

Craccum

THE UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND
30 SEP 1969
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VOL. 38

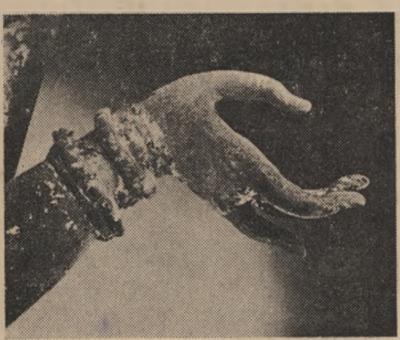
No. 5

Registered at G.P.O., Wellington, for transmission by post as a newspaper

VOTE! VOTE! VOTE! VOTE! VOTE!

ALBERT NEWDE FOR EXECUTIVE

Albert is an upstanding fellow, matured and experienced. Chosen by the Auckland Businessmen's Poll as Mr Rembrandt Cigarettes, 1963, he is well-known outside the campus. He has been a member of Men's House Committee for 17 years. Asked about his policy, he replied straightforwardly: "I believe in controlled democracy." Asked if the fact that he was a card-carrying member of the Whangarei Fascist League would have any effect on his policies, he replied enlighteningly: "Well, yes, and no."



ALBERT IS IN FAVOUR
OF . . .

- MONEY
- CENSORSHIP
- POWER
- HIMSELF



IQ 67
Occupation
 Latrine Inspector
Age 36
Interests the musicks of
 Scoenberger and that
 there crowd. Wittgenstein
 and Gabrielle Marcellus.
 Poetries of C. K. Stead.



YOU'VE BEEN ASKING
FOR NEW FACES . . .
WELL, ALBERT HAS
TWO !!

Nominated for Students'
Executive by the undersigned:

HERMAN GRAFT
AGNES SIMONY.

"TORTURE"

On February 1st in the House of Assembly, the Minister of Justice, Mr Vorster, said that forty-nine complaints of assaults by policemen or prison warders on 90-day detainees have been made to the police. Amongst them, twenty detainees said they had been given electric shocks. Asked whether any of the cases were found to be of substance, Mr Vorster said "No".

While Mr Vorster is busy denying torture and maltreatment of detainees, four of his own policemen are being charged with murder and assault of African prisoners before the Supreme Court in Bloemfontein. In this case the prisoners are not political, but the evidence of torture is the same, as the following extracts from South African newspapers show:

Rand Daily Mail, 26-2-64: "Bloemfontein — While an African was in 'a completely helpless position' he was blindfolded and wire placed behind his ear which caused him to 'jerk' so much that he choked and could not scream, the Free State Supreme Court was told.

"The African, Mr Philemon Makhethla, was giving evidence before the Judge-President of the Free State at the trial of four Bulfontein policemen and a Clerk of the Court on charges of murder and assault with intent to murder."

Rand Daily Mail, 4-3-64: "Johannes Matlahotsoi told the court today that he was arrested by Maree and Coetzee and taken to the Bultfontein police station with Izak, Philemon and Abel. He was handcuffed and his hands pulled over the front of his knees. A broomstick was forced past the back of his knees and over his arms. A blindfold was placed over his eyes.

"The witness said he was hit on the hands with what felt like a sjambok. Maree asked where the money was. Johannes said he cried and screamed.

"Johannes was made to sit barefooted on the wet floor.

He was handcuffed and blindfolded again and a piece of cloth stuffed into his mouth. What felt like two pieces of wire were attached to his little fingers. Johannes heard a 'burning' sound and his body was 'painfully jerked many times.'

Star, 9-3-64: "The witness said he saw Maree and van Wyk hitting Izak in his face with fists and kicking him about the body. Izak was screaming. Coetzee also hit and kicked Izak. Coetzee and Maree then lifted Izak up and threw him to the floor.

"Rossouw entered the room and Maree rushed to a telephone. The witness said he heard Maree ask Dr Le Roux to hurry to the police station. Rossouw said: 'Boys, what am I going to do now?' When the doctor arrived he examined Izak and said he was dead.

"Coetzee took an electric 'shocking machine' and said: 'We are going to throw this away. It will get us into trouble'."

GESTAPO METHODS

This nightmarish story is but one of the many cases of the vicious brutality of the South African police. Despite the growing evidence of similar torture experienced by political detainees at the hands of the police and the "Special Branch", the Minister of Justice, Mr Vorster, recently shrugged off a demand by Mrs Helen Suzman (Progressive Party MP) "for an independent judicial inquiry into the allegations by 90-day detainees of electric shock torture and beatings in prisons and police stations." (Rand Daily Mail, 7-2-64.)

CRACCUM

"What is written is merely the dregs of experience."—Kafka.

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 Distribution NOEL ARCHER
 with grateful acknowledgments to B. F. BABINGTON
 and MIKE MORRISSEY

"Yet nature is made better by no mean,
 But nature makes that mean: so, over that art
 Which you says adds to nature, is an art
 That nature makes."

OH, God — channeled the cinque-spotted woman behind me — isn't she be-oo-tiful, and so natural, too.

In spite of her, some rather dubious programming, the barbaric behaviour of once-a-year culture vultures clapping as Schwarzkopf hit the last note and drowning out the integral accompaniments, and in spite of the commercial ballyhoo centred rather on the singer's eating and sleeping habits rather than her art, the two concerts given by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf at the Town Hall on May 14 and 16 were occasions of greatness.

Accustomed to the stereophonic perfection of modern recordings, one is inclined to take greatness a little for granted. Many singers, flawless on record, disappoint in the concert hall. Miss Schwarzkopf is not of these. She does not allow the audience to take her for granted. She has the advantages of a stately beauty and an impeccable stage presence. A knowledge of all the performing tricks, even down to the hypnotic ear-rings. But her profound asset, that which separates her from the ranks of the very good and makes her great, is something which cannot be classed as one of the tricks of the good professional: it is something which emerges from a deep and sympathetic understanding of her art. As I have said, Schwarzkopf does not allow the audience to take her for granted, and she does not allow them to take Schubert, Schumann, Wolf, Mozart or Brahms for granted either. Instead she involves the listener/watcher in the whole cycle of creation — genesis, growth and fulfilment. Doubtless she has sung these songs each a thousand times and more. Some singers, by their effortless ease, their superbly arrogant command, let you know this. Schwarzkopf is different. Hearing her sing, the listener is under the impression that a song is being born — he feels he is present at a natal performance. Schwarzkopf indulges in no histrionics. She stands quietly on the stage, hands lightly clasped. She hardly moves at all. Yet, in a quiet way, she makes one aware of what one is often blase about — the essential miracle of art. She never falters, she never strains — and yet one has the impression of immense tension transparent in every utterance — even where the songline dances. The performance is physical as well as vocal — this is Heidegger's tension between earth and heaven resulting in the art work — *Music is feeling then, not sound* (Wallace Stevens). By this I do not mean that this tension results in heaviness, muted metaphysical drumbeats sounding

about the music. The tension I talk of is ante-natal — before the emergence of the pure note: the labour pains are not obtrusive, only hinted at. Yet fulfilment would be impossible without them.

Schubert is not Miss Schwarzkopf's real field. She sings him beautifully, but without that final authority, that natal inflexion which she brings to Wolf and Brahms. The singer of Schubert should steer clear of over-interpreting. A fine but lesser singer, such as Irmgard Seefried, is perhaps more satisfying, simply because she bows to Schubert's music. *The Trout* (Die Forelle), takes on a tone too tragic. Miss Schwarzkopf is, in this case, too aware of the text. To me the point of the song is that the accompaniment keeps on going despite all. The tragedy, in the eyes of nature, is very minor indeed. However, her singing of *Seligkeit* (Happiness) was exceptional, though even here I felt that she took unjustified (or rather, only barely justified) liberties with the tempo. I am not sure about her *Heidenroslein*. At first thought, it was almost too casually tossed off, too slightly dealt with. Still, it lingers on, and judgment is suspended.

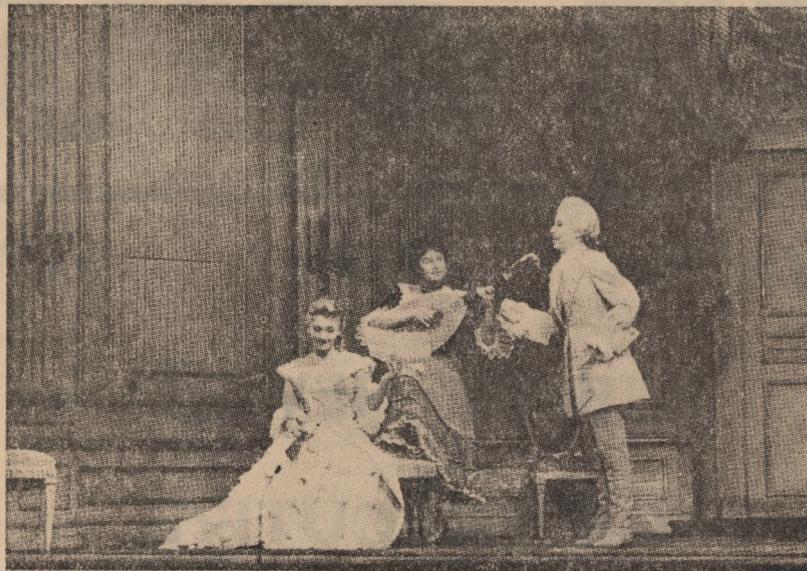
Almost the high spot of the first night: her rendition of Martini's *Plaisir d'amour* — a charming little song, raised by the performer to a status that one felt it could reach in the hands of no one else.

Six Wolf Lieder on the first evening. Seven on the second. For me — difficulties of comparison. Hers (on record), apart from Kirsten Meyer's singing of a single song, are the only Wolf interpretations I have heard. However, one felt that here was Wolf as he is meant to be — and whereas Miss Schwarzkopf's sensitivity to the text was obtrusive in the Schubert, here it was absolutely in place.

Five Strauss Lieder on the first evening. The handling again superbly authoritative. Perfect miniature drama in *Hat Gesagt, bleibt's nicht dabei*. Also, of course, in the Wolf.

Seven Brahms' arrangements of folk songs on the second night. Two lieder in the first half of the same concert. *Vergeb liches Standchen* (Serenade in Vain) — sung with utter freshness, with that fragile, infinitely difficult grafting of nature and art that Schwarzkopf achieves. All the folk songs beautifully rendered.

Brief metaphors suggested during recital:—Donne: gold to aery thinness beat. That dying fall. The repose of pure notes in the past. Where? The Singer is the Song. Hofmansthaal's Fruhlingswind —



Schwarzkopf at Salzburg

er hat sich gewiegt
 Wo Weinen war . . .

(It has settled
 Where weeping was.)

Lippen im Lachen
 Hat er berührt,
 Die weichen und wachen
 Fluren durchspurt.

(It has touched
 Laughing lips,
 It has requested
 Through soft and waking
 fields.)

