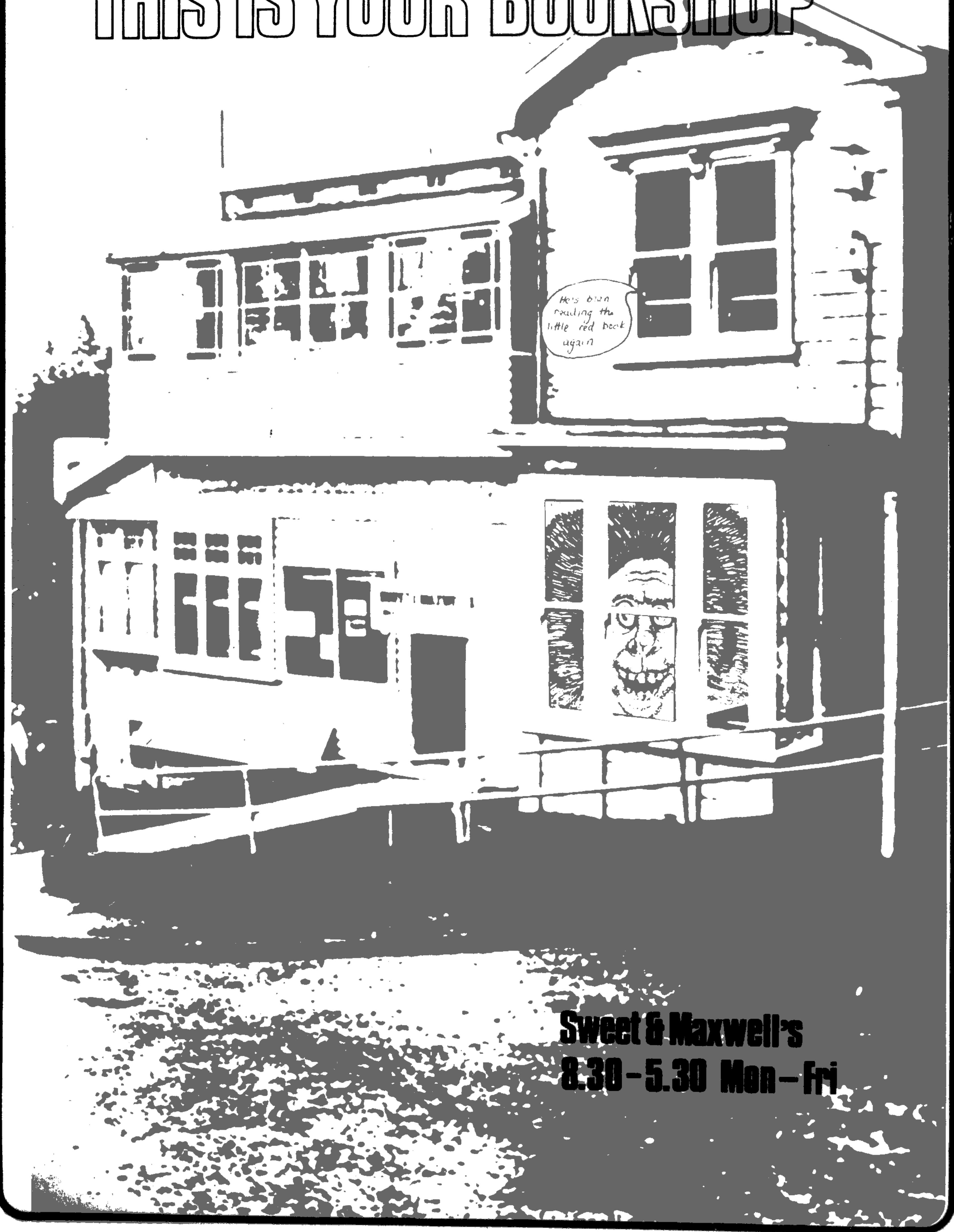


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EDITORIAL

SALIENT

No-one is going to apologise for the first issue of Salient. If you were hung up over the layout or the content then there are twenty-four like it coming, although you can see from this one that even we have learned from our mistakes. How does the cover grab you?

NATIONAL ANTIWAR CONFERENCE MARCH 13-14

Some of you are probably unfamiliar enough with the bowel movements of the left wing in this country to look at the forthcoming antiwar conference with some awe, even though it has the appearance of all of the previous ones, which have only served to make the Vietnam war the deadeast issue around. It was once wisely observed that here in N.Z. only two things will ever stop at revolution - bullets, or boredom: if you are one of the antiwar wankers who grooves on a little intellectual self-abuse, then you can help make this one of the many things (Salient included) which will turn 1971 into another year when we lost the rev. without a single shot being fired.

Not that any of this should stop you going: but if you really want to stop the war, how about hitting the unions for a bit of antiwar militancy, getting some action going. God knows, there's been seven years of talk.

THE PYM

The Wellington radical scene has never been much; but few of the people who read Winton Cassels' Dominion article on the PYM - "A State of Mind" (Friday March 5th) - would have recognised it for what it was - an obituary. Because while he raved on about the non-organisation which was so informal that it had no elected officers, manifesto, or aims, a meeting of the PYM the night before had elected a president, secretary, treasurer, adopted a manifesto, and introduced an annual sub of \$1. The "counter-culture" had finally joined the glorious ranks of the Jaycees.

The manifesto is addressed to "all young people who are opposed to authoritarian policies (president?) and are prepared to rebel against authority" (manifesto?). The policy is just as fucked-up - full rights to all who take a full and active role in society, workers control, all the usual lefty platitudes, a people's militia.

Someone else has added their corpse to the spectrum of radical politics. But the passing deserves some note: the PYM for a long time was a completely non-theoretical body interested in action only. The reason for the action was left to individual members, most of whom were just anti-establishment. Now all this is gone - nothing caters for someone who doesn't want to get strangled in the doctrinal bitching that gives the NZ left most of its vehemence, but none of its credence. The PYM is just another party with its own line to push. The PYM is now dead - and with it has gone the last pretence at gathering people who were not infected with ideology. In short, the sane left has passed away. Yet the Anarchist Conspiracy lives.

Roger Cruickshank

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EDUCATION SEMINAR

An Education Seminar was held at Waikato University, 27th and 28th February. It was attended by about forty students (including Education Officers, N.Z.U.S.A. people, and Studass Exec. members) from all New Zealand universities. As an added attraction most delegates stayed at the Student Village which is as expensive as our hostels but is more flexible in design and liberal in atmosphere.

The main theme was Maori education, although there was one session on the degree structure at Waikato. The seminar consisted of informative, educational debates, rather than action-producing discussions; the value of the weekend being reflected in the enthusiastic participation of most present, both at the formal and informal meetings.

"We have come to accept a depersonalized, dehumanised mockery of what the process of education should be." (James E. Ritchie). No speaker at the seminar expressed affection for the education system as it stands, except perhaps Mr. McIntyre (Minister of Maori Affairs). Even he however, recognised many inadequacies, and enthusiastically suggested that students should contribute to the suggestion of helping solve the problem of educating the Maori, by introducing a Volunteer at Home scheme. (The Report of the National Advisory Committee on Maori Education, 1971, is available from Kate Clark.)

