

LAUGH
AND
GROW
FAT

Salient

An Organ of Student Opinion at Victoria College, Wellington N.Z.

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By Subscription

GROW FAT
AND BE
LAUGHED
'AT

The Lion In Tarascon

A CONVENIENT SPOT

SITUATED somewhere near the centre of New Zealand on one of the points of the North Island, is a city. You may have noticed it on your Sunday walks. Quite an inoffensive city some say. Just sitting there churning away like home brew beer. Nothing disturbed it for a long time. Nothing to shake up the mathematical precision of life. Until something unaccountable happened. Perhaps somebody had bottled the brew too soon, but suddenly on May 8, 1953, Capping arrived.

Stupeur generale, tumulte, bousculade. Remember Tartarin when the lion appeared in Tarascon . . . you've got the idea. However, instead of one lion there were forty, dressed in sheets and robes of the "East," assembled in force at the call of the muezzin to the "Taj Mahal," a convenient spot in the city. Not to be outdone an equal number of Tartarins appeared, ferme et resolu. For a breathless moment the Lions of Victoria and the Lions of Taranaki St. faced one another, then from the former rose the cry that will go down in history—"Allah be praised—" etc. They did not flinch those Lions of Taranaki St. but carried themselves with befitting dignity and aplomb in all their subsequent actions. The incident seems to have become part of the nation's heritage through the local newspapers correspondence columns; you know . . . "the heritage that will never die" touch. The issue seems to be resembling more and more the late heated discussion on whether beaches should be closed on Sundays—started by a humorist and solemnly taken up by Wellington's numerous sober minded citizens.

For us it will be remembered in years to come by those who were there, who, shaking their grey heads over their beer, will murmur, "Ca oui c'etail une chase."

Consternation of a different type occurred elsewhere around Wellington on Capping morning when dawn found Abominable Snowmen's foot-

prints on Parliament Building's steps, local hostels and other less likely places. There is some doubt as to whether the same Snowmen were responsible for decorating the General Assembly Library with such a cute red flag and making the various statues around Wellington more interesting with dog's skulls, gin bottles and so forth.

The annoyance of the local shop window cleaners as they removed whitewashed slogans must have been



"On Top of Old Smoky"

tempered with a certain amount of bewilderment as must have been that of certain railway officials. What would you do anyway if your nice, clean, palatial railway station was invaded by dozens of marble playing students and resounded to such professional cries as "Funs," "Keeps," "Nothings," "Rounds," etc.?

Think that one out and you'll understand the reason for the slightly glazed expression in the eye of the traffic officer at Perret's Corner as he tried to persuade the hundredth person that the diagonal pedestrian crossing was not a quick way from the "Duke" to the "George," that it had appeared in the night by the hand of a foreign agent and furthermore would everyone please stop walking all over his road.

Praise must go to the intrepid people (including one woman) who put a fake body in the hospital morgue. They did not count on there being real ones there as well.

Eventually came Processh. Although not up to the standard of Canterbury who had 26 floats our modest 12 plus sundries were an improvement on previous years.

There is something eminently satisfying in Processh. It is the chance to hold to crude and extravagant ridicule all the stupidity and commercial bally hoo that we have to put up with during the year. The larger the number of indignant letters that appear in the Press afterwards the greater the measure of success. Incidentally, it seems curious that people who complain never seem to fail to witness Processh every year. Perhaps they take delight in wilfully exposing themselves to the devil.

By far the best float was an ingenious skit on 3-D featuring the film "The Man in the Stark" (rec. by sexo for adults). Produced by Mr. Polsen it won first prize of "a dozen." Similarly Chlorophyll products came in for a thrashing from the Chem. Dept. who thought of an

ingenious innovation for the green horror.

Under the slogan "You too can mount a bear in your hall," the Tramping Club presented the possibilities of introducing not only bears but many other types of animals into fiordland.

Other floats included—a communist hotbed—in every sense of the word; St. Trinians with one of them dangling from a scaffold; a skit on Weir and the recent Stratford Players; what Mr. Holland will wear at Coronation, including a barrel; a weather office emitting horrible smelling clouds; the Hospital Bawd; variations on a theme of Paris models; Flying Sourcerers and a glorious Roman . . . Chariot. Incidentally if anyone requires a Roman Chariot urgently . . . for any purpose whatsoever or feels a pressing urge to own one, same can be obtained from the Exec. room at no extra charge.

To finish up, here are some impressions from our roving reporter who insinuated himself among the thousands along Processh. route.

Q. (to parent): "And what do you think of it all?"

A.: "It's a disgusting and suggestive exhibition by irresponsible adolescents!"

"Thank you. See you again next year."

Q. (to typist): "Do you like being kitted by students?"

A.: "I hate it, mostly."

Q. (to young male): "Do you think it's worthwhile?"

A.: "I think they're excellent. Everyone likes them. There should be more of them."

"And what is your profession?"

"Me? I'm a university student."

Why did he have to tell us!

WHO GOES WHERE?

