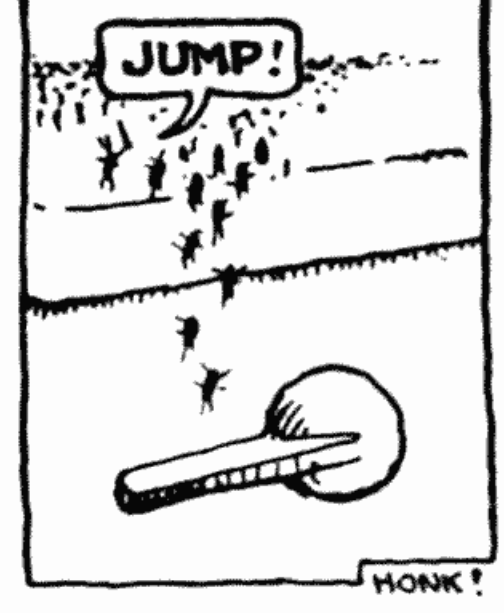
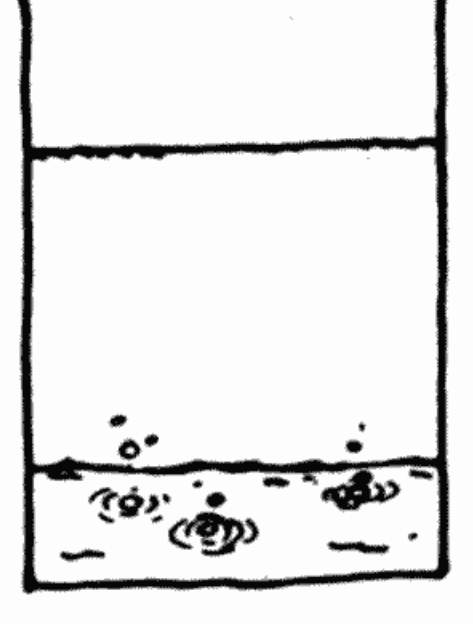
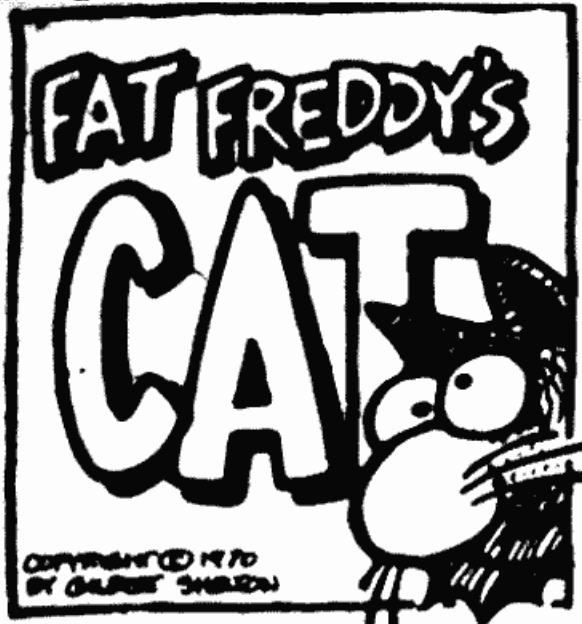


# salient



## NOW YOU'RE IN NOW YOU'RE OUT

It now seems certain that an upper limit will be set on the number of student enrolments at Victoria in 1972.

In a memorandum to the Vice-Chancellor on accommodation problems, the Assistant Principal, Dr. S.G. Culliford, reported that "it would appear that the only practical step is the stabilising of enrolments at approximately their present level until facilities appropriate to larger numbers can be made available."

Last Thursday, a meeting of the Professorial Board, after considering the Culliford Memorandum, set up an Admissions Committee to review the whole question of fixing quotas on student enrolments in subsequent years.

There now seems little likelihood that Victoria will be able to continue as an open university. In 1963, when a deferment in the building programme placed considerable strain on available facilities, a set of exclusion regulations was formulated to give temporary relief. Last year these regulations, conceived of as an essential short-term measure, had assumed such a permanence that their replace-

ment by more stringent provisions went virtually unnoticed.

Now the administration seems certain to press for the introduction of another temporary quota system to alleviate the accommodation problems within the university. As I.D. Campbell Deputy Vice-Chancellor and convener of the Admissions Committee said (at a time when the Professorial Board seemed undecided on the desirability of setting up such a committee before the recommendations on accommodation from the Committee of Vice-Chancellor and Deans had been presented to the Board.) "if we don't set up a committee now, we won't be able to shut the door on anyone in 1972."

The Admissions Committee has provision for two student members: the immediate need is to determine whether or not any students should be appointed to a body of this kind, and if they are, how best they can represent association policy on the issue (if it exists) and what alternative programmes to the one apparently decided on by the University administration can be implemented. (It should be noted that, while there was no official University policy on the question of such quotas when the Committee was formed, heads of departments have already been circularised to determine what limit on the numbers of overseas students they will

recommend for 1972 (as required by law) and also to advise on what possible upper limit in total enrolments their department is prepared to withstand in that year. It appears that unless there is positive action by students on this question, the administration will proceed to implement a policy of indiscriminate exclusions.)

Professorial Board meetings are in permanent committee; however it has been customary for student reps on the Board to report to S.R.C. on meetings. This is published in the hope that those reading it will come to the next S.R.C. to help formulate policy on the matter: and to give a wider circulation to the report than might otherwise have been the case.

### LAW FACULTY CLUB

Law Students have elected a social conscience.

At their AGM an executive which could almost be described as radical was elected, and a motion was passed to formulate a legal aid scheme. The meeting was not even stacked.

The new president of the Law Faculty club is responsible yipie-Rumanian Con Anastasiou. In a straight battle on the issue of whether the law student's club should branch out from the organisation of Stein evenings and beery football matches

(Anastasiou wanted a move from "the bog" of green beery chunder which has characterised such events in the past, to something which law students don't do all the time), to the playing of a constructive role in the student and general communities, commenting and acting on controversial social issues, Anastasiou beat blue-suited, conservative part-timer Shanahan (if any of you are still awake I'll shake you out of your apathy) hands down for the position of president. The trend continued with the election of arch-demonstrator and Anastasiou-man, Warwick Flaus, as Secretary, and Anastasiou-seconded D. Howman as Treasurer. Second year rep. on the committee is Socialist Club President Wendy Proffitt, and Women's Lib member Shona Abernathy is third year rep., and among the committee members

is arch-liberal legal-aider Colin Keating.

The first socially conscious act of the new executive will be to take action on a motion of the meeting that it take steps to create a legal aid scheme for students, and for such other groups in the community as it thinks fit. Specifically mentioned was a proposal for a legal aid scheme for Polynesians in the Porirua area: the first press statement of the executive is likely to call for moves towards homosexual law reform.

George Rosenberg.

### A DAY FOR A LAY

Salient's printers, the Wanganui Chronicle, declined to print a centre-spread of the W.H. Auden poem, "A Day for a Lay," in the last issue. This is the second time this year that the firm's management has not accepted a centre-spread in the form submitted. Chronicle Manager Mead commented to "Truth" that "it was something we did not want to print. There were

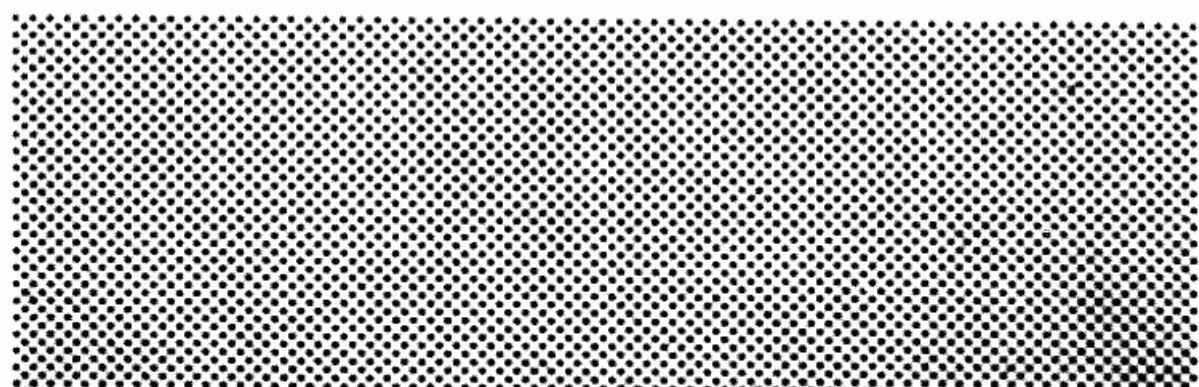


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claims that it had literary merit; not being an expert, I was not able to say if it had."

This was the point: it had no literary merit, or, more exactly, that was an irrelevant criterion. This is not to say that if the case had (or does) come to court, no-one would testify to the poem's literary worth; but that this was not the intention in publishing it. There are some who would believe that there is a qualitative difference between good wanking fodder with literary merit, and the same thing without. The indecency law is framed in this way, and the executive's decision to print was taken in defiance of a law which provides that personal literary values can be mitigating factors in prosecutions of this kind. The poem does seem to have provoked as much comment as anything else in *Salient* this year, which is a pretty damning condemnation of the kind of worthless muck being churned out.

### PEKA PEKA

I don't come from the kind of background that allows you to understand the violence that erupted at Easter's Peka Peka festival. So there are not going to be any liberal generalisations about the Mongrels (whatever that means) or the violence. Instead it might be worth pointing out to the organisers that in future they should try to get a better understanding of the kind of people they are going to exploit. The bulk of the "audience" were there to drink in the sun and watch the crowd, and listen to the music when it was good. They probably soon got bored. At least as the afternoon wore on many were waiting for the fighting they knew would break out. Looks like they weren't disappointed.

