Although there are not enough rooms to go around at the beginning of every academic year, people become acquisitive as each finds his own niche and forgets the problem for another year. This year it is left to the student population to overcrowding in Wellington, it is up to students to agitate for a longer term solution.

By now it should be clear to even the most casual of Wellingtonians that Wellington is suffering from an acute housing shortage. It takes only a little imagination to appreciate why. Into a limited geographical space, Wellington can cram only so many activities in recent years, expansion of Government Centre, the Polytechnic, the University, commercial buildings, extensive commercial building along the Terrace, have all taken their toll of nearby houses. If this were not enough, the City Council seems intent on tightening the outside rope by quarantining the fourfoiled motorway. The result of all this has been that more and more people have occurred as this foolish and questionable measures press closer through Thorndon and along Airport. In planning for a more populous city, the Council is creating an urban sprawl of motels, garish buildings, office space and warehouses, while the human life is pushed out to dormitory suburbs like Johnsonville.

Maybe some future historian will cover the motorway as the beginning of the death of Wellington. In the meantime, as more and more houses are torn down, more and more people are coming to the city to live. Every year thousands of transfered at a senseless pace. And every year nursing students descend on Oriental Terrace, only to find the housing market in the worst condition in the history of the city. Every year during January and February it is newspeak. And gradually forgotten as people filter their way into substandard and overcrowded slums.

STUDENT PROBLEM

Accommodation most certainly isn’t only a student problem. Everyone, who have about the same income, but less flexibility and are in a worse position. Young families, unable to pay the exorbitant rents for houses are forced to take substandard shacks out of Portobello or Porirua.

The miserable feature of the “student problem” is that it comes every year in January and February as the academic year begins and hundreds of out of town students rush to the city. Unfortunately limited number of houses in the city and Kelburn area. From almost nowhere has the University at Kelburn a disaster. On the other hand, the growing population of the area and a racquet motorway have left Wellingtonians with no place to go. Around the Kelburn hills there is congestion from young workers who want to live close to their city offices. There is no cheap flat land for development and the house prices for old houses, like rents, have been inflated beyond the limit of the average wage.

The situation is obvious. Because of its absurd size and because of city-wide inability to cope with overcrowding problems of any university. As population enlargements increase and the more then measurable measures taken, the problem can only worsen.

The University Administration has capitulated to student demands regarding the proposed reduction of library hours and services.

An unscheduled meeting of the student government and the University Student Association was called last year to discuss the possibility of closing the library for a few hours. During budgeting sessions last year the library made it clear to the administration, that with increased numbers of students using the library for longer periods more staff and services would have to be put on if the library was to stay open for the same hours as formerly. It is these staff hours that will cost the extra money.

The University administration has guaranteed that enough money would be put aside to keep the library open as usual. Mr. Zarte, the librarian, said that the largest area was in the region of $170000.

It would seem that even now the administration is still hardly aware of the disastrous effects that a reduction in library services could have had. For example on Friday night the library was closed. On the Library’s own count an average of 260 people were using the Main Library on Friday night. In 1972 these 260 would have to find somewhere else with access to the right books and periodicals, or oversaw the library at other peak usage times.

Perhaps the severest blow would have been the lack of the Close Reserve service. It is over used now and despite the small space they have, underutilized.

A criticism of this service especially on Sunday would double the pressure on it at other peak usage times, and take staring as long as a task as reading a limited time book.

ACCOMMODATION

—The Outsiders—

by Richard Norman

The University Accommodation Service can back this up. It has been compared to the demand for the finding type of accommodation. And the service’s statistics can’t help account the growing number of students who are not even bothering to register because of the poor prospects.

The traditional press statements that passively bewail the shortage of 200, 300, or 600 beds is in this situation inadequate. What is needed is a concerted drive towards building or buying flats and houses. Equally useless is Mr. Bailey’s call for a rent ombudsman. Certainly rents have rocketed, probably by 20 or 30% but it is the sheer physical lack of houses that is the problem. A gratuitous gesture like a rent ombudsman into a situation where the slater is so strong, would be most laughable.

More moaning in February and March will not miraculously build houses though publicity is admitted important.

Some temporary measures will certainly the severity of this year’s shortage. After much negotiation with the Ministry of Works, the Student’s Association has secured the use of the empty Elbow’s Street hospital. Efforts have also been made to gain use of a property in Vivian Street, which is doomed if the motorway ever reaches that far. These are quite obviously only temporary measures. Perhaps the people of Wellington will be moved by the reports of the student plight to take in those who might otherwise be sleeping on floors. But the existing system is barely touched.

What is important is that the University be seen to be acting. Mr. R.L. Pollock of Keys offered a suggestion as to where it could look first. His idea was that the Student’s Association could become a letting agent, in order to secure more houses for students. Apparently some landlords still shy clear of students for fear they will...
be noisy, dirty and vandalistic (when everyone should know that students are actually absent-minded!) If the student body were to guarantee rent and reasonable order for the property, Mr. Pollock argues that they would change their minds. The Student Union, which owns its downtown agents would charge commission on a larger scale and would also be a safer conduct bond. There would certainly be risks from damages, but also no payment of rent during the holidays. Finally, the same laws of the jungle would apply as now, and that any student who didn't pay during the holidays would lose his option. There would be considerable administration in handling rents, but this should surely come within the field of the Accommodation Service.

NO ADVANTAGES

As present, students have no advantage whatever over anyone else in renting properties. The advertisements are placed in the papers by the Accommodation Service have a whimsical about them. This scheme might be something positive to start with.

But paying out rents to existing landlords, even through a central student office, would not help as would buying properties. One landlord agent with his rates increasing selling commission, witnessed a place in Devon St. as an investment for four students each with $295. The house, one in quite good order, although a damp cell, was asking for $10,000 ($1000 agent's commission) for $6500. After the $1000 deposit there were two mortgages, one at 7% and the other at 13%, and the monthly payment on the mortgage would be very large. One person, a very large renter if paid for the whole year. Other action such as $672.00 in interest on the prospect of maintenance might make the house undesirable. But payments were going towards aspiring assets for people who go it alone it would be quite a risk. Not too many would have the grace to start wish, and very few groups of students are likely to pay together for several years in the same place.

This scheme would work if it were a cooperative student effort in which the number of students such as 20 or 40, and extended them to individuals. The scheme might work if there is the effort to doing just that on several locations, the closest with the block of houses between Saalmerin and Mount St. Each time unforeseen repairs of the buildings around the Executive to have cold feet.

For over a year now there have been plans for a Student’s Accommodation Trust at a national level. But it seems this will be further procrastinated, because of the differing needs and finances of the individual Universities. The South Island Universities, with theirast accommodation worries are not likely to be over anxious to invest in Victoria’s problems. The idea of a National Trust seems a little premature it should be made to work at a local level first. A few houses bought in the operating order would better publicize all than the impeded talk of N.Z., U.S.A. meetings. Victoria has a special set of circumstances that make it the worst housed University. It even has a limited amount of finance for the project. The Trust deeds are being drafted. The big problem is to prevent this from becoming just another paper label.

HALLS OF RESIDENCE

Dr. Birnie: the only group that has gone as far as raising finance in the issue of accommodation, is working on, meeting each month in increasingly depressing circumstances. Many students probably aren’t even aware that there is such a thing as a “Halls of Residence Appeal Foundation”. In the six years since it started, Halls of Residence have ceased to be a sought-after form of accommodation, and the appeal is unlikely to generate enthusiasm. The Appeal started in 1965 when a number of small Church appeals decided to pool resources. So far it has been able to loan money to help extend Victoria House and rebuild Hein Lowry Hall in Kanori, but its major projects show few signs of materializing.

The Anglican “Frizzell College” has been almost priced out of feasibility. It could, if ever made a reality, certainly be a big contribution to the University. Its site for one thing (even snow!) would hardly be ignored. In design it is thankfully a lot more imaginative than the concrete morgue that is the now wing of the War House. As planned at present the first stage would be an eleven storey round tower with kitchen and dining room attached.

On its site at Clematis Ter. It would command a magnificent view, but the height could also be disadvantageous. As the University becomes larger and more residential, the need may be for more personalized home surroundings. The Halls of Residence Appeal is in an unsolvable position. The money it has raised, something in the order of 430,000 dollars is steadily being eroded by inflation, and the donors have not seen any marked results. The government has all along been reluctant to grant a subsidy, and now it seems that the University Grants Committee has argued on the ground towards fairs for students as an ex to drag its feet.

