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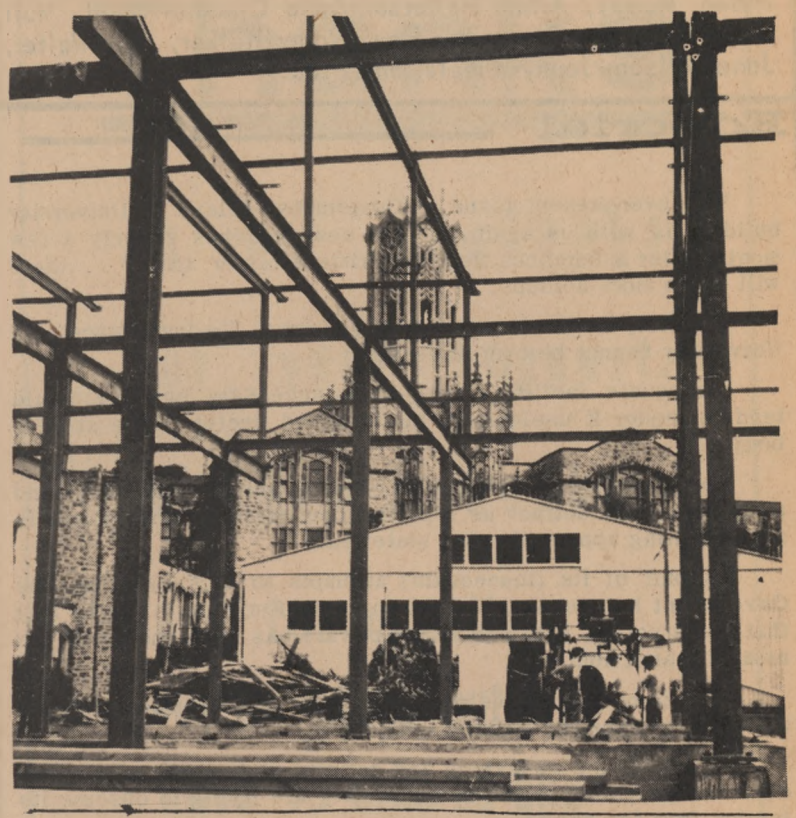
LIBRARY BUILDING MUDDLE

OVERCROWDING ON THE WAY



Government muddling has caused what will probably be a year-long hold-up in construction of the library/arts block.

The £1.3 million block on the corner of Alfred and Princes St. was originally scheduled for opening in March 1968. March 1969 is now considered a more likely date.

And by 1969, there will be a ratio of only about one study seat in the library for every 78 students.

The approved ratio is one seat for every four students.

The prospect of one hundred students competing for each seat in the library at the beginning of 1969 is the substance of nightmares for the library staff.

The senate has sent a letter to the Government seeking urgent clarification of the hold-up.

To have had the building programme up to schedule tenders for the main contract should have been called and closed last year so that construction could begin late last year or early this year.

The plans, from private city architects, were sent to Wellington last year for approval. Since then the Ministry of Works has been working on technicalities on costs and materials. The latest advice to the university is that the University Grants Committee and the Ministry of Works are still discussing clearance of the plans.

After they have cleared the plans, the project has still to go through the Cabinet Works Committee and the building programmer. Tenders could then be called by the university and closed within weeks.

But the Summer has already passed. The £248,000 to be spent on the 1966 stage of the building still has no claimant. The site for the building is mud-covered and bare — another example of the Government's vaunted building programme for universities falling behind schedule because of an apparent reluctance to let go funds allocated to its public works.

Here are the facts on the library we have at present and its inadequacy for students in the years to 1969.

There are 225 seats at present, or one seat for every 15 full-time students.

There is a book stock of 200,000 volumes. From 1966 until the new library opens student seating will have to be sacrificed to create space for an additional book stock of 20,000 volumes annually. This will knock out about 50 seats each year.

By 1969 the student roll will have risen to an estimated 7,800. The library seating could be down to about 100.

The new library will seat 600, and other library seating for different departments will boost this total to about 850. In addition, about 300 seats in the new science block should become available soon after this.

Miss Fresherette

Alistair Taylor,

NZUSA RECONSIDERS

Mr. Alistair Taylor, the current president of N.Z.U.S.A. has requested that all constituents consider his proposed extension of the application closing date for full-time, paid presidency of N.Z.U.S.A..

Reliable sources in Wellington feel that the extension would validate the Auckland University Student's Association President, Ross Mountain's application which arrived late. Mr. Mountain, who was in Canada at the time as the guest of the British Information Service, said that he had posted his application on the 25th February from Canada, and that the international postal service had somehow delayed the letter.

If Mr. Mountain's application is accepted, the hitherto unopposed Mr. Taylor will find a strong candidate up against him.

"Craccum's" constituent correspondents report that most constituents have taken a favourable view of Mr. Taylor's proposal. They add that the acceptance of the Auckland President's application should make the elections a most interesting one for all concerned.

The president will be appointed at the annual meeting of the Council of N.Z.U.S.A. at Dunedin. The full time president will have a salary of £900 with £140 expenses as well as various allowances. All universities will now be visited at least twice a year.

The Seminar Programme for 1966, which will consist of seven seminars, including the "Pacific Seminar" to be held in Auckland, will have to administered by the President. He will also be expected to arrange the "Leadership Training Course," and represent New Zealand Universities in many capacities, both locally and overseas.

Ross Mountain

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Editorial

The ever-present issue of Government delays in University building is with us again. This news reaches us only a few months after assurances from the Prime Minister, that ". . . .there will be no more holdups."

A library is the heart of a university. Its importance to a University cannot be over-stressed.

Inadequate facilities in such a necessary building would tend to render it useless for the deprived sector of the student body.

No amount of Government reassurances, excuses, and platitudes, will detract us from the fact that the Government is not honouring apparently rash statements.

As part of its (inadequate) attempts to curb inflation, the Government has decided to cast an aura of mystery over the fact that construction, both public and private has been chosen as the area of restriction.

A maze of committees and sub-committees has been arranged as a gauntlet for any building programme.

Its reluctance to divulge any definite statements concerning construction points to the fact that they are trying to obscure its tactics from the public.

The proposed Library building programme was due to start this month with the calling of tenders.

Red tape and procrastination on the grand scale of which only our government is capable of, have dictated otherwise.

225 seats for a student population exceeding 6000, can hardly be deemed adequate.

Seating will have to be sacrificed to accommodate an annual addition of 20,000 books. These volumes will demand at least 50 seats a year and it needs only a second to realise the extent overcrowding will have reached by 1970.

Exclusion is a possibility. The present Library is included in the building plans, as lecture rooms.

This ridiculous intrigue is responsible for delays. We can only hope they will come out in the open and admit that they just cannot cope with it.

