CIRK ‘NOT TELLING THE TRUTH’

The Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Kirk, was not stating the truth when he told the Labour Party Conference that Labour candidates had agreed to Party policy, according to Mr. Peter Blizzard.

The University Council has agreed in principle to the Students’ Association proposal to set up a joint committee to consider the part to be played by students in the government of the University.

Mr. Blizzard, a teaching fellow in psychology at Victoria University, was the Labour Party candidate for Karori in the last elections.

He said he was attacked twice by Mr. Kirk at the recent conference for opposing Party policy.

In a statement to S.A.L.U., Mr. Blizzard said Mr. Kirk had claimed that all Labour Party candidates met and agreed to party policy.

This was not true.

The meeting of candidates was held about a month before the election campaign and was the only time that the candidates met together as a group.

Handsome trio

As Mr. Kirk must be aware, Labour Party policy was announced by himself as Leader of the Opposition at the official opening of the campaign.

"He will also remember, if he cares to, that a number of candidates at the political candidates’ meeting asked questions about the details of education and social policy."

Mr. Blizzard said.

"Most of these questions were sidetracked on the grounds that ‘policy could not be revealed or had not been finalised."

"This being so, I fail to see how he can accuse me of ‘agreeing to policy’ and then opting out of the agreement.

"In point of fact the 1966 policy was a full accomplishment, delivered to candidates as is, where is, with very little opportunity to ask questions.

"Since then I have questioned the policy more closely."

Mr. Blizzard said that at the Party Conference he had made clear his opinions on psychiatric services.

On April 21, 1967, he had said that at no point had the Party mentioned any psychiatric policies were to be carried out.

"Claiming now, and further add that it was a travesty of a policy."

The Council has made some personnel changes in the Student Association General Meeting. In addition to the four representatives of the Students’ Association and the four representatives of the University Council, there will be four nominees appointed by the Professorial Board.

The resolution of the Association General Meeting was:

THAT this Association, believing that the question of the part to be played by students in the government of this University needs to be reconsidered, suggests that a Joint Committee be set up consisting of eight members, four to be nominated by the University Council and four student members to be the President, Men’s and Women’s Vice Presidents of the Association, and the Secretary of the Association.

AND THAT if the Council at its April meeting agrees to this suggestion, the Joint Committee on University Government shall:

1. Meet within two weeks of that Council Meeting.
2. Call for submissions on all matters relating to University Government from any interested person.

AND THAT if the University Council decided not to nominate members to the suggested Joint Committee, then the Executive shall call a Special General Meeting of this Association within two weeks of the April Council meeting to consider the matter further..."

"The Council, however, has decided to set up a Joint Committee to look into the question of the part to be played by students in the government of the University, and this committee is now in operation."

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Continued on p. 6.

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Chairman of the Joint Committee.

Executive carried unanimously a resolution on the motion of Owen Gage ‘The Association representatives on the committees as a body whose findings should be unanimous, embodied in the opinions of students, staff and administration on student participation in University decision making.”

Council acts on power plea

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By Denis Morrison

The Victoria University Council has repeated its recommend-
ation to the University Grants Com-
mittee that a scheme of bursaries for post-
graduate work be introduced.
The Council's motion read:
"That the number of schol-
arships available for post-
graduate study in New Zea-
land is quite inadequate to meet the needs of universi-
ty and the country. A Professorial Board report con-
cluded that bursaries would stimulate research work throughout New Zea-
land universities."
It referred to the Council's previous recommendation to the Grants Committee in 1965.
It was suggested that bur-
saries for visible research schools, particularly in science departments, be at least equal to the existing number of postgraduate scholarships.
Fees and $1000 p.a. would be adequate and also allow a sufficient differential between scholarships and the bursary as recognition of merit.
Students, particularly those with recent class honours degrees, who were unable to obtain support in this country, had been usually accepted, financed and successfully completed postgraduate degrees overseas, the report said.
A flourishing graduate school was an "essential pre-
requisite" to attract top-
calibre staff.

History shows theology's future

Professor Lloyd Geering

thinks theology has a future.

Professor Geering, speaking to the New Zealand Science Students' Conference, said theology was still of vital impor-
tance to the human race, but it had been forced to re-
consider its role.
It was not realized by many that Christianity's basic doc-
sors originated many ideas from ancient Greek culture such as the Platonic doctrine of the immortal soul.
So Christianity was not the "systematic culture it was gen-
erally thought to be."
"Is the whole of the Old Testament or the Diary of Is-
rael and what did it signify?" Professor Geering asked.
One of the basic supposi-
tions of the Christian faith was the reality and perman-
ence of death and thereby the eternal permanence of God, the source of truths.
Today it was the task of theology to reconcile this with many processes considered un-Christian but which, in fact, had their role in the Christian faith.
"The new secular world has arrived so rapidly that the church has been forced too much on the defensive," he said.
"Much Christian thought has suffered because of this.

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On the GRAPEVINE

Best Nat?
The Kenny Young Nat or-
nated a debate on Friday,

Ping-pong
A pleasant, very familiar
member of the faculty, some-
how gets around the inner side of Wellington's cul-

Butterflies?
Remember that prominent
student P.J. Welldon has
enrolled at Otago—national
politics must have proved too

Bad show
Blue swim chance is to be
provided by the House Com-
munity chairman to aid the
women's common room of ven-

Republic
Student President and Wo-
men's Vice-president are to	be
their representatives to meet the	

Wet
On the evening of the
Waiheke disaster, almost the	
only club to hold its advertised	
meeting despite the storm was	
the Maths and Physics Society.	The evening's business?	

academic advantage over all the others.
By Tony Long

"All we can do is try and improve what there is" - the Wellington City Town Planner, Mr. Stilson, told the inaugural meeting of the Geography Students Association. Wellington's main problem was the distribution of freedom, the planner said. The private car gave the impression that freedom was marginal in the city.

"Because of the high number of lower-middle-class motorists, the motorway is still necessary even if we stop building it," he said.

Having presented another problem: for between 60,000 and 70,000 more people would be living in Wellington in 20 years, and there was little sign that the increasing traffic could be controlled. The existing transport was way past capacity. The high-rise buildings would therefore have to be run as public transport service on the same lines as the city's.
I was a Big Norm yesterday

In the country of the politically minded, the one-armed man is king.

So it was at the Labour Conferences with Big Boy Norm, who climbed to power by uniting the left. His last leader figuratively in the back, six Norm the one-handed, symbol of Labour’s human generation, the man who first abandoned Labour leader and then Democratic Labour Leader Lee. Today’s now Labour’s president. They ran the party conference as it were a cross between a conclave of Enlightenment and an Alcatraz gang during Freedom and the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party.

Lining the platform table of Labour’s conference is a framed (in a glass case?) photgraph of the Leaders of the Labour Party (Hugh Watt). “All of the leaders in Labour history, Kirk is the best” (Hugh Watt). The most harmonious thing in the party is leadership and discipline, as a way to crush the differences that are large-ranked figures of photographic big Norm implicit. All followers will be told the Thought of Norm bound in shocking pink. So Francis Kita will be held outward the case for this omission.

The two Norms—both related. I am credibly told, that leading Australian figure, Norm Evered—are both sworn to rely on anything else to do their own dirty work. There’s nobody that loves you yourself, as they say. When some academic “or other critics, they are quick to recognize the resolution (that she persuaded conference to pass) when almost half the delegates are for.