There were no arrests as a result of the fighting on the site, but some people were taken into custody outside the farm before and after the concert. The police, although not at the concert in force, have been quick to bring prosecutions. Perhaps anxious to show a sceptical public that the forces of law are vigilant even in their own absence, numerous arrests and charges have resulted. Many of these are being brought as a result of photographic "evidence", from press photographers covering the concert. Despite police assurances to the contrary (in writing articles like this it's difficult not to sound like a liberal) you get the feeling that the police are desperately trying to convince people that they had everything under constant control.

As the "Evening Post" pointed out, had the police arrived on the scene in time to prevent most of the fights an all-out police versus gang brawl would probably have resulted. Well, almost: many of those in the amphitheatre would have lobbed bottles down onto the brawl if it had taken place, but it's hard to believe that the Mongrels (or anyone else for that matter) would have the guts to stop beating one another up and get stuck into a few pigs for a change.

Sunday is Anzac Day: a Day of Remembrance. It's the one day in the year for the commercialised mourning of the dead in war, for the quiet drowing of old memories and wounds. Most of us should remember to thank our parents, and the taxpayers of this country, all of whom appear to have had some hand in defending what is precious to us; and never tire of reminding us of our supposed debt.

This year, however, things are going to be different. As you know, last year small groups of daring young social climbers throughout the country placed wreathes on memorials in defiance of government and RSA mumbblings. This year, the executive of NZUSA, the Secondary School Students Against the War, PYM, and Marsden Kindergarten are all going to be in on the act. Looks like rank commercialism has taken a hold of even this sacred radical practice.

### HUIHUI NGA TAMARIKI

I thank Ross Macrae for the effort he put into providing the students at Victoria with his comment-cum-guff sheet on the approaching National Youth Conference, (Huihuinga Tamariki). In defence against the opposition that has been expressed by certain members of N.Z.U.S.A., Ross tells us that support has erupted from some surprising and varied sources, including several Polynesian groups, trade unions, school bodies, (etc)! I would like to know which 'Polynesian groups' have given their support to Huihuinga Tamariki. Nga Tamariki, for one, was ecstatic at this display of duo-cultural expertise, we can guess the reaction from other 'Polynesian groups' that Ross seems so sure that he has supporting him.

If he really wants reasons why many are dubious about the usefulness of the conference, consider these points. One aim is to have occupational representativeness (-ativity is not a word), so why hold the conference in July-August holidays when it is at a time that favours the attendance of students. To be fair to the supposed sacrifice of a week's pay a young wage earner would experience, there should be just as many factors to consider on the student attendee's part. Thus a date in mid to late July would be fair for both wage earners and students alike, as both would experience mutual difficulties. Whether the conference can guarantee to have verbally fluent, articulate, and social issue-solving delegates remains to be seen - personally I feel that such criteria are perhaps relevant using a university value system, but if you expect all Kiwi youth to measure up accordingly, then the organisers are floating around in some utopia.

If the conference is to be a meeting point and talking point of young people, we should examine the national pre-occupation, apathy, and then ask if such a thing as envisaged is practicable. How many of the friends you went to secondary school with are to the best of your knowledge involved in discussing social issues? How many are actively involved in politics, or issue-specific organisations? To quote an Ancient Kiwi Proverb, 'If you want to know what a man is up to, watch his feet as well as his mouth.' The organisers would do well to consult with the N.Z. Racing Clubs, the N.Z. Breweries and the N.Z. Rugby Football Union if they really want to appeal to a wide sector of Kiwi Youth. Otherwise acknowledge that they are attempting the impossible.

Diane Clemens

### LETTER: AUDEN

I have no interest in getting on the moral bandwagon in literary morals but as the Literary Editor of the *Salient* in 1969 I feel that I have some interest in the future of *Salient's* centre page.

The role of student journalism, and in particular the role of a poetry or literary editor, is to

propagate as high a quality of poetry and criticism as possible. This is not necessarily to publish what is always good poetry but what is at least of some assistance in evaluation of poetry. With this task there is the need to be very careful about one's motives to avoid charges of either sensationalism or lack of artistic merit or understanding.

Firstly, from the point of view of the poem "A Day for a Lay" the poem is very uneven in quality and is generally lacking in both the unity and subtlety which characterises Auden's best work. There is little to be gained by publishing a poem which gives us very little idea of the poet's true development in stature. The poem itself is of interest to those who are specially interested in Auden but apart from that has very little inherent value.

Secondly, *Salient* has by publishing a poem of this limited merit exposed itself to the charge I mentioned earlier. I can think of no reason why this poem was published except for the purpose of sensationalism and vulgar curiosity. I cannot believe that those who publish this poem did so out of academic interest. What you have in fact achieved is to lower the standing of *Salient* as a student paper and to prostitute the centre page for something that it was never intended.

W.T. James

### ANOTHER LETTER: AUDEN

As Snoopy once said - "Even Beagles go off" and I guess it would be fair to say good poets do too, occasionally. Referring to the poem you included as an extra in last week's "Salient" I want to say that as poetry I thought it was pretty crummy. Just because a guy with a name like W.H. Auden wrote it doesn't automatically make it a great piece of literature either. About all it did for one was to provide a vicarious, groin-level experience, which seems to me is the basic appeal of all pornographic work.

With little attempt at metaphor or allegory, Auden describes a fantasy of genitalia and defacatory pore, which in all its simplicity is little more than crude.

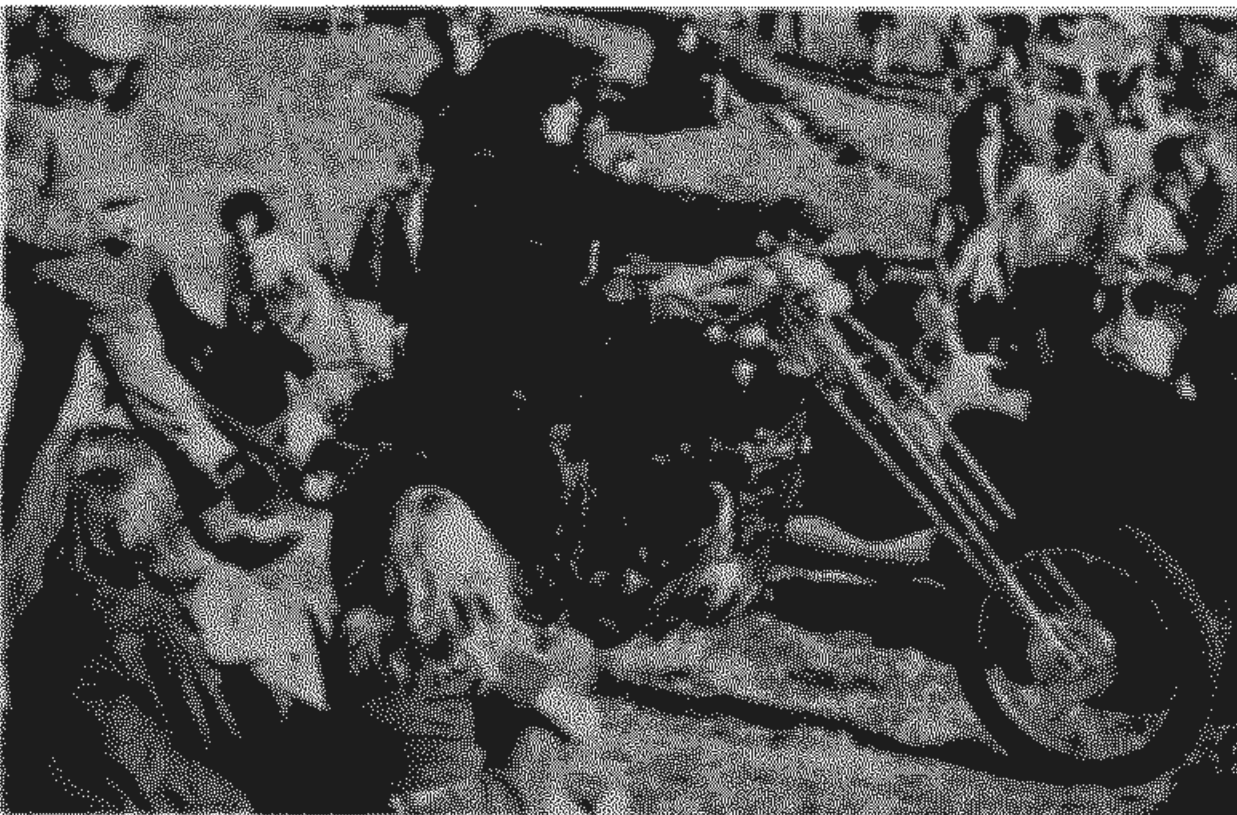
Although *Salient* staff found it appealing (at the groin level I imagine) some comments I have heard are "What's all this shit!" and "I got bored by the second column." Although I may not use the same words I am inclined to feel the same way. I look forward to seeing some poetry comparable to that which *Salient* has printed in other years.

Allan W. Smith

### LETTER ON PHELPS

We were amused to read Dennis Phelps' long awaited attack on *SALIENT*, 1970 and its editor David Harcourt. As is usual with anything undertaken by the said Phelps it was remarkable only for his propensity for dressing highly eccentric opinion up as fact.

We were particularly interested in Phelps' assertion that *SALIENT* last year "attained a remarkably high level of production quality and went a long way to becoming a professional newspaper." Thank you Dennis. But then Mr. Phelps went on to ask the highly pertinent question: "But do we want a professional newspaper?" We might be prepared to agree that the answer is no, but it would appear to us that retention of amateur status





oes not necessarily imply the attention of amateur standards. If the students who pay for SALIENT are to get their money's worth it is necessary for the amateurs who staff SALIENT to achieve as high a standard as possible.

Mr. Phelps claimed that SALIENT "published little news". Crap. The maximum number of news pages in one issue last year was eight, and the maximum number of news stories carried thirty-nine. The minimum number of news pages last year was one - in the first issue which was handed out to students during enrolment.

Another point of interest was Phelps' highly democratic statement: "For these reasons the Harcourt model for SALIENT must be rejected despite all the good things that can be said about the final production and its wide popularity." This statement would appear to be in line with the Phelpsian philosophy, expounded many times last year, "I know best".