AWAKE

Once again the University is humming with the convolutions of a democratic minority arranging the future of the griffin which is purported to be that equally mythical beast — "the student body."

This is a time of festivity for the King's arms are about to be moulded. We must all forget the terrible, unwashed, irresponsible, idiot next to us at History and Theory, and read with an open mind (and possibly, head) what he is really like.

For those heretics who claim be in the imaginary Hobson predicament, an objective study of your position (known to the Orient as the "position of an Ass") will reveal a chasm that appears to your untrained eye as hope. Wipe this wicked illusion from your rose-tinted visage. As long as there exists a sky, our Griffin must fly.

So endith this year's election editorial.

LETTERS

Fees

Dear Sir,

I am sure that several students have been made grimly aware recently of a certain iniquity in the new fees regulations which came in this year. In past years those who failed to get terms were eligible for a refund of their examination fees (less an administrative fee). This year no such refunds are allowed; fees for each unit are made up in a composite sum which must include the cost of preparing and marking papers.

I would seriously question the legal right of the University to charge a price, as it were, for goods which it then refuses to deliver. I would also question the morality of people of lower intellegence subsidize the education and examination of others. And finally I wonder what Students' Association was doing when it should have been acting as the student voice against this kind of iniquity within the University. The Execut. were no doubt too busy pre ing the feathers of th Public Image of feathering the nest of their individual political ambitions in local body affairs. Perhaps now that they have failed there they may get down to the solid business of representing students of the University within the University. Isn't that why they were elected and why one pays an annual Student Association fee?

Dumb,
Disgruntled,
Out-of-Pocket.

Government

Dear Sir,

New Zealand is a democracy - I am told; and the government of a democracy is by the people, of the people and for the people - I have been led to believe.

However, the recent "News media Ownership Bill" and the current farce over coin designs leads me to think that either New Zealand is not a democracy (which is of course, heresay) or it does not have a government.

When a small number of self-designated ' 'statesmen' push through a bill seriously affecting the major sources of public information — the news media — with little time for thought, and in spite of published wide-spread concern, those men cannot be considered a body responsible to the people.

And when they choose to ignore a nation-wide criticism of official coin designs — designs which should be a symbol of the integrity and aesthetic standards of our country and instead state that the single-minded National party caucus is the fairest cross-section of public opinion — then they can no longer be said to be acting either by the people, of the people or for them.

"The government is governing reasonably well and that is all we can expect in New Zealand" said Mr Muldoon at the Universities Congress. It is not all we can expect. And the government is not even governing in the democratic sense.

These two issues, combined with the blatant way in which the government hid its policy on Vietnam, all issues of vital interest to the country force me to state that we can no longer have any confidence in our government.

It has forgotten the ideals of a democracy. New Zealand is now an oligarchy rapidly approaching a socialist state.

Christine A. Moir.

Marital Mockery

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your article in Craccum 1 entitled "Marital Mockery", where you pointed out how unethical it is for a couple to make use of a church (in this case, the Chapel) for a nice wedding and for nothing else. How true. Some have even presumed that I wrote the article.

You mentioned that there have been some unusual wedding services there. There have been; but none which I did not feel — after several hours' talk with the couple concerned — was in some sense religiously motivated. A few have been much less fully and conventionally christian than others; but which is better; a conventional service pronounced over a couple whose belief is sincere but unconventional or a service not as full-bloodedly christian as I would choose for myself, but honest? It is quicker and simpler to take the first way; it is much more demanding (and I believe more valuable) to really talk together at depth — and then prove the talk was serious by the service itself.

Many think there should be no weddings at all in the Chapel — it is an escape from their responsibility to a parish. I would assure them that at any rate it is not an easy escape.

Yours,
David Simmers,
Maclaurin Chaplain.

Archives

Sir,

Through your columns I would like to thank those anonymous donors who have so freely deposited old files and records for the newly established Students' Association Archives Room. We are always pleased to receive any publications, photographs, or documents. However, if the kind person who sent "An Elementary Dissection Guide" cares to make himself known I would like to reply to him more suitably.

Incidentally, some people intending to send parcels of material seem to be confusing the functions of the Archivist. He is neither "The Stud. Ass. Anarchist" nor "The Honorary Arsonist". The latter official deals only with wastepaper collections.

C. Gordon-Craig.

Kudos

Dear Sirs,

May I congratulate you on your first issue. You have managed to achieve a nice balance between campus articles and ones of a broader interest; a thing which is difficult when you are dealing with students alone and doubly difficult when you have to supply a city readership as well.

All of the articles were of current interest and newsworthy, which is extremely hard to achieve within an amateur newspaper with a lengthy period between copy closing and publication.

Perhaps a word or two is in order about the printing. I myself, have a personal dislike for Offset printing but I understand that no other opportunity presented itself. The problems imposed by the method particularly on layout create extraordinary strains on the editors (which no other Craccum editors have been subjected to before.)

However, I feel that with more experience you will manage to iron out the visual anomalies in this issue — except for typing which is, of course, outside your control.

A creditable effort for a first issue.

Ex-editor.

VICTIMS – A Review

In the joke "A thought which it would perhaps be rude or indecorous to utter plain, is dipped as it were into the magic spring of the primary process (The dream-like condensation of meaning), as one can dip a flower or twig into the calcine waters of Karlsbad where they emerge transformed into something rich and strange. In this guise the idea is not only acceptable but even welcome." (Gombrich on Freud)

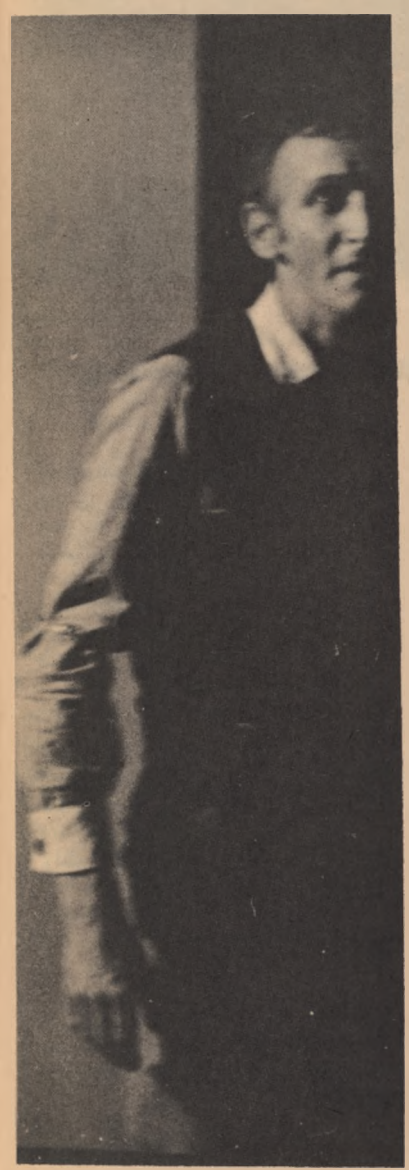
Ionesco enunciates an indecorous cosmic joke in "Victims of Duty" – and the result was certainly welcome as presented by the University Theatre Company last week.

