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# CRACCUM

Registered for transmission as a newspaper.

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FREE TO STUDENTS

No.4. 1968



**Muldoon plays  
it cool — p.3**



## Editorials

NEW LOOK FOR  
CAPPING WEEK?

## Arts Festival Planned

On the Thursday before Easter, a service of tribute to Dr Martin Luther King was held in the Maclaurin Chapel. The service was arranged by the Maclaurin chaplain, Rev. Rob McCullough, on the suggestion of Michael Law, the Students' Association Public Relations Officer.

Although some form of tribute to Dr King was certainly warranted, it is open to question whether a religious service was best suited to the occasion.

The university is not a religious institution—only a small proportion of its members remain adherents of any denomination or religion. To make the only possible tribute to Dr King a religious one, framed within the context of a religious service, made it impossible for the tribute to be one in which all the university could share.

Surely it would have been better for the students' association to have organised a different type of tribute more suited to the nature of the university. A tribute meeting, held in front of the student union or in the hall, at which representatives of various sections of the university, including, perhaps, the chancellor, the chaplain and a representative of the students' association, were given short times to speak, would have avoided the situation by which many were excluded from paying a tribute because a religious interpretation was being forced upon them.

It would have been much more meaningful if students and staff had been able to meet as a university to pay tribute to a great man, so that a message could have been sent to the Civil Rights leaders and Mrs King paying tribute to Dr King's work.

As it was, the tribute was a small one. Had the students' association had more initiative and conviction, they could have organised an event which would have been in accordance with the significance of the occasion.

—G. de B.

## APOLOGIES

The editors wish to extend apologies to:

● DR LIST of the Engineering Faculty because the signature to his article on Book Prices (Issue 3, page 16) was not printed.

● MR PETER BOYES for the fact that the review of the film "Taming of the Shrew" (Issue 3, page 9), appeared to be part of his own reviews, when it was written by a different author.

● DR PAT HOHEPA whose article "Migrant Communities in Auckland" (Issue 3, page 13), was unacknowledged.

Capping week: these celebrations, which in some ways are perhaps the most enjoyable of the year, is at the same time the single event which provides the worst public relations between the city and the university.

Recently there have been developments aimed at establishing a more dignified atmosphere for capping week and at counteracting its automatic identification with student stunts and puberaws. The introduction of the procession of graduates and staff from the university to the town hall for instance is a step in this direction.

It is not surprising that some Aucklanders take the more irresponsible stunts as an index of customary student conduct, because these are in effect the most public manifestation of their corporate behaviour. Yet moves have been made this year to modify this situation.

A proposal has been already put before a number of faculty committees, which aims at extending the scope of capping celebrations through the introduction of what is called a "University Arts Week."

This motion proposed by Mr I. V. Porsott of the Architecture Faculty reads as following:

"That this Faculty requests the Council to establish an 'University Arts Week' as a recurrent annual event, the term 'week' being used subject to further consideration of the event's duration. The purpose of this event is to bring the contribution of this university to the artistic and cultural life of the city, both in training and achievement, to the notice of the public in an organised form thus strengthening good relations between the city and its university. The event is not proposed as in competition, but as complementary to the established Auckland Festival of Arts; the time of the year to be chosen for it should not coincide nor adjoin closely to that of the civic event.

One of the times proposed for this Arts Week is in fact during or immediately following capping.

Main participants are envisaged to be:

1. Departments of the Faculty of Arts concerned with literary and dramatic arts—poetry readings, theatrical displays.
2. The Department of Music—concerts of performing and composing artists.
3. The special Schools of Engineering, Architecture, the Department of Town Planning, and the School of Fine Arts, with displays of students' and graduates' work.
4. Other departments and faculties with appropriate public lectures; the library with book displays; the New Buildings Committee with plans of development, etc., etc.

Mr Porsott has commented at length on this proposal.

So far he claims, activities of this kind have either been associated with the Auckland Festival of Arts, or performed out of any context, thus losing much of their effect, being of little stimulus within the university, and failing to establish in the public esteem the separate and distinct contribution of the university to public cultural life. Attendances have also suffered, owing to events being exposed to massive competition. The Auckland Festival Society has recently resolved to organise its items in March, in order to facilitate interchange of overseas performing artists with other Southern Hemisphere countries. This not only confirms the festival as a focus of commercial events (which is perfectly legitimate), but it also demands participation from university departments at a very difficult time, with preparation for exhibitions, etc., required at the very time the university settles down to work after enrolment. Separating out the art contribution of the university would therefore appear not only of advantage to us (we cannot match the superior publicity power of commercial art undertakings in any position of competition), but also to the festival, by removing from its field such burden as we still represent—but the ultimate beneficiary would be the Auckland public, who are already unable to partake of a cultural repast too big for any but the most voracious appetites.

The effect of this Arts Week on the status of Capping Week would be equally beneficial in conferring distinction on what at present is, in effect a purely social affair, and, quite apart from considerations of public relations, it is obviously valuable in its own right.

At present the motion has been approved in principle by both the Architecture and Fine Arts Faculty Committees, on the condition that it would necessitate no financial outlay by the staff members involved.

This attitude is understandable. Students' Association at the present time manages to finance the social side of capping at considerable cost, and it is only reasonable that they should extend their finances to activities of this nature.

If in addition, it is obvious that this festival must be a student organised venture, displaying student work and financial independence is essential for such a proposal.

Yet there is no reason why the council should not offer a grant to initiate such a festival if in fact there is sufficient talent within the university to make such a venture a working proposition. At present there seems both the ability and the demand among the students for such an outlet for their work. This year for example students have had to turn to private organisations

to finance such festivals. The Auckland Society for Contemporary Music, for example, is sponsoring a festival of student music, drama, poetry, painting and films later this year, in co-operation with Central Theatre and Barry Lett Galleries. With such obvious demand and talent within the university it seems natural to provide the opportunity internally for such a programme.

It seems odd that a university as large as our own is unable to provide this type of outlet for student work on a regular basis instead of letting their role be assumed by private organisations.

If this private festival is a success however, and if either the Council or Studass is prepared to commit finance to such a venture in future years, it seems likely that such a festival could become a regular contribution to Auckland's cultural life.

It is a serious comment on the priorities of those involved in university administration that such a scheme has not yet been implemented, and it will be still more serious if this scheme is not introduced after such a lead has been given.

Perhaps capping celebrations in 1969 will be rather more representative of what the university is intended to stand for. The decision lies in the hands of the student body and the willingness of both university and student administration to support this important proposal.

—M.V.

## ELEGY VII B

by Dougall

Oh that I could, without dishonour, use  
An eagle as the symbol of my muse;  
A bird that, soaring in its peerless flight,  
Plucked old, blind Milton from the depths of night  
And set him on a pinnacle of fame:  
But I confess, to my eternal shame,  
The only bird my questing soul has found  
Hides under logs and scratches up the ground.  
Thus, is my song regrettably confined,  
Though I can see—my muse is almost blind;  
Though I would paint, in epic, tale, or story,  
A noble image of my country's glory  
And show you how the force of Education  
Has made of us a great and mighty nation,  
The wonder that my pen describes for all  
Is nothing but a dreary pastoral.  
Yet what's the odds. We live, both you and I,  
Like cattle staring dumbly at the sky,  
Within an atmosphere of quiet calm  
Upon an academic dairy farm.  
Here one can see with what uncommon ease  
The intellect is moulded into cheese.  
About the Fields of Knowledge (fertile plains)  
Sown with the seed of countless human brains)  
Six thousand head of cattle dream and browse.  
These are the cream of all the nation's cows.  
Some there are here who know not what they do  
But merely chew and defecate and chew.  
While others contemplate, with ifs and buts,  
The process going on inside their guts.  
Yet one or two, of all the herd the best,  
Are by the god of nature richly blessed  
And can produce more butterfat per pound  
Than all the other beasts upon this ground.  
They crop the grass until, with stomachs packed  
To bursting point with undigested fact,  
They pause to contemplate, upon their knees,  
And chew the matter over at their ease.  
With bellies full, existence is sublime  
Until October when it's milking time.  
The udder swells. The pain becomes severe.  
The weight of genius is hard to bear.  
The heifer lows. The farmhand merely shrugs  
And clamps the suckers to the spurting dugs.  
Behold! The miracle has come to pass.  
Milk of pure wisdom synthesised from grass.  
The farmer watches with uncertain eyes,  
Waiting for intellectual cream to rise.  
See how the thickened scum of greasy gold  
Is curdled skimmed and pressed into a mould,  
Dried, wrapped and labelled A or B or C  
Depending on the product's quality.  
These units, packed according to degrees,  
Are put on sale as fine New Zealand cheese.  
Which portions will the eager merchant buy?  
The standard's good but prices seem too high.  
Some brands by growing industries are bought  
And others, in the wheels of commerce caught,  
Commit themselves to various forms of trade,  
While teaching snaffles up the lower grade.  
The government, who'd like to buy the best,  
Looks with a rueful eye upon the rest.  
There's nothing left, for all the prime degrees,  
Marked "Export Only," travel overseas.  
Australia, Britain, and the U.S.A.  
Want premium grades and have the wit to pay.  
Thus it turns out that all our country gains  
From careful processing of human brains  
Is third-rate produce (all it can afford)  
At home and high prestige abroad.  
So ends my story. If you think it's stale  
Look for a cow that has a better tale.  
I've only done my level best to show,  
In spite of curdled wits and thinking slow,  
My strong resolve to demonstrate to all  
That though my cheese can't walk, by God, I'll make him  
crawl.

## CRACCUM

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# Muldoon plays it cool

## Minister of Finance Speaks to University

Mr R. D. (King Rob) Muldoon, the famed min-budgeteer, made an impressive debut in his first major speech to the student body as a Cabinet Minister. Speaking to a packed house in the lower lecture theatre last Wednesday he gave a display of the political acumen that has taken him to the top Ministry in only six years.

Students have never been counted among the Minister's more ardent fans. He has been the victim of the Muldoon for King campaign and endless capping stunts—"Don't Bank on Piggy". On Wednesday, however, the boot was on the other foot. The Minister parried interjections deftly and won over the audience to such an extent that two colourful individuals who attempted to enter accompanied by a small piglet were ejected by pressure of public opinion.

Part of the reason for this cordial reception was of course the subject of the address. Much of the talk centred around philosophical issues. When he came to specific comparisons between the Labour and National positions Mr Muldoon was careful to confine them to economic policy. Predictably this aroused less ire from a university

audience than, for example, his well-known views on Vietnam might have done.

Nonetheless his shrewd handling of a potentially hostile audience showed that he will be a formidable opponent when the Labour Party begins its campaign to unseat the Government next year. Indeed, it could be his performance that decides the election. To win a further term National will have to convince the New Zealand public that the recession of 1967-8 was due solely to the fall in wool prices and not to any lack of economic foresight or governmental mismanagement. This will not be easy. With the late Harry Lake at the Treasury one would go so far as to say that it would have been impossible. The image was too much that of a nice man who had been caught short by events that were beyond his control.

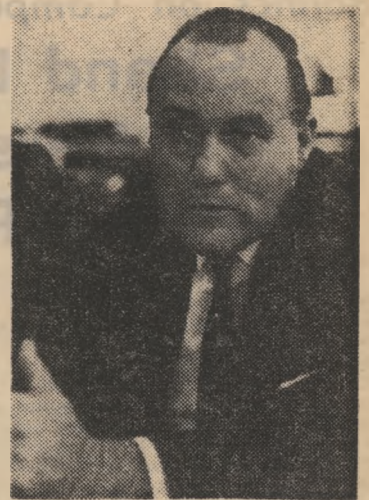
Mr Muldoon, however, might go very close to pulling it off, if Wednesday's speech was any guide. As an under-secretary he built up an unenviable record as a pushy young man who was going to decentralise the country even if he had to take on every grocer single-handed. This tough image could work in the Government's favour now. The Government needs, above all, a man whose

credibility is beyond question. To a certain degree he shares an ironic similarity with Arnold Nordmeyer—while one could doubt the wisdom of his actions his uncompromising statements underlined his complete sincerity.

Admittedly it takes more to win a political battle than a reputation for sincerity—Mr Nordmeyer had to wait ten years for public vindication. But Mr Muldoon has other things working for him. For a start he came to power after the damage had been done and has never minimised the initial seriousness of the crisis. A notable aspect of his address to the students was his omitting to apologise for the state of the economy. Gone was the "it was the wool that did it" line that we have become accustomed to hear from National spokesmen. Instead he launched a powerful attack on Labour's announced policies while at the same time stealing some of their thunder—the demand for more economic planning—by pointing to the National Development Conference, due to meet later this year.

Thus it could be that on Wednesday we saw a preview of National's strategy for '69. The image being created is that of an energetic Minister who will face the country's problems bluntly and

honestly. Mr Muldoon and his colleagues will probably try to focus attention on future economic policy rather than justify their own record. Whether this will work will depend on the economic developments of the next few months. New Zealand voters tend to judge governments on what they have done rather than what they say they will do. Nevertheless, if Mr Muldoon's speech proved one thing it is that the Government does not intend to stay on the defensive and Labour cannot hope to win the next election by default.



Mr Muldoon

## HOW GREAT A THREAT IS MR MULDOON?

One of Mr Muldoon's most recent statements to attract attention was his speech at Massey on University education last February. In the course of this lecture he raised doubts as to whether "the right people are getting into our universities." Such statements always strike terror into the hearts of academics and administrators, the more so because it is usually unclear just how real the threat is. After his speech on Wednesday, the political staff of CRACCUM interviewed Mr Muldoon to see how just how serious he was.

The Massey speech, Mr Muldoon stated, should not be taken as an indication that he believed current levels of spending on university education were unwarranted in view of its relative importance to the national economy. The question that most concerned him was that the proposed increases in educational expenditure are so great that a future Government may not be able to meet the demands placed upon it. The question would then arise as to where the cuts are to be made. He was personally in favour of them being made in the disciplines that have the least bearing on the national economy, rather than spreading them equally over all sectors. The purpose of education, Mr Muldoon conceded, was not solely functional and he recognised the need for educational institutions of the broadest possible range. Nonetheless if the crunch comes the least functional elements should, in his view, bear the brunt of it.

Did these views indicate a change in Government educational policy? Apparently not. They were, the Minister assured us, merely some personal thoughts that he had thrown out for general discussion. The were by no means to be regarded as final.

The total effect of the interview was reassuring to the degree that it is clear that the universities are unlikely to come under immediate attack from a horde of tax-conscious farmers mounted on tractors. On the other hand considerable doubts remain. The Vietnam issue is an ominous precedent of the way

"personal views aired to provoke discussion" can very rapidly become National Government policy. Mr Muldoon is not anti-Varsity, but he does have a more mechanistic view of its function in society than most academics would care for.

The Palmerston speech has been attacked by a number of university spokesmen on various grounds. In particular Mr Muldoon's Brain Drain statistics have taken a beating. The universities must now follow this up. They must demand to know exactly what proportion of the gross national product the Government does consider it acceptable to spend on education, or better still, present their own case, backed up with documentary evidence and comparative statistics from overseas.

Finally they must reaffirm the belief that the broadest possible education system is the best. To a certain extent the Minister's fears are justified. Obviously we have a greater need for agricultural scientists than political scientists. The real thing we want to know is just how much more important does Mr Muldoon think they are? How soon is the axe going to fall on philosophy and nuclear physics and other "non-functional" subjects that bear little relation to the NZ economy? The Soviet Union is a good example of a country that has made great economic advances by placing a heavy emphasis on "functional" disciplines. Dumping the "non-functional" also has a price, it would seem, and unfortunately it cannot be reckoned in terms of overseas exchange.

## CONFIDENCE MOTION FOR PRESIDENT McCORMICK

AUSA exec. members unanimously approved a motion stating that they had full confidence in the ability of President McCormick to fulfill the obligations of president of AUSA and vice-president of NZUSA. This motion was passed after the president had been asked for an explanation of his acceptance of his election to the post of vice-president of NZUSA at Easter Council.

At an executive meeting on April 10, a motion was passed which said that AUSA would make no nominations for NZUSA positions for 1968/69. Mr McCormick claimed at the time that he was definitely not interested in the post of vice-president when asked by a member of the Victoria executive. However at Easter Council he was asked to stand for the post 10 minutes before nominations closed and accepted. Otago seconded the nomination and he was elected to the position. At an executive meeting on April 18 these actions came in for some pretty close questioning. Executive members launched what Mr Gottlieb claimed was an unjustified attack.

Mr Law asked Mr McCormick if there was any co-operation between the executive and the president and then dramatically produced a petition calling for an SGM which would call on the executive to resign.

He said that he would add his own name to the twenty already on the paper if he did not receive a satisfactory explanation of the

actions of the president in going against both his own word and policy laid down by the executive only a week before.

