

editorial

CAPPING — Betrayed

Capping Week has come and gone. Much was achieved in the raising of standards of Capping Week and yet, broadly analysed, it was almost a dead loss. Everything was organised by a few hard-working souls, at the risk of their health and units. Their hope was to make something of Capping Week, to try to show the City that the University up here on the hill is a living institution, with at least some pretence at cohesion and unity. This was even more important this year than usual, because of the Building Fund Appeal.

If people are asked to donate money to a cause, they should feel that there is at least something worth donating to. Now Capping Week is over, and the shouting and the tumult, what little there was, has died, this question must be asked: where were you during Capping Week, and before? What were you doing? We needed help, and there was none! For you a little group stroved to establish an identity for the University, and raise it a little out of the bog of utter disinterest in which it is trapped.

The irony of it is that despite these efforts, the mire of apathy grew this year only thicker and more profound.

A meeting of Capping Committee was held on May 22, for the presentation of reports on Capping. A prominent member of the Committee made the pungent remark on presenting his report that many of the troubles his department had suffered were due to lack of available help. "It appears", he said, "that out of 5,000 or so students, about 40 did any work on Capping organisation". This sentiment was not unique — it was merely the most definite statement of a feeling common to all members of the committee. Every report contained some more or less bitter reference to lack of help, and the appalling difficulties that arose as a result.

Procesh presented the most shattering story. This aspect of Capping has been weak and uninspired in recent years and this year a big drive for a better procesh was undertaken. Procesh controller, a long thinker, organised a warehouse to be used for float construction, so that people would take their time building. There was plenty of time, ample materials, every encouragement to build good floats, and yet Procesh was poor, suffering again from hasty construction, poorly conceived. This year everything pointed to a fantastic parade: we had the permission for foot floats, and the Traffic Department took our word that Procesh would be well organised, and so were on our side. And well organised it was, but an organisation of a fine display

of very little. The usual hasty signs, the old, old story of shambolic building. In four hours was built a whole procession which could have had many days, if builders had bothered.

With Revue the same trouble was pandemic. Last year an appeal was made for script contributions. Only one was received. The need for stage crew was desperate. Up to a week or so before opening night, only three people were working on set construction, and none of these were students.

Where were you?

We appealed for material for Capping Book. So pitifully little came in, and that little mostly too late. The book was written almost entirely by one person, one of the Few. Did you read those advertisements for Capping Book in the papers, which said that the book was "the distilled essence of 5,000 geniuses". That was one of the biggest jokes of Capping Week, if you like that kind of joke. And you have the nerve to complain about Capping Book!

We even had to pay you to sell it, this which was to raise money to build a new student block for your children, and for posterity. Would you have been selling if there had not been money in it for you?

You didn't come

Capping Ball on the Monday of Capping Week lost a fantastic sum of money because so few people came. What's wrong with everybody? Last year during Capping Week there was a Special General

Meeting which attempted to censure Exec over commercialising Capping Week, at the expense of traditional student celebrations. This year Exec turned on a Ball, a full-scale affair, the best that Auckland can provide, just for you people, for all students. And you didn't come, did you? Do you think there will be another next year?

The same sort of thing took place over the Nutzemberg Stunt. As it happened, a number of people did turn up to help with this effort, and those who did come will never know just how grateful the organisers were. And yet how many students on that day stood and stared and did nothing whatsoever to assist. Nutzemberg was carefully planned to assist the idea of the University as a place where things a little different are liable to happen. It needed more help. You could have given that help, but you just watched, hoping to be amused, most of you. Again, the Building Fund was also at stake — publicity! Then there were "Kyte Kon-

test" and the "Tour de Parc Albert" on tricycles. Both good stunts, both wasted. Kyte Kon-test died from absolute lack of interest. The tricycle race had two entries only, and one of these was from Capping Committee. Again you stood and watched — some of you.

Don't you care? Does it mean nothing to you that this is the dullest university in New Zealand, if not in the whole world? You don't find this incredible indifference to everything except "getting on in life" in the other universities in New Zealand. Ask anyone who have lived in a southern city, and they'll tell you!

It's shattering — unbelievable. Over the past few weeks I have seen Capping people slaving, keeping up Capping and their own work as well. Some I have seen, grey with fatigue, working far into the night, even right through the night, to complete work which had to be done.

Is it worth it?

Perhaps it sounds unreasonable to you, but these people are fulfilling tasks which they have taken on themselves because they feel the University is worth the trouble. Sometimes I feel as they do — is it worth all this effort, all this responsibility, when, in the ultimate analysis, nobody seems to care, and you don't give a damn what happens to Auckland University, so long as you get your degree in the shortest possible time.

Just what are you going to do about it?

FRESHERS!

Term One is over. For many students, specially freshers, it has been a term of hard work, the assimilation of new and exciting ideas and above all of settling in to an environment totally different to that of home or school.

No one would deny that this period of adjustment is absolutely vital if the student is to make a success of his 'varsity studies.

But this does not conceal the bitter truth that for several months before, and during Capping Week, approximately 1 per cent of the student body came forward to assist the over-worked organisers.

The covering editorial points out the drastic lack of concentrated student effort. For the next five years or so the Building Fund Appeal will be of primary importance. Without the leadership and assistance of members of the Students' Association in the whole scheme, it cannot be expected of the same old faithfuls to carry the load year after year. Younger students must be gradually trained: their background must be consolidated so that when they can devote a little more time to association affairs, even a little experience will stand them well.

There are many facets of student life which can be enjoyed apart from study.

Freshers — this is a plea! Please come out of your hidey-holes and realise that your President, Executive, Craccum Editor, Revue Directors and Capping Controller are all HUMAN BEINGS and were normal (until Capping Week).

Remember they were once Freshers themselves and fully understand your hesitation.

With student enthusiasm at an all-time low, your interest is needed.

CRACCUM NEEDS REPORTERS.

CLUBS NEED MEMBERS.

REVEUE NEEDS A SCRIPT.

AU NEEDS YOU.

ATTENTION!

The matter for which this space was reserved has turned out to be more extensive than anticipated, and would normally be left over till the next issue. As it is urgent, we have enclosed a broadsheet in this edition, to which the attention of all our readers is drawn.

Law School Seeks Grant

Societies Rep, Mr Williams, moved that a grant of £25 be made to the Law Society, being one-third of the cost of sending a representative to the Law Moot in Australia. Mr Ehenkin spoke strongly of the value of such a Law Moot, both from the point of view of the participants and also in improving relationships between Australian and NZ students. Mr. Nuttall-Smith pointed out that although a similar grant had been made last year, Exec had since passed a policy motion stating that grants would not be given for overseas tours, and the motion should therefore be defeated.

Mr Williams said that the Executive was not bound by any motion it passed, but could and should alter a policy motion if the need arose. He said that it was beneath the dignity of any student to have to conduct raffles to make money, and that this was virtually the only way in which Law Society could raise the extra money needed. Mr Brown said that if the Law students considered raffles beneath their dignity, he supposed that it would also be beneath their dignity to dig ditches or do other work to raise the money themselves; he did not see why the rest of the students should have to pay because the Law stud-

ents were too lazy to raise the money themselves.

Miss Bracewell said that the policy motion had been made with sports teams in view, and that sports clubs were already given large grants for equipment and affiliation fees; this was one of the very few activities for which the Law Society asked a grant, and we should be prepared to assist them.

Mr Curson supported Mr Brown, saying that the Law students should raise the money themselves and pointing out how much money some of the sports clubs have to raise for overseas tours.

Mr Nuttall-Smith moved an amendment that the money be lent by the Association until the end of the year; this was defeated 4-5. The motion was finally carried by the same majority, with Messrs. Brown, Curson, Harvey and Nuttall-Smith recording their dissent.

Mr John Wilcox and Miss Raewyn Harris were appointed returning officer and deputy returning officer for the coming elections. A motion from Curson/Mandeno recommending that a mobile polling booth be circulated round the departments was passed.

Executive Notes

University ties are ready for viewing at Colin Kay's, and should be available soon.

Best financial news of the meeting was Mr Nuttall-Smith's announcement that Revue profits will be around £1,500 — congratulations to all those who finally got the show there!

This good news was unfortunately offset later in the meeting by the results from social functions — Capping Ball on the Monday night having run into a disastrous loss of £538 13s 5d. Graduation Ball, held this year at the Manhattan, made a profit of about £30. Both balls had been budgeted to break even. While there still seems a need for two balls in Capping week, it is clear that Monday night is a bad choice, and that Capping Ball should cater for about 500 and Grad. Ball for 1,000, rather than the other way around. An exceedingly expensive way to learn, and in spite of the difficulty of predicting the popularity of a Capping Ball, the Executive ought to have realised the extent of the risk involved before it was too late.

Mr Colin Kay was reappointed to the Blues panel.

Mr Williams reported that the seven-man Craccum Committee was about to resign, and that a new editor would need to be appointed for the coming issue. A motion was passed empowering Mr Williams to appoint a new editor or editorial committee. This was to be from among the present committee or Mr Steemson, subject to ratification by the next Exec meeting.

Miss Bracewell reported that although three members of the Craccum Editorial Committee had assured her and Mr Wilson that the Building Fund Appeal announcements would have the main heading and article on page one, the outdated communist article had taken this place, and the Appeal article, except for its main heading, had been relegated to page 3. Mr Williams assured her, however, that the front page was due to lack of liaison among the committee members and not to deliberate lying.

