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A Buildings Officer Change in Constitution Proposed

At the last Exec meeting, on 18 April, constitutional amendments were passed by the Executive in preparation for a Special General Meeting to be held on 30 May, the first Tuesday of the Second Term. This meeting is being held to enable the 1961 Exec elections to be held under the amended constitution.

The main amendment is the deletion of the Societies Secretary and the creation of a New Buildings Officer. Societies Secretary was, Mr Cater claimed, a redundant portfolio and there was not normally enough work to justify a full Executive position. The New Buildings Officer would be an important post, and Mr Cater envisaged that without the creation of this position a tremendous burden would inevitably fall on the shoulders of the President.

Students at the Special General Meeting will have to vote on the following constitutional amendment:

That in rule 20 (ii) the words 'a Societies Secretary' be replaced by the words 'Buildings Officer' and that the following words be added after the words 'at Newton respectively' — 'provided that the position of Buildings Fund Officer shall be filled only until the new Student Union Building is completed'.

At the meeting on 18 April the following motions put forward on 10 April were discarded:

- (1) The creation of three new general positions, one of which was to be filled by a woman.
- (2) The abolition of the two House Committee portfolios and the amalgamation of these duties into a common House Committee portfolio.

Exec. Nominations

The final date for the receiving of nominations for the officers of the Association is 6 May, the last day of term. (Note: Officers include President, Man Vice - president, Woman Vice-president and Treasurer.)

Nominees will be expected to make policy speeches to the student body on 6 May at 8 p.m. in the Hall. Voting will take place on 1 and 2 June.

Nominations for the rest of the positions on the Executive must be in the hands of the Student Association Secretary by 3 June. Prospective Exec members will state their policies at a meeting on the night of 13 June, and voting will be on 14 and 15 June.

Nominators are expected to provide Craccum with a blurb about their candidate, which will be printed before the election takes place. These blurbs should be given to Craccum as soon as possible, and none will be accepted after the closing date of nominations. If you want to do your candidate justice, make sure you get this blurb in on time. Please supply a photograph as well, preferably showing head and shoulders only, and large enough to allow for reduction, thank you.

VOTE PLEASE

It was pointed out that extra work had been done in the past by sub-committees and could be done so in the future.

There is no need for three extra members. As to the question of the provision of a position for a woman — there were only two positions on Exec not available to a woman.

Mr Bassett said, in support of amalgamation, it was a pity for tradition and the desire for another woman on Exec to get in the way of the suggested amalgamation. This motion was finally discarded because of the large amount of work done by Men's House Committee.

JAKICH CENSURED

Mate Jakich was severely censured at the last executive meeting on three counts:

(a) Drinking with fellow students in MCR on the night of the Maori Club Coffee Evening. This is strictly forbidden.

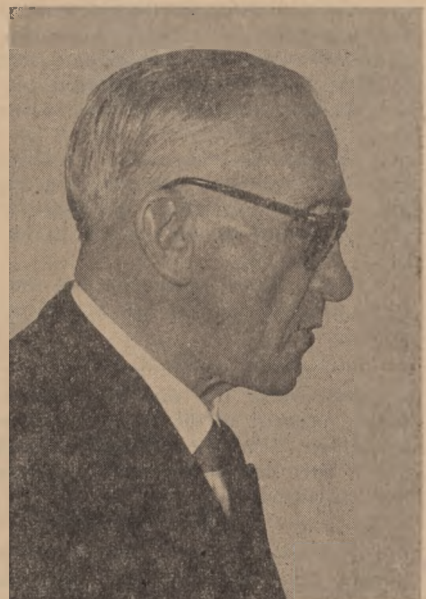
(b) On several occasions in the Caf, Mr Jakich has been a very noisy centre of disturbance.

(c) During 'Parisienne France' it was Mr Jakich who was throwing fire-crackers.

It is pitiful that an Executive member, supposedly an adult, should behave in such an irresponsible fashion.

Chancellor to Retire

The Chancellor of Auckland University, Mr W. H. Cocker, will not be seeking re-election to the University Council when his term expires on 30 June.



Courtesy N.Z. Herald
MR H. W. COCKER



Bernie Hill
KAREL BARTON, the Roman glamour puss with an eccentric hobby

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CAPPING BANNED FOR "ENGINEERS"

The raid by the engineers on O'Rourke has had far-reaching effects, and no doubt the repercussions are causing many sleepless nights at Ardmore.

The engineers' 'casing' of the joint had been too summary and they had failed to note that a maternity hospital was situated next door to the hostel.

The noises and explosions aroused many of the women to a high state of nervous apprehension, since many believed that a fire was actually involved. One woman is reportedly still recovering from the shock.

As a result the Engineers were brought before the Board, fined £5 each, and prohibited from taking part in Capping Activities.

This seems to be pretty tough on the Engineers, but to a large extent that is their own affair (they had the decency to publicly apologize to the hospital . . . with flowers). But such a move would also hit Students' Ass. badly, since it involves the sale of 6000 capping books in Hamilton. However, the move by Prof. Board was not aimed at intimidating Stud. Ass. After approach by Exec arrangements have been made for the Hamilton Varsity to be suspended for a day in order that students there can carry out the sale of Capping Mags. Engineers may still participate in Revue and Grad. Ball, but will be down a fiver each . . . a total of something like £750.

CRACCUM REPORTER

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

'Citizens' - Students' Bun-fight'

The views expressed in this paper are necessarily those of the Auckland University Students' Association.

Exec Turns Turtle

DETROIT GRAND NATIONAL ENTERED

Did you know that you, as a student, now possess a part share in a turtle. Yes, one of the crawly kind. This turtle has been entered on your behalf in the Second Annual International Inter-collegiate Turtle Tournament.

all arose out of the inward correspondence at a recent Exec meeting, following a letter from the University of Detroit soliciting entries for the above turtle Grand National. This event is being entered by the Detroit students to raise Soc. funds for their new Student Activities (don't ask me what activities!). Last year the race received widespread publicity on the US TV network and considerable coast to coast radio coverage. The winning entry last year was an Alaskan turtle from Alaska, racing under the name of *Nanook of the North*. against a turtle of high breeding. However, other places were obtained without the distinctive history of the Alaskan entry, and there is hope should a small problem arise, for a few members of Exec were against the scheme on the grounds that it was 'inhumane', most were in agreement that an entry should be sent, but are sad to say Auckland Stud. Ass. not happen to possess a turtle.

However, a small problem arose, for though a few members of Exec were against the scheme on the grounds that it was 'inhumane', most were in agreement that an entry should be sent, but are sad to say Auckland Stud. Ass. not happen to possess a turtle.

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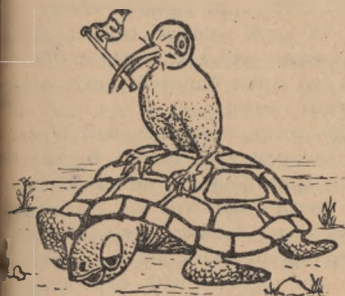
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However, Detroit is willing to purchase a turtle for us, and even race it on our behalf. One dollar has been forwarded to them to buy the turtle, and to cover the cost of shipping it back to us after the race, in full racing trim, of course. Problems then arose as to naming our turtle. Several suggestions were made (at least, and all it Strev.) and the final choice was 'Pheroa'. It was also discussed as to whether a trainer should be sent to ensure that the turtle behaves in a manner befitting an HC chair. Cerutti might take the job. So if Capping are thinking of going to the States, wick, who about taking our turtle under your st work? You can gain personal prestige for Won of this, for although our turtle has likely. One at the breeding that one might expect ill probab a prospective winner (by Stass out of more re reptilian), we have high hopes, due to dith Mus intense training course that our turtle has undergone. The trainer would be expected to pay for the pep-up of the str and all the cost of benzedrine shots' will be borne by Stud. Ass.

So despite the formidable competition (last year a field of 95 racing turtles, including a Communist team from Soviet Russia, which was withdrawn in protest at the exclusion of the Chinese Communist entry, who were reputed to have done the distance in 10.4 secs at the Mao Tse-tung Memorial Course), we have complete confidence.

Be listening to Radio Detroit on 1 May, 12 noon US time, for the results of this spectacular contest. Results will be published in *Craccum* as usual. (Three weeks late.)

A press conference will be held by the turtle on 5 May, during which there will be time for the racer to pose for photographs, and to distribute autographed pictures of the speedy and, we are sure, successful candidate for the stakes.

Ever Been Had ?

Don't deny it. You were one of the charleys who were taken in by that phoney letter that appeared in the Star. 'AN ENDLESS ROUND' . . . I ask you!

Well, you weren't alone; almost everybody, it seems, was properly had. Were you not struck by the air of propriety, of respect, even of innocence, that seemed so entirely unreal even in one who had spent but a fortnight within these ivy-covered halls?

Yes, it was a fake . . . I know, because I found the uncensored original, damaged but still legible, in the Stud. Ass. wastepaper basket. Here it is, complete and unabridged, its literary content unravished by the censor's scissors. Now read on. . . .

Dear Folks,

Having sojourned in this seat of wisdom for fourteen days (and nights), am now in a position to give you the low-down. Wandered along on Enrolment day and signed on for the grind. You know, forms and that sort of thing. Name Sex yes please Experience and so on.

One of the subjects I signed on for entails having your photo taken. (Botany, I think . . . I'll check on it when I have the time.) Full view, two profiles, fingerprints, blood group and any distinguishing marks. Obviously a cover for Fascist activities.

Some burly brute gave me a dirty look when I threw my students work-day form into a wastepaper basket, grabbed me by the collar and suggested I volunteer, at the same time pointing meaningfully at the Student Health Service form.

The first two weeks of term are called Freshers' Fortnight and now I know why. Part of this progressive education jazz, I suppose. There seemed to be an endless

- SOCIAL CALENDAR**
- 2 May. Goethe Soc. Film 'Three-penny Opera', Caf. Ext. 7.00.
 - 2 May. Historical Soc. W.C.R. 7.30.
 - 5 May. Graduation Ball. Peter Pan. 8.00.
 - 2 June. Coffee Evening. Ski Club. 8.00.

B A N - H U R
at the
Playhousorum
from
Thursday, 27 April
to
Saturday, 6 May
at
8 p.m.

PERSONAL

FOR SALE: Sweet Anglo Saxon Primer—Dawn of a New Era. Offers wanted c/o *Craccum*.
ONE Male wants to share flat.—Ph. 73-348, John Murphy.

