Malaysian Students Oppose Handling of Racial Question

An ad hoc committee of interested students, which was formed after the publication of statements from Malaysian "student leaders" advocating an "apartheid-style" Malaysia, has had its second meeting.

A letter received from the Malaysian Ministry of Foreign Affairs said the report as published in the "Dominion" did not include a "very significant portion" of the original Reuters report from Kuala Lumpur.

This section quoted a Government spokesman as saying that "the views expressed by the self-styled student leaders were irresponsible and did not represent the views of the majority of the student community.

The letter said the National Union of Muslim Students, the National Union of Malaysian Students and the Mara Student Union had categorically denied association with the views expressed by the self-styled leaders who obviously represented no-one but themselves.

The reply "clearly" the inquiry committee, which is investigating the statements said the chairman of the committee, Mr. H. T. Lee.

The purpose of the meeting was "to discuss a student action group for the promotion of a multi-racial Government in Malaysia and the safeguarding of the fundamental rights of all citizens of Malaysia.

Connections have been made to student groups within the country and overseas. We hope that an organisation such as ours has been formed, or will be formed in your centre as soon as possible," their letters said.

Mr. Lee made it clear that the committee was concerned with more than one issue. Two motions passed at the meeting illustrated the wide area of responsibility of the committee.

"We believe in the principle of Parliamentary rule in Malaysia. We therefore call upon the Government of Malaysia to release all political detainees immediately and to resume suspended elections both in Sabah and Sarawak immediately so as to enable the Malaysian Parliament to be resumed.

The second motion called for a demonstration which would be held on the campus of the University of Malaya.

A Dominion report said the protest began at a "speakers' corner" on the campus reserved for free speech.

"It was the first time that anyone could remember ever seeing students demonstrating peacefully on their own campus in Malaysia," the report said.

The committee reaffirmed their belief in the principle of free speech at the "speakers' corner." The University was "deploring the unconstitutional actions taken by the police in entering the campus without the authority of the Vice Chancellor and for the arrest of the President of the UMSU and three other students."

The motion called for the holding of a debate on the "future of student life in Malaysia." The motion was passed without a vote.

Debating Win

Perhaps the most notable victory for Victoria University at Arts Festival was the...
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Much ill as it becomes me to start the leasing season (i.e. third term) on a sour note, I have herein to award the Fairlie McGregor prize for the most Barman in Wellington. Unfortunately I was unable to present the prize, being of the belief, perhaps, that he is employed upstairs at the Western Park and he looks like a pensioned-off milk bar owner. Although there were any number of entries for the McGregor prize, our boys sent it hands down with the following display.

SCENE: Upstairs at the W.P. Chairs, a table, a bar, general hubbub. Enter Tums, stage left.

TUMS: A pint please.

Barman: Pint please with a one and three quarter inches of froth, takes money, turns to other customers.

TUMS: Looking significantly at Barman: Excuse me, my friend, but I don't think you're quite finished.

BARMAN: What nonsense?

TUMS (looking at beer very significantly indeed): I mean this.

BARMAN: Wait till I've finished with these others.

Ten minutes passes. Tums returns, determined not to be outdone. By this time the one and three quarter inches of froth have evaporated. Barman returns.

TUMS (abandoning his natural politeness): Fill it.

BARMAN: I can't fill it (I. How do I know you haven't had a drink out of it while I was away? TUMS: monetarily, because the barman is bigger than he, pouring the remains of pint over the chuff) Pray to have a drink on me, fellow.

CURTAIN. You're falling into your old bad habits, W.P.

I have, in my days as a cub reporter on the Braeview Divinity, often enjoyed a steak at the Lawson Steak Bar. The other night I was in no mood to drink, even my dinner, however, and I resolved to avail myself of the takeaway facilities at the self-service barbecue. I ordered an egg burger. Readers, do not make the same mistake at it. What I received was a stew with week old bubble and squeak. A horrible, boiled taste. No points for the burgers: three points for the steak.

In Cuba Street did Noshingrog Still quoting for the perfect bar Sherry through a bottle store And up a flight of stairs. Had scarcely thought th' Imperial Boastful a hearty pleasure Of pubs at only thirty cents Of architecture so divine And heaven from the jalousies played Amidst the darkling full subside. The chairs did lack in comfort, still At ten a bell or silent rang And not at ten fifteen. Twenty past the stroke of ten The barman whispered in my ear Time: five, time six, or perhaps six A Godspeed and waddie. For Tums has drunk the heady brew And five poins show his gratitude.

My first impression on entering the Vienna Restaurant in Manners Street was of an enormous belly protruding from the end of the hallway which leads into the dining area. The belly's owner came into view some moments later. He was of a short comcile to digestive discomfort. My emerald served spaghetti bolognese entrée was followed by a twenty-eight minute interval before my main course arrived. During this time I assuaged the function of my rumbling tummy. He busied himself adjusting the volume control on the tape recorder. Viennese waiters received full volume honours. Other music was scaled down proportionately. It was quite an experience. One was alternately lulled into a torporic reverie by the rabbled clatter of kitchen noises and blasted into remembering that the dinner had not yet arrived by the Sturmar schmaler.

