

Salient

Victoria University Students' Newspaper

Vol. 24, No 9.

MONDAY, JUNE 19, 1961

Sub. 5/-; Price 6d.

We Demand No Change

The Name of the Rose

During the Capping ceremony Mr Kitts, the Mayor, suggested that the present title "Victoria University of Wellington" should be shortened to "the University of Wellington." This change would be made when the four universities become autonomous along with the dissolution of the University of New Zealand at the end of this year. The virtues of this proposed change would be that (1) "University of Wellington" is shorter; (2) Vic. would come into line with the rest of the Big Three; (3) it would be gratifying to the people of Wellington. It would help to integrate the university into the city. It would make people feel that the university "belonged" to them, as a respectable and valuable asset, rather than existed as a non-profit-making, non-ratepaying lascivious excrescence, serving to aggravate the labour shortage, and good only for a satisfactory scandal every now and then. This latter image is very common, even among some students, as we see from some of the silly "disgusted" letters that come in to "SALIENT."

Change Is No Answer

The first two reasons are not very important. The full title need not be used very often; and people can always refer to "the Universities of Canterbury, Otago, Wellington," if they want to. Regarding the third "reason," the change would not make any difference. Auckland University has the same name as the city of Auckland, and the degree of hostility and mutual contempt between University and Robinson's City Council has been extraordinary for years. Besides, it is very easy to persuade people to believe what they want to believe. To do the opposite is almost impossible. And mere name-changing would not remove any real cause of friction. It is one thing to try to integrate a university with a city; another thing to submerge it. A local daily [two newspapers "pushed" the proposal] recently referred to a group of sportsmen from "Wellington University." Somebody has already had the temerity to list Vic. in the latest telephone directory under "University of Wellington."

Our Objections

We object to the change for three reasons: "Wellington University" would not be formally correct; because, on the precedent of Canterbury and Otago universities, the names refer to the province, not the city. But Wellington province already contains another university, at Palmerston North. Misrepresentation, sir! Discourtesy to Palmerston North.

Secondly, the present name in its various forms sound pleasant: "Victoria University of Wellington"—impressive and sonorous. "Victoria University," "Victoria," "Vic.," "V.U.W."—handy, pleasant, and distinctive. But, "Wellington University" is an ugly, awkward mouthful. "The University of Wellington" is more a

description than a proper name, and needs the continual use of the article. "Wellington" is far too easily confused with the City. "U.W." is nasty and "W.U." is impossible.

Thirdly, the name has been "Victoria" for 50 years. Why change it, just to gratify the whims and egos of petty businessmen and city councillors. Who can sanely doubt that the loss of its old name would damage the tenuous sense of identity of this old grange? The change from "Victoria University College" to V.U.W., a few years ago, was a good one, and did no damage. With the transformation of Vic. in the last few years, with big new buildings reluctantly popping up all over the place and new projects in the future, it will soon be quite remarkably different from itself 30 years ago. A sense of continuity with the past is too precious to throw away. It is something that can be used to unite the student body, especially as based around the solemnity of the capping ceremony. Why risk losing it, by discarding a name that is essential to the character of the place, to the link with Vic's beginnings? Senses of identity and continuity are things you realise the importance of when you don't have them. Then again, isn't this deletion disrespectful to British royalty? See how the South Africans are taking down the royal

portraits and changing their packs of playing cards. The name is far more important to the students and staff of the university, who have to live with it, than to the public administrators. With the suggested change, for the sake of clerical convenience and the flattering of the egos of a few senseless businessmen, these people stand to gain nothing, and lose something rather valuable. They have (at least) a right to be consulted. At the best, the students and staff should be the actual makers of the decision, by referendum.

What Should We Do

We should have a motion at the Annual General Meeting and then protest at every level.

Not Conservatism

Our opposition to this change of name is not just lazy conservatism. We are dealing, not with a mere administrative fiction but with a living thing, an organic unity. Such must be handled with circumspection. Our feelings are that no major change should be made for a few years yet, if at all, to allow the effect of the present changes to settle down.

One grave problem around this place is the small degree of unity and esprit de corps in the student body. With the opening of the Union Building, the rose has a chance to bloom. So why change its name to lesser stinkwort?

taxes when donations such as to the Union Building, saved the government much money.

THE LOWER HUTT MAYOR'S SPEECH

Mr Wild (Attorney General) represented those students who served in the World War II. His speech was undoubtedly a classic. Negotiations are under way to include it in "Spike" 1961, despite this late date.

Mr Wild endeared himself to many by speaking of this "VICTORIA UNIVERSITY of ours." His only lament was the clash with the Athletic Park function.

This was a time for songs of praise and thanksgiving that an ideal was now a reality. Victoria University in name was now one in truth with its own student heart and home. Since the first building's foundation in 1904 no building of greater importance to the aims of the university had been built.

His tribute to former students killed in the wars was deeply sincere. In 1924 the library's stained glass windows had been unveiled at the jubilee to commemorate the 153 killed in the first war. The Little Theatre has been erected to the memory of the 290 victims of the second world war and "it is well that it should be so."

MITCH'S SPEECH

"Today is yours not ours," he told the many graduates before him. "We have so much for so little effort on our part."

The Minister of Education could well be, and was, taken up on his statement that he was prepared to assist in any worthy cause in the university. After finishing, the architect, Mr Muston, presented submissions regarding the third storey to go on the S.U.B.

The Minister, the Hon. Blair Tennent, spoke of the importance of providing a common meeting ground for student "exchange of ideas, insights and attitudes." Without a S.U.B. no university could be complete. From the friendly clash of personalities grew a knowledge of human nature not obtainable from books. The best knowledge is in the university and is ours to be grasped. Here we may learn to think and acquire wisdom. We may stand on our own feet determined to find truth independently using our own faculties.

Without fuss Mr Tennent finally declared the building open.

This simple ceremony was followed by inspection of the S.U.B. and afternoon tea. Dear old ladies approached your executive members and confided that they were lady Vice-president in 1900 and something. Hearty old men insisted that the office phone be used to find out the score—"at the Park, you know."

Later a delightful cocktail party was held in the common rooms. Round the piano former students recalled the old drinking songs.

N.B.—The functions were organised by a sub-committee of members of both council and the Students' Association and everyone was charged 10/- for the cocktail party.

The Official SUB Opening

Saturday, June 10, went without a hitch. The three or four hundred present did not even notice the only stunt arranged. The bell on the alarm clock was too quiet.

For an hour we shivered on the drive between Hunter and the SUB. An official party shivering even more on a specially-built dais faced up and one by one some spoke to us.

Speaking as chairman Dr. Lynch (the pro Chancellor) outlined the history of our new buildings. He emphasised that a Student Union building was just as much a necessity as laboratories and lecture rooms. Surprisingly, yet maybe he was right, he commented that there was considerable achievement in finishing the building so quickly. The following figures were quoted:

£285,000, total cost; £100,000, original estimate; £94,000, contributed by students (applause); £44,000 of this in cash; £50,000, a loan to be paid off in the future by student levies; £170,250, Government subsidy; the balance—donations.

The 1960 furnishings fund appeal with its target of £15,000 had been subscribed so far to the extent of £14,500.

THE MAYOR'S SPEECH

Mr Kitts was pleased that the Little Theatre will strengthen bonds with the city. The two city council donations to each of the 1949 and 1960 appeals were mentioned as a small though tangible

help. His final comments were on the City Council Library which during the weekends were an extension of the SUB.

Mr Dowse's remarks were delightfully ethnocentric. He graciously admitted our view to be magnificent, suggested a Palmerston North-type extension in the Valley and darkly hinted at improvements to the Lower Hutt Little Theatre. The £1500 which his council recently donated was, he said, due to the Vice-Chancellor's persuasion. This was, however, justifiable in that the university received more students than the "dying" city of Wellington.

Dr. Lynch introduced Sir Bernard Ashwin as a kind and old friend. Representing the donors, all of whom had been invited, he said that businessmen recognised the value of our facilities. The SUB would contribute to a fuller community life in the university in which character and personality were built by informal discussion which sharpened wits. He suggested the possibility of government legislation being more lenient with

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Vol. 24, No. 9. Monday, June 19, 1961. Sub., 5/-; Price, 6d.

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South Africa In Turmoil

"A New Zealander Looks at South Africa" was the theme of the address given by Rev. A. Pyatt, to the World Affairs Council, on Wednesday, May 31.

Speaking on the withdrawal of South Africa from the British Commonwealth, Rev. Pyatt stated that most people knew it had to happen and that it was a relief that it finally had happened. Because of South Africa's racial policy its membership in the Commonwealth attached a moral stigma to our own membership. He suggested also that the difference in racial policy was not the only reason for South Africa leaving the Commonwealth. It was possibly only strong economic reasons which had prevented Dr. Verwoerd from walking out previously.

To understand the problem we must go back into South Africa's history and consider the antipathy between the British and the Boers—being brought to a head periodically by differences over the native question.

At the end of the 16th century when the Dutch and British East India Companies were active, the Dutch took the initiative in settling men at Capetown. By the end of the 18th century there were some 15,000 Europeans and 20,000 slaves in an area the size of New Zealand. Even then the Dutch were outnumbered and there were clashes with the British over these slaves. To get away from Government interference, the Boers trekked out of Cape Colony. They entered Natal, which was occupied by the Zulus, and Transvaal, where they overran the Bantu. Rev. Pyatt pointed out that there are two popular misconceptions about this episode—that the Boers pushed the Bantu off their tribal lands and that the Bantu invaded Transvaal after the Boers had settled there. What actually happened was that the Boers took the land from the Bantu, but it was not tribal land, the Bantu having invaded from the north some years previously.

The Dutch were basically not cruel to their slaves. They showed, rather, an amused tolerance, and although the whip was used frequently, this was the British idea of brutality, not the Dutch. It is commonly thought that had they reversed their policy they would have got on much better with the natives than the British did, having common farming interests.

The idea of superiority of race is not unique to South Africa. Apartheid evolved out of the philosophy that one race is superior to another. "Theoretically," proposed Rev. Pyatt, "many of us agree with the policy of separate but equal development, but in South Africa there is no attempt being made at equality. In any case it is just not possible with the economic set-up. The two races are intertwined and need each other."

"The present Government has carried apartheid to its insane conclusion. The blacks in South Africa are now three times as numerous as the Europeans. In a group of four," said Rev. Pyatt, "three would be black, one would be white. The natural reaction of that one white man, if he has a peculiar philosophy which is a combination of outdated Old Testament thinking and Nazi ideas of superiority of race, is one of fear."

The black man can only own a limited amount of land; he is heavily taxed; the pass system controls where he can live. There is hunger in the reserves, and although 30% of South Africa's earnings come from its industries, the Government is fighting against the consequent move of the blacks to the towns. It is thus fighting against its own industrial progress. No African can own land in an urban area, and he can be shifted from one place to another.

With the crowding on the reserves and the impossibility of buying land in urban areas, two and a half millions live on Afrikaans farms. They are paid, but are virtually slaves, having no freedom of movement.

None of the black men of South Africa have real freedom to choose where they will live, where they will send their children to school, where they will work, or how and where they will travel. (South Africa is in effect a police state.)

There are 28,000 police to maintain laws. The country is ruled by these police in their Saracen armoured cars. They have impossible laws to enforce, and therefore must use impossible ways to enforce them, he pointed out.

"It will not be easy to find a solution to the problem," said Rev. Pyatt, "and we in New Zealand cannot be too complacent about it. South Africa's problems are greater than ours, and we have not yet found answers to many of our own difficulties."

