

Troilus Well Done—

By Irene Esam.

Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida", a little-performed unpleasant play, was magnificently revived in an acutely intelligent production by the V.U.W. Drama Club, celebrating the bard's Quater-Centenary at the Memorial Theatre on Saturday.

Most relevant to the problems of modern society, "Troilus and Cressida" records the ultimate catastrophe in man's experience: his realization of imminent chaos and nothingness. Scene by scene Shakespeare analyses the nature of value, finally concludes there is no absolute value, the only surviving absolute being the natural law of destruction.

The characters of Troilus, Hector, Ulysses, Achilles, Thersites and others taking part in the Trojan War, are used by Shakespeare to illustrate this theme at both individual and public levels.

There is much discussion of abstract philosophical questions, and the dialectics of personalities determine the action. Naturally, this presents problems of communication to producer and actors.

Despite an informative production by Dr. Roger Savage, which at times glowed with life—a feat for any Wellington producer (the only comparable production I can recall is the 1959 Drama Club production by Richard Camplon of Sophocles' "Oedipus") I doubt whether many of the audience fully understood what they were watching.

By merging scenes, Dr. Savage overcame some difficulties. Since every scene which emphasises nobility of conduct is invariably followed by a scene of a low moral tone (with either Thersites or Pandarus appearing in it) a violent contrast was achieved, highlighting disharmony and dissolution.

But in order to communicate the acutest cynicism and pitiless futility of the play, which even lacks Shakespeare's usual pervading mood of pity or humour, this contrast could have been even more violent.

The virtual disintegration of a civilization which unfolded on stage, was altogether too casual and attractive, there was little that was either distasteful or frightening about it.

This of course could have been Dr. Savage's intention, since he had placed the dark core of the play into an extremely gay and colourful wrapping, making use of the fixtures of the stage, set, lighting and music.

Fortunately Bruce Woods provided a stark set design, which lent a necessary charged atmosphere of spatial timelessness and overhanging violence and doom.

His costume designs seemed ultra-modern, though actually were semi-period, semi-abstract.

The trenchant music, composed by Jenny McLeod, emphasised the discord in the love and war scenes, and was an integral part of the show.

The central part of the heroic but confused idealist, Troilus was played with grace and sensitivity by Maarten van Dijk. By Act 3 he overrode my ruminations during Acts 1 and 2 about possible miscasting. In a cast of 30, he seemed to have the greatest understanding of his role. He was ideal in the love scenes with Cressida and moving in his portrayal of acute pain at the purloining of ideals.

Another good performance was that of Ian Mune as Pandarus, naturalistic and matter-of-fact.

Vivien Flack's cute Cressida pouted and chirped entrancingly, suggesting a college-girl precocity.

All the women, incidentally, were primarily adornments, and did not bother particularly to portray feminine awareness, especially Kristin Strickland as Cassandra, Angelica Heinegg as Helen and Helen Sutch as Andromache.

The temperate Hector, the knower and the seer, was played with natural authority by Matt O'Sullivan, the latter quality shared by Ross Jamieson as Achilles, who prowled and strode across the stage, livening up the scenes.

In my opinion, several crucial roles were miscast. The formidable characterisation of the wise Ulysses and the most degraded and venomous of Shakespeare's clowns, Thersites (both roles taxing to the mature experienced actor, let alone an amateur) were too sketchily drawn.

Michael Hirschfeld implied too much love of life and health, to be completely effective as the monstrous and diseased Thersites, who points out the futility of all values. Peter Engebretsen as Ulysses valiantly wrestled with and kicked at his role (for example, in the long speech on hierarchical "degree")

but finally lost the round. It would have been interesting to see what a more experienced actor would have made of the parts.

The most absorbing and exquisitely timed cameo performance came from Murray Gronwall as the

servant Alexander—one wanted to see more of Mr. Gronwall.

Other memorable performances included John Haxton's Ajax, particularly effective when made the butt of sham flattery, John Tripe as Agamemnon, Peter Robb as Aeneas, Ashley Conland as Patroclus, in fact most performances had some saving grace about them.

Finally, I found several scenes particularly effective, for example, the Betrayal scene, curiously like a dream sequence from a Bergman film, the great scene in which Ulysses tries to persuade Achilles to forget his ill-humour and fight, the love-scene between Troilus and Cressida, Hector's ambush and death, and several others.



The inscrutable East speaks to Victoria students. See page 6.

More Jobs For The Boys

Behind the executive scenes it appears differences are being smoothed over in preparation for the pending elections.

It is rumoured that Tom Robins has been nominated for President with support from President Blizard, Secretary Opie, and Vice-President Middleton.

The same group has apparently also given it's support to the nomination of Mr. J. Pettigrew as Secretary.

The establishment machine has, if this information is correct, ground out its nominees.

As far as Salient can ascertain the outgoing officers have been planning the people they would like to see as officers on the new Executive.

It has come to Salient's ears however that an independent candidate will enter the field. (See page eight).

Exec. Censures

Ten minutes after the executive meeting of April 6 had been declared open, the executive moved into committee.

It appears that an enquiry, into certain activities at Little Congress could have taken place. It was noted that several persons including the University Chaplain were called into the room while the executive were in committee. They were in committee for 1½ hours.

The executive returned to committee later on in the evening—actually early morning and the following motion was passed while in committee:

Moved Benefield, seconded Kemp: That this Executive censures those students whose actions at the March 1964 Little Congress defiled a consecrated Anglican altar; on the grounds that their behaviour was irresponsible, offensive, scandalous and abusing the hospitality of the camp.

Candidates' Speeches
1 p.m. Little Theatre.
May 5th.

Obscenity, Abuse At Debate

For the first time in the history of the university debating society a speaker has been ejected from public debate.

With the parting words of "Up the lot of you" and "You're a pack of gutless bastards", the speaker left the debate held last Friday on the motion "That religious societies should be banned from this university".

The speaker was thrown out for making a series of interjections which were ill received by the audience. After making a late entrance and interrupting a speech to inform the audience—"Here I am everybody, _____'s the name and don't you forget it honey," the interjector continued to interrupt speakers with the demand "I want more repartee".

He described the content of several speeches as "c...p" Members of the audience lost patience with the interjector when he interrupted a speaker talking about Bertrand Russell to inform everybody present—"Bertrand Russell wouldn't (from here his comment is unprintable)."

After a motion was passed to eject the speaker he showed considerable reluctance to leave, asking "Is this a debating society or a lynching mob?"

In the rush to exclude the interjector a motion to exclude Mr. J. B. McKinlay was made and forgotten.

Mr. McKinlay later told Salient that "The Chairman gagged any attempts at discussion on whether the speaker should be excluded." He felt that the persistent interjector should have been given the opportunity to withdraw words objected to. Members of the audience had claimed the interjections were obscene.

The speaker was not a student. The adjudicator, Mr. Conrad Bollinger later said that these incidents were the sort of thing which had made the society famous.

The religious debate had many other highlights—Mr. McKinlay described a speech of Mr. A. Ashenden as being "ecclesiastical claptrap and sacerdotalistic diatribe".

Mr. Ashenden had described a university as "an institution venerating liberty of conscience in the most comprehensive sense, liberty of thought and feeling; absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral or theological.

"As an extension to this principle," he continued, "it should allow an individual the freedom to combine with other like-minded individuals in the pursuit of some commonly held objective provided that this does not involve harm to others."

He denied strenuously that any group of students should be prevented from organising themselves in a club to pursue their own tastes in belief.

One speaker said in all seriousness—"Ye who are seeking the truth, come with me to the Youth for Christ". The chairman interrupted him with the words—"No advertising please".

This same Youth for Christ man received a note from the President of the VUW Evangelical Union advising him not to "cast your pearls before swine".

The motion to exclude religious societies from the university was finally lost. When 16 people put up their hands to vote for the motion a voice from the back advised—"Throw 'em to the lions".

Collectors Piece

The City Council has refused students permission to hold an all day collection on Process day. For years Victoria students have not been able to collect large sums for charity because of the inexplicable restriction laid down by the council that we may only collect during the hour or so in which the Process winds through town.

Other Universities have all day collections; other organisations in Wellington have all day collections—but no, students may not.

The Red Cross and Returned Services make all day collections. Do they have a special claim on the hearts of citizens that the Multiple Sclerosis Society, the Intellectually Handicapped Society, the other charities chosen annually as being deserving causes, don't hold? Or are we to suspect that subtle political pressures are put on the council from the R.S.A.?

