WHERE IS LEE HARVEY OSWALD NOW WE NEED HIM?
THE EDITOR RESIGNS

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

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

I resigned because the Executive’s decision involved the rejection of a policy adopted in the SRC by 290 votes to 14... There is a point which I should have thought the Association should have been prepared to try to oppose in a court of law; no one has at any time disputed that. But the main point is, I believe, is that the Executive’s decision involves the rejection of a basic function of the SRC, and it is difficult to see what credentials can the SRC have in a white house...

The Executive’s decision involved the rejection of a policy adopted in the SRC by 290 votes to 14... There is a point which I should have thought the Association should have been prepared to try to oppose in a court of law; no one has at any time disputed that. But the main point is, I believe, is that the Executive’s decision involves the rejection of a basic function of the SRC, and it is difficult to see what credentials can the SRC have in a white house...

Dr. Oskay, was underadvised about her attitude when she spoke to me... I hope that wherever takes over SALIENT now and any students who join its staff... I have spoken to one of the students and with the photographs and one of the reporters of The Student about the SRC their view that the SRC has the final decision of the paper...

The above views are probably representative of those of the rest of the SALIENT staff. I would like here to thank them very much indeed for the work they did for SALIENT. I would also like to thank Margaret Watson, Graham Collie, Graham Nesbit and the other many people who gave SALIENT their support this year.

If so, what kind of magazine should it be and what should it aim at? We should aim for a distinctly professional magazine of comment, for a semi-professional magazine of serious and informed reader, for a fortnightly underestimating newspaper? The final decisions will be made, probably on a compromise basis, later this term...

"Winter Council"

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

NZUSA, after all, is merely a vehicle for the Students’ Associations to enable them to carry on some of their functions (Educational, Social, National, Political) in cooperation and to help exchange local information. Amazing enough, within the hurly-burly of Winter Council last May these functions were in fact carried out. Information was received and cooperation was achieved on matters relating to student accommodation, education in New Zealand, international affairs, student welfare, and a variety of the social issues of concern to students.

The major debates centred around FOCSU, and next to it on the agenda was the raging of the levy in 1971... The FOCUS debate ranged long and bitter. All agreed that the present levy was not the way forward. NZUSA wanted this... Do we want a national student magazine at all? It has been found necessary to abbreviate the above on legal advice.

Background

Following an editorial in Salient on the Anti-Tour demonstration, a salient was received by the Association demanding an apology for defamation of Detective Sergeant Lines... The Executive met over the incident and, on examining the evidence available, they unanimously recommended to the SRC that no apology be made... The SRC moved a motion to this effect.

Termed the next day and in the following week further evidence was presented by the Association’s editors which satisfied the Executive that Lines had not been involved in the punching incident. The Executive decided, therefore, to apologise for the action... Salient printed on page 3 of this issue... The salient David Harcourt handed in his resignation... Line became the responsibility of the Publications Office to produce Salient.
editorial

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This SALIENT was produced by Graeme Collins with the valuable assistance of Simon Arnold, Murray O'Neill, Rob Campbell, Colin Knox. And Jull Logan. Miss Bryson, in particular, should ask herself whether her actions last week would have been the same had the troublemakers been a bunch of drunken law students rather than a group led by a certain Auckland "journalist".

GRC, DBP.

apology

AN EDITORIAL STATEMENT WAS PUBLISHED ON PAGE 2 OF THE 23RD JUNE 1970 ISSUE OF "SALIENT" TO THE EFFECT THAT DETECTIVE SERGEANT C.W. LINES DID NOT PUNCH OR KICK ANY DEMONSTRATORS AND VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF WELLINGTON STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION INCORPORATED, NOW RECOGNIZES THAT THERE WAS NO FOUNDATION FOR THE STATEMENT AND REGRETS THAT IT WAS EVER MADE.

