

CRACCUM

Auckland University Students' paper

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TUESDAY 9 APRIL 1963



GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS

Fur, feathers and fluff in Executive

The current breakdown in the mature machinery of Executive was caused by the sudden resignation of two senior women members of the Students' Association and the appointment of another, one after the other. Fur and feathers and fluff seem to be flying in all directions.

Perhaps students should merely nod understandingly, realising that girls will be girls whether they are Executive members or not.

Anne Hilt resigned from her position as women's vice-president. Jill Mandeno, a rela-

tively minor member of Women's House Committee, was co-opted to the vacated position. Cynthia Hasman, who was chairman of the committee, Jill's senior, and expected successor to the higher position, followed this with her resignation.

Officially the contenders for Miss Hilt's position were Cynthia Hasman, Jill Mandeno and Pam Meeking, Business Manager. Jill's selection by Executive was made at their meeting on Monday March 18.

Jill's comment on her elevation was that she was decidedly flabbergasted at the idea of co-option when she had imagined Cynthia to be ahead of her in the line of association officials.

Cynthia had no comment to make other than a reference to her letter of resignation to Executive, which stated:

'It is with considerable regret that I must tender my resignation from the Execu-

tive. I have very much enjoyed my work for the association, but I now find my position quite intolerable.

'I feel that I can no longer work as chairman of a committee one of whose members, after a few weeks' service, has been appointed to a position quite senior to my own. I feel quite sure, moreover, that my own committee will now have that same lack of confidence in me that I consider the Executive to have shown.

'I therefore feel that I can no longer continue my work as chairman of Women's House Committee'.

Anne Hilt, in her letter of resignation, said she was unfortunately unable to continue with her duties because of circumstances beyond her control. She apologised for the inconvenience which her resignation must necessarily cause the Executive.

—Craccum reporter



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THE NEW CRACCUM

As many of our readers will know, since the resignation of the original editor, Mr Johnson, because of ill-health, Craccum has been in a parlous and chaotic state.

In fact, the second issue was produced only through the efforts of some members of the Executive.

For a while it looked as though Craccum might become defunct. However, a number of people interested in Craccum decided to get together to discuss whether some action could be taken to put the paper on its feet again. They met and formulated a plan whereby Craccum would be run by an editorial committee of seven people. This committee would run the paper under the chairmanship of a nominal editor.

The committee consists of the following persons: B. F. Babington (editor in chief), F. J. Lillie, L. Gibbard, M. Walls, Miss P. Middleton, Miss D. Rice and Miss C. Lewis.

Separate Expense Account

After discussion, the executive was approached with a concrete proposal. Craccum asked for an independent expense account of £200, to be used for the refurbishing and modernising of the present dirty, noisy and unsanitary quarters, and for any expenses that might occur. Discussion ensued and an eventual compromise was reached by which Craccum would be immediately refurbished, and would receive £10 per issue to spend as the committee sees fit. An account of the expenditure is to be presented after each issue.

Included in the application was a proposal for the complete autonomy of Craccum;

that is, a firm guarantee from the executive that there would be no power of censorship exercised over the contents of Craccum. The committee, however, gave an assurance that it would bear strongly in mind the known wishes of the executive as regards the coverage of elections and promotion of the building fund, etc.

Much debate followed the bringing up of this controversial issue. Members of the executive pointed out that the executive was legally responsible for the copy in Craccum, and could not hand over such authority to the Craccum staff. A number of executive members seemed afraid of possible libel suits. Mr Nuttall-Smith quoted the famous occasion of the the 1961 issue 12 midnight copy-burning by Exec. of an early chef d'oeuvre of the present editor-in-chief, 'The Tales of Hoffman'.

The members of the committee pointed out that seven people should be able to exercise a sufficient measure of responsibility. Mr Shenkin was the only Exec member to agree with them. However, he added darkly, if the executive was sued by an outside person, Exec would in turn sue the committee, even if the members had to pay off at the rate of a pound a week for the rest of their lives.

Deadlock ensued. However, a compromise of sorts was worked out on the understanding that the executive would not tamper with Craccum's freedom on any but the gravest issues. If unwarranted interference takes place, which we hope is unlikely, then the committee would feel obliged to resign.

This, then, is the position of the New Craccum. For the moment all is smiles and affability, and it is hoped that

the situation will be perpetuated.

As stated elsewhere, the policy of the paper is to be decided by the seven-person committee. The paper will present coverage of University, local, national and international questions. Literary and art topics will be given full treatment as in past Craccums with Foreign Affairs and home politics. We hope to provide more illustrations and a generally brighter paper, without sacrificing the standard of presentation. We also hope to bring a better sports coverage than Craccum has had for some years past.

However, in the last analysis, it is the student body that makes or breaks the paper. The paper exists for the expression of student opinions, and if those opinions are not forthcoming, the paper may as well not exist.

Albert Camus once described modern man as a being who 'fornicates and reads the papers'. University beings should also be capable of writing for them.

—Editorial Committee

FRUSTRATION!



About 20 yards as the pigeon flies —but over 100 yards following the bitumen. You all know this path. Hundreds trek along its winding route to lectures every day.

It was designed for an age of leisure, of Sunday strolls, for relaxation in the shade of exotic foliage. But in this age of screw-propelled steamships, airships and benzine-powered automobiles, this path is distinctly out of place.

Its zig-zag path is frustrating for the hurried. In fact, for many years, every day, scores of students and others have ignored the path and

taken their own route. And the grass gave way, a dusty track appeared, and the city fathers frowned.

A railing was erected to halt the flow — yet another bureaucratic restriction on the liberty of the people. And what can you do? Just follow the path indicated by the black arrow. Then you can make that lecture on time and preserve your right to choose your own path in life.

EXTRA-MURAL SHUT-DOWN

What exactly is the point of the new extra-mural enrolment statute, 1962, which came into force this year?

If it exists, then it must be beyond the comprehension of us ordinary mortals.

By the new regulations, no student may sit extra-murally in any subject not taught by Auckland University. There are a lot of these — Political Science, Asian Studies, Russian, etc. We are told that exemption may be granted in especial cases of hardship — whatever that means — if a university in New Zealand at which the subject is taught agrees to examine the subject. It all sounds rather doubtful.

Perhaps somebody ought to be reminded that universities exist for students, not students for universities. Or do they?

Anyway, Craccum would be interested in hearing some sort of defence of what appear to be rather iniquitous regulations.

On the question of the

teaching of Russian at this university, while it is agreed that a BA NZ degree is hardly sufficient for the teaching of Russian to advanced stages, it is surely sufficient for the teaching of Stage I. After all, Stage I in any language is fairly elementary, containing basic grammar and prose composition, translation from the language into English, and a pretty broad survey of literature.

Here the extra-mural regulations seem particularly obnoxious. If a student can't do Russian in Auckland, surely it is the university's fault, not his, and he should be allowed to take it extra-murally without a lot of nonsense about especial hardship.

—Editors

THE ROLL

It is about time, surely, that the system of signing rolls to show attendance at lectures was dropped. Few would disagree that some (perhaps a large minority) of lectures given aren't worth listening to anyway. Most are delivered without even a semblance of enthusiasm, and contain information readily obtainable in things called books. And who hasn't had the experience of sitting through certain lectures noting mentally the books and even the pages that the speaker is plagiarising.

Down the grapevine we hear that rolls are being handed round in some Stage III subjects this year!

If the goats are to be sorted from the sheep before the final examination, the process should be edged on term's tests (a very slightly less ridiculous institution) and not on lecture attendance — a method of judgment as meaningless as some of the lectures.

—Editor

DONS ADMIRABLE

"Dons admirable! Dons of might!
Uprising on our inward sight,
Compact of ancient tales and port
And sleep — and learning of a sort".

In olden days (the middle ages, to be precise) so I have just read, the universities were rather different from our present day institutions of higher learning.

Most notable was the difference in status between staff and students. In days gone by it was the staff who walked in fear of the students, and expulsion of a student was a rare thing.

A case that illustrates this is the apparently historical story of a gay young blade who pelted his tutor with assorted dirt, then interfered with the tiles of his roof with the intent of causing a nasty accident. The same witty lad later transfixed a fellow student. For this indiscretion he was not expelled, but was eventually sent down from his alma mater on the ground that his work was unsatisfactory. It is also recorded that it was customary for staff members to seek permission if

they wished to travel a certain distance away from their residence. (But I digress).

Most interesting of all is the fact that attendance lectures being voluntary, a good idea of a lecturer's ability was gained by the number of students who turned up to hear him.

Lecturers who failed to attract a sufficient number of hearers were fined substantially. It is a pertinent (and probably impertinent) thought that if this applied today results might be quite interesting.

Something along this line perhaps:

Scene: Bankruptcy court present, four assorted professors (we know who, don't we?) six senior lecturers, ordinary lecturers and a large number of the inferior junior ilk, charged with the material as well as the spiritual society.

It's a thought, anyway.

LETTERS

More on page 14

Dear sir,

It is unfortunate that Les Holborow took at face value the vague political jargon used by Mr Shand at Congress. Such phrases such as 'necessary political realism,' 'the intractability of concrete facts,' 'in touch with the actual situation,' etc., are not far from Mr Peter Sellers' 'In the light of present-day developments...'

Surely Mr Holborow does not believe that, if not enough planning has been done, then it is due to the pressure of current work on Crown Ministers, or that there are not enough parliamentary members qualified for cabinet rank? If this weak excuse is the case, then Mr Shand should resign from politics, since he is incompetent, and so should his party, since there is not enough members in parliament of qualified rank.

Mr Holborow is also guilty of mixing his metaphors. Francis Batten did not look at Mr Shand through 'rose-tinted spectacles' — not even socialistically pink ones. However, Mr Shand was certainly looking at things through dark glasses. Quote: 'It would be bad to have continual industrial peace—that would mean that one side was dominating.' For Mr Shand, there are two 'sides'—'management and labour'—and he just can not see beyond this dichotomy. To quote him again: 'The Trade Unions must make some mistakes, and so must the employers, but this does not mean that the system is wrong.' Mr Shand's talk was about 'The Future of Organised Labour' but he had nothing new to

offer, in comparison, say, with the ideas of worker participation in the control of industry (discussed at the last Labour Party conference).

Robert Nola

PURE STUDY

Dear sir,

My heart bleeds for J. E. Hawkins and his laudable desire for 'backwater of pure study,' 'pure' study supposedly meaning that which is devoid from the need for exams. (If Mr Hawkins does not wish to sit exams there is nothing to prevent him from coming to lectures and abstaining from the sordid materialism of finals.)

Mr Hawkins asks what is the point of the 'gesture'? Correct me if I am wrong, but I had understood that it was intended to eliminate from the university people who believed that, far from being an institute of higher learning, university was in fact a means of avoiding the tiresome necessity of earning one's living.

It was also, (so I thought) aimed at gently pointing out to students such as those mentioned in a heart-rending letter from 'Mother' in the Auckland Star, that if they worked hard for two years and yet did not pass one unit, they were not of a sufficiently high academic standard for it to be worth their while pursuing their studies.

Does Mr Hawkins consider that he falls into either of these categories? If not, then I should think that he could manage to pass one unit every two years without undue effort or interruption of his 'pure' study.

I remain, etc.,

J.A.

BILLIARDS

Dear sir,

May I suggest that the current spate of premises construction, — viz. new coffee bar — be extended to the following ambitious programme: I propose, sir, none other than the following far-sighted and brilliant scheme: —that the entire Arts block be converted into a gigantic billiard saloon, with 150 tables, charging sixpence a cue, and run by Students.

I guarantee, sir, that initial expenses would be covered in about a week, and within six months Studass would have enough money to build a further 300 tables in Government House. I earnestly ask your readers to consider this idea, as it could lead to great things. Just imagine — a sea of cues, tables, chalk, as far as the eye can penetrate. —

Quills

WUS

Dear Sir,

The executive of the Auckland branch of the NZ Federation of University Women feels that it may be of interest to students and especially to graduands to know what happens to money collected as fees for the hire of academic regalia.

Income received from such hiring out of regalia, undertaken as a useful service to the academic community, is apportioned as follows—

Half is given to the NZ Federation of University Women Fellowship Fund, from which is awarded, at present annually, a £500 Fellowship. In alternate years this is given to an Asian Graduate to study in NZ, and to a NZ graduate for study overseas.

In NZ at present is Miss Cha-oun Pierikasiborn, the

1962 Fellow. The 1963 Fellowship has been awarded to Miss C. Bishop, of the Department of Chemistry, University of Auckland, leaving shortly to work at University College, London.

Two-tenths is returned to a Gown Purchase Fund to increase and maintain stock of regalia.

Three-tenths goes to a Federation Room Fund. It is hoped that the Federation may one day be able to finance the building and/or furnishing of a meeting room within the university for use not only by Federation but by similar organisations.

Yours faithfully,

Dr M. J. Woodroffe,
Hon. Secretary.

BRICKBAT

Your reporter (?)—W.A.L. (who ever) appears to me, to have little artistry in his own reporting.

Mr Kenneth Patchen I have heard of, Mr 'Keith Patchen' never! 'The San Francisco Jazz Chamber Group' was not mentioned on my record cover, (perhaps it was on W.A.L.'s?) but rather a group called 'The Chamber Jazz Sextet'. Where our highly esteemed reporter, W. A. L., found this new American poet and a new accompanying jazz group for him, I don't know.

The Literary Society was much obliged for his or her words of wisdom, but for God's sake can't he or her get their facts straight. What's the use of a reporter who reports incorrectly. Surely a small effort on his or her part, to contact Literary Society and check up on the facts before publication is not too much to ask from a reporter!

I feel this whole article has an air of vagueness about it.

Vague inasmuch as two societies, club only, were mentioned in name — Drama Society and Tramping Club. The rest of the material related to no club or Society whatsoever. On reading article—'The poetry with a —refers to what Club or Society? Jazz Club — Literary Society? The reading of Robert Frost's poem — Dame Edith Sitwell's poem was a contribution from Literary or Drama Society? WHAT!!!?

W.A.L. should recognize fundamentals—to be sure his facts would be a good start.

—W.A.L. WELL!!

Tyme Curnow,

President Literary Society

Looks like Exec is so desperately wrapped up in administration and need for smooth running thereof that they're absolutely obliged to co-opt new Women's Vice without dull formalities of advertising publicly that position vacant.

RULES says:— 'Executive provided that a quorum shall remain, shall have power to and may summarily appoint any member (whether then a member of the Executive or not) to fill such vacancy for the remainder of the Association year'.

Fascinating rules, then made by office-bearers for office-bearers — grand how these top people had confidence that their circle of acquaintance (who heard of sudden vacancy) contained all the persons most suitable for the position. Note also interesting situation whereby it's difficult to criticise any option without getting disagreeably personal about co-optee in question.—Exec unassailable in these matters.

The



(1)

HELLO
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Craccum
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3657 F
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word of
do we.)