Furniture Fiasco

I dare say many of you are wondering how come the railings in front of the new Student Building got busted and torn out of their concrete settings. You inquiring little devils, you. I suppose most of you thought that this, too, was part of the aftermath of the notorious and much discussed Grad. Supper. Some drunken he-man conducting a trial of strength?



I'm sorry to have to disillusion you on your most intelligent deductions, Watson, but in fact the solution is almost mundane. The damage was done by Holland's furniture van on the delivery of some furniture to the building. Although the answer may seem indeed very matter of fact and uninteresting, the incident was quite hilarious to watch, providing you had no qualms at seeing even more Student Association funds go down the drain.

The truck arrived fairly early in the morning to deliver a load of nondescript furniture, presumably to tide us over until funds allow for new stuff. However once the truck had made the approach to the building down the steep slope from the old Stud. Ass. buildings (you know, that steep slope that nearly busts your gut when you're late for a lecture) it was unable to reverse out again. Every time it did so, it skidded, slid forward, finally becoming wedged between the railings and the telegraph post. Naturally the railings gave way first.

The students then witnessed the massive machinations of Kearney's Breakdown Service to haul the truck out. Quite a job, for which I am sure they were amply rewarded, since, apart from the fear of getting the tow truck bogged

too, there was no straight approach. Finally after much confusion and "high level" organisation the truck was extricated about 4 p.m. The end to an incident which cost Holland's a whole day's work as well as the cost of Kearney's services, and which cost Stud. Ass. for some new railings (or are they going to try and unload this on to Holland?) However, there are bound to be many such "teething troubles" for the new building and although it is a pity that no one thought of the problem of trucking access (particularly the Holland's drivers) it does not seem fair to place any particular blame.

SALIENT REPORTER.

CANDIDATES' MEETING

Come along and hear what they have to say!

This meeting may decide for you who is suitable for the executive 1961-1962.

Chairman: Mr Julian Watts.
Tel. 51-336 (H), 45-060 (B).

THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1961,
1 p.m.

Everyone will be there . . .
will YOU be there?

—JILL WHITE.

Readers Reckon

Airotciv Illogical

Sir,—I wish to express my hearty disgust at the opinions of your correspondent W. P. Airotciv as expressed in "SALIENT" No. 8. He takes it upon himself to fill the role of a prophet with his blatantly nonsensical observation that "there can never be equality." Quite apart from the fact that he gives NO examples to support his assertions, the very basic logic of his argument is at fault. His hypothesis, viewed critically, is this:

- (1) Complete human rights cannot exist while there is inequality.
- (2) At the moment there is inequality in the world.
- (3) Therefore, human rights can NEVER exist.

The fallacy of this argument is obvious. One might as well say that the sky can never be clear because at the moment it is partly cloudy.

Quite apart from this, your correspondent is wrong when he claims that "human rights are non-existent." To be sure they are incomplete, but to assume that this means they are non-existent is quite ridiculous. Yet this is what W. P. Airotciv does. He points to the state of inequality in the world (an abuse of human rights) and then proceeds to prove, apparently to his own satisfaction, that the fact that these rights are being abused proves their non-existence. I would be intrigued to hear how one can abuse a non-existent quality. The very fact that they are abused proves their existence in an imperfect form whereas your correspondent denies their existence in any state at all.

Other fallacies in his letter are obvious. "To admit that there are human rights would be to construe that man can achieve perfection," he says. Grossly untrue. I would be the last to claim the perfection of man, but I consider that in any country man possesses his rights, pathetically small though they may be. Then again, he says: "There shall always be despair for some." This to me, seems to mean that his idea of human rights would be a series of magic barriers guarding man from any harm. The very idea is disagreeable. Who would wish to spend one's life in an unhealthy lukewarm Utopia without any tempering in the fire of adverse conditions?

The tone of the whole letter is deserving of condemnation.

The attitude of careless resignation, the destructive jibes, the warped cynicism—all are only too typical of that obnoxious class, who, seeing the world imperfect, immediately assume that toll towards a better goal is useless, and sink back into a morass of petulant complaining.

Yours, etc.,
CLIVE McLEOD.

1961 Survey

Sir,—So it's Exec. Elections again. What have Exec. done for us this year?

Orientation; run by a few, a reasonable success but lost its punch through fresher apathy.

Hercus brawl; lot of mud all round. Perhaps they could have done something constructive, changed the time of the presidential elections to the end of the year so the difficulty would not occur?

Little Congress. Something constructive. Lost some of its effect through student apathy.

Booze; they cut down the supply to all and sundry. After the performance at the Grads' Supper they could cut it down still further. It was the direct cause of a slur upon our reputation.

Capping. Activities were of a higher standard and on the whole well done. Proceh was a bit of a flop. The people in it were doing fine. Where were all the rest? That and Extrav. were partly defeated by student apathy and public apathy.

All the constructive things were done by a few on the Exec. the balance were example of Exec. apathy.

The new Executive should start from the word go.

Yours, etc.,
R.J.P.

Grad. Supper

Sir,—I must thank SALIENT for contributing new meanings to the words "orgy" and "brawl."

I do not know whether a reporter of your excellent newspaper (whose editors consider themselves responsible adults, qualified to lecture to fellow students—who are after all juvenile—and to the faculty members—who are after all out of touch with the needs of the present generation) was present at the Supper. If he was there he could not have failed to notice the mismanagement of the Executive which, alone, was responsible for making the affair a flop. For example, could the people in the back hear all the speakers even if there was a pin-drop silence? Wasn't there the need for a microphone? Mr Marshall and Dean Campbell commanded the attention of the students because they were audible. How effective, by the way was the Chairmanship of Mr Mitchell?

What is this Graduands' Supper supposed to be anyway? Is it an occasion to make long boring speeches?

Mr Editor, you are out of step if you think the occasion is supposed to be a solemn one and not one of revelry. It was, therefore, very proper for a member of the faculty, who knew something about human zoology, to have disaffiliated himself from the proceedings of the meeting, and to have retired in the back room with those students who wanted to get out of the boredom.

It has been reported that the Common Common Room floor has been pockmarked by the imprint of stiletto heels; that the same room has rings from beer glasses along the window sills; and that at places cigarette stubs have done some damage to the woodwork. So, what? Is the Common Common Room a museum piece, or an art gallery?

A final word about the letters of apologies that Mr Mitchell has sent. Dr. Williams has been around student suppers long enough to know what they are supposed to be. I doubt if he was embarrassed by what happened at the supper. He must have been embarrassed by the letter of apology. He might have even wondered how "respectable" the students are trying to become these days; and he might have sighed at the thought of it.

Yours, etc.,
EX GRADUAND.

(Abridged).

Human Rights

Sir,—W. P. Airotciv in his (her) letter in SALIENT 8 denies the existence of human rights.

In effect the writer attacks one of the fundamentals of Democracy and Christianity, i.e.: THAT THE INDIVIDUAL IS IMPORTANT.

The idea of his right to choose his own way of life has helped man to achieve some measure of happiness—basically, available to all men—of any race. Power to push men around like pawns on a chessboard does not bring happiness, and it creates fear and hatred.

Now we have not reached perfection—and perhaps never will. But we can strive for improvement, extending the human right of freedom to more and more people.

W. P. Airotciv, since he denies the existence of human rights, must deny himself human rights.

Anyway he has already used his right of free expression in print.

Yours faithfully,
"SUNSET 7777."

(Abridged).

Bright

Sir,—Congratulations. I like the colour on SALIENT 8.

Yours, etc.,
COLOUR-BLIND.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Disgusted: Your name and address is required before publication can be considered.

Not Left

Sir,—Barry McKaig has made two alarming mistakes, viz. when he associates the World Affairs Council and the Social Credit Club with the Left politically. Being closely associated with both these organisations, I categorically deny any association with the Left in either case.

World Affairs Council is strictly apolitical (especially in the last few months) and we take great care to keep it that way. Any statement to the contrary shows a pitiful lack of knowledge of the facts and Mr McKaig is a good example of this. Readers will notice that he did not back his allegation with any facts at all.

Mr McKaig suggests that the newly-formed Social Credit Club is Left; then goes on to try to blacken Soered by associating it with fascists such as Ezra Pound and Mussolini—what a classic non sequiter! I can assure him that the Social Credit Club has never at any time stated that it agreed with these two men or with the anti-Semitism (if there is any) of Major C. H. Douglas. Social Credit's political ideas are essentially Liberal ones and we will resist any attempt to brand us as being Leftist, or Fascist.

Both these clubs are rebelling against the status quo. Readers may do well to remember the words of Carlyle: "Men seldom, in fact never, rebel against anything that doesn't merit rebelling against."

Yours, etc.,
PACIFIC CENTRE.

High Heels

Sir,—Possibly I am rather late in writing to support the remarks of Mr "To Hell With High Heels" (SALIENT No. 4), but I am fully in support of them.

One solution is the oriental custom which has one remove one's walking-wear on entering a building, and donning the equivalent of slippers. Unfortunately it is rather late to suggest this, the Student Association building being already in use, and nearly opened. However, students should see that in future designs for V.U. buildings there will be provision for shoe-to-slipper changing rooms at each entrance, and slipper-to-shoe rooms at each exit.

Other possible solutions would be provision of overshoes; a fashion-lead to high-heels with wide tipped bases; or total prevention as your organisation (the Society for the Prevention of the Wearing of High-Heeled Shoes by Women) advocates.

As prevention seems the only practical solution, I would like to support you by joining your organisation. Please give me particulars of activities, subs., etc. Could the Society plan socials, dances, etc., for fund-raising and furthering its object, restricted to those willing to wear wide heels, whether high or flat?

Yours with sympathy,
J. STOKES.

(Abridged).

Spud Spoonfuls

Sir,—Thought I'd try out the new Caf. on the second day it was open, hearing of no cases of food-poisoning on opening day, and found it quite delightful. Clean, shiny, chef's hats and all. The food too was quite nice—the newness of the cutlery alone did not account for the ease with which I subdued the mutton—but I rose as hungry as before I'd partaken. This was solely due to the inadequate amount of potatoe. I admit my fallibility in saying that hunger is dependant primarily on lack of quantity not lack of quality. The quality was there but three or four spoonfuls of spud would have left me quite sated and not quite famished. I would even tolerate a small increase in price for this satisfaction.

Also, what about 7.30 p.m. closing time for those five to seveners?

Yours faithfully,
PARTUS TEMPUS.

[See "Cafeteria" reply—elsewhere in this issue.—Ed.]

Are YOU Always Late for Lectures?

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FOR SALE: Puch Scooter, 1959 model, Under 8000 miles. In perfect condition. Contact the SALIENT Editor, Tel. 58-000-6384d (evenings) or the editorial room, extension 81 (day).

Vic. for Ever!

Sir,—The mayor has proposed that the name of our university be changed from Victoria U. of W. to U. of W. The reason given was to "forge a stronger link between the university and Wellington and evoke in citizens a greater pride in their association with the university." Is the mere dropping of the name "Victoria" really going to achieve this? Or are there other and more valid reasons yet to be explained?

So what, we're Victorians in an Elizabethan world. Why take away what little individuality, what small entity we have?

The universities of New Zealand will soon be antonomous—do we, just because the others are nameless, have to become another geographical anonymity—like U. of Auckland, U. of Otago—just to conform.

This move to erase the fair name of "Victoria" comes from outside the university—is Vic. itself to have no say? Why this "hideous conspiracy" to deny us our name?

No one would benefit from a change. It would be a definite loss to the university. As far as practicability and general usage is concerned "Victoria" is greatly superior to "Wellington University"—who can imagine yelling "Wellington" in preference to "Vic." at tournament? And lastly, there is the absurd fact that Vic. is ours and we are quite inexplicably attached to the name.

