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VICTORIA UNIVERSITY STUDENT NEWSPAPER

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ACCOMMODATION: -The Outsiders-

by RICHARD NORMAN

Although there are not enough rooms to go around at the beginning of every academic year, people become apathetic as each finds his own niche and forgets the problem for another year.

There being no immediate answer 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 wishful of politician that Wellington is suffering from an acute housing shortage. It takes only a little commonsense to appreciate why. Into a limited geographical space, Wellington can cram only so many activities In recent years, expansion of the Government Centre, the Polytechnic, the University, and the hospital, not to mention commercial building along the Terrace, have all taken their toll of nearby houses. As if this were not enough, the City Council seems intent on tightening the suicide rope by requesting the foothills motorway. The most wanton destruction of houses has occured as this foolish and questionably necessary project has crashed through Thorndon and along Shell Gully. In planning for a more 'economic' city, the Council is creating an even deader heart of asphalt, parking buildings, office space and warehouses, while the human life is pushed out to dormitory suburbs like Johnsonville.

Maybe some future historian will curse the motorway as the beginning of the death of Wellington.

In the meantime, as more and more houses are demolished and not replaced more people are coming to the city to live. Each year thousands of transferred civil servants, polytechnic, university and nursing students descend on Central Wellington. Every year, except during the mild recession of 1968 the cry has been for accommodation. Every year during January and February the problem is highlighted, and gradually forgotten as people filter their way into substandard and over priced places.

STUDENT PROBLEM

Accommodation most certainly isn't only a student problem. Elderly people, who have about the same income, but less flexibility are in a worse position. Young families, unable to pay the extortionate rents for houses are forced to take suburban boxes out at Wainuiomata or Porirua.

The noticeable 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 for increasingly limited number of houses in the city and Kelburn areas. From almost every aspect, the siting of the University at Kelburn has been a disaster. On the harbour side a growing commercial area and now, a rapacious motorway have all but eliminated suitable houses. Around the Kelburn hills there is competition from young workers who want to live close to their city offices. There is no cheap flat land for development of student flats or hostels, and the prices for old houses, like rents have been inflated but of proportion to value.

That much is obvious. Because of its absurd site and because of city-wide problems Victoria has the worst accommodation problems of any university. As university enrollments increase and no more than piecemeal measures are taken, the problem can only worsen.

All indications are that 1972 is the leanest year on record. That is hardly surprising, given increasing student numbers and an almost total lack of improvement in the number of beds. The University itself is a major contributor to the problem. Already the floor space of the houses in Kelburn that are used as 9 to 5 studies is equal to that in the Easterfield building. As the building programme falls even further behind, even more houses will have to be bought and converted to studies. Kelburn Parade is now almost entirely offices, and the University's options extend further than that. The Sociology department has been banished to five houses in Clermont Tce, the other side of Weir House, and smaller departments like University Extension are over the top of Kelburn Parade and into Fairlie Tce.

CURIOUS POSITION

The position of houses that are earmarked for future use is a curious one. The government, through the Education department, buys the required houses, and holds them on behalf of the University. In the meantime, they are left to the Public Trust to administer. Houses in this state of limbo include about five in Fairlie Tce, three in Landcross St. some in Adams Tce, and about a dozen in Holloway Rd.; the latter projected for playing fields sometime in the future. One might expect that the University would recommend that students occupy these unused houses, but the position is not so simple. (In fact the situation looks like an undue complication for the sake of buck-passing) The Public Trust will let the properties to whoever is first in line, and almost by coincidence several are let to students. No 54 Adams Tce is let through the Accommodation Service. Most of the Holloway Rd. houses, which are in fairly poor condition, are let to elderly people, who have lived there previously. Over all, the only houses not actually occupied, are several up a dirt track leading off Holloway Rd. that are virtually self demolishing. Even if these had been habitable, the Education Department's policy is to spend as little money as possible in renovation, and these would remain as unused as No. 57 Fairlie Tce did last year. This year, Dr. Culliford has stated that the house is quite definitely to be converted to make studies for the Institute of Geophysics.

NO PROSPECT

So a check of the houses owned by the Crown on behalf of the University reveals no prospects for extra bedspace. As the University population grows nearer to that absurd figure of 10,000 the problem of making student accommodation compatible with staff studies will magnify. Perhaps we should all hope for yet more concrete and glass monstrosities like the Earth Science and Easterfield buildings to tie the hungry staff to the immediate University site.

One can't help cursing the short-sighted founders of Victoria who allowed themselves to be bribed by the Cable Car developers into settling on the tiny windswept Kelburn site.

It seems that every year is a crisis for accommodation at Victoria. But the saddening thing is that people become content with their overprice, unsatisfactory room and are too apathetic to care about the future. Each year is just one worse than the last. If it is human dramatisation you want, then go down to the Evening Post building as the first edition comes on sale. Or go the rounds of the land agents yourself and be met by vacant stares and pitying looks.

AGENCY FIGURES

Some figures from Wellington's largest letting agency, Key's, gives an indication of the size of the shortage. Among the 700 flats that they have on their books, about fifty are let to students. Over the last holidays, forty of these were retained, at considerable extra cost in rent, as a safeguard for the new year. (A bit rough on those arriving in Wellington for the first time) The other ten were already relet before the 15th of January, incidentally before the University Accommodation Service reopened. During January, Key's let in all about 20 flats to students. During the first two weeks of February there were only three. Flats and houses are almost unobtainable anywhere, for anyone, let alone for students and in the sought after Kelburn-city area.

photo : Alan Brown

The University Accommodation Service can back this up. It has been completely unable to meet the demand for the flatting type of accommodation. And the service's statistics cannot take into 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. Boyd'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 seller is so strong, would be almost laughable.

Mere moaning in February and March will not miraculously build houses although publicity is admittedly important.

Some temporary measures will lessen 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 Bowen 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 problem 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

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LIBRARY HOURS TO REMAIN THE SAME

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

An unscheduled meeting of the Vice-Chancellor and Deans' committee on Monday 21st February agreed to increase the library grant and the Professorial Board will be asked to reverse its earlier decision allowing a reduction of library hours.

This decision was forced on the University administration by a Student's Association declaration advising student's to observe library hours as they were formerly. The background to these proposed restrictions is the financial stringency facing all sections of the University. This financial position is partly the result of inflation partly of myopic long-term planning, and partly of gutless University administration.

The library costing millions of dollars to set up was to have its use restricted for the sake of a few thousands. During budgeting 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 will be provided to keep the library open as usual. Mr Sage, the librarian, stated that this figure was in the region of $7½000.

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 an example on Friday night the library was to have 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 quietness, or overcrowd the library at other peak usage times.

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

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

ACCOMMODATION

continued from page 1

be noisy, dirty and vandalistic. (when everyone should know that students are really apathetic and conformist.) 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 Letting Office as with down–town agents would charge commission of one weeks rent, and also be a safe conduct bond. There would certainly be risks from damages, but also non-payment of rent during the holidays. But presumably, 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

At present, students have no advantages whatever over anyone else in renting properties. The advertisements are placed in the papers by the Accommodation Service have a wishful air about them. This scheme might be something positive to alter that situation.

But paying out rents to existing landlords, even through a central student office, would not help as would buying properties. One land agent, with his eyes on increasing selling commission, advertised a place in Devon St. as an investment for four students each with $250. The house, one in quite good order, although in a damp gully, was selling for $10,000 (Government valuation $6,500). After the $1,000 deposit there were two mortgages, one at 3% and the second at 9%. The weekly payment in mortgage interest would be only $4 per person, a very low rent, even if paid for the whole year. Other factors such as $67.00 in rates, and the prospect of maintenance might make this less attractive, but the weekly payments would be going towards an appreciating asset.

For four students to go it alone would be quite a risk. Not too many would have the deposit to start with, and very few groups of students are likely to stay together for several years in the same place.

This scheme could work if it were a co-operative student effort in which the student's association bought houses and rented them to individuals. The Student Executive has, in fact come close to doing just that on several occasions, the closest with the block of houses between Salamanca Rd.and Mount St. Each time unfavourable reports of the buildings caused 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 the least 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 and in operating order are much better publicity than all the impassioned talk at 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 ideal.

HALLS OF RESIDENCE

Meanwhile, the only group that has gone as far as raising finance in the cause 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 Helen Lowry Hall in Karori, but its major projects show few signs of materializing.