BY OWEN GAGER, our political editor. He did his M.A. (Hons.) in History at Auckland. Has also been at Victoria writing a book on the structure of the New Zealand Labour movement from 1916 to 1949. He is also editing DISPUTE, a new journal by the New Zealand Association of Unions, national, and working for the Students’ Association as Publications Officer. He proof-reads for the Dominion at night but calls himself a Trotskyist by day.

are gone, carefully making the issue one of confidence in the leadership. When Big Norm stands before the conference with insufficient things in his pocket and unpolished speech, he political scientist has betrayed his conference and delivered them into the hands of the National Party, who could say him any? Who knows, perhaps he even believed it himself.

The proper reaction to this enactment of what could almost be a scene in Bonnie and Clyde or The Threepenny Opera is Brecht’s conclusion:

Those who lead the country into the abyss Call ruling too difficult.

For ordinary men.
The two Norms should be shown up as what they are—men who seek individual power with the minimum of sense. Their opponents are such different people in outlook from them that their characteristic generosity (especially to the new power peoples) will be to overlook such minor episodes in their leaders’ lives. Their forms of industry will be to try to persuade men who know only the ideas of their leaders and their political science. In part this is because they cannot imagine themselves as honourable men because incapable of regarding the fact that Labor is part of them. Their people have more in common with the Labour movement than they appear. Both the two Norms and the university branches which oppose them want to maintain the Protection racket—the system whereby in return for donations to Party funds manufacturers (collectively) are given unlimited Protection (also known as import substitu-
I have been asked why I joined the National Party. I joined the National Party because I want the greatest degree of economic evolution in New Zealand as fast as I think that is possible. I think the National Party offers that possibility.

In New Zealand there are no other classes of this sort. New Zealand is more obviously an egalitarian society than any other, and almost as obviously a classless society.

But this fact should not full into the disbelief that revolution is impossible. Even an egalitarian society can be monopolized by a single people, so counterpointing two opposed groups, those with power and those without. Indeed, where this exists in an egalitarian society, there is no doubt that a revolution is inevitable, because it is certain that any egalitarian society must of its nature require political leadership, of some sort.

As no one would say that power is so divided among all New Zealanders, the possibility of a revolution is not far off.

In the broadest terms, political power is the power of a man to do what he likes. It is the power which a man exercises who is master over another.

Such power is in New Zealand, in the broadest sense, is managerial. In New Zealand, one man can own another and give him a financial advantage, or a military advantage, or an ideological advantage. He directs that man simply because he is a manager.

Government in New Zealand is managerial. It manages New Zealand.

The managerial structures, from Cabinet, to heads of departments and leaders of parties, to the Board of managers, supervisors, overseers, foremen.

At the base of the hierarchy are the workers, clearly the majority of New Zealanders, are under supervision, under management.

The essence of being a worker in New Zealand at present is to be under manage-ment, and to be under management means to be under responsibility and discretion over one's job.

This hierarchy of management might seem the kind of thing that must matter, and that no man is good enough to be a manager, and that there are no managers, at least in a managerial society.

It is axiomatic that no man is good enough to be a manager, and that it is axiomatic that there are no managers, at least in a managerial society.

It is true that society cannot exist without management, but there is no reason why manage-ment should be separated from work.

The worker can be his own manager, individually with respect to his own job, collectively through unions and co-operatives with respect to the collective effort, and so by delegation to higher councils to the national effort. A society of this sort can exist.

The principle of such a workers' society is responsibility and discretion to the man who does the job. If a worker is not able to exercise that responsibility and discretion, then he should be doing some other job where he can.

Allowing that a workers' society might be feasible, it is of course true that one must first show that it is preferable to a man-agerial society.

It is in fact preferable because a managerial society is undesirable for a number of rea-sons.

First, the restriction of power to a few, for their own profit, is an allegiance to the present, and we allow that egalitarianism is desirable.

Second, the managerial society is greatly in-efficient. This can be seen by looking at how the managers in the managerial society functionally at all useful.

Management is total confusion, and workers under management are largely un-productive, because most of their effort is wasted.

Thirdly, management is parasitic because its activity can be carried on directly by the workers.

Managers individually are parasitic in many cases because they individually do not con-trIBUTE anything at all to the work process. Most managers are idle.

Fourthly, management invariably leads to the collapse of the work system, be it farm or nation, that it is managing. This can be seen in many businesses and in New Zealan-den the national level.

On these four plains counts the undesirabil-ity of management is plain.

Workers are realizing that management is undesirable. This realization is gradual, but in view of the total incompetence of New Zealand management the fact seems to be hidden, and must inevitably be recognised within a short period.

When the realisation is widespread, then there will be a revolution against manage-

ment. The power which management con-trols just simply will be taken into the hands of the workers.

The managerial system has survived so long in New Zealand because it is a social hang-over from a time and a society when the middle class was dominant over the workers.

At that time the middle class had an eco-nomic advantage, and the middle class govern-ment a military advantage over the workers.

But here in New Zealand there is no middle class, no economic advantage and no military advantage over the workers.

That is one reason, supporting our managerial system in exist-ence. But there are reasons, from our workers hang against it, it must disappear overnight.

There is no means within our society to make the inevitable revolution of the workers against management. Government is power-less in this. Its agencies of policy and monopoly would be totally ineffective against an uprising of the workers.

There is no possible means of controlling New Zealanders by economics or by military force.

There is no chance at all of setting up a Fascist state, a police state, as the workers would not accept such a state from anybody who tried to impose it.

The revolution is both inevitable and ab-solutely necessary, we would be out of tune, at our peril.

The present economic difficulties of New Zealand to the workers and the socially deprived is the cause of all their personal grievances.

We in this house, in this place, in this time produce a far greater revolution against society than any man who is able to hide, and must inevitably be recognised within a short period.

When the realisation is widespread, then there will be a revolution against manage-

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CANTA IN FOR A CRYING TIME

On the opposite page we reprint an article from CANTA.

Mr D. W. Bain, a former Chancellor of the University, said at a meeting of the Canterbury University Council: "What has been written ill-becomes an institution, let alone a student body." I suppose that in the light of the stuff that has got into CANTA in the past, this is relatively mild," said Mr. Bain; "even if we consider, I do, that it goes beyond the bounds of fair comment."

Her Majesty

"It is a gratuitous insult to the leader of Her Maj-

esty's Government in New Zealand. This sort of article, even if it reflects minority opinion, does no credit to the student body and it does great harm to the university."

Mr. Bain moved that the council name the department in tone of the article and refer it to the professional board.

Mockery of upbringing

The Rev. W. M. Hendrix, secretary, said he expected student humour to have, at least, the merit of wit. This article made a mockery of a man's upbringing and Humpty Dumpty, which left a very bad taste. The Vice-Chancellor, Pro-

fessor N. C. Phillips, moved an amendment that the mes-

sage be referred to the Stu-

dents' Association executive, "putting it back squarely where it belongs."

More prominence

Professor G. Jobberns, sup-

porting the amendment, deplored the general comments on a public figure, but thought that by taking them so seriously the Council was, in fact, giving them more prominence than they deserved.

"Our new rep, on Council, Mr. Nathan (President of Canterbury Students' Associa-

tion) himself, wrote a CANTA," said its editor, Bill Gruear. No action

But the Students' Association Exco decided to take no action.

A motion of censure was carried against the president for failing to support CANTA at the council meeting. The article is reprinted here, without comment, because I think it is funny. — Ed.

Blizzard accuses Kirk

Continued from page 1.