—M.B.

[See page 1.—Ed.]

Group Complex

Sir,—Let's join J. Markham, and have a devilish time. Let's be extremists. Let's show our maturity. 25 per cent. is not enough, we might get a minority group complex.

Religion adds to the spiritual life; but sex does something big to the world; it adds life to it.

Let's damn religion with drink; let the justice and social welfare departments (not to mention the morgue) mop up.

Let's blaspheme and hurt a few more people's feelings, after all people just love having their feelings hurt. "Well," you may ask, "what sort of worship do us 25 per cent. have?" We worship every sabbath day at the "Athletic Park Cathedral."

The moral is simple. Let's all kick up hell—wreck our homelife; wreck the chances of our "kids," increase the divorce rate, increase vandalism. Let's be tough above the ears, be individualistic and impose upon others.

—G. J. DAVIDSON.

Protest

Sir,—I must register a stern protest at your cavalier omission of half the argument of my letter on the hideous socialist conspiracy. You did not even proffer the courtesy of an "(Abridged)" postscript. I am compelled to suspect fifth column activity on behalf of the City Council.

I protest that the move to change the name of this college is a conditioned response to the prevailing philosophy of uniformity, conformity, "let's-be-all-the-same-ness," or "you-think-you're-good-because-you're-different-ness." If we give way now, before we know where we are they will have foisted the City arms and motto on us, and made the university council a select committee of the Wellington corporation!

This is quite intolerable! Rage consumes me!! VICTORIANS! ART THOU THE SAME AS THE CITY THAT GROVELS BENEATH THEE !!!

I am, etc.,
HAROLD HIN.

Editor A Capitalist Puppet

Sir,—You are not a Communist as stated by "Auremmagis Rire Desideranda" in the last issue of SALIENT. The Party would never have you.

I say that you are the mercenary puppet of a subversive Capitalist plot, trying to coax the last zacks from the shrunken purses of starving students, by printing sensationalist "Daily Mirror" type articles.

Small things like correct facts do not matter of course, as long as the little silver coins keep rolling in.

But not to worry. When the Day of the Revolution comes, rest assured that you and your "investigators" will be at the head of the firing squad waiting list.

Yours, etc.,
JOHN PARKYN.

The Cause?

Sir,—The graduands' dinner was certainly a deplorable affair; but to judge by your front page the worst aspects of it are only now emerging; moralizing, pontification, pointing of fingers, and hounding of culprits. In all this busy-ness, the more difficult search for causes is likely to be forgotten.

The dinner this year differed from its predecessors principally in the fact that most of those participating reverted to their own conversation whilst they were being addressed by the speakers. This was not surprising. I was in the front rank of the audience, and there was literally nothing between me and the table at which the speakers sat. Yet even before the hullabaloo started, I was hard put to hear what the speakers were saying. The reason was not far to seek: the room where the dinner was held has a sound-absorbent ceiling. To expect the speakers' voices to carry, in a room designed to preclude this, seems unwise.

Furthermore, the speeches would have been listened to more attentively, even under these adverse conditions, if they had come earlier and been briefer. Proceedings began at 8 p.m.; the speech-making at about 9.40, and it was nearly 11 before it dragged to a close.

The remedy follows from the diagnosis. Instal a loudspeaker system, begin the speeches at, say, 8.30 p.m., make sure they end at 9 p.m., and everybody, including the speakers, will have a much better time.

Yours, etc.,
LESLIE H. PALMIER.

On Charity

Sir,—It shows a disappointing lack of consideration towards music students, or more bluntly, ignorance in administration, that when money is urgently needed to furnish the S.U. building, Exec. persists in raising funds for charity. At the moment the Little Theatre lacks a concert grand piano—the Brinsmead in the Common Common Room is quite inadequate—and the theatre will not function as a Little Theatre to the city nor attract visiting musicians until it has one. A good grand piano will cost around £2000. Yet by some inherent charity-complex Exec. carries favour with the public and the papers by irrational fund-raising for an arbitrarily-selected cause in which it has no interest nor intends to have interest.

Charity begins at home. The money raised (how much?) should

Listener

Once upon a time there was a very small boy who owned a wooden fire-engine, painted blue. That it was blue in no way disturbed the lad, and he went happily about extinguishing his imaginary conflagrations. Then one day, there came into the world of this small chap, a neighbouring fellow who also owned a blue fire-engine. To see, in the hands of another, such an exotic fire-engine, gave our small champion fears and doubts as to the propriety of owning an engine painted blue. With time his dubiousity increased, until it reached the point where he went furtively aside to appear later with his fire-engine painted red.

And so I was interested to see that so shortly after Extravaganza, the Listener radically changed its form of publication. Well done, Fair Laddie.

L.D.B.

Moral Re-armament

Sir,—I read your article, "Shall We Sleep," in SALIENT with great interest. I would like to say that I wholeheartedly agree with what Meha wrote.

I have just returned from the United States where I worked for almost four years with Moral Re-Armament.

Yes, we are asleep in this country. The idea of "peaceful co-existence" is being swallowed. I think of the visit of the Lenin-grad Ballet in July. It comes not merely to entertain, but to put us further to sleep.

I also agree that our generation needs to wake. The Communists have an ideology, but we don't. I believe our future depends on us finding and living out a better ideology.

From my own experience, and the experience of youth leaders from nations whom I worked with in America, I'm convinced that Moral Re-Armament is the next step for our generation.

Yours sincerely,
RICHARD CAUGHEY.

Vic. Sick

Sir,—Is Victoria University lagging behind in the Space-race?

The recent announcement from Christchurch that within about two years Canterbury University would be in a position to conduct space probes gives good ground for concern.

Even the most apathetic student may now be asking himself whether all is well within the University.

Perhaps our new president could make a statement.

P.D.B.

Airotciv

Sir,—If W. P. Airotciv would like to meet me on the ramp leading from C3, I will show him a new venue and method of murder at Victoria, but the story would need to be written subsequently by someone else.

Yours, etc.,
KILLER.

[Thank you, I will pass on the message.—Editor.]

have been earned for and put towards the completion of our theatre furnishings.

Yours, etc.,
R. J. MACONIE.

Jazz and Extrav.

For all the fairness that is obvious in Mr Latham Stubbs's letter to the Editor in the last issue of SALIENT, I must admit it is mainly fairness to himself. I am referring solely to the paragraph relating to the Jazz Society. I am sorry to say he has presented a rosy picture that has little relation to the facts. He states that "Extrav. committee went out of its way to make (the room) available for the Jazz Club on Sunday afternoons, and at no time did Extrav. interfere with their activities as a result." Apart from the faulty argument inherent to that last sentence, this was not quite what happened. Extrav. kindly granted us use of the room while they had tea—almost an hour's playing time. We even tried it once.

However, I might add that Extrav. was not "riding roughshod over the interests of other students," as they might have done in other cases; they were merely keeping a tight hold on what was theirs anyway.

The real culprit was the blind feeble-mindedness of Executive. In return to our request for alternative facilities, namely a piano and a room to play it in, they replied: "They do not see their way clear to make a special grant (for a piano) in view of the overall student activities" and "The facilities required will be available again in early May," that is, when Extrav. opened at the Opera House. In other words Executive, that has the interests of affiliated societies so dear to its heart, said, "We can't be bothered doing anything, wait until the facilities you want are re-available." It is significant that Mr Hercus was the only dissenter.

I take the trouble to mention this to be helpful to the present, and incoming, Executive, and also to put the Extrav. controversy in its proper light. After all, Extrav., like the Jazz Society, has to rehearse for their show, too.

—R. T. MURPHY, President Jazz Society.

A Word To Be Abolished

The Oxford Dictionary describes "cowardice" as "the want of courage to face danger." And yet no human being has the right to call his fellow-man a coward.

What I will try to prove is the fact that NO MAN IS A COWARD. From the first day we open our eyes on the world that lies before us till the last day of our lives we face DANGER. Like a treacherous monster it hides itself behind the corner and watches all our movements, ever ready to strike, ever ready to kill, to devour. This instant you are, the next you do not exist. And yet you ask a dying man if he wants to live and the answer in 99 cases out of 100 will be "YES." Then what is the conclusion? Is 1% of our population cowardly?

Whatever we do we still find the same answer: MEN ARE NOT COWARDS. Who has ever said that he was afraid of living? Tired of it, yes, but not afraid. Whether we like it or not we have adapted ourselves to disregarding and ignoring danger. We ALL ARE reckless. Our lives do not depend on anything else but fate, which is closely connected with danger, but we love life.

Sometimes fear, shame, love or hate make us do the boldest actions we can imagine. But this

only lasts a few seconds. Our mind, like a somnabulist, pushes us forward disregarding danger. But that moment of intoxicated blankness soon passes away and we turn back to normal. Certainly it was not courage. It was an impulse, a desire, a wish to perform whatever we did.

The FUTURE for many people is written with big bright letters at the back of their minds. Every dream and every hope is placed on that one word. And yet how futile it is. Future means darkness, uncertainty, destruction. But who realizes who thinks of these things? Even the worst pessimist feels, deep inside, that the days will brighten up "in the future," everything will turn up "in the future." This is only wishful thinking! However, it proves that every man has enough courage to overlook all mishaps and misfortunes of life.

Today in our world there is not one single cowardly man. Therefore I think the word "cowardice" should be abolished from our language!!! It has no meaning and it cannot be applied to any living being.

—MARIANNA BELDESCOU.

[Moral of this discussion—we should not disarm—yet.]

Some Female Reactions

Recorded by a reporter after the article "Education—A Burden To Women" was published in SALIENT 6.

"Unjust and extreme in its views . . ."

"Rubbish . . ."

"Psychology is definitely a help in bringing up your kids . . ."

"President Kennedy would never be in his position today if he didn't have his wife to help him on."

"All nonsense."

[Note that no one has attempted to seriously answer Mary Lidden's article. Could it be that it is because there is NO answer, that education IS a burden to women?]

—M.T.L.

Eulogy in the Style of Scaramouche

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Run banners up the mast!
Pour out libations to the gods,
We gotta caf' at last!

Two sorts of soup and sandwiches,
And Macaroni Italienne
Haricot chops and fresh scones,
And, special, Curried Chicken.

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The Little Theatre stand-in,
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Their thankless job can hand in.

Salute to Kris* the Royal cook,
In culinary splendour,
And now the Official Opening is
The next on our agenda.

FRED SPIT.

*Kris Levenbach, ex-cook of the Royal Oak Hotel.

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Politics and Japanese Students

PART THREE

A young democracy in Japan has bred a vicious form of militant trade unionism. This militant marxist leadership is reflected also in the organisation of Zengakuren, the Students' Association, yet both the rank-and-file worker and the average student show themselves to be not necessarily in full support of the activities of their radical leaders. This lack of support can be proved statistically, but to a foreigner this statistical proof seems valueless when compared with the massive rioting mobs of red-flag-waving students. In New Zealand we can only go by the newspaper reports and press photos that we saw. These on-the-spot reports, presented starkly before us with no background information, only lead us up the garden path—the very garden path the Communist organisers wanted the West to be led up.