He said that he couldn't understand how somebody could be not interested in a position on a Wednesday and accepting nomination to it on Saturday night.

Mr Rudman, who proposed the motion said that although Mr McCormick hadn't yet carried out any of his election promises this was due to the extra work caused by the new building which hadn't been foreseen at the time of his election campaign.

Mr Rudman said that the body of opinion which expressed dissatisfaction with the president's actions had based its opinions on a fallacious interpretation of his election policy.

Mr Law replied that Mr McCormick had stood on an election policy calling for improved communications and that he had had a long period of time before the new building was opened to procure the machinery for this improved communication.

Mr Law went on to say that the

president had deceived the executive and had become vice-president of NZUSA in complete disagreement with his executive's policies which he felt indicated a breakdown in communication somewhere.

Mr McCormick then proceeded to give an explanation of his actions. He said that he had accepted the position from two points of view. He said that until he retires as president in August his first interest would be president of AUSA but he felt that having Auckland's point of view represented at the heart of NZUSA would be in the best interests of AUSA.

He went on to say that he felt he would be able to fulfill the obligations of both positions because as far as he could see the obligations of his Wellington job would only involve attending a few meetings until August after which he would be able to devote all the time that he spends on AUSA affairs at the moment to NZUSA affairs.

The president said that he had been approached by Victoria and asked to accept the nomination and that he explained to them what his obligations at the moment involved, however they were still prepared to nominate him. He went on to say that he had clarified his conditions of acceptance of the nomination at the "secret" presidents' meeting so that the leaders of all the delegations were aware of what his election would involve and they were still prepared to nominate him.

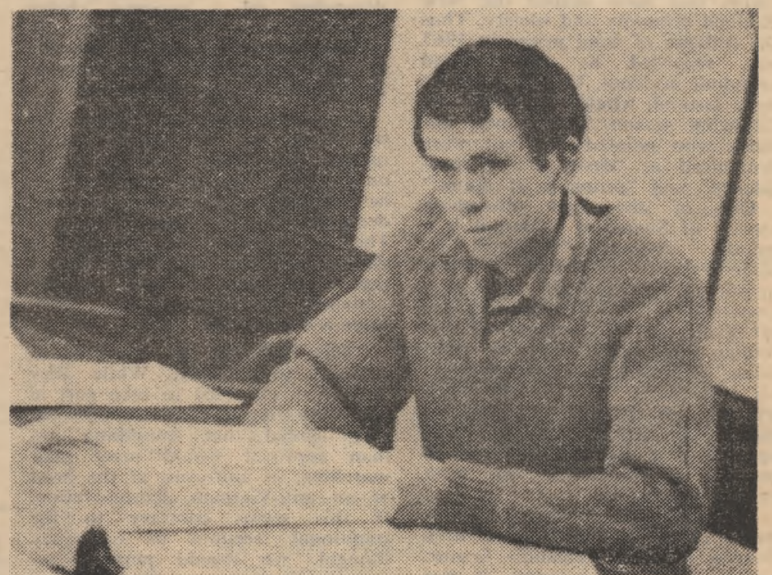
He apologised to members of the Auckland delegation for not providing them with the same assurances but hoped that they would accept his explanation.

Mr Rudman then said that the president had provided a satisfactory explanation as to his actions and that the feeling some students might have had that he had betrayed them was false. Mr Law said that he would accept the explanation of Mr McCormick and that he would recommend to the students who had signed the SGM petition that they accept this explanation also. The motion was then passed unanimously.

—Richard Harman



Gottlieb, Rudman, Law at Exec.



McCormick under attack.



## Politics on Campus: Shand Explains Personal Political Philosophy

The University National Club's lecture series on "The Right in New Zealand" made a promising start with an explanation of his personal political philosophy by the Hon. T. P. Shand. The Minister of Labour is one of the more paradoxical figures on the current political scene. He has the reputation of being among the Government's most able Ministers. Certainly he is their most articulate.

It was a pleasant surprise to hear a politician speaking to the audience rather than to the opposition party, a distinction which a great many politicians seem unable to make. Yet despite this there remains the knowledge at the back of everyone's mind that there is another Tom Shand who has been responsible for some of the most intemperate and ill-timed outbursts in New Zealand political history. A classic example was the violent attack on staff and students of the Auckland Political Studies Department during the "Godfrey Affair" of 1966.

It was, however, as party philosopher rather than party hack that Mr Shand took the floor on this occasion. The basis of New Zealand conservatism as manifested in the National Party he asserted, is its rejection of "ism's." The New Zealander is basically a pragmatic individual, who faces his problems one by one without seeking systems or ideologies that will provide overall solutions. Conservatism, at least in its New Zealand context should not be confused or equated with reaction against progress, said Mr Shand. Rather, it advises caution toward new developments and an examination of their suitability in the light of previous history.

In turning to his own personal political beliefs Mr Shand rejected the Labour Party, as it remains committed, in theory at least, to the eventual "socialisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange." The aggregation of economic power in a few hands, and particularly in those of the Government always constitutes a danger to democratic institutions. The maintenance of private enterprise ensures the diffusion of economic and hence of political power.

Such are the basics of Tom Shand's conservatism — sound, commonsense, 100 per cent Kiwi and a fair description of the general assumptions on which New Zealand government has been based since the war. Unfortunately some ominous cracks are beginning to appear.

The first point that should be made is that National does in fact have an ideology in the sense that the general assumptions outlined above provide a basic frame of reference when dealing with the problems that face the country. As Mr Shand's lecture indicated it is essentially an optimistic philosophy that expresses faith in the continuation of the forces that have shaped the New Zealand economy and society. Thus the collapse of wool prices in 1967 was regarded as an isolated economic accident. The situation we were assured, would right itself the following season. It did not, but those who pointed this out were denounced as "destroyers of confidence" and "prophets of doom."

One of the most disturbing aspects of Shandism is that it is a strictly cross-your-bridges-as-you-come-to-them philosophy. When questioned on the degree of foreign ownership in New Zealand industry Mr Shand correctly pointed out that foreign investment is "a good thing." He was less convincing in his assurances that when such trends reach dangerous proportions they will be halted. Could it be that by that time the solution will be beyond the reach of the most pragmatic Kiwi?

For most of the twentieth century world economic trends have been flowing in New Zealand's favour. Under such circumstances it was permissible for us to tackle our economic problems as we came to them. Whatever the short-term trends we were basically assured of markets for our produce. The events of 1967-68, however, should

serve as a warning that we cannot always expect this to be so. Wool has taken a clobbering and shows only slow signs of recovery. Developments in the EEC suggest that a similar fate could await our dairy products in the early 1970s.

If such a crisis does occur it would appear that the National Government, and thus the country, will be ideologically ill-prepared to face it. We must rid ourselves of the assumption that it is sufficient for the Government, Noah-like, to simply urge all sectors of the economy to go forth and multiply. Eight years of unprecedented economic growth were insufficient to shield us from the effects of a single price fall. Simple economic expansion is not enough. More of the same will only make things worse if what is required is something different.

In a sense we are in danger of



Mr Shand

falling victim to a myth of our own creation. Kiwi pragmatism, the individual response to individual problems has always existed within a fairly rigid economic framework, a framework that has been continually modified but never fundamentally altered. The economic developments of the next few years may demand that it should be. It is then that we will see just how flexible and pragmatic the Kiwi really is.

—Bill Holt

## Naval Officer Trainees At University New Scheme Criticised

It is ironic that the uniform, the symbol of conformity, makes a group of twelve students among the most conspicuous on campus. They are in fact though, no more than full-time students, as far as their academic studies go, like many of us too, they have chosen their vocation before acquiring a degree.

Each at the rank and salary of midshipman ("Mid") is part of a Royal New Zealand Navy officer training scheme operating for the first time this year. Previously officer-trainees were sent only to the Royal Australian Naval College or to England. Now, with a combination of degree course during term and more specialised naval-type experience during vacations, it is hoped to fulfil the same Naval professional-training requirements.

For most of them the Navy is about as new as the university. These attended highschool last year and began their naval career with a basic orientation-type course during February.

A significant point is the size of their bond — 12 years or release by the normal service method. Although it is natural to assume that they would regret the size of this obligation, when asked about this one of them stressed that there is no question of the use of a paid degree as "bait." These boys had joined the Navy through their desire to become Naval Officers. Their degree was a means to that end.

Which degree they take is dependent on a personal choice between Naval departments. In addition to science and engineering they are represented, one each, in the arts and commerce faculties.

Their studies are under the supervision of a full-time course officer. He is also a student, "partly on his own account, partly so that he can understand the pressures and demands on his charges," he said. The midshipmen are expected to discuss with him such problems as the relationship of their outside activities to Navy policy, when there is doubt about this.

Their freedom as students is difficult to classify. While they have been exhorted to take part in university life as fully as possible, they agreed that something less than approval would meet their marching, in uniforms, at the head of an anti-Vietnam demonstration. If this seems contrary to the traditional freedom of university thought, we should perhaps remember how many "freethinkers" we really have among us. Many more students than these 12 have committed themselves voluntarily to some restrictions on their activities as a result of beliefs, religious or political. The only monopoly we

should have is a monopoly on learning.

On the other hand, what is the rule which makes the wearing of uniforms to university compulsory an indication of, if not over-control extending to the very core of personal choice? It was explained to me that this was in accordance with the "Naval tradition of example by persons in authority." Such restrictions are accepted as a matter of course, and are not considered to be on the same level of significance as their enthusiasm for their career.

Whatever one's personal opinions on the Armed Forces then, those members of the group to whom I spoke are capable of adding another species of opinion to those already in our collection and their presence is to be welcomed on this basis.

—J.V.B.

## GERMAN STUDENT LEADER SHOT

### Massive Police Intervention

As a rule student politics are normally an inner-university affair. Public opinion only takes notice when students raise outstanding critical issues in general politics. West German student groups, with their total membership rarely higher than 2-3 per cent of the overall number of students, have achieved world-wide publicity.

The student shot in West Berlin, Rudi Dutschke, leads the SDS. Since its expulsion from Willy Brandt's Social Democratic Party several years ago, this group has drifted more and more to the extreme left. It numbers about 2000 members and has become the principal element of student opposition in Germany.

Many students resent the paternalistic and authoritarian attitudes of university authorities. There is unrest about the course German politics are taking, partly because of the unsolved national question and partly because of the great coalition in which there is no room for strong political opposition.

Although West Berlin students are integrated into university administration, their contribution is limited. The "Berlin Model" is inadequate because it puts students in a subordinate position whenever a conflict arises. Unable to push their own views, they are nevertheless expected to defend the majority view once a decision is taken.

During the 1960s, the Berlin Students' Union has become more and more dominated by left-wing representatives. Serious conflicts with the university authorities have arisen which have become more serious because of apparent mismanagement by the authorities. They have tried to solve conflicts by turning to legal devices and not considering student opinion at all.

Several minor incidents led to the development of solidarity between the growing number of student groups. The intensity of the conflict was deepened by the predominantly hostile Berlin press, almost exclusively owned by West German

newspaper tycoon Axel Springer, and by the equally hostile West Berlin political leadership.

This combined hostility won considerable mass support from fellow students for more radical student leaders. Berlin's student leaders are now able to rally several thousand students for their activities. Rudi Dutschke and others see themselves as the nucleus of an extra-parliamentary opposition.

The critical development of student opposition reached a climax on June 2, 1967. Benno Otensborg — a student of romance languages — was shot by a plain-clothes policeman, a victim of a massive police intervention against demonstrators who were protesting against the Shah of Persia.

The incident served as the catalyst for student opposition in other universities. German universities moved into a rougher climate because of a self-confident student opposition which believes that student power is a reality. The Dutschke shooting may be the culmination of this phase.

The controversies in Berlin have turned the student body into an effective pressure group. This trend was initiated by the SDS and related groups, and has made Germany's establishment feel less secure. The handling of rebellious students has made it clear that to German authorities, peace and order ranks higher than the protection of democratic minorities.

Despite all this, student opposition in Germany will not be able to do much more. The groups do not carry enough weight, either in terms of numbers or in ideology. Dutschke is definitely ideological, but lacks much more than tiny fragments gathered from Marx and some of his modern interpreters. His chief concern is anti-bourgeois protest about the state of society and politics.

Perhaps the sole achievement of the activists will be to continue to unveil German democracy as a sham. It is by no means certain that student power will remain in their hands. The present success of the leftwing students — brought about mainly by incompetent handling on the part of the authorities — is bringing the rightists to the front again.

—Barry Chisholm

## O'RORKE HALL TAKEOVER?



Rumour hath it that O'Rourke is to take possession of the building it has already partly surrounded, that is, the Red Cross premises at 51 Symonds St. An unofficial inspection party found the building very dusty and still containing instruments of a vaguely surgical nature. For this reason, we hope that those O'Rorkians who indulge in the

popular sport of holding seances will refrain from calling up the ghosts of any long-dead blood-donors in the building. There may still be a question of revenge! The new property will hold 40-50 (live) occupants, and it is intended to cut a door for their convenience through the adjacent wall of the present building nearest. However,

seeing the fire-escape of part of the girls' quarters is almost equidistant between the upper windows of the two buildings, and if, as rumour also hath it the new occupants will be male, this would seem a little redundant. But I devoutly hope that the possible more ethereal inhabitants do not also see fit to drift over!

—Jill Clark



# ENGINEERING SCHOOL EXPANDS

## Faculty moves to town

By Clive Holborow

The engineering faculty is at present undergoing a period of rapid expansion as well as being in the process of shifting back into town. This year's roll (excluding intermediate students) is about 525, roughly 20 per cent greater than last year compared with an average increase for the university of about 12 per cent. This year will see the first graduates in engineering science (a general training in engineering with strong emphasis on analytical and mathematical techniques of general application to engineering) and next year will see the first Auckland graduates in chemical and materials engineering (a course which lies between traditional courses in chemical engineering and metallurgy).

Professor A. G. Bogle, dean of the school of engineering, thinks that the recent expansion in the school will be continued with the move into town, since although first professional this year is the same size as first professional last year, there is a marked increase in the intermediate enrolment, which this year was just over 300. An interesting trend is the continued increase in the number of BSc graduates from both New Zealand

but there are only two new ME enrolments in the mechanical department. He regarded the presence of research students, particularly PhD students, as essential to the health of a department to stretch and stimulate the staff. From this point of view he was not completely happy with a tendency for students to do an ME in New Zealand and a PhD overseas, usually in the United States. However, he felt that the individual student probably gets better stimulus by going outside New Zealand, and that there are good arguments for not confining one's academic career to one university. He considered that more Auckland graduates could do postgraduate work at Canterbury and vice versa. He looked forward to the growing strength and scope of research groups that the increase in the school roll would naturally bring about.

Professor Bogle said that the school is at present badly understaffed. The main reason for this is the rather sudden expansion in numbers. He expected that although devaluation will make it harder to recruit staff the vacancies would be filled. No great difficulty has been experienced in filling vacancies in

school at Victoria or to extend the present schools at Canterbury and Auckland. The latter scheme appeals because a school of 1000 is no more unmanageable than one of 700, and it would be easier to cater for 300 more students at each of the present schools than it would be to establish a new school for 600 at Victoria.

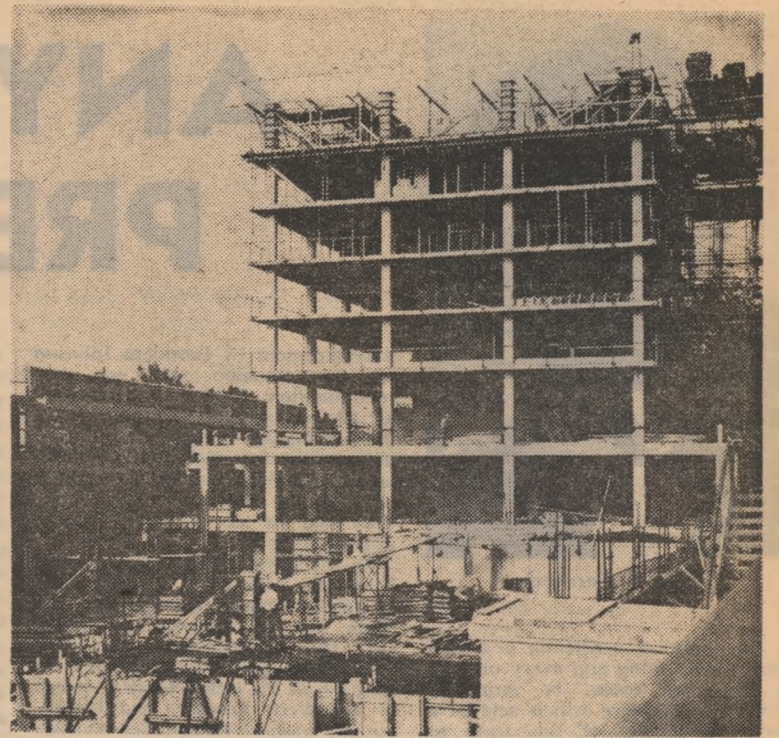
Apart from the usual teething troubles, Professor Bogle expressed satisfaction with the layout and quality of the new building.