Finally, Mr. Phelps referred to the "fact" that Harcourt was the "heaviest cross that the 1970 Executive had to bear. His rages and abuse of Executive members even during meetings were often intolerable." Maybe, but given the nature of some of last year's Executive members Harcourt's attitude was probably justified.

Graham Ingram  
Les Atkins.

#### CUTHBERT ON PHELPS

Mr. Dennis Phelps in his article "Four Issues of 1970" again unfortunately demonstrates how out of touch he is with reality when he discusses Victoria involvement with the national student body, NZUSA.

For your readers I wish to correct a series of factual errors and incorrect assumptions and statements made in Mr. Phelps' article.

Mr. Phelps stated in a paragraph relating to the NZUSA levy that "The National organisation...in a space of six months decided to more than double its per capita levy on students..." From the NZUSA records which are open to all members of NZUSA at any time I discovered that the levy per student was 54c in 1969, 67c in 1970 and \$1.00 in 1971. Hardly a doubling of the levy within six months as Mr. Phelps states.

In a paragraph in which he attempts to explain why Victoria's INcome and Expenditure Account went "into the red last year, against budgeted expectations" Dennis states that it was NZUSA's action in undertaking "against legal advice" a libel action against the magazine "Focus" which NZUSA "had no hope of winning." As I was a member of the NZUSA Executive last year and thus fully informed of the discussions and advice given before NZUSA undertook the defence of the libel action, I can assure Victoria students that NZUSA did not receive from our legal advisors advice to the effect that we "had no hope of winning" the libel action. Perhaps if Mr. Phelps had devoted more attention in 1970 to reading NZUSA Newsletters and other information he may have been better informed on this point.

Dennis goes on to state in his article that "We've no control over its spending but are responsible for that spending" when referring to the expenditure of NZUSA. Victoria as the third largest constituent of NZUSA definitely has a considerable say over the expenditure of NZUSA. The NZUSA budget is drawn up and approved at August Council

in the year preceding the spending of the income. Victoria had in 1970 6 votes out of the total 42 votes cast to approve any item or all expenditure by NZUSA if the Victoria delegates acting on behalf of Victoria students so decided. In addition, Victoria delegates could have attempted to convince, if they wished, other constituents to oppose any particular expenditure and thus if they had a majority of the votes so cut that item of expenditure.

During the course of the financial year the NZUSA Executive, which includes as an ex officio member the President of VUWSA, must obtain the prior approval of a majority of constituents (i.e. four out of seven) if any budgetary expenditure in excess of fifty dollars (\$50) is to be incurred. (From NZUSA Constitution page 7, (14) Powers of the Executive, Clause (V)). This is hardly the provision which allows the handing of a "blank cheque" to use Mr. Phelps' words to Victoria.

Mr. Phelps continues his article by stating that NZUSA has "the power to raise its levies through the sky without the consent of its constituents." This is absolute nonsense for from the NZUSA Constitution 16 Finance Clause (iii).... "The annual levy upon constituents shall be \$1 per fee-paying student, the levy to be calculated by the Executive on the basis of the number of persons who are members of the Association in each constituent on the 30th day of June in the preceding year." Well, obviously Mr. Phelps following his period as Secretary of VUWSA in 1970 fails to realize to raise this figure (i.e. \$1 per fee-paying student) requires a constitutional amendment, which requires 32 out of 42 in favour. Victoria with six votes requires to convince only one other constituent, say Canterbury, with seven votes and thus prevent any increase in the levy.

To state as Mr. Phelps does concluding his article that "NZUSA has become a small body of arrogant men... because many of them now have tenuous connection with the universities or no connection at all" is completely ridiculous. NZUSA for Mr. Phelps' information is not "a small body of arrogant men" but some 35,000 New Zealand University students through whose energies and enthusiasm in fact make NZUSA one of the most effective non-economic pressure groups in this country. Mr. Phelps by his reference to members of NZUSA who "have a tenuous connection with the universities or no connection at all" presumably means members of the NZUSA Executive. Mr. Phelps may be interested to know, as he should already be aware as a student representative and as such he is responsible for assisting the decision as to who Victoria will support for the NZUSA Executive, that all candidates for positions as members of NZUSA Executive or Officers are enrolled students. Hence they are very definitely connected with universities and more importantly New Zealand university students whom they will represent and work for in the coming year.

Finally it is a pity that Mr. Phelps as a Students' Association representative on the Victoria University of Wellington council is not better informed about his national student organisation. I am sure if he calls on either the President of VUWSA (Graeme Collins) or the NZUSA Liaison Officer (Tim Shepherd) he can rapidly be correctly informed in his obviously inaccurate information and opinions.

David Cuthbert,  
President,  
New Zealand University  
Students' Association.



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## Brown Power Otaki

# d.clemens

**S**C.M. had looked around for a controversial contemporary issue, and came up with a concern for the status and role of Maoris in New Zealand society. But if that was what they really intended to discuss the label 'Brown Power' for the seminar was extremely misleading. With all the connotations this highly emotive label carries, none of them expresses the essence of an emerging group such as Nga Tamatoa, some of whose members had been sponsored from Auckland to speak on the subject. For Nga Tamatoa are essentially traditionalists. This fact took quite a while to sink into the minds of the conscientious white liberal students that were there, and it had obviously not occurred to the organisers.

As Taura Eruera expressed at the opening of his informal address: "Brown Power. Okay, let's have some definitions of Brown Power." (Silence) "Okay, who was it that put down the label 'Brown Power' for this thing? It is interesting to note that Te Reo Maori in Wellington are a little bit upset about this label, 'Brown Power', and I don't really blame them, because it's such a nebulous phrase that is thrown around the Press with the same regularity as left-wing, militant, and radical. Our kind of people don't really know what it's about."

No one took it upon themselves to explain how the misnomer had arisen. One can only assume it was from generalising the whole of Nga Tamatoa's attitudes and aims from a single erroneously reported example of activity, ie, Waitangi Day, 1971, where the 'flag-burning' was of course the only thing that happened. To then infer an overall similarity with black militant groups in the United States was a result of the organisers not doing their homework. Stereotypes are obviously very misleading bases to frame any discussion around.

But not only was the subject definition questioned, but also the motives of the hundred or so students and others who had turned out for the weekend. Tom Poata (a supporter of the Kotahitangi Movement, the Secretary for M.O.O.H.R., truck driver, and very concerned about his people) asked: "Do you really want to know about them (Maoris)? I think you just want to put on a phony act, similar to the phrase 'some of my best friends are Maori.' I've done my bit, chop it right there. Unfortunately you get in the intellectual world, and I've been to some of these meetings, discussions that have only been intellectual exercises for some people." He was backed up by Father Callaghan who added in agreement; "I am always aware that in a student group this is an intellectual exercise. Manapouri has cooled off, Vietnam is sort of washed out, so we'll take up the Maoris. Well, the Maoris can do without

you. Protest in New Zealand is the cheapest form of escapism, and spare the Maori any protest or mental gymnastics. We can be spared the people who are looking around for a cause to espouse until they graduate. The pakeha's role in this whole situation is that of listening, following, and learning. This is foreign when it is a brown skinned person you have to follow, a brown skinned person you have to learn from, this comes hard. If you don't think it comes hard to you, go and see how your parents feel about it....What's your reason for getting involved?"

It is not surprising that the Maoris and pakehas with some insight into Maori values and attitudes were suspicious of the motives of many at the seminar, for the level of ignorance and over-reaction to many issues raised was depressingly high, and in spite of attempts to explain things, quite a few points were brought up again, and again, and again. The general pattern that prevailed initially at the seminar was along these lines. A Maori, or a pakeha with a deep understanding of Maori culture, would begin to speak on a specific area, when a remark, framed logically within the context of traditional Maori values, would spark off a reaction from a pakeha who couldn't understand the point of view taken. For example the debate concerning oral tradition, that stemmed from Taura Eruera's comments about the 'Maori Wars'.



**Taura Eruera:** "The stuff I've read in the history books, and the stuff I've heard from my kaumatua are entirely different... When I ask, 'Why don't you tell the pakeha our side of the story?' he says, 'Why should I? They'll just go and put it in Whitcombe & Tombs, and sell it all over the country. Nothing's sacred anymore.' ...The Maori has retreated with his soul from the Pakeha. Out in the street he'll talk to you, in the pub he'll drink with you, no friction there, but he's not going to tell you many things...the deep things. They don't let this information go too lightly. They pick out their own people that they are going to tell in their own tribe...this stuff is treasured."

**Pakeha reaction (a male):** "Isn't that a ludicrous statement in itself? How do you expect to educate and disseminate if you involve this restrictive attitude which I believe works throughout the traditional Maori hierarchy. And you will have to break that down for a start. I believe that as far as arts and crafts are concerned, it was traditional for a very long period of time, that only the upper structure classes would be handed these skills. If only certain people are going to be told about the true history of the 'Maori Wars', then what's the use of it? You can't say this is good, or an indication of Maori cultural pride as that's a bad side of it."

**From the floor:** "But you're just taking the narrow European view of the whole point of knowledge."

**Cathy Dewes:** "When you're talking about oral traditions, you are talking about the values our old people have. You obviously don't understand anything about how our old people think. They are still rigidly adhering to the values of the past, and their oral traditions were only passed on to certain people in order to ensure the accuracy of the traditions... These are the kind of barriers that we have to try and somehow bend a little, in order to make you Pakeha understand us. These old people find it hard to understand what's going around today, they can see what's happening, they can perhaps gain an understanding, but they find it hard to change their old way of life. And this passing on of tradition to anyone, writing it down on paper even, is something quite foreign to them, and something they will have to learn... There is still the fear that it will be mutilated, there is also a fear that has arisen just recently that the pakeha will exploit sacred things, things really sacred to the Maori. There have been quite a few cases where pakeha research workers have gone into rural areas, done beautiful case studies of these beautiful Maoris in these lovely areas. Then they have gone back, written theses, published them, and given nothing back to the people. So any research workers going back now, especially if they are pakeha, but even if they are Maori, if they smell anything of people that are going to pick their brains there is suspicion against them right from the start."