Ignoring the basic rights or wrongs of the U.S. — Japan Security Treaty, Prime Minister Kishi was, beyond doubt, pushing the ratification of it through the Diet in a most disorderly and undemocratic manner. Kishi blamed the shambles on to the Communist International, and there is little doubt that this organisation did bring pressure to bear to stop the treaty going through. The Soviet Union in an

Aussie Malcolm reports on Japanese Youth Exclusive to SALIENT

obvious endeavour to enforce the removal of U.S. military bases from Japan, made the most of the case of an American U2 aircraft shot down over Soviet territory. In a memorandum to the Japanese Government, the Soviet threatened that a ratification of a treaty allowing American bases on Japanese soil would result only in an I.C.B.M.—Moscow-Tokyo Non-stop! Communist China (who commands a great deal of attention in the Japanese papers) also launched an attack, theirs being against Kishi personally. Morally and materially boosted, Sohyo and the Social-Democratic Party organised the National Council for Joint Struggle against the Security Treaty. The Communist Party sat at the table of the Council as an "advisor."

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DEMONSTRATIONS

The Kishi Government wished to report, to President Eisenhower on his arrival in Japan, the successful completion of the ratification—a touching thought. As the Treaty had not made satisfactory progress, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, upon the motion of the Liberal-Democratic Party members, was intending to announce an extension of the session, so as to complete the examination of it. The Social-Democratic Party, using methods this writer has already commented on, formed a sit-down picket in the door-way of the Speaker's room, thus physically preventing him from going to the House to carry out his function. Speaker Ichiro Kiyose then had to call for the police who removed the sitters, one by one, thus allowing him access to the House. There, with only the Liberal-Democratic members present, he used the excuse that examination of the Treaty Bill was as yet incomplete, and thus got a 50-day extension—then 20 minutes later, at midnight, still with only one party present, approved the passage of the self-same bill. The day—May 13, Ike's estimated arrival date June 19. And Kishi was well aware that, by Japanese law, a Treaty is consider-

ed "approved" 30 days after the Lower House has read it, in spite of what the Upper House may say. No doubt Kishi was annoyed by the Socialists' behaviour, but annoyance was no excuse for the shameless way the Bill was passed. On May 19-20, the public remembered all of the Kishi Government's bad mistakes, and grew angrier at this one. Anti-Kishi-ism grew rife, and it was only unfortunate that it was tied up with an international question. While large numbers of the crowds were muttering "Down with Kishi," the Sohyo and Zengakuren leaders yelled "Down with America." Trained leaders appeared from nowhere, organised students into snake-dancing arm-linked lines, controlled by whistles—the excuse being so as not to disturb the general public. All were told to bring their various flags representing various groups. What New Zealanders, and many western newspaper correspondents don't realise however, is that in Japan A RED FLAG IS THE TRADITIONAL SYMBOL OF ANY ACTION GROUP. Red flags on explosives trucks in New Zealand don't indicate Communist sympathy any more than Japanese student's red flags do!

It can be safely said that of the participants in the recent demonstrations, a large majority were anti-Kishi, with a comparatively small number representing anti-Security Treaty elements and a yet smaller portion consisting of Communists. Anti-Kishi did not mean Anti-American, although anti-Americanism was dominant in the anti-Security Treaty group and among the Communists.

The following two incidents, reported in a magazine edited by a Japanese friend of the present writer, serve adequately to illustrate the peculiar nature of the so-called anti-Americanism in Japan: "When the Presidential Press Secretary and his party were getting out of their besieged car to catch the helicopter rushed to the scene for their rescue, one of the students who was beating the car stepped by accident on the foot of one of the Americans. He promptly drew back with an apology "I am sorry" and then went back to beating the car. The other was a scene witnessed in one of the swanky tea-shops in busy Ginza Street. It was on a day when mass demonstrations were in full swing. Two American soldiers from Korea, enjoying a furlough in Tokyo, were seated at a table. A group of students recognisable at a glance as members of Zengakuren, entered the tea-shop and took a table next to that of the Americans, much to the embarrassment of the latter, as they had been informed that Zengakuren members followed the same tradition as the historically

famous Kamikaze Suicide Squad of the last war. The students, seeing the Americans greatly perturbed and discomfited, decided among themselves that it was because the Americans knew but little Japanese. So, one of the students got up, and came to the American's table offering politely, "May I help you?"

Also it is a fact that the demonstrations before the American Embassy were very quiet and orderly, and it was only in front of the Diet that trucks were burned, and fighting took place.

DEMOCRACY IN DANGER

To the shrewd observer, however, the real danger all these riots point to, is not the Socialist threat, but the Right wing one, for amidst this mass activities of the Left-wing, the Right-wing members saw a long-awaited-for opportunity to make their re-emergence by resorting to their notorious tactics of terrorism.

On June 17 Socialist leader Kawakami was stabbed and wounded within the Diet compound. Prime Minister Kishi was assaulted on July 14, and on October 12 Inejiro Asanuma was stabbed to death by a fanatical Right-wing youth.

The events described in these three articles all seem to bear out one important fact: that democracy is still quite immature in Japan. Following the defeat in the last war, Japan was initiated in the practice of democracy under the tutelage of the Allied Occupation Forces, and the new democratic constitution was enforced. Notwithstanding, what the Japanese have learned, so far, are but the basic principles of democracy, and not the rules and conditions by which this newly-acquired ideology can be fostered and made to function. The Japanese community today has not yet learned such vital prerequisites for fostering democracy as you find in Lippmann's "Public Philosophy" or Barker's "Traditions of Civility."

The Unchristian God

It appears fitting that the intensive religious activity on the campus should be placed in proper perspective by a critical analysis of the premise which inspires it. Christianity stands on the existence of an omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent God. In a word, God is Infinity.

Now the very concept of infinity is all-inclusive and absolutely exclusive—nothing exists apart from it as if it did it would cease to be infinite. Christians, however, would have us believe that their God is a judge of good and evil, rewarding the one and punishing the other. This idea entails an existence separate from God—forces of good and evil—and consequently puts a limit to Infinity. Furthermore, theories of heaven and hell, the damned and the elect, must inevitably lead one to the conclusion that there is a division and an internal struggle in the Christian Infinity. The contradictions herein contained should enable the impartial thinker to seek the explanation for the universe elsewhere.

Without limiting the meaning of the word "universe" to our particular planetary system, we are led to the conclusion that the universe is infinite. Integral with it must be an infinite life force—hence the continual processes of apparent change and evolution. The word "apparent" must be appended because nothing can really be added to or deducted from infinity. It is not pretended that one can ever fully understand how this universe functions, yet scientific knowledge

may lead us to a continually improving appreciation.

From a human approach the main objection to Christianity is that it hinders our intellectual development and, by imposing a "divine" morality on the world, tends to prevent man from achieving a good society on this earth. The truth is that this "divine" morality is far from consistent. In one age it tells mankind to love his neighbour; in another to rush out and slaughter those who do not adhere to his particular dogma. A closer analysis reveals that Christianity, in common with other forms of organised superstition, endeavours to identify itself with the powers-that-be and, if it succeed in this, becomes a bulwark of conservatism and an opponent to change and progress.

In conclusion, mankind owes it to itself to achieve the best society possible. . . . In the accomplishment of this object, and recognising the perpetual need for change and progress to meet the needs of each generation, men and women require unfettered intellects. Christianity breeds the slave mentality and must be accounted an enemy to enlightenment. The fact that men like Galileo were forced to deny the truths which they perceived is an irrefutable testimony to these accusations. Equally it shows that the human spirit shall ever rise against totalitarian dogmas and assert its right to pursue truth and fulfilment until liberty reigns supreme.

—W. DWYER.

HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR

Hiroshima mon Amour, the first feature film of the brilliant young French director, Alain Resnais, has of late, been the direct cause of much heated controversy in cinema circles. Now that the film has been publicly screened in Wellington, an appraisal of it is given below, by Murray White.

There has never been a movie, about which so much arrant, crapulent thesis has been written and allowed to pass unchecked, the likes of *Hiroshima mon Amour*. To date, there have been few brave dissenters from the chorus of acclamation; nobody has yet stopped for a sufficient time to reappreciate the value of this movie—its place in the format of the art, its merits and demerits. When it first appeared last year, it created an uproar; quite frankly, there wasn't a platitude or effective adjective left in the dictionary that hadn't been equated, by someone, with the film. In fact, so much esoteric, nonsensical rubbish, ranging in ignorance of presentation from the extremely existentialist to the fawning parrot viewpoints, has appeared (cf. *Sight and Sound* and the *New Zealand Listener*), one wonders whether the object in point is, actually a film, or some moral message wrapped in celluloid, addressed to the world, from God: in point of fact it is wholly neither, but a shallow compromise. I am confident in the proposition that *Hiroshima* has been unduly praised because blind dedication caused through an imbalance of ignorance over reason, has been permitted to go unquestioned and unexamined.

This sort of fraternal adoption into the fold is nothing new; when the original avant-garde film makers began work immediately after the first World War, churning out such spurious creations as Man Ray's *Le Ratour a la Raison* for the dadaist club, Cavalcanti's *Rien que les Heures* for the impressionists and Bunuel's and Dalí's *Un Chien Andalou* for the surrealists, they were accepted as memorable tomes, a bras ouverts, possessing a deep significance. Resnais himself, is the product of a post-War renaissance in French art and intellectualism, and may be considered complementary to his dejected, rebellious, predecessors. He has attempted some dozen films and a few remarkable shorts, of which *Van Gogh* is perhaps the best known. His *Nuit et Brouillard* was accepted as "surrealistic and cosmic" (?) and indeed, foreruns much of what is in *Hiroshima*. With this latter film however, he has become world famous, and I must return to the examination of the film proper.

I have stated my assurance that in *Hiroshima's* case, praise for ignorance sake, has relegated the film to its present position. I incline to this attitude for a number of reasons: firstly, it is not an easy film to understand; its theme, originality in editing style, and overall abstruse conception makes it immensely difficult to follow and equate with known standards. It is furthermore, the initiator of a cult of cinema that has become known as "nouvelle vague"; a meaningless term that has caught on, and become synonymous with singularity of approach, a contemporaneous understanding of human problems, and, consequently, esotericism, which has resulted in appeal (an almost phototropic appeal for the myopic intellectual set). A third point in this issue, is that what Resnais has achieved in the eyes of so many, results not from any embellishment of his own peculiar talents and experience, but rather, from a curious admixture of script, music, editing, direction and morality; the diffuseness of which

FINE ARTS SECTION

has marred the film terribly. It is not so much a case of whether the film is of brilliant craftsmanship and insight: the point in question rests on understanding; does the movie have fluidity, is it comprehensible, then, is it sincere?

The script, written by Marguerite Duras, was intended as a novel. Resnais explained this as: desiring a model screenplay in which only theme and idea were to be considered; camera, construction of scenes and characterisation to be ignored at this stage. Hence one sees the tragedy—a script of poetic inspiration, but of remarkable incongruity to the visual pattern. In places, banality tends to cover beauty with obscurity. A case in point being in the opening sequence, where, to the girl's querulous plea that she appreciates the horrors that were Hiroshima, the man persistently reiterates with: Non, tu n'as rien vu a Hiroshima, rien. Relevant? Up to a stage; but pushing the same line (as Mme. Duras does, again in the film) clouds rather than obverts the double-sided issue, Resnais is raising.

The editing may be blamed responsible for the film's disgusting lack of cohesion and orderliness. Resnais has not been successful in his use of "past-present relativity"; the cross-cutting is imaginative, quite original but never, really convincing. Once married to the script of course, matters of translation become impossible. I did not see the relevance of the opening sequence; in which Resnais has shown some of the grimmer aspects of human existence. Is he trying to counterplay this against the cross-cultural love theme? If so, it is an unsuccessful attempt at presenting conflicts of ideal and genuine, love and hate. He falls short too, in this realistic approach to a theme of ideal love in a state of constant conflict—his approach is too superficial, and far too ephemeral for the film's perennial topicality. I should say this was the result of misunderstanding of thematic interpretation by script-writer, editors and director.