The prices charged for the food quality (which was reasonable) are high. Hardly gourmet fare. Two points.
FOOD

BARTHOLOMEW FELTER

CHEERY CHOMPERS

CHOICE CHEDDAR

This photograph, a fuller version which graced our front page in SALIENT 14 is up for sale. Bowing to the prevailing public demand, 20" x 12" prints will be available at $5. Leave your order at the SALIENT Office.

CHEERY CHOMPERS

CHOOSE CHEDDAR

Last time I saw the figures, cheese consumption in New Zealand was six pounds per head annually. Since then, television commercials and periodic hints in women's magazines may have caused the figure to rise. The eighty million people of Japan rely heavily on fish for protein—even having the cheek to visit Sydney fish stalls to cut the fish kowai have sensibly imported for years. But Italians and French who cannot hope for abundant cheap meat as a staple, have learned how cheese can supplement their diet.

In other words, bright colour advertisements have been published, promoting sales of our Cheddar cheese to the British working man. But home consumption should also be encouraged. As cheese and cheese go together, I cannot understand why hotels selling pies are not a target for promotion by local manufacturers. Perhaps retailers could help here—but let them make it plain that they have not vested interest other than profit. Maybe they could find out if anything stands in the way of cheese with bread rolls being sold in tins. Before any moves about cutting cheese on the counter by referring to those foil-wrapped segments of processed cheese.

Point out that since 1966, cheese eating has increased in Britain, France, and numerous countries have realized in bare—so why this blackout on a national duty? Everyone has learned how cheese has been popular for centuries in Europe! And as for England, well, just think what Dr. Johnson would say of us if we could flashback to the Fleet Street. "Cheesy Cheese"? Oh yes, his day! Everyone knows cheese makes an excellent snack with beer, and a little imagination could easily promote with local markets for it. And if you really feel like getting on a cheese-crane soap box, you could tell the local railways your opinion—but while you are at it. Even one person living in a room should be without one or two pounds of cheese. What an oversight, in a cheese-producing country like this, to ignore its uses! Surely it should be just as natural to have cheese in the house as butter. CHILDREN SHOULD BE FED WITH CHEESE INSTEAD OF BISCUITS AND SWEETS. A glass of beer or wine plus something else cheese. Reach for the cheese grater with your grating, slits, and all.

Choose again with scrambled eggs, or mashed potatoes, and fish crisp out for a cheese sauce. If you are not a victim of the slimming racket who makes sweet baths or loses patient weight counts, but constantly starves and suffer, starves and suffers, try to get some sanity into your diet with cheese. For women slimming, the old advice of cutting down on broccoli and sweet things, still stands. But recent reviews no longer agree with eating our fancy foods. Fat, digesting slowly, causes off-tongue. Cheese, compared of fat and heavy, is filling; whereas a cream but fat. Friends into a san-ole, cheese and fat chow, with young women (those days), cheese can militate against over-weight. Savory, savoury, and calcium-hydration female, would be less common, if cheese was utilized intelligently.

THE man who named himself as a candidate for 12 seats in the General Election on November 29, Mr. R. J. Wedderpoon of Dunedin, has cut his chances by 11.

He will now stand for the Sydenham (Christchurch), Grey Lynn (Auckland) and Oamaru. Mr. Wedderpoon speaks from experience. Since joining the Labour Party at the age of 16, he has accumulated a reputation for sincerity and a substantial political background.

—Sunday Times, 7/9/69.

As the country's only multiple candidate for the General Election, this Wellington-born estate manager and part-time student is standing for three seats: Sydenham (Christchurch), Grey Lynn (Auckland) and Oamaru. Mr. Wedderpoon speaks from experience. Since joining the Labour Party at the age of 16, he has accumulated a reputation for sincerity and a substantial political background.

—Sunday News, 7/9/69.

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(Sgd) L. R. ARNOLD, Chairman of the Foundation.
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Teaching is a good life
THE BRIGADIER’S GILBERTS NOW EXIST!

Behind the Brigadier A6 panel of three advisers. His secretary, dollars of all this over the place, numbered and indicated, and ready to be filed in a drawer at night’s notice. A typical 40-year-old secretary to security: black hair neatly combed over the balding patch on top, black-rimmed glasses (as they regulation 357!), blue o’clock, shadowed face, deep-set, piercing eyes, a slow, left-handed, chafed, chaffed, smart, unsmiling writer. Using a regulation HB softened red and black eight-inch pencil. He is not to be treated for a serious breach of the material from the other advisers. Gilbert’s parser, nodes, when he agrees the (as advisers only to such shuffling) or granting when he disagrees (the boys look dejected). The models are passed to the Prime Minister. But the secretary is a good secret police man too. He rang the room; as an afterthought, almost forgetfully, looks upward. Right above him a row of press gallery journalists, looking right down upon him and the Brigadier. “My God, they’re looking at those silly flourishes!” thinks the secretary. A blur of action and he matches the returned green foiled gauze wrapper from house Gilbert’s arm. He turns them face down, and then really doesn’t know what to do, so he shows them transparently to the Deputy Director who smiles with grudging respect at the secretary’s quick thinking. Accordingly.

