Food Impounded by Executive

On 24 February, the Executive impounded a delivery of buns, doughnuts and similar items which had been left outside the Building.

At an Executive meeting in the evening of the 24th, the following motions were passed:

That the Executive notes that it has not seen food which has been delivered outside the kitchen of the SUR; that the food has been left unattended on the ground in trays insufficiently covered and next to open rubbish bins full of refuse and swill.

That the Association take all possible steps to see that the food viewed tonight be condemned as unfit for human consumption and be not sold tomorrow or any other day.

That we impound the food referred to in the above motions.

Members of the Executive then reported that food and placed it in the Executive Workroom. The next day, Association President Margaret Bryan made the following Statement:

"Mr. Levenbach and his staff fully understand the action of the Executive and have been most cooperative. Mr. Levenbach has told me that he has frequently asked the suppliers to deliver food to an enclosed area within the Building to which the suppliers hold keys. For a considerable time, apparently, the suppliers have ignored all instructions to deliver food to the enclosed area."

Diploma Course opposed

The Victoria University Council has endorsed the strong opposition of the Vice-Chancellor’s Committee to a proposal by the Technician’s Certification Authority to introduce a Diploma in Science course at N.Z. Technical Institutes.

According to the Deputy Vice-Chancellor, Professor J.D. Smales, the Diploma Course is opposed because the "appointments board" is now to be known as the "Careers Advisory Board".

The Vice-Chancellor, Dr. D.B. Taylor, told the University Council that many students and even academic staff had not realised that the Board’s function was to advise graduates and pregraduates on career opportunities.

Students’ Association representative, Bill Logan, expressed concern at the lack of publicity which the Board had been given, and added, at both ends of a chastening rebuttal by former Students’ Association President, Mr. K.B. O’Keefe, that much more publicity was needed.

Cafe Hygiene

Sir,

While working late on Sunday night in the basement of the Theatre I heard a voice pull up at the back of the Cafeteria. I took it to be the rubbish collection van coming to clear the garbage and mess from a previous day’s function.

To my horror the van turned out to belong to a career who was delivering pies and cakes. There were left among the fish, grime and carcass on wooden trays. When I departed the scene at 10.00 pm they were still out there, and the Building had been locked up.

Here’s wishing you a healthy and happy start to the coming year.

R.S. Middleton

A proposal for a Government-subsidised block of flats for Victoria University Women’s students has fallen through.

This news closely followed a decision by the University Council to give strong backing to Women’s Hostel Society’s attempt to acquire the Ambassador Flats.

A Ministry of Works inspection of the Building has shown that it is structurally unsatisfactory and not readily adaptable for student flats.

The 33-year-old block of self-contained flats immediately to the rear of Victoria House would have provided accommodation for up to 20 women students.
PULL FINGER ON ACCOMMODATION

The news of strong Council backing for blocks of student flats will be welcomed in student circles even though the Ambassador Flats proposal has fallen through. But the implications of the specific proposals discussed at the February meeting of the University Council deserve closer scrutiny.

Students have for some time argued the need for low rental flats, preferably in the form of a student village complex in which groups of male and female groups of students can form small communities—preferably with a few members of staff and their families.

This is not to decry the investigation by the Women Students Hostel Society of the possibility of converting the Ambassador Flats into an annex of Victoria House. Nor is it a criticism of the strong university backing for such projects. But to call this type of proposal an experiment in University-backed student flats was somewhat unrealistic.

The proposal was for 20 women students, in groups of three to five, to occupy 6 self-contained flats at 57 per week, per student. This put the flats beyond the reach of three-quarters of the women students. Worse still it created the precedent for blocks of student flats to be regarded as adjuncts to current University Hostels in which the fewest hostel students could retain their loyalty to what is basically a hostel community.

Equally alarming was the evidence that neither the University Grants Committee nor the Government have yet geared the complex system of subsidies for student accommodation to allow the university to make prompt and confident decisions on options available on suitable properties for student flats.

By all means, support schemes such as the Ambassador Flats proposal. But the time is long overdue for vigorous efforts by the University and the Students' Association to move towards complexes of low rental student flats. And this will take more work by Council, and Students' Association representatives on Council, than merely rubber stamping proposals for high rent in segregated flats attached to a University Hostel.

Lindsay Wright

THE DRUG REPORT

Sir,

In writing her comments on the First Report of the Committee on the Control of Dependence and Drug Abuse in New Zealand, Miss Swain has raised some very real issues for public discussion. In particular her remarks about the licensing of opium, heroin, and hashish are significant. Miss Swain has been working in this field for many years and has contributed to the debate in a number of ways.

Firstly, the Committee of Inquiry found that the use of cannabis was widespread in New Zealand. Miss Swain's report suggests that the use of cannabis is widespread in New Zealand and that it is not socially acceptable. Miss Swain also points out that the use of cannabis is widespread in New Zealand and that it is not socially acceptable.

Secondly, the Committee of Inquiry found that the use of cannabis was widespread in New Zealand. Miss Swain's report suggests that the use of cannabis is widespread in New Zealand and that it is not socially acceptable.

Thirdly, while the Report does stress the need for psychiatric care for certain types of drug abuse, it does not categorically state that there is an urgent need for psychiatric care. The Report is not intended for a more general audience.

Fourthly, I would point out that the Committee did have freedom to state their opinion and that they did have freedom to make recommendations. The Report is intended for a more general audience.

As Miss Swain says, this is a First Report. It is not intended for a more general audience.

G. Blake Palmer

(Editor's note: Miss Swain may or may not have worked in great haste to meet the deadline for the 18 February issue of SALTENT.)

SALIENT

Staff

EDITOR : David Harcourt
DEPUTY EDITOR : Les Atkins
REVIEWS EDITOR : John Eade
FEATURES EDITOR : Graham Ingram
TECHNICAL EDITOR : Rosemary Young
REPORTERS : Alison Wright & Linda Wright
PHOTOGRAPHERS : Robert Joiner & John Miller
ADVERTISING MANAGER : Bob Dykes

Salient Office: 70-319, ext. 81 or 75
Postal address: P.O. Box 1347, Wellington.
The Committee also recommended that the SALIENT Editor be granted the right to invite members of the SALIENT staff to his discretion. The Technical Editor of SALIENT in 1969 received a payment of $500. The recommendation from the committee as a whole, therefore, reduces the amount to be paid to SALIENT staff, other than the Editor, by $50.

The Secretary of the Association is recommended to receive $750 and the Treasurer the sum of $100 together with expenses (if any) to prepare the accounts of the Association which have previously been prepared by a firm in town.

It is further recommended that the Director of Student Open Day Coordinators should receive $50 each and that members of the Executive other than the President, Secretary and Treasurer should receive no payment.

Payments to the Editors of Capscicle, Argot and Student Association Newsletter should be considered at the Committee’s next meeting following submission by the Publications Board. The Committee has recommended that all payments be operable from 1 January. The Committee has also been concerned that the management of the AGM on 6 April. A further meeting of the Committee will be held shortly and some additional recommendations may arise from that meeting.

THE WOOLSHED
A hairdressing service in the Student Union is to occupy the renovated men’s toilet on the first floor. This proposal was accepted by the University Council at its February meeting.

"The Wool Shed," as the room will be known, will open in the second week of the University year for a year’s trial.

The contract, let to a student with hairdressing experience, Anthony News, allows for a minimal service of twelve hours a week and will cater for both men and women.

The Students’ Association will accept hairdressing appointments on behalf of Mr. News, and the Student Union Building Fund will receive 15 per cent of the gross takings.

CRITIC & CANNABIS
The front cover of the first issue of CRITIC this year has stimulated a minor controversy in Dunedin.

The cover features a full-page photograph of some cannabis plants next to a Students’ Association tie. A caption to the photograph reads "Will no other vice content you?" (The quotation is from John Donne).

The cover photograph relates to a four-page article on cannabis. CRITIC Editor Peter Dickson said that he placed notes in the Student Union building asking for anyone who had cannabis plants to supply CRITIC with a photograph. A roll of film found in the CRITIC delivery box provided the photograph which was used on the cover.