A NON-EXISTENT student paid his fees, was elected to a union sub-committee and took his final degree examination at Brighton Training College, England. At the beginning of the term, a tutor called the roll of freshers in the Engineering Department.

"You've left out Mr. Taylor's name," he was told. The name was duly entered on the list and called at each lecture. Each time someone answered for "Mr. Taylor."

When written work was called for, manuscripts were handed in, in Mr. Taylor's name. The time came for the class to sit for the London External examination, and a graduate took Taylor's place and qualified him for a degree.

The fiction was discovered just before the degree ceremony, when the University of London checked the names of graduates.

Another fictitious character was invented at Leeds National Union of Students festival during the Christmas vacation. Among the celebrities was one called Harold Carter. Nobody had ever seen him.

He organised a visit for a coal mine, for which the bus failed to arrive, and a huge bonfire, for which fifty people waited in pouring rain in vain. The N.U.S. organiser asked the editor of the festival newspaper to publish an announcement that Harold Carter was a fictitious person and that all notices bearing his signature should be torn down.

The paper did this most efficiently, except that it substituted the name of Fred Singleon (the organiser) for Harold Carter in the announcement.

The result of this double hoax was that the notices posted by the organiser were pulled down, and Carter's were left.

—None such News, Bristol University.

PROGRESS ON EXTRAV.

DESPITE processh, the Taj, Capping Ball and vacations, Extrav '53 goes on. The original script of Marsqueraid is being torn to pieces, "typical" student humour is coming to the surface, catchy tunes are being hummed in one's sleep and generally Extrav is being moulded, under the watchful eyes of competent producer Jeff Stewart, with Bill Sheat assisting. After reading this progress report you will probably cancel your sub to Salient and come along to see for yourself just what is going on.

And what is going on? Those bods living in Wai-te-ata Road and the cemetery are no doubt aware that something is afoot. And it is. Last Sunday week, after awaiting the arrival of Sid (Dave Crowe) and Pop Populo (Jim Hutchinson), the First Act was run through in the Upper Gym. The script was amended in parts to include some spicy impromptus, but others were not included. . . . Unfortunately Stud Ass did not provide a meal on Sunday, and consequently an order of "three or four quids' worth" of fish and chips arrived to the astounded ears of the prosperous fish and chip maker. Eventually four trays of fish and two trays of chips. However, there was no fish left after the tea break. The session concluded at 10.30 p.m. with the first act well under way.

Tuesday night in the Little Theatre saw a ditto of the first act, and the second act was livened up by Dave and Jim's solo of the "Te Aro" song. These two comedians kept coming in and going out of the room throughout the evening, each time looking more and more refreshed, more and more cheerful. Pop (Jim Hutchin-

son) gives the theatre the atmosphere of a prize-ring with his rendering of the line " . . . This is the occasion . . . of the twenty-fifth birthday of me only daw-ter—(wait for it)—Electra!" accompanied by tumultuous applause and cheers from the audience.

On Thursday night, rumours were confirmed when Jeff announced that the forest of Arden scene had been deleted and was being replaced by a substantially new scene set in the Murupara Forest, with geothermal bores abounding, because "the Flat-foot-on-Avon players could arrive through the direct connection with the Underground in London." Kath Slocombe put her foot in her line in the Hospital Board scene, but she soon recovered. What a constitution! Comrade Bollinger and Co. were busy putting the finishing touches on the Murupara scene as the rest of the cast gathered around the piano, ably manipulated by musical director Garth Young, and sang some ditties.

With two weeks till opening night there is still a very grave shortage of back-stage personnel, bell-boys,

make-up mixers and clothiers, and particularly of wardrobe assistants to help Marie Hampton in her arduous task as wardrobe mistress. If any of you are intrigued with Extrav, come along to the rehearsals this week and make yourself known. You will be welcomed, nay, even appreciated (both the males and the ladies). This year's stage manager is again Huddy Williamson, who takes John Wright's place (who it was reported earlier had taken Huddy's place) which means everything is back again to normal. Huddy has held this position for the last few extravas.

Property manager, an obscure but V.I.P., is Ian Rich.

And finally, what of the men's ballet? I mean the male ballet. "Keep your wet fingers off it," one surly character thundered with his adenoids rattling against his wish-bone. Not very funny. Not very enlightening. Not even humorous. Quite corny. Yes. But not so the ballet group in action. Watching them trying to dance is enlightening. It's funny. It's humorous. Not at all corny. No. Pat Christie is doing wonders to those flat-footed elephants. They'll be pirouetting by June 1, I guarantee.

One final word to you, dear reader. If you cannot possibly come to rehearsals, don't miss seeing Extrav in the Opera House during the Coronation week—see it every night if possible. Book well in advance, otherwise you have two shows of getting in on THE nights.

See you at the Opera House Mon.-Sat., June 1-6.