PRESS RELEASE

Monday, 24 April 1961

'New Zealand University students have urged the Government to immediately increase the level of University bursaries', says a statement released by the President of the New Zealand University Students' Association, Mr E. A. Woodfield.

In a letter to the Minister of Education, the Association is seeking the immediate implementation of the following recommendations of the Committee on New Zealand Universities (the Parry Committee) which presented its report to the Government in December 1959):

- (a) An increase in the higher school certificate monetary award from £40 to £50 for full-time students.
- (b) An increase in the higher school certificate boarding allowance from £50 to £100 for full-time students.
- (c) The introduction of a special masters' degree award of £125 for full-time students.
- (d) Approval for the payment of the full higher school bursary to those full-time students who have gained University Entrance and have passed three units of the BA or BSc course or the equivalent in other courses in a previous year.

'At the annual general meeting of NZUSA held at Dunedin over Easter, delegates from all universities and agricultural colleges in New Zealand were most distressed that the Government had not yet taken any action on the bursary recommendations of the Parry Report, which was presented well over a year ago', says the statement. 'Particularly disturbing were reports from all constituents that many students would find great difficulty in continuing their full-time studies this year on the present level of bursary payments.'

'NZUSA has stated on a number of occasions that it believes increased expenditure on university education is essential for the future wellbeing of New Zealand. For this reason the action of the previous Government in increasing the quinquennial grants, staff salaries, research grants and so on, as recommended by the Parry Committee, were welcomed by students throughout the country.'

'It must be stressed, however, that fundamental to the case presented by the Parry Committee in seeking increased expenditure in these fields, were the economic and social arguments with which they emphasized the pressing need for more full-time students at our universities. These are arguments of general principle that were widely accepted throughout the community'.

The statement continues: 'NZUSA is firmly of the opinion that an increase in bursary payments is essential if full-time studies are to be encouraged. This was also the view of the Parry Committee, as reference to their Report makes clear. Other expenditure is essential to provide adequate facilities for students when they do attend full-time, but surely the essential step must be to provide the initial encouragement for full-time study. For a number of years the principle has been established that financial assistance to students is a vital part of the State's responsibility in ensuring that the very beset use is made of our educational facilities and that all have equality of opportunity to use those facilities. If bursaries are not increased now, this principle and the arguments of the Parry Committee are being largely ignored. The likely consequences of this are extremely disturbing'.

Thee statement concludes: 'The likely high rate of withdrawal from full-tme studies during the course of this year demands urgent remedial action by the Government'.

EXHIBITION

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of Paris

PRINTS

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Signed by Europe's Foremost Artists

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Underwater Club

Kawau Weekend

The Auckland University Underwater Club held its camp at Kawau this Easter. The camp was attended by some thirty-odd enthusiastic members and day trips were arranged to some of the better fishing grounds.

Underwater fishing is a fascinating sport — snorkels, mask and flippers are worn, and the fish, mainly snapper and kawai, are caught by means of a spear gun. Club activities were not confined to the hours of daylight, however, and as a result the Snake Pit (local pub) made a considerable profit. Campfire carousels were popular, with singing led by 'Elvis' Harvey and his blotto band.

Highlight of the trip occurred when some members of the party swamped their boat and sank it in thirty feet of water.

The seven survivors clambered aboard an outboard dinghy and managed to sink that too. At last they reached the shore and woke up the rest of the camp at four in the morning, asking for dry clothes. Club members gained valuable experience in salvage work while recovering the boat the following day.

The trip back to Auckland was not too rough, although one prominent club member had his head in the scuppers most of the way.

Overheard at Kawau:

'There's nothing tastier than black snapper fried in kerosene'.—Ian.

'A pile of sacks is a poor substitute for a sleeping bag' (left at home).—Frank.

'He thought I was a mermaid'.—Suzy.

'Excuse me, but can I borrow your dinghy; we just sunk our boat. (And we'll sink yours, no doubt!)'.—Gay.

We hope that this account will attract a few more members to our club, especially those of the fairer sex. (We haven't any in the club as yet, so how about coming along to some of the club functions, you girls!)

These have not been finalized as yet, but there will probably be one or two socials, and the possibility of a trip to Waiheke Island in May, so keep your eyes pinned to the notice board. There will certainly be a trip to Mayor Island after Degree . . . so in the meantime, keep your heads above water.

SPORTS GRANTS

Ratified by Exec. 24 April

BADMINTON	£126	5	0
BASKETBALL			
(Outdoor)	£21	15	0
BASKETBALL			
(Indoor)	£89	5	0
HARRIERS	£28	15	6
HOCKEY (Men's)	£134	0	0
HOCKEY (Women's)	£21	18	6
JUDO	£8	0	0
SOCCER	Held until		
	further		
	information		
SKI CLUB	£69	7	0
SWORDS	£39	7	0
TABLE TENNIS	£13	10	0
	£619	10	0

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SPORTS UNION REPORT

The NZ Universities' Sports Union met at Dunedin during Easter Tournament 1961.

The most significant matter was the passing of a revised Eligibility draft.

Constitutional Amendments

The facts which emerged out of a debate on sports tours amendment were chiefly reflections on the liaison between the NZU Sports' Councils and the delegates from the clubs concerned from each constituent university or college. Acting upon these, each delegate to the individual sports' councils was instructed to note any matter which pertained to AU and to report to a Sports' Council meeting to be held on 27 April, in the hope of improving the liaison between the Sports Representatives and Sports Clubs.

This would mean that any proposed tours, etc., which come from NZU Councils, would be known to all in sufficient time to begin money-raising activities.

Eligibility

A slightly revised draft was considered and passed with a few amendments. This draft now replaces sections 30, 31, 32 and 33 of the NZUSU Constitution, which were proving inapplicable to conditions. AU were most active in the debate and moved a number of amendments, most of which had been recommended from the Sports Council.

A revised copy of the section on eligibility is available for inspection from the Sports Representatives.

An addition was made to Appendix D providing for a special certificate of eligibility for people taking part in a sports tour.

Relation with NZUSA

The only occasion when NZUSU got indignant was to move a motion strongly opposing the action of NZUSA in appointing the Sports Officer to Res. Exec. (who automatically becomes the chairman of NZUSU) without referring to the body formed for consultation on Sport in Universities. This precipitated a minor riot in NZUSA when the chairman revealed a somewhat dictatorial attitude to the 'little brother'. Victoria foreshadowed a motion to come up at Winter Council that the election of sports officer be made on the recommendation of NZUSU.

Continuation

It was urgently requested that at least one of the delegates present at Summer Council 1961 be present at the next few council meetings.



A line-out during the match against College Rifles which Varsity won 14-9. Left to (14) Warren Moyes, (13) G. Loveridge, Leaping, Alan Twohill; far right, Graeme Oban.

Rugby Season Begins

The Auckland University Rugby Football Club Inc. began the year with a bumper attendance at its Annual General Meeting (80 members). Tribute was paid to its retiring President, Mr C. T. Keegan, who has held office for the past seven years.

This year the club will enter eight teams. Second Grade sides will be fielded by Trinity College and 'The Lawyers', who, incidentally, won our only championship last year (B Section).

O'Rourke will be endeavouring to win

Going Skiing?

Unfortunately Auckland's several extinct volcanoes don't seem to produce snow every winter. But why worry? Thanks to the Varsity Ski Club, Mt. Ruapehu is at your service.

For the sheer pleasure of speed, the satisfaction of cutting a trail in fresh snow, the atmosphere of friendship and laughter, and sore rear portions, ski-ing cannot be equalled. Many have already discovered this, and through the fun of belonging to the Varsity Ski Club, their dreams become a reality.

Naturally the first enquiry is the cost. Of course, ski-ing is expensive for the expert, but Varsity Ski Club is here to introduce to you a new sport and new people as cheaply as possible. The sub. is only 15s, plus 5s per night fee in our own hut, which has electricity, heat and water. Even transport is supplied.

August, mid-term and our organized trip weekends are musts for everyone, novice and expert alike. The daily programme of ski-ing is only equalled by the nightly one of recuperational (?) parties, to thaw you out!

It is time we raised the standard of our ski-ing, so with the thought of a great tournament at Arthur's Pass, get thinking right now, enthusiasts.

Finally, don't forget ski training classes for novices and racers alike, held in the Rugby Shed at 9 a.m. on Saturdays, and the Coffee Evening, on 2 June. Watch the notice board for further details and latest news.

for the second time the ARU trophy for the 'smartest' team in the rugby world. The club's training shed will be taken on a short stroll and all training for the 1961 season will take place in the shed but a few hundred yards away from Wynyard Street.

This year's senior side will be one of the youngest ever fielded by the Varsity Club. Without stalwart Bob W. Hiroshima, the average age will be approximately 22/23 years. Auckland's senior representative captain, Bob Graham, will lead the side and together with experience Norm. Brown and the '80-minute' Gavin de Malmanche and Mike Cornish the team should finish well up the ladder.

Harrier Club

The club is looking forward to a peak year this year and many known track athletes, cross country and road runners, are using the club to do winter training.

The season starts officially on 6 August and cross country racing will continue until the NZ championships on 10 August. Road races continue into October. July will be the crucial month for the club with the provincial and national championships, but the peak of the season will be the winter tournament at Massey on 15 August.

This year the club intends to cater for three different types of runners. There will be: a fast pack for those who want to race; a medium pack for those who want exercise; and a slow pack for those wanting to do winter training for fun.

Runs start at 2 p.m. and a full programme will be posted on the club board by the Caf. Attention is drawn to the Wednesday night training session starting from 19 Lochiel Road, Remuera when Varsity and Presbyterian harriers combine for a good night's training starting at 8 p.m. Strenuous but enjoyable!

Another highlight is 'hut week' which cannot be described . . . you must attend and find out. Ask any experienced member of the club. It is usually held at the end of mid-term break, but watch details on the club board.

Help us retain the harrier cups we won at Tournament in 1960. Join the Varsity's most all-round club. It's terrific!

'HIROSHIMA' IS MOVIE BOMBSHELL

French-Japanese Film

Shocked, angry, baffled or enthusiastic, hundreds of Auckland students have seen their 'New Wave' film, the prize-winning **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR**.

If you go to the pictures only to be entertained, you will hate *Hiroshima*. If you do not go at all, you will miss one of the finest films ever shown in Auckland, a combination of brilliant directing, writing, acting, editing and composing.