The sense of duty is a constricting influence. Like the language of communication it binds people to time, place, and tradition. Spiritual revelation is the only escape from words which drop like corpses on corpse-like sensitivities. A way of half-escape is to laugh at the absurdity of each man doing his duty toward an end he cannot visualize.

TIMELY.

Ionesco's joke is a timely one to perpetrate on an academic audience. The only hope for happiness he presents is Choubert's glimpses of the world of light and his ecstatic ravings. At least, ravings they are to the analytic mind – to the experiencing audience they are the only moments of sanity.

As Bruce Mason pointed out in the last issue of "Craccum", reason and revelation have never been happy bedfellows. Reason only aids the anti-spiritual forces in the world: the authoritarianism of police and paternal figures, the absurd claims of a misunderstood duty. Revelation makes no sense to these forces. It ignores them, and in ignoring them, it transcends them.



DOUGHY.

In "Victims of Duty" Choubert has his esctasy. But the world pulls him back. stuffs him with bread, and leaves him a doughy idiot. And here there is a strange double reaction by the audience. Choubert's anguish is our anguish; but we also sit distanced and laugh at this doughy mess. We are laughing at ourselves. Interpenetrating our laughter is sympathetic anguish with Choubert, Ionesco's Everyman.

All this, of course, is to say that Alexander Guyan realizes the role of Choubert magnificently. This husband-son figure is convincing right through the wide range from unreasoning ecstasy, to matrimonial conceit, to childish idiocy.

Guyan holds the attention most of the time; but Michael Noonan, the detective-adolescent, plays a slightly less rewarding part with a fine sense of timing and, like Guyan, convincingly encompasses a wide range of styles, from subtle bullying, to bluster to blubber.

UNTHINK.

Jill Retter's Madelaine, Choubert's wife, is more of a virtuoso piece. The role is not so demanding emotionally as the others. Madelaine is the feminine principle: unthink (without revelation), following the dominant leader, but still with enormous depth of compassion. Representing this feminine principle gives Jill Retter no problems.

Robert Leek and, particularly Nicky Boyes enhance the handsomeness of the set, and more than adequately play out their peculiar parts.

Director Tom Finlayson has managed the resources of the stage so well that the audience never has to stop to worry about the movement of the drama. This exploitation of the University Hall stage is especially important for action so demanding as Ionesco's. The style of the production overall struck a fine balance between over-hastiness (a temptation with Ionesco) and the slackness inherent in allowing each situation to extract its full amount of absurd humour.

QUIBBLES

The reviewer of the first rights performance of "Victims for Duty" could find a few miscued entrances or smothered lines to quibble about. But these quibbles have no interest or significance beside the substantial achievement of the production.

In the sanctuary of the University we were given a drama in the spirit of another of Ionesco's plays in which he has a professor say: "Only words that are charged with significance, heavy with meaning, dive downwards, and always succumb in the end, crumpling up and ...." And the pupil completes it" ....falling on deaf ears."

Bill Montgomerie.

I AM STILL AN ATHEIST

ROSALIND HURSTHOUSE REPLIES TO PROF BLAIKLOCK

Some time ago I picked up a little booklet entitled "Why I am still a Christian" by Professor Blaiklock of the Classics Department. I have no idea how long it has been in circulation, or of how much attention it has received, but I feel that it is the sort of thing that demands a reply.

Professor Blaiklock's aim in his booklet, it would seem, is to convince his readers that to have the Christian faith is altogether a Good Thing - not only so much "nicer" and more comforting than atheism, but so very much the gentlemanly, cultured thing to have. It guarantees "elasticity of mind", a richer appreciation of life in general and beauty, love, literature, history, aesthetics and ethics in particular. The atheistic logicians whom Professor Blaiklock is attacking live, it appears in narrow, confined and unexciting worlds.

I want to make one mild point: that the life of the atheist is not necessarily, nor in fact, any more dull or unhappy than the life of a Christian, by virtue of his beliefs.

I shall offer no proof of atheism, for, as Professor Blaiklock points out, it has no proof. But neither does theism. The "proofs" of atheism or of theism are inconclusive and inadequate. As far as actual proof is concerned we must all be agnostics. But with faith we may be Christians - or atheists. I have taken the leap of faith from agnosticism to atheism, and in this paper I merely want to point out that to be out on a logician's limb is not necessarily to be in limbo or hell.

Just in passing I should like to correct some minor errors of Professor Blaiklock's. Perhaps I might be forgiven for tresspassing on his ground and talking about the Greeks, Aristotle and Plato.

It is, of course, false that logic is a newcomer to philosophy. It is at least as old as Aristotle, who first formulated "Laws of Thought" - the propositions which are necessarily true, which cannot be denied without inconsistency or self-contradiction, whose denials are logically impossible or necessarily false.

Aristotle also employed the techniques of linguistic analysis or "ordinary language philosophy" which we use today, contrary to Professor Blaiklock's assertion that this technique is a modern innovation. The same techniques may be found in the Socratean dialogues, and, indeed, Socrates is famous as the man who always asked "What does it mean?"

I would also like to correct a rather misleading assertion of the Professor's to the effect that the applications of logic are limited. Logic is limited to that which is true and that which is false. This has never struck me as being an irksome limitation. Since we wish to know only what is true, and know as false what is false, I think it would be safe to say that logic applies to all statements which are claimed to be known; it is thus applicable to any field of knowledge whatsoever.

Now let us turn our attention to the supposed unhappiness of the atheist.

I feel it is a little hard of Professor Blaiklock to condemn the atheist to a life of gloom and unfulfillment, and yet, by implication throughout his booklet, this is what he does. Quite aside from the fact that it is rather unfair, it is also unsound.

In order to appreciate beauty, love, art, and Greek scenery it is not logically necessary to believe in God. In order to enjoy life it is not logically necessary to believe that Someone put us here for some purpose, or that the purpose of life is to love God, or anything of the sort. In order to have peace of mind and be happy it is not logically necessary to believe that some superhuman entity loves one. Obviously, "X has peace of mind" does not entail "X believes in God" and "X is happy" does not entail "X believes in God". Hence, from "X does not believe in God" we cannot infer "X is not happy".

What can a theist say against this claim, viz. that it is at least logically possible for there to be a happy and contented atheist. He might say (and I think this is what Professor Blaiklock is saying) that atheists could not be (in comparison with the theists) really happy, that they would not really enjoy life or appreciate beauty and art. But if the theist says this, he will confuse both his hearers and himself. His friends will meet atheists and expect them to be culturally dead, insensitive, unhappy, amoral and probably neurotic into the bargain.

