

CUSTOMS CHECK CZECHS HOW NOT TO MAKE FRIENDS

New Zealand's claim to be the country of the "big, friendly handshake" may be true insofar as the individual New Zealander is concerned. But as far as the welcome of Her Majesty's Customs to a recent foreign trade deputation can be judged, the handshake seems to be transformed into an arm-twist-and-rabbit-chop combined.

Recently Mr. Z. Voborsky and Mr. V. Rudolf, manager and chief technician respectively on one of Czechoslovakia's largest state industrial concerns, arrived at Auckland International Airport on an 11:55 p.m. flight from Sydney. They were visiting New Zealand on a world trip showing their company's agents samples of their latest range of mechanical products. Having filled out the necessary forms, Messrs. Voborsky and Rudolf presented these together with their visas to the Customs officer on duty at the terminal. The officer gave their luggage a precursory inspection and then, to their amazement, confiscated three machines which the businessmen had brought with them as samples. Protests from them and from an official of the Czech consulate (who had flown up from Wellington to greet the deputation) were to no avail. The Customs officer categorically refused to allow the samples to be brought into the country unless a substantial deposit in foreign currency was paid to ensure that the machine

samples would not be sold within New Zealand.

BLUNDERS GALORE

As 2 a.m. approached and still a stalemate, the representatives gave up for the time being and drove into Auckland to catch a few hours' sleep. At 9 a.m. they were back at the airport to attempt to retrieve the samples without which their visit would have been pointless. A point-blank refusal greeted them, unless they paid the deposit. The Czechs pointed out how ridiculous it would be to sell their samples in New Zealand since they had still to demonstrate them in at least 10 further countries. They were prepared to sign declarations to the effect that they would guarantee to take the samples out of the country when they left. They asked the Customs to telephone to the city to establish their bona fides from agents they had come to see. Their pleas fell on deaf ears.

It was only when the Czech official telephoned the Collector of Customs that matters

were cleared up (if this is the right word). In consequence, the Czech official was forced to sign a form placing responsibility upon the Czechoslovak consulate to ensure that samples were taken out of the country.

SLIGHT MISCALCULATION.

This was not the end of the matter. Owing to a slight miscalculation, a prolonged search by Customs officers failed to reveal the confiscated samples. After an hour's digging around, the machines were finally discovered in the diplomatic locker.

This is no isolated example. Visitors to our country are naturally reluctant out of sheer politeness to criticize, even less to publicize, any untoward incident they may have experienced, especially on an official level. They tend to shrug it off with: "Well, it's their country - they can do what they like." However, a number of points of general importance arise from this incident.

1. A trade deputation from New Zealand expects and receives courteous treatment overseas. The aim of the Customs should be to help not to hinder. There appears to be no need to follow the example of the French Customs and present each visitor with a bottle of perfume (perhaps more appropriately for New Zealand, a pound of butter or a frozen lamb chop), but at least one can expect a less bureaucratic, unyielding and high-handed attitude.

2. Was this action a deliberate discrimination against persons from a Communist country? If so, then it violates what few principles of democracy this country still upholds, and imitates the activities of so-called "police states", activities which the Government has repeatedly denounced. In any case, is a Customs officer on duty to ensure that prohibited articles do not enter the country, or to act as an Intelligence agent

on his own initiative?

3. Or is this just a manifestation of the lack of that quality which Lord Cobham has termed "the real strength of a people: things which are precisely the ones you cannot touch and see above all, integrity"? Can a representative from a country with which New Zealand has considerable trade relations not be trusted with his samples? Is a man's word in New Zea-

land no longer his bond? Whatever is the answer to these considerations, one thing stands out clearly. There needs to be a major overhaul in the policies and attitudes of H.M. Customs towards overseas visitors entering this country. Or should we simply laugh it off as did the Czech representatives: "Well, it's worse in Russia"?

D. Vaver.

A.G.M.

It was the Annual General Meeting of the Auckland University Students Association. It was also a farce. It was a farce because of the unaided efforts of the little children from Ardmore, the Engineers.

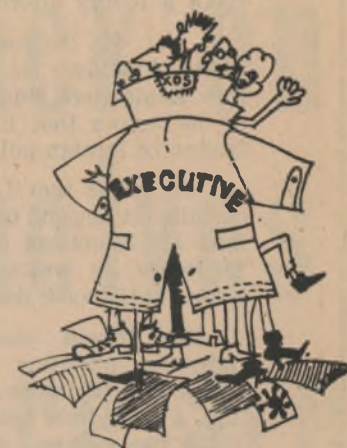
The Engineers arrived in force, probably nearly 200 of them. They came assured that the rest of the Varsity couldn't produce more than 150 or so interested enough to attend the AGM.

They came armed with all the beer they needed, and with a carefully prepared plan to destroy the meeting. This plan, all nicely laid down in writing, every engineer holding a copy, was a masterpiece. It was funny, even witty. It could have savagely made the point that a general meeting of the Association is at best meaningless.

But it didn't. It produced only a pointless and very unfunny shambles. It made it painfully clear that while some Engineers are capable of serious humour (and that is not a contradiction in terms), the majority are capable only of jackass braying, drunken and insane.

This was a pity. Because the "programme of destruction" was a good one. It consisted basically of tying up the meeting with a series of idiotic motions which, by virtue of the superior numbers of the Engineers, were guaranteed a passage.

In this way the Association has now banned fenurling on campus, has agreed that the Engineers are the best dressed faculty in the University, and so forth.



The Students' Voice was muffled . . .

But these motions could have been passed and could have been funny without having beer thrown over the crowd, without having non-engineer speakers shouted down, without a continual uproar of intoxication. In other words it all could have been done without breaking the rules.

Then it might have been funny. Then we might have congratulated the Engineers. This is what their notes said: "This is not designed to be a shambles. It is an intellectual exercise in rubbishing an AGM." In point of fact it was a shambles, with nothing remotely intellectual about it.

Ross Mountain had to close the meeting eventually. The Engineers crowded. They should have been feeling ashamed of themselves.

Miss Issue 3



Editorial

This is yet another Vietnam editorial. For this we make no apology. Recent developments in the Vietnam policy of both our political parties (insofar as New Zealand foreign policy can ever be said to "develop") prompt a certain amount of speculation.

Hubert Humphrey arrives, stays briefly, benignly professes himself delighted by peace demonstrations, and leaves. Mr. Holyoake, while self-consciously denying that he has had his arm twisted and staunchly maintaining the independence of New Zealand policy, affirms that he does not deny the possibility of an increase in New Zealand's commitment (this is the current word) in Vietnam.

Then we have Mr. Matheson's stunning avowal that Labour, if elected to power, would withdraw our troops from the war. Mr. Kirk is approached and is reported as saying, in effect, that this is in fact Labour's intention. Sensation.

Hard on this, the Government announces its decision to send another 27 men and one gun to Vietnam. Though it mutters quietly that this is really only bringing existing forces up to full muster, the calculated effect of the announcement is that of an increase in New Zealand's contribution.

Mr. Kirk moves fast. The very day of the Government's announcement he invokes the politician's universal escape-clause and pleads that he has been misreported. Labour will not, repeat, not, not, not withdraw.

And so the wheel of fortune whirled. Big query is this: What precisely prompted Mr. Holyoake to up New Zealand's Vietnam contribution in the way he did? Let us read between the lines (insert an "n" in the last word if you so desire).

Mr. Humphrey says that of course the USA would not presume to dictate our policy, but that don't you think, old Kiwi buddy, that a token increase in commitment would be advisable and don't you think that the USA would make a lovely alternative trade market? Hmm?

Mr. Holyoake nods independently and starts thinking. He knows that the majority of New Zealanders support intervention in Vietnam, so he knows that if an election is fought on issues of foreign policy he will win it.

He knows that Labour has not yet made a definite statement on its Vietnam policy apart from its interation of a belief in negotiation. Therefore he waits, hoping and hoping that Labour will come down for withdrawal.