—BRIAN C. SHAW

Salient

SALIENT STAFF 1953

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WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

WE are inclined to agree that Cappcade this year was weak and puny. It is a view which we have heard often expressed amongst students. We wondered, when reading some of the articles alleged to be funny, whether a false standard of values had not been adopted. We do not need to judge these articles on any moral basis, for they stand condemned on a purely material and literary basis. Too often the attitude is adopted that what is coarse is, ipso facto, funny. More correctly, the humour is not in the crudity, but in the cleverness. It is easy to be low; to be clever requires a more exacting standard.

It is a simple transition from a consideration of Cappcade to a consideration of Procession. Here, indeed, the prospect is a brighter one.

In general it was better, funnier, and less crude than any procession since the war. The large crowds who went out of their way to wait for it seemed on the whole to be relatively pleased with what they saw. That much is a tribute to student ingenuity. The excursions which went with Capping this year, too, showed at long last a visible awakening of enterprise. From the herculean labour outside the Duke of Edinburgh in the small hours of Friday morning, to the final audacious presentation to the President in the evening there was shown a capping spirit—or at least the nearest thing to it that Victoria has experienced in recent years.

Nor can we permit to pass unremarked the episode at the Taj Mahal. It is to the credit of students that they have not dignified to reply to the disgruntled letters which have appeared in the daily newspapers—many from persons who had not even seen the episode. The satisfaction that such people obtain from writing petty letters should be their only reward. Let us not grace them with that dignity with which a reply clothes them.

The episode at the Taj Mahal was directed not to the Moslem religion, but at the architectural monstrosity which lies sprawled at the base of Courtenay Place. If there was any ridicule of a religion involved, then it was accidental, and this fact, if not exonerating the participants must at least lessen their culpability; after all, we must concede that some Moslems may have been offended. We hope that this is not the case, but it may well be that some are hurt. So far, no Moslem has said so, though 'Pro Bono Publico,' 'Disgusted,' and 'Civis,' have. We have no doubt whatsoever, that if called upon to do so, every member of the happy band of 'worshippers' would willingly apologise to any person who was offended by a slight to his religion. That is the nature of students: for though some may doubt their sanity, none can honestly doubt their sincerity.

We wonder, when reading the pithy epistles of the critics, whether those same persons are willing to take arms against intolerance and spite that they see around them from day to day; and fear not. Capping receives on the whole, more criticism in the correspondence columns, than does any other single episode which occurs throughout the year; the T.A.B. is perhaps an exception, but then no prizes are offered for the best letter on Capping. We read, and weigh facts. We see that intolerance is practised around us unrequited; in religion; in colour; in politics; in our very day to day intercourse. Can we be blamed for wondering whether perhaps those who write are more moved by malice than by sincerity? We do not form a final judgment, for that is the error of letter-writers. Rather, we doubt, and because we are human and at least a little irrational, our doubt, if unallayed, turns to certainty.

The advice that we offer is not born of superior wisdom, but of common sense; and if these words should ever come to the eyes of those of whom we have spoken, we suggest that in future they be moderate, for in moderation is tolerance, and if tolerance is the virtue which they extoll then they can more rapidly achieve their end by practising it.

F.L.C.

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Inopportune or Unintentional?

NOW that the hubbub of Procesh has died down—you will read its obituary in this issue—we can stand back, as public-spirited students, and earnestly ask ourselves this question: "Has it helped in our relations with the members of Wellington City?" A little perhaps, but not very much.

The trouble was that if we wanted to woo and win the affections of the Wellington public, we should have promised that we would not throw things, or squirt water, or let off stink bombs. The smoke bomb should have been denser, more penetrating, and perhaps slightly poisonous. Far more effective in its quiet unobtrusive way, was a little thing composed by the Reverend W. Gardiner Scott, reported in the "Evening Post" on April 30, which runs something like this:—

"New Zealand Universities and Training Colleges were centres of paganism," and again, "we used to say in Scotland that we had 'good' people teaching in our universities. Students learned good moral behaviour from them. Such is not always the case in New Zealand."

We must be fair. Was this speech meant to be reported or was the knowledge that the university is pagan and (by implication at least, if not by plain statement) that the staff is immoral, merely for the intellectual benefit of those women who attended the conference? If the latter is the case, then we are giving the Reverend Scott credit for an action which he did not intend.

But if he had a likely notion that his talk would perhaps appear in print then we must indeed congratulate him for giving the University some much needed publicity.

Surely there is no more striking manner of ridding the University of its red tinge, than by intimating that it is immoral; this sweeps aside instantly the distant and somewhat theoretical problem of Communism.

Instead it labels the University as one of those highly interesting and immediate centres, "a hotbed of immorality." All thanks therefore to the speaker for ridding the minds of many persons of the prejudiced notion that this college is red. To label the place publicly as immoral instead was indeed a master-stroke, and will undoubtedly give considerable aid to those of us who are attempting to make the university something more than a landmark.