And why does the council give no reason for refusing permission? The request was made in reasonable time for adequate consideration to be given. But no. Our city fathers have sat in judgment.

No matter that Canterbury students can raise £4,000 or so, whilst Victoria can only raise £455!

So, unless there is a sudden change of heart from someone in the civic chambers—students will again be given a chance to do a second-rate job!

An hour-long collection. What next?

And Mr. Kitts speaks of the closeness of the university and the city!—A.H.

Salient

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Christians Retreat

Professor C. A. Coulson, who spoke recently at Victoria made the usual extravagant claims for Christianity. He declared that only Christianity could provide the insights into the nature of man that were necessary to give modern science the philosophical guidance it required.

Most people would probably agree with Coulson's hypothesis that science contains no "ought"—it has nothing in it to tell it where it ought to be going. But the main point of his talk, the reason why this "ought" can only be provided by religion, and most successfully by Christianity, he failed to make convincing. The reason he failed is quite simple—because he was wrong.

Religion in past centuries has been notably unconcerned about heaven-on-earth ideas that seem to have gained control of most of the modern Church. (I use the term Church to denote all the sects or schisms that once swore allegiance to the See of Rome.) The Christians of yesterday may have been highly concerned about achieving eternal bliss hereafter, but happiness on earth, was, through lack of economic physical and medical knowledge, near enough to impossible except for the favoured few.

Now we find that the timeless, ageless face of God is different. Surprise! In fact as we all know, it is only man's conception of God that has changed, etc., etc. New ideas have emerged and have become part of the established (I don't mean just legally established) Christian faiths. What is more important is the fact that these ideas of plenty on Earth arose when science made them possible. They are not necessarily Christian, and it seems to me to be the height of arrogance for anyone to claim a monopoly of them.

Thus we see that the Revolutionaries of the New World could declare that each man was "endowed by his creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness". Though there might have been religious motives behind the founding of the American colonies, it would be a brave man who would say the same of their desire to sever their links with the mother country. What the motives were is not important here. The point is that they were other than religious, but once having been stated they were advanced as basically Christian ideas. A similar situation exists today. It is quite easy to arrive at a rationale for science without ever considering religion, or the usual concepts of it.

Consider religion as some sort of belief with some idea of a supreme intelligence behind it, with some kind of pattern or plan for the universe or for humanity. I think this is a pretty broad description of one of the fundamental premises of religion, and I have kept it as general as I can to avoid pointless sectarian squabbling.

One could say that the Christian attitude is that the grand design requires that man fit into his proper place, and that he should behave towards his fellow men and the universe in a certain way (This is the meaning I take from Professor Coulson's talk).

This view is, I think, the way in which the Christian has succeeded in rationalising his ideas of "God" to fit the values currently held by almost all men—that men must be allowed to enjoy as far as possible the fruits of modern technology.

If, however, we take the knowledge that most men have of their ability to be happy, or sad, and assume that other people share it (this is my axiom) we can arrive at almost the same position as the Christian. We can realise that other people cannot be happy unless we allow them to, just as if we wish to be happy ourselves we cannot unless other people allow us to be so. This may be sheer rationalisation of desires, but it is just as valid as that proposed by Christians, and has some rather interesting advantages.

I am not suggesting that this approach is the only one, though I think it is a better one than that used by Professor Coulson. If the reader accepts it as a valid one, he can no longer hold the view that **only** religion can provide the "ought" for science.

Basically, what is wrong with the Christian approach is the failure of those who believe it correct to take it to its logical conclusion. This could be the fault of the people, or it could be the fault of the idea, but I don't think it matters who must take the blame, so long as we can find a way out. Either we can change the nature of people or the approach to the problems. (We can of course alter both.) I think in the long run it will prove easier to alter the philosophy to one whose logical conclusions are so pressing that no one can ignore them.

The point is that we cannot afford the luxury of fitting new ideas to our previous beliefs and prejudices. The time taken to do this may in some cases be a generation or two, and we could easily find that the problems of human relationships we were going to solve have solved themselves in a way we would wish to have avoided.

I can illustrate this by referring to two of the world's most pressing problems—overcrowding and nuclear power.

How long will it take before the bulk of Christendom has related the nuclear facts of life to its religious beliefs and found a solution? Some groups already have, I agree, and I think I would include Professor Coulson in them. But though the problem is a pressing one, it does not find a ready response in Christianity. This is not surprising, because human problems are a secondary feature in the Christian religions (the primary feature is obviously the concept of the Deity).

As for overcrowding, this clearly raises the old question of sex and sexuality, a subject on which most people are thoroughly confused. Some of them are so confused that they just don't want to consider the morality of the subject. They think, for instance, that anything Salient prints about contraception is bad—because it makes them notice the problem.

It's difficult to be happy if you're being incinerated or starving with standing room on the planet only. We must just stop killing each other and reproducing ourselves out of existence. I think this means that we must categorically reject war, and must accept practically any form of birth control available. I don't see the Christians adopting this view, or any sensible alternative—most of them just don't have ideas about these problems. I conclude that they have been side-tracked somewhere.

I think it's high time the religious organisms of this country stopped running around in sexual circles, took their noses out of their books of common prayer, their Bibles and their hymnals and started thinking. It's all very well to produce reports to show that people are reading dirty books that aren't good for them, or learning to drink alcohol at University. It's a good way of forgetting that there are other vaster problems to be tackled. The University religious clubs deserve a good deal of the blame. The intellectual cream of the country should be the leaders of constructive thought, not followers.

I see that the Catholic Students' Guild is organising week-end retreats. They seem highly unnecessary—most of the religious clubs make retreating from the world's problems the central feature of their outlook anyway.—D.P.W.

Around The Campus

El Crud Dies!

By Pat Norris

There comes a time in the affairs of men when we must change our mode of life and so it is with regret that I have decided to give up the writing of this column. As you are possibly aware there were several letters criticising me in the last issue and to a certain extent I think their criticism is justified. However, their criticism is not the real reason for my abdication; I have been criticised in many places before and although I cannot admit to liking it, I have seldom lost sleep over it. Indeed it is obvious that it is impossible to satisfy all tastes simultaneously and I have never tried to do this.

On the other hand such a column as mine should not centre on one single social group, to the extent that it becomes a forum for the dissemination of private jokes that are incomprehensible to the population at large.

Last year, when I was full time and in Weir, this was fairly easy to avoid; I had many contacts in different varsity groups who supplied me with a steady stream of anecdotes. Also the simple fact of being around the place was in itself a major factor in writing an interesting column. I spent so many hours in the cafe that I could actually feel the pulse of that institution. Alas tis no more! As I said in a previous column I feel an interloper at Varsity and my contact with students is limited to the party going mob who, great jokers as they are, constitute a fairly small proportion of those enrolled.

When I started writing the column last year it was written with a vim and vigour that could not be denied; it was new; it was different, an entertaining diversion from a hard morning of lectures. To me it was also novel and entertaining, indeed exciting and I must admit it was satisfying to the ego to learn that people were reading it and also enjoying it. It was perhaps the only thing of note that I have done in the dismal years of varsity. This year things are different; the column has slid from general popularity. It draws its main support from those who are likely to be mentioned and it lacks the whole hearted love of its creator. I have got tired of writing it. The novelty of the new toy has worn off.

In reply to my numerous critics let me say that I hope someone will come forward to write a general social column for Salient. I hope, too, that it is as banal, trite and as crude as mine. The ravings of a few who regard themselves as literary experts do not worry me and I hope they do not worry my successor. In answer to Murray Rowlands, I say that although he appears to be very familiar and blasé about a certain section of the community it is not everyone's luck to be so placed. Ian Mitchell's views are a trifle lopsided. I admit that at times I have been close to the mark, but I would remind him that each issue is censored by competent authorities.

I feel sorry that he is shocked at the double entendres! Does he think I should turn my hand to writing spiritualist tracts or handbooks for CND marchers. Not everyone at university is interested in protesting at everything in sight or in pervading the whole place with an air of wonderful culture. Indeed the great majority are here to get a degree as evidenced by the perennial and abortive crusade against "Apathy." Their idea of a good time is often a party or a few beers with the boys; when they pick up Salient they need diversion as well as esoteric stimulation.

To all those people that I have maligned or embarrassed and I must admit that at times I've been carried away by superfluous verbosity, I hope you will bear with me. I intend to retire to the hinterland to contemplate my knees.

El Crud grinds to a halt! R.I.P.!

£100 offer from aussies

New Zealand universities were offered £A100 to send two delegates to an Australian science congress.