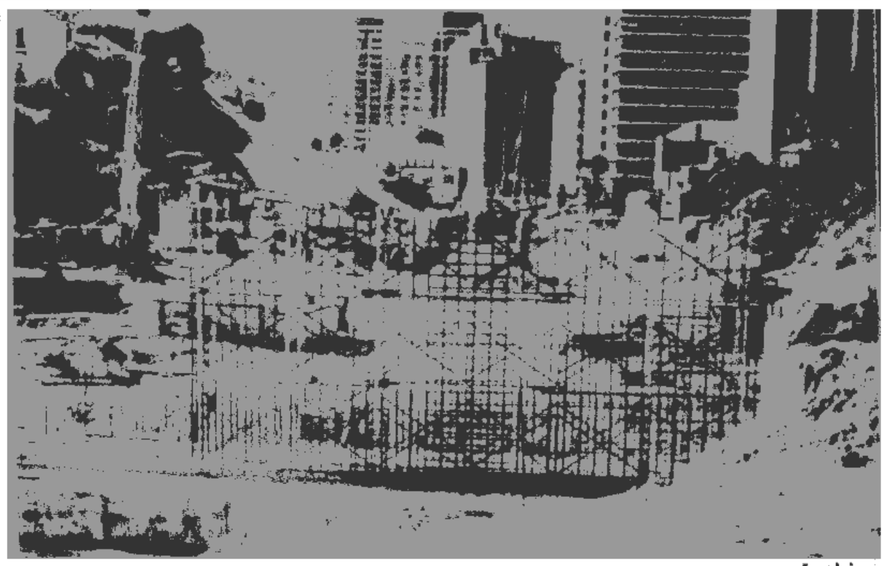
The Anglican 'Trinity College' has been almost priced out of feasibility. It could, if ever made a reality, certainly be a big contribution to the University. Its size for one thing (eleven storeys) could hardly be ignored. In design it is thankfully a lot more imaginative than the concrete morgue that is the new wing of Weir 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 Clermont Tce it would command a magnificent view, but the height could also be disadvantageous. As the University becomes larger and more monolithic, the need may be for more personalized home surroundings. The Halls of Residence Appeal is in an unenviable 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 seized on the trend towards flats for students as an excuse 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 Weir 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 hostel life. Victoria's accommodation problems are enough to depress anyone. There are no forseeable solutions, although hopefully the size of the shortage will be a political embarassment big enough to force action from Wellington's M.P's in this election year. Otherwise, perhaps the best we can look for is that the Halls of Residance Foundation keeps plodding along, and finally uses its funds in a less ambitious project like Everton Hall; or that the Student Accommodation Trust is actually formed and makes that difficult first move of buying and letting its first house.

Alan Browne

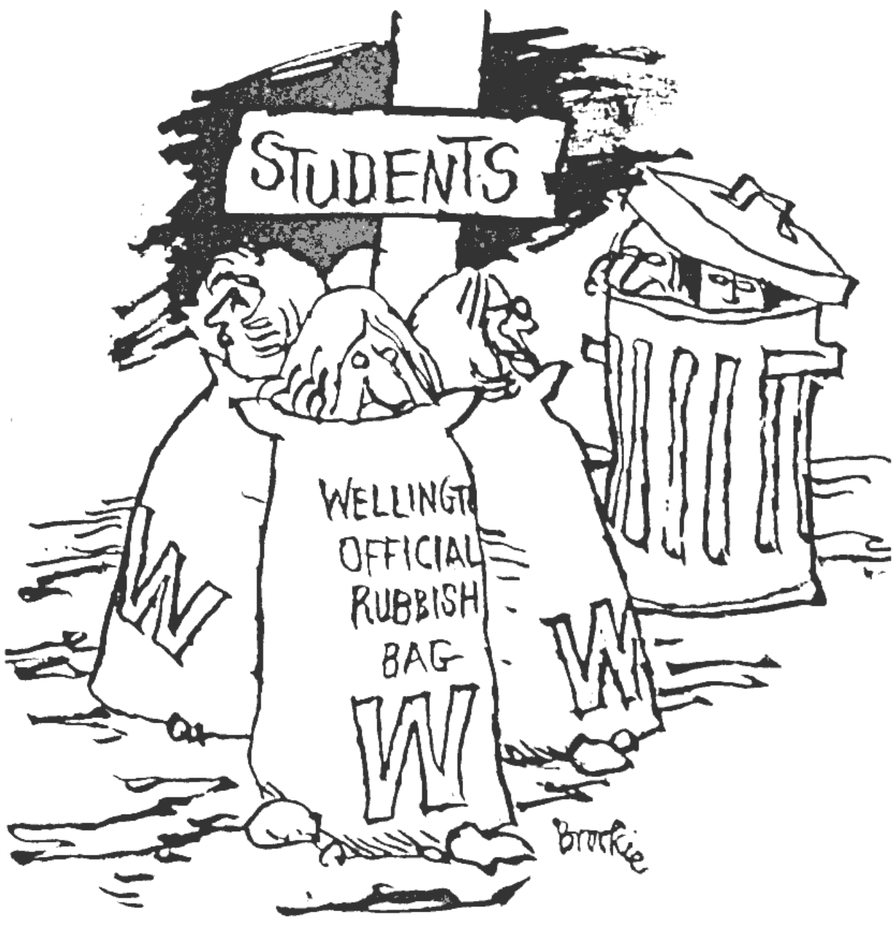
People queue outside Evening Post in the rush for first option on scarce housing.



Jothiram

The motorway—major reason for lack of central accommodation.

This house once housed six students. Where do they go now?



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EDITORIAL

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 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 depleted as has already occured in Auckland.

There are reasons to cause both the University administration and the Student's Association to hesitate, but any businessman from the city does not hesitate to buy either land for flats, or already existing flats. Why is it, then that both the above-mentioned have done nothing concrete before this? We are tired of surveys and surveys. If a block of 100 four bedroomed self contained flats were available now they could all be filled overnight, literally.

Tbis 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.

Letters to the Editor

Sir,

From time to time we all must feel pangs of uncertainty whether our protests in this God Forsaken part of the Universe are worth it. Both on racist sports and Vietnam issues protestors are justified in claiming part victory, but often full victory seems to be beyond our generation's present capacity. A letter written on September 21st, 1971 justifies, I feel, the need to protest in solidarity with those, who won't win heroes medals but are heroes to the cause. The letter was from the Concerned Officers Movement, of U.S.A. and I would like to quote a few details of interest. "Several COM chapters are making efforts to attract enlisted men (I am one) and there are quite a few active G.I's in my Chapter. The military services are still trying to break up COM, but we are still growing. The Air Force of which I am a member has recently enunciated new policies aimed at "honourably" separating officers and airmen who participate in COM. My commander has personally councelled me. The honorable discharge they offer is a ruse. Future employers will know the reason for the discharge. To get out one must concede his behaviour is improper. Who is charging whom with bad conduct? In any case I wish to finish the few years I have left in the military and help make COM grow. COM is starting to work closely with Vietnam veterans against the War. Together we should have an appreciable impact on the American public. We enjoy hearing of your work".
So you see, in time, what is the more important or are all equally important? Having thousands out in the streets, or having veterans and enlisted men working from within? Should one go AWOL or stay and fight from within? Should one become A CO. or join up and fight from within like Australian's are attempting. I believe Christchurch Mobe had the right idea, with its various subcommittees dealing with their own sector. After all, I feel if we can get one Catholic Bishop to condemn our participation in the war, or if we can get the clergy to speak from the pulpit, then I feel we might be having a better impact on public reaction than say N.Z.U.S.A. resolutions which everyone knows will be ignored by the apathetic majority of 36,000 students or the FOL resolutions which at least in CHCH are treated as rubbish by certain unions' hierarchy.

Just to close – I am an admirer of Robert Muldoon for not what he says, but that he isn't afraid to say it and apologize if he makes an error. Society needs such men so that the apathetic throng can be shaken. It is not imperialism or communism, that endangers N.Z. it is materialistic requirements and apathy.

Michael O.Neill
C/- P.O.Box 407,
Christchurch.
7-10-71

Sir,

I am a long time, long distance walking hitchhiker. Just lately ecoconscious, I must report a salient observation from a summer's walking, mainly on roads all over the North Island, country and city.

Empty cigarette packets account for a substantial proportion of litter beside roads. I took a rough count of the brands of cigarette packets so slowly decaying. I find the results quite amazing. Rothmans packets accounted for about 80% of the ones I saw. Pall Mall, usually the red packet, accounted for 17-19%. I only saw 2 or 3 packets each of B.&.H., Belmont, and Peter Styvesant.

Now I realise that Rothmans probably do have a large share of the market. But surely not that large.

I wonder – are the sort of pricks who smoke South African owned cigarettes the same pricks who litter our countryside?

Raymond Forsyth.

Sir,
What is this thing called love ? Further, what is this spectacle in the northern stairwell of the student union, apart from being a birdless yet bird-brained Binney painting?
Were the bureaucrats and the idea mongrels too imaginative to knock out the wall and give us God's own landscape?

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THE BEST BRASS BAND IN THE WORLD

by Peter Giles

The demise of Holyoake, accompanied as it was by sanctimonious denials of acrimony, 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 insistant reminder that it was what he hadintendedall along. There were minor power games, too, that were worthy of note The spectacle of Jack announcing on Television that Bottler Shelton 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 abraisive 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 burped 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 while you are ahead editorial", 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 whimper

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 emphasised 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-prices-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, mediocre and cautious to a man they paraded before the camera with all the verve of Debs 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-aware 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 caste off! While Holyoake was free to race off and read Hayley Mills' essay on "Liberty", 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 goin' 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 a radical view, and a tape-recorder he presented himself at the heart of the machine. Apparently the interview was a complete farce (it took the alloted 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 murmurings which emanated from the intercom were in fact being created in the House. The secretary scribbled busily; the clock, almost blotting out the sounds from the House, ticked dynamically; newsboys cried distortedly; the secretary's woolly 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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Booby Traps are a blast girl, sheer and undoubtedly daring, they're in all today's crazy top fashion shades.

Thanks to Prestige there's now no need to be over-exposed or under-shaped. So snap up and snap on a pair of Prestige's Booby Traps, available now at your nearest hosiery or lingerie bar.

Prestige

Made in New Zealand

TIME MT JOHN GONE

On November 1968, a U.S. Air Force satelite 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 $25,000 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 organize 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 1 days before an agreement was signed and only 8 days before tenders for construction were called.