(1) THE INGENUE

—a pretty lass, fresh from St. C★th's., gay but witless. Signs on for forty-three societies and four units as well.



(2) TEMPTATION

—the gay social whirl. Student liaison. Capping Book sales, yachting club coffee evenings, procession. Her candle burns at both ends. Can it last the night?



(3) DOWNFALL

—dances with with saturnine languages lecturer (romance?) at downtown coffee-den. Seen by schoolgirl enemies. Scandal ensues.

HELLO THERE !

Copy Closing Date CRACCUM IV APRIL 19

Craccum is gay, witty, sensuous, shocking, elevated, archetypal . . .

it can do things to you — it can do things for you.

3657 Kubu Islanders believe that Craccum is the revealed word of the great ju-ju. (So do we.)



(4) RUIN

—jilted by her faithless Lothario, she fails terms. Dejected, desolate and despised, she seeks consolation by standing for a position on the Executive.

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CRICKET TESTS REVIEWED

CRACCUM INTERVIEWS NOTED CRICKETERS

★ Mervyn Wallace

★ John Sparling

★ Bill Playle

New Zealand cricket is good, but needs to improve to reach overseas standards, said Mr Merv Wallace, formerly one of New Zealand's finest batsmen, when interviewed by Craccum at the close of the recent series against the touring English team.

'Our cricketers cannot practice hard enough because of the restrictions of their jobs and so forth,' he said. But too many are not prepared to sacrifice, to achieve peak form, and too few are dedicated enough to reach the top.'

Asked what he felt were the special weaknesses in the New Zealand batting, Mr Wallace stressed the basic need for the New Zealand players to watch the ball from the bowler's hand right onto the bat. Upon this, he said, depended a batsman's opportunity for good footwork and therefore his ability to increase stroke production.

'It's so elementary,' he said. 'Everything hinges on watching the ball; and yet many players of promise cannot reach a high standard because of failure in this respect.'

Mr Wallace commented on New Zealand's pressing need for greater experience against teams of international standing.

'Naturally it is this which leads to higher standards of play,' he said.

New Zealand has not been helped greatly by Australia on this matter; for not a great number of Australian teams have been sent here, although

we are so close. The fact that Sir Donald Bradman never once appeared in New Zealand is indicative of their lack of interest.'

On the subject of the Sheffield Shield (Australia's interstate equivalent of our Plunket Shield) Mr Wallace said that he felt it would not be practical for N.Z. to compete in this because so many players are not in a position to get off work.

'It could also result in the loss of our international status,' he added.

'New Zealand does not expect to do well at home,' he said when asked to comment on N.Z.'s performances in the recent series.

'At the beginning of a series our players are not tuned to test cricket; and through inexperience, or a feeling of inferiority, and the sense that there is so much at stake, many of our players—especially the young ones—are beaten before they start.'

However, he went on, by the third test of this last series the N.Z.'ers had improved to such an extent that the MCC were hard pressed to defeat them by just the same margin as they defeated Australia at Melbourne earlier this year.

Asked for his opinion about coaching young talent, Mr Wallace agreed that inviting overseas professionals for this purpose would be both practical and desirable.

'But we don't want to kill them by giving them too

many young players to spread their energies over,' he added. 'It's the individual training that creates a first-class player.'

He regarded good wickets—concrete if possible in all primary and intermediate schools, and even as practice wickets in secondary schools—as absolutely necessary for producing players with confidence and a firm batting technique.

Finally, Mr Wallace considered that the things New Zealand needed most to learn from the Englishmen were application and concentration. Without these, New Zealand cricket could not be expected to undergo any radical improvement.

Craccum also found itself within the precincts of a law office surrounded by legal documents and ponderous tomes, in conversation with Mr John Sparling, former varsity type, who represented New Zealand in the recent tests. Mr Sparling, while not free to commit himself on some matters, obliged with some general comments.

'This series,' he said, 'showed clearly the superiority of an English team in top form, New Zealand's struggle to reach peak performance, and the hopeless gap between Plunket Shield matches and international cricket.'

'We can't get enough top level match practice,' he said. 'It's a case of week-end cricketers against pros.'

Mr Sparling commented on

the 'great depth' of the English batting order, and said he felt we could learn a lot from their attitude to the game.

'They have the confidence that can only come from wide experience,' he said.

Questioned also about the condition of our first-class pitches, he said that although he would endorse the 'faster wickets' cry, he felt that it was actually the majority of club and school pitches that needed most attention. For the loss of confidence suffered early in a player's career on such poor wickets was costly to New Zealand cricket.

'Now, are you sure you wouldn't like to make out a will while you're here?' quipped Sparling the lawyer as Craccum left.

Craccum's last 'victim' was tall, athletic young Auckland, Bill Playle, who was opening bat for NZ in this series and an outstanding man in the field.

Asked how he had liked his role as opening bat, Mr Playle said that he had found it 'most interesting.'

'Facing Truman is quite an experience, too,' he added. 'He's doing something different all the time and keeps you absolutely on your toes. New Zealand cricketers would be much more proficient if our batsmen faced such bowling more often.'

Mr Playle said he felt N.Z. cricketers both when batting and when in the field needed to outthink their opponents.

'That is something we

N.Z. Cricket Captain
John Reid



—Courtesy Auckland Star

His 100 in the third test was rated by Ted Dexter as one of the greatest innings he had seen.

would do well to learn from the Englishmen,' he said. 'We've got the players, but we need the experience of playing against better teams.'

He had little criticism of the pitches, and said they had played well, allowing scope for both batsmen and bowlers.

Reviewing the whole series, Mr Playle said he had enjoyed it very much, and was glad of the chance of meeting again those members of the MCC he had met formerly in England.

(The three were interviewed by Janet Linton.)

Musettes and Nombriils

Containing nearly 1000 pages, the **Oxford Illustrated Dictionary** is the latest addition to the wide-ranging and famous series of reference books published by the Oxford University Press.

The new book combines the essential features of a dictionary with those of an encyclopedia. Its vocabulary is full enough for day-to-day dictionary use, and it provides information about the meaning of words and phrases, spelling, pronunciation, and in some cases etymology. In addition, however, it includes many technical and scientific terms, and entries on famous people, important places, and major historical events.

The book derives from the great 13-volume Oxford English Dictionary, but was more immediately based upon the vocabulary of the Concise Oxford Dictionary. Every definition had to be prepared anew, however, and new words introduced.

Some words appear for the first time in an Oxford Dictionary. Aerosol, aqualung, and the iced-lolly are in. So are franking machines and

vending machines, the lay-by and the skin-dive. 'Home,' 'Light' and 'Third' also are 'new' terms included. Words have to stand some test of time and durability before being admitted to a good dictionary. Thus the charleston and the tango are in, but not the twist. Coca-cola finds a place.

Changes of meaning in long-established words or phrases had to be taken into account. Under 'smite' it was necessary to add love as something with which one might be struck, because of the now common if vulgar use of 'smitten' in that connection.

Although the dictionary was years in preparation, the aim has been to keep pace to the date of its printing with current events; thus Congolese and Tanganyikan independence are noted.

The encyclopaedic element is a big one. Most pages pro-

vide answers to such questions as: What is a cathode ray? When did runaway marriages at Gretna Green begin? Are there Kremliins in Russian towns besides Moscow? What is a musette, and what a nombriil? In what century did Pythagoras live? Which was the Rye House Plot?

Nearly all the illustrations were drawn especially for the book but a small number were adapted from existing drawings. Twenty-one artists were employed in all, some because of their expertise in illustrating subjects in which they have specialised. The illustrations editor consulted authorities on various topics, including some distinguished scientists, before deciding how things should be depicted in drawings, to ensure that the drawings were correct.

At the end of the book there are various tables containing information ranging from the dates of the Popes and a list of the states of the USA to the Atomic weights of the chemical elements.

The text was edited by

Jessie Coulson, Professor C. T. Carr (of the University of St. Andrews), Lucy Hutchinson and Dorothy Eagle. Mary Petter edited the illustrations.

In its later stages, most of the work on the dictionary was done in two rooms of a modest villa in a back-street of Oxford, an annexe to the main buildings of the Press.

The Oxford Illustrated Dictionary, published at 62/6d., N.Z., is likely to establish itself quickly as one of the most useful one-volume reference books in the English language. As such it will be welcomed in library, school, office, and home—and by crossword puzzle enthusiasts everywhere.

Incidentally, a musette is a miniature set of bagpipes; a nombriil is a centre point of the lower half of an escutcheon, i.e., three-quarters of the way down a shield. Pythagoras lived from 582 to 507 B.C., and the 1683 Rye House Plot, 78 years after Guy Fawkes, aimed (unsuccessfully) at knocking off Charles II. Gretna Green has been a favourite spot for English lads and lasses since 1754, and a Kremlin is any fortified citadel

WANTED

A SPORTS EDITOR

Be in the swing

We play Touch Football in Hut 6, etc., etc.
(Jackie too)

SPORT EDIT FOR CRACCUM

Outside seating for lunch? Exec and/or Council should look hard at ex-football shed area, lawns around and behind Mt. Pleasant, and a few other odd scraps of open country. Lots of students around these days and no pretty turf can be held sacred. You can get rheumatiz from sitting on the wet ground this winter if you like, but I'm fastidious.

—Arch.

J. Papa
C. Ronay
Miss Chrl
Kay
Alis
Jud

M. T. Mi
D. H. Wil
W. G. Cal

H. Richa
P. Were
S. Walke
D. Arcus
W. Sharp
R. Hoadl
B. Shenk
A. Wilso
D. Hollan
A. Noyes
B. Calver

J. C. Sin
M. B. Sir
R. Cato
R. Thoma
W. Lamb
C. Pain
S. Davis
D. Peacoc
Miss Eliza
Chr
Kay
Suz
Chr
Sus

BA
Miss Chrl
Kay
Pat
Jud
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Easter tournament

CRACCUM 5
TUESDAY 9 APRIL 1963

The following teams will be competing at Tournament in Wellington.
Results will be published in the next Craccum.

TENNIS

J. Papa W. Simpson
C. Ronayne B. Young
Miss Christine Drummond
Kay Glenny
Alison Mitchell
Judith Potter

YACHTING

M. T. Mitchell
D. H. Williams
W. G. Cant

ROWING

H. Richardson A. Perry
P. Were P. Smith
S. Walker W. Schlessel
D. Arcus G. Cole
W. Sharpe R. Jones
R. Hoadley R. Walker
B. Shenkin C. Le Quisne
A. Wilson D. Broughton
D. Holland G. Willoughby
A. Noyes P. Masfen
B. Calvert A. Drydew

SWIMMING

J. C. Sinclair T. Le Grouw
M. B. Sinclair M. Stanton
R. Cato A. R. Harding
R. Thomas L. Grey
W. Lambert J. D. Thomas
C. Pain P. Hatch
S. Davis I. Makintosh
Miss Elizabeth Andrews
Christine Noble
Kay Daniels
Suzanne Lewisham
Christine Hall
Susan Sharpe

BASKETBALL

WOMEN'S

Miss Christine Bold
Kay Johnstone
Patricia Barge
Judy Mooney
Alison Long
Maureen Phillips
Marian Gellert
Jill Newall
Maree Papesch
Betty McFarlane

WOMEN'S ROWING

Lynette Skelton
Patricia Shorland
Sheryl Gavin
Heather Middleton
Sue Lewisham
Sue Grieves
Carolyn Logan
Judith Kendall
Yvonne O'Malley.

ATHLETICS

J. McC. W. L. Walker
Webber A. Martin
N. Drummond J. G. Beckett
K. Sharkey B. Henderson
P. J. Norris K. M.
A. R. Howard McKinley
D. L. Clarke A. D. Rae
L. W. Marr P. R. Burn
J. G. Pezaro D. Barag-
M. C. Howcroft wanath
P. J. Morgan D. Monds
J. Farmer N. K. McDell
Miss Joanne Longley
Alison Long
Maureen Barclay
Bronwen Johnston
Penny Cameron
Bronwen Wooler
Maris Donald

CRICKET

J. G. Collinge T. Blacktop
B. D. Gunson D. Harper
J. K. Collinge R. Laing
B. Delatour H. Smalley
A. Entage M. Winter-
P. Gibson bourne
N. Armstrong



The Tournament Shield—the spoil for victors.

DELEGATES

NZUSA

P. J. Rankin T. B.
N. G. Wilson Nuttall-Smith
H. Romaniuk

NZUSU

J. G. Collinge C. C. Harvey

NZUSPC

F. J. Lillie Miss C. Lewis
Observer, NZUSA
J. Strevens

LAW MOOTING

The following will go to
Tournament for Law Mooting:
G. V. Hubble H. Fulton

DEFINITION OF TOURNAMENT

Tournament happens twice a year. It is the time when the four universities and two agricultural colleges compete in sporting events. This year's Easter Tournament at Wellington promises to be a real 'ball'.

Most students will travel to Wellington by train where they will be billeted by Wellington families. Tournament is, of course, a time for parties and general student togetherness.

The Winter Tournament during the August holidays will be at Dunedin and will feature winter sports. In conjunction with Winter Tournament the student arts festival is held. While students meet on the sports field of battle, others are arranging the inevitable administrative matters of student organisation. For, in conjunction with both tournaments, the New Zealand Universities Students Association meets. This is a collection of Executive bods from the six universities. Here they discuss the interim policies of

their resident Executive and matters affecting New Zealand students as a whole.

The student newspapers of the universities hold their press council at this time and generally there are technical sessions on various aspects of newspaper work as relevant to the universities.

The New Zealand Universities Student Press Council, besides general liaison work, is responsible for sending a regular bulletin overseas about student life. NZUSPC generally acts as a news agency on a small scale. There are no affiliations to the New Zealand Press Association.

Also at Easter the NZSASU meets — a collection of the Sports Representatives; while the Blues Panel decides on the year's sporting blues.

Congenial surroundings, an atmosphere of benevolence and bastard existentialism, smiling clean-scrubbed faces, neo-platonic friendships, coffee (sometimes), experience, sophistication, joie de vivre, utter devotion to the ethics of newspaper publishing, embryo fascism, girls, and a number of fading posters

AWAIT

the budding writer, thinker, intellectual, egg-head, revolutionary, seditionist, neo-Thomist, general layabout or just plain slob

AT CRACCUM

The Great Beerquaffer

Who was the greatest of them all in the Valhalla of beerquaffers? The man who drank the whole Canterbury team under the table in 1904, who made the present pseudo-pubcrawl record look like a casual siesta with soft drinks?

'Bongo' Pearson (1934-7), you may ask. No!

'Legs' Mulligan (1919-26), you may ask again. No!

Neither of these. It was a man you have probably never heard of — Walter Peacehead — who attended the university in days long gone by. 1904-11 to be exact.

Walter, seen in his prime in the youthful photograph displayed, was probably the greatest single beer-drinker in the history of the sport. Not for him the effeminate seven-ouncer! When he, single-handed, took on the entire Canterbury team in 1905, he drank from a well-oiled, size 17 Wellington boot, until the whole Canterbury team had utterly dissolved.