—B. F. Babington

THE TWITTERING FESTIVAL

IN the foreword to the 16th Auckland Festival programme, Mr Julius Hogben, chairman of the Auckland Festival Committee, states that "Auckland has become alive to the value of the Arts". He goes on to say that "artists of world fame have come and have asked to be invited again". Now let us look at these somewhat surprising statements of Mr Hogben. Has Auckland become alive to the value of the arts? I believe that Mr Hogben's optimism is entirely without foundation. The Festival organisers would appear to value the arts not as creative expression, but rather as consumer art. The arts sponsored by the Festival committee are, in the main, profitable, popular, marketable and cheap.

Artists such as Haebler and Sinofsky are accomplished musicians, but they are not international drawcards. New Zealand has no professional theatre company on a permanent footing. Literature, which is heavily subsidised, is not thought worthy of inclusion. To what extent the absence of a Government subsidy is to blame for these shortcomings is not made clear. Perhaps the sponsors place more emphasis on the construction of white-elfant parking buildings at the rate-payers' expense than on constructing a favourable elan for professional and scintillating art.

The values assigned to the arts by the Auckland Festival Committee are those of the bourgeois and not of the artist. The result of a managerial and entrepreneur rather than a patronising spirit, is that there are no competent artists represented on the Auckland Festival Committee, and that as a consequence the Committee

remains benighted in that it would appear even less well informed about the arts than the potential consumers. Consumer art predominates and disinterested art either perishes or is stillborn. There are no original plays in this year's festival, and yet the work of Alexander Guyan and Antony Noonan points to the potentiality. Mary Amore's splendid production of Wesker should have taken place during the "Angry Decade". The over-ambitious Luther stinks.

Mr Hogben states that world-famous artists have been asking to be invited back again. Well, maybe they did invite themselves back again if one can accept that their agents had nothing to do with it. It is well known that there is competition between the private promoters and the NZBC for the cheapest available artists of merit.

Mr Hogben, it would appear, believes that the artists are really exulted by his Committee's "Fes-

"Serious not Sublime"

tival" rather than shocked by its colourlessness, inconsistency and defeatism.

It is premature for Mr Hogben to pat himself on the back when artists "invite themselves back again" and to feel that it is a great honour to be coming back, because he should consider carefully whether or not his committee is really willing to offer them permanent engagements (to save them the trouble of requesting re-engagement), and to arrange for the permanent critics to be permanently uncritical and not disenchanted, as is this commentator.

Perhaps the surest indication that artistic standards are not of the slightest interest to festival sponsors is the uncritical adulation heaped on the New Zealand Opera Company's performance of *Rigoletto* without any regard for the standard of a particular performance. This, the most difficult of arts to bring off successfully, very rarely results in a foolproof production. The fulsome flattery heaped on the erstwhile performers is no service to them, and is the surest indication that parochial loyalties exult the parochial

comprehensive festival then it is a foregone conclusion that it would need to be subsidised, given that a relatively small proportion of the community are not insensible to arts of a more or less elevated kind.

Jazz is a financial risk if not promoted by H. J. Miller or R. J. Kerridge. It can be disastrous when left to the resources of the NZBC. Their management of the Eddie Condon fiasco is an excellent example. Poetry readings are not supported, therefore the Festival Committee says "bum" to the nation's bards. The Festival Society's funds are not to be risked on non-profit ventures. This moribund trust is devoted to gilt-edged ventures. The patron's tea and biscuits come before the more ethereal fare which enables them to belch heartily with joy after they stagger out stuffed with Culture.

EITHER WE ARE GOING TO HAVE A "FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS" WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT THE RIGHT ROMAN SCANDAL THIS WOULD CREATE, OR WE ARE NOT. A HALF-PIE VENTURE INTO TWO

women's league, and lady mayors from every tinpot borough, propping up this itnpt festival. While sipping their tea and rose-hip syrup in the Festival Club-rooms they discuss what they would do with the intellectuals if they weren't so elusive and so pecuniously helpless.

The four centre saffron-coloured pages of our guide book to Auckland's awakened art provide us with many interesting facts. The first page looks to the future and informs us of the famous artists who will be included in next year's Arts (?) Festival of 1965. They are:—

FOU T'SONG (piano).

THE NZBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

THE ROYAL CHRISTCHURCH MUSICAL SOCIETY.

There is absolutely no undertaking to provide a first-rate professional company of international standards.

Well patrons, cop that lot for next year's social arty month. We speculate that the Auckland Festival will become the most famous destitute artists' charity within living memory. The washed-up will stagger from the four corners of the earth to mesmerise the "great unwashed" though wealthy little burghers.

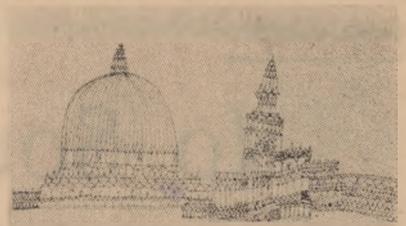
The next two pages deal with the prices and the bookings. We pay 5/- to see the Auckland Photographic Society's International Salon, 5/6 to listen to a lecture by Eric Westbrook (what Mr Westbrook had to say could have been said far more effectively from a soapbox in Albert Park, always assuming that there was a beneficent soap-box manufacturer ready and willing to provide a soapbox), 7/6 to hear the Auckland Society of Music Teachers' Student Performers' Group (whoever the hell they may be), and for anyone wanting a little opera 27/6 per seat.

For our poetry reading of the year we have a new name in the field, John Thomson, for whom we turn over 5/6. Where are the NZ poets and poetry readers — Dennis Glover, Kendrick Smithyman, Allen Curnow, C. K. Stead, Sidney Musgrove, Louis Johnson, James K. Baxter? Maybe they, too, would constitute a financial burden? Whose toes have they trodden on recently? To hear the Maryborough Festival Band of Queensland we pay 9/-, and yet a local wind group charges 12/6 per head. No doubt this is due to labour costs?

OR THREE FIELDS OF THE ARTS IS SIMPLY NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

The Festival hierarchy is a beautiful collection of the influential and the affluent. But are these men guarantors of the arts or parasites of the arts? The Festival Committee insists that it cannot take on a financial gamble even in an attempt to awaken Aucklanders to the value of the arts. Is the reason that it is only too easy for them to escape to Europe or North America, claiming their cultural junketing as business expenses. The Festival Committee, it would appear is playing Russian roulette with their own and the public's sensibilities. Seen from this viewpoint, the Festival is an abattoir.

At another level of the hierarchy we have the social committee, a whole page of them, almost a social register in its own right except that registration is not totally unwilling. And we have up to 70 or more, presidents of this women's league or that



On the last of our saffron pages we find a sizeable advertisement for Stenberg Shoes. Perhaps Mr Stenberg, who is a Vice-Patron of the Festival Society, thought that this would have greater aesthetic appeal than perhaps a block of an exhibited painting in one of the small art shows sponsored by the Festival?

"JAZZ", a filthy word to the Auckland Festival Society, lost some money about three years ago and the Festival Executive no doubt still bemoans its losses. This year more than any other offers a great diversity of Jazz musicianship, but still the Festival organisers imprisoned in a formalistic straitjacket are wary of the monster which, one must admit, had been monstrous in the distant past.

In a copy of the *New Zealand Herald* dated May 9, the redoubtable WHIM WHAM had something to say on this subject of Festivals, festivities and orgies (or should one say flirtations) with the arts:—

"Auckland, New Plymouth, Edinburgh, Perth,
All around the Commonwealth
(well more or less)
Its annual Dionysian Rebirth
Takes Place, the Arts turn out in
Formal Dress.

Civic Solemnites proclaim the
Time

Of — shall I say rejoicing? Not
quite That.

The Subject's Serious, not to say
Sublime.

Shall I remove my Shoes or just
my Hat?

From Town to Town the Goddess
shifts her Shrine,

Her Festival is kept, now There,
now Here,

Sir, could we travel fast enough
— how fine.

We could have culture all the
Blssed Year."

—TYME CURNOW

—JOHN SANDERS

A recently formed Students for Goldwater group at the University of Colorado was denied university recognition by the Committee on Student Organisations and Social Life. The grounds were the club is "a temporary partisan organisation designed to promote one candidate for national office."



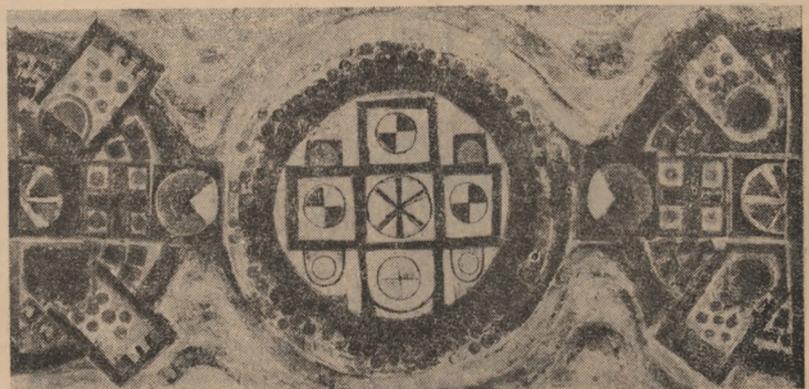
Anzac Day

—Charles Blackman

opera, even when it mounts devastatingly and dramatically unsound productions. Perhaps it is just as well that the Auckland Festival Committee did not have the gall to invite von Karajan to this '64 Festival. The fit of apoplexy this would have invoked would no doubt have created an international incident in the arts.

The Festival organisers argue long and loud that they cannot afford to take financial risks. The discerning public stoically shuts its ears to the caterwauling (remonstrations?) of the ugly little fringed headed pop-singer delinquents who swamp us throughout the year. Perhaps the fantastic profits exorted from undiscriminating adolescents could be ploughed back into a cultural foundation before the blight has set in for good.

We do not want a festival dedicated to Mammon. Surely it is sufficient that the great ritual occasions have become either money-making circuses or sentimental wallowings. If we want a



Coming of the Turtle

—Leonard French

Pop. Dept.

No Soul In Beatlesville

Mr William Deedes is an Old Harrovian, a member of the Cabinet, and the minister in charge of the government's information services. Mr Deedes, it will be remembered, was one of those five ministers who interviewed Mr Profumo on that fateful night and were convinced by him that he had not slept with Miss Keeler. Now any public relations man, even a grand one who sits in the cabinet, can use a touch of credulity; but even so I remember thinking at the time: "If Deedes can believe that, he'll believe anything." And indeed he does! Listen to him on the subject of the Beatles:

They herald a cultural movement among the young which may become part of the history of our time . . . For those with eyes to see it, something important and heartening is happening here. The young are rejecting some of the sloppy standards of their elders, by which far too much of our output has been governed in recent years . . . they have discerned dimly that in a world of automation, declining craftsmanship and increased leisure, something of this kind is essential to restore the human instinct to excel at something and the human faculty of discrimination.