That particular excuse is ridiculous. As Victoria grows towards a population of 10,000, the demand for all types of accommodation will increase. Already there are about twice as many people wanting to get into War House than there are places. There will probably always be a demand for hostel accommodation from first year students and that special breed that thrives on the monotony of housed life. Victoria’s accommodation problems are enough to depress anyone. There are no foreseeable solutions, although hopefully the size of the shortage will be a political embarrassment big enough for some action from Wellington’s M.P.’s in the election year. Otherwise, perhaps the best we can look for is that if the Halls of Residence Foundation keeps plodding along, and finan-cially uses its funds in a less ambitious project (like Everdon Hall) or that the Student Accommodation Trust is actually formed and makes that difficult first move of buying and letting its first house.
EDITORIAL

Letters to the Editor

In recent years the Student’s Association has been unwilling to speculate in flats for students for fear they would not be a viable financial proposition. This year the Students Association is able to sub-let Ministry of Works properties for student accommodation but these will only be short term. The University administration seems to have taken no concern for the matter either. They need more space for offices and tutor’s rooms themselves.

The University expands and students are forced to live further away from it. With the motorway encroachment as well, any community feeling among students is being rapidly dissipated as has already occurred in Auckland.

There are reasons to cause both the University administration and the Students Association to hesitate, but any businessman from the city does not hesitate to buy land for flats. The already existing flats—why is it, then that both the above-mentioned have done nothing concrete before this? We are tried of surveys and surveys. If a block of 100 four bedroomed self contained flats were now all to be filled it overnight, literally.

This is not the burden of local churches or of local business houses, but they do what they can. We need definite arrangements now and action on the accommodation shortage for next year.

24 HOUR LIBRARY

The recently proposed curtailment of library hours could have been embarrassing for the University administration. Rather than shortening library hours perhaps it may be better to have a 24 hour library from which no books are taken.

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The demise of Holyoake, accompanied as it was by sanctimonious denials of "jealmom"...can bring vindictive satisfaction only to those who are able to imagine the world that exists behind the scenes. There were signs if you cared to look for them: Holyoake requesting that he be accompanied to the Caucus room; the excessive use of Christian names by Jack and Rob, and Holyoake's. Insistent reminder that it was what he had intended all along. There were minor power games, too, that were worthy of note. The spectacle of Jack announcing on television that Boosto Shilton would soon announce his retirement to his local branch, had about it the smell of contradiction. Maybe he figured that television hadn't penetrated as far as the Rangitikei.

It is reasonable to assume that the whole performance was a victory for the anti-Muldoon faction of the Party. Rob had been off-side with the more conservative element by reason of his abrasive pushy "I get things done" approach. The past few months had seen a moderation born of the desire of the Minister of Finance to convince this element of the Party that he was not the man that buried at a State Dinner, and there were indications that it was paying off. Rob's growing acceptability apparently frightened the die-hards who saw the need for the leadership to be decided (i.e. changed) as soon as possible. So the "Dominion" chimed in with a "quit whilst whilst you are ahead editorially," Marshall rallied his dwindling forces, the Parliamentary wing of the party was roused briefly from its customary somnolence, and a ho ho was replaced by a yehimper.

The immediate question was, of course, whether Marshall and Muldoon would be able to forget "The healthy competition" (i.e. bury the hatchet) and present a united facade. Again television provided a little side commentary. Predictably enough breathless interviewers raised with Holyoake, Marshall and Muldoon the memory of Marshall "disciplining" Muldoon before an audience of thousands at the time of the Brian Brooks farce. Holyoake and Muldoon emphasized the view that the incident had been played up by the media and denied that there had been any question of "Discipline". Marshall smiled and spoke of things being forgotten, the "wages-price-spiral" and the selection of his "team".

Which brings us, not altogether subtly, to a consideration of the team. Predictably enough it is consistent with all the connotations of that euphemism for group mentality - faceless, grey, miemoire and cautious to a man they paraded before the camera with all the verve of Delia at the Winter Show Building. They all, they assured us, had ideas but were all unwilling to divulge them at this stage. We would, so to speak, find out in the fullness of time. And who could forget Marshall's slow, sickly, half-worried smile when laughter confronted him with his "No one's been moved down; some have been moved up ahead of them".

And what of Marshall, the new Prime Minister, our man in London, Paris, Zurich and Karori? In 1968 SALIENT reported him (whether accurately I'm not sure) as opining that a Nationalist Chinese invasion of China would be "a good thing", which places him to the right of Nixon. In 1972 he appeared dramatically on television to have a heart to heart and explain to the country what he intended to do, which, if repeated often enough, places him twelve years ahead of his time. I can't think of anything much he's done in between.

In any event press speculation is over, democracy has been upheld (albeit behind closed doors) and the country is ready and willing to give the chosen one a fair go. The "Evening Post" was one of the first papers to grasp the implications of the change - the National Party educational millstone had been cast off! While Holyoake was free to race off and read Hayley Mills' essay on "Liberty" and Harpo Marx's "Das Kapital", Joe McCarthy's poems and listen to Albert Einstein's "West Side Story" we had a GRADUATE for Prime Minister. As a country, the "Evening Post" pointed out, we are against education and the "egg-heads (how's it gone? mate - alright?)". Now that we are into the seventies and now that even the African States have graduates in government, however, it might be time for a change. Norman Kirk hasn't got a degree has he?

Why the incident I am about to relate sums it all up I'm not quite sure but (to avoid further procrastination) it happened like this. Some years ago a SALIENT reporter was granted an audience with Muldoon. Armed with resolve and a tape recorder he presented himself at the heart of the machine. Apparently the interview was a complete farce (it took the allotted half hour to trudge from the door to Muldoon's desk) but it is not that which concerns me. While the reporter waited in the Secretary's office he noted that the murmurs which emanated from the intercom were in fact being created in the House. The secretary scolded bawdily; the clock, almost blotting out the sounds from the House, ticked dynamically; newboys cried distortedly; the secretary's wooly mittens steamed on the radiator; Muldoon's copy of "The Business Man's Guide" sat on top of a filing cabinet. Suddenly the quality of sound from the intercom changed radically, dynamism was in the air. The new speaker talked with conviction and force, beating his desk with his hand as he spoke: "The members on the other side of the House may wish to disagree with me but I can say without fear of their contradiction that we have the best brass band in the world!!"

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**ROCK CONCERT PROGRAMME**

- **Thurs 2nd March 8pm, Union Hall**
  - Rock & Folk Music
  - MAMMAL, HARPER & BROWN
  - Lightshow

- **Monday 6th March 8pm, Union Hall**
  - N.Z.U.A.C.: present TICKET - final tour before leaving for the U.S. ATLANTIC Label. Have bought world-wide rights to their first album and it will be released overseas.

- **Friday March 10th M.S.S.A., Dance and Rock Concert. Featuring TRIANGLE and MAMMAL**

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**WANTED**: Urgent return of research notes on French nuclear tests, property of Mr Nigel Roberts, Canty, Uni. Taken Friday, Feb. 25 outside main library. Contained in black zip-up briefcase. Please return notes in nothing else to... R.M. Alley, Pol. Sci. Dept. V.U.W.
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**TIME MT JOHN GONE**

On November 1968, a U.S. Air Force satellite tracking station became operational at Mt. John, near Lake Tekapo. It is built on land leased from the University of Canterbury, and receive in return approximately $250,000 annually.

The Mt. John Tracking stations real purposes appear to be military, as much as anything else, and the station is therefore another installation on N.Z. land for the 'Defence' of the U.S.A. Washdyke. Mt. John Committee has been formed to organise protest, especially against Canterbury University's lease agreement with the U.S.A.F.

This Committee is organising a demonstration at Mt. John on the weekend of March 11th-12th. What follows is a summary of the functions of the Mt. John tracking station.

Negotiations between the U.S.A.F. and the N.Z. Government (in which the university also participated) began in September 1966, but these were not made public until 4th July 1968, only 2 days before an agreement was signed and only 8 days before soldiers for construction were called. A baker Nunn tracking camera is used at Mt. John, on photograph satellites. The photos are then interpreted and the satellite positions are measured from the photos. This information is tabulated and issued to the basic communications room, whose primary concern is to save in a military rather than of a scientific nature. Only the communications operators and maintenance men know in all other goes areas. Anyone including other officers that is carefully verified before being allowed in.