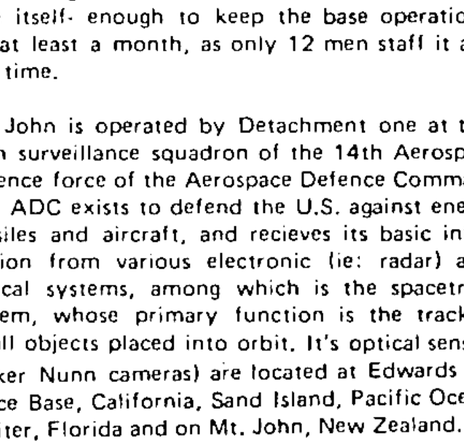
A baker Nunn tracking camera is used at Mt. John o photograph satellites. Thes photos are then processed and the satellite positions are measured from the photos. This information is tabulated and passed to the base communications room, whose security precautions tend to be at a military rather than of a scientific nature. Only the communications operators and maintenance men (four in all) have routine access. Anyone (including other officers) else is carefully vetted before being allowed in.

In 1970, **Canta** representatives were allowed a brief glimpse into this room, and are apparently the only New Zealanders to have seen it. **Canta** was told that the reasons for these security precautions were that the teleprinters inside, fed directly into a computer in Colorado, and were virtually part of the computer. So that an understanding of their mode of operation would reveal details of the computer, which had to remain secret, obviously. The detachment commander also stated in a Christchurch Star interview (30.4.70) that "like any military installation, if the time came when we had to abandon it in case of emergency then precautions would be taken to destroy equipment"

Also, the base can operate independent of N.Z. utilities, using its own diesel generator. Its water supply is pumped 1000ft up from Lake Tekapo and is clorinated and filtrated, possibly to prevent chemical and bacteriological sabotage. Twenty thousand gallons of water are stored within the base itself- enough to keep the base operational for at least a month, as only 12 men staff it at a time.

Mt. John is operated by Detachment one at the 8th surveillance squadron of the 14th Aerospace Defence force of the Aerospace Defence Command The ADC exists to defend the U.S. against enemy missiles and aircraft, and recieves its basic information from various electronic (ie: radar) and optical systems, among which is the spacetrack system, whose primary function is the tracking of all objects placed into orbit. It's optical sensors (Baker Nunn cameras) are located at Edwards Air Force Base, California, Sand Island, Pacific Ocean, Jupiter, Florida and on Mt. John, New Zealand.

"Spacetrack" is a part of the "Space Detection and Tracking System" (SPADATS). Data from which is fed into the Air Defence systems nerve centre located 1400ft beneath Mt. Cheyenne, Colorado, which controls deployment of America's nuclear weaponry including the anti satellite defence system, "a land based missile system which is capable of interception and destruction of armed satellites."



IN THIS ISSUE

Salient

TRACKER'S MILITARY USE VERIFIED

Secret Data an Object

canta

Mt John Revealed- Linked To U.S. Aerospace Defence

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 (12th-13th) was opened by mayor Robbie with his pet topic of law and order in Auckland.

"We cannot allow the long-haired mobs (Panthers and Nga Tamatoa?) to ruin this beautiful city of ours."

The Council although set in an marae was conducted in pakeha style. Most of the official delegates were pakeha hence the term *white liberal limousine* was used. The presence of the Polynesian Panthers, the Nga-Tamatoa's and the lefties added colour to an otherwise black and white meeting. This so-called mob of left-wing shit-stirrers emphasised the institutionalised left-wing racism in our society. Most people left the meeting convinced although some were offended.

The message of the Nga-Tamatoa was clear enough. It's time the white liberals listened to them. They want to be in the fore front of moves to counteract discrimination instead of remaining passive The white liberals, if they are sincere, should support their demands. Since the country is run by whites, the liberals can bring their influence to bear on the policy makers so that justice can be done.

The Polynesian Panthers were not concerned with land as were the Nga-Tamatoa. Their demands are for more immediate things - education penal reform, job opportunities and recreational facilities They want direct action on these things. They pledged support for and would join the Race Relations Council if the new committee can convince them that they will take action this year. The newly elected committee of the Council promised to pursue the demands of the Nga-Tamatoa and of the Panthers.

JRSC

John Reid's Squash Centre

HOURS: 9-12 and 2-5 weekdays

STUDENTS CONCESSIONS

SQUASH: Students 30c per half hour (normally 65c). Racquets 10c (normally 30c).

GOLF: Students 25c and 35c per bucket of balls (normally 40c and 60c). Plus free clubs (normally hire 10c).

we clothe:
students,
folk singers,
executives,
freedom marchers,
politicians –
left, right
and central,
men,
theologians,
geologians,
historians,
at Vance Vivian's store for men.

DOWNSTAGE THEATRE

"DON'T LET SUMMER COME"
by Terrence Feely
Directed by Tony Groser

LATE NIGHT SHOW

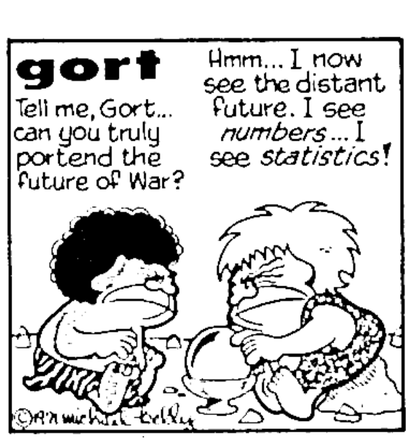
"COP-OUT" by John Guare
Directed by Robert Lord

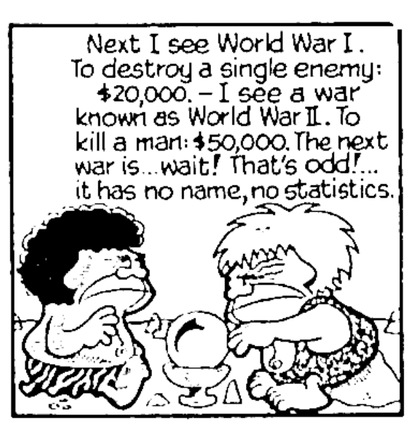
March 3 & 4 at 11.15pm
March 5 at 8 pm

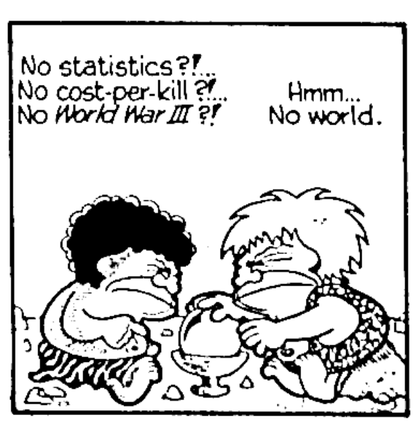
Reservations: 559-639

Did 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 Pinelands Ave, Seatoun., leaving a phone number so he can be contacted.







ODD ONE OUT

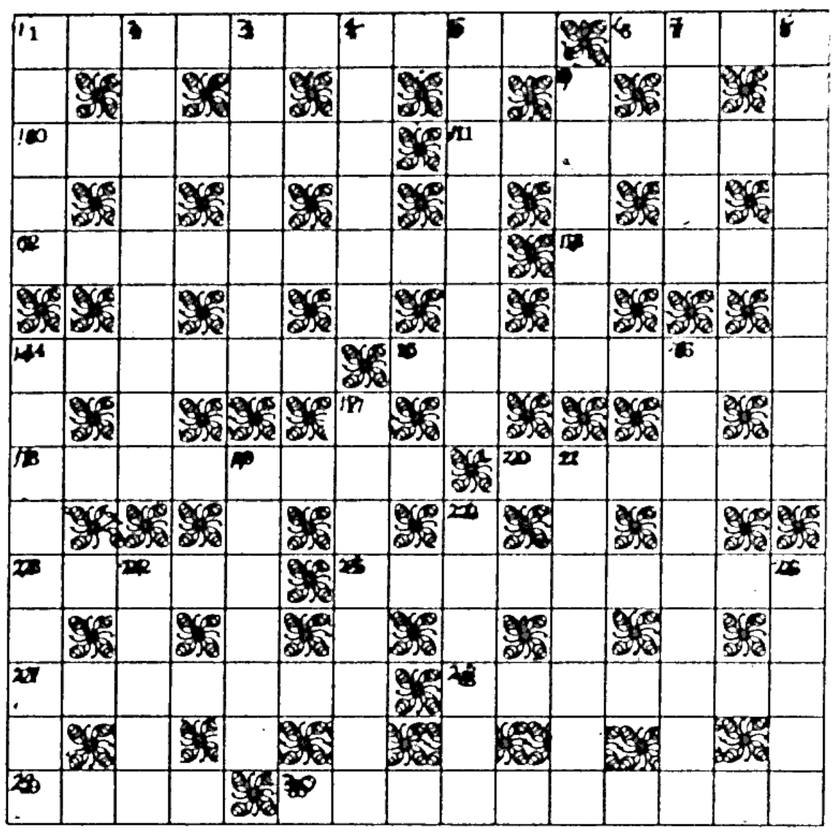
ACROSS

1. Cleaning the balls may lead to scandal (4-6)
6. There's company for dinner! (4)
10. Land dealer gets an existing hill (7)
11. Two degrees take in top gear for freedom fighter (7)
12. Or rather the smallest routes may have it! (9)
13. A neck or two may be wrung in exam prank (5)
14. Behind a severe description (6)
15. The sun is and shines through it (8)
18. Took off, though finally perished (8)
20. Offender, formerly an Irish patriot (6)
23. Man in the drink will get a runny nose (5)
25. Viking Bledwin? Shortened nickname says he talked nonsense! (9)
27. Up with a chest! (7)
28. One in a pistol is hard on the stomach (7)
29. Vulgar face distorts for Gaia's mate (4)
30. With nothing outside, bears or emus could be shot through these holes (10)

DOWN

1. Noted on the wall a Greek letter, and an old god returned (5)
2. Tea skit about rising part (9)
3. Spinner has decaying wings (7)
4. In holy writ a note speaks of an Asian (6)
5. Call liquor of the same label?
7. A festering carbunkle partly caused by alcohol (5)
8. Butcher has a jolly aspect (9)
9. Defraud a shaper (6)
14. Send a pram rolling and sign the answer (9)
16. Greater? No, father, in a way (9)
17. Part of speech a backward university copied exactly (8)
19. Bearing without our dignity to lower (6)
21. Inspires what 20 ac. will do badly about describing vigour (7)
22. In this type of commerce retail goods may have the dealer surrounded by silks (6)
24. Record name on list (5)
26. They are often played but curiously never ridden (5)

(answers on p. 3.)