Incredible as it may seem, this was not an elaborate attempt at whimsy, but a serious address, delivered to a meeting of the City of London Young Conservatives, and heard in respectful silence. Not a voice was raised to point out that the Emperor wasn't wearing a stitch. The Beatles phenomenon, in fact, illustrates one of my favourite maxims: that if something becomes big enough and popular enough — and especially commercially profitable enough — solemn men will not be lacking to invest it with virtues. So long as the Beatles were just another successful showbiz team, the pillars of society could afford to ignore them, beyond bestowing the indulgent accolade of a slot in the Royal Variety Performance. But then came the shock announcement that they were earning £6,250,000 a year — and, almost simultaneously, they got the stamp of approval from America.

This was quite a different matter: at once they became not only part of the export trade but an electorally valuable property. Sir Alec Home promptly claimed credit for them, and was as promptly accused by Mr Wilson of political clothes-stealing. Conservative candidates have

been officially advised to mention them whenever possible in their speeches. The Queen expressed concern about the length of Ringo's hair. Young diplomats at our Washington embassy fought for their autographs. A reporter described them as "superb ambassadors for Britain." It is true that the Bishop of Woolwich has not yet asked them to participate in one of his services, but the invitation cannot be long delayed. And, while waiting for the definitive analysis of their cultural significance by Messrs. Raymond Williams and Richard Hoggart we have Mr Deedes' contribution on behalf of the Cabinet.

Of course, our society has long been brainwashed in preparation for this apotheosis of inanity. For more than two decades now, more and more intellectuals have turned their backs on their trade and begun to worship at the shrine of "pop culture". Nowadays, if you confess that you don't know the difference between Dizzy Gillespie and Fats Waller (and, what is more, don't care), you are liable to be accused of being a fascist.

To buttress their intellectual self-esteem, these treasonable clerks have evolved an elaborate cultural mythology about jazz, which purports to distinguish between various periods, tendencies and schools. The subject has been smeared with a respectable veneer of academic scholarship, so that now you can overhear grown men, who have been expensively educated, engage in heated argument on the respective techniques of Charlie Parker and Duke Ellington. You can see writers of distinction, whose grey hairs testify to years spent in the cultural vineyard, squatting on the bare boards of malodorous caverns, while through the haze of smoke, sweat and cheap cosmetics comes the monotonous braying of savage instruments.

One might, I suppose, attribute such intellectual treachery to the fact that, in jazz circles, morals are easy, sex is cheap and there is a permissive attitude to the horrors of narcotics. Men are, alas, sometimes willing to debauch their intellects for such rewards. But I doubt if this is the real reason. The growing public approval of anti-culture is itself, I think, a reflection of the new cult of youth. Bewildered by a rapidly changing society, excessively fearful of becoming out of date, our leaders are increasingly turning to young people as guides and mentors — or, to vary the metaphor, as geiger-counters to guard them against the perils of mental obsolescence. If youth likes jazz, then it must be good, and clever men must rationalise this preference in intellectually respectable language. Indeed, whatever youth likes must be good: the supreme crime, in politics and culture alike, is not to be "with it". Even the most unlikely mascots of the Establishment are now drifting with the current: Mr Henry Brooke, for instance, finds himself appointing to the latest Home Office committee the indispensable teenager, who has, what is more, the additional merit of being a delinquent.

Before I am denounced as a reactionary fuddy-duddy, let us pause for an instant and see exactly what we mean by this "youth". Both TV channels now run weekly programmes in which popular records are played to teenagers and judged. While the music is performed, the cameras linger savagely over the faces of the audience. What a bottomless chasm of vacuity they reveal! The huge faces, bloated with cheap confectionery and smeared with chain-store make-up, the open, sagging mouths and glazed eyes, the hands mindlessly drumming in time to the music, the broken stiletto heels, the shoddy, stereotyped, "with it" clothes: here apparently, is a collective portrait of a generation enslaved by a commercial machine. Leaving a TV studio recently, I stumbled into the exodus from one of these sessions. How pathetic and listless they seemed: young girls, hardly more than 16, dressed as adults and already lined up as fodder for exploitation. Their eyes came to life only when one of their grotesque idols—scarcely older than they — made a brief appearance, before a man in a camel-hair coat hustled him into a car. Behind this image of "youth" there are, evidently, some shrewd older folk at work.

And what of the "culture"

which is served up to these pitiable victims? According to Mr Deedes, "the aim of the Beatles and their rivals is first class of its kind. Failure to attain it is spotted and criticised ruthlessly by their many highly discriminating critics." I wonder if Mr Deedes has ever taken the trouble to listen to any of this music? On the Saturday TV shows, the merits of the new records are discussed by panels of "experts", many of whom seem barely more literate or articulate than the moronic ranks facing them. They are asked to judge each record a "hit" or "miss", but seem incapable of explaining why they have reached their verdict. Occasionally one of the "experts" betrays some slight acquaintance with the elements of music and makes what is awesomely described as a "technical" point; but when such merit is identified in a record, this is usually found to be a reason for its certain commercial failure.

In any case, merit has nothing to do with it. The teenager comes not to hear but to participate in a ritual, a collective grovelling to gods who are themselves blind and empty. "Throughout the performance," wrote one observer, "it was impossible to hear anything above the squealing except the beat of Ringo's drums." Here, indeed, is "a new cultural movement": music which not only cannot be heard but does not need to be heard. As such I have no doubt that it is, in truth, "first class of its kind".

If the Beatles and their like were in fact what the youth of Britain wanted, one might well despair. I refuse to believe it — and so I think will any other intelligent person who casts his or her mind back far enough. What were we doing at 16? I remember the drudgery of Greek prose and the calculus, but I can also remember reading the whole of Shakespeare and Marlowe, writing poems and plays and stories. It is a marvellous age, an age of intense mental energy and discovery. Almost every week one found a fresh idol — Milton, Wagner, Debussy, Matisse, El Greco, Proust — some, indeed, to be subsequently toppled from the pantheon, but all springing from the mainstream of European culture. At 16, I and my friends heard our first performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; I can remember the excitement even today. We would not have wasted 30 seconds of our precious time on the Beatles and their ilk.

Are teenagers different today? Of course not. Those who flock round the Beatles, who scream themselves into hysteria, whose vacant faces flicker over the TV screen, are the least fortunate of their generation, the dull, the idle, the failures: their existence, in such large numbers, far from being a cause for ministerial congratulation, is a fearful indictment of our education system, which in 10 years of schooling can scarcely raise them to literacy.

—Paul Johnson

(Slightly abridged, from the New Statesman, by permission.)



STUDENTS AND ANXIETY

INSPIRATION

This book grew out of a request from the "Daily Herald" to investigate the problems of university students in England. Dr Zweig undertook a pilot enquiry covering two universities: one Oxbridge and another Redbrick. Oxford and Manchester were chosen to be studied.

THE STUDENT IN THE AGE OF ANXIETY. F. Zweig. Heinemann. 30/-.

AIM OF STUDY

The main aim of the study (the author informs us) was to find out that interests, views and opinions of university students in basic problems affecting their own future and the future of society at large.

THE NATURE OF THE STUDY

Using the vague appellation of the sociologist, Dr Zweig describes his study as a "futurity" study. Can one predict or deduce anything about the future of a society from the ideas and values current among those who is 10 or 20 years will be in leading positions in English society with its delicately preserved social stratigraphy? It is questionable whether this elitism is any more reprehensible than our inverted elitism where the common sod is exulted.

QUESTIONS

Questions barely related to any schema were asked in the course of interviewing students. Dr Zweig wanted to know whether or not there was anything new or original emerging from present-day products of English universities. Were there any new morbid shifts in the interests of the new generation? Was there any marked opposition to the values of the older generation which could foreshadow a break in tradition or social continuity?

METHODOLOGY

Dr Zweig adopted techniques partly the paraphernalia of attitude surveys, and partly that of sociological surveys. Purists could not help noticing that Dr Zweig makes no claims for scientific exactitude. Dr Zweig laboured not only at the opinions and views of the students, but also at their personal and social relations, and their community life at large.

CLAIMS

Dr Zweig made several claims for his study which bear more than cursory examination. In his opinion his data gave a coherent and well-knit picture of the "mental climate" (conceivably the little ghosts inside the students' heads

which give a weather report on their feelings?) of their basic problems, fears and worries, hopes and aspirations. The author refers to the character and spirit of Oxbridge and Redbrick, leaving the Oxbridge-Redbrick stereotypes to resolve themselves. He claims to contrast these stereotypes, ascribing to them a sociological tangibility which his avid imagination has conjured up for them. Not the best way to start a sociological survey, or to bake an anthropological cake.

SAMPLES

The sample from which the data was collected were 205 students in their third year, finalists and post-graduates. They were chosen at random with the idea of giving a representative cross-section of the student population. Highly contentious is the author's assessment of the reliability of his findings from a strictly scientific point of view. He states that the random sample, after scrutiny from many angles, was found quite representative in the sense that it stood up well to all sorts of criteria. There was admittedly a bias in the sample. It was intended to give preference to men rather than to women, to arts students rather than to science students, and to concentrate only on older students, excluding students in their first or second year. The author admits that it is difficult to say how far the data are representative of a wider class of student, or students at large. Admittedly the sample is small in itself (i.e. the range is small), it is limited to only two universities; it is confined to third-year students, finalists and post-graduates. The author rests content in that he considers the voice of 205 students sufficiently representative a section of the student population to merit attention. Given these admitted and colossal errors in the study, what emerges is no less interesting, although in those frank admissions he has damned whatever scientific pretensions the book might have spuriously retained.

Was Dr Zweig fooled by the "glad-handed" attitude reflected in the responses of the students?

GLAD HAND

How gullible was this supposedly sophisticated surveyor? (He is the author of a similar survey of the worker in Britain.) He says that the students responded very well and seemed to enjoy the interviews, thanking him profoundly for the experience. This would seem to indicate that Dr Zweig was too prone to superficially evaluating the attitude of the students. Was it not possible that he himself was too readily prone to flattery? Or is it not alternately possible that this was simply a too ready aversion to his "authority" on the part of the students?

Zweig ascribes their eagerness to the rarity of the opportunity to review their lives, their work, their interests, views, opinions, character traits and behaviour. He ascribes their willingness to their hope of bringing help and assistance to students by bringing greater understanding to bear on their problems. This would seem to prove simply that the author is an inveterate sentimentalist, not a bad trait in a scholar who professes to be interested in other people's problems. There is no evidence in this study for the tight-lipped hygienic monographs put out by the little men who blind us with statistics.

IMAGE OF THE STUDENT

The image of the student as it emerges from Dr Zweig's study is the picture of honest and sincere young men taking their studies very seriously, with a sense of responsibility and a sense of duty. Sincerity, honesty and integrity were the qualities quoted by the big majority as the most desirable talents they looked for in their friends. Still, one can't help asking what about friends by any other name? One must be sceptical of the author's claim to be a judge of character. He seems to have substituted in his general conclusions the stereotype of the self-disciplined, continent, restrained, quiet, altruistic, religious truth-seeking student for the image of the rotten layabout, incontinent, lustful, ratbag image. As a piece of anti-defamation propaganda this is admirable, but is it possible that students approximate to other people's ideas of them, including sociologists, rather than just being accepted as people, rotten, bad, indifferent, good, etc.?