1970, Cantia representatives were allowed a brief glimpse into this room, and are apparently so)}, to only New Zealander to have been in. Cantia was told that the reasons for these security precautions were that the engineers inside, fed directly into a computer in Colorado, and were not responsible to the camera, which had a security code, obviously, the deployment commander assented in a Christchurch Star interview (13-4-70) that "the ability to retaliate, in the same time we had to abandon it is in case of emergency, the same procedures would be used to destroy equipment." Again, the equipment is independent of N.Z. life, using no own diesel generator. Its rate applies is pumped 1000 SOH up from Lake Tekapo and sterilised, then filtered, to prevent heretical and biological infections. Twenty thousand gallons of water are stored within the area enough to keep the basic centrifuge at least a month, as long as 14 men staff at a time.

Mt. John is operated by Driscoll one at the 8th Satellite squadron of the 14th Aeronautics Defence Force of the Aegis Defence Command (ADCC) exists to protect the U.S.A. against enemy missiles and aircraft, and receives its basic information from various electronic (X-lab), and various satellites, among which is the space-track system, whose primary function is the tracking of all objects. It is in optical sensors based at Woomera and Amersfoort, Edgewood Air Force Base, Cear Island, Pacific Ocean, Casablanca, Florida, and on Mt. John, New Zealand.

**DEMONSTRATION against U.S. military bases in N.Z.**

**WEEKEND: MARCH 11-12.**

at washdyke: timaru and mt john: lake Tekapo.

**A Gathering Of White Liberal Limousines**

The Race Relations Council (11th-13th) was opened by mayor Robbie with his pet topic of law (motors Panther and Nga Tama- toa) to ruin this beautiful city of Dunedin.

The Council was set up in an arena conducted in pakeha style. Most of the official delegates were pakeha hence the term white liberal limousine was used. The presence of the Polywogian Panthers, the Nga Tapatō's and the Maori added colour to an otherwise black and white meeting. This so-called mob of left-wing thinkers emphasized that their continued left-wing action is in our society. Most people left the meeting convinced although some were offended.

The message of the Nga-Tapato was clear enough. It's time the white liberals listened to them. They want to be in the fore front to counter distruction.

**gort**

Says the future of the Internet (?) future internet member statistics?

I see the groom brrm. The cost to kill one is $2000. — Now I see a man named John. To kill one enemy soldier, it costs him $2000. Next: I see a man plan 2 to destroy a single enemy 25000. — I see a man known as J. W. W. to kill a man to end the war is what's odd. It has no name, no police.


**downstage theatre**

**"DON'T LET SUMMER COME"**

by Terence Feely

Directed by Tony Groser

**LATE NIGHT SHOW**

**"COP-OUT"** by John Guare

Directed by Robert Lord

March 3 & 4 at 11.30
March 5 at 9 pm

Reservations: 559-639

**died you witness an Accident in August 1970?**

between an Austin A30 Van and a red Post Office Van, at the Taranaki Street-Wakefield Street lights. Owner of van requires the student who witnessed the accident to write to Graeme Richards, 8 Pine-leads Ave, Seatoun. leave another phone number so he can be contacted.

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CRYPTIC CROSSWORDS

Dregs Bangsoon

The short and by no means extensive survey is designed to be of assistance to the reader who attempts the solution of cryptic crosswords, whether he be found in the dossiers of the New Zealand Listener or the back pages of his national newspaper. It is a survey of the known techniques of cryptic crossword solvers as far as they are made public by any means, including newspapers and magazines, in English, and will not consider the British variety of these puzzles.

DIFFICULTIES IN CRYPTOGRAPHY- In the initial stages of solving a cryptic crossword, the reader is faced with the task of breaking a code. This can be a daunting task, especially for those who are new to the genre. The key to破解ing a clue is to look for any clues that stand out from the rest. These clues are often the ones that give the key to the solution. Once the key is found, the rest of the puzzle can be solved more easily.

SOLUTIONS- Once the key is found, the solutions can be obtained by looking at the clues that are related to the key. The solutions are often given in a list, and the reader can use these to solve the rest of the puzzle. The solutions are typically given in a grid format, with the clue number on one side and the solution on the other.

EQUIVALENTS- In the initial stages of solving a cryptic crossword, the reader is faced with the task of breaking a code. This can be a daunting task, especially for those who are new to the genre. The key to破解ing a clue is to look for any clues that stand out from the rest. These clues are often the ones that give the key to the solution. Once the key is found, the rest of the puzzle can be solved more easily.

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(a) mean (b) mean
(c) mean (d) mean
(e) mean (f) mean
(g) mean (h) mean
(i) mean (j) mean
(k) mean (l) mean
(m) mean (n) mean
(o) mean (p) mean
(q) mean (r) mean
(s) mean (t) mean
(u) mean (v) mean
(w) mean (x) mean
(y) mean (z) mean

(A) mean (B) mean (C) mean (D) mean
(E) mean (F) mean (G) mean (H) mean
(I) mean (J) mean (K) mean (L) mean
(M) mean (N) mean (O) mean (P) mean
(Q) mean (R) mean (S) mean (T) mean
(U) mean (V) mean (W) mean (X) mean
(Y) mean (Z) mean
Did events in America, like the Democratic Convention and People's Park, have anything to do with your decision to leave America?

No, it's really more of a positive decision than a negative one. We haven't left America so much as we have added England. We're there because we like London a great deal. We think it's good for the kids and we like being near the theatre and all the stuff that London has. I like being near the music business and London is a great city to live in if you're going to live in a city.

Do you find it a very different atmosphere working in the English Folk Clubs?

They don't have the non-profit clubs in America like they do in England. In America it is always commercial, for example, when you're working in a club in America you go and work for at least a week...six days. And one of those days is Sunday, right, and no one goes out on Monday night. So you end up doing your best work for twelve people. And it's very depressing, whereas when you're doing a club tour in England it happens to be Monday night and that's a Club night and the joint is packed as if it were Saturday night. Makes an incredible difference to an artist.

It seems you are much bigger in England than you are in America. Why do you think this is so?

Once again it comes back to the English folk scene. My first two tours in England were exclusively Folk Song Clubs. And I'm grow to think of how many of them I played. I loved every one of them. But there's this network of Folk Song Clubs, consistently three or four hard-core, very, very hard core audience for the kind of songs I was doing. I was successful at it. When I started concerts, I already had a reputation; each time I've gone back to do a concert there's been a bigger audience and I never really took the chance in America. What I was doing in England was paying my dues, which I've always believed in doing. And I've been paying dues in America for eleven years. In America you have to make it with the right hit record. It's not enough to have a hit record. For example, there's a guy named Ron Dante who was the voice of the Archies; well he's now trying to make it under his own name, and he can't get arrested; God knows how many millions of records the guy's sold. But he can't make it — so you have to have the right record. Nowadays the best way to make it is with a hit album. Best example is Carl Simon. Tremendous impact that album had. And with one album Carly Simon is miles ahead of me in bookability. Another way, that I'm using it, is television. 'Cos I find you may be getting to millions of people, but it's the wrong millions of people, you're getting to people who wouldn't pay two cents to go to a concert. You've got to have a hit album and I've never had a hit album. But what I've been doing for eleven years is playing this concert, that concert, this club, that club, building laboriously a following, but it takes a awful lot of people to make a following in America because of distances.

I remember some American singers, Dylan and Paul Simon, have been criticized for going to England, and they'd be big, big, big there, deal, and adapt, and copy English folk tunes.

That's something that's always been so badly misunderstood. Paul Simon didn't copy any Scarborough Fair, he copyrighted the arrangement.

But Martin Carthy claims he played that arrangement note for note to Paul Simon...

Lustig: Martin Carthy got it from someone else, I'm sure.

I remember Domenic Behan being pretty mad at Dylan for adapting With God On Our Side from the Patriot Game.

D.B. gets mad at everybody, that's D.B. that's his... that's his schtick... he gets mad at people, that's what he does for a living. As far as Dylan's concerned, I know there was outrage in conservative folk circles. It's odd how desperately conservatively acquisitive progressives can be, they were so furious with Dylan for having written a song to the tune of Leaving of Liverpool, well, what's that? He didn't destroy L. of L. — last time I heard the song, it was still there for anyone who wants to sing it. I say that traditional music in the form we know it was ripped off from earlier trad. music. If you really want to be picky, musical and hard and look at it that way, it's all a rip-off. You know — it's a rip-off on the side of the angels or is it a rip-off to make a dollar? Dylan's never written to make a dollar, neither's Paul Simon. They write because they love to write.