Rangi Walker (Dept. of University Extension, Auckland) spoke of the inflexibility of his university, which had tried to fit the Maori into the European Adult Education scheme, instead of adapting Adult Education to the needs of the Maori. There was a confrontation between Rangi and the younger Maoris present, who felt that the partial failure of his fight within the European system justified their own more radical actions.

James Ritchie's paper (available from Kate Clark) reinforced the radical views: he rejoiced to hear behind individual actions a critique of the social machine.... "I do not want a culture that is counter to my nature". A debate over the priorities of Maori language and/or Maori Studies in education curricula was inconclusive; both fields are vital.

The description by Mr. Pearson (Headmaster Napier Street Primary School, Auckland) and Mr. Mann (Headmaster Opatiki College) of the conditions and problems within their schools was an eye-opener to many of the white, middle-class University students present. The former school's role comprises 90% non-European children, the latter school role is 50% non-European. Statistics and political ideologies had no place in the work which these men did for their living - they fought the Education system because to educate their pupils, they found existing curricula and programmes inadequate.

Discussion, not action was the aim of the meeting but the near sleepless weekend did lead to a closer awareness of the poverty of Pakeha and Maori relationships, stemming from a gross neglect of Maori education.

BOLLINGER

Sir Keith Holyoake and Rudi Dutschke??

To find some justification for mentioning the two in the same breath was a task Conrad Bollinger accomplished with ease in the introduction to his talk on the "Radical Tradition at Victoria University."

Apparently, the place Sir Keith occupies in the annals of this university as the recipient of an honorary degree in 1966, is in no way as significant as the place occupied by his great-uncle, George Jacob Holyoake in the history of radical ideas. In fact, Bollinger told his audience, George Jacob was convicted in England in the 1840's for making the blasphemous statement that "God should be put on half pay for the duration of the slump." As the ultimate in condemnatory statements, one newspaper of the time reported that George Jacob in the dock looked like some "low German student". Hence, of course, Bollinger's connection between the name of Holyoake and that of Dutschke. The point being illustrated thus, was that students in the past, like students of today, have widely been seen as "disturbers of the peace".

That this description was entirely applicable to Victoria University students was clearly demonstrated by Bollinger's reference to a commemorative issue of the then-existing student magazine "Spike", put out to celebrate Vic's Golden Jubilee in 1949. "Students", the magazine noted, were those who "doubt not only the scriptures, but the Evening Post". Such were the heretics fostered within the university since its inception as Victoria College in 1899, at which time the institution was intended, according to Richard Seddon, to promote the education of the "sons and daughters of poor men".

As Bollinger correctly noted, times have changed. What has not changed however, is the place of the university in this city. Bollinger's succinct observation was that Vic has "never been accepted as a respectable institution".

Nevertheless it has had its moments of glory, including the notable Von Zednitz affair. Von Zednitz was a German-born professor teaching at Vic when Worl War I broke out. The anti-German feeling which prevailed in the community at large at that time, gave rise to demands for his dismissal, often in the form of poison pen letters. However, the college steadfastly refused to undertake such action, and it took the introduction of the Alien Teachers Amendment Act into Parliament, under an "Irish peasant named Massey", to remove Von Zednitz.

In the 1920's the university received further plaudits when it was accused by Truth of being a "hot-bed of communism" and by a local man of the cloth named Conan James, of being "a haven of immorality and vice". Similarly when the German Consul in the late 1930's was invited to Vic to explain the new philosophy prevailing in his country, he ended the discussion by walking out and later complaining that the students had "insulted his fatherland and his Fuehrer".

Again, according to Bollinger, this university, along with many others in the country, provided "islands of light in a dismal sea of oppression" during the 1951 Waterfront lockout.

For the present and future, Bollinger stressed to the audience that "you must have formulations and groupings of your own" since it was "your turn to write your own chapter". Perhaps it is instructive to wonder if the present "formulations and groupings" within the university are decisive enough to get that chapter into print.



PIPE SOCIETY

A new club, the Pipe Society, will shortly be formed on the campus.

The idea originated at Auckland University, where a Pipe Society has successfully been established for over two years.

The new club plans to give members the opportunity of sampling and obtaining foreign tobaccos, and aims to attempt to grade and assess the merits of various tobaccos "in true Victorian tradition."

Peter Neumegan and Finlay Downs said that this year the Victoria Pipe Society would be planning picnics, field days, an open day and even a ladies day. They urged any prospective members to watch noticeboards for information about the club.

MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S CREAM

This year Drama Soc will be producing three major shows (A Mid-summer Night's Dream; D'Antons Death; and an Arts Festival production, perhaps Uba Rois) and several smaller plays and revues. The year's programme starts with Berthold Brecht's "Lux in Tenebris" and "No Exit" by Sartre. These plays are being produced by members of the society rather than by down-town professionals. This is followed by the revival of the Christmas Revue "Oh Xmas" renamed "Victori(ju)ana" produced by Roger Hall abetted by Dave Smith. Then "A Mid-summer Night's Dream" followed by "D'Anton's Death" by Buchner, the play which inspired "Marat/Sade". This play is being produced by Phillip Mann who produced last year's "Macbeth". Nonita Mann will be producing the third major play, the production that will be taken to Arts Festival. What this play is to be has yet to be finally decided.

SALIENT LATE

Anyone interested enough might have noticed that last week's "Salient" was printed late after the management of Salient's printers, the Wanganui Chronicle, declined to accept the center-spread as submitted.

Faced first with censorship of the association's lawyer and then that of the Chronicle management, it was decided to agree to all their conditions for printing the center-spread as it appeared that otherwise the issue would not be printed.

A staff member, commenting wryly that what NZ needed was printers of integrity, felt that this was not an auspicious beginning to the year.

BLOSSOM ON CAMPUS

Labour's ageing veteran and friend of the workers, Sir Frank Kitts, made a rave campus appearance with his chauffeur and Rolls last Wednesday when he reputedly addressed "Forum" on the subject of student accommodation. Frank really wowed the 2,000 students packing the union hall with his appeal for more votes this year in the local-body elections, but luckily the whole proceedings of Forum are permanently in committee, and so we are unable to tell you what he said. Thank you, Sir Frank.

M.S.A.

An application for affiliation to the Students Association by the Malaysian Students' Association (MSA) was rejected by the executive at a meeting on February 25th. The decision was taken on the grounds that the club constitution had two types of membership (ordinary and associate), the division being between Malaysians and others. The exec were also unhappy that the club's President Hee Kiang Lim, had failed to provide a copy of the minutes of the clubs first AGM 2½ years ago, as he is required to do under the Studass constitution.

There are at the moment, two groups claiming to represent the interests of Malaysian students at this university. The other group, the Malaysian-Singapore Students' Association, (MSSA) was affiliated to the Studass in 1969.

MSSA, with advocate Mike Law of NZUSA (a member of the local MSSA at the time for all of two days), were at the exec meeting to keep the MSA out. MSA, they claimed, was set up at the instigation of the Malaysian High Commission and represented government interference with the activities of students. Students had been "pressurised" they said, and dissuaded from political activities; the MSA was

Some observers felt that should the MSA choose to re-apply after complying with the constitutional demands of exec, they could be refused only on the grounds that the exec would not condone the action of an overseas government in attempting to dictate to their students in NZ.

Meeting on Education

Angry though teachers and parents are about proposed cuts in Government spending on education, it appears that they are not yet angry enough to really do anything.

