

# CRACCUM

Auckland University students' paper  
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## £137.11.9 MISSING 'deficiency of stock'?

Where can £137 11/9 worth of stationery have disappeared to since the beginning of the year, when sales started at Studass office? This is the equivalent of 500 folio refills and 150 folio covers.

Executive was informed of the mystery at their meeting on 5 September. No one has supplied a solution. Perhaps a series of students walked off with piles of folios or perhaps a giant book-keeping blunder was made at some stage.

The loss has been recorded as 'a deficiency of stock', and a series of rules drawn up to ensure it doesn't happen again.

At the beginning of the year it was impossible to keep a check on outgoing stationery because of the rate of sale, Treasurer Tim Nuttall Smith told Exec. He considered it possible that something went wrong at stocktaking, although the figures were checked by

three people. There could have been a conglomeration of unfortunate errors.

Brian Shenkin: 'Then the stationery has either been given away or taken?'

Nuttall Smith: 'Or an error was made in the opening or closing stock check. At the beginning of the year a pile of the parcels was left outside Exec.'s office. Six or so could have been taken. I don't think they were left out overnight.'

Anne Hilt: 'Perhaps the firm didn't send the amount we ordered.'

Murray McInman: 'I think we counted the first lot of bundles.'

Shenkin: 'You don't think there's anything to be gained by any further investigating.'

Nuttall Smith: 'There's no harm in going over the figures, but no way of checking on them.'

It was suggested that £137 11/9 worth of stationery was a little much for Executive to have got through by itself.

The treasurer said he would like to see tighter control, but in a voluntary association it was impossible to keep as tight a check as would be kept in a commercial office.

Nobody, consequently, is getting the rap for the missing £137 11/9.

CRACCUM REPORTER

## LINCOLN TROPHIES AWARDED

Mike Cormack and Alison Long were chosen as the first recipients of the new Lincoln Trophies for the AU Sportsman and Sportswoman of the Year by a representative panel at the winter meeting of the Blues Panel.

The St James Tobacco Company Limited have offered to donate two suitable trophies to AUSA for this purpose, together with a gift to each of the selected persons. The trophies will be known as the 'Lincoln Trophies'. The gifts will be of a practical nature.



MIKE CORMACK

Cormack, well known in Rugby, athletics and cricket, has been one of the outstanding players in an outstanding Auckland Ranfurly Shield team over recent seasons.

Alison Long is one of the best basketball players, both indoor and outdoor, that the University has had for many years. Last year Alison gained NZU and AU Blues, played for the NZU team and represented Auckland. This year she has played for the North Island Universities team and the NZU team, and is the AU club captain.

In making the awards, sportsmanship, character and club work, as well as field ability, were taken into reckoning.

The Lincoln Trophies, two handsome statuettes, will be accompanied by two gifts to the winners and will be presented at a function in the near future.

CRACCUM

### RACEHORSE

The Students' Union of Durham University has bought a racehorse.

## CAF. OPEN EVENINGS

The Cafeteria is now open to serve coffee during the hours of 7.30 p.m. to 10.15

## Arts units for Sci. students?

Arts units for science students and science for arts students were advocated by the Education Committee at the Exec. meeting on 5 September. A motion suggesting this succeeded by eight votes to three.

Anne Hilt moved that the following statement be sent to Senate: 'The Executive, recognizing a long felt need to liberalize many of the university degrees, requests the University Council to consider a way of ensuring that students have a broad knowledge of cognate subjects.'

Recognizing the danger of an over-specialized education is usually greater for a Science or Engineering student than for an Arts student, and recognizing the importance of training scientists to be educated men readily able to adapt themselves to a rapidly changing world rather than to be immediately useful, the Executive puts forward the following suggestions:

(1) Up to two units for the B.Sc. and B.E. degrees able to be selected from Arts units such as Anthropology, Economics, English, German, History, Philosophy, Political Science, Russian (to available stages).

(2) Some factual material could be omitted from the prescriptions for Science subjects in order to include some topical material such as the world situation which led to various inventions and discoveries, the history of the Industrial Revolution and Trade Union Movement, and the sociological consequences of advances in science and medicine.

(3) An additional unit such as "History of Science" could

be offered for examination for B.A. and B.Sc. degrees.'

The idea, Miss Hilt said, was to give scientists a humanistic approach and Arts students a scientific knowledge, a trend in overseas universities. Although not a complete answer to a liberal degree, it would help.

'Science students come to get a degree putting aside ideas of an education,' Peter Curzon, MHC, commented.

Cynthia Hasman, WHC, considered the 'varsity should be a liberal institution, and since the idea of putting arts into a Science degree would be optional, the motion should be considered.

Public Relations Officer Brown pointed out that scientists often didn't realize until later that they had missed something. They could come back and take units after they had left.

'We are not forcing the B.Sc. student to water down his degree,' said Miss Hilt.

CRACCUM REPORTER

Craccum Editor for  
1963 will be Diana  
Rice, an arts student  
at present taking three  
stage-one units.

Included in this issue of CRACCUM is a Literary Supplement.

That there should be enough students writing to fill eight pages of CRACCUM is excellent. But that such a supplement should have to replace KIWI and NUCLEUS is appalling.

KIWI, appearing once most years since 1905, and NUCLEUS, a more recent and more spasmodic publication, have contained Auckland writing long enough for their appearance to be traditional. Even if it weren't, they have a definite and valuable role in the play of student activities. It is unfortunate that the unwillingness of anyone capable to act as editor and the quibble over the inevitable financial loss which such publications involve should have led to their non-appearance this year.

This is no place to herald the rebirth of student writing in the University, nor to predict the rise of a new 'school'. But the preponderance of verse over other material submitted and the quality of the whole do at least seem to indicate a healthier state of affairs than has been apparent for some years.

At least, that is the opinion of the editor. It now remains for you to read the Literary Supplement and to form your own opinion.



## THE LAST WORD

This is the last Editorial of the year, and judging by the correspondence probably only read by the Editor, the typesetter and the proof-reader.

Most people in this place seem to have no feeling for anything. There must be something they want to write about, even if it is to say they do not think that *Craccum* is worth subsidizing a hundred per cent.

For two issues this year the Editor received only one letter: this is an appalling situation when there are people here actually studying English and History who must have disagreed with specific issues in *Craccum*. Other students surely have broad enough interests to find something to air their views on.

Well perhaps there was not very much on the merits of rucking, but even this well-considered topic was not brought up. Many students would claim they do not have time, but judging by the number of exam failures not all of them are applying their supposed talents.

## SOMEONE ON SOMEONE

This is the last issue of *Craccum* for 1962. Executive will sigh with relief. Anybody of a conservative nature does not savour criticism, which is so often linked with changing the status quo.

And some of the Executive, being fundamentally opposed to change, do not delight in changing the structure which supports them.

With *Craccum* they have the sort of relations that suggest that as long as *Craccum* is a mouthpiece all is well, but that when it moves to the hallowed ring of criticism it must be mistaken.

The Executive must be right, because a few months ago they were arbitrarily elected to portfolios. Some of the new members, whatever their position down town and their relations with that which matters, had not attended an Executive meeting before. They took their posts and began at once with their principles before

This is probably the crucial point, that the university is cluttered up with people who should not be here. 'The maximum opportunity for everyone,' reads the Welfare State axiom, but with the current standard of student the better student is not getting a full opportunity, while those who hold him back are not profiting themselves, and are wasting their time and everyone else's.

A university newspaper means of course that someone or some people are going to have to spend a lot of time producing a vehicle of news and opinion to which only a few contribute. This is totally wrong in principle. Many students should want to write, whether it is some obtuse subject which they only will understand or an amusing letter to the Editor.

In practice there should be more students offering a little of their time to writing for their newspaper—not because it is their 'duty', but because they enjoy writing.

they even knew the correct procedure.

Immediately they are people who must be apart from others, above being jabbed at even if the jab is harmless basically. A jab is what you make it, and it is regrettable in a university, presumably an institution where people delight in ideas and words, that a representative of the students cannot take a headline in the newspaper that satirises mildly the tone of the article.

But a sense of humour is not really necessary to bypass the mass-produced zoot-suited apprenticeship certificate that is called a degree. It is a pity. It makes you wonder if they are missing something.

EDITOR

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR...

Sir,

For intellectual irresponsibility and bad public relations the University palm for 1962 must surely go to Mr Shenkin for his comments, as reported in *Craccum* 11, page five, on the PPTA marking dispute.

Since when has a member of the Students' Association Executive had the authority to publicly and insultingly deprecate the traditional right of the trade union movement to withhold their labour in a time of dispute; since when has such a practice been held 'morally wrong'; and since when have trade union actions been deemed to be socially 'beneath the dignity' of the 'professions'?

Mr Shenkin's peculiar brand of social snobbery, with its embryo-Fascist undertones, constitutes a public insult to the trade union movement, to the PPTA and those allied educational bodies which have supported it in the recent dispute, and to those students who are attempting to forge closer links between the University and the trade union movement. Mr Shenkin and his ilk notwithstanding.

Mr Shenkin is entitled to continue the class war and to hark back to the golden days of 1951 to his heart's content as a private citizen, but I question his right to make the statements attributed to him as a member of the Students' Association Executive.

Three alternatives are open: either Mr Shenkin should withdraw his remarks publicly and unconditionally, or the president should (belatedly) issue an official disclaimer and rule the remarks out of order at the meeting concerned; or the student body should express their no-confidence in a spokesman who (farcically) holds, of all positions, that of Liaison Officer.

Yours faithfully,  
W. S. BROUGHTON

LECTURERS  
MIS-MANAGE  
ELECTIONS

The simple procedure of electing two persons to the University Senate and of subsequently nominating one of these to the University Council was beyond the capabilities of the lecturing staff of AU.

Lusting for power, they managed to formally elect three separate individuals instead of two.

The election will now have to be taken again.

Sir,

I have just received my exam timetable, as who has not, and have had my attention drawn to the 'instructions' on the back thereof. These lay down the apparently 'precise' rules of examination which include the writing of the candidate's NAME on the exam script!

This seems to me to be totally wrong. Students pay exam fees which surely entitle them to secure marking.

It is not that I think that markers would victimize, but it is obviously difficult on the part of any marker to banish all prejudice if any ill-feelings do exist. It is not really a fair system to either the student or the marker.

I object to putting my name on exam scripts, since it seems wrong in both principle and practice. I want anonymity.

EXODUS

'Beneath the dignity of  
professional people'

## Magazines

Sir,

There have been, of late, some complaints from students about the lack of magazines in the Common Room in the student block.

Magazines are provided out of Students' Association funds and are placed in the Common Rooms regularly. However, the rapidity with which they disappear is astounding.

Students' money is being spent on such magazines, and therefore every student has the right to read them. If only two or three students have a chance to read them before they mysteriously disappear, it seems that we are wasting money which could be better otherwise employed.

All students want to read the magazines, and they can have this pleasure only if, when each one has read them, he will leave them behind.

LOIS BUTLER,  
Women's House Committee



## DRESS QUESTION!

Sir,

The letters which have been written lately about dress around the University appear a little petty. These would-be dress connoisseurs seemed to have overlooked one rather important aspect of this question: University students do not get sufficient remuneration to warrant frivolous spending on clothes, and to me and a good majority of students the dress worn here is practical at least.

I have travelled a good deal throughout Australasia and have noticed little, if any, difference of dress in the four universities I have visited.

There is, naturally enough, an element here who prefer to rule out convention, but they are indeed in the minority, and instead of looking 'beat' only incite sympathy, mixed with a desire to help these so-called 'individualists'.

ONE OF THE MOB

## Lavatory paper

Dear *Craccum*,

'This royal throne of kings,  
this sceptred isle,  
This earth of majesty, this  
seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-Paradise,  
This blessed plot, this earth,  
this realm.'

The University was criticised for these lines in this year's Revue, but it is about time someone revealed the truth about 'the blessed plots' in the University.

This protest is not directed at the general condition of the lavatories, but rather at the lavatory paper. I am writing on a piece of paper from the ladies' toilets at the University (note the hard, shiny surface, the unserviceable 8" x 5" size, note how it does not absorb this ink. Also please find enclosed a similar piece from the men's (ditto).

Notice, too, how it is coloured pink. This is to give it a visual appearance of being soft and delicate. But let me point out that Purex comes not only in pink, but also in blue, green, yellow (?) and white, and comes in long strips of absorbent tissue.

I know I am not alone in my protest—I am just voicing the silent pleas of the nameless thousands who suffer the indignities of these water-proof wonders.

PUREXIT

P.S.: As a suggestion, why not print *Craccum* on this paper and use the news-print in the toilets?

SANDRA PEARCE



# SPECIAL PRIVILEGES FOR RELIGIOUS

By a letter dated 28 August discussed at the last Exec. meeting, the Christian Science Society has sought to become affiliated to Studass. They are quite willing for any student to attend their meetings, but wish at the same time that only their 'members' have voting rights within the organisation — i.e. they want a society with restricted membership.

However, by Section 38 of the Constitution:

- (i) Every affiliated body —
- (a) Shall have its membership open to all members of the Association PROVIDED that membership of any such body may be confined to members of a particular sex or to members of a particular Faculty; and
- (b) Shall have its membership open only to members of the Association unless the Executive otherwise determines in any particular case PROVIDED that the office-bearers of any such body may be persons not being members of the Association if the rules of such body so provide and unless the Executive in any particular case shall otherwise determine.
- (c) Shall provide facilities for all members of the Students' Association to vote at the General Meeting of any affiliated body or Gen-

eral Meeting of any section of that body.

which is plain authority for not allowing restricted membership groups to be affiliated.

Unfortunately, there is at the moment affiliated to the Association a group with restricted membership.

By Section 4 of the EU Constitution:

**CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP:** 'All persons are entitled to membership who are bona-fide members of AUSA and who sign in good faith the following declaration [there follows a declaration of faith in Jesus Christ as Saviour, Lord and God].

Would it be unfair to prevent Christian Scientists from affiliating on their terms in the light of the EU position? Or would it be setting a precedent?

The Constitution itself seems to provide the answer. By Section 40 (c) (ii), discussing the rules of all affiliated bodies, it says:

- (ii) The Rules of the Body

shall be subject in all respects to the Rules of the Auckland University Students' Association (Incorporated) and shall be void and of no effect to the extent of their conflict with those Rules.

The fact that a portion of the EU Constitution is void was pointed out of them by the Societies' Representative in a letter dated 26 April 1962. As yet no reply has been received and no steps have been taken to amend the position, although EU has had its AGM in the meantime.

The position is to be reviewed by the Executive at a future meeting.

H.

## Report from Arts Festival Council

Certain things which might be of interest to some students arose in an unusually boring meeting. Discussion once again centred on the proposed constitution, and the Festival must by now be within a year or two of becoming official.

The Drama schedule is being revised, and the Auckland Drama Society will be asked to submit ideas. Likewise, the Camera Club will be considering the photographic schedule, which was far too technical to be understood by delegates present.

The question of merit awards equivalent to a sports blue was brought up and was referred back to the various universities for further consideration.

DAVID WILLIAMS,  
Societies' Rep.

## ACTIVITIES OF NEW SOCIETIES COMMITTEE

The expected flood of applications for positions on the above not having been received, a diverse crowd of bods have been bludged and co-opted onto the committee and immediately settled down to work as planned.

### Orientation

Following the disappointing results of Societies' Evening this year, the committee will run a Societies' Day during Orientation 1963.

Such societies as wish to will be assisted to maintain a publicity stand to propagate their activities during daylight hours, and a concert will be organized in the evening.

Any societies interested in either facet of the day should contact the Societies' Representative.

### Auckland Festival

An approach has been made to the committee of the Auckland Festival of the Arts about University students participating in drama, music and jazz. Our letter received an enthu-

siastic reception — we await official confirmation.

### Booking co-ordination

The committee is at present working on a system for eliminating the anomalies in the bookings of the University Hall which have caused so much confusion this year.

Once again, anyone who is interested should contact the Societies' Representative.



## NEW CHAPLAIN

During the vacation the Rev. David Simmers was here, looking over what there was to be seen of the Varsity. He is to start next year as first Maclaurin Chaplain to the University, the official representative of religion amongst us.

While he was inspecting us, we gathered the following data about him:

Age 27. Unmarried. A Wellingtonian. Honours in classics from Victoria, Rhodes Scholar, more classics at Oxford, then theology at Edinburgh. A Presbyterian, but in this job to be as far as possible non-denominational.

He will be on show at the beginning-of-year service during Orientation.

CRACCUM

## LIBRARY TO OPEN ON LABOUR DAY?

The Executive is examining the possibility of having the University Library opened this Labour Day so that students can swot up till the last minute (this year the first of the degree examinations is on the day following Labour Day).

At the last Executive meeting, Vice-President Wilson moved that the Students' Association offer £15 towards the cost of overtime for library and maintenance staff, as it is not the policy of the University authorities to allow overtime.

**CRACCUM, with a circulation of 2000, is the largest student newspaper in New Zealand.**

## BLUES AWARDED



CRICKET BLUE  
FOR COLLINGE

The following is a list of AU Blues winners chosen at the winter meeting of the Blues Panel:

- Cricket:** John Collinge.  
**Table Tennis:** Miss Ann Mutch, T. Cockfield, Graham Bush.  
**Soccer:** Peter Curson, Keith Hunter.  
**Hockey:** Graham Atwell, Brian Rogers, Donald Davis, Murray Spicer.  
**Small Bore Rifles:** Eric Holmberg.  
**Ski-ing:** Paul Willis, Tony Buist.  
**Rugby:** Mike Cormack, Warren Moyes.  
**Indoor Basketball:** David Annan.

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## THE NZUSA CONFERENCE ON HALLS OF RESIDENCE

The publication of the Niblett Report on Great Britain and the work done in New Zealand for the Parry Report seemed to indicate that the time was now ripe for a stocktaking of the Halls of Residence facilities we have and ways in which they might be improved and extended. With this in mind, the NZUSA called a conference on University Halls of Residence, which was held at Lincoln College during the last three days of the last week of August vacation.

The conference on Student Union Buildings last year had shown the degree of interesting and informative discussion which could arise when University staff, students, administrators and graduates meet together to discuss a common problem, each from their own point of view.

The Auckland delegation was Peter Rankin, Neil Wilson, Owen McShane and Miss Naera Naumann, a resident of O'Rorke Hall.

Background papers giving information on student accommodation in all constituents represented a worthwhile piece of research in their own right.

The conference was given a sound beginning by the first paper presented by Dr Ryburn, the warden of Knox College. He gave an excellent case for the importance of the full Hall of Residence in the residential university.

So much so, in fact, that the whole conference became completely involved in this form of hall, with the result that the requirements for Auckland and Victoria, which are, and always will be, civic universities, were never really clarified within the conference as a whole.

Auckland is to be a civic university, and its requirements are determined by this, this much more than by the ideals of a residential one.

The present line of reasoning seems to be:

- Residential universities are the best.
- Therefore we must provide Auckland with the elements that make up a residential university.
- The Auckland University will be of the best kind. It is all a delightful game of 'let's pretend'.

We have a civic university and must not be ashamed of it. I query statement (a), and maintain that both types are of equal merit in their own right, as long as they function clearly in their true role. The civic university can provide facets which the campus type cannot, and vice versa. It lies with the student to choose which one he attends.

I may appear to be straying from the subject, but we are designing the Auckland Students' Association Building, foreseeing the time when Auckland will have Halls of Residence 'proper', catering for, say, fifteen-twenty per cent of the student population, but with many students living in 'Ashby Plan' dormitory blocks, which rely on a central, well-equipped Student

Union to provide all amenities such as cafeteria, common rooms, which a true Hall of Residence provides in its own autonomous community.

Whenever we attempted to get this proposal discussed at the conference, it was dismissed as 'a bad thing'. So it was, in terms of the supposed ideal of a campus university.

This issue of the difference between the civic and the residential university must be clarified at further conferences if this sort of confusion is to be eliminated.

So I voiced a note of warning. Victoria and Auckland should examine their policies for growth, with a view to ensuring that, at all times, they are not coloured by policies which more appropriately apply to residential universities.

