

WHERE IS LEE HARVEY OSWALD NOW WE NEED HIM ?

Salient 33 19

comment

University Sellout

The growth sector education-wise in Gods Own at the moment, is capitalism. Free enterprise is getting into the top notch of New Zealand's "state" education system, and nobody gives a stuff.

Marketing, Finance, Business Studies, Industrial Relations—are all coming or have already arrived at Victoria University. Even the proposed Education Research Centre is being originally financed by the McKenzie Foundation—the philanthropic arm of the store chain.

All of these efforts are either financed by, or are catering directly to, the business community. Is this what a university is for? Academics are too stuck in their own little niches to think about it, and sit silently by as academic standards, integrity, and university independence go flying out the window.

Most of the money comes without apparent strings, but

most of it runs out after a few years leaving the baby in the University's lap. And will the U.G.C. come running with the extra dollars then? Like hell they will! "It wasn't our idea in the first place." And they'll be right—it wasn't. But their overhead axeman, the National Government, is doing its bit to help.

It was interesting to note in the Evening Post of Sat. 22nd August that Robbing Rob Muldoon, the Tory Minister of Finesse, had announced that all donations to the Industrial Relations Centre will be tax deductible.

So the local Fat Caps are laughing. They work a tax dodge and turn out little Brieries by the hundred to make more money to bribe more ministers to work more tax dodges for them. Bloody good business, but is it the function of a university?

The offers of thousands of dollars look pretty good to a university suffering from economic malnutrition, and the bait is snapped up thoughtlessly.

The Library has to buy extra books (or whatever it is that apprentice businessmen read) for the new subjects—but money for the Library is going down, not up.

The university administration is overtaxed now. How many more departments can it handle?

How much assurance do we have that the money which is coming from business is without strings? I can find little. The threat of withdrawal of funds must always hang over the department or centre concerned.

At Victoria we don't even have a Stage III course in Maori—there is no advanced study of the language or culture of our native people. Why is there no money for this?

The social sciences are all crying out for money and facilities for research into the social problems of the country. Why is there no money for this?

The Library can only afford about half of the purchases regarded as essential by academic departments. Why is there no money for books?

The pattern must be clear by now. The almighty dollar is taking over.

ROB CAMPBELL

Winter Council

It is very difficult at times to by-pass the personality clashes at an NZUSA meeting. It's even harder to recall that one is not there to argue with super-egos a la Draper or Law, but to put forward ideas on behalf of Victoria students and to try to reach some kind of agreement with the other universities.

NZUSA, after all, is merely a vehicle created by the various Students' Associations to enable them to carry out some of their functions (Educational, National, Political) in co-operation and also to exchange local information.

Amazingly enough, within the hurly-burly of Winter Council (at Massey this year) these functions were in fact performed. Information was received and co-operation was achieved on matters relating to student accommodation, education in New Zealand, international affairs, student welfare, and many of the social issues of concern to students.

The major debates centred first around FOCUS, and next around the raising of the levy in 1971.

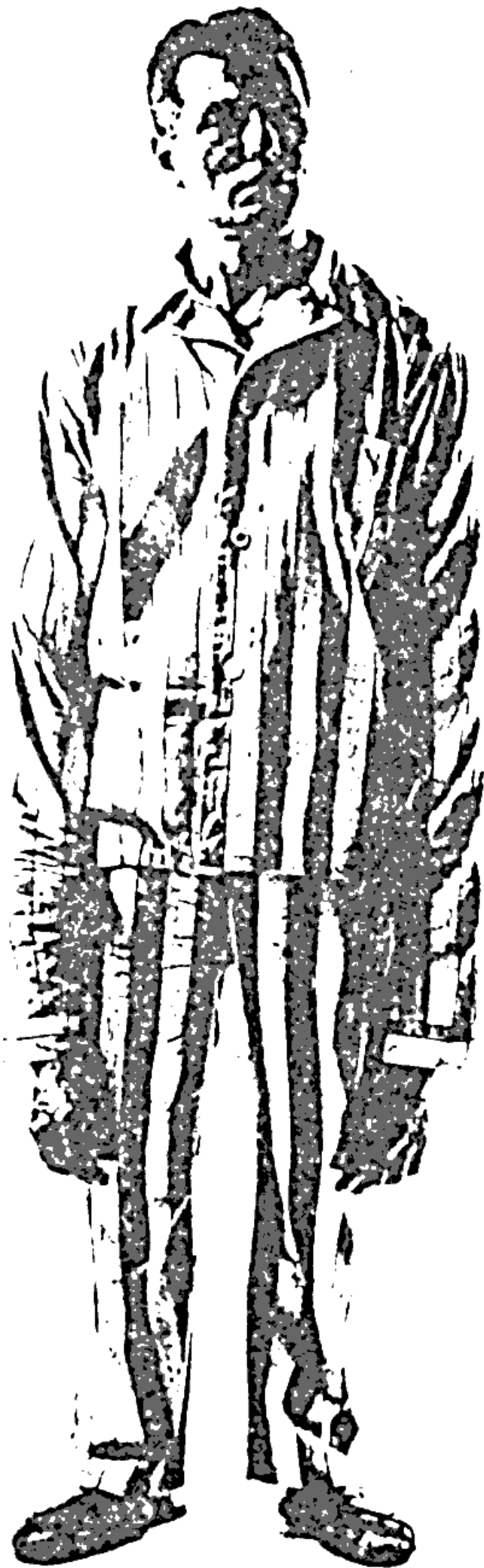
The FOCUS debate ranged long and bitter. All agreed that the present FOCUS was not the magazine NZUSA wanted. These questions remain. Do we want a national student magazine at all?

If so, what kind of magazine should it be and what should it aim at?

Should we aim for a slick, professional magazine of comment, for a semi-professional hard-hitting monthly magazine, or for a fortnightly underground newspaper? The final decisions will be made, probably on a compromise basis, later this term.

The levy question is extremely vexed. Constituents are now asking NZUSA for so much that costs are high and rising. Even so, Victoria, along with Massey, dissented from the decision to raise the levy to \$1 per student. Otago and Lincoln are now reported to be unhappy as well. A major discussion on the limitation of levies and curtailment of national activities will have to take place soon at Victoria.

It would be silly to pretend that this Winter Council was enjoyable, or satisfactory. It was marred by more personal bickering and political intrigue away from the table. Perhaps the most positive contributions were the Constitutional Amendment and the FOCUS reports. In these Victoria played a leading part. But Victoria failed as much as any other constituent to keep the National Commission on a co-operative and non-personal basis.



THE EDITOR RESIGNS

"One of the most stimulating influences experienced by a policeman is that he is constantly under a microscope." — Commonwealth Police Commissioner J.M. Davis, speaking at a summer school for journalists in Australia in February.

I think I would have to agree that, as a rule, to resign is the easy way out. But I know that it wasn't easy for me or the other members of staff to decide to resign. It would be fair to ask "What does resignation prove? — What good can it do?" Sadly, the answer would have to be that resignation proved nothing and that no good will come of it. But then we weren't trying to achieve anything.

I resigned because the Executive's decision to apologise seemed to me to involve a complete contradiction of SALIENT's basic function. In every issue of the newspaper there are several hundred statements which purport to be true. Most of them are fairly trivial, but some statements are significant. If I am asked to publish a statement saying that something I have written in a signed editorial is completely untrue and without foundation, what credibility can the newspaper as a whole have?

The Executive's decision involved the rejection of a policy adopted in the SRC by 290 votes to 14.....

There is a point which I should have thought the Association should have been prepared to try to expose in a court of law: no one has at any time disputed that Shadbolt was struck by a plainclothes policeman. There are several witnesses to this incident. The only dispute has been over who that policeman was.

And what about the constitutional questions raised? The Executive's action would appear to raise the question of whether the SRC has any power at all. The Executive initially made a unanimous recommendation to the SRC against an apology, and would thus seem to have acknowledged that the SRC had the final power of decision.

This dispute raises a number of questions that would not normally have come to light....But examining these issues (or

deciding whether to examine them at all) is now a problem for the Association, to whom the newspaper belongs. And it's because SALIENT belongs to the Association that I had no choice but to publish an apology. If I had sent the newspaper to the printers without an apology in it the President would have been quite entitled to ask the printers if the apology was in the paper and, when told that it wasn't, ask the printers to insert an apology in place of any material in the paper.

This is as it should be. SALIENT doesn't belong to its Editor but to its publishers.... Of course, the issue was seasoned a little by personality conflicts. Denis Phelps remarked, several days before I resigned on 22 August, that he was willing to edit the newspaper and that "three senior members of the present SALIENT staff" were prepared to assist him.

The following members of the staff have resigned in protest at the Executive's decision in addition to myself: the Deputy Editor, Les Atkins; the Technical Editor, Graham Ingram; the Reviews Editor, Gil Peterson; photographers Alan Browne and John Eastcott; reporters Lindsay Wright, Cecily Pinker, Geoff Davies and Gavin McGuire; and John Falvey, The Advertising Manager. I have not spoken to one of the photographers and one of the reporters yet so I do not know what their attitude will be. The only other member of staff, Janet Oakley, was undecided about her attitude when I spoke to her.

I hope that whoever takes over SALIENT now — and any students who join its staff — will work for the principle that SALIENT must be free to publish the truth — about students, about policemen, about anyone. And I hope that if anyone tries to stop them from doing this they won't put up with interference. This is the first mass SALIENT resignation since the 1950's at least. It is a very bad precedent. I hope that all students who care about the independence of the student press will do their best to ensure that a similar situation will not recur.

The above views are probably representative of those of the rest of the SALIENT staff. I should like here to thank them very much indeed for the work they

did for SALIENT. I should also like to thank Margaret Bryson, Graeme Collins, Graeme Nesbitt and the many other people who gave SALIENT their support this year.

It has been found necessary to abridge the above on legal advice

Background

Following an editorial in Salient on the Anti-Tour demonstrations a letter was received by the Association demanding an apology for defamation of Detective Sergeant Lines.