**Question from the floor:** "When you say that nothing has been given back to them, what do you mean by that? As far as I'm concerned that gentleman's accusation of the narrow European view of knowledge is hogwash. As far as I'm concerned, any knowledge that is disseminated, is going to enhance. If it is wrong, you can stand up and criticise it, if it's right, then you can stand up and say it is. To say that you are not going to hand it on because you fear that somebody is going to misinterpret you, you might as well stop."

**Kathy Dewes:** "But as I was trying to explain, this is something that has come from the past, an attitude that was part of our old culture, and still basically part of the new. One thing that pakeha find it hard to understand is the whole cultural tradition of Maoridom. You only pass on precious knowledge to the right people at the right time. This is a different cultural outlook, to the European, but I still feel it should be properly respected. It is still valid within Maori culture."

Another feature of the seminar that caused an over-reaction, was the consciousness of worth of being a Maori felt and conveyed to the predominantly pakeha audience, by the Te Reo Maori and Tamatoa members. This pride in oneself as a Maori cut across the built-in superiority complexes of a few pakeha present. Many reacted to statements such as that from Cathy Dewes, in a manner which appeared to convey that they were uncertain as to whether the self assuredness was not tantamount to arrogance, and if so, whether they were actually being pitied for not being a Maori themselves.

And what is it then, to be a Maori, and how does

one go about to begin to approach an understanding of the feelings involved?

**Cathy Dewes:** If you want to feel how a Maori feels in most Pakeha society, then go along to a marae. Go through that ritual and that ceremony at which you represent the minority culture. It'll scare hell out of you, but I'm certain once you've been through it, once you've got the guts to meet the Maori on Maori terms, we'll understand each other much better.

You are asking me in a way to describe what my intestines are like while they are still inside my body in perfect working condition. I feel sorry for you as I feel great, in fact I feel superior to you Pakeha because I know that what I've got is so much more than what you've got. Come and live with us, go on the marae. When you ask us to describe our culture, you're asking the impossible, for you've got to come and feel it yourselves. I really feel sorry for you."

**Pakeha reaction:** "I think that attitude is little short of patronizing. I didn't ask you to describe to me your innermost soul, I couldn't describe mine to you. All I said was you don't seem to listen and interpret. I wanted an objective analysis of certain institutions..." the speaker was at this point interrupted by those who could no longer sit listening to such pakeha-specific value judgements. It was revealed after some questions that the person had never been on a marae in his life, nor did he even understand the meaning of the term 'Pakeha'. He was thus qualified only to express basic prejudices, and having done so, wasn't present at the summing up session on the Sunday afternoon. Others present were more tolerant, and began to move into a better understanding of what was being asked of them. Remarks such as the following one, contributed towards this.

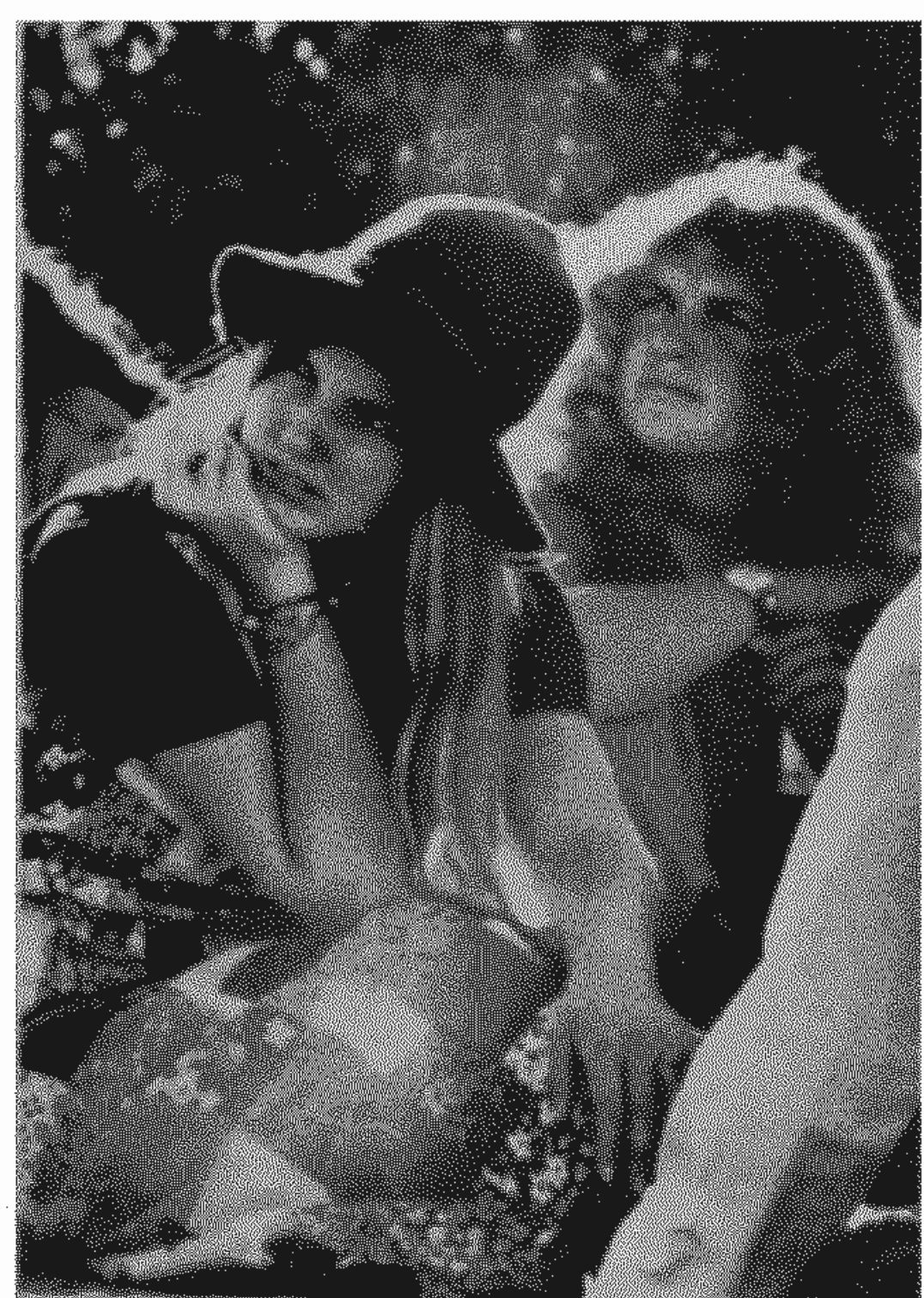


Maroitangi is emotional, you can't simply analyse speeches and songs, they are elements to recognise, but how can you work out an objective analysis of waiata, of how deep it is?

To learn the Maori language is the best way to start to really understand the complexities of the feelings Maoris attach to things like their Land, the Tiriti O Waitangi, in fact, to understand their whole cultural system. Any attempt the Pakeha makes to adopt certain features of Maori culture, and integrate them into the New Zealand setting, is a failure to comprehend the nature of culture itself. For one's culture is an overall way of evaluating and responding to one's environment. Inherent difficulties arise when a person of a European cultural background tries to adopt the parts of Maori culture that he can reconcile with his own values and life style, for the only alternative is to discard and ignore those areas which are felt to be irrelevant or unmeaningful. A case in point is the much talked of 'urban marae' concept, (note that none are as yet in existence). The pakeha sees it as a good idea to counteract the alienation of people that occurs in the cities. But his appreciation of a marae extends little further than regarding it as a glorified community centre. Bound up in a marae is the whole value the Maori attaches to tradition. A marae is a totally different way of life to a Y.M.C.A., or a morgue, or Parliament, or a registry office, or a university - for it is in fact a constellation of all of these functions. For a Maori to return to his marae, he is identifying with past events and his ancestors. His presence indicates a continuation of the marae activities into the future. Apart from the feelings concerning the marae, each tribe has a different way of setting them out as well as different ways of conducting the ceremonies.