LETTERS

An Appreciation

SIR.—I wish to express my appreciation of Mr. Dronke's well-written observations and criticisms of "Othello" and "As You Like It." I am sure we will agree with most of his comments on "Othello." The subtle Iago of Mr. McKern's gave us an insight into characterisation all too rarely seen in New Zealand. Miss Jefford's performance as Desdemona was great for its essential simplicity and was truly moving in the final scene.

I am not disparaging Mr. Quayle's memorable portrayal of "Othello" but we cannot just sit back and relax our critical faculties because such a wonderful company was with us.

In "Othello" the hero is gradually deluded into believing a horror and the final tragedy comes with the realisation of the delusion. The crescendo is one of false discovery and the drama lies in a mental progression on the part of the hero—a progression whose nature and finality are not understood by him but are realised and foreseen at every point by the audience. What are the dramatic requirements for Othello's situation? A great soul? A passionate nature? Yes, both these, with an intellectual equipment that must be unsuspecting, easily thrown off mental balance—a creature easily susceptible to deceit.

Mr. Quayle's Othello seemed (as Mr. Dronke says) to be too obvious in his jealousy and to show it too soon. The jealousy is a more restrained and simple one than we were shown.

I, too, feel that the part of Desdemona's death scene was spoiled by Othello's pointing. The line, "Put out the light, and then put out the

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TEXT FOR THE WEEK

WE will depend upon the yanks to deliver us from salvation.

T.C. had a good process float. The rubbernecking crowd were surprised by a chariot being pulled by Roman soldiers (I, II, III, IV) at the double. The consorts of the chariot-eers were also roaming' around.

A WORD IN YOUR EAR MADAM . . .

Said a petite bit of university fluff on process day, "I really don't see the point of this process business."

"Well, young lady, we were celebrating the graduation from Vic of our young men and women who have undergone three or four years of discipline and who have stayed the distance!"

Salutation
 Interrogation
 Provocation
 Acceleration
 Apprehension
 Suspension
 Condescension
 Small prosecution
 No retribution
 Ta.

light," gives its own understanding and should not require the actor to point as he says it.

Coming to "As You Like It" I think the producer had every right to cut the play as he wished, adapting his characters likewise. Leo McKern as Touchstone had to follow Mr. Quayle's instructions and play up to the comedy side of the part instead of being "a cynical philosopher in the guise of a buffoon." You say "Barbara Jefford's Rosalind was technically very wonder"—this I heartily agree upon, but "somewhat cold and statuesque"? The one factor that struck me about her acting was the mellowness and the warmth and vitality that came across to the audience.

But thank you again for your observations—a much better standard of criticism than last year.

TONY COURTNEY

And a Question

SIR.—I have one question to ask Mr. Courtney. Why has a producer every right to cut a play as he wishes, "adapting the characters likewise?" I hope Mr. Courtney has time to reply to this question. If so, I also hope that he remembers that no modern conductor dreams of cutting a Beethoven symphony, and that "adapting" has not the same meaning as "interpreting."

I.R.

Full or Part Time?

SIR.—I would like to be a full-time student—already having been one for a year in U.K.—but who pays? Food for thought does not fill an empty belly.

I. H. DOUGLAS

True—but think of what it does to the mind.—Ed.



By
Ian Rich

Manon . . .

THE film version is Prevost's story brought up to modern times, and with it comes all the harshness and cynicism associated with this age of ours. We have the bold tale of faithlessness and faith between two strangely restless young lovers in the vortex of post-war France. The ageless story of fickle women. Once again the oddities of love are displayed with as much enthusiasm in French film as in French literature.

Gallic frankness if you like, but did the director have to give us so much brutishness, sadism, immorality, pessimism? Not one glimpse that I remembered of the original story. What a censor's nightmare! I hated this film and it was only the technical brilliance of the thing that kept me there.

The presentation is masterly. Camera angles, photography, cutting, atmosphere, pictorial effects and acting. Manon, a vivid lovely little blonde, natural, lively, sure, perhaps naive. Bust measurements available from the director, also detailed analysis of camera angles and make of camera used. Serge Reggiani as the heavy unscrupulous opportunist—his usual polished performance. Henri Clouzot, the director, a magnificent technician. Hail him! Women and men, we live in the age of factories. And cinematic technical virtuosity. Technicians are praised, and b—the artists!

GRADING: ***(*)

High Noon . . .

Although this film is also mainly a technical piece, I say at the beginning that I give it a higher grading than "Manon." The central character Kane, is interesting; he is not the perfect hero, but has weaknesses like you or me.

Stanley Kramer is again the producer and Fred Zinnerman the director. They and the musical director, have collaborated to give a film of almost continual high tension. Beginning with the gathering of the outlaw's gang, the film penetrates the atmosphere of heat and dirt, to reveal the apathy of the citizens and the urgent appeal for help of the

IMPORTANCE OF TECHNIQUE

Bwana Devil . . .

sheriff as the hands of the clock move round to high noon. Director Zinnerman uses such devices as repeated shots of clocks, and the train lines which will carry Frank Miller, the outlaw. His fine sense of editing, his judgment as to the exact length of a sequence, is all reinforced by composer Dimitri Tiomkin's High Noon ballad (for the film's theme look at its words), and the rhythmic beat of his music High noon approaches, Gary Cooper fully enlists our sympathy, and with dread we watch the hour hand move around to twelve.