His dreams come true. He replies to Labour's intention to withdraw troops by sending more troops. He effectively draws a line, a clear line, between the Vietnam policies of the two parties. And he knows what side of that line most people stand. The emphasis on civilian aid removes contention from that field, places it squarely in the military sphere.

Mr. Kirk is aghast, executes a not very neat volte-face and tries to look as though nothing has happened. Which is where we came in.

The chosen few are chosen. Easter Tournament is at hand. Also at Dunedin. Also, and what could be less bizarre, at Easter. And so they sally forth, the intrepid band of sportsmen, hoping to bring glory to the name of this fair University, but knowing that at the last Tournament their brothers sallied fourth. Theirs the responsibility of seeing that Auckland's name will go down in the history of Easter Tournament in spite of the fact that it can't go down much further.

But perhaps, this year ... dare one hope? ... success, O magic word, and fame, renown. Some will run and some will jump and some will jump and some will smite the ball. May victory be theirs. May their efforts be not in vain. May fortune smile. May dedication have its just reward.

And cursed be he that cries: Who cares?

Bookshop

Dear Sir,

Despite Studass enthusiasm to provide books on the campus for the students by way of substantial grants, we are confronted with the ever-present problem of rising prices.

But do students have to put up with being extorted? A volume on the shelves of A.U.B.S. can be purchased for 40/- (no discount, presumably because it is already deducted in the price.) this same volume at a large city bookshop retails at a price of 34/-. Just what is going on? A mere 17% for the privilege of being a student.

Is this an isolated case? Not by a long way — try some shopping and comparison of prices for yourself.

Are we to tolerate this sort of price increase on the campus?

Irate Honours Student.

Noonan Replies

The University Book Shop (Auckland) Ltd. is not assisted by grants of any kind. The Students' Association are shareholders in the company, and will share any profits equally with their partners, The University Book Shop Ltd. (Dunedin & Palmerston North).

The "ever-present problem of rising prices" is inaccurate if it refers specifically to retail book prices. New Zealand retail prices are fixed by a strict price schedule regulated by the New Zealand Book Sellers Association. This schedule has not been altered for several years. On the other hand Publishers frequently increase the price of books, especially when new editions appear. It goes without saying that this often affects the retail price.

The Book Shop has no intention of exploiting students. On the contrary it is in the shop's best interests to give students the best possible terms. An extremely liberal view has been taken on student discount (under Book Sellers Association regulations it is illegal practice to give discount inclusively. Discount of 10% is given on all books that are even vaguely related to University work. The operative phrase "vaguely related" is given the broadest of interpretations by the University Book Shop. There are a handful of widely known

LETTERS

exceptions to the discount privilege. Law and accountancy books are generally (depending on the publisher) sold at the New Zealand retail price. All books in stock at the UBS are marked at the New Zealand retail price. Under no circumstances is the 10% deducted before purchase.

"Irate Honours Student" unfortunately quotes in the abstract. There are several explanations why inconsistencies in book prices do occur. The UBS does not sell at higher prices than "large city bookshops" for exactly the same reason city bookshops have for not selling at lower prices. It would be financially suicidal. On the few occasions when one finds discrepancy (all else being equal) it is accidental. In this case it may well have been the down town store that made the error. The book sellers in both cases would have been grateful to this customer if he had pointed out the mistake so that it could have been immediately rectified.

An alternative explanation is that the books were different editions. Or they may have been published in different countries (American and English published prices differ considerably.

I am very keen that enquiries of this kind reach me first hand. If the customer then finds my explanation unsatisfactory by all means, broadcast discontent.

Michael Noonan
Manager UBS

Weddings

Dear Sir,

I strongly resent some of the implications of the unsigned article "Marital Mockery" in your first issue this year. It is not only naive in its dogmatism but extremely thoughtless and tactless.

As an "agnostic" (so the writer would doubtless categorise me, though I prefer to resist being religiously compartmentalised) and as one who was married by the University chaplain in the MacLaurin Chapel, I find somewhat alarming the suggestion that ipso facto my marriage is a mockery, that I need to do some "heart-searching about the actual place of marriage", that in asking to have my marriage ceremony performed in the Chapel I was simply imposing on the chaplain who was "good enough to rescue" me "from the informalities and coldness of the registry-office production line", that I had "no respect for the Chapel as such" but was simply ready to "borrow its Christian majesty & dignity

for an hour or so" or that "stood smugly in front of the cross".

Maybe the reason that "have not been inside a church within the last ten years" (I often "open the bible" — but that's a different thing) is that the attitude adopted by the wholly-committed Christian is so often of this "holier-than-thou" variety — the smug attitude that the Christian is so much a better person than anyone else. Militant Christianity has over its history not only a fine record of good works but a disgusting record of oppressions, wars and butcheries all stemming from exactly the kind of dogmatic attitude expressed by your writer. The "agnostic" often has very firm beliefs which lead him to (dare on say it) a much more "Christian" a much more flexible, attitude to his fellow men.

By law a marriage ceremony can be performed by the Registrar of Marriage or by a representative of the church; it can be performed in any place but, even to the "agnostic", a Church or Chapel wedding may seem preferable not from mere convenience but from personal beliefs and convictions which are often hard to express possibly because he refuses to allow himself the "instant belief" and the ever-ready jargon of the Christian; this is the "intellectual taste" at which your writer seems fit to sneer. The type of Christianity which dogmatically refuses to respect the firmly held beliefs and convictions of others who are not prepared to fit themselves to its sometimes intellectually stifling confines is hardly entitled to the well-reasoned respect it gets from those who wish to marry under its aegis, a respect which seems, if one judges your writer as typical, to be lacking amongst its own advocates. Does he think in terms of his church as his servant or is he a servant of his church? Does he worship his god or does he simply use him as a stick to beat non-believers and thereby make himself feel superior?

Your article "Marital Mockery" is not signed. I do not know whether it expresses views held by the MacLaurin Chaplain himself but, if so, devoutly wish he had expressed them before my marriage. To apparently understand and respect one's reasons for wanting a Chapel wedding and then lash out afterwards in this way is a dishonesty and hypocrisy of which I sincerely hope he is not capable.

Craccum, please sack your "Christian Correspondents"; the religion (and the Chapel) deserves a better press.

Yours faithfully,

John H. Betts.
Dept. of Classics.

MORE LITTER

Dear Sir,

I would like to add a postscript to my letter of 11th March with regard to the article "Marital Mockery" in Craccum.

1. I have read the letter published by you in Craccum 2 from Rev. D.G. Simmers, the MacLaurin Chaplain, I feel that his second paragraph should adequately dispel any wrath against him from agnostics married in the Chapel. He claims that he has never performed a marriage in the Chapel for which he felt there was no religious basis and I thank him for that assurance.

But how, then, can he applaud the article "Marital Mockery" as he does in his first paragraph? If, as he says in his second paragraph, he has never married anyone in the Chapel who was not in some way (however academic) a Christian, how can he possibly, at the same time, congratulate Craccum on an article which suggests that some have used the Chapel for their marriage merely as a convenience and have "stood smugly before the cross"?

He can't have his views and eat them! He should be condemning the article as the irresponsible and scurrilous nonsense that it is.

Yours faithfully,

John H. Betts.

Dept. of Classics.

ELAM

Elam is with it again. All arranged and into swinging form as the new executives were elected. Leading the Elamites will be:

John Staniford (Pres); Ted Kindlesides (V.P.); Derek Ball (Sec.) and Rosemary Turner (Treasurer)

Ideas, plans and projects were enthusiastically received and committees were quickly formed to net the enthusiasts.

Some of the ideas were:

The starting of a drama society; an Elam Magazine; more participation in Capping.

Representatives were also elected for the different classes. It looks as if Elam is coming out of its exclusive gully of seclusion, and the rest of Varsity await them eagerly.

LIBRARY RECORD

Many students don't seem to know about the Library Record Collection. This was originally started with Stud. Ass. help and now relies solely on members' subscriptions for the purchase of new records.