At university he was a popular student, well-liked and respected by students and staff alike. He completed four units of a BComm degree in seven years before leaving the halls of learning to take a highly-paid position manu-

facturing barrels at a local brewery.

What became of Walter? This was the question that we asked ourselves when reminiscing on the heroes of yesterday. Craccum, your bright, probing newspaper, has found THE original Walter Peacehead. We found him living in a pensioners' house in Ponsonby, old but cheerful . . . kept alive only by the Star Christmas fund (he sold the food at an exorbitant rate to the Varsity caf), he nevertheless retained a keen interest in his sport.

We asked him whether the drinkers of today matched up to those of yesterday. He snorted derisively and swore amazingly. In his opinion the so-called drinkers of today are incompetent, impotent and gutless.

Rebuffed, we left the charming old gentleman reclining on his bed, clad in his striped pyjamas, with his tobacco pouch and rusty can of beer. A nostalgic whiff of air from the past.



Waterless Walter

With Paul I have not lately dined:
My jokes were broader than his mind.

—Colin Ellis

CACCUM

FOUR

COPY

closes

APRIL 19

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THE HORN

being entered in the preliminary rounds of the inter-year competitions, from which a final squad will be selected.

It is felt that other faculties should not let the whole responsibility rest on one. The only others showing any responsibility are trying to 'orbit the Moon' in under nine seconds.

An illuminated scroll is being prepared under the direction of some of Auckland's senior penmen, which may do justice to early 14th century Benedictine work. Training sessions are being held currently between 5.0 and 5.30 at the Auckland University Pub.

HORNBLOWER: FORESTER MAKES A NEW COMMENT

The Drinking Horn must be recovered! At present in the possession of Canterbury, the Horn is being contested in Wellington. The names of Auckland and Wellington appear an equal number of times on the horn: a victory would make Auckland the champion to date. But, as Wellington will have the advantage as the home team, it is very important to have a highly trained squad.

The paramount drinking faculty of Auckland is already in preliminary training, based on Lydiard's scheme—stamina before speed. Amongst this faculty alone five teams are

50 MILE WALK

Ten days after a chance remark by Herb Romaniuk that students should attempt the Kennedy-inspired 50 miles in 20 hours, six cheerful young men set off from Maramarua, 00.10 hours Sunday March 24. The starters were B. Hunter, B. Harkins, H. Romaniuk, T. Steemson, P. Walker, D. Wright.

The first 17½ miles passed quickly—very quickly, pacing about 120-min. They made 4 mph with morale excellent. They sang and joked their way to the bottom of the Bombay hills for the first stop. All lay on the ground, feet in the air, consumed half pint of milk, apples and barley sugar. Passing cars slowed to ensure that either the students were blond drunk or their drivers were not. During the night all motorists nearly stopped in amazement, if they were blind drunk or their reflectionised belts, it was because they refused to dip headlights in greeting.

The hills were far easier than anticipated, so when the sun rose and breakfast arrived at 0640 hours everyone felt happy—all marvelled at the organisation and care. With a 25-minute rest, change of sox, and breakfast behind them, display of determination—guts. David thought seriously of stopping. Mike Walls joined Tony, so Bruce and David opened up the pace to put some extra time under their belts (still reflectionised). This had a marvellous effect, soon the soreness went and the pacing rose to 125, speed 42 mph. From 35 miles on all three were determined to finish—no matter what or

when. From 36-41 miles David and Bruce took only a few minutes over the hour for they were paced by Les Gibbard who walked to the finish. At Westfield, a half-hour stop for the two leaders almost proved permanent. Muscles ceased and the next 2 miles took nearly an hour. Then up the long, long hills into the city, David and Bruce taking many short rests of a few seconds. Tony, grinding on with the stick that had supported him for more than 10 miles, outside Dilworth school seized out rubbing of muscles and gritting of teeth moved ? ? ? again.

On and on to the wonderful sight of 'varsity and friends, where Bruce and David arrived at 1545 hours, Tony 1610 hours.

Now a few comments from The Walkers: Tony outside Dilworth. Caroline Lewis for message and smiles. Friendly to all who helped in small ways even with a wave—to those who met us at 'varsity and made the trip worthwhile.

Well, here it is, a challenge first from President K.—now from some students to walk 50 miles in 20, no, make it 16 hours. It can be done and it's more than worth the sore legs.

Craccum Correspondent

FAIRY TALES

During the past few weeks, considerable interest has been shown by the public in the controversial play, 'Fairy Tales of New York', and especially in Canon Blackwood Moore's strongly expressed opinions on this play. SCM asked the Canon if he would care to enlarge on his views at the university; he appreciated the offer and the meeting took place on Wednesday March 13.

Canon Blackwood Moore began by reading a paper about art which he had delivered to the Clergymen's Association last September.

He did this in order to provide an explanation for the nature of his views on art and its connection with morality. When written questions were collected from the audience after this, several things became obvious—the high incidence of bad spelling, grammar and handwriting among students, which the canon tactfully refrained from commenting on, is one of the more unfortunate of these. The main point, which was that the canon's judgments on art are based on a particular system of ideas which was not shared by the majority of the students present.

It became evident that the canon's arguments are justifiable and consistent within themselves if considered in relation to their framework, which is, his personal view of Christian morality.

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GEORGE COURT'S

Karangahe Road, at Papakura, and at Papatoetoe



Owen McShane has been forced to resign from New Buildings Officer because of ill health. Brenda Bracewell has been co-opted to replace him.

BUILDING NOTES

Site:

Approval in principle has now been given for a magnificent site on the Princes Street frontage. The student building will eventually extend from part-way across O'Rorke Street to half-way across Alfred Street and two-thirds of the way down to Symonds Street.

This spread will enable the architect to incorporate such comparatively inexpensive but useful spaces as internal courtyards. It may seem silly to spread the building out when there is a great shortage of space on the site but this is not so in the case of a student building.

Such a building needs to attract students to its various facilities and should not require the students to climb too many flights of stairs. (Lifts are too expensive to shift large numbers of students). In any case external space inside the building complex is more useful than the equivalent space outside the buildings.

APPEAL

We may be wrong, but this seems to be moving slowly. It's not that the students aren't keen, but little more can be done until the amount of the subsidy is announced.

SUBSIDY

If this has not been announced by the time you have got as far as this column, gentle reader, then it's about time the Buildings Committee put in a strong hurry-up to Grants Committee. They have been considering it for almost half a year. We know universities move slowly and we know government departments move slowly; as a combination of the two the Grants Committee seems to have ground to a halt. (Veterinary school excluded, of course).

PLANS

The architect has begun work on the sketch plans. This stage of the planning will take about nine months to complete.

THE NEW CRACCUM STAFF

'The Temperance Seven'

'I believe the twenty-four hour day has come to stay.'

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE (editor) B. F. Babington:

'Of course, before we KNOW that he is a saint there will have to be miracles.'

(organisation) F. J. Lillie: 'My life is one demnd horrid grind!'

(sub-editor) M. Walls: 'I had rather wear out than rust out.'

(chief reporter) L. D. Gibbard: 'There was things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth.'

(chief reporter) Diana Rice: 'A woman will always sacrifice herself if you give her the opportunity. It is her favourite form of self-indulgence.'

(lay-out) Pat Middleton: 'The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boste.'

(proof-reading) Carolyn Lewis: 'All wickedness is but little to the wickedness of a woman.'

Literary and Arts Editor: Pamela J. Beaton.

Foreign and Home Affairs Editor: Warren Lindberg.

Photographer: Arthur Hon.

Illustrations: L. D. Gibbard.

Distribution: Janet Crawford, Janine Gardiner.

Reporting Staff: Janet Linton, Gill Greer, Ken McAllister, Camille Guy, Penny Winter, Garth Evans, David A. Williams, Don Woollen, Janice Lyon, Rose-Ann Harper, Rosalind Hursthouse, Judy Holloway, Jayne Younger, Bruce Rogers, Diane Perham, Kathy Nicholson,

(with assistance from Will Shakespeare, the Penguin Dictionary of Quotations, Dorothy Parker, the Marquis de Sade (!), Lois Lane, Clark Kent, Randy Stone and Alfred E. Neumann).

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LILI KRAUS

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The Council invites applications from advanced students to audition for the above classes, which will be held in Nelson from September 2 to 27, 1963. Up to eight students will be chosen following on audition by Madame Kraus herself. Those chosen must be prepared to attend for the full duration of the classes.

Free travel and an accommodation allowance of £5 per week will be paid.

Applications should be addressed to:

The Secretariat,
Arts Advisory Council,
Dept. of Internal Affairs,
Private Bag, WELLINGTON.

CHURCH PARADE, ARMY STYLE

Sunday in the army is different. If there is no work to do it is a day of rest. If there is no work, there is Church Parade.

'Fall in' — twice — then inspection. Webbing is worn with polished brass; spit-polished boots. Rifles are not carried; the one concession to the 'Prince of Peace'.

March to the parade ground — that hallowed piece of asphalt — where an RSM takes command. Had he the grace and appearance this man would surely be the world's greatest virtuoso castrato.

The sun is hot, the ground is hot, the air is hot, and the language is hot. In the tradition of hysterical mass evangelism, he reduces us to a suitable state of unworthiness. Starting from 'idle' we are soon put on a par with the most private members of an elephant. We are not allowed to move. By straining my eyes to the right of their sockets I can see the mountain, cool, reassuring, mocking the ranting godlet who judges a man's worth by the movements of his leg.

And so to church. Sit rigidly still as the top brass enter with clinking medals. Medals to prove they fought bravely for king, country, self and God (in case He was unable to look after Himself). We all stand up while a dozen or so brave young men sing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers'. After verse 1 Padre invites us all to join in — a few do, but some think Christian soldiers a contradiction in terms.

A major rattles off, 'Though I speak with the tongues of angels . . .' He doesn't, so no one takes much notice. More singing, a sermon, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, fight for what we believe, we are not here to learn to kill. Just aim for the centre of visible mass.

More singing and then out.

The chaps who took advantage of freedom of choice, who chose to miss church parade, will still be cleaning machine-guns. That sort of makes machine-gun cleaning and worship equal.

'Teach me, my God and King,

In all things Thee to see'.

Even David and Steve are annoyed. They're decent guys although they do read their Bibles. This church parade doesn't seem to fit in with their religion . . . though they go to church. David is getting quite bitter; he says that all the little elephants' members will have to die if we do really fight one day. Then we may see that God is real. We'll die with dirty brass and boots so that another 10 per cent can be put off religion and the RSM can wear another row of ribbons. Funny thing, I don't care much, haven't thought about it. I'll soon be back in civvy street.

—Major Dennis Bloodnock, (43rd Disgusting Deserters) (Special Waiouru cor.)



JILL MANDENO
New Vice (Women's)

RESIGNATION CRISES

At the Executive meeting on March 13 the rights for the sale of university blazers were given to the House of Flackson, George Courts, and Milne and Choyce. All students are entitled to wear a university blazer. Chits to show that you are a student are obtainable from the Studass office.

Delegates were selected for the NZUSA council meeting to be held as usual at Tournament, this Easter in Wellington. Those chosen by Exec were Peter Rankin, Neil Wilson, Tim Nuttall-Smith and Anne Hilt. It was decided to send Herb Romaniuk as observer to Easter council as only Neil Wilson is likely to seek re-election to Exec and some knowledge of NZUSA by Exec is desirable.

John Collinge and Colin Harvey were selected as delegates to NZUSU (the sports union) also held at Easter. No delegates were selected for press council (NZUPC) as there was no editor for Craccum at that stage.

Peter Rankin attended a meeting of presidents of NZ university associations in Wellington on the weekend March 16-17. This meeting was arranged in an endeavour to iron out some of the matters to be dealt with at Easter council. Mr Rankin reports that the meeting was highly successful, and that NZUSA meeting should be more orderly and efficient because of it.

Exec decided to employ someone to serve tea to blood donors. In the past Women's House Committee has managed this task, but apparently this year the job would have been too much. Better to pay out money than hurt feelings by asking a little work!

Two appointments were made to WHC. This was necessary to bring this 'working' committee up to full strength. A motion was moved by Denis Browne requesting Cynthia Hasman to investigate the severe recent loss of cafeteria cups. Miss Hasman was most indignant at the suggestion that the loss may have occurred during orientation suppers. She assured the Exec that members of her committee who had been in charge of suppers had checked the cups in and out of the cafe. (According to members of the WHC this was not always so.) However, her assurances succeeded in defeating the motion.

And so to the special Exec

meeting on March 18. This was caused by Miss Anne Hilt's resignation from the position of Woman Vice-president. Various reasons have been given for this resignation but the truth appears to be that Miss Hilt was tired of Exec work.

There is no provision in the constitution for a by-election. Exec has the power to co-opt, with or without calling for nominations from the students. Mr Nuttall-Smith attempted to pass a motion calling for nominations but Mr Wilson sought an immediate decision. Despite Mr Nuttall-Smith's plea against being 'railroaded into making a decision', Mr Wilson succeeded (4 votes to 3).

Three names were put forward: Miss Hasman, Miss Pamela Meeking and Miss Jill Mandeno. Discussion was tense and after Miss Meeking had virtually moved herself from consideration by supporting Miss Mandeno tempers started to fray. Mr Wilson praised Miss Mandeno's capabilities forcibly, and Mr Browne countered with an exultation of Miss Hasman's virtues. It was suggested that appointing Miss Mandeno would be a slight on Miss Meeking and Miss Hasman. This was squashed by Miss Meeking's announcement that she would not be at all put out.

Miss Hasman summoned her last remaining hope and resorted to smear tactics. She stated that she had some knowledge about Miss Mandeno that showed she was not suitable for Exec. Her statement was torn apart by an outraged Exec and Mr Rankin forbade further mention of the topic. After this almost hysterical outburst the decision was obvious, and Miss Mandeno was elected.

Miss Hasman and her supporter, Mr Browne, left the meeting and Miss Hasman immediately wrote out her resignation. Miss Hasman found her position 'intolerable'. Miss Mandeno, a member of many association committees, was recently appointed to a vacancy on WHC. (Incidentally, there are now two vacancies if anyone is interested). Miss Hasman, from a pinnacle of pride, said that already Miss Mandeno was 'patronising' her. The proud must be pitied!

Resigning is all the rage. At the same meeting the secretary's resignation was accepted with regret. Mr Wilson was opposed to the 'with regret' part, feeling that the notice given by Miss Gardiner, approximately three hours,

was a trifle inadequate. The feeling of Exec on this resignation was mixed. Some members regarded her as extremely capable, but some others shed no tears over her departure. The position of secretary is not an easy position to be in and part of Exec resented Miss Gardiner's slight air of superior judgement.