The Executive met over the incident and, on examining the evidence available then, unanimously recommended to the SRC that no apology be made. The SRC moved a motion to this effect.

Term ended the next day and in the following week further evidence was presented by the Association's solicitors which satisfied the Executive that Lines had not been involved in the punching incident. The Executive decided, therefore, to apologise for this allegation (2 dissents, 1 abstention). Les Atkins, deputy editor of SALIENT, resigned.

The Executive met again to consider the form of the apology and over two meetings decided that a full apology and withdrawal (2 dissents) should be made and that it should be in the form printed on page 3 of this issue. The same day David Harcourt handed in his resignation as editor of SALIENT. It therefore became the responsibility of the Publications Officer to produce SALIENT.

editorial

In the early hours of Wednesday 19 August, police were called to remove a number of young people from the Student Union Building at Victoria University.

This has been described by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr D.B.C. Taylor, as an "unhappy incident". We agree. But we think that the unhappiest part of it is the failure of the Vice-Chancellor and of the President of the VUW Students Association, Miss M. Bryson, to support those in charge of the building in their efforts, mistaken or not, to deal with a very difficult situation.

Dr Taylor is struck by the ease of picking up the phone to call the police, yet does not seem to take into account that the Arts Festival controllers and members of the Student Union staff had reasoned and argued with the would-be sleepers-in for over an hour before reluctantly calling in the police to clear the building.

It should be emphasised that we do not necessarily hold that the police should have been called. In fact we are inclined to think not. However, they were called as a last resort so that the condition laid down by the University that the building be cleared by 4 a.m. could be complied with.

The existence of any rule is surely called into question by the reported attitude of the Vice-Chancellor that if that rule was challenged it should have been ignored. We think Miss Bryson, for her part, stretched our credulity a mite too far when she said that those arrested had refused to leave the building because it was "too late and too far to go back to their billets". Apart from the fact that many were billeted in the Kelburn area, it is clear that the sleep-in was anything but spontaneous.

We find Miss Bryson's peddling of an addition to "The Rights of Man": i.e. the right of students to use a common room "as they see fit", simply too funny for comment. Suffice it to point out that none of the students were even from Victoria University.

Dr Taylor has stated (27th August)—and it is accepted—that he was misquoted in the press and at no time did he even consider disciplinary action against Messrs Boyd and Nesbitt. Neither did he state that those persons had no right to call the police. Nevertheless it is clear that Messrs Boyd and Nesbitt did not receive from the vice-chancellor or the student president the positive support they deserved. Nesbitt and Boyd were the men on the spot. They had the responsibility and the firsthand knowledge of the situation.

It is pleasing to note that the VUWSA Executive, on the 21st August, passed a motion of confidence in the handling of the situation by the Arts Festival controller and the managing secretary. This motion was passed without dissent in spite of the feeling by many members of the Executive that the police presence on campus is anything but desirable.



Messrs' Nesbitt and Boyd had been publicly humiliated.

The unfortunate precedent had been created of the police being invited on to campus.

And Dr Taylor and Miss Bryson had committed themselves to not using this ultimate sanction if faced by a repetition of the sleep-in or indeed by any other action not actually "causing damage to life or limb"

So we were faced on succeeding nights by the laughable spectacle of several persons, hardly any of them involved in the original incident, spending the night in a common room under the motherly eye of Miss Bryson. Plied with coffee by the Students Association President, they went away content that they had proved something. Just what, they were not quite sure.

In fact all they showed was just how easily some people around this University can be stampeded by the illusory fear of an impending student revolt (a la Logan). Miss Bryson, in particular, should ask herself whether her actions last week would have been the same had the troublemakers been a bunch of drunken law students rather than a group led by a certain Auckland "journalist"

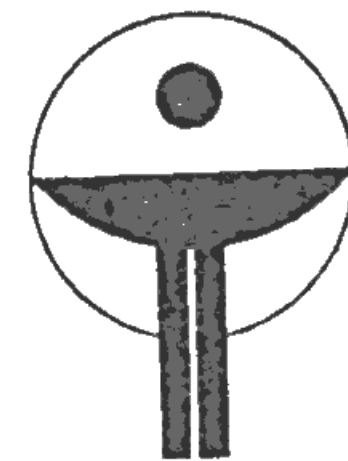
GRC, DBP.

staff

This SALIENT was produced by Graeme Collins with the valuable assistance of Simon Arnold, Murray O'Neill, Rob Campbell, Colin Knox. And Bill Logan, John Miller, Janet Oakley, Peter Craven and God. As well as the acknowledged contributors there were Chris Moisa, Denis Phelps, Dennis Leong, Geoff Fellows, Alun Bollinger and others who wish to remain anonymous. Many others also offered assistance.

IT HAS SINCE BEEN ASCERTAINED THAT DETECTIVE SERGEANT C.W. LINES DID NOT PUNCH OR KICK ANY DEMONSTRATORS AND VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF WELLINGTON STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION INCORPORATED, NOW RECOGNIZES THAT THERE WAS NO FOUNDATION FOR THE STATEMENT AND REGRETS THAT IT WAS EVER MADE.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF WELLINGTON STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION INCORPORATED IS GLAD TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO UNRESERVEDLY CORRECT ITS ERROR AND TO EXPRESS ITS REGRET TO DETECTIVE SERGEANT C.W. LINES FOR ANY DISTRESS OR EMBARRASSMENT CAUSED TO HIM BY THE STATEMENT AND THE REFERENCE TO THE STATEMENT.



NZUSA

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apology

AN EDITORIAL STATEMENT WAS PUBLISHED ON PAGE 2 OF THE 25TH JUNE 1970 ISSUE OF "SALIENT" TO THE EFFECT THAT DETECTIVE SERGEANT C.W. LINES WAS IDENTIFIED AS HAVING PUNCHED AND KICKED DEMONSTRATORS DURING THE ANTI-ALL BLACK TOUR OF SOUTH AFRICA DEMONSTRATION ON THE 13TH JUNE 1970 AND REFERENCE WAS MADE TO THIS STATEMENT IN AN ARTICLE APPEARING ON PAGE 1 OF THE 5TH AUGUST 1970 ISSUE OF "SALIENT".

UNIVERSITIES of

UNIVERSITY ARTS FESTIVAL

REVIEWS

BLUES/ROCK

The task of arranging rock concerts through Arts Festival week must have been a difficult one, what with the number of personnel and the amount of equipment involved. For a lot of people, however, the blues and rock music was the highlight of the Festival, and controller John Hannan must take credit for a generally well organised presentation.

If the music was for the most part of a high standard, it was also generally a mite samey; most of the groups were big and loud, playing heavy rock ad nauseum, while some built their whole repertoire around a succession of Cream inspired bass riffs. Wellington trio Tricycle and Dunedin outfit Anthras came into the

category—their music without the redeeming quality of good vocalising. Nonetheless, some excellent groups performed—notable Dunedin group Pussyfoot who roared through a succession of rock'n'roll standards, Highway, a local four piece who moved from soft rock to heavy blues with amazing ease, and Vic group Gutbucket who avoided established blues patterns and concentrated on a style of brassy rhythm'n'blues that promises a lot. Local rave Mammal failed to impress, but at least looked as though they were enjoying whatever they were doing. Capel Hopkins and Mad Dog had their moments, the latter providing the best take-off of the week with their sober "Blue Moon of Alabama". Throughout, however, audiences were generally unreceptive, possibly because this music for the

paranoic 20th Century city man was too heavy to penetrate to anybody's musical sensibilities. The light shows didn't help—a good attempt, but hardly enough to provoke a simultaneous blossoming of the senses, especially when groups were plunged into total darkness on stage.

Lectures and workshops were as a rule informative and well presented, with Midge Marsden in his element illustrating the differences between Chicago and Texas style blues. Announcing and compering throughout was inadequate, and why it was all laid on the shoulders of one man was beyond me. Nevertheless, the organisers and the artists themselves worked hard providing entertainment, and what faults did show through were generally taken in the spirit of the Festival.

Dennis O'Brien.

DRAMA

Lincoln College—'If there wer'nt any blacks, we would have to invent them', by Jonny Speight

For those who may have watched the television series 'Till death do us part' many of the characters in Lincoln's production of 'If there wer'nt nay blacks, we would have to invent them' will be familiar even if the setting is somewhat different; the biting satire which is so much a part of the bigoted character of Alf Garnett has been transposed into this play (by the same author) in the form of the (symbolically) Blind Man, whilst the character of Alf's acquiescent wife, who will do anything for a quiet life, can be readily discerned in the character of the Backwards Man.

Before turning to a criticism of the Lincoln production, one feels it is necessary to point out that the Lincoln Drama Club has only this year been resurrected after some years of quiescence, consequently many of the flaws which were evident in the acting could be put down to stage inexperience of many of the cast.

On the whole the performance was somewhat disjointed; the pace of what is essentially a fast moving play was, in places, slowed down considerably by the slow picking up of cues and the forced delivery of lines, largely on the part of the minor characters.

However, there were elements in the production which has a potentially devastating impact, referring specifically to that trio of actors Phillip Holder, Ian Cocks and Malcolm Moriss (as the Blind Man, the Backwards Man and the effeminate Young Man respectively) who, with such delicate awareness of mood, built up a powerful atmosphere pervaded by bigotry, fear and blind hatred from a somewhat uninspiring beginning.

As for the set, one must make the observation that this production overcame

a problem which many of the other productions in the Festival found rather awkward, and that was the transferring of the mise-en-scene from one theatre to another without destroying its original visual conception—the odd few grave crosses and the single park bench allowed for the maximum of flexibility in this aspect of the production.

Bruce Kirkham.

OTAGO UNIVERSITY PRODUCTION OF EDWARD BOND'S 'EARLY MORNING'

Edward Bond's 'Early Morning' has been described variously as a child's view of the world, a Freudian analysis of social and political relationships, and a surrealist view of life.