Consider the policy point by point:

(1) The policy called for an immediate and extensive upheaval to ensure that adequate in-patient and out-patient services were available.

"This doesn't say a thing," Mr. Blizard said. "It makes no specific recommendations for improvement and overhaul. It's a platform statement."

The policy said immediate endeavours would be made to overcome the patient serious shortage of psychiatrists, psychologists and social workers.

This is another pie in the face," Mr. Blizard said.

What?

"What's the end objective? Is it intended to provide improved training facilities? Improve the quality of work and facilities for research, so as to hold those staff we now have? Or what?"

The policy said post-graduate studies would be provided for doctors prepared to undertake and specialise in psychiatric work.

"Are there any doctors at the moment who want to enter psychiatric medicine but are prevented from doing so by shortage of training facilities?"

I challenge

"I challenge Mr. Kirk to show that this is the case. He would do much better to improve working conditions and perhaps attract the 30 or so New Zealand psychiatrists not working in New South Wales."

"This is probably the cheapest way of providing psychiatrists," Mr. Blizard said.

The policy said out-patient facilities would be established to enable an earlier participation in community life.

Where did they intend to place these facilities? Attached to the existing psychiatric hospitals, attached to general hospitals, as part of community mental health centres? Or what?

Specific places

"Specific places should also be stated, as well as the time scale of operations." The local recipient community would then ensure that party promises were kept.

The policy said Labour believed that psychiatric services should be co-ordinated with general public hospitals under hospital board administration. The steps by which this could be achieved would be worked out in consultation with the parties involved.

The policy was repudiated from the platform at the 1968 conference, Mr. Blizard said.

At least a decade

"In any event, consultation with the parties involved has now been going on for at least a decade with no positive result. If Labour really meant what it doesn't say it would accept that on becoming Government it WOULD transfer the psychiatric hospitals to Board control."

As stated, this policy is just another empty slogan. Let us now bring this story up to date. Earlier this year the Caucus of the New Zealand Labour Party issued a policy statement on mental health.

Only mention

"Its only mention of psychiatric medicine was that we would carry out urgent reforms in mental health."

With the 1968 policy, there is no clear indication of what specific reforms they intend to undertake or becoming the Gov-

ernment. There is no clear indication of what they intend to do with in-patient facilities.

There is no clear indication that any form of cost-benefit analysis has been car-

ried out, or means by which additional revenue (if needed) will be made available.

No homework

"There is, on the other hand, every indi-

cation that the Parliamentary Labour Party has not done its homework."

"It did not do it in preparation for 1968."

And there is every indication that it will be similarly irresponsible in 1968.

In relation to mental health policy the Labour Party (as well as National) has no better arguments or policies for policy. Platitude will not cure the sick, will not convert the sceptics, and can only feed the party back and the backstairs."

Indicated

"In his presidential address, Mr. Douglas suggests the National Party has allowed the breakdown of our health serv-

ices."

"I would ask him if Labour has prepared effective, viable solutions to the problems of our psychiatric services?"

Specifically Mr. Kirk says in his address: "When the good surface calls for change—change when proper steps have been taken."

Best answer

"To best answer I can give to this is that he fully support the following amendment."

That the Parliamentary Labour Party be instructed to bring down a comprehen-

sive report on our psychiatric services at the next conference. This report to state clearly and unambiguously the specific reforms Labour intends to carry out, the estimated cost of those reforms, and the time at which they will be introduced."

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WHAT'S HIS NAME?

The P.M. recently received an Honorary School Certificate. This followed recent recognition for the P.M.'s great services towards education in establishing the Ilam Technical Institute.

In accepting the award, the P.M. said that although he had said it before, it was still true that there are moments "when the certain aura of history is palpable in the living present".

"This," he went on, "is surely one—one of them.

"This presentation is a genuine example of democracy in action, and to one whose formal education has been unfortunately limited, it is a truly moving and heart-rending experience, and one which stirs the mind.

"Too often these days virtue is allowed to go unwarded, and I wish I could take this opportunity of thanking you all most sincerely for this recognition of my magnificent services to mankind.

"I walk through the main streets of our great New Zealand city and wonder if I can see hundreds of idle young men and women standing on corners, in phone booths, outside convenience stores with mouths wide open, and I think to myself...in my inimitable manner, with much I would like to walk up to them and pop ping-pong balls into those gaping maws.

"But I say to you with all humility, another thought often strikes me when I see the young people in New Zealand, and making them usable for women and Prime Ministers. "Is this what I cried for unemployment for?"

"Let me for a moment, however, speak in a somewhat lighter vein. During some of my recent spare moments, I have to see my younger brother, would you believe, trudged down a few streets and I would like you to know how you should have felt that mixture of mild though sometimes intense joy, in return, in my full-throated voice. I now present you to your version of a New Zealand National Anthem:

Put Stern and Stones on every shore;
Fit to be America's best;
In our heart who keeps us Free;
For we do what nations say, you.

Each morning on my knees I pray
The North Star will shine and stay,
Defending Freedom every day;
Putting those who daunt our ways.
And keep us from the darkish night.
And keep us from the dark night.
And keep us from the darkish night.
And keep us from the darkish night.
And keep us from the darkish night.
And keep us from the darkish night.
And keep us from the darkish night.
And keep us from the darkish night.
And keep us from the darkish night.
And keep us from the darkish night.

Thank you, and while I am speaking of patriotic matters, I feel I am led to wonder if there is anyone in this audience, in this whole country with the courage of a Sir Francis Chichester.

"What a great publicity stunt it would be for our nation in these troubled days for us, a New Zealander to sail around the world, in a boat made from wood. And you may laugh, but secretly it will be done.

"All along the untrodden pathways of the future, I can see the hidden footsteps of an uncertain hand.

"Unlike many single-minded people, I can see the great changes looming ahead of us. If we must rise above mere national pride, blindness and common sense.

"We must broaden our horizons. We must expand our export markets. We must persuade the Japs because, for instance, to eat more meat and drink more milk so that they will grow big and strong.

"The Japanese are our friends, and no longer need we prepare weapons to fight them. Which brings me to yet another topic, and to those of you who say that we are not spending enough on defense, I say that we are. Obviously we are spending enough. Otherwise we would be spending more.

"I think the people of New Zealand have done a magnificent job in weathering the storms which my colleagues and I whipped up for them.

"I have thoroughly enjoyed these last four months which have been all too few, but I must confess to not having a little feeling of admiration for all those wonderful Kiwis who voted for Mr. Muldoon and I, and who have brought more smiles to our faces in the last few months than ever before.

"The pig has done a superb job in fighting the economic illness of this country. Working up to three hours a day, on too or more days a week.

"Such intense devotion to duty surely deserves better than the ignorant, and misguided criticism he has hadaped upon him from time to time by ignorant and misguided people whose name I will not mention.

"As Members of Parliament we have no right to sit on the common workers. We can't have a slid-in in the House of Representatives like the unemployed.

"We can't refuse to work until we get more pay.

"These foremen must be nipped in the bud before the wounds nourished as these hothouses come home to roost.

"We must stop ourselves being driven by the inexcusable words of change and brace ourselves for the future that lies before us.

"Let us remember that a good dictatorship may often be preferable to a bad democracy, and that the people must be allowed to choose freely.

"I should like to make it quite clear from the outset that the Free World cannot be truly free while only half the world is Free.

"Recently, I have been running the country ever better than usual, and I have had the idea, which in all modesty I think is about as good as any one could have thought of, that some desperate people think our country is too much under the influence of the United States. Now I can tell you quite sincerely that this is not the case.