CONSERVATISM

Zweig's image of the students as good and respectable citizens wanting to find their own niche in society "to be a good husband, a father and a good friend and neighbour", must be downright embarrassing for the students concerned. One wonders how these fatuous and flippant comments could have been taken seriously by a ruthless sociologist. Zweig is almost an apologist for whatever



PABLO PICASSO Sculptor at Rest, Revising Model and Sculpture, 1933

fair-dinkum students there may be. "They are not angry young men," he says, obviously meaning this as a commendation. Perhaps the most damaging thing about the book is that having demonstrated that English students are squares and (if his image is not the result of ironing out the human kinks), the author intrudes his own evaluation of this description into the text. His normative judgment which implies that the squares are splendid fellows does not seem to belong in the realm of sociology.

INDEBTEDNESS

Even more incredibly the author goes on to melodramatise the students' attitude towards the society which has nurtured them and given them suck. "They are conscious of the debt they owe to society for keeping them at the university and providing them with three or more years of a good life at a seat of learning. "Society" is used sui generis here, although he describes the differing backgrounds and aspirations of the students. What reader could not shed a tear when Dr Zweig tells us that "they" (the students) feel that they ought to repay society by being good scientists, good civil servants, teachers or industrialists (and paradoxically — or so it seems to me), contributing to higher standards of culture.

BIGOTS ?

The crushing conformity of Oxbridge and Redbrick students seems depressingly reminiscent of Otago students as surveyed by Adams and Mitchell in *Craccum* 4. The rowdy and intemperate student, the jolly joker, the man of the song *Gaudeamus igitur*, are on the way out (if indeed they were ever on the way in). The happy and easy time, the gaiety, the carefree existence of the Bohemian are largely replaced by the conscientiousness of the plodding student who wearily drags his feet and sweats at his examination papers to the satisfaction of his superiors.

LAMENT

"A zest for life, the exuberance of youth, lightness, humour and wit are largely lacking," Dr Zweig concludes that the respectable citizens' accolades may be short-

—Continued on page 6

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Sir,

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL has now grown into a world-wide organisation with National Sections in 20 countries. Supporters living in countries where there are not yet national sections may become members of the movement by subscribing direct to the International Secretariat at a rate of £2 per year. We realise that some of our well-wishers cannot join as members either because currency regulations prevent their subscribing, or because they hold some official position. Please do not think that we are writing to you for your money; we would like to keep in touch with you because, if you would be good enough, you could keep us posted of matters within our concern going on in your country. For instance, whenever a "Prisoner of Conscience" is arrested it is important for us to know his name, the address of the prison and of his family, the nature of the charge (if any), together with any biographic details available. If you could arrange for us to be sent this information, please let us know in answer to this letter. Alternatively, if there is someone better placed for such information, could you contact him or her on our behalf, please?

It may be that you would be interested in getting a National Section formed in your country. Such is the impartial and humanitarian nature of this movement that we see no reason why it should not be possible to form a Section in any country. But we do realise that in some countries there is a risk that those who oppose the Government might dominate the Section; this we would deplore, since it is essential for our work that Sections neither engage nor seem to engage in national politics. Their purpose is to encourage the formation of groups of supporters who will "adopt" three Prisoners of Conscience in foreign countries — one from each ideological area in the world.

If you feel that you can help us in any of the ways suggested in this letter — or in any other way — please let us know. And don't hesitate to get in touch with us at any time you think we could be of help.

PETER BENENSON,
International Secretary, Amnesty International.

Continued from page 5

sighted. "He may wonder whether the students of today are not too bound, by conventions, too self-controlled, too anxious, too calculating, too career-conscious, too earnest, and too tired."

OLD MEN

Dr Zweig was concerned that the students he interviewed struck him as old, laden with responsibility, care and worry, with nightmares and horror dreams. They seem to have been the English cousins of the by now almost proverbial "fretful sleepers" of Dr Pearson's *Landsfall* article. The student does not live in the present. He worries a great deal about the future — careers, jobs, social position. In this respect he differs considerably from his New Zealand counterpart, whose smugness and complacency is badly shaken if he tries to find a vocation outside of school-teaching, DSIR, or the profession which is both challenging and humanistic.

ANGRIES

The John Osborne type disappointingly does not, according to Dr Zweig, crop up in Redbrick or Oxbridge society. Perhaps he didn't look for them or perhaps the questions were by nature too spontaneous to permit cmfwysm

comprehensive to permit spontaneous bursts of passionate indignation or to allow invective much headroom. Students are not overtly worried about the bomb, but Dr Zweig is sure that they are sub-consciously. Once more he invokes the ghost in the machine.

ARIDITY?

Has the aridity of the affluent society made the student arid? This ponderous question is raised as much by Zweig as by Paul Goodman, who wrote *The Community of Scholars*, and Adams and Mitchell in New Zealand. Is the smug self-satisfaction of the old wallowing in their achievements imprinting its traits on youth? Does the prevailing image of a stagnant Britain dampen students' hopes? (The prevailing image of a stagnant New Zealand has affected some students' hopes, one would expect.) Is the aridity of the affluent society with no causes to take up casting a shadow on the vitality of students? This is an incredible proposition, but supposing it to be true, Dr Zweig hasn't got the wit to propose the ascetic poverty deal advocated by Paul Goodman in his book. Has the curbing of physical maturity added fuel to apprehension and fears? Few students in Dr Zweig's sample lead a balanced sexual life. Are doubts about possible

PERTINENT PROBLEMS

Sir,—Having read that article dealing with the survey of Otago University, I was prompted to think that if the material there is what our university system is producing, let us drop the idea of higher education in favour of sugar-beet research.

It is inevitable that the university will attract the children of the white-collar workers, since university study is no cheap commodity (in terms of money). However, if the system was educating the people, the proportion of "chips off a stolid old block" would be a dying left-over of Victoriana.

Mr Baxter is posing a pertinent problem when he refers to the pressure that the conservative element can put upon university policy. A bureaucracy of this type strangles any further attempts at a real education. A system that turns out exact reproductions of an earlier generation isn't educating it is processing. The end products of the degree-processing factory seem to have made their influence felt here, too. This university is, I hope, to give us the opportunities to think in order to understand more clearly. Then why the presence of the censors? Part of education is forming opinions, not agreeing with somebody else's for lack of an alternative.

A newspaper is surely an expression of all shades of opinion — at least in a free society, so, sir, why not publish Matilda Glubb? I also find it difficult to understand where libel could be involved when a fictitious character is involved.

Having been between the "daffodils and the glass bowl" for over a year, I am most interested in Matilda Glubb, but I am more concerned with the continued frustration by the heavy hands of bureaucratic watchdogs of the

New Zealand educational system, that perpetuates the existence of Matilda Glubbs.

Somebody has to push them off their god-like pedestals so that education can begin. Why not us?
—Sherill A. Hallmond

★ ★ ★

Sir,—Professor B. Fuller contends that there is room for the intimations of metaphysicists within his definition of a universe. The argument advanced by Mr McShane in support of this claim is somewhat lightweight. A cosmos which embraces all "apprehended and communicated experience" needs no parlor tricks to help it to include metaphysical abstractions. To tack the name metaphysics to speculations like those which McShane puts forward is to do an injustice to that discipline; on the other hand, the so-called transcendencies which are said to lie outside direct experience have their metaphysical resolutions quite within educated mental processes, and thus are encompassed by Fuller's definition.

—J. Chappell

★ ★ ★

Baxter

Sir,—In your last issue you printed an article by James K. Baxter. Congratulations. We need more like this; frank and to the point.

To hell with pretending to be intellectuals. If our literature (what little there is of it) needs a restrained character, let it be strongly flavoured by men like Baxter. Best to have our feet planted firmly on the ground before we lift our heads to the sky. Why shy from the use of four-letter words. A spade is a spade.

I would like to see more from Mr Baxter in your paper.

—M. J. P Jellicich

WHERE HE CAME FROM.

REPAYMENT

The student is fully conscious of his obligation to the taxpayer only because he can be forced to repay his grant. This would spell disaster to his studies. This is a far more realistic appraisal of the anxiety of the average student, than all the other semi-psychodynamic hypostasising.

MORE SPONTANEITY

Reverting to value judgments once again, Dr Zweig asks for more spontaneity from students. One could hardly be more in accord with him here, accept that the parameters of spontaneity are pretty well fixed by social or governmental institutions of one kind or another. In Dr Zweig's words, "What is needed is more spontaneity, more lightness, more colour, more warmth, more individual care, more wit and humour. We are born prematurely old, and then when all is gone, we try to recover post factum some of the departed treasures of youth, having nothing more to care about and no more future to worry about." Once again Dr Zweig has revealed as an oddly human woolly-headed romantic-type "sociologist".

—John Sanders

inadequacy or ability to win a university place in Britain adding strain to an already overburdened life? I find Zweig's harping on the students' obligation to the taxpayer fatuous and totally unconvincing.

GOLDEN AGE

And what's all this about the young "becoming old before their time"? The student kept by the taxpayer (in much the same way as a mistress is kept by her paramour?) is more serious, more anxious and more industrious, more self-conscious and more weary than the student who, kept by his family, took it all for granted and enjoyed himself as much as he could, not worrying too much about his exams and his future career, concludes Dr Zweig. Alas for the departure of that mythical fun morality, perhaps of the Max Beerbohm or Scott-Fitzgerald variety. Even Dr Zweig has been snared by the "great American dream".

PENALTIES

The penalties for failure are heavy for the new students, coming, as they often do, from the working or lower middle classes. IF SUCH A STUDENT FAILS HIS FAILURE WILL STAY WITH HIM FOR A WHOLE LIFE-TIME. HE CANNOT GO BACK

To Any Young Man Who Hears My Verses Read in a Lecture Room

When some cheese-headed ladder-climber reads

A poem of mine from the rostrum,
Don't listen. That girl in her jersey and beads,
Second row from the front, has the original nostrum
I blundered through nine hundred parties and ninety-eight pubs
In search of. The words are a totem
Erected long after for scholars and jobs
Who'd make, if they could, a bicycle-seat of my scrotum.

—James K. Baxter

POEM OF DOMESTIC TEMPERATURES

I use my own body's heat
To warm this brandy that has passed through ice
But still lose none — or, rather since you are
Arm's length away, there still seems some to spare —
When the room spins. It can swirl, anyway,
Sometimes when sober I just watch you there,
Standing or tending children, peeling meals,
Or even, as at this moment, nose atwilt
In someone's naughty book intent to find
How rude some other living half might be,
Your heat gone into print at the day's end
And the world's lusts vicariously able
To take you from the man who loses what
He yet regains helping ice-ages form.

Remembered midnights by your ivory flank
Are drink and meat enough to set me off.
You, bending at the stove, though unaware,
Show something of the shape my fingers know
When, rovingly, they move against the grain
Of that familiar skin. And though no sin
Remains original to those whose habits
Are as long-formed though never set, as ours,
There's still the acrid bite
Of what seems near-forbidden, as I enter
Into the temperature your gulf stream bears.