Life, in Bond's strange world, is brutal and meaningless. "Live", we are told, "is an anagram of evil," and Bond's characters are preoccupied with their search for death. Even Heaven offers no relief; instead the characters are forced to live out a grotesque existence where no pain can be felt, where cannibalism is the norm and where the flesh of the victim grows again.

Personally, I think Bond is attempting to portray real life social and sexual relationships by his usual device of gross overstatement (as he did in 'Saved'). The implicit is stated in explicit terms: thus the consumption of a man's soul/individuality by his fellow man becomes overt cannibalism; Queen Victoria becomes an aggressive lesbian; the internal conflict in the central character Arthur (though not, I think, schizophrenia) is physically manifested in his Siamese twin George, who has his own, conflicting interests and tendencies.

'Early Morning' presents certain conceptual problems of production. As in all comedies of menace there is the all-important question of emphasis: it is possible to stress the black comedy (and 'Early Morning' certainly provides ample scope for this) but this can sometimes be to the detriment of the play's ideas. Joe Orton's success with 'Loot' and his failure with 'What the Butler Saw' illustrates how important this balance is. It was therefore gratifying to see that Rodney Kennedy's production always subordinated the very genuine (but sick) humour to the playwright's view of human relationships.

Yet the production itself was abysmally slow; the many scene changes were conducted without as much as a music break and no play can withstand twenty or so thirty-second interruptions. Simple though the set was, the designer's failure to provide a completely multi-purpose set spelled disaster for the play's continuity.

The acting was reasonable throughout if somewhat heavy-handed at times. The three leads—Peggy Jowett as Queen Victoria, Alison Chisholm as Florence Nightingale and Richard Mercier as Arthur contributed well towards the success of the play. The others tended to be a bit static in their vocal attack and



Life is bloody, strange.

movement and when accents were resorted to, they proved to be only a source of embarrassment to cast and audience alike.

Yet Otago University must be congratulated for attempting such an immensely difficult and important play. The apparently insurmountable technical difficulties were handled surprisingly well. The fact that they succeeded in provoking a good deal of interest amongst drama enthusiasts at Arts Festival was undoubtedly a measure of their success.

T.J. Groser

FOLK

Folk music's contribution to Arts Festival 1970 consisted of lectures and a guitar workshop as well as two Come-ye-all concerts preceding a Grand Final concert at the town hall.

The title "N.Z. Traditional" would probably have been somewhat presumptuous to Frank Fyfe's mind. His lecture on the subject proved a realistical appraisal of New Zealand's tenuous folk heritage. This particular field insufficiently emphasised in a country where 'folk music' proficiency is too often measured on how well overseas artists are imitated. The other lecture was a specialized one in the contemporary field by Robbie Laven dealing with the influence of Eastern music on contemporary folk. It was surprisingly interesting to the uninitiated listener—straight forward with a refreshing lack of dogmatic assertions. The least instructive attraction was a guitar workshop by Pitt Ramsay. This was, not unexpectedly of little practical use to budding virtuosos. The reward for watching was a glimpse of the Ramsay genius.

The most notable feature of the Come-ye-all concerts was the high standard over all. A national festival allows performers with local reputations the chance to establish wider recognition and many did so. The Monday night concert in particular was very good and although long, it was never tedious and concluded in just the right manner (leaving you wanting just a little more) with Hamilton County who were enthusiastically received.

The final concert performers were roughly divided by the two halves of the concert into those who had emerged during the week, and the specially invited guests. The performances were balanced, varied and consistently good.

The Mad Dog was considerably tighter and less frenetic than usual and included a straightforward version of "Mac the Knife" complete with steel guitar in their performance. The Windy City Strugglers, however, managed to retain the ethnic decorum.

A highlight for the reviewer at least was a beautifully controlled version of

Leonard Cohen's "Sisters of Mercy" by a Christchurch singer named Frank Wood assisted by some friends on melodica, cello and guitar. A feature of the concert was the number of quality female singers. Another resident of Christchurch, Rose Shiells, sang blues based material with a distinctive low voice and included a Joplin number. Marion Arts from Waikato sang contemporary and Marilyn Bennett performed traditional material with one song backed by sitar and tabla which was an interesting experiment though not completely successful. For variety John Caldwell did a couple of flamenco numbers.

The evening (and week's folk) was concluded with possible symbolic irony by Tamburlaine whose contribution was straight pop.



1970 Arts Festival Yearbook

Edited by Arthur Bates.
Price 50 cents.

This yearbook was disappointing. The contributors were on the whole well known and few of the contributions were either extraordinarily good or bad.

The quote from Humbert "O my Lolita, I have only words to play with" is applicable not only to Murray Edmonds, but also to Dennis List and Norman Bilbrough. Their poems are disjointed and do not convey anything in their entirety.

Several of the poems are very simple yet effective. These were Brian Turner's "Mirror, mirror on the wall," and Brent

Southgate's "Studies".

Many of the contributors are clever but little else because the connotations they hold for the author, do not convey the same thing to the majority of the readers. Russell Halley however has managed to avoid this in "Hoardings" and manages to convey the contemporary power figure.

"Commissioner Gerder in his heat
sealed vinyl suit
with disposable hands
and removable feet

never forgetting
the disposable head."

The best poems in the yearbook are Jim Horgan's "Palindromes" in poetic form, and "Kingseat/My Song: 1969". Both these poets know the meaning of words and demonstrate it in their poems.

Of the prose Ikey Robinson's "It Goes" conveys most, though it is more poetry than prose.

The standard of writing is fair, but little of it is very promising and little of it is distinctly New Zealand. Most of it could have been written by Americans.

Janet Oakley

Jazz

The growing influence of jazz on pop music evidenced by such groups as Blood Sweat & Tears, Chicago and The Flock should have created a great interest in jazz this year. Perhaps it did, but the sounds heard seldom effected the successful synthesis of jazz and pop which some might have wished for. Conventional jazz there was, often exciting and evocative, sometimes dull and clichéd, plus the usual

competent mechanical trad. band romping and blaring through the old standards.

The Acme Sausage Company provided its usual indeterminate performance, often under various guises. The enormous speaker box of Harvey the Underdog blasted the ears of Tuesday night's audience, while Thursday's group was more conventional, with only one bass player at a time. Heavy pop riffs provided rhythms for some numbers—*Atlantis* was a very simple yet interesting affair—on *Friday the Thirteenth* soloists Girvan, Murphy and Charles really swung. Drummer Bruno was impeccable.

Other groups were more conventional—a university group headed by alto and trumpet worked its way through some pop standards—*Mercy Mercy Mercy* etc., with competence and they looked as if they were enjoying themselves.

The more professional acts of Kevin Clark and Marie Francis were in some ways the highlights of the Arts Festival jazz; their trios being the most unified groups—Bill Gilbert's bass playing with Marie Francis on *Milestones* was the best heard, and Kevin Clark's *Nodal Modal* etc. was it.

It was a pity that the workshops were unsuccessful, for most of the groups could have done with more practice, which would have introduced a polish, and a lot more interest. Some arranging is not a bad thing—*Asosco's Eight and a Half for the Bass Player* was one of their most interestingly executed numbers because they had loosely arranged it beforehand.



**GOOD NEWS:GOD NO
GRAEME NESBITT**

Perhaps the following description by a bored, tired Waikato student is a little harsh, but nevertheless an "Absolutely Fantastic, Abortive Fiasco" seems to have been the consensus of opinion amongst post-mortem parties on the Saturday and Sunday.

Wholesale organisation is an establishment thing, so one could hardly help but wonder at the colorful Peacock figure of controller, and lets not forget, fellow student, when orders and organisation became the keynote of a mass happening all-together-now-a-la-Nesbitt.

And what were these happenings, anyway? Does everybody really go blues cum hard-rock that much. OK—I know—sure there were folk brackets, but have you ever really dwelt on the thought that the other "Arts" deserve your attention also. Somehow the whole focus of attention and enthusiasm centred round the rock concerts, and I would be the first to agree that these were of a high standard—in fact that kind of music just can't be got anywhere else—but for hundreds of students to program their whole festival round the times and Venues of the rock concerts is just not on.

It is here that the organisational talents of our Peacock should have forced themselves to the fore. The "Arts" deserved a student awareness, and unhappily they didn't get it. Just how few, I wonder, soaked up the "culture" which, only a university can give, let alone a whole festival offering the many and varied aspects of the "Arts" from all over New Zealand.

No, I'm sorry, but Mr Nesbitt should not strutt so proudly—his 1000 eyes did not even open to the possibilities of a real "Arts" Festival.

Q.P.



A SAGA IN 3 PARTS

It was a dark and stormy night and eight cold figures made their way to the UNION building. 4 am and the scene is set for a classic CONFRONTATION.

Enter left eight travel worn figures.

1st figure; *Man we can stop here for the night.*

2nd figure; *Yea, Man.*

3rd figure; *Yea, Man. And read some poetry maybe.*

Enter RIGHT the Villian.

Villian; *What are you doing here. (Aside) Maybe I can sell these suckers some bad acid.*

5th figure; *We want to stay the night the house I'm at is too far away.*

6th figure; *And mine's too full.*

Enter Giles Villian; *Piss off yous Guys you'll ruin our groovy trip; man, I mean, men.*

Villian; *Yea, Piss off, else I'll have to call BOYD.*

4th figure; *No, anything but Boyd.*

3rd figure; *Even the Cops but not BOYD.*

1st figure; *Who the fuck is BOYD?*

Enter BOYD having been phoned off stage.