Lustig: Have you heard Tom's latest song Greensleeves?

Except I'm going to call it Redivivus — I'm going to copyright it.

Dylan created a stir when he went electric. Did you have any reservations about introducing a back-up band on Morning Again?

No, not so much worries, 'cos in the meantime people like Judy Collins had done her in this album, which was a stunning album, very successful,...and I suggested to me, that it could be done artistically, it needed to be, I was going out, it could be done with integrity. The transition for me was a very rough one because I didn't know how to go about doing what I now feel I want to do. We did one entire album which we threw away. It was overcome, too many songs, too syrupy and it was just badly done, so we threw that out, went back to scratch and came up with Morning Again.

You seem much fresher, more sure of yourself on your first Reprise album. How come the sun than on the last one for Elektra? Good singer-songwriters have recorded successfully for Reprise. Do you prefer working with them?

No, I wouldn't put any of it down to Reprise or Elektra. Just say that I had come a little bit further, that I am a little bit surer of what I want to hear. I'm gradually thinking of myself more as a recording artist instead of choosing between being a singer-songwriter and a recording artist. If I'm thinking simultaneously — I don't think my ears are getting a little more sophisticated than they were. At least I'm thinking about the same thing — I thought No. 6 sounded over-produced.

Yeah, the strings, for example, would often not fit in, you point were you trying to create with the lyric. Judy Collins says somewhere that she was sitting in the kitchen in Gerd's Folk City and Dylan walked in and sang her Masters of War. Was this the typical kind of night you light with Dylan and Chas that you'd go and sing them a song that you'd just written?

Very much like that. On top of which we had a couple of hootenannys — you know what a hootenanney is? — right. (Folk City had one every Monday started about 5 a.m. went till around 11 a.m., everybody singing about songs, we'd all sit there and listen to Dylan first song. As luck would ha' been in the audience the first night song in New York. We were all awfully sure of course we were all working. Night after night we were working, we were still a watching each other work. Back it know they weren't proper dressing. We'd be back in the kitchen, for a place. And it was a matter of course when someone had written a song, grab a guitar out of someone's hand say 'Listen to this'. A great many not passed around that way. Reality being there, on down, we still see each other from time to time. I did a concert in Hamburg Judy that fall, sang her a couple of... in the dressing-room, I sang Mary Jo's songs the other night that I wanted to hear and possibly record. It never stop.

I remember Dylan in an interview is about "a very interesting song" — written called The Cardinal.

It was one of my throw-away song wrote it not intending to sing it very long time. Cardinal Spellman was go over to Vietnam at Christmas to beFord's speech to the troops about peace in the good... war against godless Communism all that crap and i wrote a song about the tune of Matty Grooves, about him wal wal on the water over there, you know, a Jesu had been beaded held be right with him with a caribou in his hand, shing...

And you threw it away? You should, a D.J. Weinerman running around g through your dustbin.

I haven't seen Dylan since last summer I understand that he caught up Weinerman in the street and knocked shit out of him, and I can only say 'R on!' What rock that character a out from under is what I'd like to know Jesus Christ!

I wanted to ask about Dylan. For far away we've only had the packaged myths, you know — none of his Guilt, social conscience, apocalyptic imagery and now the most family. Have you any idea of the type of man he's doing? I understand he's with a song about Attica.

No, that's the one I've written (Lug) He's written one about George Jackson that is a single that's selling like mad. If very strong song, a beautiful... but it course it's setting the whole music ed leadership. But I know he know what to make of it because it's a throwback to the old Yankee — you know it's like reading the sheep's entrails is trying to find what Dylan's doing now. On the Bangs Dah Concert he does Van Rain and Blowin In The Wind...

Yeah man, but you don't know, 60 month he might do a cayden album, he's a very enigmatic cat, he won't give us answers, people have to find out answers.

I notice some guys from the early sixes like Mike Settle and Mark Spiegel playing straight rock.

Jesus Christ! You've really done home work?

Well, Louis on your new album is almost a straight rock performed, you thought it getting further rock, I'm not?

Maybe acoustic rock. Not Crosby, Stills & Nash or anything to it, we know, is some kind of merging around with recording. But it extremely happy with what I am doing at stage right now, which is my guile, my another acoustic guitar, and a bass, either acou...
ig or Fender, really depending upon what the player wants to play—but I want acoustic guitar. I used a guitar-player in the band on a bad brother, Mark Horowitz, who kept pushing me to get him play his big Fender, but even on those songs where one thought it would work particularly well like Mister Blue or Chord changes it didn’t cut in at all so as well as a really well-played hard, brittle acoustic guitar.

The Fireballs had a Top Ten single of you song Bottles of Miller—how did you feel about what they did with it?

Lustig: Do you think that you reach maturity as a songwriter when you stop being interested in your own songs?

I’m not possessive about my songs. No, there’s still an element of that; a songwriter really has a terrific edge on anyone else, because he knows better than anyone else what he meant. This usually translated enough in the song, in the singing. About the song “Bottle of Wine” was that it got into the Top Ten in America. I never made a great deal of money from that record because it only sold about 125,000 copies and there were used to go over one hundred versions, so it was not a real money song.

‘we’ve been quoted as saying that you’ve topped writing “protest” songs and that our songs are now more personal.’

Lustig: I think that I’m being quoted as saying that our songs now are more personal.

Light, now, what is that I tell and it’s not using hypercritical of me. That’s what I tell in straight press, because I am embarked in a campaign to get them to stop calling it a “protest” singer. Because when they e.g. they ignore 75% of my songs, and costs, it can cost me a lot of money that want to reach, and if I can get someone in the same room with me, in the same hall, so they can give all my songs a chance, then I feel like I’ve had a fair shake, but if people are prevented from seeing to me, because they think that I might be going to hear a whole evening complaining. So I don’t call them “pro-” songs anymore—I call them “angry” songs. Like, I wrote a song about Attica’s called The Hootage. Now for those who see, few though they may be, who have followed my development, who had just seen figured well Paxton, you know, the Hootage and he ain’t going to see any more hard songs and suddenly I changed that on them. Well, it’s a great fan watching them try to figure it out. "Cos I tell all those things. The only thing that I could really change forever is that I don’t ever intend in a song, ever again to tell you or anyone else what they could think or do.

Well, does a more “personal” song like Woody’s Crying reflect your own experience of drugs or of people you know, or you decide to write a song about drugs if create the characters in the song?

It’s point of departure writing. You’re a point of departure from your own written, but the finished song is a work of imagination. Obviously, spending all the time in New York, and in the social business, I have known how to choose people who wound up dead. What happens is the campaign you’re concerned about id up as songs or as books or as poems whatever. So, with rare exceptions, you’re told to say, “today is my drug g day.” What happens is that some of them are confused about, some which amuse you, some of which you’re, you’re all bouncies around the back room. When you sit down and make an “shakin’ up the back room and saying "I’ve got you for me this morning.” It comes out after a lot of meaning and the song which turns out to be it you’ve wanted to say about drugs, or what you’ve wanted to say about go home. I didn’t quite get it today, I know that I’m going to write some, for example, about the relationship the sexes, call it, Human Liberation. leaders right now are some women

who are opening people’s minds to the old roles and stuff. My wife’s very heavily involved in it and I’m somewhat committed to myself—I’m sure that I’m going to write a song. But I won’t be able to tell you on what day I’m going to do it.

Does a song like Rambling In The Land seem simplistic now? Or mistakes?

In a way it does, it was written in the first flush of honest anger at what I was beginning to see was the monumental cop job, and with the perhaps naivel belief that songs would change people. Now, obviously, I wouldn’t write a song in that way now, although I haven’t really changed the way I thought then. I pretty much feel the same way now. But I wouldn’t attack — I wouldn’t express myself that way now.

The optimism of that song, and of that whole period was part of what then seemed a reasonable belief that an artist in his singing and writing could play a part in the movement for a change. Now, of course, it seems much more remote. Even a song like Street Fighting Man which on the one hand is about change, revolution involving the citizen, the jailer ends up by saying “What else can a poor boy do, but sing in a rock ‘n’ roll band?” I mean, how politically do you see your role as an entertainer?

Well I don’t see it as non-political but it’s not necessarily as political as a politician.

We have people now like Ralph Gleason saying if we want to look for the revolution, look at rock music. He says Rock is the Revolution, because it’s what is liberating people’s minds.

Oh Bullshit Gleason is so full of—well we had this in American about people: “He’s a full shot as a Christmas turkey.”