This offer came from the University of Canberra which invited two delegates from New Zealand. At the last executive meeting Public Relations Officer Robin Bell suggested that NZ Universities should send four delegates and subsidise them, in order that the country should be better represented.

A motion incorporating his idea was moved at NZUSA Easter Council, but was defeated.

Letters . . .

Asian Studies

Sir, "Indonesia Week" sponsored by the International Affairs Committee of the Victoria University Students Association has just concluded. No doubt from the point of view of many members of the staff, students, and public the Week was an enlightening one and a success; in so far as the Week did manage to focus attention on our relations with S.E. Asia this is so. As a week intended to provide informed analysis and a knowledgeable appraisal of Indonesia and its neighbours it has—I feel—been a distinct failure. This stems from two causes; lack of an informed student body, and a seeming inability on the part of those lecturing to provide a functional analysis; particularly of Indonesia's economic and political ailments.

The lectures suffered from a high degree of generality and were descriptive with little attempt at synthesising diverse factors into a unified picture of Indonesia. An attentive reader of local newspapers would have derived little that was new from the series of lectures—with the exception of these on Indonesia's cultures. This situation is hardly surprising, however. The number of people in this university who can be called Asian experts in their respective fields can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. This in view of New Zealand's geographical and political situation is little short of a disgrace.

In light of the shortage of Asian experts the policy of this university is hard to understand. In 1957 Asian Studies was introduced as a subject at Victoria University; this was an act of foresight and imagination; one can only wonder where this pioneering spirit has gone. At present disciplines providing a basis for advanced study of Asia are severely restricted or do not exist at all. Sociology for example is offered at stages 1 and 2 only. Anthropology, a discipline of the utmost importance to all of social science was supposedly to be introduced this year (1964) but has failed to emerge. This new science could have provided a central stem about which active, small social—and Asia—research teams could have worked. Perhaps the most important—and relevant—social study subject in the university, Asian Studies is not in a happy situation.

At the moment Asian Studies appears to be existing on a most tenuous basis; yet its very right to existence is contested by other departments dealing only incidentally with Asian affairs. Asian Studies is unique in this country yet the department is restricted and perhaps faces extinction.

Money, difficulty in obtaining lecturers and administrative consider-

Appeals Upheld

Students whose work is unsatisfactory have to be very poor before they are suspended. At the last University council meeting fifteen appeals were upheld.

The suspended students have no units and more often than not no terms and get around 15-20% in terms and finals examinations.

ations may be held out as compelling reasons for not having done more in this field. These problems can all be ironed out at a suitably high level; Victoria University could play the leading role in this field if only some member of staff with influence would champion, and be prepared to fight for the expansion of Asian Studies and kindred disciplines. If some other Departments' activities must suffer temporarily this could only be regretted. Is the "Anglo-Saxon atmosphere" at our university so inimical to this important new field of inquiry that we must sacrifice what little lead we now have?

WAYNE ROBINSON

Shallow Religion

Dear Sir,—There is much religion but little theology in this University. Christ's little battalion here is very well organised into two main streams, which to an outsider, are very much the same.

In each abounds superficiality of thought from which emanates self-conscious piety, small-mindedness and intolerance towards the "obvious sinners and no-hopers"—as I have found myself classified. There is no gift of the Spirit, unless it be a certain deformity around the mouth and eyes; there is much distorted talk about fellowship to brother men, synthesised in a "cheesy flash" reserved for meetings only.

In general there is nothing more pleasant or Godly about these "witnesses" or "banner holders," they show no greater tolerance towards mankind nor any greater openness in their thoughts, and, beneath the sanctimonious veneer lies no greater strength of character or rigidity of principles.

Much more thought and less feeling is required. Having never been so fortunate as to have had a "religious experience" I am perhaps not qualified to make such a statement, for I have never had the luck to "be saved", "see the light" or be moved by cinematic reproductions of my apparently electric God. I do not presume to expound absolute truth herein, but I am convinced that religion should be a subconscious state of mind and spirit which it is possible to invoke by an unheretical effort.

Tolerance towards other people which does not include a compromising of Christian principles, should exist spontaneously, if there be such a thing as the Holy Spirit. A deeper understanding of theology makes such an aspiration more possible.

Superficiality cannot have a permanent impact; we must feel far deeper down, which, as students, it is our business to do. I entirely agree with our Chaplain's warning and if my observations are correct, the results of a "University without Theology" are in full bud.

Yours faithfully,
SUE COOK.

Asian Student Describes Fellowmen

Anybody who denies that cordial relationships between overseas students and New Zealand students are not ideal, is simply deceiving others, and what is appallingly pathetic, himself too.

I do not claim to be an authority on this subject, neither do I think that authenticity is relevant but I had always been inclined to the belief that the trouble lies in a general lack of understanding on both sides. It is therefore to advance this understanding that I am endeavouring to put forward a general picture of overseas students classified into different groups, mainly according to their habits and behaviours. I do not propose to suggest any solution (not that I have any) for I do not think that a conscious awareness of what we are like has a greater effect than any solution.

The first problem which should be obvious to everybody is the great differences between the cultural backgrounds which each and every one of us possesses. This, in my opinion, is always a bar to verbal communication which is undeniably the road to closer friendship. It is usual to find that conversation suddenly stops dead after a few remarks about the weather and the wind.

The other problem is that of language. Those who have English as their mother tongue would hardly feel it, but in the main, every time one of us speaks there is a mad scramble for words going on inside the brain. Sometimes the scramble is lost in a cloud of dust and the result is stagnation in conversation; other times we give up totally and the same result ensues. With those two forces working in us, it is no doubt that we are found in groups each peculiar in its own way.

Let me begin with the normal group. The people comprising this group are those that can get along well with both Kiwis and other students. They are easy to talk to, usually understood easily also, and possess what would seem a keen desire to make many more friends. But their field is limited and apart from a number of close friends in their own department of study they completely shut themselves up. Here then we have the foundation of a clique. But this feeling of comradeship only lasts as long as they are actually on the campus during the day and after that—in the evenings and the week-ends—what happens to their social lives? They simply seek the companionship of their own countrymen. We could ask many questions as to whether such superficial friendship is beneficial or even desirable and we would get diverse answers. And if we are to tell ourselves that this is the case because we are a little bit fearful and a little bit dreading of such an integration, would we believe ourselves?

Next we have the highly sensitive group. If you think the electric wires running across farms out in the country are "high-tension", then you are obviously unaware of this group. Here is a group proud of their existence and always one step above you on the ladder. Their egos know no limit and when it comes to the question of morals you could in all probability be Christine Keeler or Old Sin himself. If you are contemplating on indulging in a joke with them it is usually a good policy to think twice, and if they relapse into their own mother tongue to ignore you, you know you have failed hopelessly. But it should be a consolation to know that some of us suffer the same fate amongst ourselves too.

Who was it who said "Romance is the spice of life"? Somebody did but if you relate it to the next group (the socially uncommunicative group) they would probably substitute "vice" for "spice". Here we meet up with a group that is completely out of touch with the joys of a soft spoken word, the fantasy of a ball-room atmosphere or the comfort that is always there for the asking, but very dangerously in close touch with the "monastery" be it the Christian kind, the Buddhist kind or the hermit kind. These students are very interesting and friendly, and as long as they are not branded as social parasites you are ensured of a good friendship. But if you can understand that to them dating a girl is like carrying an elephant on their shoulders (heavy burden), that dancing promotes abandonment of studies and that whistling at girls reveals a complete disrespect of the female species (which they are probably right), then you can probably understand why the kind of

social life I mentioned is like a kind of disease to them. Lastly, we have the submissive group. It is most distressing that there should exist such a group, and a horror to know that they have a strong backbone too. They are those students that will submit to anything that will not offend the Kiwis. Fair enough, who would want to offend anybody, but if the intrusion is one that concerns one's basic rights then to give in is certainly a surrender of one's manhood. It is a total submission of one's will to another just because one feels that one must do so to show the Kiwis that we know how to show gratitude. And these students are ironically the very

same students who secretly desire to set an example for their contemporaries.

I realize that my submission on all counts is rather vague but the theme it is meant to convey must be very clear. However, the foregoing is not meant to give reason for Kiwi students to be more critical of overseas students. It should be noted that remarks like "Why can't they be more like us?" are very unsound remarks usually uttered with ignorance and narrowmindedness. How would a Kiwi in a different country feel, if the same remark should be made about him? Admittedly Kiwis in Asia are able to adapt themselves quite easily in a different society but that is only because they have the colonial powers assisting them on the one hand and the society willing to accept them on the other. Apart from a handful of people who genuinely desire to accept us, does the society here possess a similar attitude?

