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CRACCUM

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Amnesty Dept.

Discontinuance

The discontinuance of a claim for £5,000 for alleged libel, brought by an Auckland firm of architects, Beatson, Rix-Trott, Carter and Co., against the Auckland University Students' Association, Inc., and Mr Kurt von Meier, university lecturer, was announced by counsel for the architects, Mr M. E. Casey, in the Supreme Court at Auckland last week.

Mr Justice Perry was on the Bench. The Students' Association was represented by Mr L. P. Leary, QC, with him Mr A. W. Young.

Mr Casey said the claim against Mr von Meier had been discontinued the previous day.

Mr Leary made a statement to the Court in which he said that on May 6, 1963, an article appeared in the student newspaper, Craccum, written by Mr von Meier criticising aspects of the new Elam School of Fine Arts building.

FURTHER INVESTIGATION

The plaintiff considered that some comments in the article

reflected unfairly upon them as architects concerned with the building, he said.

"Subsequently, on June 5, the publishers of Craccum published a statement disassociating themselves from the criticisms in the article to which plaintiff had taken exception, and stated that no criticism of the part played by anybody in the design of the building would be undertaken without further investigation," said Mr Leary.

He added that in a later issue of Craccum, published on July 23, a letter written by Mr von Meier to the plaintiffs was published containing fur-

ther criticisms of them as architects of the Elam building.

"As a result of this publication the present action was commenced," he said.

NO AUTHORISATION

Mr Leary said the intention of the Students' Association in publishing this letter was to complete the record of correspondence on the issue in Craccum.

The Association had assured the plaintiff that no further criticism of them as architects for the Elam building was intended by this publication and the Association affirmed its

statement of June 5.

Mr Casey said the plaintiffs were pleased to accept the assurance of the Students' Association relating to their publication of Mr von Meier's letter to the plaintiffs in the July 23 issue of Craccum.

"They feel that Court action on this matter is no longer warranted, and as Mr von Meier denies that he intended or authorised the publication of the letters in question, the plaintiffs have discontinued action against both parties," said Mr Casey.

His Honour congratulated the parties on reaching an agreement in the matter.

FRAME-UP

A VICTORIA UNIVERSITY student was expelled recently from the National Youth Forum on a trumped-up charge. He is Anthony Haas, the Political Editor of Victoria's student paper, "Salient". He was acting as a rapporteur at the forum under the guidance of a Senior Lecturer in English, Mr H. Orsman. Haas, with other students, had been accused of disrupting the aims of a group which, it is understood, were to see that the Conference was not a National Party jack-up.

Reasons given for Haas's dismissal were proved to be completely false. Orsman had said that a consensus of opinion gauged by Group Leader Murray Halberg wanted Haas's dismissal. The group told the students later that they had never been approached. Haas and the other rapporteurs maintain that they were regarded with considerable hostility by the nucleus group of the forum because they criticised defects in the forum. This was verified by the later reported admission of one of the nucleus group that Haas was used as a scapegoat. Apparently, he hoped, "that not too much fuss would be made about the dismissal."



Nude

Patrick Hanly

CRACCUM

What is written is only the dregs of experience.—Kafka

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Goodbye to Uncle Tom

Once again the lid has come off the corrupt and corrupting mess that is New Zealand's relationship with South Africa.

A few weeks ago the New Zealand Rugby Union, through its spokesman, Mr Morrison, was declaring that the invitation of Maori representatives, Love and Walsh, was non-political, that we should keep politics out of sport, etc., etc.—the tired old words of 1960. Then came the astonishing reports of the statements of Mr Walsh and Mr Love while they were in South Africa. These stressed the friendliness of South Africans and mentioned the 'distorted' views which New Zealanders have of that country. This was quickly countered by Mr Matiu Rata, M.P. for Northern Maori, who said that in fact Maoris at large did not subscribe to or support South African views and that he was doubtful about the propriety of Messrs Walsh and Love's visit in the first place.

These troubled travellers have now returned. Mr Walsh disowned his South African statement and adopted a 'know-nothing' attitude with the reporters. Mr Love, on the other hand, was more outgoing—that is to say, he put up a smoke screen about discrimination in New Zealand and drew enough false comparisons between New Zealand and South Africa to satisfy any enthusiast for apartheid. Some things did emerge from Mr Love's statement as reported in the Star (21st May). First he attempted to find some analogies between Maori and African affairs and then he appeared to suggest that these were acts of government policy in both countries. His continual use of the term 'native' when speaking of Africans was unpleasantly reminiscent of South African propaganda.

What emerges from all this mass of short circuitry?

1. The Rugby Union would dearly like to have the whole matter die down, as things will in N.Z., so that it can proceed with its tour arrangements.

2. The S.A.R.U. wishes to create a favourable impression in New Zealand.

3. The matter is political. The fact of the South African government's interest, and discussion between Rugby mandarins and cabinet ministers is proof enough of that.

4. A New Zealand government is indifferent. Mr Holyoake's statement that 'It's a Rugby problem', is proof enough of that.

5. The whole mish mash obscures important issues.

Let me say at this point that I do not write as an objective social scientist, but as a pretty low-average libertarian, who smells compromise brewing. I am not disposed to be decent about the policy of apartheid—to suggest as Mr Love does, that 'we should be glad that it is the South Africans who have to deal with the problem', is a little like saying that we should be glad that we didn't have to build an Auschwitz.

What then are the really important issues?

Briefly they are:

1. Should the New Zealand government intervene to force the Rugby Union to any course of action whatever? My answer to this is 'No.' The Rugby Union is a (relatively) free association. It is no part of government's responsibility to meddle in its affairs. Sauce here for the goose is likely to be sauce later for the gander. Central authority is capricious enough without asking it to be more so.

2. Do New Zealanders approve of apartheid? Some do, many do not. Others again are quite indifferent to what happens in South Africa. The point is that they showed overwhelmingly in 1960 that they were not in favour of the N.Z.R.U. practicing a discriminatory policy on behalf of the S.A. government.



'I only take it for the advertisements.'

3. Should New Zealanders at large carry out actions which might give the impression that S.A. policies are justified? Matiu Rata says 'No.' Mr Love says we should 'try to understand', and Mr Walsh tells us a little plaintively that it's all non-political.

My answer, for what it worth, is that no matter how pure in heart New Zealanders may be, the rest of the world will read approval or disapproval of South Africa's policies into our actions. Mr Walsh and Mr Love have already appeared singularly Uncle Tom-like in their statements here and abroad. Let us not make bad worse.

It seems to me that New Zealanders have really no choice left in this matter, that if any team whether for Rugby or tiddlywinks is sent to a country to play against a team selected on racial grounds or before a segregated audience, then that is support of apartheid.

In South Africa almost all civil rights have been restricted or abrogated for some section of the population. State sponsored violence has been extensive, and criticism of the government is a criminal activity. New Zealanders, however little use they may make of it, have the right to criticise. Those of us who think that this country should not give aid or comfort to the government of South Africa and its supporters then should make use of this right.

It is certain that the N.Z.R.U. will arrange to send an All Black team to South Africa in 1967 and it is exceedingly doubtful whether anything but the most overwhelming display of public disapproval will dissuade it from doing so. On the other hand, it is incumbent on we who dissent from the suggestion that it is 'none of our business,' to do something. Then what?

We should exercise our right to petition and protest peacefully.

We should actively propagandize to persuade other New Zealanders to support us.

We should, if necessary, turn to acts of civil disobedience and non-violent resistance to demonstrate the extent of our conviction.

It is not realistic to think that the Rugby Union or any other sports body will drop its plans for the sake of a few bearded placard wavers, even if these are the people who have to stand in line for the kicks and arrests the real strength of a protest movement in its support from the ordinary citizen.

The facts are that the South African government is extremist and that people outside New Zealand need to be shown that we are not unanimous in our apparent approval of its policies.

The 1960 protest, hurried and amateurish though it was, did much to waken the conscience of New Zealanders. The strategists of any new protest movement have that concern on which to build and also the experience of overseas protest movements to utilize. Some people feel endangered by any protest movement, but in my view, the failure to protest will be far more damaging to New Zealand both internally and externally, than will any slight shock the status quo seekers might experience.

—Roger Oppenheim

Letters

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Letters

Students and Protest

"So rah rah rah democracy, let's all be as thankful as hell, and bury the statue of liberty because it begins to smell."

—E. E. Cummings, "Thanksgiving 1956"

ONCE again the New Zealand Government has fallen into line behind the United States. America asks for support of her Vietnamese policy and our Government enthusiastically gives that support. They do not consider what the Vietnamese want nor do they question the morality of the methods that the military dictatorship and the US are using in South Vietnam. These things would appear to be irrelevant to a NZ politician. What counts is the vote of the King Country farmer, not any application of the ideals of freedom and democracy. Communism is condemned (usually unjustly) by these men for the very actions which they themselves use.

In the case (Vietnam), there seems to be no doubt as to which side is using oppression, AND foreign military aid. Even the conservative American press is beginning to recognise this. *Life* and *The New York Times*, to mention two papers, have adopted a more realistic attitude. The more progressive politicians in the US are advocating withdrawal of aid.

As a formal protest against the inhuman and undemocratic action of the NZ Government, the AU Socialist Society has sent a letter, printed below, to the Prime Minister.

—Elwyn Evans

June 4, 1964.

The Rt. Hon. K. J. Holyoake,
Prime Minister and Minister of
External Affairs,
Parliament Buildings, Wellington.

Dear Sir,

We, the undersigned, protest against the New Zealand Government's policy in Vietnam, in particular the proposed sending of 25

Army engineers to give token support to United States military intervention and the Khanh regime. We urge the Government to reconsider its action.

The present regime in South Vietnam is a military dictatorship, unelected and unconstitutional, remaining in power only because of United States aid: 15,500 American military "instructors" and 500,000,000 dollars a year (figures from *Time*, May 22, 1964). To quote Senator Morse (March 4, 1964, "the South Vietnamese government is little more than our own creation. We constructed a government there in 1954 which we then propped up with huge amounts of aid and which we say invited American troops."

In spite of this massive aid, the guerrillas are achieving notable successes; successes impossible without the support of the people of Vietnam. Although the promise of elections in the 1954 Geneva agreement has been ignored by the southern regimes, the will of the people is clear and will eventually be carried out, even against foreign intervention.

New Zealand, as a democracy, claiming democratic ideals as the basis of her policy, should support the principle of self-determination. In fact, the New Zealand Government is aiding dictatorship, rule by force and foreign interference. The Government's action has not been taken to further the cause of justice or freedom, but to hinder the spread of Communism — i.e., for cold war strategy and not for democratic reasons. This action has affirmed the solidarity of SEATO and New Zealand's friendship with the United States at the expense of the Vietnamese people.

Even from a purely realistic

viewpoint the Government's action is foolish. It has been demonstrated again and again that revolutions supported by the people, whether they are democratic, nationalist socialist, or communist, will succeed in spite of military suppression and foreign interference. This fact has been recognised by many important Americans. The late John F. Kennedy said (April 6, 1954): "I am frankly of the belief that no amount of military assistance in Indo-China can conquer an enemy which is everywhere, and at the same time nowhere, an enemy of the people which has the sympathy and support of the people. And Senator Gruening (April 15, 1964): "It isn't our war; we cannot win it; and we should get out." The United States and now New Zealand, will be faced with a humiliating withdrawal, unless they come to accept the real situation.

Moreover, our token support of the United States puts us, in

Asian eyes, on the side of foreign interference and the suppression of freedom, while actually our 25 engineers can have no effect on the war at all. New Zealand has plenty to lose and nothing to gain by the Government's action.

Although the Government is giving only token support to Khanh and the United States, it still commits New Zealand to their actions and policy. Actions which include incineration of men with napalm bombs (the infamous Mme. Nhu cocktails) and the destruction of crops with poison sprays to stop peasant assistance to the guerrillas.

We ask you, sir, and your Government to consider the agony of the people of Vietnam; the destruction of houses and crops, the dead, and the total horror of war. This is being prolonged by intervention. These people should be allowed to find their own peace. The New Zealand Government should withdraw its offer and review its whole South-east Asian policy.