But of course there are many atheists who do not answer to this description. What can the theist say of them? That they are putting up a terrific front? That "deep down" they are miserable? That, well, yes, perhaps they aren't too badly off BUT that they could be so much happier if they were theists. This last argument is unanswerable – not because it is conclusive but because it is pointless. If the theist is not prepared to admit that another man could be really happy unless he is a theist also, no matter how happy he might appear to be, then the theist is making belief in God a sine qua non of being happy, and his use of the words "happy" and "unhappy" will become accordingly distorted.

He will be using "happy" to mean "believes in God" and "unhappy" (or "not really happy") to mean "does not believe in God". His use will be idiosyncratic and to re-define words to suit oneself proves nothing but a distressing disregard for the Queen's English.

I might point out that this "argument" is one which might be used equally well by the atheist. He could, if he wished, define "happy" as "does not believe in God" and say that the theists were not really happy. To do this would be foolish, but no more so than what our hypotetical

One could say to all this - "Well, yes, I grant that there might be a happy atheist; I see I can't deny the possibility without using "happy" to mean "believes in God", but I fint it awfully hard to believe that there actually is one. How can an atheist be happy in this life? What has he got to feel happy about? He's missing out on so much."

I want to say that the average atheist is not missing out on anything. His horizons are not narrow but limitless. He has not only the ever-expanding field of literature, but also that of science; he has the continual excitement of discovery. How dull to slap God into the gaps of one's hypotheses - how much more exciting to look for a provable solution! How dull to talk about souls and religious experiences and miracles when one can talk about neurons and association patterns and DNA molecules! How dull to copy the final answer to a problem from the back of the book instead of doing reasoning oneself - and possibly proving that the book is wrong.

This somehow implies that atheists aren't interested in the arts and that the joys of science are not open to theists. I do not wish to imply this. To the atheist the arts are as enjoyable as they are to the theist, and Professor Chapman and Professor Morton are obvious examples of a happy blending of science and theism.

My eulogy is largely a reaction against Professor Blaiklock's eulogies on the arts. (It is perhaps worth noting that while he mentions love, beauty and the arts in general quite often he makes no mention of the joys to be had from truth or knowledge.)

There are just two more forseeable arguments; first, the fallacious argument of "argumentum ad iuvenem", which can be roughly paraphrased as "you are too young to be right; wisdom will come to you in later years." The fallacy is obvious. Truth and good arguments are independent of the age of he who asserts them, and wisdom and age are not always linked.

Secondly, the complete non sequitur that is produced frequently: "You may become a Christian yourself when you are older." Of course, this is logically possible, but my possible future conversion will not affect my arguments for the logical possibility of happy atheists, nor will it alter the fact that in 1966 it is the case that there actually exists at least one very happy atheist.

Rosalind Hursthouse.

PROFESSIONAL THEATRE

CAMPION TRIES AGAIN

The Trust Board base their confidence on research. But there is also Campion's own personal conviction that professional theatre can succeed here. He expressed this in a recent 'Point of View' in which he was interviewed by Graham Billing, who asked: Is it not wishful thinking to try to start again?

Campion said: "Oh well, maybe. But I don't think so. Naturally I'm biased because the theatre means something to me. I'm in it. But I feel that it's got something to offer which no other form of entertainment can. It's provoking. It's stimulating, and for an educated person, a person wanting something other than just to exist, it's important."

Do we have a better environment for professional theatre now?

"The rise of population and the general increasing affluence of the country is surely an indication that we are becoming a more leisured people, looking for entertainment, for something different. Now, against this is the rise of television which has brought a cheap, extraordinarily wide form of entertainment right into the home. This is in competition with what the theatre has to offer. You can watch drama in rather shifty black and white lines on your screen. Never mind, it's convenient and it's for nothing, virtually. So what has the theatre got to offer now which television can't provide? We have the Government saying that they're willing to patronize; we want our own form of entertainment, but can we attract people from their sets? I think the time is now ripe. People are looking now for an opportunity to enjoy things in a more social fashion. And after all, theatre is three-dimensional. And it's in colour.

"What the Players offered to the public was only a quarter of what regional theatres can offer.

"It's a question of standards. If the public feels that people who can devote themselves fulltime to a job and provide the community with something it wouldn't get otherwise, are worth it, and can show that they're worth it, then professional theatre will exist. If not, goodbye to it.

"Sure, the actors want it. They want a profession, they're sick of being treated like second-class citizens on the dole. They believe they have a profession to pursue; they want to live here, play here, have families. And the public will discover its own tastes. We haven't been pouring millions into our education system well in advance of other countries for so many years for nothing. I don't know how many millions must have been spent just on teaching drama and theatre in schools. It must create some sort of desire to see this thing they learn about, in actuality. I think that in five years' time we'll really have something we can be proud of."

This responsibility rests, to some extent, on Campion. And about himself and his personal ideas, he spoke to the *Listener*. I wanted to know first, why he is back here, why he is so confident that actors and actresses now in England or elsewhere would return to live and work here, giving professional theatre the solid supply of experienced talent it needs.

"There's a certain feeling of unfinished challenge. For all its smallness, which is also attractive, I like New Zealand and New Zealanders. I like having a boat, I like going fishing. The blue skies, the friends I know - these sorts of things. It's a congenial place for me to live in.

"There's a new sense of pioneering here. We've had one way of opening up the land and now we've got another - to open up ourselves and give a form and shape to contact."

I had wondered whether the return of actors to New Zealand was, as it can be for other artists, a matter of preferring to reach heights here rather than achieving moderate success in a more competitive environment.

"You mean big fish in a small pond? There's probably something in that. New Zealanders are pretty aggressive overseas, you know. They remind me rather of the Scots coming into England. They work themselves to death to get to the top because it's a challenge. They don't really expect to. No, I don't think this argument is really cogent. It all comes back to a congenial place to live."