After all that, one would naturally be tempted to ask, if not overtly than secretly, to which group I belong. The answer is not mine to give. Think about it.

Letters

Art or Rubbish?

Dear Sir,—Whoever organised the "fine arts" display for the University festival might profitably have exercised a little more discrimination in selecting work for display. The present exhibition includes a smattering of second-rate stuff by well known artists, and a number of works by students that one would be loth to hang in the lavatory. The fact that they are students and not professional artists may have been the excuse for allowing them to perpetrate such rubbish, but the work of outside artists should not have been displayed simply because the poor folk had stuff on their hands that they couldn't get rid of anywhere else.

Praise to M. King for "Omega" and to perhaps half a dozen other artists, but the display as a whole flops horribly.

I am, etc.,

J. MURPHY.

Wgt. Festival

Dear Sir,—Why does Wellington have no annual festival of the arts? As a comparative newcomer, I was surprised to find that there is no such concerted artistic effort in a city which cherishes a reputation for cultural liveliness. I expect the question has been raised before and that there are good reasons for the non-existence of a festival; but I feel that such an institution could solve some problems in Wellington's and particularly Victoria's cultural life.

If one were to be initiated it would not need to try to challenge the growing national character of Auckland's. It would however involve the working together of the various local cultural, intellectual and administrative bodies which at present remain largely aloof from one another.

This has particular application to us; there is current feeling at Victoria that we are somewhat isolated on the hill (emphasized by the fact that the university has within its precincts very good accommodation for its plays, concerts, etc., in the Memorial Theatre); and little is known by the general public about what goes on. Some coherent action by the relevant groups would perhaps have better results in making Victoria's public image more widely known, and highly thought of than the present peripheral contact made by each group on its own initiative with the others and the public at large.

There is an additional asset in students initiative or being in the forefront of the initiation of a Wellington Festival, in that the tendency to "philistinism" criticised last year in the Auckland Festival organisers by the editor of Craccum may be made a little more remote, even if it did not rule it out entirely.

L. E. RODDICK.

Hostels

Included in the University Council Report to the Executive was the information that two church organizations are interested in building Halls of Residence if land becomes available.



SAY DAD — WHERED YOU GET THAT CRAZY CAN-OPENER?

22 Years Tired

Dear Sir,—I have just been given a copy of Mr. Rowlands' amazing review of Argot, and was impressed mainly by its inane remarks, incoherent thought, and by the critic's obvious incompetence for his task. In all a thoroughly poor bit of writing, and worthy neither of your paper nor your reviewer.

Others will have sent letters expressing similar views and giving instances to support their argument. I need say no more. Except to comment on the curious last paragraph, in which I am severed from the "younger poets and new writers", and my poetry (the langorous, Chinese-type stuff) is given the extraordinary epithet "tired".

THE TIREDNESS OF KIRKLAND !!!

Dear editor, please tell your misinformed readers that I'm not middle-aged, nor disillusioned, nor languid, nor incapable of self-analysis . . . Mr. Rowlands, have mercy on a tired 22-year-old !!! You may have a photograph, on request.

Yours faithfully,
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N. Z. Culture Needs Polynesia

O TE RAKI, Legends of the North, by Florence Keene, with drawings by Eric Lee-Johnson; published by Paul's Book Arcade, Auckland and Hamilton, 1963. Price 21/-. 196 pages. Reviewed by P. (Graham) Robb.

New Zealand has shared with the rest of the world so many advances in the last ten years, that the problem of our isolation, once a primary preoccupation, has receded from the centre of interest and urgency.

This is perhaps unfortunate for the continuing validity of some New Zealand literature: art itself needs no justification, but themes and references can, by losing their immediacy, detract from the value of a work as part of a continuing development. Any consideration of isolation is now likely to be involved in the universal and perhaps more usefully discussed problem of the isolation of man,

"here in this far-pitched perilous hostile place
this solitary hard-assaulted spot
fixed at the friendless outer edge of space".

But another of New Zealand's "Problems" is still little alleviated; we share a language with England and America, but we do not share a country and ultimately we cannot completely share a culture. We need our own traditions; indeed the diminished factor of isolation makes this, if anything, more important. Although the English tradition as a whole must continue to be the major influence and guide, there is needed by artists and the people some sense of the vital spark of an indigenous tradition. We have the heritage of a young nation: pioneers, poets, soldiers, the "forgers of myths"; but the ancient history is in other hands.

The sense of depth in our own culture must come from the Polynesian peoples who understood this land earlier and perhaps better than we have. It is the subconscious recognition of this source which has in part influenced the present-day attitude to the Maori; certainly there is prejudice, but very frequently respect has proved more powerful, a respect which does not merely derive from the nature of the first encounters, seeing the Maori as land-owners, as fellow-citizens, and later as honourable enemies or feared assailants, then as comrades in arms. It does not even come simply from the comparative lightness of the Maori and the summer darkness of the pakeha skin; it is not even from the rapid (though not always successful) adaptations of a not so primitive people to a not so civilized world.

In fact the Maori are the Britons and Vikings to New Zealand, and the Pakeha-Normans must, though grudgingly, have some respect and tolerance for a spirit in another race, that they have desired to cultivate in their own. Thus the fusion and cohesion of a nation comes from a shared past and a loyalty to its values and traditions.

The appearance of an attractive book on Maori legends is the symptom from which may be diagnosed a wider if hardly recognised need. O TE RAKI is a testament to the importance of myths and the value of detailed and sympathetic accounts of the concerns of an earlier race, both of which contribute to the overall pattern of a nation; Florence Keene has provided firstly a useful sociological outline likely to serve only to whet the appetite,

and later has revealed a wealth of both fantasy and history. The stale and familiar legends are no longer enough; what was needed was such tales as are to be found here, ancient secrets with a new vitality, of battles, explorations, supernatural events, and of the domestic run of the day, fishing, planting and feasting.

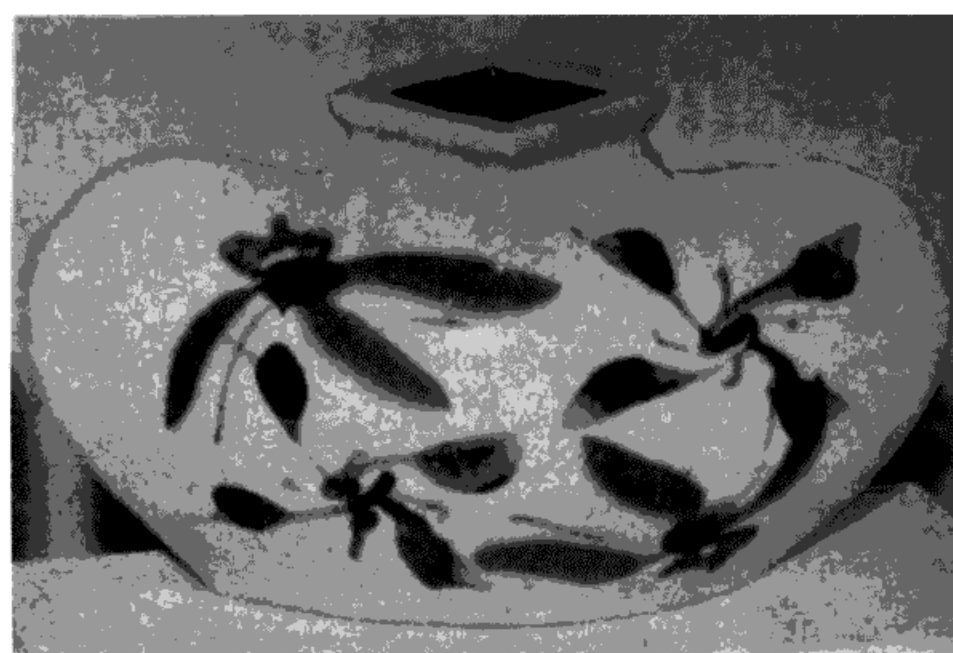
At times the story-telling is not particularly outstanding; occasionally it lacks the simplicity and uncluttered directness needed for such tales—*Tohe's Journey* for example, instead of being a stirring legend in the best heroic fashion too often subsides into an inflated foot-note. But more often the book does succeed in capturing the inimitable flavour of true folk-lore, even, as in the *Legendary Tale of Tuhua-angi* to that occasional touch of laconic understatement and humour often associated with Icelandic sagas.

