The Council of Victoria University of Wellington is to confer a Doctorate of Literature (Lit.D.) on Rewi Alley, "an extra-ordinary, ordinary New Zealander".

The conferment will take place at tonight's capping ceremony and will be the only honorary degree awarded this year. Rewi, recently in New Zealand, has since returned to China and is unable to be present at the ceremony.

Rewi ("Ru-ee") Alley has led a life which few New Zealanders can equal. He was born in 1897 in a small Canterbury township and attended Christchurch Boys' High School. He enlisted at 19 and a year later was on his way to France with the 1st Canterbury Battalion. After being twice wounded and with the Military Medal (but little else) Rewi returned to New Zealand and joined a friend to take up a back country 2000 acre sheep farm in Taranaki under a returned soldiers' settlement scheme. In 1920 he walked off the farm with little to show for the 6 years of hard labour, and worked his passage to China, intending to stay only a few months "to have a look". In fact, a few minor excursions to other countries excepted, Rewi's visit has lasted until this day.

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

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

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

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

LITERARY ACHIEVEMENTS

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

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

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

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

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

For many, however, Rewi Alley's greatest contribution has been his literary achievements. His poems are very personal, close, and deeply felt. He is second to none in the translation of Chinese literary works, especially Chinese Tang Poets (notably Tu Fu and Po Chu-I). His documentary and diary accounts are all first-hand and although the standard varies (as with his poetry) these writings are generally good.

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

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

THE DEGREE

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

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

— G.R.C.
Comrades,

Thanks for letting T.S. Auld’s views on Marxism-Leninism appear in Salient. That Marxist-Leninist terminology in the name of Marxism becomes obvious as he writes. In his second paragraph Terry demon- strates his repertoire of terms and phrases he has not encountered before. If he had read the whole document he would have seen that Marxism-Leninist terminology is used throughout. Terry seems to be confusing the political with the economic and the economic with the social, and I am not sure what his comments say about my thinking or what I had to say at the conference.

What I said, and what Terry does not attempt to rebut, is that South African and N.Z. societies are divided into classes, that is groups of people having different relations to the means of production and to each other. In South Africa this inter-relation- ship of class forces has produced the social-political system of apartheid — the South African variant of Fascism. Such is the conclusion that most newsworthy of which Terry implies agreement when he says that “The Marx- ist recognises that the state of the productive forces is the determining force in social relations.” But having agreed thus, he then proceeds to argue that I do not recognise this truth as applied in the particular case of South Africa.

From this confusion Terry goes on to ano- ther, and that is that even if there are times when political and cultural changes are decisive for changing the econom- ic basis,” Our Party sees these changes as the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat, with the ideological and political recognition of Marxist-Leninist philosophy as the powerful cultural force in bringing about and maintaining the dictatorship of the proletariat for such aims of the CPNZ are “pseudo-revolu- tionary phrase mongering.”

The social and economic conditions in which these changes can be brought about have existed for a long time, but revolutionists of whom Terry Auld is a typical representa- tive, pretend that the political and cultural changes which will “propagate economic de- velopment and change the economic basis” of Society do not need to include, in fact specifically exclude, the necessity for the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Because Terry and his revolutionist cronies have made this argument, when they attack the CPNZ, they have deliber- ately buried Lenin’s affirmation that he who does not see the need for the dictatorship of the proletariat as his guide to action is a liberal and an apostle of the “comfort” friends proclaimed this truth while pursuing their present policies, their revisionism of Marxism-Leninism would be clear for all to see.

The line is clear. I paraphrase their prog- ramme. All the demands being made by different social groups, if they are pressed strongly enough, will have a decisive effect on changing the economic basis of society. It is therefore politically correct to give a hearing to these demands and to form groups which are drawn into opposition to the policies of the ruling class.

Terry’s stand suggests his belief that Apa- rtheid is a change of class relationships. But he now makes further confusion. He states that Apartheid would in itself be a political and cultural change which would change the composition of the South African So- ciety. Could revisionism be more open?

Is it not obvious to all that Apartheid is the last resource of a decadent and desperate reaction? Then it follows that this class cannot abandon this form of its class rule no matter how much moral pres- sure is applied. It would be the height of folly to suppose that it would place their ruling class in immediate jeopardy.

S. Devereux

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

C.O.’s About Town

Sir,

As epistolical as it seems I’d like to have a letter published by Salient. This one pref- erably not too short in length — the practice being that I registered for C.O. on Friday 21st after they’d chased me from the room when I refused to comply with the C.M.T. Act and register on the 19th Birthday or thereabouts. Because, as I told the C.O. Committee, I thought the act was a bad one. I still think it is, although the C.O. Committee (and the ‘Post’) obviously thought I’d accepted the preference for fighting C.M.T. on moral rather than legal grounds.

But the point behind my wind-change is that, while I consider the Act a bad one, which was meant to be shown by my defen- sion of it in court for almost 3 years, I place more importance on a carefully tend-ed-to (they was out to get me, you better believe it) to keep each individual record I have of my carelessly con-sistent statement declarations of protest. Not against the Act so much as against the army, its corruption of the morons who组成 the C.O. Committee. I got the ‘see a fella’ roughin’ it a bit, y’know?’ amidst all the cheap piss the army somehow foils (the taxpayers) and come out with no punch. My fight to prove how they’ve become in more ways than one — how naturally they act, and the brainwashing of their tender, half-cooked minds. These guys ob-siously weren’t learnt to the whole will, in which I rejected the claim, not quite as correctly as saying everyone should register C.O. Then if we have any morons-manage to rule the land it wouldn’t have a hell of a lot to help us do it.

Which sort of vaguely reaches my point which is more or less a question. There are numerous things that could be done and I don’t think much duty of C.M.T. Act, so why try so hard to get rid of it? I mean, the law there is. The Army of course, (and won’t be for a long period— neither are the all beautiful people of this country) to back down any sort of so many of our brave young patriots, and that’s why we don’t even have a bloody army. I don’t like anything compulsory, especially something like this, but moral grounds gets anyone whose hand can hold more than half a thought out of C.M.T. anyway, and accomplishes the double pur- pose of registering some protest against the Govt, the Army, and “the cloths” (or ‘the jocks’ of ‘K.O.’), as Well as becoming immunity, wholesale slaughter, and even just everyday aggression. On the strength of this, I’d like to hear (I would like to support O.H.M.S. I can if I can’t be the idea of neutrality and can’t I should have continued to refuse to regis- ter. Because I don’t know (and neither do a lot of others) but I assume that the idea of Apartheid would in itself be a political and cultural change which would change the composition of the South African So- ciety. Could revisionism be more open?

Grant M.

Educating Examiners

Sir,

Monday 17th April, students in Educa- tion I sat a multiple choice test. There were two Education I classes, I attended the first session and on the morning of the test we were instructed NOT to take a copy of the questions out of the room as the afternoon class would be given the same questions, however, be given a copy of the questions later on. Today the lecturer, Prof- essor Fieldhouse, informed us that 2 copies of the exam paper had been taken in the room and a student had told him that a few members of the afternoon class had been copied the questions before the second exam was held. As a result, this ex- am will not be taken into consideration for the University; that, the students won’t be allowed to take bags, papers, etc. into the exam room, and furthermore, only those who turn up will stand at the door to check noth- ing is taken out of the room at the conclu- sion of the test. I’d like to express my con- ditioner at this absence of the students who took the exam papers, and to say I think they are infants, untrustworthily

Blunders

Sir,

Those people who read my article IRISH MUCK RAKED in the last SALIENT will have noticed that I did not make any mistakes. Some Pro- testant proof-reader had obviously been at work.

In the second paragraph of the fourth col- umn on page nine, the article as printed reads: “Fast growing newsworthy in the incidents where Protestants in safe areas have been blown up, which have been credibly discovered to have been...”

With the 22 words omitted it should read: “The most notable newsworthy incident in the ex- plosion in the Four Step Inn, in the Protes- tant heartland of Shankill, where a huge amount of gelignite, about 100lbs had been left in a corridor.”

