

# SALIENT

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY STUDENT NEWSPAPER VOLUME 33 NO. 3 18 MARCH 1970 FREE TO STUDENTS & STOLEN BY STAFF

## COUNCIL AFFIRMS CONFIDENCE IN ACADEMIC COMMITTEE

### Exclusion procedures to be considered by Joint Committee

The regulations and procedures for excluding students are to be referred to the Joint Committee of the Council, the Professorial Board and the Students' Association.

This decision was taken at the Council meeting on Monday 9 March. The Council, however, affirmed its confidence in the Academic Committee of the Professorial Board and described as "conscientious", its handling of appeals by Students against exclusion.

This affirmation, supported by Students' Association Representative, Denis Phelps, was passed unanimously.

The appeal procedure, as outlined by the Vice-Chancellor Dr D.B.C.



Margaret Bryson, President of the Association, had this to say after the Council Meeting:

"For financial reasons and for the good of students not suited to university study, I recognise that some form of exclusion must operate. The problem is to find the fairest way to perform the unpleasant task of giving people the axe.

"I think that the University has been very magnanimous in allowing back seven-eighths of the students appealing against exclusion. What shocked me was hearing that this seven-eighths had been readmitted—this statistic having been carefully hidden by Mr Logan in his rave at SRC. According to Mr Logan, the Academic Committee examined the cases of 50 students and readmitted 18. He didn't say that the Deans had already allowed 180 appeals.

"If the Council had not been so polite they would have administered a rebuke to Mr Logan in front of the 100 students present to hear his diatribe. Mind you, I think the procedure does need clarification. We may be readmitting too many students. I suspect this whole rumpus will at least cause the University Grants Committee to reconsider the matter and to demand tightening-up of exclusion requirements."

"A student who has not passed at least two units over the last two preceding years of his academic studies shall not be enrolled as a student nor sit examinations of this university except with the permission of the Council . . . A person who, under these regulations, requires permission to enrol may in any year apply to the Registrar for such permission not later than 15 January in that year, enclosing with his application

Taylor, is that appeals, after being received and processed in the Registrar's Office, are considered by Deans of Faculties in early February.

Dr Taylor pointed out that there is no provision for appeals to the University Council and that this has been so since 1964. The Council Meeting, attended by over 100 students, was informed by Bill Logan that the exclusion procedures adopted in 1970 involved hasty, callous and bureaucratic action by the Council Sub-Committee set up to review the work of the Academic Committee of the Professorial Board.

Mr Logan argued that only the University Council can allow appeals. He added, however, that he could see sound argument why the Academic Committee should decide on these matters.

According to the Pro-Chancellor, Mr K.B. O'Brien, the power of the Council to exclude students has been delegated to the Professorial Board. The role of the Council sub-committee on which Mr Logan had sat was, he said, to ensure that the procedures adopted were satisfactory—not to undertake a review of rejected appeals.

In a note to the Council, Mr Logan had amplified his earlier allegation to the Students' Association that he was "totally dissatisfied that the way in which the decisions were reached was valid". Commenting on the meeting of the sub-committee of Council which was set up to review the work of the Academic Committee in excluding students with records of academic failure, Mr Logan reported that: "No papers had been circulated to the members before the meeting. Members were at the meeting given two foolscap sheets of lists of names and recommendations".

"Details were given" he continued, "of only six of the forty-nine appellants and the Committee of Council decided that it agreed with the Academic Committee's decision in these six cases. On the basis of this "sample" it approved the whole report of the Academic Committee."

Describing the exclusion procedures, the convener of the Academic Committee, Professor S.N. Slater, said that of a total of 232 appeals against exclusion this year a total of 183 appeals had been upheld by Faculty Deans.

Professor Slater explained that, of the 49 students whose cases were referred to Deans to the Academic Committee, a further 18 were upheld. All students liable to exclusion were notified on their Examination Results Cards in 1969 that they could apply for a personal interview with their Head of

Department or Faculty Dean. Students, Professor Slater said, generally avail themselves very fully of the chance to state their case in writing and all who requested interviews were granted them.

In reply, Mr Logan alleged that there was no procedure to ensure that all students appeal personally. He added



Professor I.D. Campbell, the Deputy Vice-Chancellor, was the third member of the Council to sign the requisition for a special meeting.

We spoke to Professor Campbell on the morning of Monday, 9 March, to ask why he had requisitioned the meeting which was to be held in the afternoon.

Professor Campbell said that he felt that the whole question of the exclusion of students should be the subject of discussion at a special meeting. He believed that the Council sub-committee should have considered all cases and not merely considered a random sample. The calling of a special meeting was justified because, as the term has already started, urgent action should be taken if there is any possibility of any of the Academic Committee's recommendations on appeals being overturned.

Professor Campbell said that he had no reason to believe that the Academic Committee had been other than thorough and fair in its examination of the cases of excluded students. "In fact," he said, "the only specific cases of which I have any knowledge would incline me to the view that the Academic Committee was over-generous."

Professor Campbell said that, while he felt that the Council—through its sub-committee—should have considered all cases and not merely a random sample, he did not believe that the Council needed to review the decisions of the Academic Committee.

that it would seem appropriate to obtain the expert opinion of say, a member of the Student Counselling Service before reviewing the cases of failed students.

Council members expressed some confusion about the procedures adopted in the exclusion process. While endorsing the work of the Academic Committee, the Council resolved that all students excluded after appeal for 1970 would be granted temporary re-enrolment pending a reconsideration of their appeals.

Students whose appeals were not upheld may now apply for personal interviews by the Academic Committee. If the student chooses, the Committee will be augmented by two of the student representatives on the Professorial Board.

In preparing their cases excluded students may, in terms of the Council Motion, consult the Counselling Service.



Gerard Curry, 1969 VUWSA President, gives his views on the exclusion affair:

"It's my impression that some students were looking for a fight just for the sake of it. It was unfortunate that the exclusion issue was chosen because the exclusion provisions—only having to pass two units in two years—are very liberal. The original regulations were brought into effect at a time when there was a higher proportion of part-time students than there are today. Also, the appeal provisions—where about 7 out of 8 students who make appeals are permitted to return to university—are very fair. This action has created a lot of damaging publicity and it's almost inevitable that the regulations will be tightened up after the Joint Committee has considered this matter. I think that there's scope for representation in this field but the way in which it was obtained demonstrated a complete lack of finesse. Representation could have been obtained by simple negotiations."



Bill Logan, the student representative on the Council who initiated the Special Meeting of Council on exclusions, said after the meeting:

"We got more or less what we wanted which was a review of the decisions made in 1970 and the right for students to be heard by the Committee which is coming to the decision. We got this improved consideration for the wrong reasons: we got it because the Council was scared rather than because the Council genuinely thought that there needs to be some procedure to stop the wrong people from being excluded."



The Vice-Chancellor, Dr D.B.C. Taylor, said after the Council meeting on 9 March that one or two points made at the Meeting should be made clear. "No letter was sent to students whose appeals were rejected by the Deans prior to the Academic Committee's consideration of individual cases" he said. Dr Taylor said that Bill Logan had been taken up on this point by the Pro-Chancellor, K.B. O'Brien, at the Meeting but that it had not been made sufficiently clear that no letter had in fact been sent.

Dr Taylor said that no change in principle in the exclusion procedures had been involved in the appointment of a special sub-committee of the Council to consider the recommendations of the Academic Committee. This had merely been done to ensure that the Academic Committee's decisions could be considered by the Council as soon as possible. Dr Taylor said that he felt it might surprise some students to know that the Council was aware of the need for urgency in the consideration of appeals but this was, in fact, the reason for the decision to establish a sub-committee.

He said he had complete faith in the way in which the Academic Committee had handled appeals and said that it seemed obvious that for the Council to hear all appeals was impractical.

### Background notes on EXCLUSION

any information that he wishes to tender in support of his application." (UNIVERSITY CALENDAR 1970 - p.79)

The exclusion regulations are printed on

the back of examination result notifications. Students who appeal (that is, who seek permission to enrol after exclusion) have their cases considered first by the Dean of Faculty concerned. The Deans allow a large number of cases. This year, nearly 80% of appeals were allowed. Senior academics have frequently expressed

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# SALIENT

Edited for and on behalf of the Victoria University Students' Association, P.O. Box 196, Wellington by David Harcourt, 121 Kelburn Parade, Wellington 5 and printed by the Wanganui Chronicle Company Limited, P.O. Box 433, Wanganui.

## WE WERE MISLED

The University Council has bent over backwards to placate the dissatisfaction fostered by Students' Association Council representative, Bill Logan. There can be little doubt that the Council is determined to ensure that justice can be seen to be done to students facing exclusion.

Mr Logan has found that many students support, on reasonable grounds, his claim that an excluded student ought to be able to appeal, in person, to the highest committee considering appeals against exclusion and that student representation on that Committee should be provided for.

At the same time Mr Logan's Memorandum for Members of the Students' Association outlining the 1970 exclusion procedures was lamentably misleading.

The impression given in that memorandum was that only 49 students appealed against exclusion, that these appeals were considered by the Academic Committee of the Professorial Board with a callous indifference to personal problems affecting student achievement, and that a sub-committee of the University Council bureaucratically rubber-stamped the Academic Committee's recommendations.

Why were students not told that only 31 out of 232 appeals were not upheld? Why did Mr Logan not explain that 183 appeals were upheld by Faculty Deans, and that every excluded student has a right to personally appeal to his Dean or Head of Department?

Was Mr Logan claiming that some of the 31 finally excluded students deserved re-admission? In his note to the Council he said "It seemed to me at least arguable that in each of the four rejected appeals that we discussed there were matters that deserved further attention." If that were so why did he tell the Council meeting that he was personally completely unqualified to judge whether these students were worthy to be allowed to return to university? And why did he not reply to Mr Phelps' comment that he had no evidence that any of the students that were excluded deserved to get back?

Had he done his homework, Mr Logan might not have told students that he was "sure that the hearing of appeals was not conducted carefully this year." Nor would he have had to finish up expressing no opposition to a motion of Council describing as "conscientious" the manner in which the Academic Committee considered appeals by students against exclusion.

Exclusion is indeed a serious business, Mr Logan. So also, is the circulation by a student representative on the Council of misleadingly scant information on Council business, and the crude parodying of University procedures. The gain of two further representatives on the appeals committee may, in the long run, be too small a reward to cover the gap in the credibility of at least one student representative on the Council.

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### Dr Taylor's article

Sir,

I should like to thank you for publishing extracts from Professor Taylor's report to University Council on student counselling (Salient, 18 Feb. 1970). Students must have found it particularly interesting to be able to read the opinions of someone who (at least, until recently) was an appointed adviser to them.

As a member of staff, I found particularly interesting Professor Taylor's recommendation that (presumably, when engaging staff), "more attention must be given to the personal qualities of stability, enthusiasm, loyalty, and responsibility of academics as well as to the qualities of their degrees". I presume that this is an amplification of Professor Taylor's earlier homage to academic freedom.

Malcolm Acock

### Illicit Union Licit?

Sir,

In SALIENT 2 Mr Brooke-White offered us a worm's eye photograph of the Common Room chairs which would only be seen by worms or drunks. For most, the views from the Common Room are magnificent, and far surpass those of Auckland, Massey or Ilam.

The awkward site, a deep gully, originally allotted to the Student Union by the University, largely dictated the original plan, and the additions naturally conform with this structure.

The balcony will almost certainly be a popular place in fine weather, and eight-inch stays for the offending windows have long been ordered, so that Mr Brooke-White need have no fear for his ill-used eyes.

In the matter of design every architect has his own viewpoint, but the contrasts in form and colour both inside and outside make the new SUB interesting, attractive and liveable; and there has been nothing but favourable comment amongst those whose opinions I have sought.

Greg Rowe

Sir,

Over a period of 22 years as a Construction Foreman on many and varying types of contracts, Engineering, Commercial and

otherwise, I have had the privilege of reading many divergent opinions of the merits and non-merits of the various structures.

I can truthfully state now, that I have never read a more biased one-eyed opinion from a critic in all my life. He was purely destructive, and obviously well primed before he commenced his illicit inspection.

His comments on the leaning columns on the walkway were ample evidence, to me at least, that he did not know what he was talking about, and his 1800 words were the scribbles of a gormless clot suffering from an overdose of Parliamentary privilege.

Josh Kerr

(Editor's note: In reply to Mr Rowe's defence of his father's design for the Student Union Extensions and Mr Kerr's views as Foreman on the site, Mr Brooke-White's qualifications are as follows—educated at Bartlett School of Architecture, University College London; five years practice in London; now works for an architectural firm in Wellington and edits OFFCENTRE, a magazine about architecture.)

### Correspondent complains

Sir,

I am not aware of the means by which you obtained copies of my private correspondence. The fact that you read my letters is reprehensible enough. To print them is inexcusable. Any further exposure of my private life will lead to prompt action.

Charles Brown

### Film Criticism

Sir,

Some time ago I chanced to find a yellowed and crusty copy of SALIENT lying in the gutter. Flicking away the road dust and wood lice I discovered your farcical comment on *The Wild Bunch*. How could you conceivably feel that this magnificent movie was "utter rubbish"? I can only conclude that you wrote the criticism as a monstrous practical joke calculated to attract 50,000 letters of protest like this—perhaps to sell to a Boy Scout paper drive.

The film was glorious! What's wrong with you, man? Suffer from a morbid fear of death or something? Take that final scene, for instance. How superb! Blood didn't merely stain a guy's vest when he was hit by a high-velocity slug—it flew through the air like crimson porridge. The screen was wondrously ensanguined by a huntingly beautiful liquid amalgam of lymph, flesh and brains, bursting from Mexican bodies like mud from a Rotorua pool. The screams of the dying were as a fairy melody between the stereophonic speakers, and the smell of rotting flesh hung on the air like the breath of a summer breeze.

I grant you that the story was not all that great, but why worry about trivia in the face of such illustriously portrayed violence? Wait until you see *Soldier Blue*, a film that makes the slaughter in *The Wild Bunch* seem as tame as a bathtub squabble between two rubber ducks. Until then, may a murrain fall and blast your criticism.

Peter J. Needham

### Diploma in Science

Sir,

In your issue of March 4 you reported remarks made by me at Council as follows: "The proposal 'came out of the blue' in spite of the fact that a senior member of the

"The matter of possible Diploma Courses has received much attention in the press and elsewhere of late, more especially of course at the last meeting of Vice-Chancellors. At that time I, with the full consent of the Authority, communicated to the Vice-Chancellor's Secretary that, should the Vice-Chancellor's Committee wish to have any further information relating to the Authority's discussion on Diploma Courses, I would be happy to make myself available to the Vice-Chancellors' Committee. I believe that the T.C.A. had informed the Vice-Chancellors' Committee of this, although as the T.C.A. met only a rather short time prior to the Vice-Chancellors' Committee, this may not in fact have been done. In the event, however, I was not asked to discuss the matter with the Vice-Chancellors' Committee. I was present at the last meeting of the T.C.A., at which the question of the introduction of Diploma Course and, in particular, a Diploma in Science was discussed. I was one of those who took the view that no action should be taken until the Vice-Chancellors' Committee had had an opportunity to consider the proposals, and indeed the record of that meeting and the recollections of other members who attended it will, I am sure, substantiate this contention."

I.D. Campbell

### The First SRC Meeting

Sir,

I was one of those students who attended the first meeting of the SRC last week. No wonder there is an apathetic attitude towards student politics. After listening for half an hour I got so fed up I left, with many others.

Why? When it takes three hours to discuss two motions—relatively straightforward motions at that—one tends to get pissed off. Alright, there is a Constitution to follow but does it have to be followed so rigidly that the whole meeting gets bogged down in protocol so that nothing gets done. Motions are discussed, amended, counter-motions are introduced, so that before long the original motion is unrecognisable.

And still the meeting gets smaller.

Perhaps it was the presence of the TV cameras that caused this tedious ritual. Well if this was the case some people certainly made every effort to be seen on camera.

# LETTERS to the Editor

Victoria University staff is undoubtedly on the Authority." This may be taken as a reflection on Professor W.E. Harvey. On looking further into the matter I am satisfied that any such implication, which arose through a misunderstanding on my part, was completely unjustified and I request that you publish this explanation and the following information supplied to me by Professor Harvey:

"I am indeed a member of the Technicians Certification Authority, though I have only sat on that body for a relatively short time. My membership of the Authority is, however, in no way whatsoever connected with my position in the University and I do not represent either this University or the Vice-Chancellors' Committee on the Authority. The Vice-Chancellors' Committee is in fact represented on the Authority by a member of staff from Canterbury University, while I am a member elected to the Authority by its Executive Committee for Science, on which body I have sat for a number of years as a representative of the N.Z. Institute of Chemistry.