The best feature is perhaps the writer's ability to give actuality to the stories by placing them in an often familiar setting; and in this she is admirably assisted by the strong characterization of Eric Lee-Johnson's illustrations, which show a quite remarkable appreciation of the Northland scene. That these drawings should be of the present-day is a great contribution to the value of this book, for they provide a vivid link with the traditional, just as the stories about place-names and peculiarly New Zealand ideas and objects given an added depth to local and cultural conceptions.

However the book does not entirely fulfil the function for which it is welcomed; it is not perfect, only a sound step in the right direction.

action. In the historical note R. S. Oppenheim does not go far enough when he states: "The old way of life is now a matter of history. The new Maori, however, will still need the traditions which assure him of his ethnic identity." In a changing world all New Zealanders may need to ensure their national identity.

The Note is nearer an important truth when it concludes: "By reference to one another's traditions they (Maori and Pakeha) may be able to gain a deeper insight into one another's views." For, especially in art, there must come a time when the traditions of both races are fused as a shared heritage, the historical context framing a united and individual modernity.



Pot by Takeichi Kawai.

Beauty, Design In Pottery Exhibits

By Sharon Crosbie.

At the Centre Gallery recently were two exhibitions of Japanese pottery and ceramics by Takeichi Kawai (the Master) and John Chappell (for some years the pupil). Unfortunately Mr. Chappell was killed in a motor-cycle accident recently and the feeling one has, after seeing his work is that he had not yet developed an individual style and that perhaps after a few more years he would have reached a higher standard.

After seeing Kawai's work Chappell's appears rather ordinary and coarse, partly due to the rough salt-glaze used; and all the pots seem to be designed with the stress on utility rather than beauty.

Kawai's work on the other hand style is timeless and beautiful and should be seen by anyone who wants to experience something rarely seen in New Zealand. It is a change from the usual junky collection of hefty New Zealand pots, brick jewellery and ash trays.

It is interesting after seeing the traditional Japanese ceramic display at the Centre Gallery to go to the display of Copenhagen Porcelain at Kirkcaldie and Stains which is representative of a completely different culture.

Kawai's work in the Japanese

Russian Writers, Forced Outlook?

From Gorky To Pasternak (Six Modern Russian Writers) by Helen Muchnie (Methuen), 438pp, 50/-. Reviewed by Murray Rowlands.

Three Russian writers met at Yalta in 1901; Chekov, Tolstoy and Gorky, each of whom was an epitome of the changes from time past and into the future that would take place in Russia.

Tolstoy is immediately bought in by Helen Muchnie to provide a comparison with the man who has, more than any one, shaped the official attitude to the writer today, Maxim Gorky.

Tolstoy was an individualist, suspicious of any theory which made generalisations about society. He could give to whatever he wrote about a sense of completeness which Chekov, lacking Tolstoy's inward and complex vision was unable to do.

Gorky's position in regard to Tolstoy is paradoxical, for he revered "the old master" while at the same time attacking him for advocating non-violence as a means of overcoming social ills, which he did in an article in the "London Times" in 1905.

The year itself climaxed in the first revolution in Russia and is

regretfully called by Professor Muchnie a "watershed between the old Russia and the new." Gorky was conscious of his social environment and of his position in the vanguard of the social revolutionaries, a type of man who, Gerhensohn writes, "recognises as the only object worthy of his interest and concern something that lies beyond his personality—the people, society, government."

"Despotism," Professor Muchnie claims, "has forced this extraverted attitude on to the Russians in not only politics and sociology, but in metaphysics, theology, ethics, education and jurisprudence." Gorky's measuring rod to each of these fields of learning was how much it would help the needs of the "peasants and workers."

Yet Gorky, to Muchnie, always unwittingly aided totalitarianism and although she somewhat grudgingly praises his more autobiographical stories, "Childhood" for instance, and his play "Lower Depths" (his only really successful play), the reviewer is left with a doubt that an ideological bias has coloured her opinion to some extent. However whether he was a "time server" as the Russian emigre believes, or "a hero" as most Soviet citizens believe, the man, full of revered observations, eagerness and intellectual naivety is always larger than his works.

Blok, unlike Mayakovsky and Gorky, had not been prepared by circumstances to be a revolutionary. He was born into the highest sphere of the Russian intelligentsia. His "Verses to a Beautiful Lady" are described by Professor Muchnie as translations of spiritual wanderings and complex emotions. "Blok could convert all the emotions of a complex religious psyche into a poem about the revolution." In this stanza Blok uses a folk lament:

"Fly away, you bourgeois, like a sparrow
Blood will I drink
For my sweetheart,
My black browed . . .
Rest, O Lord, the soul of thy servant Misery."

With Mayakovsky, Sholokhov, Leonov and Pasternak, the writer has written a brief autobiographical background and then continually relating back to the writer's life, made a critical assessment of each in turn. The reviewer in the New Statesman considered the book too weighted down by Professor Muchnie's concern to trace the philosophical beginnings of "socialist realism."

For myself, Miss Muchnie's observations seem to grow in stature with reflection but considering Leonov and Sholokhov are still alive some of her judgements are venturesome. Her appraisal of Pasternak for instance is one of unqualified greatness. The major part of her long chapter on Pasternak is of the Pasternak of "Zhiyago, rather than the poet, who I think has a right to be more deeply regarded."

This is an essential book for those who would understand the move for liberation of the Arts in the Soviet Union. However, Mayakovsky the "positivist" is at the last, before his suicide, cynical.

It is not hard to die in our world, Harder is it by far to make our life.

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Greatest French Film

By A. W. Everard.

Cahiers du Cinema contributors picked Jean Renoir's 1939 *La Regle du Jeu* (*The Rule of The Game*) as the greatest French film ever made.

It is said to have had a great influence on the young writers and directors of the *Nouvelle Vague*.

Richard Whitchall called it "the masterwork of a great director" in an appreciative article in *Films and Filmings* series called *Great Films of the Century* (November, 1962).

With high hopes then, I approached the Victoria University Film Society's screening expecting something of the standard of *La Grande Illusion* or *Partie de Campagne*, not even remotely expecting that this chronicle of a week-end in the country should have dated so disastrously.

It was not a case of being put off by incidentals—the plucked eyebrows, furniture and clothes of the Thirties—but simply that the socialites depicted seemed so much like amateur actors impersonating what they imagined high society to be like.

There is no question about Renoir's technique however.

His camera mobility and use of deep focus to show several actions within a frame is masterful.

Such sequences as the arrival of the guests during a downpour or the chase in which the pistol brandishing gamekeeper turns the party into an uproar testify to his mastery of the medium.

It is the ends towards which this beautifully assured technique is the means, which are not so persuasively interesting; distractions are too often provided by the inconsistencies of plot and character.

The cause of a large amount of my discontent can be attributed to the jarring styles of acting by the principals. There is Renoir

himself as Octave, the main pivot of the action, overenthusiastically throwing around his arms and voice (as out of place in this social atmosphere as Jean Paul Belmondo was in the family of *A Double Tour*).

Marcel Dalio, as the Maquis, is as suave, elegant and self-assured as he should be—as convincing as a Maquis as Norah Gregor is not, in the part of his unfaithful wife.

She has no ability to suggest a woman swayed by love and torn by conflicting claims; nothing could cause even a furrow to appear on her face let alone any change of expression.

Her indecisive switching of affection from her husband to her ex-lover to her old friend and back again is not feasible, at least in terms of this actress' non-performance. Just as incredible is Renoir's attempt to metamorphose a dull personality and unremarkable features into the character of a femme fatale.

A similar strain on my credibility was produced by the carryings-on, amongst their employers and the guests, of the staff.

I just don't believe that such a collection of the highly self esteeming haute bourgeoisie shown here would allow such forwardness and intrusion—insolence even—on the part of the servants in the presence of their employers.

Finally, there is the question of Renoir's aim in *La Regle du Jeu*. The foreword states that the film is intended as entertainment and not social commentary. Well it is, covertly if not overtly, and such a statement cannot be used as a preliminary ploy in case the film's message is lost along the way. The commentary comes across all right, it is the entertainment that never quite makes it.



Marlon Brando in "The Wild One".

Film Flexes Muscles

By Bill Alexander.

A highspot in town on Sunday night was the V.U.W. Film Society showing of Elia Kazan's "On the Waterfront."

Shown to a packed Little Theatre, this feature and several good supports were received very favourably. Announcements of further Film Society screenings were applauded.