Give up! Put down your book and come to bed.
I am not sure what memory most stirs:
My own grape-hardened lust, or that I know
What grows and blooms beneath domestic cotton
In shapes unconsciously my fingers trace
Watching you walk at distance through a room
So that I leap to one assertive blossom.

—Louis Johnson

The Archaeologist Discovers

The little princess, peerlessly preserved,
has not crumbled in the sudden sunlight.
She who slept unmoved through the long night
was not likely to consent to change in the ordering of things.
She is very fragile, as she was when she was living
and her father dismissed the rough Egyptian maid.
When she died of a sudden fever her parents paid
undisclosed dollars for a burial in Rome.

The tomb is filled with toys — jewels and dolls,
an Ethiopian puppet, coloured shoes,
a book of simple stories, skirts and stoles,
the make-up box she tried one afternoon —

for somebody thought that waking, if wake she did,
such trifles would amuse her delicate mind.

—B. F. Babington

Not Altogether Impromptu

Late at night: and on the radio
nothing less than a mighty pipe organ
is belting out "My Heart Belongs To Daddy",
while I read, or attempt to read
the letters of Wyndham Lewis
against the "Merrie Melodies". In
her corner curved on the couch my wife
struggles with Kingsley Amis ("One
Fat Englishman") and is due, no doubt,
to suggest, again, the necessity
of diet.

Through the door, in the kitchenette
tomorrow's corned meat gets its preliminary
basting. Given good weather we shall spend
the day on the beach with the children.
Wyndham, you will never be a "Top Pop",
nor I. Of such inconsequence and
avoidupois one makes these notes.
One hopes for art to arrive.

—Louis Johnson

A MEETING

Meeting you again out of an absence
of years, your unsuspected presence
is fulfilment of trite proverbs, ambiguous lyrics.

You haven't changed much! No, not at all!
future simultaneous, after the critical stare;
(though silently I shall remark upon the colour of your hair).

You will be dogmatic as a wan crooner
on one of those records labelled Moods for Lovers:
It would never have worked, you will say, and I will nod
traitorously. But I shall wonder at the texture of your skin
and your thin lips. I shall begin
with hermetic eyes to make literate your body,
interpreting crucial passages, the rise
of corellated brow — armpit's narrative ease —
in terms of allegoric luxuries.

I shall recall dualled moments when your love
closed round me, a night without lamps,
and your fingers wept, unexpurgated street lights
despairing of the dawn. I shall recall
rain in the dialectic morning of the world,
the hopelessness of cars

wishing their ways to temporary abodes
through deluged streets. I shall remember
a stupid song of yours about September.

Dear, you are well dressed now, but I have seen
you clad less so — and I have been
timed in your folded arms, both quick and slow:

I have been victim to your temperate smile,
made tropic by the cancer of your guile,
I have written the shadow of the moon across your thighs,
and you, seeing this, and fearing my black lust,
will rise, and saying goodbye, exit the restaurant door,
leaving me with the bill for two half-drunken coffees.

—B. F. Babington

The Waves

Daughters of Poseidon, you who dandle
Us in your thundering cradle,
Be neighbourly tonight. You have not heard
Of any God born in a stable;

Your labia of rock, high breasts of foam,
Give one hour's quiet to the drunk
Who burns and shudders on a sweat-soaked bunk
With and without a home.

—James K. Baxter

*Greta Andersen, octogenarian wardrobe mistress,
watches the non-sectarian preacher (Channel 9),
celebrating the incineration of a well-beloved
Movie King*

He gave him that eternal smile
which slew the women in the aisle;
the flawless eyes, the hirsute chest
that knocked the bottom off the vest
ed interests: the trancing drawl
that put him in the Public's Hall
of Universal Fame: the grin
that had a subtle kick, like gin.
He gave to him immortal fame,
and as screen partners, dame on dame,
the It-girls of the twenties and
the thirties, on the later hand
the European influx of
the forties, sweet — but not so tough:
he wooed the Swedish Saint in two
big features, and that babe in blue
from France who made a funny hit
in tap dance films with some quick flit,
while girls who'd lain in his strong arms
ten years before had lost their charms
and turned, if they could act, to roles
of madams, dowagers, and molls,
he lined a line or two. No harm,
the critics said. Increase of charm.
And seeing his early films, they'd say,
We'd rather have him like today.

He gave him that enamelled role
with Bibby Duke, in which he stole
the limelight from that concurved Queen,
and sneaked an Oscar, in between,
and that great sad success, his last,
which was not screened till he had passed
away: He gave him money, fame,
and love from a curvaceous dame,
or eight, or nine, to be exact,
He gave him wit and charm and tact,
a mansion in the Hills, six cars,
two daughters, both of whom are stars
in their own right. A son, born late,
who is a Big League baseball great.
And when the death news broke, they say
ten million women wept that day.

He led the ageing parents through
the ocean grey to skies of blue,
out of a peasant farm, near Wien,
to shores both opportune and green.
He set him selling auto gas
in Houston, made a fellow pass
who knew a girl who knew a friend
who knew a movie scout who sent
an invitation for a test
with twenty others. He did best.
He put him in those two-reel jobs
to punch with gangsters, hucksters, slobs,
and two-bit actresses, till he
was ready. No one then could see
the cups he'd drink, the crowns he'd take,
that first great hit, (as Captain Drake),
the change of name that cinched the deal,
the granite forename, clipped like steel
on rosy lips, the falling di
syllabic surname that rose high
above the Roxy in white lights.
He led him to those starry heights.

But He who gave to him did take
the gifts he leased: he did not wake
one morning at the usual time.
About the set the day dawned fine,
directors lit their long cigars,
peroxide blondes eased out of cars,
a bubble-bathing baby bitched,
an extra from the Village twitched,
the cameras whirred, composers earned
their lunches, morning starlets burned
to nothingness. Then someone said
The King is gone. The King is dead.

I do not know if Death be all
there is, the last melodic fall
before the baton lies upon
the table of the night — the stun
ning take that ends a three-star deal —
the clinch cut in the final reel —
yet I know this — no summer's end
Froze his great films, not to unbend.
I once heard Judy Garland sing
not Rainbow sang that other thing
to Gable when fourteen — a kiss
to seal a letter — went like this —
you made me love you, though I did
n't want to do it — she, sweet kid,
said what we want to say of him,
for us you never will grow dim.
You made us, made us love you, all,
you gave us, everyone, a ball.
This may sound trite, but I believe
it is that we may laugh we grieve:
you will not smile if I compare
the happy ending of the pair
of bronzed and flawless lovers and
the working of some master hand,
or make the observation that
the star, in life whose figure's flat,
yet hits the screen at thirty-eight,
prefigures some related state
whose code of ethics but allows
eternal first, no final bows
Remember how in *Stagecoach Mail*,
when everybody thought he'd fail,
he got the girl with golden hair,
and how, in *Gronson's County Fair*,
he married Mae, divine in lace,
who earlier had slapped his face?
Of course you do! As well as I!
Could fifty million heartbeats lie?
I ask you! He has gone to play
the lead in *Summer Holiday*,
directed by that maestro, who,
though nameless, is well-known to you.

—B. F. Babington

Epigram for Alicia

Alicia partakes of tea
with an exquisite pouting of her lips,
an action which disturbs her lover,
who seems to have cognizance of the gesture.

—B. F. Babington

LINES TO AN OLD FLAME

It is pleasant enough to sit at this coffeehouse table
 Exchanging dry words,
 And you ask me with a smile just why we were never able
 To play out our game of cards,
 But I remember, my friend, what you do not,
 Our difficult farewell
 In that old rabbit-warren, dug-out, flat,
 Alongside the Rugby hotel,
 Though indeed where there's no promise there can be no treason
 And I lacked wisdom to sweat blood
 Because you had decided, no doubt with good reason,
 To lie down in another man's bed,
 And he my Jonathan, two apples on one stalk —
 Hearing the mattress creak
 In the next room, I swung on the prongs of the devil's pitchfork,
 Either to murder or to weep —
 To weep for all flesh that grows old in the jaws of the lion —
 Would what came after have been less
 Gangrenous if I had taken a bar of cold iron
 To batter out your brains and his?
 And though I bear that blue-eyed girl no grudge
 These things remain
 Like banks of broken sand at the river's edge
 Not able to be built again.

—James K. Baxter

THE LADY AND THE ROBOT

"You're just unfeeling," she said, and was not to know
 How close to the knuckle she'd come, or how
 Unarguable her position was. He lay back
 Breathing smokerings as the slack
 Hour after love disintegrated.
 Her words like bees
 Or electronic warnings did not freeze
 Or warm any one of his nerves. What did she say?
 He had noticed this passivity, day by day,
 Increasing. And he was losing
 His appetite. Little he did mattered. There was no point in choosing
 Between one object, companion, or another.
 He did not wonder why he no longer bothered.
 "Your heart is clockwork." She stood accusative.
 "No, plastic," he thought idly, not wanting to give
 More hurt. And remembered reading about that operation
 Afterwards in some magazine. The ideal patient
 He'd been called: and later, the kidney-graft
 Was even more successful. The surgeon's craft
 Renewed one kneecap, and then a plate in the head
 Healed a wound from which anyone might have died.
 His artificial arm grew from the same near-fatal accident.
 Soon he came to understand what machines meant
 And for a while, drove himself, as the saying goes
 To prove he was as good as the other Joes.
 This was a misdirection. Later, he knew
 He was better than all the others and threw
 Himself willingly into the gradual replacement
 Of fallible parts and tissues. No defacement
 Of any public building had been so complete.
 Hair, liver, eyes, teeth, sinews, fleshy feet
 Were, one by one, made incorruptible.
 It was a new man now, who sat to table.
 "You'd better go home. Your husband will be waiting."
 He said, mechanically, now that her prating
 Had reached a point where something must be done —
 Not for his sake, but the neighbours. That was the one
 Note that would quieten her. Her eyes grew mild.
 "I wish," she said, getting back on the bed, "I wish we could have
 a child."

—Louis Johnson

EPITHALAMIUM

Edwina, 23,
 Coiffure bouffante,
 Lacheln eines Engels,
 who affected an English accent
 and a Roman technique
 to destroy
 her nine indefatigable lovers,
 has espoused her fragile self
 to a middle-aged importer
 of cigars
 and expensive faked-up furniture, in bulk,
 following one morning-after when her hair
 refused completely to comply
 and her mirrored image accidented forth
 substantial exclamations of despair.

—B. F. Babington

Saturday Thoughts on the Marriage of a Banking Clerk

Marrying at 27, he turned the trouser pocket
 of his morning suit into the neutral sun,
 letting some small change plummet to the ground,
 also a tartan handkerchief, and one
 of those pocket watches (Jap. and stopped). He also found
 (to his surprise) a pocketful of dreams
 unrealised — lukewarm ambitions
 to drink the unskimmed cups of victory:
 the women he'd never lain, the intuition
 he'd have done much better if he'd gone to sea:
 stray memories, blonde hair, forgotten names
 of passing girls — last season's football games.
 At 27, married, clerking, he
 looked forward to the odd adultery.

