedious exercise. Harry's not the only Wank, it seems. After last year's abysmal kit of scraps, one could have wished for more than 600 per cent prize hike and a glossy memorial to affected eccentricity & egomaniac self-
indulgence. 60 per cent of this should never have seen the light.

Arts Festival Yearbook 1970 remains the only one worth remembering. This particular litter confection was paid for by YOU dear reader! I know you haven't spent 3 bucks on a copy, but there's an old adage about a few cent here, a few cents there, and here & there is all that lonely telly you pay out at the beginning of each year.

FOR GOD'S SAKE LET IT DIE.

But, for all this, the letters are a high point. "Dear Step-
hen, hello brother..." - a wawkish recounting of doings, comings, goings, and life's little misfortunes - the short SUFFERINGS of your local artist-type, the dreamy long-
hair with the pencil and paper, scribbling on the cable-
car, on the bus, the train, in the pub, in the café, in the grip.

The skin crawls. It is unforgivable. Some have been angered by Chan's presumptuousness in publishing their private communications. He should be shot. There's plenty of ammunition here, for anyone who reckons poets are pricks, artist-farts and warblers of the first degree.
From Bottle Creek
by Sam Hunt (publisher-Alister Taylor)

Sam Hunt’s poems work best when he is there to say them. This is because he has a compelling presence and because the poems, once you have heard them from him, are irrevocably oral poems from that time. Other reviewers have noted the difficulty of dissociating poems from the presence. Sam is sometimes reproduced for posterity, for creating and popularising an image of himself. But he is so consistent that, if he is promoting an illusion, he’s certainly a victim of it himself.

But he doesn’t seem to be a victim. He’s usually having a good time if he can. Perhaps the reason that his concert appearances are memorable is that his poems, although rhetorical, are sparer so that the first person of the poems is so plangently attuned to the grace of the performers. The sparerness of the rhetoric—mainly rhetorical—assonance and fugitive approximate rhyme restrains those recurring sentimentally educating situations from the maudlin. And wryness and whimsy recur too, which helps.

Many of the poems deal with personal situations, but capture them with resonant immediacy. An example of this is the child/woman ambiguity of

Come on, off to bed
in Photograph of Robin in War-Paint, or the suggestion of

I waked like a windsock
in wish for an air-rip north.

Another strength is an ambiguously surrealistic play of imagery—notably in The Guild where the final hallucinatory statement momentarily obscures a psychological trauma. But there are poems where the technique is muffled, and points towards (without reading) obscurity and portentousness.

But this indicates another of Sam’s strengths—that he is rarely obscure, always direct, usually warm, as Dr Frank McKay has said, “He’s not embarrassed to show some joy at the beauty of a natural object.” I’m sure the spontaneity and quite a few refined cerebral literalus nerves on edge and accounts for Sam’s somewhat isolated position—from some cliques, anyway.

Book Two of the set, WHEN MORNING COMES, consists of four songs which variously show the influence of Bob Dylan and R & B. They work best as songs, especially Tony Backhouse’s setting of the outstanding one, How Water Rolls Baby Blues.

The book’s critical, as opposed to popular, (unprecedented) reception has been mixed. Cacoum’s review was scrupulous and spiteful, but it was right about one thing—the packaging. The commercial artist’s script is quite inappropriate to the poems there are, and the photos came out badly or not at all.

As for the price—Alister Taylor isn’t going broke over this one, either. It works out at under ten cents a poem—that’s nothing to complain about.

E.G.

But Chan is, after all, a literary politician. This is his way of making himself look popular, well-liked, and anything other than a featherweight poet-laister.

I leave you with this gem

MAUREEN MILES
Stephen Chan

“having had a letter from Peter Ireland about painting, irrepressibility etc and the failure to live - and he saying why not send these three ones to Stephen Chan for the Festival Yearbook. A good joke and a good criticism of his own shit like many young N.Z. poets. And I think Q’s just but what’s the yearbook and how does one do it. But anyway.”

Pirahna

Serenity Arts Festival

Serenity is an alternative arts festival which departs from the normal “heavy” concept. A cosmic, involving experience for those who wish to become involved...a vessel for genuine love and understanding. It will be held in the country district of Putiki, beside the Whanganui River, on December 14.15. and 16.