As the sordid story of trade union corruption on an American waterfront unfolded, Penelope Houston's criticism of Kazan's films in which Marlon Brando starred, gained point.

From the first plug made in the film, as a sub-title, extolling the virtues of the small man standing up for his rights against a more powerful dictator ("self-appointed tyrants can be defeated by right-thinking people in a vital democracy") it is clear that this film is not going to tax interpreters of the esoteric.

The development of the film is simple, the characters hardly outstanding, and the ending predictable.

Brando, as the former racketeer turned "canary," or informer, receives his "deserts" when he is beaten up by union gangsters under the noses of unionists who excuse themselves from interference by the words "He is one of them."

The new purged Brando can then lead the men to work in defiance of the gangster unionists.

As Miss Houston says, Elia Kazan "usually emerges with some clearly lighted Freudian truth; and on the way he finds an immense amount that is vigorous and stimulating for his actors to do. Marlon Brando has never looked a more exciting actor than in his films for Kazan. Yet, at the end, one seldom feels that one has been watching very much more than a dazzling display of muscle-flexing, with some inspired performances on the side."

This general criticism can justly be applied to "On the Waterfront."

Joan Fanning -Artist

Joan Fanning's much publicised exhibition at the Centre Gallery consists of a number of oil paintings, a large number of uninteresting nude studies in water colour and some striking colour lithographs.

Among the oil paintings are 5 portraits. The only one which reflects any strength of character is that of Mrs. Lau, undoubtedly the best of the group. The rest seem too stereotyped.

The still-life paintings are not very inspiring nor is the copy of the *Card Players* (discreetly catalogued as after Cezanne) but which is in fact a straight copy.

Upon reflection copies of the more famous paintings by artists today seems to show up a certain weakness or insecurity otherwise they would not look back for inspiration; it can of course be argued that great works are copied as an exercise in the development of individual technique, but if this is so, such exercise should never be exhibited.

This one copy of Cezanne does not however have the same disastrous effect on the showing as the Reubens copies had on Berwald's recent exhibition.

Two scenes of Wellington among the collection are interesting because of the delicate fragile colours the artist uses; all the colours are reduced to pale blues and variations of mauve through to white. This is a distinct change from the interpretations of the same scene by artists such as Juliet Peter, John K. Castle and Peter MacIntyre.

The painting of Mecklenburgh Square, where Joan Fanning lived while studying in London, vies for position of the best painting with a study of an easel and a stool, incompletely painted and termed Project 1. Mecklenburgh Square is depicted under snow, the central features of the painting being the gaunt snow-covered trees standing out against the grey background.

The water-colours are among a series of studies the artist painted while in Salzburg at a special Summer School. The majority of the paintings are nude studies done with a very different brush technique which makes for effective colour blending; that is to say the outline is not of one colour but of several shades ranging from pinks to greens. Close up this is very effective but from a distance the sheer blowsiness and pot-bellied ugliness of the models catches one's attention more than the finer points of brush work.

The water-colour portraits are very good, much more so than the portraits in oils. A very effective floral group and a still life are the best of the rest.

The artist has employed a very useful device for giving clarity to her nude figures; this is a thin black border on the inside of the wide picture frame. Those without this line do not stand out nearly as clearly as those with it.

The lithographs are among the best seen at recent exhibitions in Wellington. Joan Fanning studied lithography while in London and judging from the few on display the medium is particularly suited to her style.

Because Joan Fanning is now an established artist of some repute both here and overseas, with a distinctly individual style, the exhibition is of great interest to those interested in art. The prices are unfortunately alarmingly high.

Music Soc. Concert

Highlight of the Music Society's first concert (lunchtime April 16) were the songs from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" by Mahler, sung by Jean Williams with Murray Brown piano.

These are demanding songs, no less in technical difficulty than in the expression of the far-away romanticism of the young Mahler. Jean Williams brought them off with assurance and feeling which revealed close understanding of the music. Fine accompaniment from Murray Brown too.

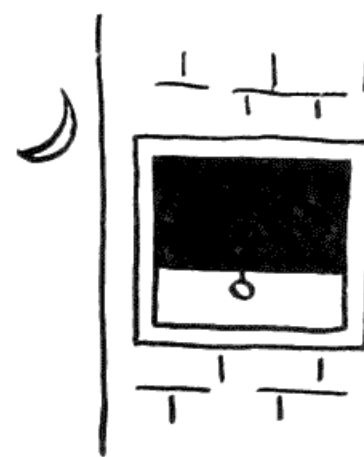
The combination of Hindemith and bassoon is not everyone's idea of exciting listening. Noeline Kloogh (bassoonist in the NZBC Concert Orchestra) with Murray Brown (piano) gave a precise rendering of the Hindemith Bassoon Sonata which was absorbing if not exciting. Something to be noted for future concerts in the Music Room: the piano accompaniment was too loud, sometimes drowning or making difficult to hear, the bassoon.

In the Beethoven Trio No. 3 also, the piano tended to be unduly prominent. The Trio was played by Murray Gronwall (violin), Susan Smith (cello) and Graham Parsons (piano). Plenty of wrong or missed notes in this one and a lack of elan vital. But one thing was clear; with a little more preparation this group could have made a first class job of the work.

Rosemary Barnes gave a polished performance of Scarlatti's rattling Sonata No. 68 in D. She whipped the work along in fine style but perhaps lost a few of its interesting nuances in doing so. There was no question of technical inadequacy however.

By George Quin.

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Inscrutable Asians Haunt The Campus

To most New Zealand students, we Asians are not only an object of curiosity but also of an impenetrable myth. Our national costumes—the Malay songkok and sarong, the Vietnamese Ao Dai, the Chinese split cheongsam—give an esoteric charm that fascinates but means little. Our languages and dialects sound like Latin incantations of the Roman Catholic Church. Our curry makes your eyes water. And what's going on in our minds baffles all comprehension. At times, we are the centre of a seemingly fervent but momentary attraction; at other times we are looked askance at. Often we are looked upon with envy. Asian students carry high bursaries, receive red-carpet treatment, live on New Zealand charity and date New Zealand girls.

All these misunderstandings stem from two main facts. Firstly, the New Zealand students' failure to know the problems normally confronting the Asian students and, secondly, the Asian students' failure to take the initiative to make themselves more approachable to their New Zealand friends. Until both parties realize these two facts and show a sincere willingness to "break the ice", the barrier of misunderstanding that already exists between us will remain. One group of us may return to our respective countries, another group may yet arrive to "worry" you. The Asian Inscrutability will still continue to haunt the Campus.

The object of this article is to lay bare to the New Zealand students some of the typical problems that face the Asian students. An awareness of these problems may perhaps help our New Zealand friends to know us better, to approach us not with fear but with understanding.

I want therefore to divide the problems under four headings: academic, social, political and psychological.

Academic: It is generally recognized that the standard of our educational backgrounds is very much lower than that of the New Zealand students. Some of the countries which we come from have universities, but in many cases, the degrees conferred by these universities are not recognized in the Western countries nor are they recognized in this part of the world. Illiteracy is still a scourge that permeates practically every South-east Asian country. Most of us are sent overseas not because we are the "brightest" but mainly because there are no "brighter" ones! This may sound a bit paradoxical, but, such is the irony of life.

By G. S. LIM

Against these lamentable educational backgrounds, we come to this country to compete with the New Zealand students in our academic pursuits. We receive the same lectures, have our essays or examination papers marked by the same tutors or examiners. The universities of course have their academic standards which cannot and must not be lowered in favour of the Asian students. It is a battle in which the fittest survives.

The Asian students must therefore work treble hard in order to catch up with their New Zealand friends, let alone compete with them. Thus you find many of us bury ourselves in books, never turn up in any of the university recreational activities. So we are looked upon as typical Asian "bookworms," "unsociable creatures" and the like. Little does one know how much we want to share your social life, but the echoes of "you must study" keep haunting our minds.

A great many of us do not know "how" to study, how to take lecture notes, or how to write essays. Thus however much we study, we make no headway, we get nowhere, and we are lost. The New Zealand students often wonder at this. Language difficulty, emotional upsets, environmental orientation are of course problems. But I think the main reason should be traced back to the teaching methods in the schools of our respective countries. There, as is often the case, the teacher writes out his notes on the blackboard, the students copy them down, learn them by heart and pass the examinations. In a nutshell, it is a parrot-like teaching method. There, we must take the teacher's words as unchallengeable gospel. Here, we can take them as heresies. There, uniformity is stressed; here, there is the tacit agreement to differ.