Yours faithfully,

E. J. EVANS

Chairman, AU Socialist Society.

J. WOOLF

Secretary, AU Socialist Society.

A Touching Memoire

Sir,

I feel that you have done all students a service by obtaining permission to reprint Paul Johnson's "New Statesman" article on the Beatles which provoked such correspondence in that journal. To my mind the real significance in the article lies not in Johnson's dislike of the Beatles nor his condemnation of present day louts and the "men in camel-hair" coats who exploit them, but in the valuable reminder it gives that we are in the day of the non-expert, the stringer-together of words, the meeter of journalistic deadlines. How else could such a piece of drivel have appeared in the *New Statesman*.

Paul Johnson has a long-standing reputation as a Labour Party journalist and frequent editor of the *New Statesman*, (actually he is assistant editor of the *New Statesman*—Ed.), and as a highly reputable Labour Party mouth-piece. It was with great interest that I began reading his article with its anticipated dig at the Conservative Party. Imagine my consternation on discovering that Johnson regards such seminal figures as Ellington and Parker as part of the same conspiracy that spawned the Beatles.

By his article Johnson is revealed as not merely ignorant, but unrepentant. God knows, I hold no brief for the Beatles, but I cannot allow a deaf old man to slander unrebuked the well-constructed perky and cheerful songs of Lennon and McCartney. The Beatle "bit" — the badges, belts and handbags, the hysteria and hero-worship, stands at the end of an honourable line running from Franz Liszt to Frank Sinatra in the musical field, and elsewhere from Johnny Rae and Elvis Presley. Johnson's camel-haired coated exploiters have merely channelled teenage dissatisfaction with decadent English society much more efficiently than was possible before, thanks to the 45 rpm single, and TV.

Johnson's article concludes with a touching memoire of his adolescence. Perhaps if he and his mates had been exposed to (dare I name it), jazz — they might have acquired a little of its tolerance and verve and thus become incapable of writing the uninformed twaddle that appeared under Johnson's name in your pages.

—NIGEL FAIGAN.

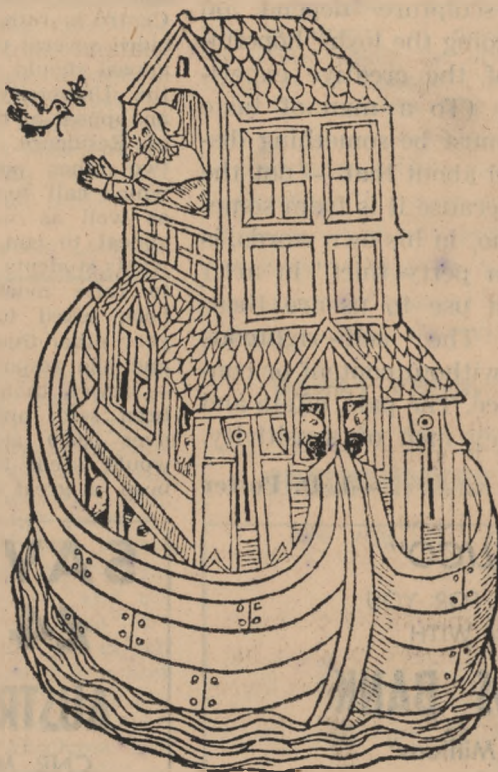
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Letters

3, 2, 1, ZERO

Sir,

Woosh! The explosion of rockets, the nodding of heads and out they go with no other loss than that they are not dead or buried. "Don't talk to them about art!" Mr Kurt von Meier takes as an epilogue. Don't let them talk about it either.

"The whole exhibition is indicative of . . . subtle good taste, and a remarkable mature sense of coherence." Does Mr von Meier expect to inform his pallid readers with this? Besides, what more relevance to art does "subtle good taste" have, than the armpit of a camel or the lower D note of a trombone?

He supposes that artists are more important than critics. But are they? And is there a sharp distinction between them? Imagine a game in which one player puts in a number of letters and he other has to make a sentence of them. Halfway through, the first player has to take over. And so on, as long as ingenuity and mutual consent prevail. Like scrabble. I don't mean to suggest that art is trivial; on the contrary, it taps some of the deepest responses of men. What I mean to imply is that art is a continuing activity in which the critic has a hand.

The role is additional to that of defining and commenting upon any particular piece of work for an audience. Yet what right does von Meier have to inflict us all with such as "anti-professionalism could be healthy if it would lead to the establishment of . . . a civilization from under." What content does it have? Self-righteous? Worse than ineffectual? Dangerous? Of course! Downright preten-

tious! In with the grappling hooks!

Why do newspapers align themselves against any evidence of new visual awareness? asks Dennis Turner. It is just possible that one very good reason why they do is that they haven't (as what percentage of any population has?), been properly educated. And educated to the simplest level, to knowing for example, that a sculpture or painting need not be anything but itself.

But what help is "If their organisational minds declare art is democratic, let them fret away their week-ends for blue, as against grey skies"? What does Turner suppose he is saying which is valid and important?

But there is more yet for the newspapers to stomach. For Turner further offers them the pale man of sensitivity. Let's challenge him. "Art is not to be had for money." Why not? Why shouldn't an artist make pieces to sell, and I mean primarily to sell? And why should his work suffer thereby? Is there any reason why the artist, like the architect, engineer and bricklayer, should not sell his work and compete for a market?

Does the production of a good sculpture depend on undergoing the lush "hopefulness of the creative experience?" (To a man of taste there must be something distasteful about that — not the least because it is from someone who, in his own words, is "only a petty thief" in art.)

What use to us are these men? The self-righteous criers without content or consequence. The pale, effete and oh-so-fey men of sensitivity.

—I. D. Potter

Abandon Revue

Sir,

I would strongly suggest that the Annual Students' Revue be scrapped or at least put aside until such time as student agitation can guarantee sufficient support to make a production on the scale planned a success.

This year's Revue, "Nuts in May II" reached the stage in spite of the vast majority of students — not because of them. When one considers that a good revue is probably the best public relations gimmick the student body has to offer, and that this year an intensive PR campaign is being carried out to support the building fund appeal, this is a very disheartening state of affairs.

I am well aware that there was much criticism of the appointment of an outside producer for the show. However, in view of the importance of presenting a successful revue for publicity purposes, the action of the Executive in obtaining a producer with previous experience may have been justified. Nevertheless, this outside producer and his staff worked for the student body and were entitled to support and assistance from it.

My own experience as wardrobe mistress (unpaid) was this. I undertook the responsibility with delightful illusions as to the amount of voluntary assistance that would be forthcoming from the student body. In spite of repeated requests for assistance and notices to that effect in the cloisters, I was successful in finding four people only who were prepared to give their spare time to wardrobe and only one of these was a student.

If wardrobe was a success this year it was because, rather than

fail, I forced myself to work twenty or more hours a day (counting a part-time job) for four weeks previous to the show — at great expense to my health, pocket and personal life.

This terrible burden of work, resultant on general student apathy, was not by any means restricted to wardrobe. It was the same in all departments — script, casting, set construction, etc.

Add to this the near impossible financial restrictions imposed upon all the Revue executives because of the muddling of overworked or incompetent predecessors, and you will understand why I say "Never again" — and do most strongly advise any student or outsider against taking up a position of responsibility in connection with Revue.

This lack of support may be because Revue has outgrown itself. In aiming at a full-scale show of professional standards, the Executive may have overlooked the possibility that time and available student talent cannot support such a production. If this is the case, it is about time something was done about this rather costly "mistake".

Again I put to you that unless the student body is prepared to pull together and give the Annual Revue the support it needs and deserves, or unless the size of production can be very much scaled down to match the amount of voluntary support it is getting, at the moment, it should be wiped altogether.

A successful revue is a splendid public relations weapon, but a failure does infinitely more harm than good.

—Karol E. Johnstone
Wardrobe Mistress, Revue 1964.

Getting Your Money's Worth

Sir,

Mr Fraser's proposal to end the appeal for funds for the Student Centre is rather late. It was decided several months ago that the appeal should end on July 30, as the University intends to begin an appeal at that time for Halls of Residence. There are one or two other points in the letter which call for comment. Firstly, as well as wanting the public appeal to end, it seems that he wants students to end their efforts to raise money. Students have been asked to do nothing this year other than sell raffle books, and the response has been poor — fewer than 2,000 books have been sold, and since there are over 5,000 students enrolled it would seem that there has not been a great deal of effort ex-

pendent. Furthermore, present students WILL use the building, if they desire to do so. It is hoped that the building will be in use in 1967 — thus many students newly enrolled this year will still be undergraduates or honours students. Surely it would be unfair not to expect these students to contribute as older students have for the last few years? For those who will have completed their studies there will be a graduate lounge—so anyone who has no other attachment to the University after he has graduated may at least get his moneys worth. It is to be hoped, however, that present students will want to maintain some connection with the University. The principle enunciated in point three of Mr Fraser's letter does

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On Location

The Hollywood SCENE



Continued from page 4
not apply. The principle which those concerned with raising money follow is that the present generation should provide for the future. The lack of this principle in the past is the reason for our poor facilities now. However, there is no doubt that the building will not be debt-free. Such a loan as Mr Fraser suggests will be undertaken to provide what cannot be raised otherwise. The building will cost about £600,000

and every effort will be required to find this amount — including what might be raised from the public and the Government subsidy. Mr Fraser may take what comfort he can from the fact that the public appeal is soon to be concluded, but I hope that the faint heart which cannot hawk the occasional raffle book will not discourage those who are willing to contribute to the welfare of their successors.

—Warren Lindberg

CLIQUEES

Sir,
Bernard Shaw said the worst cliques were those that consisted of one man. So? Come on "Murgatroyd", let us share the joke, since you have so liberally shared out Pope and Dryden. D—LE, B—INGTON and W—IAM M—ET I can guess. I suppose K—NE, H—MUS and Miss H—NE who so desperately cry for literary copy from cloister notice-boards have somehow incurred Miss "Murgatroyd's" wrath. (A motley group — a valiant swain. CH—S D—LE a very worried man.) That is why I suspect that "Murgatroyd" is really "Murgertrude". OK., that is his/her right/write/rite. But

why can't your poet/poetess put up a bold front and sign his/her own name or Pope(ess)/Dryden/(ess)? Further, Murgatroyd/Murgertrude, why not satirise J—HN L—NON, UN—VERS—TY S—TE, T—M P—RCE, C—TY C—NCIL, AN— M—WS, ST—TS ASS—TION, LIT—Y SOC—Y, F—STIVAL OF THE —RTS, and all. Then the joke won't be so "in". A poor little student like myself just new from school will be able to enjoy the joke. You could call your next efforts "The Pantheress and the Stag", "Absoloma and Mehitabelle", "The Durriade", or "Erroy on Woman".

—C. A. Hendry

WHY did the Federation of Labour fail? The New Zealand trade union movement, if unanimous on any policy, has the voting power to push that policy through the Labour Party conference. The trade unions have block votes. The trade unions can control most metropolitan Labour Representation Committees. In any terms this should spell power in the Labour Party. Yet at their conference this year the Federation of Labour was unanimous on the need for a more socialist Labour Party. But when finally the 1964 Labour Party conference discussed restoring "socialism" into its statement of objectives, the block votes came down on the other side. The proposal to reincorporate socialism as an aim into the objectives of the Labour Party was defeated by a three-to-one majority. The Federation of Labour had failed. Why?

Part of the reason lies in the organization and structure of the Federation of Labour, in the innumerable consequences of the death of F. P. Walsh. These are matters which cannot be altered by people in the Labour Party who are outside the trade union movement. One can only note that when the substance of Federation conference which is closed to the press can be confided to the Dominion (better known as the "squatters organ") by self-proclaimed "moderates," unanimity in the Federation is more apparent than real.

can conjure major policy stand-out of the chaos.

One of the main arguments in the debate on socialization was hostility to Auckland as a locality. This, indeed hardly counts as an illustration of how ineptly serious matters are argued, since this kind of polemic, if it can be called such, was profound, compared with the bucolic stupor passing itself off, often as debate. That liquor licensing occupied more of the conference's time than external affairs, and that the victor on what discussion on licensing there was emerged as

Inside Labour

But only the trade unions can cure themselves. More important, however, in deciding the outcome of Labour Party conferences than the structure of the Federation of Labour is the structure of the Labour Party itself. It is this structure — if anything so Heath Robinsonish and jerry-built can be so-called which is ultimately decisive.