What is wrong with Exec? During the present term of office there have been no less than five resignations. Firstly, Kerry Rodgers resigned from Capping Controller less than a fortnight after elections. Apparently he discovered he had sufficient other work to keep him amused. Next was Johnny Murphy, Social Controller, who unexpectedly transferred by his firm to Wellington following a lamentable lack of academic diligence. The third resignation was that of Owen McShane, New Buildings Officer, who was prevented from returning to university by ill health. The last two resignations, to date, were those of Miss Hilt and Miss Hasman. While admitting that one of these resignations was unavoidable, the position with the other cases is less attractive. Surely Exec members must be prepared to work (in all respects) and to do so for the whole year. Otherwise elections are a farce.

On the question of the amount of work done by Exec both Miss Meeking and Mr Wilson were critical. Mr Wilson said 'It is my firm contention that this Exec is not doing enough work'. It will be interesting to see whether the drones, if any are now left, place their noses closer to the proverbial grindstone.

SCM on 'Meaning in the Atonement'

Crucifixion, Resurrection, Passion, Redemption and Atonement: all these words are very much a part of Easter. Possibly to much part tending to become traditional 'this time of year' phrases. In an endeavour to get beyond this facade, SCM are organising a series of post-Easter meetings on the meaning of Atonement.

The first, on April 19, is an investigation of the Old Testament background of the word; leading directly to the second talk a week later on the 'Conceptions of the Atonement'.

Both these talks will be held in Room 2 in the Friday lunch hour and will be followed by a final address in which some of the more radical concepts will be presented.

—Ray Nairn

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MALAYSIA NOT A NEW HEAVEN

Malaysia is a device to stop things getting worse rather than a step towards a new heaven or a new earth.

North Borneo, Sarawak and Brunei are included to minimise the influence of Singapore Chinese. The population of Singapore is predominantly Chinese, and if Singapore had been included in the Federation of Malaya when it was declared independent in 1957 the Malayan majority would have been wiped out. Added to this is the fact that the Chinese income is about two and a half times that of the Malaysians—thus the Malaysians fear Chinese dominance.

Clearly, if Singapore had been included at that time, the building of the Malayan State would have been severely hindered.

It would, however, be economically impracticable to run Singapore as a separate entity, and the essential trade relations between the Federation and the city-state would mean

opinion was not wholly acquiescent. In Malaya a referendum was held for the people to vote not either for or against Malaysia, but on the terms of entry. This was not as unjustifiably undemocratic as it has been charged, since none of the political parties opposed the principle of union but only differed over the terms of entry. The left wing attempted to influence the vote by pointing out that those who opposed the merger could not say so, and urging people not to vote. This tactic failed and many opposing the federation voted for what they considered the least detrimental of the three proposals.

In Borneo, Sarawak and Brunei, the governments in each case accepted the proposals with some reservations. But at the end of 1962 two external factors entered to



Good heavens, Mr Allison — or 'What would Mother say?'

(Cath. Soc. poster seen round 'Varsity.)

ever, in practice, the people of Borneo do not want an influx of Chinese or Malaysians, nor do they want to lose the British civil servants, who are sure to leave when the British government is withdrawn. However, some centralisation of financial policy and system and joint industrial schemes will improve the economic situation of the region as a whole.

In the balance the Federation of Malaysia holds as many problems as it does promises. Unless a strong attempt is made to fulfil the expectations there will be trouble, disappointment and hostility among the races.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT

Anyone interested in making an overland trip by jeep from Colombo (Ceylon) through India, Pakistan, Persia, Iraq (assuming the revolution in Baghdad has died down) through Jerusalem, Damascus, Istanbul in Turkey, Athens, through Yugoslavia, then west through Italy to London (via a route across Europe that has not yet been decided), is invited to apply in writing to the address below.

The party, which will total four, will leave New Zealand in mid-February, 1964, by Sitmar Line (fare £90). Applicants must be prepared to arrive in Colombo with £500 — and it is advised that they also have available their return fare from London (£145 approx.).

Applicants should state name, address, age, school record, University course and interests. At least one applicant must be a reasonably competent mechanic.

Reply to—
MICHAEL MINEHAN
250 Montreal St., Christchurch 1.

Craccum would like to thank those members of the University staff who have graciously produced opinions for us when harassed by eager reporters.

—Editorial Committee

Up Your Eiffel Tower

Viewers telephoned the BBC recently protesting at — or praising — a satirical poem attacking France.

Ten people protested at the poem, which appeared in the BBC programme 'Tonight'.

But five viewers telephoned to express amusement and appreciation.

The poem contained the lines:

You are a beastly country, France.
You might have given us a chance.
There was our nice Mr Heath — Oh, damn your eyes and blast your teeth —
You gave the world the guillotine,
But still we don't know why the heck
You have to drop it on our neck.
We're glad of what we did to you
At Agincourt and Waterloo.
And now the Franco-Prussian war
Is something we are strongly for.

So damn your food and damn your wines,
Your twisted loaves and twisting vines,
Your table d'hôte, your a la carte,
Your land, your history, your art.
From now on you can keep the lot,
Take every single thing you've got,
Your land, your wealth, your men, your dames,
Your dreams of independent power,
And dear old Konrad Adenauer
And stick them up your Eiffel Tower.

(From a Sydney newspaper.)

Gad, has McGonagall struck again?

—D. C. S.

Historical Note: 'Disraeli', shouted enraged William Ewart Gladstone in Parliament once, 'you will come to your end either upon the gallows or from some loathsome disease'.

'That depends', said unruffled Benjamin Disraeli, 'upon whether I embrace your principles or your mistress!'

KIWI EDITORS

Editors of 'Kiwi,' the literary magazine have also been appointed. They are Messrs Tyme Curnow and Terry Snow. All contributions will be gratefully received and can be left at the Literary Society's letterbox outside the new coffee bar.

THE MORON

See the happy moron,
He doesn't give a damn!
I wish I were a moron—
My God! Perhaps I am!

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The National Leaders in Menswear

This article is a condensation of an address to Auckland University students by Professor T. H. Silcock, Professor of Economics at the University of Singapore. Professor Silcock's address provides an authoritative background to the Federation of Malaysia, and will be followed by further views on its problems.

that political differences would be a serious problem. Therefore, now that the Malayan State has consolidated it would seem time for Singapore to be included. However, Singapore is divided politically between Lee Kuan Yew's People's Action Party (PAP), who are mainly Malay nationalists, and the Communists, who are mainly Chinese. The Socialist PAP rose to power with Communist support, but now that support is being withdrawn and opposing Lee Kuan Yew.

The PAP sees that if socialism is introduced into Singapore straight away, chances of unity are ruined by Malayan suspicion of the Chinese and Communism. Therefore, they are placing more emphasis on union with Malaya than on socialism — which could probably be implemented after union. Now Lee Kuan Yew has had to persuade Tunku Abdul Rahman, Prime Minister of Malaya, of the possibility of a Communist take-over in Singapore not through his party, but in opposition to it. The likelihood of this increased with a split in the PAP caused by left-wing demands for a separate State of Singapore, and socialism. The Tunku was happy to accept union if the Borneo territories were included.

Within each of the territories concerned, however,

muddy the waters — the Philippines claim to North Borneo and the Brunei revolt, supported by Indonesia.

The Philippines claim is not designed to include North Borneo within its territory, but to keep it out of the Federation.

The Brunei revolt was a genuine local rebellion against the government and the Federation. If Brunei was a democracy the rebellious party would have been the government. However, the Sultan was able to ban them, even though they were a majority. The rebellion was mounted with active support and arms from the PKI — Indonesia's Communist Party — but not from the government. Naturally the Indonesian government expressed moral support in line with its extreme anti-colonial policy, but went no further.

Since Malaya feels that only Sarawak is not enough to balance the racial scales, the Federation will come about with the inclusion of North Borneo and Brunei, in the face of opposition from the Philippines and Indonesia.

The economic prospects appear good if it is a closely-knit federation. The wealth and population of Singapore could be spread to under-developed rural areas, providing labour, road-building skills, agricultural technology, etc. How-

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-D. C. S.

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NEW HOSTEL

Studass reps who attended the opening of the Norman Spencer University Anglican Hall of Residence, namely vice-presidents Wilson and Mandeno, reported glowingly on the facilities available to the 50-odd students in residence.

The new hall is to be found at 9 St. Stephen's Ave., in Parnell—it is actually situated in the grounds of the Cathedral. The hall was dedicated and opened at an impressive ceremony on Sunday, March 24.

Apart from the general 'goodness' of both the hall and the ceremony, the three most memorable aspects of the day were, firstly, the very generous help of Mr Norman Spencer. It is quite certain that without Mr Spencer's generosity the hall would still be an idea in the minds of other hardworking and enthusiastic church and university people.

The whole student body owes a great debt to Mr Spencer, for Mr Spencer has given generously and often to the student body—first at O'Rorke Hall, then at this new hall.

Secondly: the fine speech made by Dr Llewellyn, the chairman of the Grants Committee, in which he congratulated the Anglican Church for their work in providing student accommodation and in which he exhorted other similar bodies to follow suit. Dr Llewellyn made it quite clear that the government saw the accommodation problem and—better still—was prepared to do a lot to overcome it.

Thirdly and finally: the promise of the Bishop of Auckland to see that a permanent hall of residence is built on the site of the new hall as soon as is conveniently possible.

It is a case of tell-me-the-old - old - story - over - and over - again to repeat the absolute necessity of hall life to cope with the general well-being of the younger student.

What was so encouraging at the opening of this fine hall was that here people had sacrificed themselves, their time and their talents, in order to begin to cope with the needs of the ever-increasing student population.

Craccum Reporter

CRACCUM is approved by: The Ratana Church and Party, Independent Intellectuals, Father Divine, the Hon. Lavinia Crockett, Anthony Vogt, the Old Catholics, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Haydn Society, Fred, Marina, Groppo-Groppo, and Bobby Kennedy.

CAF REFERENCE? Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days. (Ecclesiastes II.I.)



—Courtesy Auckland Star

Capping Committee in action: Barry Dibble, Herb Romaniuk, Brian Harkness, Peter Quennell, Warwick Brown, Colin Broadley, Tony Steemson.

Just the Berriest on our screen

Saturday night is Blair General Hospital night, Dr Kildare time.

This is the programme that saved the MGM studios from financial disaster, and no wonder. Corny and sentimental as it is, it is nevertheless pervertedly brilliant. It is probably written by a committee (like us) of wastrel genii, one English, one psychology, one sociology PhD, etc.

Cloying and pernicious as it is, the use of sentimentality and sadism (how we squirm at the sight of those long hypodermics) is nothing short of brilliant. And after a large Saturday dinner, comfortable and contented, who could fail to succumb to the old story about the doll with leukemia and the doctor with blood-pressure.

Richard Chamberlain as the pet intern is an effeminate looking young man, but otherwise is reasonably able. Dr Gillespie (played by old hand Raymond Massey) steals the show, however, with his portrayal of the gruff, short-tempered, fatherly heart-of-gold hospital head image. The nurses are pretty, the set elaborate, the stories predictable.

A friend of mine, however, sees and interprets the programme, persuasively, as a kind of religious parable. The programme, he says, is obviously written by Catholics. Perhaps this is a condition of the help given by the Good Samaritan Hospital in the making of the film. Dr Kildare himself has a nun-like quality and must belong to the L of M. Gillespie, however, we know is an Episcopalian.

A programme not long ago featured a wayward minister, and the good doctor's sympathies were so engaged as to leave no doubt at all where his beliefs lay. He has been

married also. Now, as was pointed out to me, he leads a priest-like existence without wife (is she dead?) with faithful housekeeper.

The moral of it all, of course, is that Kildare may be a Catholic and Gillespie an Episcopalian, but we're all Americans together.

Seriously, a pretty diabolical masterpiece.

THE IDIOT DAILY

Spike Milligan has a counterpart, at least superficially, for his Australian show. Evidently people do read the tripe served up in the Star column on TV. The writer, I am sure, is a sincere and nice man, but surely a little out of his depth, and partly responsible, through voicing his absurd opinions and printing prominently the letters of clueless cretins, for the increase in bad quality programmes and the disappearance of some few good ones. The NZBC seems to be being democratic to an idiotic extreme when such opinions are taken note of.

Finally, on a slightly higher level, we have had one or two plays of better quality lately. The adaptation of Ibsen's 'Doll's House' was outstanding and 'Song in a Strange Land' was of a high standard. Incidentally, Ingrid Bergman has starred in an English production of 'Hedda Gabler'. Ecstasies!

P.S. It's strange without Tim Frazer.

—B. F. B.

NO PRIZE OFFERED

The most degraded of them all Mediterranean we call. His hair is crisp and even curls,

And he is saucy with the girls.

—Belloc

Mr Dane Speaks

'Mr Shand . . . did in fact make concrete proposals . . . The planner must be the man in touch with the actual situation, . . . the intractability of concrete fact'. Les Holborow in a letter to the editor, Craccum, vol. 28, No. 2.

The future politicians Of Craccum are in touch With the concrete conditions

And concrete facts as such. In touch with situations They build on concrete fact, They steer the ships of nations

With wisdom and with tact.

Two and two is four, sir, And evermore shall be, And if that is a bore, sir, It's fact that makes us free. It's easy to change us, sir, We'll happily adjust, But facts will stand no fuss, sir.

They are a concrete must. Now tell me, what's the hurry?

We won't be young for long, We'll soon adapt, don't worry: The facts will put us wrong.

We've never really lacked, sir, A concrete status quo, But isn't it a fact, sir, That thrice the cock did crow?

Peter Dane

CRACCUM 9
TUESDAY 9 APRIL 1963

O'Rorke Work Days

O'Rorke Hall residents staged the first of two work days on Saturday March 23. The goal for this year has been set at £250, with which they intend to buy books to supplement their hostel library, which was largely financed by grants from the Auckland Savings Bank.

Every one of the 160 residents of O'Rorke has volunteered to donate his talents for eight hours on one of the two Saturdays, to do such sundry jobs as mowing lawns, weeding gardens, and washing windows.

Most of the customers who employed the boys have used the service in former years, having been notified by mail of the coming event.

At time of going to press one work day had been completed, and a sum of £100 had been realised. With another day in the offing, O'Rorke students are confident that the goal of £250 will be reached.

—Craccum Reporter

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Is weight distribution symmetrical for safe handling?	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓
Does its shape offer some protection in case of a head-on crash?	✓					
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* Can be omitted if desired.

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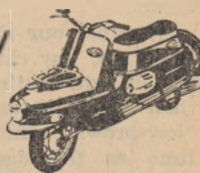
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Hymn Controversy

Does the Devil have ALL the best tunes?

Many of our readers will have read of the overseas proposals to reject many hymns from new editions of hymn books.

Especially slated were many Victorian pieces — such as 'Rock of Ages', 'Jesu, Lover of my Soul, Let me to Thy Bosom fly', and 'When I survey the Wondrous Cross', as well as many of the hymns by such people as Mrs Alexander, with 'All things Bright and Beautiful', 'There is a Green Hill Far Away', and her lurid Circumcision hymn, recently quoted in Time Magazine. Also criticised was Cardinal Newman's 'Lead, Kindly Light'.