The meeting on education at the Town Hall on Tuesday March 2nd was supported by the FOL, Parent teacher associations, NZEI, NZPPTA, NZUSA, and even the Play Centre Federation.

The first two speakers, NZEI president Hunter and NZPPTA president Murdoch, outlined the obvious position of education as the top priority Government investment which of course is well known. They were both boring and spoke for too long, and when Murdoch said we must continue to increase our investment in education if our (his) standard of living is to continue to rise, he wasn't talking about human values. How affluent do we really need to be?

Dave Cuthbert NZUSA, saved the meeting. He introduced a few new ideas, and, an emotional speaker, had the whole audience with him. (His address is reprinted in full elsewhere in this issue.)

The tone had moved from the biggest mutual back-pat seen for some time, to emotional involvement.

When FOL secretary, Knox, spoke of Trade Union confrontation of the Government on the issue, concerned members of the public who had gone along to express their disapproval started to realise they were out of their depth. They began to appreciate just how involved they had become during Cuthbert's speech.

Only one floor speaker had the courage to get up and say that he didn't sympathise with the Wainui dispute or the FOL and although he was all but shouted down the dissent was increasing.

The split came to the fore when along with two other motions, one to increase educational spending at the expense of troops in Vietnam and State Aid

to private schools was moved and seconded. Uproar resulted and many raised the point of order that the motion was irrelevant - it was disallowed amidst turmoil. The motion that the previous resolution be not put was then passed by the meeting. Draw your own conclusions.

Ecology Action

Ecology action has begun.

A meeting of interested people took place on the third evening of March in the Smoking Room.

The aim of the inaugural meeting was to decide what form such a body should take, and along what lines it should act. Consideration was also given to affiliating the group to its namesake in Berkley, California.

Suggestions from the meeting resulted in three basic ideas for action. Education of large numbers of the apathetic was seen to be imperative: through films, speakers, discussion groups, and accurate printed information, an attempt would be made to move the public beyond apathy, in order to effect some improvement against the short term economic advantages of cheap disposal of waste.

Members would press through campus political clubs for the establishment of a policy on pollution, which both Parties at present lacked, with the hope of new legislation on the problem, and pressure for enforcement of existing legislation.

Thirdly, direct action would be

taken against polluters. Effective propaganda would be put out against industries and local bodies which continue to pollute, and members of the group would act as vigilantes in collecting accurate information on acts of pollution, use of harmful pesticides, and environmental destruction.

Although informality where possible was urged, the meeting decided it was necessary to have both a committee and constitution, the latter in order to get Students Association backing. An eight member interim committee was nominated to draw up such a constitution. Affiliation with Ecology Action, Berkley, California, was also felt advisable, particularly because of the literature and films available through that organisation.

It was very apparent that those present, who packed the Smoking Room, expressed no interest in sitting on committees but said they were there because they wanted to do something. The City Council had offered the truck drivers and equipment needed for cleaning up around the city, a job for which it said it lacked the man power.

There was a full response to a call to pick up glass at Oriental Bay although the date was postponed until Saturday 13th in order that the City Council would have time to notify its staff, and a general meeting could be held to formally establish the group and have it affiliated to the Students Association before acting.

S.R.C. Thursday 11th March 12 noon.

- (1) Council Advisory Committee on Business Studies
- (2) Student Rep. on Council.
- (3) Joint Committee of Council, Prof Board and Students Association.
- (4) Members for the following Committees:
National Affairs
International Affairs
Education
Accommodation
Social
Censorship
Drug Information
Travel
- (5) Woman Vice President.
- (6) Six members for the Publication Board.

R. Moore, Secretary V.U.W.S.A.

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UNION HALL

FEES INCREASE

A substantial increase in fees may be proposed to the executive soon. The Studass fee is at present \$19 and it seems that the increase could be as much as six dollars.

The last increase was in 1970 when fees rose from \$13 to \$19: this will therefore mean an effective increase of over 90% in three years. Association Treasurer Richard Greenfield commented on the proposal: "The present financial situation of the association certainly makes an increase desirable."

Rising costs of administration coupled with increased building and student activity commitments are the main reason for the suggested increase, and it seems that little of the increase will be free to be allocated to any widening of activities.

exclusionist and should not be supported.

The fact of the matter at Vic. however is that the "M" in MSSA has become meaningless: there are few or no Malays in MSSA.

Whether this is because of government pressure or not, it is the reality that must be faced. There is no group (apart from the unaffiliated MSA) catering for many of our overseas students and this is sufficient reason for granting affiliations. The MSSA claims that they are there for students to join if they wish, and they should defy their government and join. Malaysian students, many of them on government grants and all dependent to at least some extent on their support, are unlikely to do this.

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**THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL
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PENGUIN **O.gager**

At ten past twelve on Thursday Roger Cruickshank rang up the secretary of the Speaker of the House. 'Can Owen Gager go to the opening of Parliament instead of me?' The deputy-clerk was dubious - 'I'll just ask someone.' Silence for five minutes. 'Is he wearing a suit - a lounge suit?' Roger, doubtfully: 'Oh, you could say that.' Deputy clerk (noting Roger's doubt): 'Well, he's better come to my office before one.' - to be inspected for Proper Attire, obviously. I dashed down to Parliament, and must have passed muster, because I was given a large yellow invitation from the Governor-General, and told to come back in a hour-and-a-quarter.

I arrived back dutifully at 2.15. The Parliamentary watchman cum guard-dog was suspicious. 'You're a staff member aren't you?' he asked. I nodded. Clearly I didn't look as if I'd been invited to the Grand Opening. But waving my yellow invitation as I walked over several thousand yards of unvacuumed red carpet (who HAS got the contract for cleaning Parliament Buildings?) I eventually arrived at seat R12, which was reserved for me. Seat R11 was occupied by a Mr. Onions of the Dairy Board. I discussed the weather with him for two minutes. (We seemed to have little else in common, somehow.) Seats P12 and P11, immediately in front of me, were occupied by two men in black uniforms who appeared to be the Commissioner of Police and his deputy. I was seated next to the door two paces in front of which, and so alongside me, stood the only obtrusive police officer visible. (All other policemen stood immediately outside their respective doors.) Perhaps I'm being a little paranoid in thinking that this particular seating arrangement was worked out with my particular convenience in mind. If my paranoia is justified, however, I can assure the authorities that an official of the Dairy Board discussing the weather is just as unnerving as three senior members of the constabulary.

My first impression of the attendance at the Parliamentary opening was that I had seen nothing like it since I attended evening service at the Rotorua Presbyterian Church fifteen years ago. The majority of people who attend Parliamentary openings like the congregation at Rotorua Presbyterian are heavily overdressed middle-aged women. I was not permitted to take notes during proceedings, or I could describe for the benefit of Salient's women readers the more elaborate tribal head-dresses worn for the occasion. I did notice, however a sad dearth of both mini and maxi skirts. It seems that these fashions have not yet caught on among the vice-regal circles. But, otherwise the fashion-scene was in full blaze, and the only other comparison I can think of besides Rotorua Presbyterian is the Big Day at Trentham Racecourse. In fact, when the assembled women suddenly lowered their voices and a deathly hush fell, broken only by the awed tones of the NZBC commentator describing the form, and when trumpets rang out, I half

expected the ghost of Phar Lap to be led triumphantly into the Legislative Council chamber.