Cryptic Crosswords

Dregs Bangsoon

This short and by no means extensive survey is designed to be of assistance to the novice wishing to attempt the solution of cryptic crosswords, whether they be found in the Evening Post on Wednesdays and Saturdays, the Dominion on Saturdays, the Christchurch Press every morning, assorted magazines weekly or monthly, or the paper in which this appears.

The difficulties perceived in initial contacts with this type of crossword can seem almost insurmountable. This is due primarily to the inability of the beginner to decode the clues, which resemble hieroglyphic spells whose aim is to hypnotise the reader into a state of incredulous immobility. Some knowledge of the structure of cryptic clues and the conventions employed in their making is essential to dispel this glassy-eyed incomprehension. It is a peculiar fact, however, that those who are au fait with cryptic crosswords are often reluctant to part with their secrets, such information that they possess being regarded as sacred and not to be imparted to the uninitiated. Here follows, then, a brief outline of the main points in the cabbala.

GENERAL

A genuine synonym-type clue is nearly always present, ranging from the explicit to the very broad (eg 'on which people put their shirt' has been seen as part of a clue for 'derby favourites'). Accompanying the synonym may be other words which describe how the clue is to be made up. One of the first difficulties encountered will be that of working out exactly what part of the clue is the 'real' clue. For example:

'Lining is giving out outside a minor star' (5,7) (Bangsoon)

The answer might be two words meaning any of the following: lining, lining is, lining is giving out, a minor star, minor star, star.

The other words present may be components of the actual word that is the answer. These can be in strict succession, reversed, interwined, or otherwise convoluted eg-

'Turn the handle just for fun, (5) (The Times)
Revel - lever backwards)
'In being embraced by renown, there's nothing for man's inner needs. (6) (Daily Telegraph)
Famine - in 'embraced' by Fame)
'(So auburn is his hair the journalist is very upset.(4,10)
The Guardian.)
Sore Distressed - so red is tress ed.)
'Beer returned by the King. (5) (Bangsoon)
Lager - regal backwards)

Included in, or in place of, this structure may be found abbreviations, anagrams, homophones, homonyms, pun, and various other devices for word manipulation.

ABBREVIATIONS

Any of the abbreviations used in, say the Concise Oxford Dictionary might be used in relating an answer to a clue. Some frequently used examples of conventions and abbreviations are given below, the left column being answer components and the right column clue components.

N.S.E.W.	point(s), quarter(s), cardinal(s), direction(s).
SALT,TAR,AB	sailor, seaman etc
A	one
O	nothing, love, ring.
LE,LA,UN	'the French' 'a French'
RE	about, engineers (though note that 'about', in a clue may merely refer to the placement of one word about another)
ART,A	artist, painter etc.
A,AN,THE	article(s)
NAG	horse, nag etc
A,B,C,D,E,F,G,	note(s)
ER,R	royal, queen etc
IV,V,VI,X,L	four, five, six, ten, fifty etc
P,PP,F,FF	soft, quiet/loud etc
DR,MO,MB,	doctor etc.
MA,MA	fellow degree etc.

This is only a partial list

ANAGRAMS

Usually an indication is given that an anagram is present, though this is not always the case. Watch for words like 'bad', 'strange' 'upset', etc. eg: 'Feeling ill, the strange nurse left' (9) (The Times). (Essential — anagram of 'nurse left')

HOMOPHONES

Indicated by 'we hear', 'sounds like, etc, for example:
'Erect sound beams' (5) (The Times).
(Raise)
'Sound string to tie up a bundle of notes. (5) (Bangsoon)
(Chord)

HOMONYMS

eg *'A slight case of more notes than syllables' (4) (Bangsoon)
(Slur)
'Cultivates fields — there's money in them' (5) (The Observer)
(Tills)

CONCLUSION

It would be false comfort to say that cryptic clues can be so easily analysed into the above categories. Many constructions are a complex misture of two or more different styles of word manipulation, and only constant practice with crosswords from different sources can transform the state of incomprehension to one that resembles competence. Then there are the joke clues or puns, appearing about as frequently as anagrams in some crosswords. The ability to do these often depends on how twisted is the solver's sense of humour. Bangsoon has a VERY twisted sense of humour.

open your university bank account with your* own bank

BANK BNZ

* The Bank of New Zealand is the only trading bank wholly owned by the people of New Zealand

Your **Bank of New Zealand**
Campus Branch is in
HUNTER BUILDING (Just inside main entrance)
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try us first — rapid ordering
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THE PAPER TIGER

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(We sponsor the "Big V Radio Programme" -Tues. 9.00pm on 2ZB)

We had no trouble arranging an hour with Tom Paxton during his recent visit to Wellington. Jo Lustig, manager of Mary Hopkin, Julie Felix, Pentangle and others, was there too, and he offered an occasional comment. GORDON CAMPBELL spoke to them at the White Heron.

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 Monday, 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. I shudder to think of how many of them I played. I loved every one of them. But there's this network of Folk Song Clubs, consequently there is a hard core, a very large 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 tour its been bigger, and I never really 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 is to make it with a hit album. Best example is Carly Simon. Tremendous impact that album had. And with one album Carly Simon is miles ahead of me in bookability. Another way, tho' I mistrust it intensely, 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 criticised for going to England, and they'd then beg, borrow, steal, adapt, and copyright English folk tunes.

That's something that's always been so badly misunderstood. Paul Simon didn't copyright 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 Dominic 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 conservative so-called progressives can be, they were so furious with Dylan for having written a song to the tune of Leaving of Liverpool, well, so what? 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 get cynical and hard and look at it that way, it's all a rip-off. You know – is it 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 Redsleeves – 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, no such worries, 'cos in the meantime people like Judy Collins had done her In My Life album, which was a stunning album, very successful....and it suggested to, me that it could be done artistically, it needn't be selling 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 felt I wanted to do. We did one entire album which we threw out. It was overdone, too many strings, 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 freer, fresher, more sure of yourself on your first Reprise album. How come the sun than on the last one for Elektra. Many 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 have 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 songwriter and a recording artist. It's coming simultaneously – maybe my ears are getting a little more sophisticated, getting a little more taste, or something – I thought No. 6 sounded overproduced.

Yeah, the strings, for example, would often restate the point you were trying to create with the lyric.

Judy Collins says somewhere that she was sitting in a kitchen in Gerde's Folk City and Dylan walked in and sang her Masters of War. *Was this typical? Were you so tight with Dylan and Ochs that you'd go and sing them a song that you'd just written?*

Very much like that. On top of which we

INTE

had a couple of hootenannys – yo what a hootenanny is? – right. Folk City had one every Monday started about 9pm went till about 1 morning, everybody singing about songs, we'd take turns – that's Dylan first sang. As luck would ha was in the audience the first night sang in New York. We were all arou of course we were all working. Night we weren't working, we were still a watching each other work. Back i know they weren't proper dressing We would be back in the kitchen, o place. And it was a matter of cours when someone had written a song, grab a guitar out of someone's hand say 'Listen to this'. A great many son passed around that way. Really it stil on, we still see each other from ti time. I did a concert in Hamburg Judy this fall, sang her a couple of in the dressing-room. I sang Mary songs the other night that I wanted hear and possibly record. It never sto

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

It was one of my throw-away son wrote it never intending to sing it very long time. Cardinal Spellman us go over to Vietnam at Christmas to se troops...breathing hypocrisy, blood guts...war against godless Communism all that crap and I wrote this song t tune of Matty Groves, about him wal on the water over there, you know, a Jesus had been alive he'd be right with him with a carbine in his hand, sh ing...

And you threw it away? You should an A.J. Weberman running around g through your dustbin.

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

I wanted to ask you about Dylan. Fro far away we've only had the packaged orded myths, you know – son of Wo Guthrie, social conscience, apocalyptic ionary and now the moderate family m Have you any idea of the type of mate he's doing now? I understand he's writ a song about Attica.

No, – that's the one I've written (Laug He's written one about George Jacks that is a single that's selling like mad. It very strong song, a beautiful song., and course it's setting the whole music est lishment right on its ear – they do know what to make of it because it's a throwback to the old Dylan – you kno it's like reading the sheep's entrails a trying to find what Dylan's doing no

On the Bangla Desh Concert he does Har Rain *and* Blowin In The Wind....