Defenders of these and other hymns have protested vigorously, claiming that the reformers are trying to take the Cross out of Christian hymns. The reformers retort that the hymns they are in favour of dropping are sentimental and unhealthy for Christianity. Craccum has interviewed a number of people on the subject and now presents their views.

In order to gain a purely musical slant on the recent controversy about hymn tunes, Craccum interviewed Professor Nalden, head of the Music Department, and a well-known senior lecturer, Mr Peter Godfrey.

Professor Nalden's views are as follows:

'The choice of hymns should rest between the Vicar, his congregation, the organist and no one else. However sincere and zealous reformers might be, I fail to see what right they have to interfere and dictate in matters of worship. Neither is it right to say that our reformers' judgments of today will be so readily acceptable by tomorrow. The reformer, after all, belongs to the same race as the critic, and even critics have, on rare occasions, been proved wrong. In any case, if a particular television show offends, you don't take the drastic step of ridding yourself of your TV set. Or do you?

'In the revised version of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" there are admittedly still many bad tunes, but also many fine ones, and one would have thought that two visits to this country in recent years of the musical dictator of the Royal School of English Church Music would by now have made their influence felt in our Anglican churches in matters of musical discernment.

'Whether our reformers like it or not, our church congregations will continue to retain their full quotas of musical "low-brows" and until such time as the disputed hymn tunes cease to mean anything to this group, they should be retained.

Blanche Bardi recalls in her

"30 Years with G. B. S." that Shaw "accepted George V quite frankly as a low-brow, and as such he was quite right to go to a cup final instead of the inauguration of the Stratford Memorial Theatre, one of the great events of his reign". There is no record as far as I am aware of G. B. S. being shocked into sending George V an edition of the complete works of Shakespeare or of leading a crusade against cup finals.

'And speaking of cup finals, the English Soccer club final would lose something if 100,000 lusty supporters' throats were compelled to sing a Bach chorale in place of their traditional bawling of "Abide with me" in as many different keys, seemingly, as there are spectators.'

'In the event of that sort of thing happening, I for one would certainly stay away'.

*The attendance at last year's FA Cup final was 97,894.

Mr Godfrey agreed that a fairly wide degree of choice must be allowed, but felt that there are still many atrocious tunes included in hymn books, making this recent proposal inevitable.

'It is the duty of hymn book compilers not to include sentimental, over - subjective, worthless tunes, and so encourage poor music and taste', he said.

Mr Godfrey realises only too clearly that many tunes which are musically of poor quality are extremely popular because of particular emotional or sentimental allusions, recalling an occasion when as an organist in an English church, he became very unpopular for substituting the 'Old 124th' for the tune usually sung to 'O Valiant Hearts'.

'Taste in hymn tunes has been steadily improving in the last 30 years, but hymn book compilers do not wish to introduce new tunes until they have been well tried out', said Mr Godfrey. 'However, there is no reason why secular music cannot be set to hymns'. (Ed. — a completely different view was expressed in Zealandia quite recently.) Luther was one of the earliest advocates of this.

'Why should the devil have all the best tunes?

And indeed many of the finest hymn tunes are derived from folk tunes, particularly Welsh folk tunes'.

In discussing the poor quality of many Victorian hymn tunes, Mr Godfrey stated that the problem arises from the fact that the tunes were composed with one particular verse in mind and unfortunately did not suit the rest of

the hymn. Often in hymns written at this time it is not the basic tune that is so objectionable but the sentimental, heavy harmonies, he said.

Strength is for Mr Godfrey an essential element in hymn tunes, as this in turn helps to lessen the too subjective attitude to worship which is contained in many hymn lines. As worship is both a highly personal matter and should be as beautiful and sincere an offering as is possible, it is to be hoped that some compromise between widely varying tastes and views can be found, says Mr Godfrey.

MR PETER DANE SPEAKS

Mr Peter Dane of the English Department is in favour of excluding certain hymns.

'When I listen to the text of hymns', commented Mr Dane, 'very often I want to stop singing, and in fact do stop singing, not only because of bad verse, but bad theology. I cannot identify myself with what I sing'.

Mr Dane considers the purpose of singing hymns is 'to make a joyful noise before the Lord' (this does not exclude Easter and penitential hymns). Hymn singing should not work the congregation into an unctuous trance, nor should the hymn allow the temptation of the singing 'dragging'.

Mr Dane would approve of any reform which would eliminate sloppy words or tunes and pretentious theological language. He suggested that in some cases the tune be kept and new words written, or that verses which are intellectually shoddy or theologically wrong be omitted.

Hymns should be as beautiful as possible — the idea that you should leave your critical faculties behind when you go to church Mr Dane labels 'Heresy'. Real worship involves the whole of man wholly attending, and it therefore follows that the form of service must be worth attending to.

'The Jews sacrificed to God the perfect lamb without spot or blemish', quoted Mr Dane. 'We don't sacrifice lambs, but we sing hymns. They also should be as perfect as we can make them'.

Referring to specific hymns, Mr Dane would exclude 'Rock of Ages' (he feels no sympathy for the conception behind it whatsoever). Hymns he does approve of include 'Come Holy Ghost', 'O Come all ye Faithful', and 'In the Bleak Mid-winter'.

Father Sheerin, Roman Catholic chaplain of Auckland University, considered that the only justification for excluding hymns from future collections was their non-arousal of devo-

Chair of N.Z. literature

Dr Ian Gordon, professor of English at Victoria University, recently discussed the possibility of establishing a chair of New Zealand literature.

The question has been brought to the public following the decision of the University of Sydney to establish a chair of Australian literature.

Existing trends in this direction here are seen in the inclusion in the English I syllabus of an optional question on New Zealand poetry and prose, New Zealand novels as set texts, and at Honours level a full paper in Victoria, and in all four universities, New Zealand literature providing material for theses and doctorates. But 'there is not yet anywhere an independent course in New Zealand literature at the BA level'.

Dr Gordon thinks that 'the only healthy way to study New Zealand literature is to study it in the context of English literature in general', for if our writers were studied separately, all proportion of their importance would be lost. He does not imply that a lower

criterion should be used, but that we do not yet have the quantity to warrant a Chair. To have New Zealand literature as a subject in our universities is essential — not for promotion or as an extra unit to choose from — but to establish its value.

Dr Gordon would like to see an optional paper in English II which provides "a thorough going critical and historical study of writing in New Zealand".

At Auckland University, amongst the proposals for the next quinquennium, is a suggestion for the establishment of a distinct unit: New Zealand Literature I.

This would raise problems of both staffing and library facilities. Although the subject is approved of in principle, it is subject to provisions under the quinquennium, and could not be offered to students until 1965 at the earliest.

'The purpose of hymns', he said, 'is to arouse internal devotion — not to educate the intellect. Aesthetic and literary considerations are secondary — in fact, beauty of language or music distracts the mind during worship. If a hymn or religious music does not arouse devotion in the soul, it cannot and should not be considered religious poetry'.

Father Sheerin agreed that

some churchgoers would be repulsed by certain hymns — but felt that they were a minority. We should be slow to condemn hymns which for the greater majority do arouse devotion, Father Sheerin commented.

Father Sheerin and Mr Peter Dane were interviewed by Camille Guy.

Professor Nalden and Mr Godfrey were interviewed by Gill Greer.

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In favour of a chair of N.Z. literature

When I heard (and later read) Professor Ian Gordon's talk on whether or not there should be a Chair of New Zealand Literature in any or all of our universities, my reaction of annoyance came less from my disagreement with his conclusions than from the way I felt he either ignored or mishandled much of the information relevant to this question.

About half of Professor Gordon's talk was taken up with a description of how a chair 'grows', and with a description of the courses on New Zealand writing in the Universities at present. The professor's information on the latter seemed surprisingly incomplete. But this—though it shakes the listener's confidence—was less important than his begging the crucial question implicit in any consideration of the growth of a discipline to the point where it justifies a chair.

Professor Gordon argued that neither our literature nor our scholarship to date justify a full chair. There would be, he suggested, the risk of any such elevation of the subject leading us to exaggerated views of our own merits—i.e., we might fail to compare our writing with overseas products.

This wish to measure New Zealand writing in terms of overseas literature is as old as Comett and as new as the 'Universalists'. As long as it remains a secondary consideration it serves to keep both writer and student within the limits of sensible humility, but the risk of it is that any writer (or scholar) who keeps consulting the overseas barometer while he is writing or reading is unlikely to have much time for getting on with the serious business in hand.

Professor Gordon says of our best writers that 'they can be judged on the same standards and by the same criteria we apply to any other good contemporary writing in English'. Since I agree completely at this point, and since I suspect that no good writer is destroyed by faulty evaluations from his critics, I doubt that the existence of a Chair of New Zealand Literature would lead to either false critical judgments or to an inflated sense of self-importance among the writers themselves.

Even more important, I question whether we can afford to do without a Chair of New Zealand Literature at this stage of our country's intellectual development. Professor Gordon would appear to prefer the laissez-faire attitude of waiting until sufficient material is troubling the consciences of the academics, whereupon the subject will 'come to be recognised as an independent discipline' and have a chair established to accommodate it. But this recognition may take a long time, university realities being what they are, and heaven knows how much vital primary material may have disappeared by then. My own experience of a couple of years' doctoral research is that the material of relevance to the 1920s and 1930s must be required and documented

The writer wishes to emphasise that, though he is a member of the teaching staff of the Department of English, the remarks below are his private views and are in no sense intended to represent or imply any 'official' opinion of that department.

with some urgency, if much of it is not to slip away from us, and the pace of bibliographical work and editing must be stepped up if future students are not to be faced with an unassimilable mass of inchoate material.

I do not suggest that this work should be done just to make an 'industry' out of New Zealand scholarship. There is a far more important reason: our critics, scholars and teachers must be encouraged to do more than they have done in the past to understand, clarify and record that part of our national consciousness which reflects itself in our literature.

J. G. A. Pocock wrote recently (in *Landfall* '63), 'there is an affinity between the study of society and the imaginative struggle with tradition and environment out of which come the arts'. It should not be necessary to comment on the value of self-knowledge to any educated community, yet it is largely true that only in the fields of political and economic history (within the humanities) have we seen the beginnings of a full-scale study of our cultural development and patterns.

In the fields of painting, writing and social history we are still grossly ignorant. The pioneering literary essays of Allen Curnow, M. H. Holcroft and R. M. Chapman have been followed by the work of Baxter, Stead and Smithyman, together with a few essays and theses by graduate students, but this is 'only the beginning of the work needed.'

It will be obvious from all this that I am less concerned with teaching than with research in my vision of a Chair of New Zealand Literature. More courses on our writing are obviously a desirable way of increasing the awareness of our writing, provided they do not degenerate into 'Hist. NZ Lit. in Ten Easy Lectures' or set texts (these are all ye know . . . and all ye need to know). But research towards a definition of this country's literary reality as part of a contribution to a national 'self-understanding' is the first essential, and I should expect the universities to take the lead in this.

A chair would then become not only a recognition of the subject's status, but also a

machine for drawing together students within a coherent intellectual milieu and (of course) a machine for producing the money necessary for the work.

Administer the chair under the wing of the Department of English by all means, but begin the work immediately, without delaying phrases such as 'the time is not yet ripe'.

With due respect to Professor Gordon, I feel he is misinformed about the real need for a Chair of New Zealand Literature. His talk, with its advocacy of 'no action at present', does grave disservice to a cause which I think is of urgency if the universities are to contribute to the intellectual advancement of New Zealand. —W. S. Broughton

Fine arts for the masses

Following the suit of such universities as Oxford and Cambridge, the unit History and Theory of Fine Arts in the BA degree was included this year at Auckland University but was approved too late for the University Calendar.

Of the New Zealand Universities, Canterbury has always included a history of fine arts unit for BA students. Mr Rex Fairburn lectured there. Mr Peter Tomory lectured at Elam for fine art students until the arrival last year of Senior lecturer, Mr Kurt von Meier PhD, a qualified art historian who gained his degree in the United States.

Last year Elam was made a faculty of the University, and with the completion of the building became part of it in both name and physical location.

In an interview with *Craccum*, Mr von Meier said the unit could not have been offered until now. The opportunity to include it had been waited for and a suitable programme then worked out for a stage I unit. About 40 BA students and several Architectural Intermediate students had taken advantage of it this year.

A number of students must have felt the lack in their education Mr von Meier considered.

'With the possible exception of literature, the only history that is true and meaningful is art,' he said.

The single unit will possibly be extended, ideally eventually so that a BA degree could be granted in it.

The matter of facilities is the present drawback, said Mr von Meier. Books are a necessity and are often impossible to get. Money and time are needed to build up a library containing literature, the primary tool of research. After a year and a half, Elam has made a good start. Two or three dozen slides have been collected. Elam has no art collection of its own, as have most other 'varsities.

The mitigating factor is the Auckland Art Gallery.

'The way the art collection at the Gallery has been treated is almost criminal,' Mr von Meier commented. 'Some truly great works of art have suffered neglect because they

have never been seriously considered as works of art.

'Some pieces rise far above the others and deserve to be among the great works of art.'

'Often in the world people have found it necessary to apologise for the art in their own back yards. Some effort will be expended on research into fine art in the South Pacific area.'

Masterpieces of world art generally can be seen on slides. Although this is second best Mr von Meier considers it often better than fighting crowds of school children in Museums. For the academic study of art history the unit contains, the slides prove adequate.

'Then when one does go to London and sets foot in the National Gallery, one does have an idea of what one's looking at.'

CRACCUM 11
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The new Elam Art School building provides excellent opportunity for detailed architectural criticism.

This is the opinion of Mr Kurt von Meier, Senior Lecturer at Elam, who deplores the almost complete absence of such criticism in New Zealand.

In a forthcoming issue of *Craccum*, he will examine it from this point of view.

Those who have joined Adult Education classes have also had the opportunity to take History and Theory of Art lectures. Mr von Meier believes such tuition cannot be restricted only to full-time University students. The subject he considers has been neglected in the entire way of life in New Zealand.

'The things you believe in don't go from eight to five', is his view as a lecturer already working a full schedule. If he, as a trained art-historian can help people in an hour a week he will do so.

'Lecturers are not hired hands and should teach what they believe in.'

'The ultimate aim of the unit, if it has an 'aim' is to make the lives of individual students richer in presenting the beauty of the earth itself around'.

Craccum Reporter

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film review

AN UNKILLED MOCKING BIRD

When an era or area — take the American South-land for example — has taken upon itself the mantle of myth and archetype, the results of the artistic creation that ensue are likely to be uneven.

When they are good they are very, very good — and when they are bad they are likely to be excruciating. I remember one absolutely amazing concoction that starred Yul Brynner (with hair), Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman, complete with drug-addict aunt (Margaret Leighton, I think) and idiot brother.