The director of *Hiroshima* is Alain Resnais, a 39-year-old Frenchman. Resnais began in the 40s with a series of short films on Hartung, Goetz, Malfrey and other artists. His *Van Gogh* won an Academy Award in 1949. From *Guernica* in 1950, Resnais' films have been loaded with social comment. *Nuit et Brouillard* recorded the horrors of Auschwitz. *Les statues Meurent Aussi*, a film on Negroes, won the Prix Jean Vigo but was banned in France. (It interspersed shots of a witch doctors with scenes in the Vatican, contrasted coloured musicians playing frantic drum solos with the batons of white police crashing on black skulls!) **Children of Hiroshima**

The script of *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* was written by Marguerite Duras (after her job was turned down by Francoise Sagan). She remarks: 'Resnais and I thought that all that could be done . . . to show the horrors of Hiroshima by horror movies away from the Japanese themselves in *Children of Hiroshima*. So I tried something different'.

A summary of this complex film: man beings cannot stand very much

reality' — very much love or pain. Love and pain are linked. ('She was discovering the pain of loving'.) Love involves sharing another's pain. Through her love for the Japanese, the Frenchwoman comes to realize the injustice of Hiroshima; through his love for her, he discovers how much she has suffered from the war. Surrounded by pain and cruelty, they have lived their lives 'by habit', sunk in lies and 'indifference'. They have walked around in 'sleep that is like death'. Only when they are in love can the two people awake to the darkness. ('How I love cities in which one is always awake at night'.) But no one can bear to 'see properly' for very long. Everything must be forgotten.

The film is in five 'acts'. First, the night of love, intermingled with five dream-like commentaries on Hiroshima. Here, the conventional, the expected, is shown in a new and sinister light. The lovers' bodies glisten with 'sweat, ashes and dew'. While the lovers talk of forgetfulness, we see Hiroshima 'gift shops' and rows of postcards. At the museum, fused 'bottlecaps' contrast with 'fragments of skin' — still alive — retaining the full impact of their torment'. We hear that 'Hiroshima was covered with flowers'; but the screen shows mutilated victims. A burning man writhes to grotesque rag-time music. The effect is ironic, bizarre, surrealistic. But the horror is overcome in the climax of love. 'I meet you. I remember you. Who are you? You are killing me — you make me feel wonderful . . .'



Courtesy Amalgamated Theatres
Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada

Act two is the hotel room next morning. The architect's hand, moving in sleep, wakes memories of Nevers. Act three: he meets her again at the film site. (Watch the perfect catching of emotions: he removes her cap, not knowing he arouses memories of Nevers. She kneels to stroke the cat. He: 'I think I'm in love with you'.) Act four, in a riverside cafe, the story of her love affair is slowly recreated, first in a tiny picture of the soldier dying as she saw him from the top of the stairs. ('How can I bear such pain?') Later, outside the cafe, she and the Japanese part for ever.

Sounds and Symbols

The use of natural sound in these scenes shows the realism aimed at by the New Wave: the noise of trains, telephones, riverboats, bells, dogs barking, people coughing. Parting outside the hotel some of her words had been drowned in the sound of a lorry. Notice that in the Nevers sequence there is only one sound — a terrible cry. We do not hear the Marseillaise, or the abuse hurled at her by the people who cut her hair. ('I am too absorbed in my suffering'.)

In the intimate scenes, the camera work and editing are superb. Watch the close-ups, the flickering neon through the cafe window, the dawn lighting in the hotel. Objects become terrible spectators — stone and concrete memorials, wreckage, city streets, her bedroom at Nevers. ('I have fear everywhere'.)

But what makes this a poetic film is the director's ability to charge every object with symbolic force. Symbols link the two stories. The river of Hiroshima is associated with the Loire at Nevers. (The soldier dies by the river, and the river is a time symbol.) Note the focus on hands (lovers' hands, hands in the cellar, deformed hands). Other symbols: hair (she loses her hair like the women of Hiroshima), rain (falling at the railway station, falling after Hiroshima), and mirrors (in the hotel and the Nevers bedroom). In act two, watch the camera focus on their watches as the lovers prepare to part. Every image is important. Even bicycles are symbolic! Think of the bicycle in the museum; the girl cycling to meet her lover, and the later scene

of her cycling to Paris — now in complete darkness.)

'Devour Me!'

The fifth act, an andante, a theme and five variations, uses all the techniques. It isn't really 'Perils of Pauline' stuff, as the morning session audience interpreted it. The woman returns to her hotel room, but hesitates before so much light and emptiness. She wanders through Hiroshima. There is a terrible moment at the railway station. Memories of Nevers (tracking shots of the forest) are receding, and these are now associated musically with the Japanese love theme — both loves are blending and fading. 'All will vanish'. On these words we hear the 'forgetfulness' theme for the first time since the credit titles. (NB: these are themes, not leitmotifs.) This fades suddenly into the station sounds. The camera moves from her face to the old Japanese, then to the architect. The old Japanese asks him something. He looks back — and his lover is gone. Behind him the loudspeaker keeps calling: 'Hiroshima. Hiroshima'.

We are now probing the mind of the architect. At the cafe (where he first picked her up?) he sees another man sit down beside her and ask the terrifying question: 'Are you alone?' and 'Are you just visiting Hiroshima?' Here the forgetfulness theme is fully stated. Watch the architect look up as the piccolo makes its declaration. A shot of the empty cafe — a distant shot of her with the other man — then the roof of the cafe (like a cellar) — then out into the city, now empty but awaiting dawn.

We end where we began, in the girl's hotel room. 'I shall forget you', she cries. 'I am forgetting you already . . . Hiroshima'.

But we will not.

ROGER HORROCKS

BAN THE BOMB

No country is justified in letting loose the horrors of an atomic bomb. The film asks us this question:

'If one A-bomb equals 20,000 ordinary bombs, and one H-bomb equals 1,500 A-bombs, then what is the destructive power of the 40,000 A and H-bombs now in existence?'

The manufacture of nuclear weapons must be stopped!

John Bolton

SAYS . . .

the smart Varsity student will be wearing Slim-Fit strides for the long lean look. A completely new stride made for the 'pride in appearance' man, there's no other stride like it. It's the latest in menswear with all the high fashion details of the Continent.

John Bolton

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CAPPING WEEK

Revue Enormous

The mighty spectacle of a cast of 50 brilliant performers, an orchestra of 17 professional musicians, a series of fantastic stage sets and a glistening array of costumes is brought to you through the magnificent medium of the enormous Playhouse stage.

Capping Committee Inc. takes pleasure in presenting the latest and most significant milestone in entertainment development — the 1961 Auckland University Revue — BAN-HUR.

Staged at enormous cost, the budget was colossal, BAN-HUR has been in production since early March. But as far back as last October, back-breaking research into the musty libraries of the world has been carried out to provide a brilliant yet accurate script.

The task of compiling such a script was bestowed on Katherine Helps and Aileen Ingram, two girls.

From a course at the Old Vic Club school in England, Katherine has climbed the ladder of success with expected rapidity. She has written and produced other extravaganzas and stories, but regards BAN-HUR as the fulfilment of all her aspirations to fame.

Aileen Ingram has also made her name in writing stories, reviews as well as dramatising works from other great authors. Other contributions to the script were made by such famous personalities as Warrick Brown, Tony Nelson and Michael Wilson.

These people have left out nothing. There is definitely something somewhere for every member of the family at BAN-HUR.

For Father there are three exotic beauties performing the traditional and moving striptease, while for Mother there is one soulful male who also strips movingly.

Little brother will be carried away by a scene lifted straight from the Downward Bound School and a new version of his favourite Western.

Sis. will be delirious over Ban-Hur, himself, resplendent in his loincloth, teeth, and his iron ball and chain.

Grandfather will positively pant over those naughty shortie-toga girls, while Granma will get secretly hep to the beat of the Chain-gang song.

But the whole family will be completely overcome by the spectacular and fantastic scenes from BAN-HUR itself.

Witness the magnificence of a genuine and stirring triumphal march, the thrilling race of the chariots, the baby-doll Roman glamourpuss with her eccentric hobby, the breathtaking splendour of the public bath scene and the poignant dignity of the dying Caesar.

Wallow in the glory and decadence that was Rome.

Go on. Get behind yourself, and push yourself, into it.

BAN-HUR can claim to have a cast with no equal. Mike Davidge, straight from the court of Tiberius, plays the

title role plus the hero of a genuine Western gunbattle. Simon Hart acts the part of Number One in this mighty epic and also performs in a charming folk-song about the traditional drainage scheme.

Mate Jakich, the first pygmy to be bred in captivity, chirps his way through the part of Policeman Killjoy, while David McKenzie is magnificent as Ban-Hur's fairy godfather.

Peter Groubner, tipped as a likely successor to Valentino, is the principal of the Downward Bound School, while Milan Sumich joyously sings his way into the hearts of almost everybody.

Geof Renison plays a soulful bathing beauty in BAN-HUR, as well as the baddie in the cowboy Western. John McGowan, again playing four parts at the same time, is touching as Cecil, the ageing movie magnate, and the Arab narrator.

Ethereal Helen Smith, star of many 'varsity revues, plays a modernly dumb quiz contestant and a languid sun worshipper.

Karel Barton, remembered for past alcoholic roles, is the 'Roman glamourpuss with the eccentric hobby' and a

roving-eyed widge.

The glorious technicolor ballets were dreamed up by Irene Boorman. She has danced on the Australian stage and television, as well as as in New Zealand, but retired on growing too tall for a ballet dancer.

Julie Barker was persuaded to leave the Horrorvonsky Ballet Company to instruct the cast in musical calisthenics.

After negotiations lasting several years, Vivian Jacobs of the NZ Opera Company agreed to act as Musical Director. At the cost of his health, Vivian has succeeded in teaching every member of the cast to sing the BAN-HUR triumphal chorus in four parts.

Owing to the size of the professional orchestra of 17 Jewish harpists, all under Vivian's baton, the Playhouse orchestra pit had to be extended to Karangahape Road.

The man who heads this fantastic production team is a man. John Bayley has wanted to stage the poignant story of BAN-HUR all his life, but had to wait until the last Dead Sea paper-back was found.

John has indeed given a large piece of himself to the show.

The touch of the master's hand is evident on everything; from the fabulous opening chorus to the three pretty strip-teasers.