Alongside the Secretary Director sits, sliding on his chair. The attic one he’s called: long-limbed, long-nosed, so poised, so oh, holding down, holding eyes.

Next to him, the legal adviser, making learned comments on the Bill. Is lawyer or accountant? Anyway, he’s elderly andly and wisely, while the Brigadier smilingly asks, does he familiar? My memory clicks, yes, the former Treasurer of the New Zealand National Party also stood for the Presidency in 1945. Now isn’t that a coincidence. I wonder who the Commissioner for the Security Intelligence Appeal Board will be, I trust wonder.

No debate on the Bill was complete without the Holyoke parody. Practised and performed over the years. Years I have been a Labour’s Lester Holt, MP, for the Mason, and Mr. Young’s letter, just hadn’t been answered. And why? Well, there wasn’t time. Just time enough for a secret meeting, the

searching out of bias, and the reading therefore in the House by Kim Keith. One was a report from the Australian Security Intelligence Organisation (didn’t know I’d read that did you?) and in part this person in a low-down deplorable character who is a habitual criminal, crook and blackmailer—"in other words a back-door of the worst sort. The Prime Minister asserted that this man, a Russian, had reached high rank in the Red Army, then worked for the KGB and finally for the Russian secret police, the KGB. There was an uproar in the House, the journalists wrote freely, the Labour members cackled, yelling “we don’t want that sort here.” The Prime Minister quoted another famous line, lashing the World Council of Churches and the National Council of Churches in New Zealand for their naivete in trying to bring these refugees to New Zealand.

This debate has been aired in the press, but it is interesting to make a few points for the record. The “security reports” on both Russian refugees were highly questionable documents, at least as they were presented to the House by the Prime Minister. The first— from the ASIO, was laughable, the second — from the USA’s Central Intelligence Agency, was nearly as bad. The day after the Prime Minister’s statements the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church stated categorically that the report was wrong and that the refugee had been a member of the Red Army in actual fact. He came from 1941 as a member of the Black Army. This went unchallenged by the Prime Minister and Gilbert Of course, the other reports may have been similarly incorrect, but we have little way of challenging the information immediately, and anyway how else are security reports revealed in this manner—and so open to challenge? One of the most interesting things was that the first report received an entry permit to New Zealand. And this from conservative Tom Sand, Minister of Immigration—after it had been advised of the nature of the security report by Gilbert. The trouble arose in Hong Kong, through which the refugee had to pass before he could get to New Zealand. The security report was received from Hong Kong who was notified first? Not the sponsors, the NCC, nor the NZ Institute. No! Gilbert, the Prime Minister was notified; after he put his case to Tom Sand, and the New Zealand Embassy in London, and then a permanent bud- Russian refugee was denied a New Zealand visa. The Prime Minister said he would talk to Mr. Sand. Another security risk forfeited and tiptoed in the Brigade’s book.

But, at the time—and this is what counts—the Prime Minister was advised of the situation in the House, and in the newspapers. The Labour Party doesn’t want to agree with a policy they don’t disagree with, and he agreed with Holyoke on everything. Mr. Young, confused, without the, fraud. Keith didn’t agree, confusing the facts, yes, he trusted the Prime Minister, no, he didn’t want to stick with the Prime Minister who he believed what the Prime Minister had said.

You may ask—well, why do we need to worry? Isn’t Gilbert just playing? That’s what I thought too, long ago. But over the years the blunders mount, the personages gone to innocent people is increased with increasing frequency. These men have power which is potentially dangerous and the men themselves must be educated, intelligent men with a sense of proportion. Yet while Trevor Young spoke about freedom, and read parts of “God Defend New Zealand”, Gilbert and his little men smiled, and begin to trigger openly and finally burnt out into open laughters, flashing knowing looks among themselves.

GILBERT’S GAFFES

On the first occasion in this debate Labour MP Jonathan Hunt interpreted that “the papers promised by the Security Service in the Public Expenditure Committee had not, in fact, been presented.” Holyoke, who was speaking, turned to the Brigadier and said “No reports promised.” The Prime Minister repeated this statement, unfortunately Hunt persisted. The Prime Minister was perplexed, so turned to Gilbert again. Mr. Gilbert feigned ignorance, turned to his secretary. Gilbert was startled, but the mood was then set and the Prime Minister was confused by the reports for a whole year. We did promise papers this year, and they haven’t been given to anyone, whatever. Then Mr. Gilbert realized darkly and indifferently to the House—"I’ll look into it." and continued, unimpressed with his speech.