I call it the irony of democracy. The SRC is supposed to be a democratic institution but democratic principles are carried to such a degree that it is extremely hard to see the democratic elements involved, especially as two or three vocal goons can almost ruin the meeting by their interjections and points of order. If this state of affairs is allowed to continue the SRC meetings will certainly be struggling to keep a quorum. I suggest to Miss Bryson and co. that they take a long hard look at the SRC and try to eradicate the weaknesses that are so prevalent.

D.J. Patten

### One Per Cent Aid

Sir,

Mr James Mitchell (I presume his name is James) seems to be demanding, in his comments on One Per Cent Aid, that we should place logic and reason upon impulses that are fundamentally human and GOOD. There is very little impulsive goodness in the world today.

Continued P.4

# answer to a pregnant problem

Margaret Bryson is to present submissions to the Royal Commission on Social Security in her capacity as President of the Association. The submissions concern the non-payment of Social Security benefits to unmarried pregnant women students.

Margaret raised the matter at the NZUSA National Executive meeting held on 1 March. She asked that NZUSA make available to her any information on pregnant women students.

At present, women students who are in this situation are not given the usual benefit for the final three months of pregnancy unless they give up their studies and commence outside employment. This appears to be because the benefits are based on loss of income, not individual need.

In her submissions, Margaret points out that it is only on paper that a student who is on a bursary, and who continues her University studies, suffers no loss of income. She argues that the Social Security Commission has disregarded the loss of potential holiday earnings or part-time work.

Margaret's three main submissions are as follows:

1. That pregnant students who wish to continue their University studies be entitled to receive the full benefit payable to unmarried pregnant women, for the usual term of such benefit.
2. That the criterion of need should always be taken into account in determining such benefits, as well as that of loss of income.
3. That the procedures of consideration and notification of the availability of such benefits be considerably accelerated in recognition of the urgency of decision.

# shickylark...

Many part-time students do not realise the effect on their bursary of not passing two units in a year. If a part-time student, who has had his fees paid by virtue of having University Entrance or Higher School Certificate, fails all units or passes only one, all bursary assistance for the next year is compulsorily suspended. If he has Higher School Certificate he has not merely lost a Fees Bursary, he has lost his entitlement to a Fees and Allowances Bursary (and to the Boarding Allowance) and this can only be regained by passing two units in the next year of study.

Every part-time student doing only one unit and claiming fees for it must inevitably forfeit all bursary assistance the next year whether he passes or fails. The only way to preserve his bursary entitlement is for him to pay his fees for the one unit. Any part-time student finding two units too heavy a load and dropping one, puts himself in the same position. He can only ensure his eligibility for the next year by paying fees for the unit he is continuing with, together with fees or half-fees for the subject he drops. Half-fees are charges for units discontinued after 31st March and before the end of the first term. Full refund of fees can be made for units discontinued or changed up to 31st March. All changes and withdrawals must be made at the Registrar's office.

Full-time students also make costly errors about their bursaries. All students in any doubt should make certain that they understand their position by discussing it with the Bursaries Clerk or the undersigned.

P.G. Morris Liaison Officer  
Liaison Officer

the view that if a student is sufficiently keen to continue his studies to make the effort to appeal he should be given the chance to do so unless he is plainly incapable of completing a university course.

The Academic Committee, a sub-committee of the Professional Board, considers all cases where the Deans have not upheld the appeal. ("... it should be remembered that an important function of the Academic Committee is to ensure that different faculties keep in step in the application of the exclusion rule"—from the Vice-Chancellor's memo for the members of the Council, dated 6 March, 1970). The Academic Committee allows further appeals. This year it upheld 18 of the 49 appeals referred to it by the Deans.

The Council has always rubber-stamped the Academic Committee's decisions. That the Council has to consider the Committee's decisions on appeals at all arises from a provision in the Victoria University of Wellington Act 1961 which specifically draws the Council into the exclusion procedure. ("The Council shall have power to decide to decline to enrol any student at the University, or in any particular course or courses or classes in a particular subject or subjects. . . ."—section 24, sub-section

# EXCLUSION from page 1

(2). A number of specific grounds upon which students may be excluded follow; among them is paragraph (e)—"Insufficient academic progress by the student after a reasonable trial at the University or at any other University . . .")

There is no reason whatsoever, of course, why the Council should not delegate its power to "decline to enrol any student at the University". The Council has, in fact, defined the broad criterion (two units in two years) for exclusion and has delegated to the Deans and the Academic Committee the power to set aside this requirement. Why the Council continues to review the decisions of the Academic Committee is not entirely clear. It is perfectly obvious that the Council's review is not directed towards reversing decisions of the Academic Committee to decline appeals. If the Council did uphold appeals against the recommendation of the Academic Committee it would, in effect, be itself waiving the regulation which it has defined.

It seems much more likely that the Council's review of the Academic Committee's decisions was originally intended to ensure that the Academic

Committee and Deans were not too liberal in their consideration of appeals. This process has become a rubber-stamping because the Council is satisfied that the Academic Committee is doing a good job, though individual members have qualms about its liberality.

This year, a sub-committee of Council was set up to review the decisions of the Academic Committee. In previous years the decisions of the Committee have been 'received' by the whole Council. The sub-committee was established in order that the rubber-stamping could take place in time to allow students whose appeals were upheld to be readmitted to the University as early as possible in the academic year. For reasons which are as yet completely unknown, the sub-committee took a sample of the appeals considered by the Academic Committee. They considered four cases of students whose appeals had been rejected and two cases where appeals had been upheld. In other words, they considered a sample of about one in eight students. On the basis of their consideration of this sample, the members of the sub-committee, with Logan dissenting, agreed that the decisions of the Academic Committee should be ratified.

# EXECUTIVE ELECTION

The by-election to fill four positions on the Executive will be held on 8 and 9 April.

Nominations close on 23 March. Mr Armour Mitchell, Secretary of the Careers Advisory Board, is the Chairman of the Election Committee and Mr Giles Brooker has been appointed Returning Officer. The other members of the Committee are David Shand and Gerard Curry.

None of the co-opted members currently on Executive, Denis Phelps, Graeme Collins and Ian Stockwell, were prepared to say that they will stand for re-election when asked about this last week.

BRING BACK THE PANTY RAID



# SALIENT fortnightly

SALIENT is to be published fortnightly for the remainder of this term.

The change from weekly to fortnightly publication was approved by the Publications Board on the recommendation of the Editor of SALIENT. The change was made because of difficulties experienced in the use of the new system of typesetting which was adopted at the end of last year.

SALIENT changed from fortnightly to weekly publication at the beginning of 1968 and was the only weekly student newspaper in New Zealand in 1968 and 1969. The question of the frequency of publication will be reviewed at the end of the first term.

# OVERCROWDING

In the first week of the University term, three Stage 1 units appeared to be seriously overcrowded.

During lectures in Sociology 1, Administration 1, and Quantitative Analysis, students were forced to sit in the aisles. This situation existed despite the fact that the lectures for these units were held in LB1 or E006 which are the biggest lecture halls in the University.

In Quantitative Analysis, this situation arose because only about 30 of the 422 students who are enrolled for the unit were willing to attend the second stream of lectures—this, despite the fact that exactly the same lecture is delivered in the second stream as in the first. The lecturer, Miss P. Hyman, has asked that more students attend the lecture at the later time. Few have responded.

# Woolshed Bereft of Shearers

The proposed new hairdressing salon in the Student Union (the Woolshed) is now without a hairdresser.

The contract was originally to be let to Anthony Plews, a student who had had some hairdressing experience. Last week, however, Mr Plews wrote to the President advising that he would be unable to operate the salon because of his imminent departure for the United States.

During discussions on the matter, a Student Union Management sub-committee decided to call for applications for the contract. Ian Boyd, Managing Secretary of the Student Union, said that a notice calling for applications was posted immediately after the meeting.

The Woolshed is to occupy a renovated men's toilet on the first floor of the Student Union. It was hoped to have it open in the second week of the term. However, the present condition of the room and Mr Plews' departure will mean that the service will not be available until well after the estimated opening date.

However, some have changed to Pure Mathematics I.

Miss Hyman asserts that no one will be forced to leave the Quantitative Analysis lectures and that tutorials are not overcrowded. She said that if students want the comfort of a seat they can come to the later stream of lectures. She continued that the situation will probably resolve itself anyway due to the high failure rate in this unit.

There are also two streams in the Administration 1 course and an early overcrowding problem has been largely overcome by the Department of Commerce and Administration suggesting that some students attend the 1B course. The Head of the Department, Professor Fogelberg, considers the Department can cope with the 100 extra students. He did think, however, that more tutorials would be required.

By far the most serious overcrowding has occurred in Sociology 1. In these classes, LB1 with a seating capacity for 320 has had to accommodate up to 370 students. Professor Robb, the Head of the Sociology Department, made an appeal to those taking the unit as a 'fill in' to leave. Although he said that those who did leave would be assured of entrance to the unit in 1971 were it to be restricted (which he thought was likely), few responded to his appeal.

The Sociology Department has four unfilled vacancies and it seems unlikely that numbers in tutorials will be able to be kept down to a satisfactory level. The problem is aggravated by a shortage of a set text book. Professor Robb says that the Administration has been informed of the overcrowding and in the meantime the Department will "struggle on".

THE GRAND HOTEL  
Willis Street  
THE "INN" PLACE FOR STUDENTS

## MORE LETTERS

It makes people feel good to give, and all that feels good can't be that bad.

If Mr Mitchell wants to find logical reasons for loving or giving, or wanting to love or to give, we who don't need them would rather he keep his inquiries to himself.

Lisa Sacksen

Sir,

I cannot say of Mr Mitchell that he has been the most successful pressure group on campus in 1969, and in fact I considered treating his article with the contempt which it deserves. However, many people who had worked damn hard for 1% A.I.D. felt affronted by his twaddle so I thought I would give him the satisfaction of a rejoinder.

Second, there is nothing reprehensible in my original statement and I don't want to withdraw anything I said last year. New Zealand has not taken its international responsibilities seriously and the fact that we have fought in every bloody conflict since the Boer War only proves this point.

Third, I still don't want to be part of a W.A.S.P. right backlash, whether it be in relation to race or development. We know Mitchell doesn't mind, he is the backlash.

First, thanks for acknowledging that 1% A.I.D. was the most successful student pressure group in 1969. (We always had a sneaking suspicion that we were but having Mitchell say so is some indication of the extent to which we managed to penetrate the total political spectrum from far right to far left). Before we know where we are the Aid Rhodesia Society will be clamouring for New Zealand assistance to Southern Africa.

Fourth, Mitchell's non-arguments:

(a) No-one in 1% A.I.D. has ever said use aid as a bribe, nor has it been implied in any of our statements. (b) It has certainly not been proven that it is poor business to invest in a developing region. On the contrary, developing nations will only achieve 'lift off' if there is some degree of capital investment as well as an investment of necessary skills.—Why doesn't Mitchell read *Teach Yourself Economics*? It's a very simple book and readily available. (c) 1% A.I.D. is not a Christian organisation and it has never mentioned increasing aid as a sop to the Christian conscience—as the founder of Christianity said "The words are yours." Could it be that Mitchell is feeling guilty about something and is transferring his guilt onto the first unblemished organisation he sets his beady eyes on?

Mitchell develops these arguments with fairly addle-headed logic and finishes off with a lot of nonsense about naked Emperors. It would seem that Mitchell should try and concentrate on what 1% A.I.D. really said and did rather than what he imagined it to do and say. It is sort of permissible for farmers to exaggerate but sometimes the bull's wool isn't thick enough to cover our eyes.

Kevin P. Clements

(Editor's note: Mr Clements' letter has been abridged through the omission of a personal reference to Mr Mitchell.)

Student accommodation

Sir,

I was thrilled to see the topic of your lead article *Pull Finger on Accommodation* in the last issue of *SALIENT*.

The question I wish to ask is "Are Victoria students going to ever get off their chuffs and actually do something about the accommodation problem?" For years, in fact for generations, there has been talk and complaint but damn all action.

Rick Smith

# Pioneer coffee lounge

76 Willis Street. -

Gives you a pleasant atmosphere and old time decor.

## AMOS ON CAMPUS

Elite groups of 'captains of industry' and 'right-thinking people' are having too much influence on government in New Zealand.

This was the view expressed by Phil Amos, Labour Party spokesman on education and Member of Parliament for Manurewa, when he spoke at the University recently.

Mr Amos introduced his topic—Cost Benefit Politics—by saying that he was a socialist and a believer in the welfare state. "There is a level below which nobody should be allowed to fall," he said. "Society should provide for equality of opportunity for the individual to develop and realise his or her potential." Active participation by all groups in activities of government and the safeguarding of minority rights are conditions of socialism.

Mr Amos applied the term 'cost benefit politics' to the system in New Zealand where, he said, progress is measured solely on a cost benefit basis. He claimed that a 'figure-measuring' approach to life

can have, and is having in New Zealand, adverse effects. "An increasing proportion of our people are being persuaded that all that really matters is the size of their pay packet." He blamed the present Government for this. "Accountants are only recorders—not innovators. They are not creative," he said.

Mr Amos warned of the dangers of concentration of ownership of news media and means of production and distribution. "What we need," he said "is a reappraisal of our social purpose—of the quality of life. Arts, recreation and cultural patterns must become an integral part of our life. A reassertion of the dynamics of a democratic society is required. The dynamics are dialogue-free and adequate communication, discussion—full exchange of ideas, and dissent—the questioning and scrutinisation of convention."

Mr Amos concluded his address by saying that society must be measured in other ways than through a cost benefit analysis. Democracy will only prosper when other means are used. Men had to be thought of as individuals—as creative beings and not productive animals.

## drugs & discipline

Students who 'abuse drugs' are liable to expulsion from Canterbury University.

This warning comes from the University's Disciplinary Committee. A student who was convicted on a charge of growing cannabis last month was warned when he applied for readmission that any further drug use would end his university career.

This incident has recalled the concern

expressed by some Canterbury students in 1968 when new discipline regulations were brought into force. These provided that "the Professorial Board shall have full disciplinary powers over the conduct of all students . . . in any case where the Board considers that the interests of the University or the students are affected."

The regulations are such that the possibility of punitive action by

University authorities after a student has been convicted (or acquitted) by a Court of Law has not been excluded. Provision exists in the regulations for hearing representations from students charged with breaches of discipline, but it is not mandatory to give such hearings (" . . . the Board shall . . . give any student charged . . . such opportunity as it thinks fit to make representations regarding the matters.")

## UFO's

A non-student speaker at a recent Forum livened up proceedings by outlining his views on unidentified flying objects (UFO's).

"There are millions of people from other planets on our planet now," he said.

The speaker was Mr Ernest Reid, of Healesville, Victoria. Mr Reid was visiting New Zealand in the course of a trip to the United States. He is to continue his investigations into UFO's in that country.

Mr Reid told Forum that he combines his belief in UFO's with a strong religious conviction. He believes that very intelligent visitors from other planets have arrived on Earth to help humanity when "natural cosmic cataclysms usher in the new age." Mr Reid believes that this new age will come within forty years. "Everyone will come into the conscious awareness of the realisation of the Christ within. Man will then be free to travel to the other planets of Our Father's House," said Mr Reid.

Mr Reid said he believed that people from other planets did not have wars. They were not aggressive but rather brought divine love and peace. They were also highly advanced intellectually and used telepathy as a means of communication.

Mr Reid also believes that "Atlantis is on the way up." He said that he had a photograph of an Atlantean temple under six feet of water at low tide.

## NZUSA Offices

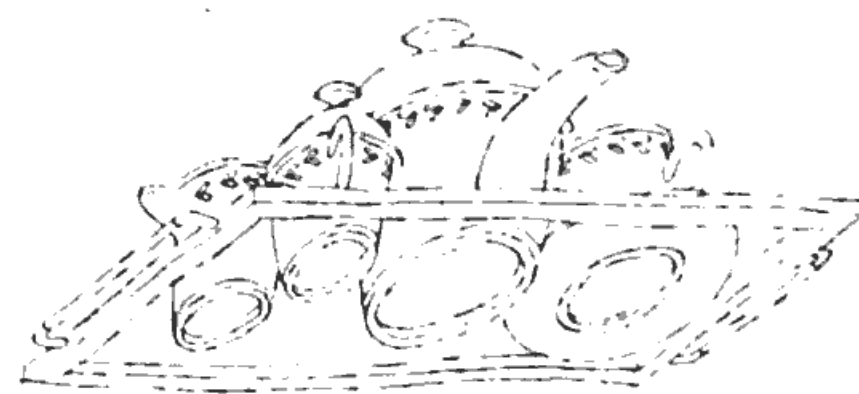
Establishment of a building fund for new NZUSA premises was discussed at the NZUSA National Executive meeting on 1 March.

At present, NZUSA is accommodated in Book House in Boulcott Street. The present office space is generally acknowledged to be so cramped as to hamper efficiency. Moves are being made to secure better temporary accommodation until long-term plans can be made.