For only £1 a year, members can borrow two records for a fortnight, choosing from over 700 music, drama

Kudos

Dear Sirs,

I congratulate you on the general standard of articles and especially the type of content in your first issue. Craccum may I now dare to hope, emerge from the molehill of petty student politics it crawled into last year.

A realisation has arrived, again I dare to hope, that news about the terrible machinations of the Man Vice President and the Womens House Committee has a very limited interest outside the circle of junior National party members and the "enthusiastic few".

A University, I believe, is the centre of education in a community, surely therefore the official student newspaper can be a unique organ of communication fulfilling the role of an enlightened critic of society and an outlet for creative talent. The small artificial world of student politics is that of the ostrich with its head in the sand. Race-horse and Rugby "fans" are catered for more than adequately in the "Dailies". Therefore "Craccum" should remove the carbon from between the pages of the "N.Z. Herald" and "The Church and the People" and challenge the many prevalent misconceptions of the "Establishment" in this fine welfare state of ours.

Autumn Glory.

Archives

Copies of all Minutes, Magazines, Publications, Photographs, and Any Printed Material are required for the Student Association Archives.

The Archives are now being reorganized to provide ready storage, indexing, and access.

Assist by seeing that your Club has copies of its publications well housed on a permanent basis.

Does your Society have old piles of official papers that you don't know where to store and don't want to throw out? Let the Archivist store them for you.

Can you never find your minutes or copies of your magazines? See that the Archives have a copy to place on permanent file.

and poetry Lp's.

Already some specially imported records have been added this year and more new records are being bought as subscriptions come in.

Enquiries from prospective members are welcomed at the Main Lending Desk in the Library.

It should provide space for worthwhile protest, for informed criticism and debate on various subjects, for contribution of artistic merit. Nor, may I add, is there any need for the editors to maintain the same format and devote the same space to the same topics, week after week.

You have, sirs, started, even if treading warily, along the path towards making "Craccum" readable once again; I hope that you will continue.

J.M. Graham.

Litterbugs

Dear Sir,

The advent of the autumn season is evidenced when trees shed their leaves. Among the student body those experiencing this seasonal change, obviously — lacking leafage — shed their lunch papers and allied scraps instead. The regrettable proof of this is the deplorable sight of the lawns, especially those at the rear of the main block, upon the termination of Student-Feeding-Time. Every square yard has its private residue of temporary tenancy. Autumnal litter graces the campus. Will winter time leave it unsullied and bare?

Autumn Glory.

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An Objective Look

GRAFTON IN PERSPECTIVE

at Planning

Finalising their clustered spine out of the green in 1910, by the exhausting erection of a ferroconcrete bridge, the Edwardian Graftoners, who had founded one of Auckland's oldest streets, rested in their happy environment. Traffic had to be got across the valley, as traffic has to be got down it now. But clumsy carelessness and apathy have replaced sensitivity and and genuine interest, and conditions seem to deny the motorway achieving along the axis of the gully what the bridge did transverse to it. For gifted man, and I see no reason to adhere to the decay of ability with each new generation theory, did add a curve in reflection of the valley's curve to emphasise the beauty of each. The beautiful relationship is still there.

Grafton Road itself is a man-contrived strip of action; of living, loving and tragic and happy relationships: a distinct environment where a constantly fluctuating panorama of people meet and coexist among each other. This mobile microcosm of human variety encompasses snugly both the professor and the prostitute, in the controlled clutter of form created by the Edwin Gibbon Wakefields and the Captain Wynards of our past.

This article is not intended as alkali to Mr Gordon-Craig's acid, on the last issue of Craccum, front page, but rather as another prod into the flank of the complacently blubbery apathy animal, who exists not only in Epsom or Ponsonby, but even in Grafton itself. The proliferation of educational demands for habitation is injection into Grafton a power of studentdom. The ramshackle visage and dubious sociological repute of one of the most clearly expressed urban elements of this Pacific culture centre, has up till now tended to seem too demanding to the mechanised degree-eating, academic. Student density has been lowish, despite the proximity. Security is not as assured as in O'Rorke Hall. But now the Beatles and Shrimp have with their collective fingers flicked a switch of youth, and in long overdue recognition of Grafton's validity, the migration has begun. The full life is approaching.



Historically relevant abodes: 81 Grafton Rd., the former home of Captain Wynyard.

If the final stage of the cycle of Grafton decrees the replacement of the past actual leaders of Auckland's society by the present potential ones, then logic seems to be in command. With the Hospital and the University biting at each end of the housing strip, a student linkage, which, in its intricacy would be in partial opposition to the filing cabinet faculty faculties, adds still more sense. The vitality inherent in this possibility would give Grafton Road the stability of knowing its future. Peeling paint, and the other symptoms of lack of repair occur because of a subconscious uncertainty concerning the future. At each end of the habitation hammock would be the medical school and the engineering, architecture and fine arts group; concerned thus respectively with the physical workings inside and outside the body.

The rub to the realisation of this Nirvana is the necessity to retain what could be called the style of Grafton. Hairy-chested houses, all different, yet no-one asserting command, speak proudly of the individuality of man. A humaneness which in profound eloquence humbly serves the axiom which has all men given equal opportunity. The hygienic slums that depress, through uniformity, in mind of an individual, thus ironically suppressing the very expression

necessary to sustain a high productivity, creep over Ministry drawing boards as a rash. The accidental differences in O'Rorke Hall are a paltry compromise with Grafton's. The people in Grafton have a sequence of rooms, shapes and sizes within the overall fabric best suited to the satisfaction of our instinctual need for identity, which all too often only finds its voice in clothing and symbolic autos.

Thus there is poised at the crossroads of development or destruction, a street on a ridge, a man-created urban living corridor, uglier now than it was and certainly less soothing than its parallel gully. It is more valid than the gully because unlike that feature, it is in use by man. In one of the major cities of the Southern Hemisphere we cannot afford an amenity which is merely watched. Even the biggest harbour has a few little boats on it: Grafton Gully's lack of paths reflects the almost total disinterest people have in penetrating it. Howls about its complete retention ring like a plastic bell. The footpath is the recreation place and the houses their face reality which

Heavily overpopulated, though, by a roaring metal-scape, the footpaths still work as meeting places. The wheels and the legs are held away from each other by a swath of green, punctuated by uncommanding trees. Symonds Street's trees can adequately compete with a car physically and aesthetically. Grafton will shift its vehicles into a living artery in the Gully. Thus the people-domination in Grafton Road would be assured along with the long last penetration into the gully barrel. The arch of concrete works; a built invasion contrived by nature's ultimate product to enlarge his spirit. A macadamartery only as wide as the line it creates through the foliage, sensitively and sensuously threaded down the gully, would make sense of it. The road which many intellectuals reject as the main amenity, because of its coarseness, would reassert its domination. Low-flying trucks banned below the level of man; his slower scale more elevated. For the dull-sensed Otara subsister and Ellerslie dweller, suburban monotony will sudden-



....controlled clutter of form....

ly collapse under a magnificent gateway. A bridge that few have really seen; a preliminary to the great event of the city itself. Here, too, rounding the upper Grafton underpass would be the visitors first sea vista.

But is the motorway to have this gentleness? Mr Gordon Craig's able evocation in the last issue of Craccum concerning the tragedy of the invasion of the dead is only a small part of the plot. The invasion of the residential bliss of the living is also planned. In the eyes of bureaucracy, the scourge of Grafton is probably to be ended by comprehensive demolition. Any such gesture should be met with instant and united action. Inevitably, wooden houses will decay with the passage of time. Save for the retention of historically or architecturally relevant abodes, in the fashion of vintage vehicles, replacement must occur. The rebuilding of Grafton in more permanent materials will have to be undertaken, following devotedly the

form and spirit that is the street's meaning.