Craccum is published by the Auckland University Students' Association, Princes Street, Auckland, C.I., and printed by R. W. Lowry, 32 Gladwin Road, Epsom.

TICKETS FOR GRAD CEREMONY

may be obtained at Mt. Pleasant Thursday and Friday of Capping Week

CAPPING BOOK

Our impressions on looking capping book for 1961 are that, the whole, this year's Mag is reasonably high standard and the virtue of a wide appeal. This more than can be said of previous issues.

It seems, this year, to strike a balance between the blatant (and often laborious) smut, appealing only to the school populations and dirty-minded spinsters; and the pseudo-intellectual type humour that may convulse authors but is lost on the general public and sells very few copies.

This year's Mag should please most and should not offend many (apart from those puritanical as to be beyond our ken).

1961 Capping Book will be larger than previous issues, being extended to 12 pages (usually about 40). Advertisements about 12 pages, which is a fairly healthy proportion. Many ads are humorous themselves and do at least help to make the Mag.

There has been a good response to appeals for copy this year and the product is by no means the product of a few, rather dubious, enlightened Cartoons play their usual important part and most of these are original or at least not pinched from such obscure sources as to be unrecognizable. They tend to be the longer articles (which are few) and the shorter quip-type humour.

General impression in preview was that Capping Mag represents fairly intelligent smut. Whilst the wit is not of a scintillatingly high standard (although way above last year's effort) it is at least present and is offset by the complete lack of 'for dirt's sake' tendencies.

CRACCU

CLUB NOTES

On 30 March the AU Society for the Propagation of Black Magic held its annual Black Magic honour of Walpurgis Night.

The ceremony was held in the place . . . Grafton Gully. The ceremony was arranged by our gravely cautious 13-man committee.

The only snag was the procuring of the traditional 21-year-old virgin, nothing sacred in this hive of sin.

This unfortunate circumstance spoiled the occasion and it is hoped next year's response will be better offers to the club secretary.)

Already we are planning our term activities. So let the vampire out of the belfry, be a devil and along to Hell. The club can do plenty of young blood.

P.S. Just knock on the third door on the left and ask for Nick, or get application form at Whitcomb Tombs.



Bernie Hill

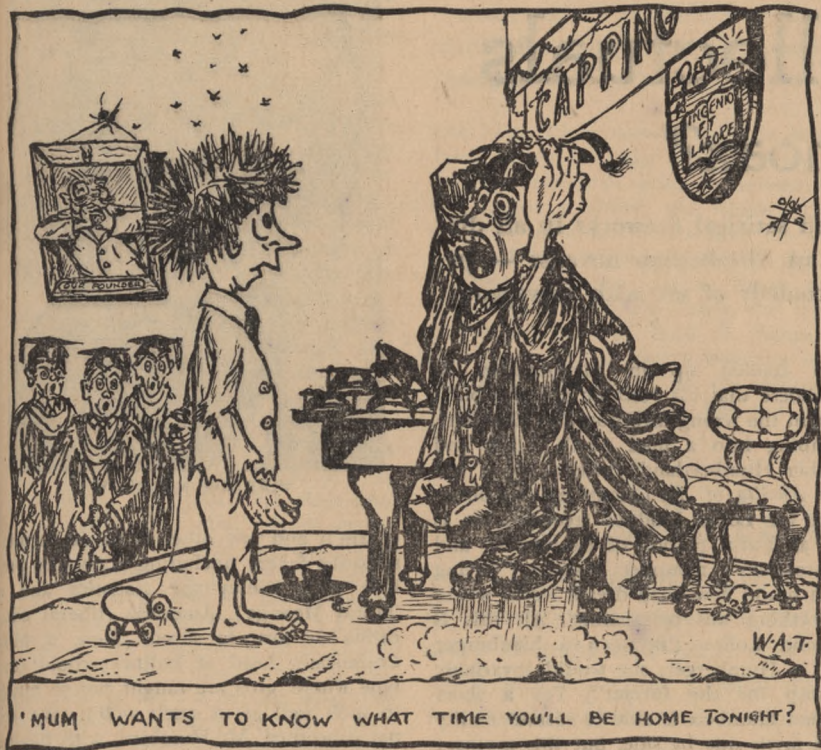
BAN-HUR, disguised as Mike Davidge, relaxing off stage.

16-PIECE COMBO

Revue orchestra is an elaborate sixteen-piece combo this year . . . complete with tin whistle. Gone are the days of two pianos, slap bass and drums. One thought, though. Let's hope that the chorus can be heard over such a formidable line-up in the pit.

We predict that Ban-Hur will be a complete sell-out. Publicity is the best ever, thanks to ex-Sinamanian, Clyde Scott.

- THE PLEBS REVOLT!



'ENGINEERS' CLANDESTINE RAID

O'Rorke Hall, 2 a.m., scenes of wild confusion, hysterical shrieks and loud, raucous off-stage explosions. The Klu-Klux-Klan (Ardmore branch) had descended upon the innocent inmates to wreak their vengeance against the forces of Capitalism, Communism, Imperialism, etc., etc.

The resulting raid was a product of long, careful planning along military lines. (We all learn something from compulsory military training!) After weeks of preparation D-Day arrived, and at midnight 20 April, Engineering Div. of the Expeditionary Force received its final briefing and Operation Chaos began.

Sixty students converged upon O'Rorke in the dead of night; each carried out his prescribed task and crept away unobserved. Half an hour later, right on schedule, two 'bombs' exploded. Immediately lights flicked on, only to sink into darkness again as light bulbs fused and burst. Students rushed from their rooms only to find explosive powder scattered on the floor, window sills, seats, etc., etc. Foul smells pervaded the whole building, and even the toilet seats had been 'glued'.

As can be imagined, confusion was rampant and was increased by the arrival of the fire brigade... noble distributors of authority.

The raid itself was the most spectacular and most successful in years. The enemy was rendered powerless without the loss of a man.

A similar raid was carried out at the same time on Trinity College.

O'Rorke Hall is Auckland's only student hostel and holds at present a maximum of 160 students, with an approximately even number of men and women students.

Apparently, hostel accommodation is a necessary experience for the fresher from the country, besides the fact that it is relatively cheap.

The waiting list of 200 is an indication, besides the overcrowding at O'Rorke, that there is a desperate shortage of hostel accommodation.

In the hostel, the student is living with people whose interests are likely to be similar. Whether over a cup of coffee or listening to a record, students can discuss their ideas and broaden their outlook on various subjects.

The writer suggests that the ideal hostel should be a much smaller unit. Unfortunately this is not possible at present because of the lack of Government finance.

O'RORKE REP.

PROCESSION, the annual demonstration of the students against conformity, morality, and laws of licence, will be held this year on Thursday, 4 May.

This is the one day in which the students are allowed to exert their influence over the city. From the students' point of view it is a glorious day of regulation flouting and authority baiting from which they can usually emerge scot-free.

GRADUATION BALL

Double tickets are only £2, a fact that constantly amazes the management of the Peter Pan, who claim that our ball is one of the largest, gayest and yet cheapest to be held in Auckland. This year the Ball will be held at the cabaret on Friday, 5 May, starting at 8 p.m.

Tickets will be on sale and booking arrangements for cubicles will be available in the Students' Association Office between the hours of 10 a.m. and 7 p.m., sales closing on Thursday. Graduates applying at the office will receive the normal concession rate of £1 10s.

The cabaret will provide adequate seating for a maximum of 900 guests. The cubicles accommodate 500, and extra seating is available for 400. Thus both large parties and smaller groups can be accommodated — if you have a large party, delegate one person to make the reservation.

We have applied for a liquor licence for the cabaret so that patrons may consume their particular brand of throat-irrigator at the ball. However, all grog must be delivered to the cabaret office before six o'clock.

★ Dress is formal. Freshmen may be interested to know that dinner suits may be hired from most Queen Street menswear stores for a very reasonable fee.

★ Soft drinks and glasses will be available at the service bar.

★ This year we are presenting floor shows featuring professional entertainers — Clyde Scott will be one of our star performers. Hurry along and get your tickets before we run out, we hate to spoil people's fun by having to turn them down.

RAY MOORHEAD
Social Controller

The Executive presumably views it as a demonstration of the pitiable state of the University, and takes the opportunity of making a collection for a new Student Building, with the permission of the City Council.

But ProceSSION for the council is just one big headache. To make things a little easier for them, certain regulations have been made.

★ NO throwing things at the crowd.

★ NO drinking on floats.

The ProceSSION Control team comprises the controller, Dave Robinson, ably assisted by Ivan Fistonich, in charge of materials to build your floats. If you want some, go see 'smiling' Ivan, who will give generously from supplies of paint, calico, timber, paper, brushes, etc. The bright-eyed type around the place is John Clarke, who will help you with difficulties or with ideas from the architects' idea pool.

Their HQ is in Hut 7, behind the Cafeteria, in the end room; they are also on the phone at 22-174.

Prizes for the best float are being awarded this year on a grand scale. £15 for the lucky winner and two others of £7 and £3. Also, every float that is accepted for the ProceSSION will be awarded one dozen of tonsil-cooler to be drunk after the ProceSSION.

There are plenty of trucks, materials... all that is missing is YOU... the people on the trucks. Don't forget that if you don't want a truck, have a foot float. But get cracking!



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LOLITA

Darling of the Intellectuals

'Great work' or 'Gaint hoax?'

'LOLITA', by Vladimir Nabokov. (A review.) Shooting off verbal and satirical fireworks in all directions, Nabokov handles the gunpowder of his plot with the abandon of an Elizabethan novelist — juggling words, parodying on many levels of irony, firing the whole tragicomedy of sex with outrageous puns.

('Oh my Lolita, now I have only words to play with!')

Here is a contemporary Guy Fawkes out to blow up all our cherished institutions. He writes of the difficulty he had finding a publisher: 'There are at least three themes which are utterly taboo as far as most American publishers are concerned. The two others are: a Negro-White marriage which is a complete and glorious success resulting in lots of children and grandchildren — and the total atheist who lives a happy and useful life, and dies in his sleep at the age of 106'. The other theme is, of course, Humbert with a not-altogether-platonic love for his youthful Beatrice. One American publisher would consider publication only if Nabokov 'turned Lolita into a 12-year-old lad and had him seduced by Humbert, a farmer, in a barn, amidst gaunt and arid surroundings, all this set forth in short, strong, "realistic" sentences. ("He acts crazy. We all act crazy, I guess. I guess God acts crazy". Etc.)'