The picture of a Labour Party conference which someone new to the Party receives is that of an overwhelming confusion and medley of minutiae. The breadth and scope of the statesmanship fifth form history books talk about is totally lacking. Perhaps statesmanship is something that has never had a real existence. But the pettiness, the parochialism, the frenzy of devotion to the trivial which too often prevails at a Labour Conference make it miraculous that anybody

a little middle-aged woman who thought it was good for her sex to stay away from pubs — such facts as these show a Party too often plumbing the depths of social illiberalism. One remembers too, the anguished defence of Christian education in a discussion on the position of the state schools which took it for granted that the clause in the 1877 Education Act defining education as secular had no meaning.

"No doubt external affairs are very important, but the Justice and Electoral Committee has to report on something "practical." Dr. A. M. Finlay, M.P.'s words sum up the way many delegates saw priorities, when only last year nuclear auroras in Auckland made frightened people run inside their homes to line the cracks in their locked doors with newspapers.

—Owen Gager

"Knowledge is like unto wings for the being, and is a ladder for ascending. To acquire knowledge is incumbent on all, but of those sciences which may profit the people of the earth, and not such sciences as begin in mere words and end in mere words. The possessors of sciences have a great right among the people of the world."—From the Writings of Baha'u'llah.

Baha'i Faith, P.O. Box 1906, Auckland

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Love Me! Love Me! Love Me!

CAROLINE LEWIS

I HAVE no hesitation in nominating Caroline for Social Controller. She has done what might well be described as a fair amount of field work in social activities, having played a prominent part in revue activities for the past two years. She has displayed enormous energy and has been the life and soul of every party. However, this in itself is not sufficient to qualify her for the responsible position of social controller were it not for the fact that she has proved herself capable and efficient in organisation. She has been on Proceh Committee and is at the moment a forceful member of Public Relations committee. She co-edited Craccum last year and displayed remarkable self-control and common sense during the fiasco in which it was involved.

She is a second-year student, full-time, taking three units.

She feels that the social activities of the university could do with an extensive overhaul. She would like to see more informal dances held at regular intervals which would avoid the continual

black marketing of scarce tickets for the rare functions. She feels the SC should work more closely with the Student Liaison Officer, the public relations officer and Capping controller to provide more festivities at suitable times (like Tournament). She would like to see more freshers at Freshers Prom, and less cliquey participation in Tournament, and a general increase in occasions in which students can meet to enjoy themselves.

—Neil Wilson

PETER
DEBRE-
CENY

I HAVE no hesitation in nominating Peter for the position of Social Controller. He has worked under me on Social Committee during the past year, and has done an excellent job. Those of

you who went to Capping Ball can attest of his abilities.

Peter is a member of Men's House Committee and the Grand Establishment, and takes an interest in drama, jazz and rugby.

He hopes to provide more social functions of an informal nature during the second and third terms, and also to ensure that more freshers attend Freshers Prom. He will work with the Capping Controller to see that next year's Revue is a student show.

The position of Social Controller is one which calls for a substantial amount of experience, and it is not sufficient that a person be merely "social-minded". Peter's experience on Social Committee and Men's House Committee will stand him in good stead in this respect. For the above reasons I urge you to support him.

—John C. Matheson.

B. F.
BABING-
TON

THE promotion of cultural activities within the University will be, by no means, a new task for Mr Babington. He is an active member of Literary Society, on the committee of Music Society, a member of Little Congress committee and was appointed co-editor of Arts Festival Year Book, 1964. In addition to these qualifications, he has behind him the experience gained from several years of association with Craccum which he co-edited.

Mr Babington is an Arts student who will complete his B.A. this year. He has passed Eng. III and History III and intends to do a M.A. in English next year.

I am confident that Bruce will never take the line of mere expediency in either of the particular problems of his office or the general affairs of the Association.

He believes that students are not sufficiently aware of the role that societies should play in the University. He will endeavour to correct this situation. He proposes that university publications should not be limited to literary efforts and suggests that some general publication from best writing in

other fields — history, law, psychology, the sciences, etc.—should be inaugurated. This idea is typical of Mr Babington's original and broad-minded outlook — are particularly ruled to such a position.

—David Williams

KAY
DANIELS

KAY DANIELS is a second-year Science student taking Chemistry, Geology and Geography. During the past year, Kay has been secretary of Capping and Proceh Committee, and in this job, she has shown herself to be a capable administrator. This experience will stand her in good stead as Societies' Representative.

Kay is interested in cultural affairs of AUSA and she wishes to promote more cultural activities of a broader nature, that will appeal to students in general and not just those who are members of a particular faculty or club. She hopes to encourage lecturers such as NZ poets, musicians and other people of general interest, to visit the university and give a public lecture, and of course, discussion afterwards.

During the hectic time that lies ahead with Arts Festival in Auckland, Kay, with her experience on Capping Committee will be able to assist the Arts Controller with his work.

Kay is interested in cultural activities, societies, and she is a good administrator. I feel she will make an excellent Societies Representative. I therefore nominate her with confidence.

—Jennifer Wily.

RUSSELL
ARMITAGE

RUSSELL is a fourth-year full-time student finishing his BCom Degree this year and will be taking professional accountancy next year. He was the Returning Officer for this year's Presidential elections and it was largely due to his hard work and enthusiasm that the elections were such a success.

A Student Liaison Officer needs to be a practical person—Russ has shown himself to be this, and

ELECTION RESULTS

President:

A. M. Katavich	-	-	-	-	932
N. Wilson	-	-	-	-	767

Men's Vice-President

R. Mountain	-	-	-	-	792
W. Millett	-	-	-	-	364
W. Lindberg	-	-	-	-	533

Women's Vice-President

A. Jannif	-	-	-	-	870
J. Wily	-	-	-	-	705

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GILL JONES

WHEN considering this position, I was forced to bear in mind the duties of the office and how they should be carried out. Having been your Treasurer for one year I know how important it is that the Business Manager be a person well acquainted with commercial work and willing and able to help the treasurer with his work.

Gillian Jones is just such a person, her work as Business Manager for the entire Capping this year was far beyond the demands of that office. Miss Jones worked in full harmony with all Capping personnel fulfilling her duties to the utmost.

It is indeed rare that one is so fortunate to be able to nominate Miss Jones for the position of Business Manager.

Miss Jones is a third year Commerce Student, that alone marks her for the position of Business Manager. Miss Jones is sincerely interested in Student affairs and I know that the position of Business Manager will receive the attention that it needs.

Previously, one learns with regret that people have offered themselves for the position of Business Manager without any experience whatsoever. This year this is not the case. Here we have a presentable young lady, capable of fulfilling the duties of Business Manager.

There is no question in this election that Miss Jones will look after student interests to the utmost, one can feel confident that Miss Jones will help the Treasurer in his work and thus the association.

Miss Jones has my full support as your President Elect, as your previous Treasurer who knows the requirements of a Business Manager, and as a Student.

—T. Katavich.

RICHARD NORTHEY

RICHARD NORTHEY is a full-time second-year Science student with a record of full participation in student activities. He is on the committee of the International Relations Club and has taken an active part in such clubs as Debating, SCM, Historical Society, WUS and Literary Society.

It was mainly on his initiative that the SGM's expressing student disapproval of nuclear testing and racial discrimination were called.

Richard has an excellent academic record. He gained four units last year with A or B passes. The two units he is taking this year will leave him time to devote to the interests of students.

He would work for the appointment of a full-time paid Administrator to take over the routine work of Business Management of the Association, thus leaving the Executive and the secretaries free for their more important roles.

The Coffee Bar, which is in the Cafeteria is the Business Manager's special concern, would be retained for its purpose of a common-room, pleasantly appointed, providing required services; and he would not allow its business success to overcome these:—"It is a service to students and must remain so." If Richard is elected, I feel sure that he would not only fulfill his own position admirably, but also bring to the Executive a mature and responsible viewpoint.

I believe Richard has the initiative and common-sense (as well as business sense) requisite for this portfolio; with good experience and knowledge of the portfolio and Richard, I nominate him for offer.

—Ian R. Laird.

W. R. RUDMAN



THIS year saw the most successful Capping Procesh since 1956.

The controller was Bill Rudman. This is the only reason why he would make a successful Capping Controller.

His ideas and views on Capping '65 are very similar to those of the President-elect, Tony Kata-vich. With this backing, Capping will have nothing to bar its success EXCEPT the Administration's idea of shifting Capping to the vacation.

Why Bill,

(a) Bill will endeavour to ensure that Capping remains where it is.

(b) He would also ask that ALL Terms Tests be removed from Capping Week.

And to Bill's many ideas for Capping, two are of special interest:

(a) A collection day, (as is held in Christchurch), for some local charity. This would coincide with Procesh Day and as Bill said, "Not only would we over-run Queen Street but we have an excuse to make our presence felt all over Greater Auckland."

(b) A Revue with a smaller cast and a better script. Its main object would be to satirize local and international incidents.

Bill feels that more students and fewer professionals should be involved in the cast and organisation.

Bill, a science student, has also many friends in the Arts and other faculties. His interest in Lit. Soc., Jazz Club, Tournaments and The Grand Establishment show that he is a true representative of the student body.

I have no hesitation in nominating Bill Rudman as Capping Controller.

I look forward with eager anticipation to Capping '65 with Bill at the helm.

—Rod Sara,

ROSALIND HURST-HOUSE



ROSALIND has been at Auckland University since the beginning of last year. Prior to this she spent two years at Victoria University in Wellington, where she was on the staff of *Salient* (Victoria's newspaper), on Women's House Committee, Social Committee and Tournament Committee. Her strangeness to Auckland and a heavy academic year prevented her from taking much part in student activities last year, but she contributed to *Craccum*, was on Little Congress Committee, and belonged to the Literary Society and Philosophical Society. She has continued these activities this year.

She has eight units towards her BA, but is nevertheless taking three units this year to give her another full-time year. Next year she will be doing Honours.

Rosalind is particularly interested in the duties of Student Liaison, because she is concerned with the gulf between Executive and students. She would like, for instance, to see more acknowledgment of Executive's decisions in *Craccum*. She would also like to see a better introduction to the university for students than is provided by dances and shows. She also feels that advice should be provided for Asian students well before University starts, because she has found that many such students have enrolled for units in which they have no interest on the strength of hasty advice given just before enrolment.

I have no hesitation in recommending Rosalind to you as Student Liaison Officer.

—F. J. Lillie

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ROBERT ERSKINE



WE have nominated Robert Erskine for the position of Public Relations Officer, because we feel that he has the ability to present a more balanced image of the general students life to the public of Auckland.

Robert, a second-year Arts student, was the virtual founder of "Outspoke," and as its first Editor, he successfully launched a new, independent student-minded paper.

We feel that the same strong character, initiative, and pleasant personality that persevered to found "Outspoke" in the teeth of all opposition, should make Robert a Public Relations Officer with a difference.

Whilst he is determined that the student is just as much a member of the community as the downtown businessman, he is also firmly convinced that the University and its students hold a special and important place in Auckland and as such, should be treated with the respect and integrity they deserve.

For his other interests, Robert is a keen tramp, an active participant in Drama Society, and a member of the present Public Relations Committee.

We are therefore sure that for integrity, stability, and fair play, together with his firm student-minded convictions, Robert would be an excellent and active Public Relations Officer. —D. A. Smyth.

BELINDA BRACE- WELL



BELINDA was an active member of the last Public Relations Committee. She helped produce both "Varsity Voice" and "This is the Week this is."

Belinda will continue the policy of Peter Quennell, emphasizing the importance of improving the public picture of the student, and making Auckland a more university-conscious city.

She realizes a great deal of work must be done to change the public's largely incorrect ideas of students holding drunken orgies and leading riotous lives of no use to the community. She is prepared to do that work to show that students can contribute a great deal to Auckland.

Belinda will fully support the building fund, and will use every opportunity to bring the creditable side of student activities before the people of Auckland — and New Zealand.