Thus in our first year at the university, many of us find it very puzzling why one lecturer should assert, for instance, that a certain book is a work of art, while another should condemn it as "third-rate commercial sensationalism." Which view point should we take? Of course we are not obliged to take any. But if we are patient enough, we will eventually find that either the lecturers are often arguing at cross purposes, or, as is more likely, they do not know what they are arguing about!

The number one problem that confronts most Asian students is

English. In almost all the South East Asian countries, English is used only in a very limited circle. Where English is used, it is often the case of "have to" not "want to"; e.g. an Asian government officer talking to his superior European officer or a teacher in an English school addressing the class. Outside these departments of life, English is not normally used as a medium of communication. In countries where national feeling is strong and where there is an anti-colonial sentiment, English conversations among Asians are looked upon with suspicion and in some cases, with contempt.

Thus social mores and public disapprobation discourage the use of English in our day to day communication. Another important element which discourages the use of English by students in Asian countries is the tendency to laugh at those who make some grammatical or pronunciation mistakes in their English. A painful experience which I had may perhaps help to illustrate this point. When I was at secondary school, I found it extremely hard to pronounce the "X" sound in words such as "six," "axe," "et cetera." One day, my teacher asked me to read out an algebraic equation $6x + 2y$ equals 10. With great difficulty, I said, "Sick egg plus two y . . ." The teacher interrupted me at once. "What? Sick egg? I don't want sick egg. I want good egg!" The whole class of course roared with laughter. For one whole month, the teacher kept on calling me "Sick egg." This got badly on my nerves.

Thus with lack of practice and with the fear of being laughed at, we Asian students belong to what Professor Quirk calls the "anxious group." "They live their lives in some degree of nervousness over their grammar, their pronunciation, and their choice of words; sensitive, and fearful of betraying themselves." If a man like T.S. Elliot who even after "20 years . . . trying to learn to use words," confessed that "every attempt is a wholly new start," which left him "still with the intolerable wrestle with words and meanings," how much more difficult do we find it to have to use English to write essays, to participate in tutorials, to take part in "intelligent" conversations?

If therefore our New Zealand friends find some of us uncommunicative, please do not take us as being unsociable, hard to get along with. If you happen to find us talking in our own language instead of English, please do not take it that we are cursing you. Please give us a little bit more time.

To those of you who are interested in the interpretations of dreams, perhaps it may be helpful to know that it was not until six months after I arrived in New Zealand that I had my first dream with an English dialogue!

Social: Social mores of one type or another permeate every society, be it a small fishing village in Malaysia or an advanced society like New Zealand. These social mores still condition our thinking and attitude towards others even though we may be thousands of miles away from home. In some of our countries, polygamy is not only received with approval but also emulated by large sections of the community. In others, pre-marital

sexual relations are often regarded as immoral. In most South East Asian countries, putting our grandfathers in an Old Men's Home and visiting them only at Christmas time is a moral crime of the first degree. It is therefore unavoidable that some of the Asian students' behaviour and attitudes should come into conflict with that of the New Zealanders.

A few words about Asian students dating New Zealand girls. Remarks such as "Look at those Colombo Plan students, they come here at our expense and they date our girls!" are not uncommon. Such remarks, however jovially made, imply some disapproval if not outright discrimination. Like a negro, whose teeth appear whiter than the whitest of a white man's, the movements of the Asian students here become strikingly noticeable in a predominantly white population.

Thus nobody would take any notice of a male-kiwi kissing a female-kiwi in the corner of a street, provided that their action does not become so fiery that it constitutes a breach of public decency. On the other hand, if an Asian student and a New Zealand girl go to the pictures together, a great number of the audience would look at them as if they were members of the Royal Family, with perhaps one difference: a look of admiration for the Royal couple but a look of surprise for the white and yellow combination.

In the former case (kissing in the street), it is a natural phenomenon which excites no reaction. In the latter (going to the pictures), it is an unnatural event which immediately invites the presence of Mrs. Grundy. Hence the Asian students are often placed in some sort of a quandary. If they group together, others might say that Asian students always keep to themselves, never like to mix with the Kiwis. If they go to parties, pictures or other social activities with Kiwi boys all the time, they are branded as "Homos." If they abstain from going out altogether, they are accused of leading a secluded and unbalanced life. Heavens, tell me if there is a way out!

Political: Before leaving their own countries, Asian students are warned not to take part in any political activities during their study overseas. "Thou shall not contribute articles of political content to any press;" "Thou shall not become a member of any political organization;" "Thou shall not take part in any political demonstration" etc. These warnings, whether explicitly or implicitly made, imply some sanction.

For instance, the government of a certain South East Asian country in October last year promulgated a decree awarding death penalty to those who "deviate from the State's official ideology, who listen to Radio Malaysia . . ." Thus if the students from that country are found publicly deviating from the state's ideology or singing the national anthem of Malaysia or standing as a mark of respect when it is played (which is possible if they are invited to attend a Malaysian students' function), they could easily be asked to say their last farewell to New Zealand.

Those who are not aware of the Asian students' background, often wonder why Asian students are generally apathetic towards students'

politics, e.g. criticising the government, protesting to the French Embassy against French nuclear tests, taking part in the Easter March, carrying placards to the airport to "welcome" the South African cricket team and so forth. Those who are aware of the above facts and wonder why Asian students do not protest to their governments should ponder this: You can protest, protest and protest in a democratic country but in a guided form of democracy, you had better keep your mouth shut.

Psychological: All the foregoing problems, academic, social, political, are inter-related and they all tend to produce emotional problems of one kind or another for the Asian students. Many of the Asian countries are suffering from economic or political instability. The present situations in South Vietnam, Indonesia, Malaysia and so on are political realities which constantly keep the overseas students biting their finger nails.

Separated from homes thousands of miles away, in a society where everything is so un-Asian, they escape the smell of ammunition that pollutes the atmosphere in their mother countries, but they are also unable at this critical moment to see their own folks even to attend the funerals of some dear ones who were killed by some unknown persons styled as "rebels" or "revolutionaries" (last year, three relatives of an Asian student studying in Wellington were grenaded by some terrorists). These students not only suffer from nostalgia and loneliness but also often from bitter frustration.

A New Zealander who had spent the past four years lecturing in an Asian university, recently came back to New Zealand. Addressing a students' congress not very long ago, he alleged and complained that Colombo Plan Students in New Zealand were being treated too well; they received high bursaries and attractive travelling allowances, they had special hostels pro-

vided for them, they insisted on having and were given Asian food, etc. Such "red-carpet treatment," he contended, was detrimental not only to the Asian students but also to the New Zealanders. He asserted that Asian students in New Zealand must be expected to lead the New Zealand way of life; only then would there be real understanding between them. Before we discuss the plausibility of his arguments, let us consider for a moment or two his allegations.

Bursaries: Are Colombo Plan students being paid too much? The sole test of any charitable or humanitarian organization is its GENUINENESS. It is not a question of "How much." It is not what one gives that matters, rather, it is the way one gives it. If one nags about the "too much" or the "too little" of one's aid, one not only makes oneself uncomfortable but one also makes the recipient feel that he is living on the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table.

Special Hostel: What is the purpose of having a Colombo Plan Students' hostel in Wellington? Realising the very different social backgrounds of the Asian students and considering it most undesirable and unwise for young Asian students away from home for the first time to start trying to look after themselves too soon in a new country, the New Zealand Government has made every effort to provide hostel accommodation for those below the age of 21 and for as many students as possible during their first year. The Colombo Plan Hostel in Wellington is intended mainly for the purpose of orientating the newcomers, not, as the gentleman suggested, to create a barrier between the Asian and New Zealand students.

As a matter of fact, there are many Asian students in the country who are staying in New Zealand homes or who are taking flats with New Zealand students. Aren't they making some efforts to assimilate themselves into the New Zealand way of life?

(continued on page seven)



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Anarchist Leanings ? National Club

Political Editor

A very quiet gathering of National Club members met for their AGM recently. Business was conducted to the strains of anarchist inspired levity and sceptical interjections. A motion from Jonty Markham gave the National boys a chance to affiliate to the Royal Association of Anarchists; a move which no national member spoke against, but which was defeated fourteen votes to eight. Had liaison been better between the instigators of the motion and the extravites rehearsing next door, the national club may well have found its chances of affiliation with the national party, which it later resolved to do, frustrated.

During the course of the business, N. Robertson, who had been a member of the team which earlier in the year debated against the Labour club, expressed a desire that the new club would not become a typical National Club. He said that it should consider ways in which "our country could be better governed."