Also, we must never develop an 'inferiority complex' because of the nature of our university. Some, in England, have done so, and are failing because of it!

However, back to the conference itself.

Dr Minogue, past warden of O'Rorke Hall, presented a very workable plan for the accommodation of overseas students, discussed more fully elsewhere in this issue.

Miles Warren, architect for Auckland's Students' Association Building, presented a paper on designing a Hall of Residence.

A very interesting panel discussion on the internal administration of a hall took place on Thursday afternoon.

A good deal of time was spent in discussion the 'liquor problem'. This appeared to whet the thirst of many delegates for, after a very fine and liberal formal dinner, most chose to retire to Christchurch for a very fine party where liquor was 'abused' in a most hearty fashion.

Dr Baxter, of the University of New South Wales, gave us an insight into the Australian scene which made us envious indeed. Their happy circumstances arise out of a complete acceptance of the Murray Report. It would seem that we should press for a similar acceptance of the Parry Report if we are to achieve similar results.

At the final plenary session, recommendations were made to be forwarded to the Government, via Grants Committee, which, when stripped of their legal verbiage, amount to the following:

- We need money to provide Halls of Residence for

students.

- The Government is the only body capable of providing money on the scale required.

- However, any groups prepared to raise money should be liberally subsidized.

- Any donation to such groups should be tax free and fully deductible.

- That Dr Minogue's plan be put into operation next year. (This last recommendation forwarded to NZUSA instead of the Government.)

It was strongly recommended during the proceedings that a nation-wide public relations campaign be put into action to inform the public and the Government of the importance of our universities in society. This, if put into effect, could be of assistance to us in launching our fund-raising campaign for our Students' Association Building.

OWEN McSHANE,  
New Buildings Officer

## 'SAFETY THROUGH KNOWLEDGE'

Pinned up on the Tramping Club noticeboard recently was a clipping from a Taranaki newspaper. It told the sad story of some clod who had attempted to climb Egmont alone, equipped only with gumboots and a sheathknife. He was fairly lucky—he had climbed only halfway up, in another party's steps, before he slipped, breaking only his leg and not his neck.

### Climbing Schools

It was in an attempt to reduce the numbers of lowland bushwalkers who attempt blue ice with faith and their fingernails that Tramping Club four years ago initiated its Elementary Climbing Schools.

Previous to 1958, some trampers were to be found at schools run by the New Zealand Alpine Club (the exclusive, cliquey elite of New Zealand mountaineers), but no basic instruction for the absolute neophyte was available. Now, however, he may attend a comprehensive three-day course, bringing his own food and paying only hut fees.

### Alpine Club

Instructors come from among those University students who are associate or (rarely!) full members of the Alpine Club, and from the AC (Auckland section) itself, many of whose members attended the University recently or in long years past. The schools are based on the cosy, compact AC hut, which is the highest hut on

## HOSTELS FOR LIVING

Halls of Residence are perhaps an ideal solution to the problem of accommodation for overseas students, many of whom are living in Auckland under unsatisfactory conditions.

They provide an environment conducive to study, social development and exchange of ideas seldom available elsewhere—the full benefits of residential life will not be discussed at length here.

However, at present there are no new Halls of Residence being built, and only a small number of overseas students can be accommodated at Auckland's one and only Hall—O'Rorke.

The accommodation problem is becoming more serious and urgent every year. What can be done until new Halls of Residence are built?

In an excellent paper presented at the NZUSA Conference on Halls of Residence, Dr Minogue forwarded an alternative short-term plan for 1963. If this scheme proves workable in Auckland it could be extended on a nation-wide scale—pending the success of the results in Auckland NZUSA is prepared to take it up.

The plan is adapted from the American Field Service exchange-student scheme in which overseas students live for one year with a 'host family'. The students and families are carefully matched by a selection board; however, transfers can be made quickly and without repercussions if any serious difficulties arise.

### Not Satisfied

In Auckland, overseas students who are not satisfied with their present accommodation and desire to live with a New Zealand family for the year could apply to live with a host family, one member of which should be a university student.

Families who are genuinely interested in such a scheme could apply to have an overseas student in their homes. Full board, including a private study-bedroom for the student should be available for no more than perhaps £3 a week—to ensure that the primary motive for wanting an overseas student is not merely for financial gain.

The Student Liaison Committee is hoping that this plan can be put into effect for 1963; interested students should contact the Student Liaison Officer.

There is a great need to provide overseas students with a good home environment for study purposes and to ensure that their stay in New Zealand is a happy one.

This plan is a constructive way of extending the present range of accommodation available for overseas students.

N.N.

### Techniques

In the three days of the school a varied and interesting syllabus is covered. After a discussion on the desirable qualities of personal equipment, clothing, food, sleeping-bags and boots, and an introduction to the ropes and ironmongery of the climber, methods of step-forming and cutting in snow and ice are demonstrated and practised. Then the pupil absorbs the techniques of self-arrest with the iceaxe, roping-up and the knots therefor, care of the rope, movement in unison, and static and running belays. The superiority of crampons over gumboots on ice and hard snow is soon evident!

By the end of the course the pupil of average intelligence will be conversant with the subtleties of glissading, snow-caving, negotiation of crevassed glacier ice, and rescue of his unconscious companions from bottomless chasms.

He will also have a healthy respect for the capricious, treacherous weather of the mountains. What appears to the tourist to be perfect sunny weather for a lighthearted 'stroll up to the top' may within twenty minutes become an icy, blustering 'white-out'—analogous to a 'blackout'—in which sun, mist and snow amalgamate to obliterate the horizon and every landmark—even one's own footprints a yard away.

CRACCUM REPORTER



Ruapehu and is surrounded by snow at all times of the year.

### Held Annually

Tramping Club's Elementary Climbing Schools are now an annual event. Four or five courses, each catering for up to ten novice climbers, are held during the August holidays. Interest is high, and there is usually keen competition for places.

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**MILES WARREN** — architect for the Students' Association Building.

Mr Warren graduated from the Auckland School of Architecture, and is at present engaged in the design of Canterbury Student Union, Canterbury Hall of Residence, as well as our own Students' Association building. Consequently, there are probably few architects in the country as familiar with student needs as he.

He is an architect of very high standing throughout the country, and some of his buildings, e.g. the Dorset Street flats, have received world-wide publication.

His work in general is of a quality and of materials which last well, with minimum maintenance, an important factor when considering Student Unions. The illustration of the Christ's College Laboratory Block serves to illustrate this. The 'warmth' of the exposed aggregate panels and the deep grey of the structural frame serves to alleviate the apparent severity of the photograph. There is dignity and strength here — attributes which would be welcome on the Auckland architectural scene.

OWEN McSHANE,  
New Buildings Officer.

## WAIKATO CORRESPONDENT

The Waikato Branch during vac was given a lift from the usual tedium by the arrival of a journalist and photographer from the 'Woman's Weekly'.

The photographer, who was having some trouble getting a group together long enough to take a photo, suggested that the girls might like to remove their duffle coats and possibly their black stockings as well — as it looked a little Arctic. The girls graciously declined.

Next he looked at our statue that has been given so much publicity and photographed it after having removed the Auckland 'Varsity scarf from its neck and the lighted cigarette from its mouth — under the instructions of one well-meaning lecturer hovering in the background.

Actually we have to be very careful what we say here because it appears that the staff of the 'Woman's Weekly' read Craccum in their spare time, but we regret to say they completely overlooked a large mask bearing the inscription 'Sex' and 'TV', and did not even notice that the new art piece of 'Maori Girl' had been replaced by a still life of

bottles (by courtesy NZ Breweries Ltd).

Maybe we are introducing Welsh I next year, and we might have a Welsh Club too, soon. Then of course there are Winnie the Pooh enthusiasts and we all adore woodwork.

However, we conclude that, all going well, the article will not make our lecturers' hair stand too much on end, and that happy relations between lecturers and students will continue till the end of the year.

## CAPPING BOOK COPY

Editor of Capping Book '63 is Elam personality Don Binney.

In the same manner as A. G. Nelson, Script Controller for Revue '63, Don is busy on the compilation of a massive 'encyclopaedia of humour'. This encyclopaedia he envisages as having a far wider scope than something merely to provide material for Capping Book — he wants a collection covering all varieties and styles of humour, from straight goon-type through classical lavatory to intellectual satire and lampoon.

You are invited to contribute. Anything you think is funny immediately qualifies for a place in the encyclopaedia, because it is an anthology of everything that anybody ever thought was funny. Sick, simple or sexy, just send it in to Don Binney, c/o Elam School of Art.

have these terms changed? He tells me he has not. Instead, he prints such an editorial to stir the blind mass of student opinion.

Mr Lillie, I charge you: that consciously or not, you are more interested in working out personal ill-feelings than defending principles, and to do so you set aside one of your cherished 'values' and use sensationalism to put over your half-truths.

Mr Lillie's article was not really about the principles of freedom of the press, and so I reply that the major points are: There has been no censorship in practice.

Mr Lillie wants to go back on his agreement, but prefers to smear rather than to demand a change in the proper way.

CHRIS BLACKMAN

## A VIEW OF CENSORSHIP . . .

Mr Lillie's editorial 'Censored' is not an attempt to set down clearly the facts about the control Executive exerts over Craccum. It is an attempt to gain student favour for his contention that the members of the Executive try and usually succeed in completely controlling what goes in the paper — 'exerts an unhealthy pressure'.

The Student Press Council asserted the principles of the freedom of the press. That is roughly that a publisher should be able to say what he likes in his paper, through the editor (his agent) and contributors.

The publisher of Craccum is the Auckland University Students' Association. The elected representatives and spokesmen for this Association are the members of the Executive. That the student body trusts this Executive to put forward its views is shown in the facts that it elected these people, and reaffirmed its trust (in the Public Relations Officer especially) at a special general meeting.

Press Council apparently deplored the censorship of 'Craccum' by its publishers, the AUSA! The publisher who spends the money has a right in principle to say what goes in. In practice the Association does not interfere.

The editor may or may not be solely responsible for his copy, depending on the wishes of the publishers. If the publisher trusts him, he will give the editor completely free play. If he doesn't, he will impose restrictions.

When Mr Lillie appeared before the Executive in sup-

port of his application for editorship he was questioned about his policy. He had not thought very much about this, but made it clear that he intended to write editorials on matters of international importance and of student affairs.

The Executive was somewhat doubtful of Mr Lillie's policy, and so told him of the controls he would work under. Mr Lillie said he was quite satisfied with these. One control was that he might not print matter about which the Executive was still formulating a policy.

Mr Lillie, remember, was appointed with such things as South African tours, South African cigarettes, atom bombs and burnt pages of Craccum still fresh in memory. Executive knew that part of its job was to protect the main student body from legal action about matter printed in Craccum.

The previous editor had printed a full page article. It was considered libellous by the Association solicitor, and the editor was told not to publish it. She refused.

At the Executive meeting that night the matter was fully discussed and a motion passed that all copies of the offending page be burnt. This was done (at 1 a.m. after the meeting — it could not, of course, be done before the meeting). The editor was told the next morning because there was little point in ringing her up at 1 a.m.

The Executive was doubtful about Mr Lillie's policy and imposed some rarely used controls for the good of the Association. Mr Lillie accepted these.

Mr Lillie now says: 'There is no doubt in the present editor's mind that the quality of Craccum is very poor.' (Was Exec's doubt justified then?) He implies that this is because of Executive (i.e. Studass) censorship.

What has he been asked not to print?

1. An article about the Harbour Cruise. He agreed because he too thought it should not be printed. Where is the crushing, unhealthy pressure of censorship?

2. Some information about the proposed purchase of a printing press. He printed it anyway. Where is the crushing, unhealthy pressure of censorship?

Ah! but it's the principles that count. I agree strongly that there should be a student voice other than the Executive. This voice should speak out about many things. But, as Mr Lillie agrees, it should not involve the Association in libel suits. How can the burning of a libellous Craccum page then help his case? Mr Lillie is illogical.

Next principle: Exec. represents the Students' Association. 'If the Executive thinks that the interests of the Students' Association are threatened by an editor's actions, then they should fire him.'

Why not just exercise a little control? Why be so drastic? Exec. no doubt believes there is some good in editors and keeps them for the good of the Association.

Mr Lillie has changed his mind. He no longer wishes to abide by the agreement he made with the Executive. Now that he is in the editor's chair he wishes to discard the conditions he accepted to get the job.

This is not completely unreasonable: has he then made application to the Executive (a new more favoured Exec.!) to

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REPORTER



Whatever the immediate quality of student theatre may be, the University Arts Festival is not the best place to show it off. Hampered by the sense of competition, by limitations upon the plays, and by new and often unsatisfactory acting and rehearsal conditions, any group that is able to present a satisfying piece of theatre deserves credit for a job relatively well done. Only by working from this (apparently) condescending starting-point can a critic hope to assess either the success or the worth of the Festival drama at Christchurch last month.

Seven one-act plays were presented, six of them from the university drama societies and the seventh from the Victoria Contemporary Arts Group.

Of the six competitors, AU's **Barnstable**, produced by Neil Wilson, was adjudged the best play. A tightly-wrought play, its anti-establishment theme moves with the grouping of its characters through the whole range of comedy, from the opening humour to the closing dark, almost Gothic, depiction of the Manichean continuance and immutability of evil. (A Christchurch newspaper was moved to call the play 'an uproarious farce'.)

David Williams and Ligita Maucias as father and daughter Carboy, and John Crawford as Rev. Wandsworth Teeter produced fine performances, with Williams especially sustaining a part that was both emotionally and vocally difficult through a tension that could have too easily broken down with a less capable actor.

In comparison, Judith Musgrove perhaps failed to offset Williams's acting and infuse into her own character a sufficient sense of eccentricity.

#### Binney's set

Don Binney's set and lighting, both in its construction and management, complemented the actors and furthered the success of the play.

Of the other plays, two stood out as being generally satisfying, though each had weaknesses of text and acting. CU's production of **The Bath**, by the local writer Jeremy Agar, was Auckland's closest competitor.

This piece, existentialist in its conception, is essentially a piece of 'anti anti-theatre', satirical in spite of the judge's ideas on its playing as farce.

Agar's script showed a sound knowledge of theatrical technique as well as of the conventions which are under scrutiny, and the play offered itself to the competent cast as a subtly thought-out good joke, enjoyed by everybody (except the adjudicator).

In **This Hung-Up Age**, by Gregory Corso, is a less effective play, being tableau rather than drama, somewhat overlaid with dialectics and leaning heavily upon three of its leading characters.

#### A tableau

Setting a tableau on the collapse of order in a stranded bus trampled by a herd of buffalo, it plays as farce because, in Corso's own words, 'The only hip thing to do was to laugh that silly vision straight in the face, and I did'.

Faced with this somewhat chilling pronouncement, the Victoria Contemporary Arts Group (an independent vortex in the maelstrom of southern culture) presented the play with uneven but usually adequate acting.

(Last-minute changes of cast evidently hampered both the previously thought-out characterizations and some of the knowledge of dialogue, though it gave the play's producer, Mr Con O'Leary, the opportunity to set into the role of Poet Man with a fine piece of extrovert type-casting.)

Further down the list of creditable performances came MUC's **Two Gentlemen of Soho** and VUW's **Bonds of Love**, the latter a Bruce Mason period-piece.

The former was carried by the undoubted quality of Herbert's humour, with good lines and situation often lost, some unintentionally farcical stagecraft, and a lot of inaudible dialogue competing with the play for the audience's attention.

#### Mason play

The Mason play, on the contrary, was one in which good acting helped a bad play to some degree of respectability — which, on this occasion, it sorely needed.

Mr Mason has a habit of looking at New Zealand from his study window, and then telling us what our social problems are. Some day, perhaps, he will try to write an adequate play about them; until then, it seems that his reputation will have to survive on the ability of actors such as the VUW group to make something of the characters in spite of the lines they are given.

The two other plays, Lincoln's **Birds of a Feather** and OU's **Three Actors and Their Drama**, should surely either be ignored, or at best remembered with regret. Bad plays, badly acted, are too frequent in local repertory; it is a shame that they had to intrude

on a university festival.

Finally, remembering the 1961 Festival at Palmerston North, one must ask, where is the quality of yester-year? Nothing this year equally Lincoln's **Bespoke Overcoat** or VUW's **Huis Clos** of 1961.

The closest similarity between the two Festivals was, unfortunately, the singular ignorance and insensitivity of the two respective judges, revealed in each case not by their final verdicts, but by their remarks after each individual performance.

Mr Glue, of Christchurch, showed some knowledge of stagecraft and production, and

about as much sensitivity to the meaning of many of the plays as did Ruskin to Whistler's paintings.

A member of the public is entitled to his predilections towards Barrie and Rattigan, but this hardly qualifies him to award marks for 'choice of play' or make judgements on characterization and interpretation on plays where the meaning lies a little deeper than it does in **Separate Tables**.

And then, one must ask, is a competition of plays justified, even given competent and intelligent judges, at an Arts Festival? This writer believes that the presentation of plays

by the universities is one of the most worthwhile parts of the Festival, but that the competition involved mars this, putting an additional (and unnecessary) strain on producers, actors and audience alike. This in no way deprecates Auckland's win this year, since the quality of this and every other play in the Festival would have been as evident to the audience that attended, with or without the final confirmation of palms being awarded from the slightly sticky hands of an obese but otherwise ill-cast Maecenas.

W. S. BROUGHTON

## MUSOC'S SUCCESS AT ARTS FESTIVAL

At the recent music concerts held in conjunction with the University Arts Festival in Christchurch, several fine performances by Auckland students really put musical activities from this university 'on the map'.

The Tuesday afternoon concert, apart from an item by Robin Maconie from Victoria, was all Auckland's. David Bollard captivated the Christchurch audience with the Bach-Liszt Prelude and Fugue in A minor which he had previously played here at the annual Musoc concert. This was a terrific performance and AU can feel justly proud of this young concert pianist.

David was ably supported in the pianistic field by Neville Baird and some sound accompaniments by Judy Irvine and Peter Oettli.

The wind quintet (Anthea Chappell, flute; Eric Martin, oboe; Dale Kingdon, clarinet; David Robinson, bassoon; and John Rimmer, horn) demonstrated to the South something of the wealth of wind players we have in Auckland.

Players of the oboe, bassoon and horn are sadly lacking in southern universities. Certainly a wind quintet had not been heard before at Arts Festival.

Four members of this group

with pianist Michael Cottam performed the Mozart Quintet for Piano and Wind at the Thursday concert.

It is interesting to note that three members of the wind group are not studying music at university. Anthea Chappell is an Arts student; Eric Martin, part-time Architecture; and David Robinson is doing Ph.D. research in Physics. Pianists David Bollard and Peter Oettli are also Arts students.

It has been Musoc's policy to encourage non-music students to take part in university musical activities.

#### Major Part

Executant Diploma students played a major part in Auckland's success at the Tuesday concert. Besides Neville Baird and Judy Irvine, two more diploma students, Joyce Collins and Dale Kingdon, played a violin and clarinet solo respectively and combined with Judy Irvine to play a trio by Darius Milhaud (with cos-

tumes). This performance ended the programme in a light-hearted vein, but at the same time on a high note (top A!).

Mention should be made of Robin Maconie's fine performance of piano works by Schoenberg and Boulez. Mr Maconie amazed the audience by playing these works from memory, and obtained an extremely wide range of tone colour from his instrument.

It is lamentable that the music critic of the 'Christchurch Star' should be completely baffled by these works and attempt to criticise the performance by advising Mr Maconie to play 'more worthwhile music'.

Much more will be heard of this gifted young Wellington composer in the performing field of contemporary piano music.

One feels that the effort at Arts Festival by musicians from AU is further evidence of a new lease of life which has been manifesting itself in music activities this year. It has been gratifying to see so many music students 'pulling their weight'. In this respect a very special mention should be made of the efforts of John Revfeim, the president of Musoc. John has been a tower of strength behind the Friday lunch-hour recitals, the annual Musoc concert, arranging the group for Arts Festival, the social held earlier this year and, amongst other things, reserving a block of seats for the National Orchestra subscription concerts.