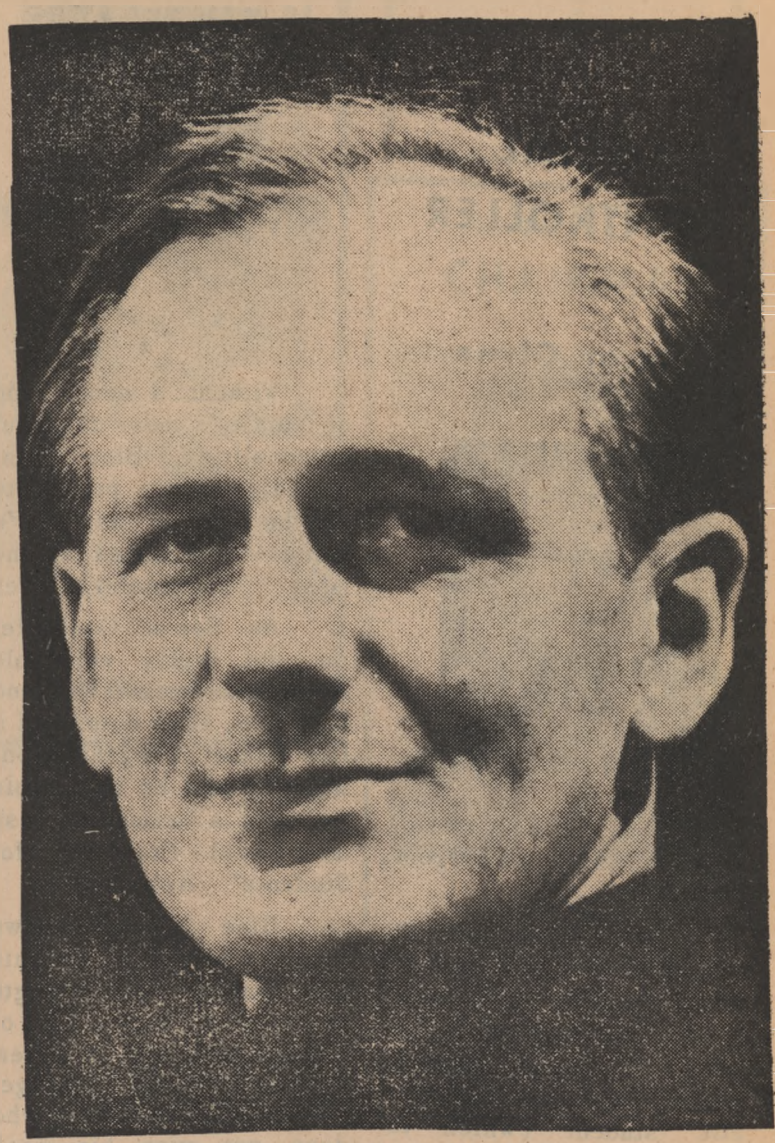
Campion was an actor, but is now solely a producer. The reason, he recalls, is that at one stage he found that he couldn't do vocally, what he wanted to do; he felt restricted. "I know now that if I'd kept at voice production I could have developed an instrument that would have been satisfactory. But at the same time there were very few good directors around. I studied at university. I watched Ngaio Marsh and thought, God, if one could only create this, a play, having worked with actors and actresses, one could get a most satisfying result: But, with production, you are seldom completely satisfied."

During rehearsal – his most recent production is *Oh What A Lovely War* for Downstage in Wellington Campion is a quiet, watchful observer, a clear instructor when he calls for a break in activity. He places importance on overseas experience.

"Fortunately, I have always been able to do something which I think is necessary to go back to England every five years, to pick up old friends, feel new currents, see new ways of theatre and production. In New Zealand you tend to get a sense of working in a cultural vacuum. You may have done some work which you think in your secret self is rather special, but which has no effect whatsoever on the international scene."

This, then, is the man on whom the rise or fall of professional theatre in New Zealand from 1965 onwards, could partly depend. His strengths are his confidence, ability and absorption in the medium. He believes in the future of the New Zealand Theatre Trust. And with the fold-up of the Players in the past, he can be expected to steer away from any project *unlikely* to succeed.

Diane Farmer



RICHARD CAMPION

ARCHITECTS PICNIC

Here are a facial re-port on an factual happening:

9:15 Hoards (of peepel) descendant upon steppes adjacent next to that magnificent ediface so deerly beloved of evry blue and true Auk-lander – the Fairy Building.

9:30 (or after sometime) The hoards (of peepel) were whiskied away to that powerful jool of the mightloe Matawaitee – beautiful, sensual, magnanimous Motyouhee Ireland.

Sometime (or 11:00) Amphibian architect lands (on water) with assistance of water aeroplanet, crutching cardboard replicas of alcohol containers. Riot.

4:15 (or 3:75) The hoards of peepel are dragoned away, saying farewell with their eyes, red noses and preoccupied mits, to the pyramids and temples of ruined Greeks, to mention only a few of their erection.

Today, yesterday and tomorrow, no trace can, could or will be seen, as the timeless, surging tide washes away with gentle and fluid motions, all sign of pre-occupation, save a pathetically poignant cardboard replica of an alcoholic container, orotundly baying its emptiness to a mellow and stoic sky.

the bwana complex

As soon as a privileged minority sees itself being brought to inevitable terms with the "impudent mob", it begins to jeer at equality and the democratic process. True to form, Mr. Smith and the Rhodesian Front presume to stand in the way of legitimate African aspirations and bustle Rhodesia back into a politically and socially musty 19th century cupboard.

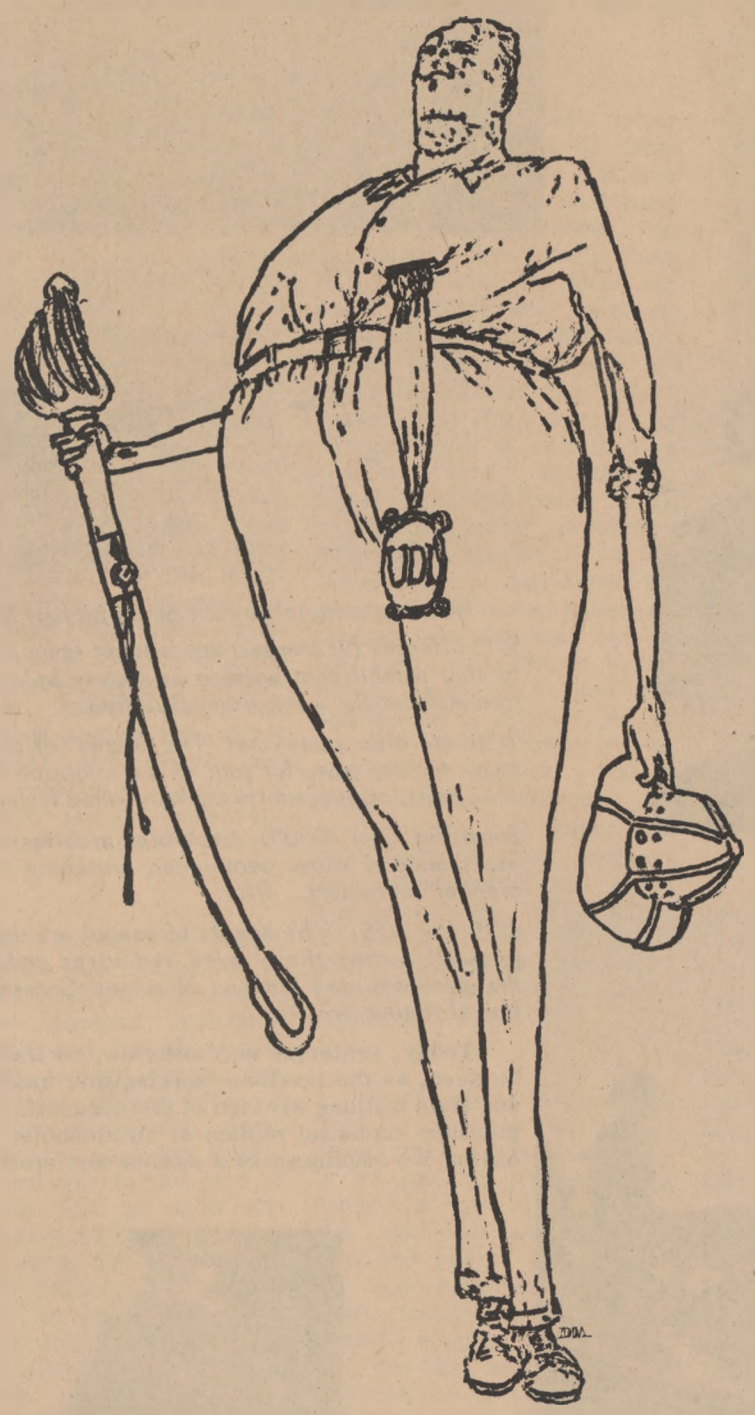
According to Rhodesia's white supremacists, democracy is out of the question for their country because the great majority of native Africans are incapable of forming intelligent opinions and controlling power.