Sure. Rock is so much at the center, so dependent upon capitalist structures, it can’t be in itself the Revolution. In fact, it sucks off creative people, creative energy

I’ll tell you what I feel today, the way I didn’t feel ten years ago, the real revolution is in people—like, my wife and her buddies are into consciousness raising, they’re so even into demonstrating. They had what looked like one march, but it was more one large confusion—nothing is happening than anything else. They sit round once a week—and it’s very well-organised. There are no leaders, there’s an agreed-upon topic for each week, they go around the room expressing themselves on that particular topic supporting each other. Then they’re in new groups and I’ve seen the results and it’s nothing short of astonishing, what these women are doing to their own heads, their own lives, where it really counts. The thing is that when their lives change as they are changing, they give it off, man, they send off emissions, and sooner or later they express that politically. The politics come out of the people. It’s no joke that we get the government that we deserve. That kind of thing that they’re into is spreading in exactly the same way with the same people, the same leaders, working on their own life; too many people are looking for answers outside their own bodies, outside their own heads, they’re looking for... Ralph Gleason is looking for the rock ‘n’ roll revolution to get him laid when he’s old. I don’t know what the hell he thinks he was doing. That is in the Rock revolution is some good music and some groovy clothes. Great, not putting that down! But that ain’t revolution—revolution is deep down nitty-gritty change, rock is only a change in the form of entertainment man.

So you see Rock, political activity, consciousness could be as equal to getting people’s heads together, even the Jesus movement?

Oh, I get hit on by those cats all the time, and they are the worst.

Fabulous. A friend of mine named John Denver had a really great record — made number one.

How did you feel about groups like the Kingston Trio, and the Highwomen? They were supposed to be so slick, so commercial, while you guys were supposed to be the truth and soul people.

I was supposed to regard that way but I really didn’t, I thought that the Chad Mitchell Trio was terrific. They chose material with incredible foresight, they did some satirical stuff which was too great to believe.

Talking about the Chad Mitchell, Judy Collins and Tom Rush as interpreters, as discoverers of new material, have you ever thought of recording songs by other people?

No, I haven’t because I’m too busy doing my own. Furthermore I think that’s what I ought to do, and I think that I’m supposed to do by my own standards. Furthermore, I don’t think I’m that unique a singer.

One reviewer said you had a voice like a tuned clotscooper.” “Tuned clotscooper?” That’s fantastic! Well I think I’m a little better singer than that Judy Collins, Tom Rush, Dave Van Ronk, they’re such great interpreters, but I feel it’s my job to make records of my own songs.
DONT LET SUMMER COME by Terence Frisby.
Presented by DOWNSTAGE. Reviewed by John Halla.

Margot: Our man won't be a proposition, mind you - not the man we're waiting for.
Sidor: No, he'll be more of a rabbit.
Margot: A frightened rabbit, with funny thoughts and a twitching bristle.
Sidor (confidentially): He's a man who's a prey of just being alive...
Margot: Have we reached you yet? Do you know who you are?
Sidor: Does the man we are waiting for know he's the man we are waiting for?

George knows alright. He has been planted there, after all. He draws the girls when they find him a professional actor. But they know their work. They make him comfortable, fit him into his unusual situation, foster him. Then while he is congratulating himself on his good luck, Margot and Sidor have slipped behind a screen and emerge as shop girls. George, again disintegrated, sits to rejoin his roots. Once again the girls change costume and role, emerging as sophisticated actresses. George subsides, and worry subsides throughout the further pugment of rules between beholders and nostalgic immunity. His search for security leads him to accept the protection of the two girls offer when they cuddle and massage him. At the same time he cannot understand their role playing in their connection with the menacing bring in the basement. The stage is full of mystery, uncertainty. Who is the person who spews cryptically at key points in the play? What causes the wardrobe in the corner to look like a lion (the scripts calls it aumble box in the production it was positively a real)? The basement fills him even more with ambivalence. It is a place of security....

George: And you never see the daylight. He's, it's what I've been looking for all my life....

Margot: We creep into his sort of studio down there one day when he was out....And he's got these big blown-up pictures of girl's nails all around the walls.

It is his womb and his grave. George would fit in nicely there, like being back in his gram. But it is also where the crushing yard is the place where the suspense comes from to take his temperature. Worst of all is the place where plastic actors, Plastacts, are made.
And George is wanted as a model for these ghastly creations.

Sidor: Well, some of the Plastacts have... bones... in them.
They came out with bones in them. Then it's not nice.
Margot: And bits of... sort of... in her, as well.

Margot: Well, he's not perfected it yet... Funny things happen.

George: (Mournfully): What sort of funny things.

Sidor: Well, some of the Plastacts have... bones... in them.

It is fortunate that Downstage makes little play of the mystery and that the plot contains. These aspects of the play make it a humbled imitation of Peter's 'Dumb Waiter'. How much better to change it to a telling farce, with the Chandler stage-effects of farreeding as an alluring but unfortunately necessary nervous. For what is here represented by a wardrobe that grows and changes into a lift, a telephone, and a loudspeaker, was so much more subtly and symbolically by the dumb waiter in Peter's play.

It is a stage which is confused and exaggerated menace to comic effect.

The two female roles are exceedingly difficult to play. Not only is there need to be consistent to each of the various gowns worn, but each has, even while carrying the greatest part of the movement and dialogue of the play, to keep the focus of the audience firmly fixed on George, the nobody. The only burden about George is his pathos. His speech is placidious and boring, and so the play and the comedy of which his is the leading part, Janice Finn and Donna Akersten put on an incredible performance. They moved fluidly through each role, managing to make each perceptively and Interestingly different from the one below. Their accents and movements are equally well coordinated. Even the most awkward parts of an often awkward script are handled with aplomb - the soft-spoken but effective ones to the stage - this is a stage. You are an audience. We are all of you to join us.

Michael Haigh plays the non-character of George. He lumbers on to the stage in a bewildered manner, and proceeds to become more and more bewildered and confounded throughout the production. It is essentially the fault of the script once again, that some of his child-like inexcusability sequences were lifeless. This is the sort of thing that can only be real if it is implied. To hear a grown man talking about when he was a child in a room can be amusing. After the fifth time it becomes tedious.

There is a problem with sustained face like this however. What initially holds the attention of the audience is 'The Dumb Waiter' is the underlying humor of the dialogue. What keeps attention is the growing of a tragic perspective in the two characters. The play is the joke, suddenly becomes real. Simple remarks made by two almost illiterate fellows in a bedroom, become potent appraisals of life. 'Then Let Summer Come' lacks this development. It ends as it began on the purely superficial. In fact it tends to be even the opposite of 'Dumb Waiter' - the attempt at real communication with an audience, the identification (albeit reluctant) of the audience, with George, becomes so far destroyed that the last lines of the play:

Sidor: Tonight it was an actor.
Margot: Tomorrow night - who knows?...
Sidor: It could be you.

are the most basal. Without any sort of progression of events or character revelations, the play must rely, like a pantomime, on glib, movement, stage effects and witless to carry it through. I tend to think, despite my enjoyment of the production as a whole that a number of the latter scenes could profitably have been cut. I had the feeling that I had already witnessed them earlier in the production.

Note: The mention of the title of the play, I must recommend this production. From the first twirling of the curtains to the last bounce on the bed, the play moved with a fluidity and homogeny that squeezed quite a lot of water out of an exceedingly dry stone.
JEFFREY HARRIS EXHIBITION

PETER McLEAVEY GALLERY - 147 Cuba St.

Jeffrey Harris is a painter. That's saying quite a lot. There are people around who paint now and then, and there may be as many who imagine themselves to be artists. He is a painter, painting all the time, even when there's no brush in his hands. He's no fanatic, rather he is an easy going young man with an unobtrusive but real sense of humour. This is in his paintings, but quietly. And there is love-love large and inseparable from his creative impulse.

He lives with his wife, Joanna Paul also a considerable painter in a cottage on the cliff edged ancient hills north of Dunedin. Joanna Teaches art in Dunedin. He has taught art but paints full time when he can afford to. He can't afford not to-the scope of his artistic understanding is such that he has the work of many lifetimes ahead of him. He's got a lot behind him, even though he's in his early twenties. No formal training, thankfully. He worked in a diner's shop till he was eighteen or so, painting occasionally and drawing. Then he committed himself to painting. Michael Smither saw some of his watercolours, encouraged him, gave him a room in his and Hetère's house in Dunedin 1970. He painted, ate, and slept in that room for a year and had a few exhibitions locally. He did not sell much, but he did accuse a lot of interest in his work.

