

Requiem For Political Clowns

Text of NZBC Broadcast on 9 pm News, 13 November, 1963

"The Prime Minister has accused a number of Wellington students of repaying his courtesy by trying to break up one of his election meetings.

"Addressing about two hundred and seventy people at Levin today, Mr Holyoake said he recently gave a courtesy one-hour hearing to the leaders of these students, who talked socialist and neo-communist ideas about defence, nuclear bombs, ban the bomb marches and, as he described it, 'all the rest'." (End of quote.) The PM's tirade was, we gather from newspaper comments, part of an apologia for hoarseness.

In the best traditions of Western democracy, the PM, during the electioneering, lined up some by no means totally inoffensive students in his sights (these students were dissenting from some aspect of the Government's policy), and supposedly the students were to drop like ninepins. However, there was not even a ripple in the wave of content which brought the present Government back for another term. No father raised his voice at the imputations raised against his son. (It would now appear quite respectable to have at least one neo-communist or right-wing fascist in the family.) If an inquest had been held, then the PM would have been found guilty of using a rhetorical bludgeon. This was sufficiently effective to induce the Victoria Students' Executive to dissociate themselves from the opinion of a minority of students. Instead the tyranny of a governmental minority reigned supreme. Such disloyalty is not surprising in an age of kinship severation and sibling rivalry.

What was most disappointing to us was the relative inaction of those under fire. One would have suspected that they were capable of giving as good as they received. Has the political vengeance feud and the petty political wrangling which seems endemic in this country gone out of fashion? No one tossed rotten apples or soured eggs in retaliation. No grey flannel suit was splattered. And indeed it would have constituted a most ungentlemanly act and one unworthy of students. But the students concerned didn't even throw a verbal brickbat. Instead they came down with a banal statement demanding an apology. Could they really have been so inept in the juggling of stereotypes at which our politicians excel? Only a pontifical announcement in emulation of



Students are bums



G - r - r - r

the best or worst official communiques was forthcoming. And this denied the involvement of a sanctimonious student body in such outlandish frivolities. Even the students had become mesmerised by the eidetic imagery of the politicians — the poetry of the abstract of statistics, the contents of yellowing Hansard and velum volumes. The students were as much mesmerised by this kind of genius as we all are from time to time, and the result was a velvet bomb.

Was it not a coincidence that these very same "offenders" were the *enfants terribles* of Victoria University — the men who dared to tell the French Government in the politest and most diplomatic way to go and boil its head over the Pacific bomb tests? It is rumoured that the French are proceeding with their insidious designs undeterred by student dissent. It is therefore not surprising that some of us feel slightly disconcerted by the incipient totalitarianism all around us compounded of embalmed public prejudice and the venom of pressure groups. We often have the feeling that the vital juices are being squeezed out of us, and that there is nothing that we can do about it. Has the system of co-ordinative management intruded into student and university life to the extent that the community of scholars are in danger of being overwhelmed by a new breed of organisation men posing as educationists?

One suspects that there was nothing more insidious in the PM's hostility towards the students than an admonition not to bite the tax-collecting hand that feeds them. What we most have to fear is the perfection by unscrupulous politicians of the art of the pacification of conflicts. This would leave us with no causes to be won or lost. And then we would be forced to do what the general populace seems to have done — i.e. adopt boredom as a way of life.

We would like to think that there was little more than a healthy confrontation of generations implicit in the clash between the PM and the students. The PM learned, erudite, compelling, sincere and middle-aged, confronted the students — flippant, fatuous, imbecilic, youthful, and therefore by implication irresponsible. At least so goes the divine logic of our political mentors. But perhaps things would not have come to a head if the students concerned had not been a wee bit political. This, after all, is a privilege reserved only for the politicians. What are they paid for anyway? Perhaps, in the best trade union manner, they would like to set up a closed and impenetrable shop, a kind of sacred preserve. So long as students have their fat faces jammed full of good things such as university buildings, any desire to explode the facade of student autonomy is bound to be misconstrued as subversion.

Another contributing factor to the imputations of irresponsibility hurled at students' heads (no doubt) is the notion that New Zealanders in general are incapable of self-discipline. We should all be grateful for the fact that the government of the day (per medium of in camera tribunals staffed by very nice and very decent university professors), is assuming self-discipline for us. If this conflicts with what we are lead to believe about the unimpeded exercise of our powers of discrimination, then not to worry. A magnificent example of Janus-headed discrimination has been provided for us by those university officials who will help to police "voluntary" subscription while simultaneously reading great chunks of John Stuart Mill out to us. One consolation is that these gentlemen would at least appear, on the face of things, to be thoroughly in accord with the social norms of the day.



Politicians are delinquents



G - r - r - r

CONGRESS

MECCA OR MORASS

Congress is the annual grand session, the intellectual free-for-all, of New Zealand's universities. Delegates, speakers, professors, partisans, parsons, artisans, artists, casual frails and interested yokels, assemble to remodel the universe in their own image.

It is a time of wining and womaning; a cosmos of cruds and intellectual cut-throats planning for peace and pieces. This is the Mecca of fine minds, the Olympia of oafs.

At Curious Cove near Picton, steep, tonsured hills are the mute witnesses of free discussion. Each day begins with seriousness at 9.30 a.m., when the morning lecture is delivered. Discussion, argument, questions, comments — anything verbal and remotely relevant is then conjured up in an endeavour to prove that the mind is quicker than the ear. When the lecture is concluded, usually an hour-long discussion continues. Occasionally this may continue after lunch informally, but the afternoons are free from any set function. Students are then free to indulge in diverse amusements which include swimming, sunbathing, volleyball, table-tennis, water skiing on your arm-pits, and conserving matter and energy by sleep.

Evening is a repeat of the morning in stronger doses (like all good medicines, after a meal), followed by a late-night function which differs every night — a dance, a film, a play, a black mass, etc.

By the end of a strenuous week, fully tanned and brimming with visceral vigour, you are expected to pass, and will pass, motion after motion like a laxative tycoon. Resolutions, manifestos, political and sexual, pepper the air. Debate roars like a tidal wave. Motions are moved. Congress is Congress. Thus moved Zarasuthra.

The final motions are forwarded to NZUSA (i.e. the New Zealand University Students' Association in Wellington). The motions are considered and forwarded to the appropriate organisations, which have an unfortunate tendency to send back polite acknowledgments and take no further action.

The motions passed at Congress are not typical of students as a whole, since, as Mr Gager pointed out in his report of the 1962 Congress, they represent the views of the untypical students who attend Congress. They are untypical students, perhaps, because they are vociferous about their views whereas many students prefer to hide their world-shattering discoveries and unspoken wisdoms under a guilt-edged bushel of silence.

The foregoing description in some measure outlines an ideal Congress. It is now pertinent to consider whether the 1964 Congress can be considered an ideal one.

A classic definition of Congress was provided by Sir George Currie, the then Vice-Chancellor of the University of New Zealand,

when opening Congress 1961: "Congress offers one of the finest opportunities that students have of living in an atmosphere of high intellectual ferment, where good talk, discussion and the search for truth are considered in a relaxed atmosphere of friendship."

What is lacking in this definition, and what was lacking at Congress 1964, is the traditional student occupation of heckling. It was conspicuous that the speakers were permitted to pontificate with little interruption from the subdued Brethren.

It could be said that there was an unhealthy atmosphere of acceptance to academically qualified authority, though the questions at the conclusion of the talks indicated that many had temporarily stifled their disagreement. Heckling is, however, essentially a stiletto with which to test the toughness of the speaker. If the testing is left until the conclusion of the talk the speaker has, in a sense, half-won the battle in conditioning us to his viewpoint. Professor Lawden in particular read a complex dissertation on the cosmos at a galloping gait, which heckling would have helped to paragraph at the very least.

Each of the eleven talks, with the exception of Mr Woollaston's, was followed by considerable questioning. Many of these questions were obviously hobby horses of the questioners and were largely irrelevant to the corpus of the speech. Irrelevancy is, however, one method by which a tightly constructed speech may be considered in wider detail and application. Professor Sampson's speech on "Mechanistic Theories of Mind", which concerned itself with three particular psychological experiments, was subjected to this enlarging process. This will be considered subsequently in an examination of the individual talks.

It is difficult to decide whether the discussion time should consist merely of questions by students, and answers by the lecturer, or whether actual conversations among the audience should be attempted. Perhaps in order to ensure that everyone who wishes to speak is given an opportunity to do so, the question-answer system is initially the fairest. More lengthy discussion can be continued in private.

Professor Crowther, who holds the Chair of Psychology at Canterbury University, was an exemplary chairman who kept check of the questions with scrupulous impartiality. From the onset he declared his credo that a chairman should be as unobtrusive as possible. Whether in the lotus position or not, Professor Crowther was a model mentor of diplomacy.

The climax of Congress is that senate of senility the rake's regress, Forum. Reluctant Romans and hostile hedonists are gathered from the Cove raft, the cabins, the bush, and the hills. Hold back the Red waters and let us enter the promised land — the Utopia constructed by motions.

Do not mistake me. I am not being cynical about motions. I am sorry for those students who are so swallowed up by the maw of cynicism and existentialist constipation that they cannot conceive of any motions whatsoever. Dennis Glover has lamented the lack of manifestos and political fire among contemporary students, and Mr Conrad Bollinger in his talk, "Sex, Grog, Religion and Politics", also lamented the present cry exemplified by Jimmy Porter in John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger": "There aren't any good causes left". Mr Bollinger, famed author of "Grog's Own Country", is a scarred polemicist and a Congress veteran who attended the first Congress in 1949. He related that the students of the '49 Congress, some of whom have fought in the Second World War, were still sufficiently idealistic to emblazon on a wall: "Youth Unite — Forward for a Lasting Peace". The average contemporary student must be presumed to be a non-Congress-goer, perhaps cynical of good causes, and a fair proportion of the students at Congress '64 were cynical of slogans, savants and saviours. Those who were not passed motions.

Mr Bollinger's cry was that here in New Zealand there is "a backyard full of good causes, screaming for someone with the guts to take them up."

Mr Bollinger then pin-pointed one of the good causes which he felt could be muck-raked with benefit to the entire community — that of the liquor question. In particular at the new artificial mushroom town at Porirua, there has been much discussion concerning the lack of community facilities. Attention therefore was focused on the sole community activity — a tavern. A Church of England newspaper reported on this situation at length, but did less than justice to its own case in Mr Bollinger's opinion by failing to take into account the anti-social tendencies inherent in our society and by sadly confusing peripheral issues with basic ones, and causes with effects. As examples of this confusion, he quoted other clergymen: A Presbyterian minister who said that the problem was the shortage of "professional people, skilled tradesmen and elderly folk" to provide "community leadership".

Another commentator declared grandly that "patrons accept this suffering of their own free will". Mr Bollinger pointed out that all of the decisions concerning the inadequate social amenities, the archaic drinking laws and the pub which was "designed like a woolshed", were ordained by external factors beyond the control of the free will of the inhabitants.

Porirua provides an example of a community trust pub. The first of these was voted into existence through the local restoration vote in 1943 in Invercargill. The community trust pub is a Labour Government scheme which con-



sists in vesting all liquor licences in an elected trust, with profits returning to the community in the form of investments and amenities and grants for local charitable and recreational facilities. Mr Bollinger suggested that voting for a local option ensured that the profits were prevented from being distributed among the brewery shareholders only and expressed dissatisfaction with present facilities.

He went on to say that the worst aspects of drinking today — the crowding, the lack of furniture, the lack of food or dancing or entertainment, the dissociation from women, the six o'clock closing and the restriction in licences were largely the result of prohibitionist pressures. New Zealand's licensing laws therefore — in the words of a New Plymouth magistrate — "are the result of a battle between greed and fanaticism in which the interests of ordinary, sensible citizens are being ignored". This battle is fought between the licensing trade, represented by the New Zealand Licensed Victuallers' Association, and the Prohibitionists.