Yeah man, but you don't know, ne month he might do a calypso album. He a very enigmatic cat, he won't give man answers, people have to find their ow answers.

I notice some guys from the early sixtie like Mike Settle and Mark Spoelstra ar playing straight rock –

Jesus Christ! You've really done you homework!

Well, Louise *on your new album is almos a straight rock song. Have you thought o getting further into rock?*

Maybe acoustic rock. Not Crosby, Stills & Nash or anything – to me, that's too syrupy....I'm really open to any kind of messing around with recording, but I am extremely happy with what I am doing on stage right now, which is my guitar, another acoustic guitar, and a bass, either acous

VIEW WITH TOM PAXTON

tic or Fender, really depending upon what the player wants to play – but I want acoustic guitars. I used a guitar-player in the States for a while, David's brother, Marc Horowitz, who kept pushing me to let him play his goddam Les Paul, but even on those songs where one thought it would work particularly well like Mister Blue or Clarissa Jones it didn't cut it for me so well as a really well-played hard, brittle acoustic guitar.

The Fireballs had a Top Ten single of your song Bottle of Wine – 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 possessive about 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 comes through in the song, in the singing. About the biggest kick I got out of 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 next to no cover versions, so it was not a big money song.

You've been quoted as saying that you've stopped writing "protest" songs and that your songs are now more personal.

Right, now, that's what I tell and it's not being hypocritical of me. That's what I tell the straight press, because I am embarked on a campaign to get them to stop calling me a "protest" singer. Because when they do this they ignore 75% of my songs, and it costs me. It can cost me audiences that I want, want to reach, and if I can get those people 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 coming to see me, because they think that all they're going to hear is a whole evening of complaining. So I don't call them "protest" songs anymore – I call them "angry" songs. Like I wrote a song about Attica. It's called The Hostage. Now for those people, few though they may be, who have followed my development, who had just about figured well Paxton, you know, Paxton's mellowing and he aint going to write any more hard songs and suddenly I dropped that on them. Well, it's great fun to watch them try to figure it out. 'Cos I still mean all those things. The only thing that has definitely changed forever is that I don't ever intend in a song, ever again to try to tell you or anyone else what they should think or do.

Well, does a more "personal" song like Judy's Crying reflect your own experience of drugs or of people you know, or if you decide to write a song about drugs and then create the characters in the song?

Well, it's point of departure writing. You have a point of departure from your own experience, but the finished song is a work of imagination. Obviously, spending all the time I have in New York, and in the music business, I have known too many people who wound up dead. What happens is that the things you're concerned about wind up as songs or as books or as poems or whatever. So, with rare exceptions, you don't sit down and say, "today is my drug writing day." What happens is that some of the things you're concerned about, some of which amuse you, some of which frighten you, they're all bouncin' around in the back room. When you sit down you start shakin' up the back room and saying "what've you got for me this morning?" And what comes out after a lot of messing around is the song which turns out to be what you've wanted to say about drugs, or perhaps what you've wanted to say about drugs – but-you-didn't quite get it today. And I know that I'm going to write something, for example, about the relationship between the sexes, call it, Human Liberation. The 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 it 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 Rumbling In The Land *seem simplistic now? Or nostalgic?*

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 con job, and with the perhaps naive belief that songs could change people's minds, 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 are 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 complex. Even in a song like Street Fighting Man *which on the surface is about change, revolution, storming the citadel, Jagger 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 nearly so political as politics.

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.....we had this saying in Oklahoma about people: "He's as fulla shit as a Christmas turkey."

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

I'll tell the way I feel now, 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 not even into demonstrating. They had what looked like one march, but it was more one large consciousness-raising session 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, helping each other's heads 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 comes 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 form, no 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 sees – all 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 groups as being equal means 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.

They're here too, now.

I'm hip, I've been hit on here; I got hit on at a concert in New Plymouth. This moron came up to me hitting on about Jesus. He asked me if I knew Jesus Christ. I said I wasn't sure. Did he used to play for Ginger Baker?

Lustig: Hey, you're right. He used to play saxophone for Ginger Baker.

Didn't everybody? But he didn't last - couldn't cut it.

Lustig: Terrible, a good Oklahoma Presbyterian, Tom, talking this way.

I formally withdrew from the Presbyterian Church – I sent in a letter of resignation.

Is there anyone of the second generation of singer/songwriters – people like Van Morrison or James Taylor – that you particularly like?

Well for a start..I like both of them. There's a new songwriter named John Prine, who's causing a lot of excitement I've heard some of his songs and they're fabulous. A friend of mine named John Denver's had a really great record – made number one.

How did you feel about groups like the Kingston Trio, and the Highwaymen? 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 them 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 Mitchell Trio, 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 is what 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 clothespeg.

"Tuned clothespeg?" 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.

Drama

DONT LET SUMMER COME by Terence Feely.
Presented by DOWNSTAGE. Reviewed by John Hales.

Margot: Our man won't be a porpoise, mind you - not the man we're waiting for.
Sadie: No, he'll be more of a rabbit.
Margot: A frightened rabbit, with furry thoughts and a twitching psyche.
Sadie (confidentially): He'll be a man who's terrified of just being alive...
Margot: Have we reached you yet? Do you know who you are?
Sadie: 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 dismays the girls when they find he is a professional actor. But they know their work. They make him comfortable, fit him into his unusual situation, flatter him. Then while he is congratulating himself on his good luck, Margot and Sadie have slipped behind a screen and emerge as shop girls. George, again disorientated, tries to rebel is soothed, made at ease. Once again the girls change costume and role, emerging as sophisticated actresses. George subsides, and wavers throughout the further pageant of roles between bewilderment and nostalgic imbecility. His search for security leads him to accept the protection the two girls offer when they coddle and mother him. At the same time he cannot understand their role playing or their connection with the menacing being in the basement. The stage is full of mystery, uncertainty, Who is the person who rings cryptically at key points in the play? What causes the wardrobe in the corner to roar like a lion (the script calls it a rumble but in the production it was positively a roar)? The basement fills him even more with ambivalence. It is a place of security?

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

and at the same time a place of fear.

Margot: We crept 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 souls all around the walls.

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

George: No, no, no, no, - I don't want to go down there. I want to stay here. I don't want to have a Plastact looking just like me, with no bones in it.
Margot: Perhaps you're wise darling.
Sadie: Yes, he's not perfected it yet ... Funny things happen.
George: (fearful): What sort of funny things.
Sadie: Well, some of the Plastacts have ... bones ... in them They come out with bones in them. Then it's not nice.
Margot: And bits of ... sort of ... hair, as well.

It is fortunate that Downstage makes little play of the mystery and menace that the plot contains. These aspects of the play make it a hamhanded imitation of Pinter's 'Dumb Waiter'. How much better to change it to a rollicking farce, with the clumsy stage-effects of foreboding as an illfitting but unfortunately necessary overcoat. For what is here represented by a wardrobe that growls and changes into a lift, a telephone, and a loudspeaker, was so much more subtly concisely, symbolised by the dumb waiter in Pinter's play. This production utilised even the 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 guises used, 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 humour about George is his pathos. His speeches are platitudinous and boring, and so he plays no part in the comedy of which his is the leading part. Janice Finn and Donna Akersten put on an incredible performance. They moved fluently through each role, managing to make each perceptively and refreshingly different from the one before. Their accents and movements are equally well coordinated. Even the most awkward parts of an often awkward script are handled with aplomb- the selfconscious pally at the start - This is a stage. You are an audience. We welcome one of you to join us.

Michael Haigh plays the no-character of George. He lumbers on to the stage in a bewildered manner, and proceeds to become more and more bewitched and confounded throughout the production. It is essentially the fault of the script once again, that some of his child-reminiscence 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 pram can be amusing. After the fifth time it becomes tedious.

There is a problem with sustained farce like this however. What initially holds the attention of the audience in 'The Dumb Waiter' is the underlying humour of the dialogue. What keeps attention is the growth of a tragic perspective in the two characters. The play the joke, suddenly becomes real. Simple comments made by two almost illiterate fellows in a bedroom, become potent appraisals of live. 'Dont Let Summer Come' lacks this development. It ends as it begins on the purely superficial. In fact it tends to be even the opposite of Pinter's play - 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:

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

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

Notwithstanding my criticisms 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 humour that squeezed quite a lot of water out of an exceedingly dry stone.

The Scratch Orchestra is

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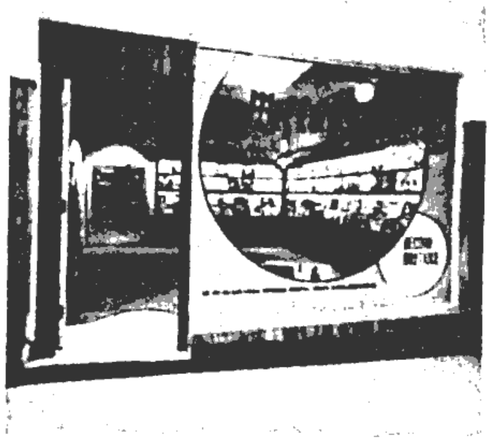

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ART REVIEW

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 undertaking 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 draper'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 Hotere'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 arouse a lot of interest in his work.

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

'Religious Painting'

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 dedic ation 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 his too.

In his *Supper at Emmaus* a haloed Christ stands hand on heart before a brilliant blotted 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, gesticulate 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 unclouded eye and an unconstrained brush.