There were several reports of theft of money and clothing from Revue dressing-rooms this year. Exec passed a recommendation to the next Capping Controller that the possibility of insurance for next year's cast be investigated.

K I W I
Magazine

NEEDS ESSAYS

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KIWI
to hatch
again

"Kiwi" first appeared in 1905 and was comprised largely with reports from clubs and societies with a smattering of student writing.

From this beginning "Kiwi" has become the annual literary magazine of Auckland University, and shows just exactly the state of student writing in the University.

"Kiwi's" egg is loaded with the best prose, poetry and essays that are available at the time of publication. Last year, 1962, "Kiwi" didn't lay its annual egg—this year, "Kiwi" will lay its egg.

"Kiwi" is usually published in time for NZUSA Arts Festival in the August vacation. At Arts Festival, in Otago this year, the editors will peddle "Kiwi" for 2/6 and at various literary discussions which take place there, "Kiwi" and AU Student writing will be discussed and compared. "Kiwi" will also be sold in all the main University Centres in New Zealand before Arts Festival. Auckland sales will begin after NZUSA's Arts Festival.

The Kiwi Editor.

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MHC — Reporting Back

MHC salutes a gallant protagonist. Herb Romaniuk, Capping Controller, riding in the Capping colours, proved to be a worthy opponent. Against all odds, riding a borrowed machine, clutching one wheel and attempting to avoid over-zealous gardeners, Herb showed us the genius that is his.

After a thrilling sprint in the final straight he came in a gallant second to that renowned tricyclist, Pete Metcalfe, reposing in the nondescript colours of MHC. Tour de Albert Parc came to a fitting climax with a victory lap by both victor and vanquished round the fountain. MHC sincerely hope that the next Capping Committee will make a determined effort to wrest the trophy from our seats in 1964. Vive l'Albert Parc.

NEW MHC MEMBER

Back on dry land once more, MHC have one new member who takes over the vacant portfolio of Repairs and Renovations. Don Simcock, a refugee from the Waikato branch, has the honour to fill this position. Fortunately, says Don, they have no Law faculty in the Waikato. Don is a third year student residing at Newman Hall, where he is social organiser on the Resident House Committee. In addition he has represented Defence

Rifles Club at Easter tournament and is a practising Fostick. What more could a bush lawyer want? (Yes, he's got that too!)

JUDO CLUB PLANS APPROVED

MHC have recently approved plans for the construction of a large locker in the Men's Locker Room to hold the valuable mats imported from Japan by Judo Club. Work will start as soon as the OK is received from Finance Committee. This may cause some inconvenience to users of the Locker Room — particularly to some locker holders whose lockers will be moved — but this is unavoidable and will be kept to a minimum.

WCR TO BE ENLARGED

Plans are also afoot to enlarge the WCR by removing the wall between it and the small temporary WCR next door. At the moment we are investigating the structural problems involved in this.

LOST PROPERTY SALE

There will be a sale of unclaimed lost property on Thursday, June 6, from 10 a.m. till 4.30 p.m. in the Cloisters. If you want some good articles dirt cheap, be there early. Queue opens at 3 a.m.!

VALEDICTORY

With the retirement from the Executive in a few weeks of Peter Curson, chairman of MHC, both MHC and the Association will suffer a great loss. Peter in his two years as chairman and one as secretary of Men's House Committee has made his mark in Association affairs. He has won the respect of all who have worked with him. In addition to much work for the Association Peter has been an active sportsman. He is a keen fencer and last year gained his Auckland University Blue in Soccer. He is, this year, completing his BA and doing the first year of his MA in Geography. All members of MHC wish him the best of luck in these studies and issue an open invitation for him to return to the fold at any time. Not only MHC, but the Executive also, will miss Peter from their midst; who else can so ably move the supper adjournment at Exec meetings?

—MacHen

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Waikato Safari FOR REVUE

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CRACCUM 3
WEDNESDAY JUNE 5 1963

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VISIT GRADS

We are asking all students to help raise funds for the new Student Union Building. One way you can help in by visiting grads., and explaining the situation to them. By now you have probably said that this task is beyond you, because you do not know enough about the new building. This task is not beyond you, and for those of you who still feel uncertain, remember that a pamphlet on interviewing technique and a brochure on the new building^{is}/supplied. Therefore, every student can help to build a new building with plenty of space, and many recreation facilities e.g. Billiard Tables. So why not come along to the booth in the Cloisters on your way to lunch or dinner, and select some names and in one of your spare moments arrange an interview. Remember the money for our present building was raised by the students of the 1920's who worked in much the same way. Now it is our turn. Come along, even if you are still doubtful, and we can help.

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COLYEEN BROADLEY

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Mr Williams reported that

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vacations. Don Ehenkin, a former student from the Waikato branch, has the honour to fill this position. Fortunately, says Don, they have no Law faculty in the Waikato. Don is a third year student residing at Newman Hall, where he is social organiser on the Resident House Committee. In addition he has represented Defence

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Waikato Safari FOR REVUE

Can Revue be taken out of Auckland? The answer to this question is a resounding "Yes", as has just been proved by Revue '63.

In retrospect it can be said that the venture has been an unqualified success. In spite of a rather diffident approach on the part of the Hamiltonians on the Friday night, a rave review from the Waikato Times produced explosive results and an enthusiastic capacity house on Saturday.

The reactions of the Mayor and public generally indicate that Revue must become an annual affair.

In short, as far as Hamilton was concerned, Revue was a smash hit!

Socially everyone had a ball! The buses left Princes Street at 3.30 on Friday to the strains of "The Last Post" and

a tentative "Gaudeamus" from handkerchief-wavers.

Following instructions both buses set out at high speed direct for the Founders' Theatre. It was surely only by chance that both suffered breakdowns outside the Jolly Farmer?

On arrival the home of Dr Rogers was thrown open, and the pint generosity of Dr Rogers and Mr Harold Innes of Waikato Breweries soon proved rather hectic. There seemed no end to Mr Innes' product and the evening came to a close with a drinking horn won handsomely by Pat Tuxford, with Moon and Murray Smith tying for second

place and Hamilton candidates retiring in confusion.

Proceedings then moved to the home of one of the billetees and, with the able assistance of Dr Rogers, roared on until 4 a.m.

Saturday saw the arrival of more enthusiastic helpers and partygoers at the Royal Hotel Garden Bar; Revue took over, of course, until the manager locked the door to the men's loo (which must be significant somehow).

The last-night party, once the strong-arm group had ejected strays, gate-crashers and hangers-on by the dozen, was a roaring success, with no limit to the grog.

The result was a cast either asleep, flaked or happy, left at 5 a.m. on a peaceful trip back. (Mr Smith swears the numbers were severely depleted and is still puzzled as to how they came back — or are they back?)

The stage crew were frankly fabulous. Matters stagewise ran like clockwork — packing done and undone in record time, earning all sorts of plaudits from the caretakers. Sandra Kronfield kept Front of House going smoothly, and Hamilton's Bert Cope had actually rigged the stage before our arrival.

The cast were wonderful, even to the extent of leaving the hotel at 5 p.m. when it was explained that no one should get too bad to go on.

Last, but not least, it looks as though the financial result will tot up to a substantial profit over the two nights, more than justifying the time and trouble taken over the trip.

Murray Smith should be sitting up and purring — he was responsible for organising a wonderful trip which looks as though it will become another Revue tradition.



Moon rises to the occasion — a shining example of student solidarity — and waxes poetic at Hamilton.



COLIN BROADLEY

Much of the credit must go to Patrick Flynn's brilliantly satiric score which lifted Nuts in May off the ground from the moment God Save the Queen stopped in full tilt. And there were hints of what was to come, a minute or two before, when the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1 dissolved into the National Anthem.

Nuts in May will be remembered principally for the high quality of music and song. If in the latter an uneven quality of enunciation left the uninitiated among the audience in the dark over a line here and a verse there, the general impression remained of clever

RAVE RAVE RAVE

Revue 1963 staggered to success to the accompaniment of much backstage hair-tearing. Opening night certainly did not deserve a rave reception, but three days later the show was being voted the best Revue for ten years.



HELEN SMITH

lyrics and catchy tunes. Colin Broadley and Helen Smith succeeded in imparting a professional polish to the production which swung along

merrily until an evilly intentioned flyer tangled with the front tabs.

It was a brave but ill-vised policy to dispense with the formalities of technical and dress rehearsals and judicious



PATRICK FLYNN

ious editing was an absolute necessity.

But there were some memorable numbers among the survivors—'Ballad for the Rich,' Patrick Tuxford's 'Just a Gigolo,' the Restoration comedy, 'Flicker Flashback,' 'An Evening at the Larches,' 'I Spy with my Private Eye' and the final chorus 'Proschai' which had the curious effect of producing a nostalgia for the show even before the curtain.

'Flicker Flashback' was a parody of silent celluloid melodrama brilliantly conceived and executed.

The verbal acrobatics of

the Restoration piece added the essential spice and Mick Brown's final line completed the devastation. Margaret Blay led the talented group through the John McGowan ham horror epic of 'An Evening at the Larches.' More than one psychic funnybone prickled to that dramatically sick, sick, sick, scene.

'I Spy With My Private Eye' suffered in length and gained by Patrick Tuxford. His first night ad lib invention when telegraph poles and garbage cans suffered a mysterious suspension coupled with the onset of Parkinsons disease and again when a chair failed to appear were comic gems. The White House talk was masterly.