Happily, 'To Kill a Mockingbird' belongs to the former class.

Adapted from Harper Lee's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel of the same name (which I have not but now will read) the film looks back on the memories of a small-town Alabama childhood.

The fact that the film's events are seen through the eyes of children immediately marks the film off from its more sensational predecessors along the same theme. The idea of an innocent negro accused of raping poor-white girl has been handled many times before, but this film differs from the mass both in sensitivity and non-sensationalism.

The children of the defending lawyer, Atticus, are played by Mary Badham and Philip Alford and are delightfully free from cloying American cuteness. Mary Badham, in fact, gives one of the finest performances by a child within immediate memory.

The film's opening presents a child's-eye view of the world, without gimmicks and affectation, and achieves a genuinely innocent and elegaic

quality. This is heartening to see in what is a reasonably 'commercial' film (i.e. aimed at the wider market). Nowhere is the gap between the ordinary and the art film greater than America, and it is just a little encouraging to see the world of commerce recognising, even slightly, a few artistic standards. However, the film is really too good to be talked about in a patronising fashion.

Soon, the ugly reality of the rape trial and ensuing violence and bigotry impinges itself upon the innocents, ending the elegaic summer. The film, however, ends with a moment of deeper intuition as the children see with new eyes the once frightening figure of Boo, the town idiot, as a friend. (He has just saved Atticus's daughter from assault by the father of the girl who brought forward the charge of rape.)

A good part of the film is taken up with the events of the trial. Here, as throughout the film, Gregory Peck is at home, giving a restrained and intelligent performance as the defending lawyer.

The other cast members are more than adequate, and the photography good. Only disturbing feature (in an otherwise effective score) is the likeness of the film's theme to the Dr Kildare tune.

'To Kill a Mockingbird' can be recommended as a thoughtful and worthwhile film. It is showing at the Odeon.

—B. F. B.

Christmas T.V. Speeches

"How can he get wisdom . . . whose talk is of bullocks". (Ecclesiasticus 38.25)

We apologise to our readers for the lateness of this momentous report. We have kept it in cold storage, but now we release it for your edification. Thousands of you may have seen and been inspired by its showing on TV. Those thousands without receivers, however, assuredly missed the inspirational event of a decade. Here for you, we present the Christmas messages of the Hon. Keith Poppycock and the Hon. Wilter Gnorsh.

The Rt Hon Keith Poppycock:
'Good evening, everyone. It's Christmas time again. Time for presents and turkey and Christmas crackers and all the joyful festivities we associate with the National Party and Christmas.'

'But have you ever really stopped to think what the

deeper meaning of Christmas really is? There is a deeper meaning, you know. There's the getting together of the family, for Christmas is really the family time of the year. Mum and Dad and sisters and brothers, girls and boys. A time for giving as well as receiving. A time of good cheer in the best sense. Especially for the kiddies.

'Now there's one very, very important thing that I want to just say before I go. And that is, if you drink, think twice about driving home. Goodnight.'

The Hon. Wilter Gnorsh:

'Good evening, everyone. It's Christmas time again. Did you know that 2000 years ago a humble carpenter was born in Galilee. Not a lawyer or a doctor or even a farmer —

but a humble worker just like you and me. Like you and me.

'And today we can learn a lot from this great man. Like him, I would like to see the day before I pass along the great divide when every man, even the humblest, has his own house and enough to eat three times a day.

'Has it ever struck you that if this man was living today like as not he'd have been working for some political party? And what party would he have belonged to? He'd have been with us, of course — probably in the carpenters' union.

'And this is what he wants us to do, follow him today, give everybody enough to eat and houses to live in. And then will come the earthly paradise. Goodnight.'

film review

MALADJUSTED PERIOD

I went to 'A Period of Adjustment', advertised as a Tennessee Williams' 'serious comedy', hoping like hell for some 'healthy' straightforward amusement. But oh no — the same old psychological twists and antics were there in a somewhat lighter sprinkling than usual.

Jim Hutton as the young, all-American war hero, comes back from Korea with the nervous shakes, gets married to a pretty young virgin nurse (Jane Fonda), and goes off for his honeymoon in a 192' (or was it 1928? hearse).

After the expected series of misadventures — getting married in the registry office without little wife's parents being there (she blubs), taking off in the hearse (she blubs), having the wedding breakfast in a dirty roadside cafe (she blubs), getting soaked in the squalid motel where they are to spend their wedding night (she blubs), the disasters of that night which unfortunately we were not shown (no doubt she poured out buckets), they arrive in the midst of a snowstorm at the Spanish-styled villa of Ralph (Tony Franciosca), an old war-time buddy.

Ralph married a rich young girl for a handful of daddy's dough, and after six years' conflict with daddy, who also got married for money, and with wife who was still tied to mummy's apron strings, finds himself about to spend Christmas Eve alone, wife having dragged little boy, who, incidentally, is in danger of becoming a cissy, back with her to mummy's place.

But this is not all! In the ensuing melee of yelling and screaming matches (literally) between each and every protagonist, drunken carol-singers and the police, it turns out that blustering Jim Hutton is not the greatest lover-boy of all time, but is actually terri-

fied of sex, that Jane Fonda loves him for his weakness not his manliness, that Ralph's wife left him because she thought it too hard on him sleeping with a woman he did not love, and that Ralph really loved her anyway.

Incredibly enough it all ends happily — the parents-in-law get the boot, Ralph and wife bounce off to bed for reconciliation, and Jim Hutton and Jane Fonda, after waiting awkwardly for the other to make the first move, go into a clinch on the living room sofa.

All this is overlaid with the phoney Southern accents Mr Williams loves so well. Luscious Miss Fonda, with her high-pitched whine and kitset of facial expressions, nearly sent me crawling up the wall, despite the delightfully low neckline. Jim Hutton as the fake Superman was convincingly fake, while the in-laws, especially the father, were so exaggerated as to be hardly worthwhile. However, I did like Tony Franciosca as the decent, down-to-earth, pour - oil - on - troubled - waters - type guy.

Generally I found the inter-

minable wrangling and the cloying sentimentality of the end depressing and often plain boring. If you want to be really amused, go elsewhere. —Roger Porsolt

POSTSCRIPT TO HAMLET PRODUCTION

John Evelyn (Nov. 26 1661): 'I saw Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark, played: but now the old plays begin to disgust this refined age'.

OFFENBACH

Unfortunately Craccum's first issues contained no mention of the brilliant version of 'Orpheus in the Underworld' presented by the Sadlers Wells Company earlier this year.

It is to be hoped that local companies will be inspired to put on some of the other Offenbach pieces, 'La Belle Helene', 'Barbe-Bleu' and 'La Vie Parisienne', for example, instead of the surfeit of Gilbert and Sullivan, Romberg and Berlin.

Perhaps the University Music Society could take a lead here. Since it lacks the funds to put on an opera as it would like, an Offenbach operetta might prove a public success and supply the funds for sterner stuff.



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ON THE RANGE AT HOME

A guide for connoisseurs of TV Westerns

to the connoisseur of Westerns, the coming of television has been a mixed blessing. On the one (adverse) side it is quantity rather than quality in general that presents itself to us. On the other, there are several programmes immediately recognised as superior . . . and one true classic.

The Plot is an essential part of the Western. Psychology and Symbolism have made broads into the Western, but yet there has not been nor is likely to be a decrease in the importance of the plot.

Like the themes of the troubadours, the themes handled by the western-maker are few and strictly adhered to. Indians, firewater, the treacherous trader, range warfare, the unscrupulous ranch boss, the terrorised town . . . and more recently the alcoholic sheriff.

But let it not be thought that the specified range excludes originality. Within the small framework, sanctified by tradition, with every gesture containing a rigid symbolic import, freedom still flows, and to the initiate there is great excitement in watching new traditions being forged.

We have already lived through the crisis of the entry of psychology into the Western. Perhaps now we are seeing the beginning of a glorious enterprise to intellectualise the West. Not long ago the actor Booth appeared in Colt 45, with part of a soliloquy from Hamlet, and a rather uneven series entitled 'Rawhide' contained interesting if rather conscious symbolism, Biblical and Southern.

This is a deeply exciting phenomenon, for only a few years ago 'larnin' was not of our hero's province and the intellectual, if he appeared at all, was usually presented as the sinister fraud. While it might be going too far to say that Maverick's phenomenal success at poker is a concealed plug for higher education,

the seeds are being sown.

Enough, however, of speculations into the future. Let us look at what we now have at hand.

In the ranks of the abysmal we may put such a monstrosity as 'The Deputy', starring old-time Henry Fonda, intermittently.

'Laramie' is slightly better, with some prettily staged punch-ups, but sentiment has of late been introduced in heavy doses. An old woman and a little boy. (Ugh!)

'Cheyenne' has not surrendered to such sentimentality. Big, bear-like, clean-living, he forsakes the company of fancy women for the wide open spaces.

She (seductively): What's wrong?

He: The company, ma'am.

'Marshal Matt Morgan' is another lone wolf. I swear that I have only ever once seen him smile. Grim and relentless, he brings order to the West. Having just riddled three gunmen and an innocent bystander, he puts on his hat, holsters his smoking six-gun and remarks philosophically: 'Some day there'll be a better way t' settle things'.

Jim Hardy, the hero of 'Wells Fargo', I like. There is something of the natural gentleman, the backwoods philosopher, about him. It hurts him to have to kill even the most incorrigible killer, but he does it because it is his duty.

'Rawhide' is a programme of uneven quality but, as remarked before, interesting from the point of view of some exploratory attempts in the symbolic line. The most

notable and solemn of these was a programme deeply infused with the Christian spirit in which an old and incredibly ugly Indian chief shot his victim at the end and remarked in testamental tones . . . 'It say in the Bible, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth'.

Christ Colt of 'Colt 45' is a singularly repulsive blonde young man, even more so since he grew his moustache. He, however, has occasionally been known to forsake the company of his horse for a walk with the local schoolma'am or reformed dance hall cutie.

'STRIPPER

WITH STOLE'

Painting by Patrick Hanly now showing at the Ikon.

Last we come to the real masterpiece, 'Maverick'. Here we have a programme fit to rank with the great Westerns, 'Shane' and 'High Noon', etc. While it is the most exciting of all the Westerns, it has a conscious undertone of irony, making it also the only amusing one (that is, the only one that is amusing when it means to be).

Both the Mavericks (Bart and Brett) play their parts with sardonic, laconic ease, and help greatly to what is a smooth production with a good deal of charm.

Incidentally, glancing by accident (truly!) through the Daily Mirror, I saw the other day that a proud mother had named her offspring Maverick.

(Any smart comments as to the relationship between the writer's preoccupation with the subject of television westerns and his academic record will be resented — and repented.)



—Courtesy Auckland Star

HANLY PAINTINGS ON SHOW

A successful retrospective show last year at the Gallery, 64 Symonds Street, gained recognition for Patrick Hanly in New Zealand, after he had won acclaim abroad.

Originally from Palmerston North, Hanly studied at the Canterbury School of Art before visiting London in 1937. Following his one-man exhibition of his 'show-girl' series in the West End, Neville Wallace of the Observer described Hanly as "modern Soho's first imaginative interpreter".

Now living in Auckland, Hanly is dismayed by the lack of awareness of the New Zealand public. He feels that amateur attitudes to New Zealand painting are giving little encouragement or reassurance to developing artists who, until now, have been forced to rely on overseas activities for even national recognition. But a most heartening development during his absence is the establishment of several active private galleries conscious of the worth of New Zealand painting. Hanly thinks that with their backing, genuine indigenous art is emerging from the grandeur of the Antipodean physical environment, the quality of which cannot be interpreted by the traditional and imported forms of painting, but requires an iconography of its own.

The 'New Order' series demonstrates some aspects of Hanly's re-acquaintance with the New Zealand environment. No longer are seen the European feelings dominant in his last show, where the themes were those of menace and escape and distraction from the pressures and tensions

created by the Nuclear Power Clubs of Europe. Away from this turmoil, he feels our environment conducive to the acceptance of natural order, and does not try to impose his own. He has become a sensitive receptor, working through a faculty of intuitive selection and the vehicle of paint.

The 'New Order' Series will be showing at the Ikon (formerly the Gallery, 64 Symonds Street), from April 2 to 12. Due to the co-operation between Don Wood of the Ikon and Students' Association, a selection of Hanly's paintings will be hung later in the new students' coffee bar. The policy of showing selections from the Ikon's exhibits will be continued throughout the year.

—Craccum Correspondent

THANKS

Enrolment Organiser Joe Fris would like to thank:

Mr Pullar, the Assistant Registrar, for his co-operation and patience.

Those who gave up so much of their time to act as Student Advisers, their services having been much appreciated by many an enrolling student

And EU members, who did a great job in Room 24.

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CRITICISM

Dear Sir,

Craccum has not always excelled in intelligent criticism, but the report on the film, 'Last Year in Marienbad', really takes the cake, complete with icing and glaze cherries. How can such obtuse observations ever have found their way into print?

In all fairness to Craccum readers, and especially to the freshers (heaven forbid that they be led down intellectual cul-de-sacs in the first days of their university careers!), I feel they ought to be given the true, objective interpretation of what Resnais was so lucidly saying.

This talented director is known as the mind behind 'Hiroshima Mon Amour', a film which has its basis in contemporary politics. This provides us with the necessary clue: The significance of 'Last Year in Marienbad' is political. The film is an allegorical statement of today's world-scene; it is even more, it is a prophecy.

For the 'guardian' is as evil as he looks; and his system, the bored, dead people in the barren halls, represents the communist bloc. The stranger, on the other hand, is the deliverer of the oppressed, the bestower of freedom; to wit, America.

And the girl? A frightened, lost little land blindly seeking to find on which side the true values of life lie. Oppressed and cowed by the dehumanising Soviet regime and thirsting for enlightenment and life, she is as yet too young and unsure to have the courage for the big breakthrough. And who should this be but Cuba?

It is in this film that Resnais tells us the way the conflict will end; the truth and vitality of the land of Jackie and John must eventually prove irresistible.

It all fits in; what more do you want explained? The symbolism of the statue group, in which the man seems to be drawing back and the woman pointing forward? It obviously represents Cuba's inner conflict, where opinion is divided as to where she should turn.

The significance of that fascinating number game, always won by the guardian? It means Russia's superiority lies in numbers, and is of a very trivial nature compared with America's superiority of spirit.

How about that magnificent passage where the camera, to the accompaniment of overwhelming music, follows the long corridors to focus finally on the girl; she runs towards camera making a repeated gesture of acceptance and embrace. The whole passage takes place in dazzling light.

Your unknown critic described this as the 'bleached' sequence; it is better called the 'sunlight' sequence. This is the moment of final, irrevocable decision. The girl

issues at last into the light she has so long cowered from and which, though blinding, is the true source of life. (This, then, is the previously mentioned prophetic element of the film.)