She has been a part-time student at Auckland University for the past two years, and is now taking English III, History II and Philosophy I. She hopes to complete a B.A. next year.

—P. Dolbel



J. B HORROCKS

I HAVE counted John among my cobs even since when he was a little fellow, and I think I know what his qualities are. John's broad shoulders would be an acquisition for the Executive. John is a stunter. A good stunter. He believes that stunts are an integral part of our life. John is a smiler. He doesn't let things get him down. One of the first things that John will do if he gets in, is institute Ludo evenings in the cafeteria: he is keen to institute a Mr University Contest, and he promises to supply all students under 17 with free jellybabies on Capping Day. Besides being a stunter, John is no airy-fairy. He is no beardie either. John has been at University for four years, and is an Arts student this year. It is true that John has had no committee experience, but this is only because he has been too busy pulling stunts.

SMILE ALONG WITH JOHN!!

—R. D. Porsolt.

BRIAN C. RUDMAN



WE nominate Brian C. Rudman for Public Relations Officer. This position is of vital importance at our present stage of development, and Brian, with his previous experience on Public Relations Committee is the obvious man for the position. Below is outlined his enterprising policy.

"I aim. 1. To project a true and balanced image of students to the public of Auckland. I will, if possible, replace the fortnightly "Varsity Voice" with a weekly column stressing all facts of student life, our needs, our opinions and activities. This will be supplemented by news coverage in newspapers and on radio and TV publicising such things as student views on topical subjects and student participation in community work.

2. "To encourage the public to consider Auckland, not as a city with a university, but as a university city. To do this, interrelations between the public and the students must be increased by such methods as inviting members of the public to the University.

3. "To bring together students of different faculties, clubs and societies in social and inter-club activities.

4. "To work in co-operation with your newly-elected president, Tony Katavich, as it is essential that the Public Relations Officer, as mouthpiece of the Association should represent the views of the president and his executive."

We have no hesitation in accepting this imaginative policy and have pleasure in nominating Brian as your next Public Relations Officer.

—Rod Sara.

WILLIAM MILLET



QUESTION: Why are you now running for the Public Relations portfolio, Mr Millet, when you were just recently engaged in seeking the Man Vice-presidential office?

Answer: I have served on the Public Relations Committee as an active adviser-lecturer and ideas man from almost the first week of my enrolment here as a full-time student.

All who know me — e.g., *Outspoke* editor, *Crucible* editor, *Craccum* editor, and the entire committee of Public Relations, would agree that the one job that I am most capable of is that of University Public Relations, for the following reasons:—

(1) I worked for Fortune Advertising (Australia) as a creative copywriter-ideas man during 1960-61. During 1961 I worked in the same capacity in Hongkong for Terry Advertising Co. and the *Hongkong Mirror*. During 1962 I worked for Bavarian Films as a publicity writer in Munich, Germany. I am a member of the American Poetry Society and a past president of a number of writing workshops groups in California, New York and Australia.

In TV and radio and films I have been an extra bit actor and a writer on 13 TV shows and five radio shows and in two films.

First, I plan to make a public opinion survey to isolate and find an accurate felt need or real dissonance between our University and Auckland. Next, I plan to correct that attitude by having public speakers from within our student body address various clubs and societies that have already asked for this. A series of interesting facts as to the obvious benefits our University is to anyone in Auckland, will be brochured up and delivered to selected outlets. A weekly news column will have been innovated. A TV show, "Youth Wants To Know", while not directly representing our University at present, will pave the way for serious fare to come. A radio time slot will be pursued. Articles from me will occur frequently in *Outspoke* and *Craccum* and the *Herald*, as well as the *Star*, spelling out why youth this year has made a historic leap into social awareness and responsibility. I will carry forth the "This is the Week this is" and plan to carry on with due continuity Mr Quennell's work.

—Bill Millet

Nominated: Peter Quennell

ROD SARA

WE have nominated Rod Sara because we consider he has proved that he is a capable Chairman of the Committee and a worthwhile member of the Executive.

Since being co-opted as Chairman of the Committee at the beginning of the year, he has reshaped the committee into an efficient force of willing and co-operative workers — and the spirit of the Committee is due to his leadership.

Continuity of his Chairmanship is important for the good of the committee as is borne out by the long term served by Peter Curson, Chairman, 1960/62. Experience of Men's House Committee function is vitally important, as this committee performs many useful tasks for the students — the core of administration of lost property, maintenance of student facilities, administration of lockers and the booking of student facilities (Men's Common Room, etc.). As a member of the Committee for two years, Rod has acquired all this knowledge, and this, combined with his initiative and leadership, recommends him as the best possible candidate for the position.

Rod is also a member of several clubs — jazz, rugby, bridge and the Grand Establishment — which shows a wide range of student interest.

For experience, drive and a truly student attitude, Rod Sara is the man for this position on the Executive.

—Ante M. Katavich

DOUG ARCUS

I HAVE no hesitation in nominating Doug for Sports Representative, 1964/65.

He has been vitally concerned in sporting activities in the University for some years right from the time he was first selected for the University Rowing 8 in 1961. He has been to Tournament with the AU 8 for 3 years and then this last year represented AU in sculling. After one season he was elected as treasurer and then club captain for the University Rowing Club. He has held this latter position for the past three years bringing the Rowing Club through a very difficult period to the present season, which has probably been the most successful season for some years.

With this administrative experience and background he was elected to Sports Committee, where he accepted responsibility willingly.

At the end of last year he was appointed Tournament Controller for Winter Tournament, 1964, and at present has this large organisation well under way.

Doug is a 5th year Law Student, who will be finishing up LLB with one unit next year. He is working in a Law Office in town, holding down a responsible senior clerk's job.

With his drive and enthusiasm, together with his own sporting ability, we are confident that Doug will serve the executive and students very capably, and I therefore recommend him to you as Sports Representative, 1964/65.

Bruce Tunnicliffe, Nominator,

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The Theatre

LUTHER

ANY play exists on at least three levels: as it is read; as it is performed; and as it relates to reality, or more probably what we consider significant in reality. All of the overseas reviews of *Luther* I have read reverse this order and consider the historical veracity of the play before commenting, often rather briefly, but favourably, on the vigour of Albert Finney's performance. Appropriately none consider the play as it is read, as this is a subsequent leisurely pursuit which does not add to dramatic appreciation. I think, however, it is less pontifical to initially examine a play as an immediate experience, i.e., in terms of dramatic impact rather than historic truth.

The first strong dramatic feeling arising out of the Grafton Theatre's production was Luther's separation from his fellow monks, which stemmed from Edna Harris's placing of him in prominent isolation behind the main body of monks as they entered and circled behind the audience. Following the initial vows, Luther's confessions (compared to his companions' minor temptations and trivial breaches of monastic discipline) were poured forth by Robin Chadwick in a remarkably sustained hysteric intensity, culminating in an epileptic fit, chillingly ignored by the monks at office.

As presented by Osborne, reinforced by Chadwick's adrenal turbulence, Luther is a man preoccupied by normal concerns heightened by intensity to the

point of paralysis. Brother Weinand gently informs him of his "over-stimulated conscience", and Luther screams for meaning; his father, Hans, jabs him with the taunt "you can't ever get away from your body because that's what you live in" (which Luther in his constipation feels only too strongly); Cardinal Cajeton sees him as "an animal trapped to the bone with doubt." Luther rants in monologue constantly of the child in his body; individual words turmoil his mind, and his first Mass makes him vomit. Robin Chadwick's tall, thin form, bent and cramped, is a stinging spirited Luther. He has a constantly controlled galvanism that electrifyingly conveys a man imprisoned by intensity.

Harold Kissin's Hans was probably the most successful of the other characters: abrupt, earthy, rude, blasphemous and disappointed in his ambition for his son. Both of Clyde Scott's roles (Brother Weinand and Miliz) were played with uneasy competence. Norman Fletcher's indulgent high-pressure salesman Tetzl was fiery and accurately paused in his speech. His villainy was a little too perfectly poisonous, however; it dazzled and made one flinch, yet it needed a more capacious conception. Still, it was vitriolic vigour unflaggingly maintained. Ronald Smith's Staupitz was a quiet joy: a mild, patient, psychological father to the disturbed Martin. I still have a sneaking unfathomed suspicion over his



—Peter Louch

brilliant pastoral epigrams, though. Neil Smith played Cajeton as a reedy-voiced compromising ascetic. When compromise fails to shake Luther, however, he quickly uses orders. Ray Dormer as Leo X similarly did not quite fit squarely into his part of leather-shinned foppery. Gerald Gallacher's John Eck was a rigidly crisp portrayal of another one of history's grand inquisitions. Osborne's treatment is precursory, yet it conveys a major part of the Church's attitude to rebels like Luther, and Luther's own determination, without delving into the theological intricacies involved. Finally, Philip Thwaites' Knight as a Common Man was lacking in weight and definition. His handling of his sword in particular was awkward.

Critics have remarked on the loose structure of the play, and the Knight's speech is a sharp drop in tension which is clumsily adapted from the peasant's revolt by Osborne.

It is a pallid imitation of Robert Bolt's *Common Man* in *A Man for All Seasons*, and it creaks at the hinges rather like the Knight's old handcart. Yet since Luther was not rapidly executed following the crucial trial as were Thomas More in Bolt's play, the witch-hunted Salemites (in Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*), and Joan of Arc (in Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*), there must be an anti-climax by the very fact of Luther's subsequent life. The final scene where Luther cradles his child is a slack ending, but, it could be argued, deliciously apt in presenting the volcanic monk now barely smouldering with an ex-nun in one hand, a baby in the other, while

(newly sprung) a nation and a split Christendom currently grow beyond his ken.

Despite the weakness of form, Osborne's urgent driving dialogue carries him through. He is shrewd enough not to over-indulge in too many clever phrases or aphorisms, so that his reserved best are pearls, first class. Even more shrewdly they usually relate to Luther's constipation: "I'm blocked up like an old crypt," he pants. "Who knows? If I break wind in Wittenberg, they might smell it in Rome," he wryly prophesies. Luther's crudity of speech is established fact, but so also is similar crudity from other prelates of his time. Osborne has Cajeton refer to possibly urinating Cardinals and to sexual pleasure. Staupitz compares receiving God's grace to the passivity of a woman in intercourse. Osborne's treatment is unbalanced, however, as Luther referred to the revolting peasants in much harsher terms than in the play, calling them "swine" and "untamed beasts". Nor does Osborne refer to Luther's imagined (or real?) encounters with the Devil and the stress he laid on Faith without the necessity of good works, yet the play full-bloodedly tackles Luther as a man, a son and a rebel against a genuine abuse of indulgences and the power of a worldly Pope.

It is interesting to speculate what plays Mrs Edna Harris will produce in the future. Following *A Man for All Seasons*, *The Crucible* and *Luther*, the logical choice is Rolf Hochhuth's difficult, dangerous and monster-sized *The Representative*.

—Mike Morrissey



Robin Chadwick as "Luther"

Tudehope



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Pops Dept.

The Sexual Psychopathology of The Pop Song

or

LOVE IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD

"What, all this for a song?" as Queen Elizabeth ejaculated in another context:

Yes: definitely. Read on.

If the first song that was written was not a religious chant, it was almost certainly a song about sex. And of the songs written since then the same is true.

The writer of the Book of Proverbs lists among the four things that are too wonderful for him, the way of a man with a maid: writers and musicians through the ages have evidently agreed with him.

But with the growth of a new industry in the 20th century, the pop song industry, part of the huge mass of entertainment pumped out to the mass populace, the way of the man with the maid, subject of the charming songs and cleanly wantonness of Herrick, Burns and hundreds of other poets, has been subjected to an insidious usage. This article is an attempt to show the degree to which the industrialists of this new industry use sexual terms, sexual metaphors and sexual euphemisms. Even more, it sets out to show (see glossary), the subliminal aspects of the modern pop song — the way in which a vocabulary has evolved for the description of sexual intercourse, involving, instead of the ordinary

clinical or four-lettered words, words such as charms, sighs, etc., whose connotations do not escape the initiate. And all this is definitely underlined by the orgasmic oratory of gestatory guitars jolting electrically to a copulatory climax.