In the third column on the top half of page 11, a quote from Conor Cruise O’Brien reads: “The Irish News continued, ‘Dr. O’Brien said most newspaper reports at the time were based on a few biograph- ical inquiries by impartial writers showed it was the R.U.C. who ran amok. The report to some extent illustrated the inaccurate and un- pinned the blame on the now defunct ‘B’ special’.”

Also in the second paragraph of the fourth column on page 9 James Fenton is quoted as saying about John McGeeke, leader of the Democratic Credit Committee: “There is no evidence that his activities have divi- ded the Protestant ranks.”

Peter Franka

Peter Franka

Religious View

Sir,

Last Friday night myself and a group of other students were having our Friday night show. At the end of the show we were very casually dressed; and came out- side. There was a large crowd of students, most of them freshers. Shortly after they arrived a large security man came upon us and asked them to leave because their dress was offensive to the public. They refused to go and were given 10 minutes to recon- sider their decision. Ten minutes later the hefty security man backed up by half a dozen equally hefty men said and demanded they go. Their protests that all students were just coming there to have fun were being picked on because they were from the Midwest. On being asked why the Maoris and not us were given the dressing down I told him mind our own business. This is terrible and I for one will not drink there again.

D. Wright

Sir,

With reference to John Hales’ missal of the 27th inst:– although this young man may very well have left school only recently, to the best of his knowledge ‘different to’ has not become acceptable. John Hales soci- ety may be acceptable in his world, but, for those of us he appears not to have stud- ied his superegoisms. Therefore she sees no need for John Hales to come the old romantic and say ‘please’ but no ‘thank you’ and be realistic in his use of ‘more than’. 

Victoria Beatrice Jones

Sir,

I mean that. It’s a very blue sunny sky here at Maen. I’m just happily dialloguing in the sun. I see you have been an intrepid contributor to this paper who has very considerably written a very nice piece on the student leader. In mine the other week which suggested to your questioning beneficiaries that life was much too beautiful to ignore by bury- ing oneself in hate escapades. The point being that the South Africa protest was just one of those. That’s all. Hope you have a good time.

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

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

Most people are not so fortunate and they can spend up to an hour and a half walking from and to the creche. This would happen if you'd sociology 100 Clermont Too or have an hour in between lectures in the mornings on which the creche is packed to capacity, and you have to be there to look after your own child. Another will need more than 3 hours on a particular day and will have to come back because of regulations about this.

When the creche started several years ago, only a few dozen people were involved. At the moment there are 150 parents who pay $24 a night. The rate the demand is increasing at the moment, 67 Farlie Too will be too small even as early as next year. Annexation of the garden next door may alleviate the situation for another year.

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

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

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

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

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

Dear Mr. President,

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

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

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

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

Yours faithfully,

Edwin Slack.

APOLOGIES

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

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

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

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

Salient further regrets reference in the article published by it to the effect that "not everyone was satisfied by some figures" which were produced. These words gave the impression that Mr. Taylor had failed to properly account for moneys entrusted to him. Salient and the Association accepts that such an allegation is totally unfounded and it regrets any impression to the contrary which the article in question might have conveyed.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (CONT.)

Sir, I think that Miss Days Bay Wharf ‘72 rather misses the point. That Liberals like Giovanni- etti sculpture quadripartite; sound and Citron- ers is rather premised on the fact of their being privileged enough to go and do so. The list of attributes listed in Salient No. 7 were testimony to a blind conformism and so-called “activism” which extends to politics as much as to beardstrokes posters. Liberals, having secured a stable niche in the current order, are now attempting to extend their position, much as Beardsall posters. Liberals are anti-Tory, but they are blind to the fact that their so-called “activism” is on the edge of the whole country and company. Liberals are anti-Vietnam, but don’t realise that Vietnam is no accident but simply an instance in a re-peated pattern of forced support of elites in countries of the Third World, which are hence sympathetically disposed to western “economic penetration” (read exploitation) and the profits of which help support the Liber- als’ “cause”. Remember, it was “liberals” like Kennedy and Nixon andv (vs Goldwater) who got us into Vietnam in the first place.

And even if an appreciation of the fact that a great part of the basis of “Western Society” is based on Genocide and the systematic exploitation of minorities (remember the profits from the trans Atlantic slave trade to finance the conquest of India help to spark off the Industrial Revolution) and that this pattern is repeated within our own society, we can see how the Liberals are too many vested interests to really do anything about it—except to apply a Social Cred- it. The other than questioning by very concept of prison (universities for crime), the Liberal campaigns for prison “Reform,” Radicalism in the concept of themental “hospitals” (where the old are taken to die or where the nonsense child is dumped or undergoes electro-conversion therapy) or of Schools (with the all after were all first insti- tution to “keep the kids off the streets,” becoming simply homogenized of Priests, the Liberal again fight for “Reform.” In a world gone mad, the only real alternative for peo- ple who sincerely want to pursue their own lives in their own way is quite simply to set up their own social groupings and develop their own ways. Hence the “Alternative Social Society.” Rather than just a collection of alter- native Social Institutions, it should present alternatives to them. With an economic indi- gency, the “Alternative Society” is based on creative groupings (eg. the food co-op), the “Alternative Society” is immediately subver- sive. It allows for the development of new forms of community, of life-style, of human- relationships.........

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

Derek Saltzler.

Sir, By your check list, I am an out-and-out-lib- eral. Fine and self assured, I can not anymore feel much guilt about liking Bach or beer etc. My worries would be more wrong if I were a liberal as people who learn Moari, but have never spoken to the islanders next door, or hate the war but have never written a letter to their MP. A lack of correlation between words and deeds is a besetting sin of us liberals, but also of plenty of you supporters too. 1. Radicals wear camoufl- age jackets. 2. Radicals say they’ve smoked pot, whether they ever have or not. I think I’ve come to my present state by an honest analysis of the issues, and not for the sake of the image it presents. Can every radical say the same? And the 64 dollar question. WOULD YOU

Sir, With reference to your front page article of last week’s SALIENT I was saddened and disgusted by the methods you set out with glee that protesters would use if con- tradicted by a police dog. Of course, who are always crying about the value of human life, quite rightly so don’t seem to think that the sort of thing exists, as far as a police dog is concerned.

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

Two points about your article. Firstly, the point made above, about the streak of sadism your article revealed. Secondly, I think you are rather misleading in the way you report it: it would be bloody easy to tip up a 120lb police dog. Try it! It is for us to put the pressure on the fucking Govt, to prevent the cops from using dogs to, face it, prevent people from exercising their demo- cratic rights to protest. I don’t suppose we can expect any support from this side of the P.P. They are too fuckticked and enthused by the National Government to give a stuff, as long as the piss is still down their veins. Look at the Evening Post on 27th April, where all the mothers of ten in Tim- poop showed this. Let us laugh that all, not only at the National Government, not at a bloody dog that doesn’t know any better, only obedience.

While I’m still spouting, I want to say a few words about the bastard who is posting up anti-apartheid slogans around the place. Who the fuck do they think they are? It seems every one with an ounce of de- acency supports the sentiments, but what right do these cowardly pricks have to write these slogans all over the varsity buildings? Are these immature kids who don’t have the guts to do the same in town or at Athletic Park, but Christ, give them a varsity building and away they go! Don’t seem to give a stuff that we pay the area to clean them off.

When mention is made of the word “respons- ibility”, all the pseudo-intellectual fuck artists laugh and sneer. In my opinion it’s Imper- pect the property of others, but I bet these pricks would scrum them painted slogans all over their digs.

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

Yekst Nottis.

RATHER I WAS A BLOODY CONSER- VATIVE! It was we liberals who had to go and radicalize, who knocked back the conservat- ives to the extent that we can all read the Liberal and School Book, watch H.A.S., etc. un- disturbed. You deserve those two, but WOULD YOU RATHER THEY WERE BANNED? And the bloody conservatives are still in power, so the L.R.S.B. would be banned if it haven’t been knocked back. So pull your bloody heads out, we’re not altogether with you at least we’re not against you. It’s conserva- tive and fascist faphedies, not fuzzy eghedads who are the real enemy. Peace.