"I think this proven by the fact that the Japs, what a truly democratic nation this is in which absolutely everyone has a chance of achieving the highest office.

"I have only one country to devote my whole life to and I am convinced that the National Party is providing the best Government we have.

"And now, let me close with a short prayer...

"The power and the glory, freedom and ever, Amen.

Pelient, May 21, 1968—7
The Blip Van training has decided that this dry, dusty plain would end soon. We have been travelling for a week, and there is no sign of its end. I am a liar; at this very instant there is a shout from some of the more long-sighted among us... A long hill behind the pole rocks towards the left as if this is not so; it is in a mirror. Unwise of him. If he persists with his viewpoint he will be proved wrong.

Luckily we have entered a dip, and Ottoman is saved. These days after the first false alarm we are certain that there is a hill ahead of us, though to the left of where some claimed to have seen it. In these three days we have all been in agony of indecision; those who looked hardest were most unsure and their eyes blurred. Sparradrap has very wisely been travelling backwards for the last week, that he might ignore the expectation that has made the remainder of us settle for any task or thought. But it is only a hill! he exclaimed to me, and the hill is only the way to Aggabug, which is only the first of many cities on our way, if we choose too much on this occasion we may be disappointed on the next. [Here I fail, it must be admitted, to understand his reasoning, but have recorded it faithfully for scholars of future generations.]

We have come to the top of the hill past the desert. We are far above an enormous valley. Somewhere in this valley is Aggabug. We must follow the path. Now there are 17 of us busily scanning small pieces of the view, searching for some sign of dense human habitation.

No sign can be found, and we are proceeding. It seems that many people live where we are going. This morning we passed a farmer on the road... a tall, heavy-looking, pale-skinned fellow, as all here seem to be. For his sign of greeting he looked at our procession, his mouth wide open, and returned no sign. For politeness I (and other, I presume) returned his greeting. It is well not to offend the locals; perhaps they can be useful to us at some time.

Phonoheros has asked the way to Aggabug; it seems that we continue along the present road, past the strolling peasants, who form a rapidly increasing crowd about us, though they have not yet approached us in speech. Perhaps they are deterred by our animals, who look fierce, though they are gentle.

We are now camped just outside the walls of Aggabug. Probably there is not much room inside the walls; such cities are cramped. Sparradrap says, All are very quite and thoughtful—even the musicians are not working tonight. I wonder why. It is not like them to be disturbed by circumstances. In this wagen, the wisers are debating whether or not to enter the city, and how long we should stay here. Castilever is off the opinion that no good will come of our entering the city as of staying long. We are looking for two things—our homeland, and the remainder of our people. And the alchemist, Quidditas put it; he was ignored by all but Caghister. Sparradrap is of the opinion that we should make a triumphal entry to the city and impress the Buggers. Ottoman and myself strongly endorse his opinion. We must show these ignorant inhabitants that we are now far more noble in demeanour than we were more than 2,000 years ago as our predecessors fled in the opposite direction to that in which we are travelling now.

At dawn a compromise is reached. First, messengers from among us will go into the city, inquiring from local historians about the route of our forebears, and any sight of our fellows or of the mysterious "dragon-fly" who was mentioned by those in Wintamore. Also, our messengers will look for a large flat piece of land on which we may camp. (The Buggers must regard our people as a peculiarly illiterate race.) I shall accompany the messengers, as artist historian.

A dozen of us took dragon-cats and at sunrise made our way towards the great iron gate of Aggabug. The gate was opened as we approached, not because we were approaching, but because the sun was rising. Phonoheros asked one of the gatekeepers where the mayor might be found. The gatekeeper did not understand. Phonoheros's dialect of the Blipor language is so ancient that she cannot converse with the Buggers. Awkward! However the written form of the language remains the same; she wrote her question with a caw on a piece of wood and showed this plank to the gatekeeper. (An illiterate fool!) At last a religious man leaving the city read the question aloud to the gatekeeper, who replied; the religious man wrote the answer as follows:

```
12 right
10 left
12 right
3 left again
one up
6 back to 20
down a snake round
through 6
hard left
crooked right
leaving A 1/2-1/2-1/2-1/2-1/2
```

14 lb onion
jump 4" and cross (punches not inches)

Most peculiar! (I thought to myself) 12 what? We soon found out. The twelve were blue pistols projecting from the ground. My dragon-cat tripped over a post. In anger it bissed, and the next post fell over. Suddenly, soldiers rushed from a nearby doorway, and pointed sticks at me. The dragon-cat hissed at a soldier, who fell over. Suddenly there was a number of thunderclaps and another soldier fell over. Remaining Sparradrap called. We withdrew out of the gate; the Buggers then closed it. All were glaring at me, specially Whistfigg. Now we have terrified the Buggers somehow, and I am blamed. Within a few minutes, the gates were opened again.

We have all returned to the camping place. Sparradrap is going to take the rainbow zebras-leaped and ride this friendly animal into the city, taking with him the Great Device of our people, and Waterhuls as inter- mediate (since Phonoheros's dialect has been found incomprehensible) Now he leaves. His is an impressive figure as he rides toward the gate, his long black cloak and bushy brown tail flying behind him in the breeze. We shall anxiously await his return.

It is night, and Sparradrap has galloped in dishevelled without Waterhuls. The two of them, he says, entered Aggabug without hindrance, found the directions to where they were dropped, and followed these directions (except for the last part) to the town square. They entered the town hall and asked to see the Mayor. Waterhuls was understood, but her request refused. She insisted, and was clamped into iron by a nearby soldier. Sparradrap was also clamped into iron, and freed himself with the Device, but could not longer see Waterhuls. THIS IS AN OUTRAGE UPON OUR PEOPLE! We shall spill the Buggers' blood for this, if necessary, to free noble Waterhuls and to repair our envious reputation! We shall all return to the town. Atangetic is being blindfolded that she may paint the basilisk in hideous colours; all the Buggers will look at it with dim eyes and be blinded. We must spare them no mercy; the wrath of our people has been aroused.

Trevor Watkins.

Drizzle

Parchment texture, blood and grum. If there is no poet's age.

Among nymphs her role's a sign.
She stands alone, no need to flash!
For one can learn from young teens.

Yet memories fall psychodelic.
Senia, bronze, pallid white.
Crowd and dot the magic nights.
Eternal theme of self and phallic.
Shed her back to leave the tale.

And back to one apprentice night.
To touch the sea of so stark.
Erotic, climax, then to pass.
Experiment. Now for future bright:
To drink and sing and cure your plight.