Lest our pure-minded readers suffer under the delusion that we are exaggerating the seriousness of the situation, we beg them to study the following examples:

"DIANA"

"When I hold you in my loving arms,
I can feel you giving all of your charms."

"DON'T BLAME ME"

"Blame your charms,
That melt in my arms,
But don't blame me."

"THE TIPS OF MY FINGERS"

"Somebody took you when I wasn't looking
And I should have known from the start
It's a long, long way from the tips of my fingers
To the love hidden deep in your heart."

(a penetrating analysis).
"FOOLS RUSH IN"

"When we met I felt my life begin,
So open up your heart and let this fool rush in."

"ONE NIGHT WITH YOU"

"One night with you



That's what my heart's aching for.

The things that we two could do."

(Watch TV, perhaps?)

"Every time she kisses me
It sets my soul on fire."

("And while thy willing soule transpires
At ev'ry pore with instant fires.")

(Andrew Marvell)

"START MOVING"

"I want you to start mo-o-oving
Come on, hold me tight,
Start moving in my direction,
We'll start our loving tonight."

"MY WHOLE WORLD IS FALLING DOWN"

"I miss your love that was so fine.
I need it (uh) I need it (uh) all of the time."

"SUGARTIME"

"Sugar in the morning,
Sugar in the evening,
Sugar at supper time.
Need my little sugar, and love it all the time."

"Put your arms around me, and swear by stars above
You'll be mine forever, in a heaven of love."

"STAIRWAY OF LOVE"

"Heaven waits for those who dare to climb
The stairway of love."

Gentle reader, does the crude lack of ambiguity not strike you? And have you not also been struck by the distressing effect that this shameless pornography might be having on the tender and uncorrupted youth of today? One might deplore the dulling of their sensitivity, constantly exposed to the quasi-musical twangle-jangle of the tunes, one might reminisce longingly about the days when pop songs rhapsodised about marriage and domesticity, sang of flowers and spring, but the writers of this article are most concerned with the sociological significance of these lyrics.

"WILL YOU LOVE ME TOMORROW"

"Tonight you're mine completely
You give your love so sweetly,

Tonight the light of love is in your eyes —"

— the light of love surely refers to the dilation of the pupils and the diminished sensory perception typical of the sexual syndrome —
"Is this a lasting pleasure,
Or just a moment's pleasure.
Can I believe the magic of your sighs?"

Will you still love me tomorrow?"

The assonance of "sighs" and "thighs" results in understandable misinterpretation. For the highly initiated, a further misunderstanding arises (see: The Kama Sutra). As noted above, similar confusion between such words as "him" and "it" and also "lips" and "hips", can be caused by breathy pronunciation.

However, the majority of such songs are more concerned with the pleasures of going "all the way."

"When somebody loves you
It's no good unless they love you All the way."

If you let me love you
It's for sure I'm going to love you

All the way."

Anyone who refuses is accused of "teasing" or not behaving properly.

"PLEASE DON'T TEASE"

"You love me like a hurricane
And then you start to freeze,
I'll give it to you straight right now . . . (what?)
Please don't tease."

"I BEG OF YOU"

"Please don't treat me badly
'Cos you know my love is true.
Darling, please please love me too

The same way I love you."

"TREAT ME NICE"

"I know that you've been told
It's not fair to tease
So if you come all cold
I'm really going to freeze.
If you don't want me to be cold as ice,

treat me nice,
Make me feel at home, if you really care,

A Short, Essential Glossary for the Interpretation of the Pop Song

charms: usual derivation given. Lat. Carmen song/ but more suggestive is Lat. Caro = flesh.

J. Barrie: "If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't matter what else you have." (WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.)

Generally a common euphemism. Invariably rhyming with arms.

die: French. "Le Petit Mort."

heaven/paradise: Sexual ecstasy, orgasm, what have you.

heart: Another euphemism, closely related to charms. Also to soul. "But in fleshly tables of the heart." (2 Corinthians 3.3.) Broken heart = lost virginity. Hence possessor of girl's heart is possessor of her body.

honey: Lawrence Durrell: "And some companionable she,
Asks "is there honey still for tea?"

kiss: A four-letter word.

lipstick: Symbol for blood, e.g. "Lipstick on your collar told a tale on you." (Connie Francis.)

love: Another four-letter word. Derivation (O.E. Lufian.)

please: Satisfy.

sighs: An implicit homonym.

soul: See heart.

sugar: See also honey: "Sugar in the morning, sugar in the evening, sugar at supper time."

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THE NEW JOHN LEECH GALLERY

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(Est. 1855)

Scratch my back and run your pretty fingers through my hair."

The opposite of "teasing" is, by a happy coincidence of characters, "pleasing". Hence "Please Please Me" and —

"THAT'S ALL YOU GOTTA DO"

"I'll love and squeeze you uh uh huh (sexual grunts)"

Do my best to please you

Because I want you to be my loving man."

The last quotation is one of a large collection sung by young women who are moving from the status of ardent amateurs to that of unpaid prostitutes. Disregarding the well-meant advice of parents, ministers, sociologists, etc., teenage girls seem to be have been largely won over by the free love propaganda "pushed" by the pop songs. "Be Well Groomed!" cry the magazines. "Don't bother to put any lipstick on," snickers Conway Twitty. "Develop Your Personality, To Thine Own Self Be True, develop your conversation!" exhort the parents. But the girl who "just wants a park, that's nice and dark, just wants to hold me tight" wins out over the conversationalist every time. "Develop your IQ!" advises the emancipated, divorced American sociologists, "No man wants a girl who is his intellectual inferior!" But the girls with A in Hist'ry, A in maths, but "D! D! in love" are passed over in favour of those who "say yes in Biology." Threatened with NO BOY-FRIEND — a social disgrace beside which unhallowed pregnancy pales in comparison — cursed with loneliness if they fester in the category of the "tease", the girls advertise their willingness to comply with convention with a crudity that makes the Directory of London Prostitutes read like Little Women.

"TELL HIM"

"I know something about love
You gotta want 'it' bad
If that guy's got into your blood
Go out and get him/it.
If you want him to be always
by your side."

"I'M GONNA GET THAT MAN"

"I'm gonna treat him right
(right now)
Gonna squeeze him tight
Love him every night."

I'm gonna get that man, I can't miss

The ammunition I'm gonna use is kiss! kiss! kisskisskiss!"

On the apparently far and few between occasions when actual "love" is not forthcoming, one has still a fairly satisfying collection of substitutes.

For example, the succubus theme.

'ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DREAM'

"When I need you in my arms

When I need you, with all your charms,

Whenever I want you, all I have to do is dream.

I can make you mine, taste your lips of wine,

"Any time, night or day."

"FORTY WINKS AWAY"

"It's kind of nice to know

When I turn the lights down low,

You're only forty winks away."

"DREAM LOVER"

"Dream lover, where are you?

With a love, oh so true,

'Cause I want a girl to call my own,

I want a dream lover, so I won't have to dream alone."

— the satisfaction appears to be limited.

Or, alternatively, substitution fetishes, teddy bears, kewpie dolls, pillows, high school sweaters. These fetishes tend to encourage a rather unhealthy and perverted sexual symbolism—

"RUBBER BALL"

"You go and squeeze till I'm all aflame,

Then call me by some other guy's name,

But like a rubber ball I come bouncing back to you."

"IF YOU WERE A ROCK AND ROLL RECORD"

"If you were a musical platter
Soon you would be number one
If I was a phonograph needle
Whoo-o-o-o it would be such fun
We'd go around and around and around and around, etc."

(Robert Herrick:

"Love is a circle that doth restless move

In the same sweet eternity of love.")

"WON'T YOU WEAR MY RING AROUND YOUR NECK"

"They say that going steady is not the proper thing,

They say that we're too young to know the meaning of this ring."

— did not Shakespeare have something to say about rings in M. of V., Act 5?

One would think that the songs were sufficiently unambiguous but the points are (as one might put

it) banged home, not only by the grunts and sighs, but also the ejaculations.

"I NEED YOUR LOVE TONIGHT"

"uh huh I love you so
uh huh Can't let you go
uh huh Don't tell me no."

uh huh you'll want to stay
WOW you'd better stay
POW POW don't run away

I need your love tonight."

No one has yet produced a song with "nunganunganunga" in it, but it will come.

The most fruitful field wherein these dubious sounds occur is in the songs which concern dancing. Ever since the advent of rock and roll, the pop songs which describe the current dance crazes have taken on the religious fervour and heat of an initiation ceremony.

"NOW THAT I CAN DANCE"

"Do you love me, do you love me baby?

(Repeat)

(Repeat)

Now that I can dance.

Well —

Twist twist now look at that baby,

Twist twist it's driving me crazy

Push push do you love me now

baby,

Now that I can dance."

— has he found a new twist to an old-established activity?

"DO YOU WANT TO DANCE"

"Do you want to dance and hold

my hand

Squeeze me all through the night,

Squeeze me and make me your loving/er man."

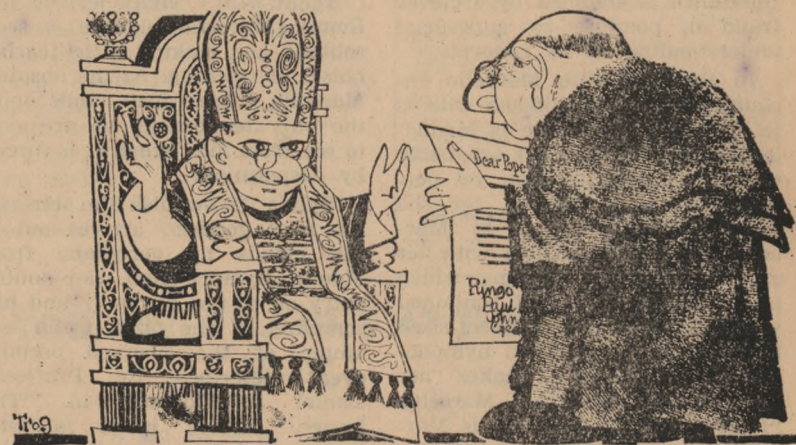
A thesis remains to be written by an anthropological student on the relationship between dancing and fertility rites as related to the modern pop song.

More obscure, but equally fas-

cinating, are the groups of brother and sister singers that periodically hit the world charts. Here the family relationships and the sexual relationships are astutely mixed. Paul and Paula, Anne and Jimmy Murphy, and all the other Joes and Janes partake of a mystical hermaphroditical relationship half relational, half sexual. In other words, the line between our guess that they are brother and sister or lover and lover, is very tenuous indeed. This may be just an accident or it may, as the writers of this article think, be the use for commercial purposes of modern theories of bisexuality — and not so modern theories. See the place of the hermaphrodite in Greek art: also the odd prominence (or not so odd really) given to these ambiguous relationships in the works of the German author, Thomas Mann (esp. Felix Krull), and note Aquinas' explanation for the prohibition of incest is based on the fact that the normal desire of married couples if increased by the love between brother and sister would lead to dangerous proportions and undesirable frequency of sexual intercourse. One cannot help imagining that the rooms of Tin Pin Alley are filled with displaced Harvard PhD's in Psychology who are fiendishly engaged in calculating such effects.

Such, then, is the modern pop song in all its insidious variety. Open pornography pales in degree of danger before this insidious propaganda pumped night and day at an indiscriminating audience. It is a strange reflection on our society that while the literary censors pursue their quarries, no voice is raised in question or anger at the commercial pop song.

—Boris and Sieglinde Hammofsky



"Thank them in writing, but say there's no question of our taking up the electric guitar."



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La Dolce Vita in Retrospect

Viewed again, "the sweet life" has not mellowed to sweetness: it retains a neon harshness and an orgiastic bitterness toward the society it attacks (which I feel, is one splinter of any indolent Western society), coupled with a coruscating vigour which, if it is vulgar, is never less than brilliant, never more than necessarily emphasised. The central towering figure of this saga of vinegary decadence is Marcello Rubino, scandal-culling journalist, compelled lecher and Everyman. Marcello is neither a hero nor an anti-hero, for both of these in some measure overcome the obstacles that they are confronted with. Marcello fails dismally every time, even when he has the semblance of a choice. His job being parasitic makes him a committed man, a puppet of the powerful rich. Near the beginning of the film one of the night club barons calls Marcello as if he were a vassal. There is no chair. The reply is directly mandatory: "Squat, then." So Marcello begins with part of his true stance: a subject before debauched kings. Yet in the twentieth century there is a bravado about him: he can retaliate with his poisonous pen.