The Committee should also be congratulated on ably supporting their president.

We look forward to a similar spirited effort by the Society in 1963.

JOHN RIMMER

## RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY

- |                                    |  |
|------------------------------------|--|
| Andreas, T.                        | 'Peaceful co-existence'  |
| AU School of Engineering           | The demand for and supply of professional engineers in New Zealand                       |
| Beaulieu, M.                       | Le costume antique et medieval   |
| Bliss, Sir A.                      | Tobias and the angel   |
| Bronowski, J.                      | Science and human values   |
| Clark, W.                          | The track of the cat   |
| Gerrard, W.                        | The organic chemistry of Boron   |
| Gvozdozer, S. D.                   | Theory of microwave valves   |
| Heyerdahl, T. ed.                  | Reports of the Norwegian Archaeological Expedition to Easter Island and the East Pacific |
| Hoffman, W. S.                     | Andrew Jackson and North Carolina politics   |
| Howe, I.                           | Politics and the novel   |
| Locke, W. N.                       | Scientific French  |
| Mathews, Z. K.                     | African awakening and the universities   |
| Namier, Sir L. B.                  | Personalities and powers   |
| Nicholls, G. H.                    | South Africa in my time  |
| OEEC, European Productivity Agency | Agricultural regions in the EEC  |
| Schumpeter, E. (Boody)             | English overseas trade statistics, 1697-1808   |
| Troyat, H.                         | Daily life in Russia under the last tsar   |
| Utechin, S. V.                     | Everyman's concise encyclopaedia of Russia L.N.  |

Opinions expressed in these pages are not necessarily those of the Auckland University Students' Association.

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Wainui is a town which both Maurice and his readers know well.

For its assets are the pubs, the racecourse, and the rugby ground, and its important people 'just work behind counters'.

'The Big Season' is, of course, the rugby season, and the crack player is, of course, hero of the town and the novel.

Rob Andrews is a 'neat and handsome' first five-eighth in the Wainui rep. team. He goes to the local hops, drinks with the boys, and has a shot at the sheilas.

But on the week-end of a big rep. match, Rob forsakes his rugby to go pig-shooting with Bill Walters, the local safe-breaker. This open rejection of the town and its values signals Rob's break into a new world—the world of Walters, his girl-friend, and the social outcasts who trail along behind them. That Rob is not at home here is clear from the start, but it takes a painful and ironic play on his innocence to tell him so.

Nearly all of Gee's characters are stock ones in stock situations. In fact, only Rob and Walters have not been met before. Rob's father tests a man by his handshake. Rob's girl-friend (private school) talks of Mummy and Daddy, and believes everything she's been told at Varsity. The

Andrews house is a brick monster with venetian blinds in the windows, an antlered stag on the door, and a seal with a ball on the lawn.

These are details that most of us have come to know. They have been pointed out so many times before that they are wearing a bit thin. By pointing them out once more, Gee presents us, at best, with a background we can recognize and believe in. But Rob Andrews is a rugby hero who is not interested in rugby, and Bill Walters, a decent bloke with a bent towards safe-breaking, becomes less believable as the novel progresses.

The trouble seems to lie with Gee's attempt to show that the 'good' (the shopkeepers, farmers and businessmen) are rotten, and the 'rotten' (Bill Walters and his boarding-house dregs) are good. In order to demonstrate the second point he has had to invent a couple of pretty unlikely underdogs.

**The Big Season**, Gee's first novel, has a crop of birthmarks, but large parts of it are concise, forceful and certainly worth reading, and the pace never lags. Gee is at his best near the beginning and near the melodramatic end of the novel, when he is treating the small town and the underworld separately. He is at his worst when he is trying to relate the two, with an in-betweenner, his unheroic hero, in between.

DAVID MITCHELL

**The Big Season**, by Maurice Gee (Hutchinson), 16/-.

## FESTIVAL YEARBOOK 1962

Yearbook 1962, edited by Mikhail Martin, Mike Noonan and Dunstan Ward, reflects a dismal picture of New Zealand student writing.

In the poetry section there was a noticeable lack of verse from both Auckland and Victoria, the bulk being from Canterbury and Otago. With the exception of K. O. Arvidson and Max Richards, of Auckland, and Chris Duval Smith and Hilaire Kirkland, of Otago, the poetry was of an undistinguished and unsatisfactory order.

Typical of this is that great perennial student writer from Otago, Victor O'Leary, whose treatment of an old theme in 'Three Questions Without Answers' strikes the lowest note on my harmonium. One of the more humorous (?)—'The Rainy Season', by D. McPhail—creates a ludicrous picture in his first two lines:

'It was the rainy season  
As I lay in bed streaming'  
—man, it must be hot in there.

The only outstanding and mature poetry comes from the two Auckland poets, Max Richards and K. O. Arvidson. Also worthy of mention here are Hilaire Kirkland and Chris Duval Smith.

Chris Duval Smith in his poem 'From Exile, for the Prince' appears to be unable to sustain the length of his

poem as well as does Max Richards's 'The Cloud', also a poem of some length, which is considerably more compact and well handled.

'The Cloud' is by far the most outstanding work in this selection of student writing. Though Auckland student writing does not appear to be prolific at present, it is noticeable that the writing which is produced is better than that of the more productive universities of Victoria, Otago and Canterbury.

The section of prose is not one that could be called representative owing to the total absence of Auckland and Otago. Here we find these two extremes of good and bad work, though not so markedly as was the case in the poetry.

The better prose of the Yearbook is best exemplified by Albert Wendt's 'The Ring', prose of some quality, while Mark O'Brian's 'Morals for the Artist', at the other extreme, fails painfully.

'Pastorale', by Mel Stone, of Victoria, gives the reader an excellent insight into life in the University of Hard Knocks.

The layout and typography were poor; many examples of this may be found on pages

The fourth jazz concert put on this year by the University Jazz Club was very interesting musically and I think gave out some new promise in terms of this year's concert.

The evening varied from a fourteen-piece to the now usual, usually unusual fluted group of Joe Evans.

For the first time we heard the voices of Jan Helps and Owen St McLouis Shane.

Bruce Talbot's sextet got the feeling of the hall first and after an excusably executed first number was away. Bruce Talbot gripped his sax-alto and sensuously played what the audience liked. Don King's trumpet was really blowing, and his playing was more polished than at the last concert. The baritone was too shakily muted, but Keith Berman, despite lack of breaks, played competently.

Owen McShane when he got with the group had a blue-voice, but unfortunately the colours were not the same all over the hall. People seemed to find the sound clearer upstairs in the gallery. This was not his fault, but one felt the group was too loud. This again perhaps a technical hitch—the microphone may have been too near the group. Despite these points, his 'bad blood baby' was atmospheric and most would want to hear more BLOWN.

The most exciting part of the first group was some driving drumming from regular Bruce Morley and Englander Allan Nash. Both got a really perceptive beat from the skins.

Mike Walker's group trio showed once again that they are smooth with a capital S, and no doubt the smoothest group around. Perhaps a little

twenty-eight to thirty-three. A reader is not accustomed to reading from the bottom of pages, but rather from the top. Therefore, why the insistence, in the verse, on placing the first stanza or first four lines of a poem at the bottom of a page instead of at the top, the usual position. This is most apparent in Max Richards's 'The Cloud' and Mel Stone's 'Summer'.

The choice and use of type faces were in very poor taste, and it was sheer affectation to describe them in the Yearbook. The cover layout and design was not exceptional by any means.

The sub-title of 'New Zealand Universities Arts Festival' was especially badly handled. A sadly lacking item which I feel would not be out of place in this year's Yearbook is a page or two devoted to notes on contributors.

As a summary of student writing, Yearbook 1962 is a disappointment. 'The good must be taken with the bad,' so they say, but, please, not to the extent where bad writing is allowed to dominate a student literary publication. The immature writing may be understandable, but violation of the fundamentals of typography are not.

TYME CURNOW



more could have been contributed by the drums. One felt that the bass and piano were on a different limb to the drummer.

John Wilcox's group was the nearest to a 'group'. They played with each other, fondling the notes of a Summer-time that was really hot. John's playing (piano) has improved since the lunchtime sessions. And it was not just the different atmosphere of an audience not at lunch. Brother Nick stuck well with brother at the plucking bass, while once again Nash played, this time as a member of a group.

Jan Helps was a little flat and seemed to get a mighty little singing in for the billing. If she missed her cues, well one enjoyed the snatches when they came.

Flautist Evans led his group. One felt that the swing of the last playing concert was missing, and the best executed was the group's opening ploy. Now that we have got used to the sound of a delicate flute, we should remember that they are supposed to be on a path-jazzway. The bass and piano

were not with the beat, and one change (4/4 to 4/5) left a fumbling gap. Drummer Laurie Walker was once again cool with a cleverly balanced sense of the understatement. This group has a great potential.

The big band was big with four trumpets, a trombone, a valve trombone, drums, guitar, bass, piano and five saxophones. The baritone sax we met in the first group. There were two altos and two tenors who stood out despite a lot of blast from cousin trumpets. The playing of lead alto and leader Wayne Senior's valve-bone was the best of the evening. One can not help preferring the silky 'straight' trombone to brother valve with its inherent hoarseness. But if you dig with the valve, then the group leader Senior played crazy. The big band was different to the rest, but one felt them straining for volume.

But it's good to hear a big good band, singing, a flute, good playing, and follow the musicianship of Murray Stentiford on bass for Talbot, on sax with Wilcox. Learning that he was blowing without rehearsal made his sensitive sating even better.

A good concerted effort by the University Club organizers (with help from Talbot) made a worthwhile 3/6 for the materialists, but nowhere else in Auckland can you get that variety and consistent standard of playing—not even with a golden trumpet.

F.J.L.

## TWO PUBLICATIONS

### BY PAUL'S

Paul's Book Arcade Ltd has concluded arrangements for the publication of **The Pitcher And The Well** in England by the Oldbourne Press, a new and growing publishing firm owned by Beaverbrook Newspapers. This book, reviewed in **Craccum** on 16 April 1962, is expected to sell widely in overseas markets.

A **Shepherd's Calendar**, by Oliver Duff ('Sundowner'), is also being published in England and Australia, in this case by Angus and Robertson.

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Following years of passive and active aggression, Indonesia has finally obtained control of West New Guinea, or West Irian as it will now be called, from the Dutch. Holland, bitterly disappointed by the way her so-called allies, especially the United States, left her standing alone in the dispute, has agreed to hand over the territory subject to a future plebiscite in which the natives will decide whether they prefer self-determination, or continuing Indonesian control.

However, now that the dispute is settled, Indonesia appears to be facing a dilemma, a direct outcome of the New Guinea question. The problem is whether to try to alleviate the economic crisis that faces Indonesia, or to continue to camouflage it with further international adventures. In times of internal difficulties it is a common practice of the ruling factors to stir up some external crisis to draw the minds of the people away from the problems at home. To complain under such conditions shows a deplorable lack of patriotism.

Soekarno's emphasis on obtaining New Guinea was a classical example of this, providing a scapegoat for the Government's inability to provide internal economic stability.

Potentially, Indonesia is the richest country in Asia. It has enormous resources of oil, minerals, and in agriculture. Its deposits include tin, nickel, bauxite and many other important minerals.

On estates, small holdings and village plots, the crops include rice, rubber, coffee, tea, coconut and oil palms, spices, tobacco, sugar, and fruits and vegetables in enormous quantities.

But in every case production is only a fraction of potential, and in every case lower than in pre-war days, or than in the mid-1950's.

The reasons for this decline, particularly in export production, are various. During the war, and in the Indonesian-Dutch fighting that followed, the farms, mines and factories were damaged and neglected, or more often exploited extravagantly without regard to long-term interests.

### Expulsion of Dutch

Also, since the expulsion of 50,000 Dutch citizens in 1957

and the nationalisation of Dutch assets, there has been a shortage of enterprise, a lack of incentive, and virtually no re-investment from profits, or inflow of new capital.

Inflation has particularly affected the smallholder. Innumerable small farmers who once grew cash crops in addition to their own food have slumped back into a subsistence economy. Because of the inflationary trend there is little incentive to maintain or increase production when payments are made in rupiahs, which are progressively worth less and less. With import restrictions, there is less to buy anyway.

Also large-scale export smuggling and currency rackets have developed out of the Government's inability to manage the economy effectively. These, coupled with political and army discord in the rich outer Sumatra and Celebes, further reduce export returns and Government revenue.

In addition to these factors, the Administration has failed in three vital economic fields: rubber re-planting, rice production and trans-migration. In Malaya it has been proved that only the most careful planning, detailed research and extensive subsidies can maintain rubber re-planting at a rate which will increase production and cut costs sufficiently to compete with synthetics. A programme of this complexity has so far been beyond the capacity of the Indonesian Administration.

Next year, according to official targets, Indonesia was to be self-sufficient in rice production. Instead, about one million tons will have to be imported. Linked with rice production are plans which have failed to attract hundreds of thousands of people from grossly overcrowded

Java to the empty spaces of Sumatra and Borneo.

### Priority

The West New Guinea campaign has not been primarily responsible for the decline, but the priority afforded to New Guinea by the Administration over the economic problems aggravated the situation seriously. To this extent, one barrier to knuckling down and restoring economic balance is removed, but New Guinea will still have a serious effect on Indonesia's economy.

West New Guinea is not anywhere near self-sufficient, and the Dutch have spent large amounts of money on the region to maintain the Administration and develop the territory. This is a luxury the Indonesians at the present time cannot afford.

However, the Indonesian leaders are optimistic and now agree that economic matters are important, with President Soekarno declaring that he feels 'capable of overcoming difficulties and bottle-necks in not too long a time'.

It is highly unlikely, though, that an economy that has been languishing for over twenty years will yield so quickly to new measures. In spite of this, there are some bottle-necks which are capable of quick solution, given the will to resolve them.

An agreement giving some form of security of tenure to British and American oil and rubber companies who have been negotiating for months about their future status would boost these sections of Indonesia's basic industry. The inter-island and shipping services which gather commodities for export can be improved overnight by releasing vessels frozen during the New Guinea campaign.

The acid test of Government willingness to tackle the economic situation realistically and a pointer to the trend of political thought will concern the questions of foreign capital, armaments, the status of the Dutch, the rubber and rice production, and inflation.

Agreements with the British and American companies, and swift permission for the Dutch to re-enter the Indonesian trading sphere that they know so well would be healthy signs. Restriction of the recent flow of Soviet arms, bought on credit, would help economically, and also placate Indonesia's nervous Australian and Asian neighbours.

Rubber and rice require long-term expansion plans. The United States has offered £NZ16 millions in loans for re-planting, the only attached strings being that the money be used effectively.

Rice production has been described by President Soekarno as being a 'life and death' matter, but so far the treatment it has received has not reflected this priority.

### Economic Hardship

Politically, the economic hardship has not produced any spectacular reaction among the people, largely because of the manner in which Soekarno has skilfully diverted the people's attention overseas, away from internal conditions. Shortages and price rises which would have caused riots anywhere else in Asia have been accepted stoically with no more than grumbles.

### Communist Gains

The only ones to gain from the situation were the Indonesian Communist Party (PKI). It has been the leading critic of Government economic policy, and the only group to offer publicly realistic solutions. But the PKI has no long-term advantage to gain from the achievement of prosperity by what is basically a bourgeois Government.

In the short term it gains prestige and recruits by goad-

ing the Administration, but it has more to gain from a continuation of the economic stagnation and chaos. To the West this is the main reason why a revival of the Indonesian economy is so vital.

Overall, then, it is hoped that now the New Guinea question is settled to Indonesia's satisfaction, Soekarno's promise of no more territorial expansion will hold true, enabling the Government to concentrate on the internal economic problems. By doing this, Indonesia has the potential to match Japan as an industrial nation and so providing a new lease of life to the Indonesian people, and South-east Asia as a whole. If this is not done, however, the only alternative will be to absorb the energies of the people in further foreign exercises, an alternative that Australia is painfully aware of.

BILL RAYNER,  
Foreign News Editor

### On behalf of Socialist Society, Owen Gager

recently protested against the Thai royal visit.

Here is the reply, for readers' interest:



Prime Minister  
Wellington  
New Zealand  
15 August 1962

Dear Sir,

I have received your letter of 8 August and have noted the protest which, on behalf of the Auckland University Socialist Society, you have registered against the coming visit to New Zealand of the King and Queen of Thailand.

I do not agree with you that this visit will in any way estrange New Zealand from the majority of Asian people. In my view, opportunities for closer contacts with Asian leaders are to be welcomed whenever they occur, and I am sure that in Thailand, where the King and Queen through their personal qualities and their devotion to the nation enjoy great popularity, the invitation to visit New Zealand will be regarded as a mark of honour both to them and to the Thai people.

Moreover, your assertion that the New Zealand Government "considers nuclear weapons a better defence than the friendship of ordinary people" is very far from the truth. The Government is as aware of the imperative need in Asia to combat hunger and illiteracy and to provide ordinary people with hope and opportunity as it is aware of the need to provide safeguards against aggression. The financial assistance and practical help which New Zealand has given under the Colombo Plan, and the opportunities for training in New Zealand extended to Asian students, are proof of the importance we attach to winning the friendship of ordinary people in Asia. I am confident that there is no misunderstanding in Asian countries of the Government's feelings of goodwill towards them.

Yours faithfully,

Keith Holyoake

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# CRACCUM LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by Ian Pringle, with technical assistance of Francis Lillie and Craccum staff

Supplement to Craccum, Auckland University Students' Newspaper, Volume 27 No. 12, 1 October 1962

## JOHN CURREN BELL

He was just like my old English teacher, I thought. A Mr Kitts on whom so much had centred during my last two years at school. There had been an understanding between us, I remember, an understanding that retains more meaning than all the memories of 'Old Froggie's glass eye', 'Creeping Jesus' Jimson and the great rugby triumphs put together.

With the exception of a rather old fashioned hearing aid that he wore there was nothing remarkable about his appearance and I have no strong visual memory of him at all. He must have been much like any school master in his late fifties. His wardrobe would consist of one old dark grey suit, baggy at elbows and knees, old tweed sports coat with leather patches, one broad cuffed pair of midgrey strides, three white shirts with curling collars, and the regulation egg stain on one or other of his two woollen ties. He stood about medium height and his rather heavy frame had a slight stoop. But his mind, unlike that of most of his contemporaries in the profession, had not become dry and skeletal from being pressed like a leaf between the pages of a Dickens extract in a fourth form comprehension book. And if on occasion the sounds of class or commonroom eluded him, the voices of poetry spoke to him with directness and clarity. I well remember the times he put down his book and reeled off line upon line of his favourite poet in order to elucidate a point he was making. And all this with such obvious delight, a delight which I at least found contagious.

This delight I grew to share as I grew up to thinking. And it was at this time that my real reading began. I was voracious. I gobbled Shaw as Popeye would gobble his spinach; swallowed the Five Towns, had Lawrence for supper; chewed J. S. Mill a hundred times before swallowing and nibbled at Joyce between meals. Consequently I was genuinely grateful to find a ready response in my English teacher. Not being the most diligent of pupils there was not that distance that his wider knowledge established between scholarship boy and teacher; what we shared was our enthusiasm, and to this extent I felt I had found a kind relationship with a teacher that hitherto had been inconceivable. Not for us the feed, swallow, spit out process of learning. It seemed different.

I remember very clearly an occasion when the class was given a poem to criticise for homework. I decided that I didn't like the poem and I thought I knew why. In previous years whether I liked a poem or not — and I know I was often inclined to put poetry on a par with wet dreams, for even if I sympathised with what the poet had to say I found it hard to pardon his indiscretion in discussing his feelings — I would begin my essay: 'I like this poem because . . .'. No longer embarrassed by the familiarity of the poet, I attacked with ferocity and what I then took to be wit the idea I deemed mediocre and the expression I found to be clumsy. And yet it was with some trepidation that I went up to Mr Kitt's desk the following day to receive my marked essay.

'Seem to have enjoyed yourself, Mitchell', he said. 'Yes, sir', I replied, not being quite sure of his meaning.