But, instead it was a horse of a different colour. Old, tired Sir Arthur Porritt, stumbling under the weight of his medals, climbed up the mercifully few steps to his Seat of Power like Christ carrying the Cross the last few yards to Gethsemane. Sir Arthur is the living symbol of the crisis of the New Zealand health system - if you become a qualified surgeon and abjure your country to practice in another still undefiled by Social Security you too can become a Governor-General. Clearly he would have been far happier using his surgeon's knife on some sick member of the Body Politic, perhaps Tom Skinner, than reading out the address Keith Holyoake thrust into his well-gloved hands. Occasionally he winced at Keith's Pahiatua English - (I agree, Sir Arthur that the word 'guidelines' is indeed a noxious Americanism.) - But apart from this, it was a performance of which Peter Cushing could have been proud. I was reminded of the death scene in 'Lear'. Porritt is a marvellous Lear with a perpetual blasted-on-the-heath (no pun intended) look, while the dead Cordelia, dying for the truth, was well played on this occasion by the New Zealand economy, admirably described in this updated version of tragedy as undergoing a downturn in its terms of trade unparalleled since the thirties. The majestic utterance of that sinister word, 'thirties', was greeted with an audible gasp by the assembled matrons, but no other breach of dramatic decorum was committed. Nevertheless, a distinct gloom was observable during tea-and-cakes conversation afterwards.

There are those who believe New Zealand is a parliamentary democracy but it's quite clear after seeing this moving ceremony that it's not Keith Holyoake but Sir Arthur Porritt who wears the feathers in his hat and uses the nearest thing New Zealand has to a throne room. Nobody bows to Keith Holyoake yet; nobody but Sir Arthur can order members of Parliament from place to place. Sir Arthur of course, claims to be limited by his constitutional position, but everybody knows New Zealand hasn't really got a constitution. Doesn't it solve a lot of problems about why the country is governed as it is if we assume that it's not Keith Holyoake - a man, after all, whom Spiro Zavos has claimed is intelligent - but Sir Arthur Porritt who is the real ruler of the country? Everybody has always assumed proclamations are made for form's sake only in the Governor-General's name: but what if we've been fooled all along? One thing became very clear to me watching the opening after Parliament. Keith Holyoake (who smokes Benson and Hedges) could never say 'no' to anyone, especially not to Sir Arthur Porritt. After all, if the Governor-General really is powerless, why do we spend the enormous amount of money we do on a constitutional anachronism?

NZ/SA SPORT CONTACTS

g. thompson

This year there are to be four tours of New Zealand by sporting teams from the Republic of South Africa. This month, March, there is a tour by a surf life saving team. In August there is to be a tour by a six man golf team. In September a Women's Hockey team will tour the country, and in November there will be a tour by a South African tennis team. In February, 1972, a New Zealand Softball team is to tour South Africa.

The All Blacks are back and it should now be apparent to all that the tour failed to achieve what its proponents had hoped it would. A multi-racial team played on the segregated sports fields of South Africa. It played against segregated teams, but it was hoped that such an action would be an example to the supporters of Apartheid that races can mix together happily in sport. The South African Minister of Sport, Mr. Frank Waring quashed a lot of hopes when he stated in a television interview that the All Black tour would not be the 'Thin edge of the wedge' (as many Hertzog followers had said it would) which would lead to multi-racial sport in the Republic.

Sportswriter Terry Maclean writes in his book on the 1970 tour that unless there are significant changes in South Africa's sporting policies before 1973, he does not think that the Springboks should tour New Zealand that year. He cites the divisive effect such a tour would have on the New Zealand people with the possibility of violence as only one of his reasons. Maclean also wrote of the cool reception Chris Laidlaw received from the All Black's management when he continued to make his own investigations on the effects of Apartheid on the South African people and of the fact that Laidlaw did not like what he saw.

Abandonment of a rugby tour in 1973 would not be enough to salvage our ruined reputation. By that time we will have hosted at least four South African sports teams and had a New Zealand team touring South Africa. Rugby does not have the same significance to other nations of the world, especially the third world, that it does to us. To bring ourselves into line with the United Nations' resolutions banning sporting ties with South Africa we must sever all ties now, not just that of rugby in three years' time.

There is no denying, however, that when we have won rugby we will have won on all sports in New Zealand. Indeed when it is seen by fans of the game of Rugby that it is not only their sport being singled out for political attack, but all other sports that maintain and promote links with South Africa, they may begin to recognise the common principle behind the demonstrations. It is to be hoped that they will then begin to examine the principle and look past the rugby ball.

If, however, they do not, a successful lobby of the Labour Party and perhaps even of the National Party can be made in November 1972 when the elections come round again. Then, whether we like it or not, threat of violence will be a valuable weapon in the anti-tour campaign. In Britain it proved decisive in stopping the 1970 S.A. Cricket Tour. In New Zealand it can also be decisive, but only if the threat is as real as one as it had been in Britain the year before during disruption of the Springbok rugby team's games. If our ultimate aim is to stop the 1973 tour (and hopefully others before then) we must hit the four tours this year so hard it will be both uneconomical for the clubs concerned, and obviously bad politics for the Government to continue allowing the teams

**If you could see
their national sport,
you might be less
keen to see their
surfing**



STOP THE TOURS

in. Our last resorts are of course the election meetings of 1972 when Vietnam will no longer be the main foreign policy issue.

However violence is only a minor weapon in the anti-Apartheid struggle in New Zealand. Public opinion is swinging, but it needs more leading. The public must have the facts put before them in a presentable way. Pamphlets on the issue of sporting ties with South Africa must be produced continuously in the two month intervals between tours. Actions such as paint-ups, teach-ins and press releases must keep the issue in the public eye this year. We must also act to strengthen our organisation to enable us effectively to mount such a campaign.