Susan Langer, the American aesthetic philosopher, observed that art is the symbolic expression of human feeling. Grafton is art in its finest architectural sense and the necessary re-expression of human feeling, that the need for student accommodation and the resolution of auto-traffic circulation demand, awaits proper execution. For Grafton cannot be held stationary. An artist who dries up is lost. The passage of time implies change, and Grafton, even if it grows cleaner and more strongly upward, demands the re-evocation of its reality; the richness of human existence, the pattern of ridge and furrow, the linkage of campus elements. The neglect of any of which would fall inexorably on our woebegotten heads. We, like the Maquis de Sade, would be guilty of the accusation of future generations: that we destroyed beauty.

Roger Walker.

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---JETSAM---

the arts page

An error in layout made it appear that last week's feature, 'Four Horsemen of the New Apocalypse', was written by Alec Frame; as so many readers have pointed out, this was not the case — the article was in fact written by Mr. Bruce Mason, and we therefore apologise for this error.

Not Alone

Delicate crystals everywhere in this room. Long slender necks rising above full, round, sparkling bellies. Thin, delicate crystal ware. No sound. No movement. Just fragile curves and hollows and shapes and prisms. And light sometimes breaking into colours, sometimes passing through, sometimes reflected.

not sad, just able to go on now.

You see, this is what he does all the time — in life I mean. When a child cannot understand, he wants to destroy, and he is a child.

Paul Dean

He stands and looks for a time, not understanding: his face betrays nothing.

DARK CYPRESS.

Evergreen tree
dark cypress, who each
day silently observe
a thousand small deaths — you try
no tears for
size, nor fare—

well ol' friend but all
the while stand erect
and unmoving point phallic
towards the sky where a wild call
clarion of lust
is almost lost

below as two great birds
lock screaming in the air.

IAN WEDDE.

The Widow

Old and dying.
Propped up — yet
Slowly sinking.
A black fur dead around her neck.
A brooch of ebony — beautiful
But a relic.
Thin grey knuckles huddled in her lap.
And address of old black
Shrouding her knees
Falling
In twisted dark convulsions to the floor.

N. H. W.

His destruction is complete, and panting, he stops.
He is nothing — not happy,

AS LOVE TAKES US

Eddie Coppana was along to a party one weekend, at which, across a crowded room, Mary Talloo smiled at him for all the world to see.

Much later that night as Eddie walked his way home from Mary's place, he felt very happy. He was pretty tired, but inside him his heart was singing like a little Linnet. Eddie Coppana, much to his surprise and great delight had been seduced by Mary Talloo and what is more he liked her as well. He was not in love with her or anything, but when a pretty little girl like Mary takes the trouble to seduce a boy, well then the least he can do is to like her.

The next week is a good one for Eddie. He sees Mary most nights of the week and she seduces him again a few times. The nights he does not see her he calls around to the bar in which his old chums hang about and sometimes when he is there they are talking about women. Then he is glad that he can tell them about Mary Talloo as he hardly ever lucky enough to tell them about anybody. It's funny but as he is speaking he is liking that little girl more and more.

takes to watching her slyly and checking up on her in a sneaky way, when normally if there is the slightest doubt with a girl, he is the very last to bother at all. Of course all this time he is not in love with Mary Talloo. Well how could a boy be in love with a girl who would treat him in such a way. It is just that he cannot bear to have her out of his sight.

A couple of weeks go by and things are pretty nice again. Eddie's closest friends begin not to avoid the subject of Mary Talloo and the atmosphere around is generally more relaxed and comfortable.

And then Mary Talloo leaves Eddie Coppana again.

They are at a crowded dance one weekend and when he looks around for her, so that he can take her home, she has already gone home with somebody else. Probably with the intention of seducing him, whoever he may be. Just at this moment the whole crowded dance hall seems to be staring at Eddie Coppana.

This he swears is the end of it all. That pretty little tart has really done it now. Out of the window go all of the plans he has made, and he swears that he will not

a short story

by Robert John Williams

When the next weekend comes along, there is that crowded room again. And there is Mary Talloo smiling across and seducing another fellow. This is rough because by now everybody knows about Mary Talloo and Eddie Coppana and there she is leaving him in public.

Then Eddie does a funny thing. Whereas he is normally very touchy about these things and will not take even the slightest knock from a girl, here he is chasing after Mary Talloo and saying that he will forgive her. She accepts this offer and the following week is another pretty good one for Eddie. Though when it comes to being in the bar with his old chums he does not speak so quickly about Mary Talloo, and gets quite embarrassed if anyone else speaks of her. He also

even look in the same direction as her over again.

But he chases after her once more and promises to forgive her, and he stops going to the bar where his old chums hang about, and instead just goes out with Mary Talloo. So maybe he is in love with her after all.

Another week or two goes past and things are okay between them but they are just not the same somehow. This worries Mary Talloo and one night she turns to him and says, 'Eddie, I love you with all my heart and I wish that I could undo all the miserable, dirty tricks that I have played on you'. And she means it so much that her heart breaks and runs all down her cheeks in streams of tears.

Then Eddie Coppana left Mary Talloo.



Jacques Cartel

QUE L'HOMME FIGURE ET SE
RECONNAISSE DANS LES ŒU-
VRES...

Professor Exercising

How can I understand you?

How can I understand you?

sitting in your graceless chair and gauche,
your pipe sucking concentration, exuding
wispied fairies of intellect
that floating, ensnare.

Of course one must not forget
this later school of thought
almost destroyed itself by its
own radicalism, so violently did
it rebel against the earlier
school, and therefore one

must not sylph seducing; must; damp-
spotted thoughts taken out to air, and
hung on a rusting line.

even though the masculine vigour
of this later school is decidedly
preferable to the dry, respectable,
but effete gentility of their
predecessors. "The wheel is come
full circle"

and with a studied, academic, straight-ahead
gaze, you turn entangled cartwheels. The door
is open, and the smoke is whiffed through
in a sudden gust.

M. R. P.

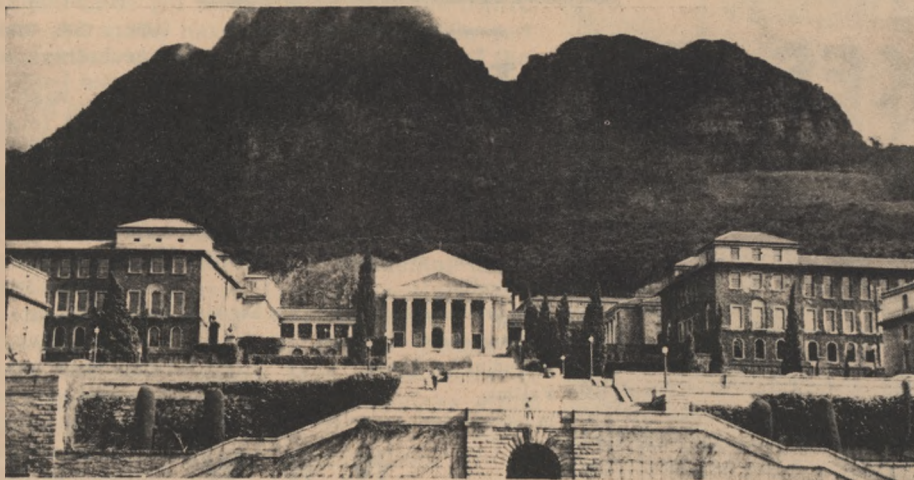
Death of Toot-Woodle

Blissful, little, brown Toot-Woodle in safe bowery,
green leafed treedle,
Stealthy, liquid grey Tus-Woosle treepin up on brown
Toot-Woodle.
Clawing Tus at gnarled trunk treedle, burning eve an
evil green;
Unsuspecting foolish Twoodle, flutter Twoodle, hop,
hop, preen.
Moving, treeping, grey Tus-Woosle, nearer, nearer,
yet unseen,
Toot! Toot Twoodle. Murt and Prowrr! Rapacious
claws have grasped Toot-Woodle!
Feathers, twoots and feline smirks; with crunch of
bones while life-blood oozle,
Sever spindly legs from body, beak unpalatable falls.
Grey Tus-Woosle sidles downward, sate with relished
brown Toot-Woodle,
Slinking, satisfied, the hunter leaving wind blown,
green-leafed treedle.