Arthur Kipp.
THIRTY: Gone were dreams in the daytime; and down one reckoning lane after Another, fronted with blasphemous names, “Five Happiness Courts”, “Blessed Harmony Alleys” where people rotted in conditions intolerable in the New Industry that went to make men rich, make who rich, I never really
Found out; all connected with the business seemed to berotting in one Way or another. A long way from Taranaki to Shanghai! Not at all—
though The way old lie through a fertiliser factory in Botany Bay, wireless room
On a freighter picking up indentured labour at Rabaul, Ocean Island, Nauru,
Then on to Fiji Ilo and Hongkong; and one saw ways of working, and of using
Men, one had not known of before; and dissatisfaction came, which deepened as One pressed through Shanghai lanes; and one watched history being made;
Watched what happened to those who fought for swords; watched lives that Snatched at shadows, and left the substantial; wondered how shadows could
Be made so real, given great names, armies, titles, newspapers; while in Ten thousand villages the substantial lay neglected; then one said To a shabby city not far from recking Shanghai, to see Plum Blossom beside
A great lake; and on the return walk to the railway station to see
Other blossoms; five lads stripped and being dumped; an unshaven red
Eyes little man with a pistol, pressing it against each throbbing brain In turn; and what had been effort to help the rotting fingers, scalded arms
Of silk flirtation children one had so helpless; they didn’t look Much like what we had heard to be labour leaders, but that is what Shanghai
Papers said next day they were; a fat shop apprentice lapped his hands After each shot, turning a laughing face upward; all this indelible ink Written on the parchment of one’s skull. Then there were days in escape From Shanghai’s concentrated misery; days in Tien Ping San; soft glory of
Leaves, Shih Hu, Mo Do, Junk sails from the top of Quinssian Hill; then
Change in scene—Mongolian plains, famine swept Sarat 2 and a crazy canal,
Cooper raked into holes; grain merchants fat and happy, sunshine, bandits,
Ingram 3 the doctor deolucing peasants; intellectuals on summer vacation
Concerned about face and fame in the midst of unutterable horror; and then In other years to other fields; Japan, Korea, Sungarri River in Summer
Changsha after revolution, Wutai, T’ai and Hua Shou, the soul tearing beauty
And misery, inexcitable mixture that is always China; the great flood, 4 Dyke repair, the general who said 300,000 refugees were red bandits to be
Gotten out in two weeks; Han River banks jammed; mud and slough; wet
Paddled clothes, babies being born, old dying, youth being executed, dykes
Taking shape, wheat, more wheat, and not all going to dyke workers; then
A few quiet weeks through tropics to familiar shores; taking Atlas and
A memory that would not pass; of two eyes that had passed on a Hankow road,
Where they had come, killers and the to be killed, and with the last, One who walked lightly, whose eyes burned steadily, looking past the solid
Street, past the terror; a flapping uniform flattened out in the bitter Wind against his spare form; and one felt like throwing off the greatcoat
That suddenly became too warm, leaving the ranks of the well fed, curiously,
Joining him; yet one only slumped back; let the procession pass, felt Cold and exhausted; and the eyes stayed; and they are still with one.
Who was he? What had he done? Heaven knows!
THIRTY FIVE: Two adopted sons. Shanghai and work to do. The birth of better
Factory inspection; and one was with industrial sickness, industrial
disputes, Industrial hopelessness, industry gone mad, lop-sided, the spider city
Batting on a bankrupt interior; the mess that could yet be left to see
Azelea on Cheking hills in Spring, purple clover and yellow rape, peasants
In blue moving quietly, temples and bridges, beauty without which life
Would have been utterly crazy. And good friends who also passed, and left
Their mark as all true friends do; Lu Hun, 5 and the rest; and people came
To look at Shanghai’s misery, came and went solomnly; and some wrote books
About China, and some said a few sentences about the chaos of newer industry, and there were shelves filled with books, and home comfort;
Too many, too much; and one wondered if the world would go on like this
For ever; then off to factories in other corners—Chicago, Pittsburgh, New York, Birmingham, Copenhagen, Hamburg, and then from Paris and Geneva
Back to a deckling Shanghai; corpses piled high; dogs dragging bones down
Deserted streets; home and books gone, Alan with a piece of bomb cut from
An arm, waiting for Mike for a place to fight back; an insane Shanghai, then.

FORTY: Hankow in Summer heat, with Japanese advancing steadily.
Yet the same
Old Hankow. Trying to get factories to the Northwest this time, trying
To be midwife to the infant Gung Ho, trying to get people to really work
Together—Kings, Puksen, Kwangtung; then into Cheking and Anhwei again
From Ordos sands by Yulin, down to Mohejen, back to Changchung and Chengchow,
Lanchow and Loeyang again; typorial, malaria, and all the nuts; but people did
Work together; especially the common ones; it was quite a trial;
Sungfong
Thibetans, 6 army blankets, from the sheep’s back to the soldier’s back.
Misunderstandings; different ideas; dialects, hours in Changkung diag-
outs, in Yamen, 7 in chasing rats; in conferences; and then more con-
ferences;
Letters by the million; where are all those letters? A little success, a lot
Of failure; plenty who died for the job, as well as those who described it;
Plenty to make one feel humble enough to deflate the most optimistic; much
To learn, little time to learn it in; groping, and more groping...

FORTY FIVE: More conferences, more army blankets; more lads who once had
Ideals, leaving them for new positions, new wealth, new fame; tattered armies
On highways, leaving their dead with dysentery, with every other thing.
Proletarians who laughed at production; who the devil wants industry in villages?
The people cannot be trusted — why give them industry? Yet there were so
Many who helped; and in Shanghishanfu, 8 a mountain village, George twenty
Years younger, and so much wiser, decides with others that if we are to (finish)
A future Gung Ilo, we have to put more work into grass roots; and so the track to
Sandan’s ancient capital now a village, in the height of China’s North-
west where saw material, poverty, and opportunity march together; and the lads
Pulled, hauled, rode on trucks that spilled them off, and finally they all Collect them there; and George said, “We’ll live in Sandan, die in Sandan”— and
He died all right, fighting terrors spasms; and perhaps because of that the
School housed, with its pottery, its tannery, paper and glass making; its Machine shops and farm; its sheep out on the steppe, and its packing 10 beside
Playing fields, and the kids who now start going East again, with new Understanding. Inflation drains the village new friends help.
Many lands to hold we have struggled for together; that is epic!

FIFFY: Dream? Why, there’s a million things to do. And they say
Go away—and write; talk to, and outside, the wind rattles the shutters; a Dragon’s head falls from the tree without the tree, as it has stood since Ming, 11 which is not so bad, and tomorrow we’ll go the rounds again; past the but
Where there is a big fat dog coiled up in a basket too small for her, and then
The next house where there is a dog in a basket too big for him.

1. A weed—a bed of many weeds warmed by a low which can be lit underneath in the winter time.
2. Sardar: the Mongolian plains. famine swept Sarat 2 and a crazy canal.
3. Ingram: the doctor deolucing peasants; intellectuals on summer vacation
4. The great flood, 1931, Shanghishanfu flood. 1930. According to the John
5. Lu Hun, 5 and the rest; and people came
6. Thibetans, 6 army blankets, from the sheep’s back to the soldier’s back.
7. Yamen, 7 in chasing rats; in conferences; and then more conferences;
8. Many who helped; and in Shanghishanfu, 8 a mountain village, George twenty
9. Sandan’s ancient capital now a village, in the height of China’s North-
11. A Dragon’s head falls from the tree without the tree, as it has stood since Ming, 11 which is not so bad, and tomorrow we’ll go the rounds again; past the but

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

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

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

If the proposed merger between the Wellington Publishing Company and Blundell Brothers takes place later this year (there seems to be little in the path of the proposition at this stage) then more than 700,000 of New Zealand's metropolitan newspapers will be processed by three giant combines and three independent companies. The combines are: New Zealand News Ltd with the Auckland Star (138,000 copies) and Christchurch Star (69,000); Wilson and Horton Ltd., with the New Zealand Herald (224,000) and the proposed amalgamated Press with Evening Post (100,000) and The Dominion (77,000). The three independents are: The Christchurch Press (69,000); The Otago Daily Times (41,000) and the Dunedin Evening Star (30,000). This means the metropolitan publish a total 698,000 a day against the surviving independent's 149,000.