For centuries this has been the basic objection made against universal franchise. And during those same centuries the ruling minorities, no matter how cultivated or capable, have used their power to defend their own privileged positions, above all else. The very fact that the Rhodesian Front has minority support makes it unfit to govern since political supremacy serves, in the first instance, those who hold it. Nor is there any restriction on the Front's capacity to make fundamental errors in its dealings with the Africans or with material affairs of state. And since it sees its efforts as a do-or-die venture, the Front is not likely to be scrupulous in its dealings with those who threaten its hegemony. The unprecedented excesses against reason and humanity performed in the past by minority governing elites - whether they be feudalists, fascists, or communists - outweigh any foundation for keeping government in the hands of "qualified" minorities.

Mr. Smith proclaims his wish to enlighten the ignorant African to a point of sovereignity as rapidly as possible i.e. "not in my lifetime." At present the African can win the vote either by having an income of £330 p.a. and four years secondary education (when he can register on the White roll) or by having an income of £240 p.a. (which qualifies him for the African roll).

But the average African income in Rhodesia at present is £120 p.a. In the educational sphere the Africans are getting the opportunity of basic schooling - but numbers "dictate" that the great majority will have little chance of making secondary school.

It is apparent, then that without opposition the white supremacists will be firmly in control for the foreseeable future. Should the above qualifications somehow be met by the mass of Africans there is still no guarantee that the present regime - or its successors - would ever give up its hegemony. Franchise qualifications can always be raised, as they were in 1951.



It is true that some degree of education, or knowledge, is a necessary qualification for responsible government. But it is not the sole qualification and on this basis alone the Front's "formula" can be rejected. An education most capable of enabling the people to control, or influence, the government rests more upon discernment than upon erudition. This may be found partly in books but the ability to judge comes, above all, from active participation in the problems of life. By the same token, political education is gained primarily - and certtainly the most qualitatively - from practical involvement in political affairs.

While we could not count on the Rhodesian majority governing wisely all of the time (because of inexperience and human error) neither can we count on the white supremacists because of their pernicious self-interest. And it is easier to correct inexperience, which initially may undermine the African's ability to exercise power, than a vested interest which corrupts the exercise of power by the die-hard privileged. To give the African necessary training in sovereignty and also to neutralize the elite's egotism. it is the method ofdemocracy, and not the system of qualifications, that will be most effective.

While we claim that the principles of democracy will bring "the greatest happiness to the greatest number" we are aware that they can be abused by black Rhodesians as well as by white Rhodesians. This possibility does not negate democracy's value or desirability, nor does it justify the strong-arm tactics of the Rhodesian Front. Mr. Smith is hardly in a position to decry the alleged injustices of "the countries to the north" when not only is he performing such himself but the whole operation is permeated with the "bwana complex" and performed with an air of intended permanence.

No independent state of Africa qualifies for the title of democracy in toto. Indeed, democracy is a thing of degree everywhere. The people of, say, Tanzania, Zambia, and Kenya enjoy as much (or more) liberty as the peoples of India, Pakistan, Thailand, Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan and Nepal and certainly more than the peoples of South Africa and Rhodesia. Besides, Westminster democracy might well work in Rhodesia if the white settlers gave it a chance though the Tanzanian concept of "no-party" democracy is a more likely model.

Whatever system of government finally emerges, the white settlers will form an invaluable element in the economy and administration for a long time to come. African leaders acknowledge this. Such is the whiteman's influence in Rhodesia especially that no African politican could afford to suddenly attempt the erection of the hypothetical tyranny.

Mr. Smith and his fellow settlers have enjoyed the fruits of government long enough and unless they now retreat in reasonableness and compromise, extending to Africans the proper rights and dignities necessary to responsible government, they are in danger of ordaining a civil (and racist) war. This is the dangerous thing about Mr Smith's attitude: it can only force opposition to extremes. The lesson of Vietnam is painfully applicable here; but the lesson of Kenya is an alternative.

DAVE HOWARD

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BY

VARSITY ATHLETICS

A feature of the Club is that most of the athletes have now been competing for University for a number of years and the friendships and personal rivalries resulting have seen an increase in the pride and standing of the Club. Many of the athletes are well-known both inside and outside the University and the general image of the Universitynto the public can only have benefited accordingly.

Current performances by University athletes include the following —

FIELD EVENTS:

Kevin Sharkey (law student) regained the Auckland javelin title which he last held in 1963, winning by 3 inches from the previous titleholder R. Patterson with a throw of 182ft. 6ins., some 15feet below his best.

Peter Norris (Science Masters graduate) has consistently improved on his shot and discus performances and only the New Zealand champion and Olympic representative prevented him from regaining his Auckland titles.

DougMonds (awardedN.Z.U. Blues in 1950, 1960, and 1965) won the Auckland hammer title with a throw of more than 147 feet.

Neil Drummond (Science graduate). After ahigh jump of 6 feet early in the season Neil tore a ligament in the N.Z.U. v Wellington match in December and is unfortunately unable to compete again this season. An N.Z.U. Blues holder, he had trained hard through the winter and this injury was a great disappointment to him.

TRACK EVENTS.