Professor Bogle described academic progress of students as "as good as can be expected." The policy of limiting entry to the professional years by a tough (four-unit) intermediate was abandoned last year with the introduction of a three-unit intermediate involving only marginally more work than three science units. For the past three years professional-year students have sat two 90-minute terms tests in each paper, and each terms test has been counted as 20 per cent of the finals paper. This means that students have entered the finals paper knowing exactly what mark out of a possible 60 they had to get to pass. This has reduced the strain of finals for those with high or very low marks, and left it about the same for those with around half marks. In general first and second pro have found the tests useful in establishing how they measure up to the set standard, but for third pro they have mostly been a nuisance, since by this time a student can estimate fairly accurately his standard of work. For all students the terms tests badly disrupt usual work patterns. The period over which the tests are held has been gradually reduced from a month to two weeks, helping to reduce the disruption. A most noticeable effect is the huge drop in numbers attending lectures over the period of the tests. Changes are rumoured for this year, but Professor Bogle was not free to comment. According to Professor Bogle the staff's impression is that the terms tests are making students work more effectively during the year. Students are certainly under more pressure all year.

With the number of engineering graduates continuing to rise (over 80 last year) the question of the ability of New Zealand industry to absorb them all arises. "The profession has frequently expressed concern at not getting enough graduates," said Professor Bogle, "and the position is made worse by an acute shortage of people with intermediate qualifications such as NZCE. This means that many engineers spend much of their time doing work that could be done by NZCE holders. Considerable interest has been expressed in the chemical and materials course, and a continuing demand for engineering graduates seems likely."

Student activities are organised by the engineering society. Largely because the engineering school has been almost completely residential since 1948, the engineering faculty is the best organised in Auckland. Whether this unity and initiative can be maintained after the shift back to Auckland is unknown, but present students at both Ardmore and Auckland are determined to retain as much as possible. Great pains are being taken to involve Auckland students in as many activities as possible, and the response is encouraging. The point of view of Auckland engineers is being forcefully presented by Jim Jobbins (second pro chemical and materials) who was recently appointed to the engineering society executive.

The usual beginning of year functions — a first pro smoko, a barbecue (with Ardmore Teachers' College) and a picnic — have been run. The various clubs at Ardmore are well into their usual activities, several talks of technical and general interest have been held, and preliminary organisation for the engineers' ball and dinner, both in the second term, is under way. So far this year the hostel (Lamb House) has been very quiet, no doubt because of the absence of first pro and the usual initiation formalities. Haka party will again lead Prochess, and has commenced



practices. This year it will be smaller but better organised and trained. Work is continuing on "Proceedings," the annual publication of the A.U. Engineering Society, containing papers presented by research students and a record of the activities of the society. "Proceedings" is distributed to students, engineers and selected overseas universities and libraries. The circulation is about 600.

The impression of Ardmore students is that most of the rest of the varsity is ready to welcome them back, and hopes that the engineers can provide a fresh

injection of enthusiasm and drive. While there is regret that the character of the school will change, engineers are looking forward to the relative luxury of the new building compared with the squalidness of Ardmore, and to closer contacts with students from other faculties. They will be trying to contribute their individual characteristics for the betterment of the whole university.

General opinion at Ardmore is that it is highly desirable that this year should be a vintage year for students. If it isn't it won't be for lack of trying.



and overseas (e.g. Nan Yang) who are taking a BE as a second degree. Most BSc graduates are allowed direct entry into second professional, and all are allowed to do courses enabling them to complete a BE two years after gaining their BSc if they don't miss any units. Thus it is possible to get a BSc and a BE in five years, compared with four years for a straight BE. This is a useful alternative to an MSc for a BSc graduate wishing to enter industry, since a BE is a recognised professional qualification accepted by the various professional engineering institutions. A BSc holds little attraction for a BE graduate unless he is particularly interested in a science subject, since he already has a professional qualification. Professor Bogle sees little point in a student accumulating bachelor degrees instead of continuing into postgraduate work.

Professor Bogle regarded the numbers of postgraduate students as patchy. For example, this year the electrical and civil departments have as many as they can handle,

the past, and new staff can be recruited as soon as permission to do so is obtained. He considered the allowed staff-student ratio as adequate and expected no difficulty in getting permission to appoint more staff.

The new building is being used this year for first pro, second pro chemical and materials and third pro mechanical. The latter two groups have some lectures and labs at Ardmore and the faculty is providing a free bus service between town and Ardmore. It is expected ("E & OE" was the expression used by the dean) that the new building will be finished for full occupation next year. It is designed for 700 students. At the present rate of increase the building will reach its designed maximum capacity in 1971 at the latest. As it is the policy of the university to overcrowd rather than exclude, it is probable that overcrowding will occur from 1972 until new engineering teaching facilities are opened. There is some controversy over whether it would be better to build a new engineering

## Two From Taranaki

### FINE ARTS MEN TO LONDON

The first Auckland student to be accepted by the Royal College of Art, London, in at least five years is Rodney Charters, an Honours Diploma candidate in the School of Fine Arts.

He will begin a three-year Master of Fine Arts course in the Film and Television Department of the RCA next September. His major subject has been Photography and Film, and his work in this gave him admission to the highly selective Royal College over heavy British and international competition. In Fine Arts selection by the RCA carries the same prestige as entry into the best graduate schools in academic fields and requires the same degree of talent in its field.

As a second-year student here he made his first sound film, "Film Exercise." This was accepted with very good critical acclaim at the last Sydney and Melbourne Film Festivals. It has also been screened nationally by the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

For the last few weeks he has been working on a documentary film of the recent Wellington Peace Power and Politics conference. Mr R. Hutchins, Senior Lecturer in Photography, who has been responsible for his course, says: "This has been a good introduction to the many problems of real-life filming, as distinct from Rodney's previous self-contrived film themes." And on film generally he says, "It is a natural medium for young folk today. It is good to see talent arising in New Zealand in this typically twentieth-century medium. One day there may be more scope for film training in these islands."

Like all Fine Arts students Rodney has done basic Photography, but with an expert family background in it, Rodney feels that the camera is so automatically his way of making images that he cannot think of being otherwise. "Of course," he says, "work in painting, sculpture, design have all helped in making me see things more knowingly and widely."

One of his old school-mates from New Plymouth Boys' High, Darcy Lange, will also be going to the Royal College at the same time. Darcy has been accepted for a one-year non-degree course in Sculpture. He has completed his Honours Diploma in Fine Arts, with a thesis on the Dadaist Marcel Duchamp. Darcy has been working in large-scale welded metal constructions which have been exhibited locally, including during the Festival showing in the Auckland Art Gallery. Darcy is rated as one of the best Flamenco Guitarists in this country, and he will follow up this strong interest wherever he goes.

On the problems of getting to London, Darcy says, "With the cut in the grant to the Queen Elizabeth Arts Council by the government, it will be a big struggle for both of us to get to London and support ourselves in fairly expensive courses. Fine Arts graduates are in a much worse position over grants and scholarships than Science or Arts students. We are the poor-relations in the whole set-up which the authorities cut down on first, no matter what they say about the value of art."

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Robert Kennedy

Any political prediction is a vain and chancy thing and every once in a while an event, or series of events, takes place which acts as a painful reminder of this truth to those who are in danger of forgetting it. The current American presidential nomination race has been a sustained lesson in the futility of political crystal-ball-gazing. The discomfiture of those who publicly practise this arcane art was rendered total with the

announcement by President Johnson of his decision not to seek renomination as his party's candidate; at one blow all the theories, all the calculations became as irrelevant as a revivalist meeting on Judgment Day. What had been the situation before Johnson's bombshell? Why did he do it? How has it altered things?

In the days immediately prior to Johnson's withdrawal a fluid state of affairs seemed to be gelling into some sort of recognisable mould. On the Republican side the bellicose Reagan had been left to languish in his technicolour hide-out in the West; Romney had bowed-out the bashful Rockefeller had apparently cowered out, and the durable Nixon, displaying an unsuspected talent for ambivalence, had surged to the front as the almost certain GOP candidate. Romney had never been more than a straw man, but Rockefeller was real and his "surrender" was clearly

a great disappointment to his active supporters and to countless Republican voters throughout the country. However Rockefeller could not ignore his unpopularity within the party itself. Still to the left of most leading Republicans, and the figure-head of the East coast establishment which had only been ousted from its commanding position within the party in 1964, the Governor of New York remained unacceptable to the majority of the party professionals. Nixon, meanwhile, was keeping his options open — making delphic utterances in public, and efficiently gathering in delegation pledges behind the scenes.

In the Democratic camp Johnson's easy road to renomination had become cluttered with obstacles in the persons of Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy; but while this made it probable that Johnson would have to steer a somewhat different course it still seemed inconceivable that the incumbent President would be passed over at the party convention in August. McCarthy's bid was as welcome as it was unexpected. His early success did not merely reflect a split in the Democratic party — accusations of "spoiler" flung at both McCarthy and Kennedy missed the point — it brought into the open a division that went right through American society. McCarthy heeded the opposition to the war in Vietnam, took a gamble on its extent, and set about giving it a respectable national voice at a time when it would be most effective. America has much to thank the Senator from Minnesota for — not least for reviving the credibility of a political system which had come to seem tired and all too predictable. And of course his demonstration of the political convertibility of this unrest caused Robert Kennedy to throw down the gage.

Why did Kennedy elect to put his political future on the line at this time when, according to all the popular pundits, he had only to wait until 1972 to enter upon his triumph? The short answer is that this analysis has been out-dated by events. Time was not on Kennedy's side; history would be made, one way or the other, within the next five years, and Bobby, ever slipping into that limbo inhabited by aging pop idols, and nursing a rusting political machine, would be left wilting in the wings while in centre-stage America's future and the mission of its leader would be hammered out. But before he made the irreversible step Kennedy had to be assured of at least an even chance of wresting the nomination from Johnson, and with New Hampshire he thought he saw that chance. To Kennedy's pragmatic eye the most significant feature of the support given McCarthy was it pronounced anti-Johnson bias. A Louis Harris poll taken immediately after New Hampshire suggested that a platform merely of generalised opposition to the war would have won McCarthy only 22 per cent of the votes, whereas an attack directed exclusively at the way Johnson was managing his job would have fetched the senator 46 per cent. Here then was something positive, a specific response with a personalised target, something that could readily be cashed in on politically. It was worth a try. Yet it is hard to believe that Kennedy's challenge could have succeeded if Johnson had really cared to fight. The office-holder, with enormous powers of patronage and persuasion at his disposal, and his capacity for making headlines both nationally and internationally, is always the most formidable foe when it comes to political in-fighting. And so the situation, despite all the excursions and alarms, still showed every possibility of resolving itself into an unexciting, disillusioning contest between Nixon and Johnson. One may say "disillusioning" because it would have at best offered the pub-

lic an invidious choice; on the one hand an unsympathetic career politician, beloved by none, mistrusted by many, foisted on the electorate by the Republican party machine in defiance of the fact that public opinion indicators had consistently shown another man — Rockefeller—to be more popular in the country at large; and on the other hand an unpopular, even discredited President propelled forward by the party satraps for the customary second term. It may be objected that Johnson could and would have renewed his popularity by initiating peace proceedings with Hanoi anyway, but it is one's contention that what gave plausibility to Johnson's peace offer, what gave him real room in which to manoeuvre, and truly sparked off the wave of sympathy and hence popularity for the President reflected in recent polls (the last available figure was 57 per cent compared with 26 per cent a mere three weeks ago) was his "renunciation." Johnson would indeed have probably modified his course over Vietnam but it would not have been this which would have secured his renomination.

The prospect of a Johnson/Nixon contest was more than uninviting — it is hardly an exaggeration to say that it boded ill for America's political health. The "system" would be seen to creak on under its own diminishing momentum, operated by its own self-regarding rules, insulated from that public to whose interest it is dedicated. Hopes raised by the McCarthy excursion into big-time politics would have proved abortive, and the political vitality which has traditionally been a feature of American life would have suffered a further body-blow. This was the distinct possibility which has finally been averted as a result of Johnson's stepping down; something which has been largely overlooked amid the excited chatter surrounding the remaining contenders. One is not trying to depict Johnson as the saviour of U.S. politics; on the contrary, Johnson has merely been the instrument whereby the basic durability of American political institutions has been hearteningly demonstrated. In the long run the people are heard, the leaders do respond.

With Johnson out of the way the field is again wide open. Hubert Horatio Humphrey has stepped forward, thus ensuring a tough three-cornered fight within the Democratic camp, and Nelson Rockefeller has let it be known that Nixon is not going to have it all his own way among the Republicans. If one is to examine the prospects of the various contestants, and the reasons for Rocky's "return," one must look into why Johnson bowed out, and at his manner of doing it. Many suggestions have been put forward: Johnson was attempting a "Nasser"; he was making a final bid for the approval of posterity — as the peace-maker; he was a sick and tired man. The most logical answer is to be found, at least partially, in the second of the above alternatives. This theory has recently been elaborated by Professor R. M. Chapman and, briefly, runs thus: Johnson, faced with widespread public disapproval of his conduct of the Presidency, and incensed and hurt by the torrent of abuse pouring about his head, characteristically chose to go with the current but to do so in such a way as to restore his own standing while at the same time pulling the rug from under the feet of his detested rival, Robert Kennedy. The solution was to embark on peace proceedings over Vietnam and link this with his own "abdication." This would simultaneously deprive Kennedy of his two main targets — Johnson and the war, clear the decks for a candidate of whom Johnson could approve — Hubert Humphrey, give substance to his conciliatory gesture toward Hanoi, and thus open the way for the grand coup — peace in Asia and a place in history. L.B.J.'s beloved consensus would be restored on the basis of a peace drive

An examination of  
the American political  
scene by  
BARRY SHORTER

If however, North Vietnam muffed its lines there would emerge a consensus of a different colour — a war-society clamouring for a chieftain, with the prize going to the most plausible hawk. Such an alternative would be ugly, and certainly would not be of Johnson's choosing, but either way the man from Texas would stand vindicated, and either way the Kennedy/McCarthy front would be scuttled. The logic of this analysis is compelling; one is tempted to suggest it is too symmetrical, too "pat." Yet the early indications are that it is working out; Hanoi has responded, Johnson's popularity has recovered dramatically, and Humphrey has already drawn substantial support from quarters that count.

An unforeseen but welcome by-product has been the re-emergence of Rockefeller as a Republican contender. Johnson's peace bid has set the tune to which all the prospective candidates must dance, and within this changed atmosphere, in which the liberal/dove posture has become the order of the day, Rockefeller plainly sees the opportunity for promoting himself as a more credible presidential candidate than Nixon. Rockefeller has grave handicaps to overcome if he is to oust Nixon. His political assets include long experience, and the fact that he stands probably a better chance than Nixon of carrying the vital Big States (New York and California) against a Democratic rival. But the vital ingredient in the recipe for success must be overwhelming evidence of public support — sufficient to force the party professionals to change their minds — and Rockefeller's late entry is going to make it extremely difficult to produce the goods.

On the other side of the picture the Kennedy band-wagon rolls on and a predictable shift in tactics is now discernible; R.F.K. is turning away from the college campuses and directing his efforts more and more toward where the votes come from. Yet there is little evidence that he is making real progress in the area where he must draw heavy support — the blue-collar sector. Humphrey, on the other hand, has already received massive endorsement from the trade union movement, he is by no means the anathema to the business community that Kennedy is, and — perhaps most important of all — he is far and away the most acceptable candidate to the South. Some of his recent tete-a-tetes with Southern leaders have been almost embarrassingly cosy. He is tarred with the brush of the present Administration but the reputation of that Administration is likely to take a significant turn for the better in the next few months, not only on the war question but even on the civil rights poverty issue. The assassination of Martin Luther King may, ironically enough, greatly aid Johnson in his relations with Congress, particularly if de-escalation in Vietnam reduces expenditure in that direction. Furthermore, the delegation votes which McCarthy has so far gained represent a reaction away from Kennedy opportunism and are thus more likely to be turned over to Humphrey at the Democratic Convention in August. The logic of the situation, then, favours the Vice-President. To those who cry, "It would be nice if Humphrey was still a liberal," one may retort, "It would be nice if Kennedy had ever been a liberal."