There will be a minimal charge of $1.50 for the three days, enough to cover costs. There will be room to pitch tents and good cheap food will be available.

Bring your old 7-string banjo, your guitar, your dog, your loved one, or just yourself... to sit in the sun with others and share your love.

Serenity will not be formalised; theatre groups, poets and musicians will be coming, but we feel there should be no great distinction between performers and audience. If you can dance, sing or play, please get in touch with us!

We’re printing a magazine, too, so your thoughts, writings and drawings will be welcome.

Serenity Arts Festival, Box 3723, Wellington.

STAFF

Produced by Gigi Peterson (Editor) and David Nanilo, Barbara McEwen, Keith Baxter, Gaiy Greidt, Mark German.


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RECORDS

JANIS JOPLIN: Joplin in Concert

So what is this? A double album of old tracks released by a recording company long after its star has died! The same old posthumous rip-off scene? Perhaps, except for one thing: this is Janis. Joplin and she didn’t make them tracks. The lady who once said she’d rather not sing than sing quiet’ sure enough did that. She shouted with her throat, her hair, her stamping feet, her whole shaking body. On stage as well as on record she provided an entire spectacle, a sensuous explosion of excitement. Those few years that she crammed established her as the archetypal rock performer. When she started she was everything a chick singer shouldn’t be - racy, riotous, rebellious, revelling. Yet before she died any female rock singer of any repute had to acknowledge her influence. She captured in her performance the whole freak consciousness, unorthodox posing and publications, and yet as well being loved she was worshipped. What Mad Jack Jagger was for pubescent girls Janis Joplin was for adult males. She survived longer than anyone could have dared hope after hearing that cracking voice which seemed to near the brink of collapse, and yet it was this persistence that evoked immortality.

Two sides of this album are recorded with Big Brother and the Holding Company, and two with her last band, Full Till Boogie. The recording is however, inadequate. Side 4 appears to have been recorded straight through at a concert in Calgary in April 1970, and it conveys some idea of the way she sustained her presence for the whole show. Since, the performance of ballads and slow songs isn’t as stirring as that on Cheap Thrills but then you get an extended monologue that exposes the lady’s sensitivity that was there all along.

I can appreciate that you won’t want to buy this album because you’ve already got Cheap Thrills. I’d be happy if you just play either of them very loud to anyone who still thinks America hasn’t produced any culture.

- Philip Alley

JIM MESSINA & KENNY LOGGINS - Sittin' In

A warm, gentle tune that the title suggests, was the Los Angeles area's best-seller in the last year. Kenny Loggins (of Loggins and Messina fame) shows a sensitive side of his personality with this soft, reflective ballad. The production is well-crafted, the arrangement is restrained, and the overall effect is a gentle, soulful collection of songs that will appeal to a wide audience.

From the same album, the hit song 'Space Between' is a pleasant surprise, featuring Kenny Loggins' soulful voice and soothing melodies.

Listen to the Country Song is a good, old-fashioned number, complete with sweeping violin and tinkling banjo-pickin' piano. It hits the listener with some Old West humor, a song about political and religious hypocrisy, which features an astounding harmonica solo by Kenny Loggins. It's a digital recording that captures the essence of traditional country music.

SOLOMON'S SEAL - The Pentangle

Reprise/H.M.V.

If you are already a confirmed addict for Ye Olde English Ballade, then this record is naturally for you. Ye Olde English Ballade has been the staple of many traditional folk and acoustic groups. Ralph McTell and John Renboune, also by such Simon and Garfunkel classics as Parsley, Sage and Rosemary and Thyme, to mention the complete works of Middleham, Fairport Convention, and The Incredible String Band. But at whatever point along the folk/industrial trail you may be, you will enjoy this work. It wouldn't say in English. It's folk. Sometimes Bert Jansch sounds as if he is emerging into the light, but it flows, it's gentle, witty and nostalgic, and Jacqui McShee is consistently delightfully effective in her singing.

No doubt everyone is by now tired of the advertising gimmickry thrown at them over the radio about The Pentangle. The difference here is that I praise the group for the sheer pleasure they give me, whilst the advertisers did it for a buck. It has always struck me that until a group such as The Pentangle, who had, until recently, a faithful following outside this country, actually tour the country, almost none of their music is played on the radio. Then the group comes and the radio stations pass it as if they had "discovered" the group before anyone else, and they labour the one song by the group which is well-known to the public, in this case Light/Light. The same thing happened with The Poodles and Jacques Lounier.