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

stop worrying about finals

and think of what you'll do for the summer holidays—like escape to the USA

and grove it for three months

go cheaply with a student group—only S635 return air fare

and think of what you'll do for the summer holidays—like escape to the USA

and grove it for three months

go cheaply with a student group—only S635 return air fare

contact robyn easther

travel officer

Wed 12.2 pm

exec workroom

or phone 768-700
BLUES/ROCK

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

If the music was for the most part of a high standard, it was also generally a melodic one, most of the groups being big and loud, playing heavy rock at maximum volume, while some built their while repertoire around a succession of Dream Sequence, Beatles and Rolling Stones. Wellington trio Triangle and Dunedin outfit Andale came into the category—their music without the redeeming quality of good vocalizing. Nonetheless, some excellent groups performed—notable Dunedin group Pussycat who ranged through a succession of rock 'n' roll standards, Highway, a local four-piece who moved from soft rock to heavy blues with amazing ease, and Vic group Gutbucket who avoided established blues patterns and concentrated on a style of heavy rhythm'n'thumb that promises a lot. Local raw Mammal failed to impress, but at least looked as though they were enjoying whatever they were doing. Cope, Hopkins and Moll Day had their moments, the latter providing the best take off of the week with their cover "Blue Moon of Alabama." Throughout, however, audiences were generally unresponsive, possibly because this music for the paranoid 20th Century city man was too heavy to penetrate to anybody's musical sensibilities. The light shows didn't help—a good attempt, but hardly enough to provide a simultaneous blossoming of the senses, especially when groups were plunged into total darkness on stage.

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

Dennis O'Brien.

DRAMA

Lincoln College—"If there weren't any blacks, we would have to invent them," by Jonny Spight

For those who may have watched the television series "Tell 'em what you got," many of the central characters in Lincoln's production of 'If there weren't any blacks, we would have to invent them' will be familiar even if the setting is somewhat different; the biting satire is so much a part of the bigger concept of Alf Garnett has been transposed into this play (by the same author) in the form of the (symbolically) Blind Man, whilst the character of Alf's acquaintance, who will do anything for a quiet life, can be readily discerned in the character of the Backwards Man.

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

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

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

As for the set, one must make the observation that this production overcame a problem which many of the other productions in the Festival found rather awkward, and that was the transferring of the mise-en-scene from one without another without destroying its original visual conception—the odd few grave errors for the maximum of flexibility in this aspect of the production.

Bruce Kirkham.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The acting was reasonable throughout if somewhat heavy-handed at times. The three leads—Peggy Jovett as Queen Victoria, Alison Chisholm as Florence Nightingale and Richard Mercur as Arthur contributed well towards the success of the play. The others tended to be a bit static in their vocal attack and
movement and when accents were resorted to, they proved to be only a source of embarrassment to cast and audience alike.

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

T.J. Groser

FOLK

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

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

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

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

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

A highlight for the reviewer at least was a brazenly controlled version of Leonard Cohen's "Sisters of Mercy" by a Christchurch singer named Frank Wood assisted by some friends on melodica, cello and guitar. A feature of the concert was the number of quality female singers. Another resident of Christchurch, Rose Sheils, sang blues based material with a distinctive low voice and included a Joplin number. Marian Arts from Waiata sang contemporary and Marinym Bennetts performed traditional material with one long backed by sitar and tabla which was an interesting experiment though not completely successful. For variety John Calwell did a couple of Flamenco numbers.

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

Southerners' "Studies".

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

"Commissioner Gender in his bent seated vinyl suit with disposable hands and removable feet never forgetting the disposable head."

The best poems in the yearbook are Jim Marian's "Palerdomes" in poetic form, and "Kiss Me/My Song: 1957". Both these poets know the meaning of words and demonstrate it in their poems.

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

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

Janet Oakley

Jazz

The growing influence of jazz on pop music evidenced by such groups as Blood Sweat & Tears, Chicago and The Fock should have created a great interest in jazz this year. Perhaps it did, but the sounds heard seldom affected the successful synthesis of jazz and pop which some might have wished for. Conventional jazz there was, often exciting and convivial, sometimes dull and clichéd, plus the usual competent mechanical trad band romping and blaring through the old standards.

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

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

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

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

1970 Arts Festival Yearbook

Edited by Arthur Bates.

Price 50 cents.

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

This quote from Humbert: "O my Lolita, I have only words to play with" is applicable not only to Murray Edmonston, but also to Denis List and Norman Bubrough. Their poems are disjointed and do not convey anything in their entirety.

Several of the poems are very simple yet effective. These were Brian Turner's "Mirror, mirror on the wall," and Brian
GOOD NEWS: GOD NO

GRAEME NESBITT

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

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

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

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

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

O.P.
A SAGA IN 3 PARTS

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

Enter left eight travel worn figures.