Thus, despite the warning implicit in the opening paragraph, this article ends with a prediction: Humphrey for Democratic candidate, and, if peace negotiations proceed satisfactorily, Humphrey for President. L.B.J. has some nine months in which to get those negotiations on a solid footing and one feels he can do it — after all, destiny calls him. He remains everybody's best bet — Humphrey's, Hanoi's, the world's, and if peace does ensure we would all agree, surely, that the apotheosis of Lyndon Baines Johnson is not too unreasonable a price to pay.

## CONFERENCE SEQUEL CHAOTIC Meeting Ineptly Run

The postscript to the Peace, Power and Politics in Asia Conference held in Auckland at the YMCA stadium on Wednesday night, April 3, was a disheartening affair for those who had arrived back from the conference proper in Wellington. The panel of speakers did little to sway the opinions of the majority of the audience, those uncommitted to either side on the Vietnam war issue, but whose interest had been aroused by news reports of the conference in Wellington. If the anti-Vietnam war movement is to win over to its side the waverers, those who feel morally disturbed by the war or New Zealand's involvement in it, the movement has to present more convincing arguments than were displayed on Wednesday night.

\* The Rev. Frank Hartley from Australia, and representing the World Council of Peace, was the first speaker. Although what he said about the history of the peace movement in Australia was interesting enough, one had the feeling that for a large percentage of the audience not actively involved in similar movements it was rather boring. At the end of this speech it was obvious that the audience was restless, and the interval between the first and second speeches highlighted one of the keys to the success of the Wellington conference: strong chairing of the meetings. The Auckland chairman, Dean Chandler, unfortunately proved inadequate for the task and contributed to the general feeling that the evening was disorganised.

Mrs Freda Cooke spoke next, and it is hard to underestimate the disastrous impact she had on the meeting as a whole. Her talk, if it could be called such, was a series of reminiscences about North Vietnam and her impressions of Hanoi in particular. But after her extended digressions into the premarital misfortunes of a young soldier in the Army of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam the audience gave evident signs of dissatisfaction with the orientation of the meeting. Nothing had so far been said about the alternative policies that had been suggested at Wellington, and which had been announced earlier as one of the hall-marks of that conference.

In the few minutes preceding the introduction of the British journalist and political commentator Felix Greene, there was one of those situations when most people wished they could curl up and disappear. Dean Chandler called for donations to pay for the cost of the meeting in what must be one of the most inept displays of chairmanship seen in a public meeting in Auckland for some years. After a protracted hush the audience rather hesitantly responded, but the experience could hardly be said to have left a favourable impression in the minds of most.

Felix Greene gave the same speech that he had given in the Wellington Town Hall the preceding Sunday night, with a few comments on the bombing pause that had been announced by President Johnson on the Monday, as well as some comments on the President's decision not to seek renomination. For one who had seen this tour de force on the previous occasion the re-run offered some interesting comments on the Wellington conference. The first to suggest itself was that in Wellington, Greene had been speaking largely to the converted. The second that the Wellington conference established an accepted frame of reference early in the proceedings.

But the coup de grace had yet to be given to the meeting. When Mr Greene finished speaking the chairman attempted to get the meeting to adopt by acclamation the communique of the Peace, Power and Politics in Asia Conference in Wellington. Lack of control over the meeting and the failure to explain clearly what the communique intended led to large numbers leaving before it formally closed. The situation was only saved by the astute footwork of Mr J. Gale whose leap on to the platform was rewarded by the restoration of at least some semblance of order. The motion was put again, and accepted by most of the people in the stadium.

Yet there was a distinct impression as one left the meeting that the large number of middle-aged, middle-class citizens who harbour legitimate doubts about the Vietnam crisis and all that it entails were still undecided. Young people, it would seem as well, who are opposed to the war but not involved in active opposition also remained undecided about their support of organised antiwar groups.

—Chris Smithyman



# the master

— chris else

The doors of the hall were open, held back by metal hooks attached to the wall, and the pale light from the vestibule spilled out into the night, illuminating the steps and the bases of the two centre columns in the building's facade. Leaning against one of these columns was a wooden board upon which the words "National Chess Championship, Admission 50c" were painted in black letters but the message was invisible now, lost in shadow, for the light fell behind it. Inside the building there was silence save for an occasional murmur among the spectators and a sharp tap, from time to time, as a competitor pushed the button of a chess clock. The day's play was almost over and only a few enthusiasts remained, for it had become obvious that the three games still in progress could not be completed that evening but would have to be adjourned. Most of the spectators were clustered round one end of the roped off area which contained the players. They stood in a tight knot, peering over each other's shoulders. One or two of them were following the moves with the aid of pocket chess sets, working out different combinations from the present position and pointing these out to their neighbours. Others stood with folded arms or with hands in pockets, shifting their feet to ease their discomfort.

The game they were watching would be the deciding one of the tournament for the two men involved in it had an unassailable lead over the other competitors and both had relatively easy games in the next and final round. One of the two was a tall, well-built man of twenty-eight years of age. He seemed to have a vast amount of nervous energy for he was continually moving about, shifting in his chair, tapping his feet, getting up and walking to and fro. He smoked all the time, lighting a fresh cigarette from the butt of the last one, and the ashtray at his elbow was full. His opponent, by contrast, looked as if he had gone into a trance. He was a slight man, with a gaunt, lined face and receding grey hair and he sat in perfect stillness with his folded arms resting on the table top. His grey-blue eyes, staring out intensely from beneath bushy eyebrows, were fixed on the chess board in front of him. When he shifted a piece or recorded his move the action came with surprising suddenness, a decisive gesture of the arm which seemed out of keeping with his still posture. Occasionally, he would raise his eyes and gaze at his opponent's face, as if trying to read the other's thoughts, but he met no return look, only the most fleeting of glances which betrayed nothing.

At ten past eleven the game was adjourned. The young man wrote his next move on a piece of paper, the clock was stopped and the paper was sealed in an envelope. On the cover of the envelope, in the space provided, the position of the pieces and the time used by each player were written down. Then the two men signed their names and the envelope was handed to the tournament controller.

The spectators began to disperse, talking together so that the room seemed suddenly alive with noise. The grey-haired man moved quickly to the door, oblivious of the voices and the glances which followed him. Someone offered him a lift but he was so preoccupied that he automatically refused, not even realising that his curt answer had given offence. In the vestibule, he put on a woollen scarf—crossing it over his chest and holding it in position with his chin—and a gaberdine raincoat. With deft, unconscious fingers he fastened the buttons and then, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, he moved quickly down the steps into the night.

He was tired and he knew that he would only exhaust himself further by walking fast but he could not relax. The tension which had held his mind in the iron grip of concentration over the past four hours could not be released. It had transferred its insistence to his body, forcing him forward, step after step. He found that his fists were clenched into hard knots and with a deliberate effort he tried to relax them, stretching his fingers in the warmth of his pockets. His step slowed momentarily but before he knew it, his mind had faltered from its purpose and he was driving himself onward as before.

It was almost a mile to the hotel but he covered the distance in ten minutes. The first thing that he did when he reached his room was to put through a toll call to his wife. This, too, was an automatic action. He had done it every night of the tournament so far.

'Hello, Peter,' she said, 'How are you?'

'Well,' he told her.

'Who did you play today?'

'Jones. The most important game.'

'And did you win?'

'It isn't finished yet.'

'But you will win?'

'I hope so.' He did not notice the hint of desperation in her tone. She was worried about him. His mechanical replies to her questions made him sound very distant, much further away than the hundred miles that separated them.

'Michael had his exam results today,' she said, concealing her anxiety. 'He came third in his class.'

'Who?'

'Michael.'

It was a moment before he recognised his son's name.

'Oh, yes,' he said, 'that's good.'

'You're not sick are you?'

'No. I'm well.'

'You sound strange. Very far away.'

'I'm tired.'

'Why do you do it?' she burst out anxiously. 'Why do you drive yourself like this? I don't understand it. It frightens me. You sound as if you're half dead. Why do you go on?'

'I don't know,' he said.

'I wish it was over.'

'In two days,' he said. 'You shouldn't worry. I'll be home in two days.'

She did not reply and because he could think of no way of continuing the conversation he said, 'We must stop now. Our time's nearly gone and these calls are expensive.'

'Goodbye, Peter. Keep safe.'

'Goodbye.'

He put down the receiver and the action seemed to release some hidden spring for suddenly his weariness swept over him like a great wave so that he staggered under the weight of it. He sat down heavily on the edge of the bed and took off his shoes but even this small action seemed to be a great labour. His back and legs were aching almost beyond endurance and his mind was a tumbled chaos of jagged thoughts. He lay back on the bed and loosened his tie, staring emptily at the blank darkness of the ceiling.

He closed his eyes but with a sudden flash his mind erupted into light and he saw the chess board before him, every piece clear and solid. He could even see the faint multiple shadows which they cast in the lights of the hall. Automatically he thought of his plan of attack, wondering what his opponent's sealed move had been, but as soon as he began, to consider the different possibilities the game was plunged into confusion and the pieces jerked themselves into fantastic positions.

With an angry gesture he sat up, cursing himself because his mind would not rest. It had been the same on every other night of the tournament — he had lain awake, pointlessly playing over the games move by move. He had slept for barely six hours over the last three nights and now, when he needed rest more than ever, when he had thought he was too exhausted to do anything but fall into a coma, he could still not escape the ceaseless movements of his mind. He clenched his fists in frustration and screwed up his eyes against the images that had burnt into his brain.

'Why?' he asked aloud, 'Why?'

The sound of his own voice startled him and he looked up, a little frightened at his loss of control. The lights from the street filtered into the room, striking the venetian blind into long, yellow bars. He could just make out the dark, solid blocks of the furniture and his suitcase standing beside the wall. The darkness had a thick, tangible quality, as if it was the light that was an illusion — the mere absence of darkness. A car passed outside, the sound of its engine cutting through the stillness of the room and fading quickly until it blended with the low, ceaseless hum of the city. He sat, forcing himself to listen, trying to merge his consciousness with the sounds of the night, but there was no release. The darkness pressed about him, forcing him in on himself, until he felt nothing but the growing sense of his own isolation.

Helplessly, he lay down again, no longer able to keep his thoughts at bay. He felt himself drifting, suspended in the atmosphere of the room and then, with slow insistence, the image of the chess game slipped back into his mind. This time it was less distinct. The squares of the board were blurred and out of focus. Only the tops of the pieces remained clear and he realised that this was because they had grown very tall. They were taller than himself. He stood amongst them and they towered above him like huge, unintelligible statues. He tried to make his next move, pushing with all his strength against the base of a pawn but he could not shift it. In sudden panic, he looked around for help.

'Why do you go on?' It was his wife's voice. She was beside him, pushing with her shoulder against the piece.

'What does it mean?' she asked, staring at him with round, frightened eyes and then he was alone again, standing in the middle of the vast board, staring upwards. He was surrounded by light. It drifted about him in golden streams but he could not find its source. Above him, he could see the edge of the darkness which stretched around, like a great bowl, to the far off boundaries of the board. There was nothing beyond it.

'Play on,' he told himself. 'You can't stop now.' But the pieces had changed. They were twisted into fantastic shapes so that he could not recognise them. Angrily, he turned and began to demand an explanation of his opponent. There was only darkness. Slowly, he realised that the darkness itself was his opponent, that it was not empty at all but was a vast, breathing substance which enveloped the tiny board and himself. He started towards it, running across the black and white squares, faster and faster until he could not stop. The board tilted suddenly into an ever steepening slope, forcing him forward till it flung him out into space. For a moment

Continued overleaf



Continued from previous page

he clung to the slippery edge of the wood, gripping it with his fingers, and then he dropped.

Peter did not remember his dream. He remembered waking up after the sensation of falling and finding himself shivering with sweat but the dream itself was nothing but a vague uneasiness in his mind. He wondered about it as he walked to the hall in the watery, winter sunlight, feeling that in some way it was connected with his new mood. The world seemed strange to him this morning. Objects looked closer, more real, more solid and although he was tired he was borne along by a sensation of excitement that he did not understand. It was as if the despair of the night before had been a stripping away of the unessential part of himself, as if he had fallen into a new world.

The hall was almost empty. Only the adjourned games would be played that morning and many of the potential spectators would be at work. He hung his coat and scarf in the vestibule and went to get a cup of coffee from the vending machine which had been provided for the tournament. His footsteps sounded very loud on the wooden floor. He turned, sipping his drink, rolling the hot, sweet liquid around his mouth with an enjoyment that was new to him. His opponent was sitting on one of the chairs which lined the walls of the hall and smoking a cigarette. Peter raised his hand in greeting and the other grinned.

At ten o'clock the games were begun. Peter sat down in his place and studied the board. It was a tense position in which both sides were probing for slight advantages that could be used as a base for a winning assault. He found that concentration came easily to him. His mind moved freely over the possible combinations, judging their implications. He was perfectly calm, disinterested almost as if it did not matter whether he won or lost, but at the same time he felt that the game had a significance beyond itself. The touch of the smooth, polished wood beneath his fingers brought a host of thoughts and memories which he could only just keep from crowding into his mind. Suddenly, after several moves had been played, he saw an opportunity that he felt ought to have existed all along, a manoeuvre which would involve sacrificing a piece but which would destroy the equilibrium of the position and produce an open game full of complications which would, he judged, work out in his favour.

He was vaguely aware of a slight stir among the spectators as he shifted the piece. The faint murmur of conversation grew louder as hasty readjustments were made to the pocket chess sets. His opponent sat down in his chair again and lit another cigarette, a look of puzzlement on his face as if he suspected that Peter had made a grave mistake but could not believe that this was true. He studied the board, the fingers of his left hand drumming light, unconscious rhythms on the table top. The lines of his forehead gradually creased into a frown as he saw the traps and dangers produced by the move.

The longer his opponent spent in thought the more confident Peter became. He knew now that he was going to win. He felt no excitement, however, as he had done on such occasions in the past. Beneath his certainty there grew a doubt, not about the game but about something beyond it which he could not see. He felt that he was in danger of falling again, as he had done in the dream, and although the calm and clarity of his mind was unaffected by the threat he knew that the darkness would always be there.

When, a few moves later, his opponent resigned Peter was caught in a sudden surge of disappointment, as if he had been deprived of victory.

## cogitation on the ads

—lieth duncan

Considering  
the emotional  
innuendos  
of commercial  
advertising;  
the sales tax  
of sex and  
subtle overtones  
of photographic syntax —  
Splayed  
mod length  
thighs  
implicit piquancy  
of Boutique ads  
in full gloss  
fashion plates,  
or  
given maximal  
exposure  
the bare essentials  
cosmetic,  
soft tactile  
scrawn skin texture  
explicit  
on hard glazed  
prints,  
yet  
beyond naked  
the intangible  
isolate of intimacy  
insulated within  
the personal  
sacophagus  
of a professional  
exterior;  
Such pics  
physical perfection,  
I find, elicit  
only objective response  
they lack  
the pregnant excitement  
of a lesser perfection  
with emotional involvement.