The noble souls of the male ballet conquered a quite understandable nervousness to provide Jan Helps with a "solid" backing, in a classic performance.

There were others, too, who made this year's Revue remarkable — Judson Chatfield of the 'Long Pull,' 'The Gold-

Despite all tribulations in the wardrobe department Revue was exceptionally well-dressed, another area in which the lusty can-can of the ballet sequences scored credits. The sets of Brenda Hartill played a large part in the success of Nuts in May, notably her well-appointed sewer and Venus.

Taken in retrospect it is a daunting task to attempt the marshalling of a huge cast, to bring order to scenes so heavily populated as the finale (wisely no attempt was made at mass movement) and to prepare a revue of such technical complexity in the space of six short weeks.

The parts where inspiration limps along may be edited, the embarrassing technical tangles may be ironed out, in the privacy of an empty theatre. They certainly will not be the ulcerating experience which only a concatenation of first-night crises can be.

The makers of Revue '64 will learn from this year's experience. But they have also been set a challenging standard to maintain.

Scripting was generally of a high standard and the acting matched, but in future revues when there is more material than can be fitted into the span of one performance time could well be taken to stand back and cast a detached eye over the production as a whole.



DICK JOHNSTON

en Wedding' of dramatic intensity, 'Shiek to Shiek,' and 'Running Wilder.'

And there were scenes deservedly black pencilled, such as 'Rothmen' which laboured around the point and some of 'Think Pink,' which failed to come across.



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NUTZEMBERG SECEDES

Long into the night the Few plotted, attempting to make the plans completely watertight. The Revolution must be a success. Only time was against them. Assembled here was the military genius of the country.

If only the idea had been formulated sooner. Only two days to plan for the biggest operation ever carried out by Nutzembergian Forces (actually it was the only one ever carried out).

Nutzemberg was the brain child of Tony Steemson and was brought into being by Geoff Allan. When first discussed it was pointed out by the Capping Controller, Herb Romaniuk, that it would be the ideal stunt to finish Capping Week, and an ideal

means of commencing the Building Fund Appeal. Here was a painless method of extracting money and, more importantly, something to make headline news in a slightly offbeat manner.

The plans were worked on by Herb and Geoff for two days and nights before the stunt could take place. The problems were many and varied. A large number of students had to be gathered without anyone knowing what was happening, and they had

to be very well organised.

The success of the stunt can be judged from the newspaper reports — it was reported in every paper on Friday. Our thanks must go to Graeme Hight of the NZ Herald and Les Gibbard of the Star for the grand job they did.

Our thanks also to the staff of the 'Varsity, who paid for their visas and put up with the general disruption.

Some of the more notable features of the day were the Proclamation of the Duke —



For The Masses . . . NO ESCAPE

followed by the removal of our second flag by the Republica Geologica; the trip to the Bank of New Zealand with an armoured vehicle to protect £1,000, which was the proceeds of Revue and Capping Book from the day before; the court-martial in the LLT, where Duke David Wright was charged, among other things, with walking in two directions at once; the appointment of Moon McGowan as Ambassador to Hamilton, where the mayor, Dr Denis Rogers, joined in the spirit of the stunt, much to everyone's enjoyment; the cavalcade of sports cars, some of them straight from the showroom, at lunch-time.

These were just some of the highlights of an action-packed last day.

It is a recognised fact that students do not take kindly to regimentation, so this needed careful handling. The press had to be contacted, as did the radio and television. Arrangements had to be made with the Post Office so that telegrams could be guaranteed to arrive at the UN, White

House, the Kremlin, etc. A cavalcade of cars had to be organised for the official State drive of the Duke of Nutzemberg.

Early on Friday morning the advance guard of our forces met with opposition in the form of the Night Patrols. As fast as we barricaded entrances, the hard-working Night Patrol pulled them down. Later on a new force joined them, and our highly valued flag was removed. A new flag was hastily made and erected.

It was at this stage that everything seemed to happen so fast. Students and staff were arriving. Unfortunately so were the first of the frontier guards. Chaos was mild, however, and by the time the TV cameramen had arrived things were settling down. From then on things ran smoothly. Unfortunately, lack of numbers necessitated the withdrawal of the frontier guards about lunchtime. They had, however, served their purpose well.

—Chief of Staff, Nutzemberg



Republica Geologica shows reactionary tendencies.

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An IBM 1620 computer was recently delivered to the doors of the Auckland University Chemistry Department. Craccum sharpened its pencil and hastened over for a closer look.

The three - quarter - ton beast was finally tracked down to a remote cranny of the complex Chemistry labyrinth.

Craccum, in short pants after three flights of stairs, to an intelligent-looking Honours student, one of an admiring group: Whence and how much?

Honours: IBM are, you know, an international firm; this machine comes from Toronto. It cost us £16,000 — what the actual value is I don't know. Perhaps this gentleman could help...

We then noticed that in the depths of the machine was working an overalled figure, who turned out to be an IBM employee.

Voice from the deep: That £16,000 is extremely highly subsidised — one of these would cost the private or commercial buyer over £40,000. IBM has a soft heart towards educational institutions.

Craccum: You're installing the thing, no doubt; how long will you be here?

V. from the d.: About three days. It's a fairly long job.

Craccum: Even £16,000 is an appreciable sum. How did the University raise it?

Honours: The Grants Committee and the University Council each found £5,000, Auckland business interests and local bodies donated the rest. The computer will be available at certain times to contributors: the Mount Ros-

kill borough administration and the McLeod Construction Co. have already lined up problems for us.

We had been spending more than £1,000 a year on sending data overseas to be worked on. It not only cost money, the delays were most annoying. Now we can work out our problems ourselves.

Craccum: Problems mainly on what...?

Honours: At the moment we're doing a lot of X-ray crystallography. By firing X-rays at various crystals and photographing the reflection patterns, we can learn quite a bit about the way the atoms are arranged. Light couldn't be used: its wavelength is greater than the size of the atoms. But the mathematics can't be done by hand — in fact, you'd need this computer to work out how long it would take a mathematician to process the data.

Craccum: What actually is a computer? To most people the word is synonymous with "electric brain"; can this thing think?

Honours: No. It does what it's told, although its actions can be made dependent on a preceding result. It can add, subtract, multiply, divide, find powers and roots, integrate and differentiate...

Craccum: How? Honours: What? Find powers? It sums the appropriate series.

Craccum: So all it does is add?

Honours: Yes, I suppose so. For example, to multiply 14,641 by 1.331, it would add 14,641 thirteen hundred or so times, then put in the decimal point.

Craccum: And how accurate is it? If you gave the series for, say, pi, how many places could you get? The answer's typed out, is it?

CRACCUM 5 WEDNESDAY JUNE 5 1963

And that would take some pretty tricky programming.

Craccum: Minutes or milliseconds?

V. from the d.: Milliseconds. But the typing would take longer.

The technician emerged from where he had been working, laid down his soldering iron, and stepped across to the larger of the two pale green, chest-high units. Swinging open a four-foot square panel, he exposed the magnetic memory banks.

Craccum: Good heavens!

Technician: And all those coils are wound by hand. Yet we manage to turn out ten a week from six factories.

Honours: What's the power consumption?

Technician: I don't quite know, but it dissipates 8,000 BThU an hour as heat.

Craccum (thinks): 8,000 x 1055 ÷ 60 = 141 kilowatts!

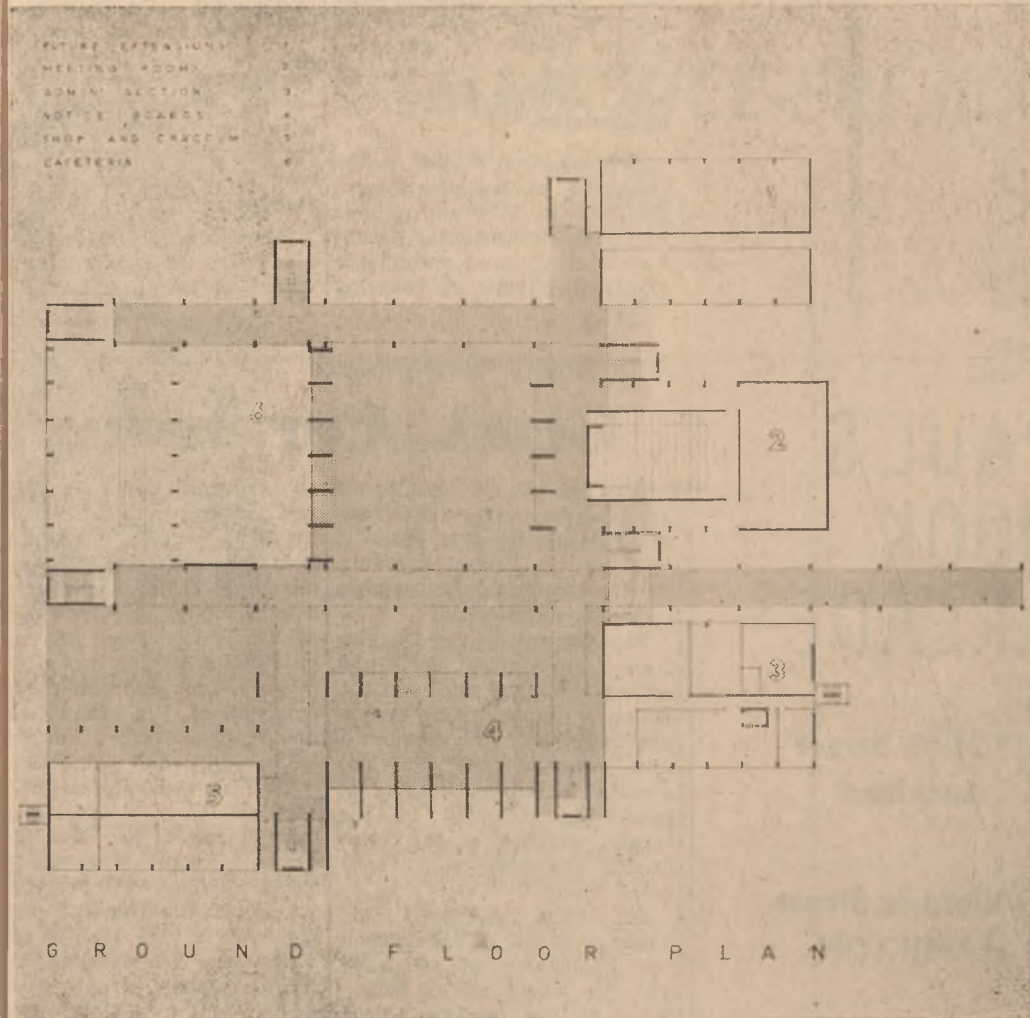
Craccum left at this point — the technicalities became too confusing. It would appear, however, that