R.W. Steele

detail from a portrait of the artist and his wife

'Supper at Emmaus'

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 spavined woman clings to the leg of the undaunted Christ ripe for the cross. Like bystanders around an accident victim, flattened and pathetic faces cluster, almost as afraid to move as they are to speak. Behind them a frantic, uplifting landscape, and in the mixed up fields 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 careless drawing.

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 JH *can* draw there is no doubt. The finely detailed drawings he has exhibited elsewhere, and his earlier, leaf twined paintings prove this. But it has never been rote 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 his depth.

right : detail from 'Deposition'

"..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 rumination upon the history of art is thus a rumination upon himself as well, upon his taste, his intellectual interests, social judgements, the symbols that move him. Not individual genius but this double rumination 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.

Harold Rosenburg, "Arshile Gorky: The Man, The Time, The Idea".

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- total value roughly two million dollars. The exhibition includes works by Francis Bacon, Patrick Caulfield, Ben Nicholson, Bridget Riley, David Hockney, Peter Blake, and dozens of other big names in British painting. Huge works - half the gallery is displaced (and you won't miss what's gone) - 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?

BOOK REVIEWS

CONFRONTATION '51 BY DR. MICHAEL BASSETT (REEDS) 4.50. REVIEWED BY TONY SIMPSON.

Mike Bassett is a serious and gloomy man. I met him once at Wellington airport and that was how he seemed to me then. It's an impression which the publication of this book on the '51 lockout has done nothing to dispel. All the facts are there, in serried ranks, one after the other; the whole thing is carefully spelled out. But a spelling lesson, a catalogue of facts, is no excuse for a failure to write these facts in uncrabbed prose. The book is simply dreary. A character in a short story by Noel Hilliard 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 encourage the revolution. Indeed, as he has been a Labour Party candidate several times I would say that his intention is anything but that. In the words of the old IWW song: 'I am a good strong Labour man/ I want a revolution/ And the quickest way to bring one on Is talking constitution.' He would probably say that he is an historian and it is his task to simply 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. Someone who does that very well is Dr. W.B. Sutch - who suffers a nasty remark at the hands of Dr. Bassett on p214 Tch tch Dr. Bassett, jealousy will get you nowhere - one of our few historians who manages to capture the spirit of the times with which he is dealing. 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 stirring event and no adult who lived through it will forget the tension and foreboding 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 rarely 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 made nonsense of their efforts to control them. The lockout is not a tale of the doings of official personages but is far more the record of men and women who felt and thought in certain ways on both sides - the union members 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 he had seen? What was is like for a women 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 sneer at him because his father is one of the hated 'wharfies'? What do soldiers think about when they have to hump butter to the taunts of locked out men only a few hundred yards away? Dr. Bassett sometimes poses these questions but he does not tell us the answers. Of course, the difficulty of trying to answer them is that the answers aren't written down anywhere, You have to come 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 oral tradition surrounding the '51. It is a great working class event like 1890 or 1913, and one needs only to go into any pub frequented by wharfies to hear innumerable anecdotes and tales about it. Such stories are the yeast of history Without them Dr. Bassetts book is a sorry lump of unleavened 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 CONFRONTATION '51 a flawed book.

BRAUTIGAN

The Age Of Paranoia How the 60s ended

by the editors of Rolling Stone.

Review by Royal Abbott.

Rolling Stone have put out - to put on - to inform to put on after so long telling exactly where it's at: now, how it really was in their own gold plated words - to tell us and take our money?

Just how come everything does seem so screwed up? - One possible answer saith the **STONE** lies in the global media network telescoping time between events and the synthesis, finds the present youth generation beating its brains out over irreconcilable, and impossible problems which only exist because the media defines them. One of the great faults in the alternative - seeking generation lies in its hopeless belief that the human creature is intelligent enough to take in hand his own destiny - and on logical grounds. The presumption that humanity appreciates the essence of the social organism - enough to conduct surgery on it using the rusty tools of a language built around concrete realities and linear definitions is at least laughable - at most - catastrophic.

And believe it or not - this incredibly human cock-up is what this frightfully (yes frightfully) depressing book is all about. Indictments of the human condition are easy, however this is a document of confusion and of a frustrated baited generations, exhausted and so far failed attempts to stay the hand that holds the power - and is using it to burn our bridges before us as well as behind. In a selection of articles and essays from **Rolling Stone** its editors do an efficient job of reissuing "perspectives from above and beyond", a series of erratic and sometime boring images detailing what turns out actually a cohesive thesis on how the seventies see the end of the sixties - at least some of the seventies. For those who groove on continuing tales of injustice from the Land of the free (or was there anyone so stupid?) - whilst you'll surely groove here, the Playboy Forum is easier understood for all it lacks in journalistic polish compared with the **STONE.**

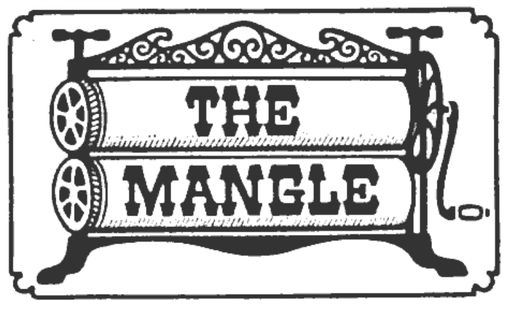
In assembling a history of the Movement, the **STONE** follows the same pattern as other nouveau historians such as Mitchell Goodman whose **Movement Towards a New America** is locally available, unlike **The Age of Paranoia** - not yet released in the States — and has a wider range of source material- However those sufficiently inspired to radical zeal not to mind reading lots about the same old civil liberties shockers viz the Chicago Conspiracy Circus and Campus Pig riots will more than likely not be disappointed over pissing around ordering from the States and waiting three months.

Subjects covered range over a wide spectrum from standard sick society rhetoric to - as already mentioned- the Conspiracy song and dance, so if you don't succumb to the temptation to let the apocalyptic ravers smother you in enigmatic pedentry (spelt meaningless shit) then you'll be the wiser for having gone through the smoke since we were spared the fine.

No **Rolling Stone** doesn't let you down, sing hosannas, they've been in the business too long - for lo! and **The Age of Paranoia** does have a unity, even though it be raised on a high pedestal of bullshit, and rationalization for its own sake. The end product distinctly reeks of another of Jan Wenner's "Rock and Roll is the *only* way the power of youth is structured" - pathetic temper tantrums - which means yet another sectional interest claiming to have got it all together - How else do you put out a paper as consistently good as **Rolling Stone.**

Yes politics *are* assholes; to destroy is *not* the thing to do goddamn, ("He not busy being born is busy dyin" there proof) and revolution comes not of rampant factionalism - but on the other hand - to quote the one Mr Wenner who seems to know it all- "it looks like a shuck". Whether it is, depends on whether you believe Bo Diddley invented the wheel.

The Age of Paranoia contains a lot of A-1 journalism which is a refreshingly new direction for underground media dealing the same old Movement rubbish - However when it turns out a massive stage for a creep like Wenner to prostelyze his own cultural perversions in the name of historic ("Rock and Roll is the only way"!) it can just about give you the shits.



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(BE A MANGLER)

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

by RICHARD BRAUTIGAN —

(Soon available here.: Various (ludicrous) 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 so I had a look. 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 literature 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-patters. The jacket informs us that he is a cult hero, and 'literary magus to the literate young', whoever they may be.

So I set out to do this review. For a while I stayed unbiassed, composed a review in my head without reading the book. After all, so few of the 'spokesmen of the Age of Aquarius, (that's what he's called!) are actually read. One busy day down at the wharves, however, a day I even had to stay awake, I put my prejudices to the test indulged in, and probably polluted myself with a bookful of Americana in the form of a novel. Quaint librarian meets bunny-type girl. They sleep together. She gets pregnant. 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 amusement for that sprawl of clapped out liberals written by a 36 year old adolescent. I can imagine all the token hippie parents being gently scandalised by this mindless mixture of playboy sex and playboy abortion where body sweat is sticky toffee on a rotten apple. The book is very digestible, actually, only a few years ahead of the Readers Digest The experience is about as sensuous and as valuable as an evening watching TV from a lukewarm bath 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 titty line or was I spoiled. They departed the table without leaving a tip. "-to verse "I have been sitting at this desk for hours, staring into the darkened shelves of books." (Not too bad, but wait..) "I love their presence, the way they honour the wood they rest upon."

I finished the book, and admit that there was a scintilla 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 thay may be). But this can be no credit to his disciples discernment or to their morality. Do you want to laugh along with a wizened hippie with an acid-eaten mind as he grins at the paunchy face of middle america and waves a tissue paper flag of black, red, or irrelevant polka dots?

R.W. Steele.

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FILM REVIEW

Over the next few months I wish to keep my profound disgust of the inane workings of the Department of Internal Affairs' censors to an absolute minimum. Many films are missing ingredients which the censors think are contrary to public order and decency blah...It is a proven fact that most of these films are showing UNCUT in Australia and beyond – obviously with material which our censors object to. I feel it would not be worthwhile my attempting to review **McCabe & Mrs Miller, French Connection, Shaft, Sunday, Bloody Sunday, Carnal Knowledge, Straw Dogs, Klute**, etc. which have all been cut here - but it becomes a duty therefore, as part of this "disgusting" treatment to review only a "version" of these films,i.e. not the original as the maker conceived, but a re-edited, occasionally mutilated version (c.f. Jack Smight's **Travelling Executioner**) through the courtesy of our Departmental hacks- in every sense of the word. Where possible I shall list the cuts of every film I mention to give you some idea as to 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.