1st figure; Man we can stop here for the night.
2nd figure; Yes, Man.
3rd figure; Yes, Man. And read some poetry maybe.
4th figure; No, anything but Boyd.
5th figure; Even the Cops but not BOYD.
6th figure; Who the fuck is BOYD?
7th figure; Enter BOYD having been phoned off stage.
8th figure; Hello?
9th figure; BOYD.

The Villain; We don't want any arrests.
Enter the POLICE; Hello, Hello, Hello, what have we here then?

Figures; Drink, punk.

Police; Hello, Hello, Hello, what have we here then?
1st Cop; Shadbolt, remember me, I arrested you at the airport, remember.
2nd Cop; Shadbolt, remember me, I arrested you for saying bullshit, remember.
3rd Cop; Shadbolt. Remember me. I'm arresting you for technical breach of the trespass act.
4th Cop; FanningGaaf; Hello, Hello, Hello....

Boyd; Don't forget the other seven.

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

Later that morning, a spontaneous student riot is being planned by the Spartacists.

Logan goes to see Taylor.

Taylor; Mullie Williams, a bit of bother this whole business.

Logan; Gooday Danny, yes, it should never have happened.

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

Logan; Well as far as I ascertain of student opinion there could be a riot and they are every night we're not careful.

Taylor; Do you really think so?

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

Taylor; What do you think I should do?

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

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

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

Taylor; Goodbye Bill, thanks for your help.

Later still in the Exec room.

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

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

Phillips; Yes, I think we will have to get Evee to back him up. It might force Bryson to resign.

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

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

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

Phillips; We've all got the students' interest at heart. Everything will turn out best for them.
For the past five days my mind has been full of this one obsessive thought. Just what would I do if my fears were true? I've often thought about it. But I don't really know as much as I think I do! I've never read a proper book about anything. You just seem to pick up things as soon as you're old enough to wonder what that abstract, esoteric word sex means. I haven't even had a talk with my mother since I was about 11. It seems to be nonexistent in our house. And yet it is around everywhere. Practically everything has it as a motivating force back somewhere: man and woman, black and white, positive and negative.

To a boy either he has got a girl into trouble or his girlfriend is in trouble. She has got a load. Maybe to him she's a pro, orf, tart, bird, darling, darlin', lall, wan, dat, brash, skella, sweetieheart, jill...perhaps he's in love with her. Whether she got it in the back seat or a motel after knowing him 10 minutes or 10 months is up to me. Something has to be done.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

How can I reconcile my conflicting feelings? Surely it's not impossible? Where could I go? What would I say? I would look awfully suspicious if I suddenly left home and shot through. Perhaps I could get my course transferred up to Sydney or something...I should be able to hide it for a least a few months. If I get a transfer interstate, nobody would know who I was and I could arrange everything up there, and come back again at the end of the year exactly the same as when I left.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I see Leo Faust's imploring and agonizing expressions as the agent with a strong preacher on "Fighting Worlds," about whether it should be illegal. I see strange instruments from "Project 85." I see that radio announcer's ugly grin as he discusses contraceptives, Unit debates, Truth's headlines. I see delicate young girls falling down stairs, wild horse riders, strange concoctions from a witch's kitchen, hot baths and gin.

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

I'm really pretty sure everything is going normally. I even feel as if it's coming. Maybe I'm just psyche.

I wonder how many more times I will go through this maze of thought. Is there really an answer? Those who don't need to worry about such things have all the answers. But what about those like us who are on the fringe? I wonder how many other girls are thinking and feeling the same as me. Probably lots.

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

**Abortion**

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

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

**Equal Pay**

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

**Education**

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

**Family**

The Reverend Easton, with heterodox disregard of the Thirtieth-nine Articles, suggested that St Paul's male chauvinism had prevented women playing their full role in the church. (Christ had shown his attitude to women's liberation by refusing to condemn the women taken in adultery.) Increasing numbers of marriages at an earlier age showed the continuing popularity of marriage, in spite of Liberated Women's attacks on that institution; the small size of the average modern family, the average home having two children, showed that the family duties were becoming less onerous. As families became smaller, more women became free to re-enter the workforce in their thirties, and there was a growing demand for their services from industry. Women, though, were still regarded as visitors to the economy rather than permanent contributors. Maori women, in 1968, had to seek re-employment after marriage, and child-bearing at the same level of responsibility they had achieved before marriage. Employers, Miss Shields of the Council for Research on Women told us, did not understand women's problems.