- (a) This University has at last a computer of its own.
- (b) It is one of which we may be legitimately proud.

Copy for CRACCUM closes 9 pm JUNE 7

V. from the d.: A hundred places is about your limit.

FLOOR PLAN FOR NEW STUDENT UNION BUILDING



This is a copy of the recent floor plan of the New Student Union Building, which the architect, Mr Warren, has prepared. It shows the placings of the different blocks and the positions of the main stairways and covered ways. This plan can be used to understand the sketch, which shows a view of what the building could look like from across Albert Park. We would welcome correspondence in Craccum on any aspect of the siting or design of the Student Building.

—John Stevens

what do you look for in a motor scooter?

Before making your decision to buy, check this list of features and weigh the benefits up very carefully. Think, and think hard. Compare N-Zeta with this line up of other best known makes currently available on the New Zealand market.

FEATURE	N-ZETA	MAKE A	MAKE B	MAKE C	MAKE D	MAKE E
What is the horse power output and capacity?	9.5 175cc	3.5 50cc	not stated 150cc	6.2 125cc	6 150cc	10 250cc
Can it cruise at speeds up to the legal maximum on the open road?	✓		✓			✓
Has it an electric starter fitted as standard equipment?	✓	✓		✓	✓	
Has it a built-in lockable luggage boot? (N-Zeta has the largest in the world).	✓		✓	✓		
Has it an external luggage rack fitted as standard?	✓	✓				
Has it got blinking trafficators as standard equipment?	✓	✓		✓		
Has it well designed suspension with hydraulic shock absorbers on both wheels?	✓		✓		✓	✓
Has it 12" wheels or larger, for safety under all conditions?	✓				✓	
Is weight distribution symmetrical for safe handling?	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓
Does its shape offer some protection in case of a head-on crash?	✓					
What is the fuel tank capacity (in gallons)?	2.6	0.75	1.7	1.8	1.6	1.5
What is the headlamp diameter and wattage?	4" 35w	4" 25w	4" 25w	6" 40w	5 1/2" 35w	5 1/2" 30w

* Can be omitted if desired.

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Herb M. Romanuk

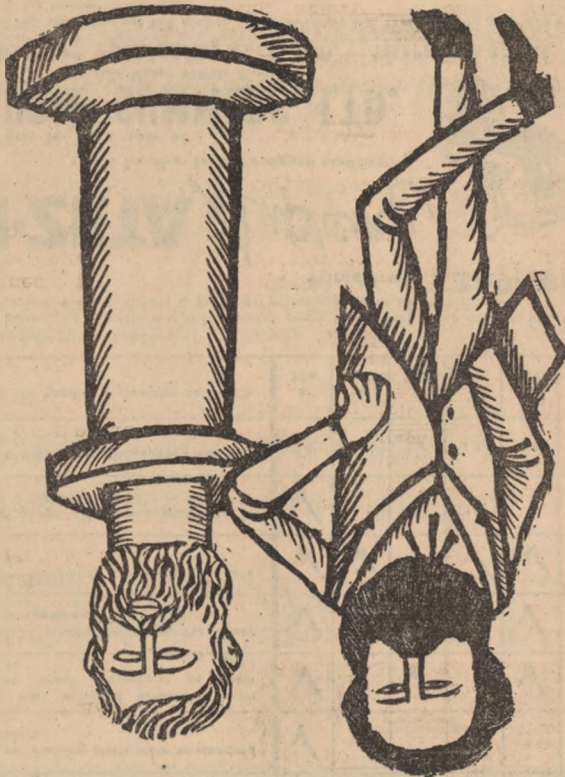
Nominated: Barry Dibble.
Seconded: Geoff Allan, Joe Fris.

A new enthusiasm has marked 1963 as one of the outstanding "Capping Years" in memory. Students have begun to take the initiative. If one man could be held responsible for this, it would be Capping Controller Herb Romanuk.

Not always a personality in the limelight, his thoughts, his imagination brought forth much. Art and sculpture exhibitions, 50-mile walk, Nut-zemberg, to name but a few. He has the peculiar knack of imparting enthusiasm and inspiration.

He feels there should be Dominion-wide travel concessions for students, more and better hostels, much stronger representation on the Building Committee. This can only be achieved through closer liaison and more co-operation. As never before the students need a diplomatic president. Herb Romanuk will make the most diplomatic, most mature, most imaginative, most capable President in memory.

He is an excellent athlete he spoke with authority. He is an excellent and



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Candidates For Presidency



Neil G. Wilson

Nominated: P. J. Rankin (President '62-63).
Seconded: D. Baragwanath, C. Harvey (Sports Representative '62-63).

I am nominating Neil Wilson for president of the Association, as well as being A.V. delegate to Arts Festival Council at Winter Tournament. In 1962 he was re-elected to the Executive as Man Vice-President.

This position has given him a wealth of experience in the over-all running of all the activities of the Association, and makes him one of the most experienced candidates ever to stand for the presidency. In an organisation such as this, where officers change each year, experience in the major aspects of the association's work is a basic essential. Over the last year Neil has been closely associated with the three particular tasks of the President — liaison with the University administration, the planning of the new building, and national student affairs.

Because of all this I consider him to be an excellent candidate for the presidency.

He is a fifth-year part-time student studying for B.A., B.Com degrees. He has always participated in the activities of the S.C.M. and is a member of its executive. He is also on the committee of World University Service in Auckland and is an active member of Students International. Over the last few years he has taken part in many productions of the Drama Society and in Revue. In 1961 Neil represented A.U. in Debating as a trialist for the N.Z. tour of Australia.

Neil was first elected to the Executive as Societies Representative in 1961 and gained wide experience in the organisation of Capping and in the nightmarish task of Billington.

A total of 476 graduates received degrees at the Graduation ceremony this year. It was the first time that University of Auckland degrees have been conferred.

The Chancellor, Sir Douglas Robb, introducing Sir John Allum, expressed regret at the necessity for excluding undergraduates from the ceremony, and indicated that with the steadily increasing number of graduates expected in the future, revision of the form to be made.

Sir John delivered the graduation address. He stressed the importance of education and the sound use of knowledge in the modern world. There was a great need, he said, for trained people to serve the community on local and national governmental bodies and in social work.

He spoke of the role played by education and training in the raising of standards of living, especially in under-developed countries. New Zealand was doing her share of this enormous task, and faced at the same time her own problems of finding new export markets and maintaining full employment. We cannot command prosperity, he said, but we can plan and work for it. Sir John congratulated students on their enterprise in raising funds for the new student union building. He asked citizens to support the appeal, saying that he could not recall a case such as this, where the beneficiaries had done so much to help themselves. The existing facilities were totally inadequate, and the position in six years' time would be intolerable.

The Chancellor then conferred the degrees; 58 diplomas were also presented.

NOMINATIONS FOR WOMAN VICE-PRESIDENT



Nominated: Brenda Bracewell, M.Sc.

Seconded: Neil Wilson; Abida Jannif.

NAERA NAUMANN

Nominated: Pamela Meeking (Business Manager).

Seconded: Tim Nuttall-Smith, ARANZ (Treasurer); Colin Harvey (Sports Sec.).

JILL MANDENO



AND

MAN VICE-PRESIDENT



Nominator: Neil Wilson.

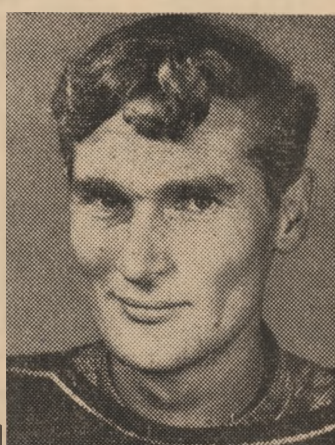
Seconders: Ann Macedo, Geoff Rennison.

WARREN LINDBERG

Nominated: Herb Romaniuk, Capping Controller.

Seconded: Barry Dibble, Derek Etherington.

