

Salient

Victoria University Students' Newspaper

Vol. 24, No. 7

MONDAY, MAY 22, 1961

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Graduands' Orgy — Swinish

The Minutes of the last meeting of the Executive, held on Monday, May 8, contain the following motion:—
Dawkins/Fisher

That Mr Mitchell and Mr O'Brien be asked to investigate the reported incidents during Capping and report back to the next meeting. What is the story behind that?

President's Memo To Guest Speakers

Sir,—On behalf of my Association I would like to thank you for coming to our graduands' supper.

It is indeed an embarrassment for us to have asked you to give up your valuable time in preparing a speech, and attending a gathering, when the behaviour of some present was a shocking exhibition of bad manners and poor taste. My executive is most concerned about this matter, and has some definite views on changing the nature and purpose of this function.

Once again, many thanks for your valiant attendance, and my apologies for your embarrassment.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) A. T. MITCHELL,
President.

A letter has also been written to the Vice-Chancellor, expressing regret at any inconvenience Dr. Williams may have been caused at the supper, pointing out that students were not the only culprits.

The Students' Association turns on a supper for the year's graduands and some of the staff before Capping. It is supposed to be semi-formal, but this year it degenerated into a shocking brawl.

If you think the cafeteria in the old Little Theatre used to get in a mess, you should have paid a visit to the new Students' Union Building after the Graduands' Supper!

There are places in the Common Common Room where the new floor has been pockmarked over large areas by the imprint of stiletto heels. The same room has large black marks scraped down the decorative pillars, rings from beer glasses along the window sills, long scratches across the polished floor, and damage from stubbed-out cigarettes in many places.

On the day after the supper, a sofa and some chairs were still saturated with beer—there was a large pool of it, several feet in diameter, right in the middle of the

Men's Common Room.

And this damage was done, mark you, on the very first occasion that students were allowed into this costly building!

But, not content with trying to float themselves home on a tide of beer, many of those who had drunk too much couldn't even wait to reach the toilets before disgorging the contents of their overstrained stomachs. Not only was the Men's Toilet awash, but the floor was slippery and unmanageable from the stinking effects of indiscriminate vomiting.

Some of the debris are still there at the time of writing, a week later!

Several of the guests (allegedly the intellectual elite of society) even inscribed various slogans and graffiti on the toilet walls and doors. How proud they must have been to be the very first to deface the walls! Hail to V.U.W.'s noble pioneers of obscenity!

Were the toilets so overcrowded that there wasn't even standing room? Some of the celebrants had to go outside to be sick. There

were also "signs of occupancy" in a Committee Room—one of the rooms not supposed to have been entered.

The Building has now supposedly been cleaned up—but there are signs of damage that have not been hidden. Even the mops and buckets that were borrowed from the caretaking staff were left around in the building, the mops just abandoned standing in buckets full of dirty stinking water. Apparently, some people tried to clean up as best they could, but they were either not numerous enough, or lacked the strong stomach needed to finish the job.

What We Want To Know

- How was it that all this excessive liquor—(18 dozen beer, 11½ dozen of spirits) was paid for by the Studass, with the money subscribed by compulsion by all students of VIC.?

- Why did the timetable fall completely to pieces, so that visiting speakers were insulted by being expected to address a noisy milling drunken throng?

- Is it fair to those Student Association representatives who were present to subject them to the indignity of having to apologise for the unruly behaviour of their fellow students and of certain other people? (Letters of apology have had to be sent to the guest speakers).

- And was the left-over spirits consumed by Exec. members at the abortive "Barn Dance" on the following Saturday night?

FINALLY

WHAT KIND OF A COLLECTION OF RABBLE ARE WE ANYWAY, when we condone such disgusting behaviour—behaviour which would not be tolerated in public, and which certainly will add to the already bad reputation that CAPPING WEEK now undoubtedly has for the people of Wellington?

MY WEST SIDE EXTRABNER

Extravaganza has grown far too big. It dominates student activities during the first term. Other organisations have been compelled to vacate rooms for extrav: Jazz Club, 1960, Salient, 1961. Extrav. rides roughshod over the interests of other student groups. There are far too many non-students connected with the show. Non-students have even taken leading roles over the past few years.

There has been a change in character in the show. Originally Extrav. was an intimate affair consisting of a series of short items and a farce. Gradually it became a show which made fun of the politicians and notable personages

of the day reaching its peak with shows such as "Peter in Blunderland" and "Jubileeit." But Extrav. has fallen away from this.

This year's Extravaganza (judging from the opening night) is far too slow and the plot far too diffuse. The show has tended to become every year, more like an American musical. (The Americans can do it better). Note, this year's show has a corny plot about a boy, girl and mother-in-law problems.

Extravaganza should be cut down in size. At present it can't exist without non-students in the show and backstage. If the show were cut down to a revue then more students would probably have the time

to participate. I do not think it is good for public relations that non-students should play the leading parts unless the public thinks that such persons are students. The way is open for any riff-raff to further damage V.U.W.'s reputation.

There are disquieting features about Extrav. The emphasis given to alcoholic refreshments; the sledgehammer tactics used to obtain facilities; the fact that so many young men return to the show every year while for the young ladies involved one year is usually enough.

However, there is one justification for a big Extrav. Sometimes it makes big profits. It did in 1960. But sometimes it loses money such as in 1959. A small intimate revue would make a smaller profit but it would be far less likely to make a loss.

Salient

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Editorial

ONCE MORE we are approaching the annual Executive elections. Every year the same problem arises—how does one distinguish candidates who are largely anonymous, emerging briefly from obscurity only to vanish once more when the fuss has died down? Who can decide a stranger's capabilities? Is this why so few students actually vote? The usual means of publicity is the blurb. This is written either by the candidate or a supporter, lists his virtues (real or imagined), and is printed, along with all the others, in the special election issue of SALIENT.

This is better than nothing, but does it really ensure that we will be any the wiser after reading than before? For what we are particularly interested in will not appear in print. Has the candidate really the aim of doing the job conscientiously and to the best of his ability, or is he more interested in the prestige attached to the office? What is the real extent of his past activities and contributions to student affairs, and what does he intend to do once he is on our executive?

The immediate past executive has had a particularly difficult job, with the complications caused by the construction of the new Student Union Building adding to its difficulties. It has done well, though its tasks have not been made any easier by those one or two members who have played a purely nominal part in its deliberations. Working until one a.m. on the occasional meeting night is no substitute for a steady neglect of routine affairs.

The new Executive must strengthen its contact with the individual student and be easily accessible to everyone. How often does one see any exec. member around the Student Association office? Too often in the past, executive has consisted of a large number of part-timers, eight to five office workers who do not get to the university until six o'clock at night (and then only to collect their mail). Can such absentees be said to fairly represent anyone apart from other part-timers?

The executive must be a representative body.

Where are we going to get the candidates from for the new exec.? SALIENT suggests that students should nominate only those who have an immediately accessible record of service in the university, who are senior students, are (preferably) full-timers, and have already shown their fitness for the privilege of being our representatives. If the executive is going to represent us fairly, it must have our trust and confidence.

Readers Reckon

University Education

Dear Sir,—While Maren Lidden is dealing with a very important problem which causes a great deal of conflict and frustration, both she and all the women she quotes have neglected a very important result of university education for women. Is this omission itself a reflection on the university woman?

The children of graduates both male and female have a spring-board into the future. From the day it is born the child is absorbing the knowledge, the disciplined thought, the critical faculty which is nourished by university education. As these influences spread more widely we may hope that a generation of men will grow up civilised enough to realise the necessity for women to fulfil intellectual and vocational drives similar to those of men, and also to be

freed from the intolerable burden of economic independence on man.

Yours faithfully,

—B. C. WALSH.

Film Society

May 10, 1961.

Sir,—May I, through your columns, congratulate the Film Society on its enthusiasm and initiative.

I have been to all its screenings so far and have found them extremely enjoyable.

May I suggest that they try to get the Theatre in the new Student Union Building for their screenings next term, as (though I know that they must be working under difficulties at present), C.3 is not ideally comfortable or appropriate?

They are doing a good job though, and I really appreciate their efforts.

Yours sincerely,

JOCELYN BRADSHAW.

Arts Block Dangerous?

Dear Sir,—If this is a little incoherent, forgive me. It isn't every day (I hope) that the building starts falling down about one's ears. Let me explain.

Soon after 11.30 on Monday, 17th, I climbed to the top of the staircase connecting the Kirk and Hunter buildings and stepped right into the passageway. Another student had just turned from the music notice board towards the stairs. Without warning pieces of plaster of the ceiling suddenly fell in. The only reason was the age and decrepitude of the building and the strong wind that day.

Being hit on the head with a few odd lumps of ceiling probably wouldn't finish you off, but it wouldn't be the pleasantest of sensations just when you are looking forward to such pleasant diversions as terms examinations and the opening of the Union Building (IF EVER).

Can anyone tell me what the position is about the Hunter Building? It's time there is a new Arts block. The present building was opened in 1906—is it to stand (?) for the next 55 years, periodically showering people with lumps of plaster? The staircase connecting the Kirk and Hunter blocks (the only connection, and in constant use) is a disgrace.

I notice from a similar patch of plasterless ceiling (in the passage a floor above the club notice boards) that this isn't an isolated example. We can only hope Prof. McKenzie's famous overdue earthquake occurs on Sunday 2 a.m. I for one don't fancy being incarcerated under three stories of bricks, books and miscellaneous rubble.

Next week I shall see this in perspective. I shall have calmed down. I shall have sunk back into the well-famed apathy of the student body—that's why I'm writing now. I appeal to those in authority to take up this matter. This building is dangerous.

Somebody—do something!!!

—Mri.

On Phipps

May 4, 1961.

Dear Sir,—Mr Phipps claims that a danger to our free society is presented by the public demonstrators and protest marchers who might, some day, be manipulated by the agents of a foreign state. The gravest danger to our free institutions, in my opinion, comes from the complacent attitude of our citizens, whose political apathy is a breeding ground for the authoritarians of the right and the left.

I also believe that the demonstrators and protesters are doing our free institutions some important service by shaking our a-political citizens. These demonstrators do not, at present at least, present any clear or imminent danger to our institutions. So long as they continue to be peaceful, they are a healthy sign.

I believe Mr Phipps's concern is to preserve free institutions and to foster political dialogue in a society which is rapidly becoming politically apathetic. I believe organised dissent in the form of peaceful demonstrations is one contribution to the political dialogue. Perhaps Mr Phipps has some other suggestions. I hope he would share them with us. Yours,

—B.K.G.

Juvenile Article

Dear Sir,—As club captain of the V.U.W. Swords Club I wish to apologise publicly to the club members (past and present) who were so needlessly abused in your issue for May 1, 1961. This juvenile article on page 3 (unsigned) was not authorised by the club committee and represents an unprovoked and humourless attack on its members.

As readers are probably aware, an Australian University fencing team will soon be touring New Zealand and will fight Victoria on May 11 and N.Z.U. on May 27 in the new gym. This club is anxious to publicize the tour, and thanks to SALIENT for its generosity in donating precious newspaper space—but regrets that such nonsensical and meaningless copy was printed.

I would draw your attention to a paragraph on page 12 of the same issue of SALIENT under the heading "Press Council Talk," where the topic of editorial responsibility was discussed. In view of these comments by Mr Auben, I trust that future personal comments will not be published without the sanction of the organisation the people belong to.

The undermentioned club members have been chosen to represent V.U.W. for the forthcoming match against Australia. Their fencing ability must now be well-known to those who read the above-mentioned article. So without further preface to their skills I list the team and trust that readers will take the trouble to watch them in action on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, May 11, to discover their true merits.