The two largest breweries, New Zealand Breweries and Dominion Breweries, were responsible for 82 per cent of the liquor produced in 1955. The profits are enormous and this was reflected in the dividends of one of the breweries, which is currently 9 1-6th per cent. This was stated to be covered more than one and a half times by net profit, though, as Mr Bollinger pointed out, these figures were misleading due to stock watering, which gave an unreal capitalisation precisely for the purpose of increasing the return on investment without showing it.

The whole liquor question was the subject of a massive review in 1945-46 by the Royal Commission on Licensing. The recommendations alone ran to a report of 82 pages, which included the suggestion that all breweries in New Zealand should be acquired by a public corporation and the profits applied, after payment of compensation, for cultural, philanthropic and recreational purposes.

The second main recommendation provided that should the electors of a licensing district so decide by their vote, a local trust would be established which would be entitled to priority in taking up any additional licence or all licences in a No-Licence district which had voted for restoration. In twenty-two areas in which the Licensing Control Commission granted additional licences, the electors voted in favour of establishing a local trust over the last fourteen years. Three only have been successfully established. Mr Bollinger said that the reason for this failure to fulfil the electors' wishes was to be found in the lack of State-guaranteed finance and crippling legislation aimed at busting the trusts, such as the Act of 1962, which was concerned with the "unfair advantage" reputed to be enjoyed by trust hotels over private hotels, and the Bill at the end of the last session of Parliament which was designed to prevent further district trusts.

Mr Bollinger asks, "Where are our muck-rakers? Where are our graduates entering politics? They are climbing up greasy careerists ladders in established political organisations or shouting shibboleths at unstable political organisations."

Mr Bollinger gave no consideration to the problem of alcoholism which has also been the subject of some research, recently in the form of the first school of alcohol studies carried out at Massey University last year. Numerous papers considered varying aspects of this problem. Alan K. Gray in "A Look at some International Problems of Alcoholism", related that only three places in the world are known to have had no alcohol indigenously: Polar peoples, Australian aborigines and primitives of Tierra del Fuego. The problem is therefore present in almost every country in the world, the two countries suffering the most being France and the USA. Mr Bollinger was of the opinion that alcohol would take its own place in society if given the chance. This seems to me to be a rather naive view, in view of the fact that in France alcohol has had more than a good chance to find its own place, yet has resulted in the greatest number of alcoholics of any country in the world.

Some of the speakers at the Massey conference were of the opinion that the problem lies in people, and not in bottles. Whalen, who was referred to in Mr Gray's paper, was of the opinion that wives of alcoholics tended to fall into four categories: suffering Susan, who feels the needs to punish herself; controlling Catherine, who seeks to dominate her husband; and wavering Winifred, who is obsessed with self-doubt and "the need to be needed"; and punitive Polly, who seeks to punish her husband. In connecting sex with grog, Mr Bollinger could have considered this aspect; however, he merely mentioned the discriminating code whereby women are excluded from hotels.

Mr Bollinger then proceeded to consider the relation of religion and sex in relation to Moral Re-armament-type articles appearing in the daily press late last year. The writer of these articles stated that the current elections were being fought on material issues rather than moral ones. This he condemned. He suggested that the real issues, which were moral ones, included the defence of our privileged position in overseas trade (!).

"Christ, whom this crusader bar-rister purported to revere, specifically rejected the Old Testament, 'Thou shalt not', and replaced it principally negative decalogue with two positive injunctions: to love thy neighbour as thyself, and to do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Apply these injunctions to sex and what do you get? asked Mr Bollinger. This naturally gave rise to some bawdy mirth. Dr Alex Comfort, on a BBC television programme, perhaps by indirect application, formulated two commandments for moderns: "Thou shalt not exploit another person's feelings" and "Thou shalt under no circumstances cause the birth of an unwanted child".

"Hence", Mr Bollinger elaborated, "no male should use a female for his own gratification if she is under a misapprehension as to his intentions, and no female should use the love and loyalty of a male for personal gratification short of intercourse (for which he may feel no pressing need), when she knows perfectly well that his love and loyalty demand just that."

The moral right of children to the love and care of parents has

infinite priority over the claim of any institution to proscribe the morality or otherwise of contraception in given cases, continued Mr Bollinger.

These issues were, however, all part of one cause, the most important issue facing us, that of determining a man's destiny, which is a moral question. No man has the moral right to determine another's destiny from beer drinking to his existence in a thermo-nuclear holocaust. But as long as men are isolated units where there is no chance of developing human solidarity and the mutual respect which is essential to the recognition of the right of fellow beings to be free from others, and so long as our ethos results in alienation being the central fact in our existence, we shall have the dichotomy, the smug surface appearance of our homes and the seething mass of petty hate and



prejudice which lurks behind the drawn venetian blinds. Every time people say "that Jew bastard" or "I don't want niggers near me", it illustrates what a writer in the *New York Herald Tribune* wrote following Kennedy's shooting: "Dallas does not own hate". And every time people stand off with pay checks and run their lives on the basis of hate, it is the same story repeated.

I have condensed Mr Bollinger's talk greatly for reasons of space, but I think that his capacity for rhetoric is shown. It is splendid and it is rousing — though its provocative qualities were disappointing in their effect at Congress. Mr Bollinger is possessed of a refreshing optimism in this age of Camus, Sartre and Ginsberg. He sees the human race as being young (which it is) with plenty of time to evolve and solve its problems — provided it survives the present nuclear threat. He used the true orator's weapons: fluent, witty generalisations, sharp-shooting factual data, leaping sequences of thought. It is possible to see his treatment of alcohol as one-sided, excellent though it was, his interpretation of Christ's teachings as inaccurate, since Christ did not reject the decalogue of Moses, but fulfilled it with a life of love, and his attacks on New Zealanders as over-generalised. But his eloquence and his observation of simple socialism in New Zealand over practical issues, e.g. local trust pubs and his cry for more student careers in politics in order to annihilate social abuses, cannot be faulted.

—Mike Morrissey

Pilgrimage

On racy pilgrimage through our gallery, one's pace slackens away from the journey's objective. Diverse talents direct your straight trail to detourages, so that, almost like a deviant anthropologist, you stop to devour culture and cultures. (You will notice that one is not merely the plural of the other.) Contemplations.

Arriving at the far corner of the mezzanine (furtively touching metalling Torso II to see how it feels), you mount the polished stairs to Olympia. Food fresh as dew gapes at you. You fumble for plates in the apocalyptic light. You look up. A forest of windows; behind, forests — which are actually genteel and planted: Albert Park.

You take the implements of war and salad-making, and lettuce as crisp as a new paperback, and a firm phallic tomato glowing with unconsumed desire, to the low-slung, amoeba-freckled tables. McCahon's curving textures are written into these tables like signatures. Shapes.

You prepare your salad. Grasp the tomato firmly in the sinister hand. Sever it in twain, equally. No! You cast democracy to the winds and slice off the edge squashily. Seeds squirt sexually. You watch your neighbour with secret intensity, hoping fatuously for a knowingly elite wink. Actually he does wink, but only because he has been looking at the back-of-room trilogy of panels as if they were naked women, and his eyelids plummeted to relieve the tension. And that's a thought. If he was sufficiently sensitive about forms (or reforms) he might just stare in such a fashion and not merely to impress other petty artistic embryo-fascist exclusionists. But they flow and fit and that is as much as any group of paintings should have to do at one time. McCahon's.

You contemplate those tomato seeds again. Damn things wriggle off your plate as if they were alive. Think of lessons in Shelley Bermanship. With Rabelaisian abandon you kneel down (they are low tables) and grovel before them. Slurp. You sit up. Nonchalantly you wipe the plate clean with your cuff. Slob.

You look — outside. You have done so already. White-collared cruds, organisation men (and women) — by the rigid immaculateness of their moronic creases and the too careful brush-off of the honest mown grass — admire casual pigeons — like flocks of ambiguous Wallace Stevens' mixing mediocre business and circumscribed poetry. Conversations.

Coffee consumed, salad slung, you tidy the loose dregs. You leave. Hell, those dangerous distractions again. Occasions of sin. You bolt. You make the door having seen only Hercules throwing Lichas member uppermost. You exit into the full February, a god-girthed denizen, a Socrates of the southern hemispheres, belly quivering with coffee and culture. Visions.

Friends, artists and countrymen, if this doesn't create a Left Bank nothing will.

—Mike Morrissey

APARTHEID IS NOT CRICKET

By RICHARD THOMPSON

The cause of human rights and dignity is challenged in many ways. Sharpeville, Little Rock, Birmingham (Alabama) — these are familiar names — symbols of ignorance, prejudice and injustice. It was not that the people of those places were worse than the rest of us. It was simply that they were no better. They didn't care enough. They remained silent when they should have spoken out. The Rev. Martin Luther King has emphasised that the great barrier to the social advancement of the negro in the USA is not the malice of the bad but the terrible silence of the good.

The challenge which faces the Americans in the Deep South does not confront New Zealanders. The challenge which faces the South Africans does not confront New Zealanders. Nevertheless the devotion in this country to human rights and dignity has been tested year by year. But the challenge has not been recognised. Good sportsmanship is incompatible with race discrimination. In our reciprocal sports tours with South Africa we have claimed, like the Americans of the Deep South and the South Africans before us, that in our case there are extenuating circumstances. We have failed to meet the challenge posed by the conditions governing these tours not because we are more lacking in moral fibre than others, but because we are no better than other people. We haven't cared enough. We have remained silent when we should have spoken out.

The challenge to human rights that has faced us in New Zealand has not required heroism. It has not required an enlightened knowledge of racial and international issues. It has required only that we accept the canons of good sportsmanship: that we select representative sports teams on merit regardless of race and withhold recognition from overseas sports teams which are not selected on that same principle; that we recognise that non-white New Zealand and South African sportsmen have rights. We have failed to take seriously the Olympic principle of no race discrimination in sport, or perhaps more accurately, we have claimed the right to exempt ourselves from the obligations of this principle.

If we have failed in the past, the challenge is still with us; New Zealand's sports tours with South Africa seem to be on the increase. If this is so, it would not be surprising. There are very few countries now which will accept the racial restrictions on which the South Africans insist. Within about eight months we will have received visits from a South African rugby league team, a badminton team and now a cricket team, all exclusively white.

The South African Cricket Association operates a rigid colour bar. It did so long before the Nationalist government came to power. Even now, there is no law which requires cricketers to set up such a colour bar. More than 20,000 African, Coloured and Indian cricketers were excluded from selection in this team and from the right to represent their country — simply because they are not white. The visiting players will no doubt be fine men in many respects. Yet some of them owe their place to the fact that the cricketing body they represent excludes players who are not white.

Even though the non-white cricketers have been starved of international competition by the policy of the SA Cricket Association, non-white South Africans have produced outstanding players. Basil D'Oliviera is a case in point. He has recently agreed to play for Worcester in English county cricket. In his first year in England, playing on an unfamiliar turf wicket, he topped both the bowling and batting averages in the Lancashire League, although Sobers actually scored more runs. Included in Ron Roberts' Commonwealth team and a recent Commonwealth tour of Pakistan, D'Oliviera is gradually building up an international reputation although barred from representing his country.

An exclusively white South African cricket team is representative neither of South African cricket nor of the Republic itself. The New Zealand Cricket Council is aware of the situation. In a rash moment, during 1962, Mr Leggat even conceded the unrepresentative character of the white South Africans but defended the Council's policy by declaring that since South Africa had failed to gain readmission to the Imperial Cricket Conference, we were not playing tests.