GEOFF ALLAN



Naera Naumann is a full-time third-year Arts student with a fine academic record. She hopes to complete a BA degree this year, and is taking Geography III, History of NZ and Biology. As a member of Women's House Committee and Student Liaison Committee, Naera has gained valuable experience and insight into the working of the Association, and has shown herself to be competent and efficient. She was also a delegate to the NZUSA Halls of Residence conference held at Lincoln College last year: this important topic is one which must concern the Students' Association to a much greater extent in the future, and Naera's experience here is especially valuable. Naera also has a wide experience in other student activities; she plays hockey for the University, being a tournament representative last year, and is a past member of O'Rorke. She was also an American Field Service scholar.

If elected as Woman Vice-President, Naera would attempt to increase the variety of Cafeteria meals available after 6 p.m., and to alter the system of queueing so that students do not have to wait in the cloisters. She would like to see the Coffee Bar provide snacks at times when the Cafeteria is shut, and an Elam exhibition made a permanent feature. She would welcome all constructive criticism. Naera has shown that she can efficiently combine academic work with other activities. In nominating her for the position of Woman Vice-President, we believe that Naera's experience, integrity, and ability make her an ideal candidate for this position.

I nominate Jill Mandeno as Woman Vice-President as I consider she is the only student with the necessary experience and ability to undertake all the duties of this position. The constitution states that the Woman Vice-President shall assist the President, especially in social matters, and be responsible for the running of the Cafeteria and Coffee Bar. As an Executive member and in her service on Social Committee, Jill's warmly hospitable manner has made her a charming and gracious hostess. With the Association's activities so largely directed towards fund-raising, Jill will have invaluable experience gained from her term as secretary of the Fund-raising Committee. She has the interest, ability and enthusiasm to be more than a socially acceptable figurehead. Jill is the only student who

is fully aware of the difficulties of the Cafeteria from both the students' and the manager's viewpoint. She regularly eats in the Cafeteria and has worked for Mr White when staff have been ill. The experience she has gained from Cafeteria Committee makes her the ideal person for Cafeteria Controller. Jill has served on Social Committee and Tournament Social Committee, Cafeteria Committee, Women's House Committee and Fund-raising Committee, as well as helping with wardrobe organisation for Committee. Since her co-optation as Woman Vice-President she has proved herself to be a conscientious and able Executive member. It is fortunate that the Association has someone so well suited to the position of Woman Vice-President, and it is with confidence that I recommend her.

Third year, full-time Arts student — taking History III and English III. Student Chairman, University Drama Society. Overseas News Editor, Craccum. Member International Relations Club Committee. Member, Public Relations Committee; International Affairs Sub-committee. Schools' Tour 1963. It is with full confidence in his ability and integrity that I nominate Warren as my successor to the position of Man Vice President. I have nominated Warren for three main reasons: Firstly — he has a good academic record, and intends

to see that his work doesn't suffer because he is on the Executive. Secondly — Warren has a wide understanding of student life and student thought. The experience that he has gained from, for example, Drama Society, Revue and Craccum will benefit the whole Association. Thirdly, Warren has had experience in direct Students' Association work — yet he has not become "cliquey" or "Exec-minded". He will bring to the position of Man Vice President a good knowledge of how the Association should and can work. Along with his seconders, I recommend Warren to you.

Geoff is a fourth year Science student, majoring in botany. He is a member of Student Societies' Committee, and extra-curricula interests are:— Drama Club: He has served two years on the committee, and has been stage manager for the following productions: "Othello", "Under the Sycamore Tree", "Orpheus Descending", "Zoo Story", "Lady Audley's Secret", "Everyman", and as set, lighting and costume designed for "Fairy Tales of New York". He is commissioned as a member of the British Drama League. Field Club: Geoff has been an active member of Field Club for four years. He is a member of the Student Societies' Committee, and was one of the organisers and originators of "Nutzemburg". He is commissioned as a

lieutenant in the Waikato Regiment, New Zealand Armoured Corps. He wholeheartedly supports efforts for— More student activity in extra-curricular events. Better relationships between students of different faculties. Improved public relationship without inhibiting student activities or creativity. Full support for building fund. Improved student - executive relationship. I feel confident that Geoff has shown originality in no uncertain manner, especially over the last few weeks during Capping, that he is prepared to give his undivided attention to any position that he is appointed to. His record shows that he has the organising ability to handle the work of a vice-president.

There is now a University Press Association. This body was formed at Easter Tournament. It resulted from the reform of the moribund New Zealand University Student Press Council.

The new Press Association will serve several important functions which have previously been lacking in student journalism. The Association will:

- Co-ordinate internal news releases from constituent papers.
- Run an annual contest in journalism between the student papers.
- Send bulletins overseas outlining New Zealand student happenings to the world.
- Supervise standards of journalism and ethics in New Zealand student papers.
- Improve public relations of New Zealand's national union of students, NZUSA.

At Easter, Murray White of Victoria University was elected president of the new Association. He had prepared the new constitution for the Press Association. This was passed by Press Council and ratified by NZUSA.

All the student editors in the country, and many delegates, gathered at Easter to discuss the fate of their organisation — the old Press Council. It was agreed that that body formed no useful function.

The meeting passed directives to its new Executive to investigate the possibilities of a national student advertising scheme.

The association is also to look into the possibilities of reintroducing a Diploma of Journalism courses in New Zealand universities.

The new constitution states the objects of the association thus:

- To publish the views of, and conduct relations on behalf of, the student press, both at national and international levels.
- To provide a national press service to New Zealand university newspapers and to create an opportunity for student journalists to improve

the standards of student journalism.

- To maintain effective co-operation between the student press and the New Zealand University Students' Association.
- To publish and disseminate the views of the New Zealand University Students' Association through the press service, at national and international levels.

N.B.!!

Large notice on student notice board: **Wanted to buy—tickets for Graduation Ceremony (telephone number given).** Talk about blatant blackmarket! What did this notice imply?—'Graduands, if all your relatives are dead, got Leprosy, are snowbound in Taihape or Siberia or are otherwise unable to attend Capping, don't be slow—get up to Mt. Pleasant and claim your two tickets; 'cause, man, you can sell 'em! Something for nothing from the old variety at last.

Arch.

To The Editor, with love

Dear Sir,

I feel that I must reply to the letters published in the last Craccum under the heading of "Billiards".

First, I would apologise to Quills' fans and state here and now that I am breeding an idea that will replace all their lost faith in me. I was saddened immeasurably to see my last effort labelled as "idiotic trash" (sobs into hankie and continues).

Secondly, to "Wee Quills", I say, can it be, my good man (or woman) that you feel so ashamed of your blindly and unfairly critical letter that you creep beneath the shallow protection of a pseudonym? Shame on you!

Thirdly, I must thank the editor of Craccum (to whom this letter is addressed, by the way) for printing my effort on billiards — it took courage, initiative, and was worth every penny of it.

Yours sincerely,

Quills

Dear Sir,

We would like to draw your attention to the incredible lack of facilities for women students in this University.

How long is this to continue?

The former reading room is no longer available and the old common room has been replaced ??? by an inadequate cell in Hut 6. Is the hidden away in the University somewhere, an all-purpose common room of reasonable size, or are we expected to sit in the dark?

Is anything being done about this?

Signed,

"Just Curious"

Congreve: 'Tis well enough for a servant to be bred at university; but the education is a little too pedantic for a gentleman.

Thoreau — As if you could kill time without injuring eternity.



NEW ZEALAND LITERARY FUND SCHOLARSHIP IN LETTERS

Applications are invited for the Scholarship in Letters for 1964. The amount of the Scholarship is £1,000. Applicants should apply by letter to the Secretary, New Zealand Literary Fund Advisory Committee, Department of Internal Affairs, Private Bag, Wellington, giving details of the project or projects which would be undertaken during the tenure of the Scholarship, and forwarding copies of published literary work.

The holder of the Scholarship will be expected to devote all or most of his or her time to the nominated project or projects.

The closing date for the receipt of applications is August 31, 1963. The result will be announced in December 1963.

In an endeavour to please everyone, the instigators and organisers of Procesh '63 succeeded in pleasing no one. It is an unfortunate and undeniable fact that the ones they were so anxious to placate will continue to complain in an indignant and shocked fashion until the last vestige of spirit and individuality has been drained from the parade.

If Procesh is to continue, we must blithely ignore those who seek to stifle our creative genius and restore Procesh to its former exalted position. We must seek to satisfy the masses, after all, and if they want exuberant, madcap and somewhat smutty satirical humour, that is what they should be given. If the students in this city cannot behave in a Bohemian and inane manner, what will become of us all?

Despite these derogatory remarks, I do not believe that Procesh is by any means doomed. There was a strong undercurrent of satire, which came to the surface in such places as the large "Censored" stamp which was plastered over the Capping banner at the beginning of the 45-minute parade. But on the whole it was merely a shadow of the Procesh of past years. Such is the fate of all Fascinating Things.

The floats appeared to be rather hastily constructed, and due to the extremely selfish behaviour of most of the crowd, it became increasingly

No progress for procesh

HASTILY BUILT FLOATS SPOIL PARADE

difficult to see the signs and slogans on the vehicles. The spacing of the parade was much better this year, and youthful good humour broke through on occasions such as the cheering of the barman in front of the Imperial, and the time when a wit in the crowd flung a flour bomb.

But these moments were too rare for the casual onlooker. The restriction of the subject of Sex may have led to the loss of interest shown this year, for what else does the poor, honest university student know as a suitable and universal topic?