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

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

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

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

---

**Television Drama**

Students of all varieties are required for crowded party scenes in a television film. Filming will take six evenings. Interested students should write to Mrs King, Chairwoman of the Council for Equal Pay and Opportunity, and a leader of the New Zealand female establishment.

---

**Hair?**

Mens Haircuts and Shampoos
REDUCED PRICES

Next door to the GRAND
(Drink in style)

---

**SQUASH & GOLF SELECTIONS**

SQUASH: Students 30c per half hour (normally 50c). Reduced rates hold per hire.
GOLF: Students 25c and 35c per bucket of balls (normally 30c and 50c). Plus free clubs (normal hire 10c).

HOURS: 9-12 and 2-5 weekdays
The terror of the New Zealand middle class is safety behind bars.

Auckland's answer to Abby Hoffman and Charles Manson, was picked up in the Duke last Friday for non-payment of about S$10 worth of fines. Pity his elevation into martyrdom didn't get a mention in the daily press. Still, he didn't kick up much of a row, just went quietly when the nice policeman told him to. Pity he wasn't so quick to answer the strong arm of the law at the Arts Festival Ballup. So Tim now has a crew cut and about three weeks of his term to serve. The word is no sympathy demons, because Tim (one time student, furnace operator, company director, but now a journalist) has writing privileges which he doesn't want to lose.

Prof Siddeley, dean of the University of Canterbury and Administration faculty, died at his home suddenly on 8th August.

In the early hours of the Wednesday morning during Arts Festival week, a group of people attending Arts Festival were arrested for the technical breach of the trespass laws. Police were called by A.F. controller Graeme Neilson after the group, down to eight by this time, refused to leave the building. Neilson and the Union Managing Secretary Mr. Boyd, argued for 1½ hours with the group before Neilson made his decision to call the cops. The group, including Tim Shadforth, appeared in Court next morning, were convicted and discharged, with costs $5 each.

Would all photographers who took photos of either of the professors in models at "Throw Up" during Arts Festival, send the photos to Spencer Dickson Studios. The names of the models are Francie Prentice and Jill Jakways, and Spencer Dickson hats out in the Principal Building, Lambton Quay. This is important.

STUDENT REP. POSITIONS

Committees of the University Council

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

Student Board (2 members for 1971, 1 member for 1971-2)

Committees of the Professorial Board

Committee on University Entrance, Bursaries and Entrance Scholarship (1 member)
Committee on Inter-Disciplinary Activities (2 members)
Library Advisory Committee (2 members)
Teaching Aids Committee (1 member)

Faculty Committees

Faculty of Arts (2 members)
Faculty of Languages and Literature (3 members)
Catering Sub-Committee of Student Union (2 members)
Student Health Committee (1 member)

Faculty Committees

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

Other Committees

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

If any of these are your "thing", find out more at the Students Office.
A Matter Of Conscience......

Bruce Preston was convicted and fined S25 last Friday on charges under the National Military Service Act relating to his refusal to submit to compulsory military training and refusing to pay a fine imposed earlier for this offence.

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

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

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

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

"Despite attempts by the U.S., N.Z. and other Governments to hide them, the facts about Vietnam have been available for a long time to those who have not preferred to shut their eyes and pretend that they know nothing and are in no way responsible. "I have been involved in the protest movement since 1965, and time and again I have found that it is the respectable people, the pillars of society the 'responsible' people who will not see because they do not wish to disturb the complacency of their minds. It amazes me that so many "law-abiding" citizens consider it immoral to burn a draft card but perfectly all right to burn people. To witness a crime in silence is to condone it, and there are many in this country guilty of the crime of silence. And people still ask me why I lack respect for authority?

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

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

Reprinted with thanks to Cockersell Print.

SLEEP-IN AT MOUNT CRAWFORD.