Elliott Gould, with Bibi Andersson, and Igmar Bergman during filming of **THE TOUCH**. *This, Bergman's first film in the English language, and in colour, commences at the Lido soon.*

The Touch (Ingmar Bergman, Sweden, 1971) Lido . Summer of '42 (Robert Mulligan, USA, 1971) Cinerama.

I used to have an almost clinical way of sympathising with the creatures 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 about-face re-routing of his difficult and misleading themes, which he is fond of. But this is pleasant, 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 ("Cursed Be My Tribe") in the January '72 Sight & Sound finds in it an unbelievable correlation between the threat of Judaism to Christianity - just because Elliott Gould's archaeologist is a German-American-Israeli-English Jew! Christ Almighty, he's sympathetic, withdrawn and a perfectly equipped moody, American (no dangerous "intellectualism" here) type succeeding in a relationship with Karen (Bibi Andersson) – whether by force of implication involving impotency, or by consenting rape (a humane piece of anti-eroticism complete with orgasm and phonetic-withdrawal) or a moving cradling of Gould in her arms.

Her husband, Dr Andreas (Max Von Sydow) is someone pumped full of life blood (palpable emotional realism). and acceptance, and there is in 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. This may all sound extremely complex and uninvolving, but it is full of light, and colour, and moves very quickly through areas of emotion with complete conviction, and much humour.

The pre-credit sequence is Karen visiting her mother who has just died in hospital- an amazingly heartstopping opening to any film – the assembly of cameo portraits involving death, and as a result, after the removal of her mother's rings from her fingers, Karen breaks down in a cloakroom, invaded by Gould's hairyness, and bleak acceptance. When Karen cries (and she does so many times) it is difficult to realise why Bergman is letting us into something even more secretive behind her charming face. This performance by Miss Andersson, is one of the greatest, most searching, ever experienced 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 an old church by the two, causes Gould to follow the surface of it with his search-light, and then over Karen's beautifully sainted face. Later the larvae are eating "the virgin's image away from within."

Gould's room is squalid, and messy, compared with Karen's bourgeois comforts (satirised commercial-style to the point of discomfort) and it is in this tattyness where most of their sexual games, and fights are played, to the accompaniment of clock chimes and factory whistles.

Bit of a plot here, I'm afraid. Andreas visits David during one of Karen's visits, and learns of his wife's unfaithfulness (blackmail from an unknown) and Gould's attempted suicide. Gould leaves for London, leaving Karen pregnant. She visits London, but is met by David's sister Sarah (Sheila Reid)– a cripple with pain in her eyes and hands– yet the protector of David, and a relationship beyond is insinuated.

Gould returns to Sweden to ask Karen into marriage– a violent quarrel, bourgois attitudes are brought up, and in a final long-held scene, among the gold and brown of the autumn leaves and trees across a small stream, Gould walks away off screen muttering 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 I cannot really refer **The Touch** to this or any others. Sven Nykvist's colour *is* amazingly beautiful, and in many sequences Brueghel-strong in its oranges, reds, browns and dark greens (the credit sequence of houses of orange and brown lapping in dissolves continually.)

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 translating 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 literary-ness, and so has Ingmar's.

An *amazing* film. For those who think it is "substandard Bergman" (whatever they may mean!) they must have watched it with their eyes and brain closed.

Elliott Gould is wonderful, and when he returns with his beard shaven off, from a supposed illness (suicide?) 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 **Shouts and Whispers**, soon. He has found an audience here, and a very sympathetic one too.

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

A little bit on **Summer of '42**. Robert Mulligan's return to the peaceful funny world of his adolescents which he also found solace with in **To Kill a Mockingbird**. In fact, this latest success has the mood of the other, but it also has Robert Surtees' floating blue and dusty yellow seas and dry land colours, and a toned-down script by Raucher from his novel.

I think that in all its romantic quietudes and adolescence-ending humour, it may be a little too precious and even more 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 slaveringmouths. A feel-up at the movies involving two exquisite scenes from Irving Rapper's orgasmic **Now Voyager**, and resulting trial-by-rubber, is underplayed, and the atmosphere of the old town is not as period potent. as perhaps Curtis Harrington, Mike Nichols, and Peter Bogdanovich will give us soon.

The last sequence of initiation with the freshly-widowed woman and one of the boys is the brave Mulligan at all his worth (and I consider him worthy of much) no dialogue, and lots of attenuated atmospherics. A nice dream though and a pity it has an R18. Lots of 13 year-olds should sneak in. It'd do them the world of good.

Roeg/Cammell/Mick Jagger's fated **Performance** made in 1967, released 1970) and banned in NZ by both you know who's will finally be shown (sort of) in a reconstructed, hacked-about, 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 repulsive move, and Warner Bros. somewhere, (England maybe), for releasing a version that has nothing whatsoever 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-Land Blacktop.*
Peter Fonda's *The Hired Hand*
Gille Pontecorvo's *Burn!*
Frank Perry's *Diary of a Mad Housewife.*
John Cassavete's *Husbands.*
Ken Russell's *The Boyfriend*
Joseph Losey's *Figures In a Landscape.*
Robert Altman's *McCabe and Mrs Miller.*
Gordon Park's *Shaft.*
Jerry Schatzburg's *The Panic In Needle Park.*
Russ Meyer's *The Seven Minutes.*
Mike Nichols' *Carnal Knowledge.*

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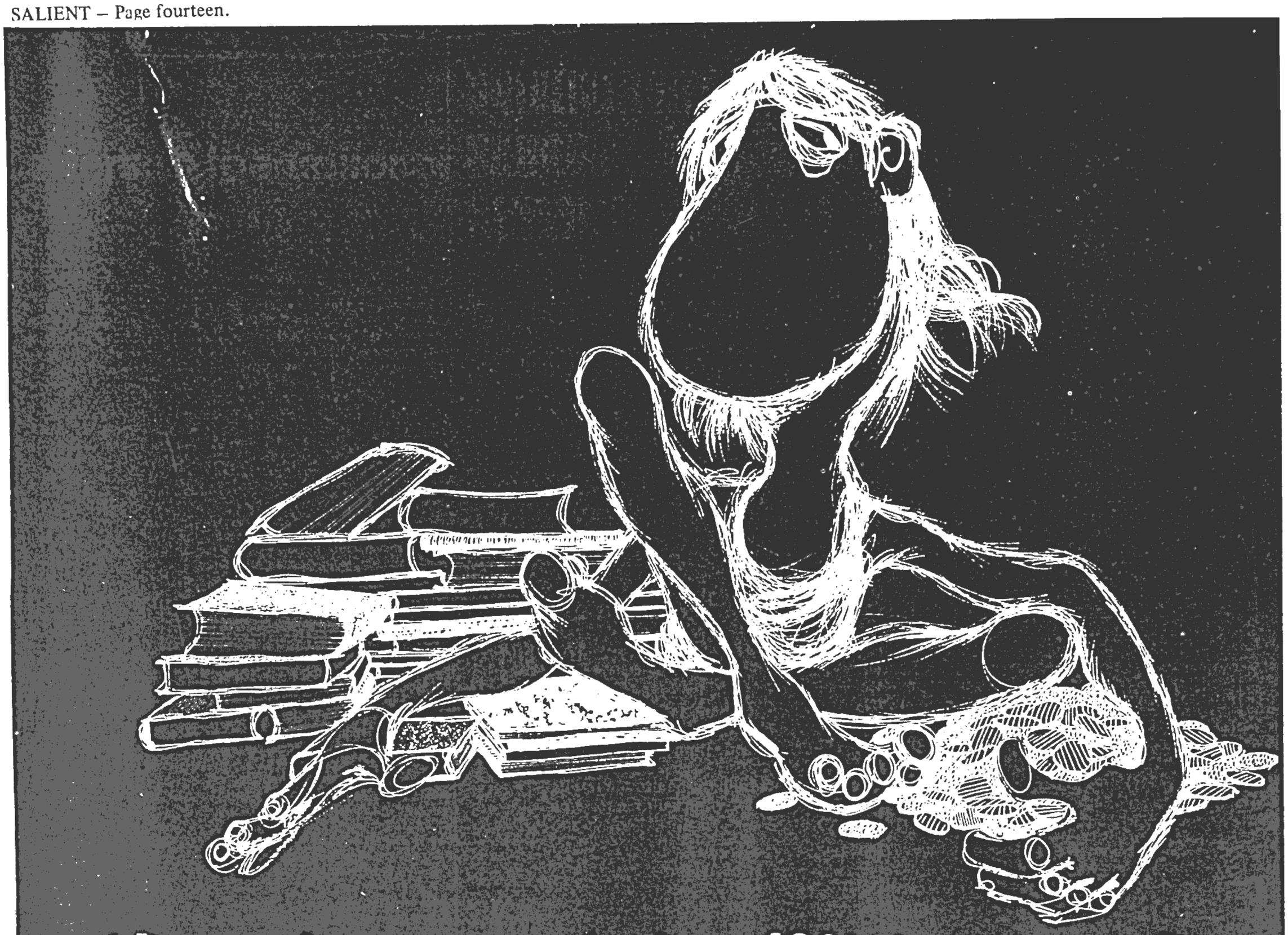

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LAMBTON QUAY WELLINGTON

—SNEBGREBLING'S SPORT

This section of Salient is only what YOU make it, so contributions, whether results or just chatty snipets will be gratefully received.
If you think I'm going to waste 2 hours a day chasing sports clubs for copy, you can think again.
I can't even guarantee that what I receive will be printed as even a student newspaper editor appears to require the observation of some literary standards.