'It wasn't an especially good poem, was it? Oh, and do try to spell origin correctly will you? It has two 'i's' and one 'o', not the other way around.'

He put nine out of ten on the bottom of my essay

## The Sixth Form at S — Grammar

and returned it to me with a broad grin. I went back to my desk feeling very pleased with myself. As I say there was a kind of understanding between us.

He used to aim his more eclectic jokes and rather lame epigrammatical remarks in my direction, often applaud my odd contributions to class discussion and even went so far as to challenge me at chess — a particular favour — in the lunch hour when the club met. Sometimes at the end of a period he would ask me what books I had been reading. Occasional though these signs of interest were, they seemed to give me the courage to have convictions. One way and another he was prodding me to an awakening.

Mr Kitts was not the most popular of teachers at S — Grammar. For all his warmth and directness, qualities which, after all, school children are not quick to respond to, his undisguised love of poetry condemned him of weakness, his deafness of senility. An adolescent boy's mouth will salivate at the sight of senility, his destructive impulse will demand satisfaction in the name of his disgust. I would often see the bumbling old fool, head lowered, half his face screwed tight with concentration, asking a boy to repeat himself three or even four times before he would catch what he had to say. And all this time he would be fiddling with the knobs of that large box of tricks which he hid so ineffectually beneath his crumpled shirt. Then there was that black metal band which gripped his balding pate and held the mechanical ear to the side of his head. In summer, when he sweated profusely, it used to itch and he would be forever scratching, shifting its position and revealing the sickly white scar it had worn in his scalp. His auditory responses were slow and laborious. He seemed to shuffle to awareness with an air of infantile stupidity. We would call him 'the old dodderer', say he was in his second childhood. A measure of our contempt was the blatancy of our sneers, the rejection of the behind-the-hand whisper proclaimed our triumph over that absurd box of tricks in a fitting manner. We would make up little songs or chants about him which we intoned surreptitiously but audibly at the back of the room.

'There would seem to be some disturbance at the back of the room. It has got to stop.'

General sniggers would break out and the old dodderer would pick on an innocent party to punish.

'I warned you. You, Jones, can stay in after school.'

'The old fool's on the wrong wave-length again!'

Moreover, I was myself no more free of that almost physical abhorrence of old age than one might expect and therefore was more than a willing party to the daily 'fun and games'. And since I owed it as much to myself as to the tribe to deny any special relationship with Mr Kitts I voiced my scorn with an added vehemence. Quick of tongue, I was champion of the sneer outside the classroom and master of the undetected jibe within. And it made me popular.

\* \* \*

No, he wasn't really like 'the old dodderer' after all: for one thing, he was uglier, and the more I looked at him the uglier he seemed, he was quite grotesque! His arm was deformed. Tucked tight into his side the lower half was hooked across his breast, the tiny bunched hand twitching. It looked as if it had never grown properly. He was standing against the wall of the long corridor, his big old head slightly bent. The

comically large lapels of his tattered navy pinstriped suit curled ridiculously and his trousers which were a little too short hung loosely from his waist like indolent wind socks. He seemed to be waiting for someone.

As I approached he lifted his head and looked at me and instantly I recognised him. We stood there watching one another for what seemed fully five minutes. My God how he had changed! Dull blue irises looked out placidly from their yellow surrounds; the eyelids were heavier, the lashes paler, and they drooped lazily over the pupils. The once bright eyes of that upturned face were like dead sea monsters floating on a calm sea of yellow flesh. This was not the ugliness of old age, that ugliness I had scorned; it was the deformity of the idiot. I was looking into the face of insanity for the first time in my life and I was afraid. He seemed incapable of speech and I noticed that his mouth was looser and more flabby, the top lip hung over the bottom lip that was wet with saliva. I spoke as calmly as I could.

'Hello Mr Kitts, do you remember me?'

He looked at me blankly, and suddenly, as if in answer to my question, his face began to change. It seemed to be swelling. Larger and larger it grew as if someone was blowing his head up like a balloon. His flesh was changing colour from yellow to a deep red and his increasingly distorted features became outlined in deep indigo. The lips in particular became grotesquely bloated, in fact his whole face was transforming itself into one hideous imbecilic grin. I shrank back in horror: that leer seemed to fill the corridor in front of me. Then, noiselessly, suddenly, it returned to its normal proportions. Once again I tried to engage him in conversation.

'Mitchell's my name, I was in your sixth form English class, 1956. You are still teaching I imagine?'

And again that head answered. This time with a gigantic rubber sneer. As those great swollen eyes and lips pressed closer to my face my words echoed helplessly inside my head, they rattled and banged around like loose ballbearings behind my forehead. The great bulbous shape before me began to sway slowly from side to side. The floor beneath began to move from under me. Were it not for the clamorous silence of that corridor I would have screamed but as it was no sound came to my lips.

But then it stopped. It shrank. Then he looked at me as if he had done nothing! Damn him! He was trying to destroy me with those gross expressions of his. That imbecile with dead whales for eyes was doing a dance of death on my mind, beating all its pretty colours out. And he hadn't the grace to show his quite obvious malevolence. Why didn't he attack me? That I could have understood. Instead he persisted with this pretence of stupidity, making out he didn't know or care what he was doing to me. Why?

Quite unexpectedly the spell was broken: he looked away and as I endeavoured to regain my composure I heard the sounds of voices and running feet coming from the dark end of the passage behind me. Out of the shadows there appeared a small group of young children dressed in pretty coloured clothes, laughing and skipping as they ran up to the old fool. From his expression I realised that it was the children for whom he had been waiting. They all clustered around him. Then joining hands with them he went skipping off down the corridor singing some silly nursery rhyme.



## ROGER HORROCKS

### A Suburb

On a clear day, it seems the calm and innocent world known to its children. The houses, in bright sunlight, look new and prim. Old people sit serenely on verandahs with their pets. And everywhere white refreshes the eye: street signs, concrete pavements, whitewashed palings, washing flapping on lines.

On an overcast day, it becomes something older and more troubled. Pavements are rough and dark, the streets empty. Untidy shades of grey dominate: a metal fence, damp concrete, a sky massive with clouds.

The telegraph poles measure precise verticals from the horizontal plane of straight roads and neat rectangular lawns. Houses are almost box shaped, an agreement of right angles—but the pattern is disturbed by gables, like eyebrows aggressively arched. These ramps and humps of roofs give the horizon a broken, jagged look, as though they were not meant to fit there.

A vast and volatile sky contrasts with the solid, crowded landscape. Like taffeta or tulle, like fabulous wedding cake confections, clouds rise over the hard blades of roofs. It is as though one witnessed the exotic dreams of these plain little houses.

The shopping centre consists of the following: Bank, Barber, Beauty Salon, Butcher, Bridal Studio, Used Cars, Chemist, Dry-cleaner and Dyer, Fashions, Fish and Chips, Footwear, Furnisher, Greengrocer, Hardware, Home Cookery, Men's and Boys' Outfitter, Milk Bar, Motor Painter and Panel Beater, Newsagent and Stationer, Picture Theatre, Post Office, Radio and TV, Self-service Grocer, Surgery and TAB.

The shops form a row of square windows, each window framing distinctive shapes and colours: magazines and cards of foreign stamps, geometrical heaps of fruit, clothed and underclothed plastic people. Signs announce 'This week's special', 'Sale', or 'Open a continuous credit account'.

The Cinema towers over the other buildings, with its forum-style facade. The Hardware and Home Appliance shop emits recorded music. Outside the Newsagent, the latest posters declaim: 'Alarming vice racket—girls for sale', '50 ways to be a better cook', 'Uninvited man in bedroom scene', '50 ways to end a romance', 'Problems of royal divorce', 'Old-time medicines can cure', 'Undressed woman in Govt office', 'Murder of the unborn', etc.

Further down the road, The Gift Studio, an art-antique shop, displays paintings of flowers, a woman in a kimono, a peacock, a tiger, sunrise on the Grand Canal.

Further on still, outside the Funeral Director, whose windows are covered with venetian blinds, stands a crowd of black cars and old people in black clothes.

A moment's silence calls attention to sound. It is the wind which first starts up again. A blind cord bangs against a window. Then a chair creaks. The refrigerator switches itself on. And a tap drips, slowly and deliberately. Sounds are thrown from the distance: a bat thuds against a ball. The school bell rings. High heels rap on concrete. A motor cycle growls impatiently; feet run, crunching gravel, to open a gate. A lawnmower rhythmically drones backwards and forwards. Kitchens are loud with the ceaseless chatter of the radio. And an aeroplane thunders past, hidden by the clouds. But the most



persistent sound—so familiar it can easily be overlooked—is the clean mechanical beat of a clock.

In these flat, regular, confined surroundings, all movement seems machine-like. A child skims along on skates. A cyclist rolls smoothly over the asphalt. And an old man walking wobbles his arms.

Because the suburb is very flat, perspective plays strange tricks. A man seems to be walking past a car which dwarfs him. On a clear day, things grow small and precise; a hand could touch the horizon, scoop up distant houses. And roads appear to lead out to the sky.

Unusual heat. In the distance, the even plane of the road begins to shimmer, as though that trembling will soon spread to everything. A sun umbrella has blossomed out on a front lawn to cover a slumping canvas deckchair. Even the concrete gnome has taken shelter in its shadow. The vacant street stretches itself out sweating tar. A pile of cement lies deserted in a driveway. The old house behind has a door of brightly coloured glass, a large brass knocker, and newspapers, boxes and bottles stacked neatly all over the verandah. Blinds darken its windows. There is no movement anywhere, except the sun throbbing on the road, and the tiny fluttering scrap of a white butterfly.

In a small asphalt playground, children seesaw, swing and slide. Next door, on a clothesline, arms and legs frisk in the wind.

Two people pass; they look up only at the last moment. Shortly after the encounter, one of them glances back, and is surprised at the gap which has widened between them. Had they been closer when they passed on the narrow pavement, one would have needed hurriedly to swerve. They might even have moved in unison, hopping together from side to side.

Two young women converse on a front lawn. One has folded her arms, the other grips a lawnmower. They stand, poised and motionless, as the wind ruffles their skirts.

Through the windows of a low, red telephone box, a woman can be seen fumbling in her bag for pennies. At last she dials, presses the button, and begins to mime a conversation. Outside the queue grows.

Further down the street, two shopkeepers chat in Chinese.

The wind blows words from back gardens. Old ladies lean over a fence, discuss their ailments as though they are worn-out machines, or solemnly read tomorrow's weather in the crystal ball of the sky.

### Conversations in a bus:

'I was at work when my mum went. It was the day they were fixing the lines in our street. They rang Mrs Eustace six times, and each time it rang she didn't hear. . . . At last they got through to her and she called me at work. She said not to worry, but Mum had had a slight turn. It was all right, she was quite comfortable, and there was no need to get upset. Mrs Eustace said to have a cup of tea before I went rushing over. I didn't get there till 2 p.m. I just missed her. . . . Actually she didn't realise at first. It's a nice way to go. She'd never liked the idea of staying in hospital. Mind you, she could be awfully trying at times. She had us running round night and day, and sometimes she didn't show a scrap of patience. Still, I suppose you can't expect it in old people. . . . She still knew us all, but we could see her growing more and more peculiar. The doctor said we should have put her in a home years ago.'

'He used to take me out all the time, till his car got smashed up. Since then he's been going round with a lot of boys, and just getting drunk. . . . Gee, I was nearly killed, and the two girls in the back seat were hurt really badly. The car wasn't insured either.'

'The secret is, it's no good staying at home and thinking. The pains aren't going to go away just because you keep in bed. I say, go out and see somebody worse off than you. Now I've been visiting an old friend recovering from a stroke. She's getting her speech back, and soon they're hoping she'll have the use of her arms and legs. She lives on pills. Isn't it wonderful what they can do these days? To think my poor husband might still be alive. In our time, of course . . .'

'After the big race they had to shoot the horse. A bad business—it took twenty minutes. No, I didn't have any luck, but someone I know won £65.'

'Both Labour and National should stop pissing round with the money. Talk about Hitler. They're a bloody sight worse than Hitler—he said he was a dictator, they do it under the form of being a democratic society.'

'Yes, I love going for walks. Especially where there are trees. And I'm so glad the city's becoming tree conscious. . . . Honestly, I don't know how the girls are able to walk in those tight skirts. Women seem to be ruled by fashion nowadays. I never used to pay much attention to fashion. . . . And did you enjoy the Mozart concert? I can't say that I like Hopkins terribly much. But Robertson—there was something about the way he conducted that just used to carry me away. Isn't it wonderful to think that so many world-famous artists have come to New Zealand lately. As I always say, in my next life I'm going to be born with rich parents; I've always wanted to travel, but it just hasn't been my lot. . . . You've visited London? Oh, how marvellous.'

'He's been earning over £21 a week by working on Saturday morning. But then he'll go to the pub and have a few beers. He won't get home till half-past six. I tell him I'm bored, I've got nothing to do. "So go out and do something in the garden." . . . You know those freesias. . . . This year there's a white one, a yellow one, a purple one, and even a pink one. . . . Still, at times I find it a bit of a struggle. That place of mine, it's practically all clay.'

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Chalk marks on the pavement, white symbols on the road. The shadows of telegraph poles form strange ideograms. A child gurgles fragments of words. Suddenly a hand appears at a window, and flutters a cloth. And the wind on a wall shakes the scraps of some once prophetic poster.

The butcher's assistants, with white aprons and blue jeans, lounge in the sun behind the shop to eat their lunches. Clutching a bundle of sample towels, a weary salesman fumbles for a handkerchief to wipe his forehead. And through the fruit shop window, the old Chinese woman appears to be asleep, her face impassive as a mummy.

Impervious to the weather, hair-oiled schoolboys on holiday crowd at the bus stop, clasping supplies of hot chips. Old men hobble to the bowling green, proud of their white hats, shirts and trousers, and of the coats of arms on their blue blazers. And two young evangelists in black suits cycle slowly down the main road, through the brilliant afternoon.

A large dog, white with black spots (or vice versa), slouches in a driveway, waiting for cars to chase. Occasionally it gets up and walks round in a circle, its eyes dark and nervous, its nose down to the lawn. Then it defecates and rubs its paws by an odd sequence, one front and one back leg at a time.

Surprisingly alive, withered hydrangea bushes tremble at the wind. It is difficult to tell which things are animate. While the bushes, the lawn, and even the moss on the wall, all live, the newspaper waving from the gutter is quite dead, despite its human eloquence.

Lifeless objects lying in a gutter, on a footpath, or under a hedge, breathe a strange air of exhaustion: cigarette packets, old handkerchiefs, sweet wrappers, business cards, collection sacks, used bandages, dried excrement of dogs, squashed flowers, fruit peelings, spit marks, crushed snail shells, and fire-plugs overgrown with grass. To the passerby, they seem to be on the point of saying something, something ugly and personal. Especially the bulging rubbish tins, loitering on lawns with their lids cocked.

An old man walks along the quiet street under a cloudless sky. He wears a dark suit, he is approaching the large white wall of a shop. Suddenly the scene begins to draw itself together. He takes two steps, and the fragments of shape and colour fall exactly into place. For a second, the scene is frozen as a

composition, everything hard and clear and playing a part.

Rain slopes down against the angles of roofs, drifts across the bars of blinds. Drops dash on the pavement to fill up the spaces still dry. Housewives scurry to save their washing. A telephone linesman descends from his pole. And heads disappear into coat collars — or are replaced by black umbrellas.

When the rain has passed, the road is smooth as a mirror. Barefoot children stream home from school, paddling in gutters, or pausing for a moment at a grating to hear the growl of water trapped underground.

A bird perches on the wires. Above it, an immense space of grey sky.

Strange backgrounds. A woman in a faded floral dress weeds a flower garden. A man's legs project from the bottom of a car. An old woman sits outdoors knitting, while fleecy clouds form patterns above her head.

A man halting at the end of a long street seems to bring his surroundings suddenly into focus. For a moment his pose, emblazoned on the concrete, teases with meaning like a hieroglyph.

In the evening, houses exude smells of cooking, disinfectant and fly spray. Gardens offer up, warm and nostalgic, the scent of mown grass; flavours of fruit and flowers; and the solemn but bitter tang of smoke.

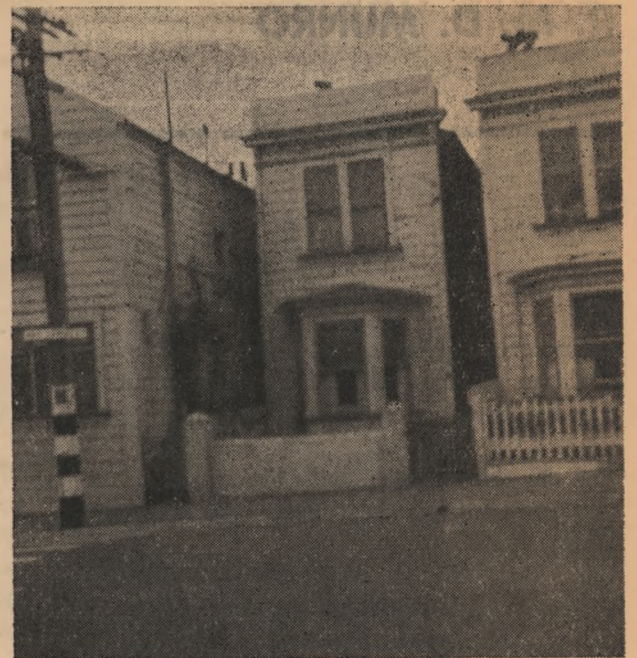
Summer dusk. A flock of birds swoops low; for a moment, its shadow stipples the road. A boy cycles home late from school. On front lawns, children do handstands or brandish bats. A model aeroplane and a motor mower throb in the distance. Young men in a V8 tow out a stripped down stock car. An old man weeds his garden; its neat rows of colour resemble the decorations of a veteran. People leave for picture theatres. And TV sets light windows with a bluish glow. Soon the streets are deserted, except for the lonely figure of an athlete on a practice run through the suburb.

The local idiot peers at people entering the cinema. When the pictures begin, he is left with the street to himself. He shuffles along, gaping at shops and cars, as though they form a movie for which he has arrived late and is now struggling to find the plot.

Stepping up into a bus at night, a passenger finds himself under a sudden weight of light and eyes. Inside the bus, the walls are covered with stencilled signs: Exit rear door. Entering and alighting at traffic lights prohibited. Smoking strictly forbidden. Do not converse with driver while vehicle is in motion.

People returning home sink into tired self-absorption, raising scarcely enough talk to cover the squeaks and creaks of the bus. As they stare into its windows, passengers come face to face with their own reflections superimposed on the shadowy forms of houses.

Ahead of the bus, the street lamps spread themselves out like a line of beads. Into the distance the eye follows clusters of rectangular lighted windows receding gradually to the horizon. And beyond, the stars shine faintly, scattered at random through the darkness of the sky.



## ROGER HORROCKS

### Clean-up Week

The junk is lined up at the very edge  
Of neat suburban lawns, each pile alike.  
So much has needed cleaning up, it's Sunday  
And it's raining. . . Still no collection.

Detached, I coast the concrete street  
Appraising, with a beachcomber's eye, the contents  
Of wrecked cartons. Units of machinery  
Sprawl in defeat where damp newspapers droop  
Historic headlines. Empty bottles,  
Vegetable cans, old uniforms and nylon  
Stockings wait to share the holocaust.  
But more grotesque are disconnected wheels  
And cogs which still lean desperately towards  
A hollow wireless whispering hollow words.

A face looms up. Jaws open and it speaks:  
'Hey, what are you doing? That rubbish belongs to me.'

(There is probably a body concealed in the sack.)  
'Get the hell out of here or I'll call the police!'

He says, waving some rusty steel. I scan  
His home and lawn, and hope that some more  
thorough

Clean-up collection may descend upon  
His concrete gnomes and wrought iron bric-a-brac.

Cursing his metal soul, I hurry on  
To watch the darkness fall on rows of scrap.  
Tapped lightly by the street lamps, objects stir,  
And in a dream I see them resurrect,  
Cogs flying together from a thousand dumps,  
Tools beating bodies out of metal flesh,  
Machinery dancing madly in the air.

