CASTLE FROM THE CLOUDS?

"For I dip't into the future, far as human eye could see.

Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder

that would be."

And there, towering above Salamanca Road, was a Student Union Building. Now what did it have in it? Well, that depends on the students. When I woke up, I rushed around and asked a few people.

On some things, there was complete unanimity—a big caf, with room for a coffee bar (which would not afterwards be put into the pies); three common rooms, well ventilated and sunny—and, churlishly, a commodious common room for a theatre and film shows; and a well-equipped, high-roofed exhibition room.

Others had personal peculiarities.

The 3rd-year Arts student wanted a glass lounge and evening so that he could natter over a glass of brandy, perhaps. He wanted big windows in the common room so he could see one of the great events from there. He suggested that all clubs could have their own rooms as Salient has now.

The 5th-year Law student wanted individual lockers and furniture that was comfortable but capable of hard wear. He had approached a sporting Exec member. He was enthusiastic and detailed. "A 25-yard tepid pool, 3 feet deep, in the basement—get the freshest water from the ocean. And a gym covering all one floor, facilities for all gym work, and a good indoor basketball court."

The veteran Socialist Club member seemed typical of the possibility of a building like this on the side of the revolution, but he said he wanted a cafeteria that he could eat leisurely in, and the food, he felt, should be so cheap that he would not have to feed the hungry outside Caf hours.

The Arts Student, who had n't thought about it, but recommended a copyshop to keep our students from doing a workshop for making drama, extrav., and Socialist Club members.

A Science graduate was most enthusiastic, and said he could n't imagine anything like that. More adequate changing rooms, and somewhere to meet people were his other planks.

Only protagonist for a lounge bar in the mixed common room was a female Arts graduate. She said it could sell "hard and soft drinks." She wanted the men's and women's common rooms much smaller than the mixed. "Encourage them to get together." Her last brainwave was a "wine glass to put in the sun so it would not fade.

Science undergraduates suggested a sound-proof room for Extrav rehearsal. Another Arts grad wanted a co-op bookstore, and a Gym with "no windows on the roof."

"Co-ops drugstores are popular in New York," said a Commerce graduate. He wanted lockers for his books, and rooms that were not "stuffy." And what about a balcony roof where we could listen to the mountains?

One B.S.M. woman thought that asking for a chapel would be sectarian. Religious students have their galleries for these gatherings like any one else. Above all, she did n't want any stairwells. "I 've been published by that dim lamp Lobby... for years... it 's a sight to be light."

Another one wanted a captioned, well-equipped kitchen near the Gym and common rooms. She wanted hot and cold showers "for all students" and a place to sit on in the changing rooms.

The last person we interviewed was a covered way. "The building should be a block, 'There must be a union of ideas here.' We were off to a lecture.

Our reporters probably missed your excursion to the Student Union Building; we would have liked a number of opinions on what facilities are regarded as essential for the place. There will be a social function here on Friday, so you may see them. Will you see the committee know that you think it is necessary. The best way to do it is through the columns of Salient.

BURT WILLIAMS EXPELLED FROM FRANCE

At the end of 1945, a World Youth Congress was convened in London by the leaders of the Allied powers. It aimed to carry on into the peace the co-operation that won the war. Twenty-five Australian youth bodies sent Burt Williams of the Eureka Youth League, and he played a big part in the organisation of the Congress. From it emerged the World Federation of Democratic Youth, and he became its first General Secretary.

In this capacity he has been resident in Paris since 1946. In that year he made a tour of Australia and New Zealand. He has made his home in Paris where he is made a member of the French Bar Association. Burt has been President of the Central Committee, and of the French Section of the World Federation of Democratic Youth.

Burt represented WFDY at the Economic and Social Council at UNO in February-March, 1948. At WFDY Congress in Budapest last year he was elected Vice-President. His work for the Federation in its campaigns for the welfare of the young generation was outstanding. Especially in France, his popularity and influence over young and students have been immense.

Too immense. On the afternoon of Saturday, 18th February, a detachment of gendarmes knocked on the door of Burt's flat and handed him an order from the French Government to leave France within 48 hours. No reason was given.

But the young people of France know the reason. The French Government is determined to maintain the leadership of the young French in the French State structure. The Government has no bank and no debt. The President of the French Senate, Mr. Maurice Raphaël, has announced that he will support any action against Burt's expulsion. The Socialist Party has condemned the action and the protest is pouring in from abroad.