J. E. Frame

EDUCATION — SOUTH AFRICAN STYLE

At congresses of the National Union of South African Students (NUSAS), it has become an annual ritual to pass resolutions condemning government infringements of Academic Freedom. So, to have a framework in which to discuss this topic, I quote extracts from the resolution passed at the 40th Congress in July 1964.



This states, inter alia:

1. We wish to affirm our belief in Academic Freedom.
2. We believe that Academic freedom is right of students and of the institutions at which they study.
3. We believe that it is the right of a university to decide for itself on academic merit alone who will teach, who will be taught, what will be taught.
4. That the responsibility of a university, through the unprejudiced pursuit of truth, has a value far more important than the transitory aims of party-politicians, or temporary fears of electorates.

In a democracy, such a resolution would seem superfluous. Why is it necessary for S.African students, year

and to set up special university colleges for non-whites. (The establishment of these, the opposition of the non-whites to them etc. are not the field of this article.) This Act was duly passed, under the cynically grandiose title of "The extension of University Education Act." It permitted those non-whites already enrolled at "white" universities to complete the degrees for which they were enrolled. The Afrikaans-speaking universities had never admitted non-whites, so that the effect of this was confined to the English speaking universities. An interesting insight into the thinking of the government is given by the statement of the Minister of Bantu Affairs, when he stated that "for too long these institutions" had been turning out black Englishmen." Apart from the purely educational aspect, this legislation also had the effect of making

democratic freedom, the removal of the right to decide on merit alone "who will be taught."

SUPPRESSION

The second attack followed in 1964. The minister of Justice announced that as the universities had not seen fit to heed his warnings to "set their own house in order," he would invoke the provisions of the so-called "Suppression of Communism Act."

This Act defines as a communist: "A person who

DAVE BOARDMAN was prominent in S.A. Student politics and lectured there for a year before coming out to NZ.

professes to be a communist or who after making such representations as he considers necessary, is deemed by the State President to be a communist, on the grounds that he is advocating, advising, defending or encouraging, or has at any time after the date of the commencement of this Act, advocated, advised, defended, or encouraged the achievement of any of the objects of communism, or an act of omission, which is calculated to further the achievements of any such object" (My underlining.) This Act entitles the minister of Justice, by Executive order alone, and with no recourse to the courts, to "deem" a person to be a communist, in practice, this means that anyone who is outspoken against the policies of the government, no matter how outspoken he may be against communism as well, may find himself served with a "banning order". The terms of such an order vary, but the usual terms prevent a banned person from publishing anything without the permission of the minister, from seeing more than one person at a time, confine him to one magisterial district, require

him to report to the nearest police station at stipulated times, prohibit a change of employment without the minister's permission etc. Such a person even requires the Minister's permission to marry!! Such orders usually run for renewable periods of five years.

ACADEMICS BANNED.

Until the end of 1964 the Minister had allowed academic staff banned in this way to continue teaching, although he had warned the universities in general terms to "Set their house in order." Now, he gave notice of his intention to use his power to prevent any banned person from teaching. Not all banned people have as yet been axed. But, among the most noteworthy of those who have, was Prof. Edward Roux (an Afrikaner himself). One of the more "Alice in Wonderland" effects of this was that Prof. Roux's book on botany, which is a standard text in S.African universities, came under the ban. Subsequently the Minister was graciously pleased to unban it, apparently feeling that even Prof. Roux could not put over Communist Doctrine in a botany textbook. It seems, however, that he was able to do this in botany lectures, as he was banned from teaching until his death some three weeks ago.

Thus we see that the right of a university to determine "who shall teach", has also become a dead letter in S.Africa.

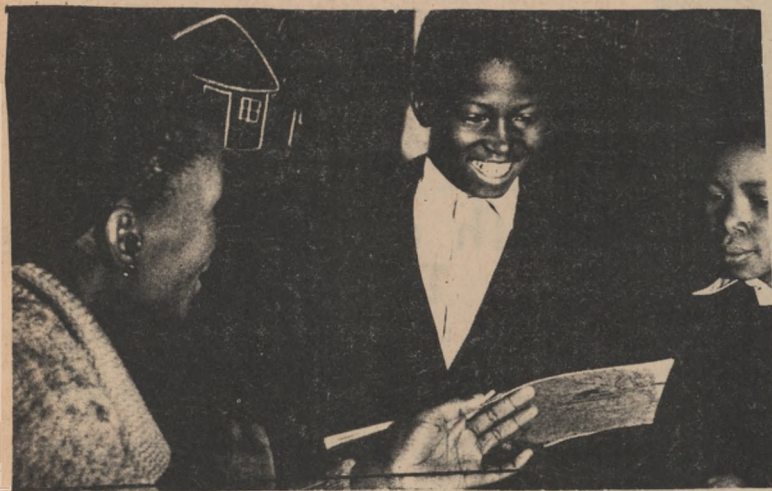
As far as "the right to determine what shall be taught", is concerned, the pressures, have, so far, been indirect. These take the form of banning of books: e.g. Dollard's "Class and Caste in a Southern Town", Chief Albert Luthuli (Nobel Prize Winner) book "Let my People Go." (an excellent source for material on the history of organised African protest), "The Communist Manifesto", "The Colour Question" by the Prof. of Sociology of Edinburgh university, etc. It is clear from this, that a student in any one of what we call the "sensitive departments" is prevented from studying important aspects of his field.

STUDENT INFORMERS

Then there is the presence of students who are paid informers of the Political Police. These are paid to inform on their fellow students and on their lecturers. No matter how sure a lecturer may be of his facts, there is the ever present fear of the old bogey, misquotation, and the ultimate threat of a banning order if the displeasure of the govt. is incurred. It takes a brave man not to start censoring his own lectures under these conditions.

In conclusion the educational policy of the govt. is based on the policy of Christian Nationalism. The present Minister of Justice has stated: "We stand for Christian Nationalism, which is an ally of National Socialism: you can call the anti-democratic system dictatorship, if you like. In Italy it is called fascism, in Germany National Socialism and SA Christian Nationalism."

D.W. Boardman



after year. To remind themselves of the nature of Academic Freedom?

DECLINE OF FREEDOM

Until 1958 such freedom existed, within limits. In that year the government announced its intention of passing legislation to ban the entry of non-white students to the universities then in existence,

contact between, not only white and non-white intellectuals difficult, but also between non-whites. It provided for the establishment of colleges for each of the major ethnic and linguistic groups in SA, although the medium of instruction would remain English, or increasing-Afrikaans. This was the first frontal assault on aca-

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Five cent: Blank in honour of Mr. Eyre who is either out of the country with his wife or out of the country without a wife.

Ten Cent: Mr. Lake, cast relief arms intertwined and the ten cent denomination and singing over his shoulder "save it or lend it for god's sake don't spend it."

20 cent: Mr. Kinsella, etc. and alone standing on that empty site where the what we call arts block should be.

50 cent: Mr. Shand trying only to see what a security officer in brigadier's uniform trying to point out to him. The officer is fitting a pair of red tinted glasses on Mr. Shand to help him see.

The commemorative dollar: That appears to be a secret servicemen turns out on close inspection to be Mr. Muldoon. His design is only acceptable in the maxim that no-one knows what the coin looks like long as they have enough of them. The coin is to fall into circulation after the changeover, Mr. Muldoon with R.I.P.

What about the notes?

The one dollar "ralph": Mr. Hanan sinking a legal double whisky at Bellamy's 9.45 p.m.

The two dollar "norm": Mr. Shelton, at the lights, in an ally 1967 Valiant burning off a warm of cars, which date backwards from the 1950's.

The five dollar "jack": Mr. Marshall opening the door to bilateral free trade and putting the GATT out for the night.

The 20 dollar "call-it-tiwi": A smiling portrait of our leader. He personifies the economy, rumbustious, buoyant record export income, nine-per-cent growth rate ... falling butter price, synthetic wool competition, unsatisfactory meat agreement, balance of payments deficit of £40 million. Britain joins the EEC .. ech .. a sort of Dorian Gray portrait.