NZUSA constituents disagreed about the methods by which such a fund could be raised. A per capita student levy was one suggestion. Victoria's President, Margaret Bryson, suggested that low interest long-term loans should be raised from constituent Students' Associations. Other delegates pointed out that several of the Associations are already involved in building programmes and would therefore have little to contribute to such loan schemes.

It was also suggested that the scheme be financed by a \$2 increase in fares to Australia arranged by the Travel Service. Student travel fares are already, however, subject to an increase of \$14.50 necessitated by a rise in flight costs.

Treasurers of the constituent Associations will discuss ways in which the building fund could be established at Easter Council.



"I'm afraid they've decided to stop kidding around!"

### FOUND POEM

(From the Minutes of the Massey Students' Association Executive)

**Late Nomination for President:**  
91/69 Chair That the Executive's condolences be conveyed to Murray Elliott concerning his late nomination for President.  
CARRIED.

**Alarm System for Sports Centre:**  
267/69 Pascoe That the Treasurer look Mace into the ramifications of the Vigilante Alarm System.  
CARRIED.

**Executive Badges:**  
294/69 Chair That when an Executive member does not finish a full term on the current Executive, the Executive shall decide whether he/she shall receive an Executive badge.  
CARRIED.

**BIAFRA RELIEF AND SHARPEVILLE DAY**

All universities have been asked to hold a Biafra Relief Day and a Sharpeville Day. The matter was raised at the NZUSA National Executive meeting on 1 March.

The President, Margaret Bryson, asked Mr Bruce Stainton to organise the day at Victoria and an appeal was in fact held on March 12 and 13. All funds are to be sent to Biafra through UNICEF—the only relief organisation whose credentials are recognised by Federal Nigeria.

All-night vigils are also planned at each university for Sharpeville Day on 21 March. Margaret has asked SRC for a controller but as yet no one has come forward.

**BOOKLETS CONCERNING SOCIAL PROBLEMS**

Students' Associations at both Canterbury and Otago Universities are to publish booklets on specific social problems.

Canterbury is to publish a booklet about abortion, contraception and related topics and Otago is to publish a booklet on mental health.

The Canterbury booklet is to be free to Canterbury students and will be on sale on other campuses for about 30 cents.

The Otago booklet publishes the texts of addresses delivered at a seminar on mental health held under the auspices of NZUSA at Otago about 18 months ago. This booklet was originally to have been edited for NZUSA by Richard Fisher, NZUSA Student Welfare Officer. Fisher, however, failed to organise publication of the booklet. The editing will now be done by Mrs Wendy Low, a graduate in medicine, who organised the NZUSA seminar when she was Student Welfare Officer on the Otago Executive.

The Otago booklet will be available through the Students' Association at a nominal charge.

**OTAGO THREATENS NZUSA WITHDRAWAL**

The Otago University Students' Association has threatened to withdraw its delegation from NZUSA's Easter Council unless other constituents guarantee that their capping magazines will not be sold in Otago. If Otago were to withdraw from Easter Council, NZUSA would be unable to meet.

The following telegram was received by the Executive on 3 March. UNLESS FORMAL WRITTEN AGREEMENTS ARE RECEIVED FROM AUCKLAND MASSEY VICTORIA AND CANTERBURY CONSTITUENTS GUARANTEEING THAT THEIR CAPPING PUBLICATIONS OR EQUIVALENT WILL NOT REPEAT NOT BE SOLD SOUTH OF THE WAITAKI RIVER THEN THE OTAGO UNIVERSITY STUDENTS ASSN WILL WITHDRAW ITS DELEGATION FROM EASTER COUNCIL STOP COPY SENT TO ALL ABOVE NAMED STOP LETTER FOLLOWS ANDERSON OTAGO

## news briefs

Members of the Executive expressed the view that Otago's attitude amounted to blackmail. A motion to the effect that "the matter of Otago's telegram be treated with severe ignore" was only defeated on the casting vote of the Chairman, Margaret Bryson.

Paul Grocott, President of NZUSA, said, when questioned by SALIENT that Otago would be "well advised" to attend Council. "The only hope of satisfactory agreement being reached over this matter is full discussion at Easter Council" he said.

**CONTACT can:**

- Provide the names & locations of university staff
- Provide information about the Students' Association
- Provide information about the Student Welfare Service
- Provide information about University clubs
- Provide information about student discounts and insurance
- Help with personal problems

Anyone with a knowledge of the University who is willing to help CONTACT should ring 70.319 Ext. 61 or Miss Lindsay Banks (759.664) or leave a message with the CONTACT Office between 9.30 am and 5.30 pm in Committee Room 2.

**APPLICATIONS ARE HEREBY CALLED FOR OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE CALENDAR YEAR 1970.**

The four vacant positions are as follows:  
Woman Vice-President  
Secretary  
Publications Officer  
Sports Officer

**Publications Officer:** The Association Constitution provides that any person offering himself for election as Publications Officer shall, where possible, have been a member of the Board for at least six (6) calendar months before applications for the position close.

Applications including address and telephone number must be placed in the box provided at the counter of the Association Office.

Applications close at 4.30p.m. on Monday 23 March.

Applicants may withdraw by written request at any time until 4.30p.m. on Tuesday 24 March.

Voting will take place on 8 and 9 April.

**Giles Brooker Returning Officer**  
**Returning Officer**



## STOP PRES

**AFTER MR BOYD, WHAT?**

At present Mr Boyd holds a double position—he is Managing Secretary of the Union and Director of Student Welfare Services. However it seems highly probable that within the next few months the post will, at the suggestion of Mr Boyd, be separated into the two parts. There is certainly enough work for two people, one in the Union, and the other in the Welfare Services.

While this proposal is going through this seems an ideal time for the Association, and others, to rethink the whole idea of 'The Managing Secretary' and what we want of the position. It seems, according to rumour, and breaching no confidences, that Mr Boyd is primarily interested in the position of Director of Student Welfare

Services. There will consequently be a vacancy in the Managing Secretaryship. I suggest it would be an ideal time to change that position into one named 'Administrative Secretary'.

The Administrative Secretary should retain the duties of keeping accounts and drawing budgets for the Union, the day-to-day administration of the Union and a certain amount of long-term planning. He should, however, be employed by the Student Union Management Committee, paid by it (not by the University alone), and be responsible to it. That Committee has a student majority. I also suggest that the disciplinary powers at present vested in the Managing Secretary be vested in the Association Executive and/or the House Committee, who could sub-delegate as they chose (even to the Administrative Secretary if they wished). These are my thoughts: what are yours? Come to the next SRC and discuss it.

**Margaret Bryson**

I cannot pretend to know what is going on in drama in New Zealand. I doubt whether anyone else can either. In Wellington, we, that is those of us who are interested, hear the occasional cry of pain from Dunedin when Patric Carey threatens to abandon his struggle to keep the Globe Theatre alive, we try to keep the I-told-you-so look out of our eyes as we listen to rumours of trials and tribulations at Auckland's Mercury Theatre, we avert our thoughts from the professional theatre debacle in Christchurch, and, return, gratefully, to the Wellington theatrical scene.

This is perhaps the most surprising attitude of all. Somehow we feel safe with the Arts Council on our doorstep; we enjoy hearing of financial wheeler-dealing at Downstage (as if to suggest that while things are murky, there will always be a dinner-and-show there, albeit of unpredictable quality in either department); we continue amazed that Nola Millar's Theatre-in-the-Loft is still flourishing ("I believe her drama classes are marvellous"); we grudgingly admire—and envy—Ngaio Revue's acumen in getting a piece of the Town Belt to build its monstrously unaesthetic club rooms on (and its greater acumen in getting the Mayor for its patron); we cast a benign eye over Unity Theatre and Stagecraft. In the main, we admire them all, and, in the main, we go to none of them. Most of the theatres exist as a hobby for their members, and it can be said even of Downstage that its ability to stay solvent (come now, be kind) rests too heavily on patrons more interested in wining and dining, in being seen where others are being seen, than in dedicated theatregoers.

Following World War II, there was a tremendous interest in amateur theatre. Visiting professional groups—including the best in the English-speaking world at the time—played to packed houses, there being so many applicants for seats that ballots were held. During this euphoric period, the New Zealand Players came into existence and, for a while, flourished. Soon the real level of interest was reached and, even with Government assistance, the somewhat grandiose scheme failed. Bitter debates were held, individuals were blamed, and nothing was solved. One overriding fact remained - New Zealand (and, of course, Wellington) was once more without a professional theatre. Not, in truth, that this was of much concern to many people except those directly involved.

Television caused a further slackening of interest in live theatre, and the amateur theatres (if, as in the case of Thespians, they didn't go out of existence) were forced more and more to leave the larger, public theatres for performances in their own club rooms. Now, apart from the occasional 'major' production in the University Little Theatre, the theatrical scene, in Wellington—at least, is made up of small groups playing in small theatres, limiting their work to what has been described as 'intimate theatre.' In itself this has only <sup>been</sup> an expression of what has become a trend overseas anyway. Where we once looked to the West End and Broadway successes for plays to present, we are just as likely to look to the experimental theatres in both England and America.

## in New Zealand

Professional theatre in New Zealand was a long time recovering from the collapse of the Players. Hindsight has shown us that they collapsed when they were on the verge of becoming stabilised both artistically and economically, but the country was not ready to acknowledge that no national theatre can exist without state subsidy. Then, in the early 1960's, Downstage came into existence and gradually New Zealand's first restaurant-theatre became a recognised part of the Wellington theatre scene. As it grew in popularity from its small beginnings, so in Christchurch we saw the



# DRAMA

collapse of the more grandiose venture into a combined professional theatre and drama school.

Auckland, as one of the few remaining cities where the taint of professional failure had not been felt, was chosen as the centre for yet another venture into the commercial world of theatre. It is still too early to measure its success, and it has not, up until the present time, ventured outside Auckland with its productions.

Downstage, on the other hand, has made forays to such places as New Plymouth, Levin, and even Christchurch, and the latest news is that the small-cast production of *The Au Pair Man* has taken off on a short tour. Dunedin, which used to be the centre for the also now-defunct Southern Comedy Players, has now permanently stationed there a semi-professional theatre under the direction of Warwick Slyfield. Its commitment to professional (in the sense of full-time work on a paid basis) theatre remains at the moment on a modest scale compared with, say, the Mercury Theatre.

As in the past, communication between one centre and another is meagre, and apart from the occasional prestige production (as with Canterbury University's *Marat/Sade*) making a trip to another town, little is known of what is going on elsewhere. Nor is there much, if any, inter-change of actors and producers, of administrators and backstage workers, between theatre groups of the different cities. The two linking organisations, New



Zealand Drama Council and British Drama League work, case of the Sunday night Gulbenkian Series) has been good, and audiences have contained a high proportion of young people. It is to the credit of Downstage that they have attempted to gain some sort of hearing for New Zealand playwrights. As yet, they have been very limited in the use of New Zealand playwrights in their regular theatrical programmes.

Theatre still lives a hand-to-mouth existence in New Zealand, as do, indeed, all of the arts. Theatrical groups can be formed, die, and even be resurrected without too much surprise being evinced. Actors still leave for their training overseas (although the start made by the Arts Council in sending students to train at Auckland's Mercury and Wellington's New Theatre is an interesting one). Persuading them to return is much more difficult, and who can blame them? If one trains to be an actor, one expects to act, and if the work is lacking, or is too spasmodic, or if the chance to become a 'name actor' does not exist, actors will continue to remain where the chances are, no matter how remote.

New Zealanders seem to like being in plays, and while their 'hobby' continues to absorb their interest, they are less likely to play the more passive role of spectator. It is on this almost insoluble difficulty that most professional theatre has founded. While the local amateur groups continue to feel (and often justifiably so) that their work compares favourably with anything a professional group can do—forgetting, of course, that their one major production a year cannot be compared with a year-long programme—the professional position will remain a precarious one. But there are small signs of change. Downstage, for instance, has wisely kept a programme going all year, and this means that the public, which is now finding for the first time in our history that dining out can be a pleasure, are becoming used to the idea that an evening on the town can include both food and entertainment. Downstage must next graduate, of course, to a more flexible season of plays so that in any one month, patrons can choose from a programme of plays instead of having to wait out a season of perhaps seven weeks before seeing a new play. (It would be too much to expect, of course, audiences to return to see a play they have enjoyed. They reserve such luxuries for *The Sound of Music*).

— by George Webby —

believe the case to be true also for Auckland now, is there any contractual system operating at the professional level, that would guarantee actors and producers work. In Wellington, many actors, for instance, are dependent on radio and TV work in order to earn enough to live on so that they can also continue to work in live theatre. Actors and producers will often take on unpaid work in the theatre in order to gain further experience.

It may be only my imagination, but I do think I note a revival of interest—particularly among young people—in the theatre, both as participants and as audiences. Experimental plays at Downstage for instance (as in the

I have deliberately refrained from discussing the future, since this article is supposed to be some sort of 'introduction' to the forthcoming "Arts in New Zealand" Conference organised by the Q.E.II Arts Council, and the proper place for such a discussion will be there.

But it should be said that one remains hopeful for the future of drama in New Zealand. One always does. Theatre in New Zealand over the last fifty years has known some glorious moments, and if this, the most ephemeral of all the arts, appears to be in the throes of change, then I can only suggest that such 'change' is perhaps the most healthy, and hopeful, sign of all.

# DRAMA REVIEW

**LOOK BACK IN ANGER** by John Osborne. Produced for the Drama Society by Matthew O'Sullivan. REVIEWED BY ANDREW WILSON.

**Look Back In Anger**, the Orientation play directed by Matthew O'Sullivan, was fortunate from the start in having a striking set by Peter Coates. A dominating cold grey view of rooftops jutted beyond the proscenium into the audience. The cut-away garret which was the acting area was small, and looked even smaller, but surprisingly proved to be adequate.

The play's main strength lies in Jimmy Porter's embittered and ingenious metaphorical language. The whole responsibility of making the play convincing, therefore, falls on Jimmy. Alan Hinkley played the part with intelligence and dedication but without the spontaneous fiery nastiness that characterises Jimmy. He seemed to be trying hard to fill out the part, realising well enough what was needed but never convincingly getting to the gut of the man. This is hardly a question of fault, though—any more than his being rather tall unfortunately made him look more awkward than necessary. At times too there was the uneasy feeling that what natural ability he had brought to the part had been 'produced' into a rhythm which suited neither the character nor the situation. One could point to the grinding rallentando of his father's deathbed speech, dribbling self-pity, but overdone. Yet there were good moments of fine driving colloquial rhetoric. There was great relish, for example, in the speech about his mother-in-law and her acidic worms.

It seemed that Jimmy could free-associate his 'done rotten' gripings on any topic, but in fact he had a limited range of starting points: Alison, her family, her friends, the newspaper or Cliff. These characters never became very much more than starting points for Jimmy, although Osborne had given them all time and space in which to enlarge their appeal as individuals.

Helen McGrath as Alison stood like a rag doll and moved badly, particularly with Jimmy and especially in the scenes involving the bears and squirrels, which were acutely embarrassing in a way beyond the pathetic poignancy intended.



Cliff's dialect was a barely recognisable, uncertain Welsh, but he moved with tact and assurance in the tiny acting area. Even lighting Alison's cigarette (which could have been horribly bungled) was done with admirable skill. But Paul Holmes will have to watch that he does not get himself stuck with a number of tricks of the trade—particularly in his delivery—which will be awkward to unlearn.

Geraldine Whyte played Helena Charles in a plummy, elocuted fashion which one suspected was as much Miss Whyte as Helena when the plum remained after Act II—from which time it needed to be toned down far more than it was. Helena's turning to Jimmy was rather sudden in execution, despite all the graduated hints earlier (playing with the bear and squirrel, for example) so that as instant seduction it was more embarrassing than competent.

Colonel Redfern is an interesting case; one feels he was one of the most sympathetically conceived of the characters. He was played tactfully, but more as a literary exercise than a dramatic one, by Terry Baker.

If one were to wonder, before seeing the play, whether this 1956 kitchen-sink drama set in the Midlands had any relevance to 1970 New Zealand, then the answer would be one shared by all significant drama: it deals with recognisable people rather than an historical situation. The social situation has dated—but not so very much—and it will, hopefully, become increasingly remote. Yet the character of Jimmy, fierce in his condemnations, inconsistent in any positive loyalties, and secure only when he knows his rages to be fruitless and his happiness a teddy bear story, continues to be a current dramatic force. The director, Matthew O'Sullivan, deserves a large measure of praise from all in the four full houses that this fine play has drawn.

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 PORIRUA—NAPIER—HASTINGS

*Easy Rider* is a stumbling block. Affiliation or antipathy, not to its merits and defects as a film, but to the life-style it portrays and advocates, may blind both the ardent admirers and the ignorant scornful to the beauties they might otherwise have perceived. Those, and there are many of them, who wouldn't know a good film if it kicked them in the teeth, will perforce ride in either camp, ignoring the movie and bleating about social values. I feel no obligation to say I like *Easy Rider* because Fonda and friends represent a rustic simplicity (my interpretation) and individual freedom I dream about in odd, anarchic moments. There is, fortunately, much more going for it than that.