Boyd; *I'm BOYD.*

8th figure; *Who?*

Boyd; *BOYD.*

7th figure; *I'm Shadbolt.*

Giles Villian; *Who?*

Shadbolt; *SHADBOLT.*

The Villian; *I'm the Villian.*

John Villian; *A trip for \$16 (cheap).*

Boyd; *What about the cleaners.*

Vukkuab; *Yea the Cleaners, man.*

6th figure; *We'll move out for them.*

Giles Villian; *How about a compromise, we'll get you billets with some freaky people close by.*

Shadbolt; *We are men of principle, we will not compromise with beaurocratic administrations that suppress the right of all mean to be free and equal in the sight of the new left.*

Figures; *Hear, hear.*

Boyd; *Graeme, I think we'll have to call the POLICE.*

The Villian; *That wouldn't be very cool.*

Boyd; *Well we can't have this kind of thing going on in my -ah -our -UNION. I mean to say think of the cleaners. We might have to cancel the HOPS if we don't clear this up.*

The Villian; *That would ruin all Arts Festival, we can't have that. Yes I'll have to call the cops.*

Shadbolt; *We men of principle aren't scared by the coercive forces of the Law. Call them.*

Figures; *Hear, hear.*

3rd figure; *Poetry in the cells, even Rubin didn't pull that one.*

Margaret Bryson (over phone in background); *Well if Mr Boyd, I mean Graeme thinks it's necessary, then I suppose it's necessary.*

The Villian; *We don't want any arrests.*

Enter the POLICE; *Hello, Hello, Hello, what have we here then?*

Figures; *Oink, oink.*

Police; *Hello, Hello, Hello, what have we here then!*

1st Cop; *Shadbolt, remember me, I arrested you at the airport, remember.*

2nd Cop; *Shadbolt, remember me, I arrested you for saying Bullshit, remember.*

3rd Cop; *Shadbolt. Remember me. I'm arresting you for technical breach of the trespass act.*

4th Cop (arriving late); *Hello, Hello, Hello....*

Boyd; *Don't forget the other seven.*

Phone rings in background. Bryson; *Remember I don't want any arrests made.*

Late that morning, a spontaneous student riot is being planned by the Spartacists. Logan goes to see Taylor.

Taylor; *Hullo William, a bit of bother this whole business.*

Logan; *Goodday Danny, yes, it should never have happened.*

Taylor; *Well Boyd seemed to think it was the only thing that could have been done although I must admit I'm not entirely happy about it(leans over the table) What do you think?*

Logan; *Well as far as I can ascertain of student opinion there could be a riot and sleep-ins every night if we're not careful.*

Taylor; *Do you really think so?*

Logan; *I know that SOME STUDENTS are very wild. I don't know any of them personally, but I have heard RUMOURS.*

Taylor; *Well what do you think I should do?*

Logan; *I think the best solution would be to give an assurance that the Cops won't be called unless there is threat to life, and that the Social Events will go on no matter what happens, and make a statement that the University doesn't want to press charges.*

Taylor; *Yes, I think that is the only reasonable compromise.*

Logan; *Yes, I think you're right Danny, it is the only answer. Well I must be off down to meet the Dominion and Evening Post reporters, see you.*

Taylor; *Goodbye Bill, thanks for your help.*

Later still in the Exec room.

Phelps; *I think we have to back up Graeme, not that he did the right thing but he was the authority in charge, and to undermine that authority would lead to anarchy...*

Knox; *Well Bryson's made a prick of herself over this issue, coming out against Nesbitt like this. She should have been there herself. What else could they do?*

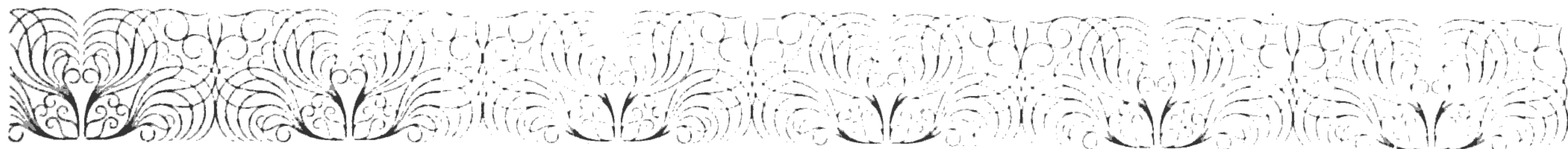
Phelps; *Yes, I think we will have to get Exec. to back him up. It might force Bryson to resign.*

Knox; *She wouldn't, she's too cunning for that.*

Enter Bryson; *What a stupid thing calling the cops on to campus. I wish I knew why they didn't bother to contact me.*

Knox; *Don't worry about it Marg. We'll see you through.*

Phelps; *We've all got the students' interest at heart. Everything will turn out best for them.*



This article was first published in Farrago of Melbourne University and was handed in anonymously. It was reprinted in Salient 4 years ago— it bears repeating.

WHAT A GIRL

For the past five days my mind has been full of this one obsessive thought. Just what would I do if my fears were true? I've often thought about it. But do I really know as much as I think I do? I've never read a proper book about anything. You just seem to pick up things as soon as you're old enough to wonder what that abstract, enigmatical word sex mean. I haven't even had a talk with my mother since I was about 11. It seems to be non-existent in our house. And yet it is around everywhere. Practically everything has it as a motivating force back somewhere; man and woman, black and white, positive and negative.

To a boy either he has got a girl into trouble or his girlfriend is in trouble. She has got a load. Maybe to him she's a pro, moll, tart, bird, darling, whore, bitch, twit, slut, brush, sheila, sweetheart, jill...perhaps he's in love with her. Whether she got it in the back seat or a motel after knowing him 10 minutes or 10 months is no matter. Something has to be done.

How does she know it was him? God! She gets around enough. How do I know she's not just having me? It's not my business if she races off with every bloke that gives her the once-over. What's it to me? It's her worry now. A bloke's got to get it somehow. Why did God have to make women so complicated? Besides she was a damn bat. I don't know what got into me to want her anyway.

Right now a thousand thoughts are racing through my brain. Will I tell him? I know I wasn't just a one-night affair. We've been going around with each other for some time now and I know he likes me a lot and I love him so much. If society wasn't so damn hypocritical I'd live with him. We probably won't get married but right now I want him for all the time and if I can't have him forever, I'll still remember him for ever.

Society is so complicated. It sets up so many false standards. When you're a kid you believe that everything your parents tell you about good and evil is just so. It can never be any different. The law is laid. But naiveness gives way to scepticism and the rules put down by our fathers are questioned when it is realised they are not cut and dried. One does not step into sex on

the wedding night. One's desires for the opposite sex, sexually and romantically, grow and mature with experience.

A 16-year-old loves as deeply as any couple on their silver wedding anniversary. It is this conflict between the natural desires of the young who are healthy and naturally inquisitive and the mores of society which cause so much of the storm and stress of the 12-to-20 group. By 20 it is realised it is that these unwritten laws rest on very shaky posts.

Any girl can get into trouble, whether she be from Toorak or Fitzroy. It happens a lot. If you love somebody you want to, share everything and always be together...I LOVE him so much I would go anywhere with him or do anything for him. He's not handsome, but I love his expressions and all the things he says and does. I love to care for him, I miss him when he leaves me and when I'm with him I wish we could slip into eternity together.

I love the long, slim line of his body. He is my complement. His body is firm, but his skin is smooth. He's young and strong, potentially active but always gentle. I love to feel his warmth and breathing beside me and to lay my head on his shoulder. I love to touch him and put my arms around him and pull him close. I love him to do it to me. I love to ruffle his hair. I love to look into his clear eyes and grope to reach the perfection of mind and body which comes with oneness. I love to know how he has spent his day, even what he ate for breakfast. I like to be depended upon and to have somebody always to turn to. I love to say 'this is --- when I introduce him. I love him, but it is a sin to love in such a way.

I should not have to worry. This should be the time to anticipate a great joy. I do not want to destroy what may be pulsating within me; I see it as an image of him. I believe deeply in the sanctity of life, no matter what its form.

How can I reconcile my conflicting feelings? Surely it's not impossible? Where could I go? What would I say? It would look awfully suspicious if I suddenly left home and shot through. Perhaps I could get my course transferred up to Sydney or something...I should be

able to hide it for a least a few months. If I got a transfer interstate, nobody would know who I was and I could arrange everything up there, and come back again at the end of the year exactly the same as when I left.

A bit unrealistic? Hell! I wonder if I really would have the guts to do it? Of course, that would mean adoption. I don't think I could just hand over a life I had helped create to somebody else; just like a parcel. I would always feel drawn back to it and very guilty—I don't want anyone to know. Yet I know lots of kids who have gone through the same thing; Abortion? I wish Kaye was in Melbourne. She's the only one I could talk to about having one. She had one about a year ago and later married the boy. You couldn't meet a nicer girl.

Most of the other girls I could ask have been around a lot more than I have and would just love to gossip. I don't think I could say anything to my parents. They just wouldn't understand. I'm sure they don't know what goes on. Besides, Mum raises the roof when I only boil over the milk.

Why is it illegal? It goes on. Everybody knows it does. When I'm sure something has happened I'll tell my boyfriend. Although I don't think he would know of anybody who could help. I know he would stand by me and do all he could to help me work something out. I'll tell my best girlfriend too. We are very close and trust each other completely and I would have to have somebody besides my boyfriend to talk to about it. She knows us both well and would not condemn or judge us.

But where does that get me? I'm still in trouble. I guess I'll have to tell a third person. I know one of my ex-boyfriends has found out about getting at least two girls abortions, although not because of him. I hate to think what he will think of me coming to him. I wonder if I should take my boyfriend with me to meet him. It could be embarrassing and yet neither of them is easily embarrassed. Not everyone can afford abortions. I love ---. I won't let him pay all of it. It's just as much my fault it happened. God, when did it happen? I'm sure I gave myself enough time. We're not that ignorant and --- always knows what

L THINKS

he is doing. It does not seem wrong. It is very beautiful and mysterious.

What if -- can't help me? Oh boy! But he just has to. What am I going to do if he can't or won't? I don't really know too much about what would happen if he did, anyway. I often think about it. I've read about things, seen films, heard talk, but I don't really know exactly what would happen. I wish I could talk to Kaye.