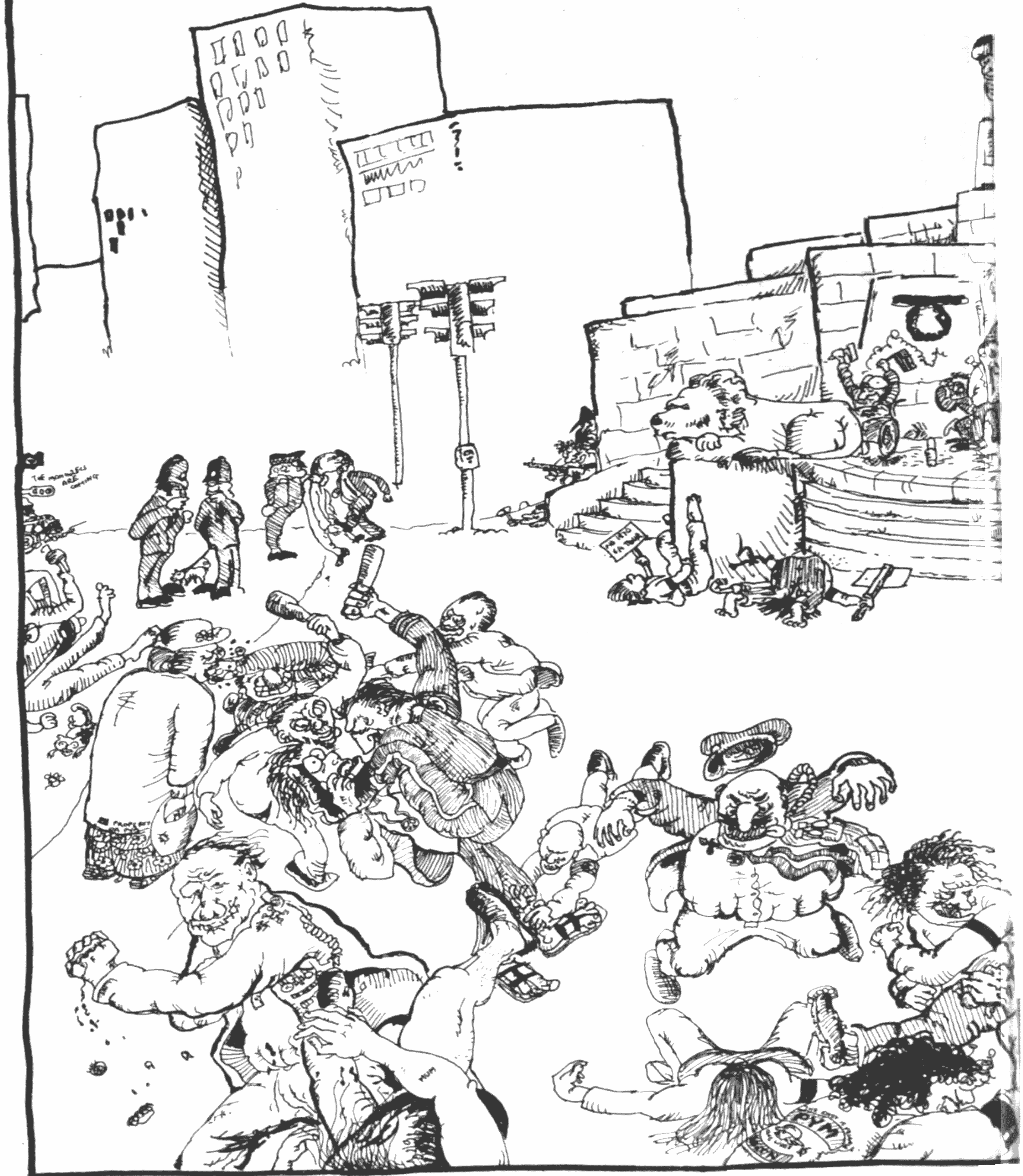
These factors must all be born in mind when one considers setting up an urban marae. In the cities the different tribes with their individual expectations concerning their particular marae will be attending the same urban marae. Whose way of doing things should prevail? Questions like these will have to be gone into thoroughly before the urban marae can become a physical reality.

Overall the seminar did little to define the limits of its topic, nor was it more than marginally discussed. Thankfully this meant that something was gained from the seminar by those who bothered to stay and have their preconceptions exploded, and their minds defrosted into the realities of what it is like to be a member of a brown skinned cultural minority in this green and pleasant land. Perhaps S.C.M. should attempt to mend its well-meaning record by arranging a return match with a 'Mongrel' type confrontation, if they really want to discover what militancy means. But maybe they're not ready for such crude unrefined reality yet.





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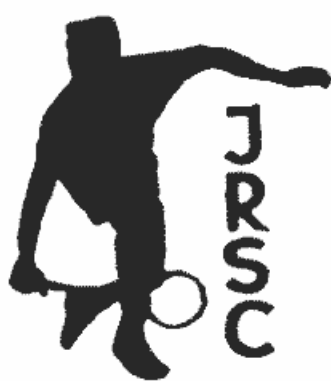
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**Dirk Bogarde**  
Jack Clayton's Film of

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Mother's  
House**

Screenplay by  
Jeremy Brooks  
and  
Haya Harareet  
based on  
Fernando's Julian Glogau  
novel and directed by  
Jack Clayton  
music by  
Martin Ransohoff  
associate producer Roy Boyd

Thursday  
12:30 pm

Memorial Theatre

FILM SOCIETY

**FILM** **m. heath**



Martha Beck (Shirley Stoler), a 200lb nurse from Alabama; a lonely and possessive woman who becomes a vicious killer in the low-budget, American film "The Honeymoon Killers", which was shown to the wrong audience one Sunday in a city cinema recently.

Many paucitous imbeciles who rely on their own insufficient knowledge can be moronic as well when treating the cinema as one treats an event in real life, either by commenting on it as a matter of fact, or as one who is disgusted because the demands made on the intellect aren't very great.

A lot of self-abusive confessing is revealed, and one can imagine a Society for the inclusion of rehabilitating these poor sordidly unashamed creatures, whom Gulp! preserve us, have the nerveless energy to tackle anything no matter how demanding or sensitive, with their usual appalling lack of discretion. Present company excluded, it can make me extremely mad to have to devote a page on the latest films shown here, most of them sludge, and only at the end do I have some sort of vague recollections of actually seeing most of them, and only one, the American semi-documentary on two killers, makes any sense.

John Frankenheimer's latest, "I Walk the Line" (Columbia) is melodrama, moonshiner, Tennessee greenery and old folk nearin' death, Johnny Cash, Gregory Peck, Tuesday Weld, and says remarkably nothing, stays persistently empty, and ends so disturbingly like awakening from a peculiar dream. Floundering a bit I've decided I can't say anything about it, though there was a huge article in the American Cinematographer mag on the thousand and one uses of certain lenses that were used. They didn't mention that they were all X-ray.

I should remember the equally vacant "Hoa Binh" (Warners for some reason) if only for humanitarian reasons, but I do not subscribe to the Vietnam monthly posing as Life and my heart was not touched, even if Mr. Coutard had vacated his little spot. Somewhere there is a land where war has been raging for over thirty years, but our Peace friend doesn't seem any part of anything as fictionalised and revolting as this.

The culturally primitive Burtons did their Doktor Faust (consult the libretto of Busoni's opera for further clarification of the devilry) in caverns and sets, with filters and Nascimbene, which must have set many a little schoolgirl's heart in a flutter, with its wispy halucinogenic hogwashing. Miss Taylor also wore cobwebs. Phillip Saville's "Oedipus the King" suffered the same fate, though I only lasted 20 minutes (which is nearly 28,800 frames, Newtown power supply included).

As if this departure into the rubber territory wasn't enough, the lowest and most vile expression of "the angry world tapering to a slender noddle of bile" has been retched in the form of "Soldier Blue" (Avco Embassy/Fox-bless 'em); for me the most horrid piece of cinema I have ever encountere; and one that nearly caused me to vomit if I

hadn't accepted its chic phoniness and lurid emotionalism, and to hurl abuse at its maker, Mr. Ralph Nelson, who I wish to Christ would stop making films. I refuse to go into this, except to say it panders to a large audience in its pseudo-horrible way who gulp it up with alarming relish, with its dialogue (Miss Bergen, atrocious actress that she is, blasphemes, defecates, continually), its repulsive message to mankind about the massacre (and guess what else?) of which we see absolutely nothing as the censor has removed well over 200 feet, thank God.

To hear an obviously well-made audience appreciating the crap it engenders is a terrifying feeling, and I still don't know why I didn't walk out. To be witness to the terrible things it does to you, and the way you are trapped in its sensationalising is pretty strange. As yet this monster has had no release in Britain or Australia, and I can understand why. Take a look at the advertising after you've left the arena, then look at your friends and those whom you love: that you have been witness to the allusion of cinematic garbage should be reflected in your pale faces.

Floating back again to surface entertainment, is "The Owl and the Pussycat", or rather Pig-male-he-in, or something. Doris & Felix like wee Rock and Doris (!) do naughties, say naughties (again we have the specimen of eminity in Miss Streisand as a Christing, Jesusing, Bullshitting, and at one point a so obviously "polite fucka off!") And apart from the hysterical and tiring level at which this movie moves, it is just as funny. Directed is not the word but it was aided into a visual corset by Mr. Herbert Ross, and Buck Henry (who don't impress me) scripted the thing.

Amalgamated have let loose with Leonard Kastle's "The Honeymoon Killers" onto the Sunday cinema circuit, assisted by a not too bad Monte Hellman, "Beast From the Haunted Cave", and so attracted an audience that restlessly jeered and reacted like some boxing match hooligans unconditioned by the amount of violent emotionalism on display.

Made in 1969, under the title "Dear Martha", and based on facts occurring around Alabama in the early 50's, the film in stark clinical monotone (photog: Oliver Woods) documentises the incredible relationship between a 200lb nurse, Martha Beck, and her lover Raymond, of Spanish origin, who inveigle and frighten four lonely women into monetry submissions, and then death.

Not since a personal favourite of mine, Aram Katcher's "Right Hand of the Devil", has the low-budget, no-name, American cinema been so frighteningly realistic, and making no concessions to its audience. It has attracted a cult-following in the States, I believe, and in the UK was ignored. But one has to be brave and accept all its strangeness, the unashamed use constantly of sections from Mahler's 5th, 6th and 9th symphonies (we can expect to bathe in it with Visconti's "Death In Venice"), and above all the monstrous woman, played with superb sly ambiguity, and unconcern of her dimensions, by Shirley Stoler. Her greasy, smooth, lover with an unfailing attraction for the little old women's bank accounts, and hair-piece for suitable occasions, is Tony Lo Bianco.

It is boxed in with its terror of rooms, and flats, highways, and a Tanglewood lake; the two killers progressing from one silly lady to the next; sensitive dumb old biddies cherishing lies and sweet nothing murmurings. Murdering one, in turns, with a hammer (has ever a murder seemed so laughably real?) silently in the dark, shooting one in the head, drowning a child in a tub, Martha and Raymond are two persons who are charged with magnificent coldbloodedness.

I should hate this little masterpiece to be ignored by the majority of serious filmgoers, and I hope one day it gets its just deserve by a season at the Lido. The censor has cut 190 feet from it, but doesn't detract from the overall claustrophobic mood.

Some ecstatic news is that, indeed, Jean-Luc Godard's Sympathy For the Devil, will be tried before the Censor this week, and should commence its Wellington screenings at the Paramount, from May 7 onwards.

Watch notices around Varsity, and papers for details. If the Censor rejects it, we need some support, and quick! Mr. Lester's disturbing "Bed Sittingroom" will have to wait til next time.

**RECORD** **w. forsman**

A QUESTION OF BALANCE  
THS 3

THE MOODY BLUES  
THRESHOLD RECORDS

Once upon a time there were five guys who wrote and played beautiful music. The Group was called The Moody Blues and the music they created was both original and worthwhile. Their early music, as found on such LP's as "In Search of the Lost Chord" and "Threshold of a Dream" reflected the deceptively simple yet terribly complex attitudes that they had to life and to music. These two records were essentially a search for truth - or for something more indescribable that can only be conceived in terms of truth. The "Moodyies" seemed to be restrained by the limited vocabulary that is available to them.