Bob Hamilton. (Accountancy student) won the Auckland and New Zealand 880 titles in 1965 and later toured South Africa with Olympic representative Neville Scott. A knee injury in the winter has not troubled him unduly this season but he has yet to show his 1965 form despite a recent 4 mins 5 sec mile and second placings to Gary Philpott in the Auckland and New Zealand 880 championships. A tendency to drift back from the leaders about 400 yards out from the tape has cost him more than one race this season.

Lloyd Walker. (Geography Masters graduate) continues to improve and after running in the shadow of Jim Farmer for a number of years is now the Club's top distance runner, finishing 2nd to Jeff Julian in the Auckland 6 mile championship and running a gallant race in the national event.

John Beckett. (Engineering student) surprised everyone by opening up a gap of ·20 yards on Bill Baillie and Ian Studd (later to become N.Z. 6 and 3 mile titleholders respectively for 1966) in the Auckland 3 mile championship. In a thrilling race, Baillie and Studd only managed to catch him with 100 yards to run. John later ran a fine 13 mins. 38 secs. for 3 miles for 3rd place (behind Studd and Canterbury University athlete Barry Jones) in the New Zealand title race.

Jim Farmer. (Masters graduate in Law) has yet to reproduce the form which won him the Auckland 6 mile title in 1964 and the N.Z.U. title and record for the 3 miles. A record run in the Cambridge relay and 5th placing in the Auckland Cross-country champships last winter promised well for this season but the only glimpse of that form this summer has been a 4th placing in Auckland 6 mile championship.

Keith Mackinlay (Commerce graduate) is another who has disappointed. After running a 4 mins 10 sec mile and a 2 hour 44 mins marathon before Christmas, his performances have dropped away completely. Keith remains one of the stalwarts of the Club, both on and off the track and a change in his training programme could see him repeat his 3rd placing in the 1962 N.Z. mile championship.

Trevor Sharp. (Arts Student) finished 3rd in the Auckland 3000 metrés steeplechase title event and only needs further strength to add to his already skilful hurdling technique to improve dramatically in this event.

Evan Maguire, from Otago, ran a 4 mins 5 secs mile at Whangarei and won Auckland representation for the national championship event. Evan also shows the common University athlete failing of inconsistency but his stamina and strength may help to overcome this.

The obvious strength of the Club is in its middle distance runners and no other Club in New Zealand can boast such an array of talent but two newcomers to the Club promise to follow in the tradition of former Olympic representative and N.Z.U. 440 champion, Barry Robinson. These are **Colin Maguire** (Evan's brother) a 9.6. second 100 yards man and **Doug Stewart** who has been to the fore in Junior sprint events in Auckland this season.

YOUNGER UNIVERSITY ATHLETES.

The strength of the University Club is obviously due to the old (in University terms at any rate) stalwarts Hamilton, MacKinlay, Walker, McDell and so on, and there is some concern about the lack of younger athletes coming up to replace these runners at Tournament. Norris, Monds, Walker, Farmer, Drummond, MacKinlay, Maguire, Hamilton and McDell are no longer eligible to represent A.U. at Tournament and it is to the younger runners, Beckett, Sharp, Vern Mardon, (4m. 17s. mile), Reg. House, Stewart Peter Pezarro, Peter Brooks, Alan Galbraith, and Brent Hemus that we must look if our dominance is to remain.

Of these, only Beckett is likely to win an N.Z.U. title this year and only Sharp and Stewart seem certain to gain placings. Our student weakness in field events leaves little hope for A.U. winning the Athletics Shield.

WOMEN ATHLETES

For the first time for some years A.U. has three nationally ranked women athletes. **Adrienne Tong** won the Auckland 440 title and finished 4th in the national race, and **Margaret Schofield** ran a close second to Adrienne in the Auckland event and then turned the tables to snatch 3rd place in the New Zealand Championship title race. Another finalist in that New Zealand title event was Adrienne's twin sister, **Lorraine Tong**, who is also a student at A.U. this year.

COMING RACES.

Big event in the University athletic world for 1966 is the visit of the Australian University team late this month. A.U. and Auckland will take part in a triangular meeting with the Australians on the Mt. Smart cinder track on Thursday, March 31st. Club championships are also at Mt. Smart on Saturday, March 26th and all students who are registered with the A.U. Club are eligible to compete for places in the Tournament team.

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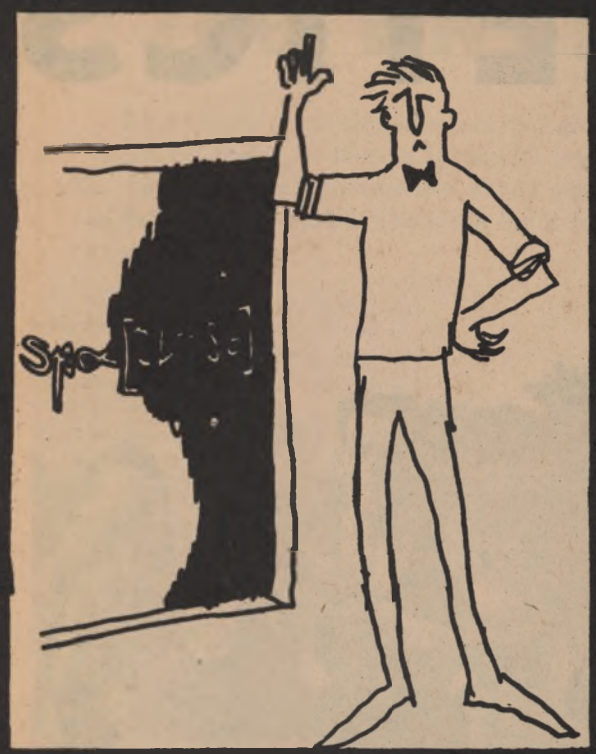
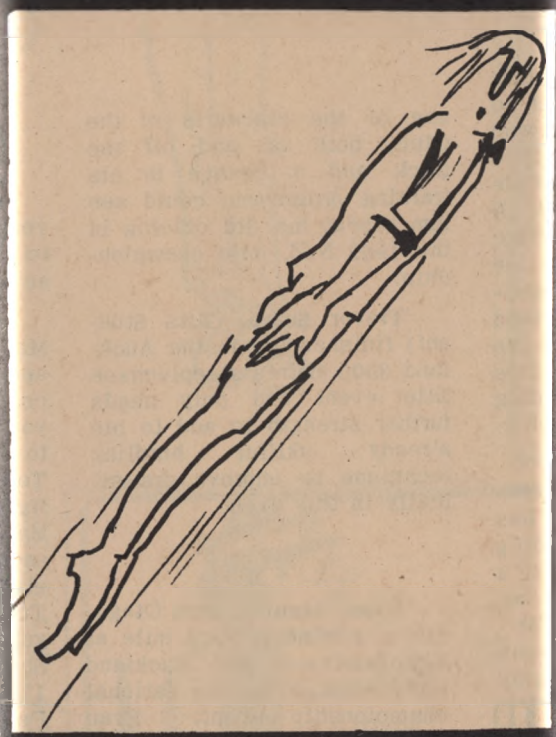


1. Science shows that the galaxies are moving apart from each other, and will eventually reach to speed of light.

2. Since Man is in a galaxy, he too is moving towards the speed of light.

3. Matter at the speed of light becomes infinite, and by definition God is infinite.

4. We know that Christ is "the Way and the Light!" Since He is the light, He must be infinite.



5. And since He is the way to the light, and since science has shown that man is moving towards the speed of light, then man must be becoming Christ.