'Thank Heaven for Little Girls'

THE INTELLIGENTSIA

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Humbert Humbert, the hero (or anti-hero) of *Lolita*, is an expatriated European. Handsome, beetle-browed, he looks like a movie star, writes intellectual articles ('The Proustian Theme in a letter from Keats to Benjamin Bailey') and has (as he disarmingly admits) 'a cess-pool of rotting monsters behind his slow, boyish smile'. Humbert is a Decadent Romantic, complete to the cruel mistress or 'belle dame sans merci' who 'has him in thrall'. Hence, I suppose, the many references to Edgar Allen Poe, King of the Decadents — and the husband of a 14-year-old nymphet. (Humbert's first love, Annabel, takes her name from Poe's poem 'Annabelle Lee').

Introducing this sophisticated European into the virile kindergarten of America is like exploding an H-bomb. Humbert is appalled and delighted by its 'philistine vulgarity'. Lolita's mother, Mrs Haze, 'with her blind faith in the wisdom of her church and her book club', is a terrifying specimen of Surburbia Americana: 'descending the stairs with her sandals, maroon slacks, yellow silk blouse, squarish face and phoney French accent'. Her view of 'Luv', 'from first necking to connubial catch-as-catch-can', is governed by 'soap operas, psycho-analysis and cheap novellettes'. But in *Lolita*, Humbert finds the unique opportunity to make his fantasy a reality. Of course, Lolita is 'a disgustingly conventional little girl — sweet hot jazz, square dancing, gooey fudge sundaes, musicals' . . . She is 'the ideal consumer', believing 'with a kind of celestial trust, any advertisement that appeared in Movie Land or Screen Love'. What makes her ideal for Humbert is that she is young enough to be free and uninvolved, yet has been matured by her environment to a state of precocious sexuality. Eventually, it is the corrupt American girl who seduces Humbert.

American Orthodoxy

Remember that other modern symbol, Jimmy Porter, also 'born out of his time'

and cooped up in surroundings so mediocre that his volcanic energies burst out in the wrong directions? So Humbert, escaping into a mad poet's 'black and umber Humbertland' (where 'Sex is but the Ancilla of Art'), considers his obsession for Lolita kind of freedom. He is (in an awful parody of Dostoevsky and Dostoevsky's nymphet obsession) 'living in a brand new, mad dream world where everything was permissible'. All this is beyond Lolita. ('Between a hamburger and a Humberger, she would invariably plump for the former!') For a short period Humbert is able to sustain reality and myth side by side, but this mockery of 'ideal love' is doomed to be shattered. 'The old man of the sea', who prevents the consummation of Humbert's youthful love affair, reappears as Quilty to haunt and frustrate his dream. Humbert's obsession shows the futility of pursuing the love-myth; Lolita's transient youth shows the brief time for which the ideal, if realized, can be held. 'Ah, leave me alone in my pubescent park, my mossy garden', sighs Peter-Pan-Humbert vainly. 'Let them play around me forever. Never grow up'.

Although we have come to feel sympathy for Humbert, there is no running away from the consequences. ('In the middle of the night she came sobbing into my room, and we made it up very gently. You see, she had absolutely nowhere else to go'. In a terrible and ironic scene towards the end of the novel, Humbert is confronted by the 'grown-up' Lolita, now 'pale, pregnant, beloved, irretrievably Dolly Schiller'. Lolita has become a second Mrs Haze. Despite Lolita's depressing surroundings, *Time* interprets this as another victory for American orthodoxy!

Kinsey Kiddled

Nabokov's satire cuts every way. He laughs heartily at American 'Freudian voodooism' (child sexuality and the sexual significance of games — even Lolita's tennis racquet has 'an erotic



VLADIMIR NABOKOV

charm!') and any other form of pseudo-scientific fakery (including a phoney preface with Kinsey-type statistics and a 'Moral Message'). American 'liberal education' is torn to shreds. Here is Miss Cormorant, head of Lolita's school (the type where 'girls are taught not so much to spell well as to smell well'): 'We are not concerned, Mr Humbert, with having our students become bookworms or being able to reel off all the capitals of Europe, which nobody knows anyway . . . What we are concerned with is the adjustment of the child to group life. That is why we stress the Four Ds: Dramatics, Dance, Debating and Dating . . . That is, with due respect to Shakespeare and others, we want our girls to communicate with the live world around them rather than plunge into musty old books'. The popularity of such a novel in America is as puzzling as that of *The Hidden Persuaders*!

Is *Lolita* moral, immoral, amoral, non-moral, unmoral? Let us say that its dynamic satire generates enough moral force to thrust it through any barriers of censorship. There is more to be concerned with in the average irresponsible and shoddy (American) bestseller — 'those hopelessly banal and enormous novels typed out by the thumbs of terse mediocrities and called "powerful" and "stark" by the reviewing hack' — e.g. Peyton Place.

B. F. BABINGTON

HUMBERT SAYS

'I switched to English literature, where so many frustrated poets end up as pipe-smoking teachers in tweeds'.

from *Lolita*, by Vladimir Nabokov

SONNET

On First Poking Into Chapman's Humour
(My surging teetered like a wave top . . .)

—Robert Chapman

Much have I dabbled in Curnovian terms,
And many Kiwi poems and non-poems seen;
Through screeds of introduction have I been
Where each Procrustean bedmate vainly squirms.
Oft of the poetic wide-boys I was told
That high-browed Kendrick ruled as senior bard,
And did I often think him blowing hard;
Then, I heard Chapman sing out loud and bold:
And felt I like some watcher of the seas
When a plump flounder swims into our ken;
For like stout Mason he on bloody knees
Toil'd deep in the Pacific with a pen —
A spraying-fountain-penman, if you please —
Ecstatic, in a trough Parnassian.

OSCAR HAMMERKLAVIER

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LECTURERS ON LOLITA

Most of the English lecturers we could find had read the book and were generous enough to give comments. Here are five opinions of 'Lolita' — can you identify the lecturers?

'Lolita is a very able minor novel. One should really read it in America to appreciate the vividness of its reconstruction of the milieu of the small town and the motel. The fuss about it is excessive. Legally, it has been found obscene, though the court was divided. No doubt many other modern novels might be similarly condemned if brought to court. Morally, I think a book is obscene only if it is written out of a wish to destroy and humiliate. This is not true of *Lolita*'.

I found *Lolita* a very dull book, almost as dull as Nabokov's other works, except for the calculatedly sown passages of near pornography. The satire on American mores is old, tired stuff, much better handled by American writers. The ornate, self-conscious, faintly un-English style is irritating, and the melodramatic climax defunct in literary tact. I could not stomach the presentation of an insane perversity as a cultured man with an annoying eccentricity, nor the implied smirching of the normal relations between father and daughter. For me, the book has merely a dubious, limited literary value'.

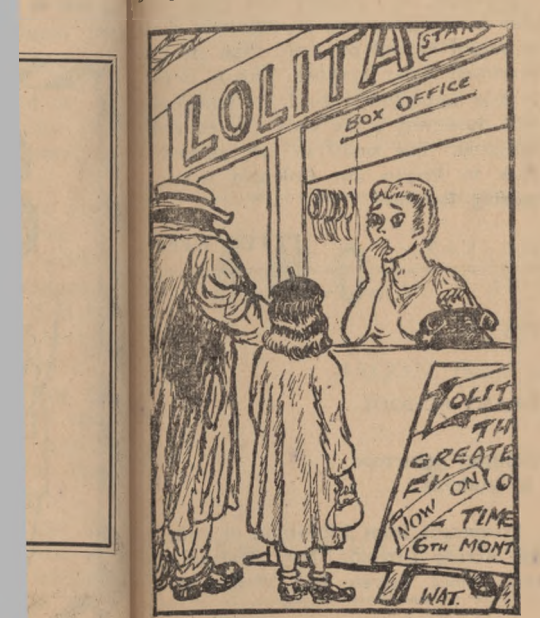
An exercise in style, with tongue in cheek. A puritan leg-pull — not to be taken as seriously as those who want it banned seem to have done. Should not be banned'.

I see no reason why *Lolita* should be banned. I do not feel that anyone would read *Lolita* for pornographic pleasure. A person with such a mind would find other channels to release it in. The fact that it has not been banned in England and America indicates that this is another case of NZ lagging behind'.

Lolita is an oddity, something (as the Port Said booksellers say) very special. Perhaps it is one of those books . . . which for a time deceives even the elect by a lucky blend of chic, "naughtiness", and intellectual pretension. But Humbert and *Lolita* are mere sexual automata. Part of the trouble lies with Mr Nabokov's overwrought and mannered prose. *Lolita* can hardly be called a corrupting book, since it is too remote from the common sins of mankind. I doubt whether it should be banned for its morality, though it might conceivably be suppressed for its prose style'.

(From *Nymphets and Shepherds*, a review in *Comment*.)

(Thanks to Professor Musgrove, Dr Reid, Dr Cameron, Mr Stead, and Professor Joseph respectively.)



Prof Shakes Music Department

The Auckland public is notorious for its distrust of modern music — so are University students. A recent lecture-recital of modern piano music presented by Professor Page, an ardent supporter of contemporary music for many years, was avoided even by those duffle-coated students who profess interest in all forms of 'modern art and music'.

The items which were informally introduced by the Professor were restricted to non-tonal trends in musical development. He quickly dispelled the illusion perpetuated by music critics that the late works of Debussy show a decline in the composer's creative power. From this period he selected the *Etude For compound arpeggios* of Book II. Excessive pedalling and the room's acoustics contrived to spoil some of the arpeggio movements and phrasing, but the way-

ward rhythms of the contrasting middle section emerged clearly. Stravinsky's *Piano Rag Music*, similar in movement to *The Soldier's Tale*, satirizes jazz trends of the 1910s. This the Professor attacked vigorously, bringing out the rhythmic outline and humour of its rag-time style.

Whistling Schoenberg

The 'twelve-tone bogey' attached to the name of Schoenberg creates a mental block for most listeners, but a harmless little piece from Schoenberg's 'atonal'

period demonstrated Schoenberg's statement that he wished his tone rows to be whistled like the melodies of Tchaikovsky — though he hoped that his music was a little better. The finest performance was the set of twelve pieces *Quadrone musicale di Annalibera* by Luigi Dallapiccola. This Italian composer has freely adapted the twelve-tone technique to his own particular sensibility to produce this set of very expressive pieces. After its performance Professor Page commented on the close contact he had felt between audience and performer — a requirement which is essential for the good performance even of serial music!