The photograph was brought to the attention of the Police by members of the press. Peter Dickson said that he had heard that the Police considered that submitting the photograph to CRITIC was "a particularly pertinent act" and if they caught the photographers he would "get at least six months."

According to Peter Dickson the Obaga Vexation Act’s provision that he is fully prepared to back the police up in any efforts they may make to locate the person who supplied the photograph to CRITIC.

The front cover of CRITIC has been referred to the Indecent Publications Tribunal.

INDECENT COCK?
Cock has been referred to the Indecent Publications Tribunal.

This followed the appearance of Christopher Robin Whitley before Mr. Justice Sulley SM in the Wellington Magistrates Court on 20 February.

Christopher Robin was charged with publishing an indecent document. The charge related specifically to a comic
AGNEW AFTERMATH

Student representatives in Auckland have made strong submissions to the University Policy Committee (a joint com-
mittee of Council and Senate) following police actions against students and staff. The visit of Vice-President Mike Lee.

Mike Law, Auckland Student's Association President, told SALIENT that he hoped in future that the University would take steps to ensure that the rights of staff and students to move freely in the University grounds would not be curtailed by police action. Law was very concerned about what he called the "unso-
certainties" that would arise from moving some students from the University grounds during the Agnew demonstrations.

In a letter to the University Council, written on behalf of the Executive, on 12 February, Law wrote:

On the evening of January 15, students and members of staff were forced from the University grounds of the Old Government House, the University property, which is directly opposite the site where Agnew was staying. Though Agnew was staying there, nothing could produce identification

On the morning of the 16th, I contacted Mr Mildren (the Vice-Chancellor) who reaffirmed the terms of his letter and I believe I communicated this to Inspector Cummings. On the night of the 10th, students and members of staff were allowed to return, but only after being extensively questioned by the police.

The view has been expressed that the police were determined to station men in the grounds despite any protest, and that police action would continue to be taken to make students and staff have no access to the University grounds.

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SALIENT INTERVIEW

Robin Blackburn, described variously as an "English Left-Wing Revolutionary" and "England's version of Danny the Red," was employed as a lecturer in Sociology at the London School of Economics. He was designated for supporting some of the demands of student militants. Mr. Blackburn spoke at last year's Curious cove gentleman.

What do you find wrong with the present system of universities in Britain?

Well, it's wrong with the administration of universities in a great many countries. That's the first fundamental issue. I think the problem is that there are a number of people who work in the universities that are students and staff—and are made quite sure to be offered good and bad work. The British Establishment includes the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Trade Unionists. They are different people who are part of the same system. These people were not responsible for making the long and medium range decisions. Of course, day to day running was left in the hands of a few smaller group. This smaller group included a number of professional administrators who had made a career of university administration. All these people made the decisions that governed the life and work of students and staff. Now that's the first thing that I think is wrong—other general rules of government and running of the universities. However, I would criticize also the decisions they made. Many of them, at one time, just the way they decided what they reach or those decisions are. I suppose, above all, the fact that the competitive exam system puts pressure on students to work people out into boxes—little class mind, 2nd class mind, 3rd class mind— and the student power movement is a reaction to this.

Yet, I should say, though, that it is also a reaction to issues which originate outside the university. Student unrest often revolves around the involvement of our country in questions of national liberation. The universities in the advanced capitalist countries have become deeply involved in the capitalist system. In Britain, for example, we found that members of the London University were advising the American Government on how to conduct their war in Vietnam. However, universities haven't suddenly become the mouthpiece of the Establishment. They are a part of the Establishment. Of course, there is a sort of native of Establishment within our society. That means that they are helping to support the Establishment. It's not as much the colonisation of different lands, although that does go on, but rather more the colonisation of everyday life in our country. What I mean by this is that, in order to preserve the structure of late Capitalist Society, it's necessary to produce a whole host of technician and social engineers.

It was stated recently by a New Zealand educationist, Mr. Jack Shellent, that universities will be seeing the emergence of a clear ethical purpose or certain more factories in the productive chain. Do you agree with this?

Well, to some extent. The image of the factory certainly seems to apply, as far as the problem of cracking out large numbers of students with the appropriate degree is concerned. I'm trying, however, to suggest another dimension to this. As your question implies universities are becoming degree factories; by doing this, working out more and more specialists—they are making capitalist society itself more like a machine or factory where the maximum amount is produced for the minimum cost. One of the major features in the development of universities has been the burgeoning growth of the social sciences, here the people are trained who in the future are going to be the personnel managers, the political police, those working in the media and so on—the growing points of late capitalist society. These are the men who will make our societies more efficient in a machine-like sense.

How specifically, are students in Britain reacting to this?

Well, very often finds that the most militant advocates of student power, come from precisely these areas. They don't want to become manipulated because the system requires that they shall manipulate themselves through the examination system. They find the role which they have assigned degrading and they reject it and their rejection often spreads to many other sections.

So students work the demarcation of University administration in order that they may prevent this?

Yes. Also demarcation in terms of entry to the University. Because of the entrance requirement Universities choose they often exclude racial minorities and make it difficult for the sons of the working class to attend University. The proportion of working-class children going to University in Britain is now no higher than it was before the Second World War. As I told you many, many of the slogans are not achieved without changing society as a whole.

How far can students legislate in their demands?

Well, I think that all decisions which are made in the University which relate to the teaching which students receive are decisions which students ought to have a say in making. I think that both students and teachers ought to be in the position of making all such decisions together.

Obviously you don't see student power constituting itself in the Universities but it is affecting society as a whole. Do you see students as a strong pressure group?

Well, they already have become, in spite of their relatively small numbers, an important political factor. I think the reason is that, politically speaking, our society is rather dead. The reason why late capitalist society survives in spite of the evident fact that it suppresses much of the potentiality of modern technology is because most of the people most of the time are in a state of passivity towards the general direction. Obviously, the students are trying to assert some sort of control, even if only in University administration, workers are enduring to assert some minimal degree of control over management.

It has been said that many student activists are ideologically or ideologically isolated and some are until now relying base for the transformation of society. What is your reaction to this?

Well, I think that they're certainly the most active constant revolutionary element in Western Society. However, there are other groups which are very militant—sometimes in a more important way than students. I'm thinking about the Black Power Movement in the United States, or, in my own country, the movement among the blacks in Northern Ireland. This movement, of course, includes students. I don't think that this is a very important element—are as isolated as you would imply there.

How much support do the militant student get from the government?

I would say that, at the present time, a question which has developed between the political awareness of the militant minority and the political awareness of the majority of students. This militant minority has undergone a process of political awakening which has not yet been translated into a political awakening of the people but it makes a big change in the terms of what the politicians are doing. The politicians are starting to be more aware of the dangers of these movements. Now, this is not a complete revolution, of course, with other social classes outside the university.

Do you foresee a greater degree of cooperation between the students on an international basis?

Informally, yes. I don't think that the preconditions exist for any formal linkage between student organisations because these organisations are, as I say, themselves fairly fragmented with the situation.

Have you gained any impression of the situation in New Zealand which could provide the basis for action?

Well, obviously the student movement here is younger and has less experience of militant activity than similar movements in other countries. At the same time, I am quite struck by the similarity of the problems which the movement faces. I think that the student movement here and the student movement in the United States must be a very serious situation.

You are speaking, of course, of the CYM. I think that there was a very interesting feature of the New Zealand situation—the emergence of a militant youth movement which is able to recruit from a section of working class as well as from the student population.

New Zealand universities are coming under increasing attack from the Minister of Finance who wants to be concerned with what he terms the waste in the universities. In some other countries, I think students should stand to justify themselves.