Now the conflict means but little.
Creation, Iova, even lust.
Too old to play life's second fiddle.
She solely steps back from the drizzle.
So dawns another day, which makes how many? The burned-out sun turns ed into the gardian, most innocent virgin, the two-faced bitch in its morning glory. When new and soul sucking insatiable forever masked in world bound shape reflections, shimmering in the brain. Another morning, herald of a season day. Rising to greet you, praises mingled with the quips of the zone of the quean. Getting myself in conversation, stick to the basic edge, and another morning you're the third. Why? Not the third? Well, young... it will be the fourth, the last day of the third, the last day before the fifth. In these days, the world will end and you see, I have timed your apportionings so a death. High above the hill a third floats, riding the upward currents, ever higher until, said, or done, dives, is lost to view. So will you. No matter, I shall chase it passing, wearing a spotted carnation blackly will dance to your damn. Laying on a cloud, sucking grapes and pavement cakes, I will review your exit, spit pipes at your prin- cess, pub on your ideals, perhaps even kiss some of your pretentious places. I'll laugh at your perfec- tions, drink to your men of god, who fight so fiercely for the freedom of the world, and throw starving Indians at your Grandes Dames And if you don't end on Saturday, I shall drop lightly off my cloud, extend my well-born tongue, and carry on licking your ass. Thirty comes a minute, I think you said? Licking your ass and wander around the world, the proverbial fart in the thunderstorm. To London, wearing the 'in' clothes, mixing with the 'in' set, saying the 'in' things, drinking the 'in' drink—wood alcohol. If I visit the Scrubs, Thence to Rome, to bless the Pope, and on to Mad- rid, to get intoxicated on bulls' blood, and start chasing Nasty Things about the General. Five years ago, many years later, on to Zurich and Giorno-nicking, follow- ed by a mercy dish to Poonah, just in time to bring the Maharani down to earth. What, sir, do you never dream, never wish yourself clear of your fellow animals, never put your secret- ary's button and tell her to get it? Shame on you, you're per- fect, or, what's worse, well balanced, or, worse still, you haven't a secretary. Come to wooden, wintry, Wellington, worldly wilderness, twelve hours ahead of G.M.T., and six years behind all else. Sink your problems into a shoe, join the band of lovers lost, and spill indelible chemical beer or rank bad wine. Tap me on the shoulder and I'll tell you a handful of fresh-picked fiasc, personal recommendations, reliable for the very young. One could, I sup- pose, go to Viet Nam, but they're having a 'Kill a Christian for Christ- mas' decide and thought by rights I should be safe, someone may make a ghastly mistake. All very well coming the murder stent if you happen to be of the faith, but if not then it tends to lose its funny side. Can you imagine going through all the pain and agony, shipping your way up to the poorly made and having Old Pete tend you back down for imprisonment? And just as you turn away the phone rings and a booming voice demands you to inkling Feta, recipient of a million dollar luggages. "What's this?" he greens a bit on the war, and, "No good blaming it on the war. There are ways a war. Only thing that keeps me interested in that hole. Send that thing away and wash My drive." So, Sininer, flax flax to Wellington's said consolation in those semicor- nary arms, happy to snuggle through the night. Throw away your books, gods, cars, beliefs, and return to man's eternal comforter, and if they whisper, "Do you love me?", what does one little lie cost you? Be- sides, if you say is enough time, enough of them, why, you might even convince yourself that you mean it, your passport to a broken heart. 

Cahoon.
PALLID Imitation of Past Glories

Extrav 68 was rather a hit and a miss affair, some of the skits were not very funny and the cast was not very good, while others were hilarious.

Somehow whenever more than three people were on the stage at the same time, the whole show went wrong. Even the singing which on several occasions had been the whole cast had difficulty leapfrogging over the orchestra (?). I gave up and left the show.

The dancing appeared as a shallow imitation of that of past years. I personally find the constant repetition of the same dance movements a bit tiresome.

Extrav 68 began with a plea for national pride and this monotone avoided becoming painful only because of Philip Brow's skilled delivery. The second skit was one of the highlights of this Extrav, giving a witty impersonation of our dear Prime Minister. Writing to God about matters of defence.

The next highlight was the Ero and Durl episode with David Smith and Philip Brow. This skit dealt with the commerce and rather more from the level performance than the mediocre script. The Time for Sherry sketch began with Clive Thorpe, collapsed rather distantly during the Oldhio episode, and was saved at the last minute by David Smith who was singing this time.

The next laugh came again with the appearance of David Smith, this time in his LEI State of the Union speech. (Question: why wasn't he used in the recent Mother meeting?). The dance came next and stayed too long. The recent thing that can be said about them was that they were followed by Roger Hall at Bob Charles. I think this sketch was a part of the show for me. My Hall in a clever piece of mime managed to epitomize all my thoughts about those seemingly interminable TV golf shows.

And so to Part Two, the Magical Mystery Tour spoof on Australia and New Zealand relations. This was very well staged and the producer should be congratulated on his skilful use of all the stage. The sets were attractive and quickly changed. The cast was dominated by Clive Thorpe and Philip Brow—the former as Captain Cook and the latter as Boric the rambunctious pirate. It wasn't Sir Arthur P in this sketch, hadn't he developed an image yet?

The matching team was funny, some of the lines were funny, on the whole it was enjoyable.

One of the things about Extrav 68 that irritated me was the use of different actors to satirize the same piece in different sketches. Consistent casting would have given the show a continuity it lacked.

As is obvious from the review I wasn't exactly entranced by Extrav 68 but I did think the performances of Roger Hall and David Smith were excellent—indeed without them I hate to think what the show may have been like. The other two outstanding members of the cast were Philip Brow and Clive Thorpe both of whom have considerable presence on stage. Among the women only Helen McGrath stands out and the more for the consistent nature of her overacting rather than anything else.

—Bob Lord.

LOOKING AT THE LITERARY SCENE

By Neil Wright

To the novice there is little hope of more than a token return. For the dramatist and the poet there is no hope at all of a return.

A first class New Zealand poet with a popular following can sell 300 copies. I understand reliably that some reputable New Zealand poets are lucky to sell 50 or 100 copies.

The situation for books of poetry is that publication is impossible without a subsidy virtually covering all the production costs. In the case of some books, the subsidy may be double and probably high for any sale.

In view of the above support by the public, the government has been persuaded to give aid to literature through the State Literary Fund, by subsidies on publications and grants to writers. The effect of this aid has not been altogether fortunate. It has in creating a false price level for the book, and so made the painter's price level for poetry for all time, and so made the price level for poetry, so supported an impossible.

It has also resulted in a lowering of literary standards, at least in poetry, by the support of work of little merit.

New Zealand is not without financially successful publications, but they tend to appear in these classes: textbooks, autobiographical, also novels of a sentimental and patriotic, books about sport or adventure, appealing to the outdoor type, scholarly books, written by academics and appealing to academic buying agencies, often students and books used as literary texts in schools and universities.

It should be obvious that more of these classes of books can be expected to provide an author with a year's year-end income, and none are avenues which promise the production of high literary work.

New Zealanders with literary interests are tempted to try to make their living from leisurely literary work or in journalism. Many people do make a living in these ways. However, the creative literary artists cannot serve two masters, and personally I consider a good man for a writer with serious pretensions to undertake such work.

Since, then, all hope of a profitable literary career seems to me to be very slight, I think that this country cannot expect to have few writers. But this is unlikely to be the case, for a reasonable number of people qualify themselves as poets and for pay. Good reasons not unrelated to the prestige of literature and from a sense of mission. Such people do not face an altogether impossible situation.

I would guess that the universities at present best serve New Zealand literature by providing a place where young writers can form groups, where they can organize publications, and where they can obtain a market for small publications.

UNIVERSITY WRITERS

Writers are a chronically hot, and naturally influence one another. But I do not believe they are much given to trying to educate and train one another in the art. I think one writer must allow another to learn and develop in his own way without interference. So in a group of creative writers, much actual discussion or analysis of writing can be expected. This is better left to more purely academic and scholarly groups.

The one unique thing that a university can offer a group of writers is the opportunity of association free from outside interference. In recent years, it was the conscious intention to exclude established New Zealand writers from the university group.

The reason was that only in such isolation could a new approach to literature be developed. It would be too much to say that such an approach has appeared, but it is true that any writers who do emerge from this group will be unlike anything before seen in New Zealand and will reflect the mutual influence in the group.