In the course of the present tour, three test matches are to be played. The NZ Cricket Council has agreed to recognise the full representative and test status of the white team and to ignore the existence of non-white South African cricketers. The matches remain unofficial because the South African Cricket Association is no longer a member of the Imperial Cricket Conference. It is not a member because Indian, Pakistani and West Indian delegates objected to the South Africans' practice of race discrimination in cricket. It would appear that New Zealand cricketers feel a greater loyalty to white South Africa than they feel for non-white South African and Commonwealth cricketers.

This visit has not been arranged without protest from non-white South Africans. The SA Sports Association, a non-racial body working for the recognition of non-white sportsmen and the elimination of race discrimination from sport, has twice protested to the NZ Cricket Council against New Zealand's willingness to condone race discrimination in cricket. They protested at the end of 1962 and again last month. The power of any organisation working for multi-racial co-operation is inevitably limited in present-day South Africa. The secretary, Dennis Brutus, has recently been imprisoned after an ill-fated attempt to reach Baden-Baden to present the case of non-white sportsmen before the International Olympic Committee.

At the United Nations, the New Zealand Government committed the Dominion to the support of bodies working for multi-racial co-operation in South Africa (the SA Sports Association is an excellent example of one of these) and of men like Luthuli and Paton. Mr Paton is himself an officer of the SA Sports Association. Mr Luthuli, together with the Indian Congress leader, Dr Naicker, has issued an appeal to all sportsmen to boycott all events which accept the conditions of apartheid.

Despite all this, during the last New Zealand cricket tour of South Africa, the Prime Minister, Mr Holyoake, recognised the test status of the matches. The Prime Minister supported the claims of the New Zealand Cricket Council and SA Cricket Association for test status against the challenge of the SA Sports Association and the Pakistan Cricket Board of Control. Mr Holyoake has made no move to honour the undertaking given at the United Nations. When the New Zealand Government gives its blessing to sports tours with South Africa on terms acceptable to the present South African

government, while professing support for the very people who protest against the racial restrictions in the organisation of the sports tours, it is guilty of pure hypocrisy.

Many New Zealanders will no doubt pay to watch white South African cricketers and will give their financial support to an organisation which supports apartheid in cricket. How long are New Zealanders going to condone race discrimination in sports tours with South Africa? How long are New Zealanders going to ride roughshod over the rights of non-white South African sportsmen?



The University of Pennsylvania is situated in West Philadelphia and is about 30 minutes walk from the centre of the city. Philadelphia is like Christchurch in that it has a square in the middle which is dominated by a large stone building; in Christchurch it is a cathedral, in Philadelphia the town hall. Standing on the top of the town hall is Benjamin Franklin, who, among other things, founded the University of Pennsylvania in 1771 not too long after Cook discovered New Zealand. The city has, of course, grown around and beyond the university campus, which is still divided by roads.

There are many old buildings on the campus — some are fine, some hideous — which for much of the year are covered in ivy. In fact, to the untutored eye of a New Zealand student like myself, these buildings make the university more English than American. But there are new buildings also, some of them designed by leading American architects like Louis Kahn, who is on the staff of the Architecture Department, and Saarinen. The new main library, which is a joy to work in, was completed in 1962 and has holdings of over one and a half million books. The university is now in the midst of a building programme that has cost some \$59,000,000 and will cost an additional \$130,000,000 by 1975. This, to my untutored eye, is making the university more American than English.

The room in which I work — I am a Teaching Fellow in the English Department — is on the top floor of a building called Potter Hall. It is a four-storeyed building made of brick some 250 years ago. It was a convent (STC) and more recently was graced with the presence of a promising young student named Ezra Pound. For all its ghostly presences, the creaking stairs, the cramped rooms, the draughty rooms and the narrow corridors, make it an uncomfortable building.

The room in which I have my seminar courses is a different story — it is on the top floor of the new library building and is served by fast automatic lifts. It is sound-proof except for the gentle sighing of the wind in the air-conditioning system; it is furnished with comfortable stainless-steel chairs and a long wooden table; and decorated tastefully and unobtrusively. Such contrasts abound here. Leafy courtyards surrounded by ivy-covered buildings, and inhabited by squirrels and singing birds are separated by but a block from the great noisy surge of six-lane expressways.

Student facilities are excellent in many respects. There are three large dining halls which provide breakfast, lunch and dinner at reasonable prices. They serve food which makes the Auckland University cafe look like the hash-house it is. But I must say the coffee house here doesn't bear comparison with the new Auckland one — the seating arrangements are uncomfortable, the lighting poor, the coffee is served in paper cups and it has a juke box (sic) which howls and moans constantly. However, there are half a dozen drug stores on the campus which serve a very good cup of strong coffee.

There are two theatres, two auditoriums and two art galleries, all of which are in pretty constant use. For example, there have been three plays presented this term, two concerts by the excellent

University String Quartet, and one by the Dave Brubeck Quartet; and two exhibitions, one of Japanese prints and the other of paintings by the Abstract Expressionist painter Clifford Still.

A constant stream of visiting lecturers entices the student from study. A fortnight ago Lewis Mumford was on campus, last week I heard a fine lecture on Modern American Poetry given by the young Irish critic Denis Donoghue, next week Archibald MacLeish, who will be poet-in-residence for several weeks, will give a reading of his poems, and we are soon to hear a number of talks by Karlheinz Stockhausen. Apart from MacLeish, the artists-in-residence programme includes Louis Kahn, Henri Ricolet (architects), Clyfford Still (painter), Herbert Ferber (sculptor) and George Rohcberg (composer). To anyone interested in Arts, or the Humanities as they are called here, the opportunities are overwhelming, but just because of this the situation is not quite so exciting as it sounds. In Auckland when a "big name" comes to town one makes sure of hearing him because one is aware of how rare such opportunities are. At Pennsylvania, if you took advantage of all these opportunities you would "flunk" your courses as they say and would be sent, post haste, back to little old New Zealand.

The university has its own book shop, which has a magnificent stock of paperbacks and, in addition, there are two of the best small book stores in town on the fringes of the campus. These two shops form part of a small shopping area which deals almost entirely with students and includes clothes shops, jewellers, restaurants, bars, hairdressers and so forth.

But what of the students themselves? One is led to believe that the American teenager is more mature than its New Zealand counterpart. True enough, 12-year-old girls with their hair in curlers are a common sight, and most undergraduates appear to be socially self-assured and sophisticated — there are very few rough edges left on them. (Please to remember that I am trying to generalise on some 20,000 students!) But intellectually I would say that, on average, they are less mature than the New Zealand university student. They feed juke boxes like kids in a Ponsonby Road milk-bar on Friday night, they are obsessed with football and the shennanagans of a Saturday afternoon at the University Stadium only bear comparison with the Auckland Inter-Sec. sports. They drink coke rather than beer, they read pin-up dolly magazines rather than serious periodicals, they have very few cultural clubs, they don't really have a literary magazine or a newspaper like *Craccum* (a daily news sheet instead that is ill-written and without substance) and their political ideas are generally set and conformist.

Student life is more strongly oriented to social activities here than in Auckland, and this seems to be a product of the general outlook of the students, the fact that most of them live in campus dormitories, and the influence of the fraternities. Fraternities are like school "houses" in a sense, but they are powerful "in-groups" in university life. They have "traditions", they are supported by private donations from old

Wystan Curnow Reports

boys and, centred as they are around certain religious denominations or sports clubs, they dominate the extra-curricular life of their inmates. Further, they seem to interfere with the growth of any system of cultural clubs such as those which are found in Auckland.

Since I tutored Stage I in Auckland and am now teaching freshman English here, I think I have some basis for comparison of academic performances. Pennsylvania is a privately endowed university and can set its own entrance standard. So I was not surprised to find a good percentage of very bright students, but I was rather surprised at how bad the poorer students were. First-year English is a basic course in writing — no literature. Such a course is justified by the low standard of written English, since many of the students cannot spell to save themselves and can only write a sort of poor-man's James Bond English with any fluency. In general, however, they work very hard indeed. In this particular course they have two lectures a week, a 15-minute "conference" with their tutor, and hand in a 700-word essay every week, as well as reading in their four set books. By the end of the term

most students have either gained a reasonable standard of literacy or have been dropped from the course.

While a student at Pennsylvania may be no more interested in his subject than the Auckland student, he tends to be more serious about his work because his chances of reasonable employment depend on getting a degree. From memory, many Arts students at Auckland don't have much idea what they are doing at university or are in the process of making up their minds. Some of them vaguely imagine they are there to get knowledge, or to search for truth, or some funny old-fashioned idea like that. Not so Pennsylvania students. They take English so that they can write good business reports, or Sociology because it will help them to adjust, or Political Science because it will make them better citizens of a democracy. There is, perhaps, something to be said for the leisurely pace and "impractical" orientation of a small university like Auckland when one encounters the hectic pace and earnest sense of social responsibility that characterises the undergraduate part of a great American learning.

—Wystan Curnow



PRESIDENT JUSTIFIES EXECUTIVE'S ATTITUDE TO CENSORSHIP

At an emergency meeting of the Executive of the Auckland University Students' Association on Tuesday, 25th February, it was resolved that a poem "Matilda Glubb", by J. K. Baxter, and the review of Mary McCarthy's book "The Group", by B. F. Babington, be deleted from Craccum No. 1 before distribution.

Mr Herb Romaniuk, in a written statement, said:

"It is unfortunate that it has once again become necessary to take such action, but it became clear to the Executive that, quite apart from any moral issues which some members thought might be involved, the Association could face legal and disciplinary action as the consequence of publication of such articles.

"The Executive came to its decision after giving careful consideration to the opinion of the Association's legal adviser, Mr L. P. Leary, Q.C., and after consultation with the Vice-Chancellor, Mr K. Maidment."

He continued:

"It is noted with concern the tendency to experiment in the field of law. If it is the opinion of an editor that the law has not been sufficiently developed, let him comment, but let him experiment in a publication of his own and not in a publication where the risk of liability rests on the whole of the Association.

"I believe this is not the function of the Association's official newspaper until it is clear that a sufficient majority of members desire such experimentation."

The Auckland University Students' Association, together with Mr Kurt von Meier of the Fine Arts School, are joint defendants in a libel action. The plaintiffs are a firm of architects, Messrs. Massey, Beatson, Rix-Trott and Carter. Craccum has no comment to make on this matter right now, but we are reprinting the "Times Literary Supplement" leader below, because it seems to us to be a sound explanation of the anomalies in our libel laws as at present constituted.

There is a growing dissatisfaction with the present state of our libel laws. Few people can resist something for nothing, when it is offered; and when someone has been libelled — that is, has had some real or imaginary human quirk or feeling attributed to him in writing which has been published to a third party, giving him a legally valid claim for damages — he is likely to succumb to the temptation to gain an unearned tax-free bonus, with a public whitewash thrown in. Claims against newspapers and periodicals with huge circulations receive most publicity, and generally result in the larger awards; but authors and publishers of books are often hard hit, too. A law intended only to give reasonable

base defamatory — though it may be fair — comment. Also many novelists, and perhaps most in their first novels, cannot help introducing autobiographical material; and they may libel people, perhaps too thinly disguised, with no idea beforehand of the consequences.

Publishers are sensitive to the impact of libel claims on a narrow profit margin. The right given by Section 4 of the Defamation Act, 1952, to make an Offer of Amends and therefore to avoid any liability to pay damages, has not, in practice, helped publishers because too often they cannot, for technical reasons (and in contrast to printers), rely on a claim to be wholly innocent disseminators of a libel. Except in the rare cases of libel by coincidence, it may seem hard that the publisher should share legal liability with the author, though his "fault" is often little worse than to have been misled by a source which, not unreasonably, he regarded as reliable. Publishers generally require from their authors a full contractual indemnity against all losses from libel claims, but being usually wealthier than their authors, they are the real target of most libel actions. Many publishers insure against libel risks, so long as their libel record is good enough to enable them to avoid quite uneconomic premiums;

LET THERE BE LIBEL

protection to reputations is now widely thought to have become a source of easy money to anyone fortunate enough to have been insulted in print.