The film actually begins on a neo-realist's note: we see a helicopter but we do not hear it. As it approaches, we see it carries a gilt Christ, not "coming in a cloud with great power and majesty," but stiff and lifeless. Marcello follows, an everyman pursuing a false Christ. Even in this he is distracted by women (who wave from an apartment rooftop). Marcello is perceived in the grip of two of the forces that are to assist in his defeat: women and an inability to communicate.

The shaking night-club Buddha which appears to be alive, in significant comparison with the Christ, but which is actually a trick of entertainment, could indicate that Fellini thinks that current Western idolising of Zen Buddhism is induced by a clever fraud or possibly by superficial understanding of its concepts.

In the nightclub Marcello encounters the first goddess who is to humiliate him. Here is Maddalena, rich and the most ostensibly wise of all the women, yet perhaps the most foolish, for she alone baldly proposes to Marcello. Here is Maddalena with her special kind of walking which has a profound air of contained womanliness, her apartment-sized car and her whim-ruled nymphomania. Only love makes her alive, she confesses to Marcello. "Hurray for love, then," is Marcello's flippant average-man answer, sharpened by the professional cynicism which forbids

him to agree to a proposition which in terms of his existence is partly true. They give a prostitute a lift home, Maddalena constantly plying her with cruel questions, but Adriana has the final epigram in a dialogue composed almost entirely of pointed proverbs: "Nobody pays me to think". That could have been one verse in Marcello's swan-song.

It was in the prostitute's bedroom that I saw for the first time on the screen a simple sophistry often used in everyday life: that of saying one thing, and meaning the opposite and simultaneously conveying this fact.

Marcello: You want to make love here.

Maddalena: No.

But her langorous invitation plainly says yes.

Again with a characteristic jolt Emma (Marcello's fiancée) is seen sobbing and making little tearing noises of retching. At the hospital Marcello kisses her hands with the only tenderness we are ever to see from him: when it is forced by desperation.

Sylvia (a Swedish film actress), the next goddess, arrives out of the clouds by aeroplane from Mount Olympia itself. Her double entry on to the gangway and her sampling of the pizza is an example of the planned pseudo-event described by Professor Daniel J. Boorstin in "The Image." Sylvia is a fantastic figure (literally, since it is Anita Ekberg) of innocence and unconscious sensuality. Fellini plunges

here through a ludicrous parody of the personal film interview with its expected questions and their equally expected moronic duplicated replies, up to the height of St. Peter's, where her girlish energy in leaving the men behind is the first discernible suggestion of her godhood. Later, at a nightclub, as they dance, Marcello mutters elemental praises of her: "You are the first woman on the first day of creation. You are the mother, the sister, the lover, the friend . . . an angel, a devil, the earth, the home . . . Yes, that's what you are, Sylvia, the home . . ." Marcello, the modern Moses who has wandered almost 40 years in a decadent desert, thinks he has found the promised woman, but ironically she is none of these things. She is a bloomed Lolita whose answer is to sing of Rome. I am not entirely sure that Marcello and she were speaking the same language in the original script, but it doesn't seem to matter, as his praises may as well have been in a foreign tongue. Their uneasy union is shattered by the arrival of a bearded buffoon, Frankie Stout. This is Pan, King of Satyrs, who dances around Sylvia enticing her away from the merely human Marcello. She is spun aloft near a tremendous flaming pyre, suggesting ancient savage rituals. At the conclusion she storms off when her American fiancée, Robert, suggests she has been performing a striptease.

Temporarily sensually abandoned while under the influence of Pan (Frankie Stout), Selene (Sylvia) escapes in Marcello's car to admire her own image, the moon. Selene seems in danger of seduction by a mere mortal, so her hounds rescue her. At this point a dog howls and Sylvia answers. She is now the other half of her godhood: Artemis, the huntress. Reality has already reversed the myth; now it intrudes in the form of a man on a bicycle. The hounds of reality may claim Marcello (who now represents Actaeon, who was torn to pieces by them at the command of Artemis), so he endeavours to find a haven for the night. While doing this, Sylvia wanders and discovers a small white kitten, equally innocent.

Marcello returns to find her bathing in the fountain of Trevi. (Artemis, tired of her hunt, bathes in a fountain.) If Marcello is Actaeon the penalty is death. But this is reality and Fellini reverses the myth once more, so Marcello is welcomed.

He wades to her, like a man who has seen a miracle. He can't touch the swaying ecstatic white statue. He knows that he is not worthy and he realises that his earlier praise was mistaken: "Who are you?" he asks. She baptises him in answer. Marcello leans forward to kiss her. Fellini knows that the Everyman's poetry is always shattered, so the water stops, and a message boy stops to gape at two people in cold water. For Marcello, it is the moment of rueth.

Sylvia is the most complexly constructed woman in the film. She is at various turns actress, disguised priest, woman, Eve, kitten,

Selene, Artemis, Artemis Ephesia (in Ephesus, Artemis was worshipped as an orgiastic goddess) and Priapls (in Asia Minor, Artemis became known as the mother of Nature). Despite this diversity, she is a single unity whose essence always appears to be simplicity and innocence. Sylvia is also, of course, a Continental view of an Americanised actress, realised with pyrotechnical skill.

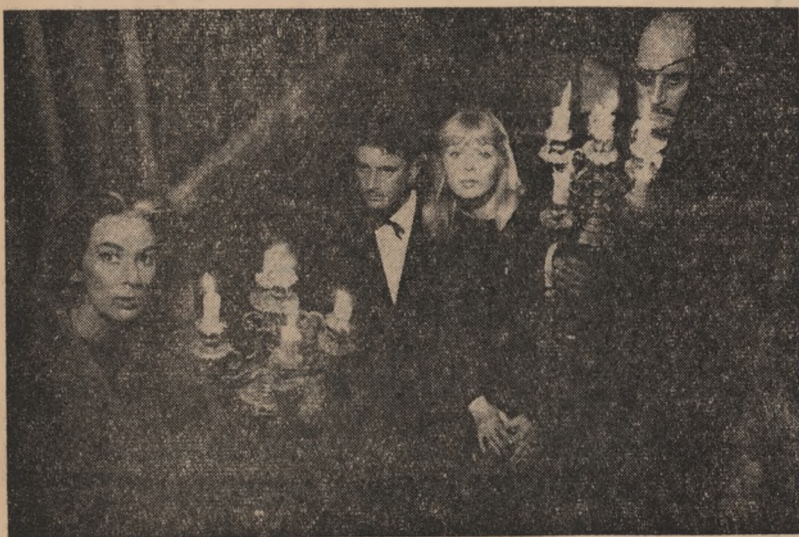
Marcello's next idol is one he worships as a god but who is not, since eventually he kills himself: Steiner. Here is an intellectual, who reads Sanskrit and invites Marcello to listen to him play a church organ. Marcello can make no choice even over music. Steiner looks skyward as he plays Toccata and Fugue in D Minor by Bach. Perhaps he yearns to be a god. The sounds of the organ are not the voice of God to him, however: "what a mysterious voice; it seems to come from the bowels of the earth."

On the road again, Marcello arrives at the site of a supposed apparition. As the children lead the crowd around the field, would-be pilgrims to a miracle-become the pursuers of a myth. Their children's peasant father booms with bombast about the "miracle", but the priest who comments: "Miracles are born out of meditation, not hysteria," indicates that Fellini is aware that the Catholic Church knows the distinction only too well.

Unexpectedly an old woman says: "It's not important if the Madonna appeared. The important thing is to find faith. After all, whoever seeks God finds him . . . wherever he wants." This is part of Marcello's problem, since he has not the necessary purity of intention that a search requires. The antidote to the funeral of the trampled sick (crushed by the stampeding seekers of the Madonna) is the Zeus to which he would be Apollo: Steiner.

Steiner's house is the intellectual's compleat cocoon: there is a wailing Indian folk-singer, a white-robed poetess with a large black dog, ominously sexual in its colour contrast, and a world traveller and writer who reels out muddy meanderings of oriental women and primitive love like a diarrhoeal Fitzpatrick talk.

Steiner is the epitome of tact, of humanism, of the gentle-creased philosopher and the cau-



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tious epigrammatic intellectual. Emma he feels he knows already; towards Repaci, the traveller, who bores the other guests (except Marcello, who admires him as an international observer of women of all races), he has wonder at his faith and optimism; he understands Iris, the poet; but to Marcello and to us, the audience, he addresses the longest and most solemn of monologues of the film.

Iris, the poet, abruptly attacks Marcello: "Steiner tells us you have two loves — and you cannot decide between them." A magnificent piece of ambiguity. Marcello does not know what she means. Is she referring to Emma and Maddalena? Or women and journalism? From what we know of Marcello's character, the answer is least likely: Journalism and literature. She continues in a gallop with sentences that condense Marcello's dilemma and her own emotional starvation: "Don't be caught. Stay open, stay free. Like me. Don't marry, DON'T CHOOSE. In life as in love, one must be chosen. The great thing is to burn, not to freeze." Marcello has been chosen by the hungry Emma, but he wishes to stay free. He has never chosen either. He seems a man without free will, like William Golding's Sammy Mountjoy. When he replies he merely refers to her poems, of course: "They didn't seem to be written by a woman." Emma immediately flashes: "What do you know about women?"

Emma is constantly maternal, tigerishly possessive in scene after scene. Marcello leaves her, ignores her with persistent callousness. Finally, in a later scene, she pours out her love in torrents to Marcello and accuses him of some of his deficiencies: egotist, empty heart, woman-chaser. "What are you looking for?" she demands. "Who will you ever find who loves you like this?" Marcello can't answer that, but he knows what he is afraid of: her maternity. (He drives off and leaves her in a bleak wilderness, which the morning reveals as simply a suburb.) Marcello returns though.

Iris is as frustrated as Emma. Her pithy sayings do not conceal her yearning for love and youth. Appropriately enough, she is the one who perceives that Steiner's layer of qualified oracularisms is word deep: you are as primitive as a Gothic steeple, she declares. "You're so high our voices grow faint in trying to reach up to you." Steiner denies his primeval godhead with a gesture and an epigram, followed on the tape-recorder (again the repetition of an event) by a premonitory clap of thunder. This is melodrama, but successful melodrama, because it is so unexpected as the act it symbolises is unexpected.

Steiner describes beautifully the characters of his children: the boy who puzzles and laughs at flowers and the girl who plays with words and wants to know who is the mother of the moon. The primeval and the intellectual are both in Steiner, too, so his children are a simple division of himself. Steiner knows and tells Marcello the truth about himself. He is midway between professionals and amateurs. Marcello as a journalist is also midway between illiteracy and serious writing,

and midway as a thinking man between self-realisation and self-damnation.

Steiner fears that the silence of the night is a facade that hides danger. To the accompaniment of a lone beating drum he kisses his children goodnight. It is a prophetic kiss of death contrasting with the kiss of life Marcello gave his fiancée earlier.

Women, religion, intellect and now his father claim Marcello's allegiance. His father is a bourgeois counterpart of Iris. Together with Paparazzo, Marcello's photographer, they visit a seedy nightclub where the echo of ancient Roman arenas is shrilled by lion-sized women. Fellini demonstrates a kind of dutiful patience in introducing Paparazzo as a character (hard and candid) so long after he has been a silent companion on Marcello's jaunts, and finally we meet yet another woman, Fanny. Marcello's father runs through a gambit of stale parlour tricks drives her off to prove his youth and suffers a heart attack. Marcello wants to help a part of himself that has grown older and less proficient. He finds, however, that his influence for good has withered away.