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

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

IS IT RATIONALIZATION OF THE PRESS OR NATIONALIZATION?

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

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

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

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

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

ROSEMARY YOUNG
V.U.W. NATIONAL CLUB

total power does not come out of the ballot box

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

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

It takes force to affect the ruling class. Force applied by large numbers of united as a class can overthrow the ruling class, as has been seen in Russia 1917 and China 1949. Numbers cannot replace the ruling class. The ruling class has its troops standing by out of sight at all mass demonstrations, ready to shoot down unarmed people. This applies in NZ. "Bloody Sundays" are events of this nature. The political leaders who lead the unarmed masses to Bloody Sundays, such as Father Gapon in 1906, have been revealed in agents provocateurs. The organizers of mass demonstrations here may be the same sort of people. Force without numbers cannot overthrow the ruling class, but it can affect the ruling class. Small groups of demonstrators, ready to use appropriate force, can win their point. This is shown as recently as April 16, when a group of 50 demonstrators marched on to the Auckland wharves in protest against an Australian warship just returned from helping U.S. aggression against Vietnam. Although the warship was open to public inspection, it was quickly closed when the demonstrators, organised by the Progressive Youth Movement and the Vietnam Committee, appealed to In Wakefield and to the organisers of this sort. It is demonstrations of this sort, not the occasional mass marches, that force the ruling class to keep watch along the roads, a clear sign of their weakness and fear.

The article "Is The Dream Over?" is wrong when it says that the government is content to administer the country "usually for the benefit of the capitalists — sometimes at their behest". On the contrary, it is the socialist class, as the ruling class who control the country, and the government is completely incapable of acting otherwise as an administrative committee of the ruling class. This being so, it is nonsense to suggest that any public campaign can get the Government to take control and act against the interests of the capitalist ruling class; and consequently the Labour government might be it get to act so.

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

NEIL WRIGHT
Communist Party of New Zealand
Wellington Branch

radical synthesis

OWN GAGGER SPARTACIST LEAGUE

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

The history of the modern student based radical left is a record of unconscious borrowing from older radical traditions not student based at all. The origins of most existing forms of radical protest are to be found in the past of the New Left, labour and communist movements. Proclamations of a New Left simply prove that student radicalism is based on the illusions of youth that history is irrelevant. Those who ignore history are doomed to repeat it. And the repetition of history is the past and future of the 'New Left'. The nineteen-thirties Auckland unemployed confrontations, with the police remain unvisited by recent PVM confrontations. New Zealand's most radical sit-in happened at Parahaka in the nineteenth century, not in the American commute at Auckland in 1959. More workers were arrested in the 1914-18 anti-war movement than in the last four years anti-war activity. At the same time those who graduate from the New Left to public service positions, profitable radical publishing or accountancy lecturer's posts move to the right even faster than the Labour leader jealous for opposing conscription in 1917. The Labour Party proved in the nineteen-tens that getting arrested doesn't automatically turn you on as a revolutionary. The New Left hostile to this lesson.

Students who use means of political action desired to express the political and industrial militancy of people very different from students must find their actions effective, especially if able to organise the new standard forms of protest are not now radical and have to be persuaded to turn radical again. But if protest is to be revitalised these people must participate. The alternative is to move towards vipp-type demonstrations, the only form of protest originated spontaneously and effectively.

It is possible for students to revive the other social groups lost militancy and drive them into revolutionary action.

The classic example is the students' sparking off of the May 1968 French revolution. However this was only possible in a country with a working class revolutionary tradition, corgeised in a conservative Communist Party, but unfreezeable when political heat is applied. Similar New Zealand traditions are far less strong. Here actions which the student left can take to re-establish contact with labour radicalism are much more directly political. If the Anti-War Movement were to support Vietnamese workers' control of their own factories when the NLF forces hit Saigon, No matter what the official line is from Hanoi, it will win New Zealand workers. If ecology action, instead of campaigning for property owners frightened of property values, worth and illegible; instead of Campaigning for a fairer world to earn their living, it would be talking about some of the worst environments in New Zealand. If the Polynesian movement moved beyond grandstanding and to really section of Maori people who get to university and organised, instead, the majority who dig ditches or paint assembly lines it would grow fast. For a new beginning to be made a political movement must be built which amalgame all the existing single issue radical movements programmes into what they really mean a revolutionary programme for the overthrow of New Zealand capitalism, which embodies, though without being, of the entire history of the New Zealand left.
"Is the Dream Over?" is a typical article by a demoralised radical, which the movement in the present has given him little understanding of what it is all about. Anyone who had been deeply involved in the antiraw movement would not say that "The antiraw coalitions, instead of exerting day to day pressure on the administration, seem content to gather large masses of people once or twice a year in Washington then go home and plan for the next march." An antiraw mobilisation is a whole educating and activating process. It is the high school student justifying his antiraw button to his or her schoolmates, literature tables, paper lines, films, university teachers, speakers in schools, and discussion at union workshops. The mass march is but the culminating focus where the whole movement (reflecting widespread antiraw sentiment in the total population) comes together to exercise its collective strength against the govern- ment.

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

Those who lose the perspective of going out to the peo- ple and getting them to see the actions tend to drift off into one of two directions (and sometimes combina- tions of both).

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

On the other hand, you can do what the author of the Satires article suggests, and work through 'selected' chan- nels - writing to your MP, electing 'better' M.P.s, etc.

However, if we are to get rid of this capitalist system and all its derivative social evils, we cannot rely either on our own "radical" declarations or putting 'good' politicians into office. Antiraw mobilisation is a long process requiring patient work; it means building independent mass movements (e.g. antiraw, anti-tour, antipollution, etc.) outside and around the trade union and student movements, and socialist educational work.

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

We can also see the importance of the anti-apartheid movement in the revolution. As the liberation thesis, why are students radicalising ahead of workers at the present time and the importance of the fight against wage restraints.

Understanding that the workers must be the central com- ponent of any revolution in New Zealand, it is necessary to relate to and support their present organisations, the union and the Labour Party, and carry the political campaigns into these areas, but without having the slight- est illusions about the F.O.I leaders or any Labour M.P.'s - including people like David Shank.

Peter Wilson on 'The TAKING YOUR CHANCES'

"Is the Dream Over?" was based around one central theme, that demonstrations do not affect the policies of the Governments against whom they are aimed. This is a realistic reading of the recent history of protest marches, both here and in the U.S. And although there were and still are people who would disagree, who believe that marching has a direct effect on policy, I think most would agree that the above article would say that demonstrations were only intended as a means of shaming and of focusing public opinion on the issue. Within this limited framework the demonstra- tions in New Zealand against the war in Indo China have undoubtedly made an impact, just how much success is of course debatable. But when a movement is fighting against the mass murder of Asians and the whole sale destruction of their lands, it cannot forgo any oppor- tunity to increase its support or to prod people into looking at the issues.

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

YOUNG DAVE TO THE OUTER

So like the author of "Is the Dream Over?" we come to the conclusion "What To Do?" and simultane- ously, we come to the addendum on the end of the Satires article there it is suggested that we put our noses to the grindstone and shoulders to the wheel for 26 year old Dave Shank, Labour Party Candidate, who will be elected in Wellington Central this year with your sup- port. This unsubstantiated piece of philosophical voluntar- ism is followed by the assertion that, "He is admittedly a party man but if you can't get the support of a party you simply don't need to run in the election at all. "

Harry Lauder's method isn't it too involved and difficult I would suggest instead that we all rub our oil lamps and make the required number of wishes.