I think that you'll find that there are a number of vested interests who will defend the functions of the university who don't either whether this occurs or not, it is not the role of militant students to do so. I think it's very important for militant students not to try to fight other peoples' battles for them. Above all, I don't think they ought to be isolated by the threat of the right into estranging their own demands or actions. I think it's very important that governments in the Western world are already very right-wing and repressive. But I don't think that there's any contesting case to be made that they can be isolated by this, especially right-wing represive. I don't think that fascism is a serious danger in our countries because fascist parties still play a role in any of the advanced capitalist countries is suffering. It is a matter of trying to develop autonomous political force—that is a fascist movement—actually exists in any capitalist country.

BANK THE
ALL-SERVICES
BANK

Bank of New Zealand
In the following article David Butcher, President of the Labour Club and Labour Party candidate for Hawkes Bay in the Election last year, discusses the future of the Party.

"You won't win next Saturday but you'll win in April!" was fairly typical comment from people attuned to the political climate at I swung Hawke's Bay electorate putting forward the Labour viewpoint. It illustrates the two major features of the election from the electorate scene: the pessimism of the Labour Party's supporters during the election run-up and the marginal nature of a contest in which particular results could change at a very late stage. The electorate was particularly sensitive to local issues and personalities.

The unsuccessful result, from the Labour view, leads one to ask what now? Will Labour debate still further the remaining principles it promotes and hope to sneak into power under a different name? Will it shed its progressive elements and become a conservative party of functionaries and old faithfuls? Or will it become a radical party embracing a wider spectrum of socialist ideas, more tolerant of diversity? Will it fight back into office—leading a crusade for social equality, justice and an equality of power?

To the idealists and radicals, young and not so young, who comprise the progressive element within the Labour Party a choice like this is no choice at all. Labour must fight back with principles reasserted and policies renewed. "Labour a crusade or nothing" is still true, even if the source (Chaim Wold Whin—frequently in unemployable) were signs in 1969 that even if the spirit of 1935 was not attained, enthusiasm and a sense of urgency did prevail at the centre. After several false starts the Parliamentarians have elected a leader who can see objectives for the Party other than "to elect competent men and women to Parliament and Local Authorities," (as the Party's Constitution and Rules put it) and defend the institutions of 1938 from erosion.

Even to the years 1966-69 were wasted years for the Labour Party. Reform was frustrated at the 1967 Conference and the Party tried, once again, to use the old tools to do a new job in the 1969 Election. Although they performed better, polished and sharpened, than they did when badly blunted three years ago, the need for more modern tools is urgent. A member of the Party's New Zealand Executive is said to have claimed that "there must be hidden behind somewhere. How else could we get so many votes with such poor organisation?"

If the British Labour Party of the mid-fifties was in the "Peony-faithing Age", then its fraternal, New Zealand Party organisationally is barely coming out of the stone age! An ill-directed attempt to change this state of affairs at the 1967 Conference was thrown out in what possibly was the last reactionary success of the really old, old guard. This rejection of change left the Party little more sophisticated than it had been in 1932 in its approach to factionalism and policy formation.

As a direct result of the Lee Labour Party of 1943, the Labour Party's organisation divides power from responsibility and efficiency from both. At the local level too many competing organisations have formal responsibility for the same tasks and none has the resources to fulfil them adequately. The only link between the centre and the region is the powerless Divisional Area Officers. This places further work on the already inadequate Head Office through which all information and communication must be channelled.

Whether intentionally or not, certain conventions and procedures prevent any issue being discussed fully at the Party's supreme governing body, the Annual Conference. No meaningful attempts at political education for new members can be made because such facilities simply do not exist. The result is that the Party organisation remains a moribund structure for three years except for the three weeks of the General Elections. Otherwise the organisation has only a cloakaking fundraising function. It also means that Party organisations in areas remote from the principal centres rapidly decay simply for the lack of interesting activities.

Despite deficiencies of organisation, the quality and quantity of the 1969 Campaign publicity, publications and broadcasts was far better than has been achieved in previous elections. Even from the biased viewpoint of a candidate, it was clear that a tremendous impact had been made, especially on the young, by the projection of a more adventurous and dynamic image. It was no coincidence that Bill Rowling, Vice-President of the Party and number three Parliamentarian, was in command of the Publicity Committee. This may, however, have been the reason why lack of visibility left little new for the last week of the campaign. No party with the same campaign男篮 for it, running its publicity, on its Policy Committee, on its Executive (and organizing his own electorate) and with minimal logistic backing, can expect maximum efficiency in all departments at the same time, even if the person is, like Rowling, highly competent.

Not only in presentation but also in content the 1969 Policy was a vast improvement on 1966. Education, health and housing were excellent policies and several areas of policy such as immigration, fisheries, arts and somewhat less enthusiastically—law and order were new or considerably revamped. This resulted from Mr Kirk's reorganisation of Caucus into specialised committees for research and organisation of parliamentary material. It enabled better use to be made of the Party's ill-conceived Policy Committee. The superficial industrial relations policy, the timid social security policy and the vagueness of the economic proposals can be traced to the excessive work load of the Chairman of the first two committees and to an atmosphere of confusion on the third.

This confusion on economics is probably a result of the ill-defined ideological position of a party to which economics has always been a fundamental tenet of ideology. Ideology and dogma can be a great drawback to a party when it strives for original thought as has happened through the attachment of the western socialist parties to Stalinism during the last ten years. The attitude of rational response by basically working class parties to the establishment of a working class state, but ideology itself is necessary for a party which considers itself to have any sort of mission. The gradual evaporation of Labour's originally vague ideology and the appearance of another apparently rational ideology in the form of Social Credit may have been responsible as much for anything for the slump in Labour popularity in 1966.

For anybody who is only interested in the survival of the Labour Party as an institution, the most cheerful feature of 1969 must have been the decline of Social Credit. For those expecting substantial gains for this Party, Social Credit's crashing defeat can be seen only as a reaction against the inept use of the opportunities be has had by Mr Cracknell. Such opportunities seem unlikely to recur especially if Labour's organisation is revamped in the near future. However the religious fanaticism of Social Credit supporters (noted by Brian Edwards) will keep Social Credit alive for a long time and, should New Zealand ever again be faced by economic collapse of 1930 proportions, this Party...
The Students' Association over the last few years has been a most striking example of the dynamics of change. When I first arrived at Vic (four years ago) the Association was comprised of fewer than five thousand students and was completely run by an executive committee of about thirty students who made all financial decisions for the University. The only link between the students elected to the Executive and the Association as an interest in the Association — this year's Executive form a good working group and get on very well together — but did not know each other, except on a casual basis, prior to election, and did not come from any clearly defined group of student interest. All policy decisions of the Association had to be made at weekly meetings of the SRC (which is open to all students). The Executive elections in 1969, however, were characterized by a lack of candidates, a lack of vigorous campaigning, and a very low poll.

I believe that the changes which occurred had the following causes:

1. Increasing general student interest in expressing opinion on matters of local, national, and international concern with and probably partly sparked off by, a group of intensely interested so-called "radical" students. This interest was illustrated by the high poll for Mike McCarthy in the Presidential election last year, and was part of the reason for the SRC winding up in the "come-all" format which it did. I think this is what we need — some good high-ranking yeast in our otherwise rather stodgy dough, and the process of fermentation is, to my mind, part of what a university is about.

2. Colourless Executives and an inefficient sub-committee system. The sub-committees (for example, Public Relations, House Committee) had been dying duks for some time, but 1969 took the prize for insipid Executives. There was a singular lack of inspired, mad or even funny action and this lack was equalled by a masterfully irrelevant SALIENT during the year. I was on the Executive — I know that it did its work and did it well. But there was little spark of life except that provided by Gerard Curry.

3. The characters of the Presidents of the last few years. I admire John McGrath, Doug White and Gerard Curry. Each of them acted as he honestly thought was in the best interest of all students. So, I hope, shall I — but mine will be in a rather different role. Each of the previous Presidents mentioned saw, I think, the danger of government through benevolent dictatorship rather than participation, and each worked hard to ensure as broad a base of representation as he could.