And there you have it, a work of tremendous visual and aural impact, of a kind hitherto unknown in the cinema. It bears a limpid message of hope to us who live in a time of turbulence and despair.

This being so, the possibility of the film being an 'intellectual spoof', as was suggested last week, strikes one as lacking greatly in gratitude — as well as being remarkably obtuse.

—Gustave Yny.

TV

Dear sir,

It is hard enough to find a habitable coffee bar in the city without TV — so why? why? this ridiculous wimp to have one in the new coffee bar? Do we have to keep up with the Jones's? In the cafe, discussion was rather drowned by scratching cutlery, etc., so naturally discussions between students can now be carried on in relatively peaceful surroundings. This, I feel, is one of the most important virtues of this new coffee bar. As far as a separate room for the avid TV viewer goes, all I can see is a half wall partition which wouldn't drown the sound of the smallest TV set.

Whatever possessed the Exec to even consider the thought, I don't know—let alone let a motion be passed? Do they hope to gain more custom through TV; are they hoping to educate us en masse; who knows?

Far better and more profitable for the student would be to use this partitioned portion for small functions by the various societies. This way the effect on the conversationalist next door would not be as great as TV. I believe TV runs from about 6 p.m.-10.30 p.m., whereas a club or social function would only run two hours at the most.

All praise to the Coffee God and keep TV from our coffee bar.

Tyme Curnow

TREPIDATION

Dear sir,

It is with some feeling of trepidation that I take up my humble pen to defend an author so admirably endowed with the ability to do so for herself, but as it seems unlikely that Miss Compton-Burnett will ever read the insult offered to her in 1963's first issue of Craccum, I have overcome my hesitation.

The (regrettably) small number of students who read and admire Miss Compton-Burnett's work were doubtless as astounded as I to see the term 'stream of consciousness' applied to her writing in the reviews of

'Last Year at Marienbad'. It is therefore to the students who are unacquainted with her work that I address this letter, to assure them that the obnoxious afore-mentioned term, commonly associated with such masters of incoherency as James Joyce, is entirely inapplicable to Ivy Compton-Burnett.

The exquisite precision of her prose must inevitably draw comparisons with Jane Austen, but the pungency of her descriptions, the conciseness of her use of vocabulary, rival even this master of clarity. I do not think I have ever found her using a word incorrectly, nor detected a grammatical error; her writing is almost pedantically correct.

She may be criticised on the grounds of over-stylisation, of 'precious' cleverness, of being divorced from reality, but never, I beseech you, never let the term 'stream of consciousness' be applied to her august (and Augustan) prose.

I remain sir, your very humble servant,
Rosalind Hursthouse.

LEARNING

Dear Sir,

After reading J. E. Hawkins' letter in the last edition of Craccum, one cannot wonder that older people look down on this generation as one of spineless and spoon-fed individuals. One might have supposed that the function of a university was to give scope for those people in the community with a special zeal for study, but J. E. H. envisages it as a rest home for disillusioned innocents, weary of the ways of a wicked world, where it would be possible to sit back and absorb some vague and nebulous kind of 'learning' through the pores of one's skin, like a cabbage absorbing sunlight. But, in fact, in education as in everything else, nothing worth while can be achieved without hard work and application. This being so, anybody unwilling to make the minimum effort required to pass at least some of his units each year, is clearly unfitted by temperament to make any progress at all in higher education. To oblige such a person to give up his place to somebody else more likely to benefit from it, so far from being an act of tyranny, is merely one of social justice.

One might be forgiven for wondering whether, if J. E. H. should ever take it into his mind to apply for an old age pension and be turned down on the frivolous pretext that he is under age, he would regard this, too, as an intolerable act of tyranny and oppression!

Yours faithfully,
Ingenio et Labour

Dear Sir,

Under your section 'Student Building News', we find the rather startling announcement

that we may be needed for 'protest meetings and picket duty outside the administration building when Grants Committee is in Auckland'.

Such a novel idea; I suggest that we write to some of the universities of Southern USA to get some details as to how to go about this. Such methods are usually foreign to NZ students. At any rate, we must act as a mob; we must show Grants Committee what we are made of. The important thing is to forget that Grants Committee is on our side, trying to get as much as possible for us from the Government.

A protest meeting is always easier than actually raising money ourselves, and it gives us an opportunity to make much more hollow-sounding noise. I regret, however, that I will not be available to attend, nor can I imagine what will be gained by antagonising the Grants Committee. The whole move seems to be a clever cover-up by the new buildings committee for their apathy in getting a fundraising campaign going last year. In other words, they are going to put the blame for the delay on to Grants Committee rather than squarely approaching the problem of raising finance themselves; all they have done so far is extract £3 each year from each student.

On the other hand, we have the voice of our unelected Social Controller telling us we must do things to please and pander to public opinion, and, of course, we mustn't drink because that is evil and 'will give the boarding house a bad name'.

I do hope that 'God's gift to women' does not fondly imagine that he represents the main body of student opinion. If so, he will get a nasty shock in July, if not earlier!

And yet we are told we must be prepared to turn out and wail like spoiled banshees because we can't get everything we want out of Grants Committee. Could Exec please be more consistent in its attitude and more explicit? Are we supposed to act like louts, or not?

Although I must admit I have not studied the problem of building finance very thoroughly, there would appear to be one obvious solution so far overlooked; that is, to raise a large loan in the form of debentures. The loan could be raised from the Government, City Council, or anybody willing to invest. The security for such loan would be the annual subscriptions to Stud. Ass. paid by future students, and the burden of payment will then be shifted from the present-day students, who get very little to show for their fivers, on to the future students who will be using the facilities. I do not object to contributing money to the new building, but I do object to being forced to do so. The freshers this year must be getting a fine impression of

the independent student mind. Another advantage of the debenture system is that once the loan is raised we can begin building right away, as soon as we obtain a suitable site.

Then there would be no need to fawn and toady to public opinion just so we can boost Studass. funds and the egos of those that control them.
P. L. S.

CAPPING

Dear sir,

In its latest issue, Craccum printed an unpleasant and entirely unwarranted attack on Mr Herbert Romaniuk, Capping Controller, in Exec Notes. I feel that this can be read as an indirect attack on Capping Committee generally, and I would like to pour scorn and derision, not to say ridicule, on everything you printed.

Your little comment about the purchase of backdrops for Revue was quite wet. Mr Romaniuk was only passing on a legitimate request from Revue Director, and as you know this request was eventually granted by Exec. Does Craccum find it so shocking that Revue Director should ask for materials to work with?

As for the rest of your effort, I would like to point out that Mr Romaniuk's position as Capping Controller does not particularly bind him to providing details for your paper. If Craccum wants information, it should send someone out, as is done by newspapers.

A little investigation would discover that this year's capping is highly organised in all departments, and has every prospect of being most successful. Just to show how ignorant you seem to be of the real state of affairs, I would like to report that Mr Peter Rankin, Stud. Ass., president, was present at the last Capping Committee meeting and there made a short speech of congratulation to the committee for all work that has been done, and for the high level of efficiency within the organisation.

How about that, Mr Editor???

Come to think of it, I have never seen Craccum reporter at any meeting of Capping Committee, or of its sub-committees.

The truth is that Mr Romaniuk has devoted a tremendous amount of time and energy to the Capping Week effort, and is deserving of praise by Craccum rather than censure. Don't you think, Mr Editor, that Craccum would do well to find out what it is talking about before it next indulges itself in childish scandal-column writing? Tony Steemson, Capping Committee.

The new committee running Craccum had nothing to do with the article in question. As Craccum was run by members of executive at this time, Mr Steemson may care to direct his complaints at those responsible.
(Editorial committee)

What?

article about it may be contentious, because of the controversy on it

music thrives in we are told. crowded, ever printed an unpleasant and entirely unwarranted attack on Mr Herbert Romaniuk, Capping Controller, in Exec Notes. I feel that this can be read as an indirect attack on Capping Committee generally, and I would like to pour scorn and derision, not to say ridicule, on everything you printed.

CONSERVAT for the Auckland Arts, we visit to it, to see the stuffed with animals. The critic, L. C. M. against wh crudities put c of contempora radio station hold of con times, I fear may be also university Musi

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NZ MUSIC ally, we don't excitement f expositors. Almo rk is greeted 'NZ music ha its maturity'.

What's wrong with music in Auckland

article about music is not only for music students. It may offend many of them. My aim is to be as contentious as possible, to sound some loud words, because I feel that there is not enough controversy on the musical scene.

screaming — of course, I don't want Mr Hopkins to be damaged in any way.

I've had a letter from a friend who recently attended this new opera in Venice . . . stink bombs flew through the air, three hundred police had to be called in for the interval. Well, I don't want John Hopkins to be hit by a stink bomb in the Town Hall, but I would like something really vivid, really exciting and new, to appear.

'Now where would it come from? I would like something of Boulez's to be played, or the Cantatas of Webern, which I admit are thirty years old; I think these would be startling, difficult, new works. I'd like to hear the reaction to them'.

Bond: 'I think you're just a little bit ahead of your time'.

Page: 'How can one be ahead of one's time? I breathe; I live'.

LIVE ART

In Auckland, the Boulez sound barrier remains unbroken. Our musical establishment is interested only in 'masterpieces of the past'. As for the new music, 'time will tell' — i.e., we must wait until some of it becomes respectable.

Of course, not all new music is good; but contact with live art is essential or our ideas atrophy and our culture decays into something like the Auckland Festival of the Arts (in which there is every year more Festival and less Art).

Well, what can we do about the situation? Most important, we should join the Auckland Society for Contemporary Music, which is hoping to present concerts of new music. Watch for advertisements, or better still, obtain more information from the secretary, Miss Venables, who is librarian at the Adult Education Centre, 21 Princes Street.

And, within the university, Music Society is going to include some contemporary music in its lunch-time record sessions. These programmes should help to stir up interest, and perhaps a little controversy.

WHAT IT FEELS LIKE

I close with another remark by Professor Page from the radio panel discussion:

'I agree with Mr Hopkins that it is the duty of musicians and their responsibility, to play the music of their time, and I am delighted to hear him come forward and say this.

'I think the Town Hall should be opened to people and you should say: Look, if you would like to come and listen to contemporary music, here we are giving some programmes of new music. Do you want to know what it feels like to live in 1963?'

—Roger Horrocks

same thing used to be said about NZ poetry every time there was a new volume of Thomas Bracken.

NZ music hasn't yet dug its way out from a heap of 19th century bric-a-brac. It is still loaded down with imitations of Sibelius and Vaughan Williams. More recently, our composers, envious of other national traditions, have added to the jumble some grotesque fragments of Bartok, Copland, etc.

As for our 'NZ opera, A Unicorn for Christmas, this curious animal was neatly described by the 'Listener' critic as 'more English than the English, if not more Brittenish than Britten'.

There is no indication that our composers know anything of, say, Webern. This would be equivalent to our poets knowing nothing of T. S. Eliot. I don't think that NZ will produce healthy music of its own until its musical culture receives an injection of healthy new music from Europe.

To quote a composer whose own work has recently undergone an exciting transformation, Stravinsky says of American music:

'I fear that in some ways the American composer is more isolated today than he was in 1925. He has at present a strong tendency to say: "We will leave all that avant-garde stuff to Europe and develop our own musical style, an American style" . . . Compared with Webern, for example, most of our simple homespun American style is fatuous in expression and in technique the vilest cliché'. (Conversations, p. 127.)

It would be a great shock for us to hear the new music of Europe for the first time; greater, say, than the scandal created in Auckland several years ago by the Henry Moore exhibition. A bomb of this kind is needed to blow aside some of the rubbish which is presented in local concerts as 'modern music'.

BOMB

In a radio panel discussion with Russell Bond, Owen Jensen and John Hopkins, Frederick Page (Professor of Music at Victoria University) remarked:

'I want the bomb to go off . . . and so far it hasn't in NZ'.

Jensen: 'What is this bomb that you want to go off?'

Page: 'Well, a bomb went off when the "Rite of Spring" was played — a wonderful scandal. I'm not a scandal-monger but it would be fun if a bomb went off in the Town Hall and people started

music thrives in Auckland — we are told. The Proms crowded, everyone goes to the Chamber Music Society, World Records do a flourishing business. But there is something terrifyingly monolithic about all this culture. Does it happen, when a group is formed, or a temporary music society gives a concert, or an 'un-learned' pianist visits Auckland, almost no one comes to it? Clearly, Aucklanders are not interested in music only; the music is familiar or comfortable.

CONSERVATISM

For the Auckland Festival of the Arts, we make our usual visit to it as to a museum, to see the same glass cases stuffed with the same old animals. The Herald critic, L. C. M. S., fights bravely against what he calls 'the oldies put out in the name of contemporary music', but radio station 1YC is a stronghold of conservatism. Sometimes, I fear that the same may also be said of the University Music Department.

It is a strange situation: we have the latest novels and the latest poetry, we catch at a glimpse of the latest drama, and the latest films — but for some reason we never ask 'Where is the music of our time?'

REARGUARD

One may retort, 'Ah, but we have quite a lot of modern music, especially from America, and Russia. We hear of Copland, Britten, Vaughan Williams, Prokofiev, Shostakovich. Occasionally even include some early Stravinsky'. Some of this music is good — but it is not new. Most of it belongs to the old and conservative world, which has ignored the development in European music for the last 50 years. If this is our most serious listening, it is as if we read nothing more recent than Charles Craccum or Robert Louis Stevenson.

Most do not know what it is like to go to a concert and be confronted by a completely new, whose merits we decide for ourselves with help from history or criticism.

NZ MUSIC

Usually, we don't get this excitement from our composers. Almost every work is greeted with the 'NZ music has at last reached maturity'. But the

The English and Music Departments are giving three subscription concerts in the University Hall.

THE UNIVERSITY PIANO QUARTET

Michael Wieck, Winifred Stiles, Marie Vandewart, Janetta McStay.

The University Chamber Orchestra.

Poetry Readings by Sydney Musgrove and Charles Doyle.

SECOND RECITAL — July 27, 8 pm.

Poetry Reading: Charles Doyle

THIRD RECITAL — University Chamber Orchestra — September 14, 8 pm.

Programme: Bach: Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, with Janetta McStay.

Boccherini: 'Cello Concerto, with Marie Vandewart.

And works by Vivaldi - Handel - Barber.

COMPLETE SERIES, 12/-. (Student concession, 7/6.)

SINGLE CONCERT, 5/-. (Student concession, 3/-.)

Season tickets on sale at Lewis Eady's and University Registry, Princes Street.

Single admissions on sale at door on evening of concert.

The Auckland University Council has announced that it is in favour of a series of television articles featuring university activities.

It was agreed by the Council that the vice-chancellor, Mr K. J. Maidment, should discuss the idea with the appropriate authorities.

The action was taken following a recommendation by the public relations and finance committee.

It was also suggested by the committee that the public should be invited to see the university activities forming the subject of the programmes.