Later Dr. Finlay burst upon the issue of public servants’ grading when they were transferred from the Security to the Public Expenditure Committee. He considered it an injustice that they didn’t get it, and again the Prime Minister admitted that Mr. Keith Keith, “They’re just the same as any other civil servants’ and now he was the same grading they had earlier in the House. Wrist Security Service. The Prime Minister said he had been talking to the Brigadier. But after Mr. Gilks’ views, and the Brigadier burst him upon. Stated, Holyoke grunted around and conference continued urgently with Gilbert. The debate was in two minutes. Parliament walked; the shuffling of feet and laughter collected on the roof. Mr. Gilbert now took his microphone. Finally Holyoke continued, but on an entirely different subject—omitting all reference to the grading of state servants.

As the final scene in the Brigadier’s obscure dramatic, the members packed into the House. Mr. Keith Keith, and Mr. Rachel Keith, the latter papered. The secretaries bared his face into his black bag. Publication, seemingly, was one of these things. A closed door. The Secretary was back, hands on his patch, turned back to Gilbert. “Well, I done it right for you.” He had his cards foreshadowed, looking pleased. The House rises, Holyoke gets up and says again to the now his name, so that the names of the Security Intelligence Organisation, "I must do that. "Well, that’s that, isn’t it . . . The Prime Minister smiled, and clapped his hands.

Note: Albert Taylor is currently writing a book about the Gilbort’s escapades of the last few years. Anyone who has any useful information, clues, or useful ideas which may help with the figures are asked to telephone him at 40089 or write to him care of Box 10006, Wellington.
cHILD

candy's child
dressed in green
dances as Dolores Haze
spreading her hair
as wings to fly —
angel descending
in a long summer's
dream: ::::: :::::

—ngan

FOGGY MORNING CITY

Where has the magic gone
From last night rain-wet streets?
Fraudulent at first light exposure.

The red-eyed sun creaks up
to blearily shirk from 8 to 5.
All those soft-spun cocoons unravel.
Hive-bred hard-backed beetles, they fly

Swarling, into the days sour honey.
They swarm past office doorways
In a morning of metamorphoses, never notice
The early-morning miracle
of the milk-bottles.

—Nina Carpenter

timepiece
to see you
sagging now
surprised;
remembering how
not many years gone past
you stood among the flowers,
hair waving—your white blouse
bursting
with the promise of the hour.

—Arthur Bates
Maraat/Sade Way Out Front.

ANDREW WILSON

The dialectic between the Marquis de Sade and Marat had a curiously evil fascination. De Sade’s "indifference of nature" argument is a brilliant aberration with which it is surprisingly easy to sympathise while he speaks. It is enhanced (and not swallowed up as I have heard argued) by the searing realism of the setting. To say, as he does in his coolly philosophical way, that "a man, who destroys without passion is a machine," or "the only thing that gives life meaning is a (tortured) death," or as Marat vehemently contrives struggling out of his sick-bath that "where there is no meaning I will invent a meaning!" to say this in the midst of rabid insanity so variably personified, has a dramatic irony which questions not only these 'rational' systems but all rational systems then and now.

Weiss constantly points the contemporary relevance of this historical situation, particularly in the mock obscenity of the herald towards these representatives of progressive society (the newly-rich post-revolutionaries sitting on stage) with whom we, the audience, are somehow forced to identify. It appears to me that Weiss’s own sympathies must lie somewhere between de Sade and Jacques Roux. On the authority of the programme notes it is interesting to learn that soon after writing this play, Weiss joined the Communist party.

The very idea of setting a criticism of mad humanity in an asylum for patients suffering from such complaints as paranoia (the patient playing Marat), deepening insanity (Corby) and erotomania (Duperet) may seem to some as begging the question. (Isn’t the pairing off of Duperet and Corby, beautifully mischievous irony?) But if it does appear to beg the question, at least it does so in a dramatically viable way. Images carry the further point of any work of art and Weiss shows a great talent. Of course the asylum is the main scene but there are many others in the speeches (especially de Sade’s) and as visual effects. Marat burning up from skin disease in his bath; the stylization of Corby’s suggested visit to murder Marat; the gore paleflame mine and the little working model for children; the chorus’ constant and enigivating irony; de Sade being whipped by Gordon’s long list as he knows to philosophy before the audience.

This Marat/Sade directed by Mervyn Thompson both played de Sade and produced with an undeniably powerful piece of psychological realism, his portrayal of Charlotte Corday with a sustained brilliance that was unsurprising to watch, the performance, much as one had expected, in a catalogue of praise. It was useful to have seen the film first. The play still became an unforgettable happening with an overpowering sense of involvement, as if the audience had been cast in a part analogous to those other well-dressed spectacles on the stage.