Men: R. Martin, R. Peterson, J. French, R. Hall, C. Horne, S. Churcher (emergency).

Women: G. Buchler, L. McKenzie, S. Tidey, J. Buckland, D. Youren (emergency), J. Corlieson (emergency).

Yours faithfully,

ROSS MARTIN,
Club Captain,
V.U.W. Fencing Club.

Lolita and the Judges

Sir,—“Jancist” complains that the judges who condemned “Lolita” are “grievously lacking in a sense of humour.”

He gives the case where the man is seduced by the child. The reader is then nudged in black type to indicate “joke.”

I doubt whether the judges would consider this humorous, they hear similar stories every day, and a legal proceeding is not to exercise the judge's sense of humour. The judge was asked to decide whether the book came within the provisions of the indecent publications act with the result that “Lolita” became a banned book.

This raises the question; if this book is an illegal import and has not been published in New Zealand, how did Jancist get a copy without breaking the law? The answer, like the seduction story, would no doubt be considered by the judge, ALL RATHER AMUSING.

Yours, etc.,

—R.J.P.

Silence Please!

Dear Sir,—Why can't people shut up in the library? Yours, etc.,

DIANA PICTON.

SALIENT

Cause, or effect?

Sir,—The Wellington Movement For Nuclear Disarmament has done a fine job in rousing the Wellington public to this very important problem.

Finding a solution to this problem must be treated as a matter of urgency.

At the Ohio State University the possibility of accidental wars has been thoroughly studied, and a frightful list of possible accidents have been catalogued.

The "nuclear club" is now confined to four big nations. Its membership will undoubtedly increase. In time, the problem of disarmament will not only be made more complex; but also the bigger nations may be dragged into a nuclear war entirely against their will.

There are no concrete solutions as yet. But this must not deter sensible people everywhere from striving to find a solution. For a start, nations must promote better mutual relations and reduce mutual tension. Unlike T. M. Berthold (SALIENT No. 5) I say that international tension is not the cause of armaments but armaments are the cause of tension. If the world were to disarm, and there were no means for one nation to launch aggression against another then fear, suspicion and tension will automatically disappear. To promote better relations between nations we have to accept that there are different ways of doing things. We have to accept these ways even if we detest them, and learn to live with them as good neighbours, in a spirit of tolerance and understanding.

Differences should be settled by negotiation, not by war. Secondly, world trade must be practised more freely between nations. While two nations are trading they are not quarrelling, at least not very viciously. Discriminatory barriers, such as embargoes, tariffs, etc., must be removed and trade carried out on a basis of mutual benefit. Thirdly, exchange of personnel between countries must be increased, at every level. Misunderstanding is one of the main hindrances to better relations between peoples and the intensification of personal contacts is a sure means of polishing away these undesirable frictions. And fourthly, honest people everywhere must take the lead in participating in genuine peace-campaigns, and join in with the members of the Wellington Nuclear Disarmament Movement in fighting for the complete abolition of nuclear weapons.

You may ask, why should we be friendly to the heathens or the commies, or open up our trade? In the past the alternative was war, and war means nuclear war. If a nuclear war comes, there shall be no winners.

Yours, etc.,
CHIAN SEE TOY.

(Abridged).

Slight Inconsistency

Dear Sir—I feel it incumbent upon someone to point out to the poor bewildered citizens of Wellington a slight inconsistency between the recent sex debate subject and the recent sex debate subject as reported in SALIENT.

The motion which was debated was that artificial insemination should replace sexual intercourse in the propagation of the human race. I think that your reporter

has rather altered the sense in omitting the last seven words. I am, sir,

—EXACTLY.

Drink

Dear Sir,—Who the heck gave "Middle-way" the authority to pontificate over my behaviour patterns?

I do not drink beer, not because my behaviour patterns are immature, but because:

- 1—Abstinence is a useful discipline.
- 2—I see no reason why I should conform to Middle-way's conception of maturity.
- 3—I can't afford it.
- 4—It tastes lousy.

Yours, etc.,

HAROLD HILL.

Semper Excreta

May 12, 1961.

Sir,—Why can't some lecturers finish their morning lectures at the accepted time, viz. 10 minutes before the hour?

Some of them seem to think that their audience is eager to sop up each last crumb of knowledge, when in fact it is doubtful if any member of that impatient group has even heard anything at all while sitting there fuming and wondering how late he will be for the next class.

Yours faithfully,

SEMPER EXCRETA.

Depreciation

Sir,—Three years ago I had a job as an unskilled labourer and cleared £20 a week. After three years full-time study I have gained a degree and now earn £12 a week. Would anyone like to join me in emigrating?

—HARD UP GRADUAND.

Get Mad!

May 14, 1961.

Dear Sir,—Appalling! What a b—— mess! Indoctrination. Religious phobia. 75% of students are religious: repeat, religious (and proud of it. So what?). So, where are the radicals? Where are the extremists? Where are the devils? (In the remaining 25%; any fool could guess that). But 25% is not enough.

The 25% must be expanded. Society must be given some real life and blood. What's the use of religion unless there is some real, warm, quivering TEMPTATION!

So let's tempt religion with SEX (real sex); with DRINK (really rotten); with BLASPHEMY (ho, ho).

The moral of this is simple. Let's all kick up hell. Let's all go to Hell. Let's be DEVILS!

—J. MARKHAM.

Music Society

The first regular meeting of the V.U.W. Music Society was held on April 19 in the Music Room and was a pleasing, if unexciting, opening to what promises to be a successful and worthwhile year's music.

Opening the programme, Maurice Quinn displayed his talents on the recorder in two anonymous unaccompanied pieces ("Allemande" and "Courante"), and an interesting set of variations on "Green-sleeves," also anonymous. The accompaniment for the latter was provided by Susan Smith.

Next came a Handel sonata played by Peter Verhoeven (violin) and Warren Bourne (harpsichord). The performance was well rehearsed, but lacked drive and

Ninth International Student Conference

Klosters, Switzerland, 1960

CHARTER OF THE STUDENT PRESS

WHEREAS a free and vigorous press is an essential feature of a democratic society, and

Whereas the student press has the duty and right to fill this role, and

Whereas the aims of the student press cannot be achieved unless its independence from all forms of external interference or censorship is maintained inviolate.

The 9th International Student Conference hereby declares the following conditions essential for a free student press:

- a The student press, in accordance with the spirit of the United Nations (Draft) Convention on Freedom of Information, should be free from regulation by any organ of the government or by the university authorities;
- b The student press, except where it is an official organ of a student organization, should be free from regulation by other student organizations;
- c The student press should be free from all pressures, financial and otherwise, from other external groups;
- d The student press should have free access to information and the same rights and privileges as afforded to regularly accredited journalists.

The 9th International Student Conference, also recognising that the student press bears great responsibilities to students by virtue of its power to influence student opinion, further declares that it should be mindful of these responsibilities and continually strive to keep above partisan considerations and should endeavour at all times to act in conformity with all the Principles of Co-operation.

RACIALISM

In accordance with the Principles of Co-operation adopted by the 9th International Student Conference, it is noted that

- 1 racialism is a discriminatory practice arising out of an attitude of mind, founded on prejudicial ideas of the inequality of men;
- 2 racialism in any of its manifestations is an irrational and degrading phenomenon afflicting mankind, particularly at the present time;
- 3 the political, economic, social and educational development of territories under colonialist domination is severely restricted by both overt and disguised racialism;
- 4 the tyranny of racialism, wherever it exists, denies equality of opportunity, limits the availability of education, undermines human rights, and obstructs the progress of civilisation.

Accordingly, the 9th International Student Conference:

- a rejects energetically the myth of inherent superiority or inferiority of any ethnic group of humanity;
- b condemns racialism in all its forms and in particular the denial of fundamental, political, social, economic and educational rights on the grounds of race;
- c declares its unqualified support to all students and peoples engaged in the fight against racialism.

—published at the request of the

New Zealand Universities' Students' Association.

imagination, and the effect was rather weak. This was followed by an unusual composition arranged and added to by Schubert—a quartet for flute (Jennifer Baigent), viola (Evelyn Killoh), cello (Harry Stone) and guitar (Bob Wright).

Considerable credit must be given to these players in the way they overcame the obvious difficulties of ensemble. Although the first movement was shy and the combination grew a trifle tiresome near the end of this comparatively long work, there was enough beauty and interest in the piece to hold one's attention. The viola and flute in particular were always pleasing to the ear.

As a contrast the next two items were much nearer our own time. First, Robin MacOnie gave a comic rendition of some unsuccessful modern piano music. His introductions, however, gave members of the audience little chance to judge the quality (?) of the music (?) for the as-elves. His playing gave all the pianists in the room the impression that he was imitating their own grimaces at the unfortunate keyboard. He was challenged by Miss Neilsen, who defended an early attempt of Darius Milhand.

The second modern item was even more up-to-date: a recording of some electronic music by this medium's innovator, Elmer, dating from 1955-56. This style of composition is based on atonal piano music, and though undeniably strange at first hearing there were some portions of the recording which revealed an originality and plaintive quality all of their own. The greatest distraction was possibly the proximity of some of the sounds to natural noises (ship's horn, water running, etc.), which proved to be hard for the audience to accept as legitimate music. The item ended a programme of great variety, but the standard can, and will, be improved throughout the course of the year.

Coming Events

- Saturday, May 27, 1961: Test match between Australian Universities and New Zealand Universities, Fencing, at the New Gymnasium. Commencing 1.30 p.m. The opening match will be opened by the vice-chancellor, Dr. J. Williams.
- Saturday, June 10, 1961: This date will be the day the Students' Union Buildings are officially opened. There shall (again working on the assumption that certain people keep their word and that there is no further change of the opening date) be a special issue of SALIENT that week.
- Wednesday, June 28, 1961: The most important event of the year—the time to voice your grievances, denounce over-enthusiastic editors and such sinners. Annual General Meeting of the Victoria University Students' Association. EVERYONE SHOULD ATTEND THIS MEETING—including part-time students.
- Friday-Sunday, June 30 to July 2: Another Little Congress—you can still go to Congress and yet make use of study week! Friday to Sunday (June 23 to June 25) is the weekend just before study-week actually commences. Let's go to Congress! Everyone goes to Congress! Are YOU going to Congress? So you do not know what Little Congress is? Then ASK—there are probably others like you—enquire at the executive office.

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The Young Composer Today

A popular opinion held today is that the average young composer tends to be a clever imitator rather than a genuine artist. The intention of this article is to point out some of the problems facing the composer, with the hope of leading to a better understanding of this very difficult art form.

The artist seeks to accomplish two things: to create beauty and to express himself. To do this he needs to have first a strong enough desire or incentive. Secondly, some established criterion (style) to guide him, especially in the earlier stages, and thirdly, a sound technical training.

The first is an inborn quality but can be developed. Technical competence is reached in time. The most difficult requirement is to find a suitable criterion from which he can develop his own individual sphere.

We can clearly see the influence of Haydn and Mozart on the early Beethoven. He can be criticised for copying a style, yet in his later years his own individuality came very much to the fore.

The young composer of today is faced with the same problem, made more difficult because of the number of "schools" which have developed. He is forced to experiment with all or most of the theories and gradually select one.

The criticism that new composers tend to be imitators is well grounded. This is hard for the composer, who needs confidence; also for the listener who has to suffer pseudo Bartok or Schoenberg.

The composer WILL, to a certain extent, from the start express himself although it may not compare favourably with accepted "masterpieces." The listener must try to identify himself with the individual and not with the school he had temporarily adhered to, and also to train his own ear to accept sounds of the age he is living in.

Music is a union between the composer and his audience and unless both realise the problems that exist there can be little hope of a full understanding and a genuine critical appreciation of our new music.

—RAY TWOMEY.