Let it never be said that Victory was silent.

THE LAW IS A LASSE

LEGAL history, for Wellington law, is as any rate, has been made in the Supreme Court last Friday. John Pearson (a former vice-president) newly admitted as a solicitor, appeared before Mr. Justice Huntley requesting an order to be made

"...that the property to which the order for the defendant is Audrey Langley, is newly admitted."

Before the array of sister-in-law, the said Justice permitted himself a discreet smile.

Just in time

YOU will be just in time to send in your names for the first Christian Movement camp for the year. If you have any concerns about the issues of the day, and doubts about your place and usefulness in the world, I am sure this camp will be just to you. Along with fun and fellowship the camp will be designed to show the relevance of Christ in our work as students, and in the fibre of our way of life.

We invite you to come, and together we might share our doubts and answer the way of life in order to understand our place as enquiries after truth in the University.

The camp will be held at the Boys' Brigade camp site at Waitakere, S. of Auckland, on the evening of Friday, 24th to Sunday, 26th, and will cost about $3 for bus fare.—(Mr. Williams (Til.)

STUD. ASS. BOOKSHOP?

The college year began with heavy financial burdens for most students. Fees have now been paid, but there is no breathing space: there is still a heavy expenditure for textbooks facing us.

Apart from the efforts of the SCM, who do all they can with the second-hand books, all other textbooks must be bought from the larger bookstores.

This has been found to be most unsatisfactory in two fundamental ways.

1. Booksellers are unwilling to take any risks for students. It is very seldom that the books required are to be found in the shops at the beginning of the session. Those which are ordered by the bookstores are usually only the essential texts, so that students have to rely on libraries for the more general books which they may need.

2. The prices made are fantastic; certainly profits on textbooks are not normally taken into consideration. Those on material generally retail at 25 per cent.—50 per cent. instead of 10 to 20 per cent. (2/5 to 15/-), but still, particularly as a student market is a continuously shrinking percentage is high enough. Here again the more advanced subjects suffer, as the general books they need have a higher profit rate than those for science students, say.

This problem is not, however, insurmountable. The Students' Association is capable of managing its own affairs, as has been seen in the past. Why, then, should it not interest itself in a matter of vital importance to most students? Training College, together with various Government Departments and many secondary schools, have long imported their own books. Let the Students' Association set up its own organisation for direct importing.

With the co-operation of the college staff, orders could be placed much earlier in advance in so far as there should be no delay in having the books at the beginning of the year. The Students' Association could even be assured of their present price to make a sufficient profit.

We have now almost enough money to start on the Students' Union Bookshop. I suggest that provision could well be made for a Students' Bookshop when the plans are being drawn up.

M.D.

COMING EVENTS

March 21-25—V.U.C. Drama Club shows Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" in the Town Hall, Concert Chamber, 8 p.m.

March 24-25—S.C.M. Camp at Waimate-O-Mata. The Ring Circus Harvey, 63a. 3

March 25—Second National Sym-phony Orchestra concert.

Wednesday, March 29—Socialist Club Annual General Meeting, Gym, 8 p.m. Carpenters' Union "Fighting Back" to be shown, and reports from Club members who visited Europe and Australia.

Catholic Students Guild

The Annual General Meeting will be held at St. Patrick's College on March 19. A buffet tea, starting at 5.30, will precede it. Older members of the Guild are to be present at the meeting. The Guild will be re-elected at the meeting, and the new Executive will be Father Durning, new Rector of Silverstream. The evening will finish with a social.
NO MAN’S LAND

IN FUTURE, no ‘letter’ will be printed if the text is shorter than 60 words: that is, excluding the headings and the signature.

On second thoughts, the letters will be allowed in—we don’t want to cut anyone out—but will be stopped at the 80 word limit. This rule will be absolute. If you exceed the 80 word limit, only the first 80 words will be printed.

SIR—It was with a deplorable horror that I observed your completely passyfooted editorial in the last issue of “Salient,” and can only say that I like the polite and refined manner of your last letter. More to the point, I agree that it would do no harm to have a statement, authorized by the Executive in explanation of their otherwise incomprehensible actions (or alternatively, their comprehensive inactivity).

Nevertheless, to anyone who wishes to complain, the remedy is in their own hands. They can request a special general meeting and dispose of the business in the terms honourable to the idea. And I must say that I am confident that the present Executive will not be able to put up a good case next year.