Then came the Others

There were five other plays during the rest of the week, all of them having a quite serious nature of fashion stylised sets, alienation, improvisation. Three of them were performed in the beached set of a ship, the public being made aware of John Brown’s The Fall and Redemption of a Public Stationary Engine, which was an audience and stood about on the stage and moved about on wheels as they were pushed by the audience. The whole cast was entwined throughout behind the working platform where they could be heard and seen,The murder being acted and changed, changing clothing. This made the incongruities of theatre going in the middle ages but was other wise no better than a distraction. This improvisation was suggested by the author, the actors were not very practiced in it (even a good ad lib needs rehearsal) and this lack of assurance did not help. The play was on allegory of the Jenuino story (produced by a bit of Eraser) played straight for the most part. It would not be fair to knock the cast who were bearable for the first half at least--the sheepdogs were funny. Eve had good legs and Jesus was promising but worthy (if I were I heard great chunks of rhyming couplets). Quite simply, it was a poor play and a relief to see the end.

Massey offered The Madwoman and the Nuns. The play was a popular one with the audience. Edith Sargent who plays the limiting character and the nuns inspired the audience and all who were present at the end. The effect of the performance was great because the audience had been worked up by the performance of the actors. The actors were all good and had prepared themselves well, both individually and as a team. It was here that they had the edge on our production. The play was written with faults of construction and character (which were discussed in an earlier review) but it was as near perfect as a student play ever is likely to be. Its name might have been something like "The Creation of the Prophet John." A really superb little thing.

Both Canterbury and Victoria presented the same play, After the Rain by John Bowen. They were not so much a clash as an amicable source of comparisons for the costs. Canterbury’s production was produced by Brian de Ridder who has come in and put another side of the audience in. The actors were all good and had prepared themselves well, both individually and as a team. A good show that was better than the play itself which is a bit fast and simple.

At a workshop session three actors from Auckland presented a short poetic play about Herode, Salome and John the Baptist. I didn’t know their names or the author’s, but it was as near perfect as a student play ever is likely to be. Its name might have been something like "The Creation of the Prophet John." A really splendid little thing.

Then came the Others

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8—Salient, September 10, 1969
The Question of Colour

JAN WALKER

The controversy as to whether the National Art Gallery internationally reflected its particular brand of conservatism on the New Zealand Maori Council has appeared (if not raged) in the local newspapers over some considerable time.

Wherever the fault lies, the fact that the National Art Gallery is revealed once again in its true divined-in-the-wall colour after such a promising start to revolutionize the turn-of-the-century design and composition of the Gallery is a sad illustration of the one step forward two back principle.

Unfortunately, too, the politics of the matter over-shadow the actual exhibits on display. This is clearly because only a few of the exhibits are on display at the National Art Gallery. The rest of the rooms are removed from where the opening took place. The rest (unwittingly, and unhappily) till Monday 1st Sept.) were on view at the Display Centre.

The work of the Maori artists was on the whole stimulating and well executed. Several large compositions by Poro Waeheki visually dominated the exhibits with their density of colour and sweeping design. The boldness of form and design of the Maori exhibit is the most obvious line of the grain. The flowing form of his curving had a perfect balance in his strong sense of design. Cliff Whiting, too, had a line though essentially simple line dominating his work; his works, a work which the works of the artist like Cathy Brown seemed to lack by her overrepetition in detail.

Several paintings by Buck Nin incorporating a landscape crossed by a Maori motif appear deceptive in their predictability. Selwyn Morin employs his particular brand of maudly mysticism without ever allowing colour or content to come through his work.

The organisation was poor, the content very worthwhile in this exhibition of Maori art. Their separation from other New Zealand artists does not show them up to be essentially different in quality and their work is essentially historically and culturally, and visually, gives New Zealand art a real basis for further innovation.

Ralph Hotere in a number of highly finished black paintings cut with thin lines and diagonal crosses evoked the mystique and through exploration of colour present in most of his work. The carving of Fred Graham was particularly impressive, the carver having the particular talent of revealing in the wood the most usual grain of the grain. The flowing form of his curving had a perfect balance in his strong sense of design. Cliff Whiting, too, had a line in his painting dominating his work; his works showed a lack of balance and his work was given a strength which the work of the artist like Cathy Brown seemed to lack by her overrepetition in detail.

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Understead Balcony

ANNE MANCHESTER

The scene for Modern Language Drama at Arts Festival in Dunedin is the Globe Theatre situated above the city in London Street. It is a privately owned theatre built a few years ago by Ronal and Patrick Casey, seating about sixty people and with a small stage augmented by a rather unsteady balcony.

Three plays only were contributed, two German and one French. Victoria sent "Armanda" by the Swiss playwright Max Frisch and the most ambitious production of the evening. The play is set against a background of anti-Semitism, but it is minded to take this as the main theme of the play. It is concerned rather with the idea of forcing someone to take an impossible position. In this case, the idea of a play. Such a play, involving a cast of twelve, a score of characters, and a stage movement, was much easier to stage in the Memorial Theatre than on a large stage in companies' productions, but despite this it retained much of its impact and excitement. Particularly brilliant was the audience, the audience being the possibility that someone would take off the balcony during the intermission. The audience was, in fact, the audience's presence in the scene-four actors, one table, four chairs, one souvenir, etc. I did not manage to see Auckland's production, directed by Ken Hudson, of Professor of English by Samuel Beckett myself, but by talking to several people about it I have managed to build up a sort of picture of the production.