[This article is a reply to an article on Music Students published in "SALIENT" issue, April 7.]

What Sort of Election Is This?

Have you realized yet that the President of the Students' Association has been elected simply by declaration because there were no other nominations? This was made plain by a VERY small notice on the Executive notice-board in the main vestibule.

When were nominations called for, and when was it announced what day they would close? I do not know. I am told that these were announced on an equally small notice on this board.

There are two ways of concealing an important fact: (1) to be quite silent about it; (2) to hide it under such a mass of trivial and tedious detail that nobody could find it or realise its significance unless he knew exactly what to look for, and when and where to look.

In other words, only those already connected with Executive are likely to discover important notices on this Notice-Board. This would not have mattered if this is, not the only place where the general student public is given a chance to see these things. They could have been published in "SALIENT" but they were not.

This is not to question for a moment the integrity and ability of Mr Armour Mitchell, the new President. In the circumstances, it is practically certain that he would have won a contested election: because of course we prefer as President somebody with previous experience on the Executive of this University! and no previous Executive member was able to stand (the two obvious candidates being Mr O'Brien and Mr Brooker).

But suppose that we had at Vic. this year the Vice-President or President of some other University or of some training college. He (or she) should have been given a chance to stand, and, technically, so should every financial member of the Vic. Students' Association. And this means far better publicity.

WHO TO BLAME?

Here is a blatant case of very serious neglect on the part of the Election Organisers. It is not the fault of "Student Apathy," nor in any way of Mr Mitchell (we give him our good wishes for his coming term of office) but of these organisers, who should have made special efforts to decently notify "outsiders." Democratic principles have been abused; the slight odour that has hung about the Presidency since the "unfortunate" election business last year. (When the only available publicity was more favourable to Mr Hercus than to the other two candidates, and thus he was given an unfair advantage—once again, presumably not at all his fault) has not dissipated; Mr Mitchell has not had the 'vote of confidence from the student body that he deserves.

The organisers had a duty to give every student a reasonable chance of knowing about nomination dates. They failed. Don't let

Labour Club

In order to fulfil the need for a strong active socialist club at Victoria, the Labour Club is sponsoring a series of lectures on socialism.

The first speaker, on April 12, was the Reverend Lance Robinson. He spoke on Christian Socialism.

Christian Socialism

Socialist elements were apparent in Christianity right from the beginning. To the Jews "rich" and "evil" were synonymous. The early Christian communities rejected class barriers and private property. In the Middle Ages monasticism was regarded as embodying the pure communal life in contrast with the worldliness of feudalism. After the Industrial Revolution came the heyday of Christian Socialism—the term was first used

this happen again with the election for the rest of the Executive. PUBLICITY

In the last few years, it has been proved repeatedly that small typed notices on the Main Vestibule notice board are totally ineffective in communicating with the student body. Nomination dates closed before more than a fraction of students even realised that elections were imminent, and a disgraceful number of candidates were returned unopposed. Several times, less than four nominations were received for the Women's Committee, and extra members had to be elected, in very hard-fought contests, at the A.G.M. Some of the unsuccessful contestants at the A.G.M.'s were undeniably far higher qualified than some of the girls elected unopposed. THIS IS NOT THE FAULT OF STUDENT APATHY. It is due to inadequate election publicity before the closing of nominations. Afterwards is too late.

There is a dangerous tendency for Executive to become cliquy, with members renominating each other year after tired year. To do a fair share of the work involves a great deal of time and enthusiasm; and enthusiasm naturally wanes when one is doing something for the third time. Executive is getting too conservative and too concerned with its own red tape. It needs a constant stream of new blood, and the best available. So there must be a constant effort to interest new people.

If Executive will provide "SALIENT" with facts, we are only to eager to print them. But it doesn't. We have had no help whatever from its so-called public relations officer. Firstly, the nomination details for the Executive election must be published as soon as they are available. Secondly, profiles of candidates, giving details of their qualifications and achievements, with photos, must be provided by nominators and seconders, as soon as reasonably possible. Thirdly, every encouragement should be given to all students to stand for Executive, in adequate time to let them make up their minds. Fourthly, as a mere suggestion a Student Council could be set up, similar to that at Otago University, as an intermediary between Executive and the student body to handle some of the work so that more people could actively be interested in the running of the Association, and the personal load be lighter. DON'T LET OUR ELECTIONS BECOME A SHABBY PRETENCE.

—FRED SPIT.

in the 1830s. Since 1860 however, Christian Socialism, in spite of the Christian Socialist League (1906) has depended on individuals rather than organised groups.

Basis of Christian Socialism

The Christian believes that God created. No individual can claim ownership of any material thing. He has only the stewardship of God's property which is for the benefit of all men. Hence distinctions of class are not to be found among Christians. The Christian also disagrees with Marx's materialism—material things are only part of man's make-up, and must be used according to the will of God.

God Before the State

Christianity has always claimed to be a religion which covers every particular life. The Church and its sacraments are the instruments to extend these patterns to the whole of life. Hence the Christian will put allegiance to God and his Church before political ties. On the other hand a Church political party in power and corrupted would bring about the reverse of Christian Socialist intentions.

This is an essentially theological approach to socialism: again the Christian is at logger-heads with Marx—man is not to be considered as a "complicated animal" but a spirit. —J.D.

Revue: Many Happy Returns

As an attempt to keep alive the spirit of vaudeville and the musical comedy stage, Many Happy Returns was, for the most part, successful. Unfortunately, fine individual performances were interrupted with rather feeble imitations of past greats of the variety stage. Much of the dancing was magnificent and the co-ordination of movement in which I vainly tried to find a flaw, indicated hours of painstaking rehearsal. The acrobatic acts were quite spectacular; but had a great deal in common with many previous acts seen here before—there was nothing really new.

Perhaps the best provider of entertainment was the comic acts; although here again there was little originality. Many of the jokes which Terry Scanlan used, had been introduced by people such as Tommy Trinder, many years ago. The slapstick comedy in "Room 999" and the "Three Teddy Bears" however, earned well deserved applause. Another comic act was presented by the "Flat Tops," a young Australian pair, whose rendering of "Ghost Riders" was as funny as anything else in the programme.

The singing, on the whole, was weak: the one exception being Diana Marquez, who enchanted the audience with the ease and beauty of her voice. Unfortunately we were unable to hear Gladys Moncrieff, as she was ill.

Tommy Williams with the Celebrity Circuit's Show Band deserves the highest praise. They never once, lost the sparkle and vigour with which they started off. The stage sets were simple but very effective. The frequent scene changes made anything at all elaborate, impossible to construct. A word of criticism toward the management—from the circle, the impressiveness of the performance was somewhat dulled by the filthiness of the stage. Must visiting artists be forced to perform on bare boards, harbouring the dust and dirt of ages past? Other countries can supply fine dancing stages for entertainers—why not New Zealand?

—D.M.E.

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Probable Nominees For Executive 1961-62?

Executive elections for the Victoria University Students' Association will be held next month—three weeks away. So far, we have had very little news. It has been rumoured that Michael Moriarty, Murray White, Ian Grant, Arthur Everard, and Lindsay Conford will be standing for executive this year.

Michael Moriarty is not to be confused with that B.B.C. character—Michael is a full time law student; he has been a part-timer; and is the New Zealand Universities' Press Council's new publications officer. He is also Supervising reporter for "SALIENT." Much of the improvement—if any—in "SALIENT" 1961 will be due to his valiant efforts in organising the coverage of debates, meetings, etc.

Ian Grant is one of the Cappicade, 1961, editors—there is a picture of him in the back of Cappicade (if you want to know what he looks like). He is interested in the advertising trade. Ian was "SALIENT'S" editor last year. Ian is a part-time student.

Another person associated with Cappicade, 1961, is Lindsay Conford.

Murray White is also connected with the film society. Murray (a full-time student in his third year at Vic.) has been associated for some time now with cultural organising in both the University and the City. A past secretary of that budding group, the Vic. Film Society, he is at present serving on the cultural affairs committee at Vic.; he is also Fine Arts Editor of "SALIENT," a job calling for a special sense of despair and anguish. Murray is also on the committee of the Wellington Film Society and the Wellington Recorded Music Society. He is a corresponding member to the British Film Institute and is on the District Council of the Workers' Educational Association. He is a past member of the N.Z. China Society and Opera-Technique, and the World Affairs' Council of Cultural Determination.

Arthur Everard was at Otago University in 1956, where he was Fine Arts Editor, film reviewer, and music critic for "Critic." He was also an active member in the Dunedin Film Society.

An American in Paris (U.S.A., 1950)

This is the first musical in our programmes this year. We had intended to run it as part of the Festival in the new building, but as that has been postponed we are going to screen it anyway.

For those who place faith in such things, this film won about half a dozen Academy Awards in 1950. Don't let that put you off though, for despite these it is an excellent film and ranks with *On The Town*, *Singin' In The Rain*, *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers* and *Funny Face* as one of the best. (Incidentally, we could show these if anyone is interested enough to ask for them).

Though the plot is a simple "boy meets, loses, regains girl" affair, it is the dancing and style, the *joie de vivre*, that make it a classic. The Gershwin songs and music are handled beautifully by director Vincente Minnelli and spark off a succession of superbly handled scenes—Leslie Caron's first dancing sequence, Gene Kelly and the local kids in "I Got Rhythm," Kelly and Georges Guetary in "S Wonderful," Kelly and Oscar Levant in "Tra La La," Levant playing every instrument in the orchestra as well as conducting the *Allegro Agitato* from the *Piano Concerto in F*, and of course that final quarter of an hour long ballet set to Gershwin's tone poem.

This final sequence is the *raison d'être* of the film and derives its inspiration from the styles of Van Gogh, Renoir, Dufy, Rousseau, Utrillo and Toulouse-Lautrec used in Cedric Gibbon's sets. Gene Kelly's choreography and the dancing by himself and Leslie Caron, the emotive use of colour (especially red and blue), and, finally, the agile use of camera movement (Alfred Gilks), Gershwin's music welds the lot into an exhilarating finale. Though the film as a whole is not such a success in combining all the elements of song, dance and story (it has to bow to *On The*

He came to Victoria in 1958, and is a full-time student finishing a degree in Psychology. He is the head of the S.C.M. hostel, is active on Adult Education, is a contributor to the Journal of the Federation of the New Zealand Aquatic Societies. He is at present also, a member of the British Film Institute, the Wellington Film Society, the National Film Library, and is a contributor to "Cinema," the monthly film programme of the N.Z.B.S. He is the film reviewer and record reviewer for "Church and People," has contributed greatly to "SALIENT," and is the founder, secretary and projectionist of the University Film Society. He regards as his prime accomplishment the ability to keep a beard for three years.

Town here), it is impossible not to be carried away by it. As the French critic Chaumetier said, "One is left breathless by this giddy succession of images in which all is at once unexpected and impeccable."

(*An American in Paris* will be screened at the end of this week).

Jazz Comments

Miles Davis is a giant of music. His playing is intensely personal, a crying out and a comment on life, his emotion and thought bursting upon you like thunder, yet having the vivid clarity of a bleak cloud etched against the setting sun. His music is the tortured evocation of a sensitive individual suppressed and scorned by a world hungry for a popular style, a mass-produced article with mere pretence at individuality. It is bitter and ironic. It is sad and lonely. It is also full of a deep powerful joy for life; it has serenity, compassion, and the inevitableness of a river moving towards the sea. His is the voice of a wise old man sitting in the sun. It is the voice of an Alpine horn singing to the loneliness of sleeping white giants. It is the sound of jazz.

Two of his records are being released by Philips.