I see Bea Faust's imploring and agonising expressions as she argues with a smug preacher on "Fighting Words", about whether it should be illegal. I see strange instruments from "Project '65". I see that radio announcer's ugly grin as he discusses contraceptives, Uni. debates, Truth's headlines. I see delicate young girls falling down stairs, wild horserides, strange concoctions from a witch's kitchen, hot baths and gin.

I am afraid. I see myself walking along a dark street, until I reach a cold bare room with a big bright light. The walls are shining white while the doctor has on big black gloves. What else is there? I think of what I would have lost. Who will want me after this? I feel empty and very lonely. Perhaps he will do a bad job? I've heard about those, too. Why should a gift of God turn to such sadness or tragedy? I remember how I wept when I thought I could not have -- at all. God! Please help me. What am I going to do? Please drive these crazy thoughts out of my head. Make me think rationally. I'm not even sure that I've got anything to worry about yet. I'll give myself at least two more weeks before I do anything about it.

I'm really pretty sure everything is going normally. I even feel as if it's coming. Maybe I'm just psyching myself into it. I've done it before. Hell! I wonder how many more times I will go through this maze of thought. Is there really an answer? Those who don't need to worry about such things have all the answers. But what about those like us US who are on the fringe? I wonder how many other girls are thinking and feeling the same as me. Probably lots.

I hope everything turns out okay.



Teach-ins used to be the means radical groups proved their academic respectability, until Mr Muldoon turned academic responsibility into a contradiction in terms for the average government supporter. The Womans Liberation teach-in on August 8th was needed, on some kind of academic support, dubious blessing and all as it was, to extricate the new Wellington version of radical feminism from the stranglehold of its present media image. NZBC camera crews and Evening Post reporters, though murmuring 'I told you so' at the sight of the initially small audience, were observed to flinch visibly when they found themselves agreeing with a feminist argument.

Abortion

Gerard Curry's impressive and cogent case for New Zealand acceptance of the present British abortion law was so reasonable and unhysterical that it drove the NZBC camera crew from the teach-in, after one hour of filming, never to return. All in all, except for the lack of publicity, a modest success for Women's Liberation.

The mornings session of the teach-in was devoted to the questions of abortion and equal pay. It says much about the reason for the Women's Liberation Movement regarding itself as part of a wider movement for world social revolution, that the case for legalised abortion, as albatross around any politicians neck, was presented cogently and intelligibly, with superlative documentation by Gerard Curry.

Equal Pay

In contrast, the arguments for the comparatively much more acceptable objective of equal pay as presented by Mrs King, Chairwoman of the Council for Equal Pay and Opportunity, and a leader of the New Zealand female establishment

LIBERATION

owen gager

proved very hard to implement. Mrs King and her Council, in their thirteen years of existence, have only achieved, early in their endeavours, equal pay for public servants with the qualification that certain conditions presupposed equality e.g. length of service. Thus the average working woman for the public service still receives a lower salary than the average public servant. (Mrs King in her address forgot to mention that equal opportunity had got lost somewhere along the way.) The moral of all this, she told an incredulous audience, was that women would have to work harder at their jobs before they could expect equality. Most of the women present seemed to have heard similar advice from their employers, but did not expect to hear it from the female equivalent of a Federation of Labour leader. Abortion had been legalised in Britain by the relatively reactionary membership of the British Labour Party, while in New Zealand equal pay was being shelved by the male power elite's token women. These two facts, plus the open admission of loss of public support for this basic demand, are enough to turn any serious movement for women's freedom revolutionary.

Education

If the teach-in's morning speakers had defined, unwillingly, the social situation from which women must free themselves, the afternoon's speakers emphasised the difficulties of achieving emancipation. Professor Houston, of Massey University Education Department, painstakingly clarified women's educational difficulties. Women become a minority in the education system at the upper sixth form level, not only in New Zealand but in most of the world's affluent societies. Dr Houston stressed the hidden social assumption that girls are not expected or allowed to achieve potential. The aim of education should be to allow girls the same attitudes and virtues as their brother thereby breaking down the barrier to careers.

Family

The Reverend Easton, with heterodox disregard of the Thirty-nine Articles, suggested that St Paul's male chauvinism had prevented women playing their full role in the church. (Christ had shown his attitude to women's liberation by refusing to condemn the women taken in adultery.) Increasing numbers of marriages at an earlier age showed the continuing popularity of marriage, in spite of Liberated Women's attacks on that institution; the small size of the average modern family, the average home having two children, showed that the family duties were becoming less onerous. As families became smaller, more women became free to re-enter the workforce in their thirties, and there was a growing demand for their services from industry. Women, though, were still regarded as visitors to the economy rather than permanent inhabitants of it and few women were re-employed after marriage, and child-bearing at the same level of responsibility they had achieved before marriage. Employers, Mrs Shields of the Council for Research on Women told us, did not understand women's problems.

This brought us straight to the punch-line of the afternoon's speakers' cri de coeur; don't be too militant, you might worry the employers. According to Mrs Shields and Rev Easton all you need to do is to act as though you were equal and you will be treated as equal. Sex discrimination, equal pay, subservience to men? These are created by women's inferiority complex. Any businessman will be nice to a woman who plays the rules of this game efficiently. Note the sex: Businessman and the too possessive pronoun: his.

But this message is not entirely false, and this is its strength. Women must reject discrimination before they can defeat it. Women have to lose the Uncle Tom (is this the female equivalent Aunt Daisy?) mentality. They can only be encouraged to do these things, however, through organisation, which most of the afternoon speakers deplored. This is vital. In times of capitalist boom there are plenty of jobs for Islanders. In times of slump, women and Islanders are the first to be fired. Only organisation can give women a position relatively independent of economic change. The afternoon speakers saw the history of women's freedom slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent rather than as a record of a few mediocre achievements.

Pam McKenzie, the final speaker, concentrated her attention on how the family structure restricts women's and children's freedom. Women have been turned by society into creatures with interesting genitalia; they must become human beings. A science, which under male direction yearly created new poison gasses, could find neither the time nor the money to devise a really safe method of birth control. The division of labour, incarnated in the family which condemned women to domestic drudgery was neither natural nor sacrosanct and could be easily and rationally changed. - Men because of their greater educational opportunities would have less detrimental effect on young children, whereas today women are expected to fulfil this role without the necessary qualities essential for good child development. Education, Pam, along with other speakers argued was dedicated to instilling in Women a completely inadequate view of their capabilities and possibilities: education must be revolutionized.

The New Zealand Women's Liberation movement is a long way from the kind of gang warfare on males quoted from Berkley Tribe in a previous issue of Salient. It is earning itself the right, by its ideas and activities, to be taken seriously indeed.

n z u s a

It's not all piss and parties at an NZUSA Council. Meetings lasted from 9 a.m. till 1 a.m. next morning. Try it some time.

Typical Michael Law staged the last ever veto walk out from NZUSA Council when he stalked out just half an hour before the Constitution change was due. The effect of this change was to decrease the quorum and make veto by one impossible.

Most revealing was the way Law turned to beckon his president-elect Bill Spring to go with him. Bill followed like Fido. Who will be Auckland's president next year?

NZBC

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Squash Centre

news

The terror of the New Zealand middle class is safely behind bars.

Auckland's answer to Abbie Hoffman and Charles Manson, was picked up in the Duke last Friday for non-payment of about \$80 worth of fines. Pity his elevation into martyrdom didn't rate a mention in the daily press. Still, he didn't kick up much of a row; just went quietly when the nice policemen told him to. Pity he wasn't so quick to answer the strong arm of the law at the Arts Festival Ballsup.

So Tim now has a crew cut and about three weeks of his term to serve. The word is no sympathy demos, because Tim (one time student, furnace

operator, company director, but now a journalist) has writing privileges which he doesn't want to lose.

Prof Sidebotham, dean of the Commerce and Administration faculty, died at his home suddenly on 26th August.

In the early hours of the Wednesday morning during Arts Festival week, a group of people attending Arts Festival were arrested in the Student Union for a technical breach of the trespass laws.

Police were called by A.F. controller Graeme Nesbitt after the group, down to eight by this

time, refused to leave the building. Nesbitt and the Union Managing Secretary Mr. Boyd, argued for 1½ hours with the group before Nesbitt made his decision to call the cops. The group, including Tim Shadbolt, appeared in Court next morning, were convicted and discharged, with costs \$5 each.

Would all photographers who took photo's of either of the professional models at "Throw Up" during Arts Festival, send the proofs to Spencer Digby Studios. The names of the models are Francis Probert and Jill Jackways, and Spencer Digby hangs out in the Prudential Building, Lambton Quay. This is important.

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STUDENT REP. POSITIONS

Committees of the University Council

Joint Committee of Council, Professorial Board and Students Association (4 members)
Joint Committee on Honorary Degrees (1 graduate)
Standing Committee for Purchase of Works of Art (1 member)
Careers Advisory Board (1 member)
Student Accommodation Advisory Committee (1 member)
Boyd Wilson Field Committee (1 member)
Student Union Management Committee (5 members)

Professorial Board (1 member for 1971, 1 member for 1971-2)

Committees of the Professorial Board

Committee on University Entrance, Bursaries and Entrance Scholarships (1 member)
Committee on Inter-Disciplinary Activities (2 members)
Library Advisory Committee (2 members)
Teaching Aids Committee (1 member)
Joint Committee of Council, Professorial Board and Students Association (4 members)
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Committee on Inter-Disciplinary Activities (2 members)
Library Advisory Committee (2 members)
Teaching Aids Committee (1 member)

Faculty Committees

Faculty of Arts (2 members)
Faculty of Languages and Literature (3 members)

Catering Sub-Committee of Student Union (2 members)
Student Health Committee (1 member)

Faculty Committees

Faculty of Arts (2 members)
Faculty of Languages and Literature (2 members)
Faculty of Commerce and Administration (3 members)

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A Matter Of Conscience

Bruce Preston was convicted and fined \$25 last Friday on charges under the National Military Service Act relating to his refusal to submit to compulsory military training and refusing to pay a fine imposed earlier for this offence.