But as we wish to retain our politeness, we will leave the controversy for readers to complete. —D.G.

RECORD RELEASES

Of recent recordings, by the way, I commend the following particularly, always presupposing that you have the ‘quid’ to spare:—

1. John and Arthur Schaefer have made a magnificent recording of the Beethoven cello sonatas op. 52, which I consider unequalled in the history of cello recording.
2. Szymon Goldberg and the Philharmonia Orchestra have made a most beautiful set of records of the Haydn violin concerto, little known, yet of wonderful depth.
3. Herbert von Karajan and the Vienna Philharmonic have at long last filled a gap by recording Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony (Choral). Here is the greatest music at its best, and the technical side of the record also leaves little to be desired. The difference between this set and the old Weingartner-records—not to speak of the really quite inferior Stokowski rendering—becomes apparent in the first few bars. Lastly, Margaret Ritchie excels in a rendering of Schubert’s “The Shepherd On The Rock” (purple H.M.V.), beautifully accompanied on the piano and clarinet.

SONG

Who bade you go? That is the sound of snow! Tell me, you blow! Who bade you go?

Dreaming last night I loved you again, Soo you and touched you. But woke with the rain.

We were the sailors, Utterly passed, To Love’s tall star And Time’s still wind.

Who bade you go? Who bade you go?

Lyster Paul.

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The STORY OF ART—E. H. Gombrich—26/3
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WORLD DRAMA—Allardyce Nicoll—30/—
This world’s foremost authority on theatre follows his two famous books “British Drama” and “Development of the Drama” with this monumental history of dramatic theatre from the beginnings to the present, over 1000 pages, containing numerous illustrations.

“Salient” — March 16, 1950

SOMETHING BIG?

SIR—It was with a deplorable horror that I observed your completely passyfooted editorial in the last issue of “Salient,” and can only say that I like the polite and refined manner of your last letter. More to the point, I agree that it would do no harm to have a statement, authorized by the Executive in explanation of their otherwise incomprehensible actions (or alternatively, their comprehensive inactivity).

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Hilltop runs amuck

A RACHNE is the name chosen for the new "literary journal" which replaces "Hilltop." Published on behalf of the Literary Society of Victoria College, Wellington, New Zealand, the magazine is characterized by a deliberate intellectualism usually described as "arty." It is significant that the members of the editorial committee named on the back cover of the journal figure largely in the list of contributors on the same page. Thus, the editorial policy is not as obvious as all that. A note is added: "The essays in this issue do not necessarily coincide with editorial views. It is hoped to publish an essay soon... which certainly and carries further the doctrine of non-possession put forward in the essay on Anarchism." Yet the essay on Anarchism is by a member of the editorial committee! Evidently this member of the committee has no influence in determining the "editorial views."

Many will consider it unfortunate that the editorial committee elected to change the name of this periodical from "Hilltop" to "A Rachne" at such a time. "Hilltop" was beginning to be well known. The material contained in it was far better than that in the new "A Rachne." The name was simpler and more effective. "A Rachne" is rather a vague allusion at best and it is not improved by the attempt to make it (or is it to be such) advanced in the editorial. Apart from that, 2 of 2 articles now appear in "A Rachne," No. 1, and there is a note that subscriptions to "Hilltop" are now overdue. All add up to one conclusion.

Solid meat.

The most material in the magazine is a correspondence conducted between W. H. Oliver and W. H. Hart Smith. Both these correspondents are inclined to say—and they say it without excessive vehemence and intellectual jargon. The result is stimulating, almost provocative, and makes good reading. A short story by Helen Shaw "After the Dark" does a better company than most of the other articles in the journal.

Eight poems by any poet, printed in succession are always a little indigestible, unless when the poetry is excellent. Charles Speir's poetry, I feel, is often good, and his verse lasts. The last verse of "Promised Land" accurately predicts the effect of the poem on the reader: "For you will hold the absent griefs near, Through glass-blue caves all brittle spars. And days. Therefore you shall sink, Snow-blind in slush, beneath the stars."