I stumble; bits of rubbish drop and crash.  
And hollow houses, angry faces, stare.

Photographs by W. Curnow



## R. M. D. MUNRO

Pacific evenings die quickly, like much loved  
Children, as faces will turn grey the colours fade,  
The life-lip-red retreats all, all into night.

The day dawns harsh, spills fire and blood  
Into our own, this tired, bleary-eyed, sleepy,  
Sleepy world.  
Wake up! — the dream's destroyed, lovers kiss  
Unshaven cheeks and sad flats spit bacon fat.  
The day throbs with its life-heat, the colours  
Emptied from exhausted flowers, tired, tired  
They wait endlessly for the cool of star-rise.

The day lives in its last moments — as the  
Great Leech tears itself from our blood, leaving  
In the crimsoned clouds a sordid reminder of  
Tomorrows feat.

With Death's departure colours come alive,  
Swell, fecundate, the harshness is gone.  
Tincts Ming-delicate sky scatter, then  
In His peace He gives us petaling shades.

The cold comes slowly with the evening's mist  
The last warm memories of the day slip  
Into the jagged cutouts of old night's trees.  
With peristaltic effort our great promise of  
Fertility, gold-corn moon is born again.

The night hemispheres; clouds lose their autonomy  
Dissolving into limbo. Like all eternity's kisses  
The stars night-flower; Love lives again.

O come the night!

Come let the darkness creep  
From these tall-purpled trees  
Shadowed on the lawns among  
The coral gravelled paths that tonight  
Will kiss, grey love her  
Hastening feet.

Let her come as the Moon cold  
Swell's golden among the craven  
Riven branches of the  
Lightning-leavened oaks.  
Let her come with the whisper of  
Duck across the cow drowsy  
Fields. Come, come, running  
With the wind.

Or is she here? A presence all unknown,  
An orchid's scent, a lily's wilful brush of love,  
A rose's smile that's seen in darkened room  
Lit by palest glances from a  
Waning moon?

Words don't drop you know as some modern  
Poets would have us believe — out of the mouths  
Of crazed cicadas, sitting on soiled lavatory seats.

Rather words come with the first flight of nervous  
Swallows in the spring, afraid that the Call  
Came too soon, that sun's forgotten how to warm  
Tired wings, to wonder-waken drowsy flowers and  
draw the  
Children singing into Central Park, to stir the flies  
And lovers' eyes to light the dark.

Words sing and fling themselves  
Through time to mind —  
'Stand silent, lady, silent by the sea and me.'  
They are not vehicles,

busted hot-ods  
to jazz  
Joes  
and molls  
down  
to  
Brighton . . . no

No, they flow as if from a great  
Drooling glacier, in water littered  
With diamond-ice.  
This the dream of glazen desert-men  
Snow-chokes those who sip its chill. Their  
Bowels are split and stomachs rent, the  
Bodies' thrill must fire-melt diamond-eyes  
Before desire parts legs and stains its paradise.

Can you remember, mother, when I first  
Visited Fairyland, ah, all alone, not  
Holding any hand. But trudging cloven-hoofed  
Through the hell-sand of magic circles, rings  
And things?

And when in an old, God-lonely house  
Through a shattered window pane I saw, between  
The hems of broken, moaning clouds —  
The moon? And watched its Rabbit who had fallen  
Off, running in the rain, wrinkling nose in agony  
At me?

No brother, words possess you, stress-drive the  
Mind to think with stars. They strike you Sade-like,  
Bruise, draw blood, and burst dripping into  
Nightmares, they scream when no one speaks,  
They chill in tropic voodoo heat. They are that  
Wind that plays with wanton wisps of golden hair —  
The same wind which filled all the house where they  
Were sitting, and tore at those twelve's graying  
beards.

'In principio erat Verbum et . . .'

The world is hushed; the last feet worry in front  
Of surgery and notary. And a million weary faces  
smile  
'Home again!' to pyjamed darlings with dog-eared  
story books.

And the night falls; neon lights begin to twitch,  
Stockings straighten, lipsticks spill on mouths  
forgotten how to  
Kiss — which tonight will give married men their  
nuptial bliss.

You and I, too young to know the joys of  
Yet another morrow — we, we smile sick in  
Sultry sands that reek of love in Mexico.

## K. O. ARVIDSON

## Local Poetic

Waters of legend, islands of mountain ballast  
Absorbed on a verbal canvas. Baffled with thirst,  
The topographer carves a new traverse. The distant  
worst

Needs sandals. The focus is far away. The calloused  
And fatal are by-passed, blurred. He feels embarrassed.  
Only the country counts, and that in a burst  
All outward. The grape of the hopeful, homeless first  
He sucks from the hand. An ultimate vintage,  
chalice.

Over the hills and further away the better.  
Animal-fashioned, mysterious, flatulent Man  
Lurks far in the landscape; too near at hand, can't  
reach.

Sex denotes, but fails to define. Best letter  
Is Zero, embracing him, ending where it began.  
Encircle him grain by grain on the vinegar beach.

## Brunhilde

At lashed horizons laughter as golden whips  
Carve daylight over the bands of bravely dead.  
By women who sing like wind their souls are led  
To halls more sweet than sacrificial ships.  
And the hammer's eye to the burning circle slips  
Unmoved. The fair one sleeps in her chosen bed  
Among hills of eternal night; and round her head  
The flames of anger leap at her silent lips.

Laughter crackles long at the laden board,  
Honey the balm, and girls like bending corn;  
While under a breaking time the sleeper lies  
Unstartled, nothing astir or untoward  
To awaken. And slowly lingers out of the dawn  
A hunter to find his glory in her eyes.

## H. SEARLE

## One Two

Hat or shoe  
Of me touches you.

Hand or knee  
Of you touches me.

Let's not be sly —  
An I for an I.

## Not Waving But Drowning

(after Stevie Smith)

Those who shout are insecure;  
Those who judge would fear to plead;  
Those who give the most advice  
Are those who have the greatest need.

The anger of the drunken man,  
The politician's wild tirade,  
The lonely prophet's shaken fist,  
Recall a desperate cry for aid.



## V. S. BROUGHTON

## Sonnet For a Painter

the gully arum lilies shine  
 side's breast white, simpering of winter.  
 their thick throats protrude yellow tongues.  
 think it will be many months before  
 visitors at my window will perfunctorily admire  
 turning glories where these lilies are,  
 thinking the gully, cluttering sapless branches,  
 emerging with backs of impudent kingfishers.

Such landscapes to the unexcited eye  
 Lack apparent meaning, become the property  
 Of Sunday painters or of sonneteers,  
 The one declaring wrist and eye to be  
 In some degree of juxtaposition, the other  
 Seeking quatrains for a private couplet.

Often now poets and visitors are depicted  
 Looking through windows, seeking to frame their  
 vision

From behind glass. This makes pictures safe  
 From those whose knives would cut the canvas'  
 edge

(Only vandals light matches on the glass)  
 And helps keep sun and flies at decent bay.

And passing up the gully kicks rain,  
 flower-perfumes, insects' buzz, idly at its toes  
 as a street-child kicks a can. Out of range  
 each falls derelict, as child or wind passes,  
 leaving in grass or gutter something deprived of  
 interest.

this, when seen from behind panes of glass,  
 less than meaningful. The wind's touch  
 upon the otherside of glass can be laughed at.

## Parasol

Wind blowing through washing in sunlight  
 Is cold on a boy's bare limbs: it raises  
 Downed flesh in pimples of protest against  
 The invisible sunshade of moving air.

People on silver beaches, stretched faces  
 To the sun, backs or bellies on damp rugs,  
 Squint from behind masking polaroids  
 As the wind flicks sand from under marram roots

And turns the sea's breaking cold as diamonds  
 In a dowager's cleavage. Yachtsmen shiver  
 As sails go grey with water born of the wind,  
 And halyards count the rosaries of dripping beads.

Perhaps only birds' senses rise on cold winds —  
 Not fowl nor sparrow in domestic yards shivering  
 But hawk, seagull, or grey goose in marshland  
 Have found some meaning in what we turn from.

## Etude

With his fingers Chopin  
 Wove a tapestry of tears,  
 The grey threads hung in the air.

(One end of the loom was the high  
 Lid of his piano, the other  
 Was the couch, heavy with plush.)

Grey they were, grey as the mists  
 That cobwebbed his window sash  
 And draped the branches in the Bois de Boulogne.

Though the window was closed  
 As he played, no-one who rode past  
 Outside knew that it was so.

## Three Ideas

cut  
 grass grows without pain  
 through the sand  
 but  
 sparse it shows veins  
 as on a wrinkled hand

cut grass  
 grows without pain  
 through the sand  
 but sparse  
 it shows veins  
 as on a wrinkled hand

cut grass grows  
 without pain  
 through the sand  
 but sparse it shows  
 veins  
 as on a wrinkled hand

## Mostly Parable

A seedsman swept his wide-armed arc,  
 Threw grains in the wind's face.  
 Its stung breath blew taunted anger,  
 Seeds scattered, Lilliput's army fell back  
 Tumbling over and over. Seeking earth refuge  
 A few chanced into fertile furrows; most though  
 Landed on inhospitable clay  
 Where the ploughshare had passed negligent  
 Or on hard tramped dust  
 Where the furrowing bullocks had turned.

Those that fell on ploughed soil  
 Were mostly stifled under the dark wings  
 Of suffocating thistles, and the few  
 Others proved mostly infertile.

## PAMELA J. BEATON

## The Curve of His Lip Was a Poem

He gave me a keepsake,  
 carillon of memory  
 carved in ebony;  
 a moment of eternity  
 spins between my fingers.

The train swings  
 sings in an ecstasy  
 of movement.  
 The sea flings  
 itself on the shore.  
 A leaf falls  
 from joy.

Eclipse of all emotion  
 I drink of the winedark sky  
 taking the communion of life.  
 The glass of the sky is broken  
 Smashed to stars by the night.

## Christmas

They laugh and I hear them not:  
 ambrosia of pumice, nectar of lava,  
 a fish with Chinese nails for Christmas.  
 Yule tree burning a sacrifice to Yorrick:  
 arm of a still-born plastic doll melts  
 on the letter that did not reach god.  
 Child of ashes, the virgin's tears  
 stung into stone churches, praying  
 hands form tin steeples.  
 One way pendulum: the godward drift.

## G. F. WALLER

## Holding On Tight

in a gale-warmed world of discontinuance  
 death would be neither harsh nor kind  
 stir my foot in a murky pool  
 and sing a little

find certain subjective merits in swinging  
 foundations of water  
 at least (plaintively)  
 am not to blame  
 the membrane breaks?

tuneless world  
 our time demands monotony  
 or else hit flat

confiscated harp  
 we sad and single  
 come a few who pray

perhaps believe  
 as it were

perpetual snubs make wounded girl eyes harden  
 the only (relatively)

wonderful touch

tomorrow's curling love legs

and sharp essential body

hushed laughter

battles the chain round my loins

## TYME CURNOW

## Trees Through Glass

Through panes of glass lies a scene:  
 Some alive, some dead, but still trees  
 Of weaving shades of green,  
 And intermingled with exhaustion.

Exhaustion caused by the elements,  
 Wind, Rain, and Heat  
 Which are a constant beat  
 On the once peaceful contentments.

Trees with twisted branches,  
 Forced by wind,  
 Which pressure enhances  
 On the ever moving surface of the globe.

Trees through glass,  
 Appear as fantastic structures  
 Towering indifferently to each other,  
 Forever increasing their scope.



## G. F. WALLER

Mountains, Metaphysics,  
Maudlinity

A Note on the recent poetry of James K. Baxter

'He is . . . the central figure in the contemporary scene . . . focus of highest hopes for the future.'

— E. H. McCormick: *New Zealand Literature*.

'It is unlikely . . . that the best work of James K. Baxter will be quite forgotten.'

— Keith Sinclair: *A History of New Zealand*.

'I do not question any poet's right to write such stuff, but I do object to it being published as poetry.'

— W. S. Broughton: 'Some Considerations of the Verse of James K. Baxter' (*Nucleus* IV).

' . . . uneasiness which readers have felt at the trend of Baxter's recent development.'

— Joan Stevens: 'Writers Haunting the Place' (*NZ Listener*, 27 October, 1961).

The four comments quoted above represent accurately, I think, a fair cross-section of critical opinion about Mr Baxter's poetic development. Ormund Burton's 1944 opinion is by now standard—that 'the only thing that could stand in the way of his becoming a poet of world stature would be some tragic interior movement of his own soul'; and it would seem that since the early Baxter—since, say, the publication of *The Fallen House* in 1953—some form of 'tragic inner movement' has indeed occurred. The potential revealed in his first three major volumes has failed to develop to the extent predicted. While this essay will attempt to show that we cannot fully agree with Mr Broughton that Mr Baxter's post-1953 verse consists of 'decadent and necrophiliac versifying', even the most avid upholder of the Baxter ballad tradition must admit to a certain decline of poetic skill, both thematic and stylistic. This decline is pointed by a comparison of his earlier verse with the abundant pieces he has had published recently in the 'little magazines', the *Poetry Yearbook*, and in his new volume, *Howrah Bridge*. This collection does contain some worthwhile poetry—much of it, ironically, written previous to 1953—but most of it reveals little more than a frustrated Baxter chasing his own ethical tail.

The blurb of *Howrah Bridge* states, 'In his own words, "the first part was written some time ago by a man who thought he was a New Zealander; the second part lately, in the past two or three years, by a man who had become, almost unawares, a member of the bigger, rougher family. The poems written in India mark this change."' If indeed Mr Baxter does invite comparison, then his attempt to show a wider poetic awareness in the Indian poems has to a certain extent misfired. Where previously he has been struggling to leave behind the clogging undergrowth of the New Zealand environment, he is now largely unable to extricate himself from the

Tomb-dwellers, women in black shawls,

With pots of dirty brass

of his Indian surroundings.

In most of his recent New Zealand and now, Indian, verse he simply has not managed to get off the ground and make local ethical or spiritual problems those of humanity in general. In fact, the only justification for Mr Baxter's claim to a widening of his poetic horizon in *Howrah Bridge* is in the poetry dealing with his already much discussed quasi-metaphysical theme of the sexual decline of Man.

The first half of *Howrah Bridge* contains the selection from Mr Baxter's earlier work. Most poems are familiar—*The Mountains*, the powerful *A Rope for Harry Fat*, *The Morgue*, and *The First Forgotten*, for example. The quasi-metaphysical stance is represented by *Pyrrha*, and here also we must notice unwelcome signs of what Mr Broughton called 'the

flood of self-pitying sentiment and vulgarity':

The wound healed, the flask of seed dry.

You cried once, 'I am drifting, drifting.'

Self-pitying, too often drunk,

I did not see your need of comforting.

It is in the early poetry, represented in *Howrah Bridge* by the first seventeen poems, that most critics feel Mr Baxter's best work lies. One of the best poems of this early period is *Hill Country*, with its crisp evocative opening:

White sky, mountains mount

High: near, terraced, clear

Groined, shouldered

Black-bouldered. Sallow flats lie

Dry.

Such language demonstrates ably Hubert Witheford's comment (*Poetry Yearbook* 1953) that Mr Baxter's poetry showed a complete 'absence of fuzziness'. And yet this poem and its companions are essentially poems of development. There is little moral probing, no analytical questioning. The few poems that do try even slightly to penetrate towards the interior meaning of human existence merely succeed in scratching the surface.

*The Fallen House* (1953) continued this experimentation of enunciating the problems of the physical environment, and in *The Morgue* can be seen a growing apprehension of the metaphysical plane of human existence: the rather Eliotesque picture of the sterility of the 'mansion, ruinous, of the human heart', where, by implication, mankind merely shouts, throws clods at one another and passes on. This poem marked Mr Baxter's fullest exploration to date beyond the physical plane of

the lawful city

Where man may live, and no wild trespass

Of what's eternal shake his grave of time.

*The Morgue* also introduced his preoccupation with what has been termed the sexual fall from innocence of mankind, and the relevance of such a theme to contemporary society. Critics have pointed out that such a theme is hardly original. This is not enough reason, however, to condemn Mr Baxter's later work—as Mr Broughton, for example, seems to have done—if thematically and stylistically Mr Baxter has added something to our appreciation of this relevant exploration of the meaning of human existence. Mr Baxter sets out to do this; whether he succeeds is a moot point.

The second half of *Howrah Bridge* consists mainly of recent poems, about half of which are directly influenced by India. Particularly in the Indian poems can be recognised a striving by Mr Baxter simultaneously to retain the inspiration and escape the chains of the physical environment. As has been mentioned, he largely fails. The New Zealand poems, like *Election* 1960 and *Calvary Street*, also suffer from limited application and excite little interest—unlike the successful *Virginia Lake* from the previous collection, *In Fires of No Return*. Some of the poems can be directly related to no particular physical environment; and it is interesting to note that Mr Baxter seems to succeed most easily in the poems that are, as it were, unshackled. *A Dentist's Window*, for example, is a sharp, ironic piece of badinage, shown by lines like

Lady, Lady, I am growing old,

My feathers moult, my prayers are cold,

and

Take Dr Gorodowski by the hand,

Keep the drill's edge off the little nerve.

More than the rot of venial sin

I fear the stab, the graunch, the touch of metal.

An amusing, vivid, provoking observation in mock liturgical style.

*Election* 1960 shows no such decisiveness. It contains an untidy mixture of the metaphorical and the realistic, but, more important, throughout this poem

and many of the others in the collection—such as *To Our Lady of Perpetual Help*, *The Apple* and *Mr Gallonguts* serious faults in poetic diction are evident: flat, dull platitudes and trite unpoetic elements like 'That party was defeated', 'Not known right from left', 'My good friend Mr Gallonguts', 'Remarked to me one day'. Similar triteness was noted by C. Duval Smith in a review of the *Poetry Yearbook* (*Landfall* 58). He wrote ' . . . a familiar poetic jargon (such as "Plunged early into the abyss of life" and "the allotted poison cup" of his poems) elements of weakness.' Such dull prosaicism leads us to the conclusion that Mr Baxter is mistaken, the endow and dull poetic cliché for simplicity of expression has in

Can we also detect a note of desperate striving for a means of expression in much of his recent work? There is an almost total lack of an 'objective' relative: perhaps Mr Baxter is aiming too high, tripping and falling flat on his face. This is exemplified by *Makara Beach* in the latest volume and the appalling maudlinity of

'New conkers like peeled testicles'

in *School Days*, published in the 1960 *Yearbook*.

These last remarks lead us to consider Mr Broughton's condemnation of much of the later Baxter as 'maudlin "cris de coeur"'. We can only agree with him if we consider verse like *Four Sonnets* (*Image* 8): *An Anglican Padre* reveals the worst kind of self-pity as does *For a Gossip* with the lines:

Human semen, human blood

Spurt, congeal, and leave a stain.

This yowling bitch in the laundry bag . . .

Need we continue? Power and vividness are not enough to cover the thinly-disguised neo-adolescent maudlinity beneath: we might be excused a huffaw at the pathetic subjectivity revealed in this sequence and in much of his other recent verse.

And yet when Mr Baxter leaves such incongruous sexual imagery for lyrical utterances of a gentle strain, he reveals his power and sureness of touch. For instance, *To God The Son* (*In Fires of No Return*), while comparable in power and vividness with *Four Sonnets*, subsumes the maudlin self-pity and invites just the opposite of derision. In *Howrah Bridge* the most obvious example of his near-exquisite lyrical power is in *On the Death of Her Body*. Here is sensuality combined with pathos accompanied by Mr Baxter's favourite underlying theme:

That I was Adam, loosened by your kiss

From Time's hard bond, and you,

My love, in the world's first summer stood

Plucking the flowers of the abyss.

Another lesser poem, containing nevertheless some memorable visual effects, is *She Who Is Like the Moon*. It seems that when Mr Baxter can ignore his own immediate tragic soul-movements, he is capable of poetry comparable with the best he has written. It is in such moods that he can perhaps begin to clear a way through the mists of maudlin subjectivity and develop a more objective outlook. His poetic future lies, I think, more in the relatively disciplined footsteps of Robert Lowell and Cresswell than on the anarchic trail of the Decadents and in debased imitation of the later Yeats.