Authors and publishers theoretically share the risks of actions brought in respect of libels in books. But they are affected by the possibility of libels in quite different ways. Truth, or at least the whole truth, cannot be expressed in words, so that recorded history, like news, consists largely of distortions, half-truths and inventions. Reportage is, like a photograph, made of dots of different intensities of grey, only a "flat" representation of actual events and personalities; the impression it can give is, at best, only an approximation. Writers must nevertheless try to describe circumstances and people as well as they can, and in more or less detail according to their purposes. But they have another difficulty. They frequently have to compromise their integrity because they could not, if it were necessary, prove by the evidence on oath of witnesses the truth of the facts they wish to relate, either facts themselves defamatory or facts on which they wish to

but a publisher's freedom to negotiate the terms of a settlement (e.g., to resist unreasonable demands for calling in all copies of the book) or, exceptionally, to defend a libel action on principle, never itself a sensible motive in litigation, is naturally circumscribed. Further, a publisher with a promising or an established author who might be expected to leave him were he to seek to invoke the libel clause to the last penny, may feel obliged to forgo the benefit of his policy, since underwriters reserve the right to impose on any erring author the full penalty by way of indemnity.

In their own and in their authors' interests, many publishers therefore arrange for books thought to involve a possible libel risk to be read in typescript or proof by a lawyer. This enables the author ignorant of the laws of libel, or feckless, to be warned in time, and sometimes at some sacrifice of truth or his true views, a manuscript may then be amended until it is regarded by the publisher as an acceptable business risk. At a meeting to discuss a libel report an author often learns for the first time the use-

A.M.C.

EAT AND ENJOY

MEATS

First Grade

MONARCH

BACON, HAM AND SMALL GOODS

QUALITY PRODUCTS

of

THE AUCKLAND MEAT CO. LTD.

lessness of half-measures to disguise living prototypes for characters in his novel. Even the creation of composite characters or complete changes of name and of some characteristics do not avail if a single characteristic or event be described so that it could apply only to one person, who can therefore claim to be identifiable; and an invented characteristic may in such a case itself be regarded as defamatory. Barring coincidence, only complete invention can give protection in a novel of contemporary life — and surely that would be rather a dull novel.

Few libel actions concerning books are fought out because so few losing claimants could be relied upon to pay the defendants' costs. The risk of responsibility for costs, win or lose, out of proportion to any likely award of damages, is, therefore, enough to induce the publishers (or their insurers) to seek a settlement of almost every claim, even if it has to involve a payment of monetary compensation larger than the claimant would seem to deserve, and fairly substantial costs to enable an agreed statement to be read in open court unduly flattering of the claimants — which he hopes will be published the following day in *The Times*. But often the publisher's losses (whether or not he can fairly look to the author to share them), do

not stop at legal costs which seem disproportionately high, for it may be necessary in the case of a serious libel, to withdraw unsold copies of a book from booksellers (perhaps thereby losing for ever the impetus of sales resulting from serialisation, publicity related to the date of first publication and reviews), or at least to scrap the unsold balance of an edition, or to substitute cancel sheets if the (alleged) libel is confined to a page or two.

Is it time to revise the law of libel, perhaps, as has been suggested, to require proof of special damages — that is, actual monetary loss? This is at present required for an oral slander to be actionable per se, except one liable to damage a man in his profession or business, or alleging a crime, unchastity in a woman, or venereal disease. In practice, however, relatively few libel claims could not be brought within one of the exceptions. Another suggestion would deny to claimants the benefit of reliance upon the reputation of juries for generosity at the defendant's expense, by leaving the award of damages in all cases to a judge alone. But, without a limit to the damages which might be awarded, judges could prove as unpredictable as juries and, if there were less inducement to settle, any possible saving in damages would be lost in costs.

No obvious scheme of changes could be guaranteed to improve the frequent apparent injustice, in practice, of the present law. However, it would be possible, unless special damage be proved, to limit to £250, or even as little as £100, an award of damages to any one plaintiff in respect of a libel or libels in a book (newspapers and periodicals with large circulations could pay rather more for careless or deliberate defamation); to everyone's advantage a much reduced scale of compensation would perhaps deflate the assumed gravity of libel. A public apology and withdrawal or correction need not be required to involve the disproportionate costs of a Statement in Open Court — which is barely "public" anyway unless reproduced in a newspaper — but instead could be accepted as effective if published in not more than two or three column inches in the personal columns of three national or local newspapers. With the resulting limitations on legal costs (even in cases which might be brought or fought in the High Court) legal aid, not at present available in respect of Defamation Proceedings, could be extended so that poverty would no longer deny legal redress to anyone injured by a libel, or to an impoverished author obliged to defend a claim. Any defamatory passage should, if possible, be deleted or amended in all subsequent printings of the

book, or else it should not be republished except by agreement with the claimant, when the libellous edition is sold out. Some such measure would not only limit the scope of many claims which, at the moment, must be settled at a loss of hundreds of pounds because of their nuisance value, but would also enhance that freedom of expression which should be no less our concern than the protection of the individual against unfair public denigration.

(C) *The Times Publishing Company Limited, 1963. All rights reserved. Reprinted, by permission, from The Times Literary Supplement of 11 October, 1963.*

CRACCUM

welcomes students interested in improving content and design. Editors, reporters, proof readers, poets and designers, leave names at Students' Association office.

Copy for next Craccum closes 2 March, 1964.

Foreign Exchange Students As A Cause Of War

Exchange students, a recent survey by the International Federation for Abolition of Exchange Student Programmes shows, cause two out of three major wars.

World War II, for example — at least for this country (USA) — was started by a former Japanese exchange student, Yoshai Kamuka. Kamuka dropped the first bomb on Pearl Harbour. It was a kind of a grudge bomb in a way.

Kamuka had visited the US in the fall of 1932 under the Gardeners' Mutual Exchange Programme in order to study gardening. In the summer of 1933 he started stealing apples, and admitted later under cross examination that he had been living off stolen potatoes for almost half a year.

He was just about to be sentenced and deported by Germany when at the very last moment his lawyer invoked diplomatic immunity for Kamuka under the McKinley Sons of Nippon law (a law, incidentally, which was later amended and finally abolished). An irate Kamuka returned to Japan, where he became interested in the improvement of large garden areas through aerial spraying with insecticides. From there it was only a step to flying that fateful mission in 1941.

The facts behind the Pearl Harbour disaster are not generally known and will bear repeating here. On 7 December, 1941, Yoshai Kamuka, a competent commercial pilot at the time, stole a military

plane from a Kobe airbase. This was such an unprecedented event in Japanese military history that the greater part of the Imperial Air Force was immediately alerted.

The idea of using Pearl Harbour as an escape struck Kamuka on the way when he realised that he did not have a Chinaman's chance of eluding his pursuers. Pretending to be on a top secret mission, he told them over the radio that the American fleet was to be destroyed at Pearl Harbour. The operation was such a success that Kamuka was promoted to the rank of Air Marshal without portfolio after the attack.

Unbeknownst to Kamuka, however, a chain reaction involving another exchange student had already been set off at that time. Harold Barker, of Corpus Christi, Texas, an architectural exchange student in Tokio from 1936 to 1938, had struck up a casual acquaintanceship with Kamuka in a local bar. Kamuka, probably still smarting from the wounds received in the US, relieved the Texan of his wallet, containing some 300 dollars and an old photograph of the first family well — which, being the only one that had survived time, was irreplaceable and cherished by its owner.

Barker was so upset by this betrayal of confidence that he returned to the United States immediately and in disgust, where he turned to aerial landscaping, a modern combination of landscap-

ing and photography that combined professional photographic know-how with the ability to change the face of any given landscape. From this occupation it was only a step to flying that fateful mission in 1945.

Barker, by that time an acknowledged aerial landscaping architect, eagerly volunteered to take the bomb to Japan, suggesting that he drop one in Nagasaki first and then fly on to Hiroshima to make it stick. Barker's eagerness, his experience in the field, and the fact that he was married to a remote granddaughter of Reuben Teller, grandfather of Hungarian-born Edward Teller, father of the atomic bomb, made the difference.

Another example of abnormal development of an exchange student is German-born Wernher von Braun, who studied genetic sexology in the US during the thirties and, after a harrowing and near-fatal experience with a young Boston sophomore, turned to rockets after going back to Germany. How deeply traumatic this experience must have been is revealed by the fact that von Braun, despite his almost paranoic rejection of American sexual concepts (he is married to a progressive Patagonian) has never abandoned the basic phallic shapes impressed on his young mind at the time.

Only a meeting with Kirk Douglas at Nuremberg in 1945 (Douglas was then planning a court drama with Charles Laugh-

ton in the role of Hermann Goering and the little-known Sammy Davis, Jr., as Adolf Hitler's corpse after the burning) brought about von Braun's change of heart. Even so, it took a promise by a high-ranking official to adopt a Germanic attitude towards space and the assurance of a permanent advisory position for all space films produced by Twentieth Century Fox, to win the expert over.

Meanwhile a young man by the name of Francis Powers was studying mosaic setting in Moscow, USSR, under the Russo-American Mosaic Setters Mutual Exchange Agreement. Powers had been exchanged because of his fantastic ability to memorise even the most complicated mosaics. He was to lecture to mosaic setters in Washington, DC, and other mosaic setting centres.

While in Moscow he discovered a new process of glazing mosaics by dropping them from great heights. However, other projects kept him from following this up commercially until he was approached by a public relations man from Career Investment Associates (CIA), who suggested that he reopen his glaze-fusion experiments. With CIA support and the promise of having his process patented should the aerial photographs taken during the experiments justify such a move, Powers did a number of high altitude flights over Russia. A cynical Russian judge — himself an old mosaic man — later sentenced the innocent American flyer to several years of hard labour, to be served in an experimental fusion station near Novaya-Zemelya.

There are other names:

Oscar Horney, for example, whose study of borderline schizophrenia in Israel led to the introduction of circumcision in the United States; Walter F. Zyskvarney, a Hungarian exchange student, who, after doing road engineering work in the US, paved the way for Red tanks to enter Budapest by capturing a

—Continued on back page

STUDENTS IN THE STREETS

It would be fair to say that the Auckland University student is an uncontroversial fellow in general. Once a year he shocks the mock modesty of the city fathers (but severe limitations have been imposed on this) with the humour of the stink bomb and advertises his concern for the parish pump and lavatory bowl. Rude stuff, perhaps — even shocking, occasionally mildly laughable, but good-humoured all the time; the high spirits of low fellows. For the rest of the year he plods along conscientiously sitting tests, handing in essays, stacking up the neat little pile of credits which add up to a degree. He can, in fact, emerge from the university more learned but almost as profoundly uneducated as when he entered it. From there he disappears into the colourless, contrastless milieu which is Auckland society. If he is one of the top 5 per cent or so he will probably vanish overseas to sigh regretfully for New Zealand as an expatriate will and even, as not a few have done, make his way back.

There are many, not all of them greybeards, who would have us believe that this is the proper business of a university; to send the most fit where they can become intellectual kings and courtiers (in short, elitists), and the rest to labour in the vineyards instilling their misconceptions into the heads of the young. Others again would say that all this is too easy, and that we must keep up, indeed raise, our standards of scholarship. All this is very proper; it leads to a regrettable concentration on the top man or woman the rewarding 5 per cent for the teacher, and equally regrettable series of complaints about the 50 per cent who are the teacher's burden. But never mind. You get from it what you put in. A university is like a savings bank with, often enough, a mighty low rate of interest.

If the student body is dull, whose fault is that? Not the university staff's for certain, for this body is bright, witty, and sometimes controversial. It has a voice which now and again gets heard outside. Witness the fairly recent Chapman letter.