A liberal fellow I know, who aspires in a minor way to that same ideal, made a jaundiced observation about the film when prompted for his opinion. I asked him if he liked *Easy Rider* as much as I did (a

typically leading question), to which he replied that he didn't think much of it, then adding the curious rider, "well, it wasn't great". This querulous and unnecessary remark is symptomatic of the kind of confusion that results when appreciation of aesthetic qualities is allied to and tied down by adherence to some social philosophy or other. Commitment and art make uneasy bedfellows and spawn many a stunted offspring: when this confusion arises (his particular hang-up was the rural commune, which he thought overdone), when presuppositions obscure the vision, simply make some peurile observation about the film *not being great*.

The point has, I think, been bludgeoned home. Viewers and reviewers who base their like or dislike of *Easy Rider* on their responsiveness to its 'Message' will do the film little justice. I don't really know whether or not this is a great work, but it is certainly more memorable than most other films that aspire to greatness or have that stifling mantle cast upon them by those who should know better. Take *Butch Cassidy*, for example, a film that seems to be the rave of the moment. As a whimsical diversion it is charming enough, and decked out with a fine lustre to be sure (all praise to the great Conrad Hall), but there is no heart to the film, no bite that shines through the sly humour and beautiful landscapes.

We should at least feel some pain at the deaths of Newman and Redford, some identification with their plight, but nothing that has gone before belies our suspicion that this is just another well-timed jest. One would not have to abandon the humor in *Butch Cassidy* or the distinctive attractions of its characters in order to achieve the cutting edge. Perhaps this choice of scapegoat cum strawman is uncharitable, and I grant the film its good intentions and considerable achievements, but I mention it here to highlight what I consider to be a vital point. I enjoyed *Butch Cassidy* and then promptly forgot about it; the images of *Easy Rider* linger in the memory, and the taste is indeed sweet. The mantle is being cast on the former from all directions, the latter will be, with a few exceptions, the object only of unthinking adulation or irrelevant, pretentious debate.

The beauties of *Easy Rider* are specific, and could be catalogued at some length. This sojourn by Hopper and Fonda through their life and times is presented with much feeling and considerable technical expertise. Dennis Hopper's work as director is almost always assured, and inspired in those delicate scenes where a foot wrong would result in the kind of sentimentality bound to alienate those not already turned on or tuned in. He has a fine visual appreciation of the splendour and squalor of Americana, given substance here by Laszlo Kovacs' beautiful colour photography. Hopper as actor strikes a chord: he looks like a couple of friends of mine rolled into one. At times he strays a mite near buffoonery, but eventually impresses by playing what is surely himself, rather than assuming any fictional and inevitably less attractive character. Fonda frequently looks merely blank, but occasionally the filial spaniel eyes and distinctive voice lend some conviction to his performance. Thanks for his money anyway.

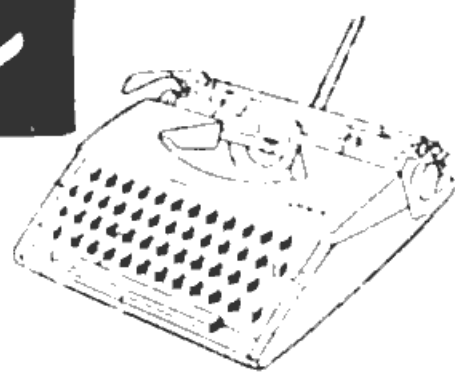
The influence of Terry Southern, credited with a share in the screenplay, might be detected in Jack Nicholson's marvellous little exposition on the presence among us of aliens from another planet, although perhaps this gem was improvised as a dash of garnish to his already astonishing performance. This incredible creature has been seen before as something worse than a blatant ham (Roger Corman's *The Terror*). In *Easy Rider* his playing as the quixotic, dyspeptic lawyer is just about the best piece of character acting I've seen. This Southern Gentleman is one of nature's angels, debauchery notwithstanding. The scenes in the hippie commune, which my friend thought were overdone (maybe so, but how would he know?), are more convincing for the presence of Robert Walker and Luana Anders.

Apart from Jack Nicholson, however, the best 'acting' comes from the various skinheads in the Deep South,



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store for men.



# REVIEW

The degree of verisimilitude in their performances, if they can be called that, remind me of their counterparts in Roger Corman's film *The Intruder* (U.S. title: *I Hate Your Guts*). Both directors seem to have employed something akin to a candid camera technique, where real-life emotions and expressions have been caught on film and used to dramatic effect.

Much of what has been written here, and anywhere for that matter, reads hollow in the face of the very life of the film itself. *Easy Rider* is such a personal creation for all involved, for those who made the film and for those who watch it. We who admire it are reduced in the end to reciting our favourite bits and pieces. I need do no more than list a few of mine here: the various night rides against the evening sky, the two exchanges with the pushers at the beginning of the film, Hopper's frenetic anxiety throughout, the Mardi Gras and trip scenes (shown on grainy, garishly beautiful 16mm), the tragically moving and unexpected conclusion. And so forth. I love the Hippies in *Easy Rider* and am excited by the way it was made. A noble conception superbly executed—it must be a great film.

—Rex Benson—

Inevitably people are going to rave over *Easy Rider*. It is, after all, the first film for some time that many people will be returning to see again and again. Yet, apart from the outstanding photography, the music, and the realistic acting of Fonda, Hopper and Nicholson, there is a much more important aspect of the film which many viewers may not have seen—or would prefer not to admit.

Essentially, *Easy Rider* is a religious play. The ride itself is the dramatic representation of the life quest of two motor-cycling members of the young. Although the Easy Riders occasionally use their names, Captain America and Billy are effectively standing in for the nameless generation which is being told that its responsibility is to inherit the earth. Relentlessly the Easy Riders seek out their goal (in this case a spog or two in New Orleans) and their experiences towards this goal belie the essential uncertainties in mankind's purpose.

The story of Captain America and Billy is of a struggle not to find, but to retain freedom. All along the way they are confronted with others who have given up the struggle and found harmony rather than freedom. A Mexican-American family, a hippie colony in the Indian desert, the young member of the American Civil Liberties Union, and finally the whores themselves in New Orleans all represent different forms of freedom from that which the Easy Riders are seeking. To some extent even these people are offended. Far more offended and afraid, however, are the American majority. As George tells Captain America and Billy: "They're not scared of you, but what you represent—freedom. Talking about it and being it are two different things. Don't ever tell anybody they're not free, because they are going to maim and kill to prove that they are. It makes them dangerous."

In fact this is exactly what happens, and through no fault of the Riders. Simply by being what they are (as Captain America says, sadly: "I never wanted to be anybody else") they are an affront to the society that surrounds them. Thus, like Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, the Easy Riders have to burst a hole in

the wall that contains their freedom. Captain America has guessed the fate of the Easy Riders in this society and prepares to face what lies ahead. Billy, on the other hand, equally successfully prepares to ignore what is happening around him. "We've done it." Billy cries, "We're rich. We can retire in California. You go for the big money and we're free!" "No," says Captain America. "We blew it. Goodnight."

It is their last message. Next day, the Easy Riders are blasted from the scene. The unfree society has exerted its authority against those who would dare to question it. The antitheses between the old and the new, harmony and zest, peace and struggle are portrayed in the religious tone of the film. At every encounter with the superficially liberal community around them the Easy Riders are confronted by the church militant: a grace before meals on the Mexican farm; the Thanksgiving ceremony of the Hippie colony ("Thank you for a place to make a stand. Amen."); the experiences in the jail and around the campfire discussing the mystery of life; the ostentatious setting of the whore house surrounded by religious paintings; and the sound of the Kyrie eleison.

Finally, in a New Orleans Christian cemetery while the Easy Riders and their girl friends make love and take an LSD trip, they drown out the rude noises of The Lord's Prayer and the Apostle's Creed. The conflict between the orthodox and the unorthodox rages. A grave symbolises a dead church while the youth of the country seeks a new life. Even the name of the Captain's girl, Mary, seems to be a mockery of the traditions of the church. Its members have failed to provide a meaning for life.

And so Captain America knows that he will have to go on fighting for his freedom. The quest has only begun. "Death only closes a man's reputation and determines it as good or bad." Perhaps this was the final message. In the end it will be for each person to decide what freedom means, and possibly more important to decide for themselves just how much freedom is given.

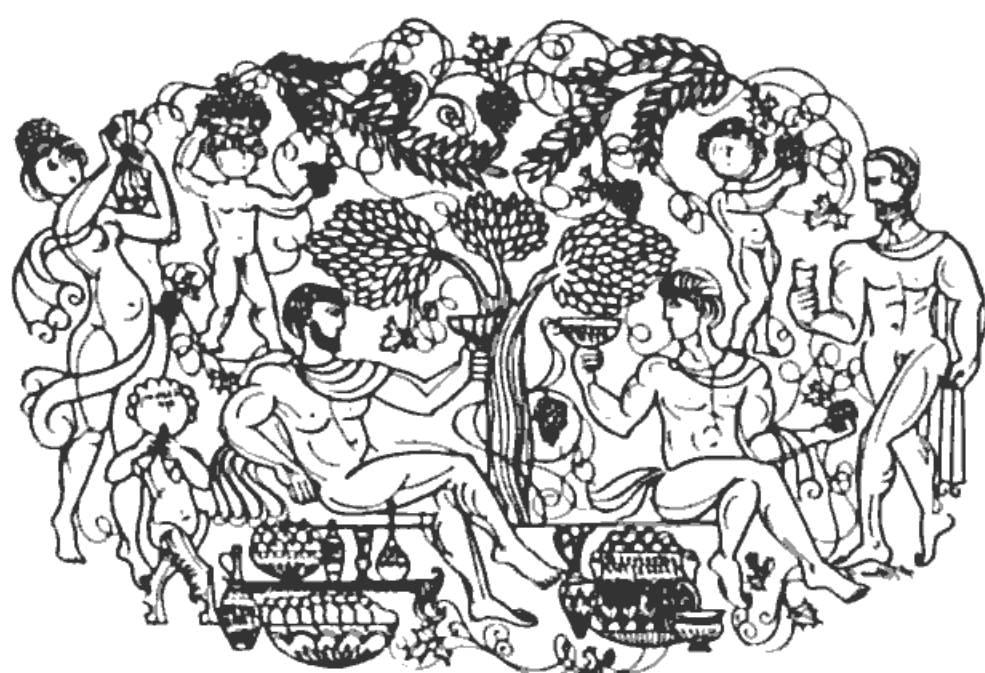
Paul Grocott



# Wine

One of the most noticeable sociological changes in recent years has been the transformation in New Zealanders' attitudes towards the finer arts of eating and drinking. When one looks back even only ten years the changes are amazing. We now have licensed restaurants up to a very high international standard and at present there is every possibility of 'secondary' licenses being granted in the near future (to more ordinary establishments wishing to serve lager or New Zealand wine with their meals). The influence of professionals like Graham Kerr and John Buck has had its effect on many people who previously would never have thought of sloshing some wine into a casserole, let alone drinking wine with the resultant culinary effort.

But let's not get too complacent, we still have a long way to go. After all, wine is one of the greatest pleasures of life, to become proficient in its appreciation one



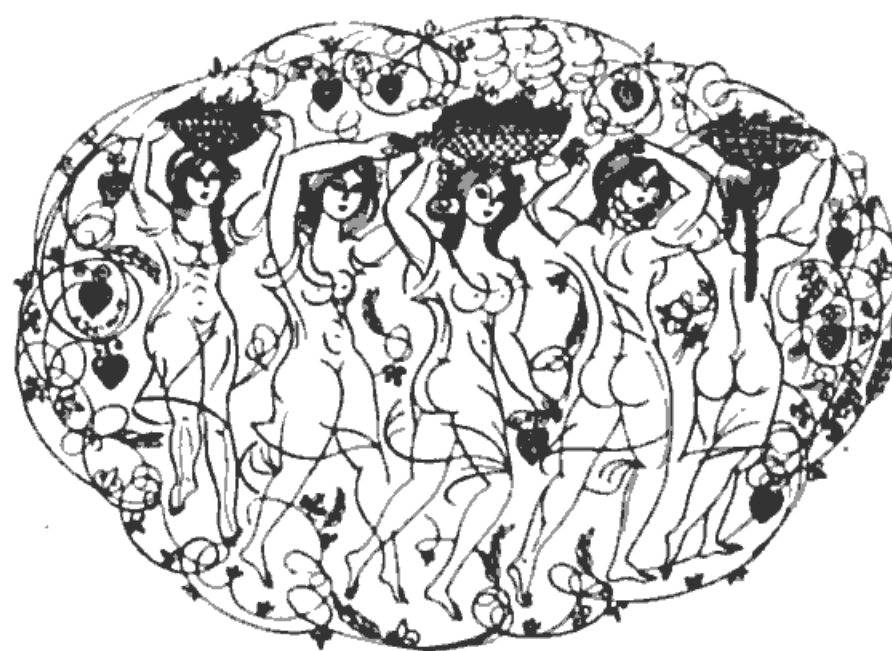
must keep learning. There is no excuse for not experimenting these days because relaxation in import control has engendered a sense of competition amongst wholesalers and there is now a good range of wine available at reasonable prices.

*"Those who wish to study the developments and refinements of wine should ignore the ponderous pronouncements of the pundits. There is no need to be challenging and aggressive in order to cultivate a palate for the finer qualities of expensive wines. Understanding is much more likely to come to the hopeful and modest student who has the courage to be ruthlessly honest with himself."*

This is Allan Sichel's advice to readers of the Penguin Book of Wines. New Zealanders' task is much more difficult because firstly one must refute numerous basic generalizations about wine which are a hangover from our good keen rugby players' image. These myths usually revolve around the following pre-conceptions . . . All varietal taste is a form of snobbery. Usually spoken by a member of the older generation. After six years in the licensed restaurant business I consider that the generation gap is extremely pronounced in the appreciation of wine. It is much easier to get through to a youthful imbibor than it is to evaluate the worth of various wines with older people more set in their ways and more staid in their taste. This is usually preceded by . . . New Zealand wines are as good as any and followed by "mind you I don't like wine myself. Give me a gin and tonic any time." We must have sweet wine for the girls. What a load of rubbish! Women's palates can be accustomed to drier wines just as easily as men's. It must be sparkling. Sparkling wines such as Asti Spumanti, Nederburg, Sparkling Liebfraumilch, Lanzerac and so on, are a good starting point. Their lack of finesse and subtlety palls on the refined palate. Also the worst wine is used in these and consequently value for money is not very good. (An example of this is the common buying practice of German houses. They will buy in from whichever European country has a glut of poor—that is, cheap—wine, blend with the minimum amount of German wine then carbonate and market as Sparkling Liebfraumilch, Moselle, Hock and so on.) It doesn't

matter what type of wine you have with your food, drink what you like. The defeatist's excuse for serving the cheapest of Nelson apple ciders with main courses. Nowadays the excessive formality of white wine with white meats and red wine with red meats has gone but it can't be denied that a broad rule must be kept to. For example, one may drink white wine with a roast, but a sweet white wine will take away most of the full-blooded taste of the food. Reading on the subject only leads to intellectual snobbery. On the contrary, the enthusiast can't expect to be stimulated only by what he tastes. Half the enjoyment comes from reading about certain bottlings and then managing to get hold of some of the wine. I recommend the Penguin Book of Wines and Hugh Johnson's Wine (published by Nelson—retail price approximately \$10) for a broad, general background. John Buck's excellent book *Take A Little Wine* (Whitcombe & Tombs \$4.50) provides a well-balanced discussion of European, Australian and New Zealand wine. All this talk about treating wine as if it were human is a load of nonsense. Good wine is most delicate and often very shy. When one considers the care and attention that has gone into the making and keeping, followed by careful storage for years, it is unreasonable to expect the wine to be at its best if dragged out of storage, thrown on the table, jolted up and down during efforts to get the cork out and then promptly drunk. If your bottles are treated in this manner then you are getting neither the full enjoyment possible nor the maximum value for money.

If possible drink out of clear, stemmed glasses which hold 6-10 ounces, allowing the drinker to receive a sizeable amount of wine without filling the glasses by over two-thirds. Temperature is most important. Do not get carried away with the American habit of overchilling white wine—more than two hours in the refrigerator results in the loss of many of the delicate characteristics. Ideally, red wines should be bought the day before drinking and stood in the room so as the sediment will settle at the bottom. An hour or so before drinking the cork should be pulled and the wine poured gently into a decanter. (If you hold the bottle against the light it should be easy to see the first cloudy streaks of sediment



approaching the neck of the bottle: stop pouring at this stage). The time in the decanter is variable. If the wine is old, more than a half an hour might result in a loss of much of its delicate character. A young wine might need two or three hours to liven it up and remove the harshness of youth. Good wine must be expensive. Much of the enjoyment of drinking wine is finding the best value for money.