What other conclusions can be drawn from Mr Baxter's poetry of the last five years or so? That there has been some form of deterioration is undeniable, but it would be unfair not to regard it as a period of spiritual and therefore poetic experimentation. Perhaps, as Mr Baxter himself says,

Why babble out your filthy verses here?

— I must run muddy first, and then run clear.

As yet Mr Baxter has given us no one sizable poetic statement into which we can really sink our critical

(Concluded on p. 7, col. 1)



collection — sup- While admitting that length is of course no  
*The Apple* of either polished technique or 'covert  
 a poetic diction-icism', and that his forte does indeed seem to  
 rite unpoetic the short evocative lyric, it is a pity that he has  
 ed', 'Not know seriously attempted a fully-developed poetic  
 l Mr Gallon-ration of his persistent and interwoven themes of  
 triteness was Fall and the ironic contrast between 'the carnal  
 view of the the divine' — both relevant and important themes.  
 e wrote '... however, a poetic *apologia pro vita sua* from him  
 'lunged early-ld be a most welcome addition to our understand-  
 poison cup" of his poetic development. In addition it might  
 rosaicness pe-ble Mr Baxter himself to crystallize his poetic  
 Baxter is mista-s, the enunciation of which during the last few  
 simplicity of is has in general proved singularly anarchic.

## J. EVANS

### Drunk Sonnet

At six o'clock, in beery woollen warmth  
 The trolley buses trundle down the streets;  
 Thick kapok laughter in air that turns  
 Stalely to fog as breath on window forms;  
 Faces and figures sway in the thick sound,  
 The lidded eyes dance and roll their torpor round  
 Fixing on female flesh as is their way  
 Or lie in sockets with the smell of leather seats;  
 The dogs of Christ's sheep stagger, turn and say,  
 'We are the happy ones, we will keep  
 A bower for you in the jungle grey.'  
 The torn wrapper of the dirty day  
 In the emptying drain drifts along,  
 Waitemata run deep, till I end my song.

### Sunset

Keeping in the lunatic pines  
 Which reach to the sky-tops  
 Their movement pinions in a spear of light  
 The sun, the hills, its flight.  
 The last silent trumpet call  
 Deathless day  
 Rolling through pain golden blood  
 The hills sleep their power  
 Wakening dawn's hour.  
 The brutal beauty of the ball of fire  
 Banded in the brain behind the eyes,  
 A sphere burning flame  
 Suddenly sightless in the mountains  
 Only the image and desire.

Old clasps in with winter's night  
 The mists slowly strike  
 Laying in the groping black  
 This dead tussock  
 Nothing but the lone owl's cry.

### Winter

Evening: chill, cold, shadows and twilight long  
 And bone-like trees that stand dark, twisted, bare,  
 That wind their fleshless fingers through the air  
 Crooked in agony and bear no song  
 Of spring or summer but only the wrong  
 Clapped cries of starlings' beaks, no music fair  
 To murmur through the ear, only the sere  
 Which to white haggard winter belong;  
 But still a thin light reaching from the sun  
 Along a naked branch colours the tree  
 In pale memory of golden autumn  
 And tries to stir from grey melancholy  
 The leaves and kissing life which once they knew  
 When earth's womb lay warm and her greenness  
 Grew.

## H. SEARLE

### Clearance

Yes, I'm clearing it out at bargain prices,  
 That old groaning bookshelf of the mind.  
 The whole stock is to be remaindered:  
 Experiences, all ages, all sizes.

Incredible how many I've collected.  
 Mothballs and dusting kept them new  
 But now — out with the old nostalgia  
 Though I'm sorry to see 'em go — though the price  
 Is absurd — ah those empty shelves!

Now you're a cultivated collector,  
 You appreciate first editions.  
 Just glance at the jackets — too gaudy,  
 You think? Too long out of fashion?  
 (I must have been nuts when I bought that bunch!)  
 But these . . . ? You've had *all* these?

I purchased each one with money and tears . . .  
 Don't open that cupboard! Now look what you've  
 done.

You see why I'd shifted those out of your reach!

You're leaving so soon? Not buying any more?  
 Well — have all the rest for nothing, friend.  
 Don't stand there stammering your thanks.  
 Please, take the bookshelf and clear out.

You see, tomorrow I'll be going overseas. . .

### Photo of the Artist

Above me the November sky  
 Is blossoming with light.  
 I huddle in an overcoat,  
 Still clutching gaudy fireworks —  
 Guy Fawkes startled by the flash.

A dazzling illumination!  
 Now, I could suggest some better  
 Ways to use my happiest days  
 Than shoot them to the stars  
 Or char them to a smell of powder.

Distrustfully we exchange glances,  
 His childhood a forgotten boredom  
 Or remembered fumbling. He  
 Could have set the world on fire.  
 A beatnik baby — just the age!

Gargantua, who learns  
 Tone rows instead of tables,  
 Who studies Freud in primer one,  
 Hides Rimbaud in his Janet and John,  
 Scribbles poems on scraps in napping time.

I could have been that mocking observer  
 At the playground's edge, terror  
 Of aunts and Sunday School teachers,  
 Sneaking from my crib at night  
 With royalties from my money box

To ride, not frightened of the dark,  
 On trains, on backs of trucks, to meet  
 My country, other shadowy observer,  
 And grow like parts of its ecology.  
 But here the scenes run out —

The pages of the album  
 Black and blank. Where are you,  
 Better brother, through the smoke?  
 Through the underdeveloped lighting  
 Of that bonfire of wasted days?

### Differences

You do not close your eyes when you kiss.  
 I see you are looking somewhere else,  
 Into your own past and future.  
 The daylight is hard and clear.

Beyond the limits of this place  
 You see and hear the traffic pass,  
 Or scan the differences  
 Which lips would cancel by a kiss.

Those fabulous clouds are out of reach,  
 Because you choose my certain touch,  
 The boundaries of these walls, the dry  
 And honest light in which we lie.

Yet as we lie with both eyes open,  
 A power of clear sight is woken.  
 You turn your lips to kiss again,  
 And unclosed eyes look close at mine.

Through these windows, watch the sun-  
 Light changing and the seasons run —  
 Unless, in time, you come to glimpse  
 Some blinding difference,

Clouds seen forming, thunder heard,  
 And turn your eyes, now bright and hard  
 With vision of another place,  
 And never recognise my face.

### Hilltop

Eyes stride seven-leagued across  
 Rooftops heaped like coloured shells  
 Crisp and fragile to the sea.

In sharp light I am Cyclops tall,  
 The power to scoop up houses  
 In my hand and hurl them, lift the hills,

Shake off the sleeping pebblebed  
 Of buildings littering the shore,  
 Rake everything human from that scene.

Enough green now to drown the eye,  
 Dumb landscape freezes lips, and all  
 Perspective lacks the human scale.

I turn the telescope and drop  
 Into my second vision: city

Cast up from the tide. Scaled in  
 Wire veins and steel flesh,  
 Signs wink at mountains out of reach.

Land changes — Gulliver must choose  
 Between two states, two partial views.

### Wrong Word

That word brought me to a blind alley  
 And a slammed door.

Apparently I had mistaken the address,  
 Mistaken even the person.

I stood foolishly in the street  
 Watching the neighbourhood grow very strange.



## KENNETH MADDOCK

## In the Days of the Maori

The social problem to which most attention seems to have been attracted over the past few years is the 'Maori problem' (real or assumed). Historically, the All Black tour protests were both an early form of this attention and a catalyst precipitating later forms. Today, the Maori Education Foundation is a further manifestation of joint Maori-Pakeha concern for the 'Maori problem'.

An understanding of the wider problem and a prediction of the consequences of the Foundation is impeded by our uncertainty as to who and what are the Maori people. Are they a race whose members happen to be of low social and economic status? Or are they a lower class whose members happen to be distinctively pigmented? Or are they perhaps more of a cultural group (cf. Roman Catholics or Mormons)? Probably they are all three, yet in this essay I propose to take the more specific and partial view that the second of the above possibilities is valid, that the Maori people comprise a class. Because of its specificity and despite its partiality, this view may shed more light than would a more eclectic interpretation.

First, I think, one needs to be clear on what education is all about. It is sometimes romantically and idealistically supposed that an education system exists to develop the powers and potentialities inherent in all men—a view which Alex Comfort would call 'soft-centred'. In opposition to this we may contrast the 'hard-centred' view that an education system functions to impart to the rising generation the skills needed to perpetuate the society concerned, and the sentiments by which the characteristic structure of that society is maintained.

Powers and potentialities are irrelevant, unless they can be expressed in the needed skills and sentiments. Of course, in a society like ours the skills required are so various and, often, so complex that they cannot be imparted as such in the schools. Instead, the schools and even the universities tend to lay generalized foundations for later, more specific arts (carpenter, architect, nurse, etc.).

A particular society, at a particular point in time, needs so many of its members in one occupation, so many in another, so many in yet others. The education system's job is more or less to satisfy the demand for personnel in these categories. This is done not only through actually imparting specific skills, but through developing the intelligence of some children and stunting the intelligence of others (usually building on the foundations already laid in the home).

Thus some are fitted to be solicitors, teachers or engineers; others to be manual labourers or domestics.

This, I think, returns us to the Foundation. In a society of growing complexity, increasing numbers of the skilled are required; a phenomenon which is by no means peculiar to New Zealand. In England the demand is being satisfied by skimming off the brighter sons and daughters of the traditional working class. In New Zealand the solution seems to lie in tapping the Maori population, which is at present one of the nation's wasted resources. This involves raising standards of schooling so that the flow to university and into apprenticeships can be accelerated. This in turn involves removing certain social impediments.

Herein lies the deeper significance of the Foundation, though it may be a significance which is not consciously present with the Foundation's protagonists. Continuing technological advancement may see more determined future attempts to tap unused resources. A more conscious motive is probably to minimize the possibility of race disturbances in the years ahead (likely if there is a continuation in the growth of a poorly educated and largely detribalized town proletariat of distinctive pigmentation).

Another conscious motive is the philanthropic one of raising the Maori to parity with Pakeha standards (of shifting slum-dwellers into State houses whether they want it or not; providing compulsory education for children whether they want it or not). For the philanthropic Pakeha, for whom the dustman and the domestic are not the performers of useful and necessary tasks, but symbols of failure, the Maori needs help. His present lot cannot be accepted.

Nor should the desire on the part of many Maori people to raise standards of education, living and health (which are seen as interrelated) be overlooked. This desire, and the more conscious Pakeha motives discussed above, are in harmony with the deeper social need to tap the potential of skill represented by the Maori people; the Foundation seems likely therefore to achieve some measure of success, or perhaps to pave the way to a more determined grappling with the same problem. One or two possible consequences suggest themselves and, again, these are by no means peculiar to New Zealand.

In the long run, it may be predicted, we are heading toward a lumpenproletariat. Modern education satisfies the demands both of an advanced technology and of political democracy in giving a chance to the lower orders (working class in England; Maoris in New Zealand). In practice this means educational opportunity and social mobility; brighter children tend to be siphoned off into the higher orders (whose dimmer children, conversely, tend to move down in the hierarchy of classes).

This process will be reinforced by the tendency to marry into one's own class (which, for the upwardly mobile individual, means the class achieved through mobility). Make this assumption, and Bill Pearson's guess that marriages between educated Maori and Pakeha are likely to increase ('The Maori People', *Landfall*, June 1962) acquires a new significance. With relatively few suitable mates among the Maori people, the educated Maori will tend to take a spouse from the relatively greater numbers of educated Pakehas.

The long-run consequences of schemes such as the Foundation could therefore be to carry out for the Maori people what is already well under way for Pakehas: a nice correlation between 'merit', as pedagogues know it and our managerial society wants it, and class position. No more 'mute inglorious Miltons'. On this view, the Maori people are fated, like us, to be stratified by processes concerning which we have little comprehension and less control.

A groping suspicion of this possibility may underlie Pearson's *Landfall* outcry that 'The way of life we have been trying to "integrate" on to the Maoris is a spiritually impoverished version of a deeply anxious, individualistic and often sadistic (and dirty-minded) Euro-American culture.' He utters a plea for us to 'allow Maoris to be themselves and recognize them as themselves'. If indeed we are spiritually impoverished, sadistic and dirty-minded, there seems little hope for such enlightened tolerance. But if what I have been arguing is correct, we are, all of us, caught up in forces operative in many parts of the world today, forces not of our making and not subject to our control.

At best, we can study these forces, attempt to predict their future development and adapt our policies according. This, of course, is the procedure of the meteorologist and his clients (to take an analogy from the natural sciences).

If the above arguments are conceded to have at least some validity, it might seem as if the Foundation is scarcely worth supporting. I think, however, that we should try to avoid the vicarious masochism of those who will accept lower standards of health, education and living (for others) simply in order to maintain traditional values. Who knows but that some unsuspected turn in technological development may occur, thus leading to a radical restructuring of social relations? And, in the meantime, better education, if not a panacea, can help in personal fulfilment even if involving the sinister possibility of a stratification into meritworthy, on the one hand, and lumpenproletariat, on the other. Perhaps from a future evolutionary point we may even catch a less depressing prospect.

## H. SEARLE

## Fin De Partie

Traipse out, thanking your host,  
Into the cold air. Now  
The party is cigarette ash,  
Beer stains, broken records.

Leaving the washing up,  
Host stumbles off to bed  
And dreams of morning calling  
Like an angry landlady.

Those clustered round the last  
Few cars swap vague addresses  
Of another party.  
Home is too definite.

The radio is dead,  
No one has matches,  
And the coffeebars are shut.  
Pass the last bottle carefully.

Flower in hand, arm  
In arm, leaves in hair,  
Tired head on shoulder,  
Lovers must return.

The morning is no longer  
Young. Cold winds blow.  
Driver, wipe your hand  
Across your windscreen and laugh.

## Notes From the Underground

Beneath my pacing feet, the mad world rolled,  
And pitched me deep down into that dark sleep  
That fever-rest-home under sky's cool hand  
Where I, with great dead men, might discourse hold  
At least, until my mouth was choked with sand.

Tasting the earth's black fruit, my body burned  
To burst out from the prison of the soul,  
And when the sun swung round again, it rose;  
My greedy arms stalked land and sky and learned  
To cultivate power over all that grows.

But I, meanwhile, in caves of shadows grope.  
Poor nature! when the soul takes root beneath,  
And plots resistance to the body's sway,  
They, like Persephone, can only home  
For seasons strictly equal, dream and day.

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# 3 BEAT BEARS

CRACCUM 9  
MONDAY 1 OCTOBER 1962

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Once upon a TIME there lived  
in a big black forest of trees  
three animals called bears.  
They lived in a little house  
big enough for all the off-  
spring that Mummy Bear and  
Hubbie Bear might have.

Like the other bears, or  
number three into the world,  
was Baby, and he was a very  
little bear. He was a little  
bear normal, cause he hadn't  
lived with his parents for long,  
he was born or rather mummy  
bore him not a very long  
while before. He was legal—  
even animals have legals—  
everything above bawd.

Now most mornings mummy  
made porridge, while daddy  
slept in with Baby Bear.  
Mummy would hum a tune as  
she stirred the big pot of por-  
ridge.

Then she would call cume  
and get it and the other two  
in the familarly would get with  
the gas and make with the  
cooking. Mummy would paw  
out poterridge while her feed-  
ees ate off the cuff as if they  
masticated every day of their  
lives. Like you know that  
bears don't because they  
hibernate every winter.

Mr Bear would sit down too  
and join in with the rest of  
the family. Mummy satown  
on the middle-sized chair, and  
as most know daddy had the  
biggest and baby the smallest.

Anyway you want it: they  
decide to hoof it for a snuff  
of what was not in the en-  
virons of their pad, so having  
dressed for the cold they  
padded off from their ten-  
roomed hovel into the bright  
morning sunlight (isn't it  
lovely).

Meanwhile back at the door  
a little chick called Goldie  
was beating out a tattoo with  
her carefullymanicured hands.  
Being like most of womankind  
(this is the philosophical bit),  
not getting replied to just  
made who all the more inquisi-  
tive, so she opened the door.  
It was left open cause we all  
know that animals trust each  
other. She rubbed herself with  
the room she thought it looked  
so pretty and made to the  
table where she decided (free  
will) to use one of the chairs  
to rest her wary legs.

Daddy's was too hard, mum-  
my's too soft, and baby's too  
small, and she rumbled poor  
little Baby Bear's rocker which  
makes us all very sad cause  
Mr Bear had no household  
insurance.

Notwithstanding she wanted  
to seat her form but there  
being no stool, she decides to  
be satisfied with the lovely  
creamy breakfast cereal in the

cute weebowls on the metieu-  
lously scrubbed top. Like be-  
fore, she rejected daddy's and  
mummy's not cause of feel but  
cause of temperature.

Daddy's: too hot, mummy's  
too cold. She accepted baby's  
—it was just right, and she  
all ways did what was in line  
with principles. But wasn't she  
naughty to eat up all of baby's  
so that there was none more  
to be had, not even for the  
cooking—mummy had for-  
gotten it was alongweekend  
and that all the shops were  
shut.

Of course all this effort  
found Goldie wanting to hit  
the sack, and being the sorta  
bat thata lika doa whata she  
wanna she went looking for  
some hay.

Now our little heroine didn't  
take drugs and she had no  
mean IQ and knowing that  
mostest of the animate animals  
sleep in a rosebudded attic she  
blew upstairs one at a time  
cause after all it was a sweet  
little staircase, and she being  
thoughtful did not desire to  
break it. Not yet anyway. Her  
perception got only the three  
beds like—mummy and daddy  
slept in different sacks to their  
childbear.

A mean while later our  
three friends (don't you feel  
that you can speak to them)  
came skipping home. A suit-  
able tune like 'we're coming  
around the . . . when we come'  
is sung by a chorus of birdies.

The minute they all hit the  
kitchen they guessed that all  
was not right in their living-  
place.

Baby cried when he saw his  
sitting place was busted.  
Daddy chairfully told him to  
eat up. But his face man was  
it grimmsville like all the  
other stories with a big deter-  
mined chinup when he got  
with the foodscene.

Baby wailed that his was  
eaten all up while mummy  
and daddy nodded their heads  
like people when they saw  
that someone had been tast-  
ing what was rightfully theirs.  
Had they not the rights of  
every ordinary bruin citizen?  
All agreeedy like something  
was a Miss.

Now they didn't get the cops  
cause in animaland the law is  
there and they call it animal  
lore or law of the junglew.

So daddy's take everything  
in his hands, including the  
beating hearts of his spouse  
and babe, and swing to the  
bedroom like he was Sinatra  
with his gang. He savoured  
the hair and decided there was  
a poirson in that attic. 'Some-  
body's been sleeping in my



Goldie 'wanting to hit the sack'

bed,' he ejaculates; 'somebody  
has been in my bed,' mummy  
interjects; and baby in un-  
broken voice tell his parents  
that 'somebody bin sleeping in  
my bed and hear some body is  
and man is it a skirt.' Like  
Baby Bear hadn't seen a  
female in bed before except  
for mummy, and well, she was  
mummy.

Being kind bears on the out-  
skirts they all together saw  
the dark at once and not being  
camp sacrificed like and said,  
that they had better let her be  
and anyway baby said he  
would like to know her in the  
daytime so like mummy slept  
in her bed, and daddy in his  
bed and baby who was male  
slept with daddy . . . for like  
cubes would realize this is a  
fairy story.

L.J.F.



'Too late,' she cried,  
'too late to write for  
Craccum.'

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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Support, speakers, suggestions  
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you  
there  
Fidel'

NAUGHTY  
NIKITA

## il cosmonauti

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DETAILS LATER

COME TO CONGRESS — COME TO CONGRESS

COME

GAMBOL in the sun at CURIOUS COVE

Come and meet other students

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU IN HUT 7

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Avail yourself of the list of jobs offering to  
students in their vacation.