Well we've got it, due largely to their efforts. We've got student participation on University committees and we've got student representation in its most direct, challenging and promising form, in the SRC. What we need now is action, not words. If the whole structure is not to collapse through inertia, we must get it moving. That's easy to say, I suppose, and again it is action we require. So let it now be understood — to give a fair chance for student reps on University Committees SRC will need at least 70 students standing for appointment. There is a great deal of work to be done by SRC sub-committees especially Education and International Affairs. Large action committees are needed to work from the beginning of the year. You don't need to be an expert on work on these. Okay, advertisement ends.

Where do we go from here? I think we have reached, on paper, a most exciting concept of advanced democracy within the University. This year the paper theories of participation and representation must be made to work in fact and consolidated into a functioning system. That sounds dull — it needn't be. Basically, the future, particularly the long-term future, is up to you. We've come to the paper recognition that the Association is its students. Do you want to save Manapouri? To have a healthy work during Capping? To put seats in the Mount Street Cemetery? To have a full discussion on whether marijuana should be legalized? To meet at SRC weekly? To have a new Vic Union Building? And a swimming pool? To halt the All Black tour? What do you want? The Association is yours to make out of it. What do you want in a bi-cuast?

Margaret Bryan, 1970 VMSA President
Recently I received a telephone call asking me if I would care to look around the new extensions to the Student Union building at Victoria, and express my thoughts on those extensions. I had already been wondering just what on earth was being constructed on top of the Union every time I lurched down the road from John Reid's, and was therefore pleased to have the opportunity to discover more. The tone of the caller told me what to expect.

"We'll have to go around it when the builders aren't there", he said. Not to mention the architect, I had thought. On this somewhat subversive footing we arranged to meet one evening after the five o'clock whistle had gone.

Before going I thought a little mental preparation was necessary. I thought that the architect's task—extending what is an architectural mistake from a previous decade—was an unenviable one, and that it would be as well to be open-minded and charitable about the new building. The trouble was that recent travels have allowed me to see the Student Unions at Auckland, Massey and Ilam, all of them designed by that very fashionable (and good) architect, Miles Warren. Superficially, at any rate, I had already decided that this odd structure was at the opposite end of the architectural social scale, and that objectivity on my part was going to be a pretty tough intellectual exercise. I gave much thought to the difficulties of extending the inextensible—Parliament Buildings, say, or the Cathedral. I considered that the architect should either extend in precisely the same style as the original, which in this case would be a pretty hilarious happening, or design something in total architectural counterpoint to that original. The exterior of this building, through my post-squat fog, suggested that the architects—threatened with this Morton's Fork—had attempted to ignore it, and had fallen right into it.

"Well," I say to myself, walking up to meet my guide, "perhaps the exterior betrays the virtues of the interior."

We make contact, and I am subjected to a ten-minute diatribe on the evils of the building, on the political ineptitude and chicanery that led to its commissioning, on the all-embracing incompetence of all who are connected with it. My objectivity is fast becoming a thing of the past although it is being replaced by a vague feeling of sympathy for the much-vilified architects. This last disappears in very short order.

A photographer lurks, ready to shoot anything I laugh at or walk into, and away we go through the original building, up towards the extension.

"This is the original Grand Staircase," says my guide. It's a shattering concatenation of yellow and green striped flooring colliding with red and black chequerboarding.

"Very regal," I reply. I can already see the difficulties ahead: the existing plan is of such weird shape and the consequent spaces so unresolved.

"I'll show you the main spaces first and the ancillary accommodation second," says my guide, or words to that effect.

"Lead on," I say, nervously. He leads on into the new rooms.

The first is the Great Hall; it is a huge, clanking space, divided in the middle with a ridiculous little cleft—a fine view over the back of Fifties-Ecclesiastical wind.

"The position of this building for the exploitation of the view I suggest, looking around," says my guide. Actually there is a sort of standing up, and the prepared to fight your usual assorted columns, glazing in.

"However, there is a view guide, with heavy sarcasm.

"Show me," I reply. Mutt me.

It is a masterpiece. About it trundles along two exterior completely unusable. If you view or whatever, you are back of the head and the topi are walking along it, madly get laid out. Because steel opening windows like the one when open. The three foot vents anyone sitting inside sky. Outside, there is no stand, observer, and take an I see something else. "Are these outer columns lean in..."

"They lean," answers the sufficient angle to be not like anything but a build...

"I think they are intended upper windows around the trying to justify my profes
Lounge, or something, surrounded by balsam supermarket things on the top. There is a large screen thing next to the lounge.

"...to expect a similar harbour and city," says the guide.

On the inside, if you feel like it, you could sit on the sofa, or find a seat on the mezzanine, which is a separate area.

"Nothing else, it's too wide, it's too hot, you're probably top-hung, outwardly eye-ball height, e-windows sit on nothing more than it down at all, so your fable risk.

They do, too, at just a little not enough to look at.

At the slope of the stairs, I suggest, smothered, unimpressed.

Actually, the columns don't appear to have much reason for existence as their base is virtually in space, and anyway there is a line of unequivocally supports a few feet away. "Okay, so they're architectural expressions." The higher windows that those columns might or might not be reflecting, lean out like a Control Tower window, at about five times the angle of the columns. "Let's get the hell out of here," I plead, "all these divergent angles are making me cross-eyed."

"Let us look at the mezzanine," the guide sniffs, taking me back inside. This Minstrels' thing around the main hall is just about wide enough for one easy chair and a pair of obstructive outstretched legs. It is very long.

"Good for linear conversations," I observe.

"Good for ticket-collecting," he returns. Still, it does have a view, provided the sun isn't shining too brightly. It also provides some of the most unresolved architectural detailing ever perpetrated. At one corner in particular, it looks as if several trades and their executors have all raced in towards each other, and on meeting, just stopped dead. Columns, windows, timber panels, balsam are plastered with a sort of plaster mix at the end of the mezzanine. At this point the mezzanine splits into a descending staircase, leaving a very functional, two feet wide approximately, flat space of incredible stupidity.

"Get me out of here," I choke. My open-minded critical faculties are now totally extinguished.

"Prepare yourself," says the guide and the photographer in sepulchral tones.

"Christ, now what?" I ask.

"The greatest," the guide replies. We approach a pair of double doors. In the room beyond, just out of range of the door-swing, and to all practical purposes right in the middle of the route of travel, stands a large, round, concrete, column.

"NO!" I cannot believe my eyes.

"Yes," they laugh, "It's true."

This room is truly another masterpiece. It has four or five non-parallel walls, round columns, bits of round columns, bits of square columns, sharp re-entrant corners shame-facedly disguised by triangular meter-upboards, windows again overlooking the kitchen and yard but positively not the view. Yes, students of architecture must not miss this room. Pevsner must record and immortalise it.

"What the bloody hell is it for?" I am practically screaming.

"I'm not sure yet, but I think it's going to be a music room of some sort."

"That would be it, perfect, in view of the acoustics," I reverberate. "Yes, that is all it needs. To be a music room."

Sadly I turn away from this fantastic room, thinking of the image my beloved profession must present to Academe.

"I'm going for a drink. In fact several," I say, as we totter past the examples of bad building and non-design, telephone cubicles in fantastically noisy lobbies, doors opening into circulation areas where they will hit someone, rhomboid rooms, inadequate toilet facilities, a carapace of waste spaces in endless confusion.

"About fifteen hundred words then?" enquires my guide.

"Probably two would suffice," I say, "but I'll try and write something comprehensible." Writing comprehensibly on the incomprehensible is about the same as extending the inextensible, I think to myself.

Standing near the Cable Car on my way to the Western Park Hotel I look back towards the University. With the exception of the Gold-Medal Library Arts Block, it is a mediocre collection of architectural misfits, and I am tempted to think that somebody has got it in for Victoria. The culmination of this mediocrity, the Student Union and its extension, assures me that somebody HAS got it in for the students.
HALLS OF RESIDENCE APPEAL

Acknowledgement of Donations

The Victoria University of Wellington Halls of Residence Foundation, Inc., gratefully acknowledges the generosity of the undermentioned business houses and organisations who have contributed so generously to the appeal launched in 1967 for the building of Halls of Residence for students of this University.