Bruce was denied conscientious objector classification. Evidently Bruce's statement (part of which is printed below) caused some distress to the gentlemen of the Conscientious Objection Hearing Committee.

SLEEP-IN AT MOUNT CRAWFORD.

Timothy Richard Shadbolt, a well known Auckland journalist, has staged 30-day sleep-in at Mount Crawford prison in protest at the 1970 All Black tour of South Africa. He has the full backing of Her Majesty's Government who will be sponsoring Mr Shadbolt during his vigil and supplying him with bread and water. He believes his action to be a sincere protest against the tour and that it demonstrates a basic democratic right of all people to use public buildings for such purposes. Meanwhile, back at activist headquarters, Mr Shadbolt's satellites are bleeping in abject distress. They issued a statement shortly after their leader's decision to sleep-in, which included the advice:

Tim is sharing a cell with six others and it is likely that he will be supplied with pen and paper. **IT IS IMPORTANT** that: 1) No sympathy demonstration be made as this will jeopardize any privileges that he already has. 2) That those interested in visiting do so in small groups (2-3) and behave circumspectly. From all information received disturbance could only jeopardize any chance Tim has of doing any writing.

Mr Shadbolt is protesting at the tour of fascist countries by representative New Zealand Teams his followers are more concerned with their leaders comfort than his ideals. "We must behave circumspectly!" said militant Pym Blogan. "It seems to me that there are two things here, but we must disregard them both if we are to prevent the state pigs from suppressing Tim's pencil and paper."

"Gentlemen, I stand before you, today, asked to justify my decision not to perform the compulsory military training required of me by the State, through the Military Service Act of 1961. It appears that if I am not to be obliged to perform military service, I must show good reason as to why I should be permitted to avoid what is said to be my duty by being entered in the register of what are termed "conscientious objectors". It appears also that this tribunal will sit in judgement regarding what it considers to be the state of my conscience, and that I must compellingly demonstrate to you gentlemen my moral worth of character - (which without such proof would otherwise seem seriously in doubt) - and a sincerity of belief in which the committee though it thinks this misguided, can find an excuse for me to default on my obligations. It seems to me that there is something strange in this situation, and I will comment on this later in my statement.

"I am not a pacifist. I do not have a religious objection to military training, because I do not believe in God. Thus I do not claim either of the two traditional justifications for conscientious objection. The issue of justification is again something I intend to comment on later.

"Before that, I should like to say a few things about myself, and society, and the world at large. Observing me you may well say, yes, here is a long-

haired and apparently rebellious youth - a student moreover - and be pleased with the fact that, you have some initial items of classification to work from. You may well think that, further, he is probably opposed to the Vietnam War - and you would be correct. Perhaps you might imagine, he has hippie sympathies - you know, this peculiar peace, love and freedom thing - and almost certainly is in some way involved in this modern phenomenon of decadent youth - this world-wide growth of large numbers of uncouth, bad-mannered, demonstrating young people, whose morals are questionable and who, as respectable members of society everywhere know, seem to have abandoned all standards of sense and decency."

"Despite attempts by the U.S., N.Z. and other Governments to hide them, the facts about Vietnam have been available for a long time to those who have not preferred to shut their eyes and pretend that they know nothing and are in no way responsible.

"I have been involved in the protest movement since 1965, and time and again I have found that it is the respectable people, the pillars of society the 'responsible' people who will not see because they do not wish to disturb the complacency of their minds.

It amazes me that so many 'law-abiding' citizens consider it immoral to burn a draft card but perfectly all right to burn people. To witness a

crime in silence is to condone it, and there are many in this country guilty of the crime of silence. And people still ask me why I lack respect for authority!

"Recently the U.S.S. Intrepid, an aircraft carrier which launched air attacks on North Vietnam, visited New Zealand, Lieutenant Commander J.E. Carpenter, a flight captain aboard this vessel, was interviewed by the DOMINION. He was asked what he thought about the Vietnam war. 'We never reached a decision if it was good or bad,' he replied. 'This was because regardless of what it was we had a job and had to do it.' His answer was not found acceptable at the 1949 Nuremberg War Crimes Trials, but this article in the DOMINION attracted little comment. This man, who daily led air attacks causing death and devastation, 'never reached a decision' about the morality of what he was doing. That is what the military mentality does to people, gentlemen, and this is why I despise it.

"As for the issue of judgement, I do not accept that you have the right to rule on the state of my conscience. Your decision either way is invalid and meaningless as far as I am concerned, and if it is negative - that is, if you and the State attempt to force me to undertake military training, I will defy any attempt to implement that decision."

Reprinted with thanks to Cockerel Print.

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MAORI LAND MYTH

Maori Nationalism and Maori land are in the news again after a long period when little interest was shown in either. The outcry over diminishing Maori land has always been connected with an organisation of tribal leaders eager to prevent the selling of their birthright to the acquisitive pakeha.

There is nothing new in the existence of these movements, though their connection with Maori protest has not always been clear. But it is true that over the last 25 years the process of shrinking Maori land has continued, with a few acres being taken here and there for public utilities such as roads. The same sort of thing has occurred with land owned by Europeans, but in general they have been better informed as to the legal steps involved.

Land, to the Maori, is identity. He has been making laws regarding its use and apportionment for hundreds of years and it has always been a symbol of power and influence. As in other societies it has been the cause of wars and alliances.

It has been only too tempting to use all sorts of methods, legal and illegal, to remove land from a people content to take from it only sufficient to live in comfort. There is no doubt that the Treaty of Waitangi has not been applied by New Zealand administrators. The Maori had little knowledge of such things as compensation, and often was forced into debt to recover land which had been leased for fifteen or twenty years.

It can be argued that the Maori had access to legal advice, but this was not readily taken because the traditional adviser was the elder of the tribe. Events have caught up with the Maori, and he has suddenly realised that he owns very little of his traditional soil, and that his family is now so big that it can no longer live off the land. In local tribal areas there has been a sudden move to consolidate any land left and to use it for tribal benefit. Elders have plans to put what land they can to use in training local youths to farm so they will stay in the district and maintain contact with the tribal group. But there are costs of compensation in recovering the land and other difficulties which are only just becoming

apparent to the elders. Young men are being lured away to the cities to compete in the pakeha world. There is something sad in this, for the Maori tradition has no time for competition in any capitalist sense. To the Maori, competition was on a personal basis to prove ability in cultural or physical skills.

With the growing concern of the elders there has been a great increase in the nationalist movements. Kotahitanga (the name means 'unity') is an old movement, lately associated with the Ringatu religion. A mixture of magic and anglicanism has produced a devout following of Maoris who believe in the power of prayer and religious formulae to achieve miracles.

With very respected leaders, Kotahitanga has a considerable popularity in the central districts of the North Island, though less in the South. It seeks to invoke the Treaty of Waitangi to regain tribal lands.

The Maori Organisation On Human Rights has less respected leaders but a more militant following. Matenga Baker, an influential member of the Ngati Raukawa/Ngati Toa tribes is able to gain many young followers with his dynamic policies. Darryl Cunningham, another member, tried to present a petition to Queen Elizabeth at Waitangi earlier this year.

Their cause is hopeless. Pioneers and conquerors throughout history have had little regard for tribal boundaries. In America and Australia, the pioneering European has put the land to use and acquired ownership. The Maori has about as much chance of getting the Treaty of Waitangi ratified as the Red Indians have of repossessing Vancouver Island.

Maori land is now a myth. There will be no profit in the Maori people as a whole trying to regain traditional homelands. It will be all the Maori can do to retain those he already possesses in these days of specialisation and amalgamations of smallholdings. Maori lands are now producing more than the Maori of old would have dreamed possible. Maori nationalists will have to reconcile themselves to the fact that New Zealand is now an advanced, technology-wealthy country which could not survive economically if it were to revert to past conditions of ownership.

Colin Knox

TE REO MAORI I ROTO I TENEI WHARE WANANGA

He korero poto noa iho tenei ki a koutou. E pa ana te korero nei ki te reo Maori. I te tau nei, e toru noa iho nga wahanga ako o te reo Maori. A tera tau ka timata te wahanga tuawha. Ko enei e whai ake nei, ara

Maori Reading Knowledge

Maori I

Maori II

Maori III (ka timata tenei i te tau 1971)

Ko te kaupapa nui o te whakaakonga i roto i tenei whare wananga, ko te korero Maori, ko te tuhituhi Maori ano. Erangi ka ako hoki nga taurira i nga tino taonga a te iwi Maori i a ratou e ako haere ana. Ko enei taonga nga mea i mahue ake nei i nga tipuna. Ko nga whakapapa, nga woiata, nga korero o nehera etahi o enei mea.

E whakamataua ana nga taurira Maori o te reo Maori ki te ako i enei mea hei tuara mo te ratou Maoritanga. No te Pakeha nga whare wananga o naianei, erangi ko te Tari Whakaako Maori e tu ana ki te whakaako i nga mea Maori o nehera, o naianei hoki, ara i nga korero katoa e hapoi ana i te mauri Maori.

Tokorua noa iho nga kaiwhakaako. Ko Koro Dewes raua ko Abe Hurihanganui enei. Ka whakaakonga nga taurira tokomaha e raua. He Maori, he Pakeha hoki enei taurira. A tera tau ka whakanui ano nga tokomaha e pai ana ki te ako i nga tikanga Maori. He mea pai tenei ahuatanga, ma te reo Maori, na reira kaore taua reo e mate, ka ora tonu. Ina hoki na nga e ingoa o taua roopu. Ko te kaupapa ia he roopu manaaki i te reo rangatira nei. Ka mutu tonu te roopu penei i roto i nga Whare Wananga o te motu. Oira, ko te tumanako tonu o te rangatahi nei me pupuri to tatou reo me ona tikanga huihua i a tatou e hikoi ana ki roto i te ao Pakeha.