## CONTEMPORARY PRINTS

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Sun, sand and native bush provide a backdrop for Congress; discussion, debate and talks from distinguished speakers provide its substance; swimming, diving, volley-ball, sunbathing, tramping, water ski-ing, partying, films, and more talk, add relaxation; 'that Congress shall be primarily a gathering to discuss, on an intellectual plane, questions of interest and importance to the modern world' gives it serious purpose.

Congress is, as Sir George Currie pointed out at an opening session a few years ago, the only place where staff and students can mix academically and socially for a whole week and really get to know one another.

Curious Cove, cut off from civilization, offers the ideal spot for this intermingling of lecturers and lectured. It should be the aim of every student in New Zealand to attend Congress at least once in his or her student lifetime. If they attend once, they will want to come again.

Curious Cove — its name rather suited to the tortuous and wide ranging arguments of Congress — is a fairly shallow indentation into the side of Queen Charlotte Sound, three-quarters of an hour by launch from Picton. Kahikatea Bay, it used to be called, but round the camp is mostly second growth, with the real bush a half-hour's steep climb up the hill behind.

There is a piece of flat ground for volley ball, a rather shingly beach, a jetty, a raft (which capsizes when about thirty people try to stand on it at once), cabins, mostly two-bunkers, for Congressites to party and sometimes sleep in, and a large hall where the lectures are held, morning and evening.

The parties are part of the Congress tradition. They involve cramming people into a two-berth hut, stacking them from floor to ceiling on bunks and shelves, with standing room only on the floor. Last year's largest party well over forty; smallest, two.

Parties involve many long, loud and lengthy arguments, a certain amount of beer, which is a bit hard to come by, and go on until late in the morning, ending in song if the arguments get exhausted.

## TWO IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

### COLLECTED POEMS

R. A. K. Mason

Mr Mason has made the definitive collection of his poems that many readers have waited for. Publication of this volume is a notable occasion in New Zealand letters. 17/6.

### ANATOMY OF BRITAIN

Anthony Sampson

This is a book about the workings of Britain — who runs it and how; how they got there, and how they are changing. Basically it is about the managers — in government, industry, science or communication. An invaluable and fascinatingly readable book for anyone who has ever wondered about Britain's power structure. 42/6

### PAUL'S BOOK ARCADE

49 High Street, Auckland

This leaves little time for sleep, as the 8 a.m. breakfasts are heralded by an unmuffled Model A racing round the camp and incessant thumping on doors and yells of "Wakey wakey" from phys. ed. officer Stan Higgins, who is lent each year by Internal Affairs.

### Prostrate Audience

Lecturers face the unnerving sight of a prostrate audience, and can usually gain a fair idea of how well they are going over by the proportion of their listeners who are flakers. Talks are followed by discussion — not merely questions. Speakers are usually subjected to a fairly searching inquiry into their lectures.

Every notable New Zealand figure has been invited to Congress — many have come more than once in the past fourteen years. This, the fifteenth Congress, will see a distinguished panel of speakers from four vital sections of literate New Zealanders — the University naturally enough, the arts, the Public Service and Government, and the trade union movement.

Chairman for Congress 63 will be Prof. Eric Herd, Professor of Modern Languages at OU. Other speakers who have at this time (early September) indicated their willingness to speak include: the Hon. T. P. Shand, Minister of Labour; the Hon. A. H. Nordmeyer; Dr Margaret Dalzell, associate Professor of English, OU; R. A. K. Mason, perhaps the foremost living New Zealand poet — his *Collected Poems* came out this year; Peter Bland, a young poet with a rapidly growing reputation; Dr Jack Dodd, OU associate Professor of Physics; Dr Eric Geiringer, and Mr J. K. Hunn, compiler of the Hunn Report on the Maoris, and Secretary for Maori Affairs.

### Challenging

From this list above (to which may be added the names of the two chaplains: Rev. Lance Robinson and Father E. Simmonds) it can be seen that Congress 63 offers a stimulating, challenging list of speakers. They usually speak mornings and evenings. The afternoons are completely free.

The new ferry timetables make it practical to add an

extra day to Congress 63, which will start on Friday, 25 January, and end at mid-day on Saturday, 26 January.

There will be an evening of one-act plays, preceded by the traditional fancy dress parade, at which some amazing efforts appear, usually satirising aspects of one or other of the talks. Films will include the 'Wages of Fear', the 'Rose Tattoo', and a selection of foreign films, including Italian and Russian. The OU jazz group will be there, and it is hoped to get jazz musicians from other centres.

Come to Congress 63. Application forms will be on hand shortly in your local student association's office. Enrol early — applications are strictly limited — and the week from 25 January to 2 February 1963 will be remembered by you for the rest of your life. For £9 10/-, or less if the Golden Kiwi grant applied for comes through, it is an all-inclusive holiday. If you need convincing any further, just ask any ex-Congressite — you will get no better recommendation to come.

JOHN HARRIS,  
Congress Controller 63

## RED CROSS DONATION

Through the Red Cross, Students' Association will donate £25 to help the victims of the recent Iranian earthquake.

A motion to this effect was moved by Cynthia Hasman (WHC) and seconded by David Williams (Societies' Rep.) at the last Exec. meeting.

Miss Hasman said: 'We can afford to give sports organizations pounds to kick leather bladders round a football field, so we can give £25 to these unfortunate people.'

CRACCUM REPORTER

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

## PEOPLE OF WISDOM

deposit regularly in the

AUCKLAND SAVINGS BANK

DO YOU?

## OVERSEAS STUDENT NEWS...

### India

Restricting the admission of students in a selected few of the universities, and providing standard textbooks for students cheaply, are the two latest moves made by the University Grants Commission of India to raise the standard of higher education in the country. On the question of restricting admission to universities, the Government's past efforts have met with considerable opposition, particularly from members of Parliament. It is, however, proposed to introduce this practice on a limited scale to convince the people of its value. It is realized that choosing of universities would be a difficult job. — The Asian Student, San Francisco.

### Austria

Anonymous murder threats were telephoned to the Chairman of the National Union of Austrian Students, Hans Blackner, after a radio interview in which he had condemned the misdeeds of extreme rightist elements in the Austrian student body. Shortly after the broadcast of the programme, the anonymous telephone calls began; the first callers simply called the Chairman names, but later others uttered murder threats. — Special Report.

### Denmark

More extensive support in all branches of higher education was announced by Danish Minister of Culture, Petersen, in a speech given at the dedication of the new Institute of Chemistry at the University of Arhus. The Minister based his proposal on the argument that it would be necessary to double the number of students in the next ten years if the challenges confronting the country are to be met. Therefore, more state capital would have to be invested during this period in the education sector than in any other area. The Minister announced in this connection the draft of a government plan in which the details for its realization are to be made concrete and substantive. A total of £400,000 is to be turned over by the state for use in education in the next ten years. The plan is calculated for a total of 20,000 students by 1970. — Studentblad, Copenhagen.

### USA

The U.S. National Student Association (NSA) is initiating a nation-wide campaign to aid the Student Non-violating Co-ordination Committee (SNCC) in its drive for Negro voter registration in the South. The nation-wide goal of the NSA campaign is £30,000. SNCC has been active during the past several years organising sit-ins, freedom rides, and other civil rights activity in the South. Its headquarters is in Atlanta, Georgia. At last August's 14th Nation Student Congress, run by NSA, the

delegates voted to support SNCC but not to affiliate with the Southern group. Some delegates thought that affiliation would hurt rather than help SNCC. — Chicago Maroon.

### Pakistan

The University of Hawaii has signed a £250,000 contract to assist in establishing a training programme in Pakistan schools. Under the agreement with the South East Asia Treaty Organisation, the University will supply four faculty members to co-ordinate the plan. Two will be assigned to Karachi and two to Dacca. The programme also calls for advanced training of Pakistani educators in the United States. — Student Mirror.

### England

The funds raised by a successful collection which had been carried out by a scholarship committee of the World University Service for four years, were recently awarded to a needy student from Ethiopia. Biftu Fantaye is the first student to receive a scholarship of this sort. He has begun his studies in Hull. It is hoped that other students can be helped in this way. — Student Mirror.

### Health

A survey to assess the impact of tuberculosis among about 30,000 students in Dacca is to be carried out in January in detecting and enabling remedial measures to be adopted. According to an estimate, about £3,000 will be necessary for examination of chests, besides other expenditure. This will be the first large scale survey among the students though a survey was made earlier among the students of Dacca University, which showed that 5 per cent of them suffered from tuberculosis. — Pakistan Student Information Bureau, Karachi.

## SMART STUDENTS

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# BUSINESS MANAGER ON MISSING STOCK

CRACCUM 12  
MONDAY 1 OCTOBER 1962

Over the past five years the Association has sold to students a limited variety of stationery such as lecture note-pads, exercise books, Constitutions, 'Varsity letterhead writing paper, etc. During this time it has been customary for the Business Manager to order and check the stock periodically, arranging for new lines where necessary.

While the Association files do not show full records of past stock checks, it is known that since 1959, when a large deficit between estimated and actual income was found, regular checks have been made. This was the case until mid-1961. In the last Association year no full stock check was made. Though two 'counts' of stationery were taken in September and December, 1961, there was no reconciliation made between estimated income from change in stock and actual income from records of cash taken.

In early August of this year the first stock check was made for the new Executive. It covered the period from 23 December 1961 to 9 August 1962. From this it was shown that there had been £1443 10/5 worth of stationery disposed of and £1303 18/8 cash taken from its sale. This left a deficit of £137 11/9 unaccounted for.

It cannot be said definitely whether it is stationery or cash which has gone astray. However, as all stationery sales are rung up on the till immediately, it would be very difficult for £138 to disappear, even over a period of eight months. Beyond reasonable doubt, it is stationery and not cash which has disappeared. This deficit is approximately equivalent to 61 dozen fool-scrap pads.

Over so long a period it is impossible to find out in any more detail where this has gone or whether the missing stationery ever arrived here at all. It is now only possible to set down a system for the future from which a close check can be made. In view of this, the Executive has passed the following motion, which was recommended by Finance Committee:

## MOVED NUTTALL - SMITH / MEEKING:

That owing to the fact that there is a deficiency of stock in the stationery for re-sale, the future procedure for its handling is to be as follows:

1. A monthly count will be made of stock in hand, followed by a reconciliation of estimated and actual items, to be made by the Business Manager.

2. All orders of stationery for re-sale are to be made by the Business Manager, who shall record all such orders in a stationery book.

3. All stationery for re-sale is to be checked by the Business Manager, or, if she is unavailable, by the secretaries, and the amount entered with the corresponding delivery docket in this book. The person undertaking the count is to sign the book.

4. No stationery for re-sale for Exec or sub-committee portfolio use is to be taken

other than by an Executive member. All items are to be entered in an Exec stationery book from which the secretaries may make the appropriate entry from petty cash.

5. The situation is to be reviewed in four months' time and, if necessary, the procedure revised. CARRIED

A further way of improving the system has been suggested, in considering the more efficient allotment of space in the Student Block. The Man Vice-President thought that the present WHC Room at the end of the Caf Extension could be converted to a student shop which, among other things, would sell stationery. This room is large enough for all stationery to be stored in the one place, with delivery direct to it. This would be a considerable improvement on the present system.

In the meantime, further suggestions for stricter control are being made. These include stipulating that stationery may be sold by the secretaries only, that no sales are to be made after hours, especially during the week-end, etc.

It is encouraging to see that the last stock count for the period 9 August to 11 September shows an estimated deficit of only £3 15/6. This is a great improvement.

As a closer check is being made all the time, it appears

## CIGARETTE SURVEY

Recently a survey was conducted by the Advertising Officer to find out what brands of cigarettes were preferred by students. It was felt that the machine in the cafeteria was not supplying the brands that were wanted, and the questionnaires which were distributed were aimed at finding out what brands were wanted.

The result of the survey showed an overwhelming preference for the more expensive brands.

Results: 1 Rothmans, 2 Peter Stuyvesant, 3 Rembrandt, 4 (equal) Belair and Pall Mall, 6 State Express, 7 Capstan, 8 Lincoln, 9 Greys, 10 Matinee, 11 Du Maurier, 12 Players, 13 (equal) Albany and First Lord, 15 (equal) Bristol and Craven A, 17 DR, 18 (equal) Cooltip, North Pole and Peter Jackson, 21 Four Square.

Also ran: Life, Westminster 85 and Senior Service.

It is hoped that some arrangement can be made whereby some of the more popular brands can be sold in the cafeteria. The present machine can handle only those brands which cost 2/6, and the top places on the list were taken by dearer cigarettes.

The Advertising Officer and the Cafeteria Controller, Miss Anne Hilt, have been discussing possible methods with the

possible that in the near future we shall be in the satisfactory position of being able to account for this stock 'to the penny'.

PAMELA MEEKING,  
Business Manager.

Caterer, Mr White, and it is hoped that by the time this issue is read, the top-placed cigarettes will be on sale.

## Suggestions received

A number of students filled in their questionnaires with brands such as Chesterfield, Lucky Strike and, of course, reefers.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, these types of cigarettes cannot be stocked. A number of questionnaires carried suggestions that pipe tobacco be stocked, and a couple of students suggested that packets of ten should be made available.

The most original suggestion was that of a student who dreamt up a 'penny-in-the-slot Hookah, which could be kept stoked up with all the fag ends from the ash-trays in the caf.'

**WATCH FOR GRAND SOCIETIES DAY AT ORIENTATION displays, concerts, demos, etc**  
**Join your clubs and societies**

WINE AND DINE AT  
**F\*O\*R\*T\*E'S**  
OF FORT STREET



• SATURDAY NIGHT

FEATURING

JOHN WILCOX TRIO

IS DINE, DANCE AND CABARET NIGHT

VISIT AUCKLAND'S NEWEST RESTAURANT TODAY!

RESERVATIONS PHONE 43-401



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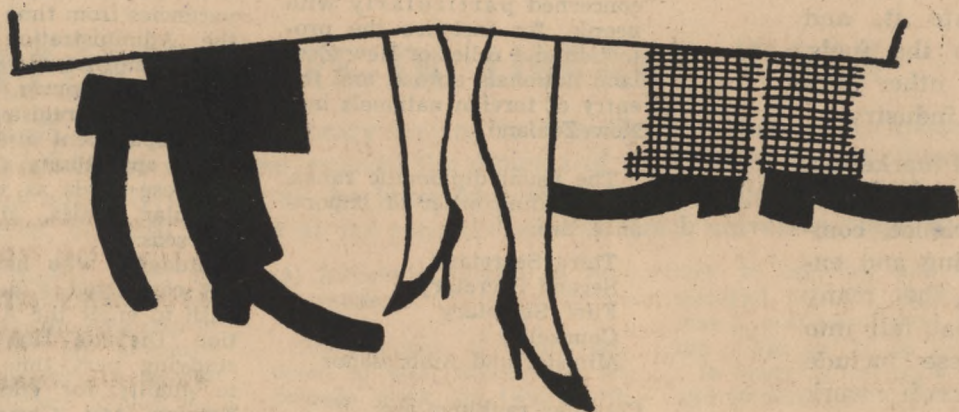
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## CRACCUM CAREERS SUPPLEMENT



### FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND LIMITED CAREERS FOR GRADUATES

This Company recognizes the need to employ University Graduates who, with training and experience, may eventually succeed to executive positions within our international organization either in New Zealand or overseas.

Consequently we invite applications from graduates and from students who expect to graduate at the end of this year in Commerce, Economics or Arts. Successful applicants will undertake an initial training programme in the field of their choice within either Finance, Sales, Parts and Accessories Merchandising, or Manufacturing.



For further information, write or telephone

**INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS MANAGER**

P.O. BOX 12 :: LOWER HUTT :: TELEPHONE 65-099

## CAREER OPENINGS

### ARTS

Ford Motor Company  
Library School  
External Affairs  
B.P. (NZ) Ltd  
Reserve Bank

### COMMERCE

Ford Motor Company  
External Affairs  
B.P. (NZ) Ltd  
Reserve Bank

### ACCOUNTING

Ford Motor Company  
B.P. (NZ) Ltd

### SCIENCE

Library School  
External Affairs  
B.P. (NZ) Ltd

### ENGINEERING

Ford Motor Company  
B.P. (NZ) Ltd

## THE MOTOR INDUSTRY

There are many diverse careers available in the motor industry with the Ford Motor Company. Graduates may find the position they are looking for in one of the five large fields.

### (1) Finance

This includes financial analysis, financial forecasting, budgetary control and internal audit. Positions in this section would be suitable for graduates in Commerce, qualified Accountants and graduates in Economics with Accounting knowledge.

### (2) Sales

This section includes market research, sales forecasting, dealer relationships and sales promotion. Openings in these fields would be suitable for graduates in Commerce or Arts, particularly for those who have studied Economics.

### (3) Parts and Accessories

Inventory control, warehouse practice, sales analysis and dealer contact fall within this heading. Once again suitable qualifications for these fields would be a degree in Commerce or Arts with a leaning towards Economics.

### (4) Manufacturing

Graduates in Mechanical Engineering can find opportunities in work standards, engineering services, equipment design and re-layout and quality control.

### (5) Industrial Relations

This section includes salary and wage administration, employee procurement and selection, and staff development and training. These positions would suit graduates in Commerce or Arts.

Graduates with particular qualifications and interests will not be restricted to specific work solely by this list, which is intended

solely as a guide to the type of work which has generally been found by Ford to be the most rewarding for persons with these particular qualifications.

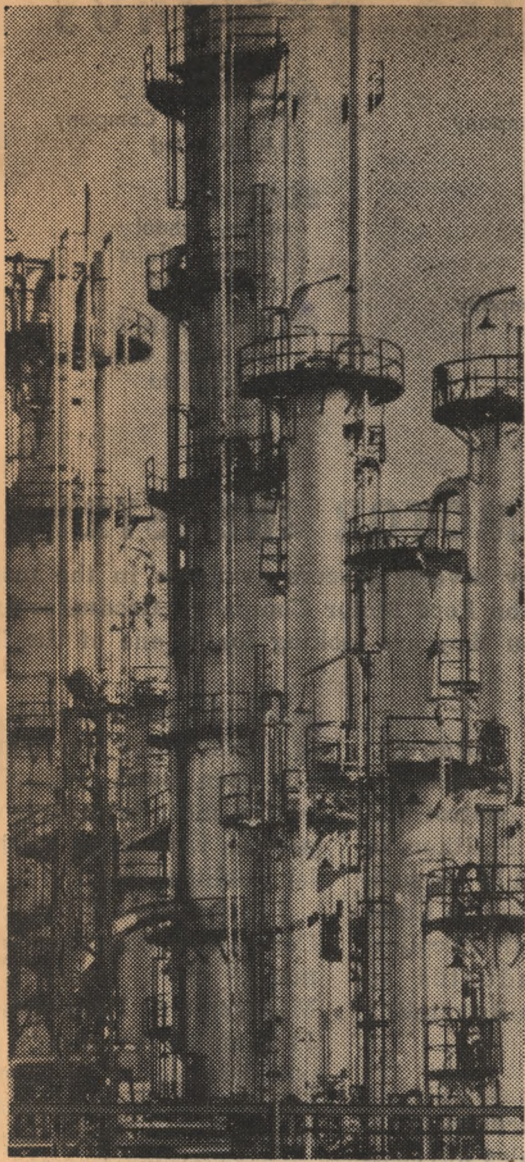
Promotion within the Company is based solely on merit. Ford operates a Management Development Programme by which the performance of all male employees is appraised regularly by their supervisors to make certain that men of the right calibre are promoted.

Because Ford (New Zealand) is part of the international Ford organization, which owns installations and carries out business in many countries throughout the world, it can call on the best authorities from its world-wide industrial association for advice and assistance.

In the same way, men with initiative and ability can gain promotion by transfer from Ford (New Zealand) to bigger and even more important posts with Ford overseas. Others may be sent to one or more overseas locations for specialised training lasting between one month and two years, or even longer.

Although Ford prefer to start a graduate at the beginning of the year, there is no hard and fast rule. Ford would be pleased to hear from students who are shortly to take their final examinations and also from graduates under thirty years of age. Students with a year or more of university life in front of them are also welcome to talk over their future careers so that Ford may offer guidance and help.