After playing an interesting set of *Four Inventions* by Klebe, the Professor completed his recital with the first movement of the Webern *Piano Variations*. This was not performed to the same standard as the other serial works, as there was a tempo discrepancy between the various sections and not enough differentiation between the dynamic indications. Too much pedal destroyed the sense of the rest marks, and thus many of the vital rhythmic turning points which depend on the rests, were lost.

It would be worth while if Professor Page could be induced to return to Auckland to give a further programme along the lines of his recent fine lecture-recital on contemporary music. The performance of modern music (especially serial compositions) is a rarity in public concerts, outside the efforts of the Society for Contemporary Music. It is in this Society that student participation, which is noticeably lacking, should be more active.

G. W. J. D.

R. NOLA

St. Matthew Passion

The Auckland Choral Society's performance of Bach's *St Matthew Passion* was quite clearly one of their finest efforts in recent years. Obviously much thought and effort had been put into the preparation of the work, and the choir seemed much more sure of itself than it did in last year's performance of the same work.

In the opening chorus there was a firmness and purpose combined with warmth of tone and feeling from both choir and orchestra which made this a most thrilling experience — possibly the Society has not produced music of comparable quality since the *Credo* of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*. This warmth and vitality was present throughout the chorus singing — and the emotional impact of such choruses as *Let Him be Crucified* tended to belie the programme note that the presentation was intended more as an act of worship than a concert performance. In the chorales, too, the feeling was far from devotional, though here the standard was not as high. Movement from note to note was not always clean, balance was far from perfect, and in the case of *O Man, thy Grievous Sin Bemoan*, there was a lack of clarity and precision which was unfortunate in a highly contrapuntal texture such as this.

Of the narrators, Noel Signal left a great deal to be desired. It should be stated that this Evangelist's role is an extraordinarily difficult one, and has confounded more experienced singers than Mr Signal. Generally speaking he did a workmanlike job, but there were unpardonable lapses of pitch — this latter sometimes amounted to nothing more than an approximation, while he inclined to handle the more florid passages quite laboriously. Peter Evans brought an admirable ease and atmosphere to the Christus role, while Laurence Barker (Peter and Judas) and Douglas Stock (Pilate) were competent if not outstanding.

Of the other soloists, Charles Naylor's (bass) was the most consistently fine effort — he had to make do with some unfortunate accompaniments, such as a violin obligato which lacked precision in both rhythm and intonation. Mary O'Brien started brilliantly with *Break in Grief*, but did not always succeed in maintaining this standard. Both Patricia Price and Graeme Dreardon suffered from over-weighty orchestral backing, and the latter was tempted to strain in his first aria, so that both tone and pitch suffered. Miss Price was more convincing, and in view of her performance it seemed incomprehensible that the alto aria *Grief for Sin* (one of the loveliest in the work) was omitted from Part One.

The orchestra was not, I felt, the equal of the choir — string tone was lacking, and intonation not always sound. The best performance here came from the oboes, who provided sensitive obligatos

which set off the arias they accompanied beautifully.

The rather arduous continuo part, played by Ronald Dellow (harpsichord), June Taylor (cello) and William Power (organ) was sound, if at times lacking in flexibility.

The overall feeling was that this was a worth-while performance — the few technical faults that there were could not detract unduly from the sincerity with which the work was given, while the presentation was given added significance by being presented during Holy Week itself.

THE END OF THE GOLDEN WEATHER

by Bruce Mason,

Bruce Mason tells four tales in which he attempts to recapture and explain a significant period of his boyhood, when he had his first visions of the complexities, difficulties and some of the ugliness of the adult world.

Te Parenga is the beach where he grew up. My own childhood was built around a Te Parenga. It is a measure of Mason's success that throughout his performance I was delighted by little sparks of recognition, the remembrance of sensations which come voluntarily in childhood but which come voluntarily in adulthood but in an adult: walking on cold hard sand at night; leaning backwards on cliff steps high above sea and rocks; watching waves and seagulls. He is successful because he manages to think himself back into boyhood, and where he sustains this, his imagery is simple and powerful. Only occasionally does he clamber back into an adult mood and break the spell: the clumsy description of Rangitoto, for instance, or the variety-show play for a laugh ' . . . old Mr Fisher, will he smile? No, he won't'.

It is this ability for reconstructive imagination that has given Mason such insight into the change from childhood to adolescence. He is chiefly concerned here with one characteristic of the process, the growth of social awareness. He remembers the change from childhood egoism to the realization that everyman's world is not the same as one's own. And he remembers that this awareness did not grow gently but came painfully through a series of shocks. Bruce Mason dwells upon these shocks with such convincing intensity that I still have the pictures dancing in my mind — a boy watching depression rioters, people he

knows, about to wreck his own township; a boy anguished and outraged at the insensitivity and unwitting cruelty of the private audience at his Christmas concert; a boy swamped by a situation too big for him when he attempts to protect the mentally sick Ferpo from the casual cruelty of other people.

Around this theme, having caused it and helping to explain it, move dozens of characters: stern old men, eccentric women, bemused beach heroes, all graced with the liveliness of a quick sketch. Out of respect for their importance some figures (Ferpo, mother, father, and the boy himself) are more solidly drawn.

All these characters come vigorously alive on stage because of Mason's clever mimicry and delicate zeal as a story-teller. He won his audience after the first few minutes and carried them through the whole performance with no external help but a table and chair, cleverly timed music and deftly handled lighting. It was a pity that some unnecessarily eccentric movement broke attention rather than added to it, but this we must forgive in a work that was as exacting on stage as it is valuable literature. With a palette full of characters, a powerful theme and something of the captivating enthusiasm which I imagine Dickens to have given to readings of his own work, Mr Mason shows himself here to be his twentieth century equivalent.

MATHEMATICS - A MYSTERY

Throughout almost all its history, mathematics has been accorded great reverence and esteem, not only from those who study it, but from the general public. It is hard to see why this is so.

It is obviously not due to enjoyment derived from mathematics, since it is apparently considered by a large majority of people to be a quite incomprehensible, if not most unpleasant activity.

I have no answer to this, especially since mathematics is usually regarded as so hard to understand that people who would feel it mildly discreditable to admit to a musical incapacity, for example, are ready (quite unaffectedly) to exaggerate their mathematical stupidity.

Certainly its great value to modern science commands respect, but this has come in recent times.

I find it hard to understand why mathematics is regarded as 'difficult'. For mathematical reasoning involves a series of logical (and rigorous) deductions: this type of thinking is commonly accepted in ordinary speech, but as soon as we start talking in symbols, it becomes mysterious and incomprehensible. Goethe said: 'Mathematicians are like Frenchmen; whatever you say to them they translate into their own language, and forthwith it is something entirely different'.

Of course, most people have some appreciation of mathematics. Translate it into the puzzle columns of newspapers (or into chess at a higher level) and it enjoys the immense popularity which is a tribute to rudimentary mathematics.

What is it?

Probably most people do not understand what mathematics is; in fact, very few mathematicians would attempt to define it (although it is easy to give examples of mathematical statements). The difficulty arises from its generality and its abstract nature. It is not necessary to know what you are talking about in mathematics, but no one questions the validity of what you say. This is because mathematics does not attempt to draw absolute conclusions. All mathematical truths are capable of absolute proof, but they are relative, conditional.

I want to deal here with one common misconception that probably arises from the empirical or experimental teaching of arithmetic, and from such definitions of axioms as 'self-evident truths'. This strikes me as a particularly bad definition, not only because people would probably differ as to what is self-evident, but because it is an incorrect view of mathematics. Mathematics is not an empirical science, and cannot be verified or disproved by physical facts. Consider, for example, the mathematical proposition $1 + 2 = 3$. No matter what happens in any experiments we like to make on counting $1 + 2$ objects, we should never consider this statement as 'disproved'. This is because the symbols '1 + 2' and '3' denote the same number; '1', '+', '2' and '3' are defined in such a way that the above identity holds as a consequence of the meaning attached to the concepts involved.

Again, it was thought for centuries that the theorems of Euclid were merely conceptual photographs of the external world, that there was something necessary and inevitable about them. The invention of non-Euclidian geometries has dispelled this view entirely. To quote Einstein: 'We now come to the question: what is *a priori* certain or necessary in geometry (doctrine of space) or its foundations? Formerly we thought everything; nowadays we think — nothing. Already the distance-concept is logically arbitrary; there need be no

things that correspond to it, even approximately'.

Application

I must mention that mathematics and mathematical thinking are, of course, eminently applicable to empirical subject matter, and indeed present-day science has evolved only through continual reliance on mathematics. While mathematics can produce no more factual information than is contained in the theories it is applied to, it can often represent, develop and clarify them.

Mathematical systems may arise from a need in some branch of science. But more often, I think, mathematical theories have developed without any chance of immediate use, and have later found important applications. An example of this is the calculus of variations, dealing with maximum and minimum values. We use streamline form to decrease to minimum possible the resistance of the air in driving. It is through physics that we

learn the actual laws of this resistance, but to discover the actual form required, we need the calculus of variations, invented long before.

Golf, Ethics and Aesthetics

Science is not the only subject to which we may apply mathematics. Stephen Leacock investigated the fascination of probability theory in regard to golf problems. For example, if a player usually makes one hole in bogey, his chance of making any one hole in bogey is 1 in nine. Let us say approximately 1 in ten. Then his chance of making two holes successively in bogey is one-tenth of one-tenth chance, i.e. 1 in one hundred. He thus finds that his chance of making the whole round in bogey is 1 in one thousand million!

G. D. Birkhoff, a leading mathematician of the twentieth century, put forward in the late 1920's a mathematical treatment of aesthetics. Three main variables constitute 'the typical aesthetic experience': the complexity (C) of the object, the feeling of value or aesthetic measure (M) and the property of harmony, symmetry or order (O). These yield the basic

formula $M \text{ equals } O \text{ over } C$, which he proceeded to apply to many examples. He later tackled a similar treatment of ethics, using a simple basic formula $M = G$ (G the total good achieved); the principal ethical 'factors', as for the aesthetic 'factors', being considered plus or minus, according to 'type'. I should need far more space to do him justice. Do not dismiss his ideas; mathematicians should have a turn at examining the beautiful and the good; philosophers and other experts have probed these matters for many hundreds of years without making any notable advance.