Having no intention to discourse into the plot outline, or issues of morality involved in the film, I will stop here. I should be quite content to accept the film as a startling new innovation in cinematic technique; but I would go no further. It is not deserving of the praise bestowed so unconvincingly upon it; but it does not stand de trop, as regards inventiveness and experimentation in the cinema. Rather, *Hiroshima mon Amour* has heralded a new wave, but it is in the valley of the wave of contemporary approach that it lies—it appears certain to have spawned other films of similar design; which may, unlike this, eventually ride the crest.

PSYCHO

It is fortunate for Alfred Hitchcock, not all men are destined to live healthily—mentally, that is. If this were not true, he would obviously have chosen some other topic as his showpiece in his new film, *Psycho*. I can only say, it is an adroit piece of degradation and capitalisation. Degradation, because Hitchcock has here excelled all bounds of reason in horror and thrills: the emphasis being upon death and associated nausea. Capitalisation, because Hitchcock has taken an ever-present malady of human weakness and popularly expressed the false conception of how peculiar, horrible and humorous, "mad-men" are.

There is nothing particularly smart in this; indeed, it is ample proof, to myself at any rate, that Mr Hitchcock has completed his work in the cinema—he has outgrown his usefulness.

Psycho lacks all semblance to his former style. The subtlety, conflict of elements, discretion in formulating plot, apparent in his earlier works, are all lacking here. There is no discrimination as between what is meant to be humorous and what macabre—essential, in all thrillers according to the man himself. There is an abundance of superficial photographic detail—shots of a dead girl's eye, ruthless stabbing (excised in Britain but retained here), unnecessary pans and tracks, all part of the Hitchcock trade-mark; a seal once noted for its competence, now I dare say, absolute horror.

This is just not good enough. I deplore the exploitation of certain

social sicknesses, the unnecessary dwelling on death and the pervading atmosphere of putrescence; but all this aside, there is nothing essentially outstanding in the film. The conclusion is certainly unexpected, but after so much blood and gore, I should not have been surprised to see Jack-the-Ripper appear and summarise the life of Norman; in place of the actual Hollywood analyst, Anthony Perkins as Norman Bates, the psychopathic killer, is an actor of versatility, if not undue promise; Janet Leigh and Martin Balsam have done immeasurably better. I doubt, however, if anyone could have relieved the staidity in Joseph Stefano's unreliable script. George Tomasini is worth a mention: it is mainly his brisk pace and sense of urgency that just keeps the movie on the Mason just of the cinematic trash line.

But in the end, it is still a poor movie—I should suggest Mr Hitchcock now retire (he has been making films for 35 years and has directed 48). With films like *Psycho* he is only discrediting an honoured reputation.

—M.J.W.



Anthony Perkins in "Psycho."

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET

John Lewis piano
Milt Jackson vibes
Percy Heath bass
Connie Ray drums

The Modern Jazz Quartet is a sober-looking collection of musicians as one would ever expect to see, but the atmosphere they project is not so much one of formality as of restraint. Lewis's shy little speeches introducing each number, Jackson's diffident bow acknowledging applause and Heath's air of intense concentration characterise the Quartet's dedicated approach to their music. The recorded work of the Quartet is inclined to be reserved to the point of fragility but, in their one-night stand at the Opera House, they projected more strongly to the audience, and the increase of volume was accompanied by an apparent increase in the intensity of attack. Kay especially, uses his drums to more effect, and pushes the other artists along with vigour. Nevertheless the quality of the music made the more intimate atmosphere of the Opera House preferable to that of the Town Hall.

Lewis, the accepted leader, claims that the Quartet plays as a group, and certainly the influence of the group is very strong, especially in the case of Jackson, whose numerous recordings with other groups have a different quality from his performances with the Quartet. There is the feeling that he is consciously restraining himself. Jackson, who began his career in a group with Charlie Parker shows the "Bird's" influence in his playing. In his theme "Bags' Groove," the first of the encores, he was encouraged to "blow" more freely, and the result was a peculiar synthesis of Parker's sound: the series of long, slow, thoughtful notes which Jackson holds on the vibes like drops of water from a tap, followed by the cheerful, off-hand run. Jackson with a blues in his element: the group played one in-

spired by Mahalia Jackson at the end of the first half when Lewis and Kay set up a typical rhythm-and-blues backing and Jackson played a moving, funky solo which had all the quality of a spiritual. Jackson also had his tether in "How High the Moon," and after a studied opening to this hackneyed showpiece he swung into an up-tempo, Hamp-tonesque version that gave full freedom to his abilities as an improviser.

But aside from these showpieces the Quartet was integrated, and their most original work came from their lightly sketched and delicate impressionist arrangements, particularly when they exploited the rapport between Lewis and Jackson with carefully interwoven counterpoint and fugue. Mespecially in "Concorde." Their background music for the film "No Sun in Venice" projected atmosphere admirably, and we note especially Lewis's version of a bored cocktail pianist introducing random tunes. Lewis's own gentle sense of humour comes through every now and then: a droll little carol based on "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" with a march rhythm was one example, and a tongue-in-cheek rendition of the famous Ellington standard "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing" was another.

The total impression was one of four gentlemen of jazz who are dedicated to their music. It is interesting to note that they have enough artistic integrity to insist on appearing on their own, instead of in a half-show supported by local artists. Brubeck complained mildly about this when he was here last year, and it seems unnecessary that artists of his calibre should have been coupled with local talent, when the M.J.Q. demonstrated completely that a serious, chamber-music jazz group can hold a Wellington audience interested and enthralled for a whole evening's performance.

—R.G.L.

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AROUND THE GALLERIES

In recent months, Wellington connoisseurs of the visual arts have had much to see, and, judging by the large number of sales made, liked much of what they have seen. So far, Autumn academy sales total £1096. The recent Bodcock show netted over £2200; MacDiarmid—truly a landscape painter par excellence—netted over £800, and local artists exhibiting in Manners Street during the Festival, added some £500.

Work exhibited lately has been, on the whole, of very high standard, and has ranged from the very successful N.Z. Industrial Design Display and the recent Japanese ceramics showing in the central Gallery, to an exciting little exhibition of Danish prints and an exhibition of water colours by C. D. Barraud. We have seen exhibitions by Douglas Bodcock, Cedric Savage, Douglas MacDiarmid, Arthur McGhie and Peter McIntyre. The Autumn Exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts is, of course, now showing.

What a splendid painter in oils Douglas MacDiarmid is. Every canvas is a delight to the eye: all are, as Professor Page remarked at the opening, meticulously finished. One of his canvases will grace our National Gallery. MacDiarmid, unlike Peter McIntyre, gives me the impression of having something to say in every canvas: the latter apes the camera too much. One can see how much he loves the French countryside, especially the south of France, which is seen so often. After suffering many privations in his early years, MacDiarmid is coming into his own. All will wish him well, I am sure.

Arthur McGhie

The recent exhibition in the Willeston Galleries of oil paintings by Arthur McGhie, who is a Wellington lawyer and graduate of V.U.W. was, in my opinion significant and well worth seeing. McGhie has been painting for some 20 years and, surprisingly, has studied under Adrian Heath. He has also worked with David Bomberg and has exhibited with, and is a founder member of, the English Free Painters Group; a group formed from the painter members of the Institute of Contemporary Arts.

Quite clearly, McGhie exhibits some considerable talent—both latent and manifest—and has, as has been remarked on, a surprisingly flexible outlook considering his 20 years experience. The first impact one feels on meeting his work is that of his sense of colour. Indeed at first sight I was reminded in more ways than one, of the Fauve Vlaminck, of whom the critic Dorival said, "he does not suggest, he delivers a punch." McGhie, too, is a painter full of ideas. He possesses an enquiring mind and is concerned much, as evidenced in the canvases' titles, with a social awareness of a host of matters.

Perhaps McGhie's best point is his extreme freshness and its accompanying vigour and vitality. He clashes his colours together like cymbals and the effect is by no means unpleasant. McGhie's New Zealand landscapes—"Mount

Egmont," "Wairarapa" and "Ma-raenui Lookout East Coast"—are especially fresh and vibrant and well worth seeing. The artist applies his paint very thickly and all illustrate his interest in mass. With these, are contrasted such semi-abstract studies as "Comrade Gagarin, I Presume" (which, by the way, though the technique employed resembles closely that of the Australian William Dobell, is no Dobellian pastiche), and "Coffee Bar Cameo." McGhie also does such titles as "Last Train" (one instinctively asks—where to?) "All Fell Out," "Women's Institute Palaver" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls." These latter canvases illustrate his use of symbolism.

McGhie has been criticised for "unsubtle use of colour," but I do not think this a particularly valid criticism: he would appear to be influenced by the modern French school. That he was influenced by Goya's more freely treated work e.g., "Pilgrimage to San Isidro" (novel in its own day) is, I think, certain. El Greco too, may have given some ideas as to colour; McGhie came under both these artists' spell.

Despite some concrete evidence as to a conflict between "accomplishment and aims," as Russell Bond has noticed, McGhie's progress should be worth watching, for as his exhibition brochure says: this show suggests some fairly clear lines of endeavour for future development. I personally, would like to see some more New Zealand landscapes.

—G.L.E.

Peter McIntyre

The most outstanding feature of the recent exhibition of paintings by Peter McIntyre, was the masterful use he makes of light. I remember this quality, in his painting of a Dunedin square which won the Kellier award, two years ago. The paintings in the present exhibition are mostly of Hong Kong; and it is interesting to see the light haziness associated with the Oriental landscape—a contrast with the clarity of his New Zealand and Antarctic studies. The certainty with which the atmosphere of the place is captured is impressive, particularly in the coastal scenes. Water was a main theme in these paintings; sea, beaches, harbours, rivers. The sea seems to be a main source of livelihood in Hong Kong; there is a congestion of sampans and junks in the harbours and rivers. I liked the line and wash paintings of these subjects better than the few in oils; the water-colour was used with a subtle effect which suited the subject matter.

There was a most decided sense of place about **Rainy Day—Tolo Harbour**, with fishing boats in the foreground and gaps of light in the clouds over two ranges of hills which were an extraordinary soft green and blue, that was reflected in the sea. **Fishing Junks** had an immediacy about it and a sense of excitement—perhaps piracy, or a storm brewing—in the sky and water shadows. There are scenes of net-drying and rocks, fisherfolk at Tolo harbour, folding nets and widows in sampans, where the pen is used very effectively to give them all this precise definition of place. **Market Scene** and **Street Scene** show the crowded Chinese in the city, colourful and busy. Here you can sense the heat of the place; the brilliant colours are emphasised by deep shadows.

In **Junks at Anchor** (oil), **Hong Kong from the Peak** and **Cheung Chow Island**, the extraordinary diversity of colours in the sea is apparent. In **Hong Kong from the Peak**, the sea is a brilliant deep green, with little hint of blue. Patches of bush on the hills are in startling contrast—their green is dark but contains yellow. More startling at first glance were the shadows cast from sampans in **Cheung Chow Island**: bright green, reflected from the hills in the background, in a very pale transparent sea.

Some portraits of Oriental children are included in the exhibition; they are all, most sympathetic studies. I thought the oil, **Small Girl** had more general appeal than the others. I liked the circus scenes too; but the thing that most impressed me were the unusual seascapes and the decisive handling of atmosphere.

—K.N.B.

Film Society

Life, Love, Laughter and Music

The Film Society has become so much a part of university existence that it feels that it should increase the number of screenings it holds to try and cover as wide a field as possible. The programmes for the rest of June could hardly demonstrate this better.