You can't blame the students because they come from a society dedicated to "don't rock the boat". The parents are the worthy folk who make Auckland tick, slowly, like a grandfather clock. For the majority of students the problem is absence of controversy in the community. Is it merely that in New Zealand the State is so well ordered that there is little to criticise? Is there a consensus of opinion to the effect that if you deviate you are being a fool and are making a mountain out of a molehill?

What instances of Auckland University student involvement have gained the attention of the press in recent months? Apart from the annual Hiroshima Day Parade, where a student speaker was remarkably platitudinous, the only occurrence in the last 12 to 15 months was the deplorable demonstration outside the Auckland Town Hall, in which stud-

ents appeared to be trying to indicate their disapproval of free speech in the noisiest and most demagogic fashion. This was not protest, it was fuzzy-minded humbug.

In what other ways has the student body caught public attention? One needs to reach back to 1960 to find a rather half-hearted little display of feeling over the All Black tour — a protest which only gained public notice because of the defiance of authority by a couple of students at Whenuapai Airport.

The fact is that neither the public nor the papers take student opinion seriously, and one wonders, do the students themselves take what they have to say seriously? Have there been no issues since 1960 which might involve students? Is the uncontroversial student the outcome of the uncontroversial society? I doubt this. There seem to be four areas of controversy where students might be heard. They are also by chance the four most important issues of the present time.

- *The issue of war and peace — New Zealand's commitment.*
- *The issue of race relations.*
- *The issue of academic liberty.*
- *The relation of the individual to central authority.*

War and Peace

Central to this is disarmament and the relationship of New Zealand to its various defensive pacts, its accord in the United Nations — and most concretely the question of French or any other nuclear tests in the Pacific or elsewhere. If there has been student activity apart from CND support and the isolated effort of a small group of students in Wellington who were disowned by their own student executive, it has not reached the daily press. Have there been student pickets at the Devonport naval base? Have there been representative student protests over palled Government protests? If so, they have passed unnoticed. There has been little to tell the general body of the public that any sizeable body of students either approves or disapproves.

Race Relations

Where do students stand? Recently there has been a correspondence in the papers about Asian immigration. What is the student view on this? A while ago there was, and perhaps still is, active discrimination in an Auckland satellite town. Has any student action been taken? Where do students stand regarding the conditions under which people live in Central Auckland? On education? Job opportunities? The Cook Islands? Immigration? Relations with South Africa?

Academic Liberty

When in 1961 university fees were increased, a number of people were automatically excluded from the university by reason of their inability to pay. These were not young students who qualified for bursaries, but students who had no such qualification. Were students content to see the structure of New Zealand education change? Were they pre-

pared to see the ideal of the "open university" disappear? It seems that they were. Academic achievement and self-interest won, and the notion that a university exists to inform any person who wishes to attend it, who seeks an education, whatever they may or may not have been, went down. Recently a columnist told us that an anthropological classic, Malinowski's "The Sexual Life of Savages", was on the "sell at your own risk list" for book dealers. Within the last few months the iniquitous Indecent Publications Act passed its final committee stages without apparently exciting much student comment. Why not? Do students favour censorship? What have they to say? Where were the student letters to the editors of the local papers?

The Individual and Central Authority

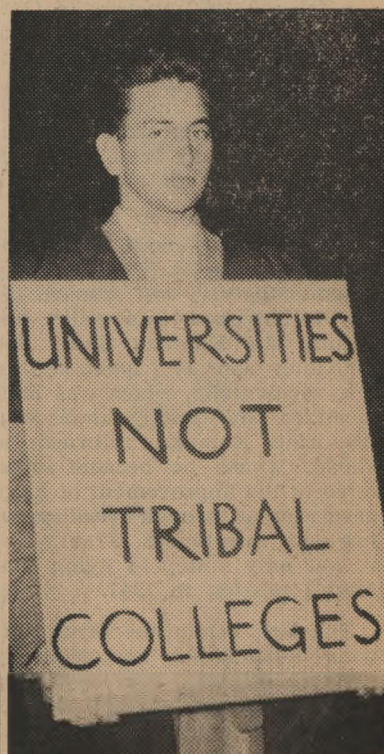
This question is the biggest and probably the one which embraces most others. There has been little student activity on this issue. To take an example, consider the Government's particularly invidious compulsory Military Training Act. Under this system several thousand young men can be drafted annually for military training. Why? For the defence of New Zealand? From whom? No one knows. This is an intrusion by central authority upon the freedom of the individual. Is there justification for peace-time conscription? It is not a question of present expedencies but of general principles. And there is neither dignity nor courage in passive acceptance of the situation. There are any number of similar cases to choose from. The private liberty is whittled away by the Indecent Publications Act, by provisions which limit the right of movement to the Cook Islands, and which prevent an adult from sponsoring the immigration of a Korean child. If the student body is at a loss, then there are doubtless many more areas where it can make its presence felt.

How Can Student Protest Operate?

It would seem that students are in a position to move more quickly than anyone else on important issues. Students can talk and write. They can hold meetings, they can send telegrams, they can write to the newspapers, they can use their own press to pamphleteer, they can seek air time.

Students can walk, they can carry placards, they can sit down. So far as I know, there is no need to invent the techniques of non-violence. They have been well tried and tested elsewhere. At Marham in May 1963, 300 people crossed an airfield. In the United States teachers have refused to carry out Civil Defence drills. Is it necessary for Auckland students to wait for an outside committee before they can act independently? If there is race discrimination in a pub, students can head a stand in. If picketing is forbidden in Queen Street, then students can picket and run the risk of arrest if they feel strongly enough about an issue and are sufficiently well informed on it to merit action. They can use all the means of non-violent civil protest, and by doing so can make the public at large realise that they are people with something to say.

—Roger Oppenheim



Bonded Bursaries — Iniquitous

Writing in the *New Zealand Medical News*, Dr Erich Geirenger has attacked the whole iniquitous system of bonded bursaries.

In 1957 the Abolition of Forced Labour Convention was signed in Geneva by 55 countries. They undertook not to support "any form of forced or compulsory labour" including any "method of mobilising and using labour for purposes of economic development". Among the 55 signatories were the UK, Australia and Canada. Soviet Russia and New Zealand were among the countries which did not sign.

That the State has the right to dispose of the individual, who exists for the sake of the State, is an idea which probably emerged in its modern form about the time of the French Revolution. The so-called democracies have on the whole rejected this principle. In wartime, it is accepted that the burden of coercion should be evenly distributed.

In the Soviet Union the State sponsors university students on condition that they accept one of several positions offered them by the State Distributing Commission. A State-sponsored student can be legally compelled to take up a position selected for him by this body. In democratic countries graduates are supposed to be able to dispose of their skills as their conscience, fancy or economic necessity dictates.

In this country a youth of 17 or 18 can sell three years of his life to the Crown in return for £150 plus fees p.a. while studying for a medical degree.

Of the bursars, 95 per cent sign their contract under the age of 21. All they know at that stage is that they want to be doctors. They do not realise that the first three years after graduation are the most important for their future career.

ANOMALIES IN STATUS

In 1962 there were 590 overseas students from 37 countries studying in New Zealand. They have become a familiar sight in universities, teacher training colleges and special training schools. The idea of helping under-developed countries by giving some of their students technical and professional training is one which has received enthusiastic endorsement from most articulate sections of the community, especially the churches. New Zealand, as a wealthy country, has, it is felt, a moral obligation to help countries which are both overcrowded and under-developed, and in many cases students from overseas can help to break down local insularity, build up ties of personal friendship, and improve international relations.

Despite a widespread concern for the welfare of the "overseas student", it is not generally appreciated that this is a purely imaginary figure. In fact, the individual students differ widely in aptitudes, personality, wealth, religion and cultural background. Many overseas students find New Zealanders less strange than they find their fellow-students from other Asian countries. Most are in the Dominion on scholarships from the New Zealand Government; some are on scholarships from their own State governments; some are sponsored by churches and theological colleges, while others have no sponsors and are paying their own way. Largely as a result of historical circumstances and New Zealand's immigration policy on the one hand, and the increasing political significance of Asian and African countries on the other, there are anomalies in the treatment accorded the various categories of overseas students.

New Zealand lacks an overseas

student programme. What it has is a series of separate schemes superimposed on one another, administered independently by separate government departments. Anomalies are therefore only to be expected. It is time that the whole situation be reviewed and an attempt made to relate the various schemes in an over-all student programme. The Government has not yet recognised that the success of any particular student scheme depends not so much on what it provides relative to conditions at home as on what it provides relative to the other schemes under which overseas students work.

As far as Fiji is concerned, ultimately the tension can only be resolved by some action as modifying New Zealand's immigration policy in favour of non-white Fijians or by the development of the islands and the reduction in the disparity between the standards of living and Fiji. As a British Crown Colony, the decisions regarding the rapid development of Fiji are not for the New Zealand Government to make. In the meantime, New Zealand accepts students from Fiji, for to exclude them would create political complications, but it does not offer them the assistance which it offers to remote countries under the Colombo Plan. Although any major improvement in the situation is perhaps dependent on substantial changes in policy, there is nothing to prevent the New Zealand Government from taking a close look at its overseas student schemes. There is nothing to prevent the immediate abolition of the deposit at present required of non-scholarship students from Fiji and the adoption of the simpler Australian procedure. There is nothing to prevent the

New Zealand Government from offering scholarships to Fiji or from urging that proper selection procedures be adopted in determining the academic suitability of students who are come to New Zealand schools and universities, or from ensuring that such students as come to New Zealand are made welcome and given the same official status as overseas students from other countries.

It seems reasonable to suggest that in any future overseas student programme the conditions under which the non-European British citizens study should be brought closer to those of the Europeans from the same country who also study at New Zealand universities. Further, if considerations of enlightened self-interest suggest that overseas students under the Colombo Plan should be made welcome in the country, the same considerations suggest that a welcome should be extended to their overseas students, especially those from the Pacific.

—Richard Thompson

Condensed from "Race", May 1963, by kind permission of the author.)

BETRAYED

The Government of Ceylon is one of the many of the recently de-colonialised Afro-Asian States which has been betrayed into assuming the outward trappings of Nationalism in the hope that this will bring about real national strength and unity. My complaint refers not to the nationalising of foreign firms by the Government, although this step can hardly be upheld as the ultimate in political wisdom, but to the change of the official language from English to Sinhalese.

We can sympathise with a people wishing to preserve their national culture against pressures from outside, and we can recognise that the Sinhalese have been correct in seeing language as the most important part of culture, along with which everything else stands or falls. (Not that it is most important intrinsically, perhaps, but it is the medium of ordinary business, and is therefore taught in every school — few people study music and painting to the degree that they do language, even fewer architecture, typography, ceramics.)

It cannot be hoped that cultural nationalism in Ceylon will have effects which will justify the enthusiasm of its undertaking.

The English language is the vehicle of modern technology, and any country which does not encourage the learning of English will find it hard to equip its scientists with the printed tools of their trade. French, German and, more particularly, Russian language presses are still turning out greater-than-ever supplies of technical material, both "native" and translated, but their bulk cannot match that of British and American print.

—A. E. Thomson



This article has been deleted. For explanation, see statement on Page 6.



Don Binney's Exhibition Ikon Gallery, Oct. 1963

Don Binney's one-man show at the Ikon Gallery last October has apparently confirmed in the rather cautious mind of the Auckland public the impression that his paintings in earlier exhibitions had begun to create — that of a painter whose pictorial inspiration was happily complemented by a sense of form and colour whose end result was an exhibition of paintings of high quality. Though Binney's work has been known locally for a couple of years now, the fact that a full acknowledgement of its merit has been forthcoming only after this Exhibition seems to me indictive of the discouraging caution with which we approach the work of most of our artists whose names are not yet established in painting, writing or music. Uncritical enthusiasm and a lack of discrimination are too often encountered by a refusal to acknowledge the new and good until someone else has jumped in first and declared it fit for cultural consumption. Criticism is always easier if it is left to someone else.