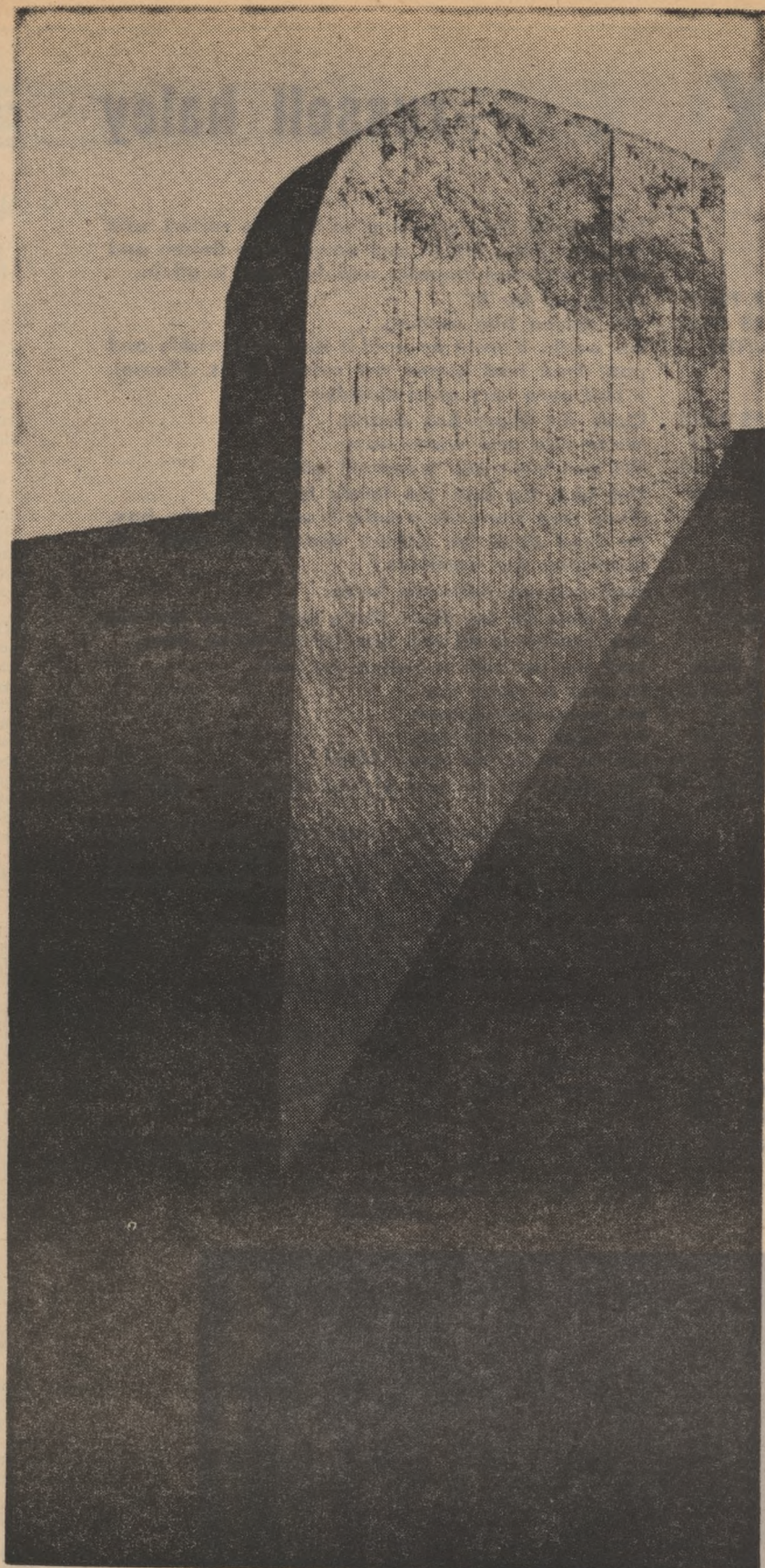
## no. 3

—robert orr

I sailed between two headlands  
Worn smooth by the flow  
Of the tide,  
And my boat raised its prow  
And then fell,  
Lifted with rhythmical ease  
By the surge of the melon green swell.  
And the keel bit deep  
Through the cool of the sea  
And I laughed as through the fathoms  
The anchor drifted endlessly.







## the prisoners of leisure

—mike kenton

within dark halls of deadened sound, I dwell  
 beneath the heap of wasted bodies, I lay  
 listening to;  
 the oppressive routine of a throbbing vein  
 the measured beat of feet down the hall  
 the tin cups rattling against their bars  
 sounds lost beneath the roar of time  
 checks upon a calendar  
 a circled date  
 years away  
 scream for something new  
 an old scream  
 cry of the condemned  
 an old cry  
 sound of suicide  
 an old sound  
 flat upon a bunk killing time  
 tearing, choking, smashing time  
 breaking his bones  
 spilling the sands  
 scuffing them away  
 a circled date years away  
 a mind . . .  
 time dies hard  
 he takes his time  
 and mine  
 and lets it tick away

## vague troubles with prepositions: a riddle

—ian wedde

Imagine Nureyev tripping  
 against the edge of a step — not  
 on stage but at a friend's place where  
 appearances matter less than  
 usual but still matter.

Can one  
 fall with grace? Imagine if you  
 will the fabulous dancer stum-  
 bling and barking his shin shouting  
 a good loud curse grimacing and  
 hopping about on one leg . . .

No.

Never. You get too caught up in  
 reputations. Were he to be  
 tossed over the battlements of  
 heaven and down it would be as  
 though all that long time of falling  
 were a splitsecond photograph  
 arresting him at the height of  
 a leap hands arms trunk legs forming  
 a shape as memorable as  
 their movement.

So where does beauty  
 come in,

that has this virtue of  
 being remembered? One can fall WITH  
 grace. Can one fall from grace with grace  
 enough to be remembered?

Agh!

Word games!

How would Kandinsky have  
 done with aquarelle? Would Pound's way  
 for the correct preparation  
 of coffee have become a Way  
 Of Life had he been a cele-  
 brated gourmet? Or how about  
 Pontius Pilate as a secret  
 cabalist? It's reputations.  
 Satan trying an arabesque  
 would probably not be grotesque.  
 Rudi with water on the knee  
 could still not stagger quite like me.  
 A pale Kandinsky aquarelle  
 would most indubitably sell.  
 Ezra's fine fastidious brew  
 pleased Williams the relisher too.  
 Yet the beard of a cabalist  
 is something that cannot be missed.

## for scott

—murray edmond

The need is great  
 in the aloneness of raising my hand  
 toward you

I notice an affinity  
 the precise placing of your hand  
 on mine

Is that so, this so  
 I mumble  
 what cannot be said anyway  
 or touched  
 or what it does not matter

She sd. to me  
 'I have a friend, an ordinary friend,  
 gone away, but I feel no aloneness,  
 like before, when I think of him'

She sd. Lsn I sd.  
 When I leave this town  
 I will bid you fare fare well

## sonnet

—ian wedde

To catch a moment unawares  
 and press it dry between the leaves  
 of a book is seldom sent. Loaves  
 and fishes to the crowd. It shares  
 as many shapes as there are fears  
 of going short; each man relives  
 the instant later and believes  
 himself. The moment disappears.  
 Here, I am sole spectator yet  
 the moment is legion. When you  
 come in all changes, the slamming  
 door presaging miracles that  
 transform . . .

whether the room or you  
 or me is beyond my knowing.



# the glory box

— russell haley

**NARRATOR** Mr and Mrs Frederick Betelgeuse live in a tall, narrow terrace house in Edmonton. Their son, Fred, has not only taken to wearing disposable paper collars but he has introduced games to his aged parents. They have passed beyond the running-up-and-down stairs game; they have abandoned norging with its suggestions of permanence and immutability. Norging produces little heat or passion. In this pastime a silk handkerchief is stretched tightly over the upper lip, the thumb is inserted in the hard-gummed mouth whilst the index finger scratches busily on the silk.

Fred was recently twenty-one. On his birthday his parents gave him a leather wallet made from compressed paper.

As we intrude upon Mr and Mrs Frederick Betelgeuse and Fred's Auntie, Frederika, we cannot fail to notice that the parents have a new game. They are operating a large-scale version of the treadmill — a little device to keep white mice amused. Fred, the son, is a mannikin coloured a luminous green. He lies on a divan in the posture of Chatterton in the famous painting. The Glory Box is large and carved: it contains drinking glasses, a cloak, a golden beard, a pestle and mortar: also three hammers.

**AUNTIE** Oh dear will you just look at him now — he was all right once till he got sick and funny like this.

**MR FRED** Are you moist yet lovey?

**MRS FRED** Not by a long chalk.

**AUNTIE** My favourite nephew and we kept him inside from being a tiny toddler and I always had a soft spot for him.

**MR FRED** Perhaps a hot toddy?

**MRS FRED** Lovely head, lovely head, oh my dear heart.

**AUNTIE** Then all of a sudden he was twenty-one and we gave him a leather wallet with a picture of the Sphinx on it, and a pair of sandals from Saudi Arabia, but he dropped the wallet in the lavatory as he was bending over when . . .

**MR FRED** It was the meningitis.

**MRS FRED** Or the dogs — it could have been the dog wet. His father gave him half a crown and told him to go out and do the town but what was the use of telling the poor dear that when he'd never been beyond the lintel?

**AUNTIE** A game's a game Frederick but bugger a circus. I'm not complaining.

**MRS FRED** Will you look at him now so quiet and so still. You wouldn't think that a little while ago he was vomiting his heart up. All quite normal.

**MR FRED** (AMPLIFIED SOUND OF VOMITING)

**MRS FRED** And the bowl cracked.

**AUNTIE** And the U bend clogged.

**MR FRED** Then the funniest thing . . . daddy here got in his machine to keep himself warm but he trod the wrong way and it went in reverse.

**MRS FRED** Went in reverse.

**AUNTIE** Backwards it went.

**MR FRED** And poor little Fred was leaning over the lav when it went in reverse and up it came in a great glistening column.

**MRS FRED** The vomit.

**AUNTIE** The spew.

**MR FRED** Right back in where it came from but daddy couldn't stop working his wheel to keep himself warm so it came flooding in through the windows and the doors, out of the chimney and in through the ventilators.

**MRS FRED** All the rest.

**AUNTIE** Got to keep warm.

**MRS FRED** Everything!

**MR FRED** Poor Fred.

**AUNTIE** He asked for it.

**MR FRED** The plague and leukemia and tuberculosis and meningitis and dog wet and soft chancre and syphilis.

**MRS FRED** And the toilet cracked.

**AUNTIE** And the U bend blocked.

**MR FRED** And we're not even warm.

**MRS FRED** It all came in through the windows and the doors, out of the chimney, from everywhere. A dead dog and a severed hand: a plague of rats and a million fleas — and poor Fred couldn't stop sucking it in.

**MR FRED** Ingesting.

**MRS FRED** Digesting.

**AUNTIE** And the U bend cracked.

**MR FRED** With an earthquake from Brazil and a dose of thalidomide, then a hundred million alcoholics all came in through the windows and the doors.

**MRS FRED** Out of the chimney.

**AUNTIE** And into Fred our son.

**MR FRED** I nailed shut the doors and bolted the windows

because he was groaning so but the rafters split and the slates fell in and down came Belsen and nerve gas and napalm and he took it all in.

**MR FRED** He asked for it.

**MRS FRED** We denied him nothing.

**AUNTIE** For weeks it went on until it died to a trickle and poor Fred had turned the colour he is. (Pause). It had gone very quiet outside.

**MRS FRED** Open the Glory Box dearie.

**MR FRED** We're nice and warm now.

**MRS FRED** We can leave our treadmill game.

**MR FRED** The box, the box, the lovely box.

(They step from the treadmill and open the box. Mr Fred dons the golden beard and cloak. He distributes the hammers.)

**MR FRED** Here are our hammers loves.

**AUNTIE** And then he lay down there and sighed and he didn't smile at all and then he turned to stone.

**MR FRED** Let's get on with it before we cool.

**MRS FRED** He was a lovely lad.

**AUNTIE** My favourite nephew.

**MR FRED** I'll break up his feet.

**MRS FRED** Me the head, the lovely head.

**AUNTIE** The centre for me — I always had a soft spot for him.

(They take the hammers and smash up Fred. They all take pieces and Mr Fred grinds them up in the mortar. The powder is placed in three glasses and water added.)

**MR FRED** He grinds up nice in this lovely mortar.

**MRS FRED** Wield your pestle well my love.

**AUNTIE** Now he's a paste, a beautiful paste.

**MR FRED** Into the glasses with him.

**MRS FRED** A toast — we must have a toast.

**AUNTIE** Raise your glasses high.

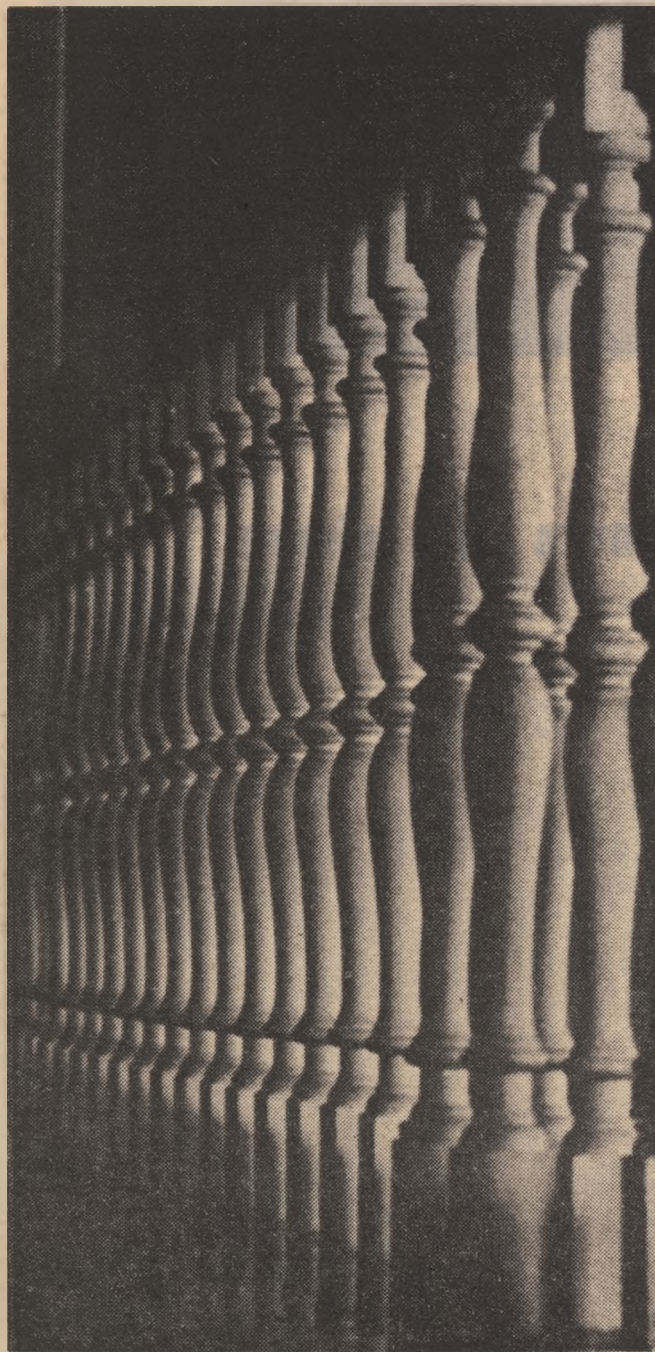
**MR FRED** Here's to a long and happy life.

**MRS FRED** Here's to beauty and truth.

**AUNTIE** Here's to dear Fred without whom it would not have been possible.

(They elevate their glasses and drink.)

CURTAIN





## BOOK REVIEWS

## RELIGION

*God in the New World*, by Lloyd Geering. Published by Hodder and Stoughton.

My first impression of "God in the New World" is that this book is a strange mixture of clarity and confusion. Professor Geering makes a skilful summary of the "new" (i.e. post-Renaissance) world, then attempts to trace its origins back to the Bible and find a new relevance for the Christian faith today. This involves an assessment of the modern age and a radical reinterpretation of Christianity in the light of his view of the new world. While the assessment is fairly lucid, the reinterpretation is muddled and difficult to follow logically.

The basic preconception Professor Geering brings to his view of God, and the Bible, is that there is no supernatural. Thus he sees the Bible as what men thought about God, not as God revealing Himself to man. To say that anything miraculous must necessarily be myth and to make that the basis of an interpretation of the Bible is an individual opinion which does not do justice to the documents.

Professor Geering's view of God is that "The God that is known is an idol. The God who can be defined, is no God." Even the use of the word "God" could lead to idolatry. This is all rather confusing. Christianity never claimed to define God, but it does believe He can be known as a person. While Professor Geering uses such terms as "Creator," "The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," he does not seem to regard God as personal, definite or able to be known. Perhaps God would be best viewed as a ? or even as a I. The confusion of the last section of the book is perhaps because he uses personal terms while denying their implications.

Professor Geering differentiates sharply between the "Jesus of History," who cannot be known because the Gospels are largely projected myths, and the "Christ of faith." He sees the Crucifixion not so much as an act of atonement for man's sin, but as providing a "sense of deliverance" and an example of self-sacrifice. God is to be known through "the Christian heritage" and "the Word" — though how this is to be found is not clear. Certainly Jesus Christ is relegated and not seen as God became man. The Resurrection was an attempt by Jesus' followers to explain something that happened to them — the immense difficulties thus raised for a logical interpretation of the New Testament documents are not considered.

In spite of this basic confusion, which tends to leave the mind frustrated, this book does have interesting and helpful aspects. Professor Geering has some wise words to say on institutional Christianity, stressing that the Church's real influence is "through the lives of its members." I found the assessment of the "New World" interesting and clear as a general picture, and it is a pity that this logical clarity is not present in the main arguments of the book. Professor Geering's refusal to speak in definite terms about anything concerning God leaves the reader with no clear idea at all of the relevance of this God to the new world.

—Allan Bell

## A Second View

It is in some ways unfortunate that this book is published after the fierce publicity that has attended the author following some of his previous articles. While such publicity will go some way toward ensuring a place in lists of best sellers it is also likely, and this is the unfortunate part, to encourage preconceptions about the nature and purpose of the book.