LOUISIANA STORY

(U.S.A., 1948, Black and White) Years ago, Robert Flaherty said "I try to make my films a revelation of a country, and of the people who live in it . . . There is kernel of greatness in all peoples . . . it is up to the film maker to find the one incident, or even the one moment, that makes it clear."

Bound by that stern poetic creed, **Louisiana Story** traces a symbolic story. Its director turns from the India of **Elephant Boy**, the Pacific of **Moana**, the Arctic of **Nanook of the North** to describe the events when the wallowing amphibious machines of an oil company invade the idyllic peace of a Louisiana bayou. Flaherty juxtaposes a tense chase sequence—alligator versus coon in the swamp water—and the tumultuous pursuit of oil by the monster, man-made drilling derricks which can plunge pipes 14,000 feet into the earth. Throughout this blending of themes, the bonds of humanity between oil riggers and a Cajun boy illumine the recurrent thesis of Flaherty's works: "Mankind is one community."

The music by Virgil Thomson is superb—it utilises some of the local idiom and is along with **The Plow That Broke The Plains** and **The Goddess**, one of the composer's best scores. (**Louisiana Story** will be screened on June 20).

COUNCIL OF THE GODS

("Gotterrat")

(East Germany, 1950, Black and White, English subtitles).

This film has never been screened commercially in this country. It is an indictment by German laissez-faire attitudes in the years preceding the second World War, during the resurgence of militarism and the Nazi rise to power. Opening in the industrial Rhineland of 1933, it tells the story of a chemist who is too wrapped up in his work to notice what is happening in the Fatherland. In particular, he fails to notice that the board of directors of the factory where he is employed, is helping to back Hitler.

During the war, the chemist's research and work is put to terrible use and he only then realises that he is partly responsible for the Nazis' crimes. After the war he finds himself and his friends suffering hardships—his previous employers are making an excellent recovery.

Some people may find parts of this film distasteful. (**Council of The Gods** will be screened on June 21).

LE MILLION

(France, 1931, Black and White, English subtitles).

Rene Clair's comedy, with music, is a mild satire on the foibles of mankind, especially those people who live on expectations of big wins in raffles and lotteries. Coming between **Sous Les Toits De Paris** and **A Nous La Liberte**, it describes the pursuit of a lost prize-winning ticket, by the hero, Rene Lefebvre, assisted by his fiancée, Annabella, assisted by Louis Allibert and Vanda Greville. In his "Picture History of The Cinema," Ernest Lindgren says "Although made so early in the sound period, this delightful comedy, in which the musical use of sound was completely integrated with the action, has never been surpassed."

At times, the comedy verges on surrealism, such as the balletic treatment of a football-type scrimmage in the middle of a theatre stage, or the bewildering sequence in the police station, with semi-nudity a major item.

(**Le Million** will be screened on June 27).

THE YOUNG CHOPIN

(Poland, 1951, Black and White, English subtitles).

This film was directed by Aleksander Ford, probably better known for **Five Boys From Barska Street**, a study in juvenile delin-

Chess

This week's Chess Column, features a game from the Wellington Chess Club Championships of 1961, played between K. M. Steele and W. A. Poole.

K. M. STEELE	W. A. POOLE
(White)	(Black)
1 P-Q4	P-Q4
2 P-K3	N-KB3
3 B-Q3	N-B3
Now White should prevent 4 P-K4 even at the cost of allowing 4 N-QN5.	
4 P-QB3	P-K4
5 PxP	NxP
6 B-B2	B-Q3
7 N-Q2	Q-K2
Here, White discovers that the planned 8 P-K4 is too risky and changes to attack on the Black QP, with the intervention of occupying White's Q4 square.	
8 N(Q2)-B3	B-KN5
9 P-KR3	B-R4
10 P-KN4	B-N3
11 BxB	NxB
12 P-N5	N-K5
13 QxP	O-O-0
14 Q-B5ch	K-N1
White has committed almost all the errors condemned in elementary texts: he lags in development; his King remains in the centre; his King's side pawns are shattered and attacked, and his Queen is in danger. 14 Q-R5 was safer, but N-B5 still defeats it.	
15 P-KR4	N-B5
Not now 16 PxN as N-N6ch, wins the Q	
16 N-R3	N-Q6ch.
17 K-K2	B-N6
An improvement on 17 N(Q6)xP as 18 B-KN1 then holds the gains to the sacrificed pawn only.	
18 N-Q4	N(Q6)xP
19 Q-N5	RxN
An improvement on 19 NxR20, N-B6ch. K-R1 21 NxQ.	
20 NxN	NxN
21 BpxR	NxR
22 B-Q2	Q-K5
23 R-KN1	BxP
resigns.	

MUSIC SOCIETY

Owing, no doubt, to the appeal of the Vic. Film Society's **Wolf Trap** screening on the same night, the Music Society's third concert in the music room on May 31, was sparsely attended. Maurice Quinn (recorder) displayed his usual musicianship in his performance of a work by Telemann the continuo being played by Janny McLeod (harpsichord) and the doubling bass, which gave so much added depth to the performance, was played by Susan Smith (cello). This was one of the most enjoyable items yet presented by the Music Society.

Schumann's **Arabesque** was given an appealing interpretation by Theodora Hill (piano) and the Brahms's **Ballade**, played by Jenny McLeod (piano) showed the usual vigour and energy possessed by this promising player. A work much more remote is Aaron Copland's violin sonata, the first movement of which was given by Peter Verhoeven (violin) and Warren Bourna (piano). Although the duo had a good idea of rhythm and time, the interpretation did not hang together enough for the listener to get a broad understanding of the music's style.

—M.B.

EXPERIMENT

Experiment is published annually by the Victoria University Literary Society. It provides an opportunity for students to have printed, original works in prose or verse. A high literary standard is usually attained. Students of all faculties are invited to submit material. **COPY CLOSES ON JULY 10** (the Monday after study week). **ADDRESS RE. MARK YOUNG, President, Literary Society.**

quency. The music, played on the piano by Halina Stefanska, includes liberal helpings of Mozart and Bach as well as Chopin's contemporaries.

The reviewer in the London "Times" said of this picture "(It has) real feeling and reverence for music . . . its passion for the arts is more than celluloid deep."

Although the film sets the great composer against the background of history, not for a moment do we lose sight of Chopin as a man. We see him in school, among his friends, in his family circle, in contact both with the leading musical personalities of the day and with the simple people of town and country, and, finally, in the throes of his first love affair. (**The Young Chopin** will be screened on June 28).

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This year SALIENT again introduces a Service Page for students. We have, we hope, provided a full list of the goods and services you will be needing this year. Freshers especially should find it useful. By shopping with the downtown firms which advertise on this page you will be returning some of the goodwill they have shown to students.

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—Editor.

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SEX IS ^{not} EVIL; But Student Apathy Is

COME TO THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING,
THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1961

Part-timers and Full-timers—Vote!

Elections begin on June 23

You As A Student

We are now into the Second Term. How, as students, are you Freshers finding University life?

Are you beginning to think for yourselves, as individuals? You should be; you have the atmosphere for it. Only the individual thinks for himself and is not one of the common herd. You must learn to reject, as well as soak in, the ideas that are handed to you. There's nothing like trying to work things out for yourselves; that is what this place is here to teach you, regardless of anything else.

Have you as freshers, managed to join in and become part of the university you belong to? If not it's your own fault. There are plenty of clubs and societies, to which you could contribute by your presence, and could find other students with similar tastes and views to yours. It isn't too late to start now. If you like (and don't mind a little work) you can help SALIENT by writing up your views on anything in general.

By now you should be pretty well into the "mad" atmosphere that a university can have—especially if you had anything to do with "Procesh," or "Extrav." Have you walked any balconies lately? If you haven't found time to join in any of these things then you're missing the best part of your education. You need just as much relaxation as work; but be sure they are balanced out.

Have you learned to argue with people over important subjects? You have a wide choice: Arts, politics, theatre, athletics, religion, or just plain every-day humanity. There's nothing like sitting in a

dim-lit coffee cavern or pub, and raving a bit. You may lose friends but at least it'll be over something worthwhile.

Do you find your studies a wee bit easier now than at first? You should be into it far enough to know what you are doing and where you are going. There's the new common rooms to study in and smoke yourself away in, and the Vic. library, for non-smokers. Also the main library down town, if you haven't already noticed it. You have all that is required to help shape your way towards your picked professional goal. If you have made it this far, it shouldn't be too difficult to go the rest of the way; just don't get depressed.

Put yourself into the university life that is around you. Whether you graduate or not, you will have left part of yourself and taken away something. You would have to be very blind to go through university, untouched and uninfluenced by what there is here. Victoria University may be small but it can add a lot of knowledge and enjoyment to your life if you let it. —MEHA.

Defending Lolita Again

Prompted by R.J.P.'s letter published in SALIENT No. 7, I will try to establish one or two points arising from "A Defence of Sex in Literature" of SALIENT No. 5.

First, to set R.J.P.'s mind at rest—has it never occurred to him that there may be some people at Vic. who, last year, were in some country where "Lolita" was not a banned book?

My observation that the judges who condemned "Lolita" lacked a sense of humour is very simply justified by the fact that they banned the book—that they regarded it as an indecent document. I insist that this book cannot possibly be regarded as indecent, by anyone who has a normal kind of homely sense of humour.

For this book is essentially "homely"—its realism and pathos are made more vivid by the intimate details of everyday life that are usually completely ignored in literature. Humbert and Dolores have their little "family" jokes—private jokes, usually lavatorial,

just as any family anywhere in the world. And why should these, and similar incidents, not be included in the book?

R.J.P. mistakes my meaning in the words "all rather amusing." I do not say that these incidents are amusing in themselves—they could be most distressing—BUT—and this is my main point—it is Nabokov's delightful treatment of the situation that frees it from all shadow of indecency—and turns it into (forgive a clumsy expression) naive bathos.

—JANCIST.



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Kinsey Reports...

New Caf. Chaff: Weekly News cameraman said: "Brilliant! Marvellous! Very good. Good . . ." The cafe floor is too low; patrons complain about having to reach down so far . . . the cashier said: "They're a very fast set—I'm always one down and they're two up . . ."

It's Finished At Last: One Tuesday there was a puddle of water (?) at the top of the stairs—it could have been caused by the nearby firehose, but . . . the heads of the Low Faculty were conducting a meeting in the Common Common Room . . . The new facilities have led to a marked improvement in the prowess of the poker school, the low furniture being extremely suitable for bottom-of-the-deck dealing . . . Meanwhile, the Strip-Jack-Naked class seems to have died a natural death . . . Our co-respondent reports relaxing conditions in the Women's Common Room . . .

Views from the Hill: On the new building: a female member of Exec. says, "I wish there were more towel-rails to swing from . . ." The new custodian: "The cleaning facilities are primitive; whoever's responsible should be strung up"—he has since engaged a firm of commercial cleaners . . . "Disgusting; show me more," was one comment on the Film Society's poster advertising "Wolves' Trap" . . . One of us, in a moment of intellectual stagnation, suggested that the new S.U. building was the worst thing that could have happened to us, what do you think? . . .

Our Mutual Friends: A few weeks ago, Comrade Flude was accidentally incarcerated in a cupboard in the S.U. building—his vocabulary is very extensive (recordings of same available on request) . . . A Science student is so frustrated that he intends to get a job as a warden at Arohata . . . Why does Professor Campbell object to having his lectures taped-recorded? . . .