In 'The Decline of the West', Oswald Spengler says that 'mathematics . . . holds a quite peculiar position among the creations of the mind. It is a science of the most rigorous kind, like logic but more comprehensive and very much fuller; it is a true art, along with sculpture and music, as needing the guidance of inspiration and as developing under great conventions of form; it is, lastly, a metaphysic of the highest rank, a Plato and above all Leibniz show us'.

It seems to depend on how you look at it and what you want to do with it. The nature of mathematics is in the hands of the mathematicians.

BRENDA BRACEWELL

Ornette's Jazz Causes Riots

Record Review: 'Tomorrow Is The Question'

PERSONNEL: Ornette Coleman (alto sax), Don Cherry (trumpet, Percy Heath (bass on side 1), Red Mitchell (bass on side 2), Shelley Manne (drums).

ITEMS: Tomorrow is the question!, Tears Inside, Mind and Time, Compassion, Giggin', Rejoicing (side 1); Lorraine, Turnaround, Endless (side 2).

ORNETTE COLEMAN emerged last year from the shadow of an unsympathetic audience as one of the most important voices of jazz, and indeed of contemporary music. It is well enough known that he is the primary exponent of the plastic saxophone, even that he uses very hard reeds and a specially designed mouthpiece, and that he sounds 'different'. But little is known of his technique.

In his search for freedom Coleman has attempted to break down the barriers of tonality and meter. This has caused him to become the subject of much abuse from the musically traditional. However, he is most certainly not unmusical, possessing the most remarkable microtonal ear of any recorded musician. Pitch is of utmost importance and it is basic to his style to portray notes *microtonally* as they are heard, not *mechanically* as the instrument would sound them. Within his personal technical limitations (advanced as his technique is) Coleman is able to control tone and pitch at will. This is more than note by note inflection, it is musical microtonality, since Coleman can play any interval between semitones that he requires. His work is far in advance of any previous instrumental experiments with microtonality (e.g. the Mexican composer Carrillo) in which instruments such as quarter-tone guitars and one-eighth-tone horns have been used to produce *mechanical* microtonality. Another aspect of his musical freedom: Coleman has had to free himself from the chord structures associated with conventional improvisation (even thematic improvisation), so that his solo work bears little structural relationship to the tunes (other than by metrical areas). Yet it is still an improvisation on a tune, because of its continuity of mood. Such techniques give Ornette Coleman almost complete freedom of meter, rhythm and tonality.

Beware Chordal Traps

Tomorrow is the Question! is the second Ornette Coleman recording to be released. The compositions are all by Coleman; *Tears* and *Turnaround* are basically 12-bar blues, *Tomorrow* and *Endless* are based on the 32-bar 'ballad' structure, *Mind* is 10 bars, *Giggin'* is 13, *Compassion* is best described as a series of metric variations, and *Lorraine* is a complex of free-time, medium 4/4 and double-time. All the structures have been treated very freely and the mood set by each is in keeping with the required freedom of improvisation. Because meter is not restricted, and bar patterns are not enforced, there is far greater freedom of thought and expression than ever possible in conventional jazz.

Coleman is the motivating force behind the group, but he shares his freedom with Don Cherry. Coleman and Cherry work exceptionally well together — to quote John Lewis, 'They're almost like twins . . .'. Since their first collaboration in 1957, their understanding of each other has grown. Cherry is a fine musician with an attack similar to that of his 'twin', yet he remains an individual voice. His 'pocket' trumpet makes the completion of the ensemble passages easier, effectively underlining Coleman's work. Percy Heath plays remarkably well in this company, but is essentially a tonal

musician and always remains slightly out of context. Red Mitchell, the better bassist as far as this group is concerned, proves to be more adaptable than Heath in avoiding chordal traps. Shelley Manne, who showed such great promise in his earlier days but appears to have become a less important voice recently, shows here that he is still a drummer of considerable stature, playing more tunefully than would have been expected from his previous work on the West Coast.

It is obvious that Coleman is still a young period of creation — at times, his phrasing is inconsistent with the required mood, and these recorded works are generally 'new-child' rough. His composition is possibly better than his improvisational technique and while the tunes are generally written around a tonal centre they are atonal in effect. The end product is thus 'microtonally atonal' which approaches the possibilities of the human voice (and consequently human expression) very closely. And, with such a close association, this is infinitely closer to actual mental processes than are conventional scalar methods. This is, in fact, a most important record. Its significance, however, strike only the musician initiated. 'The small set' are advised stick to Previn, for Coleman is not passing fashion.

PETER WEBB

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LAOS - U.S. DILEMMA

Laos has by now become the bad penny of international relations. Laotian crises keep turning up with regularity, and usually when they are not particularly wanted. The present crisis, coming in the midst of President Kennedy's 'honeymoon', is especially unwelcome.

But why has Laos been such a trouble spot since the Geneva agreement? Undoubtedly the position of this long, thin land flush against the Bamboo Curtain is of prime importance.

Yet this is really only significant because Laos is itself weak and vulnerable, and because there are expansionist neighbours pressing on her borders, attracted by her weakness.

Internal Weakness

The vulnerability of Laos can be partly explained in terms of the geography of the kingdom. The patchwork of jungle and mountain, where even the few good roads become impassable morasses in the rains, is guerrilla country 'par excellence', and cannot readily be defended. But a more significant weakness stems from the unstable political atmosphere. An instability due, in a large measure, to the influence of the Dulles doctrine, wherein

expect stability under a corrupt Government, especially when the opposition has such good and helpful friends next door. And you cannot crush that opposition with force alone. Bullets, so the adage runs, cannot stop ideas. In fact, in the Laotian jungle, bullets cannot even really stop armies slipping in or out.



Courtesy Auckland Star
MR DULLES

External Forces

Yet to fully understand the Laotian situation, it is important to be aware of not only the policies of the great powers, but also the deep involvement of Laos in the politics of SE Asia in general and the Viet-nams in particular. Indeed, some observers would attribute much of the trouble in Laos to that well-seasoned 'agent provocateur', Ho Chi Minh. With Laos under his belt, the way to South Viet-nam would be open. And, of course, Ho Chi has always coveted the economically richer South, the spoils of the war with France, of which the Geneva Agreement deprived him.

Solution in Sight

Yet probably the most important reason why the Laotian pot has boiled so consistently in recent years, has been the fact that with Dulles at the helm, any compromise with the Communist bloc, such as a neutral Laos, would have been impossible. But President Kennedy has realized that Laos must be 'genuinely independent and neutral' if it is not to be Communist, though the balance of power in Congress necessitates that he cannot 'be too soft with the Commies'. The Communists, for their part, have been, of course, inclined to 'neutrality

and even 'power from the gun-barrel'. China has supported the cease-fire. Thus if the technicalities about the return of the International Control Commission and the cease-fire can be worked out, it may well be 'that the clouds over SE Asia', as *Pravda* optimistically states, 'will have begun to disperse'.

The Problems of Neutrality

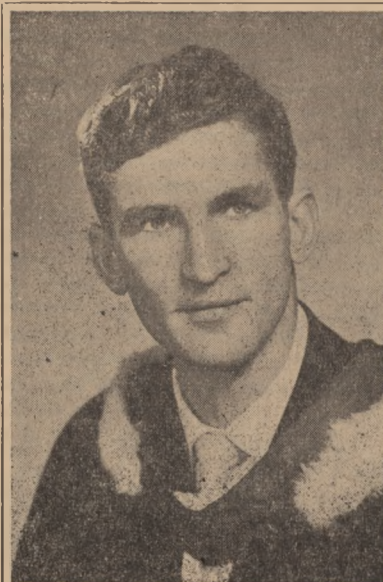
But obviously all is not fair weather yet. Neutrality cannot be created simply by the signing of a treaty. Laos would after all urgently need much technical and financial aid from outside. This could only come from the non-neutral nation, and it is hard to see how under present circumstances, this could be done without the attachment of political strings. Again, 'genuine' neutrality would mean that Laos would be left to put her own political house in order. As things stand now, the radical party, with inevitable leanings to Communism, would gain the ascendancy, and this to American eyes would be no neutrality.

But President Kennedy must make it clear that aid does not necessarily mean political strings, that America is as concerned about the well-being of the Laotians as the Communists. If the Laotians accept this, and the Communists keep their word about non-intervention, Laotian neutrality could become a reality. If not, Laos will continue to be a bad penny.

CAMERA CLUB

Early next term, Camera Club is holding a competition, the subject of which will be: A human interest photograph suitable for publication. Later in the year, two further competitions will be held, one of which will be for colour slides. In addition to these, we intend holding an interesting series of talks on various forms of photography. Further information will be available in due course.

The new committee for this year is: W. Groenstein, chairman; W. A. Taylor, secretary-treasurer; J. D. Bell and J. G. Baker. As a result of negotiations with the Grants Committee, we hope to have some new equipment in the darkroom shortly.



SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING OF ASSOCIATION

A Special General Meeting of the Students' Association has been called to enable the 1961 elections to be conducted under the amended constitution. It will be held on the first Tuesday of Winter Term, 30 May.



KATIPO

Noticed the swarms of motor-scooters, mopeds and motor-bikes that have descended on Princes, Alfred and Symonds Streets? Even the special parking places set aside by Traffic Superintendent Lake for two-wheeled transport are heavily taxed. Could not the College Council convert the area where the Rugby Shed now reposes, into an open air scooter park? Or perhaps we could have an indoor park . . . if the white elephant is to remain with us for a much longer period.

This scooter park would not only solve student parking problems, but would also allow the aged bloodhound who guards the back entry to be employed to more constructive duties . . . such as cleaning of murky college windows.

And while still on the subject of ancient watchdogs . . . why is said guardian of staff parking rights using one of the Caf chairs?

Why don't Exec cage the strange, table-thumping clod they keep as a pet? Disturbances in the caf — even by Exec members — are unwarranted.

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Ban the Bomb March

Since a number of Englishmen decided that it was better to march to Aldermaston in protest, rather than to Armageddon in apathy, marches have become increasingly widespread as instruments of popular protest against nuclear weapons.

New Zealand's first 'Aldermaston', from Featherston to Wellington over Easter weekend, was timed to coincide with the two English and American marches. Of course, the choice of Easter has its own justification as the central Christian festival of the year.