*"And to name this chord  
is important to some  
So they give it a word  
and the word is OM"*

(In Search of the Lost Chord)



"Threshold of a dream" was a really beautiful LP - it was a record which conjured up visions of a world of fairies, elves and hobbits, of a bygone age of knights and wizards.

*"Are you sitting comfortably  
let Merlin cast his spell  
The golden age of Camelot  
when Guinevere was Queen"*

(Threshold of a Dream)

I get the feeling that the Moody Blues on these LP's deliberately insulated themselves from the modern world or from reality - yet were attempting to communicate with the world a message or judgement on reality. Their next LP showed that reality was indeed starting to infringe on their creations. This LP, "To Our Children's Children's Children" was a stepping stone to the latest Moody Blues LP.

#### A Question of Balance

This LP is structurally and creatively the most complex record that they have ever done. Compared to their earlier works the LP is "different", so alien was it to my ears that my first exposure to it sent me reeling back to the safety and familiarity of "Lost Chord". Don't get me wrong, it is an unmistakably Moody Blues sound but it is different in that unlike their earlier LPs this one is not "insulated". This LP is anything but insulated and is in my opinion a very real commentary on this modern society and as such should be made required listening for all.

It is an LP which jars the sensibilities yet provides us with some of the most beautiful music ever created in the modern music world. The music involves the listener, close one's eyes and all that they play will be converted into visual terms and a private audio-video dialogue will unfold before your senses.

The title is relevant to the score that they use and in fact the title is the story. From an opening which is wrought with questions and stark realisms the music proceeds to the other extreme, a balance which is not achieved but whose existence is realised. The LP doesn't provide us with any alternatives from present reality, it just shows us reality as it really is, not one of questions but one of an universal balance.

(I tell you, words cannot describe what is technically indescribable, words are just one medium in the act of communication and to describe the Moodies solely in these terms is to leave out many important facets.)

The first track on this LP is "Question" which was the last 45 released by the group. This however is a different recording to the 45 version, being longer and also having more intricate instrumentals. Written by Justin Hayward, I personally don't think that it's his best, and from the pen that wrote "Voices in the Sky", "Are you Sitting Comfortably", and "Nights in White Satin" I would have expected a bit more, nevertheless he makes up for it later in the LP. Lyrics are the usual meaningful words that Hayward writes.

*"Why do we never get an answer  
when we're knocking at the door?  
There's a thousand million questions  
about hate and death and war."*

From "Question" we merge into "How is it (we are here)" written by Mike Pinder. Pinder's pretty good on the instrumentals being responsible for "Voyage". His music for "How is it" is fantastic with his waving strings and guitars. Lyrics are more or less trite but then Pinder is not so hot on the words (however he surprises us by improving a bit later). The words still have a strong social comment.

*"Mens mighty mine machines  
digging in the ground  
stealing rare minerals  
where they can be found  
concrete caves with iron doors  
bury it again  
while a starving, frightened world  
fills the sea with grain"*

Graeme Edge wrote "Don't you feel Small", and like Hayward he can turn out some good words. The music is also mighty and in relation to the other instruments the drums dominate this tune (Edge is the drummer) and by contrast Ray Thomas provides a good flute sound.

Side one of the LP ends with "Tortoise and the Hare". John Lodge wrote the number, which is a good solid sound and also amplifies the terrific instrumental versatility and talent of the Moody Blues. Bear in mind that only five guys play all the instruments that appear on this LP.

It's worth mentioning at this point that although the tunes are designated to individual members of the group it is obvious that in most cases all members have an influence in the creation of a particular track. The influence of Justin Hayward in particular is obvious and he is probably the prime link with the group.

Side two opens with a beautiful Hayward composition entitled "It's Up to You" and the lyrics and music make this more representative of his work than "Question".

The third track is Justin Hayward at his very best. The tune is called "Dawning is the Day" and this is the most beautiful track on this LP. The lyrics are really great

*"Rise let us see you  
dawning is the day  
misty meadows  
you will find your way."*

The chorus ends

*"Listen we trying to find you"*

and the next verse

*"flow to the sea  
you know where to go  
still we are free  
no-one tells the wind which way to blow."*

with the chorus ending

*"Listen we think we can see you"*

and so on until the last chorus ends.

*"Listen we think we have found you"*

This tune is very reminiscent of "Watching and Waiting" which Hayward wrote in conjunction with Thomas on their present LP, "To Our Children's Children's Children".

The music to "Dawning" sets the mood of the lyrics so making this tune very effective and allowing it to stand out above all others.

Mike Pinder wrote the next song "Melancholy Man" and as I mentioned before his lyrics have improved. This tune is essentially a lyrical tune, not a musical track which is unlike the Pinder tradition but however he does provide us with his trademark - a terrific way out instrumental break in the middle. The instrumentals suit the mood of the tune, very sad and melancholy. There is however one sore point and that is what can be only described as background wailing which is rather overdone and tends to drown out the lead vocalist.

"The Balance" written by Edge and Thomas is the last track on the LP. A good tune which gives us the realisation of what the world actually is - a balance, and what the whole LP is about is summed up by the lyrics.

*"Just open your eyes and realise  
the way it's always been."*

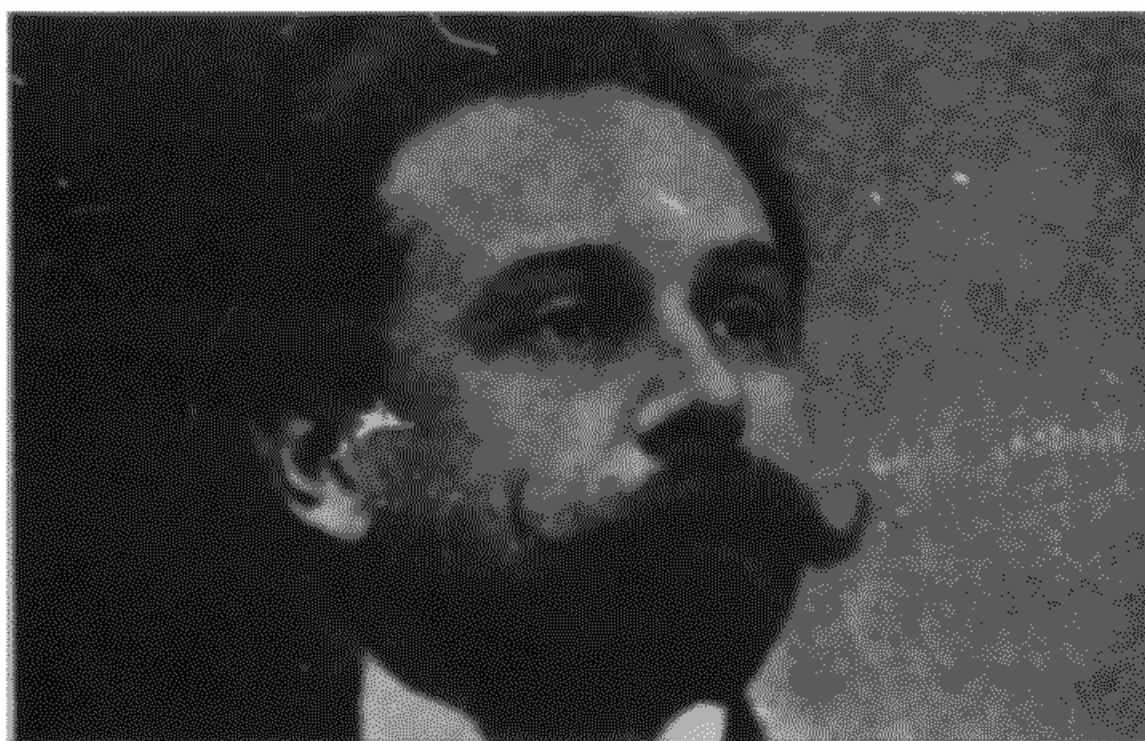
\* \* \*

The cover of "A Question of Balance" is important when related to the LP. The outside of the fold-out is a visual attempt to communicate to the "listener" what they are trying to tell us in music. It shows a world in turmoil, it describes what man is doing to his world. It shows conflict, reminders of war. The nuclear holocaust. A huge face with huge grabbing hands, in one of which is a Cigar. The Capitalist? who is groping toward us through the smoke and pollution that is being poured out by his factory chimneys, other facets such as the destruction of nature and wild life are also represented.

Below this we have a quiet beachside scene which shows people quietly and happily sitting in their deck chairs blissfully unaware of what is happening to them and their world - but on the horizon the clouds of doom are forming - for what? The Moodies are telling us to open our eyes and realise that the universal balance must be maintained. The balance is there, it's just that we must find and accept it.

# RECORD

# zeke



**Scriabin: The Divine Poem**  
(Symphony No.3 in C minor, Op.43)  
U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra under Yevgeny Svetlanov  
Melodiya/HMV

"The Divine Poem" is an exposition of Scriabin's strange mystical theory uniting religion, philosophy, and all the arts, and is in effect philosophical programme music. In three movements, "Struggles," "Delights," and "Divine Play", it describes the passage of the human spirit from conflicts between the ego and the deity concept, through Pantheistic weakness and sensuality to liberation from submission to a higher being.

The style is a curious blend of late Romanticism and early modern experimentation, rhythmically complex, and thematically rich, with a distinctly Russian character. Some harmonic innovations such as a chord built on fourths rather than thirds are present, and the music is generally logically designed. The performance is colourful but the recording is not sufficiently expansive.

The long first movement manifests the struggle between the man subservient to God and the free man who is God in himself, and features tranquil woodwind and strings contrasted with strident, militant brass outbursts. The success of the free man is short-lived, as he falls into melancholy Pantheism. The second and third movements are continuous - revived by sensual pleasure, the ego recovers and abandons itself to the supreme joy of a free existence. There are moments of serenity in the music, but it does not shine with the expected ecstasy, rather exhibiting a peculiar idle decadence.