Jazz Track: Miles trumpet; Barney Wilen tenor; Rene Urtreger piano; Pierre Michelot bass; unknown drummer. The other side has Miles trumpet; "Cannonball" Adderly alto; John Coltrane tenor; Bill Evans piano; Paul Chambers bass; "Philly Joe" Jones drums.

This has the sound track of the film "Ascenseur pour l'échafaud" (Elevator to the Scaffold) on one side, the other having three standards played by his regular group.

The movie is a somewhat melodramatic murder story. It describes how the lover of another man's wife kills him, but is caught in an elevator and thus cannot fabricate an alibi to cover his "perfect" murder. Miles' treatment is dramatic and evocative, a spontaneous creation of haunting beauty. The Frenchmen backing have a subsidiary role, but it is perfection itself. They merge themselves with Miles's personality without losing any of their own.

Miles opens with his wonderful old horn sound, calling out to listen to his story, with tinges of sadness, as it is a tale of woe. The murder is performed in an atmosphere of waiting and horror... the shimmering unreality of a bad dream. On the highway with the fast flowing movement of passing cars and fleeting fields, the snatched phrase and spurt of speed, blindly rushing. Now trapped, static, the grotesque lonely thoughts of a killer. The tension is plucked away relaxed and softened. There is a hint of strain, gradually built on. A surge of rhythm, the bubbling phrases and pulsing bass sweep on in frantic haste. The scene shifts, the bass sings alone, rocking with pompous majesty. The relaxed atmosphere of a bar, conversation, the smell of beer and humanity.

And now the final comment, the sorrowful poignant crying of a woman softly rocking and singing to herself for comfort. The bitter remembrance... the empty future. —r.t.m.

Verse or Worse?

There was once a young man on
Exec.
Whose abilities were not kept in
check.
The sins of the same,
(An unmentionable name),
Resulted in absolute Heck.

Rock and Roll:
Gyrations insane,
Convolutions inane,
Weaving rhythmic unpatterns.

There was once a young lady at
Vique,
Who said to him "You make me
sick.
And despite your attire,
You don't really at all arouse me",
And I can't stand the rest of your
Cliques."

*You can't set me on fire.

Spring.
Is the thing,
But is it every-thing,
That you're thinking,
When you say "I thing,
Spring,
's the thing."
—OMOW.

Science Column

NEW LIGHT ON THE ORIGIN OF OIL AND GAS

An eminent Soviet geologist believes that Europe's largest natural gas deposit—in the Ukraine—is of inorganic origin. He maintains that the geological structure and development of the earth's crust in the area show that the deposit was formed by the migration of gas. At the same time, however, the structure of the sediments show that the gas could not have reached it from neighbouring areas. Nor, apparently, could it have formed from organic materials on the spot. Geologists have long been arguing about the origin of natural gas and oil. As early as 1877 Mendeleev put forward the hypothesis of the inorganic origin of oil from carbides of heavy metals. The majority of scientists believe that gas and oil were formed from organic remains buried deep underground.

LUNAR ORGANIC CHEMISTRY

Although it is highly unlikely that there is life on the moon, the nearest target of space explorers probably does contain a layer of organic molecules, formed in its early atmosphere and now buried in dust roughly 10 metres deep, according to calculations by Carl Sagan of the Yerkes Observatory. Contamination of this material with micro-organisms or organic matter carried by rockets, he writes in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Science*, "would represent an unparalleled scientific disaster."

The author suggests that the early moon, like the early earth, probably had an atmosphere of methane, ammonia and water-vapour. This composition may have persisted for 10 to 100 million years, nourished by gas leaking out from the interior. Thus there would have been ample time for ultraviolet light and electrical discharges to convert some of the mixture to organic molecules, including amino acids. Sagan calculates that enough of this material fell to the lunar surface to make up a layer as dense as 10 grams per square centimetre.

"GOING DOWN?"



(Continued from Page 10—
Executive).

The S.U.B.

Mr Mitchell announced this will be opened on June 10. [So they hope.—Ed.] Miss Frost enquired about whether a loud-speaker system for the Common Rooms had been provided for on the list of priorities, since she hoped that regular social functions—dances, etc.—could be held, perhaps in conjunction with one or other of the university clubs. A dance-band would need a speaker, Miss Frost reported that three out of four tins of Nescafe had disappeared from the building. [Extravaganza possibly.]

The meeting discussed progress in the plan for holding a Seminar on Students' Union Buildings in Wellington in September.

Capping

Mr Mitchell brought up the problem of what to do about two unfortunate incidents during Capping. The first was the Weir raid on the Bishop Bennet Girls' Hostel, and three others, for which two 17-year-olds were taken to court. The second was the trouble that occurred when a drunk student tried to walk round the balcony-rail in the Town Hall during the Ball. He fell, severely fracturing his arm. He was taken to hospital, and created a great row—pranging a nurse with a hypodermic needle, accusing the sister of being a virgin, etc. This can be attributed largely to shock and forgiven, but two of the boys who took him there in the middle of the night, made quite inexcusable pests of themselves, and refused to leave till the police were called.

As Mr O'Brien said, a few individuals, behaving so badly, could effect the reputation of three-and-a-half-thousand. Investigations are being made.

Cappicade

Mr Dawkins announced that a letter had been received from the Press Association denying that they had circulated a letter during the Hastings furore, as stated in the "Cappicade" article, and demanding an apology on this one point. Mr O'Brien noted that Mr John Gamby appeared to have made very sure of his facts. There would have to be some proof that the letter had not been circulated before an apology would be sent. Mr Dawkins noted that a certain publisher was interested in producing the article in booklet-form.

General

Mr O'Brien complained that Extrav. was leaving a terrible mess in the Executive room in the weekends. Miss Frost remarked on the difficulty in obtaining gowns and hoods for Capping, and it was suggested that the Victoria University Students' Association could establish a stock.

—SALIENT REPORTER.

Commerce Faculty Meeting

The annual general meeting of the club was held on Wednesday evening, April 26, 1961.

Mr Thanagadan gave an account of the club's activities last year.

Officers elected for 1961:—

President: J. R. Battersby.

Vice-president: C. Lealand.

Secretary: D. Grieve.

Treasurer: P. Byers.

Committee: R. H. Clark, Miss C. Frost, J. A. Malison, L. E. Wester, J. W. Tanner.

The new president took over from Mr Thanagadan and brought the meeting to a close.

Mr Battersby welcomed the panel speakers for the second half of the meeting. The panel comprised Dr. D. Sloan, Messrs P. V. Phillips, P. Hampton, G. V. Oed. The speakers were to discuss on "Overseas Experience: and Is It Worthwhile."

Dr. Sloan was the first speaker. Dr. Sloan has taught in universities in U.S.A., Great Britain, South Africa. He originally came from Ireland and has travelled much. He said that overseas experience was indeed worthwhile. Dr. Sloan thought that lecturing in the dif-

Youth Discrimination

LET US HAVE A PROTEST MARCH!

What is wrong with the "Evening Post"? The write-up of "Procesh." was not only as miserable as it could be, considering what a well-behaved and "clean" affair it was (as they had to admit), but placed underneath it, presumably deliberately, was a much more eye-catching headline about a small-scale orthodox raid on a small hostel by four 17-year-old students, presented as an obscene scandal. Consider the write-up itself: More prominence was given to the flour-bomb attack, in a gloating sort of way, than to the procession itself. "Here, members of the 'inevitable' haka party protest against this unfair method of retaliation for an earlier 'stink bomb' attack on citizen spectators." This implies (1) that the haka party was indignant and resentful. Nothing of the sort.

(2) That the "stink bomb" attack was vicious. Even if this had been so, the flour bombs could not possibly have been arranged as retaliation (by, I believe, "Dominion" reporters—good on them!).

(3) The obvious distinction between "student" and "citizen." Are students not citizens? The whole tone of the report seems to involve an attempt to raise resentment and prejudice among the rest of the newspaper's readers ("responsible citizens") against students.

The procession is described as "milk and water," which means, I suppose, that it was neither very elaborate nor very indecent. How they all enjoy complaining when it is indecent! With the uncertainty up to almost the last moment about availability of trucks, it is hardly surprising that it was not more elaborate.

The present hostility of the "Evening Post" and "Dominion" could be explained simply as reaction to the excellent "Hastings" article in "Cappicade." But it is nothing new. Nothing students can do is right, by them, or has ever been. This is only part of a consistent and savage attack on the 15-25 age group. We have seen it in the treatments of the Hastings incident, the Hutt Valley juvenile delinquency incident, the book "Bodgie," and all the silly furores over education. If the sweet, innocent and worshipped child is going to turn into a wicked and disgusting adolescent, the teachers must be responsible. Of course, every society, it seems, must have its scapegoats. We can't go in for Jews, or Negroes, and the bomb, "colonialism" and the White South Africans are all rather unreal. So we attack the adolescents, and the "Playway" system. They are watched with, simultaneously, fascination and the bitterest denunciation. Look at the "Beatnik" business. I call this "Youth Discrimination."

ferent universities varied a great deal. In South Africa for instance, he had to give the same lecture four times—because of racial policy.

Mr Oed, a Post Office Savings Bank accountant, said that he had gained much practical experience from his two trips overseas. It was in Europe as a member of the Post Office Research team that Mr Oed said he had definitely advanced in his occupation as a result of his trip. Mr Oed stated that England and Sweden were the most advanced countries in the field of electronic research, particularly in the field of postal clearing services.

—K.P.J.

What Is The Cause?

Mr Kitts, the mayor, made a very good point in his speech during the Capping ceremony on May 5: that we are no longer in the days of decay and change, but in the age of obsolescence and change. That is, nowadays, things lose their usefulness long before they are worn out. This applies not only to machines (especially to armaments) but to ideas. The change from the world of Euclidean geometry to that of many geometries, from the British Empire to the United Nations, from gunboat diplomacy to the bomb, is so great that many adults who have not kept up with scientific and international developments are thousands of miles behind. Once upon a time the old could always be

superior because they were experienced, they "knew the world." The world is now changing so fast that much of their experience is becoming worth less and less.

The fundamental notions learned by those being educated today are more valid, for the modern world, than some of those of their fathers.

No wonder the fathers are resentful. Many of them are also jealous of the immature, because in so many ways they are immature themselves. And they, too, naturally, would like not to be tied to the slavery of a dull 40-50 hours week.

The Students' Executive has been very concerned with better public relations with the city. Where is the trouble but in the hostility of the newspapers?

Anyway, the main point is that certain people are practicing "Youth Discrimination." What about a Protest March some time?

Like, What's Happening?

[The following remarks are taken from comments about the Film Society's 1961 programme, made by the Secretary, Mr Everard, at the committee meeting last week.]

You people may not realise it, but we have got the best film society for miles around, and the films we are going to see over the next few months are going to make some people here sit up and take notice.

The main reason we started our own film society of course, was the dissatisfaction we felt with the efforts of the local city organisation. The Wellington Film Society is dead on its feet, but it won't lie down. A perusal of its programmes for 1961 reveals just how low its standards have dropped... *Rewi's Last Stand*, *Power Among Men*, *A Day At The Races* and *This Is The B.B.C.*, not to mention *Two Men Of Fiji*. Wow. Admittedly they have *Aparajito* and *Frenzy* listed also, but the list is, on the whole, pretty depressing. No doubt they will be screened on the Society's special postage-stamp-sized screen, in glorious eye-straining circumstances.

It's true that it is hard to get films in New Zealand, but there still remains a large number of films which are available, which the W.F.S. has not shown and which (I may be wrong, but I don't think so) they probably won't even get around to, either. Meanwhile, we will go on getting *Nanook* and *Moana* until the prints fall to pieces.