The effect of a delay in recognition upon a painter of talent is, of course, unimportant to all except the painter himself. Nevertheless, Binney has persisted in painting (how many others like him did not?) and we are now in a position to judge his work in retrospect. Whether we have earned such an opportunity, in the case of Binney or any other "new" artist, is of course another

matter.

All the paintings in the Ikon show were produced in the previous two years. Their source is frequently Auckland's west coast around Bethell's Beach where the sense of horizons — sandhill ridges, foreshore, sea-sky horizon, cloud-banks — forces both painter and spectator to rationalise the landscape's perspectives into a pattern of foreground and background shapes and colours in order that the eye can assimilate the rather Cinemascope sweeps of line and colour. Binney's rationalisation within the form of his frame is effected by counteracting this sense of the horizontal with colour-shapes rising vertically or at angles oblique to the vertical on his canvas, as in "Solomon's Hill," "Taumaiti II" and "Fairytale" where the thrust of colours from foreground to background gives order to the landscape without reducing the sense of expanse and distance.

Line in Binney's landscape is the strong demarcation of colour, but the first impression of an extreme reliance upon the primary colours is modified as the awareness grows of his precise choice of tones to depict the subtleties of light intensity. Binney exploits the whole range of his whites, yellows, reds and blues, and achieves not merely a pleasing balance of colours that merge, contrast and inter-relate (and his eyes seem faultless here) but also a statement of the fluctuation of light in his landscape which he has captured at one instant during the process of continuous change. It is this sense of immediacy deriving from his awareness of the effect of light upon a static landscape that gives much of their power to Binney's paintings. His paintings are "regional" and "personal," and they demand that these words be used as terms of praise rather than as pejoratives because they imply the qualities and not the faults of his work. The paintings seem to me a good

T. S. Eliot — The Great Romantic

When you first read T. S. Eliot he seems to be a realist, wholly unromantic. He writes about shopkeepers, clerks and labourers, about pubs, alleyways and cities, instead of the usual nightingales and larks of the Georgian poets. He denies the Keatsian dictum "Beauty is truth, truth beauty . . ." Instead, modern life is very ugly indeed.

Eliot does not hesitate to write about this ugliness. He attacks it. A society where spiritual and artistic understanding has been replaced by mass education, newspapers, canned art, canned knowledge, canned response:

*"And short square fingers stuffing pipes
Assured of certain certainties
The conscience of a blackened street
Impatient to assume the world . . ."*

He writes in the idiom of the street, exposes the squalor of mind, the nauseating colloquialisms:

*"You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique.
(And her only thirty-one.)
I can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,
It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.
(She's had five already, and nearly died of young George.)"*

Now every man must have a philosophy or some code of beliefs to live by; Eliot destroys that accepted by our society, the average morality of the middle class. In his hatred of this he also turns away from any other modern system. He sees the achievement and serenity of the past standing out against the inadequacy and unbalance of the present. He bases his hope and beliefs on the past: "I am royalist in politics, Anglo-Catholic in religion".

The nineteenth century was a cultural nadir. Eliot hated this degradation of art and, like William Morris, tried to re-establish

it on the great traditions of the past. He failed to see the importance and the potential of the revolution taking place about him. He failed to appreciate the new industry, the new science, the new creativity, and the art which they needed and deserved. In this lies the inadequacy of his poetry. Compare "Burnt Norton":

*"Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,
And time future contained in time past.
If all time is eternally present
All time is unredeemable".*

with a painting by Picasso or a building by Corbusier. It just won't do — metaphysical speculation, sterile scholasticism.

In fact, Eliot is not really a modern poet at all. Pevsner's definition: "The romantic attitude is one of longing, that is antagonism to the present which some saw as . . . ugly industrialism and commercialism" applies to him. He could not appreciate the beauty of the industrial system, saw only the spiritual squalor produced, not by the new machines, but by the outdated social order in which they worked. When he attacks this squalor he writes good poetry, but when he turns away from comment on our real world and the people in it, to abstract questions, faith, hope,

time and existence, as in "Ash Wednesday" and the "Four Quartets", his poetry deteriorates.

This withdrawal of Eliot's from everyday life is typical of the nineteenth century. The artist hated the brashness and vulgarity of machine-produced ornament, and the taste of the nouveau-riche. Because of this hatred of the philistinism of the age, the artist tried to divorce himself from it and hence, also, from reality. He despised the masses and thought of himself as something nobler and more spiritual. His audience was an educated elite. The artist as a craftsman or minstrel in constant contact with the people disappeared. The art of the Middle Ages, the plays of Shakespeare, could be understood by everyone, but in the nineteenth century the separation of the artist and the populace which had begun in the renaissance, had been completed. The artist was now a scholar, an academician, appreciated only by connoisseurs, useless to the great mass of the population.

Eliot had the same sympathies as these men. He hated the industrial age, he despised the uneducated and insensitive. The ordinary man became a sort of crass moron, typified by "Ape Neck Sweeney". His poetry becomes full of obscure allusions to literature of the past, incomprehensible to all but the most learned of scholars: "We do not all know our Webster and Middleton as he does", Charles Williams said. Eventually "Poems will be composed wholly of

remote and echoing phrases from the lesser known medieval Spanish poets".

While Eliot's attitude was the same as that of the romantics, he realised that their poetry was inadequate. He reacted against Wordsworth's definition of poetry as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" by saying that "poetry is not a turning loose of emotion but an escape from emotion", "the poet has not a personality to express, but a particular medium which is only a medium".

Eliot cut himself away from the nature poets with their personal expression but he shared their disgust of modern life. His achievement was that he expressed this disgust. Unfortunately his contempt for the present made him over-glorify the past — to write in the tradition of Dante, St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, today is as false as to write in the tradition of Wordsworth and Keats.

He achieved his aim of making his poetry impersonal. The feelings of revulsion, contempt, fear, in the earlier poems have been removed in "Ash Wednesday" and the "Four Quartets". They are completely impersonal, but they are also poor poetry. They have degenerated into rhetoric.

Eliot's attitude became that of a scholar; poetry became "a superior amusement", "art for art's sake". It is the attitude which debilitated nineteenth century art. It is an attitude which is still popular today, still hindering true art. It is the attitude which Louis Sullivan attacked. "So ever works the pallid academic mind, denying the real, exalting the fictitious and false".

—Elwyn Evans

NEW ZEALAND — STUDIES IN A SMALL DEMOCRACY.

Published by Paul's. Price 27/6.

New Zealand — Studies in a Small Democracy, is significant as a collection of historical monographs on New Zealand. But a survey of these is best left to the critical devices of a practised historian. But of equal interest is the controversial introduction to the book by Professors Sinclair and Chapman, which reveals to the public for the first time the extent to which Professor emeritus Airey, doyen of the History Department at Auckland University, was harassed by unthinking and prejudiced elements of the community who knew nothing of Airey's work or development, but would have been prepared to do him in for daring to have contrary views to their own on many political and social questions. "He is a New Zealander and an intellectual in the sense of one who cares greatly for ideas. Unlike Reeves and most of his other precursors, Airey stayed in New Zealand and helped to change it." This is the considered opinion of Chapman and Sinclair.

Protests about Airey's public views and proceedings were made known to the University College Council by people knowing nothing of his academic activities. These complaints were repelled by the President (later Chancellor) Mr W. H. Cocker, who was elected to the Council in 1933 after a campaign in defence of academic freedom. After the war, when Airey on one occasion was attacked in the House of Representatives, the University again ignored such criticism.



Continued from page 10

exemplification of the remark of an Australian critic (Robert Hughes) in another context — "Landscape is not a passive thing that you can sit down and paint. It is the physical form of a human emotion." Binney's response to what he has seen infuses his landscapes with the sense of dynamic immediacy.

The sense of the arrested motion of light in the landscapes is found again in Binney's birds, where movement in line — a kind of aerodynamics — is implicit whether the birds are flying or at rest. His pipiwhararoa, his keruru and matuku, are living extensions of the landscapes on which they appear and are portrayed, I think, in the same terms. Each bird "captured" in the paintings is seen at one point of rest, or stasis, yet each, moving or standing, contains the kinetic potential of its flight and movement in its body lines and shapes. The wings of the lower bird in "Pipiwhararoa, Late Summer," are down and the beak is open, yet the wings and beak caught thus live precisely through the implicit statement of movement, rising or closing.

—W. S. Broughton

THE TIME HAS COME. A Catholic doctor's proposals to end the battle over birth control. By John Rock, MD. (Longmans, Green & Co., 1963. 216 pp. 18/-.)

The Time Has Come is one of those ephemeral "important" books that are released to try us every now and then. Dr Rock's thesis is that the use of a substance chemically related to pre-gesterone, a substance derived from the roots of a wild Mexican yam (known to the masses as "The Pill"), to induce a regular safe period, is not outside the Catholic Church's concept of Natural Law, which has, till now, forbidden the use of contraceptive devices. He argues that the Intellect is not excluded from the functioning of the Natural Law — a reasonable point, but, unfortunately, his grasp of theological matters seems too hazy to give the book any real authority, and he is continually sidetracked into ludicrous

regions . . . e.g., "Three eminent Vatican theologians, for example, have recently come to the conclusion that it is licit for at least some women in danger of rape to use the pills in order to prevent conception. Their findings, apparently occasioned by the rape of nuns in the Congo, were reported in the authoritative Vatican publication *Studi Cattolici*. Monsignor Ferdinando Lambruschini, professor of moral theology at the *Lateran University*, pointed out that victims of rape do not have the alternative of abstinence to which married couples can resort in order to avoid conception."

When he is not distracted, Dr Rock's argument is interesting, but it will have to wait for a more authoritative pleading. The results of this might be worthwhile. The final section of the book, on the battle over birth control laws in the USA, is of interest, but many readers (unhindered by the reviewer's devotion to duty) would,



I fear, never get beyond the obscenely sentimental preface . . . " . . . Through the years those words of Father Finnick have resounded, quietly but firmly, in my mind . . . 'John, always stick to your conscience' . . . I liked him — in spite of the fact that he took at least five minutes longer to say Mass than either Father Sullivan . . . or Father Lowney". —B. F. Babington

ENCOUNTERS. Edited by Stephen Spender, Irving Kristol and Melvin J. Lasky. Introduction by D. W. Brogan (an anthology from the first 10 years of "Encounter"). (Weidenfeld & Nicholson, 1963. 562 pp. 42/-.)

This anthology deserves far more reviewing space than the rather attenuate note that I allow it here — but it is so big, so filled with outstanding contributions, that to deal fairly with even the very best of its contents would be to usurp the whole of this week's Literary Section. This is by way of a preface to the apology, which I make now, for taking the easy way out: that of briefly listing the jewels in the treasure chest.

The ubiquitous *Mary McCarthy* makes a Confession, Hugh Trevor-Roper vents his wrath on *Arnold Toynbee* in an essay entitled *Arnold Toynbee's Millennium* ("The drowsy doggerel of the Founder's Litany 'Mother Mary, —Continued on Page 14

**COLD BEER
COLD BEER**

ALSO WINES — SPIRITS
TEA — SOFT DRINKS

JOHN REID & CO. LTD.
ANZAC AVENUE

Your Nearest Wholesaler

**Open: 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.
MONDAY TO SATURDAY**

MINERVA



Bookshop

We're all ready for you. Lots of students have already visited us to buy their books — but we are waiting for YOU!

Ustpairs we have University books all over the place — including the floor! But you'll find what you want with the help of our assistants.

Come to Minerva, where you will be well looked after. Our Educational Dept. is now AIR CONDITIONED.