Recognition of these Kiwi myths is the first step towards getting value for money when buying and drinking wine. The next step is to avoid commercial brand names. *Liebfraumilch* is the 'In' word with German wines and many houses have recognised the sales potential of an attractive label coupled with the magic name. *Beaujolais* and *Chateauf du Pape* hold similar places in French lines. More of both these is exported than is actually produced in France—many houses are content to blend

*By insisting on having your bottle pointing to the north when the cork is being drawn, and calling the waiter Max, you may induce an impression on your guests which hours of laboured boasting might be powerless to achieve. For this purpose, however, the guests must be chosen as carefully as the wine.*

—from *THE CHRONICLES OF CLOVIS* by Saki

the wine with other types, just as long as they can market it under the well-known name. Similarly, there is much skulduggery amongst the labelling of Australian and New Zealand wines. Do not be taken in by attractive and grandly titled labels. Also do not make a practice of buying wine from bottle stores. Not only is it cheaper to buy from wholesalers but you also get a better selection and can be sure that it has been stored correctly. There is one exception to this: the Carlton Hotel prides itself on its wine cellar and has the good sense to store wines correctly.



I recommend that you buy from one of the following merchants. They offer a good range of wine and constructive advice as to what is good value for money: Levin and Company, Featherston Street, Murray Roberts, Adelaide Road, T & W Young Ltd., Egmont Street, E.T. Taylor Ltd., Courtenay Place, Avalon Wine and Spirits, Tocker Street, Taita.

It would be impossible to comment in detail on these merchants' lines. A listing of the reasonably priced bottlings that I do know to be good value follows: FRENCH

*Chateau Lafleur 1964*

*Chateau du Monthil 1964*

*Chateau Badette 1964*

(Three basically sound bordeaux, all around \$2.30. Available from Levins and from Murray Roberts. Murray Roberts has *Pradel Rouge*, a light, quaffable Provence red, and *Pradel Blancs de Blancs*, a white with similar qualities).

*Chanson Cote de Beaune Villages 1963*. (An excellent burgundy, very smooth and refined, From Youngs or Avalon, \$2.50). *Chateau Haut Roucaud 1965* (Outstanding value from Avalon at \$1.65. Honourable SALIENT Editor David Harcourt is still raving about the bottle he drank three months ago!)

GERMAN

Gustav Adolf Schmidt *Mosellblumchen* (\$1.60 Levins and Murray Roberts.)

Nollen and Co. *Bernkasteler Riesling* (\$2.00 Youngs.)

Richard Langguth *Moselle* and *Bernkasteler* (Approx. \$2.00 E.T. Taylor).

Valkenberg *Rudesheimer Rosengarten* (\$2.00 Avalon).

SPANISH

*Siglo* and *Rioja Marques de Murrieta*. (Two excellent reds for casual drinking. Both approximately \$1.60 a bottle from Levins, Murray Roberts and Avalon).

AUSTRALIAN

Wynns *White Burgundy* (\$1.40 Youngs).

Wynns *Hermitage* (\$1.70 Youngs).

Stoneyfell *Metala* (\$2.00 Youngs).

Angoves *Brightlands Burgundy* (\$1.50 Avalon).

The New Zealand wine ranges are too numerous to list. Avoid the more commercial houses which are marketing rubbish with only sales potential in mind. McWilliams, Corbans, San Marino, Western Vineyards, Babich's, Nobilla and others have a more honest approach towards wine-making.

**Don Hewitson**



*"I'm never gonna stop the reign by complainin'"*

# SALIENT looks at

## THE MONARCHY

By the time this feature is printed everyone (including our seditious selves) may have lost the ability to weigh argument sanely. Rationality may have been dissolved in a saccharine solution of blind sentiment and jingoistic hysteria engendered by the New Zealand media's reportage of Ducal quips, Royal informality, and instances of starving, but still loyal, pensioners standing in driving rain for hours in order "to catch a glimpse." Nevertheless we feel that the Royal Tour provides a good opportunity to examine the role of the Monarchy and the assorted paraphernalia which surrounds it.

There are those who claim that the Monarchy is above criticism and on these grounds seek to assert that no one should therefore even attempt to criticise. We could not disagree more. Ideally no institution should be universally accepted as valuable unless it can be proven to be so. This ideal notwithstanding, much of the fervour and sentiment reserved for the Crown seems to be unreasoned, irrational and based on false premises, if based on anything real at all.

It is obvious that the Monarchy, built on the concept of privilege by birth, strong in statute while weak in reality, fabulously wealthy in a society that knows poverty, is bewildering, awe-inspiring, contradictory and anomalous. For these reasons the question of the value of the Monarchy must, if we are to be at all rational, be an open one.

One of the most notable and perhaps most telling features of our preliminary research was that we found that while it was easy to find people willing to attack the Monarchy with what they considered to be rational argument, supporters of the institution were in short and silent supply. Many, it seems, are willing to stand and be counted only when the pointer rests, for one glorious moment, on their shoulder. We endeavoured, with some success, to draw on a community cross-section for the articles printed in this issue. Prince Charles was asked to contribute but felt disinclined to do so, (he did, however, "hope you will understand.") Sir Arthur Porritt felt roughly the same way (although he is very interested in receiving a copy of SALIENT.) Sir Leslie Munro was unable to prepare his contribution in time for publication. However, we hope to print his article later in the year.

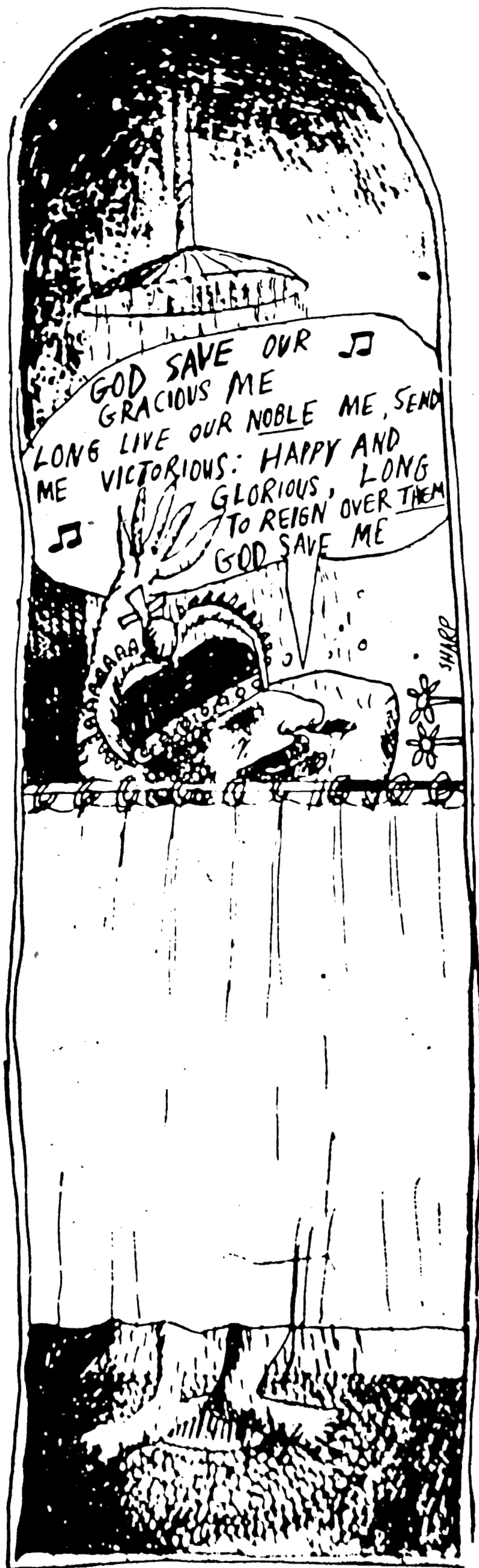
Clive Thursby is a Commonwealth scholar with an English public school background, at present studying at Victoria. He attempts to discuss some of the sociological aspects of the Monarchy. The article by Colin McInnes, a discussion of the rights and wrongs of the honours system, is a reprint from 10 January 1963 issue of *New Society*. Alister Taylor went along to Parliament to interview the P.M. Did he get there? Make up your own mind—I believe him.

Bruce Jesson, the President of the New Zealand Republican Society, argues that the Monarchy and the sentiment which surrounds it is used to assist British neo-colonialism. He maintains that British businessmen, and indeed, the British Government, use the Monarchy (a form of moral blackmail if you like), to keep us "backing Britain."

Sir James Donald, President of the Constitutional Society, writes of the need for a second legislative chamber for New Zealand, roughly analogous to the House of Lords. Thus, he argues for a system which would tend to make our society more similar to Britain — the sort of society in which a Monarchy, with its Royal Appointments and Honours, would prosper. Gavin Scott, winner of the Royal Commonwealth Essay Competition, 1964, tells us of a psycho-sociological need for the Monarchy. Who is putting on whom becomes a little obscure.

The presentation of the material in this issue may reflect an editorial bias. We assured Mr A.F. Manning, Chief Executive Officer of the Constitutional Society, that "any editorial comment will be confined to an editorial column and will not permeate the whole issue."

We have clearly neglected this assurance. As the material took shape, however, we found that the two other approaches which could have been adopted—the WOMAN'S WEEKLY/WEEKLY NEWS "look at Prince Charles chortling with his school chums" style or the dreary "this is the real Prince Charles" pedantry of a Sunday Times coloured supplement—were both inappropriate. We feel that the style that we have chosen is more in keeping with a newspaper which sees its principal function outside providing news as questioning the mores of society.



From the international viewpoint the 20th century has been a disastrous period for monarchical systems of government. However, in complete contrast to this trend the British Monarchy seems to have undergone something of a renaissance. It has attained its widest diffusion when the original concept of kingship has long since ceased to exist, and when the social framework by which it was traditionally supported is being dismantled. For while its power and authority have decreased its popularity and adulation have multiplied.

The Monarchy was destined to be a tourist attraction, but to think of it as primarily so is a sign of decadence. After two centuries of strategic retreat from the political arena it still has a political role. To say that the Queen reigns but does not rule is a commonplace. She has inherited very extensive theoretical powers: for instance, she can, by royal prerogative, without consulting Parliament, sell the Fleet, declare war, create peerages and universities by the hundreds, or dismiss the entire civil service. But she does not, because in practice these nominal powers are restricted by precedent and the lessons of history—from Charles I downwards. Yet the Crown remains the pivot upon which the British Constitution turns; every act of government is done in the Queen's name.

The Monarch has the constitutional right, as Bagehot put it, to be consulted, to advise and to warn. When a reign has run for some time the Monarch will have acquired a knowledge of the affairs of state much greater than any individual politician. In fact the Queen is more than just a rubber stamp of formality, but she must be, and be seen to be, above party politics.

If, as seems to be the case, a certain amount of ceremony, pageantry and leader-worship form an intrinsic part of any form of government, it is better that this involve someone who does not hold the real power. Without a Monarch to play this role some politician may assume the trappings of Monarchy. A Constitutional Monarchy separates the pomp from the power, giving the citizen a permanent outlet for both adoration and parricide. He can safely adore his Queen, as almost sacrosanct, because he can at the same time attack her ministers and throw them out of office.

This may be all very fine in the British context but it has little relevance for New Zealand. For all practical purposes the Queen is Queen of England and her other realms can do little about it. Instead, we have a sometime medic, who was appointed on the suggestion of the Prime Minister, as her representative. An absentee head of state seems to suggest some form of national inferiority and political immaturity. Nevertheless the Monarchy still plays quite significantly on Kiwi sentimentality, although this may be more apparent than real. In many respects 1969 was a very good year for royalty. As a result of an extensive public relations campaign the Monarchy (almost a new model) is very much back in business. More than ever we are in the age of the Media Monarchy and publicity has not diluted its magic, despite Bagehot's warning: 'Its mystery is its life. We must not let in daylight on magic.'

The early Hanoverians, with their own social and sexual fancies, were truly German and detested the country of their adoption just as its inhabitants detested them. George I never spoke English and George III went mad, and was all the more popular for doing so. But with Queen Victoria virtue became popular and with it royalty adopted an image of domestic felicity, a model of traditional family rectitude. The Queen's sole reason d'être was to be Queen, and as such she had to behave in a manner and exemplify those qualities that were popularly esteemed to be queenly.

Today the Monarchy is a kind of ersatz religion, where the Queen must not only wear a crown but a halo also. She has the seemingly impossible task of being at once both ordinary and extraordinary. The Monarchy is an emotional concept with its own magic and mystique; an emotion that need only be expressed by a few vocal vested interests for the public to be happily

swept along in its tidal wave. Relentlessly the press churns out fodder to satisfy the people's apparently insatiable royalist appetites. People seem to be capable of the most ridiculous absorption of the minutiae of royal doings.

Such sycophancy is by no means a British monopoly. The U.S.A. and France are both very proud republics but they have succumbed to the mystique of the English Crown. Royal soap opera singer and teleguru Malcolm Muggeridge recalls the amusing occasion when one of the chief executives of a U.S. TV network said: 'Don't you realize that this Queen is the only bulwark against Communism?' One can imagine the smiles in the Kremlin, but even Russians have been heard to speculate that Britain will be the world's first socialist monarchy, whatever that may be.

This year's Royal Tour is intended to remind us that our antipodean visitor is Queen of New Zealand. As before, the genuflecting town councillors and the cheering schoolchildren will play their part, symbolic, like the enduring Christmas decorations and the recently planted flowers, of the sparkle that Her Majesty graciously adds to our parochial simplicity. As she performs her peripatetic duty we will loyally repay her with humbug and tedium, or plain indifference as the case may be. She parades before us as the only tangible bond that holds together the Commonwealth, that extraordinary conglomeration of states, a not very happy family of nations that includes several republics and an indigenuous elective monarchy.

In Britain, where such concepts are conceived, the survival of the Monarchy is assured, simply because, like Mount Everest, it's there. But in New Zealand the situation is different. One thing that the last year has made clear is that the Monarchy in New Zealand still has a secure base where it matters. As a result it will be quite some time after we have come to the conclusion that we no longer want the Monarchy that we will consider taking Prince Philip's advice and get rid of it.

It's very hard to be funny about the Monarchy, because those lovely people who constitute it are in fact a joke on us. What follows is an attempt to enable you to appreciate that joke in all its flavour. Chris Wheeler may rave and Aunt Edith may drool, but they both miss the point. The point is that the Queen is putting you on.

Ah! you may say (or words to that effect), but so are most statesmen and important people. What's so different about the Queen? The difference is that we are putting her on as well. It's a very beautiful concept. She is putting us on, and we are putting her on. She, as Queen, says she loves her subjects, and we, as subjects, say we love our Queen. Nobody loves anybody. Of course, this is very satisfying.

The proletariat of Britain regularly dip into their ten pound a week pay packets to keep the Royal F. in Cross and Blackwell Marmalade and suchlike. Honest, decent, theiving, amoral workers all over the Commonwealth contribute at intervals to the transportation of their Monarch around her ex-colonial acres. Even foreigners, who have no right to our joke, have been graced with a Royal V. Why? Is it because we are stupid? We are stupid, but that's not the reason. The reason is that we are very clever. The Queen licences us. She does you know.

We can elect any crapped out old fascist we like, and for the price of a bit of national bowing and scraping, he will appear in the New Year's Honours List at an appropriate moment. We can do any goddam awful or ridiculous thing at home or abroad, and in return for a few thousand quid on a Royal Tour, the Queen will make speeches about how wonderful and loyal we are. It's like a 'Guess Your Weight Machine' where a cent buys the weight and future prediction that you want—to the ounce and hour. In Britain the proles have even persuaded the

## Pom & circumstance

*Clive Thrushby*



## Why she needs us

*Queen Beatt*

Queen to pretend that she chooses the bloke they make Prime Minister. Of course, they have the luxury model Royal Person. We only get the Portable model.

It's worth a note here just why the Royal people are wanted as licences, what qualifications they have to preside over the political chaos of the emancipated worker. Well, it's because when Monarchy was in control they did such bloody awful things. Their family quarrels meant wars, and their religious beliefs meant persecutions. They went the whole hog. They really were wicked. In this Century, it's our turn to be wicked from the seats of power—we the ex-serfs. How are we doing, though? Are we being bad enough, hypocritical enough, sufficiently swinish? What better barometer than the past-masters themselves, the heirs of Bloody Mary and George the Third, our own genuine Royal Family? So we use them.

And at the same time we can take pleasure in their anomalous position in the same way as we can enjoy a Salvador Dali painting. The Royal F. tells lies which are believed, is ugly yet beautiful, and omnipotently powerless. This is why we have them. First, they are phenomenal bullshitters. They can say anything to anyone at any time and be believed. This is because no-one listens to what they say. How many of you remember what was in the Queen's last Xmas message, let alone the one in the year before that? Who has compared her speeches on Tours under a Labour Government and under a National one? As far as we are concerned she could say black is white one day and white is blue the next. This is very pleasing. We're supposed to take our leaders seriously, listen to what they say and criticise them, grumbling under the weight of our democratic burden. The Queen can be safely adored and ignored.