What they need is a transfusion of enthusiasm. Admittedly a large part of any film society's job is the fostering of appreciation of the older films, but where is awareness of contemporary cinema; what could be called the cinema of social purpose? As for their discussion meetings and "film schools," it is incredible the amount of hot air that is used to no good result.

O.K. then, let's put our money where our mouth is; what are we doing anyway?

Well, we are not going to show *Nanook*, *Moana* or any other over-worked warhorses. We are going to look at some of the oldtimers, but we are going to concentrate on films made in the last five years; some of them political dynamite, some of them real weirdos. We are going to be lively, perhaps controversial, and we are going to show films that reveal much of the commercial junk that the city theatres dish up, as the slop it is.

We've already seen *Ivan The Terrible (II)*, *Don Quixote* and *The Last Stage*. Next term we are

really aiming high. Let's look at some of the titles.

Unternehmen Teutonenschwert (1958) and *Ein Tagebuch für Anne Frank* (1958). Two films from East Germany which the British Censor banned in 1959 because of controversy and perhaps because they are not for the squeamish, *Operation Teutonic Sword* and *A Diary For Ann Frank* remind us of what the Eichmann trial is about. *The Wolf Trap* (Czechoslovakia, 1957). The story of a love affair between a married man and his niece, a girl 21 years younger.

Battleship Potemkin (1925) and *Alexander Nevsky* (1938). No need to say anything about these two Eisenstein masterpieces from Russia, the titles are bywords in cinema history.

Woman Basketball Player No. 5 (China, 1957). Frankly, it sounds forbidding, but it has English subtitles and is in colour, so we might as well have a look at it anyway—it won't bite us.

The Forty First (U.S.S.R., 1956). Pretty well known, I think. Special Award and Prize for Best Actress at Cannes, 1957. We will show the colour print with English dialogue.

The Young Chopin (Poland, 1951). I hope this is not a Polish *Song Without End*. The London Times critic liked it, so it should be pretty well all right.

Council Of The Gods (East Germany, 1950). An indictment of the rise of German militarism and a fitting rejoinder to *I Am At The Stars* theme that the scientist is "above ordinary morality."

From My Life (Czechoslovakia, 1955). Another biography of a composer, this time Smetana. It includes excerpts from three of his operas and some of his other works.

Othello (U.S.S.R., 1955). Bondarchuk's acting and Khachaturian's music in some of the best filmed Shakespeare yet. In colour with English dialogue; award for direction at Cannes, 1956.

Swan Lake (U.S.S.R., 1958).

Like *Romeo And Juliet*, a full-length ballet film from Russia, perhaps not quite so well done as the former. With Mai Pilsetskaya as Odille-Odette, in colour.

These are only a few of the films we hope to run off during the second and third terms; there is a lot more we can show, but it depends on how big our audiences are, whether we get them or not.

Finally, there is the question of the Festival in the new building next term. We will be showing a couple of lunchtime programmes (of shorts) and a feature screening on the night of Friday, May 26. Entrance to this will be by ticket only, and as the demand will be pretty heavy, all those who want to go will have to get their tickets early. The notices, giving details, will be on all the notice-boards and tickets will be available at Stud. Ass. Office. If anyone has any requests for special films, a note may be left here for the society, especially if they know of any available which are controversial and provocative enough to give us something to argue about.

Animal-Lovers

At the beginning of the year I happened to visit one of the psych. labs, where the students keep their white mice.

Has anyone thought how these animals see us and our world? No, no one knows or ever will know for sure but there are always suppositions one can make . . .

When I entered the vivarium there was an unpleasant smell filtering through our nostrils and penetrating our clothes.

We opened a second door and a kind of warmth mixed with that particular, concentrated odour enveloped us. We became aware of the little mice which froze us as we entered. Numbers 1, 2, 3, 7 . . . like convicts.

No. 8 was the youngest, I think, with a long tapering tail which he stretched out to support himself. Pinkish soft paws at the end of furry legs and sharp claws ready to scratch or kill. But the outstanding feature of this mass of snowy fur were the eyes. Red, flaming-bright eyes, open wide, pleading, and as if to take in, at one glance, all aspects of human life.

We looked at each other and all of a sudden I became aware of a state of hypnotism.

" . . . YOU are going to experiment on me . . . injecting stuff into my blood and then you are going to measure my abilities . . . have I the intelligence to go through a ring? Then you'll starve me . . . you have no feelings . . ."

I stood there irresolute. He was eyeing me with contempt and enmity. I approached the cage and was ready to unlock the door, when suddenly his words rang in my mind like bells of evil . . . "we shall never be friends, NEVER."

All my resolution and strength abandoned me. I stole to the door and stopped there. He was looking at me, mocking and defiant.

I left the lab. and tried to forget the incident but its memory haunted me all day. That evening I dreamed that I had been locked in a cage with No. 3 who had been previously starved for four days.

Next day I went to the office and had my course changed.

India Progresses (?)

Professor Munz spoke to the Historical Society on: "Is the Indian National Character Frustrating Indian Progress?"

Having outlined the nebulous nature of "national characteristics" Professor Munz outlined the opportunities for progress in the Cabinet's Five-year Plan. He gave two explanations for the lack of progress, and the historical background to these hindering progresses.

THE OBSTRUCTIONS:

He said: For economic progress to be possible, there must be a certain percentage of the nation with qualities of self-reliance, ambition, and ability. In India, despite five year plans, etc., there are insufficient able men to carry them out. There is an ideal amongst intellectuals that economic science is the key to the future, and the panacea to all ills—but no one can put it into practice. Professor Munz felt that the greatest obstruction was the joint family system: Aunts, grandparents, sisters, cousins—the whole family—would live together in one home. There is consequently no small-family life, no opportunity for personal and private relationships, either in the family or outside it. What a person knows or does is shared by all, especially marriages.

The result is a muted personality with personal feelings subordinated to those of the community. Even husband and wife relationships are affected. This situation can never produce an ambitious, independent people with qualities for going ahead.

A SECOND DANGER:

Out of this comes a second danger: the fragmentation of society. The family is self-sufficient, has its own rules and develops little concern for the community. All things which lead beyond the family-circle—academic work, travel, etc.—will ultimately be abandoned for the individual to return to the fold. The atti-

tudes of one stranger to another is distrust, and caution.

CHILD MARRIAGES—EFFECT:

In the institution of child-marriages, the girl is introduced into her husband's family immediately; she is almost his sister; and the exclusive family-life is preserved. Instead of children being pushed out and trained to fend for themselves, they are provided for and protected within a rigid, traditional family pattern.

POSSIBLE HISTORICAL EXPLANATIONS

Professor Munz gave two possible explanations. The fossilization of society by the religious ideas that as salvation could only come through so many reincarnations, society was strictly classified to maintain the distinctions of goodness. Secondly, the effects of the Islamic invasions was to force Indians back into the only secure protection they knew—family life.

On all this, British rule had very little effect, despite the bitter claims of many Indians.

THE DISCUSSIONS

In the discussions which followed Professor Munz's talk concerned mainly the culpability of the British, and the future of India, which looks very grim. The people apparently lack drive and emotional force. They accept traditional patterns too easily.

The problems facing India are those of any pre-industrial society but she is proving intractable to any change.

—K.J.C.

Women and University Education

Maren Lidden ends with this comment: "If I have not quoted one woman prepared to state she has wholly benefited by her university training, the reason is simply this . . . I was unable to find such a woman."

I am one of the women she missed.

Mr Editor, you can take what you like from these comments of mine. Could I suggest that you and many more of your men colleagues are enjoying full-time university study because your mothers encouraged you to stay on at college. Very likely they were graduates themselves.

But the most important factor is the influence on the partner. All professional people could do with the informed frankness of a wife. As the years move on and carry you men on to prestige and importance, often the only healthy criticism that you are going to get is from your wives. If the woman has not received the university training enjoyed by her husband, the chances are that he is going to have no one to tell him, later on, that he is taking himself too seriously. And surely this applies to professional women also. A husband to prick her bubble at the right time is also her salvation. To me this is the overwhelming argument for university training for women. Our trouble is far too few women graduates. Men in important positions who take themselves too seriously are really a menace.

No real training of the mind is ever wasted. The years when children are very small give time for extensive reading—never possible under the pressure of examinations. If she is a student she will want to gain a wider knowledge. When the children are all at school an intelli-

gent couple can work out some system so that she may take up her job outside the home. Of course she will never reach any top position; but does that really matter? Every profession is crying out for dedicated and devoted people free from narrow ambition and desire for power.

Now, about this system that has to be worked out at home. The husband of the professional woman will have the outlet of some cooking and some vacuum-cleaning to let off steam, and save him from ulcers, blood pressure and over-eating. Moreover, if a wife has the stimulus of her own profession for part of the day, she is not wanting to be lifted out of domestic boredom. The husband may relax in comfort (after the vacuum-cleaning is done, of course!).

But I have my husband, my five children, my part-time professional work. And I suppose this article was written for present women students. Is it really true that "men hate you if you are intelligent"? That a university degree has a definite effect in discouraging suitors? [Yes.]

Lord Cobham said about something else: "It's not because they are poor advocates, but because they are too few." The trouble is partly that. But it's up to us to change men's opinions. Let it be known from the housetops the awful damage done when men come to grief through ignoring the aid of an intelligent woman. The history of our modern world would have been different if the Hitlers had married well-educated women who could have laughed them out of their frustrations.

You men at Victoria . . . before you finally leave the hill, take a closer look at your university women. Once you come into circu-

lation down town, you'll have other women sitting at your feet. But a woman at your side is better.

ONE OF THEM.

A Nation in Pawn

The Nation's money in use has increased by £280,900,000 in the last 23 years. In order to keep our nation expanding, the banking system in New Zealand CREATES new money, and this keeps the money supply increasing. The Banks lend most of this money, but it incurs debt in the process—debt to the Bank. The banks gain control of real credit (or real wealth) by creating financial credit. The real wealth is the factories, farms, railways, offices, etc.

In a rural district, for example, men have taken a piece of virgin land and divided it into farms. They clear the land, grub out the stumps, plough and put the land under cultivation. They build homes, barns, cowsheds, plant trees and so on. This takes years. Men endanger their health, toil for long hours and take many risks.

When the farmer comes to the end of his resources, he will want more capital for stocking and clearing. So he applies to the bank for an overdraft. The bank, after checking on securities, issues the overdraft. How do they do this? Simply by CREATING a deposit to the amount of the overdraft. (This creating is not done with fixed deposits, as each bank issues credit amounting to five or six times the fixed deposits). Thus the bank has created financial credit and takes control of the real credit.

The banker has contributed nothing to the development of the farm—he has created money by a costless and effortless process—and yet by the stroke of a pen he can acquire virtual possession of the farm under mortgage. The people do all the work and run all the risks; the bank does nothing and runs no risk with the credit it lends. Today, in Australia, the banks have acquired one quarter of the National Assets. The situation in New Zealand is similarly dangerous.

(Compiled from facts released by the Australian Monetary Research, Sydney).

—R. J. BROMBY.

HOW FAST IS FAST ?

Speed, the scientists tell us, is all a question of how you look at it. Two confirmations of this come from recent investigations.

Observers have tracked longitudinal wave vibrations induced in the earth's crust by the great Chilean earthquakes over a distance of 187,500 miles. These waves are reported to have travelled at a speed of 150 miles a minute. They were checked over seven complete circuits of the globe.

A speed of 150 miles a minute may seem fairly fast—but it is nothing to the speed reported from an astrophysical observatory which is studying the "new" star, 1960 Hercules, first seen last year. The flare up of the star led to the upper layers being expelled from the main body at a speed of some 1,200 miles a second. A study of 120 spectrograms taken is being continued. As much energy has been poured out by this "new" star during its flare-up as our sun gives out in 100,000 years.

HOW COLD IS THE EQUATOR?