In 1971 he continued to live in Dunedin, painting, teaching and then, and marrying Joanna Paul. And exhibiting in Dunedin and Christchurch.

This exhibition at the Peter McLeavey gallery is his first in the North Island. It will be open until the third of March. There are six large paintings on show. All have religious titles and themes. I am unwilling to describe pictures, let alone criticise them, but these seem to invite description rather than criticism.

In Deposition for instance, a wan and spindly woman clings to the leg of the undaunted Christ type for the cross. He is surrounded by bystanders around an accident victim, flattened and pathetic faces cluster, almost as afraid to move as they are to speak. Behind him a frantic, uplifting landscape, and in the middle is a field of ambiguous lovers lie. This is a large painting, and the groupings and the weight of the people in it recall not a few old masters. Despite the theme there is a cooling absence of melodrama, effected by confident rather than histrionic colouring, and carefree, not carelessly leaving.

It would not be hard to look at these pictures and conclude that Jeffrey Harris cannot draw, and that Jeffrey Harris is an artist without niche in the unified growth of NZ art.

That this can draw there is no doubt. The finely detailed drawings he has exhibited elsewhere, and his caillies, leaf-twined paintings prove this. But it has never been noted drawing. The details are of secondary importance. It is the bold, assured distortion and emphasis that he can give to a bush, a building, a hill, that is significant,- his emphasis and depth.

It would also be easy to form the wrong conclusions concerning his relative position in contemporary painting. The words 'naive' and 'primitive' are overheard. While these are no longer pejorative terms, they are, anyway, inaccurate here. He has had no formal training, sure. But the informal training he has given himself, and his well directed dedication have set him above the dulling dance that most young artists meander in. He has assimilated a profound but not unmanageable body of art history, being especially familiar with the art of this century. Picasso, Kokoschka, Bacon, Chagall, Spencer, as far as names are useful, and oh hell so many others mean so much to him. And of yore Van der Weyden, Bellini, Goya, are still real. Some of the Surrealists' influences are too.

In his Sapere at Emmaus a halved Christ stands hand on heart before a brilliant blazing landscape. Hands appear from the top of the painting, either highlighting or letting drop a smaller Christ on a crucifix. And in the Adoration of Christ figures as Egyptians, grotesque before another Christ - is it a bloody coloured de Chirico statue or is he alive? Those crossed sticks in the background, are they telegraph poles or are they current crucifixes?

Jeffrey Harris has transcended his studies and the influences other artists have made upon him. He has carefully chosen the eternal themes and the grand ambition of the old masters. He is painting these themes, just painting them (no gimmicks) with an anchored eye and an unconstrained brush.


...the artist today ought to be a living embodiment of the entire history of art. In our time each new work must constitute a decision as to what is living and what is dead in the painting of the past. The artist's remuneration upon the history of art is thus a remuneration upon himself as well, upon his taste, his intellectual interest, social judgments, the symbols that move him. Not individual genius but this double remuneration of the artist upon his aesthetic legacy and upon his own appropriation of it, is the source of meaningful creation in this epoch of historical self-consciousness.

R.W. Siebene

RECENT BRITISH PAINTING

NATIONAL GALLERY

This exhibition has been hanging since the beginning of February. It is unquestionably one of the most significant to come to NZ in recent years. There are 90 paintings- a total value roughly two million dollars. The exhibition includes works by Francis Bacon, Patrick Caulfield, Ben Nicholson, Bridget Riley, David Hockney, Peter Blake, among others as well as the more traditional landscapes of the old masters. British painting is displayed (and you won't miss what's going on) and invariably striking.

You have until 5pm on Wednesday the first of March to see this exhibition- so what do you think you're doing sitting reading this? 
CONFRONTATION '51
BY DR. MICHAEL BASSETT (REEDS) 4.50. REVIEWED BY TONY SIMPSON.

Mike Bassett is a serious and gloomy man. He met once at Wellington airport an ungainly but courageous thing. It’s an impression that the publication of this book on the '51 lockout has done nothing to dispel. All the facts are there, in secret trials, one after the other; the whole thing is clearly spelt out. But a spell- ing lesson, a catalogue of facts, is no excuse for a failure to write these facts in non-secret form. The book is simply dry. A character in a short story by Noel Field says to a friend after being dragged along to a Communist party meeting: "Christ, do you want to put me off the revolution?" The same might be said of this book by a weary reader.

Dr. Bassett might well argue, of course, that his task is not to write popularized but to present the facts, and that as a candidate several times I would say that his intention is anything but that. In the words of the old-time D.T. image: "I am a good man, man! I want a revolution! And the quickest way to bring one in is by taking an exam." He would probably say that he is an historian and it is his task simply to say what happened. If so then he has failed more seriously. A good historian almost approaches the role of the novelist in that it is his task not only to say what happened, but to express the feeling of how it was when these events took place. Scientists who do that very well is Dr. W.B. Smith - who offers a nifty remark at the hands of Dr. Bassett on p234 Tich ich Dr. Bassett, phalqy you will get nowhere - one of our few historians who manages to capture the spires of the times with which he is concerned. If one fails to do that one ceases to be an historian and becomes a maker of almanacs, or at best an archivist.

The great lockout of '51 was a stunning event and no adult who lived through it will forget the tension and forbidding which it engendered. Dr. Bassett has managed to capture very little of this feeling. Why he should have failed in this way I’m not really sure, but his failure seems to be based on the limitation he has placed upon himself in the nature of his sources. Although there is a big literature of illegal pamphlets available he early quotes from them. He is concerned far more with the doings and statements of politicians and union leaders, who no matter how important their actions may have been on consecutive days, were largely puppets in the hands of events which were more important. The dilemma will be how to control them. The lockout is not a tale of the doings of official persons. It is far more the record of men and women who felt and thought in certain ways on both sides - the union leaders and the police, women and children and farmers and journalists and soldiers who the events affected directly and who had the whole fabric of their daily life shattered by these events. How did a journalist feel knowing that he could not publish a record of something which had burned him? What was it like for a woman to know that there was no money coming in and the children still had to be fed and clothed? How does a child feel at school when his classmates scatter over him because his father is one of the hard 'whitackers'? What do soldiers think about when they have to hop hasty to the trains of locked-out men only a few hundred yards away? Dr. Bassett sometimes proposes a set of questions to which he is unable to answer. Of course the difficulty of trying to answer them is that the answers aren’t written down anywhere. You have to go out of your library to find them. Dr. Bassett should, as a member of the labour movement, be close to the very live and colourful and real atmosphere surrounding the ‘51 and in a great working class event like 1890 or 1913, and one needs only to go into any pub frequented by workies to hear innumerable anecdotes and talks about it. Both stories are the yeast of history. Without them Dr. Bassett’s book is a sorry lump of unadressed dough.

If one wants the facts on the ‘51 lockout they are here; if one wants the feeling of the time it is absent - and this gap makes the book unconvincing.

The Age Of Paranoia
By Richard Brautigan

ABOUT WRITING A REVIEW ABOUT THE ABDUCTION : AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. (1966)

by RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

S (Soon available here. Various (jovial) titles by this author already available)

I walked into the Salient office the other day to see if there were any good books to review. "Just a load of junk" said the editor as I had a book. There was a charming book on the best of bicycling and there was a glossy book on how to live in the wilds. There was this Richard Brautigan novel too. Which looked like junk to the editor, who had never heard of Brautigan, which is not too surprising. He was an English literate student.

Now I had heard of Brautigan, being a student of Time magazine Time raves about him. So does Playboy. Enough said? No we can’t write him off because of his official back-paters. The jacket informs us that he is a cult hero, and ‘literary magics the literate young’, whatever they may be.

So I set out to do this review, for a while I stayed unbiased, com- piled a review in my head without reading the book. After all, a few of the spokesmen of the Age of Aquarius, (that’s what he’s called), are actually real. One busy day down at the wharehouse, however, ever a day I even had to stay awake, I put my prejudices to the test indulged in, and probably justified myself with a bookful of Americans in the form of a novel, Quintessential American loving-bunny-type girl. They sleep together, they perm together. They have an abortion. Boy loses job. Together, they start a new life. End of book. And that’s what the book is - a sickly account of that sprawl of clipped out liberals written by a 36 year old adolescent. I can imagine all the token hippie parents being greatly scandalized by this mistrust mixture of playboy sex and playboy abortion - where boy eats sweet isicky froth on a rotten apple. The book is very digulsive, actually, only a few years ahead of the Readers Digest. The experience is about as serious and as valuable as an evening watching TV from a lawnchair while eating popcorn.