Responsibility for the club's activities was given to the committee, under the Presidency of third year Political Science and Law student Alister Taylor. They were directed to set up policy discussion groups and organise functions.

Rowlands complained from the floor on the centralisation of power in the committee's hands, after it had had the nomination of conference delegates referred to it for consideration.

Rowlands, whose connection with the National Club was challenged by Taylor, later filled out a form for prospective membership of the club, as did Markham.

After the AGM, the Director General of the National Party, Mr. Wilson, spoke on "The Appeal of Right Wing Politics". "People," he said, "are happier if they have a stake in the show. Affairs are better run by people if they get an extra bob or two. The Right," he continued, "tends to stress that property rights and freedom mean for a healthier and better society. The past," he claimed, "was felt by the true conservative to be the best guide to the future. The Left say, out the window with the past."

When he maintained that the Right wing was more prepared for defence, Rowlands asked, "Who are we defending ourselves against?" "The fact remains," Mr. Wilson replied, "that in this day, if we don't defend ourselves, someone is liable to step in."

Economics graduate Tony Ashenden inquired as to whether the National Party were going to continue their "running, jumping, standing still direction of the economy, the policy of the Yoyo." Upon clarification of the question to "Does the party intend continuing these yoyo policies?" Mr. Wilson replied, "Briefly yes—it is the pragmatism of the right." Ashenden stressed the significance of Mr.

(continued from page six)

Asian Food

Food: While I must admit that I, for one, find it extremely difficult to have to take European food for seven days a week and 365 days a year, it is, however, certainly untrue that Asian students insist on having Asian food (even though what bread is to you, rice is to us). For instance, I am staying in a hostel which accommodates some 98 residents of whom only four are Asians (and we come from three different countries). We take the same food as the others do. While I must confess that I sometimes do get sick of the food, I have no cause to complain, because others feel the same too.

In conclusion, I hope that I have covered some of the most important and the most common problems that face the Asian students in New Zealand. If my article has helped towards a better understanding of the Asian students and their problems by our New Zealand friends, my time in wrestling with it and your time in reading it have not been wasted.

Nordmeyer's policy to provide for growth and planning of the economy, enunciated during the election.

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SERVICE GUIDE

In this SALIENT Service Guide we hope we have provided a full list of the goods and services you will be needing this year. If not, the Advertising Manager welcomes suggestions for services not already mentioned here. First-year students, especially, should find this guide useful.

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Indonesian Culture Not What Europeans Think

By George Quinn.

Until recently, the greatest quantity of authoritative information on Indonesian culture came from European scholars, especially Dutch. Today, however, Indonesians themselves are becoming increasingly articulate on the subject of their own culture—and many of their views on it conflict with Western conclusions.

A few of these new views were evident in the talk "Indonesian Culture" delivered by Mr. Ali Marsaban as part of Indonesia Week. The talk dealt with the cultural history of the Indonesian region and was followed by two films illustrating Javanese architecture, carving and dance.

The most important foreign influence on Indonesian culture has been Indian. Indian culture appeared in Java and Sumatra early in the Christian era and became dominant about the 7th century. Before this time the Indonesian puppet shadow-play had already become established, and the distinctive lines of Indonesian architecture formed. Although these were temporarily blanketed by Indian culture, they emerged many centuries later modified by the Indian influence.

Mr. Marsaban was critical of the generally held theory that Hindu and Buddhist ideas were disseminated in Sumatra and Java through Indian merchants and invaders. He claimed that Indonesian priests had spread Indian ideas after having returned from study in India. He said that although the great kings of the Hindu Sailendra empire had borne Indian names, they were in fact Indonesians. This conflicts with the usual view that Indians ruled in Western Indonesia for many centuries.

Commenting on the mighty temple of Borobudur in Central Java, Mr. Marsaban said its architecture showed clearly the merging of Indian and Indonesian ideas. But, he said, far from being a monument erected about a relic of the Buddha, Borobudur was the burial place of ten Indonesian kings of the Sailendra empire.

It should be noted however, that the nine terraces and the stupa of Borobudur apparently correspond to ten stages on the Buddhist path to enlightenment. The carvings on many of the terraces illustrate some of the important Buddhist scriptures. It seems unlikely (but by no means impossible) that a structure so explicitly Buddhist should have been erected to house the bodies of Hindu kings.

The Hindu epics "The Mahabharata" and "The Ramayana" were translated into Old Javanese about the 10th or 11th century and became very popular. The Indian origin of these epics was forgotten but they formed a basis for stories acted in Balinese and Javanese dance and in the wayang or shadow-play.

The shadow-play originated deep in Indonesian antiquity and was at first an attempt to represent the spirits or shadow people of the primitive animist religion. Later, the shadow-play was adapted to present Indian epics and other popular stories. Although frowned upon by the early Moslems, the shadow-play has survived through to the present and remains very popular.

The transition to Islam was very peaceful said Mr. Marsaban. This was because the Moslem religion had absorbed elements of Persian

and Indian thought which made it more acceptable to Indonesians when it reached that region. The Moslem contact had been especially fruitful in producing paintings and new puppet forms.

Indonesians were still at grips with Western culture. Mr. Marsaban said (referring obliquely to the present political situation) that Indonesians would always seek an accommodating solution to problems arising from contact with Western culture. He said Indonesians were tolerant and flexible but also strong, and would inevitably incorporate Western cultural patterns into their own.

Although he had little time, it is surprising that Mr. Marsaban made no mention of Balinese dance which is renowned throughout the

cappicade

Cappicade Sellers are going to have a better deal this year than last year.

This is due to the motion which was re-affirmed at the executive meeting before Easter:

"That the commission on cappicade sales be raised to 12% for private sellers and 15% for clubs with the proviso that each private seller would have to sell at least 300 cappicades and each club at least 2000 copies to qualify for the new commission figures, failing which, that is selling a number under the said minimum the seller would then only be entitled to the previous figures of 6% and 10% for private sellers and clubs respectively."

Public Relations officer Robin Bell is trying for an all day collection, with students being able to collect anywhere in town. Apparently Wellington City Council is still considering this.



Above — cultivated terraces in Indonesia. Below—a river scene. The culture of this tropical land was the topic of a recent talk by Mr. Ali Marsaban, an Indonesian diplomat stationed in Australia.

U.S. Presidential Ins And Outs

Richard Nixon could well be President Johnson's opponent in the November election.

Mr. Raffle of the Political Science Department believes Nixon is in some ways the most likely choice for the Republican Party convention. Though he has not announced, he would be certain to answer a party call. In 1960, he lost to Kennedy by only 112,000 votes.

This year, the votes which the religious question attracted to the Democrats will probably swing back. As an already respected international figure, Nixon could be what the Republicans are looking for.

Goldwater was badly hurt by the assassination. He attracted the support of many who disliked Kennedy, particularly in the South. With Johnson, an albeit "half-baked" Southerner of nonetheless predictable qualities in office, much of the Goldwater support could have lost its purpose.

Rockefeller will undoubtedly suffer from his family difficulties, and Romney from trouble last year with his legislative programme. Lodge, as ambassador to vital South Viet Nam, as former vice-presidential candidate and ambassador to the UN, is also candidate material.

Whoever his opponent is, reelection for Johnson is highly likely. But he faces some major problems. The question of a Vice-presidential candidate has become vital. Roosevelt died in office; Eisenhower had three major illnesses; Kennedy was assassinated; Johnson himself suffered a severe heart-attack in 1955.

More than ever before, America is concerned about her vice-president. While the position will inevitably be used as in the past for a sop to disappointed sections of the party, the political ability of the candidate will be much more carefully considered. Names such as Bobby Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey have been brought forward, but the only safe prediction is that the candidate will probably be a liberal Northerner.

The second major influence will be how Johnson deals with the racial disturbances which will inevitably occur between now and the election.

Johnson will benefit from such Kennedy legacies as the taxcut bill, though this was actually a bi-partisan affair. Anti-Kennedy feelings such as the antagonism of the South and of certain sections of the business world (earned in the steel-prices dispute) disintegrated with the assassination. His problem is to retain the liberal Kennedy support without alienating the anti-Kennedy elements.

In foreign affairs, the Johnson administration has been both lucky and competent. There have been no major crises since Johnson took over, and he has exercised great restraint over Panama and Guantanamo. In Cuba he can point to the fact that the Soviet force has decreased to about 5000, while the trade cut indicates definite action.



Vic man makes downstroke at Easter Tournament.

Stop Press

Nominations for Students' Association Officers closed as Salient went to press and included:

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