Local Mutterings: Graduands' orgy, nothing! Have you seen one of Exec's quiet tea-drinking sessions? . . . Our Weir House reporter tells us that six inmates left recently; one said: "Our knightly activities are being curtailed by food poisoning." . . . The Law Faculty Club was entertained a while back by some slides shown by the Film Censor; the outcome even exceeded the expectation—as one learned gent, put it, "Wow." . . . How many were fooled by the advertisement for the Social Club? One of us was, though we hate to admit it . . . We note that the new edition of Prof. Gordon's "English Prose Technique" claims to have been published by the "University of Wellington"—o tempora, o mores . . .

A bouquet to the sweet young thing who managed to whistle the National Anthem, after five minutes' prompting, and several false starts . . .

A brickbat to the oafs who leave papers, cigarette butts, ash, etc., all over the Common Room floors—let's have some action, Mr Dawkins . . .

Propaganda: This column will be a regular feature of "SALIENT," if the columnists last that long . . . If you have any choice bits of scandal, libel, etc., if you have a friend you would like to

do in, if you have anything—write it out and drop it into the "Kinsey Reports . . ." Pile at "SALIENT" office . . .

Stop Press: Those irresponsible megalomaniacs, the invitation hoaxers, duly attended the Prime Minister's residence recently, to help drink his whisky—naturally, our representatives were there, and we can definitely say that a had time was good by all . . .

Cafeteria Replies

Milk Addicts Take Note

In response to a request published in SALIENT recently, the cafeteria has arranged to sell half-pint bottles of milk for 4d. from June 9 onward.

Quantity Plus Quality

Partus Tempus and other hungry students will be pleased to know that extra vegetables are always available on request. The standard potato helping with a hot meal is two scoops; a double helping is 3d. extra. Other vegetables are also reasonable—perhaps 6d. If you are still hungry, three half-rounds of bread are provided with the meal and extra pieces are 1d.

Later Closing

The cafeteria hours at present are supposed to be 9.45-2.00, 2.30-3.45, and 4.30-6.30, but in practice this often becomes 9.45-7.00, so the cafeteria is already providing a better service than is required in the contract. For the present, the contractor can't manage longer hours than this, but be patient; he hopes to extend them later on.

Any Ideas?

Mr Levenbach would appreciate receiving any criticisms direct from the students. He is available most of the time and is very willing to co-operate and discuss new ideas. (The odd bit of praise mightn't go amiss, either.)

—L.C.

Competition No. 3

A jumbled-round proverb, appropriate to the modern world, similar to

"A government gets the people it deserves"

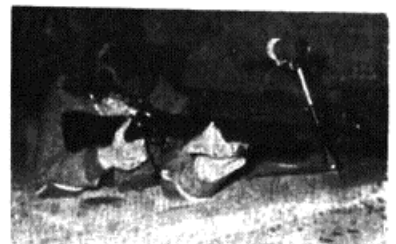
or

"An honest god's the noblest work of man."

Entries to be in by June 14.

Results of Competition No. 2

The three limericks by Fred Split, Andrew Johansen and Pat Reesby placed equally, 5/- to each.



Join the Defence rifles.

— SPORTS SECTION —

N.Z.U. Defeat Australian Universities

On Saturday, May 27, 1961, the N.Z. University fencing team defeated the Australian Universities' team and retained the Whitmont Cup. All matches were closely contested, N.Z.U. winning the epee and sabre and A.U. the men's and women's foils.

The tempo was set for an exacting day's fencing with the men's foils. N.Z.U.'s top seeded Malcolm Woods (Canterbury) did not find his true form in this weapon, and Australia won by the narrow margin of 9-7. Roland O'Driscoll (Canterbury) scored three wins, and Andrew Fussell (Auckland) and Richard Peterson (Victoria) two wins each. Australia's top foilist, left-handed John Douglas, was undefeated in this event, and Dick Hibbard, the number two seed, lost only to O'Driscoll.

In the men's epee event N.Z.U. quickly showed their superiority. Jim Hanna (Canterbury) gave an exhibition of controlled swordsmanship to win three of his four bouts. Richard Peterson (V.U.W.), using a more forceful approach, also won three, and Jim French (V.U.W.) and Malcolm Woods won two each.

Most successful of the Australians was John Douglas, who lost only to Richard Peterson. N.Z.U. defeated Australia 10-6 in this event.

The Australian women's team was clearly superior to the N.Z.U. team and only one member of the N.Z.U. team had recorded more than one win against the visitors in the university matches. On the day Margaret Riddolls (Canterbury) fought well to beat top-seeded Rickie Winter and lost narrowly to Noelle Sheehan, the number two seed.

Results were:

Margaret Riddolls (C.U.), 3 wins, 1 loss.
Loma MacKenzie (V.U.W.), 2 wins, 2 losses.
Ursula Woods (C.U.), 1 win, 3 losses.
Girda Buchler (V.U.W.), 0 wins, 4 losses.

Australia won 10-6.

To win the Whitmont Cup, N.Z.U. had to win the sabre, 10-6, and to draw and win the sabre, 9-7. A good start was obtained when all except Australia's captain, Michael Wayland, suffered defeat in their first two matches, and the triumph for N.Z.U. came when Malcolm Woods defeated the Australian captain in a closely contested bout. Roland O'Driscoll fought very well losing only to Wayland, and Jim French gave a polished exhibition

of fast, clean sabre, losing only to Ian Bowditch and Mike Wayland.

The presentation of the Whitmont Cup by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Williams, to the non-playing N.Z.U. captain, Mervyn Sharpe (who deserves great credit for his leadership and tactical advice), was the prelude to an all-night party when N.Z.U. celebrated their success in the usual fencing manner.

On Sunday evening, in a state of quasi-sobriety, the N.Z.U. and A.U. teams assembled at a well-known and well-beloved Wellington hotel, there to take sustenance in a lavish repast before adjoining to more genial surroundings to enjoy the last party of the tour.

When the Australians left New Zealand at the end of a most successful tour many aspirants of future N.Z.U. teams resolved they would do their utmost to attain selection for the 1963 N.Z.U. tour of Australia.

Swimming Activities — Calisthenics

CAN YOU SWIM? DO YOU WANT TO SWIM? Then come along and loosen up for the water. RELAXATION FOR THIS SPORT IS ESSENTIAL. So start early at the CALISTHENICS CLASSES.

Now we are settled into the winter term, with far better conditions, many may think that swimming at this time of the year is for polar bears. DON'T BE MISLED! Preparation for swimming is now in full swing, with two classes a week for calisthenics. VICTORIA UNIVERSITY SWIMMING CLUB trains and relaxes under the direction of lovely Miss Jane Maddocks on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 6 p.m. to 7 p.m. in the new gym.

As well as this exercise, the Swimming Club is looking forward to the future. It has some interesting prospects—especially for the SOAKS, WHEEZERS and BREEZERS of down-town life. So on SATURDAY, JULY 1, join our organised PUB CRAWL. It's fun. The purpose is to sell raffle tickets (for one dressed sucking pig) in aid of the forthcoming Australian Universities' tour. So club members and all prospective members, drinking horn trainees, soaks, etc., please remember JULY 1. And watch the notice boards.

—M.D.K.

State in Australia?

Whether or not this university Senate retain "Victoria" in our title, a change should be made in the phone directory listings. It is annoying to anyone about to phone the office looking under "V" and seeing only student association number listed. It is much more annoying for a student seeking the association under "U" and not finding it listed there.

SIMMONDS, R. F. S.

Students Pay £600 In Fines Following Raid

Engineering students who raided O'Rourke Hall paid £600 in fines.

The university council today decided to donate the money to the Students' Union building fund.

One hundred and twenty students had accepted responsibility for the raid.

of fitful slumber—little did I know it was to be my last till the next Tuesday night . . . 3.30 a.m. Let it be recorded that for the first time in my life I arose at this uncivilised hour. We had been warned the bus would leave 5 a.m. SHARP. So of course I waited shivering till 5.20 for those less scrupulously punctual. Finally, however, I was comfortably (?) escorted in that jolting jalopy but my fond illusion that I would catch up on a few hours sleep was soon shattered.

As from 5.20 a.m. the alcoholics of Extrav., started functioning. I mean that—the first comfort stop was about 10 minutes after we left. Never shall I forget a certain celebrity singing bitterly "Driver, Driver—we want a . . ." with full jazz accompaniment while the more retiring female listeners endeavoured to look prim, sophisticated and stone-deaf all at once. However do not be misled. Our full-time male choir was not solely concerned with low-level limericks—negro spirituals, old-timers and even a most harmonious rendering of "The Lord is my Shepherd" were also offered for our entertainment. Certain incidents stand out in my memory: —'s comment to a poor crazy mixed-up adolescent on his way to school when he blushed scarlet at the sight of approx. 15 in a queue outside the "Ladies" at Hawera, Tony pouring beer into the pocket of Roger's jeans—Roger's eloquent comments on same and his amazing ape-man efforts from the luggage rack to rid himself of the offending liquid. Roger's interminable racecourse imitation—in fact, Roger!

Finally we arrived and staged an exuberant, vociferous procession through New Plymouth to apprise the locals of this crucial event. This was the beginning of a weekend to remember. What we would have done without the Fitzroy motel I don't know for we enjoyed its hospitality night after night with hilarious orgies till

(Continued on next page)

Nostalgia — By A "Hanger-On"

Queen's Birthday weekend and I was to go on tour with Extrav. to New Plymouth. I tossed a few essentials into a small suitcase but was soon distracted by the memory of a heated argument in which I had participated in the Common Common Room that night. I looked up the list of 34 Dishonest methods of arguing in a text-book "Straight and Crooked Thinking"—concluded that my opponents had used all 34, and then enjoyed two hours

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"SYMPATHY"

A bundled up native of Eastbourne
||
Was found wandering wild and forlorn;
||
When they asked "Won't you freeze
||
On such cold nights as these?"

||
He said: "Every night I see the cold, wet, miserable penguins on the roads trying to warm themselves in the car's headlights, and I feel for them so much I just have to suffer with them, and when in the mornings I pick up their pathetic little bodies I wish I had never been born."

Nostalgia—By A "Hanger-On"

(Continued from page 10).

morning. A few outstanding recollections: John waking up in the motel after an all-night party to find his hair skilfully trimmed (considering a Yul Brynner was originally planned you would have thought he'd have been more grateful), Tony as Big Chief Diarrhoea (closely akin to Running Water) up-staging everybody on the last night, the two Daves singing, singing—and singing. Margot in a prima donna fury over Cathy and Cathy at her most elusive, the cast being slowly and surely replaced by the stage-crazed backstage who begged, borrowed or stole costumes in a last-minute bid for the limelight, the abortive trip to Mt. Egmont in pouring rain and the resulting comments left in the visitors' book in the tea-rooms there. Jeff, complete with buxom bust and a headscarf that fell off, as a sweet young thing in the opera scene, and the tear-jerking sob-speech to our last night audience by our J.C. host: "in spite of how these poor students have laboured, the show has been a (dead) loss . . . let us give three rousing cheers—Hip, Hip . . . when we are snugly tucked up in our comfortable beds (snigger from stage) these poor students (endeavouring to look self-righteous and succeeding in looking smug) will be travelling all night in the bus (enthusiasm registered on stage) and won't arrive till 6 a.m. . . . (that's another story—I'd never realised before what a god-forsaken dump Wellington actually was until then—no transport, no food, no warmth, no one—nothing!)"

The trip back represented (for me anyway) the epitome of discomfort. After trying every possible physical combination to the last decimal point, I resigned myself to sitting bolt upright, chain-smoking, morbidly meditating, freezing cold, dead-tired, etc., with the one meagre consolation that I was better off than some people, e.g. Roger sleeping in the luggage rack, Jenny sleeping on the floor, and Peter loudly proclaiming from the back seat that he'd never have thought two women could be so uncomfortable.