There is no doubt that any book of real literary merit will reach publishers, however, the author does not profit much by it, or that New Zealand publishers can afford to buy works of a serious author to pursue his literary interests, after a fashion.

For instance, teaching. But at present, there is no chance of New Zealand supporting full-time literary artists.

My own solution to the publication problem has been to sponsor my own books or to find sponsors for them. In every case, the New Zealand writer is reaching publication with a non-commercial means, at least in the first place.

Most of the publishing ventures that New Zealand writers have embarked on are original in the universities.

The prestige of literature leads many young people to try writing, but the total lack of finance means that few continue.

These New Zealanders who do not give up in these circumstances must pursue a heroic dedication. Literature is not a vocation that must be pursued in one form or another. For a writer, there is no way to publish a magazine; Landfall is the most classy effort of this sort.

I shall hazard some guesses on the form of any literature we may produce. I may be describing my own work, but here goes:

It will have a more biblicistic basis than has seen here before.

It will be unsentimental.

It will be humorous rather than tragic.

I am sure of this, that at least embryonically a new type of New Zealand literature has appeared in Victoria University in recent years. This may be a foundation which can be built on in future. Prospects such as this make the literary scene at Victoria an exciting one at the present time.
A certain formula for success

Simon Raven has found a successful formula for his novels, dwelling on character and scene. This is the fourth novel in his "Alme for Oldsters" sequence and his hero Fielding Gray appeared as a minor character in the other volumes. Fielding Gray in this novel gives the story of his early life in what is now the famous "Parody of the sacred" class as an indication of his character—an intelligent boy with a home leave. Fielding is in his last year at a public school, heir apparent to the head boy and the likelihood of a brilliant university career in Charterhouse. Although he is warned against it he proceeds to seduce a younger schoolmate, the singer, and to gratify his passion, when Fielding deserts him. The relationship is used by a social worker to inculcate friendship and Fielding's mother to force him to abandon a university career.

Parody of the sacred

Raven excels in his treatment of the constantly changing relationships between people and the change in characters themselves. Raven's fort is the satirist, finding his younger schoolmates and their behavior and yet when the boy succumbs Fielding is disappointed at the loss of his innocence. He says of Christine: "She's to me, rather, that's what he thought he did. But the mouth of a great soul, and the eyes and the lips were the same, there was a new look in the eyes, a look that I never saw in any girl before, it was a leer. So that's what's gone, I thought: innocence. And that's a look, which would have been so welcome in as many others as a herald of a coming deplorable filled me for a moment, with loathing. In others I should have thought I found it in Christine's eyes in Christ's name of course it was an obscene parody of something which I had once—only a dream held almost sacred.

Fielding realizes that his homosexual relationships are a temporary testing ground for his annual skills. His best work in homosexuality is merely intellectual, for which he finds support in Greek and Latin and in the past lifetime. He is not a good match for himself with a wide variety of boys in the past without ill-effects and realizes that his past life with Christine was misused in the past.

Raven uses passages where Fielding can rationalize, explain his non-involvement and so link together the plot. Raven provides, indeed it is his cleverly himself believes the upper-class arrogance and non-concern. His hero, however, from the problems of others, taking an intelligent interest but remaining unmolested until his own immediate interests are threatened. Perhaps one of the best drawn characters in the book is Fielding's mother. She is shown to be the meek wife of a blustering man, and in the way she defends her son and his right to choose his own career. It is only when her husband dies and she is in control of the furnishings that she also takes on the appearance of her husband's voice, had been defending Fielding only to bind him tighter to her and has reverted to her bourgeiose ideas of wanting her son to be a "real man" doing "something". When William was not what she has always been. It is the separation between the educated and the uneducated, the intelligent child and the dominating parent, and as Fielding (or Raven) sees it, the conflict of class attitudes.

Traditional attitudes

Raven's major character takes a position of a member of the intellectual upper-class and conducts his behaviour according to these standards. He recognizes his inability to communicate with anyone of a lower social status, but accepts such a position as his traditional role. The brief affair with a local girl, his acknowledged embarrassment of his new-rich parents, his use of the old network all reinforce his upper class attitudes. Even after he has lost all his pride of an academic career and his mother has squandered the family wealth he still remains, an officer in the British army, a Tory, a gentleman—a English gentleman with a double set of standards, Raven's own admitted role.

The author's novels are a mixture of the new morality, for example Close of Play which went before the Indecent Publications Tribunal. The conventional upper class standards, as seen in his essay The English Gentleman. This, his latest novel, is an excellently written book. Raven may write to a pattern which he recognizes to be a good seller and undoubtedly based on his own experience. It is no way less than the high professional quality of his work.


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Another big sound from America

Dunner Powell KASS. The box doesn’t appeal to me—mediocre singing like a twentieth century rehash of something Lizst scrubbed out in a hurry and promptly thrown away. Dunner is much more regular (1963) and more wholesome. Cooper sees at ease with this and the piano tone improves considerably. The Mozart is all up played to the standard expected from a pupil of Fischer, the douter of Mozart interpreters.

The recording is rather harsh with a hollow sound. However, beginning of the record from the first number by Tippett makes the disc a worthwhile addition to the sparse ranks of recordings of contemporary English music.

Last year R.C.A. issued a gloriously album Leontyne Price, Prima Donna. Great Soprano Arias from Purcell and Porcher (LSR 2065). These have since been replaced by Volume 2 “Great Arias from Handel to Purcell” (LSC 2065 Stereo). Once again Miss Price displays her fantastic range of capabilities—she sings Cara Selle from Handel’s Atalanta with a beautiful high-d Wolpe style and then switches to Verdi with Lady Macbeth’s disheveling scene. I cannot think of another soprano so successful and convincing in the transition from one style to another, equivalent to Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Also tossed into the mix are arias by Scarlatti, Bach, and Zandonai. A good recording.

St安卓n Wall Operatic Stereo (FFSA 5147) is a sumptuously recorded collection of all the old favourites—Blue Danube. Tales from the Vienna Woods, Valley of the Moon, Spring, Arabians, etc. Superbly made in Vienna, W. M. only complaint is that Antal Dorati has been a little too severe—much of the lift and the quality of the voice is lost in these “concert hall” performances. The London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent also庇化s magnificent sound. I sense that they are restrained and would have enjoyed a little more “play abandon” in interpretation.

—Don Hewston.

Flavour first

If boiling temperature were maintained, and so the cooking time would be longer. Hence the chances of spoilage are very high.

When I use this method of cooking green vegetables (known as blanching, by the way) I find a large quantity of salt essential. Not only is the salt highly dispersed throughout the cooking liquid, but its chances of penetration into the vegetable are fairly small since cooking time is short. Unfortunately I can’t give an exact figure to the amount I use, since I have never measured it but I would be of the order of one teaspoonful per pound of vegetable. And I do not like salty foods.

My correspondent, Lisa Strong, suggests steaming vegetables. I often used a method that is similar to the one she describes, but has some important differences.

Firstly, I begin with a shallow pan containing a little oil over a fairly high flame. I toss in the vegetables, and stir them vigorously for several minutes, until they have turned a bright green colour. I then reduce the heat, add a little water (some vegetables, e.g. dill parsnips, sprouts, need more), cover the pan, and leave the vegetables to steam until they are cooked, but still crisp. Sprouts, cabbage, bean sprouts, capucins and possibly cauliflower would be suitable for this treatment, which is a typical Chinese way of cooking greens.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NOTES

Dear Sir—May I take this opportunity to express my appreciation to the Committee of the New Zealand Film Society for the cinema facilities they offer at Auckland. I have watched a number of films, and have thoroughly enjoyed each one. The varied selection is particularly commendable, and I have no doubt that the Society will continue to provide an excellent service to the public.