MINERVA BOOKSHOP

13 COMMERCE STREET, AUCKLAND

Telephone 32-960

"PRO BONO PUBLICO"

LET YOUR SAVINGS WORK FOR YOU
AND AUCKLAND! SAVE WITH

AUCKLAND SAVINGS BANK

"Where Thousands Save Millions"

BROWSE AWAY . . .

THE NEW JOHN LEECH GALLERY

was designed to make picture-gazing even mor of a pleasure. Original paintings, fine prints, stimulating exhibitions by artists of interest — look to us for a lead in all that's new and visually exciting. You can expect framing as individual as a signature, at . . .

THE NEW JOHN LEECH GALLERY

10 LORNE STREET

(Est. 1855)

SAVE

£4

ON TWO YEARS GUARANTEED FULL WEIGHT
BATTERIES

6-volt from £4/5/6
12-volt from £6/11/6
Reconditioned Batteries from 39/6

AUSTRALASIAN BATTERY CO. LTD.

CNR. McKELVIE STREET & WILLIAMSON AVENUE

You should
have
your own
BNZ
cheque
account



Enjoy the double safeguard of paying by BNZ cheques . . . an automatic receipt for payment and protection of your funds against theft. A BNZ cheque account also gives you full control of your finances, and standing in the community, too.

Enquire at any BNZ Branch or Agency.

BANK of NEW ZEALAND

New Zealand's Leading Bank

BANK WITH THE BNZ



Are letters addressed to "the Students' Association" really able to reach their destination? Apparently, after recent "tightening-up" measures by Exec, this is not the case. Members of the Association may examine the Inwards Correspondence file only with respect to a particular letter, and then only when such letter has been received officially by the Executive, and then only with the permission of the portfolio-holder whom the letter concerns.

These rules can have been made only with the idea that they are to be enforced; and what their enforcement is most likely to achieve is the protection of Exec members from justifiable criticism. Persons sending letters to "the Association", and who want them to go elsewhere than into the files of an Information Suppression League, are advised to send a second copy to the editor of *Craccum*, as Professor Beadle did last year in the case of his criticisms of Exec attitudes towards a nude painting — one letter which most of the Exec would have liked.

Why there was no After Degree Function last year. Social Committee had been "thrown round", complained chairman Matheson at an Exec meeting of 9 October, 1963. At a previous meeting he had attempted to overcome the problem of not being able to obtain any suitable hall at reasonable price by simply getting Exec's permission not to hold the hop at all. But Exec had refused this permission, and had implied that if necessary the function should be held at a more expensive venue, e.g. Peter Pan.

Matheson went ahead with plans, but Jack White of the Peter Pan made one stipulation: no grog. Finance Committee accordingly rejected all of the four budgets offered by Social Committee on the grounds that fewer people would come to a no-grog function than any of the budgets assumed. They evidently remembered without pleasure that the *Capping Ball* at Peter Pan earlier in the year had made a loss of £538.

Unable to proceed, Matheson again sought permission at the meeting of 9 October to abandon the whole scheme, but the chairman's casting vote required him to continue seeking some means of holding the function; Exec would not assume the responsibility of excusing Social Committee and Controller from further effort. Possibly he made such effort; quite certainly he did not succeed. No official function was held to follow last year's degree exams.

Suffocating Executive attitude towards the press. Two examples of more-than-customary caution occupied most of the Exec meeting of 32-24 October.

The choice of a printer for *Craccum* was found to involve a question of principle.

Following a regrettable economising tendency which resulted in 1961 in the substitution of newsprint for a white calendared paper for printing *Craccum*, most of the Executive argued against any extra expenditure. Such expenditure, it was claimed, would not be returned from increased sales or advertising. This argument is perfectly watertight: this argument also shows the limitations of Exec's thinking on the subject.

No one claims that a greater range of text and display faces,

EXEC NOTES

and the other advantages offered by a more expensive print-job, would draw such an increase of readers and advertisers as to cover the additional cost. But — readers and advertisers would be more satisfied if the format were better . . . contributors would be more proud to write for the paper . . . it would, in short, be a better paper, and a better advertisement for the University . . . the Students' Association does not undertake the publishing of *Craccum* as a commercial venture. That is, it does not expect to make a profit, nor, we hope, simply to break even, if such consideration of economics means sacrifices in essential quality.

An attempt to dodge responsibility for the decision by passing the matter back to Finance Committee was unsuccessful.

We now proceed to the consideration of a student named Robert J. Erskine, at present in his second year of study for an arts degree. Faced, at the end of last year, with the appointment of a *Craccum* editor who was likely to produce a rather different type of paper than that favoured by himself, Erskine, inspired with a spirit of independence, an extensive megalomania and a particularly durable egotism, set out to edit his own student newspaper. He succeeded in getting considerable support from both staff and students, and then hopefully applied for affiliation of his "society" with the Students' Association.

The direct financial assistance likely to be gained from such affiliation would have been slight; but various fringe benefits, status, recognition, permission to sell the paper in the University, etc., would have amounted to a considerable total. From the point of view of the *Craccum* staff, the setting up of another newspaper is likely to be beneficial, introducing an element of competition and encouraging the students to be

more newspaper-minded. At a meeting of 24 October, however, a number of Exec members expressed their usual concern with regard to money.

No one was at first willing even to second the motion to affiliate the "Auckland University Independent Newspaper Society", intending publishers of *Outspoke*. Matheson's pro forma seconding allowed discussion on the topic to begin, but he later refused to give a firm seconding; Treasurer Katavich became seconder.

Exec was most worried about the Society running into financial difficulties, and involving the Association in its debts, although no one present had any exact legal knowledge to offer. Mr Erskine assured them that after three issues an AGM of the Society would be considering the winding up of the newspaper venture if necessary.

For affiliation: Katavich, Wily, Jannif, Quennell.

Against: Lindberg, Laird, Fris, Gavin, Matheson.

Outspoke enthusiasts have since formed themselves into an incorporated society called the Auckland University Amalgamated Independent Critics' Society (Inc). The juggling with the words in this title seems to have been caused by legal requirements. They have obtained permission to sell the paper on University and Students' Association premises. An attempt on 5 February to get official recognition from the Executive that the society existed, this in order to obtain a newspaper office in the form of a wash-house in one of the old buildings recently bought by the University, resulted only in a letter being sent to Admin. asking that they give the AUAICS (Inc.) any assistance they could.

THE TREASURY

Economist

Treasury has a vacancy for a graduate with a good pass in Economics, preferably with first class honours. A knowledge of mathematics would be an advantage.

The work involves preparation of papers and of reports on a wide range of subjects connected with New Zealand's economic policy both internal and external.

The appointee may be called on to attend overseas conferences as a member of New Zealand delegations and opportunities exist for secondment to overseas posts for specific terms.

For further details as to salary, conditions of employment, etc., contact the Administration Officer, P.O. Box 5010, Wellington (Phone 47-215).

Investigating Accountants

Vacancies exist in the Treasury for qualified accountants to undertake investigation of financial proposals.

The Investigation Division is associated with the wide ramifications of the Government's financial policy and administration. The role of Treasury Investigation is largely one of unbiased critical analysis of expenditure proposals in the light of economic conditions.

The work is extremely varied and of absorbing interest.

For further details as to salary, conditions of employment, etc., contact the Administration Officer, P.O. Box 5010, Wellington (Phone 47-215).

LIBRARIANSHIP

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

NEW ZEALAND LIBRARY SCHOOL
WELLINGTON

One-year diploma course;
generous living allowances paid to
students.

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

The film "The Picasso Mystery" was screened on 16 February at the Tudor Theatre in Remuera. It is scheduled to be re-screened on the 23rd. All screenings are in aid of the Auckland Art Gallery's Picture Purchase Fund. The title of the film "The Picasso Mystery" is a translation of the French "Le Mystere Picasso" of Cluzot. Although the film was first made in 1956 it has continued to stun critics despite the fact that its survival over such a period of time has already placed it in the annals of film history.

The Gallery Society of NSW has acquired the Australian rights for the next five years and plans to show it to society members and guests. It is to be made available at a minimum cost to educational bodies, art and university students.

This film is not a pictorial inventory of Picasso masterpieces, which is what one has come to expect from the documentary film about fine art. Cluzot broke new ground when he decided to cap-

LE MYSTERE PICASSO

ture on film the development and creation of the paintings. He aimed for a configuration of the creative process. His intention was to place the cameras at the artist's shoulder, capturing each phase and stroke of his technique.

Picasso's fame and widespread popularity, and also what one may term the Picasso legend which has enshrined Picasso while he is still continuing to paint, made him the logical choice for a candid film of explication. Cluzot's own reputation as a film-maker gave him sufficient standing to undertake a film about a living legend. For those who appreciate "The Wages of Fear" and "The Fiends", Cluzot is no inconsiderable artist himself. But whether or not the creation of an ethos of tension and

suspense which manifests itself in the above films was sufficient indication of his ability to succeed in capturing the creative process remained to be seen. Picasso's co-operation was acquired for this venture. If it had not been forthcoming the producer would have been hopelessly limited to securing only the mechanics of art, mere brush strokes and movements of the hand. However, in this film the work is presented as a projection of the artist's mind. Each work of art is shown materialising as if by magic on a blank surface.

Cluzot created an illusion of "instant art". Picasso used a special type of absorbent paper that allowed coloured inks to penetrate at the moment of con-

tact. Cluzot then photographed the work in progress from the back.

If one interprets Picasso's art in terms of the developing contours of paint on the paper, then painting becomes dancing and rhythmic. A catharsis takes place in the beholder and he is mesmerised into imagining that he actually participated in the creation of the work of art. The answer to this one, of course, is that the quickness of the camera deceives the human eye.

Cluzot's endeavours to photograph the growth of a large oil painting presented what seemed to be almost insuperable difficulties. The paraphernalia and bright lights of the photographers would have unnerved many artists. But despite the strain Picasso's powers of concentration did not seem to

Continued from Page 12

Mother Isis, Mother Cybele, Mother Ishtar, Mother Kwanyin, have compassion on us . . . is rhythmically sounding in all the Churches of Mish-Mash"), and Arthur Koestler writes brilliantly in *The Trail of the Dinosaur* of the problems of mankind in the Atomic Age. ("The new determinant's of man's fate — mechanical laws, atoms, glands, genes — which gradually took over, were of a lower order than man himself; they defined his condition, but could provide no guidance whatever for his conscience.") From C. P. Snow there is an *Afterthought on the "Two Cultures" Controversy*.

In the section devoted to Arts and Letters, Katherine Anne Porter attacks D. H. Lawrence's novel "Lady Chatterley's Lover", Leslie Fiedler writes entertainingly about love and death in the American comic book, and W. H. Auden contributes a wonderful essay ("The Fallen City") on Falstaff, the worldly man whose "idleness and drinking . . . surrender to immediacy and . . . refusal to accept reality, become signs for the Unworldly Man as contrasted with Prince Hal, who represents worldliness at its best . . . The highest religious and temporal authorities condemn him (Falstaff) as a blasphemer and a Lord of Misrule, as a bad Companion for Mankind. Inevitable because, as Richelieu said, 'the salvation of States is in this world', and history has not as yet provided us with any evidence that the Prince of this world has changed his character."

Erich Heller writes on Ludwig Wittgenstein, Anthony West on H. G. Wells, and Irving Kristol on Tacitus.

The sections devoted to short stories and fiction contain work by Edmund Wilson, Cyril Connolly, Auden, Robert Lowell, Theodore Roethke, Elizabeth Jennings, Spender, Amis, McNiece and Dylan Thomas, among others. Roy Fuller's poem, *The Final Period*, stands out even in the distinguished company that surrounds it.

Forty-two shillings is a hefty price to pay, but this book would justify the expense. I recommend it without reservation.