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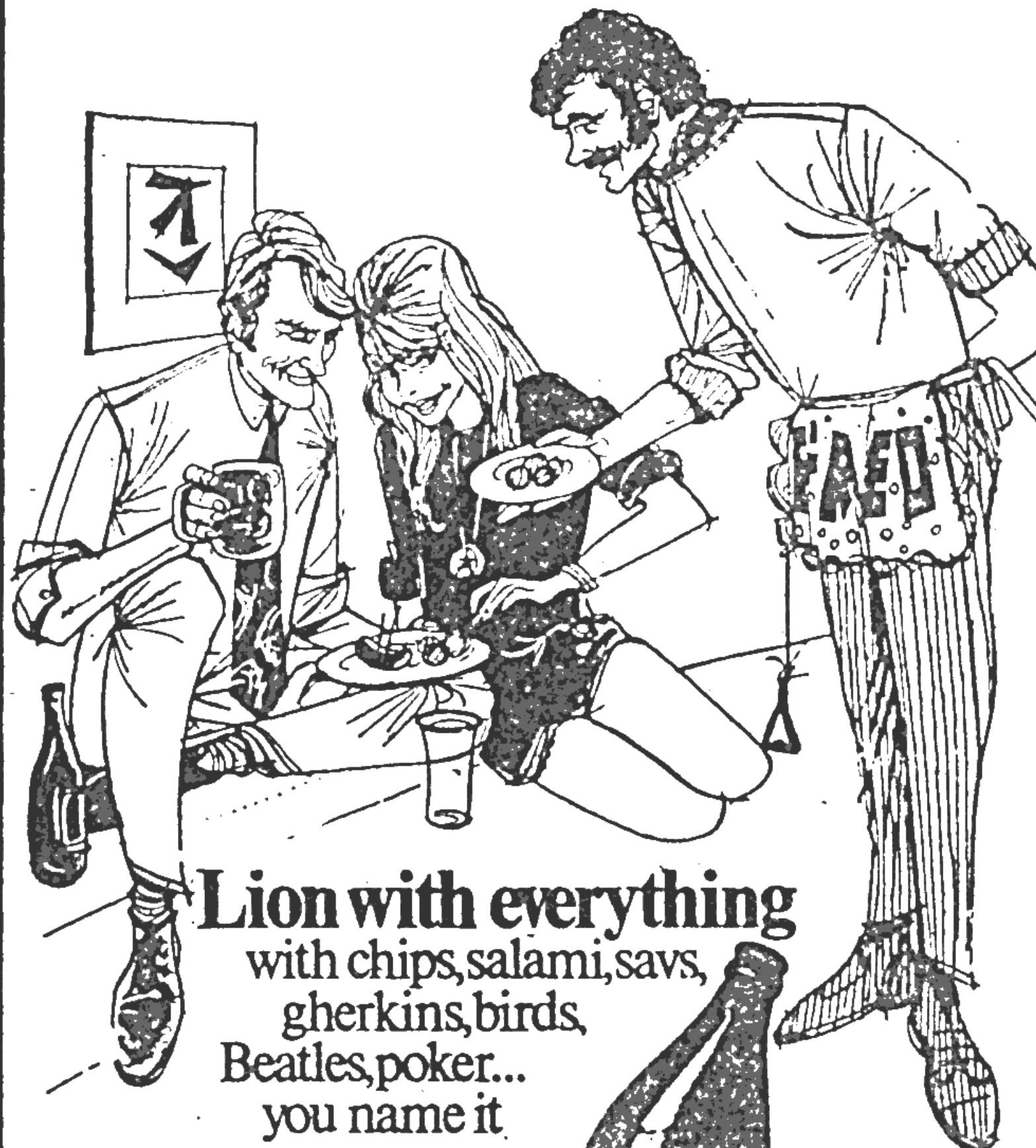
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FILMS

RECORDS

Mazursky's *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* is another of Hollywood's affectionate self satires, but one that remains indecisive.

Bob (Robert Culp), a documentary film maker, and his wife Carol (Natalie Wood) attend a therapeutic group-confession clinic and return to their lives enlightened by a desire for total honesty and universal love. They embarrass hotel waiters with their frankness and amaze their closest friends, Ted (Elliott Gould) and Alice (Dyan Cannon) by openly accepting each other's one night stands.

Alice takes some time to adjust to the new outlook, yet despite her initial disgust, it is she who encourages the group to conduct an orgy in their Las Vegas hotel room. They refuse. "Cop out!" she yells. Later, after arguments and successive 'insights', they all climb into the double bed, and 'cop out' they did.

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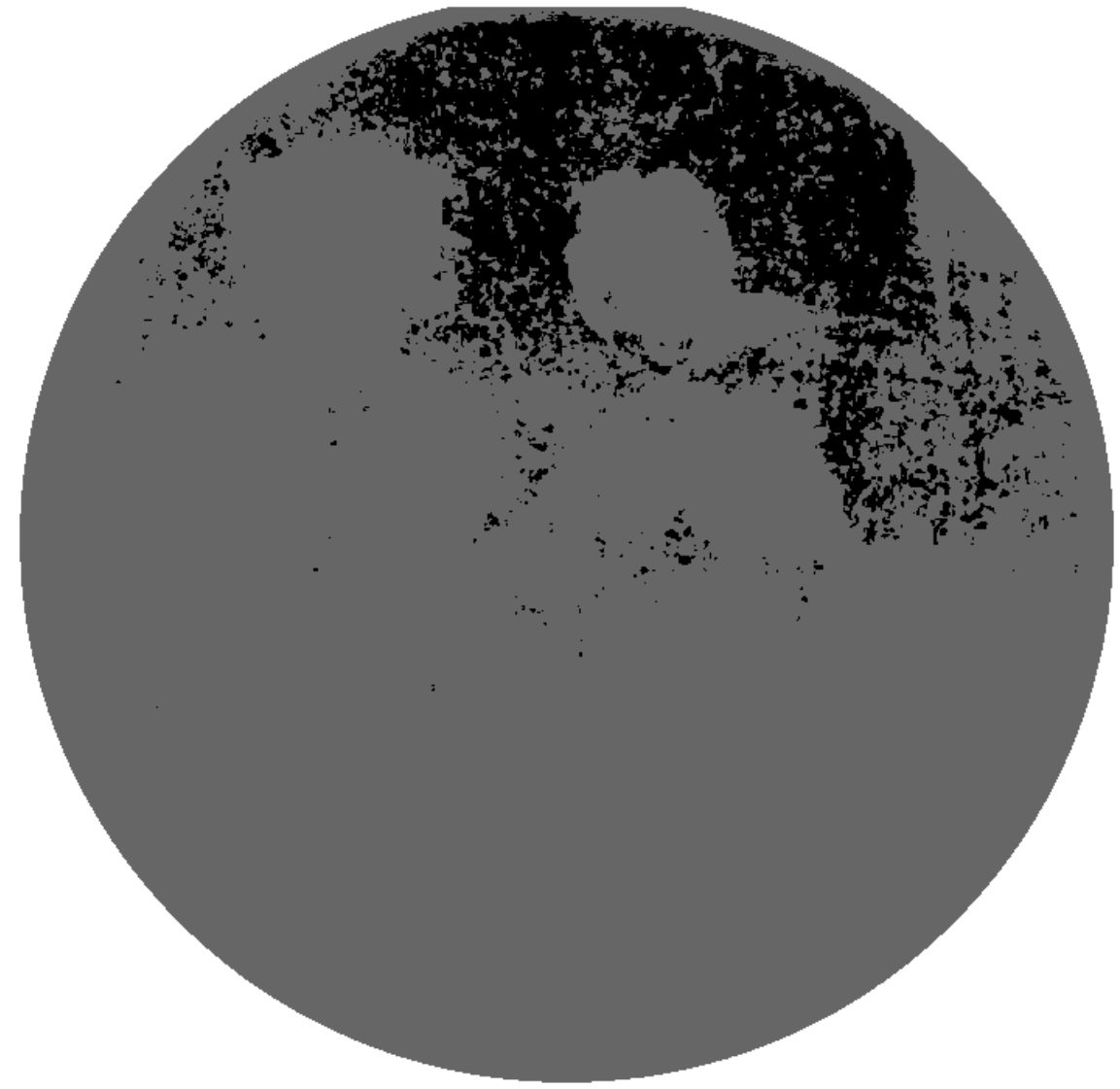
All this I suppose was intended to be a send-up of wife swapping and the morals of affluent high life (or something) but the script, while clever at times, has no real incisive strength. For most of the time it drifts. The story-line travels full circle from soul-searching type gazing at the therapy resort to the intense eye locking in the closing shots outside the hotel. What fills in inbetween is generally mediocre and vague, and the standpoint is extremely ambiguous (give or take an obvious snigger).

There are some good scenes, Bob's benevolence to Carol's astonished lover, the local tennis coach (and foreign too). Alice's consultation with a psychoanalyst concerning her sexual hang ups, with Donald Muhich cleverly under-playing his role. And the superb bedroom scene between Ted and Alice where the dialogue at last rings authentic.

Bob and Carol must always be *telling* each other, and anyone else within earshot, how they feel. Steeped in their psychology orientated milieu, they reduce everything to the conscious intellect. For them the way to honesty is through a continual monotonous verbal strip-tease. Sterile and pointless. Nothing is left to intuition or spontaneous awareness. What they *think* they feel is all-important. We are left in doubt as to whether the film laughs at this or condones it, for in the final ménage a quatre the feeling is not one of real insight but simply that things would have been different if they had had two bedrooms instead of one.

The result is almost total absence of any body or substance for satire to exist in. Is Mazursky being fervently moral or cynically liberal? It is very easy to move from the question 'what is being laughed at?' to the view that *nothing* is being laughed at. It is almost as if Rock Hudson and Doris Day have teamed up again after reading *Couples*. The result—another cop out!

Rob Cameron



**Incredible String Band I Looked Up:
Electra**

*"One light,
Light that is one
Though the lamps
Be many."*

The Incredible String Band is a history of progression from the "Layers of the Onion", through to this latest trip.