Nevertheless, there is a profound unity to it all, derived in part from a recurring leaping theme in the brass. The music appeals more with familiarity - try listening to it in autumn twilight when the mind is pondering...

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# POETRY

a. bates

# CROW TED HUGHES

## TED HUGHES' CROW POEMS

...and the next night going off with wedde here to see and hear ted hughes read from new collection of his called crow which I guess you've come across. this crowd of faggots and suckers at the institute of Contemporary Art, and he is late of course. when he does finally make it he starts slowly, from older volumes, knowing everyone is sitting there muttering crow crow...and then he hits it in his own way - o shit what beautiful lines and rhythms he is dealing in...reminds me of anglosaxon poetry; the formulae, chorus, above all the agony of the experience of just living, living in these times...it was real, realer than what I can say and you should have been there arthur, you should have been there. I went out into the night feeling it, keeping my tears to myself and frightened, frightened of going down to that hell. he was so agonised man, he went right into himself and the audience was transformed into crows. terrifying.

- alan brunton

Crow is by far the blackest creature to emerge from Ted Hughes' private bestiary. A little like his Hawk, rehearsing perfect kills in his sleep. A little like his Jaguar, his Gog, or his Pig - chopping a half moon clean out and eating cinders and dead cats. Crow dwarfs all of them.

He is born from "a black doorway: the eye's pupil".

An egg of blackness

Where sun and moon alternate their weathers

To hatch a crow, a black rainbow

Bent in emptiness

over emptiness

But Flying.

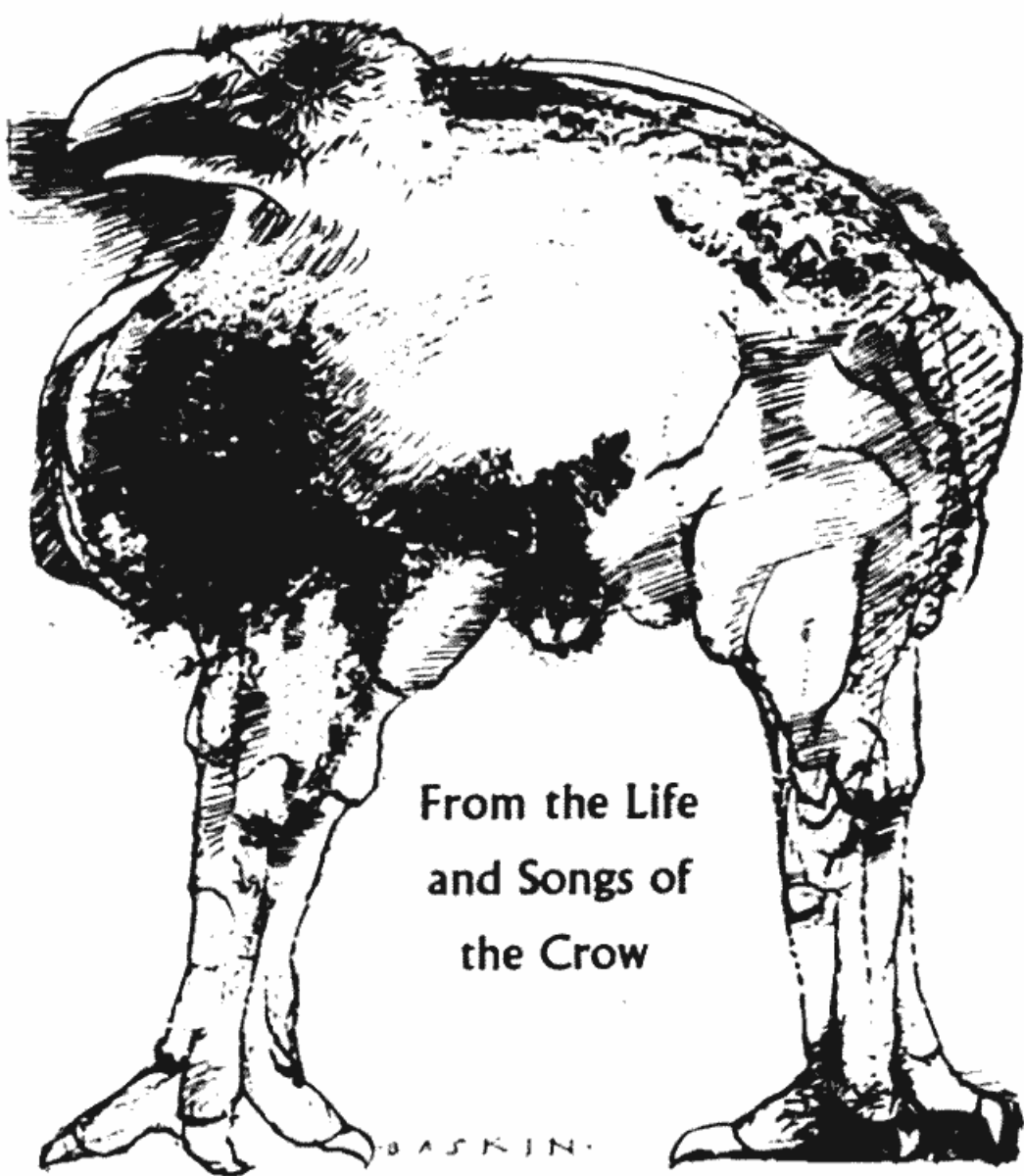
Crow reigns over a macabre world where the creation, the garden of Eden, the whole of civilisation is seen as little more than vaudeville. When God tries to teach Crow how to talk, Crow gags on the word love. When God sleeps, exhausted after the creation, Crow plays his "childish prank" and creates lust. Man wakes up to find himself being dragged across the grass; woman sees him coming but neither knows what is happening. God sleeps on and Crow laughs.

God tries to destroy Crow but fails -

When God said: "You win, Crow,"  
He made the Redeemer.

When God went off in despair  
Crow stropped his beak and started in

on the two thieves.



From the Life  
and Songs of  
the Crow

...a brittle desert  
dazzling with the bones of earth's people

Where Crow walked and mused.

Hughes has left the formal devices of rhyme, metre and stanza behind. Where he uses rhythm it is often in the form of a chorus or in the constant repetition of a word or phrase throughout the poem.

The language is simple, stark and ugly; the songs are almost sculptural in their form and energy. In the most successful poems it is as if Hughes is only the transcriber of a myth - it is Crow who is singing.

With Crow, Hughes has created a universal symbol - a being who can survive every type of death, natural and unnatural. Man might survive the monstrous evils of the world he has created, but only by becoming a monster himself:

Man could not be Man nor God God;

The agony

Grew

Crow

Grinned

Crying: "This is my Creation,"

Flying the black flag of himself.

# RECORD

## d. mcLatchie

### I LOVE YOU, APPLE SCRUFFS

"All Things Must Pass" is the name of George Harrison's latest effort, (just in case there is anyone who knew it not) but you can bet that no-one is going to let it pass, or stop grooving on it for some considerable time. If you can remember how much you gleaned from *Abbey Road* and *Sergeant Peppers* then triple it and you will have some idea of the complex of ideas Harrison has woven into his songs, most of which are Eliot-like lines of thought set to music which ranges from the driving sound of "Wah-Wah" to the early 50's (or earlier) tune of "Behind that Locked Door".

The overall mood of the set (excluding the Apple Jam l.p. which, as a jam session, naturally takes on a gayer tone), seems to be a plea for forgiveness on behalf of himself and everybody, and also a plea for all to follow Christ's path of Universal Love.

The title, *All Things Must Pass*, is a transcript of the Christian epithet, "all things foul save God alone," Harrison

Crow survives because he has adapted to the Universe better than any other creature. He will devour anything. He eats grubs, crusts, serpents, cats, worms. Especially he eats man - the "walking abattoir". Crow even tears a mouthful from the sleeping God and, though appalled at what he has done, feels much stronger.

Everything is a battle. He fights God, Stone, the Sea. When words threaten to take over the world, the final adversary is Crow.

Words retreated, suddenly afraid

Into the skull of a dead jester

Taking the whole world with them -

And Crow yawned - long ago

He had picked that skull empty.