—B. F. Babington



Continued from page 14

be impaired. It seems that he is possessed of infinite patience, because after each brush stroke in oil paints he has to stop to allow the photographers to line it up and photograph it. He had also to explain to the photographers what his next move was going to be so that they could whir their photographic equipment in the right direction. Picasso, it seems, displayed magnificent fortitude. He persisted in erasing and revising details in his painting oblivious to the demands of the cameramen, who would have liked to see a masterpiece uncorrected emerge instantaneously. One of the most perplexing things about observing the creation of a painting is the disparity between our predictions as to what we expect to follow on from a series of strokes and the eventual image which emerges as a result of the eidos of the artist himself. Following his whim Picasso constantly amends a design or a pattern, cancelling out the beauty achieved and substituting a new beauty to replace it. As what we see is molten art, i.e. art in formation, the viewer suffers a certain amount of frustration when he sees what he considers to be a perfect and admirable creation erased or amended by the artist himself before his eyes. However, the completed work of art has its own integrity and makes our piecemeal predictions seem like exercises in futility.

Waves of colour alternate with speckled showers of colour filling up the interstices of the canvas. The kind of binary fission applicable to lower microscopic organisms appears to happen to the images which are created, then re-created, until constancy is achieved. The continuous metamorphosis in which the artist is engaged seems to consist of the consummation of an image in the mind's eye of the artist which we cannot even hint at. Possibly this bears no relation to the finished product, and we shall never know what precise forms and hopes were the impetus.

The poetry of creation is magnificently captured in this film, but the socio-economic derivatives of art forms are ignored and we get less than a holistic knowledge of the artist. His creative and intuitive moods and phases in their uniqueness are awesome to the non-artist. For most of us a complementary objective account of the artist's work would have been helpful in confirming whatever prejudices we had of him. A synchronic study of artistic creation rules out any possibility of an evolutionary approach to Picasso's work. Only a diachronic study could suggest this approach. But within 75 minutes we see the creation of 15 new works of art. This is a condensation of the creative process with a vengeance. It reminds one of those slow motion microscopic films of natural phenomena shot with the slow motion camera, e.g. a sunset, or the unfolding petals of a flower. Three techniques are demonstrated — drawing, oil painting and water colour.

George Auric has written music suggested by the paintings. Claude Renoir's inevitably magnificent photography combined with the impressionistic music gives to the film a magnificent technical finesse.

—John Sanders

ROCKING THE BOAT

ROCKING THE BOAT. Gore Vidal. (Heinemann, 1963. 300 pp. 30/-.)

Gore Vidal, like Mary McCarthy and other American writers, has left the sheltered groves of Academe for the mass platform of public utterance. His last novel was published in 1954. Apart from his plays, this volume of essays (political, theatrical, literary and personal), contains the best of his work since then.

Frustrated by the decline in the serious novel-reading public, and by the commercial stranglehold on the American theatre, it is understandable that some American intellectuals have sought new fields for their work. But, of course, there are obvious dangers in a switch to the pulpit of the popular magazine, and more than a few have succumbed to them. The transvested novelist/dramatist is exposed to the temptation to lower his standards to the level of his public's, and that carnal seductress, the slick turn of wit, (rhymes with) is likely to prove fatal to the chastity of the accurate phrase-maker. But, happily, Mr Vidal avoids most of the pitfalls most of the time, and bearing in mind his own words — "the road to kitsch is paved with good intentions" — he combines his flair for the effective epigram with close, penetrating argument and a combustible imagination.

Among the literary essays are two on the novel, one on Norman Mailer, an appreciation of Carson McCullers, and virulent attacks on Messrs Don Passos and Penn Warren. Mr Vidal also makes a plea for contemporary satire (interesting, especially in view of similar pleadings from the local Group), and his essay on Evelyn Waugh, "our time's first satirist", is outstanding.

"To deal properly with the sins of the present, the satirist needs an alternate view of the way life should be. He does not need to stress it. Few satirists mean to be taken seriously as political or even moral reformers, but the alternative way must exist for them, if only as a contrast. In Waugh's case that alternative is old Catholic England, where one's place was one's place and to protest it was to quarrel with God's appointment . . . Since Brideshead Revisited (1945) Waugh has tended to extol his dream world at the expense of satirising that world's implacable enemy, the twentieth century . . . His great precursor, Juvenal, preferred the Old Roman Republic to the parvenu Empire, but he was too shrewd an artist to write books celebrating the political continence of Sulla or the fine austerity of Cato."

Mr Vidal's great merits as a critic of literature are his lack of academic restriction and his imaginative ability to find contemporary relevance in what he reviews. Of *The Twelve Caesars* of Suetonius, translated by Robert Graves, he writes —

"It would be wrong, however, to dismiss, as so many commentators have, the wide variety of

Caesarean sensuality as simply the viciousness of twelve abnormal men . . . They differed from us and their contemporaries only in the fact of power, which made it possible for each to act out his most recondite sexual fantasies. This is the psychological fascination of Suetonius. What will men so placed do? The answer, apparently, is anything and everything . . . Suetonius assumes that any young man would like to conquer the world. And why did Julius Caesar, a man of first-rate mind, want the world? Simply, to have it . . . we have got so into the habit of dissembling motives, of denying certain dark constants of human behaviour, that it is difficult to find a reputable American historian who will acknowledge the crude fact that a Franklin Roosevelt, say, wanted to be President merely to wield power, to be famed and to be feared."

Love — Love — Love

The book also contains Mr Vidal's celebrated attack on the American theatre — *Love, Love, Love*. Here he condemns the universal panacea of the "warm druggedness, a surrender of the will and the mind to inchoate feelings of Togetherness . . . which has now replaced the third-act Marines of a simpler time."

Writing of the divorce of intellect from the American theatre, he says:

"With some justice, intellectuals hold our popular theatre in contempt, and one of the reasons seldom explicitly stated is not so much the meretriciousness of the exhibits — popular art is opportunist at best — as its moments of would-be seriousness . . . Earnest Neanderthals implore us not to persecute minority groups; they exhort us to tenderness; they inform us that war is destructive; they remind us that love is the only connection."

And of the Kim Stanley school of method-acting, he writes:

"It is not acting, but group therapy. And the sad thing is that though this kind of acting is usually disagreeable to watch, it is delightful to do . . . The final effect is onanistic."

Kennedy and Goldwater

The book also contains some ventures into the more ephemeral regions of political journalism. There are articles on the late President Kennedy ("essentially, he is a pragmatist, working within a generally liberal context"), and Barry Goldwater ("it is a clue to Goldwater's recent success that he was primarily a salesman in the family business (his one creative contribution was the invention and promotion of men's shorts decorated with large red ants in the pants) . . .", on the American Conservative reactionary ("The United States is a republic, not a democracy"), and the House Un-American Activities Committee. ("HUAC is against un-American activities. Mr Blank is against HUAC. Therefore, Mr Blank favours un-American activities.")

Mr Vidal's work in this genre is as good as I have read. He writes with passion, clarity and a devastating wit. I leave you with this snippet:

"Recently, at a public dinner, I had a thoughtful conversation with Harry Truman. He was making a particularly solemn point when suddenly, though his tone did not change, his face jerked abruptly into a euphoric grin, all teeth showing. I thought he had gone mad, until I noticed photographers had appeared in the middle distance."

—B. F. Babington

Cricket Tour Denounced

On the occasion of the South African cricket tour of Australia, the National Union of Australian University Students, operating in Melbourne, produced a news sheet on apartheid. In August 1963, the delegates of the Students' Representative Councils, meeting as the National Union of Australian University Students, decided that they would support a campaign to inform people of the situation in South Africa and encourage thinking about measures to restore human rights. Groups were set up in most Australian universities, and research got under way. . . .

The Melbourne group arrived at the conclusion that expressions of moral indignation at apartheid were justified but inadequate. What was needed was a thorough appreciation of the problems and then, based on this, a policy for action to improve the lot of the oppressed.

They asked themselves if it was any use refraining from smoking Rothmans and Peter Stuyvesant. Should their Government support sanctions? Should there be armed intervention? Were trade cuts in order? What about consumer boycotts? It seems, however, that these students were well aware of the needs to have the community with them, hence the desire to disseminate information.

The news sheet issued on apartheid attempts two things: firstly, to provide background information on the history, economics and politics of apartheid; secondly, to stimulate discussion among students about what Australian policy should be by presenting one view.

What of the cricketers? The National Union of Students has declared its opposition to the cricket tour on the grounds that the team that toured Australia was not representative of South Africa since only one racial grouping was eligible for selection. NUAUS objected to the application of apartheid regulations as being contrary to the ethics of sport; to accept a racially exclusive team as representative would have been tantamount to condoning apartheid.

One very immediate and practical policy which NUAUS adopted was support for a World University Service scheme called the South African Study Freedom Fund, which is appealing for money for scholarships for Africans from whom the South African Government has withheld the opportunity for higher education. What have New Zealand students done about it?

Continued from page 15
radio station and announcing that this move was fully sanctioned by two assistant district attorneys in Montgomery, Alabama; and there is Cullers X. Papacantelopus, a Greek Orthodox exchange student, who later became a Black Muslim convert and caused riots in front of the American Embassy in Salonika by announcing that the film "Never on Sunday" was a cleverly camouflaged plagiarism of "The Vatican Story", a lesser known American documentary tracing

Papal influence on the United States Navy through the ages.

I have outlined a few of the better known histories of dangerous exchange students. The exchange student programmes now in progress should be gradually abandoned, but in such a fashion that exchange students would not be abnormally upset or frustrated. This in itself will present quite a problem. The United States of America should be sealed hermetically against official intruders who come here not only to steal our potatoes and

apples but our methods as well. Our own exchange students if they can be sent out under these circumstances should be thoroughly briefed to prevent recurrences of Powers-type incidents. Career Investment Associates should have known (a) that Powers is a compulsive liar and (b) that there are easier and less spectacular ways of avoiding summits than to fly over them at great heights.

The two out of three statistics that I mentioned earlier seem to indicate that the next war will not be started by a misguided

exchange student. However, as French-born Charles L. Minute, Commander of the Exchange Association of American Minutemen, so aptly puts it: "It is never too early to fly to the defense of our beloved country." —Peter Edler

Reprinted by kind permission of Paul Krassner, the editor of the "Realist," the magazine of free thought, criticism and satire. Jeanne Johnson is Scapegoat and a subscription costs three dollars for ten issues from Box 242 Madison Sq Sta., NYNY 10010 USA.

Graduates Portraits

See remarkable Special Offer
on Stud. Ass. Notice Board

STEELE PHOTOGRAPHY

OPP. ATWATERS
BELOW TOWN HALL

STUDENTS !



Solve Your
Problems
Smartly
at

WHITCOMBE'S

FULL RANGE
AVAILABLE NOW
IN ALL SUBJECTS
DRAWING INSTRUMENTS
AND MATERIALS
ARTISTS SUPPLIES AND
ALL STUDENT STATIONERY

at

WHITCOMBE & TOMBS LTD.

Queen Street and High Street, AUCKLAND
Victoria Street, HAMILTON



It is written . . .
For good books

PAUL'S BOOK ARCADE

49 HIGH STREET
(And at Hamilton)

(STUDENTS DISCOUNT, OF COURSE)

**George
Court's**

OFFICIAL
STOCKISTS

University of Auckland
BLAZERS

Full range of stock fittings for men and women are always available, complete with Badge

Men's £6/5/-; Women's £5/17/6
or from 6/- deposit, 6/- weekly

**ACADEMIC
GOWNS**

Laws and Arts faculties designs in stock. Hoods made to order.

Men's Clothing — Ground Floor

GEORGE COURT'S
TEL. 32-040 KARANGAHAPE RD.
and at Papakura and Papatoetoe