It should be some cause for congratulation that this march was organized — with the assistance of the New Zealand CND Movement — by a student body, the World Affairs Council of Victoria University, and that the first of the marchers were almost all university students. However, in spite of the rather poor publicity in other centres, it is clear that student initiative does not reflect a large body of student opinion, but rather the enthusiasm of the few who possess social consciences. Only forty students arrived at Featherston to make vocal their concern about the greatest moral issue faced by man. What a lot of gutless wonders New Zealand students are!

From forty at Featherston to five hundred in the streets of Wellington to almost a thousand on the steps of Parliament Buildings, this first effort was quite impressive in its final stages. It was a procession some several hundred yards long of housewives, public servants, students, lecturers, writers, unionists, and clergymen, well equipped with banners and ballads derived from Aldermaston rallies. At the steps of Parliament Buildings on Monday afternoon the motions prepared by the marchers en route were presented for approval and three speakers — Mrs Smuts-Kennedy (Labour candidate for Karori at the last election); the Rev. Lance Robinson (Anglican padre at the 1960 NZUSA Congress); and trade unionist Toby Hill (of 1951 fame and speaker at this year's Congress) gave short addresses. The motions then received the approval of the rally.

ANGLICAN STUDENTS IN PARISH MISSION

Ten present and past students from the University Anglican Society, together with the Rev. Michael Houghton and working under the guidance of the Rev. Peter E. Sutton, MA, Vicar of Whangarei, will be assisting in a mission to be held in the parish of Panmure, Auckland, from 13-22 May.

Although this is a new idea by NZ University standards, it is by no means new elsewhere. For many years, undergraduates from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have helped in similar Parish Missions.

The Panmure mission will take the form of a series of addresses in the evenings, given by the Missioner. The students will visit homes in the parish and spend time in prayer, an essential activity to undergird such a venture.

What is the Mission trying to do? It aims at deepening the faith of those who are already active Christians, at bringing into Christ's family those who are nominal Christians, and at enkindling the enthusiasm and joy which characterises the life of the Church, so often lacking today.

The Mission is a parish one, and the students are joining in with parishioners; participants, not 'do-gooders'. Some will also be engaged in a Children's Mission which will be held concurrently.

It is to be hoped that this will be the forerunner of many such Missions.

The background to the motions finally presented serves as a pointer to the development of the CND movement as a whole. There was some dissension between the two most prominent groups amongst the marchers: the left-wingers and the Christians. Seemingly odd bedfellows, these groups remain the only important moral forces in the community and are the mainstay of the movement. That unanimity was finally reached is significant and a source of optimism. Disagreement revolved around the question of the aims of the march, and since this was the first march, the issue was an important one, for it vitally concerned the future of the march as an expression of mass opinion. Many of the Christians felt that to simply protest was to take a negative stance and that positive suggestions as to the promotion and maintenance of world peace were necessary. In opposition to this it was contended that to protest

with the aim of banning nuclear weapons was hardly negative, and that while such 'positive' suggestions may be admirable in themselves, they were outside the scope of the march and would tend to jeopardize its future by dividing a body of opinion that could be united on the question of nuclear weapons but not necessarily on such broader issues. Dissension was resolved by the decision to incorporate these 'positive' suggestions in a circular to be sent to New Zealand peace organizations.

From the generally warm response accorded the marchers en route (some shops provided an 'on the house' service for the marchers, people gave donations and offered refreshments, etc.), it is to be hoped that the march will assume more formidable proportions next year, when it will be organized by the CND Movement.

W. C.

Entertainment Notes

By Our Dramatic Critic

Some of my more sophisticated fellow critics, regular followers of this column, will have noticed references to the charming little *Plus Bas Lecon Theatre*, between Princes and Symonds Streets.

Now playing there daily is a talented group of artists whose performances are a joy to behold. A well-balanced programme, twice daily, blends comedy and pathos in a truly unforgettable manner. Star billing goes to that wonderful old trouper, Pr*f*ss*r Ch*ng, whose excellent displays of dramatic art, histrionic gesture, and rapid mental and physical gymnastics delight the watcher. Few have seen intricate, multi-coloured graphs of complex polynomials so swiftly drawn with such athletic grace. Fewer still have understood them. But all can come to watch and applaud.

The Brothers S*g*d*n also give a fine performance. Their *Permutation in C_n*, written for Riemann integral, Taylor sax and massed quadratics in five dimensions, is a musical treat not to be missed. Their encore item, a calypso number entitled *Dig Those Functions of a Complex Variable* (Phillips-Boyd, arr. Oliver) was carried off with verve and aplomb, the liquid notes of a well-tuned lattice blending admirably with the throbbing rumble of an integrated matrix.

Mr Wh*1* produced excellent imitations of an Arabian Muezzin at sunset, the male whooping crane's autumn call, and a Ferry Building newspaper seller. He retired to applause from all sections of the theatre.

Other excellent members of the company were present in full strength and strong voice. The Homogeneous Co-ordinate Trio favoured us with yet more calypso ditties, including *Still My Heart is Col'*, *Man, You Done Transformed Mah Co-ordinate*, and other selected item topics. Mr Br*wm demonstrated the principles of impact, elasticity, linear programming and vector analysis. His 32 x 32 determinants earned spontaneous applause, and it was with regret that we saw him limp out after an overlooked Kronecker delta had fallen on his foot.

One unfortunate incident marred the afternoon session which I attended. A short monologue on *Integration in Suid-Afrika* was interrupted by the hurling from the stalls of an over-ripe epsilon symbol, which burst into exponential, logarithmic and related functions just in

front of the speaker, who was temporarily hidden in a cloud of abstract algebra. After the prankster had been removed, the item continued, and the speaker received a 'big hand', as the idiom goes, at his conclusion.

All in all, this season the managing board of the *Plus Bas Lecon Theatre* has put on a very good show. To say more about the programme would spoil the enjoyment of those who have not yet seen, and been delighted by, the colourful acts.

KEN McALLISTER

Work Day

Generally speaking, Work Day was a success. At the time of writing, the amount of money obtained had not been finalized. By midday Tuesday there was £154 in Stud. Ass. Office.

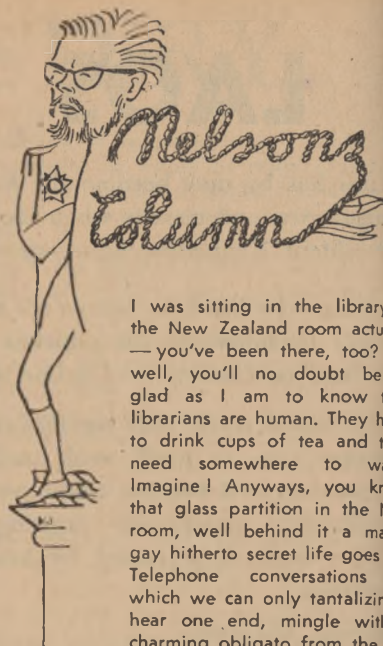
Throughout the great day valiant work was performed by students running a shuttle service with cars, transporting people from the city to outlying districts. The organization was ably handled by Victor Emeljanow, who was subjected to a barrage of phone calls.

However, Work Day was almost sabotaged by students who, having forgotten the date, had to withdraw at the last moment. Most of the jobs consisted of gardening, cleaning up or trimming trees. One interesting job offered to one of our artistic fraternity, commissioned the painting of an abstract mural. It turned out to be one coat of white monochrome.

It is noteworthy that among the citizens of Auckland there exists an element of discrimination. One employer wrote that she would not be willing to employ Colombo Plan students. Her offer of work was TURNED DOWN, since the concept of a university is completely against this sort of practice.

We hope that on future work days we will receive more reliable support from students.

WORK DAY COMMITTEE



I was sitting in the library — the New Zealand room actually — you've been there, too? Oh well, you'll no doubt be as glad as I am to know that librarians are human. They have to drink cups of tea and they need somewhere to wash. Imagine! Anyways, you know that glass partition in the NZ room, well behind it a mad gay hitherto secret life goes on. Telephone conversations in which we can only tantalizingly hear one end, mingle with charming obligato from the Z heater and plumbing, or the occasional scraping noise of someone rebinding a book. So restful, until . . . "Quick the Gram Committee is here!" . . . followed by the clatter clang of metal book ends being tidied and the rush of frantic smock-coated females.

Been to "My Fair Lady" yet? No, I couldn't afford it either, but I went just the same. Here are two tips for those who haven't been yet. Hold a piece of wood vertically in front of your face and squint through or around it for about three hours. That way you will adapt quickly to the pillars at His Majesty's. Secondly, for heaven's sake, do use your elbows in the scrum round the arcade sweet stall or you will never get an ice cream.

Irreverent thought as I paced among culture vultures puzzling over the Epstein Rod Drill sculpture . . . it looks for all the world like an angry kiwi leaning on the bar trying to catch the barman's eye at three minutes past six.



N.B. A neat white shelter has been placed at the back entrance to the University grounds. Is the university going to have a Visitors' Book?

COPPING ! CAPPING !

Going to the ceremony? Cop the great lining up like so many penguins at the end of the degree production line to receive academic 'touch' and be certified — if you know what I mean. By the way 'Fumigate, Inc.' will be doing normal pest control work in the Town Hall loft. I wonder what sort of geothermal bore will be letting off plentiful steam and good advice about the wide world this year. Maths students can least while away the time by computing the number of clichés per minute.

Cop process, too! No where else has so much lavatory humour been spread so thick over so many floats. What a dynamic cultural impact we make in the Queen Street canyon. Comment overheard last year was 'Huh, have they not got anything better to do with their time.' Of course I am for a capping chock-full of purpose and messagewise.

THE THINGS THEY SAY . . .

. . . "Jimmy Edwards is half a New Zealander." — Yes, but which half? . . . front of paperback edition of 'Saturday Night and Sunday Morning', 'mar Room at the Top look like a vicarage party'. Parting Poser: Do you think there will be peace in S.E. Asia if someone does Laos everything up?

—TONY NELSON

EDITOR, JEREMY H. ROGER H.

John Str as to his further

A fine ser decisive 1 administer Association ing time the new meetings, wide expe of Univer gained hi posts of r the NZ re ence of stu able repre Declared position of leading th into one o there is n post. When a

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A special Students' called to o to be conc ed constit the first T 30 May.