—B. F. Babington

METAPHYSICS AT THE MARDI GRAS

Below the cliff the town pronounces lights
 In all the feasible colours man has made
 From imitating Nature, which apes Art.
 Bonfires along the beach restore the raw
 Pigment of wounds to what was superficial
 And which no sound of surf can soap away.

Gaiety gleams with all its peacock eyes
 Trailed through the dark. The molten colours run
 Like screams of girls on ferris wheels or in
 The sexy terrors of the Ghost Train booth
 Where rubber skulls advance, but disappear
 A lip's breadth from the mimic kiss of death.

It's all for fun. The figure on the cliff
 Looks down upon the scene with a God's eye
 That could dispense cool justice if he chose.
 Chill at his feet the girl's flecked body lies,
 Her white frock peacocked like the lights of town
 And freckles of the blood that burns his hands.

—Louis Johnson

CITY SUNDAY

The jaunty straws, the Sundays hats
Stroll blandly from the Government flats.
Their plastic fruit and flowers of glass
On heads as dark as beaten brass
Gleam in the sun: sedate beside
Blue suits, white collars, quietly stride.

Ahead of them, like nylon fawns,
Two skirted children eye the lawns
For weekday running: now green grass
Wears an ironshod word — "Trespass".
But like cicadas in the trees
The band ahead has news to please.

Its solemn notes rise thin and clear
Upon the neutral Sunday air
Where even buses learn to mute
The rancour of their usual route
And rising bush absorbs all sound
Before it gets above the ground.

One pair of high heels on the path
Creates the only hint of wrath
To crack the windows of this view
As goes a girl, all limbs, and new
To old designs and repetitions
That may restore the lost positions.

But she has vanished through the trees
And eyes revert through stone degrees
As the hand turns the page to surge
Onwards through its ponderous dirge,
And suits and hats arise, resume
Their walk, then home to habit's room.

—Louis Johnson

THE STRONG ONE

That woman I carved from a bit of pumice stone
Pushed up on the shore like floating sodden bread;
Rubbed, scraped with a rusty nail, till she stood stark on her own
With her hanging dugs, great belly and panther head —

Though your back is straight, my girl, and your body slim,
Not like hers, and you wear no grim beast-mask to cover
Brow, cheek or mouth, when we lie gasping limb to limb,
Yet my dreams have told me I am Hekate's lover —

Praise be! — and your dark strength will be mine to withstand
Slow snares, quick knives, and the poison that eats at the marrow
On that day when men grope through the streets of a blind land
Because the sun's eye has been struck by an enemy arrow.

—James K. Baxter

The Seasons

The old women in church
stir slightly, like a peremptory shiver:
the young women, in the sunlight,
stir like slim trees that are windily embraced.

—B. F. Babington

Poem for J.C., May, 1963

When you die the moon will die with you,
sinking like stone into the starless sea:
also, it will be raining.

—B. F. Babington

THE HARLOT

It is the body of the young harlot
Somewhere, I forget just where I saw it —
Above a doorway of the cathedral at Chartres
Or it might have been at Rheims —
Naked and beautiful, a very human beauty
And therefore a beauty whose meaning is pity,
Carried shoulder-high
By the hawk-headed demons.

The long hair, the face tilted up to the sky
As if waiting for rain to fall,
The breasts, the bone cage of the ribs,
The soft pouch of generation,
The collarbone — yes, the collarbone in particular —
And her arms hanging slack
Like someone carried on a bier.

"I thought you might be here," she said,
And smiled the broad smile I had seen before.

—James K. Baxter

On the Manner of the "Wasteland"

my dears have you heard the news:
women walk all over italy
nowadays in clumps of two's
and sums of three . . .

still talking of who's
best in the arabesque
while eating at pirandello's —

yes well darlings it is the latest
and so very chic and you know bianca knows
he is positively the greatest
in that vast camouflage of clothes —

and the man had fabulous
taste in printing her suggestive pose . . .

yes my dears it's scandalous
quite hot
in the manner of eliot
the way his wife supports all those
good for naught gigolos . . .

—William Millett

An Anarchist Bird be he

my pet parrakeet is a lover
of democratic liberty . . .
caged he will rage the cover
of his trap door until he
is free at last to flee
past the watchful sentry
of his master's insanity—
like the wind's bee he
will be enraged as he can be
just so he might flee
the certain monotony
of knowing how free
he is in slavery

—William Millett

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'Advertisements For Myself'

NEIL
WILSON

I HAVE no hesitation in nominating Neil Wilson for President for 1964-65. He has the wide experience, the interest, the sincerity and the capacity for hard work so necessary for an efficient and responsible President.

Aged 23, Neil is studying two Stage I units to complete his BA and intends continuing to MA. In the meantime he is in part-time employment in the University Library. He has been an active member of the SCM and of WUS, serving on the executives of both. He has also been active in Drama, Revue and Debating, representing AU in debating as a trialist for the NZU Australian tour in 1961.

Neil was elected to Exec as Societies Rep. in 1961 and was AU delegate to NZU Arts Festival Council. In 1962 he was re-elected to Exec as Man Vice-President and AU delegate to NZUSA. In addition he has had valuable administrative experience in Capping and Tournament.

If elected, Neil is anxious to instigate a complete overhaul of both Capping and Orientation, and is also vitally concerned at the overcrowding of the student block and the present state of student housing generally.

With his willing acceptance of responsibility, Neil has accumulated the wealth of experience so essential to maintain continuity and drive on an Executive of changing personnel.

I therefore recommend Neil to you as President for 1964-65.

—C. D. Arcus

WE nominate Ante (Tony) M. Katavich for President. For the expansion of the University of Auckland is reaching its fullness, and there is need for an administrator of proven competence. Ante M. Katavich is an administrator of proven competence.

It is futile to talk of improving any function within the University unless there is the administration to cope with it. It is now a matter not for experiment, but for sound business sense and competent administration.

Ante M. Katavich, in the field of administration alone, can point toward his experience as secretary for a professional association, assistant accountant to an international company, and now secretary of a company in the city. And added to this, Ante M. Katavich has become well acquainted

ANTE
M.
KATAVICH

with the functions of the Association. He is, as treasurer, a member of various sub-committees, chairman of the Finance Committee, and twice full delegate to the NZUSA council meetings. Members of the current administration well know his worth to the student body.

There is no person so well qualified to take on this onerous and most demanding task of President.

Ante M. Katavich is also a man of wide culture and many interests, a keen sportsman turned spectator; he feels that music, painting and literature are essential parts of our life.

Maturity marks his outlook, ex-

perience reflects his ability. An administrator of proven competence, Ante M. Katavich is the President you seek.

—Herb Romaniuk

JENNIFER
WILEY

JENNIFER has had wide experience in student affairs and understands the working of Students' Association, and because of this she is able to see what improvements are possible and how to solve the problems which are always coming up. As Societies Representative Jenny has amazed us with her ability to organise — and yet she does all this without any fuss or bother, and has shown a real understanding of her work.

Through attendance at Arts Festival Council and observing two meetings of NZUSA, she has made good friends with many students from other universities; this is typical of her ability to make friends easily, and such an outgoing personality is necessary for a Woman Vice-President. As a member of Cafeteria Committee Jenny has gained the necessary insight into the problems of feeding students.

Well, enough of what she's done — what is she going to do? At the moment she is organising a Science Faculty Committee, which will co-ordinate the interests of science students on a social and intellectual level. Jenny wants to push a definite Halls of Residence plan and look into the matter of student flats. She will also co-operate with WHC in expanding facilities and reducing the cost of lockers. More informal

Letter

DISMEMBERMENT

Sir,—I have just read the article "Moral Dismemberment" in the *Critic* (Otago University students' paper) published April 9. I want to congratulate you on the stand which you took at the Auckland Students' Association meeting over the publication of James K. Baxter's poem "Matilda Glubb". I happened to be one of the women present at the weekend Literary School where Mr Baxter read his poem. Most of the female audience were responsible women, teachers, lecturers at the University, or just plain mothers of families deeply interested in literature — like myself. My neighbour at the meeting was a mother of six, and taking psychology with the intent of taking over a kindergarten. We are not lewd women, and the "feel" of the poem, while being extremely funny, was not irresponsible vulgarity, as Mr Leary seems to think. No bad taste was left in the mouth, but rather a sadness that a well-intentioned young woman should get to the stage of frustration, where all control was lost. In my own professional life, I have seen the exhibits — the end results that Mr Baxter decries.

I have a son engaged in law studies and a daughter due to start physiotherapy soon. If I thought that "Matilda Glubb" would be read by them in the same spirit as your Executive and Mr Leary did, I would remove our Bibles and Shakespeare from the bookshelves. There is far more for the small-minded to snigger at in those two commendable books.

Ann Appleby, Dunedin.

activities in the Coffee Bar on week nights are another of Jenny's ambitions.

Intensely interested in students, imaginative, generous, outgoing, capable and lots of fun, Jenny will be an excellent Vice-President.

—Gillian Buchanan

Apology

Craccum apologises to its readers for the recent barbaric behaviour of the Students' Executive in forcing the deletion of a number of highly meritorious articles from *Craccum* as part of its save-paper campaign.

Special apologies to the following writers:—

Wayne Flavell (Der Besuch der Alten Dame)

and the Goethe Society
Michael Morrissey (La Dolce Vita).

Rosalind Hursthouse (Iris Murdoch).

Roger Oppenheim.

Owen Gager.

Alan Taylor.

Robert Nola.

Mr William Millett.

Mr Patrick Flynn.

And the NZBC.

And to the New Zealand Opera Company.

And to the Auckland Festival Management.

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MORE "PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS"

ROSS MOUNTAIN



I ALWAYS admire workers, and Ross Mountain is one of these; as Controller he toiled ant-like for much of last term to make a highly enjoyable Capping, and has now set his eyes on the position where we feel he will do the most good, the position dealing with the Association's external relations, the New Building, Halls of Residence, and our relations with NZUSA; in short, a position where a worker is badly needed.

Ross Mountain is a third-year full-time Arts student majoring in Economics and Political Science; a keen athlete, with talent as a skier and ice hockey player, he is also proving a fluent and able speaker and writer. Since his return from Canada three years ago, his interest in student affairs has taken him from Student Liaison to Procession to Capping and so to this year's Capping Controller.

Ross likes to think of his undertakings as a duty rather than a task; he intends to work towards a more unified student body, the prerequisites to which he considers are the Student Centre and Hostels; and I sincerely believe that in his aims he has the ability and force of character to move ahead with the Association and succeed.

—PETER M. Quennell

ABIDA JANNIF is an overseas student from Suva, Fiji, in her fourth year at Auckland University and will next year be completing a BCom degree and Professional Accountancy. She has taken an active interest in student affairs, having been a member of Catholic Society, Treasurer of Students' International for two years, a member of Women's House Committee in 1962, and this year a member of the Executive as Student Liaison Officer. This experience stands her in good stead for the business side of catering, and in understanding students' problems and needs.

Abida believes that the job of WV-P is twofold — at the national and sub-committee level. She was an observer at Winter Council this year and so is familiar with the running of NZUSA. One of her ideas for improving services to students on the national level

ABIDA JANNIF



is to try and expand the discount scheme and Student Health Services. She is interested in improving educational benefits to students at Auckland University as well as cafeteria services. She eats regularly in the cafeteria and is concerned about the quality as well as sufficiency of food for students.