Crossing the Equator on their way south to the Antarctic, scientists on board the research ship Ob launched a balloon which radioed back a temperature of minus 86 degrees Centigrade—that is, 150 Fahrenheit degrees of frost. This chilly report was sent back from 11 miles up.

—G.J.N.

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The New Zealand Univesity

versus

The Australian Universities

AT THE NEW V.U.W. GYMNASIUM THIS SATURDAY.
MAY 27, commencing at 1.30 p.m.

1.30 p.m.—MEN'S FOIL. 7.30 p.m.—OFFICIAL OPENING.
3.30 p.m.—MEN'S EPEE. 7.45 p.m.—LADIES' FOIL.
9.15 p.m.—MEN'S SABRE and Presentation of the Whitmont Cup.

JAPANESE CERAMICS EXHIBITION

An exhibition of Mingei (folk craft) ceramics sponsored by the Japan Society of New Zealand was recently held in the Centre Gallery. The Mingei school are a contemporary group of potters whose work is based on traditional or "folk" crafts.

The works of Shoji Hamada, one of the leading Mingei potters, included slab built bottles, plates with trailed decoration and tea bowls. Of particular interest were a series of individual tea cups, taller in comparison to width than ours, handleless, some "jointed" half way or further down and standing on a small raised rim. Each was individual in form and design.

A small selection of traditional stoneware was exhibited, and a collection of Kyoto scrolls lent by Dr. T. Barrow.

Examples of contemporary English studio pottery showed the far-reaching influence of the Mingei group. Work included pieces from Leach Pottery, St. Ives, Cornwall.

—MRI.

DRINKING

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SHORT STORY: INTENT TO KILL

I sat on the edge of my bed, thinking. All that week I had done nothing but thinking. She must die—that was that. I bounced the mattress up and down . . . the confounded thing was sagging in the middle . . . SHE sags in the middle, I thought sadly. Moodily, I gazed around my room . . . empty bottles, a dirty ashtray filled with dirty bits of chocolate wrappings, old shoes . . . I frowned. Not very pleasing. Nothing was pleasing since SHE began living with me. Oh, hell!!! What am I afraid of? Who would know. Caught sight of the empty bottles again. The party—that wild,

By W. P. AIRATCIV

hilarious, orgiastic party. Good fun, that. Fun? Was it, though? The wild, flushed face of a girl appeared before me. Other faces . . . wild flushed faces. Drunken faces. Intoxicated faces. Bloody red faces. No, perhaps it was not fun. ANYWAY, IT MADE ME FORGET. WHAT? THAT WE ARE HUMAN BEINGS. THAT WE MUST LIVE? Then that fool Willis threw a glass of beer into Morris's face. Or was it someone else? Doesn't really matter. Then the chap next door banged on the wrong door and an innocent lodger next to us was pulled out of his bed. He got the blame for our noise. That raised hell, of course. I smiled. A girl's voice came back. Sweet . . . then a sickly, crooning voice. The faces, the music, the roar of shouting voices faded into the background and the room cleared once more. Myself smiling in the mirror. A grinning skull. Oh, yes, I was thinking of HER.

I would do it when SHE is not looking, of course. Then the BODY. How would I dispose of that? So much trouble taking it away. It would have to be the back garden. Would Mrs Horseface be looking? That bachelor chap in the room upstairs. HE pried into my affairs. Neighbours! Damn them. What do I care? But I have to . . . I cannot afford to be FOUND OUT! I groaned. What a hard world—we can never do what we like. No! Must be realistic. Think. Gotta be rational in these matters.

My eyes fell upon the bottles again. Must clear the room someday. Tomorrow? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. JANE IS COMING UP TOMORROW. IF JANE FINDS OUT? Anyway, they can wait. The bottles reminded me of HER again. IT. Funny how "HER" can become "IT" once it is dead. Life and no life. PERSONAL and IMPERSONAL. The time I first killed a butterfly. Squashed it. Then I was surprised to find out that I could no longer make it move. Lying there on the palm of my hand—dead. HELL! (This is not part of the story. My type-writer ribbon got fouled here). That was my first encounter with death. HER and IT.

I could take it away in Jane's car. That would not rouse any suspicions. Bundled up to look like a laundry bag. SHE does not weigh much. I knew. Had to carry her up to my room—that first time we met—so sick she could hardly walk. SHE has a slim body too. A BODY full of LIFE . . . soon going to be a BODY. SHE did not sag in the middle, then. I must have that horrible mattress

changed. Ask Agnes for a new one. I beat a tattoo on it with my fingers. Does she know, I wonder? She must have seen HER round the flat, of course. But does she know that SHE was living with me? I wonder how Agnes would react to the KILLING. Agnes is a decent sort. Heaven knows how many times the others in the flat complained about my rowdy parties . . . that son of a gun bachelor . . . I suspected that Agnes felt a sort of motherly affection towards me. Poor Agnes. She would be SHOCKED when she hears about HER. But she must NOT. Not if I plan the thing carefully. Jane, though? Jane is such a nice kid. I cannot drag her in. Life has been unkind enough to her. Who else, John Alison, Bob, Screwtape . . . I was slightly disconcerted—really no one I could trust. Except Jane. But I had excluded Jane. Perhaps, it would be better if I went back to the old idea—and bury IT in the backyard. A large hole. A deep, black hole. Black soil. SHE would ROT. Maggots. Felt my breakfast coming up. Ran to the wash-basin. Just got there!

I let the water run. SHE was asking for it, really. Always lying on my bed—not helping. At my desk when I wanted to work. Then running away after the party . . . excusable perhaps, for the bitch. Smell of stale drink was pretty unpleasant. And can she scratch! Urrrrghhh. What a mess she made. My bed . . . she must have woken up early. I had been too kind with her, THAT was it. Ever since I began working for the SOCIETY . . . It was through that that I met HER. Told them I'd look after her a bit, poor lost little girl. BITCH. Blast the society. I'll resign tomorrow. No. They might remember HER. Better wait a few more months. Joining the SOCIETY was the start of my troubles. I'm too soft, that's me . . . they all put it over me. But not her, not any more.

Check the revolver. What about that silence. I took it out from the drawer. Then someone rang at the door. I hid the revolver guiltily. Threw the door open and a bloody bundle was shoved underneath my nose. She was still.

"Is this dog yours, sir? A bus ran over her.

By the way, I work for the S.P.C.A.

Shall We Sleep?

STRUGGLE TO THE DEATH

"A struggle to the death between Capitalism and Communism is unavoidable. Certainly we are not strong enough to attack today. Our time will come in about 20 or 30 years. In order to be victorious we will need the element of surprise. The bourgeoisie must be lulled asleep. We will accomplish this by starting the most theatrical peace movement the world has ever seen. The capitalistic countries, being stupid and decadent, will work with pleasure towards their own destruction. Seizing the opportunity of this new friendship, they will walk straight into the waiting

"I Have My Own Philosophy..."

Outwardly, Stanislav Zhukov was a normal, hard-working student. His teachers at the Moscow Economical-Statistical Institute regarded him highly, he got excellent grades, and he headed a student "political economy" study group.

Inwardly, however, Zhukov was far from normal—by Soviet standards. He was becoming more and more interested in "foreign" magazines and fashions. He grew a beard. And he was developing his own—and highly personal—philosophy.

Suddenly Zhukov was arrested, and a student meeting hearing his case expelled him from Komsomol and the Institute. The official reason: "buying things foreign from foreigners." But perhaps the more accurate reason, put forward by a girl who was Zhukov's fellow student: "Isn't it clear that the point at issue is the man's convictions, his Weltanschauung?"

His convictions, in his own words, were these:

"I have my own philosophy . . . You say that man lives for a great cause. Rubbish! Man just lives. He was born and he lives. He is guided by nothing else but instinct. The main thing is to achieve harmony with oneself; as for those around me, why is that my

trap. And as soon as their defences are exposed we will smash them with our mailed fist."

—Manuilsky, Professor at the War Academy in Moscow, 1931.

The above paragraph was first printed in SALIENT, June 22, 1960. This reporter thinks it should be printed more often to press upon the minds of our generation, the struggle between east and west that is going on around us.

To use Manuilsky's own words: ". . . the most theatrical peace movement the world has ever seen . . ." is taking place. In the form of the cold war, the constant appeal for co-existence, and always the ban-this-and-that, which is usually only half carried out and left hanging by some thin thread—on those threads are tied our freedom and liberties. Our rights to do as we please, and control our own lives and fates.

Will we who believe in a western culture and way of life, fall asleep and slide into the trap; or will we form our own opinions and work towards our own ideals with the intelligence and mental abilities which are our own and have not been warped by those who would not give us the use of our minds, or what we have made with our hands?

It is good to say, let us be at peace with each other; but words do not mean much unless followed up by actions. And down through the years there have not been the actions towards peace that people in all countries have hoped for. The only actions toward peace have been the Korean War, Poland, Hungary, Tibet and Laos. If these are actions of peace and if our dear professor meant what he said, we may all live to regret our lives and what we helped to do to the world.

Read the first paragraph again and think about it. Think what you will about it, it is your right to choose and believe what you will—but be careful you are not one of those who sleep. If you believe and have faith in the west and what they are trying to do, then keep your mind clear and speak for freedom, for liberty. If one has too, they are worth fighting for for generations of men in the past have felt the same way about the loss of their freedom.

business? I am guided by the aphorism, "Don't worm your way into someone else's life: either you dirty it or you get yourself dirty" . . . The study of social-economic disciplines does not impose any moral obligation on me." (Komsomolskaya Pravda, March 24, 1961.)

This is clearly not the kind of philosophy that sits well with the regime. It is reasonable to suppose that it was because of this—not because of his "buying things foreign"—that Zhukov fell from grace. And, judging from the Soviet press, it is probable that others like him have been discredited for the same reason.

We, who take no part and have no worries about our ideals may find one day that we have lost them; then it will be too late for actions or close minds; too late to say, "we have the right . . .", "we are free," "we act and say what we will." Then we will have no will, we will have no right, we'll only be the muscle and sweat while they of the Communist culture, will be the minds, the brains, the governors, to sap us, who were born free, of all our beauty and treasures—be they mental, physical or spiritual.

Fascism, Titoism, and all the other isms have no doubt made great physical "advancements" in their own countries. But sooner or later because of loss of freedom the people will rise up against their overlords. Down through the centuries people have had to have this freedom; and from the histories of these different people, we have learned to appreciate what we have gained and what we have. It would not be right to lose it without a struggle; and we at this time are in the middle of it—what the world has to offer in 20 years will depend on the young generation who are now learning to use their intelligence and formulate their own ideas. And they will not have this chance if they go to sleep and coat themselves in indifference.

Use your ideas, formulate them; speak of them in the open, and fight for them when the time comes or you will lose them.

—MEHA.

ICE AGE HUNTERS' CAVE FOUND

A large cave inhabited by primitive man towards the end of the last Ice Age—some 8,000 years ago—has been discovered on the Black Sea coast of Georgia. It was the abode of hunters whose quarry was the aurochs and bear, and among the artefacts found there are tools made of obsidian, a volcanic glass which occurs in abundance in the mountainous region of Elbrus. Presumably the cave dwellers had contact with the people of this region, for obsidian is not found near the site. Four well-preserved salmon harpoons were discovered in the upper layers, which date back to the warmer post-glacial period of six to seven thousand years ago.

Victoria University: A Newcomer's Irreverences

One's first impression of Victoria University is of a cathedral surrounded incongruously with inferior New Zealand imitations of skyscrapers—medievalism buttressed with an incompetent counterfeit of the up-to-date—this is sufficient description of Victoria University, architecturally and intellectually. In the cathedral hush all heresy is banished, all blasphemy crushed: it seems almost sacrilegious to rebel. Students congregate in the library—the room with the cathedral window—where no conversation is allowed, the only intellectual stimulus being a collection of books which, if we are to believe the Munn-Barr report, was very good in the 1930's.