In the castle of Bassano de Sutri, variety of decadence is the norm. Nearly all of the guests seem to be in trances. Here Marcello is a rarity indeed, a man "who actually works." Maddalena ensnares him again, leads him to a whispering chamber, confesses love and he returns it verbally, at least. Maddalena realizes completely her own condition: "I have lost the power of choosing." Yet she can still assent to the advances of a wandering male. Marcello pursues wildly. Finally, a slender glistening hand pulls him away. It is Jane, another woman, the oldest and least attractive of Marcello's women. In the sober dawn a priest's silent gaze rebukes them: separated brethren whose religion ends when light appears.

Following his violent quarrel and reconciliation with Emma, Marcello is informed of Steiner's murder of his two children and subsequent suicide. Steiner at least has chosen with crude finality. The reasons for his decision are all present in embryo form in his earlier words. He feared the society that would force his children to become reproductions of himself, his own littleness, hollowness, and lack of energy and optimism. In a strange way his suicide is more positive than the trance-like continuance of being that his contemporaries participate in. As Marcello arrives, the camera points upward through nine circles of stairs to Steiner's apartment. He goes up through this inverted inferno to find his God destroyed. Marcello's voice comes through ghost-like: for once he is shocked into the trance of the decadent.

The real hounds of la Dolce Vita are not those of Artemis but those of the newspapers, and their photographers close on to Steiner's wife like ravenous gunmen.

Marcello, oddly enough insists on rescuing her, as he rescued Sylvia. Marcello's potency lies as always in evasion.

Finally, in a beach villa the party to end all parties. The prancing homosexuals struck me

as cheap. The strip of the voluptuous Naidia was cut out almost completely, so it is impossible to gauge its significance, but Marcello's guests all degenerate into gabbles of party talk and Fellini comes close to boring his audience. The party slowly fizzles like a run-down clock.

The ending is a complex recapitulation of the religious symbolism. The revellers stroll toward the nearby beach where fishermen haul in a devil fish, so called because of the upward projection of its lobes. Marcello surveys the great dead staring eye with a wry, quizzical, sardonic expression. The others are solidly impressed, but not Marcello. As the monster has been dead for three days it may represent Christ, come at last in contrast to the gilt Christ in the opening shots. Alternatively, it may be the Great Beast of Revelation. If this is so, it also unites the theme with the second coming of Christ. Interesting enough, devilfish are not usually found in the Mediterranean so it may have been a sunfish appropriately arriving at dawn, which is equally bulky and would appear ugly to jaded eyes.

At the pinnacle of perfection and purity is Paola, an adolescent girl whom Marcello has admired earlier as like a Fra Angelica angel. The real Madonna, the purity of a young girl, the living miracle are all suggested by her smile. Again Marcello cannot hear her. A shrug and a gesture and he goes leaving the Madonna to turn her smile on the audience.

The number of parallels and contrasts in La Dolce Vita is tremendous. I have already referred to those of religion, baptism, communication, the kisses and mythology. There are also contrasts in music: an organ for Steiner, an organ for striptease: Patricia is the theme of the pure Paola and the theme tune of the sensual Naida. In the film, people watch the city of Rome but see it differently: Sylvia sees it from St. Peter's, Steiner and Marcello from Steiner's apartment, and Marcello's father from Fanny's apartment.

Sylvia wears her sunglasses to keep off the sun; Maddalena or Marcello wear them even at night. They both respect their father; Paparazzo does not.

Considering the film as a whole, one is lead back to Marcello who covers almost the entire range of human feeling. He is cynical, sad, drunk, flippant, cruel, callous, brutal, tender, worried, helpless, shocked, afraid; he feels sorrow, admiration, awe, wonder, lust, pity, disgust, anger, boredom. Despite this multiplicity of traits, he is not a complicated man. He is really an ordinary fellow with more opportunity to indulge in normal red-hormoned randiness because of his job and his sexual prowess. Yet he is no Don Juan. Before purity or innocence or independence he fails. He is not an ambitious man nor a secker; he is perceptive of his own plight. He is alone.

Fellini, as surely as he invents myth to fit reality, turns sensation to stupefaction, sex to satiety, and spectacle to hysteric stupidity.

It is said that his actors were selected from 10,000 candidates. Considering that not a single character is misplaced this is entirely feasible. Fellini is part of the greatest trio of neo-realists of these times, the other two being Traffaut and Antonioni.

—Mike Morrissey

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Maoritanga

THE MEDIA and MAORITANGA

LESS than twelve months ago there were, perhaps, three television sets in Puketutu pa; now there are seventeen — in a community with a population of just under two hundred.

Considered a model settlement by the Department of Maori Affairs, Puketutu is situated close to a large Auckland market gardening zone and a fast developing light industrial area, where most men from the pa are employed. Consequently, the majority of families are in a relatively secure economic positions.

This is reflected not only in the increase of new TV sets, but in machines, and, more important, new homes, which have completely replaced the slum dwellings of four or five years ago.

But despite these advances in improved living conditions and so on, there is a vague, not altogether understood dissatisfaction among the adults and younger people in the settlement: "Something is wrong," "the old days were better," if "something's missing," they'll tell you. And, of course, they are right, something HAS been lost in the drive forward to economic security, something called Maoritanga.

Briefly, Maoritanga has several meanings, one being 'awareness', awareness of ones Maori cultural background. It also conveys the sense of belonging; not merely to the restricted whanau or family group, but also to the hapu, tribe and people as a whole.

In short, Maoritanga is essential if the individual or group, such as the Puketutu community, is to maintain both social and psychological stability in an increasingly changing European society.

Just where television fits into the social context of the 'new' Puketutu community at the present time is not altogether clear. But one thing is certain, nonetheless: the emergent pattern of group behaviour arising out of its

introduction is not in the least reassuring.

For example, recently a Korero (meeting) was held in the Pa but was cut short in the evenings so that TV could be viewed after 6 p.m. While on another occasion, a hui was completely disorganised and abruptly brought to an end at 6 o'clock for the same reason. Which meant that the traditional concert party and dance in the evening was automatically cancelled out.

Principally, it has been the teenagers and children in the settlement who have been effected most by the 'one-eyed monster': weekend pictures, the Saturday hop and the regular childrens evenings playing in the whare runanga are things of the past. In place of these communal activities is the darkened, isolated sitting room or kitchen.

But this is not all, recreation in other forms, such as football, organised racing, boxing and other healthy outdoor activities on the marae have also been effected by TV. Further, up to its arrival, school attendance for children of the community was, on average, good. But with late nights, every night of the week, a definite problem has arisen; one which will possibly be difficult to control as time passes. The direct physical effects of persistent television viewing among children and adolescents in the pa, fortunately, do

not appear at present, to be serious, while as for delinquency, the rate remains particularly low in the community. Finally, the childrens games, when they can get together to play on weekends, do not show TV influence to any great degree: The Lone Ranger still rides the marae! For young adults in the pa, television is also a substitute for a number of communal recreation activities. There is, for example, no longer a Puketutu football or basketball team. These had to be given up as there was no longer any communal support. Again, TV viewing is held responsible for this new development.

Dances, after the weekend movies, were an important social activity up till recently. But they are no longer held in the settlement. TV interferes with the organisational side of the function and also attendance.

With the appearance of TV in

the pa, adults find little time to pursue traditional occupations such as fishing, shellfish collecting, vegetable gardening, communal working-bee activities, visiting friends and relatives in and outside the village. Whereas it was once general to do these things in the evening it is now possible at weekends; providing the weeks accumulated household chores have been dealt with. Adult socials in the form of card evenings, for example, are no longer held: which means that people see less of each other on a personal level. Enough, perhaps, has been said: television has come to the pa, it is effecting the lives of the Maori people in it. Whether it will continue to do so, so negatively, its not possible to say at present. Maybe it wont; perhaps as time passes its influence on Maoritanga will lessen. Let's hope so.

—Alan Taylor

DURENMATT

This article is not intended to be a unified one, dealing with a specific theme of Friedrich Durrenmatt's *Der Besuch der alten Dame*. The play, will by now be reasonably well-known to all interested in drama through the three mediums of the Community Players' performance in English, the English translation in the libraries, and thirdly from what the critics have had to say upon the subject. My aim is to raise a few points concerning the play which have either been neglected or insufficiently stressed.

Anyone who says that the theme is public morality or collective greed in *Besuch* is contributing nothing new to the discussion, but none seems over-ready to declare that the principle of democracy gets a dramatic hammering from Durrenmatt. What the cold war has wrought here does not concern us vitally, as the play is of more interest than its critics. Yet the message is there in the text, and ridicules democracy, whether it slants east or westwards; the stage directions of the author put the town of Gullen "in Central Europe," and it is immaterial whether it lies on Our Side or Their Side of the Curtain.

The power of the local council reflects the Swiss gubernatorial system, whereby, although the country is ultimately ruled by a seven-man "Federal Council," each canton also elects its own body of government, the "Great Council." Some cantons still hold what is known as a *Landsgemeinde*, roughly translatable as a district common gathering. To this all citizens are expected to come to discuss and pass laws or reject them by a show of hands. This pattern is repeated in yet a smaller group, the *Cum-mune*, a term which is descriptive of the town of Gullen. Here is the source of the direct participation of the citizens in their dealing with Alfred Ill.

"The importance of the commune is shown by the naturalization procedure," says a Swiss embassy information. "Anyone who wants to obtain Swiss citi-

zenship must first be accepted by the citizens of a given commune; they alone can grant him citizenship." And just as such a group has the right to confer a status upon one of its members, it can, presumably, also revoke such a status, even that of citizenship. If the commune be united against one man, he is then a minority of one, but under the system of democracy is still entitled to have his opposite view heard.

That is the theory at its most bright-eyed; it depends, like any other system of government and justice, upon the integrity of those responsible for its execution. Fellow-cynics will agree with me that if it is that independent, it is doomed in this world, but the blow-hole should be the rights of the minority to be heard and to have their ideas, however unpopular they may be, guaranteed a fair hearing. But if the minority can be coerced or persuaded to forgo that right, in this case to fall in at least superficially with the view of the majority, the power of the majority becomes not only all-powerful, but will not even appear to transgress any principles of the system.

Alfred Ill is the person who suffers from this abuse of democracy: some would say that Claire Zachanassian does too, but no guilt rested with the judge and jury in that paternity suit of forty-five years ago; on that occasion the whole system was torpedoed by three unscrupulous men, Ill and his two bribed witnesses. The second miscarriage of justice is done with all the citizens fully aware of the facts.

The power of the citizens is exercised to the full; from the man who was "easily the best-loved citizen in Gullen," Ill crashes in one day. His customers grow more and more impudent, and the police, the civic authorities and even the Church refuse him aid, covering their refusals with legal points and exhortations to be more concerned about the safety of his soul than his body.

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Presumably a man unpopular in one commune would have the right to go to another, but the friendly citizens of the town give him such a cordial send-off — what better denial of his position — that he never escapes.

Ill's eventual acquiescence in his death has the outward appearance of the opposition for once agreeing with the majority, of unanimous democracy. The outsiders, i.e. the Press, see only the wonderful way democracy works, and the final irony will be the photo of Ill (with family) on the cover of "Life" after his death.

Ill's death leads to the next point of discussion, the question of the stratum of primitive religion in the play. Besides the oft-mentioned scapegoat, there are traces of the Palaeolithic hunt rituals, what could loosely be termed ritual regicide, and a fertility sacrifice, all of which shade into one another.

The situation, in these terms, stands roughly thus:— the tribe has fallen on hard times, because of the anger of the Earth Mother, or a similar deity. The deity demands a sacrifice, and will restore her blessing the moment it is given her. In this case, the tribe leans toward ritual regicide, though mainly because he is named as the guilty one. He is chosen as the victim, and is himself willing (it was/is, I understand, an honour to be chosen). With the consent of the tribe, he is ritually murdered and the curse of the deity is lifted.

That is a bald and obviously oversimplified rendering of the position, but space will allow of

little amplification. One feature which does not fit directly within this framework of ritual, but which is very effective for the surface layers of significance, is the hunting down and shooting of Claire Zachanassian's black panther, which she brought with her as a pet. The comparison to be made here with the coming fate of Alfred Ill, whom Claire Zachanassian in her youth gave the sobriquet of "my black panther." Parallel is found here in the modern bear cult of the Ainu people of the north of Japan; this cult flourished mostly in the circumpolar regions, though also in the Alps and Germany in Palaeolithic times. A similar ritual, which replaces the bear with the lion and panther existed and still exists in Africa, and was also found in Southern France.