This list does not include the many hundreds of former students, parents, charitable organisations and trusts and members of the public who have given so freely to the Fund and whose gifts have been privately acknowledged. 

(Sgd.) L. R. ARNOLD, Chairman of the Foundation.

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Politically, there is a real crisis of leadership in these struggles. In default of national leaders, the movement is filled by conservative and reformist elements such as the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and the Democratic Party.

The Black Panther Party, which a year ago seemed to be on the point of achieving a breakthrough into the black community, has dwindled everywhere. This is due to increased pressure on and persecution of its leaders, notably Huey Newton, who has been in jail since mid-1968 on a trumped-up charge. In response to this, the Panthers have failed to build adequate defense movements, and their programme seems to have degenerated.

The Vietnam Moratorium Committee, largely responsible for the October 15th actions, is planning to throw its support behind "peace" candidates in the coming congressional elections, which means they will not longer intend mass actions like the one they just built. The leadership of the New Mobilization Committee, largely responsible for November 15th, has turned New Mobe into a "multiracial" organisation, so that it will only mobilise a fraction of the support it formerly had as a single issue coalition.

A key component of New Mobe, the Student Mobilisation Committee, is the only ongoing nationwide antiwar group pressing for continuation of mass actions calling for immediate withdrawal from Vietnam. The SMC is the only one of the three anti-war coalitions which calls national conferences to ensure democratic decision-making by the anti-war movement. The only New Mobe national conference led to November 15th and the majority of the leadership does not want a repetition of that.

The leaders of the anti-war movement are more often than not interested only in pulling their own political line, and not in building the independent anti-war movement. They may want small "confrontational" actions (for example, SDS has not participated in a mass anti-war action since the first one they built in 1965). Or they may want to do something "moral" - for example, the pacifists who want to mobilise people to engage in civil disobedience to burn draft cards, or to refuse to pay extra taxes for the war or their phone bills. Some want to turn the movement into a multi-issue one, especially after a big success which they think can be used to build a new party - like the Progressive Party of the twenties and forties. Or they want to channel the movement into support of the Democratic Party or a peace "candidate" from the Democrats. But rookie leaders - like Bernardine Dohrn - who consciously tried to bring the masses away from independent action in 1969, and succeeded. The Progressive Conservative Party, one of the most powerful forces in the anti-war movement, is always pressuring for support for the Democrats, as opposed to mass action. As obvious, the threat of all of these movements is a new draft. Drawing masses into the anti-war movement. One million mobilisation letters are still representing only a tiny proportion of the population of the United States and the other anti-war sentiment (about 50% of the population) which the movement should aim to mobilise.

The Demise of the SDS

The more important (and in some quarters, most surprising) development in the student movement as a whole in 1969 was the complete breakdown of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). For over a year, its leaders had claimed up to 30,000 members. Now SDS counts a mere 5000. There are some reports of mass actions, none larger than a few hundred. Mainly without structure, the national organisation consisted of a few "stars" who would consider themselves capable of publicising demands. The top, SDS conferences were attended by those who could get there - "participatory democracy" was the rule. The SDS experience shows that this very quickly turns into an organically out of touch and irresponsible clique. Parallel to this development, the SDS adopted a more and more "revolutionary" and super-revolutionary phrasology and action. By its final conference in 1969, at which the old leadership was re-elected, nominating the vast majority "Worker-Student Alliance" caucuses (which is led by the Marxist Politecnico). Many of the revolutionary actions were connected to a small group of SDS leaders. However, each remaining faction of SDS regards Stalin as some sort of hero. This is surprising when one considers the fact that the reasons for their rejection of Marxism was through identification of Stalin's crimes with Marxism.

The Weathermen faction provides an example of a group going far "left" enough to border on madness. Recently they held "four days of rage" in Chicago: in which they were going in at the head of the rank and file of the police. A few Weathermen with helmets and black抗潮布arament were to be seen in the streets, aiming to smash cars and windows.

Over Christmas the Weathermen held a national convention, called a "wars council" attended by about 400 people. So top Weathermen, Ted Gold claimed that the U.S. would have to be run by a "revolutionary" and that all Americans had to be torched the right. To Weathermen, white workers are a revolutionary force; and to Weathermen the revolution must be started now. "without waiting."

Bernardine Dohrn, Weathermen leader, opened the Council with a call for armed struggle - a part of which is terrorism. Political assassinations, murder, and a little violence that is considered acceptable are put forward as legitimate forms of armed struggle. "We are in an airplane," Dohrn said, "and we went up and down the aisle, and if they fell we said, 'If we have to kill the police, we will. Than that's what we are going to do.'"

The Weathermen's leaders called for the murder of Saul Alinsky.

The Women's Liberation Movement

Women's Liberation is the newest and strongest of the radical upsurges in the U.S. today, and it is spreading like wildfire. In New York, for example, the largest single women's liberation group probably Women's Liberation groups abroad. Women's Liberation is a women's movement developing in depth. But it's starting Continued on page 12
FYSION CONTINUED

point is the subject of women to the drudgery of war-time industry. There are children, with no one to care for them, on the battlefields of Europe. The simple democratic movement for women's rights in the United States has not been able to influence the lives of the children of the working classes. The movement for children's rights is a struggle against the forces of capitalism and imperialism.

Socialist Revolutionaries

The American radical scene, then, is characterized by a combination of two factors: a period of growth and a period of crisis. At a time when the working class is fighting for its rights, the Socialist Revolutionaries are at the forefront of the struggle. They have made great strides in the past few years, and their influence is growing. However, the revolution is not yet complete, and there are still many obstacles to overcome. The Socialist Revolutionaries are working hard to overcome these obstacles and to build a stronger socialist movement.

YSA CONTINUED

Social Credit revival by making a deal with the more pragmatic section of the YSA on the issue of leadership.

For the future reform within the Labour party, the YSA is considering the possibility of a leadership change. The YSA is not opposed to the idea of a leadership change, but it is important to ensure that the new leader is strong enough to lead the YSA to victory. The YSA is considering a leadership change to a younger leader who is able to appeal to a wider base of voters.

BUTCHER CONTINUED

music in a film if it was not a memorable, or (b) heard occasionally on the radio. There is no doubt that music is an important part of the film industry, but it is not the only form of entertainment that is available. In the past, the film industry has often been criticized for its lack of originality and its reliance on popular music. However, the film industry has made great strides in recent years in terms of originality and innovation. The film industry is not limited to the use of music in films, but it is an important part of the industry. The use of music in films is not limited to the past, but it is an important part of the film industry.

Certain phrases or lines in The Wild Bunch may seem peculiar to those not familiar with the film. However, it is important to note that these phrases and lines are not accidental, but are intentional. They are meant to be remembered and to have a lasting impact on the audience. The film is not just about the characters and their actions, but it is also about the message that the film is trying to convey.

Perhaps I have misunderstood the character or the context, but I would like to suggest that the character is not as simple as he may seem at first glance. He may be struggling with some internal conflict or perhaps he is not as confident as he may seem on the surface.

In the film, the character is shown to be a deeply complex and multidimensional figure. He is not just a simple hero or a villain, but a man with many layers and many sides to his personality. This makes him more believable and more relatable to the audience. The character is not just a tool to move the story forward, but he is a character with his own desires and his own fears.

In summary, The Wild Bunch is a film that is rich in character and in meaning. It is a film that challenges the audience to think and to engage with the material. It is a film that is not afraid to explore the darker aspects of human nature, and it is a film that is not afraid to make the audience uncomfortable. It is a film that is not just about entertainment, but it is about provoking thought and provoking action. It is a film that is not just a simple tale of good versus evil, but it is a film that is about the complexity of human nature and the complexity of the human experience.

MORE LETTERS

Student protests

Professor Taylor: Mr. President, I would like to raise a matter of concern that has been brought to my attention. The issue is related to student protests on campus. As you know, there have been several protests on campus in recent weeks, and the situation is becoming more serious. The protests are related to issues such as political correctness and the accessibility of campus services.