Another reason why Liz and her consort get on so well is that they are working class. As they showed in their religious epic *The Royal Family* (with a cast of thousands of corgis) they are just as ugly as you and me. Yet they are beautiful people. They don't have to try as hard as the Jet Set; they have no justification for being Beautiful, not being singers, dancers, actors or loud-mouthed drug addicts—and they don't work hard at it. But who could beat one of them at an 'in' party, eh? In a way, they remind us of Alfred Bloggs and the Missus who won \$200,000 on the Pools. Judging by the way they carry on it could be you or me up there being paid for it. They provide the perfect opiate, in a way the Beatles or somebody cannot. You have to be clever to get where they are. But anyone can see the Royal F. are as stupid as us.

Finally, we love them because while we stand up for G. Save the Q., and call her the ruler of the C.Wealth, we know that she relies on us. We have seen through democracy and know that politicians don't rely on us at all. They use us. But the R. Family? Well, we use them. They need us. They must pose for pictures and make jokes and dress up for our entertainment. They must consider their image. They must be good. What a laugh to have somebody thinking the end of the world had come because we found out he drank a cherry brandy. How pleasant. Catholics shouldn't really enjoy rude jokes about the Pope, but we can titter endlessly over mild remarks about the Monarchy. They are completely powerless. Statesmen from all parts of the world nervously bow and shake hands with them. Yet if it weren't for us they wouldn't exist. Really, there is nothing can be said against the Monarchy, it is such a magnificent institution.

Colin McInnes

# TO KNEEL OR NOT TO KNEEL

When the letter arrives from Admiralty House (or whenever it is) inviting you to accept a New Year honour, do you dignifiedly accept, or disdainfully reject? This is a question hard to answer unless experience affords the real reply, for nothing is easier to mankind than rejecting temptations that have not been offered.

My maternal grandmother's first cousin, Rudyard Kipling, even when pressed personally by his monarch, declined all such offers. Throughout his career he collected a vast wardrobe of doctoral gowns, but deemed his status as an artist could not otherwise be ennobled—thereby proving, as indeed his whole art does if read attentively, that he was never the Tory laureate of popular supposition.

I must say I admire his gesture, and wish more English artists had been content with wreaths of laurel. The rot really set in with Tennyson, the first artist nobleman, and though these dizzy heights have since only been reached, I think, in the absurd case of Lord Leighton, the lesser honours soon proliferated. My grandmother's father, Edward Burne-Jones, succumbed to a baronetcy at the kind insistence of Mr Gladstone—the family legend has it that his wife Georgiana, a staunchly Ruskinian radical, disapproved, but that his son Philip, later to be the academic portrait painter, looked at his pre-Raphaelite father wistfully.

I feel Burne-Jones was diminished by this appendage because insofar as he was an authentic artist (which is perhaps not very far), that fact surely couldn't be improved upon. I also conceive the artist as being a personality not exactly hostile to society but, since inevitably a critic of it, one who must treat it with distinct reserve. But evidently great men have thought otherwise, for Titian and Rubens, among so many others, were ennobled, and the late Baron (James) Ensor had his statue, thus describing him, outside the Ostend municipal buildings during his lifetime. On the other hand, one simply cannot imagine a Chevalier Paul Cezanne, a Conde de Picasso or even a Sir William Shakespeare.

Non-ennobling honours like the Order of Merit and Companionship of Honour are generally considered a judicious compromise. My grandfather, for instance, in his youth a disciple of William Morris, rejected a Lloyd George knighthood (but kept the prime ministerial letter in an autograph album), but later settled, in his old age, for an OM. This gave him enormous pleasure, but his disreputable grandson was prouder of his forbear's chair of poetry at Oxford.

Yet even these more plebeian appendages seem to me to constitute a loss of true distinction, rather than a gain. This feeling is certainly not shared by my fellow countrymen. Most men (women rather less, I think) adore belonging to exclusive in-groups, bedecking themselves with orders, and placing words and letters round about their names; and serious arguments can be advanced to attest the social value of this custom.

The first is that service to society merits society's formal recognition and, by this, binds the man honoured to even greater loyalty. The disadvantage here is that conferring an honour is, basically, a political act (I mean even when it is not awarded for directly political services),

so that the individual's freedom — and duty — perpetually to reform society is thereby curtailed. In the case, for instance, of the grandfather referred to, he evolved from a militant Morrisian socialist to an acceptive Tory, and his OM set the seal on what I would ungenerously regard as his defeat.

A better justification is that the hope of honours does keep men honest—at least financially speaking. I expect that the incorruptibility of a civil service, for example, is related to the expectation of these distinctions. Yet I believe the promise of honours does not ensure moral courage (though it may moral rectitude) and probably even stultifies it. And I would like to add—at the risk of perpetual banishment from these chaste columns—that a civil service financially corruptible is frequently, if less efficient, more humane. I feel more respect or, at any rate, fondness, for customs officers to whom one can pass some, say, pesetas, than I do for those po-faced immaculates

Yet when one reflects what multitudes of lordlings there now are, and for what, as in the massive Lloyd George creations, they were ennobled, let alone that the creation of life peers undermines the whole pleasant fantasy anyway, one may ask, does anyone really want to be made a peer? The almost universal answer undoubtedly is yes, since this ridiculously archaic confraternity still possesses, if neither great power, talent nor authentic glamour, a kind of startling allure. To be confronted, at a party, by someone called Daphne Ponting, and to understand instinctively a noble prefix hovers about her person in the uneasy air, is to be brought up with a mild jerk. I confess to feeling this myself—though would add I experience an equivalent *frisson* when encountering, unexpectedly, an eminent jockey, variety artiste, or liver on immoral earnings.

The fact is few men and women can bear anonymity, especially in a corrupt age like

our own when to be a "personality" is thought more vital than to be a person. Few lands seem to escape from the disease—the Russians are loaded with stars and Herodoms as bountifully as the decadent West. It is true most peoples have found substitutes for the Almanach de Gotha—though not, conspicuously, many of the new African nations which remain as riddled with hereditary Obas, Timis and Sarduanas as do we.

We all deplore (or do we?) the inhibiting class structure that still blights our land, yet contemplate acceptively, or with cordial or envious admiration, the annual honours list, not realizing, it seems, that this is a skeleton round which the whole irritant of class divisions forms the sickly body. Of politicians one cannot expect that they will not succumb, though so long as Sir Winston Churchill remained a commoner one might have had some faint hope. As for the artists, I do wish the fashion for staying Mr Wells or Mr Shaw or Mr Kipling would return, and that our actors in particular—who, heaven knows, collect disproportionate adulation anyway—would rest content with their honourably traditional role of rogues and vagabonds, and bow graceful excuses when tempted to become knights or dames.

Since these notes have taken on a vaguely autobiographical flavour—I am evidently determined to get in on the act somehow—I would conclude by describing the narrow escape of my dear father. James Campbell McInnes was, in Edwardian days, a noted baritone singer who performed Ralph Vaughan-Williams' earliest songs, and for whom Graham Peel wrote most of his. He was a working class wonder boy, gifted with a divine voice and a somewhat demoniac temperament, and he made the great, if inevitable, mistake of marrying into the intellectual bourgeoisie. (I once asked my mother why she accepted his manifestly disastrous proposal; she replied most disarmingly, "he was the first man who asked me".)

Anyway, retiring after a sensational divorce and multitudinous accompanying disasters to the haven of Toronto, Canada, he there embarked on a second and most meritorious career as grand old man of Canadian song. Although they made him a professor I think he always hankered for some more notable honour; but as Canada has sensibly rejected all such nonsense, the chances seemed slim until the Italian consul, grateful for his presidency of the Friends of Italy, announced that Mussolini proposed to make him a *Commendatore*.

Sadly for my dad's ambition, the Duce then invaded Abyssinia, and feeling in Canada was such that the ceremony had to be postponed. With each fresh folly of the Italian dictator it had to be deferred again and again, so that my poor father died plain mister, as his second son will.



who greet us at London Airport, and whom we all love so dearly.

As I contemplate each New Year those very un-knightly faces, horn-rims on nose and jowls reposing comfortably on laundered collars, I wonder whether they do not feel the currency of the nobility they are entering is now somewhat devalued. Of course, the first founders of many a nobly ancient house doubtless

seemed much the same, and I am convinced their descendants grew to look aristocratic simply because they wanted to, rather as bishops, somehow, end up by resembling bishops. (In solving this mystery of the acquisition, from base origins, of an ultimately noble mien, it is instructive to compare portraits of succeeding generations: an evolution in slightly degenerate refinement can be observed as heir succeeds heir.)

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# SALIENT INTERVIEW

*Alister Taylor discusses the Honours system with the Prime Minister.*

**Mr Prime Minister, do you think that the Honours system is worthwhile?**

Oh yes, indeed. It allows the Government of the day to fulfil its obligations to faithful Party members and to a few others who may have done some worthy charitable work—like being President of the SPCA for 49 years, or President of the Save the Children Fund and having organised 342 kitchen teas which have raised a total of \$299. That sort of thing. Very valuable and important in our type of community where there is so much community service.

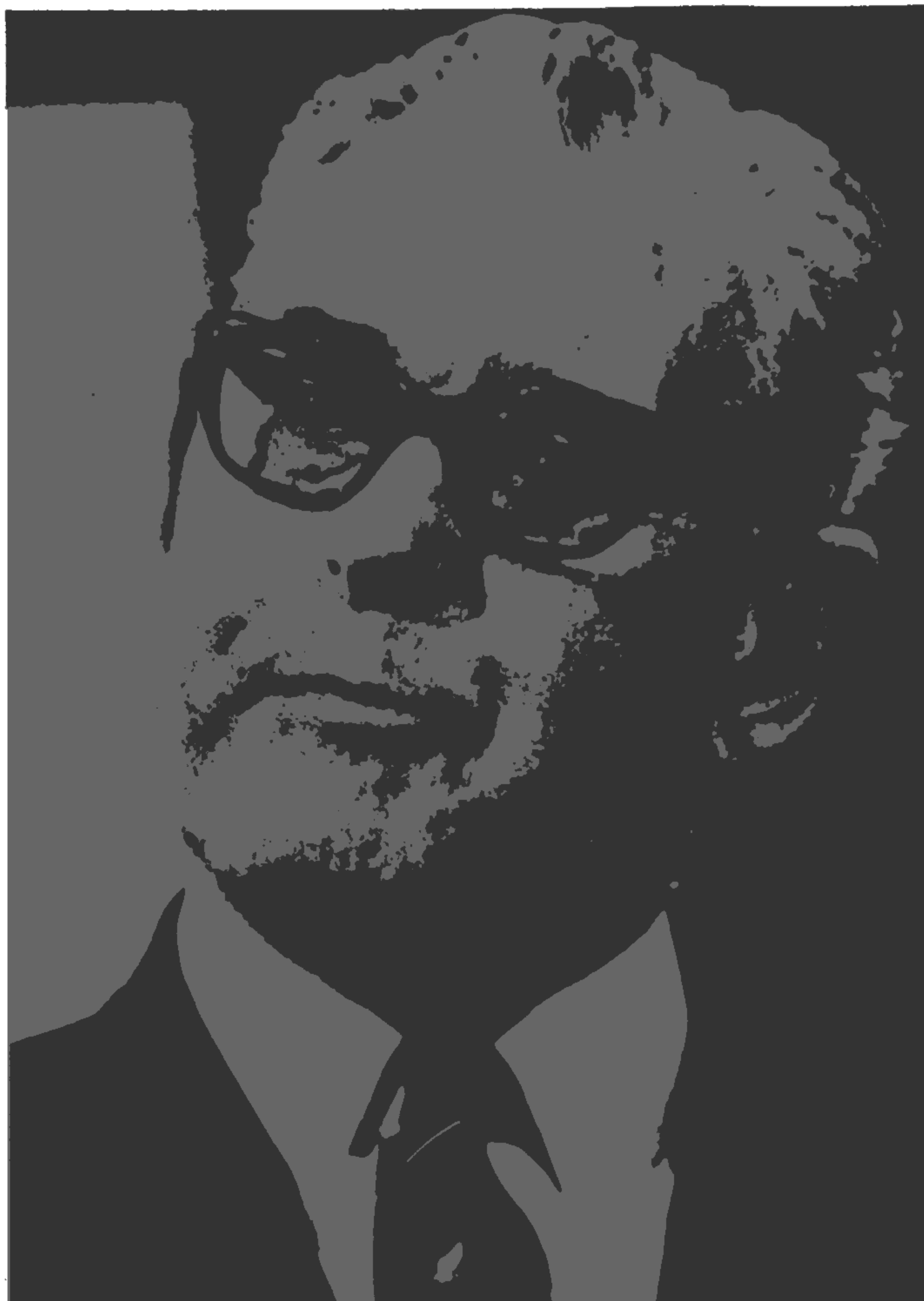
**How have you gone about giving out honours?**

Well it's not me of course. Hah, Hah. Not directly, that is to say. I'd rather put it this way. The Government of the day, that is the National Government usually these days, consults the people, so to speak. We put our ears to the ground and see what people think; we're in touch with the sounds. Our politicians, after all, have had a long experience in politics, and that's essentially what politics is, keeping your ear to the ground. Well, when we've done all that the boys give their suggestions to me—once or twice a year, because we have two distributions of Honours. Well at that stage I look at the list then put all my names to the top. Of course we've all discussed them before. The friends of the Party, the men (and the occasional woman I might say, too) who've helped us to victory, and have given the occasional piece of advice. So you'll see, looking through the lists, the men who have helped the Party in one way or another: Sir Henry Kelliher, Sir Robert Kerridge, Sir Jack Butland, Sir Leonard Wright, Sir John Allum, Sir James Hay and Sir Woolf Fisher—to name but a few—have helped. Then of course there are the men who have helped us with advice—my 'inner Cabinet,' at least that's what it was called light-heartedly in the early days, when they were trying to give me advice. You'll see it mentioned in Austin Mitchell's new book.

**Who are these men?**

Oh, very well-known names. Sir Clifford Plimmer, Sir John Ormond, Sir Hamilton Mitchell, Sir Andrew Linton, Sir Jack Acland, Sir James Doig. Those are a few names. Very important men. They used to come out to the airport to meet me every time I'd been away. And I was away quite a lot of course. Hah, hah.

**I'd always thought you gave honours to men who'd been helpful to you in the media too?**



Well, I wouldn't say that all the press and TV have been good to me. There was a time you know when there was one paper, the GREY RIVER something I think it was called, which didn't support the party. But now things are better. Danny boy's got TRUTH and the SUNDAY NEWS as well as the SUNDAY TIMES and the DOMINION, and that's a help, especially when we need to show visiting politicians how faithful we are to the American flag. That's one of the reasons why I made him Minister of Justice—to keep my tabs on him. He'd been mucking round a lot as Chairman of the Statutes Revision Committee, organising all sorts of little tricks. You'd never think it of old Dan, but sometimes he can move. The old eyes flicker beneath those closed eyelids, you know. What I am worried about is this new TV consortium up in Auckland, the thing with Sir Robert Kerridge, Sir James Doig, Sir James Wattie

and Sir Clifford Plimmer in it. They're organising it, and they've got some chap called Dredden in running it for them. I must say that I am a little concerned at this whole business. After all, we did set up the Broadcasting Authority to give our boys a bit of the cake, and now these Big Four try and horn in. It's not really fair. Private enterprise means giving the other chap a chance, and I've given Bob and Jim and Jim and Cliff all knighthoods, so what do they want to do in television? They've got this chap Dredden saying things about the NZBC coverage of Vietnam—saying that it's not been good. Well I see television quite a lot, especially when I'm on, and I would say, without the word of a lie, that the New Zealand Broadcasting coverage of Vietnam and our boys' wonderful part in it has been dealt with magnificently. There were one or two slight hindrances but these people have been removed. I don't see that there is any need whatsoever, I say that emphatically, no need whatsoever to improve our television and its coverage of Vietnam. We may be there for some time, especially if young Thomson and Muldoon have their way, but there's no need to improve the standards. I go along with what Gilbert Stringer says, that it's a medium for the people, and—this is between you and me—the people have very low tastes, very unsophisticated. Just look what happened in the Marlborough by-election.