Timothy Richard Shadbolt, a well known Auckland plumber, has staged a sleep-in at Mount Crawford on protest at the 1970 All Black tour of South Africa. He has the full backing of his Homeowner's Government who will be sponsoring Mr. Shadbolt during his visit and supplying him with bread and water. He believes his action to be a sincere protest against the tour and that it demonstrates a basic democratic right of all people to use public buildings for such purposes. Meanwhile, back at active headquarters, Mr. Shadbolt's constables are sleeping in adjacent dressed. They issued a statement shortly after their leader's decision to sleep-in, which included the advice:

Tim is sharing a cell with six others and it is noisy that he will be washed up with pen and paper. IT IS IMPORTANT! It is very important that any letters that he already has. That those interested in getting along do as many groups (2-3) and behave conscriptly. From all information received disturbance could only influence any chance Tim has of doing any writing.

Mr. Shadbolt is protesting at the tour of former captain for representative New Zealand Team. The followers are most concerned with their leader's comfort than his ideals. "We must fight for everything," said minor Insp. Brian. "It seems to me that there are few things here, but we must stand strong both if we are to represent the people's interest."

DOMINICAN CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS
Dunedin 22 - 26 January 1971

If you are a friend, relative or ex pupil of the Dominican Convent and have not received your information or Registration form please send your name and address to Box 5177 Dunedin or to your nearest Dominican Convent.

Name
Address

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS
V.S.A.

Find out next week

NOW – OR NEVER:

To qualify for Life Assurance at special rates (even on future policies) final year Students must join the N.Z.U.S.A. Insurance Scheme this term.

Life Assurance has something to offer any Student.

Enquire now at Student Association Office, or contact N.Z.U.S.A.'s Insurance Brokers (Telephone 71-442)

Another N.Z.U.S.A. Student Service.
MAORI LAND MYTH

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

There is nothing new in the existence of these movements, though their connection with Maori protest has never been clear. But it is true that the last 25 years the process of shrinking Maori land has continued here and there for public utilities such as the roads. The same sort of thing has occurred with land owned by Europeans, but in general they have been better informed as to the legal steps involved.

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

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

It can be argued that the Maori had access to legal advice, but this was not readily taken because the traditional adviser was the elder of the tribe. Events have caught up with the Maori, and he has suddenly realized that he owns very little of his traditional soil, and that his family is now so big that it can no longer live off the land. In local tribal areas there has been a sudden move to consolidate any land left and to use it for tribal benefit. Elders have plans to put land which they can to use in training Maori youth to farm so they will stay in the district and maintain contact with the tribal group. But there are costs of compensation in recovering the land and other difficulties which are only just becoming apparent to the elders. Young men are being lured away to the cities to compete in the pakeha world. There is nothing sad in this, for the Maori tradition has no time for competition in any capitalist sense. To the Maori, competition was on a personal basis to prove ability and not necessarily cultural or physical skills.

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

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

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

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

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

Colin Knox

AND BROWN IS MIGHTY

Lion with everything
with chips, salami, sars, gherkins, birds, Beatles, poker...
you name it
All this I suppose was intended to be a set-up of wife swapping and the morals of affluent high life (or something) but the script, while clever at times, has no real incisive strength. For most of the time, Dada, the story-line travels full circle from soul-searching type gazing at the therapy resort to the intense eye locking in the closing shots outside the hotel. What fills in between is generally mediocre and vague, and the standpoint is extremely ambiguous (give or take an obvious nudge).

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

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

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

Rob Cameron

Incredible String Band I Looked Up:

Electra

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

The Incredible String Band is a history of progression from the "Layers of the Onion" through to this latest trip. Coming from a fairly standard folk background they have gone through a fusion of blues, Indian and in fact just about everything, bringing their own sound into the world, peaking with "Wee Tam" and "The Big Hug".

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

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

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

This moment is different From any before it This moment is different It's now. (It is now) And if I don't kiss you That kiss is unsalted I'll never, no never Get it back, no." There is no middle of the road with the Incredibles, they are loved or hated, turned on, or off.

Murray O'Neill

---

Do you want a future with:

- High Income
- Professional Status
- Job Satisfaction
- Overseas Experience
- Investment Opportunities
- Community Leadership

If so, then chartered accountant may be the career for you. Opportunities are available for young men and women with the B.C.A. degree or who have completed a substantial part of the B.C.A. degree. Telephone 70.709 or write to:

HUNT DUTHIE & CO.
P.O. BOX 2194, WELLINGTON.
On the Friday before racing, the Auckland University skier Richard Morrison was killed when he fell on some ice and slid over a cliff. Training for the Downhill race of the weekend became subdued and virtually halted when a Lincoln skier going through a white-out fell fifty feet over a bluff. He was unhurt.