PRAGMATISM OR PRINCIPLES

Retrieving the debate from the realm of dream- land, it is obvious that many people, including radicals, socialists, will be giving thought to the Labour Party over the coming months and defining their attitudes both col- lectively and individually. In shaping my own attitude to- wards the Labour Party several small incidents come in mind and attain an influence that may at first seem out of proportion to their actual size. One example is when Glen Wijl, M.P. for Porirua, was speaking to me in Dr. Jim Cairns of the Australian Labour Party and one of the leading figures on the Australian Left, could say, "I'm sure Dr. Cairns will say that if a political party can only do one of two things, it can educate or it can get into power—we've chosen to do the latter." I also recall the impact of the recent international on people in the room. There then is Norman Kirk telling students at Vic last year—"We opposed the war in Viet- nema in 1965, nothing happened, it cost us Minerva" Or Peter Debenrocy who overscaes the Labour Party's relationship with the media saying that "The job of an opposition party is to get into power," or more recently, the Party's General Secretary, John Wybrow, pronouncing that this year Labour will strive for the atti- tude rather than the desirable. These are fragments, but they add up to a strain of thought within the Labour Party that no-one least of all socialists, can ignore or should ignore in trying to decide whether to work or simply to vote for Labour. "Moreover the Wilsonian formula of the lesser evil is no answer to anyone who really thinks about his or her policies; on the contrary, its appeal is strongest when people, frustrated in the search for alter- natives cease to try."

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

Read the other contributions in this issue and think to- yourself - what are they asking me to do? For this is an easy question to answer. March for the release of all antiraw people on May 6; help build the July 14 na- tionally antiraw mobilisation; help build mass protests against the Springbok tour; join the forthcoming Social- isms for Labour election campaign; read Socialist Action and other socialist publications available on the campus literature tables; and come to the 'Young Socialist meet- ing and the Millitant Forum."

Keith Locke
Socialist Action League

As for how to get rid of National Party M.P.s such as

Harry Lauder's method isn't it too involved and difficult I would suggest instead that we all rub our oil lamps and make the required number of wishes.
It's Not A Dream

Bill Logan, Spartacist League.

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

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

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

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

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

But although he uncritically cites the demonstrations for this ("...the war continues....the capitalist corporations are still getting rich from selling the means of death....") he then goes on to develop this same re-formism to its logical conclusion - work within the sys- tem. He dismisses in passing, the possibility of revolu- tion, and his reasons for rejecting this are perhaps, from a "right-now" viewpoint, valid.

But the built-in irrationality of capitalism and the basic conflict of interest in it between the bosses and the workers makes a case for the future. Revolutions must struggle to come to an understanding of this society and of the revolutionary means of sma- rting it. If it is a fair indication of what is coming, the only potential revolutionary force, they must strive to build a party of the working class, guided by revolutionary policies.

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

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

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

Dream & the Labour Party

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

THE DEVIL YOU KNOW

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

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

The built-in ambiguity and indiscriminately of Labour Party policy in the past is the outcome of an attempt to remain all things to all men. That we are not likely to see any

noticable change in this attitude towards policy was es- tablished at last year's conference when President Bill Howling smugly assured members that Labour knew what its electorate wanted and was going to be, but wasn't going to announce them too far in advance because the nasty old Tories would pull their usual fast one and steal our policy that is a fair indication that Labour, as usual, will be usual by relying on the law of averages and the indiffer- ence of the voter to the small print, for its chance to ad- minister the status quo for three years. As usual also, it will fail.

CHARISMA MIASMA

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

Finally could it not be suggested that the Party use its close contacts with the media men to investigate the re- establishment of a Labour Party newspaper. The diffi- culties would, of course, be immense. But with this the long term education and persuasion of public opinion towards socialism remains a dream and it dreams we are attempting to eliminate.

Hopefully it will be clear by this stage that what is wrong with the Labour Party will not be corrected by electing its candidates to Parliament. There is much more basic work to be done in the fields of communication and educ- ation between party and society. The party's parliament- arianism, its belief that getting 'in the House' is sig- nificant, and its electoralism, its devotion of all its ener- gies to the moment of the vote, are both spritual - impediments to the creation of a party which can take part and even lead ongoing political activity in society at large. The party's inability to do so at present, its insensitivity to what is alive and moving in society is reflected in its refusal to respond in any way at all to the radicalism of youth in particular.

KEEP ON LAUGHING

I do not think we should allow that ardour and radical- ism to be drugged down by the weight of the Labour Par- ty's 'electoral机械'. Rather it should be expended in trying to exploit the oppressive weight of sanctioned en- crusted authority and custom. We have no obligation to accept their forms: to do so is to accept subjugation. Be- fore people are prepared to challenge 'formal authority, that authority must first be desanctified, it must be ridicu- lised and laughed at for the face that it is, and yet at the same time it must be realised that the task is a serious one that it must be hand in hand: the construction of real alterna- tives.

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

PETER WILSON
PRESIDENT VUW LABOUR CLUB
INEquality before the law in S. Africa

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Movement

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

Every African youth must be in school for at least 10 years, or produce his Reference Book because he has left it at home.

An African who has been convicted elsewhere for any offence as of right to return to it remains there for more than 5 years, has obtained a permit to return to it.

An African who is married, takes up part in accommodation provided by his husband has lived 25 years, is guilty of an offence.

If an African policeman is accused of theft, he is tried by a police officer who is his own employer.

An African school and lives at home with him or his friends. If he remains after he has received a conviction, he is guilty of an offence.

The law of South Africa applies to all townships and members of the white own land or premises.

No "obviously" or "cohabiting with an African included in the white group"

The State President, by an Ordinance, declares that a person by colour of person by colour of person, how long such an individual shall be a white group. When such white group is, a person living in the area continuously for fifty years is not entitled to live there longer than thirteen months. His discretion is absolute.

No white persons have received a certificate on the premises which will enable him to live there, if he leaves ten years.

A labour officer employs an African for how long he has been employed. He cannot be cancelled. He worked and prohibited such persons for thirty years. A white person can work in any area of work for forty years. A labour officer exchanges a permit for a labour bureau.

It is unlawful for a person to be struck for any reason; it is guilty of a criminal offence exceeding $1,000 or imprisonment of three years, or both.

An African for workers to strike for an offence.

An African wage worker, for example, who has left his job because of non-payment of wages, is guilty of an offence.

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

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

A coloured person is a "white person or an African".

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

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

RACE AND COLOUR

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SEGREGATION IN SPORT is strictly enforced under South Africa's apartheid laws. White and non-white persons may not compete against each other in sports as spectators. Exceptionally, as in this photo taken recently near Johannesburg, non-whites are allowed to attend major events provided that separate entrances, seating and toilet facilities are made available.

Photo: Wysele Vukelj. © Gamma, Paris
without receiving payment, repairs a defective electrical fitting in the living quarters of a friend who resides on his employer's premises in a town is guilty of a criminal offence. All African is prohibited from doing skilled work in the building industry in any town in white South Africa.

White person who pays his domestic servant for repairing a damaged roof in his home commits a criminal offence. A municipal labour officer may, at any time, terminate the employment of any African in his area. If he decides that such employment "is not bona fide", even though the employment has continued for twenty-five years, he is entitled to the complete satisfaction of such African's white employer. A white workman, who is permanently disabled as a result of his employment, an African similarly disabled is entitled to a lump sum based on his earnings, but not to a monthly pension. 

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

TH: THE Minister of Bantu Education may, at any time, and without being required to give any reason for doing so, withdraw any subsidy previously granted to him by a school maintained by an African tribe or community. All African in a town who, without being paid for his services, conducts a class in reading and writing in his own home for a few of his African friends is guilty of a criminal offence. All African religious minister who conducts regular classes for his congregation, in which he teaches them to read the Bible, is guilty of a criminal offence. A private correspondence college which enrols an African student in a course without the permission of the Minister of Bantu Education is guilty of a criminal offence. All African who provides special education for handicapped African children without the approval of the Minister of Bantu Education is guilty of a criminal offence. All African student who attends even a single lecture in a course at the University of Cape Town without the permission of the Minister of Bantu Education is guilty of a criminal offence. All African who has lived continuously for fifty years in the town in which he was born is entitled, as of right to have an African friend visit and remain with him for more than seventy-two hours.