When the notes are held to the light, the watermark is found to be a whole sitting group of the national party caucus (the first time it has come close to the light). This mark will fade long before D day - about November.

Chapple.

Caledonia Criticised

For the enlightenment of anyone who did not have the misfortune to pick up an advertisement in the coffee bar urging him to take off to "sunny New Caledonia" let me complete your education for you.

The trip was organised (was it?) by the travel department of NZUSA and originally advertised a holiday in Noumea, billeted in French homes, for the month of January, at reduced rates. I suppose we should be thankful we got the reduced rates - we ended up by spending three and a half weeks in January-February and staying at the cheapest hostel in Noumea, when we were not busily engaged in painting walls, and scrubbing paint off floors, at a mission up the other end of the island.

ion I don't know - there is nevertheless considerable credit due to the students that they could accomplish what they did under impossible conditions. A drain was built enabling the school to have a regular water supply for the first time, classrooms were painted and cleaned, and the corn harvest husked. This was done with little or no equipment, living on starchy food cooked in a kitchen, crawling with cockroaches, with incredibly filthy washing facilities.

And it is also some achievement that the missionaries



CHEAP

In case I have given anyone the wrong impression, let it at first be said that this trip was a fantastic idea, very cheap, extremely educational, and apparently NZUSA's first attempt at a trip along these lines. So that they have some excuse for malorganisation. But was it necessary to send so many conflicting circulars that we didn't know whether we were going at all until late December? Did they really not know the price of our air fare? I must admit that we did get some information about the geography of New Caledonia - a few helpful little hints about French sanitation (or lack of it) would have been more to the point. But was it really necessary to send us during the rainy season?

OPEN ARMS

The belief that the natives of New Caledonia are going to welcome with open arms a handful of students' attempts to spend a few days half-heartedly "improving the water supply" of a remote mission school is a fallacy. The French missionaries were at first extremely sceptical of our ability or inclination to work, and likewise the students were at first a little daunted at the prospect of spending ten days - working - in a tropical jungle.

Whether the sight of one of our fanatic members chasing around the bushes and waving a pair of underpants tied to a stick in the vain hope of catching butterflies added to the missionaries' first impress-

want the first group of English-speaking students that they have ever had experience of to return to Do-Neva next year. Although I must admit that their change of heart probably owed more to the girl who decided to give up Varsity for a year and stay on at the mission teaching English, than it did to the group as a whole.

The climax of the trip was the mess UTA made of the return flight, which I wouldn't try to describe as no-one would believe me anyway.

This, then, is the country of "relaxed gaiety" and "euphoria" (taken from an airline travel brochure) and to a certain extent this is true of Noumea, if relaxing means staying out nightclubbing until 5 a.m. crawling home in time for breakfast, and catching up on all one's sleep during the mid-day siesta. And the nightclubs are not expensive, especially if you're a girl, or if you don't drink much. The place abounds in militaires and other species of Frenchmen who had their barracks opposite our hostel and their telescopes fastened on our dormitory window) who are always ready to "manger des escargots" with any tourist that happens along. So that, if we could take the bad organisation (and being badly organised students ourselves, we could), we had a wonderful time. In other words; bad organisation? Cela ne fait rien - nous nous sommes bien amuses!

Rosemary Scott.

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CLEAN CAPPING

"Capping this year will entail more subtlety and parody and less smut and pornography than in previous years," said Mr. John Barnett, Capping Controller.

In conjunction with the election of Students Association officials last year a referendum was held in which the majority of students voted for an improved Capping. As a result the Capping Committee intend to raise the overall standard of every department by starting preparations earlier with greater organisation.

"As part of an arrangement to ensure a higher standard and more floats a substantial amount of prize money is being offered," Mr. Barnett announced. A float is expected from every club and society as well as the individual faculties.

When asked how a high standard of floats and more controlled Procesh will be ensured, Mr Barnett replied that they intend to have a panel of scrutineers who will inspect the floats before they leave varsity to enforce the regulation ban on flour and liquor. The panel will consist of people from both varsity and the city.

"If the floats are passed by the panel the blame for any possible fracas in Queen

St. cannot be imputed to us," said Mr. Barnett.

Capping book this year is in a new form and is now ready to go to print. 35,000 copies will be printed. A crash selling campaign will start on the Friday before Capping week and will extend over the weekend. They will be sold from all points north of Cambridge except Kaikohe. Sales will be on the same cash commission basis that has operated in past years.

Following the example set by southern universities a monster Charity Collection will be held on Procesh day. "Unfortunately we were not able to pick a charity of our own choice owing to the restrictions of the city council bylaws. Therefore we must collect for the Community Chest," said Mr Barnett.

It was hoped that student enthusiasm would overcome the parochialism of local bodies whose support was not forthcoming; however the collection will probably be restricted to the Auckland city area. Mr. Barnett quoted a New Zealand Herald editorial which said "Students have a forceful yet good-natured approach to the extraction of money. They can succeed where others fail." "We intend to put this observation

into practice," he added. A prize will be offered to the most bizarre costume produced by the collectors. There will be a social function in the evening for all those who have taken part in the Charity Collection to replace the redundant Procesh. hop.

This year all stunts must be submitted to the stunts controller for approval. The stunts controller is a very lenient man. "It is imperative that this is carried out, as any unregistered stunts might bring discredit on the student body and could result in the stuntee being subject to civil liability," stressed Mr. Barnett. Overall there is a massive programme of fairly select stunts. "Stunts form the back-bone of the impact of Capping on the public, therefore it is important that they are executed efficiently and impressively," said Mr. Barnett.

Of note this year is the fact that there will be a £50 wardrobe prize for Miss Capping 66. Clubs and societies will be asked to sponsor a candidate for the competition, which will be run on a serious note with a competent panel of judges.

For further information, contact Capping Committee, first floor Vaille Buildings, Phone 32-889.

a new journal

A History Journal edited by Professor Sinclair of the Auckland University will be available to the Public about this time next year.

On the lines of the "New Zealand Geographer", also a product of this University, the journal will contain articles of interest both to anyone who is concerned with the past, present and future of this country and to students of New Zealand History.

Graduates from New Zealand and overseas Universities will be invited to contribute articles for the first issue. It is hoped that after this voluntary contributions will be submitted for publication. Topics will be varied. As well as matters specifically on this country, anything which influences New Zealand, such as South East Asian politics, will be included.

Assisting Professor Sinclair with the business

arrangements and distribution Professors of the A.U. It will be non-profit making. Although the A.U. has granted the scheme £1,000, this will serve only to establish the paper and cover the cost of the first few issues. A yearly subscription will be approximately 30s. 0d. People from overseas, as well as from many parts of New Zealand, will be able to subscribe. There will be two issues a year and single copies will be available.

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the politics page

RHODESIA SOCIETY

THE FAR RIGHT



Mr Samuel S. Green - Society President.

On 26th February the New Zealand Rhodesian Society met. The most difficult judgment to make about the meeting was whether it was more hilarious than horrifying.

To get the meeting in the Right mood, the chairman, Mr. Samuel S. Green, Mayor of Dargaville, announced that there is "no racial discrimination in Rhodesia". This particularly pointless slight-of-tongue was based on a study of the legal situation without any reference to the actual social situation.

Then Mr. Eric Butler, the guest speaker from Melbourne, had his turn. He announced, among other things, that:

Britain is waging "economic warfare in association with the Communist Empire".

The Smith Government is "as much in the front-line of the defence of our country as our troops in Viet Nam".

FABIAN CONSERVATIVES.

British Prime Minister, Harold MacMillan was "the long-term Fabian Socialist masquerading as a Conservative."

Further, he substantially agreed with an interjector who claimed facetiously that "the churches are talking for the Kremlin".

In short, Western civilization is very sick except for a few true "conservatives" and nearly all white Rhodesians.