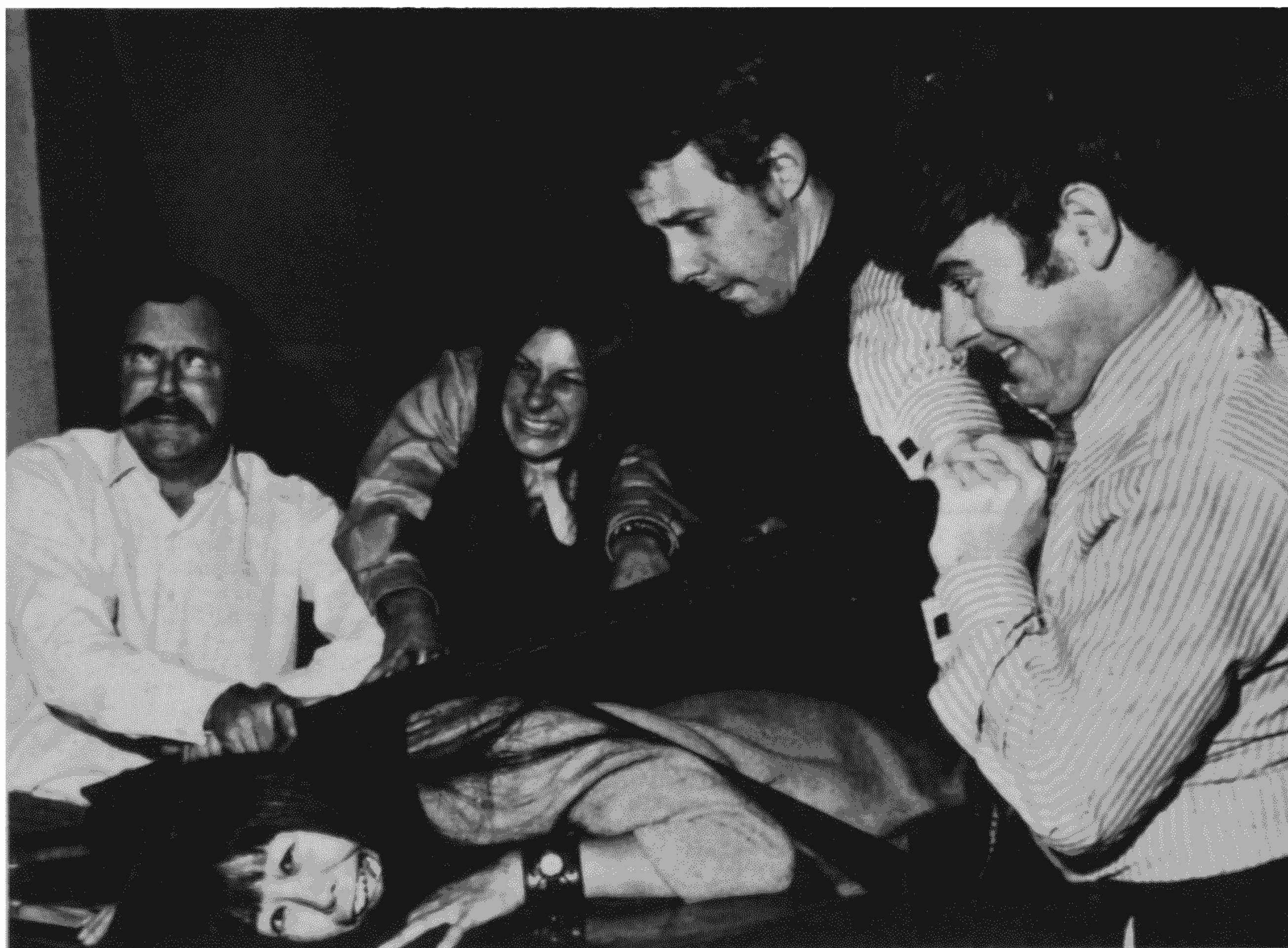
Even when the earth is hit by a (nuclear?) holocaust all that's left is:

### THE GREATEST LITTLE SATIRICAL SHOW IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE

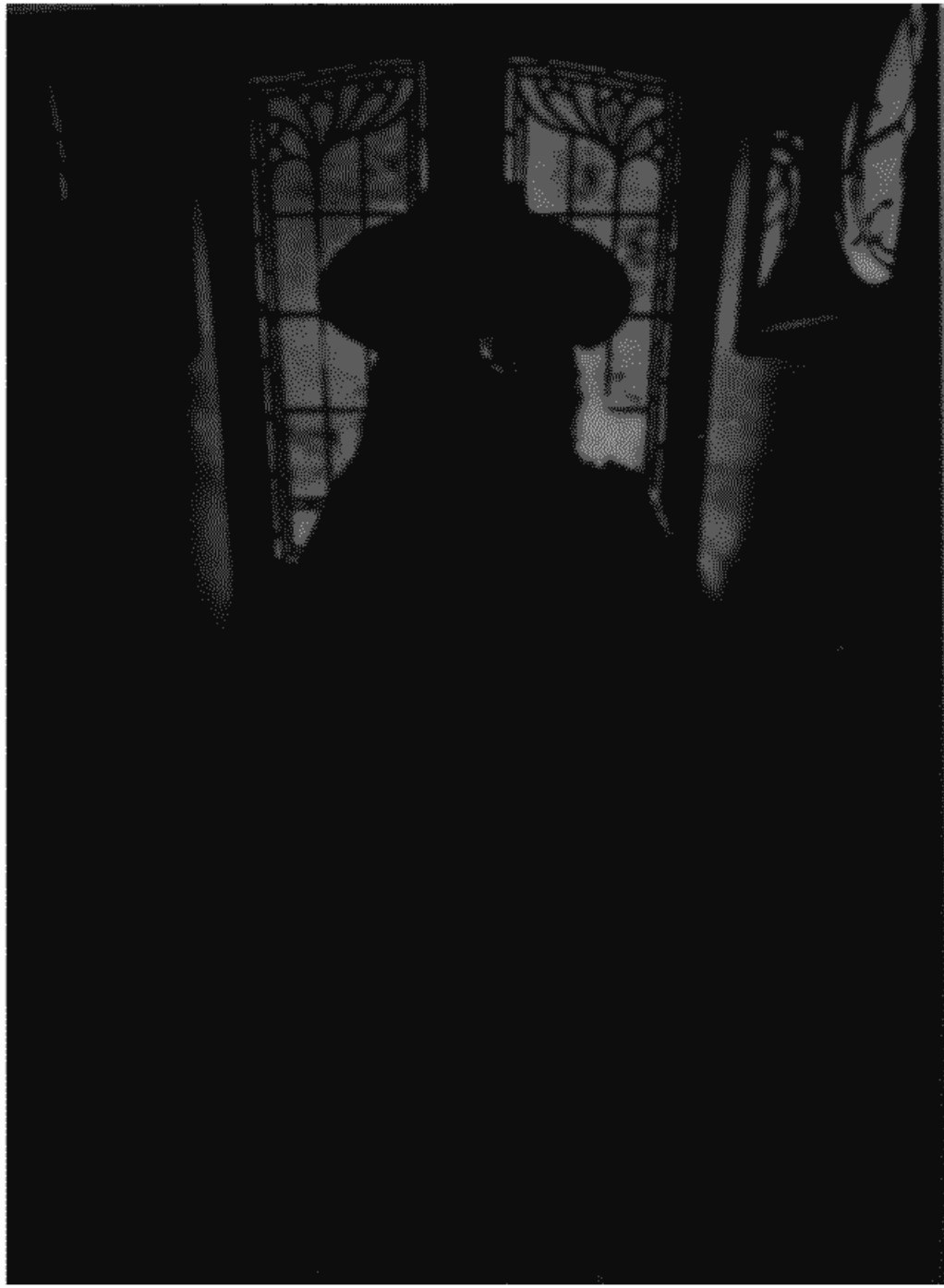
"One in Five" is the title of this year's Capping Revue. The reference is to Dr. Fraser McDonald's recent comment that one in five New Zealanders are mentally ill. Significantly the number in the case is five, and the show may easily develop into a sort of 'Spot the Lunatic' competition. The choice is from Dave Smith, Roger Hall, John Clarke, Cathy Downes and Helene Wong. Smith and Hall co-produced and wrote the enormously successful 'Victorijuana' at the beginning of this term; they guarantee that this show although different in style will be just as funny. John Clarke, one of the mad geniuses from Knackers will contribute his own brand of lunacy, whilst for your delectation and delight the lovely Mesdames Downes and Wong have been held over from Victorijuana also.

There is no doubt that the Press will hammer the show, since one of the major skits is a lambasting of the two Wellington papers, so it looks like word of mouth will be the main advertisement. This means of course that people will be turned away from the last performance on the Saturday night (it always happens). However this time students will be able to book on the campus - for details see posters. Another innovation is that instead of the 8 o'clock performances on Wednesday and Thursday the show will begin at 10.30 to tie in with the Graduation ceremonies.

"One in Five" opens Monday May 3rd at the Memorial Theatre and runs until the Saturday.







Dylan), while in several others he berates those who will not follow Christ's way of universal love, e.g. "Awaiting On You All", in which the lyrics read like a Billy Graham oration, and "Ballad of Sir Franki Crisp"

In "Behind That Locked Door" he pleads with us to understand the power of Love.

*"Why are you still crying?  
Your pain is now through.  
Your pain is now through.  
The love you are blessed with  
This world's waiting for."*

While "Run of the Mill" points out that the seeking of universal love and understanding is an individual responsibility.

*"Everyone has choice, when to and not to  
raise their voices; it's you that decides;  
which way you will turn  
No-one around you will carry the blame  
for you."*

Then Harrison would appear to introduce the Hindu concept of reincarnation against those who refuse to face up to this responsibility.

*"There'll come a time when most of us  
return here  
Brought back by our desire to be  
A perfect entity  
Living through a million years of crying  
Until you've realised the Art of Dying."*

(Art of Dying)

The other songs all expose different facets of this central theme of Love = Christ = Love Universal, "Wah-Wah" for example is a rejection of acid.

*"Now I don't need no wah-wah's  
And I know how sweet life can be."*

Whilst in Apple Scruffs he relates his realisation that Christ's way has been open to him, and everyone, always, and that is understanding this which leads to happiness.

*"You've been stood around for years  
Seen my smiles and touched my tears  
but your love must surely show me  
That beyond all time and space  
we're together face to face Apple Scruffs."*

"Beware of Darkness" is a warning against false values, false paths - "beware of falling swinges", "beware of soft-shoe shufflers", "beware of MAYA" in "Let It Down" comes the universal request:

*"...let your love  
flow and astound me."*

Thank-you George for putting it all so beautifully; (and thank-you too Ringo, Billy Preston, Eric Clapton, Ginger Baker, Badfinger and APPLE SCRUFFS).

is thus presenting us with a concept of the salvation of ourselves during life through Love.

*"Sunrise doesn't last all morning  
A cloudburst doesn't last all day  
Seems my love is up, and has left you  
with no warning  
But it's not always going to be this grey  
All things must pass, all things must pass  
away."*

Harrison appears to have obtained this inner peaceful acceptance, this strength to face the new day and watch old things fade out of his life (eg the Beatles) through a return to the love of Jesus Christ. With the other Beatles he tried to find solutions to the problems of his world, through the Mahareshi, drugs, etc., and his experiences seem to have become moulded within him into a love of Christ (i.e. the Christ of Brotherly Love as understood by Dennis Potter). This love finds expression in such songs as "Hear Me Lord", "My Sweet Lord", "I Dig Love", (all 3 simple, beautiful tracks), "I'd Have You Anytime," (in which Dylan took a hand), "What Is Life", and "If Not for You" (written by

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