**But to the original point, sir, what about the men in the media?**

I must say that I thought I'd been covering that very point. One thing I don't like is being interrupted. That fellow Austin Mitchell had that very annoying habit, and I put him in his place. Well, as I was saying, we have been treated very well by the press in New Zealand and that's something I

would expect because we have been returned, for how many years now, well three times since 1960. And that is something I'm very proud of. To have led four administrations—Holyoake Governments they're now being called, I believe. That is something of which I'm very proud. And Sir John Illot has helped us a lot. They do all our advertising of course, and then there's Denis Blundell. Sir Denis now of course, now High Commissioner in London. That's where Honours come in very useful you see because we can pension blokes off. Send them to Canada like old one-eye Gotz, Sir Leon, and when they've finished being embarrassing they come back here and are too old to do much, so they just retire. It was just lucky that when Gotz had to retire his place was vacant for my old friend, Dean Eyre. And since he's been there I've seen only one cable from him, and I see all the cables which pass through because I am, as you will remember, Minister for Foreign Affairs. Very good place Canada, I like my friend Pierre very much and we're expecting him here very shortly. Luckily we haven't got a big French population and we haven't arranged a trip at Akaroa, so it will be a very quiet visit. No demonstrations.

**Why do you hand out so many knighthoods and important jobs to retired generals and admirals and air marshals?**

This has a very long tradition, and I don't like breaking with tradition. I suppose you could call me a Conservative, the same as our old friend Tom Shand. And then too I'm a Liberal the same as our dear colleague recently departed, Ralph Hanan. The two are very much the same, that's why I've succeeded, by being adaptable. Well, to answer your point the 'Services,' as they're called, have a very long tradition. And the tradition is that these men get many more Honours, knighthoods, CMG's, OBE's and that sort of thing, than any other section of the community. Why, they even get more than politicians. I reckon I could name at least twenty military men who've received knighthoods to ten politicians. Of course they have a very difficult job, especially with this rowdy section of the community. So the tradition is that they get a knighthood when they reach a certain level, and there was only one exception to that. When Walker McKinnon retired as Chief of General Staff we didn't give him a knighthood; we let him potter around his garden for a while then gave him the chairmanship of the NZBC. That's another form of Honour, of course, for we've got quite a few jobs like that which really are Honours and can be dispensed much more freely. No need to get a signature from the Queen, that sort of nonsense. And no one realises that these jobs are political appointments—just look, we've got the Broadcasting Authority, simply dozens of Chairmanships, all the Governor-General's appointments to University Councils all round the country, the NZBC Board, the Directors of the Tariff and Development Board (sweet thing that, nearly \$7,000 a year for doing damn all.—Wish I could retire to that and take Kevin O'Brien's place). Some smart aleck political scientist worked it all out once and figured we had over 400 political appointments; well I'd say that was a very conservative estimate.

**What about your own Knighthood?**

Well, that would be too much to tell you at this stage, but the Queen and I had a talk when I was last at Buckingham Palace, and I have arranged an investiture in the Wellington Town Hall when she's here. Very similar to the occasion when she visited here and Sidney Holland... well I'd better not go into that at this stage.

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# THE ECONOMICS

The only good thing about a Royal Tour is the criticism it provokes. Unfortunately, much of the discussion is rather feeble. Critics tend to harp on the cost of the Tour (a point easily won, but scarcely worth the effort) or they get sidetracked into arguing about whether the Queen enjoys the sightseeing (she is probably bored stiff but that is her problem). Many critics implicitly accept the value of Royalty; it is simply the Tour they object to. Others concentrate on criticising Royalty.

The obvious point is seldom made that the worth of a Royal Tour depends on the worth of Royalty. If the Queen is to be Sovereign of New Zealand it is only reasonable that in fulfilling this function she should occasionally come here. Thus a consistent criticism of the Tour involves a rejection of Royalty.

Much of the confused nature of the criticism arises because the Monarchy is one of those institutions which are rarely explained—it is to be accepted, not defended. Possibly its supporters feel that it will lose its mystique if it is too closely examined.

The role which the Monarchy plays is uncertain. This wasn't so in the early years of British Settlement in New Zealand. Its role then was precise. The Governor, nominally the representative of the Queen, was an official of the British Colonial Office. During the period of limited self-government there was no pretence that the Governor represented New Zealand. In fact, he was often in conflict with the settlers' representatives. After 1856, he no longer ruled the Colony, but if he had chosen to he could have prevented anyone else from ruling it.

Constitutionally, the powers of the Governor haven't changed. For instance he can still veto legislation, declare war, dismiss ministers and pardon criminals. He is still appointed by the Queen. In appearance this is thoroughly undemocratic. In practice, however, the Queen appoints the man the New Zealand Government advises her to, and this appointee does as the Government directs. In this respect, the Monarchy is somewhat like Parliament—having

the appearance of power but not the reality. In times of crisis the Governor-General's role could become crucial (in South Africa his role in such a crisis brought that country into the Second World War).

But in times of crisis normal democratic procedures are suspended anyway. From a functional viewpoint, the Monarchy is therefore unnecessary—and probably also inconvenient. If this were to be the only consideration in its favour the Government would undoubtedly quietly abolish it. However the Monarchy's influence in New Zealand is sustained by its strong emotional appeal. It is more than a relic of our colonial past; it is a symbol of our colonial present.

The basic cause of our dependence on Britain is economic. Economic subjects are rather unexciting, however—people aren't inclined to be loyal to what is solely an economic role. Consequently, it is the sentiment generated by Royalty which sustains our dependence.

Politicians and constitutional lawyers deny, of course, that the Queen being Head of State of New Zealand has anything to do with New Zealand being a de facto colony. Her role as monarch of England is supposed to have no connection with her role as monarch of New Zealand. This sort of objection can be ignored. The politicians and lawyers who pose it make a living out of raising frivolous arguments.

No-one is suggesting that the Queen rules here in her role as Queen of Britain. This doesn't alter the fact, however, that the Head-of-State of New Zealand is a British institution. Its history here derives from the British connection, and in conjunction with our other constitutional paraphernalia (New Zealand's status as a British Dominion, New Zealanders' status as British subjects, the Union Jack as our flag, and *God Save the Queen* as our national anthem) identifies us as a "British" nation—officially anyway.

It is hard to tell how keen the average New Zealander is on this identification with the British because no-one has ever asked him. There

has always been the inconsistency of our loyalty to Britain co-existing with a dislike of the British.

Added to this a New Zealand nationalism is now developing, but it is still adolescent. We are very concerned about proving ourselves to other people, whereas if we were genuinely nationalistic we wouldn't care what they thought of us. This sense of national identity is even developing in official circles. The Government is less inclined nowadays to rave on about ties of blood and the Commonwealth link (though doubtless we will get enough of this during the tour) and more inclined to talk about our national self-interest. Paradoxically the British are encouraging this. Even the Duke of Edinburgh when visiting here in 1967 advised us to develop our national identity.

Britain's concern for our independence is typically hypocritical. British capital developed a New Zealand economy dependent on the British market. Now that this no longer suits the British they are very eager that we develop new markets, probably to safeguard the capital they have invested here.

The British seem to want the best of both worlds. We are encouraged to find new markets for produce that Britain can no longer cope with, but aren't supposed to take our independence too seriously by ending preference for British goods, buying American aircraft, or swapping wool for Russian machinery.

Even New Zealanders think that independence means finding new markets. Finding new markets helps of course, but in itself it doesn't make us independent. The new markets are not really intended to replace the British market; they only take our production increase. We are selling more to the British than ever before—the future prosperity of our primary industry depends on this. In addition to this the new markets are for by-products of the dairy industry (for example milk powder) and only make sense if we continue selling butter to Britain.

The Government officially assumes that our relationship with Britain is one between equals.

They are only using new jargon to cover the old colonial relationship. For instance if New Zealand is in "a weak bargaining position," this means that the British are dictating terms. By its nature the whole set-up is unequal. British manufacturers selling here state their price; in England our produce goes on the auction block. Although the British wouldn't be overjoyed to see our economy crumble, they know how sensitive our government is to any suggestion that Britain might join the E.E.C. on unfavourable terms (for us).

The New Zealand Government's reason for turning down the wool deal with Russia in 1967 was that part of the price was to be paid in machine tools which we traditionally buy from Britain. Similarly in the dispute over whether N.A.C. should buy British or U.S. aircraft the main argument in favour of the British planes was that we couldn't afford to offend Britain; no-one was very worried about whether we offended America. The only argument in favour of the American plane was that it was more suitable. In this case commonsense prevailed. It very nearly didn't.

Concern for the British market even affects political decisions. The Government's attitude



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# OF SENTIMENTALITY

towards Rhodesia is an example. The Aid Rhodesia Movement claims — probably correctly — that Cabinet really sympathises with Smith; doesn't really favour the idea of sanctions, and only imposes them because of pressure from Britain.

Market dependence is the most obvious limit on our freedom of action, but it isn't the most important. In each of the above cases a less gutless government could have ignored the pressure from Britain. Admittedly the consequences might have been serious, but we could have chosen to accept them. Where a particular industry is dominated by foreign capital we do not even have this choice. The decision is made for us by foreigners, often without our realising it.

In recent years we have had a series of development conferences culminating last year in the National Development Conference. The delegates to these are bureaucrats and businessmen. Seemingly, New Zealand industry is co-operating with the New Zealand Government in planning for New Zealand's future. The Agricultural Committee of the National Development Conference must have been dominated by representatives of British concerns:

the recommendations made reflect not so much what New Zealand thinks New Zealand should do in the future, but what London thinks New Zealand should do in the future.

The same would be true for other sectors of the economy. This is most strikingly demonstrated in our shipping. So long as it is dominated by the British Conference Lines we can only haggle about things like freight charges. We cannot decide. Containerisation, an enormously costly project for New Zealand and ruinous for a number of provincial centres, was decided on by the Conference Lines. The Government and the Harbour Boards organise and pay for the new port facilities; but they are providing them for the Conference Lines. It isn't everyone who can demand a several-day conference with the four senior members of the New Zealand cabinet, as the shipping line's officials did in 1967. The Lines, of course, are responsible to their shareholders, not to New Zealand. Whatever the value of their particular decisions, the motives behind them are wrong.

A particularly alarming feature of the Conference Line's containerisation report is the underlying assumption that the future markets and the products sold will be the traditional ones. This is in line with the reluctance of the Lines to service our newer markets which are less profitable for them.

Nowadays we notice the power of foreign capital more than we did, say, ten years ago. Possibly this is because we are importing more of it. Balance of payments difficulties have necessitated the development of secondary industries, and foreign capital has established many of these. Another possibility is that recent foreign investment is more international in character.

We don't, however, have the emotional hang-up or the illusions about such countries as Japan and America, that we have about Britain. Americans are seen as grasping capitalists; no-one likes the Japanese anyway. The British, however, are thought of as legitimate businessmen. Foreign investment was acceptable while it was predominantly British. It did not seem foreign. Britain still supplies more than anyone else, but enough of it comes from other countries to upset us.

Even the left-wing writers, Sutch and Rosenberg, have a sentimental regard for Britain. With them it takes the form of denying our dependence on Britain and asserting that New Zealand is becoming a colony of America and Australia. They quote as proof figures for recent investment that show that the American and Australian share is growing. As left-wingers both men have a political interest in abusing America; neither seems interested in criticising Britain. But this cannot excuse their misuse of statistics. The figures quoted by Sutch and Rosenberg demonstrate only the cosmopolitan (not American or Australian) nature of our new industries. Obviously the British haven't relinquished control of our financial system or of our primary industry. They still, therefore, have more power in New Zealand than in any other country.

Still, the fact that our colonial status is being discussed at all is an improvement. It has been discussed so much just recently that the argument has become routine. Colonialists take a helpless attitude: we cannot provide our own skills and capital; they must come from abroad. How can we stand alone in a hostile world, without allies? — or is it masters? Nationalists complain about the loss to the country of profits, interest, royalties and freight charges (the invisibles that convert a trading surplus into a balance of payments deficit). They resent the power that foreigners have in New Zealand, and the Government's humble acceptance of this.

Even the concessions each side makes to the other have become routine. Nationalists agree



that not all foreign investment is bad; but in practice they oppose every instance of it. Colonialists agree that our exports should be processed to a greater degree; but they know it won't happen, because the highly processed article attracts far more import duty than the raw material.

These arguments are important, not because they convince anyone (they don't), but for what they reflect: a developing New Zealand nationalism. The difference between the nationalist and the colonial is basically one of attitude, and the more abstract the issue the sharper is the clash in attitudes. In some ways Royalty has a kind of abstract nature and so argument tends to be futile. It is simply a question of preference. If someone likes the "Britishness" of royalty there is little point in telling him that the British live in the United Kingdom. If he wants to extend the definition of "British" to include people of British descent he might as well; if his definition no matter how idiotic I think it is. If he is a member of New Zealand's large, status-conscious middle-class and the class angle of royalty appeals to him, it is pointless calling him a snob. He probably thinks snobbery is a good thing. This difference in attitude derives from a number of things: age, sex, intellectual activity and social position (this really means class but we are a little sensitive about that word).

The colonial attitude often derives simply from self-interest. The parasitic occupations (advertisers, importers, lawyers, Canterbury's landed gentry, the managerial caste) make a good living out of colonial New Zealand. They support royalty, not only because of sympathy for a fellow-parasite, but also because they take New Zealand's colonial function seriously. This is why the colonial attitude is so strong in the university. Most students are either being trained to be parasites or to work overseas. Usually they do not support royalty. They are a bit young for that yet. But they apologise for it, which is just as bad.

In a way students are worse than the royalty-conscious older generation who at least have the excuse of having formed their attitudes at a time when Bill Massey was pledging the last New Zealander to defend the British Empire. No-one is really surprised when the Mt Eden Borough Council offers to show the Queen around Mt Eden (the hill), or when the mayors of Ngarawahia and Huntly complain about being left off the royal itinerary. "The kids will be disappointed," — but then the kids don't get to shake the royal hand like some people . . .

All that can be said in defence of the students is that they are being trained in a university system that is little more than an extension of the British one (the modelling of the experimental University of Waikato on the University of Sussex is the most striking recent example of this). They consequently miss out on the healthily-bigoted nationalism that lesser-educated New Zealanders spontaneously develop. Even intellectual nationalists pick up British habits of thought in the universities, such as an aversion to going to extremes and a refusal to see issues in black and white. Unfortunately they tend to be the spokesmen for nationalism, which probably accounts for its lack of vigour. So long as the leaders of New Zealand nationalism are people of this kind the only hope for nationalism is for Britain to sink beneath the North Sea. With any luck the British might do something very similar (join the Common Market?) but even this is unlikely to incite irate New Zealanders to pogroms against Poms. Still, one can always hope.



# THE CASE FOR A

# CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY

I am glad to accept the invitation of the Editor of SALIENT to express my views about constitutional aspects of the Monarchy. I assume that the Editor wishes me to discuss the British Monarchy because it is the only one of which we in New Zealand have an intimate knowledge and I believe that the opinions which I shall put forward are generally representative of those of members of the Constitutional Society who are spread throughout the Dominion.

To my mind the Monarchy as it has evolved for Great Britain, the dominions and the colonies is ideal for those countries. It is a great stabilising influence and it seems to me that the British Commonwealth is united under and behind the monarchy in a way that would be quite impossible if the Head of State of all those countries were a political figure. After all, the

Commonwealth countries represent almost all possible political shades of opinion in completely independent states which are governed by widely differing political parties. Yet almost all acknowledge loyalty to the Crown as a fundamental part of their political system.

In Britain itself the Labour and Conservative parties are bitterly opposed to each other on many questions, yet the leaders of each party when in power pay due deference to the Monarch. The Prime Minister has a weekly audience with the Monarch to outline the intentions of the Government. At these private audiences it is impossible to tell how much influence the Monarch—whether it be a Queen or a King—exercises, but history suggests that the Monarchy has had a modifying influence on a number of occasions when a political party has sought to go beyond the mandate which it has received from the people at a general election.

In New Zealand, the people see the Monarch all too seldom, but her representative, the Governor-General, is

always with us and exercising her functions, except during the brief period between the terms of office of Governors-General, when it is customary for the Chief Justice to act for the Monarch.