It is, no doubt, pure accident that one only knows there are other students at Victoria by seeing them in the library: we know that, despite the efforts of a valiant executive, the new student facilities have somehow not yet been built. But Vic. students somehow prefer to be the trappists their library makes them.

Victoria University is the apothecosis of conservatism: twice as conservative as the Chamber of Commerce, the only reason why it has not yet started a branch of the League of Empire Loyalists is its suspicion that any kind of student organisation is necessarily a tool of the Kremlin. Let the hush be maintained, the quiet deepened, the silence become deafening: if students speak, may they not say something left-wing.

The university seems to have stopped dead in the 'thirties. The left tendencies other universities had in the late 'thirties it had in the late 'forties, and whereas other universities were sufficiently patriotic in the war to belie their previous sympathy for the Left Book Club, Vic. never had a war in which to shake off triumphantly its shameful red past. No doubt this is the reason why its students are so apathetic about nuclear disarmament. How can you prove your patriotism except in such a national emergency as a war?

But this must not be taken as an endorsement of the equally fallacious myth that Victoria once had bold, brave unshakeable rebels who trusted in Stalin. The left now relies mainly on its memories and its ex-Communists; and it is not surprising that its remaining ex-Communists have little to say. Most joined the Communist Party at the time when it was least possible for any intelligent person to do so when Russia was obviously over-running most of Eastern Europe against the wishes of the Eastern Europeans. That this generation of Communists mostly left the Party over Hungary no doubt shows that they learnt something in the Communist Party: it had sharpened their critical intelligence to some extent. But as most of them would now deny they learnt anything while in the Communist Party, any lessons they may have learnt have been in vain. One might have thought the path obvious. Converted from a belief in a pseudo-revolution in Eastern Europe to sympathy for a real workers' revolution in Hungary, their Marxism, it might have been expected, would only be strengthened, and its Stalinist glosses purged systematically. But the reverse happened: their sails trimmed to the prevailing wind, Victoria's ex-Communists gleefully denounced Marxism as a dogmatic excessiveness on socialism, and formed a group called Socialist Forum which has some effect on the university.

So the left has lost its influence and any crusading force it ever had. There is a nuclear disarmament group, World Affairs Council, which has acquired some notoriety; but it takes no great intelligence to see that the H-bomb is overwhelmingly dangerous and nuclear war is now suicidal. Other universities are going back beyond this position. There is a Social Credit Club (if it can be classified as left-wing) which has probably never heard of Orage or even of Ezra Pound, and yet claims recognition as a serious student body. Does it realise what it has to repudiate, the Fascism of Pound, the anti-Semitism, of Douglas, the monetary views of Mussolini. The Labour Club is at best a curiosity, whose meetings are attended by students wonder-

ing what socialists look like.

The remainder of the Vic. intelligentsia prefers, no doubt, on strict Liberal principles, to remain unorganised. It will probably talk badly about T. S. Eliot or Tolstoy, given the opportunity, and has read all the inferior nineteenth-century political writers from Mill to Green. It has definite religious views, mainly because it has not read enough S.C.M. Press publications, which would convert anyone to atheism. (This is not to criticise, but to praise, the merits of S.C.M. Press books).

It is hard, summing up, to think of some glorious tradition to call Victoria University back to neither in its days of the praise of the iron heel with a Socialist label or in its contemporary plight as the kingdom of the law clerk, and the timid civil servant has it had a real reputation. Protest against the status quo, no matter in what terms expressed, has always been alien to it: it has borne only ex-Communists terrified of their past and anti-Communists afraid of ex-Communists. Some things Vic. does well: the bureaucrat of N.Z.U.S.A. resident executive who would be less cautious if he had not gone through Victoria and buried his incipient radicalism in a decent reticence; the Vic. graduate in the Communist front organisation overseas (I have met the species) who became a Socialist at Vic, not because Socialism was a good thing but because it was powerful and had to win. Around the cathedral window at Vic, students sit hushed; but there is no God for them to worship but the will to get on that made them come to university. To be safe and mild and conservative in an office in Wellington or Moscow one must avoid scrupulously the temptations of free speech and student irresponsibility. The idolatries of the bureaucrat have it seems, come to stay in the capital city's university.

—BARRY MCKAIG.

(Mr Barry McKaig used the word "rebel" twice. But why should there be anything to rebel against, when we already have around us a system working tolerably well.)

Dada and Grafitism

In 1916, at the cabaret Voltaire in Zurich, Tristan Tzara started a movement that was to sweep all Europe before 1924. In latter years the movement would split and finally destroy itself from over popularisation.

Dada, with all its followers and nihilistic principles, started as a revolt against art, different literary movements, and against almost everything in general after the world had been disorganised by the Great War.

Most people of that day and age called the Dadaists "aggressive madmen." But for all the talk of the common herd and peasantry, the Dada movement grew until they had followers and mass meetings all through Europe and the United States.

The Dada movement could be found in most places in the world except for the small country of New Zealand; the only reasons

Your Executive: Meeting May 8, 1961

Present were: Acting-President Mitchell, and Messrs O'Brien, Mason, Dawkins, Fisher, Misses Picton, Frost, Kerr and Reidy.

The Executive Office Secretary

being the lack of culture and intellectuals. But New Zealand has always been at least 50 years behind in most. Everything except art; in that field New Zealand is 100 years behind.

For the years that the Dada movement was active it produced many artists and men of letters; and those behind the movement were all ready well-known in their own different artistic fields throughout Europe, England, and the United States. But none from New Zealand; it still being in its dark ages.

New Zealand has given very little to the collection of world culture and arts: one novelist, dead; one ballerina, retired; no one prominent in the theatre, nothing; no James Joyce, no Picasso, no Flaubert, Yeats, Valery, Proust, nothing.

There is very little art appreciation in this poor country. Suicide would be the only way for the artist to be recognised by this sleepy country.

Once in a while a collection of works can be unearthed; but the collection usually is so poor that it can only be appreciated by those who are fortunate enough to be blind.

The answer to the lack of appreciation for the arts in New Zealand would be to use the dead nihilistic principles of the Dada movement combined with the basic principles of Grafitism. As very few New Zealanders see any genuine examples of art, and few ever visit the National Gallery, the only place for art would be on walls of various kinds where the common man could make contact with art as he goes about his daily business, and what better place than the wall confronting a man's eyes as he stands in a public urinal?

MUNDUS VOLUT DECIPIT
ERGO DECIPISUR.

—MEHA.

As a matter arising from these minutes, Mr O'Brien and Mr Mason brought up the matter of finding a new secretary for the Students' Association Office, to replace Mrs Dunmore, who was resigning on May 15. They were engaged in interviewing applicants to this post. Could someone move that they be given power to appoint a secretary and fix a salary (to be confirmed at the next meeting) rather than have to make recommendations for the Executive to approve, in a fortnight's time. This motion was moved by Mr Dawkins, seconded by Miss Reidy.

Later, it was moved that Miss Picton be asked to show the new secretary round the job, and suggested that with the P.A.B.X. telephone system to be incorporated in the Students' Union Building, it will be necessary to employ a full-time office assistant.

The Presidency

Mr Mitchell moved that a letter be sent to Mr Hercus thanking him for his many years of service to the V.U.W.S.A. The motion was seconded by Mr O'Brien and carried unanimously.

It was then moved by Mr O'Brien that Mr Mitchell's appointment as President of the V.U.W.S.A. take immediate effect, that he be taken to have resigned as Men's Vice-President, and Mr Watts take his place, and that Mr Mitchell should be the official V.U.W.S.A. speaker at the S.U.B. Opening.

These three motions were seconded and carried.

It was decided not to co-opt a new member for the Men's Committee for the short time concerned.

The A.G.M. will be held on the last Wednesday, in June (June 28).

University Council Representation

Mr O'Brien moved that Mr Mitchell be appointed Students' Representative on the Council, and the motion was carried. President Mitchell thanked the Executive saying that he felt humble and apprehensive, also surprised, about the appointment, which has become very important because of the co-operation needed in the running of the S.U. Building.

(Continued on Page 6.)

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TCHAIKOVSKY, Romeo and Juliet. Fantasy Overture. Nutsacker Suite, Op. 71a. Philharmonic Orchestra/Igor Markevitch. World Record Club. TZ 136.

World Record Club seem to be keeping up the good work: this week they introduce a pleasant disc which has on it the most lyrical interpretation of the Nutsacker yet produced. Not calling upon any great amount of power or depth of sound, the Suite, if less attractive than Swan Lake or Sleeping Beauty, nevertheless has its merits. The Philharmonia plays marvellously; the woodwind has to be heard to be believed, they are so clear and vibrant (notice the impressive bassoon sound in the Danse Chinoise). Likewise the strings and percussion are alive—notice how the sound of the latter appears to come for once from behind rather than in front of the body of the orchestra. Markevitch has treated the Suite to a delicate handling; with some extremely decisive and precise orchestral phrasing. The fantasy-overture fares worse. Though Markevitch again adopts a lyrical approach, the result is unconvincing. The Orchestra lacks power where needed—especially in the bases and cellos, and the tempi are ridiculously erratic. Of the Philharmonia versions of Romeo, by far the most desirable is the ageing (1955) copy by Fistoulari.

—M.J.W.

CONSTANTIN SILVESTRI. Overtures. Humperdinck. Haensel and Gretel. Mendelssohn. A Midsummer Night's Dream, Op. 21. Glinka, Russian and Ludmilla. Rimsky-Korsakov. May Night. Borodin. Prince Igor. Philharmonia Orchestra/Constantin Silvestri. H.M.V. MALP 1749.

This is generally unimaginative playing; Silvestri does no justice to his usual competent standard, here Haensel and Gretel suffers chiefly from erraticity; the transitions between passages are very roughly defined and equally roughly accomplished. The Midsummer Night's Dream is, on the other hand, quite beautifully interpreted, excepting the odd sour note from the brass, and the fortissimo rendering of passages, pianissimo. Here, the strings excel, as they do in Russian and Ludmilla, also a fairly competent reading, in which the woodwind and intonation is clean and sparkling, the timpani too loud, the bass pizzicato inaudible. May Night and Prince Igor finish the selection: the former, folksy overture is not terribly inspiring music, but receives a fair (apart from some horrible, fuzzy horn playing) performance. The Borodin too is only fairly successful; "only fair" in fact, by virtue of the irregularity of the tempi—Silvestri has gone to absurd lengths in this overture. The recording throughout is very clear, with little surface noise.

—M.J.W.

FINE ARTS SECTION

ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF.

(a) *Tannhaeuser*: Dich, teure Halle; Allmacht'ge Jungfrau. (b) *Der Freischuetz*: Wie nahte mir der Schlummer; Und ob die Wolke. (c) *Lohengrin*: Einsam in truenen Tagen; Euch Luftten, die mein Klagen. Philharmonia Orchestra (a and b) Walter Susskind and (c) Heinz Wallberg with Christa Ludwig (mezzo-soprano). World Record Club. TZ 137.

Schwarzkopf is a soprano of magnificent stature. Her exquisite voice is exemplified here, in the beautiful music to which she sings. Her poignancy as the maid Elsa, in Wagner's moving hymn of praise is matched only by her faultless, spirited creation of Weber's remarkable heroine, Agathe. In all, she sings with surety of character and clarity of expression (only in the extreme upper register becoming slightly hazy in her enunciation). In this, the best of the single Schwarzkopf discs available, all the fire and maturity possessive in a great voice has been resourcefully and warmly transferred to the operatic heroines—Agathe, Elsa and Elisabeth. There is a slight air of theatricality in *Euch Luftten, die mein Klagen*, but nothing significant. Credit must go to Christa Ludwig as a fine machinating Ortrud, to the Orchestra, and to the conductors—especially Walter Susskind, as the best person in this field of work I know of.