Experience on the Executive is essential for the duties of the

Woman Vice-President. Abida has this necessary experience and, if elected, would carry out these duties conscientiously and efficiently. I thus recommend her as a candidate for the position of WV-P.

—Naera Naumann

WILLIAM MILLETT



INTEGRITY, mature enthusiasm and positive solutions to our problems are qualities I offer you in my progressive platform for Man Vice-President.

Your problems are universal; they are true of students everywhere. Beginning students, as well as the more advanced, need a candidate who will stick his neck out to right wrongs.

We all need smaller classes now. We need respectful support from the administration for progressive ideas. We need less closed cliques with their narrow, snobbish coteries. We need a few confidential advisers (beside the Chaplain) whom we can visit to air out personal problems. We need more books now and a better library system now. We need more teachers who are enthusiastic about what they teach.

I believe that students can shape the progressive voice in any community. I believe history will be made when we all realise that our student opinion does count and that we can change events by positive thinking and positive action.

Enthusiasm, integrity and

mature realism are sadly lacking at our University. If I am elected I will do more for you than write a few letters! If I am elected I will help put the concept of mature enthusiasm and positive realism back into the executive once again!

—William Millett

WARREN LINDBERG

WARREN LINDBERG needs no introduction or recommendation to the student. He has been Man Vice-President of the Students' Association over the last year, a position which he has carried out with enthusiasm, efficiency and tact. He has the experience and knowledge needed for this responsible job, having been, among things, a Students' Association delegate to NZUSA.

Warren has taken interest in a wide range of student activities — Revue, Drama Society, Students' International and International Relations Club. On top of this he has had a good academic record over three full-time years. He has History III and only one unit to go to finish his BA degree.

Warren supports Presidential candidate Neil Wilson's election platform — provision of a senior students' bar, the appointment of a paid assistant to help out with routine duties of the Association, improvements to the cafeteria, and better running of Tournament. When elected, Neil and Warren will make an excellent working team, avoiding much of the friction which has occurred in the past among the top members of the Executive.

In nominating Warren for Man Vice-President, I am absolutely confident that he is the man for the job. He has proved it himself.

—R. D. Porsolt

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Comment

Community Of Scholars

Without wishing to appear melodramatic, I suggest that, on the one hand, the next few decades may witness the decay and death of the university as a corporation of scholars united by a love of learning, and the consequent transformation of the university into an institution of higher education technically different, perhaps, from other such institutions, but spiritually in no way different: an institution, in fact, designed, staffed and equipped to produce certain particular types of professionally trained specialists, and to do research of particular kinds in certain specified fields of knowledge. At the other extreme, these decades may equally well see the traditional idea of the university as a community of scholars once again vindicated.

—H. C. Dent: "Universities in Transition"

IN the preface to his new book, *The Community of Scholars* (New York: Random House), Paul Goodman describes it as "a little treatise in anarchist theory" and declares that it can be regarded as a footnote to a few sentences of Kropotkin's essay *The State*. The words of Kropotkin which he has in mind are these:

With these elements—liberty, organisation from simple to complex, production and exchange by guilds, commerce with foreign parts — the towns of the Middle Ages during the first two centuries of their free life became centres of well-being for all the inhabitants, centres of opulence and civilisation such as we have not seen since then . . . To annihilate the independence of cities, to plunder merchants' and artisans' rich guilds, to centralise the foreign trade of cities into its own hands and ruin it, to seize the internal administration of guilds and subject home trade as well as all manufacturers, even in the slightest detail, to a swarm of functionaries — such was the State's behaviour in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The connection between Kropotkin's view of the history of the autonomous institutions of the Middle Ages, and Goodman's views of the declining autonomy of the universities, he explains by saying, "Looking at our colleges and universities, historically

and as they are, by and large one must say of them what Kropotkin said of the towns that gave them birth. It is impossible to consider our universities in America without being powerfully persuaded of the principle of anarchy, that the most useful arrangement is free association and federation rather than top-down management and administration. Nowhere else can one see so clearly the opportunities for real achievement so immediately available — for the work is teaching-and-learning and there in the school are the teachers and students themselves — and yet so much obstruction, prevention, extraneous regulation and taxation, by management and the goals of management."

America's 1,900 colleges and universities are, he says

the only important face-to-face self-governing communities still active in our modern society. Two-thirds of them have fewer than 75 teachers and 1,000 students, who live with one another, interact and continually decide on all kinds of business by their statutes, customs and social pressures. The rural town-meetings that are left are not so close-knit, and perform only rudimentary functions. The congregational churches have come to play only a supportive Sunday role, not much different from fraternal lodges or clubs. Almost all the other face-to-face self-governing associations that once

made up nearly all society — the municipalities, craft guilds and joint-stock companies — have long since succumbed to centralisation, with distant management.

Now these 1,900 colleges and universities may be autonomous communities, and yet "one could not name ten that strongly stand for anything peculiar to themselves, peculiarly wise, radical, experimental, or even peculiarly dangerous, stupid, or licentious. It is astounding that there should be so many self-governing communities, yet so much conformity to the national norm. How is it possible?" Goodman's book is about this lack of independence in independent institutions. One of the reasons he finds is the question of size: "the techniques of self-aggrandisement that are common in American society are being used with success by the colleges and are destroying them as communities." But his main thesis is that administration and the spread of the administrative mentality among teachers and even students are at the root of this unhealthy conformity:

It is the genius of administration to enforce a false harmony in a situation that should be rife with conflict. Historically, the communities of scholars have perennially been invaded by administrators from the outside, by Visitors of king, bishop, despotic majority, or whatever is the power in society

that wants to quarantine the virulence of youth, the dialogue of persons, the push of enquiry, the accusing testimony of scholarship. But today Administration and the administrative mentality are entrenched in the community of scholars itself; they fragment it and paralyse it. Therefore we see the paradox that, with so many centres of possible intellectual criticism, and intellectual initiative, there is so much inane conformity, and the universities are little models of the Organised System itself.

Yet when he looks at the history of universities, and in their medieval origins in guilds of either students or teachers ("the spontaneous product of that instinct of association which swept over the towns of Europe in the course of the eleventh and twelfth centuries" as Hastings Rashdall describes them in his *The Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages*), he finds that the characteristics of the universal community of scholars, are altogether different: "It is anarchically self-regulating or at least self-governed; animally and civilly unrestrained; yet itself an intramural city with a universal culture; walled from the world; yet active in the world; living in a characteristically planned neighbourhood according to the principles of mutual aid; and with its members in oath-bound fealty to one another as teachers and students." Apparently, he exclaims, the university was born free and yet everywhere is in chains — the direction, regulation or sufferance of ecclesiastics, state Regents, lay trustees.

But indeed, in these communities there is also a persistent underground tradition of having no government at all! They are all little anarchies and would as lief decide everything ad hoc and unanimously. Dean Rashdall, who was constitutionally minded, is continually puzzled by this in describing the early centuries, e.g., "If the studium of Oxford was in full working order by 1184 or earlier (1167), while no Chancellor was appointed till 1214, how were the masters and scholars governed?" Maybe they weren't. Or again, in Paris, "the intellectual ferment was most vigorous, the teaching most brilliant, the monopoly of the highest education most complete, almost before a university existed at all."

This is ancient history, but Goodman himself recalls examples of a faculty expelling a president as if by right, and of student strikes and protests forcing the expulsion of presidents:

"Thus, there is nothing outlandish or untraditional about that eerie sentence with which Veblen ends *The Higher Learning in America*: "The academic and all his works are anathema and should be discontinued by the simple expedient of wiping him off the slate; and the governing board, in so far as it resumes to exercise any other than vacantly perfunctory duties, has the same value and should be lost in the same shuffle." How many an apparently sober professor would secretly agree with this! I do not think that there are any

Continued on page 14

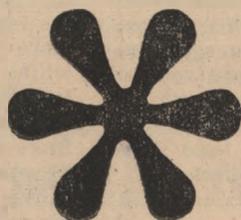


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Perhaps it would be possible to heighten the esprit de corps of a group of willing students by stripping away the conventional middle-class architectural framework and reducing their little community to the poverty of its scholarly functions. Quonset huts, wooden barracks, or an old house in the neighbourhood serve well enough for dormitories and classrooms. (Robert Hutchins somewhere recommends tents.) A sandlot and a river are sufficient for games. Money could be spent only on books, scientific equipment, and scholarships. The fees could be lowered. Possibly, though, our society being what it is, such a poor college of a prestigious university would at once become the swankiest and most prestigious part.

—The Community of Scholars.

● Continued from page 13

other institutions of established society in which a subversive anarchy is quite so near the surface as in the faculties of colleges. And the students ready to follow hard after.

Goodman goes on to examine the University as a community, and as a corporation. (Maitland wrote in 1910 that "It has become difficult to maintain that the State makes corporations in any other sense than that in which the State makes marriages when it declares that people who want to marry can do so by going, and cannot do so without going, to church or registry.") He explores the relationship between society and its schools, and studies the role of the President of the university and the managerial bureaucracy (see Maurine Blanck's article on "Benevolent Bureaucracy" in *Anarchy* 17).

I do not think that college teaching is a profession, for it has no proper subject matter. The sciences that are taught really exist in the practice of them. The youth taught are too old and independent to be objects of professional attention like children or the sick; yet they are not like the clients of a lawyer or architect who are given an objective service. Pedagogy, child-development, is a profession, for the children are real matter and the subjects taught are incidental. (Indeed, if we treated the reading and arithmetic as incidental and did not spend so much time and organisation on them, perhaps they would be picked up more spontaneously and better. This was the Greek way.) But at the college age, one is teaching young people by means of proper cultural subjects, or even teaching proper cultural subjects to them. There is no way to be a master of subjects without non-academic practice of them; and it is in that practice and not as a teacher, that the college teacher is a professional. John Rice says it well: "Teaching is a secondary art. A man is a good teacher if he is a better something else; for teaching is communication and his better something else is the storehouse of things he will communicate. I have never known a master in any field who was not also a master teacher."

Finally, he looks once again at the "youth subculture" which was the subject of his recent book, *Growing Up Absurd*. The conformist college, like the society of which it is a part, has failed the young, by discouraging them from growing.

Goodman's pragmatic approach, as he explained in his *Utopian Essays and Practical Proposals*, is to aim "at far-reaching social and cultural advantages by direct and rather dumb-bunny experiments," and in his new book he devotes the last two chapters to suggestions for rebuilding the community of scholars. The first of these, on "reforms and proposals," discusses a dozen recent suggestions for reform within the structure of the universities as they are. For he notes that the widespread contemporary self-criticism in the American colleges proves that "the colleges are still living communities, though sadly fragmented. In no other area of our society, not in urbanism, economy, popular culture or politics, does radical criticism lead to continual efforts at remedy." The second of his concluding chapters, he describes as "a simple proposal," which is that the communities of scholars should "renew themselves, as often in the past, by quitting and seceding from their rich properties, and going elsewhere in lawless poverty."