I believe that the university should take a firm stance on this issue. The university should support the right of students to protest, but it should also ensure that the protests do not disrupt the normal functioning of the university. The university should also ensure that the protests are conducted in a peaceful and respectful manner.

I would like to propose that the university take several steps to address this issue. First, the university should communicate with the students and listen to their concerns. Second, the university should establish a process for resolving disputes in a fair and impartial manner. Third, the university should use its resources to support the students and to help them address their concerns.

It is important that the university take a proactive approach to this issue. The university should not simply react to the protests, but it should take steps to prevent the protests from becoming more serious.

Respectfully,

Robert Johnson
THE PREMISES:

1. That literature is the history of the community, and provides the sources of discovery for the literate historians.

2. That literature is the record of speech changes and revaluation of symbols within the community's language.

3. That words are the mode of revelation and that, in being so concerned, literature will be the ideology of romance within the community.

4. The work of literature does not lead its existence apart from the moral commitments of those who would destroy the community in order to restore the value of human life.

5. It is literature that must create the forms of symbolic order, to imply the revelation within the location, the action, and the modulation of the symbols.

WHO NEEDS HELP NOW:

The small magazines: ARGOT — FREDERICK'S FRONTIERS. Each with a personal vision, each extending the realm of literary consciousness, each in the main tribal centres.

Mark Young — escaping a past of promise and the credo that a man of letters collects; Dave Mitchell — a delicate fear of publication yet with 3 volumes to shame the Elders unprinted; Ian Wedde — high for a week in Northern Spain, then strange messages from Jordan, an individual muse of gentle construction, patronized by LANDFALL.

Russell Haley — scientific fiction from Leeds giving us now with his knowledge of the literary gagging; Richard Brooke — savage proseur and recently total dramatist exploring the sexual mythos of the insular mind; Norm Bilborough — the fear of the individual, also recordist of his masters in subtle portraits; Sam Hunt — searching for a subject more necessary than himself along the estuaries of booster-heaved brain.

Over these names the bureaucrats sit stupidly unaware that this is where a literature is taking place and not in the fraudulent promulgations of the past. These people need cash to survive and not simply as a token for the services of buffoon or swivel of the Elders' daughters. They are beyond your command yet political patronage controls the purse-strings, be not afraid to cross their palms with silver! They may hang their mad heads in the pines at a later date but they will give you a mother-fucking literature in the process. You burned out the brain of Brother Jim Baxter and, although each be a bastard to the muse, you will screw these to death in Thanatos unless you make over the profits of your system to their minds. And there are the other names to plough their distant ways into your pockets around the corner from these. Largess now and not simply in the erection of silickee monuments.

"We have, however, entered quite another time — apocalyptic, anti-rational, blatantly romantic and sentimental; an age dedicated to joyous misology and prophetic irresponsibility; one distrustful of self-protective irony and too-great self-awareness." — Leslie Fiedler, PLAYBOY, December 1969.

THE FAILURES WE CAN BE ASHAMED OF:

The umbilical spectacle of N.Z.'s largest and most affluent university wasting its resources on preparing for publication a series of local 'classics' (may the good Lord forgive them) when a literature could be made by putting the present company of creators into pamphlet form; examples could be found in Yale, Wesley and Leeds publishing programmes.

The programme to teach N.Z. Lit. in the universities is based on inferior examples, badly researched and criminally misleading — a fence for all seasons.

LANDFALL — which everybody knows to be a list of journal and not worth the lingering death it indulges itself in.

The tradition of criticism that has formulated those inferior models, we weep for the coming of a scholar or erudition, sympathy and humanity.

The weekend schools of writing that convince the glibble, the untaught, the schoolteachers, the housewives that literature is accessible to the mediocre.

The presses that print the bullshit that issues hard upon these schools.

The State Literary Fund for condensation to the writers it should be rescuing with generosity and grace.

The anthologies which have proclaimed the mediocre to be masters and which removed dignity from the genuinely talented, their philosophies which taunted our minds with the crap their conceit and arrogance lead them to state as fact.

THOSE HAPPENANCES WE COULD NOT HAVE MISSED:

Kurt Von Meier who introduced a number of teachers to Pound's A.B.C. of Reading and made our first serious art criticism.

PHOENIX, which was the model for all future literary magazines and which gave us Curnow.

The introduction of the American Lit. teaching programme in Auckland University, now imitated elsewhere, and its two teachers: Doyle and Horrocks.

Ken Smitherman for the poetry and for A Way of Saying which helped us to take ourselves seriously in a time of need.

Allen Curnow's later poetry.

The small magazines which aided the eccentric in his definition of a literature and sustained him in his outside stance. The ARTS FESTIVAL LITERARY YEARBOOK and its, episodic, intuitive editors.

The introduction of the Grace Press & City Lights Books catalogues into the country by inspired booksellers.

Janet Frame who did her own thing in her own time and was proud, and who created The Edge Of The Alphabet.

Keith Sinclair who gave us a history.

The State Literary Fund which gave finance to some of the above was also necessary.

THOSE BOOKS WE MUST READ NOW:

Language and Silence, George Steiner, to aid the spiritual.

The Cantos of Ezra Pound, to keep us humble.

Selected Works of Alfred Jarry, Watson Taylor & Shattuck, to keep us insane.

Eros and Civilization, Marcuse, to keep us sane.

Understanding Media, McLuhan, which is provocative.

The Young American Poets, Carroll, because it's helpful.

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EASY RIDER IS...
BOOK REVIEW

REVENANTS by Vincent O'Sullivan, 74 pages, $1.50; published by Prometheus Books. Reviewed by DAVID GARRETT.

This slim but costly volume of verse contains work published since Our Burning Time (1965). The cover design (two rouge-royal rectangles on a field greenery) is by Ralph Newton, and betrays the journalistic nature of the writing it encloses. Indeed, the larger part of the verse self-destructs immediately upon entering the brain. Most of it is mediocre in conception and tedious in execution.

The central failing of this poet is his inconsistency of style. He offers a style grandiose beyond the merits of his subject-matter. The irrelevancy of his usual opaque imagery shackles the mind with wonder, agonizingly so in the poem In Every Casual Flower. O'Sullivan attempts to manure his barren poetic plot with startling and profligate images which obscure more than illuminate his meager meanings. He should heed what Ogden Nash said wryly and rightly:

One thing literature would be greatly the better for would be more restricted employment of simile and metaphor.

Like Matthew Arnold, O'Sullivan is fascinated by the sea as a symbol of human hope and reason. His Island Bay is almost an echo of Arnold's Isolation. Associated images of rivers, floods, harbours and bridges reprise the poet's concern for what is unspoken in this world. If one is a bad poet, one should always attempt to fashion the un-fashinable. He writes that sea/flash down richest quartz to smooth as glass, and does his best to convey the artificial victory—entirely Other—of seeing the earth and men:

And the skin muffling, oh how far above. Of nothing we name for certain.

And again:

I know the state of flowers beside the same Is on the verge of nothing. Is on the edge of something.

He does tire one's patience, however, by re-opening the debate between passion and reason. His poems about women (gigantism) are the only ones in the book un-ideal, he sees women as mediocre and threatening, even cruel. Chaucer's Man of Law could see the serpent under figmyrtree, and O'Sullivan associates snakes with women in three separate poems. Love is one of the many subjects which encourage the poet to subside into a slough of sentimentalism: as he himself puts it—sentiment in my head/Roaring and roaring like some unnatural bird. The verse grows racy and tear-dotted as O'Sullivan dedicates to his beloved some sliced blades of grass her skirt has brushed: Here too till earth on its bare back has row... And, oh joy! When his soul claps with delight In Every Casual Flower. The six stanzas of How to forget... are not, after all, as maudlin as they first appear; but large tears of naivety trickled down the reviewer's cheeks as he read Each Poem I Write In Yours. In matters poetical, sentiment, poetry and tears are diminished to a tasteless ick.