Part of my sense of dread was a doubt as to whether the last gun-fight would sustain the brilliance of presentation that I had already seen. It did not. The crucial part of the film has nothing more to commend it than any ordinary western. This gun fight's "Choreography" is full of conventional steps and turns. The director has planned it with great care, but it is the touch of the artist that is missing. The film, however, is not altogether an anti-climax. When Kane throws his sheriff's badge into the dust, the psychological and moral implications return.

The film has its short-comings. Not only the last sequences, but also the sometimes too obviously contrived reasons for keeping the citizens out of the streets, so that the sheriff will have to fight the outlaws alone. But in spite of these faults, and the director's objective attitude, "High Noon" remains a western with a difference. There is a sense of character and genuine excitement.

GRADING: ****

A New Critic

I find it impossible to see all the worth-while films showing in Wellington each week, so I have roped in a co-critic. It is difficult to decide what is a film critic's job, but I shall in future confine myself to one or two pictures a week. In spite of continual opposition, I feel that a variety newspaper should not provide a film guide, but a basis for discussion and argument. I shall therefore continue my subjective approach, in the belief that anyone's opinion is more interesting than a mere list of a film's credits. And with this belief in mind, I make the following appeal: If anyone (anyone at all) feels like expressing an impression that a film has made on him (to the film's credit or not), he should do so and his remarks will be printed in these columns (provided, of course, they are above a certain standard). He should put the article (addressed to me) in the letter rack, before the Friday night preceding the next issue.

Now over to Brian Shaw.

IT was the release of this film using natural vision which started the stampede toward 3-D. After reading the Tudor's splurge I was wondering whether or not to see this "new 3-D film in real colour,"—actually filmed by a major studio on location." However, I paid my 2/10, collected a pair of cardboard blinkers from the usherette and sat down in the middlebrow section and contemplated the empty seats in front of me. After seeing "Man in the Dark" I was not expecting much from this film and my expectations and forebodings were fulfilled.

The story tells of a young Englishman sent by his grandfather to work on a railway somewhere in Africa. Man-eating tigers terrorise the community and kill twenty-odd porters, which gives them the idea of leaving the place to escape from the "devils." Then the young man is told of the death of his grandfather, which thus leaves him free to leave the African wilds and return to England and so-called civilisation; but his typical British prestige and self-esteem is such that he is determined not to leave until the devils are killed. Barbara Britton—"a woman in a man's world"—is his wife. The rest of the film is taken up with the details of the lion hunt, with experienced colonels and other types from Poona giving advice which provides some weak humour. The film ends with the usual potential paternal embrace.

This film gives the impression of having been very hurriedly made. It is not particularly realistic for the most part; a lion jumps towards the screen but misses the orchestra pit by miles; a spear thrown at the audience is fascinating as it swings from side to side, but no one was hypnotised. Considerable blurring occurs, and at times (too often) the projectors are unequally illuminated, resulting in a very uncomfortable eyestrain and unreal effect. Entertainment value? About third-rate; but it is to be hoped that 3-D colour films will continue to aspire to perfection over the years: we have not had a sufficient sampling of 3-D to have a criterion. We can only say: "It is the best so far"; we cannot say that of "Bwana Devil."

Grading: * * (*).

The House of Wax . . .

This is the best effort yet seen of 3-D, but it is also in no respects a first-class film. However, it is definitely an improvement on the Tudor's shows. The brilliant "Warner Colour" is shown at its best, and for thrills, there are one or two good ones.

SMITH FOR THE U.S.A.

JACK SMITH played his last game for Varsity on Saturday before his departure to the United States where he intends to further his engineering studies. He has been a tower of strength to the Varsity team. His play has earned him representative honours and they have never more justly been awarded. This year less has been seen of him in the loose and this may be thought by many to be an improvement in his play. The excellent play of the Varsity forwards this year is due in no small measure to this player's performances. His line-out play has enabled Victoria by a more adequate supply of the ball a greater number of opportunities for its backs.

We wish him the best of luck in his studies and hope that he will not be lost for ever to Rugby.

CORONATION DANCE

Gymnasium,

29th MAY 8 p.m.

SUBS 2/6

A Student Royal Commission

AT an Executive meeting during the vacations a committee was formed to enquire into the standard of sport in the college and of the ways in which it could be raised. The committee consists of Misses Foote and D. Lescher and Messrs. Phillips, Chatwin, Gordon, Beaglehole and Fox (with the power to co-opt). The reasons which prompted the setting up of this committee I do not know. But we hope that it is not an example of the Royal Commission idea percolating down to student level. Such committees have had little success.