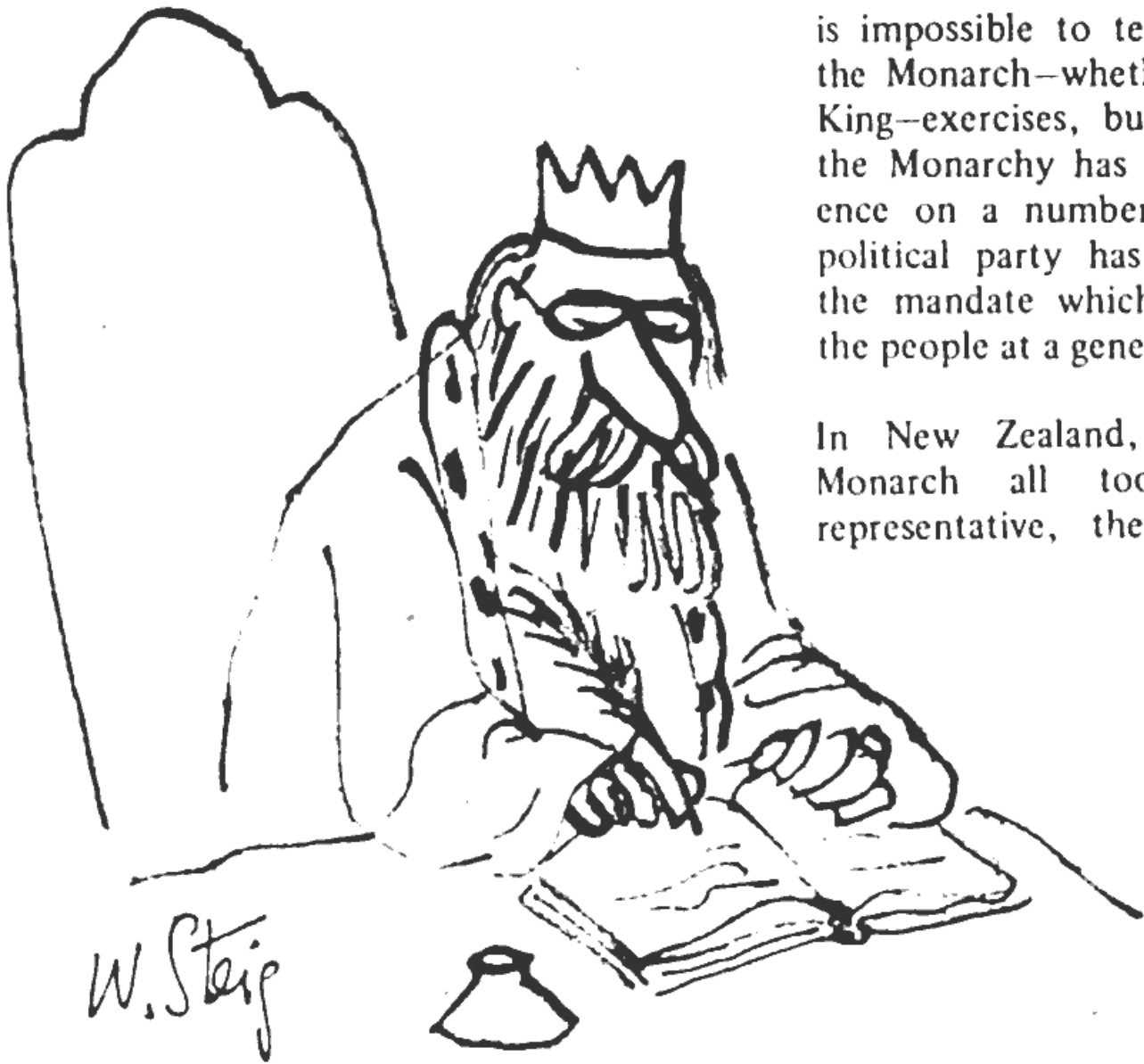
In exercising its right of self-determination this Dominion has chosen to depart from the original concept of the form of government granted to New Zealand by the Imperial power. Under the Constitution Act of 1852 it was laid down that there should be a legislature consisting of the Governor (as he was then known) and two Houses of Parliament with power to make laws, provided that they were not repugnant to the laws of the United Kingdom. The Government in office in 1950 chose to abolish the second House of Parliament, the Legislative Council. It should not be thought that departures from the established system of government pass unnoticed by the Monarchy.

As Speaker of the House of Representatives Sir Matthew Oram visited London a few months later for the opening ceremonies of the new House of Commons which replaced the one destroyed by bombing during the war. Among the events during that visit was a dinner at Buckingham Palace in honour of all the visiting Speakers of their countries' legislatures. The host was, of course, the late King George VI.

As soon as the introductions were over the King sought out Sir Matthew and questioned him closely about the reasons

by  
Sir  
James  
Donald

President  
of the Constitutional  
Society for the Promotion  
of Economic Freedom  
and Justice in New Zealand



"Do I really want all this power? I think I do."

for New Zealand abolishing its Second Chamber of Parliament. He appeared startled, almost shocked, that a government of the type then in office should do such a thing. Sir Matthew could only say, as had been said persuasively, almost insincerely, in the New Zealand Parliament, that "something better" would be put in place of the Legislative Council.

It is interesting to speculate that if the King had been resident in New Zealand and in constant communication with his Prime Minister in this country could he have exercised his influence, based on the wide constitutional knowledge of the Royal Family, to modify what has proved to be one of the most serious constitutional actions of our New Zealand Parliament.

Governors-General are selected for their eminence in some service or professional career, but they cannot be expected to assimilate all the constitutional knowledge possessed by a family which has ruled for centuries. For this reason there is more than passing interest in a recent suggestion that the Monarchy should reside for a time in each of the dominions, or even act as Governor-General in one dominion while the heir apparent gains experience in the duties which should one day be his.

On this aspect, a striking example of the lamentable state of our New Zealand Constitution is the fact that when the Monarch was expected to visit New Zealand for the first time in history, Parliament was advised that there was no place in the Constitution for the Monarch to act on such an occasion as the formal opening of Parliament. Consequently the House of Representatives had to pass hastily in 1953 the Royal Powers Act which, in effect, provides that anything that the Governor-General can do the Queen also can do. This is surely a classic case of putting the cart before the horse.

I am convinced that a return to the original constitutional concept for New Zealand is long overdue. The restoration of a Second Chamber of Parliament should be one of the first duties to be tackled by our political leaders: the Constitution will then be in balance once again, and we will be able to fully benefit from our Monarchical form of Government.

Editor's note: Sir James' article has been edited through the omission of several paragraphs relating to the Second Chamber question.

## AN ODE TO THE REIGNING MONARCH ON THE OCCASION OF HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO PIG ISLAND

Madame, I beg quarrel with  
Your trip across the water—  
Pig Island needs no English myth  
To keep its guts in order,  
Though our half-witted housewives yearn  
At your image on the TV screen.

Forgive me that I cannot praise  
The Civil Service State  
Whose blueprints falsify the maze  
It labours to create,  
And plants above that sticky mess  
Yourself in an icing sugar dress.

The dead who drink at Bellamy's  
Are glad when schoolkids clap  
A Fairy Queen who justifies  
The nabob and the bureaucrat,  
In a land where a wharfie's daughter can  
Marry someday the squatter's son.

While the stuffed monkey, dog and sow,  
Play ludo in the void,  
The Auckland pavements carry now  
Six hundred unemployed,  
And the bought clerks who sneer at them  
Will crowd to kiss your diadem.

The girls at Arohata jail  
Are very rarely dressed in silk—  
Let us make a Glasgow cocktail  
Bubbling coal gas into milk,  
Drink up Mary, Kate and Prue,  
No better and no worse than you.

Before my birth your soldiers made  
A football of my skull  
At Mud Farm when they crucified  
My father on a pole  
Because he would take a gun  
And kill another working man.

I give you now to end our talk  
A toast you will not like:  
McSweeney the Lord Mayor of Cork  
Who died on hunger strike.  
It took him eighty days to drown  
In the blood and shit that floats the Crown.

While Big Ben bangs out stroke on stroke  
And the circus wheel spins round,  
The Maori looks at Holyoake  
And Holyoake looks at the ground,  
And there will be more things to say  
When the Royal Yacht has sailed away.

James K. Baxter

(originally published in ARGOT, March 1963)

One listened to the Investiture (of Prince Charles as Prince of Wales) with one's heart in one's mouth, and adults felt for his parents and other relatives. They too showed great bravery . . . God bless our Monarchy. May they continue to enjoy their happy family life for many years to come. They are an example to many of us."

This letter to a Wellington newspaper clearly demonstrated that facet of the Monarchy which is its mainstay—emotion. Surrounded by an aura of mysticism and adulation, the Monarchy survives in a time of stainless steel sinks and plastic flowers to provide a breath of antediluvian grace. A thread of sentimentality—a yearning for the finer things in life, perhaps, or a respect for tradition—runs through any discussion of things Royal.

One of the official handouts would have it that the principal purpose of the Monarchy is to provide "a personal focus of loyalty." This focus of loyalty becomes ingrained in our characters at a very early age. Rare is the New Zealand primary school that lacks a portrait of the Queen. Equally rare is the New Zealand wedding reception during which the Queen is not toasted. Picture theatres still begin or end shows with scratched and faded shots of a Queen blessed with the quality of eternal youth. On a more official level all Government action is initiated in the name of the Queen or the Crown—that is, the state is the Crown. It is obvious, however, that this focus of loyalty need not be a personalised one. One only need remember the awe and respect with which the American Constitution is held by camera-toting, globe-trotting Middle America to realise this. What we are talking about here is, in



which the Monarch can still execute, such as the summoning of Parliament, are done at the initiative of the governing party. In spite of its inability to exercise these powers independently it could be argued that the Monarchy does actually assist in the running of affairs of state by acting as a convenient, respected, and impressive rubber stamp, hallowed as it is by centuries of power, fear, and use.

A last function of the Monarchy is that of providing a never-ending spectacle. Royal activity in Great Britain amounts to public entertainment on a massive scale and undoubtedly earns the Royal Exchequer many dollars. Though challenged briefly by Carnaby Street and Lord Somebody or Other's lions, the Monarchy reigns supreme at least as Britain's major tourist attraction. Tourists can marvel at the seemingly endless and interesting array provided by Her Majesty's waves, Prince Phillip's quips, Princess Anne's hats and Prince Charles' blues. They can loiter outside the gates of Buckingham Palace waiting for a glimpse of themselves transformed; they can revel in pomp and circumstance and in a "sense of history"; they can quiver with hysterical anticipation at the thought of shopping at Harrods' alongside Princess Anne; in short they can almost rub shoulders with greatness and take a part in history and the news. Royal tours achieve much the same thing on a lesser scale. They provide a superficial justification for the status quo and assure us that all is well in the state of New Zealand.

The Monarchy thus serves a number of purposes and fulfills a number of functions, some obviously more worthwhile than others. It is neither possible nor fair, however, to reject or accept the institution

on the way out. Principles of equal opportunity for all, and advancement solely on the basis of merit, are more in tune with the supposedly egalitarian nature of our society. Much of the ceremony which surrounds the Monarchy is derived from the days when the divine right of kings was in vogue. Divine right is now largely discarded—has the ceremony any relevance now that its basis is nearly forgotten? The Royal Family have perhaps already answered this question by attempting to place the Monarchy on a less formal level. The success or failure of their endeavour may be more important than even they realise.

Closely allied to this notion that the Monarchy is irrelevant is the fact that it is also head of the Establishment; which, as described by Kingsley Martin in *The Crown and the Establishment*, is "that part of government that has not been subjected to democratic control." The Establishment's core has always been, and still is, aristocratic or neo-aristocratic. The catch is that the Establishment exists, with the Monarch as its focal point (perhaps as unwitting one), in an age when most societies profess to be classless. The Honours which are handed out twice a year form an integral part of this Establishment. Although there have been no hereditary peerages granted in the last few years there have been quite sufficient life peerages and knighthoods to create the framework of a class structure. Colin Melnes continues this point in his article by outlining the contradiction involved in our admiration for those who receive these honours and our denunciation of anything associated with snobbery.

A final point on which the Monarchy has been criticised is its cost. This issue, directly involving the taxpayers' money, must surely be one of the most basic. Those who argue that the Monarchy is a drain on the United Kingdom taxpayer, however, often forget the money which the Monarchy draws to the U.K. as a tourist attraction. It is true, nevertheless, that many superfluous Crown possessions could be cashed without lowering the Queen's standard of living or destroying her resplendent image. This could be an area where the Royal Family could help burnish its own image. The Commonwealth taxpayer, however, has grounds for complaint—Royal tours and Governors General cost money, much money; the returns are small, at least in a tangible sense.

It has been argued that the economics of it all are irrelevant; if the people want a Monarchy, and it seems that most people do, then they should have one. As long as curious crowds can remain engrossed in the sight of an excited bureaucrat industriously sweeping the carpet on which the Queen is to tread (as they did at the Overseas Terminal last week) the Monarchy needs no justification.

# COULDN'T THINK OF ONE

the final analysis, patriotism: respect and admiration for one's country may be enough but it is obvious that a theoretically omnipotent personality may provide a stronger focus by being extremely easy to identify with.

An extension of the above is the idea of the Monarchy as a unifying force, not only nationally, but internationally. Sir James Donald argues that, despite the political differences of opinion within the Commonwealth, all of the countries involved consider loyalty to the Crown a fundamental part of their political system. Clive Thursby argues the opposite: some of the Commonwealth countries are republics; few, beyond elaborate lip-service, are really loyal and most (such as New Zealand) are looking elsewhere for national identity and big-power patronage. Today, it might be argued, the Commonwealth does little more than provide opportunities for cultural exchange.

A second purpose which the Monarchy serves lies in providing a sense of stability and continuity. Governments change (hopefully), politicians fade away (hopefully), policies change, but the Crown remains—stodgy and immutable. British subjects can thus see their country in the Monarchy rather than in changing, and often bungling, governments. Thursby suggests that if some degree of pageantry is deemed necessary in government, it is better that it involves someone who holds no real power. Should this be the case people may then be almost as vociferous as they wish in their denunciation of ruling politicians and their policies without being seditious. The Americans seem to have this point somewhat confused insofar as political dissent in the US can be, and is being, easily mistaken for opposition to the office of President and thus, ultimately, opposition to the Constitution.

Consequently the combination of pomp (the physical manifestation of the state), and power (the actual running of the state), may necessarily mean that serious dissent is dangerous to the state itself and not merely dangerous to the continued rule of those who are administering the state. A possible conclusion is thus that the British Monarchy, by remaining aloof from partisan affairs, actually helps to ensure the continuity of the political system, quite apart from merely providing a sense of continuity.

Not all the purposes for which the Monarchy exists, however, are as abstract as these. According to TIME "the Queen and her relations provide the finest body of bazaar openers, foundation stone layers and medal awarders that a ceremony-loving people could wish for." This, of course, is a feature of the Monarchy's 'focus of loyalty' function. To a Lithuanian the sight of Princess Anne presenting a leek to the Welsh Guards during St. David's Day celebrations may be a little odd. To all those involved, however (with the possible exception of the leek), the act is important as an example of regal involvement in everyday life.

Besides these functions the Monarchy still has some remaining political functions and discretionary powers—the right to disband the Army and to dismiss the Civil Service, for example. The exercise of this power has long been forbidden by constitutional convention but is, nevertheless, still theoretically possible. Even those functions

on the basis of only one of these. Even if the arguments tended to favour the abolition of the Monarchy, the upheaval and disorder resulting from the change would be considerable—the ends just might not justify the means.

Whether the functions that the Monarchy fulfils are worthwhile or not, there are a number of features arising from its existence that are open to criticism. One accusation made is that the Monarchy, and everything associated with it, is an expensive irrelevancy in the 20th Century. Even if the New Left isn't on the way in, Hereditary Monarchies, it would seem, are



"Surely you jest?"



Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl

But she doesn't have a lot to say



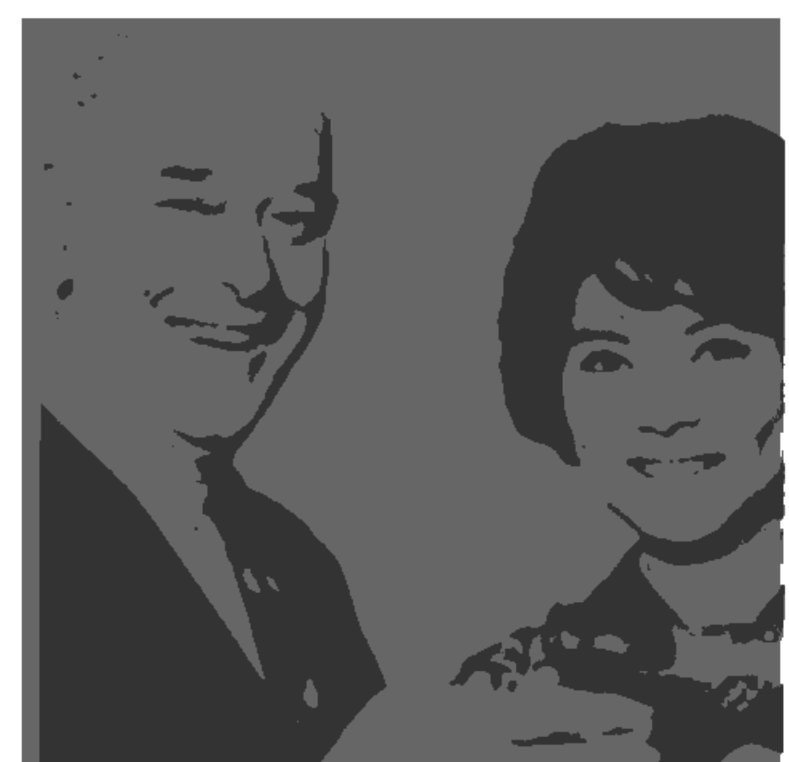
Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl

But she changes from day to day



I want to tell her that I like her a lot

But I gotta get a belly-full of wine



Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl

Some day I'm gonna make her mine