Anyway, point made. As you would surmise, there are five members of the group, which was formed in 1967, Jacqui McShee, John Renboune, Bert Jansch, Danny Thompson and Richard Cox. Bert and John had met several years previously to 1967, when playing the folk club circuit. John met Danny and Terry on a T.V. show when they were playing in the Alex's Korner Blues Band. He asked them to play at the Horseshoe pub in London and there he and Bert played, and asked Jacqui McShee, whom he had met singing in a South London folk club (and who sometimes dueted with him), along with as well. There's the origins of The Pentangle.

According to Melody Maker, "Terry Cox is more than just a drummer - he is a highly skilled and versatile percussion perfectionist. Bert Jansch plays acoustic guitar, Banjo, and dulcimer, and, he has widened his earlier blues influenced style to embrace traditional jazz and contemporary song to become one of the chief exponents of what is termed the folk baroque guitar school. As such he has probably done more to re-satisfy the jazz side of folk than anyone else in Britain today. John Renboune started into Elizabethan music..."

- Stephen Matthews

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STUDENTS

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while still at school. He has retained this interest and it is in this respect that his influence within The Pentangle stands out most clearly. It is in his love of the music and his ability to bring out the best in others that his influence is seen. Danny Thompson, the double bassist, is also a talented artist who has played on several of The Pentangle’s albums.

There is a very strong degree of jazz and blues influence listed above, yet I don’t think either of these musical styles is anywhere isolated and clear on the L.P. Rather you get a mixture of styles which work together to create a unique sound. For example, in the opening track, 'I Wonder What Happened,' there is a strong jazz influence with a bluesy feel.

-John Reeves - The Pentangle

EXILE ON MAIN STREET - Rolling Stones

This is a double album. It contains cut-up photos of all the members of the band. The Stones are on the back. Stones inside (and Joan Crawford). Rows of sticks from film clips, Two strips of film strips decorated with film strips (of Stones etc.) and green, blue, orange, and red, the rock ‘n’ roll joke. Bonus: dog postcards showing scenes of the fall from Exile on Main Street. Featuring Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, Charlie Watts, and Bill Wyman. Music: Looking backwards with eyes full of contentment. Rock, blues, soul, soft, sweet, west ind.

Are they getting old? You get to like it more each time. Why’s the sound so thick? It’s really thick. Don’t try to listen. It’s too heavy to hear. Some good tracks - they’re actually all good. (Timbuck Two, Happy, All Down the Line, Tired on the Run...If you don’t get Sticky Fingers, buy that first.

PREVIEW

Donna Akersen and Peter Vere-Jones as they appear in Murray Schigiel’s comedy LUV which opens a season at Wellington’s Downstage Theatre on Monday October 2nd.

LUV was first staged by Downstage in 1976 and at that time it was a great success. The 1972 production has been mounted for presentation in provincial centres and the play will be seen in New Plymouth, Wanganui, and Levin, before it opens in Wellington.

LUV also features Wellington actor Grant Tilly. It has been directed for Downstage by Ian Mack who earlier this year directed the highly successful production of NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH.

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FILM MAKING - B001(b)
SAM PILLSBURY, MA (Hons) in ENGLISH, AUCKLAND.
Film Director, NZ National Film Unit; 1972 Probing Eye Film School; organiser and tutor for 1972 Extension film making activities.

PAINTING (SMITHER) - B001(c)
MICHAEL SMITHER, ARTIST

PAINTING (McCAHAN) - B001(d)
COLIN McCAHAN, ARTIST
Says, "If you can see, you can paint". He lives a financially precarious existence in Auckland and at Maruia (Wild West Coast) and tries to paint what he sees about the land and the people.

PRINT MAKING - B001(e)
SUSAN SHERMAN, DFA (NZ)
Studied London Central School of Design 2 years; awarded Association of NZ Art Societies Scholarship 1959; Designed and executed EXPO 70 'Bush Walk'; Studied etching at Birgit Skiolds print workshop in 1968.