TRAMPING

Well wankers if you want to know about VUWTC you should have read your bloody handbook. However if you are literate only 50% of the time there will be a few clods around manning a display during Mon/and or Thurs. of the lst week of term with a freshers weekend trip planned for the 1st weekend. For further gen watch the club notice board or ring Andy Wright 757-169 or Dave Banford 697-273.

CAR CLUB

The Car Club will be operating again in 1972 and judging by the popularity 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 (which is not very likely.) These benefits include an exclusive discount available to Members of the Victoria University Car Club Inc. on purchases of new tyres and retreads. With an annual subscription for Students of only $2.00 You will be able to save well over this amount throughout the year by using this exclusive discount. The subscription also includes a University 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 1.45pm. from the Top University Car Park in Kelburn Parade. This event is a Car Rally especially designed for those who have never before taken part in a Car Rally (although "old hands" can enter if they wish). The event will end with a Bar-B-Que, so bring food and drink with you Cars taking part in a Car Rally are not permitted to carry drink during the course of the event but about getting that to the finish as the Club will provide alternative transport for your refreshments to the finish where you can collect it when you arrive. Simply hand the drink into the Flagon Wagon 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 biros, 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, VUWCar Club Inc. P.O.Box 196, Wellington, or join at the start.
The Club is in the process of becoming affiliated with the Motorsport Association of New Zealand which means that any University Car Club member will be able to take part in other Car Club events throughout New Zealand. Those who would like to try their car 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, results of past events or other motering 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 violent to partake in University sport. It operates in conjunction with the Wellington Rifle Association 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 present themselves either at the range, where they should make contact through either Karori or Upper Hutt clubs, or by telephoning the officers mentioned below. In addition to some 303 rifles, the club has been able to obtain two new 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 Clubs to provide top class coaching for shooters or potential shooters

Anyone who wishes to make further enquiries should see handbook.

FROM THE GYM

Visit the Gym immediately to plan your programme 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 leisure and recreation. They offer specially for 1972 (with you in mind) unsurpassed opportunities for recreational gladness. You can, for example:-

—partake of casual recreation at most times of the day,
—join an Intramural Sports team in badminton, soccer, basketball or volleyball, but be quick
—join an instructional class in such things as badminton, trampoline, keep fit etc.,
—find out about joining sports clubs,
—talk to nice people.

Not all classes are wildly sweaty or vigorous (we have great showers) so come over and ask about yoga, relaxation, house painting, weight control, modern dance, swap holiday experiences plan a weight training programme, personal exercise programmes, how to run a rock concert or you name it out over a cup of iced orange.

All classes are free and voluntary and we offer a hire service for gear, clothes and towels. We are experts in confusion so join us in our green and yellow domain, just south of the Rankine-Brown, and help us to unravel some of the mysteries of your personal leisure and recreation programme. All our classes start on Monday 6th March which is the second week of term before essays.

If you are especially interested come to the gym on Tuesday 29th February for the Sports Club bazaar when there will be an organised programme of displays and demonstration games. Come soon or we will feel out of work.

UNDERWATER

Although the executive of the club hold strong doubts over the value of competitive spearfishing, particularly in the Wellington area, every facility will be made available to any group within the club who would like to organize or participate in a spearfishing championship. The committee of the club will make no plans for Easter Tournament unless specifically requested to do so by such a group of interested people Up till now club trips have been fortnightly. But with the approach of exams, trips are not expected to be at regular intervals!
Lew Ritchie enlightened the Marine Sciences Society Conference recently with an extremely productive and provocative talk on observations that he, Wade Doak, Roger Kempthorne and others had made in a diving/marine biology programme. The theme was one well worth propagating: if you want to study the bloody thing, it may be of considerable advantage to jump in and look at it where *it* lives, rather than kidnapping it and taking it to your place before looking at it!

YOGA

SWAMI VENKATESANANDA
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 Y.M.C.A.

•••●•••

Orchestra is a Phallicy.

EASTER TOURNAMENT

To the uninitiated N.Z. Universities sports tournaments involves grog and sex seasoned with a sprinkling of sport here and there. This Easter Vic, has the dubious honour of staging Easter tournament and Tournament Controller, Warwick Dewe, is already deep in the task of stirring 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 Mollier, or 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 noticeboards for details of trials for teams, or, go and pester the Stud. Ass. staff for names of club officers.

Sports for Easter Tournament are:- Athletics, Cricket, Rowing, Shooting, Surfriding, Swimming, Tennis, Volleyball, Yatching, Billiards, along with a car rally.

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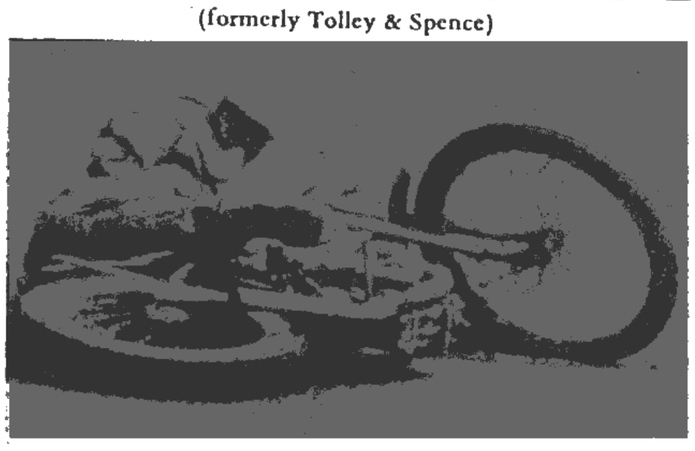

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RUFUS-
THE RADICAL REPTILE
CHILDHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH

NEWLY HATCHED, THE WORLD LOOKED GOOD TO HIM...
GEE! NICE PLACE!

?
...BUT NOT FOR LONG!!
WITHIN HOURS HE WAS CAPTURED BY THE PET INDUSTRY...

...RUDELY DUMPED INTO A TANK WITH SOME OTHER BABY GATORS...
?
!
HEADS UP!
ARRGH!

...AND OFFERED FOR SALE!
YOUR CHOICE ← $198

AFTER SEVERAL BORING DAYS IN THE TANK, HE WAS BOUGHT BY A LITTLE BOY AND HIS MOM...
THE ONE WITH THE BIG BLUE EYES!
YOUR CHOICE ← $198

...WHO TOOK HIM BACK TO NEW HAVEN AND TAUGHT HIM TO DO TRICKS IN EX-CHANGE FOR MEALS!
PICK A CARD!

THIS WENT ON FOR SOME TIME... BUT ONE DAY HE GAVE THE LITTLE BOY A PLAYFUL NIP! HE DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN...
?
WAAAA!
HE'S ALMOST BIT MY HAND OFF!

BUT THIS WAS A SERIOUS INFRACTION OF THE RULES! THE BOY AND HIS MOM TALKED IT OVER AND DECIDED...
YA GOTTA UNDER-STAND!
YEAH! =SNIFF=

...TO BANISH HIM TO THE SEWERS FOREVER!
FLUSH IT, SON!
OK, MA!
ORK
HARD TIMES WERE UPON HIM!!

HUNTED BY THE AUTHORITIES...
BLAM
ZIP!

COLD AND ALONE...

...HE CALLED THE S.P.C.A FOR ASSISTANCE!
ZIP-TICKY-TICKY!

THEY SEEMED VERY NICE AND EAGER TO HELP...
CAN I HELP YOU SIR?
WELL...UH...

...BUT SOMETHING BOTHERED HIM ABOUT THE ORGANIZ-ATION...
JEEZ! THE HANDBAG!!
UH...

...AND HE FIGURED HE'D BETTER GET OUT OF THERE AND BACK TO THE SEWER...
OH, POOR UNCLE ALF! IS THAT YOU?
NO THANKS!

...BECAUSE HE HAD A GOOD IDEA WHERE THEY WERE AT!
BUNCH OF LIBERALS! WHEW! =PUFF, PUFF= I COULD HAVE ENDED UP A SUITCASE! YEAH! WOW!
NO LOITERI

CURIOUS, HE DID A LITTLE RESEARCH AND DISCOVERED...
?!
WHO'S WHO
WHAT'S WHAT
ETC.

...SOME DISTURBING FACTS!
WOW! THE A.S.P.C.A. IS FUNDED BY THE ROCKE-FELLER FOUNDATION, WHICH OWNS CONTROLING INTEREST IN AN ALLIGATOR BAG FAC-TORY IN MOBILE, ALA. !!
STRAIGHT DOPE

DISILLUSIONED AT FIRST, HE WAS FEELING VERY DOWN!
O TEMPORA! O MORES!
WHAT'S TO BECOME OF ME?

BUT SOON HIS DEPRESSION CHANGED TO ANGER!
GNASH! GRRR!

AND THE MORE HE THOUGHT ABOUT IT, THE MORE HE BEGAN TO GET REALLY PISSED OFF!
RRRR
OWR

...AND BEFORE HE KNEW IT, HE WAS A REVOLUTIONARY!
THE COUNTRY NEEDS A NEW KIND OF BAG!
SNAK!
• 7-69 BILL CRAWFORD •

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