Coming from a fairly standard folk background they have gone through a fusion of blues, Indian and in fact just about everything, bringing their own sound into the world, peaking with "Wee Tam" and "The Big Huge".

Those two albums took two years to produce, and showed it, but after a break of about six months, "Changing Horses" was unleashed on an innocent world which dutifully ignored it. This was not surprising—it had none of the perfection of the previous albums and sounded like a live take in the studio. Now after another six months we have a new thing, with the epitomies of Robin Williamson and Mike Heron. Heron's soul and Williamson's hang-up on Indian-blues are all there, to the finest point of expression yet.

There are only six tracks on the album, four Heron and two Williamson, but all are the best they have done. As in early times a heavy reliance on tradition is observed, the first Heron track, "Black Jack Davy" is just another "Gipsy Rover" complete with fiddles and trad. harmonies and Williamson's 10 minute "Pictures in a Mirror" is based on the "Lord Randal" ballads. The one electric track is excellent, using guitars, harpsichord, and drums supplied by Dave Mattacks of Fairport Convention.

Both lyrically and musically there is a definite progression, in Heron's "This Moment" one can hear the search for perfection in guitar work, vocals and harmony.

*This moment is different
From any before it
This moment is different
Its now. (Its now)
And if I don't kiss face
That kiss is untasted
I'll never, no never
Get it back, no."*

There is no middle of the road with the Incredibles, they are loved or hated, turned on, or off.

Murray O'Neill



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REPORT

As it has become almost traditional for Victoria to finish fourth in Winter Tournament well behind the other varsities, so it came as a pleasant surprise to end up third equal with Massey.

Victoria sports teams participating with some success were, badminton, fencing, shooting, ski-ing and squash; the other teams just enjoyed themselves again. Massey tournament controller Bob Cook, secretary Ken Elliot, and their large team of controllers are to be congratulated on their running of the whole affair, it was a great show, sporting and socially.

Eligibility Requirements for the competition came up again at the New Zealand Sports Union Contests Committee meeting. Waikato, having withdrawn from N.Z.U.S.U. at Easter council would not rejoin unless its sportsmen could participate in N.Z.U.S.U. activities. The problem is Waikato could not compete unless it could send campus teams to tournaments. The situation there is:

1. No club would allow a team to go which excluded any division "A" student at Hamilton Teachers College.
2. Each sports club is supported by grants by both W.U.S.A. and the Teachers College Association, so there are no sports assets which are exclusively for a varsity team. All campus facilities are shared and division "A" students at College (those not doing six hours varsity lectures etc. as other varsities define them) and full time students are members

of the same club, financed by the joint campus grants committee.

3. Because of the close liaison between the two institutions academically, W.U.S.A. is not able to use the criteria of "part time course of at least six hours tutorials, lectures, and practicals per week," because of the borrowing of university staff for lecturing to Div. "A" students, and the borrowing of Teachers College staff for Education degrees.

Following a long discussion all constituent sports officers and other delegates to N.Z.U.S.U. agreed that the eligibility requirements should be relaxed to include anyone doing one unit (two courses in the case of Waikato) regardless of whether it was for a first degree or a second degree.

These amendments will have to be ratified by an A.G.M. of N.Z.U.S.U. before they come into effect. Provided this occurs, a greater number of University sportsmen and sportswomen will in future be able to compete at Tournament.

Drinking Horn et al—as usual Victoria did not have a team organised for the Drinking Horn, but a makeshift team came through in tremendous form to record the third fastest time.

The 'all day, all night' bar provided by Massey was an innovation well worth continuing at the next Tournament.

—Ian Stockwell.

TOURNAMENT SKI-ING

On the Friday before racing, the Auckland University skier Richard Morrison was killed when he fell on some ice and slid over a cliff. Training for the Downhill during the weekend became subdued and virtually halted when a Lincoln skier groping through a white-out, fell fifty feet over a bluff. He was unharmed.

Monday was the day for the Downhill, but racing was adjourned to enable Aucklanders to attend Richard Morrison's funeral.

The Slalom began on Tuesday in the Te Heu Heu Valley in mist and soft snow. The course was very short, only thirty five gates, but was of a high technical standard. Auckland officials had the race going by about two, and most racers had reasonable light. Tim Stewart of Canterbury jetted through the course in 36 seconds and comparisons with the young Killy were inevitable. Armstrong of Victoria ski'd reasonably, hoping that the main opposition would fall. They didn't, and he came second to Stewart. The Otago skier Noddy Ross surprised everyone except himself and came third. By about 3.30p.m. the second run of the Slalom was only about a quarter through and the radios packed up. Team captains rapidly conferred and everyone left for the pub, Tokaanu and the sauna at Grads.

Miraculously, Wednesday was very clear and hot, so it was decided to run the Slalom second run, the Giant Slalom and the Non-stop run of the Downhill. Most of the South Islanders discovered the true powder and revelled on the Pinnacles and delayed the start until about noon. Stewart demolished the course in 35 seconds, most of the girls struggled through, and Victoria emerged third.

Competitors had to climb 500 feet up the glacier to the start of the Downhill. One or two people fell but most people were bored with the excessively slow middle section.

The Giant Slalom had been set in the valley and this involved another climb. Victoria had three very good times but were only fourth in this event. Auckland in their true mercenary fashion invited 200 hangers-on to a Drinking Horn and we would like to thank them now—for the grog when we could get to it, for the fun we had when we were allowed to breathe, and for the spirit of competition our team had in the one drink they allowed us. Our girls managed to win in fine style though. We were told the Men's Final was between the Auckland team and the Auckland Official's Team, which resulted in three teams later that night plundering a nine gallon keg belonging to A.U.

Thursday was a blizzard and most teams abandoned even the beer Slalom for the Taverh. Tournament Dinner that night was very successful and probably Tiny Mal's delicate downtrou will live on in the minds of the unabashedly purile for decades.

Results: 1. Otago, 2. Canterbury, 3. Victoria.
Men's Individual: 1. John Armstrong (V), 2. M. Ross (O), 3. Bruce Gardner (L)
Women's Individual: 1. Sue Williams (O), 2. Andre Mason (A), 3. Margretta Chance (O).
Victoria team: Ann Armstrong, Bethina Bradbury, Liz Pike, Marilyn Waring, Phil Jones, Wayne Morgan, Joe Bryden, John Armstrong.

HOCKEY

Men

One win and one draw in six games is not a very impressive record to bring back from any tournament, but this is what Vic achieved—and everyone in the team appeared happy. Perhaps they were not pleased with the results—just pleased with Tournament itself.

On the first day Vic were unfortunate to lose 0-1 in the morning to Massey (who went on to win the Men's Hockey section of Tournament) then in the afternoon drew 2-2 (after missing three penalty strokes) with Otago, who virtually were the Otago provincial team. On Tuesday the effects of Cabaret hit Vic rather hard and we lost to Auckland 2-5 and Waikato 2-3 (a minor upset). After the hockey dinner—a very merry occasion—we beat Lincoln 4-3 and lost to Canterbury 0-6.

Generally the defence and cover defence for Victoria were good—except against Canterbury and the first half against Auckland. In the forwards, Toon Borren made some penetrating runs and was usually ably supported by Doug Hill. The team should have a special thank-you to Geoff Kirkham, the team captain, who always worked hard and sweated most of that grog out!

Victoria had no representatives in the N.Z.U. team which drew 2-2 with Manawatu on Thursday afternoon.

Women

The fact that Vic did not score any goals at Winter Tournament is a rather unfortunate one, as, in actual fact, the team played very well and were not justly rewarded for their efforts. All of the women's games were very close and every match had to be taken seriously. In all games Victoria managed to keep the game scoreless until well into the first half.

On Monday Victoria lost 0-1 to Otago in the morning and went down 0-2 to Auckland in the afternoon. Tuesday morning saw a very good game which Victoria lost to Canterbury 0-2. Later that day Victoria took the wooden spoon by losing 0-3 to Massey.

Leslie Gilbert as the goalkeeper was Victoria's representative for the N.Z.U. team which drew with Manawatu 2-2 on Thursday afternoon.

—W. Gulbransen

Smallbore Rifle Shooting

Vic's team, although gaining a higher score than in the last two years, were still unable to break Canterbury's 11 year hold on the ICI Shield, and also had to concede 2nd place in the closest competition for many years to an infinitely improved Massey team. The margins of ten points and three points in 2,400 possible were evidence that had our more experienced shooters maintained their standards as well as our newcomers, victory could have been ours. Vic shooters K. McGregor, B. Cossar, G. Adlam and I. Cossar contributed to a North Island victory over South Island Universities, and G. Adlam and I. Cossar gained N.Z.U. team selection, with B. Cossar as reserve.

There is no doubt that even if our team came home empty handed, we enjoyed ourselves and gained valuable experience for next year at Auckland.

G. Adlam.

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American planes, full of holes and wounded men and corpses, took off backwards from an airfield in England. Over France, a few German fighter planes flew at them backwards, sucked bullets and shell fragments from some of the planes and crewmen. They did the same for wrecked American bombers on the ground and those planes flew up backwards to join the formation.

The formation flew backwards over a German city that was in flames. The bombers opened their bomb bay doors, exerted a miraculous magnetism which shrunk the fires, gathered them into cylindrical steel containers, and lifted the containers into the bellies of the planes. The containers were stored neatly in racks of their own, which were long steel tubes of used them to suck more fragments from the crewmen and planes. But there were still a few wounded Americans, though, and some of the bombers were in bad repair.

Over France, though German fighters came up again, made everything and everybody as good as new.

When the bombers got back to their base the steel cylinders were taken from the racks and shipped back to the United States of America, where factories were operating night and day, dismantling the cylinders, separating the dangerous contents into minerals. Touchingly it was mainly women who did this work. The minerals were then shipped to specialists in remote areas. It was their business to put them into the ground, to hide them cleverly, so they would never hurt anybody ever again.

nexus