And now it's Tuesday, and life's hell again, and I'm moping around like a zombie with 'flu, and everybody looks like bleary-eyed owls with a hang-over, from caf. to common-room, common-room to caf., and there's an exam. on Thursday, and I haven't the dough to pay my exam-fees and what the hell anyway.

Oh yes—it was a great Extrav., was Extrav. '61—even if nobody liked us! WE WILL REMEMBER.

"And what about—

. . . the boat races on the lake in Pukekura Park

. . . with Gil and Liz "in the swim" accidentally-on-purpose;

. . . the drinking horns contest where the legendary Mitch at last met an equal;

. . . the "sightseeing" ride in a closed-in furniture van (to the detriment of New Plymouth verandah poles);

. . . the 4 a.m. no-togs swim at Fitzroy (girls only);

. . . Sunday night at the White Hart with the cops circling the block outside;

. . . the bus which happened quite by accident to

. . . the "Phantom Viper" de-nouement;

. . . seven parties in three

night—

in fact—Extrav. tour '61."

—J.

COMMON ROOM DIVERSION

Jazz Club Entertains

The usual crowd of card-playing, lunch-eating, lethargic students sprawled about the Common Room last week were suddenly surprised and pleased to find themselves being entertained for free. Three Jazz Club members had installed themselves in one corner, and proceeded to play—promulgate—propagate modern jazz.

I know it was modern jazz, because I didn't understand a note of it. Still, it was most enjoyable.

Bruce Talbot on tenor saxophone, Mark Young wound around a double bass, and Alan Loney handling the drums; the group played for about an hour and a half, providing a pleasant, rhythmical background to conversation.

Comments from students were

slightly better than good (on the average):

" . . . pretty groovy—we dug it the most—far out . . ."

" . . . musically undisciplined. Lacking in harmonic coherence . . ."

" . . . good after dinner music. Let's have more . . ."

" . . . da-di-DUM-da . . . yes, terrific . . . do-de-da . . ." and—oh yes—one science student guessed it was all right if they couldn't manage rock and roll . . . (plebeian!).

Incidentally, if you'd like to hear more from these players, drop in to the Studio Jazz—a glamorous relative of Jazz Club's—which is open from Wednesday to Saturday on the first floor of Fanning's Building in Manners Street. (That's almost opposite the Regent Hotel,

if you find it easier to remember that way.) They usually start about 8.30 and play right through until the coffee-after-the-pictures crowd arrives for its cocaine and cacophony.

Two Big Evenings

Jazz Club invites all students—everyone, in fact—to a jazz concert on Thursday, July 20, in the Little Theatre. Bookings are at the D.I.C. but if any seats are still available they will be sold at the door on the night.

I suggest you all go along to a talk they're having first, though, unless you want to Feel Inferior all evening at the intelligent comments of your friends. It's on Tuesday, June 27 (8 p.m. in the Music Room) and the speaker is John Charles.

Australian Universities

Sydney and the other Australian universities share distantly in the great traditions of the old countries. For us here Sydney University is an old institution, a little over 100 years old. Its neo-Gothic Great Hall, its quad and colleges laid out in the English manner mellow respectfully among the brick, steel and glass utility buildings of later dates. Its organisation rests on the English pattern, but red-brick rather than Oxbridge. Ruled nominally by an honorary Chancellor and effectively by a full-time Vice Chancellor and Senate where members elected by the graduate and professorial body outnumber Government representatives, it is administratively independent, but must lean for finance heavily on the State and Federal Governments.

Residents in the half dozen colleges which are run by Church councils (anglican, catholic, methodist, etc.) or for the Women's College by a citizens' council, form only a small portion of the total number who live at home or board out. Law and Medicine preponderate in its higher council as befits a country where of the professionals lawyers and doctors still top the financial,

ROBERT V. HORN,
reporting from Sydney.

social and political ladders, but there is the full panoply of faculties (except divinity) and professorial chairs with subalterns of readers, lecturers and tutors.

Melbourne, which like Sydney, has now about 8000 students, is a slightly younger version of this type, and so are Adelaide and Queensland (Brisbane) with about half that student number each; Western Australia with about 2500 students is distinguished by a pleasant, rather American-style campus of mauresque buildings and a large endowment which enables it to waive students' fees. The smallest of the State-capital institutions is Tasmania (Hobart) with 1000 students, and is reputed to be the oddest one. Caught in the small-town atmosphere of the island State its reputation is low academically but high for its parish-pump set-up and propensity to scandal, the most recent one over the dismissal of its Philosophy professor for alleged misconduct with a girl student causing flurries all over Australia.

Other universities unfortunately do not boast of many such "types"; if their professors are addicted to wine and women they practise their fancies more discreetly. The general run of pro-

fessors is respectable to the point of dullness. And so are the students. They take compulsory attendance at lectures more literal than on the continent (of Europe); I have sat with them through mumbles delivered by poor speakers in almost uncomprehensible, woolly terms without ever hearing that sound of scratching feet and rattling desks which in Cologne would have made the Professor pull up his socks.

One reason for the inertness of students is their youth. They start University mostly at 17 and find it difficult to shake off the school-room submissiveness. That is reinforced by the system of annual examinations applying to most courses plus the stream of essays and class tests throughout the year which perpetuates the school atmosphere. The failure rate is high here; only 50 per cent. to 60 per cent. of first-year enrolments finally graduate, and there is much heart searching about it because of the expense in money and talent involved.

A large proportion of students in economics, arts and law are in jobs and do the evening course which might take five or six years instead of three to four years for full-time students. The effort commands respect; young people giving up most of their spare time for studies. Some employers make concessions ranging from cadetships with half-time off and payment of fees to perhaps granting special leave for exams only. And with those facilities and a comprehensive Government scheme for fee remissions to bright students a degree has since the recent war become a prerequisite for advancement to higher positions with the Government and some large firms. But obviously, time-pressed, degree-hungry students do not add

much to the academic atmosphere.

Evening students have little time nor inclination for University activities outside the classroom, nor have the day students the tradition of the older universities overseas. There is some life—each University has its students' union (or two, for each sex) and newspapers and periodicals which are in varying degrees inconoclastic, ornery and quarrelsome, as well as debating societies and theatricals. Their vigour varies over time according to the character of the handful of people who carry such enterprises. There are also faculty societies, sports, religious and political clubs; some may be lively for the body on the football field or for the soul in the catholic Newman and the Students' Christian Union but they reach only a small proportion of students. Some pranks and an occasional outburst of righteous indignation over the hidebound complacency of downtown life or a pamphleteering wrangle among their own ranks and then they settle back to conservative complacency.

Communism seems insignificant, serious socialism weak among the students. Such radicalism as exists in the Labour Party has emanated from the old-fashioned, self-taught trade unionists, not from students. The Universities' contribution has been a handful of Fabian-coloured professors. Apostasies such as republicanism or agnosticism do not flourish in this country.

As in other countries two major problems have of late disturbed the cosy quietude of the ivy-clad quadrangles. First the over-crowding caused by a combination of rising population in the younger echelons, of expanding industries and greater prosperity and of increased State aid first for ex-soldiers and then for any gifted children. It is expected that the present Australian student enrolment of 35,000 will double by 1965. And secondly, on the demand side, the concomitant call for more teachers, for science graduates and academically trained Government and business staff. The existing Universities have tackled the challenge by such expansion in staff and facilities as could be hastily built up; and financially the Commonwealth Government has been

(Continued on next page).



"Did my giant super-powered magnet come today?"

forced to chip in in ever greater measure, in itself a revolution for traditionally education here is a State, not a Federal concern. On the post-graduate level the Commonwealth has greatly expanded its research institution (C.S.I.R.O.) which deals with applied science from nuclear physics to the genetics of sheep and fish migrations, from standard measurements to rabbit extermination (myxamotosis). And it also started a post-graduate National University at Canberra where eminent physicists, such as Oliphant and Titterton, as well as social scientists dispense rarified wisdom to a few select research students.

On the State level New South Wales, in an attempt at decentralisation, has developed two country colleges, at Newcastle and Armidale, into small Universities which however are limited in scope, in student numbers and staff quality. So when it became evident a few years ago that the independent Sydney University could not fully meet the claims on its resources the Government raised a second University from the base of its Technical Colleges, named originally N.S.W. University of Technology and now University of New South Wales. It started with technical and science faculties linked to a small Humanities department and gradually adding the odds and ends which now include a flourishing Commerce Faculty with a combined course of statistics, economics and accountancy and a medical school. This University is now well established with over 5000 students but has had to fight its way up to the light.

The very notion of a State-sponsored institution under the Chancellorship of the head of the Public Service has roused the opposition which any measure of the State Labour Government has to contend with. Nor is Sydney University happy about the competition, and the second Medical School has raised the ire of the tightly-conservative British Medical Association. However, the new University has gathered an excellent teaching staff which can well stand comparison with their Sydney colleagues and has set a good standard all round. Melbourne is now following the example with a second University, to be known as Monash University, named after the distinguished World War I general and engineer.

FOR WINTER

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- SOCCER
- SKIING
- SWORDS
- GOLF

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Finally, I must mention the foreign students which have added colour to University life since the war. Firstly there are the European migrants who both as students and teachers have fitted in fairly readily. Then the growing number of Asian students from Indonesia, Malaya, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, Siam, the Philippines, etc. Some have come on their own, such as the scions of the wealthy Singapore-Chinese, but the greater part are here under the Colombo Plan under which Australia has undertaken free training for selected Asians. There are about 2000 here under the Plan doing all sorts of courses at Australian universities, e.g., a two-years diploma or graduate course after having done some studies in their home countries. They have

Common Room Resonance of the Human Body

Common Room and common capers,
Sitting, talking over papers,
Common students in common strife
Battle against a common life.

Each has his own identity,
Each but lost in community;
Each has something to contribute,
Each but little lasting tribute.

A restless movement here and there,
The piano helps to clear the air;
A beat, sure gone, goes for the door
While regular feet slide the floor.

Yet contrast dress, different manners
Distinguish players from planners;
For each his life—but common doom,
In the new Common Common Room.

By NITRAM.

their problems of language, customs and lack of local background for their courses, but mostly they get over them and are well received by their Australian colleagues. Eventually they will build a more lasting bridge between Australia and its near-north neighbours than is achieved by the small-scale direct aid gestures of machinery, etc., which Australia has been able to make to those countries.

Vibrations and resonances have been studied in various structures for centuries, but it is only recently that man himself has been looked upon as a spring-mass system. The development of high-speed aircraft in which a crew has to work under difficult conditions has stimulated interest in human body resonances. A number of experiments have been carried out to find how intensity of vibration, body size and muscular tension influence resonant action of the body.

Spinal resonances, measured with accelerometers, occurred at 5, 24, and 13 c/s., the first one being the most marked. This was found to be very uncomfortable, and tests on the recording of printing errors, and the co-ordination of hand and eye movements showed significant degradation in performance; although it was even worse below resonance at about 4c/s.

Tests on 10 men have shown that variation in body size and intensity of vibration has little effect on resonant frequencies, but that muscular tensing diminishes involuntary shoulder - shrugging movements and raises the frequency slightly because it increases body damping.

It is interesting to note that resonance induced in motor-cars by road shocks is of about the same frequency as the resonance frequency of the human body. These experiments may well explain why some cars give better rides than others although there is no obvious difference in springing.

G.J.N.

Victoria University Harriers

(Coming Events)

JUNE 24—TRIP to Massey.—Details later.

JULY 1—VOSELER SHIELD, Mt. Victoria.—Change at Wellington Harrier Club Rooms, Evans Bay.—Catch bus to Kilbirnie Park.

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