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

The Slalom began on Tuesday in the Te Hapu Valley and soft snow. The course was very short, only thirty five gates, but was of a high technical standard. Auckland officials had the race going by about two, and most races had reasonable light. Tim Stewart of Canterbury justed through the course in 26 seconds and comparisons with the young Killy were inevitable. Armstrong of Victoria skied reasonably, hoping that the main opposition would fall. They didn’t, and Armstrong came second to Stewart. The Otago skier Nicky Ross surprised everyone except himself and came third. By about 3:30pm, the second run of the Slalom was only about a quarter through and the radio were packed up. Team captains rapidly conferred and everyone lunched at Tokaanu and the sauna at Grads.

Miraculously, Wednesday was very clear and hot, so it was decided to run the Slalom second run, the Giant Slalom and the Non-stop run of the Downhill. Most of the South Islanders discovered the true powder and revelled on the Pinnacles and delayed the start until 2:30pm. Stewart demolished the course in 35 seconds, most of the girls struggled, and Victoria emerged third.

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

The Giant Slalom had been set in the valley and this involved another climb. Victoria had three very good times but were only fourth in this event. Auckland in their true mercenary fashion invited 400 hangers-on to a Drinking Horn and we would like to thank them now–for the group we could get to 4, for the fun we had when we were allowed to break for the spirit of competition our team had in the one drink they allowed us. Our girls had to win in fine style though. We were told the Men’s Final was between the Auckland team and the Auckland Official’s Team, which resulted in three teams later that night plundering an a local galloping belonging to A.U.

Thursday was a blizzard and most teams abandoned even the beer Slalom for the Tavern. Tournament Dinner that night was very successful and probably Timy Ma’s delicate downtown will live on in the minds of the apathetically puny for decades.


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

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

Tournament Skiing

Hockey

Men

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

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

Generally the defence and cover defence for Victoria were good—except against Canterbury and the first 1-1 half against Auckland. In the forwards, Tom Borden made some penetrating runs and was usually well supported by Doug Hill. The team should have a special thank-you to Geoff Kishkum, the team captain, who always worked hard and sweated most of that way out.

Victoria had no representatives in the N.Z.U. team which drew 22, with Manawatu on Thursday afternoon.

Women

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

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

G. Adlam.

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

G. Adlam.

Smallbore Rifle Shooting

Victoria’s team, although gaining a higher score than in the last two years, were still unable to break Canterbury’s 11 year hold on the SCI Shield, and also had to concede 2nd place in the closest competition for many years to an infinitely improved Manawatu team. The margins of five points and three points in 1960 possible were evidence that had our more experienced shooters played their full part, as well as our newcomers, victory could have been ours. Vic shooters K. McKinnon, B. Connor, G. Adlam and I. Gossor contributed to a North Island, victory over South Island Universities, and G. Adlam and I. Gossor gained N.Z.U. team selection with B. Gossor as reserve.

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

G. Adlam.

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

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

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

1. No club would allow a team to go which excluded any division “A” student at Hamilton Teachers College.
2. Each sports club is supported by grants from both N.Z.U.S.A. and the Teachers College Association, so there are no sports events which are exclusively for a varsity team.

All rumpus facilities are shared and therefore “A” students at College (those not doing six hours varsity lectures etc.) as other varsities define them and full time students are members of the same club, financed by the joint campus grants committee.

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

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

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

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

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

—Ian Stockwell.
American planes, full of holes and wounded men and corpses, took off backwards from an airfield in England. Over France, a few German fighter planes flew at them backwards, sucked bullets and shell fragments from some of the planes and crewmen. They did the same for wrecked American bombers on the ground and those planes flew up backwards to join the formation. The formation flew backwards over a German city that was in flames. The bombers opened their bomb bay doors, exerted a miraculous magnetism which shrunk the tires, gathered them into cylindrical steel containers and lifted the containers into the bellies of the planes.

The containers were stored neatly in racks. The Germans below had miraculous devices of their own, which were long steel tubes. They used them to suck more fragments from the crewmen and planes. But there were still a few wounded Americans, though, and some of the bombers were in bad repair.

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

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

---

Text from "Steghistaad Fu" by Kurt Vonnegut, Artwork: P. Treadwell.