Many of the recent critics of American universities have proposed smaller "colleges," relatively self-contained and self-administering, within the larger administration. Theodore Newcomb estimates that 300 to 400 is the optimum size. Riesman and Jencks propose 450 students plus 50 teachers, hoping that each such college will become unique through self-government and self-recruiting. Needless to say, Goodman comments,

this excellent Jeffersonian idea of local autonomy and federal co-operation could be profitably applied in our society elsewhere than in schools. Ancient universities, of course, were nothing but such a vast federation; their masters were licensed to teach everywhere; the students wandered from one university to another and brought new texts that were immediately copied; there was a lingua franca. And it was out of this anarchic universalism of local associations, communities and scientific academies, that, as Kropotkin liked to point out, there grew the amazing consensual system of modern science. They were all entirely lacking in "organisation"; they unanimously sought a common truth.

The second of the reforms is the opening of the university faculties to non-academic professionals. As things are,

We start with the fact that there are professions and tasks in the world that require learning, and they are performed by men. We make an abstraction

from the performance of these men; those who can meet these "standards" will be licensed. We then copy off the license requirements as the curricula and departments of schools; and we man the departments with academic teachers. Naturally, at so many removes, the students do not take the studies for real; so we then import veterans from outside to pep things up! Would it not be more plausible to omit the intervening steps and have the real professionals do the teaching? . . .

The present restriction of faculties to professional academics almost guarantees that they will be manned by inferior professionals. But many of the best, who are now outside, would join the guild if they had freedom and some power. If the faculties were composed in this way, they could not easily be controlled by administrations. There would be too many distinguished independents; the combined voice would be too authoritative. More important, they would become a force to be reckoned with in society.

The third reform concerns the students. Goodman discusses pro-

course at the end of each semester.

Finally, Goodman's own radical proposal: since the significant reforms needed in the universities are the very ones which administrators must resist, since they curtail administration's reason for being and jeopardise its security ("reforms toward freedom, commitment, criticism and inevitable social conflict, endanger the image"), why not go right outside the present collegiate framework?

Secession — the historical remedy of bands of scholars seceding and setting up where they can teach and learn on their own simple conditions — is, in Goodman's view, difficult but not impractical, and "if it could succeed in a dozen cases — proving that there is a viable social alternative to what we have — the entire system would experience a profound and salutary jolt."

The most important academic precedent for setting up shop in the face of the Establishment in the English-speaking world, he reminds us, was the dissenting academies which sprang up after the Act of Uniformity in 1662. Throughout the 18th century these academies provided the best

A bureau takes root anywhere in the state, turns malignant like the Narcotic Bureau, and grows and grows; always reproducing more of its own kind, until it chokes the host if not controlled or excised. Bureaus cannot live without a host, being true parasitic organisms. (A co-operative on the other hand can live without the state. That is the road to follow. The building up of independent units to meet needs of the people who participate in the functioning of the unit. A bureau operates on opposite principles of inventing needs to justify its existence.) Bureaucracy is wrong as a cancer, a turning away from the human evolutionary direction of infinite potentials and differentiation and independent spontaneous tapeworm, or a virus that has killed the host.

. . . Bureaus die when the structure of the state collapses. They are as helpless and unfit for independent existence as a displaced tapeworm, or a virus that has killed the host.

—William Burroughs: "The Naked Lunch".

posals to make the first university year an exploration — an attempt to overcome past mis-education and the anomie and anxiety caused by what he calls standardised socialisation. "When I myself teach freshmen," he writes, "I find myself trying to fill, with little encyclopedic lectures, the abysses of ignorance that they reveal on the most common subjects — what a jury is, where the liver is — because I feel that otherwise they are lacking in confidence in any conversation or reading whatever."

Then there are proposals for student freedom. Simply as education, freedom is indispensable, he remarks, and that is all that really needs to be said.

A recent student proposal at a big Eastern school seems to me to be statesmanlike: to divide the dormitories into three voluntary groups, one without (sexual) rules, one with liberal rules, one with the present rules. This would have the immense ethical advantage of making the law jibe with the facts. In other matters, the students should at least have the right to talk back . . . Students at Columbia are pushing an even brasher proposal, to review the teachers and

education in England, they were the leading schools of science, and "some of them became centres of rationalism and even politically revolutionary thought, influencing both the American and French revolutions and the reform movement in England, developing modern science and letters, and producing major changes in educational theory and practice."

Modern American secessions were the founding of the New School for Social Research and of Black Mountain College. Goodman produces figures to show that a new secession is an economic proposition, even "pitching our prices according to the current inflated national scale of living." ("This is the irony of actuality: those who want to transform a system of society, rather than to withdraw from it or destroy it, must operate practically within it.") His figures seek to indicate that in a college of 150 students, the teachers could be paid a little more than the national average, while the tuition fees would be less than the average.

It is difficult to believe that there are not in America enough dissatisfied scholars and adventurous would-be students to put his proposal for new academies of dissent to the test.

Argument

Another View

ROBERT NOLA has criticised enthusiastically the formation of Malaysia and Tunku Abdul Rahman and Lee Kuan Yew, the Prime Ministers of Malaysia and Singapore respectively, through his ill-conceived article entitled "Shall We Support?" Nobody will blame him if he keeps his distorted opinion to himself. However, he has instead chosen to express his ignorance in the field of the Malaysian political arena, where his knowledge of the prevailing political situation is lamentable and comparable to that of "the frog in the well". I do not deny his profound knowledge in other fields of activities and learning, but his confusion shown in the Malaysian affair is regrettable indeed. Such an article has created confusion and tumult in the minds of the readers of Craccum both within and without the University. I am therefore compelled to reply to his criticism point by point so as to clarify his "rigged report".

Point 1. First and foremost, the main aim of the formation of Malaysia is decolonisation and not as a means of suppressing the left-wing parties and Chinese. The Alliance Government in Malaya, under the wise leadership of Tunku Abdul Rahman and Tun Abdul Razak, has built up a peaceful and prosperous and stable country since its independence on August 31, 1957. However, our wise leaders, who fully understand the bitter experiences of the colonial rule in Malaya, could not bear to see the colonial yoke still applicable to our brethren in Singapore, Sarawak and Sabah in the twentieth century. They realise that the people of these territories cannot be free and independent unless colonialism is removed from these regions. Thus Tunku Abdul Rahman advocated the formation of Malaysia as the bloodless solution of decolonising them. The British Government acted favourably towards the Malaysian scheme. But the overwhelming majority of the peoples in the territories favouring the formation of Malaysia accelerated it into a reality.

Point 2. It is unthinkable that Robert has brought in South Africa in comparison with our country. Malaysia strongly condemns the apartheid policy practised by the government led by

Dr Verwoerd in South Africa: Just imagine how cruel, insensible and inhuman it is that the negroes, the indigenous peoples of Africa, are not allowed to travel in the same bus, to study in the same school, to see a film show in the same theatre, nor even to use the lavatory with the white people. And this segregation policy is practised vigorously and shamelessly in the eyes of the peace-loving people in the world. This is the nuclear age — yet apartheid is fantastically practised in that part of the world. Does Robert suggest that our government is wrong in criticising the apartheid policy in South Africa? On the other hand, there is multi-racial harmony in Malaysia. Racial harmony is our hallmark and we are proud of it.

Point 3. The arrest of communists and their fifth columns or subversives under the Internal Security Act is justified. Robert may not have known of the dark "emergency" period in Malaya, when the communists terrorised the whole country by murdering people, destroying properties and railways, burning buses, etc. But to every loyal Malayan, such terrorism is unforgettable and unforgivable. The Malaysian government does not want to see a repetition. Likewise, the arrest of 131 politicians is understandable.

Robert placed the blame on the shoulders of Lee Kuan Yew, and this is unfair. The Internal Security Council, which unanimously authorised the arrests, represented the British, Malayan and Singapore governments. Lee Kuan Yew acted honourably in this affair for the welfare and interest of the State. Moreover, any person arrested will be released as soon as they declare publicly their non-communist stand. The concrete cases are the release of James Puthuchery and S. Woodhull, once the prominent leaders of the Barisan Socialists in Singapore, and many other left wing leaders. Isn't that fair and democratic in the eyes of the impartial critics? Lee Kuan Yew is a far-sighted statesman, who can anticipate the movements of communists and their fifth columns, and defeat their scheme to create evil consequences. Therefore, his coming into power is no surprise to any Malaysian, but may well be to Robert, a foreigner. As a matter of fact, the People's Action Party, led by Lee Kuan Yew and Dr Toh Chin Chye, can be likened to the Labour Party of England.

Point 4. The Singapore referendum criticised by Robert shows how confused he was when he could not distinguish between the two issues, namely, the merger between Singapore and Malaya,

and the formation of Malaysia. See how unfair and shameful it is for Robert to discredit Lee Kuan Yew, "the dynamic leader in South-east Asia" (a tribute paid by a visiting English Labour MP).

The Singapore referendum was a means of finding out in what way Singapore would merge with Malaya, and Singapore would merge with Malaya, and not whether Singapore wanted union or not. All political parties, like the Barisan Socialists, agreed that merger between Singapore and Malaya was inevitable, but they differed as to the manner in which Singapore would merge with Malaya. Therefore, three alternative choices were offered in the referendum by the PAP Government. Singapore Alliances, led by Tun Lim Yew Hock (the present honourable Malaysian Ambassador to Australia and New Zealand), favoured the terms offered to Bornean territories; the People's Democratic Party of Ong Eng Guan chose the complete merger; Barisan Socialis, under the leadership of Dr Lee Siew Choy, echoed the complete merger, but later changed its stand and exhorted the shameful "blank vote" policy; PAP, under the right leadership of Lee Kuan Yew, advocated merger on the terms of the Singapore Government, whereby the Singapore Government retained its autonomy in the areas of education and labour. The sophisticated and politically minded Singaporeans naturally voted for the Government's terms of merger. In short, the Singapore referendum has shown the world at large that the democratic system is workable on the soil of Singapore and Malaysia as a whole.

In the case of Malaya, there was no need for a referendum, as all the representatives in the Malayan Parliament unanimously welcomed Singapore back.

Point 5. The allotment of seats in the Malayan Parliament is questioned by Robert. Singapore would have been given a larger number of seats in Parliament if she had chosen the complete merger. But, as already mentioned

Concluded on page 16

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in Point 4, the Singapore Government retains autonomy in the spheres of education and labour, and therefore it is both logical and sensible that her parliamentary representatives should be proportionately less. The governments in power in many countries may

give token seats in their parliaments to the "chosen leaders" of these indigenous peoples, and proclaim to the world how civilised and democratic their governments are. But what is the ratio of the representatives to the population in the allotment of seats in Parlia-

ment? If Robert sincerely and honestly believes that his analysis is sound and practicable, he will not hesitate to decry such governments' "racial discrimination".

Point 6. There was no uncertainty in the minds of the majority of peoples in the States composing

Malaysia over the question of Federation. At this stage I do not want to dwell on the opposition of Indonesia.

We regret that this article has been abridged for reasons of space. —Editor.

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