The prose itself is drivel or schmaltz. From bad - "The girl was nice in the leg department but a little short in the fifty-five way or so I qualified. They departed the table without having a tip." - to worse "I have been sitting at this desk for hours, staring into the darkness of shelves of books. (Not too bad but well...) I love their presence, the way they honour the wood they rest upon."

I finished the book, and admit that there was a whiff of truth in the blurb "these books are fun to read!" It may also be true that he is "one of the most authentic spokesmen for the Age of Aquarius (whatever they may be). But the most important thing is to read his du- rible discarnature to their morality. Do you want to laugh along with a winner hippie with an acid-end mind as he groans at the paucity of middle america and wants a time paper flag of black, red, or irrelevant polk dots?

R.W. Steele.
Over the next few months I wish to keep my profound insight into the inner workings of the Department of Internal Affairs to an absolute minimum. Many films are missing ingredients which the critics think are contrary to public opinion and decency today. It is a proven fact that most of these films are showing UNCUT in Australia and beyond — obviously with material which our critics expect to. I feel it would not be worthwhile my attempting to review McCabe & Mrs. Miller, Tangerine Dream, French Connection, Shaft, Sunday Bloody Sunday, Calendar of Knowledge, Straw Dogs, Klute, etc. which have all been cut here — but it becomes a duty therefore, as part of this "disguising" treatment to review only "tamed" of these films, i.e. not the original or the>false or the censored, but a12celled, allutated version (c.f. Jack Smight's Travelling Executioner) thrown by our Departmental hacks in every sense of the word. Where possible I shall list the cuts of every film and where you see some idea what is going on. From then on it is up to you to form your own opinions — or better still fly away to some enlightened land where films are treated as they should be, and if nothing else, respected.


Summer of '62 (Robert Mulligan, USA, 1971) Cinerama.

I used to have an almost clinical way of sympathising with the creators of Bergman's world, but in his new film, THE TOUCH, in colour, and his first in the English language I find myself compelled to do an almost face-to-face re-routing of his difficult and misleading themes, which he is so brave and honest, and the film is a joy. It seems that this work has had a brave face all along, and has done extremely well in this country for what reason I know not. (Yes, I do — it's engrossing. Every lovely frame of it!) Most reviews have been confused, unsympathetic, and irritating, whilst another ("Cured By My Title") in the January 72 Sight & Sound finds it in an unbelievable correlation between the threat of Judaism to Christianity — just because Elliott Gould's archaism is a German-American-based English role! Christ Almighty, he's sympathetic, withdrawn, and perfectly equipped, moody, American (too dangerous "intellectually" British type) endowing in a relationship with Karen (Bibi Anderson) — whether by force of implication involving impotence, or by chance, a piece of anti-eroticism complex with orgasm and phallic-withdrawal, or a moving evocation of the Jewish existentialism.

Her husband, Dr Aanders (Max Von Sydow) is someone pursuing the tragic (emotional realism), and acceptance, and there is this usually lovely trio an understanding that forces one to believe in their innocence no matter how dominant their guilt is.

Bergman has cleaned up the problems of communication by letting only bits of understanding through at a time — the film is all sound extremely complex and unobservable, but it is full of light, and colour, and moves very quickly through areas of emotion with conviction complete, and much humour.

The pre-credit sequence is Karen visiting her mother who has just died in hospital — an sanitising heartstopping opening to any film — the assembly of cameo portraits involving death, and as a result, after the removal of her mother, Karen breaks down in the cloister, invaded by Gould's harshness, and bleak acceptance, and she does so many times. It is difficult to realise why Bergman is letting us into something, and in many ways of his charming face. This performance by Miss Anderson, is one of the greatest, most touching performances I have seen in a Bergman film.

There are symbols of his faith, almost decoded, yet on the surface they are realistic, and acceptable. The finding of a wooden Virgin-statue in a abandoned church by the two, causes Gould to follow the surface of it with his search-light, and then over Karen's beautifully painted face. Later the lovers are eating "the Virgin's image away from within."

Gould's room is small, and messy, compared with Karen's house of comforts (statued, commercial style to the point of disfigure) and it is in this tattiness where most of their sexual games, and fights are played, to the accompaniment of clock chimes and fire-places.

Bit of a plot here, I'm afraid. Andreas visits David during one of his rare visits, and learns of his unforgivable sin (blackmail from an unknown) and Gould's attempted suicide. Gould leaves Sweden, and Karen earns pregnant. She visits London, but is met by David's sister Sarah (Shela Rees). Gould has a last look in his blue eyes and hands. In the protector of David, and a relationship beyond is insinuated.

Gould returns to Sweden to ask Karen to marriage — a violent quarrel, bourgeois attitudes are brought up, and in a final scene Gould leaves the gold and becomes a vagabond, autumn leaves and trees across a small stream, Gould walks away, and shouting threats leaving Karen stranded in colour that is almost blinding.

We have not had Bergman's previous film A Passion, also in colour, and his first in the English language, nor have we seen the Swedish version (blackhall from an unknown) and Gould's attempted suicide. Gould leaves Sweden, and Karen earns pregnant. She visits London, but is met by David's sister Sarah (Shela Rees). Gould has a last look in his blue eyes and hands. In the protector of David, and a relationship beyond is insinuated.

There is in the "normalness" of its characters, its unhurried almost magical approach to its love theme, a certainty that Bergman has definitely succeeded in transmuting his private angle once more into a language that we understand, and conform to. Truffaut's limited knowledge of the language transcended with Fahrenheit 451 into complete literara-ness, and has Ingrid's...

An amazing film. For those who think it is "substandard Bergman" (which we thought) — they must have watched it with their eyes and brain closed.

Elliott Gould is wonderful and when he returns with his head shaved off, from a supposed illness (outside) the sight of his pale, thin face, is a moving sight. Bergman can do this to people, and it hurts.

The only thing now would be for UA to release A Passion then his latest Shorts and flaps soon. He has found an audience here, and a very sympathetic one too.

(The Censor has removed the word "fuckin" during one of Gould's raves: amazing).

A little bit on Summer of '62: Robert Mulligan's return to the peaceful funny world of his adolescents which he had found sooth with in To Kill a Mockingbird. In fact, this latest success has the mood of another, but it also has Robert Duvall's floating blue and dusty yellow sea and dry land colours, and a toned-down script by Rauchen from his novel.

I think that in all its romantic quietudes and adolescence ending humour, it may be a little too precious and even so a little bit phony (that word has to be used), but there's Jennifer O'Neill, a beauty to be reckoned with, and the young kids are, well, just as they should be.

But it is a little too careful and prissy in its explanation of sexual details in which the boys are totally immersed, up to their slave-aways. A feel-up at the movies involves two exquisite scenes from Irving Repper's organic New Voyage, and resulting trial-by-rubber, is underplayed, and the atmosphere of the old town is not as period potential — perhaps Curtis Harrington's Mike Nichols, and Peter Bogdanovitch will give us soon.

The last sequence of initiation with the freshly-wedded woman and one of the boys is the brave Mulligan at all his worth (and consider him worthy of no malice) and all of autumn atmospheres. A nice dream through and a pity it has an R, Lots of 13 year-olds should sneak in. 'T'd do them the world good.

Rog/Cammell/Neil Jarige's fated Performance made in 1967, released 1970 and banned in NZ by both you know who's finally be shown (sort of) in a reconstructed, hacked-shart, regurgitated, toned-down version, in fact 1480 feet or over 16 minutes missing), at the Plaza mid March. The Censor who is responsible, basically, for this expulsive move, and Warner Bros. somewhere, (England maybe), for releasing a version that has nothing whatsoever is even of the original. The Censor has passed this version R16 uncut-therefore he is protected, but basically he is guilty at the start.

Michael Heath

Movies to be released in Wellington over the next few weeks.

John Schlesinger's Sunday, Bloody Sunday.
Sidney Lumet's The Anderson Tapes, Monte Hellman's Two-Lane Blacktop.
Peter Fonda's The Hooded Hand.
Cille Panettone's Burn.
Frank Perry's Diary of a Mad Housewife.
John Cassavets' Husbands.
Ken Russell's The Boyfriend
Joseph Losey's Figures In A Landscape.
Robert Altman's McCabe and Mrs Miller, Gordon Park's Shifty.
Jerry Schatzberg's The Panic In Needle Park.
Race Meares' The Seven Minutes.
Mike Nichols' Camel Knowlegde.