In a town that employs an electrical fitter, electrical fitting is being done by an African is guilty of a criminal offence. All African who has obtained a special permit, an African professor delivering a lecture at a white club, which has invited him to do so, commits a criminal offence. A coloured person attending a public cinema in a town (even though he occupies specially separated seating) is guilty of a criminal offence, unless his special permit has been issued. All African attending a Church fare in a town is guilty of a criminal offence, unless a special permit has been issued. If there are no cinemas in a coloured town, a permit will be issued allowing coloured persons to attend a cinema in a town, provided that separate entrance, seating "and other facilities" are available for coloured persons.

A permit will not be granted to a white orchestra to accompany an African choir presenting performances even though the audiences are segregated. A permit will not be granted to Africans to watch a Carnival organized by the students of a white university; it will be granted to coloured persons and Asians only on condition that no refreshments are served. If an Asian (or a coloured person or an African) sits on a bench in a public park (which has been set apart for the exclusive use of white persons), by way of protest against apartheid laws, he commits a criminal offence punishable by a fine of not more than $400 or imprisonment for not longer than three years, or both. If he does not pay more than ten strokes, or both such fine and imprisonment, or both such fine and whipping, or both such imprisonment and whipping.

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

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

An unmarried man who is "obviously in appearance" or "by general acceptance and reputation" a white person and who attempts to enter a school maintained by a woman who is "obviously in appearance" or "by general acceptance and reputation" a white person is guilty of criminal offence punishable by imprisonment for not longer than seven years, unless he can prove to the satisfaction of the court that he had reasonable cause to believe, at the time that the alleged offence was committed, that he was "obviously in appearance" or by general acceptance and reputation a white person.

A coloured person is guilty of attending a "gathering" if he has two friends to dinner. It is unlawful for any political party to exist unless all its members are persons who belong to the same ethnic group i.e. unless all its members are Africans or whites or coloured persons.

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

EVERY African, male and female, who has reached the age of eighteen years is liable to pay an annual tax (known as the general tax) of a least $4.40, in addition to the ordinary income tax payable by the white Africans, unless he satisfies the authorized official that he has reached the age of sixty-five years.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fictitious.

The above text is a fictional representation of a page from a document, not an actual document. The text contains fictional information and should not be taken as accurate or factual.
WHAT HAVE I DONE TO YOU?

Myna Lamb, an American feminist, wrote this play after learning of her daughter’s (alleged) rape.

As a result of a criticism which labelled her “playboy” music distinctly different she attended it to include the SOLDIER and GIRL since it satisfied her sense of justice to represent the plight of the young man who is denied control of his life by his government in company with the young female who is similarly denied control of her life and her own body. The play was originally produced in a modest fashion at New York in 1970.

Titter: whatever.

Place: a sparse, spott, unexpectedly. A man lies with his head angled up and centre stage, feet obliquely toward audience. His clothing, by all means psychiatric in flavor, should also be avant-garde and should incline him acutely so that he almost looks as though he is about to be launched. An almost perpendicular standboard comes to mind or a simple stringy or ruffle. No there is a simple desk or table angled away from the man, and a chair placed toward desk that will keep the occupants back toward man in absurdo (approximate) psychiatric practice, but will give profile or three-quarter view to audience.

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

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

(SOLDIER stands at attention.)

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

MAN: That? What do you mean, “that”?  
WOMAN: We have not taken anything.

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

WOMAN: Are you in pain?

MAN: Yes. I think I am in pain.

WOMAN: Don’t you know?

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


MAN: Anesthetize.

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

(SOLDIER executes left turn and salute.)

MAN: I am suffering abominable psychic stress now,

(SOLDIER stands at attention through next speeches.)

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

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

WOMAN: Well, that is an interesting conjecture.

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

WOMAN: Yes, it is. You couldn’t possibly have been too healthy.

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

(Left turn and salute by SOLDIER.)

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

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

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

Is that it? What have you done to me?


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

(GIRL pulls on SOLDIER’s leg. She is still in crawling position. SOLDIER stands at rigid attention throughout next speeches with no obvious awareness of GIRL. She rises and approaches him, reaching out to him.)
Pregnancy, motherhood is natural to a woman. It is her portion in life. It is beneficial to her. It is the basic creative drive that man seeks to emulate with all his art and activity. It is natural for a woman to create life. It is not natural for man.

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

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

MAN: You cannot dismiss nature as an inappropriate term. Your body cannot naturally accommodate a developing fetus. Your body cannot naturally exert it at the proper moment.

WOMAN: Females cannot naturally exert the infant at term.

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

The baby span is a variable. Very often, the blood or milk of a natural mother is poisonous to her child. Nature is not necessarily natural or beneficial. We know that. We after many of its processes in order to proceed with the exigencies of our civilization. Many newly pregnant women recognize that the situation of gestation is inefficient in cases. In your case, there is a great inefficiency. The caesarian procedure is indicated.

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

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

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

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

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

(SOLDIER stands at attention again.)

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

MAN: But I am a man.

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

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

(SOLDIER exclaims present arms manoeuvre.)

WOMAN: At one time I hated all men.

MAN: I thought so.

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

MAN: I recognize you of course.

WOMAN: And you understand a little more.

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

(SOLDIER adopts caricature of at ease position.)

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

MAN: You really intend to go through with this, then?
WOMAN: (silence ... looks at him ... even through him)

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

(SOLDIER squats, staring out at audience.)

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

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

WOMAN: I think your are rather confused.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAN: Did you consider it a crime?

WOMAN: Not at the time. Did you?

MAN: I never did.

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

MAN: I tell you—never.

WOMAN: Not your crime?

MAN: Not anyone's crime ...

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

MAN: Of course not.

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

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

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

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

(SOLDIER kisses own arms.)

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

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

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

(There is a shot onstage. SOLDIER cries out. He is wounded in the belly. He falls. The GIRL cries out without sobbing.)

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

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

My body was posted, invaded, exposed to a rooming old man halfheartedly swept the filthy floor. Many of my fellow unfortunate would come fresh from their battles to witness the spectacle of my greater misfortune. Three days and that cursed burden could not be released from the prison of my body over I from it.

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

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

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

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

MAN: It was—it was criminal of me to have been the author of so much suffering ... (SOLDIER sits up.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAN: I cannot defend myself.

(GIRL turns off to stage right.)

WOMAN: I know.

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

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

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

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

WOMAN: That is being taken into account.

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

MAN: Is that the decision?

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

MAN: No, they can't!

(SOLDIER turns to audience.)

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

(BLACKOUT)

ABORTION ACTION WEEK

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

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

This Action Week is just part of the ongoing struggle for women's right to control our own reproductive functions - to decide for ourselves whether or not we want to continue a pregnancy. The demand for the right to abortion is one of the central demands of the women's liberation movement, for we see the issue as a question not of morality, but of control. The anti-abortionists say it is immoral to kill a fetus; we say it is immoral to force a woman to go through with an unwanted pregnancy. The woman alone must have the right to decide, not lawyers or doctors or clergymen. As long as a woman must be for a legal abortion, as long as she has to invent some "justification" - other than the most valid one that she simply doesn't want to have a baby, there will still be a demand for illegal abortionists who don't ask questions, that women will go to, at risk of their lives; and women will still try to abort themselves with knitting needles, vacuum cleaners, spotted douches and all the other dangerous or useless "home remedies". The law as it stands is irrational and contradictory. If abortion were really murder, it would be illegal under all circumstances, yet it is condoned if the life of the mother is in danger. If it is merely the quality of the woman's life that is threatened, however, abortion becomes "immoral". Just as irrational is the righteous concern that is shown for the foetus in the womb, which rapidly changes to indifference for the child once it is born. Thus, an unsupported woman who has been forced by the law to have a baby she didn't want will find no sympathy from the state for her predicament. Either she must suffer the emotional agony of giving the child away, or she must try and find support from relatives and friends.

It is obvious that the law isn't concerned with the "sanctity of human life". What the abortion laws are about is control. Women are kept in an inferior position because their status is defined by their child bearing function. We are held responsible for that function - inasmuch as any circumstances it may put us in, however desperate, are considered our own misfortune - yet we are denied control of this function. Unequal pay is "justified" by the observed fact that women workers often have to leave because of pregnancy, or take time off to look after sick children. Discriminatory education is based on the assumption that women's chief function is childbearing and rearing. Sexual exploitation of women is partly caused by, and partly causes, the concept of women as being primarily concerned with getting a man and having children, and so on. The abortion laws play a vital role in upholding this structure; that is their function. While women are denied the right to control their own bodies, they are effectively prevented from even realising the possibility of full liberation. Women are handicapped not by their childbearing function as such, but by their inability to effectively control it. We demand this control as our right.