In closing, one further point presents itself:— who is the main character of the play? I cannot agree that it is Claire Zachanassian, though she be the "alte Dame" of the title. To me, Alfred Ill's gradual development into a tragic figure through his acceptance of his fate highlights him more sharply than any feature character does to la Zachanassian. She is rather an offended effigy of a ju-ju, or a symbol of whatever our personal *Anschauung* would have her be, than a living character. The only time this mask even momentarily appears to drop is when she talks of her long dead child. Even her desire for justice and revenge do not give me the feeling that she is, like the Gullenens, flesh and blood.

—Wayne Flavell.

Books

Literary Aperitif

IN "A Severed Head" Iris Murdoch, having created six characters, three men and three women, combined them in eight out of the nine possible ways, threw in the added complication of a pair of brothers and a brother and sister, and produced her first novel in the singular class to which an "An Unofficial Rose" and "The Unicorn" belong.

In "An Unofficial Rose" the relationships do not have the same mathematical precision. The majority of the characters belong to one family which has representatives from three generations. This, at the outset, precludes the plethora of straightforward sexual entanglements which individualises "A Severed Head", but an additional number of emotional complications make the plot of "An Unofficial Rose" as intricate as that of its predecessor.

This development is continued for the plot of "The Unicorn", wherein emotional involvements predominate. Hannah, the central character, lives in a remote castle on the edge of an Irish bog. On a neighbouring estate live Alice and Pip Lejour (brother and sister); a constant visitor of theirs is Effingham, who has, for years, been avoiding Alice's attempts to make him propose marriage to her. Hannah's husband, Peter, is in America, and has been there for almost seven years. He left Ireland when he discovered Pip

and Hannah in bed together, and Hannah subsequently tried to murder him by pushing him off a cliff. She cannot run away with Pip, because she is "psychologically paralysed" by Gerald Scottow, another inmate of the castle, who, just incidentally, is an old lover of Peter's. Gerald's present lover is 18-year-old Jamesie, who also lives in the castle with his sister, Violet. The latter is a religious Lesbian, in love with Hannah. The odd household is completed by the gardener, Denis, who plays classical piano, sings like an angel, and acts as high priest in the household worship of Hannah; he also acts as her hairdresser.

To the castle comes Marian, educated, emancipated and very practical. She is soon as involved as all the others. Jamesie stares at her strangely and says she is almost like a man. Violet holds her hand and hopes that they will become close friends. Gerald exerts over her the same power that holds Hannah in thrall. Effingham momentarily falls in

love with her, in between playing the courtly lover to Hannah and almost deciding that he loves Alice. She falls in love with Deenis, whose leprecaun charm has already caused Alice to "spring upon him at the salmon pool".

So much happens, or is revealed as having happened, in the first two-thirds of the book. Dramatic action is negligible. Then, suddenly, all hell breaks loose. Hannah is whisked away from the castle by Marion and Effingham, who have some vague desire that she should "get away from it all." Their flight is forestalled. Hannah shoots Gerald and kills herself. Effingham spends a chapter narrowly escaping death in the bog. Denis kills Peter, who was on his way back to the castle. Pip commits suicide. Denis, Jamesie and Violet fade mysteriously out of focus; Alice goes back to her dogs; Effingham and Marion get on trains and go home.

Finis. RIP, etc. Obviously a wildly improbable plot. Obviously (say many critics) unadulterated trash.

When one reaches this point one is reminded of the charges which early critics levelled at the last four plays of Shakespeare. Later, more enlightened critics suggested that one should accept the implausible plots as part of the fairy tale atmosphere and concern oneself with unity of mood rather than unity of action. I would suggest that to understand Irish Murdoch's last three novels one must show the same tolerance. However, if this is so, then the critic must ask himself, does the atmosphere (the unity of mood), redeem the unlikely plot? It seems generally agreed that in "Pericles" and "Cymbeline", Shakespeare has not conveyed his atmosphere sufficiently to create a "willing suspension of disbelief", but that in "The Tempest" and "A Winter's Tale" he has succeeded magnificently. On her own smaller scale, has Iris Murdoch succeeded likewise?

I have neither the space nor the knowledge to examine fully what gives a book atmosphere, but I would like to work on the generalising assumption that it springs largely from "the expression of the terms in which the novel has been conceived (Arnold Kettle, *An Introduction to the English Novel*). In other words, it springs not only from the action dictated by the plot, but also from the way in which the action is described.

Iris Murdoch is a brilliant exponent of the art of suggestive writing. She can imbue a scene with haunting overtones, no matter how ordinary the scene may be. Her apparently factual descriptions of her characters are larded with words and images that one unconsciously continues to associate with the characters, who thus acquire a colouring that has not been explicitly stated. Honor Klein, in "A Severed Head", is physically characterised thus:—

"... she was very nearly ugly. I contemplated her sallow cheek, which shone dully like wax, and the black gleaming hair, oily, straight, and brutally short."

From this and similar descriptions the reader learns to associate Honour with death and

violence. The corpse-like waxen sheen of her skin, her "brutally" short hair, become part of her character, not of her appearance.

All Iris Murdoch's books employ this device, and it is at its best in "A Severed Head" and "An Unofficial Rose", both of which are unforgettable.

However, the need for atmosphere in "The Unicorn" is far greater than that required by the other two. They could be excused on the grounds of a poet's licence in treating the fact of coincidence. But "The Unicorn" is flagrantly fanciful, blatantly unrealistic. The fairy-tale machinery is laid on with a trowel — a remote castle, a sleeping princess under the enchantment of a wicked magician, the seven-year cycle of the curse — they are all present. The serious gloom that lies over the castle and its inhabitants is too reminiscent of *Northanger Abbey* and *Cold Comfort Farm* to promote suspension of disbelief without the help of far more powerfully evocative prose than that which is offered.

And yet the prose is brilliant. Why does it not work the same magic as it has done in the past? Why have the critics dismissed this novel as trash? Compton Burnett has produced a series of stark novels in which the coincidences are as far-fetched, the action as melodramatic, as Iris Murdoch's, but she has given them a normal setting and her prose style is over-intellectualised into a convention that is far removed from reality. Mervyn Peake has produced a fantastical trilogy of books about the mythical Earl of Gormenghast, writing in beautiful but conventional prose and describing a Grimm fairy-tale setting and characters. His plots are structurally unexceptional. These two authors have been accepted. They are not accused of writing trash.

It would seem, then, that the connection between setting and character is the significant one. Compton-Burnett has conventional setting and characters, who speak unrealistically about unrealistic situations. Mervyn Peake has unrealistic settings and characters and writes in a way that encourages the reader to lose himself in the book as one does in lyrical poetry. Iris Murdoch has, in "The Unicorn", an unrealistic setting, but some realistic characters. Some of them are so normal that they actually comment on the unrealistic situation in which they find themselves. In keeping with this, her style leads the reader into involvement and then tosses him out again. He is continually subjected to threatened climaxes which are twisted into bathos. For example: Marian walks into Hannah's bedroom and sees her and Denis staring at something on the floor. It is a bat. One feels Marian's shock and expects something to happen in keeping with the general blood-and-thunder atmosphere... a crash of thunder, a sudden scream, etc., but instead Hannah says, "Isn't it a dear? Denis brought it. He always brings me things. Hedgehogs, snakes, toads, nice beasts", and they all settle down to reading the "Princess de Cleves".

Iris Murdoch has thus placed

—Concluded Page 16

Argument

REJOINDER

The purpose of my article on Malaysia was twofold:—

(1) Newspaper editorials and reports in New Zealand confirm that New Zealanders and their politicians in the main know little of events in Malaysia. I had hoped to give in the space of a short article an outline of events in Malaysia during the past ten years.

(2) I did not want to repeat the mistake of those uninformed persons who comment on New Zealand's "commitments" to Malaysia without adequate information. Mr Loh has neither shown that my facts were wrong or that my judgments were incorrect.

Singapore's Chief Minister David Marshall made moves for a merger agreement in 1955 before Malayan independence, and so did the next Chief Minister, Lim Yew-Hock, after Malayan independence. These proposals were rejected. Where was the thought of decolonisation of Singapore and the Malayan territories then? Those who claim that Malayan leaders wish to "decolonise" the Borneo territories miss the main point, which is that the non-Chinese population of the Borneo territories was to offset the large Chinese population of Singapore (e.g., see "Pacific Affairs", Summer 1963). A good case could be made for Malaya's attempt to neo-colonialize the Borneo territories.

2. The point of comparison with South Africa was to show that both countries have laws which permit detention without trial. But the Malays of the old Federation still enjoy "special privileges" with regard to positions in the public service, scholarships, bursaries and business licenses. This is written into the Malaysian Constitution, which Mr Loh should consult.

3. Mr Loh's statement, "persons arrested will be released as soon as they declare publicly their non-communist stand," sounds like something from Orwell's 1984. It is based on the assumption that all political prisoners who oppose

Malaysia are Communists. It is convenient to confuse issues by labelling all opposition to Malaysia as Communist. Unlike Mr Loh, I do not find it "understandable" that 131 union leaders, journalists and politicians (24 of the opposition) should be detained without trial until they "declare publicly their non-Communist stand"). Mr Loh's phrase "acting" for the welfare and interest of the State certainly presupposes the question "Who is to decide what are the interests of the State?" Lee Kuan Yew answers the question by arresting his opposition.

4. If there was any confusion, this was caused by the manner in which the issues were presented in the referendum. The blank vote policy of the Barisan Socialis was an expression of opposition to the manner in which the referendum was conducted in Singapore. Nearly all political parties in Singapore criticised the arbitrary way in which the issues were presented. The PAP insisted on the control of the choices offered to the voters, so that their own proposals were most likely to be accepted.

5. I cannot see what is logically sensible in allotting Singapore 15 seats and Sarawak, with only half Singapore's population, 24 seats in the Malaysian Parliament, even if Singapore retains the autonomy in education and labour. It is more sensible to base parliamentary representation on the number of people in the State and not on the size of the State.

6. In the United Nations report on Malaysia (October, 1963) some very odd statements are made. After saying that "elections were freely and impartially conducted," the report then says that "the authorities had limited the effort of the group opposing Malaysia, deprived them of the help of some of their officers and members,

made unavailable certain newspapers and printing presses, and deterred people who might otherwise have affiliated with it or voted for its candidates. It says that the number of persons detained in Sarawak under the Preservation of Public Security (Detention) Regulations was 103 at the end of June, 1963; all opposed the Malaysia plan." Nor in the opinion of the Mission did the fact that the detained included some 131 officials of the anti-Malaysia party appear to have substantially limited the party's campaigning potential. The United Nations report reads like a bad joke. What would happen in New Zealand if 103 candidates and party members of either the National or Labour Parties were detained during an election?

In Craccum I detected seven

contractions and omissions of what I said in my original article. —Robert Nola.

(Editorial Note.—Mr Nola's accusation of contraction and omission are unjustified. His "original article" was badly handwritten on both sides of the page in cramped script. Its illegibility no doubt contributed to any "typographical changes in context". Craccum, however, denies that Mr Nola's article was substantially different from what was published. As the script of his original article has been lost, neither Mr Nola or Craccum are in a position to exactly determine comparisons. Craccum printed Mr Nola's article because it was thought that his refreshing and controversial viewpoint would be of general interest.)



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• Continued from page 15

the reader in an uncomfortable position. He is denied the intellectual pleasure of non-involvement and also the emotional pleasure of involvement. He has been presented with an escape novel into which it is impossible to escape.

This cannot be allowed to condemn her out of hand. One may enjoy "The Unicorn" for the skill with which it is contrived, for the mastery of the prose; for the masochistic pleasure of knowing you are reading someone who is always one jump ahead of you. "The Unicorn" is thus a pleasant titillation of the intellect, a kind of literary aperitif, but such palate-ticklers are, by definition, hors du categorie des oeuvres.

—Rosalind Hursthouse

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