Similar problems in staging were encountered here too, since much of the comedy of the play depends on the similarity of the characters acting, especially when drooping of the sibyl, and the rest of the play. The idea was very much by Fink, and the idea of the play was based on the idea of the staging. The production generated much on the idea of the staging, antipathetic as it is.

Oslo's own entry was "Woyzeck" written in the early 1900s by Georg Buchner. This fragmentary play, often on the whole, is based on an actual incident in Leipzig. The play is perhaps now more of historical interest, but it's theme of social injustice and the political is a serious import concerning the injustices of society of the times. Woyzeck, unable to find a sympathetic friend to share his oppressive thoughts with is driven deeper within himself and finally to the act of murdering his unfortunate mistress.

All three plays were pretty good for student amateurs speaking in foreign languages and not a bad role of Arts Festival. It is perhaps a shame that "Les Parents" by Camus and the French Department's here for Mallon's "Amphitryon" did not come to anything. It is hoped that a few more plays will be contributed next year.

At the Peter McLeavy Gallery there is an exhibit of the most recent paintings of Milan McKusich. The seven paintings look at first impression like squares with the corners cut off, but this is not to take seriously the artist's intention. McKusich is an artist who is essentially interested in colour, and the reaction of the colour on the eye of the viewer. He has culled his paintings down in terms of their content and design until only the large colour fields remain, visually snapped at their corners by contrasting hues.

He says of his own work, "My painting has no content. It could be termed a kind of speculative metaphysics. Consequently it is difficult to be precise about the nature of the content. It does not exist for itself but for MAN as a vehicle of awareness."

The context of McKusich's painting is in their areas of colour. The canvas is erkend with black paint and other colours are sanded on over the black undercoat giving the variances in surface colour. By this method he achieves unusual and attractive colour densities, for example his "Painting Dark Undercoat", "Painting Mete Grey No. 1", and "Painting Mete Grey No. 2".

McKusich rather ambiguously states the meaning of his work consists in the "significances people feel are there."

He describes that he is totally uninhibited by anything in the physical or emotional world about him. He says of his work, "The environment does not affect my work. Art is not the portrayal of environment or expression of personal feelings."

McKusich is probably the only painter in New Zealand who has so far abstracted his art to such a point that it is almost entirely related to the intellect and has its origins only in what has gone before. He identifies himself with Newcomen, Beethoven, and all the other emblematic painters and colour painters but his approval is intimate differently different and strongly individualistic. McKusich's work is sophisticated and gives us an impression of a mysterious feature of our culture. And yet McKusich is not entirely involved with the impact of the colour sensibility/colour complexity on the viewer. His "photographs" do not evolve the reality and paint the art form. McKusich says, to quote Beethoven, "Art comes from Art" (blows him)

The value of the exhibition is not in the context of the content, but in the context of the viewer's appreciation of the context of the exhibition. And this is not the context of the exhibition being shown. It is the context of the exhibition being shown that is the context of the exhibition being shown. And this is not the context of the exhibition being shown. It is the context of the exhibition being shown that is the context of the exhibition being shown. And this is not the context of the exhibition being shown. It is the context of the exhibition being shown that is the context of the exhibition being shown.

graduate to LION BROWN

MIGHTY BEER!
Last time it was Blood, Sweat & Tears, this time round its Spirit with The Family that Plays Together, another gay album of CBS (SDP 47385). Line-up is baleful Cot Cam были, John Lock (voc., rhythm), Mark Ardes, Joy Ferguson, and would-be-tender, Randy California. Pro-
ducer is Lou Adler, a guy who’s rather particular whom he works with. The sound is generally heavy and varies from the 
“Get A Line On You” by Californ-
ia to Ferguson’s more lyrical “Silky Sam”. The music varies as falls as the songs tend to start off slowly, then explode—“The Drunkard”, for instance, and “Dream Walk 
In A Dream” (stepping off this mental cot will be a pleasure). I liked the funky piano on “It Shall Be” and a sort of Israeli choral 
from the kibbutz called “Israel”. The track switches are effective. It’s all their own 
work too, except for the horns and strings, here and there, which counterpoint with 
another guitar solo.

A West Coast group that got lost in the 
rush of psychedelica from Crosby, Stills, 
and Nash produced a first album that didn’t do much 
hassens in the States. But they’re pressing on with a new one, “Paradise Bar 
and Grill”, with guest artists Richard Branson (purl) and Carl Colder (SDS) to gain a 
little more pull. Their first effort, simply titled 
“Mad River”, is here now on Capitol 
(ST/3986). It has all the right transcendental 
groups—Eastern Light, “Mindful Moon” (which is a love theme from 
The Time), “Aphrodisia”, “Coyote”, and 
Albatross—“The War Goes On”, which is true, too. There are good 
chords on the same a followed a fairly 
over long downstairs impressions a showed 
retractive leading into Tom a gentle 
minute instrumental on “Wind Changes” and “Hush Julian”. 
The album sounds convincingly dis-
gusted as the statue of liberty. I Stand 
Above, CBS (SDP 47357). Sample of the 
self-composed “Line her nod”. 
He left her and 
and they left you and left and he left and she’s right 
Then all left. 
I was bereft.