The book itself is more clear than the article because it develops, from a description of the newness of the modern world through its Biblical antecedents to the Christian response of faith. Crucial to the first part is the point made in the first chapter: The scientific method of experimentation and hypothesis testing is providing a new, authoritative source of knowledge about this world. Since this is true it implies that "revealed" knowledge,

as understood traditionally, must be reinterpreted or seen as limited by the time in which it was revealed. This is a very important area which cannot, and is not, adequately covered in a small book, consequently this section is definitely the weakest of the three parts of the book.

It is in the second section that the author's Old Testament scholarship really becomes evident. Here there is more authority in the writing and the material itself is more adequately treated. The thesis is that the newness of our modern world is only possible because under the guidance of YHWH (God) and his messengers there developed within Israel certain concerns that spelt the end of certain styles of thought that would have precluded the development of science as we know it. Thus the developments of a historical, earthly, pragmatic understanding of God, man and the relations between, particularly as seen in Jesus and the concern for freedom, are seen as the precursors of our present secular liberation.

Yet it is the third part that is important. If all that has gone before is true, so what? Of all sections this is the one most open to criticism because this is the one in which the necessity of a break with traditional Christendom becomes most clear. Like other radical Christians the author seeks to convey the importance of what for him is vital for life itself. He seeks to convey this material in such a way that it becomes obvious what is the reality and what is simply ways of expressing the reality. He makes the important point that one cannot express faith in ordinary language; one must resort to myth, and one must be sure that the myth does not conceal the very things that it is trying to express. When this point is made things like the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, the Ascension and the stories of Pentecost can be understood more easily as statements of faith and their content described more readily. Faith is the key to this section. It is an essential aspect of human life and its language, goal, mode described. God is seen as its ground, the Church as its community and it is the character of faith that makes sense of eternal life in all its meanings.

Obviously the book has some similarities to "Honest to God." Written for similar reasons, it also merely brings together streams of thought that are not new, but may be strange to many and it suffers from the same vulnerability in that the author has not had the space or the intention to write systematic theology. It is a book that deserves to be read carefully and will reward such reading because it provides an introduction to a new understanding of the Christian faith that will for some be a liberation. —R. G. Nairn

## PHOTOGRAPHY

*Photographs of Auckland* by Gary Baigent. Published by Pauls; \$3.75. In having "The Unseen City," a volume of photographs of Auckland published last year, Mr Baigent worked at a double disadvantage. Firstly he lacked the technical competence to produce good photographs consistently, and secondly his publishers appear to have failed to find a printer who could make adequate reproductions of the pictures.

There is nothing wrong with Gary Baigent's artistic vision, I suppose. He sets out to present us with an individual view of a city and its people, and perhaps a 10th of the photographs succeed in transmitting this vision in an adequate and comprehensible manner. The photo of two people in a rainstorm at night for example (122), achieves its purpose without requiring sharpness and clarity, — we see only two blurred figures offset by the black awnings and pillars and the row of white street lamps peering through the rain. Many other photos achieve a similar effect by their simplicity of expression, the schoolgirl (103), and the woman in the take-away bar, so neatly juxtaposed with an orange (47) being obvious examples. Although technically hideous several of the railway yard and dock pictures also make their point well.

## Geering: Baigent: Laing

It is not unusually dogmatic to suggest that the primary purpose of photography is to record and communicate. Nor is it too assertive to say that a good photograph is one which fulfils this purpose regardless of the technical facilities available and the conditions under which it is taken. By this I imply that sharpness and tonal gradation achieved by correct focus and exposure are by no means of primary importance in a picture taken under difficult conditions. This is the reason why I like Baigent's night pictures best—they are not very sharp, they are grainy and often badly exposed — but these characteristics are inevitable in "available light" photography and it might even be enhanced by them. But by using two very valuable things, his ability to create a meaningful composition or juxtaposition, and the photographs' greatest power, that of capturing for a split second a facial expression or gesture, he has made these successful.

By the same token, however, many of Baigent's "straight" daylight pictures are failures. It would seem that Mr Baigent lacked the experience to expose negative material properly, and for reasons of pride or pocket was unwilling to invest in an exposure meter. In many of the photographs the owner of a \$50 automatic exposure camera might say "I could have done better." This is not wholly true, of course, and we cannot deny the merit of many of these pictures as far as their content is concerned. The strength of some of the compositions and the sympathy with which, for example the shunters in the railway yards or the men on the Westmere wharf are portrayed demonstrate this.

There is a third category of pictures to consider — these are the photos in which Baigent is experimenting with backlighting and "rim" lighting. Number 35, showing the scooterist returning home to Devonport, and sunset from Mt Eden Rd, 74, are both shot straight into the sun.

These pictures are perhaps the main victims of the very poor reproduction of the book, and it was bitterly disappointing to see how some of the subtle tones in the originals exhibited have been reduced to a meaningless grey.

The most attractive feature of the book is its low price, \$3.75, and its refreshing approach to its subject. The pictures show an immediacy and frankness which can only be achieved by hours of walking of its streets with one's eyes open. It is a pity then that this book, so admirable in intent and conception should fall so far short of being successful on technical considerations.

—M. C. Oetli

## PSYCHOLOGY

*The Politics of Experience and The Bird of Paradise*. Published by Penguin.

Moral nihilism has gripped our times, for the human spirit experiences so much suffering and injustice that it becomes indifferent as a matter of self-protection. We live in a world which may be annihilated within a few minutes and where almost no kind of monstrosity or exaggeration is impossible.

With the single events of life preposterous and absurd, life as a whole resists any ordering interpretation and is similarly absurd. The existence of absolute standards and a rational order of life is replaced by anarchy. There is only one truth, that there is no truth.

In the Penguin Original *The Politics of Experience* and *The Bird of Paradise* (1967), R. D. Laing provide an interpretation. He demonstrates that our alienation goes to the roots, in an existential analysis which calls on science, rhetoric, poetry and polemic to support his points. Dr Laing suggests that alienation as our present destiny is achieved only by outrageous violence perpetrated on human beings.

Much of Dr Laing's research, as a psychoanalyst and a psychiatrist, is concerned with varieties of human experience, including those induced by drugs which expand consciousness, such as mescaline and LSD. As in an earlier Penguin *The Divided Self* (1965), Dr Laing raises the whole question of normality. Studies of schizophrenic patients have indicated to him that the terms "sanity" and "madness" are ambiguous. The schizophrenic may simply be someone who has been unable to suppress his normal instincts and conform to an abnormal society.

The realisation of alienation unites men as diverse as Marx, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Freud, Heidegger, Tillich and Sartre. Various thinkers of the last 150 years have spelled out its nature, especially in relation to capitalism. For Dr Laing, the relevance of Freud to our time is largely his insight that the ordinary person is a shrivelled, desiccated fragment of what a person can be.

The condition of alienation, of being asleep, of being sent out of one's mind is the condition of the normal man. The straitjacket of conformity clamped by society on every child that is born devastates man's potentialities. Society highly values its normal man. To be normal is to have become absurd. Normal men have killed perhaps 100 million of their fellow normal men in the last fifty years.

According to Dr Laing, alienation is the product of the divorce of our experience, such as is left of it, from our behaviour. An adult man represents an almost unbelievable devastation of our experience. As adults we have forgotten most of our childhood, we barely know of the zones of "reality" in our dreams, our capacity for original thinking is pitifully limited and our senses shrouded. And if we are stripped of our experience, we are bereft of our humanity — of innocence, truth and love.

Such ideas attract cynicism in the aftermath of the LSD boom, but Dr Laing can back up his theories with psychological weapons. And it is quite certain that unless we can regulate our behaviour much more satisfactorily than at present, then we are going to exterminate ourselves. But as we experience the world, so we act. Words in a poem, sounds in movement, rhythm in space are bridgeheads into alien territory, out of the sights and sounds of a depersonalised, dehumanised world. Auschwitz is a monument, but Vietnam goes on.

A section of the book appeared in *Peace News* during 1965 as "Massacre of the Innocents." Dr Laing suggest that we have laid waste our sanity, beginning with the children. From the moment of birth, when the Stone Age baby confronts the 20th century mother, the baby is subjected to the forces of violence, called love, as his mother and father have been, and their parents and their parents before them. Most of his potentialities destroyed, we are left with a being like ourselves.

A half-crazed creature more or less adjusted to a mad world. This is normality in our present age. Love and violence, properly speaking, are polar opposites. But we act on our experience at the behest of others, just as we learn to behave in compliance to them. We are taught what to experience and what not to experience, as we are taught what movements to make and what sounds to make.

A child of two is already a moral mover and moral talker and moral experimenter. As he is taught to move in specific ways, out of the whole range of possible movements, so he is taught to experience, out of the whole range of possible experience. The family is the usual primary instrument for what is called socialisation, that is getting each new recruit to the human race to behave and experience in substantially the same way as those who have already got here. The school then represses creativity, by inducing children to want to think the way school wants them to think.

Children do not give up their innate imagination, curiosity, dreaminess easily. You have to love them to do that. Love is the path through permissiveness to discipline; and through discipline, only too often, to betrayal of self.

The double action of destroying ourselves with one hand, and calling this love with the other, is a marvellous sleight of hand. Human beings seem to have an almost unlimited capacity to deceive themselves, and to deceive themselves into taking their own lies for truth. Who are the true schizophrenics, when socially shared hallucinations are what we call reality, and our collusive madness is what we call sanity?

We seem to seek death and destruction as much as life and happiness. We are as driven to kill and be killed as we are to live and let live. Only by the most outrageous violation of ourselves have we achieved our capacity to live in relative adjustment to a civilisation apparently driven to its own destruction. There is a race against time, but Dr Laing offers hope that perhaps we can undo what has been done to us, and what we have done to ourselves.

Dr Laing's book is basically a vision of humanity estranged from its own authentic possibilities. He endeavours to provide a thoroughly self-conscious and self-critical human account of man. If we can stop destroying ourselves we may stop destroying others. We have to begin by admitting and even accepting our violence, rather than blindly destroying ourselves with it, and therewith we have to realize we are as deeply afraid to live and to love as we are to die.

—Barry Chisholm

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# Who ever listens to what's really new?

The cause of contemporary music over the last few years has rested mainly with the Auckland Society for Contemporary Music. The society was founded in 1959 by Ron Tremain who is one of N.Z.'s leading middle generation composers, and its continued existence is a credit to his enthusiasm and perseverance. The actual list of works performed in the society's concerts is quite impressive and there has been generally at least one first N.Z. performance in each concert. The policy has been to avoid too much emphasis on the "classic" moderns like Schoenberg, Bartok, Stravinsky, and to give hearings of more experimental works — names like France, Evangetish, Hans Olle, Earle Brown, Edgar Baresse have appeared on past programmes and new N.Z. works are also frequently heard. The Auckland society is probably the most enterprising of the three such N.Z. societies (Wellington and Christchurch) but somehow the range and scope of its activities and the size of its audience has always been limited. Financially, for instance, the society is limited to the performance of solo or chamber works. Also, a subscribing member-

ship of seventy in a city of half a million is not altogether a success story. When an exhibition of contemporary painting or sculpture in the city Art Gallery can attract so much attention as indeed it tends to (it doesn't matter if the response is not always sympathetic) is it ignorance, apathy or genuine hostility which prevents contemporary music from teaching a larger audience than it does. On the other hand it might merely reflect the ineffectiveness of the society's advertising!

Understandably many of the people in the performing side of the society's activities are university based — music tutors and executant students have made an unestimable contribution to the progress of the society. But this co-operation has always been unofficial and this has limited the influence of the society among students. It is appalling how few music students for instance are in fact subscribing members. A closer interest in the activities of the society by the Music Department on an official level might help rectify the indifferent attitude toward contemporary music and the all-too-academic attitude to music in general which is prevalent

among music students. Music students from Victoria University for instance have a considerably healthier attitude toward their subject. A more interested group of music students would generate a wider interest in the student body as a whole. It is neither necessary nor desirable that the contemporary music audience should be completely "university oriented" but at the moment the lack of student interest is worrying. The present audience tends to consist of the old faithfuls, who listen attentively and applaud dutifully. There seems to be very little sense of discovery in the audience response, and this is really what contemporary music is all about. The only element of controversy seems to be in the newspapers, which express bafflement, incomprehension, disgust or downright condemnation with monotonous consistency — though they generally give the performances due credit.

By changing its format it may be possible for the society to break through this disinterest, apathy and hostility which seems to surround it. It seems that Aucklanders have yet to be shown that the music of their

## MUSIC

avant-garde / jazz / rock

time has a relevance in their lives. One possibility is a Society for Musica Antignat Nova which would juxtapose contemporary music with Renaissance and Baroque music — this might appeal to a larger audience and would certainly help fill out all the gaps of our general listening experience. Such a society would prove a tremendous boon to the university music course. In fact most overseas universities have such societies as a part of their course structure.

Another alternative is that the society could branch out to involve other fields of art — and this is exactly what is being attempted this year. Besides its usual three concerts the society plans a festival of the arts which will take place in late July. This festival will feature recent music, paintings, poetry, plays and films by fifteen young Aucklanders all under the age of thirty-five, most of whom being relatively "unknown". It is a very enterprising step on the part of the society in an effort to enlarge its audience and to promote the arts in Auckland. It is possible the whole thing will be one enormous flop but, on the other hand, if it comes off (and there is no reason why it shouldn't) this festival could prove to be a very significant occasion. And this is the spirit of adventure which might make Aucklanders more aware of the young arts in their city. Even if the response is a bit hostile (most of the works presented will be fairly "way out" by any standards) this will be far better than mere indifference.

By the way, in case you hadn't guessed this is an advertisement. Note: student membership for six concerts and two lectures is a mere \$1. Inquiries to, phone 43-200.

—Jack Body

## Jazz

For the local jazz lover the choice of new records these days is pitifully small. Two which have come into the shops recently are worth adding to one's collection. Both are what could be called commercial — they can be danced to and/or talked over, as well as listened to seriously.

The Cannonball Adderley group has long been a leading exponent of the "soul" school of jazz and according to many of its detractors has sacrificed creativity to popular acclaim. Recently the group made the hit parade in the States with "Merry, Mercy, Mercy" and "Why am I treated so bad?" These hits contain little improvisation but could be significant in that they are at least bringing jazz closer to the mass audience. The former is the title track of:

The Cannonball Adderley Quintet, *Merry, Mercy, Mercy* Capitol ST2663; in which the personnel is Cannonball Adderley (tenor), Nat Adderley (trumpet), Joe Zawinul (piano), Vic Jatsky (bass) and Roy McCurdy (drums).

This album is certainly a handclapper but also contains much good jazz. Of the selections, three, "Games," "Sticks," and "Sack O'Woe" have a rock beat, two, "Fun" and "Hipadelphia" have a more strictly jazz format and are probably the best tracks, while the title track is at least a good tune. Cannonball Adderley who probably reached a peak in his days with Miles Davis and John Coltrane (for instance, listen to *Cannonball and Coltrane*, Limelight, LS86009) which he has never quite sustained since, nevertheless he plays with a lot more fire and daring than of late. His sense of time is rarely equalled among saxophonists and he generally rises above the heavy semi-rock background to produce intelligent and exciting jazz. Nat Adderley builds up the excitement on most of the tracks, but often ("Sack O'Woe") tends to let the rhythm carry him, playing short phrases which seem calculated to move a slightly shot nightclub crowd rather than make anything really interesting musically. He is more inventive in "Fun" and "Hipadelphia." Joe Zawinul mostly plays a Ramsey Lewis "In Crowd"-type piano and is rather muffled by clapping but he does keep the feeling high. All in all, a good record to buy.

I have never really liked jazz organ, finding it a rather cluttered, heavy sound needing repetition to make it interesting. However Jimmy Smith, the "master" of jazz organ often manages to raise himself above the rut and there is plenty of opportunity to hear him doing this on *The Best of Jimmy Smith*, Verve V6-8721.

Most of the tracks contain a big-band backing which is generally unobtrusive; Phil Wood's alt can be heard briefly on "Old Man River" and Kenny Burrell on "Organ Grinder Swing." but the rest is Jimmy Smith. The blues numbers "Got My Mojo Working" and "Hoochie Coochie Man" have Smith singing in a restrained Ray Charles style. This album contains the hits of Jimmy Smith rather than the best, as some of his Blue Note work should be included in the latter category (for instance *Softly as a Summer Breeze*, Blue Note 4200). However, it is a varied and interesting package.

—Mjke Michie

## Rock

The Rolling Stones' latest LP is an attempt at the "new music" as pioneered last year by the Beatles. While a direct comparison with the Beatles would be unfair, it must be admitted that "Their Satanic Majesties Request" is not the achievement "Sergeant Pepper" was. It does, however, represent a distinct change of style for the Stones.