But this committee could do a great deal if it only created a closer liaison between the Executive and the sports clubs. At present some of the major clubs, cricket and Rugby in particular, have become in many ways isolated from the student body as a whole. These clubs do not fulfil their true function unless they are properly integrated with the remainder of the student body. Championships are not the criteria by which Varsity clubs (any club for that matter) should be judged. If success is obtained at the expense of club spirit and harmony then it were better that we were Wooden Spoon holders. The discrepancy between the success of our club teams playing in local competitions and the meagre amount we obtain Tournament suggests that the clubs are not fulfilling their allotted functions.

—D.B.S.

The plot of the story is old, and has been filmed before. There are some very good scenes in this film, especially wax models of Marie Antoinette and St. Joan of Arc which were beautiful (my sense of the aesthetic has not been altogether blunted by Extrav rehearsals). The scene in the morgue was reminiscent of Capping Day.

The depth effect is well used in a scene in the chamber of horrors, where the girl (beautiful Phyllis Kirk) is trying to escape from the unseen terror which all know must inevitably confront her. Amid the murderers, assassins, executioners and death masks, every shadow in the dim half-light comes to life and the audience feels somewhat chilly in spite of their companions sitting adjacent to them.

Atmosphere? Yes there is atmosphere. The 3-D effect is best demonstrated at the beginning of the film when an iron bar is thrown at one of the actors who ducks to let it come right on to the audience. There is no blurring with the glasses (not cardboard ones), no eyestrain. But there is still the annoying five-minute break between reels—time to let off steam and emotion (if any). The acting is competent, and full marks go to Warnercolour. This is truly a taste of better things to come. Let us hope mediocre thrillers are not the only type to be seen here. It is not great but can be classed as good entertainment if you like goose-pimples.

Rating: * * * (*).

—Brian C. Shaw.

"Pictures at an Exhibition"

OF interest to L.P. fans is a H.M.V. 10in disc—"Pictures at an Exhibition," by Moussorgsky, orchestrated by Ravel (B.L.P. 1002). The performance is by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Rafael Kubelik. The recording is first-class, no scratching, though the tone of the trumpets is a little thin in places.

This is descriptive music at its best. The "blurb" on the cover states that when Victor Hartman died his friends arranged an exhibition of his pictures. Moussorgsky, one of his best friends, wrote this music around some of them. The recording begins with a "Promenade," a short movement of extremely rich musical texture. Then the visitor examines the different pictures such as "The Old Castle" or the "Gnome."

Especially notable, I thought, were "The Two Polish Jews" and "The Catacombs." In the controversy whether music tells a story these two are powerful arguments for those who consider it does. The first has two different themes. One suave and dignified for the rich Jew, the other high-pitched and nervous, for his obsequious companion. In "The Catacombs" the brass and wood-wind are dominant, but the whole movement has a distinct atmosphere of depth and gloom.

The work was originally composed for solo piano, but listeners will enjoy this version for the added richness and variety which Ravel's orchestration imparts.

There will be another concert by Maurice Clare and the Alex Lindsay Stringa this coming Saturday. It is interesting to note that this violinist has been in Victoria College until a few weeks ago. With John Taylor, student who had been chosen to accompany him, Maurice Clare has recently completed a tour of the Auckland province. Judging from the contented expression John Taylor wears these days, music is not always a labour of love.

Lovers of sweet music will be pleased to hear that Stew Carpenter, who is Bill Crowe's hottest trumpeter, has joined up with another combination. The boys of the National Orchestra are reported to be somewhat revitalised by his presence among them. However, he is by no means lost to dance fans. If you're walking round Parliament Buildings on a quiet Sunday evening, you're certain to hear his "other music" licking it from the realms of the St. Francis Hall.

Last note: How does one become Champion Bassdrummer of New Zealand? Murray Scambury, drummer in the N.Z. band which has left for overseas, is just that. Any information on the subject would be gratefully received.

—D.D.

LAW BALL

MAJESTIC CABARET

Thursday May 28

DANCING 9 p.m.—1 a.m.

Admission 32/6 Double.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Extrav. Is On

MARSQUERAID OPERA HOUSE

JUNE 1st—6th

8 p.m.

Tuesday Commencing 7p.m.

BOOK NOW

Varsity's Winning Vein

SAVAGE STEWART OSBORNE IMPRESS

GALE force winds and seas of mud notwithstanding Varsity have maintained their unbeaten record over the vacation. Poneke, their next encounter don't appear capable of spoiling their run of victories. In fact, although it is still early in the season to judge conclusively it appears that Varsity will win the Jubilee Cup in two consecutive years.

The games played during the vacation have been spoilt by inclement weather. No team can play attractive football in atrocious conditions. Yet the football we have seen has not lacked interest. This is due to the fact that the standard of wet weather football has been very high. Neither Varsity nor any of their opponents have attempted to play a game out of character with the prevailing conditions, but have accepted the soft state of the ground and heavy, slippery ball and have changed their tactics accordingly. Consequently to judge players as possible candidates for rep. teams without first seeing them in action on a day that is dry may lead to disastrous results.