MIKE BERGIN

Also, “Sober the little children” (Take a little drink from the bar’s cup), a harsh 
and-establishment — push-the-kids-into-
restaurant—inspired text on record the 
voice, especially the guitar on “The 
dinosaurs”, which isaud’s uncut in Ronnie Dixon’sCook’s from 
the singer’s voice and guitar. 
The drums echo on “Poppycock”. Another 
lyric with a voice and guitar, 
though not quite in the same class, is “Julie 
Felix. She has rather odd phrasing and she 
comes on a bit strong for my taste. But 
she does have material by a first class 
line-up of contemporary writers on her two 
albums currently available, Flower on 
Philips (T2896449) and The World Goes 
Round and Round on Fontana (T2899496). 

Some artists have an inherent authority 
to performance, which signifies that some-
thing of value is being produced even if 
it is not heard anymore or records. 
Justin Hamilton’s jiffy of pop songs are 
true and last. Beverly Stewarts have this 
authority. Her voice is one of a kind, with 
a peculiar sort of vibrato, but she knows 
when she is doing and produces a beautiful 
album in Illuminations, Vanguard (VSD 
3399). It is a religious statement with 
songs woven through a biblical theme. 
Opening with a poem by Leonard Cohen, “God is all love and is all love” set to 
on own music, the record runs through “Mary”, “Stummo”, and “I want to find out for yourself”. (By Ritchie Havens), and “The Angus”.

The Blues is perhaps the most morn-
tune form of music devised by man. It 
is a simple form which goes scope for 
single embellishment. It is a basic and fine unique influence on music today. 
Popular music is. It is durable, it can very 
well be strung out in a rhythm cut. In 
the instrumentation, piano, harmonica, 
slide guitar, the blues and its extended 
form allows for variation in overall sound. 
In the course of its blend, all these 
record are for you. From my point of 
view, the main importance of the 
blues is that it has given birth to all 
the music family and in the traditions of folk. 
As the title comes on the LP it begins to 
play by really accomplished bluesmen. 
The voice of the late blues form is 
the appearance even in recorded form of 
getting back to the style of post maturity 
without experiencing the impulse which 
inspired the original creators. The 
result is a very fine blues. "Blues is a feeling 
and unless there is some feeling to be 
comprehended there is nothing.

One of the nothing groups is the 
Clamor Clean Band on Fathead (PSCM7069). They’re English boys despite 
the style they’re doing. They’re after 
point a thin sound, they tackle 
Bunny’s "Me and Old Dan" and "Mr. Talkin’ Stills" on Atlantic. Burnett’s "How Many More Years" as well as 
the second rate pieces. The keyboard 
work is the wellspring feature on one or two 
tracks and in fact it was only the piano 
and organ solo that harmonist of Arthur 
Wright’s most manner to many important 
group I suspect, which got through to me. 
The long track "And Lovely" has a splendid 
arrangement as good song behind some 
slick guitar licks from lead Peter Harcourt 
and a revealing vocal by Cabbie Cooper. 
They should stick to this groove. The 
local Parks is a straight-up piano 
instrumental called the "Entertainer" — 
where the blues are the support of the 
all blues nudes backdrop.

Happily, Chicken Shack do not take 
their place in the arty fashion on their latest 
album, O.K. Only, CBS (SDP 473032). To 
link the tracks they have Max Webb doing 
impromptus (Harold Wilson, Kenneth 
Waterfield, and Pepper Harcourt) which are frequently 
general in hilarious and as the intro to 
"Mr. Talkin’ Stills". The Shack is a fine group 
(ploen of session help here) which 
has recently hit the British Charts with "Little Miss Go Blind", Vocals, Kathelene 
Perfect has since left the group, though 
they have their own things on the horizon. Their 
departure will be a loss. She has that 
expressive voice, which, together with 
an attractive style "Get Like You Used To Be" and 
"My Little World" (both are favorites to 
W. Jacobs). The others handle their 
instruments competently and throw in 
appropriate guitar riffs. Like Terry 
They seem to be on a rock & roll kick 
now. The title track "Tell Me" is a standard something 
called "Fishing In Your River", 
which is a reasonable pop up with 
the name for Smokey Streak Lightens a 
bit, even Michael Crispins, who along 
Off he Wall, (SRL 114). A certain 
ship to the Box Tops can be heard. They’re

more soul than blues (if we’re using labels) — 
and the Bluesmen are in those singing 
foregrounds, and they do their best. 
Paul and Mike feel to some parts of the backing — 
and the backing is notably a production 
as the hands of Bones Howe (MPP engineer), organ and piano from 
Keswick, and thing like that. The 
production here is, as one might expect, 
really well done. However, there’s a 
real grunter and greater of 
the second vocal on "Blowin’ the Blues Away" 
in the name of Willie Dixon’s, "Three Hundred 
Pounds of JJ".