O'Sullivan makes up for his self-consciousness of sensitivity by occasionally poising a man in the street. Well then, he will say in the middle of stanza; and where simile fails he can to his heart's content. His uneasiness in matters metaphoric drives him into neo-hokkistian efforts like garishly, skyking, silkenly and an odd group of negativites including searing, amorous, umiting and many others. Poetry being an art which reveals essences and correspondences, it has no place for O'Sullivan's circumlocutions and obscurantist grammatical fantasies.

The reasons for the poet's failure are manifold but could be generally ascribed to his self-consciousness. This is a flaw, I feel, wants to be a 'poet'. He drops the occasional hint that his soul is no more than an ordinary mortal (as in No Secret and Evening), but he gives us meager evidence to substantiate this claim. O'Sullivan is at his best when describing what affects him alone and not when he attempts to give strong thematic lines to his verse. So it is that his observations of nature are sometimes acute and startling, and almost always engaging.

REVENANTS is worth reading for the passable prose of Gaugin Painted a Lizard, the purely descriptive part of Time-piece and the wholly competent study of religious insanity in his prize-winning sonnet-sequence. As for the remainder, however, its obscurity, its violent shifts of tone, its perversion, its sentimentality and its self-consciousness will daunt all but the most selfless of readers.

RECORD REVIEWS

SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON

THE REAL FOLK BLUES—Sonny Boy Williamson, Chess CHLS 1009. Reviewed by MIDGE MARSDEN.

Sonny Boy Williamson, real name Willie or Rice Miller, was born in Glendora, Mississippi about 1901 and died in Helena, Arkansas on May 25, 1965. Although he only started recording under his own name in 1951 he claims to be the original Sonny Boy, as opposed to John Lee Williamson. This claim he carried to his grave but as to who was the original doesn't really matter now—what does matter is that they both left some very good blues recordings behind.

This is the fourth Chess album made by Sonny Boy and the second to be released here, and it would probably be the best, by a slight edge, over the other Chess album More of the Real Folk Blues.

The music on this album was recorded around 1965, the same period as the More Of album. Collectors with a yen will find it in this album and will have an idea what to expect. Listen to his harp work on the slow numbers—he has probably the most distinctive style of all the harp players, with the possible exception of Little Walter. The usual slight irony of his lyrics is also in evidence. This was the period when Chess was probably the biggest Chicago blues label and they made some very good records. It would have been just after these sessions that Sonny Boy went to Europe with one of the American folk fests. He made recordings in Europe but never recorded for Chess again.

His absolute control over the harp is amazing, particularly on Checkin' Up On My Baby, My Downchild, Too Young To Die, and Bring It On Home To Me, which are the outstanding tracks on this set. Sonny Boy's fusion of instrument and voice is only part of the pathos and cunning skill of his art— one of the most colorful and remarkable artists in blues history. Take a listen to this album—especially if you like Chicago blues—Sonny Boy Williamson—or simply good old Rhythm and blues.

THE IMMORTAL BLIND LEMON JEFFERSON

CBS BP 4739/4. Reviewed by MIDGE MARSDEN.

At one time Blind Lemon Jefferson was the best known of the rural blues singers. Then, with interest in blues music increasing, he fell out of favour for some unknown reason and was totally overlooked in the reissue programme. This omission has been made good in recent years by the issuing overseas of at least four albums. One of these—and it's the best in my opinion—has been released here in New Zealand.

An objective assessment of blues would have to concede that Blind Lemon was one of the greatest ten singers and his advanced guitar work would rank him even higher in some opinions. He was very influential, he stands as an epitome of Texas bluesmen and his lyrical inventiveness if rivaled by few others.

His intricate guitar technique complements his unrivaled voice to perfection—especially listen to Hankman's Blues on this album which is one of the outstanding tracks. Although this technique was complex it never seems to be decorative or unnecessary but provides an integral part of his style:

Blind Lemon was a great influence on the 'Texas style', if such a style exists, of such stars as Lightnin' Hopkins and Huddie Ledbetter, even on T-Bone Walker who was once his "lead boy" as was Josh White.

Blind Lemon Jefferson died in 1930; his frozen body was found one morning after a particularly severe snow storm and his plea of See That My Grave Is Kept Clean has been fulfilled in recent years by the efforts of blues lovers in America, with the assistance of Alan Lomax. The late大火炬的 LP despite the quite the 1 have heard considering the fact that the original pressing were the product of the Paramount Record Company, who were notorious for the dubious quality of their products, especially the excessive surface noise. The record contained 24 tracks—made from 78s recorded in the late 20s must have been made from either exceptionally clear masters or else in reprocessing "cleaning up" has been achieved without affecting the original sound.

I strongly recommend this album as essential to all blues lovers and would like to add that if this LP sells well there could be a second volume released that is almost as good.
FILM REVIEW

BY NEVILLE GIBSON

To the National Government and rising prices, add another of life’s dismal inevitabilities: a continuing decline in the standard of cinema attractions during the holidays.

Unfortunately I only left Wellington for a few days and landed up in Nelson. The choice there was even more dismal: The Longest Day and The Battle ofBritain each running in the same fortuitous time in the city’s only theatre.

Meanwhile, in the Capital, things improved briefly during November when the cafes used the “ally season” to include a few embarrassments. Amalgamated went on a culture plunge before the roadshow camps down. The Plaza blazed off with a couple of strong pieces on military/social themes.

Rod Steiger let all stopps out in The Sergeant (Warner-Seventeen Arts), as a man caught between the forces of an authoritarian complex and the inability to find expression for his emotional needs. His vague homosexual attraction to a soldier (John Philip Law) was suppressed in the interests of pride, which became twisted into a dominating possessiveness. The sergeant’s self-destructive bent was not guilt about homosexuality, but was connected with his bowing to “weakness,” something shameful to the military mind. If the acting was sometimes over-done and the message occasionally delivered with hammer blows, its moments of sensitive direction (by newcomer John Flynn) and careful photography made it one of the more thought-provoking recent films.

The Long Day’s Dying (Paramount) was even less inhibiting, almost to the point of violent hysteria, as it followed the fortunes of three British quickshirts trapped behind enemy lines. Charles Wood’s script concerned itself in part with one soldier’s dilemma of pacificism and professional killer mentality and was no more on the horror of physical violence than the stupidities and futility of war (as in Wood’s “stunts for Charles of the Light Brigade and How I Won the War,” the latter still unlearned in Wellington). At times Peter Collombe’s direction showed a tendentiousness as much as possible from every minute incident. Too often he underlined the obvious with solemnity, but he couldn’t always control the special effects, he did extract some fine performances from his actors.

Baby Love (Arco Embassy—20th Century Fox) wasn’t particularly good but it went about as far as one would want it to. A Lolitaish teeny-bopper, possessed presumably with the curse of her dead mother (a reputed prostitute), moves in with the household of a former lover of her mother’s who is now a respectable doctor. The girl soon sets things rolling when she awakens the wife’s lesbian tendencies. The girl then sexually ridicules the son, and in one sequence is gang raped—stylistic rivalry in front of him, before she accidentally kills him in the shower. The doctor is not free from her advances either and she does her best to seduce him.

Vittorio de Sica’s A Place for Lovers (MGM) was a stylish but mindless glossy in which Faye Dunaway again showed off a flashy wardrobe, this time to impress Marcello Mastroianni.

Over the road, the Kings flowered with the sex-pot comedy I Love You, Alice B. Toklas, which featured Peter Sellers, in a good role as the lawyer-cum-hippie along with a bevy of gags and a delicious performance by Leigh Taylor Young. Unfortunately Alice was struck down by the prevailing morbidity on drugs and the censor found little amusement in pot cookies and consequently went to work with the scissors.

The year’s most under rated film, The Gypsy Moth, did a box-office dud-thanks to MGM’s total lack of confidence in it—a company which can’t afford to throw away any film, was so relieved at ending John Frankenheimer’s contract it couldn’t wait. Frankenheimer is one of the many directors whose films are being released out of sequence in Wellington. His two previously made films for MGM (The Extravagant Seaman and The Fixer) have yet to be seen.