These three games have enhanced the reputation of many of the Varsity players. But what must stand out above all else is the improvement displayed by the forwards. Previously when the rain would fall on a Friday night, Varsity supporters remembering only the quality of the back-line shake their heads and become dubious about our chances on the following day. But now glorious sunshine or pouring rain we go to the Park knowing there is not a team in Wellington capable of beating them.

What the forwards have lacked in size they have made up for in speed and plain hard work. There is no pack that can out-ruck them—yet they possess no Johnny Simpsons or Ray Daltons. Why? Because when a player goes down on the ball the first person there is a University forward—once there they move intelligently. They are there to secure possession of the ball and this they do admirably.

But there is one thing our forwards do have that many other packs lack—a leader. Stuart, who led the team to victory last year, has improved to become one of the hardest working front-row forwards in Wellington. Against Hutt he gave the best display he has given over the last two seasons. There was added fire in his play and all this was needed against the Hutt pack. Barren and Burden the two new forwards have given the pack greater binding power. They have become part of the unit very quickly and have proved excellent replacements for Hutchinson and Murray.

AND HOW!

ROGER FRY, the greatest English art critic after Ruskin, once wrote of the university student's appreciation of beauty.

"What a life is that of the university students, those charming and intelligent men, and yet so limited and confined by the grooves of this provincial life, that their automatic conservatism quite chokes me!"

If this fits Cambridge and Oxford, how much more so Victoria! There is a remedy though, for throughout this winter term the History Society is sponsoring a series of talks on "Art and History." A series of speakers on alternate Thursday nights will illustrate a period of European art of particular interest, to illuminate both the art and the people who produce it. Beginning with a student, the speakers will lead through several lecturers, a Roman Catholic priest, to the director of the National Gallery. Subjects will be controversially presented, and discussion is open to all. Anyone interested is welcome. Coffee will be served. The first talk, "Medieval Art and Society."—John Cody, Thursday, May 28. History Society, Seminar Room, Hut 2.

SOCIALIST CLUB

Weekend School

May 30th—June 1st

at

32 KELBURN PARADE

See notice board for details.

The forwards have been fortunate in that they have behind the scrum a half-back who makes the maximum use of the supply of ball they obtain. Savage by his tactics never wastes his forward's energy. If there are any half-backs in N.Z. who can equal his game on a wet day then they must be well in international class.

Henley at five-eighths has been the player who has gained most in stature over the past weeks. Never intent with remaining a link, Henley has infused fire into the inside backs. His running and ability to see and make use of gaps has been the means by which Varsity has of late capped off the hard work of the forwards. On a wet day a five-eighths becomes a very important person. Often the results will depend on his capabilities. On a dry ground and especially back-line outside of him his main ally with the play of a high class

function must become more like between forwards and the backs. But penetrating runs by a first five-eighths whenever the opportunity arises does much to unsettle the opponents' cover defence.

The other back who has caught the public's eye of late is the full-back Osborne. Against Hutt he made at least three saves which Scott would have gladly owned. Coolness under pressure, sure handling of a wet ball either on the ground or in the air and increased power in both feet have made Osborne one of the contenders for the full-back berth in the Wellington Rep. side. His increased confidence may be gauged by the fact that against Onslow he made his first appearance in an attacking move by the back-line.—B. V. GALVIN.

CRIME AND CAPPING

LAST week, in N.Z.'s No. 1 city, crime hit an all time high. Starting sometime Thursday night things began to happen. With the Friday dawn came the footprints of some bird—worried, police-chief Rgove (pronounced "a small wood") called in a student ornithologist and a double whisky... Puzzled, fuzzy-eyed, shaky-handed, Iva B. Head lipped "I fwink this... this a vvery weir bwird... ppossibly of the... 'Cappus...Magnae-Grogae' spwecies. Qwite harmless...if left awone." But Rgove, obviously wanting a bird in hand, went off after a lark. Somehow he ended with salt on his own tail. (Echoes of the bird's night-time marauding came this week from a certain bunch of no-hopers. Question is; are we being investigated?)

As an infidel amongst the chosen at the Shrine of the Lustful, Rgove showed careless heroism and the "strong arm" (strike-breaker type Mk 51), as he gave thoughtful advice to the worshippers. Struck by one believer's soulful attitude and complete lack of self-consciousness, a police-sergeant was moved to offer him arrest amongst the cooling bars of his own temple. Trouble was, the soulful one preferred to cling to that which he knew to have a firm foundation; however, with the eloquence of "hot-gospeler" Rgove, he was soon converted. Later it was found that they had bitten off Miles more than Section 78 could chew.

(It is understood, on reliable psychological information, that the Sergeant's speed is due to environment rather than to heredity.)

On Friday the Niagara gold was due at the National Bank in the capital. Auckland officials, fearing robbery, felt it would be safer there. Some, however, felt it would be even safer with them for, with the precision of the guillotine, the bullion was lifted from the messengers on the bank steps.