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

::Stop Press::

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LAMBERTON QUAY
LANDFALL 100 — CAXTON PRESS

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

This attitude is more pronounced than that produced by other magazines. Of course every writer always produces a perfect work, and it is only the inherent bad taste of editors that causes it to be rejected. The criticism of Landfall is more damning than that — the magazine is 'establishment'. If somebody is accepted for publication the doors have opened for him. He will be invited to the right sort of cocktail parties, meet the right sort of people. He will be invited to be a member of P.E.N. He will have no trouble finding a publisher. He will be able to be with other poets' wives without any comments being made. On the other hand he will be expected to churn out writing of a certain calibre and style.

To write erudite ruminations in letters to his friends (who are meant to save them for publication), and he will have to start writing a rambling literary autobiography.

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

It is a pity, but perhaps inevitable, that this standard has become jaded. The writers who started the magazine are now becoming old, and some of its supporters are already playing harps. But these are still the core. It is understandable that new blood (but after all no newer than they were when they started the magazine), people like Wedde, Hunt, Stanley, Ade, Edmund, people who write in a different style and idiom, who think different thoughts, who are influenced by O'Connor, Russel man rather than Graves and Auden, are accepted sceptically and with grivings, rather as a gaudy beachball four feet round is accepted by a sandy foot who have written just as profligately and well, but have not impressed the owls of academe there is no sign. Where is Parody? Where is Olds? Where is Beyer? Where is Honey?

Notwithstanding the experimental nature of Landfall's acceptance of younger writers, any attempt in this direction is a good sign. What I feel is the most important criticism is that a great deal of the writing by the schoolmasters is so bad. In Landfall 100 we have a curious miscellany. On one hand there is Susan Stark's reminiscence of a Decadent, The Drive, consisting of overloaded, self-conscious rambles that last for much too long. On the other hand there is Stuart MacMillon, clipped, subtle, breathless, world-swimming, The Real Thing. On the one hand we have twenty-eight pages of poetic ecstasies going on in the interview between Brach and Milner. On the other J.E.P. Thomson slaloms Downstage's policy of choosing plays to suit an elite but boorish audience, in an incisive and long-winded article. In a one letter academic wit is given full rein when K.O. Armee regretfully turns down an offer to review Stowhill's An Earl of the Dragon. In the following correspondence between Judith Binney and Frank Sargood dictionary-and-dagger bitchiness becomes the call. When contributions are good they cannot be equalised anywhere; when they are bad they consist of backslapping, belpushy, memories of the old schoolmasters writing in the usual prolix measured style. This issue contains what is best and what is worst about Landfall. Despite what Brach says in his interview it is "a magazine written by intellectuals for intellectuals". There is nothing wrong with that. What is wrong is that it is trying to appeal to a new and different person, one who is young, vital, widely read; but it is using the restricted themes, outlook, and literary styles of twenty years ago. The world has done a big jump. Landfall has not quite made it.

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

— John Hales.

"Homosexuals" p55 The danger for you is that practising homosexuals are very aggressive, not only in order to get equal rights but also in order to satisfy sexual desire by seducing people into this way of life who were not born homosexuals... But the Bible calls it 'unnatural'... Gods words... "Be fruitful and increase" show that it is right to call homosexual activity 'unnatural'... Jesus Christ can deliver the homosexual. Instead of exercising his tendencies the homosexual must turn away from his sin!"
NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH
by Edward Bond

Season until May 27th

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

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

Ian Mune both directs the play and by virtue of his performance at the Tyrnau Sogo is rather the key to the action in terms of the stage as well. As a performance his is finely tuned, amusingly, as he directed himself. He does however labour under some difficulties as the script has forced upon him some rather difficult pieces of Oriental is that are just not within the range of ability of a western trained actor. This is often to the point that he gives way to what he is not. This is best illustrated by the dressing of Mune early in the play. The use of subordinate actors to do this on stage is a normal part of Japanese theatre but under the heavy hand of the west it is not to work, for the speed necessary to effect the transformations just is not within the grasp of the western theatre bond has taken ideas from eastern theatre and yet still depends on a script that is to dominate. He has however moved closer to what I believe is the playing that theatre must have if it is to survive as an essentially primitive art in a technological world. That is, it is a play of myth, a play of the extraordinary, rather than an aping of the commonplace.

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

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

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

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

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

AUDIENCES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Everyone knows that the NZBC is desperately trying to appear poor. But all the same, someone ought to ask Mr Ben Coury to ask Mr Bruce Broadhead to ask Mr Cooper Marshall to ask Mr Lionel Scrat to ask Major-General McKinnon to ask whatever this week's Minister of Broadcasting happens to be. To give him his due, if he's given enough money to buy a little live time on this coxial cosmic concretion, he's likely to cram this into the next simulcast simulation.

To quote Dylan Thomas (himself a frustrated astronaut): "Finches fly in the claverticks of hawks On a mountain a day ..."

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

The series was ill-conceived - thirty-minute feature television must be either fast, funny or serious. The plots suffered from chronic gaitlessness and a tendency to nauseatingly literal cliché. We badly need some playwrights who know how to write decent dialogue and to create credible characters. We need to see more - much more - of Ian Hume on television - he totally outacted Even Solan even taking into consideration the fact that he had much the better role to play. The series appeared to be doing a disservice to the NZ Probation Service. Be they ever so humble, there's no place for this kind of unhelpful picture. Given such a bunch of pseudos, any self-respecting probation officer would immediately ask for a retiral and plead guilty in the hope of being sent to Paremoremo. To sum up: not enough action, generally poor writing, an overambitious idea, wrong genre star.

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

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

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

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

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

SOCCER

Results and goalscorers in the games played on Saturday, 5th April 1972:

First Division team vs Nelson
Extension
1. (K. Shanker)
3. Division C team vs Wellington Diamond United
2. (F. Tate, J. Rawle)
4. Fourth Division team vs Pukekohe Swifts.
5. (K. Garry, B. Manley)

Sixth Division team vs Petone
6. (W. Cain, J. Duigan)

Seventh Division team vs Nairne
7. (2-0)

Sixth Division team vs Pukekohe
8. (2-1)

The first game gave yet another disappointing performance. The home team fought well; and scored the opening goal when an angular shot from Nairne beat the Wellington 'keeper'. Nelson levelled the scores shortly before half time, and took control in the second half when they scored a further two goals. In the second half the Nairne side looked out of shape, with a lack of coordination between attack and defence, and the forwards after a good start in the first half failed to function as a unit. Best players for Nelson were Nick Billows, Alex Betrayani, Ian Garner and Ian Brown.

The Division C team was well beaten by Stokes Valley at Delaney Park. Weak defence and poor marking in both halves by Varinga side's team-mates. Best players for Varinga were Barry Davies and David Dwyer.

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

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

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

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

CAR CLUB

The "Ecuwra Challenge Trial" held recently by the Vic Car Club consisted of one hundred and two miles of treacle with a running time of four and a half hours, the trials of beautiful setting at Lower Hutt and went over the Akatarawa's lunch at Otaki; the last section was the air-seccon and the trial ended at Lower Bay. The first four placings were:

1. R. Leighton (Triumph)
2. M. Geelen
3. J. Sterling
4. P. McGuinness

The Car Club is now one of the most active clubs in Christchurch and has a programme of events including Trials, with a team too-cooperative and discounts on various things from shops and garages, it pays any student who owns a car to join. Clubs are to be held at least once a month, featuring guest speakers from M.A.N.Z. (Motorcycle Association of NZ, O.T., Auckland, and well known drivers. The club, after Mr Murray Thompson's speech at the Tournament dinner, hopes to be able to put forward an entry for the "Heavyway" rally next year.