True to form, Frankenheimer turned what could have been just an ordinary action film into strong drama. The sky-diving sequences are excellent and Burt Lancaster is given an assured performance resembling that of The Swarm. Frankenheimer’s handling of nudity was more confident than in Seconds, ranging from a very ladylike Deborah Kerr in the buff to the seedy bosomy go-go tart of Sherie North. The small-town mid-West setting spoke volumes about the type of society which gives full backing to Nixon and the Bible.

The Lido continued to alternate between art and crap, with the former getting a gold down payment two hours, thus destroying a lot of the film’s continuity. But with Henry Fonda, Jason Robards and Charles Bronson on hand, Leone’s West still had the mark of an original, even if he had learned the hard way that while big budgets may make films in some cases, they also make studios more nervous.

THE NEW THEATRE PRESENTS
THE CHERRY ORCHARD
by Anton Chekov
Directed by Nola Millar
At the New Theatre Studio, 127 Cuba Street – Thursday, 12 March to Sunday, 15 March and Thursday, 19 March to Sunday, 22 March. Commencing each night at 8 pm.
The production is open to members of the New Theatre Club and their guests only. Subscription: One Dollar a year – Student membership: Fifty Cents a year.
Admission: Members and guests (who are limited to two) – 75 cents; students (members only) – 50 cents.
Bookings now open at the New Theatre Studio (tel. 558-908).

ORIENTATION SCREENINGS IN THE MEMORIAL THEATRE
TOMORROW (Thursday) at 8pm
DEAN STGHD, PATRICIA GOZZI, MELVIN DOUGLAS, GUNNEL LINDBOM
“RAPTURE”
FRIDAY at 7:15pm
DEAN STGHD, PATRICIA GOZZI, MELVIN DOUGLAS, GUNNEL LINDBOM
“D.H. Lawrence’s SONS AND LOVERS”
“D.H. Lawrence’s SONS AND LOVERS”
Film Society membership: $2.00

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14 Willis Street, Wellington
PHONE: 2-5552
Dear Zelda,

Well, here I am in Wellington. Orientation was like we imagined with everyone telling us how we must go to parties, join all those clubs and have a real ball instead of just sitting around and vegetating. I don’t think much of the Varity birds. Most of them look like school teachers, and about thirty. None of them are as nice as you, and I keep thinking about you, especially that last Saturday night. Gee, I don’t think I will ever forget that night, although it was unfortunate about the handbrake, wasn’t it? Oh, by the way, I found one of your hairclips the other day. You’ll never guess where, you won’t believe it - in the washing machine! Isn’t that a scream? Too much, I thought. Must go now.

Love, Chas.

Dear Chas,

Thank you for your letter. I am glad you found my hair clip, I wonder how it got into the washing machine. Are you going to shave your beard now? The weather here is fab, it was nearly 80 yesterday, but it is colder today, that’s what the TV said, anyhow.

Love, Zelda.

Dear Zelda,

Did anyone ever tell you that you have beautiful handwriting? I thought it must have been your letter when it arrived so I locked myself in the outhouse and read it over and over, hundreds of times. Every word was engraved on my memory forever. I have enclosed a photograph of me that I had taken the other day specially for you. Please send me one of yourself, so that when I get lonely I can take it to bed with me, sort of a habituate, you know. Every time I put on my handbrake I think of you, dearest. See you in May.

Much love, Chas.

Dear Chas,

Thank you for the photo. I am sending you one taken at school. I am eleven from the right in the back row, with a fringe. Yesterday our cat Tommy had eight kittens in the clothes cupboard. Dad was very annoyed because the did all over his clean sheets, and Mum had to iron them a clean one. Ross cleaned it up, and I went to work early. The weather is still fab. I hope it is good in Wellington.

Zelda.

Dear Zelda,

I have been thinking of you all the time, to bed, in the shower, in all sorts of funny places like that. I have put some poetry that echoes in my soul on paper, just for you. You have to fill in the blank spaces, but don’t write them in case your mother finds it. Oh, Zelda, Zelda, when I see the moon at night I think of the glorious nights we spent under the same golden glow, and the stars remind me of the tiny lights I saw in your eyes on those long languid evenings after sunset, when we lay on the riverbank together. In the universe of my life you, Zelda, are the sun about which all meaning and truth and beauty revolve. Without you, my life would be a barren earth without gravity—a vacuum, sterile, lifeless monotonous relieved only by sweet memories. Memories of those few, those all too brief, those pain and pleasure days of our toothless. I love you, love you, love you, my sweetheart, my life. It is almost as much as I can bear to wait until May. Won’t it be fantastic? Just like the night in the car—remember when I bent the handbrake.

Love you, darling,
Chas.

Dear Chas,

The flowers were very nice, Mum made an arrangement and put it in the toilet, it looked very nice. I told her Mary sent them. Brian and I got engaged last week, and we are getting married in May, so you can come to the wedding if you like. I missed this month, so we have to get married in a hurry, I don’t mind really, cause I will be able to lie in all morning, and ring my friends in the afternoon.

Yours sincerely,
Zelda.

ANYONE FOR YOUNG TURK?

The only problem associated with the television death of Young Turk Shand is that of deciding whether it was murder or suicide. (Give a man enough cathode ray tube and he’ll electrocute himself!) There is, however, no doubt in my mind that WNTV1 has come up with an entirely new technique of political death-dealing. Briefly, it might be described as the rebirth of cock-fighting. All the political animals are bundled into the same cage and left to claw each others eyes out with no interference from their handlers. Despicable events then ensue. Obstructionism, irrelevance, name-calling and indecipherable. The most despicable is declared the winner or loser, depending on whether he is an Old Turk (a la Muldoon) or a Young Turk (Shand). Satisfying though the result may occasionally be it is a sad comment on local television’s ability to create the atmosphere where important issues can be properly put forward.

From the ridiculous to the sublime and at the risk of being labelled a snivelling capitalist crypto-fascist errant boy, might I record that by far the best programme screened at this time is "The Life and Times of Lord Mountbatten. To call this offering made by an independent commercial company, surprisingly enough) a documentary is to do it less than justice. Rather it represents an extremely well-executed re-run of modern history—courtesy of Mountbatten himself whose unique approach could easily be dubbed ‘insolvent detachment’. Whiskey newreels take on a new life and immediacy and Mountbatten elucidates rather than supplies footnotes. He exudes a controlled excitement which in anyone else (Muggeridge particularly) would come across as dated cynicism. He is at his most devastating when quoting from his own letters and his appraisals on a multitude of other people’s memoirs. With seven more in the series to go this programme is highly recommended.

Perhaps the NZBC might be prevailed upon to hire Mountbatten as replacement for Ian Cross whose long heralded End of a Decade showed us the 90’s as they never were. Granted, the research and film facilities of the NZBC are not exactly encouraging but this is no excuse for compressing so much history into so little screen time or for allowing a decade of New Zealand’s past to be trivialised to the point where the only hint of progress was that Jack Marshall is looking older these days. One man’s eyes were clearly insufficient in this case a team job would have been much more satisfying. But then again that would have cost more money and that’s what buys us "Coronation Street" and "Peyton Place". We must get our priorities right, mustn’t we?

First class way of making All Gas and Gaiters bearable. Imagine the Archdeacon is Arnold Nordmeyer.

New news time is a definite step in the right direction and this is particularly noticeable on Sunday evenings where, prior to the changeover, the evening’s viewing rarely got off the ground until 9.15. Now this second has been pruned from the news which, when it loses those appalling blackouts, could have a fair degree of punch (give or take a satellite receiving station or two). Then the next objective must surely be a television version of the excellent radio feature Checkpoint.

Finally: my message to that lovable trio of samaritans who, through no fault of their own, have slaved through many a series to ease the everlasting lot of the Tannahbourne sick and infirm—piss off.

EVER THOUGHT OF GOD AS MIND?

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