Slipping from a black A70, the bandits tangled with the gold guardians. After a fierce tussle, with the messengers putting up a brave farce, both loot and guardians disappeared with the robbers in various vehicles.

So far nothing has been heard from police headquarters; all is a silence. They appear to have gone from bad to worse. No doubt an arrest is expected and we warn our readers to take every care.

We feel it is our duty to record the actions of a well known solicitor as an example to others. It seems he thought the robbery was merely an act; he was all set to remove the ignition key of the getaway car when a sign on the door made him realise that this was the real thing. Thinking that it was hardly cricket he abandoned all ideas of "headline" bravery and scuttled away for a nerve tonic. For his developed sense of sport the bandits are grateful and they commend his actions for study by certain well-meaning but senile minded bodies.—J.B.E.

Debating Society

THE Debating Society has so far held two successful meetings which augur well for the success of what will be one of the most active years for some time. Plunket Medal, always a highlight of the year is set down for July while debates for Union Prize will be held fortnightly. In addition it is intended to reintroduce inter-faculty debating for the Inter-Faculty Scroll last competed for in 1931.

Joynt Scroll is being held at Auckland during Winter Tournament and with the added incentive of gaining a debating blazer this year, competition promises to be keen. In conjunction with Joynt Scroll, Bledisloe Medal will be held. This is awarded to the best orator in a competition in which each college of the University of New Zealand is allowed two representatives.

With debates tentatively arranged against Weir House and the Junior Chamber of Commerce the debating session for 1953 promises to be one of the most memorable in the Society's history. The standard of debating this year has been high with four Union Prizemen and three Plunket Medallists entering the lists but a scarcity of new speakers is evident. Students are reminded of the New Speakers Prize which is competed for by speakers who have not spoken at debates of the Society during any previous year. Contenders

for this year's Plunket Medal are also reminded that to qualify they must speak in two-thirds of the regular debates.

The next debate is set down for May 29 on the motion "That the Church has become divorced from the public." Be there. At this year's Easter Tournament Victoria were welcomed "as that hall of argument and debate." It rests with present students whether that reputation can be maintained.

Show your interest by being present at the next debate and at Plunket Medal.

For any additional information contact any of the following:

President, C. V. Bollinger, M.A.
Vice-President: D. R. Mummery.
Secretary: G. N. Cruden.
Treasurer: Miss M. O'Reilly.
Committee: Miasen E. A. Olsen and P. Thom, Messrs. C. G. Hubbard and J. L. McLean.

LUNCH HOUR MEETING

A2 A2 A2

"What is Marxism?"

THURSDAY, 28th

Speaker: RAY NUNES

BRING YOUR LUNCH

R. I. P.

30-3

—B.V.G.

Tramping Club A.G.M.

PROFESSOR Boyd-Wilson was in the chair at the Tramping Club A.G.M. held recently. The minutes of the previous meeting, the annual report, and the interim financial statement having been disposed of with little ado, the following officers were elected with even less ado:—

President: Professor Boyd-Wilson.
Vice-presidents: C. R. Ellis, A. H. Scotney, S. F. Jenkins.
Chairman: "Wool" Adams.
Vice-chairman: Eric Offner.
Treasurer: Trevor Mowbray.
Secretary: Ruth Steiner.
Chief Guide: Bill Cameron.
Committee: Pam Cooper, David Bridges, Tony Somerset.

The club decided to dissociate itself from the Tawhai hut in the Orongorongas. Mr. Casey, on behalf of the Associated Mountain Clubs, then asked the meeting whether it was in favour of the control of the Tararua block being transferred from the Forestry Department to the National Parks Board. The club did not seem unduly concerned who controlled the Tararua block, and decided that the status quo was as good a status as any and left it at that.

The meeting showed considerably more enthusiasm in thanking Prof. Boyd-Wilson for his services to the club, and for the £10 he donated towards the re-roofing of the Allaway-Dixon hut.

After the meeting we were entertained by the film "Prelude to Aspiring" and two other interesting films.

The weather alas has not been kind to the club this year. The Easter attempt at the Northern crossing was thwarted by our old enemy Hughie. However a good time was had by all in spite of the mud, wind, mud, snow-grass-cum-elephant grass, mud, Woolf's "schew", mud, Jerry waking up in the wee sma' hours and making vain attempts to engage people in conversation, mud and more mud... On the weekend of May 2 some of our stalwarts sojourned overnight in the Allaway-Dixon hut. Not until they had been thoroughly soaked both inside and out could they consider that the hut anniversary had been properly and sufficiently celebrated. This of course had nothing to do with the high correlation between the trampers who sat and the science students who failed the following weeks terms exams. The club however is determined to put it across Hughie yet and there are more trips envisaged.

New Blood is always welcome and the club has gear that is available for first-time-outers. Any of the above-mentioned aristocracy, or the proletariat will be perfectly willing to give any advice about gear, what to wear, what sort of frog to take, etc. Watch the notice-board and if you rather fancy yourself in a parka and would "rather like to try" put your name down and come along.

—D.B.

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