In all fairness, it must be allowed that those in charge did an admirable job under such a grave handicap. The satirical social comments on George Wilder, the state of hotels, and certain government

military purchases came under scrutiny.

Though Procesh 1963 was not a complete success, neither was it a failure. It was just indifferent. Let us hope that in the future the organisers will be more inclined to disregard the opinion of some of the less broadminded mother of-ten, and bring back the Good Old Days.

—Craccum Reporter

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MEATS

ankly, Vicar, I can't see the Methodists taking to our form of Bingo", remarks a worried curate in a recent copy of "Punch". And though we may laugh at this analysis of the stumbling blocks in the way of Anglican-Methodist reunion, it is nevertheless true when "Punch" laughs at a thing it must be news.

reports from England moving new and significant moves towards unity by Anglican and Methodist churches there have stimulated much discussion in the circles around the

He denied that a united church would be unwieldy, although he admitted that there would doubtless be a number of growing pains, and listed as obvious advantages of unity the better deployment of manpower — ministers and missionaries — and the better use of church buildings.

The early Christians wanted to be one in witness, worship and fellowship", he said, "and I feel sure that one church was what our Lord had in mind.

"Today it is necessary for Christians to be together in one visible society, which can nevertheless include differences of expression".

SPIRITUAL LETHARGY

Referring to the circumstances of John Wesley's original break with the Anglican church, Bishop Gowing said that the division had come about because of the blindness, ignorance and even deliberate sinfulness of the Anglican Church at that time.

"Anglicans have a lot to answer for over that", he said.

"For if the church had indeed been the 'Church militant' and more alive to its mission, instead of being lost in a spiritual lethargy, the break would never have been necessary and Anglicans and Methodists would still be one today".

REAL CHALLENGE

The University Chaplain, the Rev. D. G. Simmers (himself a Presbyterian) expressed his approval of moves towards Church Union, and said that the very nature of his job in dealing with students of many denominations indicated this.

Commenting on the pamphlet issued recently concerning the latest steps towards union of the Anglican and Methodist churches in England, Mr Simmers said that, although he doubted whether they were ready yet for such steps, the moves represented a complete change of atmosphere in union talks. He felt that a very real challenge had been thrown down.

VISIBLE UNITY

Bishop of Auckland, Right Rev. E. A. Gowing, was obliged with some comments on Church Union in his annual Anglican-Methodist reunion in particular.

Although estimating that a majority of Anglican laity were against Church Union, the Bishop showed himself quite definitely in favour of union as the next step for Christians world over, and felt that it was not just spiritual but visible unity that was necessary.

"I am sure the Holy Spirit is at work in this", he said. "There will need to be sacrifices all round, although we must not allow the sacrifice of what we sincerely believe".

The early Christians wanted to be one in witness, worship and fellowship", he said, "and I feel sure that one church was what our Lord had in mind.

"Today it is necessary for Christians to be together in one visible society, which can nevertheless include differences of expression".

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"It presents a tremendously exciting prospect", he said.

Mr Simmers did not feel, however, that forming a united church while some diehards refused to come along would be satisfactory.

"Then you would have an impossible situation", he said.

"Like that which induced the old Scot to remark, 'We had two churches in our village till union came — now we've got three!'"

He agreed that a common theological college would be both desirable and essential, and added that he would actually like to see theology as a university faculty, so that students who were not necessarily training for the ministry might be included.

Asked what he felt was behind the sudden increase of interest and even sense of urgency in matters of Church Union, Mr Simmers said that, although the threat of Communism was serious, the basic problem was the advance of atheistic materialism in the world today.

NOT AUTOMATIC

Another churchman interviewed was the Rev. Dr. R. S. Foster, warden of St. John's Theological College, Remuera, and a member of the Anglican Committee on Church Union.

Dr Foster expressed approval of the English moves, but did not feel that they would be automatically repeated here, or would even have any effect on progress towards union in New Zealand.

"Furthermore", he said, "nothing may come of the English moves, for the Methodist representatives are by no means unanimous and it's going to be a case of waiting till full agreement is reached".

Dr Foster went on to point out that the situation in New Zealand was quite different, and that whereas the main negotiating churches in England were the Anglican and Methodist, the Church of England was not yet a negotiating member in New Zealand.

"In fact", he added, "I am not happy about the non-participation of the Anglican Church. I feel we should certainly have been in at the beginning of union talks, instead of waiting till now and possibly making it necessary for negotiations to start over again".

Asked whether he felt the divisions between denominations constituted a victory to the Devil, Dr Foster agreed that the Devil was no doubt delighted.

"But it must not be a case of unity at the expense of holiness", he said. "We cannot end up with an amorphous mob, or the Devil would indeed have won!"

"What the church needs is a cutting edge", he went on, "and unity may not necessarily be the answer to the problem".

Asked whether denominations did in fact have their place, Dr Foster said he found the question difficult to answer, as denominations did tend to keep alive particular aspects of the faith.

He agreed that unity was found where Christians of all denominations were living their faith, but stressed that organic unity was necessary eventually.

CONFUSED IMAGE

"The unity of the churches is essential if the now confused image of the church is to be clarified in the eyes of the world", Dr J. J. Lewis, of Trinity (Methodist) Theological College, told Craccum.

Asked how long such a thing would take, Dr Lewis said that it was impossible to prophesy, but he hoped it would be soon, and added that New Zealand was unlikely to follow England in a specific Anglican-Methodist reunion.

Asked whether he considered a church should compromise on what it believed, Dr Lewis stated that in his opinion union was not a matter of compromise, but involved the finding of a new spirit.

"I believe this is the movement of the Holy Spirit shaking us out of our lethargy, and it is up to us to go ahead in obedience and faith", he said.

Dr Lewis admitted that he was amazed by the latest moves in England because of the "generous approach" of the Anglicans.

"Things have come to a crucial point", he said, "and if these negotiations fall through, union could be set back a century".

He agreed with the prominent American churchman, Dr Eugene Carson Blake, who said that "our separate organisations present a tragically divided church to a tragically divided world".

"It is scandalous", he said. "Such division obscures from men the efficiency of Christ's atonement.

"However, it is a mistake", he added, "to confuse union with uniformity, or division with diversity. A united church, as she is led by the Spirit, must permit diversity within unity".

SLENDER CHANCE

Although not a disbeliever in Church Union as such, the Rev. Canon E. Blackwood Moore told Craccum that he was definitely not in favour of union on such a basis as had so far been advanced.

"There is an urge at present to get going quickly", he said, "and union is being thrust upon us in a way that is far from satisfactory.

"Each church is being asked to compromise to such an extent that the result is going to be a weaker and not stronger presentation".

This, he considered, would not do at this stage of history, and he felt it was better for the churches to combine on practical matters where doctrine was not involved.

"Unity will come eventually, and it will be good when it does. The ultimate aim is to embrace the whole church, but we are not ready at the moment and there is much to be ironed out".

He added that there was a very slender chance — if any — for unity with the Roman Catholic Church, except "on their own terms", which would not be acceptable.

The Canon also considered that there was a sense of fear behind the drive for unity.

He stressed again the tragedy of rushing headlong into union "at any price" and commented on the need for more intensive study of the points of divergence between the churches and for the wider education of the laity.

"Besides", he added, "as I read the scriptures, it says 'a house of many mansions', not a 'multi-storey block'!"

UNITY IMPERATIVE

The Rev. A. R. Penn, president-elect of the Methodist Conference, expressed the conviction that, although denominations had arisen to meet the various needs of the people, unity was imperative, partly because of the pressure of world events, but particularly because the very fact that there was one Gospel demanded that there be only one Church.

"I do not think the difficulties in the way of union are insuperable", he said. "But there is a need for time in which to educate the man-in-the-pew in the issues involved.

"With a united voice the church can give a lead to the nation, and we in the church must find a way to unity before we can challenge the world to unity".

The opinions of these clergymen are indeed stimulating and provocative, and the more discussion we have on and around this important topic the better.

The division of the churches has been a colossal human tragedy.

But, as has been truly said, if all the people who are so proud of their churchgoing became Christian revolutionaries, we should see nations shift.

That is normal faith.

It's time we reverted to the normal.

Arts and Theatre

L'AVVENTURA

I wish to discuss the recent film "L'Avven'tura", directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, but before I do so I want to make two comments about film criticism itself.

First, it is dominated by literary and theatrical people. Yet the cinema is a new kind of medium, and at its best it offers something which you will not find in any literature, in any drama, or in any other form of art. So film criticism must have its own methods.

Instead, when a film like L'Avventura comes along, our local critics praise it — or criticise it — for all the wrong reasons. Even Mr Colgan, in his review of L'Avventura for the Auckland Star (March 30), concentrated on the film's symbolic settings, which he described as "threads woven with wondrous skill into the fabric of the garment with which the director has chosen to clothe his parable".

As for the Herald critic, he concluded his review: "L'Avventura . . . undoubtedly makes its mark as a work which moves the cinema into the literary field". However, some scenes seemed to the reviewer "both pointless and tedious", and at times he wished that "the director would stop horsing round, as the Americans say, and get on with it". To criticise L'Avventura for being too "leisurely", or for not having enough plot, seems to me the misunderstanding of a literary or dramatic critic.

DOUBLE STANDARD

Second, I think we must remember that the cinema, as an art form, is still young. Yet it has achieved fantastic popularity; the latest films are known more widely than the latest novels. Our critics talk about "masterpieces of the cinema", but I think we must admit that the film has not freed itself, so far, from the conventions of other forms of art.