Prior to this LP the group had been working more or less within the broad boundaries of American Negro popular music, with occasional Eastern and British music hall influences. They had gained maximum impact when presenting beat-fortified party music, with dynamic vocals by Mick Jagger and driving but simple guitar work based on conventional rhythms and chord patterns. On TSMR they attempt a more complex sound, but achieve only moderate success. Despite greater technical sophistication there is a tendency toward sameness of sound, mainly as a result of long instrumental passages. It almost seems as if there has not been sufficient material to sustain a whole LP. Strong Eastern influences are exhibited together with developments of the drug influenced-futuristic themes of the Byrds and the Pink Floyd.

"2000 light years from home," like "2000 man" glorifies loneliness and alienation from reality and there are undercurrents of narcissism, one of the traditional elements of Jagger-Richard compositions. In "She's a rainbow" a change is seen in the typical Rolling Stone portrayal of woman, moving away from the weak, subordinate beings of songs like "Play with fire" and "Backstreet girl" toward a demigoddess, bearing similarities to some Bob Dylan songs. Bill Wyman's "In another land" features an interesting electronically modified vocal and "On with the show" is a continuation of a long line of scornful, rebellion songs. It is a highly effective put-down of the pleasures of the cabaret generation. "The lantern" features some simple but effective hollow core guitar work, however, like several of the tracks on this record, it is difficult to resolve.

One of the reasons why the Rolling Stones have lasted is the ability they have shown to present their recorded sound on stage. While the crashing chords of "The citadel" would no doubt adapt well to live performance, much of this record would be virtually impossible to reproduce. It is this factor which has led to the current reaction against the so-called "psychedelic sound." It is interesting to speculate on the direction to be taken by the Rolling Stones should they become part of this reaction. The overall impression gained from TSMR is that the group is a little uncomfortable in the world of many session-men, however, they are too good a group to remain so for long and thus, a reassertion is to be expected.

—C.W.



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## FILMS

## Canadian's clear eye on life

*Nobody Waved Goodbye*, shown by the University Film Society on April 18, is a recent example of the great expertise of the Canadian National Film Board, particularly in the documentary field.

*The Age of the Buffalo*, seen here as a short to *The Knack*, was a fine film showing the effect of the massacre of North America's buffaloes on the Red Indian. For once, we were given an objective view of the "cowboy and Indian" wars, which showed how white men betrayed the Indians' trust, and provoked the bitter wars that were so disastrous for the Indians. Typically, this short film employed paintings, as well as movie photography in beautiful colour, carefully edited to give a wonderful sense of movement.

Probably the most widely known Canadian documentary is *Lonely Boy*, a penetrating analysis of the phenomenon of a pop star—Paul Anka—and of the men who created

him and the fans who sustained him. Accompanied by some of Anka's songs, *Lonely Boy* is a relentless, sometimes cruel examination of mediocre talent being propelled to fame by good publicity and lots of ballyhoo. It also provides a serious comment on teenagers of the time (late 50s) and their idols.

*Nobody Waved Goodbye* started out as a documentary on juvenile delinquency, a parallel to Phoebe's consideration of the personal consequences of an unwanted pregnancy. However, Don Owen's conception grew beyond the idea of a short documentary, and he produced a feature film, having as its basis the problems of a young social misfit.

Peter Kastner, star of Coppola's *You're a Big Boy Now*, plays Peter, the 18-year-old high school student who drops out of school, his family, and Canadian society; Julie Biggs plays his girlfriend.

In an attempt to give the situations conviction, much of the dialogue is improvised. Using the famous technique of "cinéma vérité" (seen here in the Czech film, *A Blonde's Love*), Owen gives his players the essence of their relation to each other, then sets his camera rolling, as they put themselves into the situation, saying what they feel the characters would say.

In scenes in the car lot, where Peter is taking money for parking, a telephoto lens captures the reactions of people when they are short-changed. Generally these techniques successfully convey a convincing picture of young people in Canada today, and indeed in the world generally.

*Nobody Waved Goodbye* is a warm human look at problems usually dismissed by the middle-aged, or discussed without sympathy in law Courts.

by Peter Boyes

## ACTIVITIES

## Club Grants Bigger

A.U. Societies Council met on Friday, April 5 to discuss club grants, arts festival and capping '68. All clubs were given notice of the meeting and were invited to send two delegates. Some did. The meeting elected four clubs' representatives to the Societies Grants Committee, which will consist of: societies representative, sports representative, man vice-president, business manager, and elected members Bill Puru, Bob Scurr, B. McLean, Peter Bray.

The grant they have to distribute to clubs and societies this year is \$8000.

Arts Festival 1968 will be held in Auckland from August 12 to 17. A tentative programme has been worked out by arts festival controller Joe Johansson and clubs have been allotted times and rooms for meetings. Every evening between five and seven there will be cocktail parties in the common room, a different society or group of "compatible" societies cocktailing each night. Joe hopes that these cocktail parties will allow "similar interests" people to get together on an informal basis and to arrange things spontaneously. An activities committee consisting of representatives from the various clubs will be

set up to arrange the clubs' part of the programme. Joe stressed that while the activities committee and the societies rep. would look after the organisation of the bulk of the programme, it would be the responsibility of the clubs themselves to arrange the details of their own particular club functions.

Mr Richard Rudman, Capping Controller, then reported on Capping 1968. The week's activities will begin with a service in the chapel on Sunday, April 28 and end with Graduation Ball on May 3. There will be prizes of \$200 to be won by clubs who enter floats in Process. Mr Rudman exhorted those present to challenge Arch. Soc.'s monopoly of first prizes for the best float.

Some sort of Fred's Function will be held—at a cut rate for those who collect for Community Chest. Community Chest money will not be used to pay for this, said Mr Rudman. Again this year students selling Capping Book will be on a percentage. At this point Mr Rudman said that he thought it was "a pretty poor show that Auckland University is the only university in the country where students have to be paid to sell Capping Book and to take part in Process."

## Aim: to prod holy cows

The UNIVERSITY FIVE AND NINE CLUB was formed at the beginning of 1965 to promote and perform intimate revue and is modelled on the Cambridge University Footlights Dramatic Club which toured New Zealand with "Cambridge Circus" in 1964.

The era of the extravaganza revue in Auckland is now over; financially, (it costs \$11,000 to stage such a show) it has proved uneconomical; practically, in terms of failed units, it has become unacceptable to the average student. The Five and Nine Club solved the problem by replacing the old spectacular show with satirical intimate revue.

Intimate revue is infinitely easier to stage than the more elaborate alternative and the club therefore provides for the revue-minded many more opportunities to write, perform and watch satirical revue. The public activities of the club include the presentation of the annual Capping Revue and the staging of at least one other main production, lunch-time revuettes, evenings of cabaret style revue and the publication of a satirical magazine. The club is also commissioned to perform at balls and other social functions for which special material, appropriate to the particular occasion, is written. Member-only activities include a course of acting and writing workshops and three rollicking end-of-term smoke concerts.

The club has three levels of membership. "Stage" membership is by election only, the qualification being the ability to perform, write or compose a humorous sketch or song at one of the club's workshops or smoke concerts. Since revue is traditionally only performed by males, women cannot as a general rule become "stage" members: (thus the name "Five and Nine" — the traditional theatrical term for standard male make-up, greasepaint numbers five and nine). To date only one girl, Raewyn Elliott has become a "stage" member although female associate members are often invited to take part in various productions. "Associate" membership is open to any student, graduate or staff member of the university. "Subscription" membership, which entitles you to newsletters, the club's satirical magazine and preferential concession bookings is open to anyone sufficiently interested to pay the fifty cent fee.

Students interested in enrolling for the first term workshops, auditioning for the Capping Revue or applying for any level of membership were invited to fill out a club's and activities card at enrolment and to attend the club A.G.M. in the first term; (watch the notice boards for the date and the venue). If you missed these, contact ROGER SIMPSON, Chairman, phone 24-779 (business).

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He then spoke of the "Miss Capping 1968" Contest. This contest will not, he stressed, be solely a "body beautiful" competition—the judges will also take into consideration such things as dress sense, poise, charm, personality. Clubs and societies were encouraged to sponsor entrants—contestants should see Mr Rudman who will find out the necessary details.

## Classical Society

Want to escape?—Classical Society provides for the interests of those students who feel that the modern world is a burden and prefer the more advanced civilisations of Greece and Rome. Its membership tends to be confined largely to classics students, but they welcome "barbarians" from other departments at any of their functions. The aim of the Classical Society is partly to complement and assist knowledge of the Greek and Roman world, but more generally to provide a lighter relief to normal classics studies. It was with this particular view in mind that honours students and staff members recently presented an adaptation of Aristophanes' "The Frogs." This year as in past years they plan too to hold a humorous debate in the first term, choosing as their topics some well-known figure of antiquity. Other activities for term one include an address by Dr Minn on "Ancient Editors," and several short papers to be given by students on the Roman emperors.

## Field Club

Did you know that Field Club was the oldest club in the university? Most Natural Science graduates, and many others, over the last forty to fifty years have been at some time in their university careers associated with this club.

But it's not solely a science students' club. It caters too for those who like to "get away from it all" and once "away" don't want to be tied down to a set programme. Thus, if you like to lie in the sun all day, play with toy dogs, practise skipping . . . Field Club is your sort of club.

So far this term they've held a freshers' camp at Anawhata, and they've been track clearing at Swanson. Trips planned for the rest of the term include caving and an Easter trip to Kawerua (on the coast near the Waipoua Forest).

Tripping apart, Field Club holds regular meetings throughout the year at which lectures on various subjects are given. This term meetings include a lecture by Dr Bolland of the DSIR on "Plants in Test Tubes", and a talk by Dr Ann Chapman on "Life in a Scottish University."



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## COMMENT

## BOOK PRICES

Following my previous letter to Craccum the bookstore manager has informed me that the price of books sold in the student bookstore is completely beyond his control. Apparently, the book prices are set by the New Zealand Booksellers' Association in collaboration with the publishers representatives, who are in some cases actually book retailers in New Zealand. Furthermore, in most cases it is impossible for the bookstore to buy directly from the U.S.A. they must buy through the New Zealand representative. From the information made available to me by the bookstore manager it appears that the mark up in cost is certainly not 100 per cent.

My previous letter failed to mention the fact that students do get a 10 per cent discount from the New Zealand retail price as set by the Booksellers' Association and also implied that the bookstore had

sole knowledge of texts and class number estimates for all faculties; this is not so.

The fact still remains that New Zealand students are still paying 50 per cent more for text books than their United States counterparts and it seems that the Booksellers' Association and the local publishers representatives are responsible. All that I can say is that it is time New Zealand had some anti-trust legislation or the Fair Trade Practices Commission investigated the book trade again. In the meantime it would perhaps pay students to buy directly from foreign bookstores and ignore the local variety.

—E. J. List,  
Department of Theoretical and Applied Mechanics

## UTTER NONSENSE

What utter nonsense was written in your last issue about the festival film "Accident." Anyone who found it "a banal sordid little tale artlessly

told," as did your reviewer, doesn't qualify to be a film critic. To find that the picture was empty reveals a more than superficial analysis of its content: the surface of the film is seemingly calm yet this does nothing to indicate the underlying complexities. Although the dialogue may seem inconsequential (but not a Pinter self-parody as your reviewer would have it!) the real substance of the film is in the emotions and psychological workings behind the spoken word. Consequently, the picture plays on the subconscious, and the actors, far from being given "nothing of moment to do," have the formidable task of interpreting the ambiguous implications lying behind the speeches as they deliver them. In fact the drama goes on within the characters. Nothing is explicit: suggestion is the keynote. There are few directional flourishes yet the direction is stylishly poetic, superbly welding dislocated time structures, reality and imagination, into a unified whole. Low-key acting of the highest order, subdued atmospheric photography, and excellent direction and screenplay combine to make this a fully realised work. Undoubtedly Losey's greatest achievement yet, and the same can be said for Bogarde and Pinter.

—Gregory Stitt

## PIQUANT STORY

Lying about three miles up Tram Valley Rd at Swanson is a small hut in a little mixed bush vested in the Auckland University. Through the efforts of the late Hon. Sir George Fowlds, then president of the college, a chair of forestry was set up under Professor Corbin, but owing to lack of support by the State Forest Service and few other applicants, within a few years it was closed down. Now with the growing interest in forest activities, a chair is being revived at the Canterbury University, Christchurch.

In the very early days a lot of timber was cut out of the near-by forests but fortunately the Crown reserved this area of about 50 acres and by the aid of fencing and the exclusion of cattle there has been considerable regeneration. As a measure to help to study Dominion flora, it was through the influence of Sir George that the main timber companies and related hardware companies agreed to supply all the materials for the hut. Now it is mainly used by the Botany Department students and other groups.

Arrangements were made with a neighbouring farmer to hold the key and there is a piquant story concerning the wife of this man who had four daughters to whom she wanted to teach the piano. By saving enough money from house-keeping purposes, she was able to buy a piano which she knew her husband would not be in favour of and was able to teach the girls for a number of years before he was let into the secret.

—George M. Fowlds

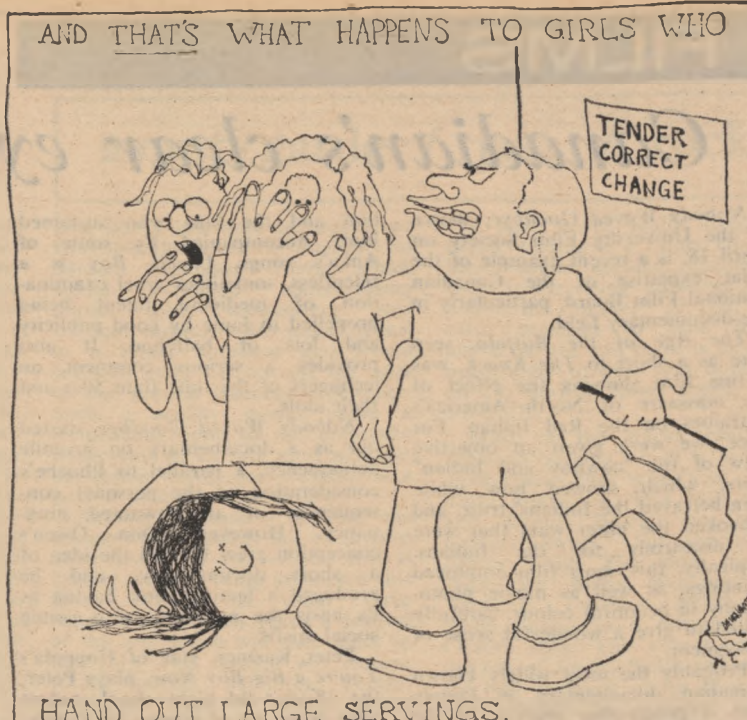
## N.Z.U.S.A. INSURANCE

How comforting it is to learn that Canterbury's Prof. Carrington has joined John McGrath in giving the "Good-Housekeeping" seal of approval to the NZUSA Insurance Scheme. (Craccum — April 8.) But this won't fool anybody who carefully compares the rates and conditions being offered by the companies underwriting this scheme with those of the leading N.Z. Life Offices, and discovers the following facts.

1. The companies' usual rates are higher than other offices, and the "special discount" offered to students only brings them into line with those normally available on the market.

2. Brokers can not represent the leading Australasian Life offices. By dealing with a firm of brokers the NZUSA is directing business away from companies which have proved successful and competitive on the N.Z. market.

3. Life Offices can only accept the risk on any one life after careful medical selection. While it is true that if all N.Z. University students were to insure in this scheme then medical selection would be unnecessary, in practice, any company offering non-medical life insurance receives applications from a high proportion of non-select and even uninsurable lives. The correspond-



In spite of repeated assurances that cafeteria meals, especially in the evening, would improve with the new facilities, I still find the food not fit for student consumption. The beans frequently take on a plastic-like appearance, their taste not greatly better, while the sausages bear a strange resemblance to india rubber, covered with an uneven film of greasy lubrication, to help with swallowing I presume. The coffee at any time is hot, but over-stewed, and are students being unreasonable to demand ice-cream for dessert?

May I draw your attention to a meal recently provided at Massey University at the cost of 38c.

A bowl of chicken noodle soup, two large servings of chips, peas, carrots, one sausage, one mutton chop, one piece bacon — all served hot and appetisingly.

How long must Auckland students continue to suffer? Are we to be offered the recurring platitudes of the past or is someone going to improve the standards of the nutritional substance we are expected to accept and pay for.

—Fred Milne.

## RHODESIA

Your correspondent, A. J. Witten-Hannah appears to be afflicted by that same muddled thinking and misrepresentation of facts which is so prevalent among those seeking to justify the Smith regime in Rhodesia.

He states that in 1689 in Britain a revolution took place against James I. The facts are that Great Britain only came into existence as a nation in 1707 and James I, King of England, who was also James VI, King of Scotland, died in 1625, to be succeeded by his son Charles who subsequently lost his head.