PATERNALIST WHITE SUPREMACY.

The fundamental contradiction with respect to his argument about Rhodesia itself, was that white supremacy was to be justified by the paternalism necessary to raise native standards - but paternalism was forgotten when it came to opportunities for secondary education, and here the law of strict competition was invoked to see that the youngest son never would grow up.

The meeting set off two main lines of thought.

WILSON POLICY.

First, how sound is Mr. Wilson's policy in Rhodesia? At the Rhodesian society meeting it was easy to observe the ranks of those who favoured Smith's regime closing in face of dissentient opinion. Dissenters were branded "Fascists", "Communists", or "members of a Jewish plot," or even all three rolled into one necromatic ogre.

And this is just what has happened in South Africa and is happening in Rhodesia.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER.

Regarding South Africa, a "liberal" British political scientist has recently observed:

"The attacks on South Africa by the African states at the United Nations and elsewhere, the possibility of intervention posed by the sanctions threat. The successful attempts to expel the Republic from a number of international organizations, have all contributed to a hardening of white opinion in the face of demands from the outside for a reversal of current policies and the institution of a more liberal regime."

"The antagonism to South Africa has clearly strengthened the governments position".

(J.E. Spence, in Government and opposition, October 1965, p. 76)

Just so, the antagonism evinced at the meeting of the New Zealand - Rhodesian Society strengthened the support given to the speaker. Reactionary policies need to be faced by radical alternatives to make any sense at all - and when in a nationalist situation the radical alternative is pressed from outside, it only undermines the position of the local liberals.

Applying these thoughts to the Rhodesian situation is frightening. It may be that Wilson's Rhodesian policy is the worst possible. The best solution was the radical one - military intervention to ensure that a genuinely paternal policy towards the natives was hastily and humanely practised. Failing (and it was probably politically impracticable) that, Heath's policy of further negotiation, barren as it may seem, at least would not aggravate the situation.

SANCTIONS

As it is, there is ample evidence that sanctions are merely hardening white opinion in support of Smith. If as seems likely, they fail to topple his regime, the white supremacist position with only be so much more firmly entrenched. Moreover, Wilson's repeated assurances that force will not in any event be used in Rhodesia has merely robbed him of one bargaining position, and made the fall of Smith even less likely. Intervention

should be drastic and immediate in its effects, or else ordinary lines of communication should be maintained. Otherwise nationalist reaction is almost inevitable.

In the present situation sanctions are appearing increasingly primitive, and decreasingly constructive. In this light, the failure of traditional primitive techniques when applied to criminals (and South Africans) does not encourage high hopes for Rhodesia's future.

The second thought inspired by the meeting of the New Zealand Rhodesian Society concerned what role the far right has to play in the contemporary world.

"TRUE CONSERVATISM"

First, it is worth observing that true conservatism, - which takes view of society as an organism with aristocracy entrusted to rule, according to its lights, to the advantage of the society as a whole - such conservatism has not been transplanted to the new world.

Instead there are two bastard right-wing philosophies Laissez-faire capitalism, and capitalism, and state authoritarianism to preserve the social status quo.

In New Zealand there is some cause to fear each. Sarah Campion claimed before storming out of the Rhodesian Society meeting that she had never been so reminded of a fascist meeting since her time in Germany. There does exist here deep - seated racial and anti-communist complexes which, given access to political authority, would reduce personal rights before the State to negligible proportions. This danger presented itself with the shrill cries of sedition! accompanying last year's protests about our role in Viet Nam. Particularly the actions of the Government over the 1931 waterfront dispute, and the scope for government by regulation revealed at that time, are a reminder that state authoritarianism to preserve the social status quo is not a totally unreal threat in New Zealand.

"BASTARD RIGHTISTS"

The other bastard right-wing philosophy is Laissez-faire capitalism. (For its illegitimacy see W.H. Oliver, 'Problems and Prospects of Conservatism in New Zealand' pp. 18-19, 24-25.) At Curious Cove Mr. Temm, a lawyer, just

gawped when told by a Curious leftist that he had no objection to paying taxes. To the lawyer taxation was an immoral interference with the workings of the economy.

Fortunately this Laissez-faire groups can only muster enough strength to support the political claims of the insignificant New Zealand Liberal Party. The underdevelopment of our economy largely safe-guards us against a reaction to Laissez-faire. While in America it made sense to support a President (Coolidge) who believed in sleeping fourteen hours a day, and of whom it was said that every time he opened his mouth a moth flew out, in New Zealand it makes more sense to support a Prime Minister of whom it might be said that every time he opens his mouth out flies the latest

platitude. The economy is just not big enough to disdain state aid - nor is society if The Queen Elizabeth II Arts Advisory Council is any indication.

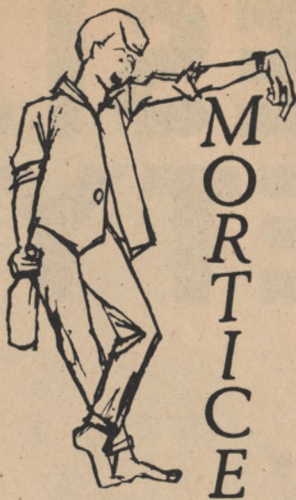
"GREAT DANGER"

This is why state authoritarianism is a greater danger in New Zealand than the Laissez-faire philosophy - and also why the attitudes displayed at The Rhodesian Society meeting hold more terrors than the attitudes of the Constitutional society.

Anti-communism is potentially powerful enough to destroy ordinary civil liberties opposition to necessary state functions in the economy convinces only lawyers that they are making sensible noises.

Bill Montgomerie.

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Is it true that a competition is being run for the best method of distributing "Students' Handbook"? Certainly no-one seems to have found the answer to what is fast becoming an embarrassing problem. Usually the "Handbook" is available in Enrolment Week to be forced on unwilling Freshers and snatched back from eager Seniors. But this year the pile of printing arrived just too late for mass distribution. What has been done with them? Since any Fresher who asks at Stud. Ass. Office for a "Handbook" has not been allowed to escape with less than half-a-dozen, one suspects that the entire Exec. Room is filled with them to the distinct inconvenience of Russell Armitage, who probably can't get into his cubby-hole. By the way, has anyone seen Russell lately? Surely they waited till he was out before filling up his office with Handbooks. Alas, poor Russell!

Without doubt this year's "Handbook" is far superior to anything before. Both as to format and content it sets a new standard in Stud. Ass. publications. It seems a pity that the size had to be changed and so spoil an almost standard run of volumes. The only other change in size in recent years was the bright little yellow "Freshers' Handbook" of 1961, edited by Andy Begg of O'Rourke fame. This was a natty volume of vest-pocket size looking rather like a Rugby Rule-book and containing more useful information than all subsequent efforts combined. Aided by a compendious index this veritable omnium gatherum rambled contentedly from traditional A.U. Hakas to a History of Academic Dress; from Phlurg (you've never heard of Phlurg?) to the International Friendship League and Notes on the Annual Moonlight Harbour Cruise. All this besides the usual guff on what's what in Stud. Ass. Unfortunately the editors for 1962 decided to revert to the pre-Begg style which is still largely what we have now. As far as the design for front covers is concerned I must admit to a liking for the 1955 "Handbook" which had a pleasant sketch of the good old "wedding cake". It probably seemed old fashioned when used then, and it would be too dated for any issues now, but it did typify in a last flicker the mood and vitality of an earlier and better phase of Stud. Ass.