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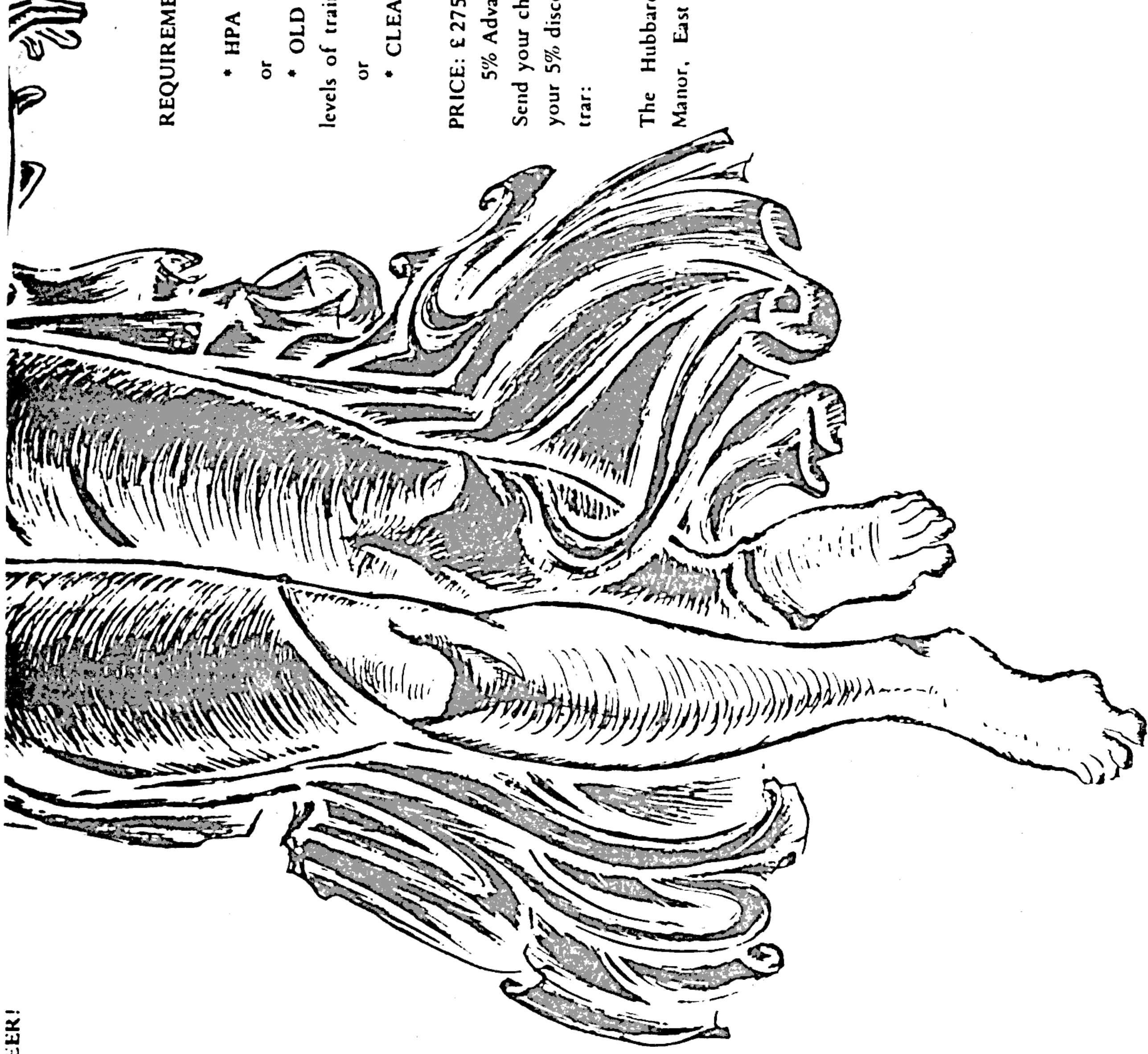
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YOUR ROUTE TO TOTAL FREEDOM



Hugh Fyson is a member of the Socialist Action League, and editor of their fortnightly newspaper, *Socialist Action*. In 1969 his brother, George, was the Socialist Action League delegate to the Ninth National Convention of the YSA. Last year Hugh carried on the family tradition.

J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI, came in to back the efforts of Nixon and Agnew last year in their campaign against students' political rights. In an "Open Letter to College Students" which was sent to 900 university administrators together with a covering letter from Nixon, Hoover called attention to the "extremist" groups which are most dangerous. He singled out the Young Socialist Alliance (YSA) as being, in his view, a particularly severe threat.

When I travelled to North America and attended the Tenth National Convention of the YSA, held in New York City December 27-31, I was able to observe at first hand the success of the YSA in relating to the deepening radicalisation. This of course is what's worrying Hoover so much. In a special article for the *VFW Magazine* (VFW - Veterans of Foreign Wars), he gave out a dire warning: "The Trotskyists ... have shown a vast membership growth and resurgence in the last 24 months until YSA is today the largest and best organised youth group in left-wing radicalism." 1200 people participated in the convention, during which 125 more asked to join the YSA.

One of the important reasons for this is that the YSA has proven itself capable of withstanding the pressure that the ruling class, both Democrats and Republicans, imposed on the student movement following the massive student strike that swept the country last May. This pressure was of a dual character: a variant on the well-tested combination of the velvet glove and the iron hand. The velvet glove came in the form of a whole array of "peace" candidates in the two main parties who tried to get the students back into "the system" by turning their efforts away from building the mass antiwar movement that was becoming an increasing threat to the ruling class, and towards getting these "doves" elected. Instead of doing this, the YSA supported the campaign of the Socialist Workers Party, which called on the "doves" to come out for immediate withdrawal from Indochina, rather than "gradual" withdrawal which in practice means more or less supporting Nixon's war policy. Politicians opposed to the war should help build the antiwar movement, and not the other way round, said the SWP.

The iron hand was wielded in an unsteady fashion by Nixon with the aim of restricting students' political rights and whipping up hysteria against the student "bums." I came across a good example of how the YSA responded to this attack while I was in Portland, Oregon. Portland State University has about 12,000 students, and during the May events the biggest street march was 10,000 strong. YSAers there told me how shortly after this they were singled out and thrown off campus, charged with the heinous crime of using the facilities at PSU to hold classes on socialism. Instead of going "underground" or resorting in desperation to violence (which would have suited the administration), they immediately launched a broad civil liberties campaign, demanding their democratic right to function as a legitimate campus group at PSU. It wasn't long before the administration had to give way.

There are three main questions around which the radicalisation is deepest in America today: the war, women's oppression, and the oppression of Black and other national minorities.

A Gallup poll released January 30 found that nearly 70 percent of the American people want the U.S. troops out of Vietnam by the end of the year. Nixon's policy of calling every escalation a step towards peace is losing credibility all the time and today awareness of the need to take action to force Nixon to withdraw is deepening.

This sentiment is reflected in the growth of the National Peace Action Coalition, which has adopted the strategy of mass action in the streets as the most effective way of ending the war. NPAC is the strongest coalition that has existed since the antiwar movement started in 1965. Right now it is organising a mass march on Washington and San Francisco set for April 24, for which it has already gathered a record number of prominent sponsors, including such personalities as Carl Stokes, mayor of Cleveland, the novelist Norman Mailer, and the Black comedian Dick Gregory who was banned from entering Australia last year.

Opposition to NPAC and April 24 from within the antiwar movement comes from a loose grouping of individuals and organisations associated with the apparently now defunct National Coalition Against War, Racism and Repression. Their only unifying policy is a dislike of mass action in general and of NPAC in particular. Many of those in NCAWRR prefer civil disobedience tactics, some of whom have put forward a grandiose proposal to "trash Washington" on May 1. These forces fail to understand that the key task in ending the war is to mobilise the largest possible numbers in action against it. Demonstrations that aim at disruption only turn people off.

The Student Mobilisation Committee, on the other hand, is among the advocates of mass action and one of the main supporters of NPAC. The correctness of its policy is reflected in the fact of its steady growth, making it by far the largest antiwar organisation on the campus and in the high schools. Not surprisingly, SMC was singled out along with the YSA for special mention by J. Edgar Hoover.

The radicalisation among the troops has reached a point where it is hard to find a GI who supports the war. This has enhanced the perspectives of the GI antiwar movement. I caught a glimpse of the feeling among the soldiers when I took part in a demonstration outside the induction centre in Oakland, California. The draftees arrived in busloads, and as they entered the building many took our leaflets, and gave the peace sign and the clenched fist salute.

When Ed Jurenas of the Seattle YSA was drafted, he gave notice of his intention to continue his antiwar activity inside the army. Later he received orders for Vietnam. Then the brass must have decided that they had made a mistake. While in Oakland waiting in transit for Vietnam, his posting was suddenly and without explanation changed to - Alaska.