Yours faithfully,

—Mr. J. G. Jackson.

Dear Sir—In the recent issue of the Monthly Film Bulletin, there was an article on the subject of censorship. It is a subject that has always interested me, and I would like to add a few comments of my own.

In my opinion, censorship is necessary to protect the public from immoral and offensive material. It is important to strike a balance between freedom of expression and the need to maintain moral standards. I believe that the film industry has a responsibility to society, and that it should be regulated to ensure that it operates in the best interests of the public.

Yours sincerely,

—Mr. A. D. Jones.
Action please!

Because of the great variety of subjects involved in this field, many students become engaged in one particular aspect and concentrate on it. Some students who take Drama units incidentally to another graduate course become experts in the arts and develop a special interest in this kind of work. When this happens, and they wish to change course mid-stream, there are units which can be cross-credited towards a Drama degree.

Even subjects that sound strictly limited to clan study, like the History of Drama and Theatre Literature are still tied in directly with the acting classes, as Mr Webby discovered. However, his particular pigeon was producing ("directing" in America, although a director means something else again, in N.Z.). His thesis was about the producer-director relationship, and he set out to get the low-down on the "witchdoctor" effect some directors have on actors-i.e., the "results evident, permission and meddlesome" variety.

Back in Wellington after two years crowded with theatre sights and sounds it’s no wonder that Mr Webby feels impatient at the restricted and not-at-all-appropriate use this University’s theatre is put to. What a shot in the arm Wellington drama would get if it had a similar setup of theatre students playing a semi-professional role in the community on a scholarship basis and with the opportunity of acquiring a full range of theatre skills.

Well, you won't die laughing

The rather sad thing about The Killing of Sister George which is currently showing at Downstage is that it reads far better than it plays. From the start it was named the best play of the year in London in 1965 though, I confess, I am not aware of the Downstage production by Dick Johnstone which made it. It gets laughs from even the footlet of the folk who joke that permeate the script. I read the play when it appeared in Esquire some time ago and thought it extremely good, but I had a feeling it would look better on paper than they sound on the stage. I saw a dismal production of it a week or so ago, which presumably has driven off another director from the range of the folk joke that permeates the script. I read the play when it appeared in Esquire some time ago and thought it extremely good, but I had a feeling it would look better on paper than they sound on the stage. I saw a dismal production of it a week or so ago, which presumably has driven off another director from the range of the folk joke that permeates the script.

As everyone knows the play is about a hysterical ( complète) who plays the part of Sister George the district nurse in a BBC programme rather reminiscent of The Archers. Unfortunately the programme was dropped and the BBC decides the only way to win back listeners is to have a major crisis—the death of Sister George. To placate George they offer her the role title role in the Toddler Time feature Chapelle Catt. This half of the play which more or less provides the framework is quite good, there is plenty of stuff on the BBC, audience research methods and so forth.

The other half of the play deals with the personality and life of June Buckingham. As already mentioned she is a lesbian, she also has trouble remembering when she is in character and when she is herself. She is in love with her histrionic Childe and she thinks of herself as a man, she constantly refers to her days in the armed forces, she is always ready to man man, chat, and collect horse brasses while Childe collects dolls. In addition to all this she engages in smokehouse and winehouse as star, drain glasses of gin and smokes cigarette; she is in fact a caricature of the histrionic lesbian. This is a major fault of the play—she is too much a caricature and not enough a character in her own right. Everything she does is so extreme that she simply seems credible, it allowed one moment of tenderness and this is a return counting of the part when she first fell in love with Childe. Although this scene is very effective it does not make a character—George is Bandied about, but she is hardly credible.

Parallel to the collapse of George of (she is rarely referred to as June) is the collapse of her love affair with Childe. The abominations George metes out eventually too much and Childe agrees to part and go live with Mrs Mercy one of the BBC officials. Somewhere about this time one night to fetch recovering George for an operation but apart from the brief scene mentioned above it is none. At the end when George is down with no job and no lover there should be tremendous enormous fantastic for her but here it is difficult to grasp as a person there is nothing but a collection of the old has got away from her.

When Frank Markham has failed to create a successful picture of a histrionic lesbian he has succeeded in his portrait of a theatrical chorus girl. Mr Markham is a gifted woman, and as such she has had an illegitimate child at 18, she is now desperately lonely and she makes love with anyone who comes along. She has loved and now she is on show, and she has the show and the love can’t be touched. So she does, love does, she is on show, and she has the show and the love can’t be touched. She has a throbbing with a genuine, real life and she goes to live with a character far more credible than the one she was likely to play.

Mrs Mercy as played by Majrrie Brooke-White is not really noticeable in the first two acts, she appears, looks right, makes such a sufficient prop for George to hang on to.

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P A T E V I S I O N as George in a scene from the current Downstage production "The Killing of Sister George"

Pat Evans is an actress whose professionalism I admire considerably, her ability to hold an audience's attention and to gain their sympathy is unexcelled but unfortunately the limitations of caricature that the actor has placed on George do not permit her to rise above the exercises of the script. She does however give a performance that commands the audience's attention even if it does not operate as a valid interpretation of a lesbian. In one scene, when recounting how she first became infatuated with Childe, she does offer another side of George very effectively but the actor only gives her this chance and the role is sacrificed.

I think producer Dick Innes, by concentrating on the nature of the first two acts and leaving the pubbies to be played by Majorrie Brooke-White and Cecily Ponald in the third act has been tragically hampered by the script. The cast by Raymond Boyce is one of the most impressive seen at Downstage this year and conveys the wealth of Childe and George, one of the other home bases. It is a pity the set is so large, perhaps too large for the size of the theatre.

Despite all that I have said here and the nature of other reviews of the play I believe it is worth seeing and believe it is a play and production worthy of considerable discussion.

—Bob Lord.
NEW SKI HUT FOR STUDENTS

Some students are unaware that the Ski Club is the largest sports club affiliated to the Students' Association, because skiing is a sport which everyone can participate in, not just watch.

The origins and early history of the V.U.W. Ski Club are largely obscure, but it is known that there was a Club of some kind in existence prior to the Second World War when several ski trips to Ruapehu were organized. In whatever accommodation was available.

The Club became an active University sports club in the early 1950's, due to the efforts of Tony Cosham, a present Life Member. As the story goes, he displayed a notice at the University inviting all those interested in forming a Club, to bring a flagon and come to his flat for an inaugural meeting and party. Apparently about 400 potential members turned up!

It is well known that the Club has a comprehensive building programme under way which involves the doubling in size and complete renovation of the lodge at Ruapehu. At the time of writing the Contractor is a week ahead of schedule and the shell of the new extension is now complete. Under the contract the work is to be completed by May 10, and there is every indication that this date will be met.

Club members are building the water and toilet tanks which should be completed in about three weeks. They will also install the bunks and do painting necessary. This work is expected to be completed by Queen's Birthday weekend.

The new lodge will be habitable and a going concern by the commencement of the ski season, which is something of an achievement, as the first work party was not held until January 12. Since then, there have been work parties every weekend, with an average of about twenty members attending.

Finance managed the greatest stumbling block in getting the work underway. However, enthusiastic fund raising by Club members, an original bank balance of $2,500, and the good offices of the V.U.W. Students' Association, have largely overcome the problem.