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*If you're new to Wellington you will find WHITCOMBES just along from the bottom of the Cable Car - the T.A.B. is on one side and they're building a bank on the other side.

WHITCOMBE & TOMBS
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This section of Salient is only what YOU make it, so contributions, whether results or just character sketches will be gratefully received.

If you think I'm going to waste 2 hours a day chasing sports clubs for copy, you can show me what you've got.

I can't even guarantee that what I receive will be printed and even a student reviewer/paper editor appears to require the observation of some literary standards.

TRAMPING

Well walkers if you want to know about VUWTC you should have read your handy bandy bits in Salient. And if you haven't even in the last week then there will be a few clubs around men- tioning a stay during Monday or Thurs., of the 1st week of term with a fresher's weekend trip planned for the 1st weekend. For further gin watch the club notice board or ring Andy Wright 375-169 or Dave Bint at 691-212.

CAR CLUB

The Club will be operating again in 1972 and under the direction of the Club last year, its first full year of operation it will grow to even greater strength. Naturally, with the growth of the Club the Committee has been able to obtain some benefits for Members which would pay ANY CAR OWNER to join the Club even if they do not take part in events held by the Club! This is not yet very likely. These bene- fits include an exclusive discount available to Members of the Victoria University Of College Inc. on purchases of new tyres and retreads. With an annual membership fee of only $3.50 you will be able to save this amount throughout the year by using the exclusive dis- count. The subscription also includes a Univer- sity Car Club window sticker, and free entry into your first event.

The Club will be holding its first event for 1972 on Sunday afternoon, March 5th, starting at 14:30, from the Top University Car Park in Kelvin Parade. This event is a Car Rally ex- plicitly designed for those who have never before taken part in a Car Rally through "old hands" can enroll if they wish). The event will end with a Bar-B-Que, so bring food and drink with you. Can take part in a Car Rally are not permitted to carry drinks during the course of the event but about getting that to finish as the Club will provide alternative transport for your refresh- ments to the finish where you can collect it when you arrive. Simply hand the drink to the Flap- on Wigan at the start, clearly marked with your name, and it will be waiting for you at the finish. If you have ever thought that you would like to take part in a Car Rally and have never before had the opportunity, then don't let this one slip by.

Very little equipment is needed to take part in Car Club events: the basics include a car, three or four people, some tins, paper, and a clock. Why don't you make up a crew and come to the next event - the only restriction on entry is that one person in the crew must be a Member of the Car Club. Application forms to join the Club, for those who didn't get one when they enrolled are available by writing to The Secretary, VIC Car Club Inc. P.O.Box 190, Wellington, or join at the start.

The Car Club is in the process of becoming affiliated with the Motorcycling Association of New Zealand which means that any University Car Club mem- ber will be eligible to race in other Car Club events throughout New Zealand. Those who were interested in the tarmac run in a hill climb, or a Levin Meeting will then be able to take part if they wish.

KEEP an eye on the Car Club noticeboard for Car Club information about coming events, re- suits of past events or other meeting information. The noticeboard is situated at the Eastern end, first floor, of the University Union Building and is known as Car Club Corner.

-303 RIFLE CLUB

This club affords an opportunity for the less vio- lent to partake in University sport. It operates in conjunction with the Wellington Rifle Associa- tion and the Seddon Range, Trentham, every Saturday from about 1pm ANY students, are invited to participate, and there will be vacancies for some beginners to join our Tournament team in Wellington at Easter. The club supplies all necessary equipment, so newcomers need only buy ammo either at the range, where they should make contact through either Karori or Upper Hutt Town halls. The club also supplies all the ammunition mentioned in addition to some 303 rifles, the club has been able to purchase recently. 7.62mm O Mark rifles, which will be available for more experienced shooters. We are able through our senior members and the cooperation of the other Wellington based rifle clubs to do this. Anyone who wishes to make full enquiries should be able to find out everything they need.

FROM THE GYM

Visit the Gym immediately to plan your pro- gramme of leisure and recreation before it's too late or before the physical welfare staff become too tired through talking to you and missing out on their own duties and recreation. They offer speciality for 1972 with you in mind unaqua- tumus, but we promise we will do our bit for recreational goals. You can, for example:-

- partake of casual recreation at most times of the day
- join an instruemtional Sports team in badminton, soccer, basketball or volleyball, but if you're quick
- join an instructional programme in such things as badminton, tennis, karate, etc.
- find out about joining sports clubs,
- talk to the staff.

Not all classes are widely sunny or vigorous (we have great showers) so come over and ask about yoga, relaxation, hand painting, weight control, modern dance, soap holiday experiences, etc. A weight loss programme, a confidence building programme, how to run a rock concert or how you name it, over a suit of cold steel.

Classes are free and voluntary and we offer a hire service for gear, clothes and towels. We arrange an inflatable pin joint so we can sit in our green and yellow domain, just south of the Karkin-Bowen, and help us to improve some of the dimensions of your private leisure and recreation programme.

All our programmes start on Monday 6th March which is the second week of term before exams.

If you are especially interested come to the gym on Tuesday 20th February for the Sports Club barter where there will be an organised pro- gramme of displays and demonstration games. Come soon or we will feel out of work.

EASTER TOURNAMENT

To the uninitialized N.Z. Universities sports tournaments involves gong and sex scandal with a sprinkling of sport here and there. This Easter Vic has the da- bious honour of staging Easter tournament and Tournament Controllers, Warwick, Dewe, is already deep in the task of stir- ring summer club members out of the traditional lethargy that seems to pervade sports clubs at Victoria when the question of pulling their fingers out arises.

As usual billets for visiting team members appears to be a major hangup so if you have a spare area of floor or don't mind sharing your bed with another, get in touch with Margaret Moller, of leave name and phone number at the Stud. Ass. Office.

If you are a fresher or an apathetic old hand and fancy your skills at a particular sport then browse around the club notice- boards for details of trials for teams, or go and pestle the Stud. Ass. staff for names of club officers.

Sports for Easter Tournament are- Athlet- ics, Cricket, Rowing, Shooting, Surfing, Swimming, Tennis, Volleyball, Yachting, Billiards, along with a car rally.

YOGA

SWAMI VENKATESA NANDA will give two lectures in the Union Building Tuesday 7th March at 8.00pm, Wednesday 8th March at 8.00pm. Do not miss this eminent speaker. Further lectures will be given at the V.M.C.A.

Orchestra is a Phallicy.

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...RUDELY DUMPING A TANK WITH SOME OTHER BABY GATORS...

...WITHIN HOURS HE WAS CAPTURED BY THE PET INDUSTRY...

...THIS WENT ON FOR SOME TIME, BUT ONE DAY HE GAVE THE LITTLE BOY A PLAYFUL NIP! HE DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN... WAAAA!

...BUT THIS WAS A SERIOUS INFRACTION OF THE RULES! THE BOY AND HIS MOM TAKEN IT OVER AND DECIDED...

...TO BANISH HIM TO THE SEWERS FOREVER!

...HE CALLED THE SPCA FOR ASSISTANCE!

...THEY SEEMED VERY NICE AND EAGER TO HELP...

...BUT SOMETHING OTHERED HIM ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION...

...AND HE FIGURED HE'D BETTER GET OUT OF THERE AND BACK TO THE SEWERS.

...BECAUSE HE HAD A GOOD IDEA WHERE TED X WERE AT!

...AND HE BELIEVED IN THE POWER OF THE SPCA!

...BUNNYIS ELBOWSA!

...CURIOUS, HE DID A LITTLE RESEARCH AND DISCOVERED...

...SOMETIMES THIS WANTS TO HAPPEN!

...SOME DISTURBING FACTS!

...WHY THE SPCA IS FUNDED BY THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION WHICH OWNS CONTROLLING INTEREST IN AN ALLEGEDLY BAD POLY IN MOBILE, ALA.!!

...DISILLUSIONED AT FIRST, HE WAS FEELING VERY DOWN!

...AND THE MORE HE THOUGHT ABOUT IT, THE MORE HE BEGAN TO GET REALLY MAD!

...AND BEFORE HE KNEW IT, HE WAS A REVOLUTIONARY!

...THE COUNTRY NEEDS A NEW KIND OF POLICY!

...DEDICATED TO THE OVERTHROW OF THE ESTABLISHED ORDER!