Just two years ago the women's liberation movement consisted almost entirely of small groups which met to talk out their common problems in private. Today, in demonstrations like the August 26 strike, we see thousands of women pouring into the street to demand their liberation. The women's liberation movement has grown at an astonishing rate, reflecting the depth of the radicalisation that is sweeping America today.

The large scale demonstrations on August 26, which included a march of 35,000 in New York, indicated for the first time that the demands of women's liberation have mass appeal. Women protested that day in nearly every major city and in smaller towns to demand: free abortions on demand - no forced sterilisation; free, community controlled - 24 hour childcare; equal opportunity and pay on the job; and equal opportunity in education.

The YSA has been in the forefront in recognising the revolutionary nature of this movement, supporting feminist demands, and building feminist groups and mass actions by women.

Connected with the rise of women's liberation is the gay liberation movement, which is being joined by increasing numbers of homosexual women and men determined to bring to an end their status as pariahs in American society today. Already the pressure that the movement has exerted has forced certain state governments to remove reactionary legislation which prohibited individuals from determining their own sexual relations with one another.

Another important aspect of the women's liberation movement has been the development of Third World (ie, Black, Chicano and other oppressed nationalities) women organising around their oppression as women. Third World women suffer from the triple oppression of being women, belonging to an oppressed nationality, and being workers. This movement is now beginning to have a profound impact within the Black and other Third World communities.

Nationalist consciousness is spreading and taking hold of every sector of the Black population, and surfacing in many different forms. Last year's postal strike is a clear example of the combativity of Black people in America; the appearance of militant Black GI organisations among the U.S. troops stationed in Germany is another; the recent revolts of Black prisoners in jails across the country is yet a third.

Despite the government campaign to liquidate them, the Panthers are still a force among the more politicised layers in the Black community and on the campus, which is a further indication of the strength of Black nationalist sentiment. But their lack of any strategy of how to defend themselves or the community from racist violence, or how to further the movement for liberation has posed a crisis of leadership in the Black struggle.

Preoccupied with "picking up the gun", the Panthers have failed to see the need for self-defence in conjunction with mass action. With the continuation of police attacks on all forms of Black protest, there is an urgent need for a mass Black political party capable of mobilising the entire community in defence of its interests.

A political party of this kind has indeed begun to emerge among the Chicano people: La Raza Unida party. It has grown rapidly, and is already established in Colorado, Texas and California, the main areas of Chicano population. In several areas it campaigned in the 1970 elections, and drew significant support despite the bitter hostility of the Democrats and Republicans. Its attractive programme of far-reaching reforms and its vigorous approach to politics will undoubtedly bring La Raza successes in the coming period, strengthening it as the key element in the mobilisation of the entire Chicano people in their national liberation struggle.

In Southern California the super-rich white ruling class has already begun to feel threatened by the growth of the Chicano movement, and has expressed this in its ready use of the Los Angeles police force to attack Chicano street protests. On August 29 they killed two people and wounded many others when they attacked a peaceful march of up to 40,000 Chicanos. The demonstrators were demanding the withdrawal of all their 'carnales' (brothers) from Vietnam: (Chicanos suffer the highest proportion of casualties in Vietnam of any nationality in the United States.) Another rally of 10,000 against the war on January 31 was followed by a brutal assault on the East Los Angeles barrio, in which one Chicano demonstrator was killed and at least 25 wounded.

HUGH FYSON

I wasn't permitted to leave the States without some experience of pollution. While I was in San Francisco two oil tankers, the property of Standard Oil, collided under the Golden Gate bridge spilling nearly two million gallons of oil into the Bay and out into the ocean. It was one of the worst ecological disasters in recent history. A thick fog that morning had kept other shipping tied up, but not Standard Oil.

In the aftermath of the collision thousands of young people rushed to the beaches to try and stop the oil rolling in and to rescue dying sea-birds. The company did little to offset the immense damage, despite its net tax-paid profit for 1969 of \$453,780,000.

Sunny Southern California was no better. I found Los Angeles in the midst of a carbon monoxide pollution warning; visibility was right down and the whole city stank worse than the inside of the Mount Victoria Tunnel. City officials advised people to keep use of motor cars to a minimum until the danger had passed, but this was quite unrealistic in view of the fact that public transport is virtually non-existent. The obvious solution to this situation in the long term is an efficient and widespread system of electrically operated public transport; but think how this would damage the profits of the oil companies and the auto industry.

Each of these movements is challenging one manifestation or another of the oppression upon which American capitalism is based. A whole generation of radical youth is emerging in the process, and increasing numbers of them are recognising the need to make fundamental changes that go far beyond the framework of capitalism if this oppression is to be ended. More young people are looking for an alternative that has the programme, the strategy and the political ability to promote and provide leadership to this end. Already, in the shape of the Young Socialist Alliance, such a revolutionary movement has taken root and begun to grow.



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BRIDGE

Sitting east in a team of four match you hear the following auction:

W	N	E	S	
2D	—	—	X	Your partner leads a small spade and dummy goes down.
—	3C	—	3H	
—	4H	—	—	

Dummy (N)	You (E)
S: 8 4	Q 7 6
H: A 5 4	K 10 7 2
D: Q 7 3	9 2
C: Q 10 7 4 2	J 8 6 5

You play your queen, and declarer takes the trick with his king.

South plays a small heart to his ace, your partner playing the jack, and leads a small heart back, on which you play low. South plays the eight, and partner shows out. Declarer then plays the ace jack and ten of spades, throwing two clubs from dummy, while partner follows throughout. What do you do?

Your partner's weak two shows 6-12 high card points. He can't have the ace and king of diamonds, or he wouldn't have led a small spade. So his hand must have consisted of four small spades, the jack of hearts, six diamonds to the ace or king, and a doubleton ace or king of clubs.

If he has an ace, the contract is doomed. As long as partner knows what's going on. If you discard on this trick declarer will lead away from his KX, and partner, not knowing whether you have one, two or three diamonds might play low, and then your hearts will be finessed. So you had better trump this trick with the ten, while you still have it. You may as well play the king of trumps as well, so that partner will know how many tricks he has to take.

Now, a club or a diamond? It doesn't matter, as long as partner has an ace.

But what if he has

D:	K J 10 X	?
C:	K X	

Now, from the declarer's point of view, your partner could just have the knave instead of the king of clubs. That would give him six points, just. The important thing is to avoid giving the show away by leading a club. Declarer would then play your partner for the king, going up with the ace and returning the suit. Your partner will then have to give him two diamond tricks. If you lead a diamond, declarer will again go up with the ace and return the suit, but if partner can lead away from his doubleton king with sufficient aplomb, declarer might just conceivably misguess. It's a chance, anyway.

When the hand was actually played, east discarded his higher diamond on the fourth spade. This gave partner a count and avoided his letting declarer get into dummy.

However, when partner has both kings (as was actually the case) this ices the contract. South plays ace and a small club. If west has the king declarer takes two diamond tricks: if west plays the jack, if east over-takes and leads a diamond declarer goes up and throws him in with a trump, and west has to give dummy a club trick sooner or later.

Thought for the weak.