At the time to which your correspondent refers, England did, of course, have a king named James II, grandson of James I. At that time England did not have a democratically elected Parliament such as is known today. It was indeed James II who refused to assemble this so-called Parliament and endeavoured to rule dictatorially by "the divine right of Kings." His "government" consisted of a

few people selected by himself who gave ready acquiescence to his efforts to put the clock back 150 years and deprive the people of England of the freedoms they had painstakingly won over this period. James' rule was indeed like Smith's in that it was the attempt of a small group of bigots to rule the majority for the furtherance of their own ends.

It was James who hid the Great Seal so that Parliament could not be called. Far from being a non-descript group of high-ranking officials who invited the Prince of Orange to enter the fray, it was all (but a few) of the English aristocracy, together with the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Admirals of the Fleet and generals of the Army, among them Lord Churchill, Sir Winstone's famous ancestor.

It should be borne in mind that William, Prince of Orange, was the husband of James' daughter Mary who was the heir to the throne. James' only son, later known as the Pretender, was only born during the troubles.

King James was not overseas when William landed at Torbay in November, 1688. He remained in the country until after the whole nation had turned against him, including his own daughters. He pretended to give way and promised to summon Parliament to meet in January, 1689, and on December 22, 1688, the House of Lords assembled to draw up plans for the convening of Parliament. The following day a delegation was despatched to King James to procure the official Royal consent but it was found that he had fled in secret during the night and had taken ship for France. The country was therefore abandoned by him without any government at all and would have been reduced to a state of complete chaos had not the Prince of Orange called together all the available members of King Charles II's last Parliament together with the Lord Mayor and council lords of London, to meet him on December 26. On December 24, the House of Lords had met and on the following day, Christmas Day, 1688, presented an address to the Prince begging him to issue circular letters in his name to the electoral bodies asking them to return members to a National Convention.

The facts show that the Smith regime has indeed much more in common with King James' foolish attempt to rule a majority by a minority in defiance of the Constitution. Hitler and Mussolini also made similar attempts at rule by the denial of the rights and freedoms of the common man and, like James II, came to a bad end. No doubt the same will ultimately happen to Smith.

—Robert E. Young

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## City Betrays University on Capping Books

"A gross injustice" and "a betrayal of their own city students" was how Richard Rudman (Capping Controller) referred to the decision of the Traffic Committee to allow Massey University to sell "Masskerade" in the streets of Auckland. Why, he claimed, should the citizens of Auckland finance the capping activities of another university? Both students and community would inevitably suffer if "Masskerade" was sold in any quantity. Protests were made to the Mayor, and at the eleventh hour, the Council honoured its obligation to the city and university. By revoking the decision of the Traffic Committee, the Council prevented Auckland citizens from unwittingly contributing to interlopers, and removed the feeling of betrayal among the students.

The sales of Capping Mag in Auckland provide the money for all the activities of Capping Week. Fewer sales mean fewer stunts and a more limited process: an opportunity lost for high-spirited students to let off steam; and for sober citizens to escape the cares of everyday work. A further economy would have to be made in the graduation ceremony, thereby weakening one of our best means of showing "town" the aim of "gown."

Capping Mag sales also provide the money for the various charities to which the university contributes, notably Community Chest. Last year, students raised \$7000, one third of the total income. This year, there is also a projected party for the crippled children, which will again be financed out of the proceeds from the sale of Capping Mag. The sale of "Masskerade" would limit the amounts that could be spent on such charities. More serious, however, was the feeling of disillusionment among students the permission given to Massey to sell in Auckland caused. Two or three members of Exec. are said to have felt that if the city cared so little for the interests of its own students, the students should not feel obliged to interest themselves in the affairs of the city. The still fairly fragile co-operation between "town" and "gown" was thus threatened.

As soon as the first decision of the Traffic Committee, reached on Monday, was known, a strong protest was made to the Mayor. Once he realised the attitude of the students on the matter, he was fully co-operative. By Wednesday, the Council was persuaded to revoke the decision to allow sales of "Masskerade" on the city streets. The final argument seems to have been Ross McCormick's (president) informing the Council of the selling boundaries that exist for the sale of capping magazines. Although set by the NZUSA, it is in fact powerless to enforce them. Once this was made known, the university received the fullest co-operation from the authorities concerned, and from most of the Auckland business men approached, to keep the sellers of "Masskerade" at bay. Unfortunately, however, the Council reversed its decision too late to prevent many Massey students from leaving, armed with "Masskerade," for Auckland.

### REMINDER FROM THE LIBRARY

All library books remain subject to recall throughout the vacation.

If you plan to be away from Auckland and have books out of the Library, either make arrangements for someone at your current address to return them if they are recalled, or, if you are taking the books with you, it will be necessary for you to have your vacation address on the book-cards.

## NZUSA TRAVEL SCHEMES

"Travel—within NZUSA is the responsibility of the Student Travel Bureau (STB). This bureau specialises in educational travel, and provides a service to all students who are studying in New Zealand, or touring this country. Also, through liaison with the International Student Travel Commission, the Student Travel Bureau organises travel concessions, tours and facilities for New Zealand students throughout the world." So says the Student Travel Bureau pamphlet which can be obtained at the Auckland branch of the STB, located in the House Committee Room next to the Women's Common Room, and open each Wednesday lunchtime (1-2 p.m.). Also available are travel insurance forms for personal

and luggage requirements, and application forms for International ID cards which entitle students to concessions overseas.

The travel bureau organises group travel at concession rates (approximately 25 per cent cheaper than for normal flights) to Australia and New Caledonia. Three Australian trips are scheduled for each of the May and August holidays, while the only New Caledonian trip is in May. A large number of flights are scheduled for the summer holidays. Flights further afield, to Singapore or the U.S.A. for instance, have still to be finalised, but will probably take place next Christmas. Application forms for all flights this year are now available from the Auckland branch.

Another specialty of the Student Travel Bureau is the organisation of work camps where, as the STB pamphlet puts it, "Through their specialised knowledge, initiative and labour, New Zealand students can contribute substantially to needs of communities or countries in the Pacific area." Possible projects this year will be the building of a training college in Tonga, the forming of communication links to outer islands of the Fiji group or the offer in regard to study tours, tours within New Zealand, and excavating for pottery remains for the Fiji museum.

## Dry Capping?

Capping Day in the near future may see pubs with no beer... for the students anyway. Last year a student alleged he (in an orderly state) was evicted from a city pub together with three of his mates. No reason for the eviction was given then.

It seems on investigation that the behaviour of a small number of students earlier in the day had so disturbed both staff and other patrons that a firm line was drawn and no students at all were admitted for the rest of the day. It happened at one hotel last year. This year it could happen at more. Certainly there are some hotels that do not welcome students with open arms and there are probably more that take a dim view of excessive fooling around on the part of a minority. It is possible to avoid all this ill feeling.

## Higher Cost for Grad. Balls — Peter Pan Blamed

Executive member, Selwyn Anderson, gave his reasons for the high cost of this year's Graduation Ball tickets to Craccum. Mr Anderson stated that the main factor in the matter is the 33 per cent increase in the hireage charge of the Peter Pan, which has recently been redecorated, and which now offers better amenities and a bigger orchestra. When asked if it would be possible to hold Grad. Ball elsewhere, Mr Anderson replied that in view of last year's attendance of approximately 900, the only alternative to the Peter Pan would be the Town Hall, which would not only cost more, but would involve catering problems.

Another factor necessitating the rise in cost of tickets, said Mr Anderson, is the general monetary devaluation and rise in liquor prices. Anything less than \$10 would mean a financial loss to the Students' Association. When questioned as to whether a lower attendance was expected this year (last year's tickets cost "between \$8 and \$9") Mr Anderson said with assurance that attendance was "guaranteed." He concluded by saying that he was "more worried about the cabaret."

—J. L. King

## Capping Week 1968 Programme

Saturday, April 27: REVUE opens at Concert Chamber, 8 p.m.

Sunday, April 28: Handicapped Children's Party: SUB caf., 2.30 p.m. Graduation Chapel Service.

Monday, April 29: MISS AUCK. UNIVERSITY parade: SUB. 1 p.m. UNDERGRAD. BALL — CAPPING CABARET: Caf. 8 p.m. Food and liquor inc. in \$5. See Miss University crowned.

Tuesday, April 30: BOAT RACE: Details to be finalised. Folk Concert: SUB Caf., 8 p.m.

Wednesday, May 1:

Thursday, May 2: 12 noon: Process leaves 'varsity. ALL day: CHARITY COLLECTION.

Friday, May 3: Lunchtime: Academic Procession. 8 p.m.: Graduation Ball — Peter Pan Cabaret.

CAPPING WEEK is your week. At this time of the year, the students of Auckland University go on public show. Most of the populace are tolerant of our indiscretions, and enjoy the fun and frolic. But we must remember to avoid deliberately trampling upon sensitive corns. CAPPING COMMITTEE has struck a number of extraordinary problems this year; but has nevertheless managed to organise a programme designed to produce an enjoyable Capping Week. The committee hopes that everybody will enter into the full swing of Capping Week, and hopes that all will have a good time.

Richard Rudman

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- The brain behind the fig leaf motion. It appears that at a booze-up with the engineers after his election, Ross McCormick was asked what he intended to do, in his new position. "I haven't the faintest idea," replied the president. "However I do intend to make all the female students wear fig leaves!" This seems to be the president's only positive policy statement on record.
- If you've wondered why there isn't any "coke" in the soft drink machine in the cafe, it would appear that some enterprising students were drinking their coke while waiting in the queue to pay for it, and presenting the cashier with an empty bottle and claiming their 5c refund.
- Quote: the president, when discussing his new job in Wellington: "I have made it very clear to Victoria and Otago that they could expect very little work while I was Auckland president." "I saw no difficulty in fulfilling the obligations of this position." "I work in rather peculiar ways at times."
- Rudman comments on his TV image: "You never saw such a load of rubbish. I make Holyoake look like an amateur."
- Can a whole club be prosecuted for the actions of its members? Disciplinary Committee has found Bridge Club "guilty of writing with chalk on the Common Room doors."

## I.D. CARDS

Those students who have not collected their I.D. Cards please do so from the Students' Association Office from 9 until 5.30 daily. These cards are not only required for identification but also for the use of the University Library.

## NZUSA ELECTIONS

### McCormick Vice-president

Tim Armitage, Ross McCormick and Peter Allen are NZUSA's new Vice-Presidents. They join Education Vice-President Edna Tait and Treasurer Dave Shand, who are continuing as members of President John McGrath's administration.

President McGrath, the association's second full-time leader, took over from Ross Mountain in January.

In what was described as a close election at last weekend's AGM of the association, two other candidates for the Vice-Presidencies, Mike King (Waikato) and Peter Nathan (Canterbury) were knocked out.

Before constituents cast their votes, Auckland President McCormick was questioned on the ability of one man to do both jobs well. He argued that he would be concerned with the Auckland Presidency only until August, and then would be able to devote his spare time entirely to NZUSA business.

Mr Armitage, formerly President of Canterbury, is now a student at Otago.

Mr Allen, who has been NZUSA's National Work Camps Officer, was a Vice-President at

Waikato for two years. Five other members of the NZUSA administration were "elected" at the meeting. They are: Cultural Affairs Officer, Graham Culliford; Pacific Officer, Keith Morrison; Student Welfare Officer, Murray Jamieson; Overseas Students' Officer, C. Chua; Overseas Delegate Selection Committee Representative, John Stevens.

Other posts have yet to be filled. NZUSA's representatives on the administration board of Focus are now Robin Bromby (of the Sunday Times), Neil Woodhams and Trevor Crawford. They join NZSPA's representative Barrie Saunders, Focus Editor Hugh Rennie, Advertising Manager Paul Peretz, and NZUSA President John McGrath, who will continue to chair the board.

Honorary Vice-Presidents elected were: Paddy Finnegan, John Scott, John Prebble, Ross Mountain and Ross Fellows. —NZSPA

## CRACCUM CENSURED BY EXECUTIVE

### "Filthy Blackmail" Alleged

Craccum was censured at a recent Executive meeting for "attempted blackmail" of the Exec. This motion followed Craccum's request that Exec. members sum up their own positions or be "indecently exposed."

Craccum sent a letter to each executive member asking him to give a progress report on the fulfilment of his election policy. If executive members failed to supply such a report, Craccum would indecently expose them for their apathy.

Protest to this letter took two forms. Firstly, some members that the writing of such a report made unreasonable demands on their time. Secondly, some, especially Mr Law and Mr Liddell, interpreted "indecent exposure" as attempted blackmail on the part of Craccum. "I don't like to be blackmailed by Craccum," said Mr Law. Mr Rudmen said, "Craccum has no right to demand an account of

executive members' performance." Miss Wootton upheld Craccum's right as a student newspaper to demand that executive members report on their progress to their electorate.

After long discussion, executive passed a motion of censure against Craccum for overtaxing the energy of executive members, and compromising the integrity by blackmail.

It was also suggested that if executive members wrote their own report, it would be detrimental to objectivity.

—Richard Harman



Mac Price, who defended Craccum's case.

### EDITORIAL COMMENT

We consider that every Exec. member who has been elected is responsible to that electorate for carrying out the policy outlined in his election platform. If he was prepared to state his aims then and submit them to Craccum, there is no reason why he should not be required to report on his progress after election, in-

stead of merely using this newspaper as a medium for making public views which are for him politically expedient.

If he fails to do so, he is obviously avoiding his responsibility to his electorate, and he should, to quote the original proposal, be "indecently exposed" for it.

If this is blackmail, we intend to blackmail every student politician in the university.

It was stated that Craccum

had "no right" to make such demands of Exec. members and that such questioning was "not feasible" and "ridiculous."

We obviously have every right to demand such explanations and to insist that the individual involved write the article explaining his success or failure. If this is not "feasible" in political or personal terms, it is not the demands which are "ridiculous," but the system.

## SPORT

### Rugby League

The Rugby League scene is now flourishing at Auckland University. Jack Fagan (a former Kiwi) has been training the senior and junior teams with stentorian discipline and this culminated in the seniors drawing against the powerful Southern Districts team on Saturday, April 6. Although the forwards had nowhere near the weight of their opposition their playing ability brought them out on top, and the wings were able to score two fine tries.

Junior teams (the 3rd and 6th grades) will play their first games on April 20. Many promising players are already training for these grades. But any prospective players will be sure of a game and will be welcomed at our Sunday trainings at 10 a.m. at Carlaw Park.

### Athletics Tour

A New Zealand universities athletic team will tour Australia in May.

The tour, from May 6 to May 26, will culminate in a test against an Australian universities team in Brisbane on May 25.

The team of 19 will be led by Mr J. P. Millar, of Auckland, as manager, and will for the first time include women athletes. Representative teams from either Australia or New Zealand which have toured every two years since 1956 have previously comprised only male competitors.

The tour cost of \$3200 will be provided by constituent athletic clubs in relation to members of the team chosen from each university. —NZSPA

### Mice!

What kind of a scungy hole is Massey? Reporters had difficulty in concentrating on news items due to the presence of mice in Massey's Refectory Common Room. No doubt these mice will move into the new union building which they open in July.

—NZSPA

### Surfing

Surfing was held at Tournament for the first time this year, each university entering a team of three. Tatton, Wagstaff and Tracey represented Otago, which won.

The events were held at Castlepoint, 105 miles away on the east coast. The three and four-foot waves were inconsistent and uninspiring.

chipped. The distance from Massey to Castlepoint was great and again transport was difficult.

Massey had trouble obtaining people to "help the land-locked surfies get their feet wet."

Although such problems, together with the complete dependence on weather conditions, may hinder surfing in the future, the authorities are confident that surfing will be part of next year's Easter Tournament. —NZSPA

### Auckland Rowing Success

One of the outstanding successes at Easter Tournament this year was that of the Auckland women's rowing four. Racing against five other crews, the team had an easy win in the 1000-metre race, winning by five lengths. A victory achieved in spite of navigational difficulties on the Wanganni River in the form of dead sheep and logs, and despite the fact that the stroke was rowing with a mutilated oar—three inches of it disappeared after she struck a log during a practise the night before the race.

The win was deserved—for five weeks before the tournament the team got up at 5.30 every morning to practise. The girls in the team were: Elizabeth Cato, a fourth-year arts student, Lorraine Williams, a third-year commerce student, Orini Temapi and Loris Monzari.

The last two, not students, were in the first crew at the national championships. None of the girls has been rowing for very long — Orini for three years, Loris for two, Elizabeth for one, and Lorraine for three months.

In spite of the outstanding victory, the team was not able to secure any points for Auckland's total because the crew was not an all-student one. The club is keen to have an all-student crew and to recruit new members. Winter training, where novices are taught how to row, has now begun — those interested should ring Elizabeth Cato, 581-673.

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