The Bomb goes off at Auckland Festival

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PICTURES FROM AN EXHIBITION

Annual General Meeting
of Association on 2nd
April.

At left:

Hancock calls for 'volk-
filth'.

At right:

Ex - president John
Stevens throws dart.

Below:

'Baa, baa', or
'Sieg heil'

Photographs by Arthur Hon



NZBC CENSORSHIP

Asked for his view on the decision of the NZBC not to show the film from the BBC television interview with the anti-Gaullist leader and former French premier, M. Bidault, Keith Sinclair replied that he agreed wholeheartedly with the statement of the national president of the Labour party, Mr A. M. Finlay, which he felt to be extremely good. He felt that the ban seems to be a form of censorship which he dislikes and that it was perpetrated by a civil servant. He also agreed with Mr Finlay that de Gaulle, judging from the decision to test nuclear

bombs in the South Pacific, seemed unlikely to be worried or offended by New Zealand opinion and indeed if he were it might be a good thing.

(1) Quotations from Mr A. M. Finlay's statement.

'Many questions are too complex for simple yes-no resolution and a continual diet of such so-called impartiality is like living on cotton wool'.

'It is time we had on the air and on our screens a bit of controversy, a bit of prejudice, a bit of challenge and a lot more guts on local and external issues.'

A.M.C.

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AGM REPORT

CRACCUM 17
TUESDAY 9 APRIL 1963

'Annual General Meeting' — presented by the Auckland University Students' Association at the Lower Lecture Theatre, April 2 and every year. Featuring 'Moon' McGowan and the Ardmore Village Choir.

For the whole family, and kiddies especially, this was the big night of the year. There was something for everyone — the clowns, the serious artists and the surprise ending.

The agendas flew about, in the form of paper darts. University elders such as J. Strevens, Esq. were actually caught in the act by the alert cameramen (see back page).

The subject that most caught the audience's fancy was SEX — once again top comedian McGowan was responsible with a sparkling performance. Leaning casually on his speaking trumpet he told the audience that there was no doubt that sex was the funniest form of student humour — of any one's humour.

Backed by the Ardmore village choir, he revealed himself as one of many who objected to being called an 'unweeded garden' by the moralists of the Festival of Arts planning committee.

He urged a letter of righteous indignation deploring the monetary attitude and lack of professional opinion in the planning committee. With great cheers the multitude acclaimed his composition.

Copies of the manuscript will be sent to the literary journals: the Star, the Herald

— and Truth (perhaps).

There was even ★ ★ ★ etc., etc., for the groundlings.

In the opening minutes the master of ceremonies, Mr Peter Rankin, read out the apologies (a hundred of them). It was a weird and wonderful selection of fictitious and real names — pity half of the owners were sitting in the audience.

Mr Nuttall-Smith gave a brilliant portrayal of vagueness in his sketch, 'the missing stock'. He painted glowing pictures of the social functions which had all made losses — due to damages inflicted by those who attended. (Cheers.)

In more serious vein, there was an extract from the 'Taming of the Shrews' — an allegory based on recent executive resignations. Here the audience actively participated and voted a change in the official programme — namely, that they were to be advised when positions became vacant in the cast and were to be given seven days in which to make applications.

With the amount of money tied up in student affairs, Exec must be a responsible body — there was no place for petty squabbles.

Tramping enthusiast David Wright livened the show with three motions. His magnificent

description of a pedestrian crossing Victoria Street earned him many supporters in his quest for a pedestrian crossing at the foot of Albert Park.

But here a large number of engineering-inclined students objected — though it did not really affect them — and the motion was lost.

Not downhearted, Mr Wright continued his performance with a request that Studass run the coffee bar. Miss Mandeno here presented the exciting facts that 15 pints of cream, which lasted 600 cups in city coffee houses, only lasted 436 here. Mr Wright once again lost his motion.

But he won favour with the audience when he asked for correspondence on the resignation of two members (female) of the Exec.

But bearded Mr McGowan was the highlight of the even-

ing. Kiddies around me seemed to enjoy every minute of his brief performances.

And the fans were obviously with him. They roared, they screamed and they laughed, urged on by a highly obscene finger sign held up on the front benches. They unanimously agreed that sex should be officially recognised by Exec as the funniest topic of student humour.

The festivities ended as decorations of crepe paper showered on to the stage. The executive, responsible for so much of the evening's entertainment, bowed humbly to pick up their portfolios, the chairman yelled that the show was over on account of inclement audience conditions, and they retreated, leaving the theatre in the hands of the toughest audience. Groppo Groppo.

MUSOC AGM

Musoc held its AGM in the music school on Thursday March 7. By arrangement with the Music Department and Orientation Committee, the meeting coincided with the Music Departmental evening to ensure a good turnout at the latter.

Over thirty enthusiasts who attended chuckled through an informal presentation of the formal business before debating constitutional amendments. These arose from deficiencies found after a year's operation under a new, radically changed constitution which concentrated mainly on reconstruction of the committee.

A warmly debated amendment concerned the appointment of conductors to the society, where agreement had to be reached between the head of department and the executive committee. Some thought that the committee could be dictated to. However, a safety clause at the end of the constitution gave power of interpretation to the com-

mittee and the change was approved.

In the ensuing elections three staff members were elected as vice-patrons: Mr Segedin, Dr Rattenbury and Mr Ralls. An excess of nominations for the executive committee necessitated a number of secret ballots and those elected were Alan Thomas (president), Dale Kingdon (vice-president), Richard Hancock (secretary), Richard Innes (treasurer), Irene Ferwerda, Elizabeth Goodhue, Rita Kilgour, Janet Samson, Michele Brunsden, John Hargraves, Keith Hunter and Graeme Page.

A vote of thanks was passed to the outgoing committee before the meeting closed at 8.40 p.m.

Supper was served in the cafeteria when Music Department members were introduced for the benefit of the few freshers present. To complete the evening, after returning to the department, where the chaplain introduced himself and his purpose, a contrast



—Courtesy Auckland Star

MOON RISES

John McGowan at Special GM last year.

In 20th century music was presented.

An undisguised performance of the Milhaud Trio by Dale Kingdon (clarinet), Joyce Collins (violin) and Judy Irvine (piano) was followed by a recent recording of electronic music, introduced by Brian Mair. Animated, irrelevant conversation then ensued...

vacation.

It was decided at the meeting that the offer of a ZC1 (an ex-army transceiver eminently suitable for 'mooking-abait-wiff') for a mere £15 would be accepted. Its built-in receiver would mean that the present one, on indefinite loan, could be returned to its owner.

It was only confirmed that the new coffee bar be booked for a lecture evening on or about the 27th, Mr G. Ewing offering to discourse learnedly on some aspects of transmission and reproduction of visual programmes in the VHF band.



The English and music departments have joined force for a series of three subscription concerts to be held in the University Hall.

Included will be poetry readings by Sydney Musgrove and Charles Doyle.

Professor Nalden states that one idea of the concerts is an attempt to recapture the original atmosphere of chamber music performance. Thus the group will not be a remote performing body on the concert platform, but brought down from the stage and positioned among the audience.

—Craccum

OBITUARY

The tragic death occurred recently of Gary Davies, one of the University's most well-known and popular law students.

Gary died on Friday March 15.

At the time of his death he was on the committee of the Law Students' Society and was due to complete his degree this year.

We will remember Gary for his cheerful personality and his complete unselfishness. Our deepest sympathy to his parents, relations and friends.

RADIO CLUB GETS ON FEET

The first meeting of the year, held on Wednesday, March 13, in the club rooms at No. 3 Grafton Road, showed that the recently formed University Radio Club should soon be one of the most vigorous scientific societies open to students.

It was only towards the end of last year that a small but keen band of students applied to Exec. for permission to revive the long-defunct club, and, the short programme of lectures and visits to places of technical interest that was arranged during what remained of the academic year showed that support for the club

was apparent in all faculties of the university.

Mr Owen McShane, ex-holder of the New Buildings portfolio, gave a 10-watt transmitter, the Psychology Department made two rooms available, a handsome grant came through from Exec., and many valuable contacts were made with the trade and amateur organisations in Auckland and nationally. The officially allotted call-sign 'ZL1AVQ,' would have been heard last year, but for unexpected difficulties encountered in the removal of spiders from Mr McShane's apparatus and the intervention of long

Interviews of the Paramount Jazz Band (septet) led by Acker Bilk, gathered over a too-short period of time in artificial situations by special Craccum correspondent.

ACKER BILK, the great name in British traditional jazz, the man who learnt to play the clarinet during a brief sojourn in an army prison, arrived in New Zealand for a jazz tour with his six fellow musicians and road manager.

This West Country man, suavely dressed with neat

brown - gingered moustache and goatee, presented a buoyantly alive personality to pressmen and public. As one passer-by acclaimed of Bernard Bilk: 'He's surely a cool cat'.

Our reporter conversed casually with the seven members, several of them sucking a cooling lemon drink in the air-conditioned splendour of



an Auckland lounge. He also had contact with them 'round the place'.

Acker plus

Acker, plus two clarinets, plus purple and white striped waistcoats, is leader of the Paramount Jazz Band. The other six present a veritable salad of personalities and playing styles. The playing styles can be left to a concert review.

Stan Greig, suavely dressed piano player, has made the scenes with drumsticks under Humphrey Lyttelton's banner. Drummer Ronald McKay, a Hancockish character complete with cloth cap for summer wear, complained of the Calcutta heat (they flew via the East) and scratched his navel as he proffered a cigarette. Less jolly, with a quiet sense of humour and a worried look — perhaps ironical — was smoothly attired Ernie (bassist) Price. His bass was the only instrument specially packed for the trip from London. Anyone with those throbbing deep-down notes buzzing in his ears would not pick slightly built Ray to be

the frame behind that bass. Banjo and bass player Roy James, with smoothed back dark hair and hailing from North London, is on his first professional job, but one that has lasted five years, for Ray joined Acker five years ago. Apparently the anniversary was the day before the interview. Mr James laughed thoughtfully as he pondered on the last five banjo-packed years of what must be a fantastic career.

Jonathan Mortimer, trombonist, is an East-Enders with a wry Cockney humour. How enjoyable it was to watch him sign on the arm, leg and handbag of some fan-crazed female. He is rated among the greats of the slide-horn players — just listen to his composition and playing of Bula Bula on one of the group's many LPs.

'Viceical'

Colin Smith, with the driving trumpet, inclined to reticence, cheered up noticeably at the strains of a trumpet as wielded by a Bridge City jazzman at the airport welcome.

Our reporter asked about the association between vice

and trad. Greig could not say how one could be 'vice' while playing good traditional or any jazz. The boys claimed that no great tradists rely on drugs, although they admitted that a few 'nits' might get fixed (drugged) for Stan Greig admitted that many got bushed (groggied) before their appearances. Like the Temperance Society, Bilk's men don't dig cocaine. All the group seem to encourage audience participation such as 'yeah'. It makes for atmosphere.

The seven had plenty of kind words for the South Island audiences, whose typical reaction was:

'They're a fine band, but I hate the English'.

Broken keys

However, piano man Greig had nasty words to say about their pianos. Many were out of tune, with missing strings and broken keys — 'but what atmosphere!'

The Paramounters had the usual English comments of climate — good after the snow; licensing laws — m

Kenny Ball and the Bilk boys get on fine together and any rivalry is apparently creation by the 'public mind'.

Acker Bilk said that he had a fan club but it was

Despite their close harmony when playing, the group quickly emerge as forceful people in their own right, and perhaps their obvious enjoyment of having a 'blow' (play) together has contributed to their success. Whatever their success they keep with the people. One can remember Acker's disagreement with an organisation man who stopped a flow of autograph hunters and his insistence on seeing them. Tradists, revisionists, whatists, they are people like people.

F. J. L.

ARTS ADVISORY COUNCIL AWARDS FOR 1964

MUSIC, DRAMA, BALLET AND THE
VISUAL ARTS

The Arts Advisory Council invites applications for the following awards.

Training Awards

To be taken up in New Zealand or overseas. Awards will be made according to the needs of the applicant and the training facilities available. Candidates must show evidence of serious study and training for a professional career as an executant or teacher.

Value: Within New Zealand: Up to £500.
Overseas: £500 a year plus £125 grant-in-aid of travel.

Application forms and further details are available now.

Teachers' Awards:

To be taken up overseas. Candidates may be of any age, but should have a background of achievement in teaching in music, drama, ballet or the visual arts and be in a position to put the full benefit of their studies to practical use on return to New Zealand. Application should be made by letter giving information about the studies to be undertaken together with details of age, education, and professional training and experience.

Value: One award of £1000 for one year.
Others at up to £500 for a minimum period of three months.

Travel Awards (four)

To be taken up overseas. Candidates should be over 35 years of age and have a background of achievement in some field of the arts. Application should be made by letter giving information about the project to be undertaken together with details of age, education and professional training and experience.

Value: Up to £700.

Successful candidates for both the teachers' and travel awards will be expected to give an undertaking to return to New Zealand on completion of their studies.

Applications for all awards close on Monday, September 2, 1963.

All correspondence:

The Secretariat,
Arts Advisory Council,
Dept. of Internal Affairs,
Private Bag, WELLINGTON.

CRACCUM'S SUGGESTIONS FOR PROJECTED VARSITY TV SHOWS

Crime expose serial . . . the sensational 'Naked University'. Heroic mayor faces threats on life as proceeds to unveil varsity vice scandal, etc., etc. (not for general exhibition).

Junior Lecturer Kildare: Handsome young junior lecturer Kildare meets co-ed siren in Beowulf lecture. Finds that her Old English assignments are not coming in. Sets out to help her in his spare time. Clashes with Head of Department Gillespie (PhD Cantab), stern but with heart of gold.

Route 66: Tim Nuttall-Smith and MG (red) track down the mystery of the £37 lost stationery.

AUC Documentary: Displaced persons problem, by the building committee. A cast of nearly 5000.

Serial: Ian Fleming's *From Russia with Love*, stars history department and Princes Street Labour Party.

Outlaws: Desperadoes set outside society. No units in two years!

Kultcher: The Architectural Madrigal Society, singing a selection of German drinking songs.

Haute Cuisine by Mr White with hostess Anne Hilt (to be followed by Dr Kildare in the great food-poisoning epidemic).

Deadline Midnight: Randy Stone of Craccum staff covers the night beats.

Documentary: The greatest robbery of all time — FEES!

Forecast: Cloudy and unsettled.

Close-down.

Designed for use

With the venerable proconsul (Gordian), his son was likewise declared Emperor. His manners were less pure, but his character was equally amiable with that of his father. Twenty-two acknowledged concubines, and a library of 62,000 volumes, attested the variety of his inclinations, and from the productions which he left behind him, it appears that the former as well as the latter were designed for use rather than ostentation.

'The human race, to which so many of my readers belong.'—G. K. Chesterton.

Published by Auckland University Students' Association, and printed by Milford Printers Ltd.

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Historian

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