S:	—	
H:	A K Q	Partner opens 5 Spades.
C:	A K Q	What do you bid?
D:	Q J 10 9 8	

Next week our expert panel will turn their penetrating minds to the following situation.

N	E	S	W	
1H	—	2D	—	At rubber bridge, with both vul, what do you bid as North?
2S	—	4D	—	
?				

SPRING-HEEL'D JACK, THE TERROR OF LONDON.



g. scott

I'm walking down Vivian Street one morning and the sun is shining and the sky is as blue as plastic. It's warm and the men are wearing summer shirts and big happy ties and the girls are in bright things and sunny hair and the people are busy and laughing and hurrying. The cars in the hot car lots are warm and shining at us. The paint on the hot wooden buildings is peeling off, trying to embrace things, showing the world to the blind old planks beneath.

Mount Victoria is being dark green above us: and what is behind it? What is over the edge where the pale blue starts up there?

It's Jack.

Jack of the spring-heeled boots; Jack, tall as Shell House; Jack.

Here is his boot coming over the Byrd Memorial big as a bus, with the heels for which he is famous vibrating on their stupendous springs.

His foreleg and knee: his black trousers tucked into the tops of his kneeboots. Then the rest of his immense body as he ends his leap and straightens up with one foot at the top of Marjoribanks Street and the other in the pines of Palliser Park.

He is dressed in black, with a black cloak, oiled black hair and shining black moustaches. He surveys the city with piercing jet eyes, brushing a cloud from his shoulder and searching for wrongs to be righted. He stares with unnerving fixedness. The city waits.

In Kelburn and Brooklyn, in Thorndon and Wadestown, the students are searching for flats. In pairs and singly, in groups of four in cavalcades of six; in cars with their parents; on foot; on second-hand roller-skates; with hope and despair in their hearts they are scouring the town, knocking on doors, waiting outside land-agents, telephoning with their last cents, queuing up outside the Evening Post, searching for somewhere to live, somewhere to study, somewhere to shelter them.

In the eyes of the landlords they read the message that they are not wanted.

Jack's eyes see and his mind works inscrutably.

With a flick of his muscles of steel he is in Wait-e-ata Road, peering into every window of the Rankine Brown Building, bending towards the Students' Union, stooping to hear the chatter of the students, gazing intently into the Accommodation Office, his mind ticking over his huge hands moving delicately in the air like a tree growing at lightning speed, as he formulates the solution.

The professors look out of their windows like fish out of the tanks in an aquarium, amazed at the sight, wondering what it portends. Members of the constabulary wander perplexedly around Jack's feet, occasionally tapping the unheeding leather with their notebooks while high above them, Jack thinks.

Suddenly his attention is fixed on Upland Road. He can see two groups of footsore students converging unbeknown to each other on a house to let. The landlord, fat as lard, is approaching in his Holden. Only one group can have the house. He will pick the group with the shortest hair and the neatest clothes, if they are all clean and polite. He pulls his car to a halt then he stares upward with amazement and fear.

Spring-heeled Jack is there. He holds four students in his hands, far above the houses. They look up at his gigantic face in fascination. He takes one, heavily bearded, between forefinger and thumb, and slowly brings his armour-plate fingernails together. A grimace of fear twists the student's face beneath his hirsute camouflage. Inch by inch he feels himself compressed by the incredible pressure: but his frame does not disintegrate. By some strange process his bones do not break and his vital organs do not burst asunder. Closer and closer come the super-human digits to one another, and then, suddenly, the crushing stops; the pressure is released; the bearded youth falls onto the palm of Jack's hand. From above his oiled moustaches, Jack gazes compassionately down. The student looks up at his companions, and realises that he is less than half their size.

He has been compressed. He is no bigger than a child.

His friends regard him with disbelief. Then, one by one, they too are taken, helpless, by the giant's fingers and moulded to dwarf-shape.

When all four are midgets, Jack sets them gently down on the pavement before the astonished landlord.

"Show them around the house," commands Jack, and as the incredulous party obeys him without a thought, he grasps the other four students and lifts them unresisting above the road.

Within half an hour both groups of students can live in the house. They can split the rent. They are happy. Jack smiles benignly down on them.

"When you have completed your studies," he says, "go down to the yacht-club and hurl yourselves into the water. You will be restored to your full stature and, as wage earners, will be able to work for the money needed to maintain yourselves at adult dimensions in food, clothing and shelter. Go and be diligent."

And the students went and busied themselves with their preparations for their studies, commenting on their unexpected good fortune with awed delight.

With a leap, Jack was on the Tinakori Heights, sitting against a radio-mast and contemplating the city and the placid harbour.

As he expected, a queue of students wound down the hill and along Glenmore Street right up to the viaduct. All asked to be miniaturised. "It will be so much more convenient," they remarked. On the campus the president of the Students' Association exhorted those who were not short of accommodation to go likewise and see Jack.

"It will be so much easier to get permission for demonstrations", he said. "Protest will take up so much less room." The chief of Police seconded his admonition.

"Go and see Spring-Heeled Jack", said the caterer. "The cafeteria will never be overcrowded, and you will be satisfied with so much less food."

"Get smaller!" exhorted the professors and lecturers. "Classes will be so much easier to control; teachers will have so much more confidence!"

"Go up to the Tinakori Hill", insisted the Chancellor and the Board of Governors. "Our Building programme can be slowed; furniture will be so much cheaper; overcrowding will cease. We will put a height-limit in the Regulations!"

Mr. Muldoon himself paid a visit to Jack, to thank him for his services to the economy. He sat on Jack's corduroy knee, considering it undignified to be lifted in the giant's hands, and smiled his distorted smile, before he climbed down the spring-heeled boot and returned to his ministerial duties.

It was Jack's crowning triumph. Soon, the last student was compressed. The accommodation problem was solved. As the sun was setting Jack stood up, stretched, bent at the knees, and leapt into the darkening sky to yet another assignment.

Behind him, Wellington and its students lay contented beneath a yellow moon.

DRAMA a.shaw

The thriller had, until the opening of "The Creeper" at Downstage, been largely ignored by the New Zealand professional theatre. Billed as a psychological thriller, the play represented to me a step backwards in that it did not offer anything that had not been done much better in "The Real Inspector Hound". A thriller becomes a very bad proposition if there is no excitement for the audience. "The Creeper" was not an effort that involved any active reaction from many people in the theatre, or if it did, I am amazed at the total lack of discretion in the theatre-going public just as I am amazed that Downstage selected this script for production by one of their best producers and performance by some of their most experienced players.

This was not a straight thriller in "The Mouse Trap" tradition. It attempted to spoof the convention but failed because of authorial weakness and a lack of pace in the performance. This type of play necessitates very brisk, yet naturalistic performance if it is to be even a mediocre success.

Ray Henwood as Edward Kimberly never once lost his stock gestures and declamatory speech which I feel to be inappropriate to a play of this nature. Ken Blackburn as the earlier of Edward's paid companions was miscast as a mincing bitchy little queer though, like Henwood, one was always aware of the quality of his talent if not the performance. Craig Ashley as the latter, and apparently the last of Kimberly's companions, looks and sounds like Hansel, after sister Gretel has been spirited away by the wicked witch, his was what someone called a "sweet performance".