Hence, we should judge films by a double standard. And we must often praise films for negative reasons—simply because they avoid certain literary or theatrical clichés.

L'Avventura seems to me such a film; as a work of art, it has many flaws, but at its best it ruthlessly casts aside old ideas.

First, we are surprised to find that it has almost no dialogue. There are shots, even whole scenes, without a single word. Character is built up not only by dialogue but by visual means (e.g. characteristic gestures, expressions, and other types of movement).

Similarly, one notices the sparse use of sound. Most films are cluttered with banal music and noisy effects. But in L'Avventura, the sound is muted and carefully controlled. After the credit titles, there is no 'background

music' for more than half-an-hour. Loud sounds are so rare that, when they do occur, they are tremendously effective and have a strong sense of movement: the searchers calling "Anna"; the sound of an invisible launch; the raucous arrival of the boat carrying Anna's father; and later in the film, Claudia rushing out on the balcony when she hears a car; and the sudden sound of the train. These are almost the only instances in a film more than two hours long.

STYLE

L'Avventura is a film with a sense of style. By this, I mean that it has its own characteristic sense of sound, and its own characteristic speed, and its own characteristic style of acting, and these elements add up together in a significant way.

The cinema is such a complex medium that to achieve a sense of style requires great control and limitation. In fact, of any art form, the film poses the biggest problems of limitation because the camera brings in so much that may be unnecessary or irrelevant.

I like the episode on the Island (in L'Avventura) for its great economy, for its concentration on one limited setting. And it has such a deliberate slow tempo. If we can't appreciate what is happening visually, we may protest that 'there is not enough plot.'

Certainly, a film about boring or aimless people has no right to be boring or aimless itself. But, in visual terms, the shots of the search are both calculated and meaningful.

For example, the desultory movement of the people is contrasted with the very purposeful movement of the storm (e.g., the camera pans slowly as Corrado looks out at the rising sea . . .) The search reaches its grotesque climax with the arrival of various mechanical devices—the motorboats, the divers, and the helicopter—all working furiously, without the least success.

The scenes on the island make the best use of movement, and I think they are the best scenes in the film. However, one remembers also the episode of Sandro chasing after Claudia in the train; by usual film standards, this episode is 'messy' and yet it is both true-to-life and true-to-art (the slow, undecided gestures of the two people, contrasted with the steady movement of the train, etc.).

The camera changes position slowly, particularly on the island, and holds shots for

a long time before the characters move in, or after they move out, of range. This may annoy us, if we expect the camera to be pointing out symbols of the usual literary kind. But the shots are significant in visual terms, because they give such a solid sense of the environment—the sea and the rock, and the curious sense of distance and perspective caused by their flatness, etc.

UNEVEN

Many criticisms could be made of L'Avventura. I like the scenes on the island because of their unity. The rest of the film is more uneven; I think it tries to bring in too much. The music is less subtle (e.g. the sinister saxophone music for the scene in the artist's studio). And there is more striving after literary and 'artistic' effects (e.g. the deserted village, which might have come from a surrealist painting—or from a film by Bergman).

At its best, however, I think L'Avventura provides us with experiences that are purely of the cinema. In trying to avoid 'reading too much' into the film—that is, avoiding literary 'explanations'—you may feel that I have gone to the other extreme and 'seen too much in it'—that is, over-emphasised the visual side. Of course, to talk about what we see may become complex and literary. But I think this is the only way we can reach a true film criticism, not dominated by literary symbol-seekers and cinema-chair philosophers, writing long interpretations of what they thought really happened last year at Marienbad or on a little island off the coast of Sicily.

—Roger Horrocks

THE COFFEE BAR EXHIBITION

A number of paintings collected to form an exhibition can make a corporate statement, for as well as having individual worth the paintings give the exhibition a first feeling as a whole. Paintings by Elam students recently hung in the varsity coffee house made a depressingly inadequate statement: the whole was even worse than the parts.

Student painting can be considered in two ways. On the one hand paintings represent the painter's personal development. He explores techniques, copies established artists, and generally has a ball. This process is personal, and is as private to the student as the underclothes he wears.

On the other hand the student artist can be expected to develop an individual outlook, and start to incorporate in his work some new meaningful statements, however slight. One accepts that student paintings exhibited in a university may have less original content than work exhibited for a broader public. One accepts that no work of art is strictly original, that it is the additional quality that a good artist adds that lifts his work above the field of five finger exercises or personal exploration. But even an art student has a responsibility to refrain from exhibiting his work until this additional quality is apparent.

Painting is a result of a person's reaction to his environment. One may say that a large part of the environment of our student painters is the School of Fine Arts. An exceptional person may rise above a poor environment or react against it. A sympathetic and inspiring environment may provide the conditions which foster development in even unpromising painters.

With few mitigating factors this exhibition indicates that the School of Fine Arts is peopled with less than mediocre students in a less than mediocre environment.

Painting, distinct from what we normally refer to as art, may have value as decoration. The odd painting which appears to have little or no merit as art may quite pleasantly be hung above the settee in the same way as a framed airline poster or print. The drawings by Miss Perham may have some quality as art, although they are really too slight to be conclusively judged. But if on the grounds of decoration a choice had to be made between posters and the rest of this work, almost invariably the posters would be selected.

The coffee house provides a very pleasant place to drink coffee and to talk with friends. Upon acquiring the use of this place as a gallery the sponsors of the exhibition had a responsibility to maintain the quality of the coffee house. It seems that they ignored this responsibility by hanging their paintings carelessly, and by intruding upon the rights of the patrons of the coffee house, even to the extent of propping paintings on tables.

Allowing that this is a student exhibition, it still seems obvious that in this particular place the tatty presentation, mounting and framing of paintings amounts to an act of vandalism; this is aggravated by the quality of the exhibits.

It is hoped that this badly painted, badly presented, badly hung exhibition will have no successors of the same low standard.

—F. Lowe

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CULPTURE EXHIBITION

For the chronic visual masochist there are few thrills that can equal that given by the discovery of the garden south of Putaruru with its concrete fauna, or the first sight of Cambridge's petrified tree complete with sparrows suspended in eternal flight.

In Auckland the availability of the mass produced gnome perhaps limits the range of forms, but has encouraged the most devastating automatic fantasy of our epoch.

Over the years the range of forms has stabilised and the symbolic content has become efficiently well understood in this particular application reinforced concrete and plaster to constitute a folk art. In fact, both art historians and practitioners of Eyemanship had, in their respective ways, come to the conclusion that the period of development was over and that we were now faced with the inevitable period of repetition and eventual decline under the impact of commercial exploitation.

But the students of Elam, exhaustably inventive and confident of their place in the future, have upset the too complacent judgments of the self-appointed experts. They have created a shambles of carefully constructed theories and blinded our eyes with a truly awe-inspiring vision of the future.

Unhappily this was not the intention of those who mounted this exhibition. The individual works are of varying competence and interest — as might be expected from a range of student projects—and it seems fair to assume that the intention was not only to give a general impression of Elam's work in this field but also to

allow us to see and feel the individual pieces, to allow the sculptor to "speak" to us and to allow us to exercise our aesthetic sensibilities.

Fenced in by kneecaps, with a backdrop of salmon and shrimp fibrolite, they are scattered anxiously and self-consciously on the "lawn" like a number of elderly maiden ladies awaiting an address by Lord Cobham.

It is well understood that an exhibition requires a public and hence one seeks the most suitable public space available. But the only thing that can be said for the ex-tennis court, ex-football shed is that it is public. It has none of the qualities of the quad, the close or the yard, and if the University authorities pursue their present course of construction, it never will have. What little money was spent after the various construction and removal projects were over was devoted to a myopic finicking up of the ragged edges, and all we have is a ragtag and bobtail of concrete kerbing, shrubs, tarmac, paving stones and plastic acne.

Perhaps the Elamers were seduced by the potential of this area, as well they might be, for given a competent landscape architect and a client whose aesthetic sensibilities were discernible from those of the more ruthless type of land speculator, we could have a pleasant and appropriate space.

—A. C. G.

The Magic Flute

(DE ZAUBERFLAUTE?)

By Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Text by Emanuel Shikaneder. Presented by the New Zealand Opera Company at odd times during the recent festival, alternating with La Boheme.

Grand Opera, Light Opera, Opera, Comic Opera, which is the opera-tive classification for this production of the Flute? This is a necessary decision to make because, generally speaking, a criticism is valid only if it compares that which was achieved with that which was attempted, and uses, as a frame of reference, an accurate classification of the type of artistic endeavour presented. (All too often critics complain of lack of humour in drama and lack of drama in comedy.)

However, to dismount from a hobby horse and examine the question, I find that I cannot equate "Flute" with any of the afore-mentioned categories, although elements of all are included. The term that comes immediately to mind is "musical comedy". It has all the ingredients — a fairy tale plot, two concurrent love stories, a very funny comic, lyrical music, gimmick settings and a happy end, all presented with typical English musical comedy dialogue and lyrics. But perhaps the largest contributing factor to the musical comedy atmosphere was the fact that I went to the 2.30 performance on the Thursday, which was patronised by large numbers of children, who had no difficulty in following the plot and no reservations at laughing at anything funny.