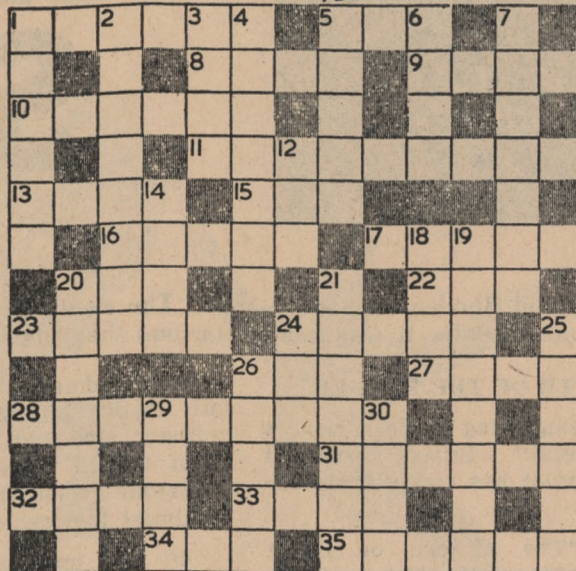
What does strike one on looking through "Students' Hand Book" '66' is the number of Societies that have disappeared. Where is Fiji Society, Modern Dance Club, or Maori Club? Is their absence from this year's notes a portent of their impending decline? And what happened to the impossibly grand Auckland University Broadcasting Society? Of course there are two intriguing societies that seem to have faded away for good in the last year: "The friends of MacGonagall" which was originally founded in 1961 to encourage contemporary Poets to adhere embodies in his work with such fidelity and beauty." is one which achieved early publicity at its foundation. Though it was never expected to last as long as it did, it is a pity it was largely inactive. The other is The Underwater Basketweavers Club. I don't know what the members did, nor have I seen anything more than the occasional mention of their presence. Perhaps they were all lost at sea on their inaugural meeting.

C.G.C.

craccum's crossword

GOTCHER!!!

MON 4th APRIL 1966



CLUES

Across:

1. Put a nettle cure before the Queen - it works. (6)
4. An uneasy French station in reverse. (3)
8. Regret about a penny? Or is it impolite? (4)
9. Mixed bread is named Scandinavian. (4)
10. Two Englishman are lethal. (6)
11. Athletes rescued from stern rips. (9)
13. In season, Capone is in the middle of the street. (4)
15. His wife was 13. (3)
16. Jumbled roofing in the sea. (6)
17. Compare the ocean, all churned up, to eating houses. (5)
20. The Arctic animal gives a pound to become its habitat. (3)
22. You'll grou up, kid! (4)
23. It's tied up in a Mexican name. (5)
24. A spinner for trout, for trout, for example. (5)
26. The Royal Oceanography Institute was initially founded for the French king. (3)
27. Cherished and expensive. (4)
28. Dairyman's tour of duty. (4,5)
31. One of these burns bright. (6)
32. Take the soft drink out of the suburb into the valley. (4)
33. Don't close the beginning of an ode to your writing instrument. (4)

34. It's in the racket!
35. Write for him.

Down:

1. The negro position put down. (5)
2. In short, the compositor didn't tell the truth? Agreed. (8)
3. It's painful, but in another way he's the god of love. (4)
4. The rear was in front - no wonder it's upset!
5. Concerning a glove.
6. Turn Roman dress inside out for Nanny.
7. This girl was a rare hit.
12. What a carrot will do when there's no means of transport. (3)
14. This 29 down was 1 downed in the Revolution. (4)
18. There's 500 following after taking the music out of first aid - the old story! (4)
19. This deaf hero is commonly wrinkled. (8)
20. Take two pounds and mix them in a sieve in Spain. (7)
21. Three times the agony followed - but the result is artistic. (7)
24. He's a bit of a lout.
25. The artist is completely involved in the Irish national tongue. But he leaves no impression! (6)
26. An endless woodwind surrounded by radio - it's inhuman! (5)
29. Don't lose it, mate!
30. Eat up a girl!

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The high the Sk sday, th ision th hut plan The inst th e: The rance do Students, where is your sense of moral injustice? Why are there no loud cries from your cavernous throats over the first major issue of the year? Where are the weeks of fasting, the marching in the streets, the petitions before Parliament, the riots demanding justice and equality, the don't you realize the Catty, it's no longer sells pies?

Ever try walking around the streets after midnight? You know what happens? The men in blue, in their lovely efficient way, will want to stop you for a quiet chat. We won't try to say how their minds work, but just accept this advice: don't wear a beard, do wear shoes (bare feet are unimaginably criminal), don't carry suspect literature (like Shakespeare or Freud, especially Freud), and don't carry a bag.

Atheists of Varsity unite! The reason - the general population of Varsity is being plagued by a hovering angel of indeterminate sex. This buffon of a bishop's bible attacks always in the same way and so is easily recognised. "Can I have your name and telephone number?" he will ask. Having given this you will be pestered at all hours to come to E.U. Surely this is the wrong way to go about increasing the flock?

The incompetence and inefficiency of Mens House Committee in the requirements of their roster system and hours of duty are only matched by their ability to be totally absent to a man when they are needed. This state of affairs should be rectified immediately, as Craccum office is sick and tired of apologising for their continually absent hut-mates.

Stop, you evil conchies, The Eve of Destruction is upon you. You and your diligent forefathers, and their grandpappies are slowly forcing you into a premature grave. The soils of New Zealand are rising to consume you. Yes, the Library wing is sinking into the earth at the frightening speed of half an inch a year. Do stop working!

L-Shaped Snow Catchers

The highlight of the A.G.M. of the Ski Club held on Friday, the 15th, was the decision that the proposed hut plans be reconsidered.

The main objections against the existing plans are: The position of the entrance doors — the southern side would be blocked by snow coming down the mountain, and snow would gather at the elbow of the L shape to block the northern entrance; the entire unsuitability of the L shape — it made for a massive wall area, and therefore it would be more expensive, and would mean a necessary loss of heat; and lastly, it was said of the kitchen: "that thing is hopelessly unworkable!" No provisions were made for bulk food storage.

The President answered these objections: The doors had to be put somewhere, and somewhere where the wind would not annoy bunkom sleepers. The L shape lent itself to Lockwood design, which was being used, and we wanted something different. There was no need for bulk food storage, because a contractor would bring fresh food up on Fridays. There were provided there are no lizzards, it appears occupants will eat.

Architects, led by Nigel Cooke said they could design a good hut in three weeks, and not, as Jim Farrell put it, "an Otago menace on the mountainside." And so the

motion was passed that the School of Architecture be given three weeks to present plans. "They will be too aesthetic and impractical", avowed a skier (and engineer?) in the audience for a ski hut, which would be finished for skiing 1967.

Although the President of the Ski Club stressed the time element, it seems impossible that even the previously planned hut would have been ready for this winter.



Graeme Thorne, member of NZU's Australian tour cricket team.
(Story next issue)

Billiards

Go into any billiards saloon downtown during the day and you will find a number of University students playing away their leisure hours to the characteristic clunk and thud of billiards and snooker.

The number of male students who participate actively in this sport is phenomenal — it would probably be the most popular in the University. But until the new Studass Building is completed, they will have to continue their trek downtown to fill the pockets of the saloon proprietors.

As most students play

Tour

in what are normally the 'off' hours for the saloon, there seems some likelihood of student concessions in these periods. To push for these concessions, and to control the sport on a University level, (billiards and snooker are now included in Winter Tournament) the formation of an A.U. Billiards Club is urgently necessary.

Anyone who is interested in either forming or joining such a Billiards Club should get in touch with Alan Patterson-Kane, of O'Rourke Hall, 49 Symonds Street, (ph. 22-388).

Fencing

Auckland University fencers are well represented in the N.Z. University team which will tour Australia.

The team, six men and four girls, will be in Australia from the 12th to the 30th May. They will fence matches against all the Australian Universities in addition to a "test" against a combined Australian team.

Auckland representatives in the team are Zoltan Apathy, John Gaudin, David Muller and Irene Melton.



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N.Z. Herald, Tuesday, March 15, 1966

A "spiritual meditation room" is to be designed as part of the Beehive ministerial building . . .

The Prime Minister, Mr Holyoake, told a Salvation Army citizens' rally in Wellington that it was sometimes imagined that the State with its secular affairs was apt to neglect the spiritual, but this was not true.

Members of Parliament and those who worked in Parliament Buildings, he added, would be able to spend moments in quiet reflection or worship in the meditation room. . . .

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is a
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