6. Since man exists, and is becoming Christ because of the acceleration of the galaxy, we know God exists! We have thus demonstrated God's existence by sound metaphysical mathematics!

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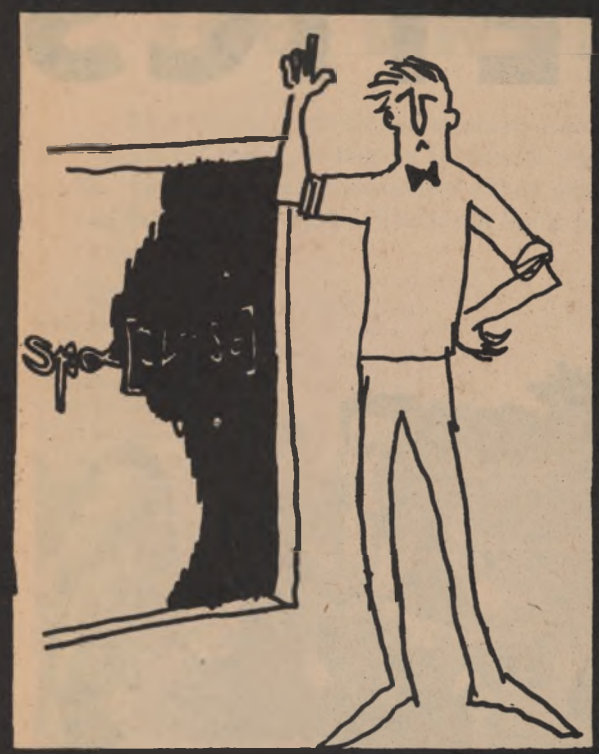

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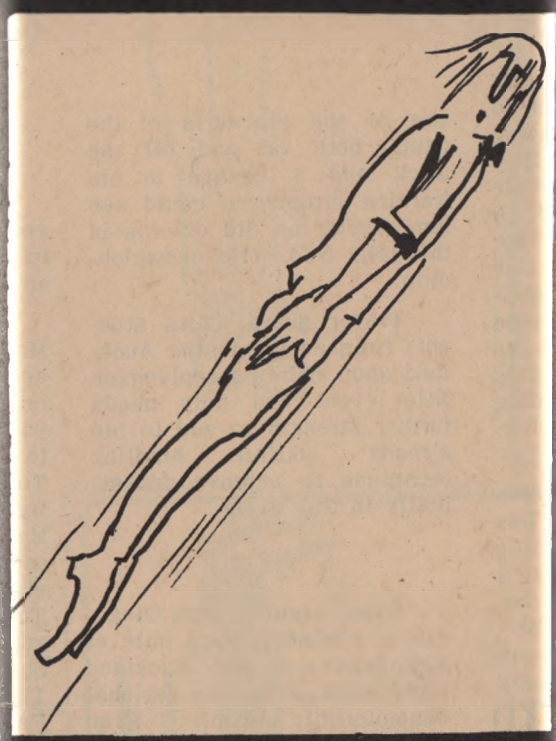

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ZU DEN STUDENTEN VON AUCKLAND.

Originally, what I am saying here was to have appeared as an article in this issue of Craccum. However our Exec, in an interfering frame of mind, decided to play around with this issue too. After sacking John Sanders (in absentia), then changing their minds and reinstating him (still in absentia), and expunging all this merry little minuet from the minutes in their shame, decided that a twenty-page issue was too much, and told John to make it sixteen only -to ensure the editor's cooperation, they rang the printer and told him not to set the last four pages. Unfortunately from our point of view, the article discussing and advertising "Der Besuch der alten Dame" was one ~~xxxx~~ one of those which got the chopper. This insert is made available thru' the goodness of Craccum, as a replacement for what we hoped would be some good publicity.

You may wonder why I bothered to mention the dark deeds of Herb and Co; by coincidence, it is this idea of the use and misuse of democratically awarded power which Dürrenmatt adopts as the main theme of the play. The playwright's especial concern is the minority, who under democratic government must be accorded a hearing, and have their views respected. The more substantial the minority of course, the more likely this is to be so. However, Der Besuch asks, will this be so when the minority is just one man, and when the majority has something to gain from his oppression?

This play is a tragicomedy, according to the author, so maybe I should advertise it that way. If so, then you should see Lin McDougall as the SEXagenarian, with the accent on sex, who came to town with her seventh husband and left with her ninth. Martin Sutton will make you laugh too, with his efforts to get round Lin. When we was young, he did her wrong, and now he's hoping to get a million marks out of her; she however has other ideas. As for the moving forest, it's beyond words. AND what happened when the lights were low at the meeting of the Town Council????? I'm not telling you -come along and find out.

But it's a tragedy too; not Claire Zachanassian's tragedy, but Alfre Ill's. The man who one day was freely tipped to become the next Bürgermeister loses all in a short space of time; his eventual acquiescence has something noble about it, and he thus assumes the status of the tragic hero. The product of a woman's forty-five years latent revenge, Alfred Ill is in the capable hands of Martin Sutton.

This play is capable of many interpretations; anti-democracy; as anti-Nazist; as a study of avarice; the probing of public morality; if you like a good old-fashioned Rachendrama. I myself favour the interpretation of Palaeolithic religion, and the cult of the hunt. I feel that the play contains these elements, along with the oft-mentioned scape-goat, and ritual murder. The world become a savage, dog-eat-dog place behind the veneer of civilisation.

If you know very little or no German at all, that need not stop you from attending. In the programme, which is given away free with your ticket, there will be a comprehensive precis of the action. The German is extremely simple, far more so than Brecht's and we anticipate that the action will be easy to follow.

Tickets should be ~~xon~~ sale from the first day of this term, in the cloisters where you will be able to see photos taken during rehearsals, and elsewhere. Prices will be ~~XX XXXX~~ 4/- for the public with a special concession at 3/- for students, both those prices containing a programme. We respectfully recommend you book your seats, to ensure a good view.

If you've read this far, then VIELEN DANK, as we say down at Number 10, Grafton Road.

wayne flavell, asst-producer.