For the laymen distinction must be drawn between a rally and a time trial. A "Rally Trial" requires extensive modifications to the car, (frillies, halfTRANZSCAN) and is to make the car as fast as possible on speed sections and special stages. A trial has no speed sections or special stages and emphasizes navigation and driving skills. No modifications are required. So bring your birds or feet to the next trial and have fun.

The next event will be the "Hornswag Trial" to be held on Saturday May 6th starting from the top outlet at 6.30am. The trial will start at Wanganui Lodge near Paraparaumu and will fast develop into a place to keep the experts to the Wanganui Lodge only need to bring the tree's bag, bag, braid and food. An "Economy Run" (you can stick your car and hangover) is planned for the run-back to Wellington on the Sunday morning. Other trials are planned so watch the noticeboard. Feature events in the near future are a June Gumprhaha at Te Maru, and a seven-hour Midnight Trial in July.
LEAGUE

On Saturday 22nd April at Strand Park, Lower Hutt, University played Randwick and won by a convincing 34 points to 6. The team was: W. McKie, M. Smith, T. Jamison, R. Teyaum (sagai), S. McConnell, D. Bidos, M. Munro, W. Moors, T. Selviar, T. Kendricks, J. Oram, A. Harega, H. Mills.

Randwick provided stern opposition for the first twenty minutes, after which they were lying 6-6, but then seemed to fall apart, especially in the second half. This was primarily due to Varity pushing the ball through the backline, for it is here in as most Barby rugby teams, that they lack the most dangerous. Randwick defended adequately, but were caught off-side with the strong running and quicklyetly (fast) running of Rossie Teyaum and Tom Jamoon in the centres, although even Nash, an ex-University player, stood well half for Randwick, gave his opposite number Dido Bidos quite a few anxious moments. Mike Munro played his usual alert game as scrum-half, whilst on the wings Mike Smith had more chances than Steve McConnell and added points when the two he scored the previous week. As full-back Bill McKie proved sound and ran into the backline effectively.

In the forwards, Bill Moore and Alan (Hore) Herenga were outstanding. They ran well, backed up quite strongly, and were always on the loose ball that had been dropped. Bill Moore had a good game with his hooking, and Ian Kendricks was ever there to support the ball-carrier. Ubiquitous was the name of the game. John Dixon, too, had a good all-round game. Harold Mills was feeling the effects of the 'futu,' and showed it at times. He was forced to leave the field late in the second half with what proved to be a strain on the knee. The replacement forward was Max Bell.

Scorers for University were: T. Jamison 3 (tris), M. Smith (2 tris), M. Mils, W. Moore, J. Dixon, W. McKenzie, and M. Munro. D. Bidos kicked two conversions. This failure to kick the goals could yet cost the team a match, though it doubt that Dave will be working on this facet of his play. Of the many good performances, he certainly looks the most promising. The forwards, too, are not at yet showing their true capabilities. Failure to turn in the tackle was especially evident at times. But Varity has 4 points from two games in the Senior Second Division.

The Junior first team was not so fortunate, losing 34-2 against a very strong and fit Parroa City A side. But there are quite a few promising players and with better combination this team should be producing winning League before too long.

Perhaps most important of all, there will be a '60' in the Union Hall on Saturday 27th May. Come along and have a really great time. Watch for more details on the notice-boards.

David Pennington.

YACHTING

Here we are.

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

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

GRANTS REPORT for SRC

CLAUSE I

The collection of membership fees from non-students who are members of sports and cultural clubs was discussed at the annual General Meeting of VUWASA on the 8/4/72. It was alleged by some members of the Association that many non-students both in sport and cultural clubs were not paying the membership fee to the respective clubs-in the case of Sports clubs or the Cultural Affairs Council-in the case of the Cultural clubs as required by the Constitution. Because of this, the following two motions were passed:

Motion 1:

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

Motion 2:

THAT the following be appointed members of the committee of investigation: Peter Cullen -President & Chairman, Gil Peterson -Cultural Affairs Officer, Mike McKiey -Sports Officer, Gary Usen -Treasurer, and Messs Arnold, Collins, Gutber, Law and Miller.

Both motions were carried.

CLAUSE II

The Committee has held a number of meetings and has reached the general conclusion that it cannot satisfy itself that the financial affairs of cultural or sports clubs in 1972 were satisfactory in so far as it was unclear in many cases whether or not non-student rate as set out in the Constitution.

CLAUSE III

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

CLAUSE IV

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

a) that the grant application form for both sports and cultural clubs contains a question requesting the total number of members of VUWASA and non-members who are members of the respective club.

b) In the case of sports clubs - a team list for the present season must be included and thus must be broken down into those persons who are members of VUWASA and those who are not in the case of Cultural clubs the same two lists must be supplied.

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

CLAUSE V

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

CLAUSE VI

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

THE MAN THEY COULDN'T PHOTOGRAPH

ROUND ONE
A reporter and a photographer just happen to be outside Devon's house. [146 Kellum Parade] one evening when who should pass down the path but Devon himself-off for his regular run. No trouble spotting him - knew anyone else who goes for a run every morning and every night earning a transmitter radio? I mean what do you know is someone that was 5.2 might break at any minute! Anyway, out comes 'click' goes the camera, and Devon runs past screaming not to notice. I'd be avoiding the camera for years and it is so easy as this to snap him! We walk off up the road, the job over. Uh oh - job not over here's Devon down the road towards us. He must have heard the siren camera after all. Hello, he's pushing his pram up to cover his face! I thought he'd have been out for a walk. I was listening to the radio. We laugh about this possibly, it is so hard to believe that he's so real. And he's angry, he shouts 'I'll give you a hammer!' And he left it! Later in the darkroom the crucible that doesn't develop-the negative is completely white. The Biggs box on camera wins again!

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

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

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

ROUND TWO
A few days later I set out alone for Devon. The plan is to meet a girl (thankfully to have a witness) at 7.30 am, hoping to spot him on his morning run. While I'm walking up Kellum Pde to the rendezvous up Grove Road beyond Devon's house I notice a man sitting in a car, running towards me. I stop into a convenient garage, hoping to 'shoot' him unwary. Paul pad - Click! But he's got the drop on me and he's not out of his seat and he’s kissing me even as I shoot. "Now will you who can run," he growls. I take the hint and head off the road. He's after me but he doesn't catch me. His house is on the other side and he MEMBER to witness any violence so he drives inside. I see my witness and we sneak up to his side door and hear him frantically asking the phone. He's taken the call. He's come and he's come and he's come and he's come and he's come. We paid much attention to him because no police car turned up.

We wondered, knowing that he'd be out 'to get another look'. And sure enough 20 minutes later he appears at the top of Kellum Pde. This time he's wearing a sort of mask. A piece of white material to hide his face. Not an unwarrented modesty Devon's case (remember his election photo a few years ago) - he substituted a photo of an employee or was it just another incident shot? But Devon's an employee for modesty, in his job to prevent around Kellum at 7.50 in the morning wearing a mask. Maybe he even thinks this is normal, acceptable behaviour! Anyway, he takes a swing at me, makes this mery, pretty, but he's not serious because I've got a witness. And he makes more foul imprecations. Really, Devon, in front of a lady!

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

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

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

ROUND FOUR
Devon never even knew about this one - we made a bit of an effort to avoid victimisation! Devon on his way to work and us in an upstairs window was the lucky combination. Unfortunately the camera looked just enough with his telephoto lens, so we're a bit of a worry shot not a studio portrait. Round four we'll have to call a draw. We're throwing the competition open and we'll offer a prize for a perfect picture of Devon's countenance. The nature of the price will have to be kept secret of course - but anyone guessing 'eye's subscription to NEWSWEEK' wouldn't be far out.

by R.E. Porter

- 4 MAY 1972

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

Mr P. Cullen
President, V.U.W.S.A.

Dear Mr Cullen

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

1. Yes.
2. There are no members of the service currently enrolled as university students.
3. Yes, to the University authorities concerned.
4. There was consultation in 1963 subsequent to the Hutchison Report between the Service and my predecessor. There has been no occasion for consultation between the Service and myself in 1970. There was consultation with the authorities of another University.

Yours sincerely
Vice-Chancellor