**THE REFINERY—a complex part of a complex industry.**

## OIL!

The oil industry is a vast complex of major importance in today's world. Because of the many facets which go to make up the oil industry, the specialised skills of many types of person are required.

Geologists, palaeontologists, geophysicists, seismologists and mathematicians are needed to help find the oil deposits throughout the world and to decide whether these deposits are likely to be of commercial value.

Engineers, geochemists, physicists, analysts, distillers and more mathematicians are required to extract the crude oil from the ground, separate it, and convert it into the fuels, lubricants and other products of the oil industry.

In the field of marketing, BP needs men who have studied arts, science, commerce, accounting and engineering for the many varied tasks that fall into this field. These include market research, work study, operations research and personnel management.

## DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR SERVICE

The Diplomatic and Consular Service of New Zealand consists of the officers of the Department of External Affairs in Wellington and in overseas missions controlled by the Department who are responsible for advising the Minister of External Affairs and the Government on New Zealand's external relations, for implementing Government policy in this field, and generally for representing New Zealand and protecting New Zealand's interests abroad.

Apart from a few heads of mission appointed directly by the Minister, the Service consists of career officers of the Public Service.

While the Service is a combined one, officers may be asked to serve in either a diplomatic or consular capacity according to departmental needs. Diplomats deal with the central government of the foreign state on matters affecting relations between the two governments, for example the negotiation of a treaty. Consuls normally deal only with local authorities and are concerned particularly with people, for instance the protection and relief of New Zealand nationals abroad and the entry of foreign nationals into New Zealand.

The usual diplomatic ranks, in ascending order of importance, are:

Third Secretary  
Second Secretary  
First Secretary  
Counsellor  
Minister and Ambassador

Consular rankings are:

Vice-Consul  
Consul  
Consul-General

Within the Department of External Affairs in Wellington, diplomatic ranks are as a convenient Public Service designation.

Appointments abroad are made by the Minister of External Affairs under the External Affairs Act 1943. During the tenure of the appointments officers are regarded as on leave from the Public Service.

### Administration Department

The Department also has vacancies from time to time in the Administration Division. This comprises the personnel, property, accounts, communications and registry side of the Department at home. It offers opportunity for service in these fields as well as consular duties, at missions overseas.

Students who have not yet completed a degree may wish to enter the Administration Division and continue studying part-time in order to qualify for entry to the Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs Division. Concessions to assist part-time students such as leave for lectures

## SUCCESS WITH BP

In a vigorous and expanding organization SUCCESS has its own set of demands. SATISFACTION comes with the achievement of SUCCESS.

If you have the desire for SUCCESS and the CAPACITY to

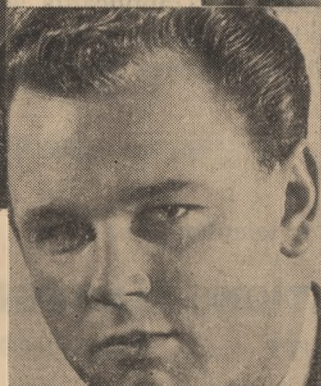
- think constructively,
- make sound decisions,
- achieve results through other people,
- learn from your experience,

as well as possess a trained academic mind, you should enquire about the OPPORTUNITIES offered by B.P.

THESE OPPORTUNITIES concern particularly men trained in the Arts, Commerce, Accounting, Engineering and Mathematics, also men and women trained in Science.

SUCCESS can come through the whole range of oil industry activities, including the broad sections of Marketing, Management Accounting and Operations. Within these spheres are the more specialist activities of Market Research, Work Study, Operations Research, Personnel Management, plus many other Executive functions.

Enquiries should be directed to — The Personnel Officer,  
Box 892, Wellington.





for selected officers complete the final year of degree, are available on same conditions as for officers of the Public

### Appointment

usually a two-year probationary period is spent in the Department in Wellington before promotion is made to Secretary. Once the probationary period is over, employees become eligible for promotion overseas. Post-graduate for two or three years, which junior officers usually return for a period of about two years — before their next posting.

### Overseas Posts

the emphasis at each varies, reporting on conditions in the country of posting is essential, and memoran-

dum and despatches on political, economic and other developments will be expected. Consultation from time to time with the government departments of the foreign country over particular problems of mutual concern will be necessary. Assistance may be required on a conference delegation. Employees are expected to try to improve their knowledge of the local language if it is inadequate.

Allowances of various kinds are given to assist in maintaining an appropriate standard of living and to provide hospitality to those whose goodwill is important to the advancement of New Zealand's interests.

Posts where you may be expected to serve include Canberra, Singapore, Djakarta, Kuala Lumpur, Bangkok, Tokyo, New Delhi, London, Paris, Geneva, The Hague, Brussels, Ottawa, Washington,

New York, San Francisco and Apia.

### Promotion

Promotion is according to relative efficiency. Prospects are good, especially on the Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs side. In the earlier stages of an officer's career, he can expect regular advancement each year in return for work of the required standard and may even receive double increments for outstanding performance. In the higher ranks, promotion becomes less regular and more selective.

Nevertheless, because the Service is new and likely to expand further, there are excellent opportunities by New Zealand standards. The Service is becoming more and more a career one, and only a small proportion of the top posts is likely to be held by non-career appointees.

## DEPARTMENT OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

The Department of External Affairs has been established less than twenty years. It is young and expanding and has a continuing need for university graduates to fill responsible and interesting positions in the Diplomatic and Consular Service.

Work in External Affairs is mentally rewarding and satisfying, but it is also demanding. It requires not only a capacity for quick and accurate research, but also an ability to apply judgment and to bring forward practical proposals and creative ideas which can form the basis for policy decisions.

The work is essentially concerned with the protection of New Zealand's interests in the international field: as these interests grow more complex and extensive, the range of the Department's work must necessarily expand.

In the course of his career, an officer can expect to be concerned with all aspects of the Department's activity; and, if he is to work effectively, he will need to acquire knowledge and experience of a wide variety of problems, both domestic and international. He may also develop special competence in a particular field such as economic relations, or Asian and Pacific affairs.

A good academic background is recognized, both in the New Zealand Department of External Affairs and in the foreign services of other countries, as establishing a useful yardstick against which to assess a prospective officer's potential. Selection for the Department, however, is not based solely on academic achievement: personal qualities — integrity, sound judgment, common sense, ability to work with others, capacity for fluent and accurate oral and written expression, and willingness to work hard, often under pressure — play an equally important part.

While, therefore, a Master's degree, preferably with Honours, is normally required as an indication of academic ability, there is no stipulation that candidates for recruitment should follow any prescribed degree course. The Department will — and has — recruited officers whose main training has been in the sciences. Women are also eligible for appointment, and have held senior positions both at home and abroad. Though it is desirable, fluency in a foreign language is not an absolute requirement, provided a candidate is able and willing to become proficient in at least one foreign language during the course of his career.

Salaries within New Zealand are not what they should be; but in posts abroad — where officers may expect to spend about half their career — financial rewards are more closely related to those of other diplomatic services. Moreover, a recruit who makes good progress has good prospects of accelerated promotion and of assuming positions of responsibility in the early years of his career. Normally, an officer will be eligible for posting, at any time after two years in the Department, to one of New Zealand's diplomatic or consular posts abroad. These at present include: Apia, Bangkok, Brussels, Canberra, Djakarta, Geneva, The Hague, Kuala Lumpur, London, New Delhi, New York, Ottawa, Paris, San Francisco, Singapore, Tokyo, Washington.

As New Zealand establishes wider representation overseas, the need for trained diplomatic officers will increase: already there are not enough. If a career in External Affairs offers the kind of work which interests you — and if you have the academic and personal qualities which the work requires — now is a good time to join. You will find that External Affairs provides wider scope and greater personal satisfaction than most other careers, whether within or outside the Public Service.

If you wish to make further enquiries, please write to the Secretary of External Affairs, Wellington.

## OPPORTUNITIES IN LIBRARY WORK

the rapid development of library service in New Zealand there is an increasing demand for graduates who have received the diploma of the Library School. Graduates are required not only because of the knowledge of particular subjects which they may have acquired, but also because of the mental discipline which university training gives.

usual degree taken by seeking professional librarians is an Arts degree, usually to an advanced level in literature, a foreign language, history, philosophy, etc. The School, however, also admits students with Science degrees. There is a serious shortage of librarians to staff libraries serving scientists and those engaged in industrial and technical work.

### Course

course runs for thirty weeks from March to November. Immediately after the third term, students work for three weeks in a library approved by the School. The curriculum is divided broadly into three divisions: Books, Cataloguing and classification, and other technical processes.

### (3) Administration of libraries.

The number of hours devoted to each division in an average week are twenty-one to books, nine to cataloguing and classification, and fifteen to administration. Except when students are working on major individual projects, one-third of this time is spent in lectures and class discussions and the remainder on work arising from the lectures.

In book courses students learn how to evaluate and select books, periodicals and pamphlets for different types of libraries, how to use these materials in answering reference inquiries, and how to prepare annotated book lists and bibliographies.

In courses on technical subjects such as cataloguing and classification, students learn

how to organize and record material held by libraries so that it will be of most use to the public served by them.

In studying the organization and administration of libraries, students consider the history of libraries, the ways in which different types of libraries are organized to give the best service to their users, co-operation between libraries, and the architecture, maintenance and equipment of library buildings. As part of their written work in these fields of study, students report on their investigations of particular aspects of library administration.

### Admission

Applications should be sent to the Director, Library School, National Library Service, Private Bag, Wellington. Application forms are obtainable from the University Librarian.

## LIBRARIANSHIP

offers graduates in arts and science  
a wide range of professional careers

NEW ZEALAND LIBRARY SCHOOL  
WELLINGTON

One year diploma course;  
generous living allowances paid to  
students

PROSPECTUS FROM UNIVERSITY LIBRARIAN, OR WRITE TO THE DIRECTOR,  
NEW ZEALAND LIBRARY SCHOOL, PRIVATE BAG, WELLINGTON



## ECONOMICS FOR BANKING

The Reserve Bank of New Zealand is seeking graduates who have studied for Arts or Commerce degrees and have specialized in Economics. As the Reserve Bank is the source of advice to the Government on matters of money and foreign exchange, its employees are expected to be able to produce reports drawn from as many financial sources as possible.

Training in Economics is needed to conduct the collection and the analysis of the many banking statistics and overseas exchange transactions that are continually being studied by members of the Reserve Bank. Each month a Bul-

letin is produced containing these statistics in readily understandable forms such as graphs and tables as well as in clearly written articles.

Besides offering openings for graduates in Economics, the Reserve Bank has many positions in the practical 'operating' departments dealing with many matters which come under the Reserve Bank. These positions are suitable for persons with ability in administration.

The Reserve Bank was established in 1934. While the Head Office is in Wellington, the Bank has agencies in Auckland and Christchurch.

## EXTRA!

Owing to the very short notice which it was possible to give to potential advertisers, there were not as many possibilities in this supplement as **Craccum** would have liked to have seen. While it is not fair to put advertisements in this supplement for companies who have indicated that they would have advertised had they had time, we feel that in the interests of the graduates and near-graduates some mention of these other possibilities should be made.

### PHILIPS ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES OF NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

Philips is a world-wide organization with factories and commercial divisions in many countries. In New Zealand there is an Electronic Centre manufacturing television and radio products at Naenae and a Commercial Division in Wellington to distribute them. It is here in the technical and production fields that university graduates can be employed to aid maximum efficiency.

In the Philips laboratory considerable design and development work is carried out on radio and television as well as the design and maintenance of electronic equipment to assist with the alignment and testing of apparatus on the production line. Draughting is another facet of the activities of the laboratory. In conjunction with the laboratory there is a Methods Engineering Section and a section responsible for pre-production planning and preparation for the production line. It is here and on the production line that mechanical engineers have their greatest opportunities.

There is also an expanding engineering section where, again, both mechanical and electronic engineers have opportunities to build a career for the future. In the Commercial Organization there are many aspects of technical work where graduates have wide opportunities open to them. This is not only in the accountancy and commercial degree fields, but also in the technical aspects allied to the commercial activity.

Of these, probably the one of most interest to graduates is the associated company, Electronic Development and Applications Company Limited, in Wellington, which specializes more in development and research than in production. The activities of EDAC are too numerous to outline here, but some of their work, such as strain gauge application for dam building, railway engineering and breakwater construction, have achieved wide publicity. Likewise the production and design of lightweight transmitters and receivers has proved of value to many Government departments.

#### Local Scholarships

Philips offer three scholarships, mainly in the fields of engineering, science and accountancy. Such scholarships pay a generous allowance throughout the academic year and continue each year until the student graduates. The only requirement in return is that the student works with the company during the long vacation. Upon graduation he is free to take whatever course he wishes for his future.

#### Overseas Scholarships

From time to time students of proven ability will be sent overseas for one or two years' study in a foreign country. Similar types of overseas training are also offered by the Philips International Institute of Technological Studies, where many and varied courses are held in electronics, with all expenses paid.

Graduates and senior students are urged to contact **Mr G. T. Devore, Personnel Manager, G.P.O., Box 2097, Wellington.**

## RESERVE BANK OF NEW ZEALAND

Economics is, at one and the same time, probably the most fascinating and the most exasperating of fields in which to work.

Exasperating, because every member of the population of working age considers himself to be an expert in economics simply because he draws a salary cheque or a weekly wage and because he heard his boss say that the net overseas assets of the Bank System had increased and therefore everything is all right.

Fascinating (if you are working in the Reserve Bank of New Zealand), because you are working with day-to-day events and your interpretation of these events and the action taken on that interpretation can affect the prosperity and plans of every person in New Zealand.

It is one of the main functions of a central bank to advise the Government on monetary and foreign exchange matters, and to do this it must keep in close contact with developments in the economy generally and in financial fields particularly. Information from personal contacts, from publications and from the analysis of statistical trends is drawn together by the Bank's Economic Department into reports on which monetary policy is based.

In an endeavour to reduce the exasperation mentioned earlier, the Bank publishes a monthly Bulletin whose graphs, tables and articles are aimed at giving the common man a better understanding of current economic events and basic economic truths. This is also compiled in the Economic Department.

Most of New Zealand's official statistics are compiled by the Government Statistician but the Bank does gather and process several important series. The most well known of these are various banking statistics and the statistics of overseas exchange transactions — the 'Balance of payments' figures released every month. While much of the work is done by data-processing machines, people with a training in economics are needed to guide the work and to ensure consistency of interpretation.

An extensive economic library, constantly supplemented by the latest books and periodicals, is available to keep the economic staff in touch with the up-to-date thought both in the theory and practice of economics.

This is of particular use to those who are taking higher degrees. Every encouragement is given to staff members to do this — time off for lectures, study and examinations, payment of fees and a bonus on completion. In addition, the Bank sends members to various staff training courses (mainly of a banking nature), both in New Zealand and overseas.

The Bank is confident that its salaries and conditions compare well with those being generally offered in New Zealand today — not the least of the fringe benefits is the opportunity the Economic Department offers for stimulating arguments with people with interesting views on any topic.

The opportunities for advancement within the Economic Department are excellent and for those who show a flair for administration and a predilection for the practical there are openings in the Bank's 'operating' departments, Chief Cashier's, Chief Accountant's and Secretary's — which deal with banking operations, exchange and advance control, the registration of Government and Local Authority stock and the various other matters which come within a Central Bank's sphere.

For further information on what the Bank offers, please apply to the Secretary, Reserve Bank of New Zealand, Wellington (phone 41-095) or the Manager, Auckland Branch.

### STANDARD-VACUUM OIL CO. (NZ) LTD

Standard-Vacuum are interested in graduates with Commerce, Science or Arts degrees for their organization. There are many opportunities available for graduates in the oil industry, and Standard-Vacuum are looking for graduates with native aptitude and the ability to be good team-workers.

Graduates are trained thoroughly, and high quality performance is rewarded appropriately.

Details of this Company's activities may be had from the **Employee Relations Manager, P.O. Box 2497, Wellington.**

### GENERAL MOTORS NEW ZEALAND LTD

General Motors have positions in their Finance Department for graduates wishing to make careers in Cost Accounting and Management Accounting. These fields include budgets, profit planning, cash forecasting, cost accounting and cost analysis, internal control and audit, reporting to management, punched card accounting and electronic data processing.

General Motors believe that they can offer objective, disinterested advice to any graduates or students wishing to discuss the industrial accounting field generally or particularly.

For further information contact **General Motors New Zealand Limited, P.O. Box 1999, Wellington.**

#### OTHER OPENINGS

Other companies have expressed interest, but did not want to advertise in this supplement. Some of these are listed here for the convenience of students:

**New Zealand Insurance Company Limited, P.O. Box 165, Auckland.**

**Atlantic Union Oil Company (NZ) Limited, P.O. Box 2592, Wellington.**

**New Zealand Society of Accountants, P.O. Box 5089, Wellington.**

**New Zealand Railways, Private Bag, Wellington.**



# A.U.S.A. DESPATCH

Produced by the Auckland University Students' Association for the benefit of its members

## Craccum Editor Struck Blind

Owing to the temporary blindness of Craccum's Editor and loss of copy due to mental aberrations in the early stages of his illness, the opening edition has been delayed by one week.

Quote from prostrate Editor "... my light has gone out ... has anybody seen my bag."

The first issue will appear on the first day of the term. It will include the following articles:—

ANALYSIS OF "STUDENT HANDBOOK" FOR FRESHERS

REPORT ON CONGRESS AT CURIOUS COVE

PLANS FOR NEW STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION BUILDING

CRITICAL REVIEW OF "HAMLET"

REPORT ON SPORTS' GROUNDS DEPUTATION TO THE UNIVERSITY COUNCIL

WAIKATO STUDENTS

WELCOME TO STUDENTS By the Mayor of Auckland, MR D. M. ROBINSON

REPORT ON PREVIEW OF WEST SIDE STORY

ADVICE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS

Nothing much is going on around 'varsity at the moment but Revue auditions are in progress; Stud. Ass. office is open for general student enquiries; and MEN, PATRONISE YOUR ASSOCIATION SHOWER ROOM: THREE SHOWERS IN CONTINUOUS OPERATION, NO WAITING ! ! ! ! !



THE EDITOR: Dick Johnstone



# BALI HI REVUE BAR 22 CHANCERY STREET, CITY

**Presents : SWINGING JAZZ, REVIEW, TRAD, and SENSATION**

**EVERY THURSDAY NITE at 8.30 p.m. - - - The Fabulous New BRIDGE - CITY JAZZMEN**  
Dancing and Listening to Mighty TRAD !

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**EVERY SATURDAY NITE at 10 p.m. till 3 a.m.**

Two Big Floorshows — 11 p.m. and 1 a.m.  
Dance and Revue

Wally Martin's Sensational  
**STRIP - A - R A M A**

**Starring Sizzling Striptease Artist CINDY,**  
and an array of Top Stars

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**EVERY SUNDAY NITE at 8 p.m. - - -**

**JAZZ at the BALI HI**

A series of jazz programmes bringing to you every style and type of Jazz as played by Auckland's leading Jazz musicians and groups.

Direction: Bernie Allen and Stuart Parsons, by courtesy Wally Martin Associates.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**EVERY WEDNESDAY NITE at 7.30 p.m. -**

**SURPRISE SPECTACULARS**

Surprise Revue, Jazz, Stars, and novelty attractions every Wednesday nite.

The same swinging shows by the same management who gave you your own special kind of entertainment at  
THE ARTIST COFFEE GALLERY — now closed — ONLY BETTER THAN EVER !

Direction: Wally Martin Associates

OUR ADVERTISERS MAKE OUR PUBLICATIONS POSSIBLE

## PLEASE SUPPORT THEM

*Wine and Dine*  
*at* **FORTE'S**  
**OF FORT STREET**



**SATURDAY NIGHT**

**FEATURING**

**JOHN WILCOX TRIO**

**IS DINE, DANCE AND CABARET NIGHT**



**VISIT AUCKLAND'S NEWEST RESTAURANT TODAY !**

**RESERVATIONS PHONE 43-401**