The Students' Association is advancing a grant of $7,000 and the $5,000 balance of the funds required has been derived from Club funds on hand, current subscriptions and the sale of decorations.

It is to be pointed out that the Club does not own the lodge. The Students' Association is the owner, the Club merely administering the building on their behalf. It is envisaged that after the Club has cleared its debts, excess funds will revert to the Association.

While Club activities since the latter part of last year have been primarily concerned with the building programme, there has not overlooked its main activity, which is skiing. The Club has programmes designed to cater for all types from the complete novice to the serious racer.

Day ski classes for beginners and fitness classes for races are held in conjunction with the University Physical Welfare Officer, Mr. Alan Laidler, prior to the commencement of the ski season, and will start early in the second term. Instruction for both beginners and racers is given on the snow during the season and racers are entered in every meeting possible to get them in peak form by August for the New Zealand University Ski Tournament.

The Club runs a ski trip every weekend through the season and week trips during Study Week and the August holidays. The cost of these trips is kept to a minimum of $5 for a weekend and $20 for a week, prices which include transport, accommodation and food.

The Club is an affiliated member of the New Zealand Ski Association and in keeping with its aims, seeks to raise the standard of skiing by having its members pass the tests as set out by the Technical Committee of the Association. The Club has fully qualified judges, who are capable of administering the junior and intermediate levels of these tests.

The Club is also socially very active. During the academic year, several film evenings and illustrated talks are held and the popular Annual Ball. The Ball is to be held in the Student Union Building in June, and, if previous years are any indication, this should be very well attended.

SHOOTING SUCCESS

By four points in a 1200 point aggregate Victoria were successful in retaining the Haslem Shield—symbol of University shooting supremacy—in the annual match on the 30 yard event, and although several times repeatedly refused by the Canterbury and Massey marksmen on each range thereafter, held on for a meritorious win.

Highlight of the meeting was the performance of Victoria's Jim McKislay who top-scored in Haslem Shield competition, with 199 x 200, including a coveted possible "10". Jim recorded a fine score of 190 in the strangely informal "check" when the test was not recorded.

Conditions were difficult on this occasion with a tricky "fish tail" wind and Jim, along with Canterbury's Marsh and Otago's Reeve, were cooking off the newly painted scoreboard when Otago over the strong Westen District team.

Special mention should also be made of Victoria's less experienced riflemen in Gvin Adain, Don McKay and Norm Robson, all of whom recorded promising debuts in match shooting.

Haslem Shield results:

1. Victor 1085
2. Cant 1081
3. Massey 1071
4. Otago 1031
5. Lincoln 971

N.Z.U. Team-

McKinlay, Williams (Victoria), Marshall, Hor (Canterbury), Reeve (Otago), McLaren, Jepson, Warrington (Massey).

COACHES: Wakefield (Victoria).

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RUGBY PROSPECTS

A record 16 teams have been entered this season by the University Rugby Club. This is more than last season and augurs well for the Club's strength.

Ten of these 16 teams have been entered in the junior grades, and are composed of social and senior teams containing players who haven't the time to train.

As always the main interest is centred around our senior teams. There is no lack of young talent and members of last year's under 19 and third grade teams will make their presence felt this year.

Senior coaches and club administrators have devised a strenuous pre-season fitness programme in the hope that it will overcome the plague of injuries that has beset us last year. This is also an attempt to improve on the relatively poor showing by the three senior teams last season.

The Senior A team will be seeking an improved standing this year but this may be hampered by the lack of big lineout forwards. In the back players such as D. Heather, G. Kember, M. Sayers, G. Weilberg and M. Williment will play a prominent part again this season. The vacancy at halfback due to the transfer of G. Ireland, has two aspirants, clever junior repre-

sitional, R. Burrow and a wonderfully recovered D. Hogg. It seems as though G. Weilberg's talents will be employed on one wing, and the other wing will probably go to promising D. King.

In the forwards the loss of K. McDonald, last season's captain, and J. Gilbons, in the N.Z. rowing squad will be keenly felt. The return of H. Barton is welcomed. Other forwards showing good form are B. Gregory, D. Pickup, R. Trenn, M. Culyer, J. Pope and J. Totty is sought, and it seems most likely that C. Balsam will fill this gap. Providing that sufficient ball is obtained from set play, this team will have a very successful season.

ALAN DOUGALL (Vic), current科技股份, ran at Tournament suffering from an injured hamstring muscle. He was narrowly beaten by C.U.'s Angus Welsh, both athletes recording the good time of 22.8s. for the 220 yards hurdles.

14—Salient, May 21, 1958
Week Starting Tuesday May 21

Tuesday 21
1.00 p.m. - 2.00 p.m. BE FOR-EVER—GO FISHING. On SUB Lawn if fine, C.C.R. if inclement. Telephone (903) 210. Fish will continue to be held on a Tuesday for the rest of the year.
7.30 p.m. Memorial Theatre.
VUW Film Society screening of "Whatsoever Happened to Baby Jane?" on Tuesday evenings. French Club are holding French evenings in the Kelvin Park Store—French conversation, records, Folk-sing-along every fortnight.

Wednesday 22
4.20 p.m. Quiet Room. Holy Communion is celebrated by Rev. Mr. N. G. Chapman during lunch hours. All members of the church are invited to attend.
1.00 p.m. 2.00 p.m. B.B.A., Mr. W. C. Malcolm, M.T., N.Z., (V.I.) R.A. (Cant.) will speak on "Language, logic and failure." All interested are cordially invited.
1.00 p.m. Quiet Room. Chemistry Organization.
1.00 p.m. Memorial Theatre. Massey University Drama Club present "Shakespeare's "Magnezic." Book at Stud. Ave. Office—ticket 40c for students, 60c for non-students.
2.40 p.m. Memorial Theatre. Major Mary MacGregor, N.Z. Women's Army Corps, will lecture on her experience in the war.

Friday 24
7.30 p.m. Memorial Theatre.
VUW Debating Society.Topic: "That God should have the Quain."
POlice: We Are Amused!

Pictures:
Murray Vickers
Mike Silver
P. Crevan
Lord Snowdon

At least 200 students met at the Tai Mahal, where only last year students clashed with police and many spent some time in jail. To pay homage to the police force banner proclaimed "We Love Cops" and "Police Are Heroes." The marchers moved off through the city, gathering supporters and enthusiasm. At each junction students staged a brief "sit-in." The Police are reported to have been amused.

"Good Clean Fun" was WNTV's description of the Carpenter Weck Support Police Demonstration. If it was meant to antagonize the police it failed; if meant to amuse the public it succeeded. Police kept a wary eye on students, but seemed determined to remain uninflected. Sitting down at intersections during picket-hour traffic was a sure-fire scheme for attracting attention.

STORIES:
Gill Mackie
Kristin Wade

Capping Capers

The Minister of Labour, Mr Brand, judged the French riots. First prize of $100 went to an ice-cream vendor, built by Fielden Taylor Boy's Hostel. Second was a cardboard Negro "run" car, proclaiming to be bomb-proof, fire-proof, and Negro-proof. Signs alleged the machine was "manufactured in Alabama by slave labour." Other notable floats included a 50-legged dragon, which raised understandable excitement in the crowd with its carbon-dioxide breathing fumes. Floats depicted the Wahnau tragedy, student accommodation, drinking hours, the characteristic insufficiency of Government departments, the Hannan Playhouse, Bonnis and Clyde, and peanut butter.

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16—Salient, May 21, 1968