—M.J.W.

CHOPIN. Polonaises, Nos. 1-6. Malcuzyński (piano). Columbia 33 MCX 1690.

Apart from one other recording (by Stefan Askenase), this appears to be the only six-Polonaises set that has come out in recent years: Rubinstein's disc has been reissued once, first appeared in 1953. This is a wholly satisfactory account of these works, played by Malcuzyński in the traditional grand manner. He has managed to capture the intense emotivity inherent in the pieces; from the magnificent pages of the darkly sombre C-sharp Minor to the tritely exciting A major. His dynamics are keen and extended; lesser pianists have been accused of disflavouring the often-played Chopin, not so Malcuzyński: the playing seldom becomes cloudy—even in the most ardent of passages—the attitude never lapses. He has successfully combined a marvellous technical efficiency with accuracy, beauty and artistry of tone: the result being the best played album of Chopin polonaises (including Rubinstein's by a fraction), to yet appear. Two points—some badly dropped notes in the A-flat Major, and a poor idea of pianissimo in certain passages.

—M.J.W.

AN AVERAGE NIGHT . . .

It is quite obvious, from the account given by the National Orchestra in its last red concert series, Rolf Liebermann and Honnegger are two inferior musicians. In attempting to surmount the difficulty of interpreting the former's brash *Furioso*, and the blatantly absurd Honnegger *Fifth Symphony*, John Hopkins lost himself completely in the mire and bog that is this (music)? What pretensions either gentleman has to musical aspiration I know not; that both are given to the trite, banal, raucous and atonal, is indication enough of their significance—pitifully small; enough to suit their need. It proved embarrassing to listen to, I have little doubt it was painful to perform. In between these two articles came Berlioz' *Royal Hunt and Storm*: satisfying music in a way, but tonight, unimaginatively played.

—M.J.W.



Ballado o Soldatie

BALLADO O SCMALZ

It is one necessary evil of the Western cinema audience, to take what passes as foreign cinema, as passing as, if not unusual, then at least, very good. People tend too often towards dispassionate praise of some - come - quickly exotic cinema; whether, it is in fact, inferior to an Hollywood or Ealing equivalent; and to point to the unapparent merits in films from foreign climes, whilst overlooking or ignoring the beauty "sometimes" available in the domestic product. This would appear to suit the case of *Ballado o Soldatie*, a second-rate Soviet movie about war; nonetheless, the recipient of much deserved praise, and many prizes.

A frail—but in no way tenuous—plot, woven from halting moments in the life of a soldier returning home on leave, has been sincerely dealt with, but has no great substance or imaginative phrases from which a capable director might have profited. Grigori Chukhrai exploits all the better known graphics of the cinema, and some of the lesser known ones too: his use of the Dovzhenko close-up is congruous; his overuse of certain shot constructions, tedious. The one real merit of the film is in the performance of Shanna Prokhorenko and Vladimir Ivashov (both from the State Institute of Cinematography), as the young couple. They display little amount of technique and learned acting, but are nevertheless, pure and

To complement, or rather contrast the initial half of the concert, Elgar's *Cello Concerto in E Minor* proved a satisfactory inclusion. Visiting artist William Pleeth played with distinction and the necessary reserve, the interpreting of Elgar particularly calls for. His style is neither insipid nor exclusively brilliant; it is a compromise—as he showed here, clean, lucid and secure; his harmonics came across very well, indeed, only once or twice did his bowing fail to draw from the music, the beautiful lyricism of Elgar. Mr Pleeth's rendering of the work, was, if anything, just short of the definitive. Dvorak's *Scherzo Capriccioso* was written in the composer's twenty-second year; it is a lively and colourful piece, revealing as it does, many traits clearly visible in his later symphonies and chamber music. It was treated to an exciting but rather flashy reading—unfortunately though, not too flashy, as to remove the bad odour exuded in the earlier stages by the combined efforts of Messrs. L. and H.

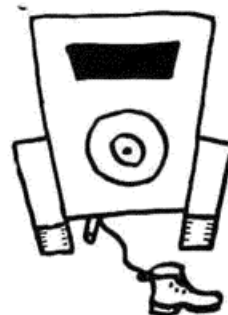
fresh in their attempts.

Chukhrai's earlier film, *The Forty First*, was in every way much more satisfying material. It is amazing how a film such as *Ballado* can be praised so highly, on such unwarranted ground. It is, in fact, no better (or worse) than an average American or English product. The English dialogue dubbing, finally, is the most ludicrous, most nonsensical effort of cheap commercialism I have ever seen and heard.

—M.J.W.

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Chess Jottings

We will try to encourage interest in the game among the more anthropoidal and unenlightened inhabitants of this academic community.

The winner of this week's game is Ross Barnett, last year's President of the V.U.W. Chess Club; the loser is Ted Frost, well-known Wellington journalist, and editor of "Chess News," New Zealand's national chess periodical. The game was played in the recent Wellington Club Summer Open Tourney, which was won jointly by Ken Steele, and John Howe, the latter being well known in some of the more questionable Varsity circles.

CARO-KANN DEFENCE

White Black
A. R. Barnett E. G. A. Frost
1 P-K4 P-QB3
2 P-Q4 P-Q4
3 N-QB3 P-K3

A weak move, shutting in the Queen's Bishop. Better, and usual, is 3... P x P.

4 N-B3 B-N5
5 P-K5 N-K2
6 B-Q3 N-Q2

The opening is now really a French Defence, with the important difference that Black has played... P - QB3, which means that he has to waste a move playing P - QB4, normally a necessary move in the French.

7 O-O P-QR3
So as to play... P - QB4 without allowing N - QN5, P - QR3, N - Q6ch, and N - KN5, with a strong attack for White.

8 N-K2 N-KN3
9 N-B4 Q-K2
10 P-B3 B-R4

11 P-QN4 B-B2
12 R-K1 P-N3
13 N-R5 P-B37

13... O - O was better, though White would still retain the better position.

14 PxP PxP?
Better again was 14... N x P, although White then gets a strong attack by 15 N - N5, but the move played meets with a surprise reply.

15 RxP QxR
16 N-N7 ch K-B2
17 NxQ KxN

18 N-R4! NxN
19 Q-N4 ch P-B4
20 QxN N-B3

21 B-KN5 B-Q1
Black, with his material deficit and backward development, is, of course, quite lost.

22 R-K1 ch K-B2
23 R-K5 R-R2
24 P-B3

So that, after Black's... R - K2, he can play R x B without being mated by R - K8.

24... P-R3
25 BxN BxR
26 Q-R5 ch K-N2

27 R-K8! RxR
28 QxR R-B2
29 P-N4

The quickest method of winning. Black must lose more material.

29... B-N4
30 Q-K5 ch Resigns
A well-played game by the winner.

It's Soccer, Man

A series of fine performances at pre-season trials conducted at Memorial Park, Petone, and Crawford Green, Seatoun, in late April held out hope that the University Soccer Club will offer strong competition in all grades this year.

Until 1956, the Club was a strong force in Wellington Soccer. The Senior team in that year boasted no less than seven Wellington reps. and two international players. Then came relegation and a period in the doldrums. Many teams were more concerned with avoiding demotion rather than gaining promotion.

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Last year, signs of a comeback appeared. At Canterbury a tournament team drawn from all grades put up some stirring performances. The eventual winners of the competition, Canterbury, heaved a mighty sigh of relief when they scraped home 3-1 against us. Also, towards the close of the season, the first team began cracking in the goals, while some of the tournament "Stars" displayed excellent form on promotion to higher teams.

Unfortunately the whole club receives little support on the spectator side. A few hardened supporters turn up week after week, and, as they admit, usually receive something to cheer about, but generally spectators are conspicuous by their absence.

A strong side visited Raumati South on Sunday, April 16, and beat the local "Hearts" 6-3. Scorers: P. Ellwood 2, C. Wall 2, B. Begley 4. —B.W.B.

Ski Club

On March 15, 32 enthusiastic people attended the A.G.M. of the Ski Club. Short talks were given, and slides shown on various ski-ing activities. The new committee, whose names are on the notice board, will welcome inquiries from anyone interested.

Ours is one of the largest clubs, and we have hall-shares with Auckland University Ski Club in a hut at Ruapehu worth £1403/9/8; yet ready cash for improvements is short. However, we hope for a grant from the Students' Association this year.

A hole has been blasted behind the hut for a large water tank, and a covered way to the door will also be built before the season begins. Painting has been done inside and outside, so altogether comfort will be even greater than before. Remember—your support of working parties will give you priority trip-booking over the other 373 members.

£30 was made at a dance held at Training College in March. There will be another at the beginning of next term, so come along and make it a success like the last.

If you are a beginner, contact Mr Landreth (the Phys.-Ed. Officer) right now about dry ski-training classes, because they are free, and well worth attending AND WATCH THE NOTICE BOARD ALL THE TIME.

Water Polo

Victoria finished second in the water polo at Easter Tournament once again, being defeated in a hard final game by Otago, 9-5. The Vic. team, having "taken things a bit too easily" in their earlier games, winning each 4-2, rallied hard to meet the strong Otago team (Graham Leach was awarded his eighth N.Z.U. Blue and Warren Broughton his first—the only two Polo Blues).

The star of the Vic team was undoubtedly Peter Hatch, not a regular polo player but through superior swimming and the tactics learnt on the Australian tour an asset to any water polo team. Len Wyide in goal and Paddy Parkinson gave fine performances which well justified their selection in the N.Z.U. team.

Most Vic supporters were surprised that only three Vic players made the North Island team, while Auckland, who scraped into third place by defeating Canterbury 10-9 in the sixth spell of extra time, had four in this team. A feature of the inter-island game was the absence of backs in the North team.

Others in the Vic team were George Caddie, the Vic captain, Connor McBride, Martin Kerr, Mike Sladden and Ralph Magnusson.

The Vic team should be much improved for next year's tournament in Auckland when it will, we hope, meet a weakened Otago team in the final. (Otago lose Graham Leach to A.U. this year).

Australian Universities' Tour

The climax of the Australian Universities' fencing team visit will be the test match which will be fought in the new Victoria University Gymnasium on Saturday, May 27, commencing in the afternoon with the men's foil and epee events.

The tour is well mixed with typical university social gatherings and

as it lasts for just on three weeks, as compared with the recent 10 days hectic tour, should give the visitors an opportunity to see New Zealand and meet New Zealanders. Provincial matches have been arranged in the four university centres to give the Australians the maximum fencing experience before they meet N.Z.U.'s top fencers in the test match.

Prospective members of the N.Z.U. team have been in serious training.

Although the foil events in the recent national four were fought with electric equipment, during the Universities' tour this weapon will be fought using usual foil which, from the spectators' point of view, is more colourful and interesting, and should enable both teams to give a more spectacular and exciting display.

BEDDING

The latest craze in Canadian colleges is bed-pushing. Like last year's phone-booth stacking craze, bed-pushing was born at the University of Natal, and has spread to Canada, where students from Nova Scotia to British Columbia are mounting beds on wheels and pushing them over prairies and highways. Queen's University, Ontario, claims the current world record: 1000 continuous miles, compiled after a week's pushing, day and night.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Twenty-four American colleges and universities have agreed in the future to invite 100 to 200 African students each year to the United States where they will be granted scholarships. These scholarships will include tuition as well as free room and board throughout a four-year study programme in the United States. Travel expenses are to be paid by the native government.

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