This play was at best mildly intriguing and at worst a boring illogical diversion into the banal. However, if it is possible to attend this on a licensed night one would pass a not unpleasant, though memorable night. Such a play does not produce productive theatre, it offers nothing to the theatre-going public that cannot be more painlessly extracted from a television set.

Visually, the play was put at an extreme disadvantage by Richard Russel's set. If offered nothing for the actors to help them create a mood and at times hindered the physical movement of the players.

It is a collected edition of most of the stupidities of the theatre 30 years ago. It was ill-conceived and only adequately executed by a cast and directors who deserve much better.

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RECORDS

t.larsen

"Who can tell me the name of the third president of the United States? A girl with her back full of ink raises her hand and says 'ernest tubb'."

Bob Dylan - Tarantula

Dylans New Morning is here - sun rising on his log cabin home. It's a morning for leaving the cities, heading into the hills, for finding love, and a touch of religion. It's much the same Dylan as the Dylan of self portrait, in spite of the completely different concepts of the two albums, but he's much more aware of the pitfalls of his country trip than he appeared to be on 'Nashville Skyline'. He sings what is an almost surprisingly explicit song about the dangers of selling out - 'Day of the Locusts' about the honorary degree conferred on him by Princeton:

*"There was little to say, there was no conversation
As I stepped to the stage to pick up my degree
And the locusts sang, off in the distance,
And the locusts sang, such a sweet melody,
Yes the locusts sang, off in the distance,
Oh the locusts sang, and they were singing for me
I put down my robe, picked up my diploma
Took hold of my sweetheart, and away we did drive,
Straight to the hills, the Black hills of Dakota
Sure was glad to get out of there alive."*

Getting out of the cities is a recurring theme in the album, out of the cities to the country, to the mountains. 'Sign in the window' is a song of lost love which ends in a vision of a pastoral life. The opening to the track is probably my favourite part of the whole album.

*"Sign in the window says lonely,
Sign on the door says no company allowed,
Sign on the street says you don't want me,
Sign on the porch says three's a crowd."*

and the last verse - Bob Dylan's dream -

*"Build me a cabin in Utah
Marry me a wife
Catch rainbow trout
Have a bunch of kids who call me pa
That must be what it's all about."*

'Time passes slowly' is a song about a mountain idyll when he 'sat beside bridges and walked beside foundains'. a Place from where there 'Aint no reason to go to the town', 'aint no reason to go anywhere' and all you have to do is

*"catch the wild fishes that float through the stream
Time passes slowly when you're lost in a dream."*

'Three Angels' and 'Father at night' both have elements of religion.

'Three Angels' is a cry for better communication between people. It paints a picture of a quiet lonely morning after Christmas where everybody goes about their business, 'the whole earth in progression seems to pass by' but nobody hears their message 'Does anyone even try'. 'Father of the Night' is a hymn to the Creator, simple and uncluttered, perhaps a look back to Dylan's younger days.

*"Father of Night, Father of Day
Father who taketh the darkness away
Father who teacheth the bird to fly
Builder of rainbows up in the sky
Father of loneliness and pain
Father of love and Father of rain."*

Musically the album is quite a change from previous things he's done. Of greatest note is the fact that he plays piano, and well, on seven of the twelve tracks. Al Kooper appears once again as a backing musician, and gets 'special thanks' in the credits. Other musicians of note are Harvey Brookes, Dave Bromberg, Charlie Daniels and Billy Mundi. Apart from Daniels, who played on 'Blonde on Blonde', and Kooper who has worked with Dylan on and off since 'Highway 61' (possibly even 'Bringing it all Back home' anyone know for sure?) the musicians are a fairly radical change from the country musicians (Drake, Buttrey, Meloy and Co) that Dylan's been using on the last few albums.

Some tracks are musically similar to things he's done before. But others, like the jazz mood on 'Dogs run free' break new ground. 'Father of Night' too is unlike anything that Dylan has done before.

One minor fault is the fact that the credits are somewhat incomplete, in that there is no credit for the mandolin in 'Winterlude' and the fiddle on 'New Morning'.

*"Hi y'all not much happening
sang at the vegetarian convention
My new song against meat. everybody
dug it except the plumbers neath*

*the stage. this one little girl,
fresh out of college I believe
president of the Dont Stomp out the
cows division of the society. She tried
to push me into one of the plumbers.
Starts a little chaos going, but you
know me.
I didn't go for that not one little bit
i say look baby i'll sing for you
and all that but just dont go pushing
me y'hear? I understand
that they're not gonna invite me back
cause they didn't like the say i came on
the master of ceremony; old lady, all
in all, I'm making it tho got a new song
against cigarette lighters. this matchbook
company offered me free matches for the
rest of my life, plus my picture on all the
match books.
but you know me, it'd take a helluva
lot more'n that before id sell out -
see you around nomination time
your fellow rebel
kid tiger"*

Dylan Tarantula

For anyone who considered Dylan's last two albums as a sell out, New Morning should restore faith, it's Dylan back with his same old force and power, and with a slightly different angle on things.

*"Can't you hear that rooster crowing
Rabbit running down across the road
Underneath the bridge where the water flowed
So happy just to see your smile
Underneath this sky of blue
On this new Morning with you."*

Bob Dylan - New Morning

CHAMBER MUSIC



Members of the Wellington and Hutt Valley Chamber Music Society are looking forward to an exciting season in 1971. The Society has provided chamber music of the highest calibre for more than 25 years, but never before have they presented a series of concerts of such variety as that being offered this season. Not only are the groups more varied, but the Society is also experimenting with new venues for some of its concerts in the hope of being able to stage some of them more informally.

The Iwamoto Quartet will provide the first concert of the year. This outstanding Japanese quartet is led by a woman violinist and is the first quartet from Japan to tour N.Z. Two concerts are to be staged at Old St. Paul's in April. The old cathedral will be a particularly appropriate setting for the Syntagma Musicum, an ensemble from Amsterdam who recreate the music of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance on the original instruments.

Behrend, the globe-trotting Berliner with a guitar will be familiar to many through his recordings. He can be heard in June in a live concert to be held at the new Teachers College in Karori. Behrend will be performing with his folk-singing partner Belina. There will also be a concert in which Behrend combines with the N.Z. Quartet. This will be the first time that a string quartet has toured with a guitar in this country. Programmes will include classical and modern works for this combination.

Last year, Music Players '70 played to packed houses with their outstandingly successful series of concerts of piano and percussion works of the twentieth century. These versatile and talented young N.Z. musicians can be heard again this year.

The most unusual concert of the season will be the last one, provided by Les Percussions de Strasbourg. This group, all graduates of the Paris Conservatoire of Music, travel with a total of 140 instruments in all the percussion categories - skins, woods and metals. They play in black polo-neck sweaters and have delighted audiences all over the world with their vital interpretations of twentieth century music.

The Society has vacancies for new members. For details see the advertisement on this page. P.B.A.



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Wellington & Hutt Valley
Chamber Music Society



MUSIC FROM SEVEN CENTURIES, MUSICIANS
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A SENSATIONAL SEASON FOR 1971

The Iwamoto Quartet
Syntagma Musicum
Behrend and Belina
Behrend and the N.Z. Quartet
The Zagreb Quartet
Music Players '70
Les Percussions de Strasbourg

Subscriptions: \$9 for 6 concerts
Students \$5

Further enquiries:

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Tel: 796-786 Wellington North