Unluckily I was standing at the back of the hall when seeing the play and probably missed quite a lot of the detail which was obvious to you. How easy, I suppose, to feel that it is all right. Nevertheless, I hold the authentic opinion. If the plot is so humble or opinion, the play was well done in both production and acting. There was a noticeable over-characterization, but this, I feel, helped justify the moral. The play seemed to me to be directed to a particular type of audience—after all, the organises did send invitations to selected people and the approach and presentation were adapted to suit this audience. This is also a probable reason for the preliminary back-clapping and the too, too rousing chorus, which didn't impress me much either. I agree that the play should stand on its own feet and for its literary purport, I think it has. Instead of presuming that your critic will think it was intended to "convert" people, I think you will find that your critic was primarily to arouse our interest sufficiently actively to cause people to learn more of the movement than we have in the last hours, for any of it. "How it's done," the sale at the hall would have considered their money well spent.

Hi, I'm curious about the significance of the MLA movement in relation to nationalism. I've heard it is used to create a well-disguised hatred. Can you provide more context about this movement and its relation to nationalism?

Yes, I quite agree with Jiminy Critic on this point which he brings him self. The MLA does move beyond national boundaries as mentioned in its opening lines. This increase is not only in other countries, the reference to national boundaries in the play lines. I appear to be mistaken, but I am no importance since it was not the point of the play and the idea is far bigger than nationalism anyway.

If, as Jiminy Critic points out, the sincerity of the followers of the MLA is being used variously to create a well-disguised hatred, I can only ask, a hatred of what? There is an answer to this, but I don't think it is the one your critic has in mind.

The mention of co-operation, unity, and the MLA movement, who agrees are "amusingly unholy" (on their faces) and for a hard (or to any moral sense) is a reminder of the "net possessors," to quote the critic himself. But it goes further than that. Jiminy Critic probably has a greater knowledge of the ideological of the Oxford Group than I (and it is the basis of the MLA movements) in order to be in the position to publish his paragraphs. I remember the personal morality which sprang from the "amusingly unholy" Absolute Truth, Unity, Unfeasibility, and Love forms the basis of the ideology of the MLA movement. I understand the play did not reveal this directly, but the story of it was an attempt to live up to these four principles. They are hard to live up to, there is no doubt about it, and there are many minds who struggle with but small success, but they continue to strive.

These four qualities, together with a simple faith, devoid of dogmatism and creeds, based on individual guidance by the will of God, form the basis of the MLA movement. Do I hear mention of "Honey" and "Boy" and "Girl" and "Mike"? Suppose someone foolishly asks me why: I can now give an answer to their inquiry: the hatred of what?

It is a hatred of materialism—something more or less "home and get number one first, it is the materialist's way of life. It is an attempt to replace the attitude, a replacing of Getting with Giving. Simple, isn't it? This

(Continued Col. 4, Page 4)
THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR

What are you laughing at? You are laughing at yourselves.

So says the Mayor in the last scene of Gogol's drama. This, no doubt, is the crux of the whole play. Are we intended, then, to see ourselves as we are—petty, corrupt and muddling? The tables are turned, and our laughter should fall slyly back on ourselves.

The task of the Unity Theatre was to shake our minds this quite natural mark against society, to create a hummer and a cynicism which would destroy the fibre of the play. Was it accomplished?

To my mind, the humour was there, but somehow the satire was a little blunted. Satire needs a finely drawn pen, and this play, now over 100 years old, seems too naive perhaps in conception to us moderns; and in order to get across the broad humour, buffoonery must needs be resorted to. It is hard to mix salt and sugar, and somehow the flavour of the sugar overcomes the bite of the salt. But in this in the fault of the play, the Unity Theatre, or the author?

The production was well attempted, but there were awkward gaps and pauses and repetition of actions which could have been avoided. The first act, which is rather a dramatic build-up that needs sustained and sincere acting to take it over the muddy patches, this acting on the whole was not forthcoming. The Mayor, played by Fuller Brimmer, had the largest burden in characterization. I admired his acting—"He was funny and laughable, cruel and pathetic. Yet his acting was so convincing—"an imaginative production which could link these traits into a complete character." The story of the bungalow and explosions became a little monotonous, and the selfish egotist at the beginning gave us little clue to the weary philosopher at the end—"you are laughing at yourself."

The part of the Dandy, accidentally impersonating the feared Inspector, was cut clear. His character did not have the facets of the Mayor, and he was as gay and light as he was intended to. Now for the Council, are they intended to be like people or puppets? It took quite a while to remember which gentleman there was in charge of what. Gogol intended them to give us an individual ways of muddling, but in this production, we became more aware of details of character than personalities. These gentlemen certainly failed as a team, but to such an extent that they almost brooked each other out. However, Blochinsky and Dobchinsky were very delightful.

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