DELIGHTED

The cast were not insensitive to this and tended to play a little to the children. Ronald Maconaghie in particular as Papageno delighted them with

his antics. I felt that he was enjoying a break from adult audiences who feel that Mozart is sacrosanct and that one doesn't laugh at opera.

If Ronald Maconaghie stole the show it was because his active clowning was only matched by his singing/clowning, and I cannot imagine a more suitable person taking this fairly difficult part.

Particularly impressive was the bass voice and dominating presence of Neil Warren-Smith as Sarastro, high priest of Isis and Osiris. This is not just because I have a bass bias and because he is six feet or more tall; his singing was powerfully impeccable, with distinct diction and a Messiah-like speaking voice that, while being quietly authoritative, carried to all parts of the theatre.

HANDSOME

The romantic tenor lead of Tamino, an Egyptian prince, was adequately handled by Peter Baillie, who possesses a handsome visage and voice. He had a difficult task to make a character out of a part that needs a Rudolf Valentino to play the strong and (sometimes) silent role that otherwise tends to be a little wet.

His performance was considerably enhanced by having Rosemary Rogatzy (Pamina, daughter of the Queen of Night) as the object of his affections. This was not because she was so good but because one could not possibly imagine any liaison between them. Miss Rogatzy's awkward mannerisms, long stringy wig and sorrowfully flat voice, was as bad a piece of miscasting as I've seen. She could well have been the mother of Mary O'Brien (Queen of the Night) instead of her daughter. And her very mature soprano voice is more suited to Schonberg than Mozart.

CRACCUM 11
WEDNESDAY JUNE 5 1963

Mary O'Brien's singing was, as usual, a delightfully heady wine accompanying a feast of fare on the musical menu. However, her acting, although adequate, lacked the subtle evilness required, but as she sang more than spoke this was easily overlooked.

The smaller parts were of a consistently high standard, with the two feminine trios being particularly delightful. A small jarring note, however, was the kiwi accent in the speaking voice of one of the men in armour, and the voice and acting of John Poole as the Moor.

It was also a pity that the chorus could not have been supplemented a little more, as they were drowned a little at times by the orchestra, which was ably, if a little flamboyantly, conducted by James Robertson.

GIMMICK

The most notable aspect of the production, however, was the projection scenery on a gauze cyclorama. One or two symbolic patterns were distractingly vague, but overall it was reasonably effective and the audience certainly appreciated the quick changes facilitated by this device, and readily accepted this new convention in modern stylised scenery.

ENTERTAINING

Overall this was a most enjoyable and entertaining show and if the pace seemed a little slow, it was not because of the production but rather the fact that the pace of living was perhaps a lot more relaxed in Mozart's day. I certainly think that the composer would not object to the catchphrase of Musical Mozart's mellifluously melodious merry musical form.

I think you will agree when I say that it is probably the best musical or perhaps whimsical comedy yet seen on the stage of HM.

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Now that you've worked out who is who in A Pound of Saffron, try identifying the sources of some of the C*pp*ng B*★*ke '63 material. Some of Ye Olde Iokes and Printes are as olde (but not as meaningful) as Ye Olde Tharunka (Sidney, Aus.) July 3, 1962 (AD), but most of the rest are much, much older, so you'll have to do research, at least as much as those who compiled the dough(t)ly publication. You wit-men, start thinking now for 1964 — you want the Booke's circulation to drop to the Kiwi level? And what about this Victoria scheme (in so far as it works) of getting rid of unsold copies on next year's freshers? — something to do as relaxation from enrolling forms. Better idea, surely, than keeping thousands of them stacked in Huts 6-7 as monuments of the optimism of previous committees.

—Arch



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Simply everybody was at the elegant soiree put on by the *Building Appeal Committee*. Lovely goggies and good relations flowed all over the place, and the talk of the evening was the cosy little two-some made by glamorous *Jill Mandeno* and the Mayor.

Wonder how much lolly has been gathered so far?

★ ★ ★

I thought *Revue* was simply fab. Lots of lovely lolly was made — a profit of about £1500 after meeting costs of well over £4000. Isn't that wonderful?

Capping Ball, unfortunately, made a mammoth loss — somewhere around £500. So that, of course, will slice into the revue profit.

Kati doesn't know what went wrong with the ball, but something did. Exec has always had good balls in the past. But, of course, that was when there was only one a year. Now that they have two balls, the organisers should work twice as hard to make each as big and bright as the other. The Peter Pan was only about one-quarter full, which was a crying shame.

Honestly, if you students won't patronise your own functions, Kati thinks the balls should be cut out. Perhaps when you've been without them for a year or two, you'll realise what you've missed.

★ ★ ★

I don't know why, but I had a funny feeling that perhaps *Procesh* might be different this year. Wasn't that silly? I mean, once again it was just like the *Hastings Blossom Festival* without the flowers.

Kati, I said to myself, is it really worth the traffic department and the organisers going to so much trouble just for that? Most of the floats that trundled in front of my horrified optics were simply appalling — they were so obviously made in about five minutes. Honestly, sweeties, I could have done better myself, false finger nails and all.

★ ★ ★

Aren't the elections fabulous?

There are dear old Neil and Herb standing against each other for "Daddyship", while *Jill* and *Naera* and *Geoff* and *Warren* fight it out for their respective vices. Keep your

CATIPO'S COLUMN



chins up, darlings, and may the best man, or lady, win.

Have heard there's been no nomination for treasurer. What are we going to do now that *Timmy Nuttall-Smith* has evacuated the shower-room?

★ ★ ★

Revue went down marvellously in *Hamilton* — really down. Everybody had a lovely time. Even the Mayor entered into the spirit of things, the darling, and came on stage in costume at the end of the final performance. Colin Broadley, the director, also in costume, presented him with the Keys to *Nutzemberg* — it was so funny. And there were lots of funny noises and goon-show things happening. Everyone on stage enjoyed it immensely.

★ ★ ★

You must all go along to the Hall at 8 o'clock on one of the nights between June 18 and June 22 inclusive. Kati insists! *Drama Soc.* is putting on this lovely play called "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mother's Hung You In The Closet And I'm Feelin' Sad".

It's all about this funny lady who has stuffed her husband and then hung him in her wardrobe. She has a darling son of about 18, going on nine, whom she dresses in baby clothes. He's never aloud, poor pet. There's a very rude seduction scene, real man-eating *Venus Flytraps*, and the most gorgeous little pirahna fish. I want one.

Helen Smith, the producer of *Revue*, plays the funny lady, with *Dick Johnstone*, revue choreographer, as her son. *Robyn Cox* plays a sexy symbol of freedom, while *John Bayley* is a delightful old Commodore.

Bryant Wakefield, last seen as the *Baby Primrose* in revue's male ballet, is the producer. *Pat Rosier*, who really saved revue by making about 10,000 costumes in two days, is wardrobe mistress.

Now don't forget to go and see it, I'm sure it's your cup of tea. All of you.

★ ★ ★

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★ ★ ★

I still can't believe it. *Kapping Book*, sorry honeys, *Capping Book*, made a four-figure profit. How such a four-letter magazine could actually make money, Kati doesn't know. The whole thing was rather tatty, you know. Sort of a cross between "Forensic Medicine" and the "Junior Digest".

Where were all those millions of articles provided by you students — or were you your sweet old reticent selves again?

★ ★ ★

Aren't we getting through editors this year? Wonder who'll be next?

One bright thing in the state of the coffee bar — those paintings have certainly brightened the place up. Just imagine what it would be like without them in this weather. And aren't they all marvellous? I don't know who did them, or what they're about, but I'm sure they're all terribly "thing" and "avant gard".

★ ★ ★

I actually witnessed the varsity event of the year on May 25. It was, of course, the wedding of Business Manager *Pam Meeking* to *Murray McInman*, in the Hall.

Our Hall looked lovely, all done out in blue paint and with a gorgeous bowl of gold crysanthus placed off centre on the stage. Balancing the floral decoration on the other side was the grand piano, which the super Music Department kindly allowed to be taken out of moth-balls. And everybody had a real cushion to kneel on at the appropriate time.

The guest list made the "Who's Who" in *Pears Encyclopaedia* look quite silly. And, my dears, the hats. Mrs *Helyer* wore a ravishing green velvet top, topped by a flowing horse-plume, while Miss *Mandeno* favoured a smart little brown bowler which teamed beautifully with the brown rabbit round her neck.

Pam looked quite fabulous in a sleeveless, slim-skirted brocade frock with a scoop neckline. A shimmer-

ing white veil fell from three roses on her head to floor level, and finished in a train at the back.

The bridesmaid, *Brenda Bracewell*, New Buildings Officer, looked lovely in a slim white knee-length frock, with a lace overskirt.

They both carried flowers. Past treasurer *David Bell* was best man, while *Neil Wilson* gave *Pam* to *Murray*. All three men wore white carnations.

Peter Oettli played beautifully on the piano throughout the service and really made up for not having an organ.

The Reverend *Simmers* conducted the service, which was terribly simple, but frankly, sweeties, it knocked spots off any other wedding I've been to.

The reception was at *Fortes*, with Mr (Cafeteria) *White* officiating. A lovely punch was served before a delicious wedding breakfast. There were only two short speeches — *Daddy Rankin* said some lovely things about *Pam* and *Murray* and then *Murray*, bless him, made his thanks while everybody sipped champagne.

It was a beautiful, beautiful occasion and Kati would publicly like to wish *Pam* and *Murray* a lifetime of happiness as they embark on the long voyage of matrimony — bless you, darlings.

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