Jr. Iredale’s "I’m On the C rib" is a goody, and 
here’s Kelly Green’s (bas) on Reco Eri 
(Eri 141) which is a goody. 

Stone scorpio
Blues break
We roll, we feel
I went back to surfing and Bybl
Cream.

We met in Hermosa Beach before i 

The local band is the best around.

- The Blind Faith LP which has already 
hit the million mark in the States despite 
bad reviews over the course of the most 
very rare bare-knuckled 11 year old 
which "Blues is the music that matters " 
- an album by Jack Bruce, Songs For A 
Taller, all self-penned with Pete Brown 
- a new album from Prereal, Harn, 
a magnificent "A Silly Dog" as the title track
- an album from supergroup, Crosby 

- Joe Cocker’s With A Little Help LP 
- no mention of any Fathead album
- Matt upside group, a couple of sporadic 
and continual splots, some of the traditional four-piece 
- no mention of any Fathead album
- no mention of any Fathead album
- no mention of any Fathead album

Who have completed Tommy. Forget the 
Television Opera, forget the entire 
American Television Casting. Forget that 
Broadway thing called Hair, forget The 
Masters of Invention in this is the real rock 
ina. This tale of the deal, dumb and 
blond hero is promised to be a milestone in 
our pop history. There’s a very fine rap with 
Peter Townshend on the subject in the 
July 12th issue of Rolling Stone. No doubt 
it will be delayed in New Zealand because 
of the way clued by the label in a big 
booklet that goes with it, it has already 
been delayed in the States. I understand 
an album in the U.S.

- a new album from Prereal, Harn, 
- no mention of any Fathead album
- no mention of any Fathead album
- no mention of any Fathead album

By the way, the experimental FM station 
in stereo, otherwise it’s (I was George 
Orwell’s Crosley Wps) and McCartney 
working with the Steve Miller Band on "Breeze New 
Wave Tum" which is a very good one. Beach 
Rain Dance" the Beatles are still making 
the entire thing the sort of "76men". In 
their "rehearsal" format, has been completed 
some time now, probably to have a 
show for release. Meanwhile, they’ve 
gone back to the studio and cut sixteen 
tracks like "Maxwell’s Silver Ham-
mer", "Mean Mr. Mustard", and "She 
Can’t Help It". The LP is due for UK 
release next week.

- a new album from Prereal, Harn, 
- no mention of any Fathead album
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- no mention of any Fathead album

POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK
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10—Salient, September 10, 1969

What savings facilities on campus?

The Savings Bank facilities of 
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service.
VICTORIA'S Swords Club again demonstrated its overall supremacy in university fencing when it won at Winter Tournament, the thirteenth time since 1954.

This tournament was expected for the club this year but a high standard and a number of experienced fencers were available.

Though junior membership is disappointing, only the club can field a substantial number of新鲜. The depth is well illustrated by the fact that this year's Winter Tournament was the strongest in the province, with 94 members and 105 competitors competing in various events.

At the national championships, held last year, the Victoria fencing team was the strongest in the province, with 94 members and 105 competitors competing in various events.

To the Victoria team's delight, last year's team was represented by the result that in each event, Victoria won the championship, followed by the winning team from the University of Melbourne.

The annual blueness dinners will be held in the Student's Union on September 20.

Every Vic sports club is invited to send some of its representatives to participate in the event. Tickets may be obtained from the Student's Union Office, single and double.

For those receiving blue shirts, the cost of tickets will be $5 single and $10 double.

This function is being subsidised by the services of the Sports Committee.

Guest speakers will be Bill Vegso of the Batonne Sports Foundation and Alan Knee, president of the University's Physical Welfare Society.

Blues will be presented to the oldest surviving Victoria blue, Archie Siewright.

SOCCER REPORT

The 1969 season was a disaster for the University team. The first team finished in 11th position, the lowest position in its 19-year existence, and was relegated to the second division next year. The team didn't score any matches in the first round of competition, but improved in the second round, scoring five goals, drawing twice, and losing two.

The pick of the lower grades was the University's D team, which finished third in the B division.

On Saturday August 30, the University team played in the first game against the University of Melbourne, winning 3-1. The team continued to improve, winning all its remaining games, and ended the season with a 5-3 victory over the University of Sydney.

What New Zealand organisation administers assets worth $1,167 million, or $1 million per head of staff, a seven-fold increase in 25 years? Pay assets almost $4 million per annum in income tax on a cash turnover exceeding $175 million?

What organisation is converting its accounting and administration work to a computer and practicing modern management techniques to give better service to its 200,000 customers? Is planning further research and development in the fields of housing, farm and industrial finance?

What organisation needs graduates in Accountancy, Commerce, Law and Arts to maintain this enviable record of progress and efficiency?

All enquiries welcomed and interviews arranged with Mr. Cornwall, Assistant General Manager — Phone 46-446.