

CRACCUM

JULY



PRICE 2D

DO WE WANT TO FIGHT ?

The announcement of a series of public meetings on Peace and War indicates the timely attempt of a recently-formed committee to bring this highly important matter under the direct notice of students. Whether they will be able to rouse student interest in the question remains to be seen; but they certainly deserve every success in the effort.

After all, the next war will be our business, in the sense that we, the younger generation, will possibly be involved in it; if not, then perhaps our children, or their children. But with the world as a whole just waking up to the fact that the question of war must be dealt with seriously, the responsibility in any case seems to rest on our generation. The deciding factor will be the way in which people such as university students (who are presumed to have a certain minimum of intelligence) deal with the question in the next thirty years or so.

We all have ideas on the subject - perhaps muddled ones, perhaps wrong ones. It is up to us to sort out these ideas, to consider as far as we can, the whole question. We must find out whether we ourselves approve of war, and if not, what substitute can be found to settle international quarrels. Do we believe in peace at any price? If not, how great a price are we prepared to pay to secure it? Are we, in the next war, going to wave red flags or red-white-and-blue ones? And, of course, is this "next war" going to be what the prophets make out?

When, and if, we are able to make up our minds on the theory, there are further headaches in store over the practice. To be a consistent pacifist, one may be compelled (in the wording of the well-known paradox) to "fight for peace", to back up intellectual conviction with moral and physical courage. If we are prepared to fight, and so, presumably, have courage behind our convictions, we must be prepared to give also a reasoned defence of those convictions. It is no light matter to decide what line to take, and whatever we do will require the backing of thought and determination.

It is quite possible that our universities will not realise this, or, realising it, will shirk it. Our amazing insular apathy on such questions has enabled us to disregard them in the past. We have an apparently inexhaustible power of mental hibernation while major questions are at stake. It is to be hoped that this new and energetic movement will succeed in arousing us.

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And talking of war, what's all this we hear about smoking in the Women's Common Room?

- THE EDITOR.

-- FOR ADULTS ONLY. --

Spiritualists Disappointed.

How often, boys and girls, how often one hears the disheartening news "There's no real spirit in the University". And how true it was at the Football Club's Smoke Concert on the 29th June, for in the whole of the cathedral-like sanctity of the Common-Room, I could find only BEER. All around me sprawled inert figures over dripping tankards of beer and cheese, strangely reminiscent of a Roman banquet or a meeting of the Exec., or any other ancient Saturnalia.

But when I asked in my usual tone of quiet resignation, if there were any spirits, I was met only with the historic words of Mae West when she saw the sea-serpent: "-----! " Ah well, West is West and East is East, an hour to play and the last man in, etc.

But passing on, an enthusiastic shouting noise reached our ears, from which we gathered that one of the gentlemen present was calling for tenders for the sale and purchase of an excursion ticket to Suez, with the ultimate object of raising a thirst. Heaven help him! the purpose of the others was to get rid of theirs. And a business-like way they went about it.

Used as I am to the dangers and hazards of a reporter's life -- theounding of hooves and the grinding of teeth -- even I could hardly stomach some of the apparitions present. One of the few spoonfuls of sugar in the vinegar was the absence of Mr. B. Thomas. He had evidently resolved to shame his fellow players into some semblance of decency; and I can only regret that it was in vain.

So far so good. Then President Roosevelt and Mr. ("Pat to his friends, Harcourt to his family") Caughey rose to address us. Having done their duty they sat down and were followed by Mr. McLean ("clean with McLean's") who spoke wistfully of the good time that Mr. Ron Bush was going to enjoy in Japan. Still a bird in the hand is worth two in the Bush, and I believe they're cheaper, if anything, in England.

Just as I was preparing to go, a human tankard, appropriately known as "Mugs", buttonholed me and informed me with suitable dignity that it was a drunken brawl. Shaking him off with the witty remark that he had better be careful or he would get drunk himself (which put the fear of God into him) I wended my solitary way homeward.

And as I wended at a fair average speed of 4 miles to the hour and 1 to the $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon, my gorge rose several inches above high-water mark (as I hope the gorge of every decent man and woman would) to think how revoltingly spiritless the whole affair had been. These children may argue that they had only been supporting the Citizens' Candidate, but I reply that old Scotlan' has higher claims. And Caledonia will grow sterner and wilder yet when the tale of that night is whispered among the heathen.

Hoots! ye ken.

Ask me no more. I end with the haunting words of the poet:

"Not once or twice as year rolls on to year

The path of football was the way to beer."

But gi'e me Whuskey!

-- Gilbert the Filbert.

DEBATE: HONGIS V. ANTI-HONGIS.

On the evening of June 24th the Hongis tried to justify their existence. Their team, comprising Mr. W. S. Holland and Mr. R. Wallace affirmed the statement, "The Hongi Club has justified its existence." The Anti-Hongis, Miss E. M. Johnston and Mr. P. Luxford, called their bluff. Mr. Halstead sat very nicely in the chair.

Opening for the affirmative, Mr. Holland, apparently apprehensive as to the outcome of the debate, pleaded in his best forensic manner with the audience, warning them against the snares of Miss Johnston's oratorical witchcraft, which would be calculated to unbalance their sense of sober judgment. He thereupon proceeded to employ the same methods of persuasion himself. In the front row of desks a number of Hongis at frequent intervals made remarks which impressed more on account of their noise than of their wit. The quality of the interjections, bad at the outset, showed progressive deterioration as the evening continued. This particular form of progressiveness at least seems to be within the Hongi scope. When Mr. Holland had finished, one felt obliged to give him his due: such arguments as he had brought forward had been enunciated with force and confidence. He deserved better support than that which he received.

Miss Johnston spoke first for the negative and penetrated the defence (Mr. Halstead's words) in several places. She spoke with fond reminiscence of the "good old days" in 1928, prior to the inception of the Hongi Club. Her remarks - shall we compare her with Swift? - were "sparkling bubbles blown from vitriolic acid". Apart from whether her speech in itself merits this statement, it is certainly true upon a comparative estimate. Referring to a remark of Mr. Holland's to the effect that the merits of the Hongi Club had been recorded by the "Observer", Miss Johnston pointed out that a main function of this paper is to protect and defend the weak and helpless. She once went so far as to admit that on occasions the Hongis had attained brilliance, but presumed that this must have been accidental. With observations of this nasty nature Miss Johnston finally came to her climax, in which she summarised the Hongi Club as a standing joke, saying that, apart from the mirth provoked by its paramount fatuity, it existed merely as vegetative organisms do.

The Chairman then said that Mr. Wallace was going to speak in support of the affirmative, and for the first minute or two of the speech the audience was grateful for this information. Mr. Wallace purported first to outline the Hongi constitution and then to discourse upon past Hongi activities. The material upon which he had to work should have given scope for a fine outburst of windy rhetoric, but he hardly did his theme justice. He also handicapped himself by taking too much notice of the audience. The matter he introduced was good, but it would have been better still had he stressed his points like the lawyer he isn't yet.

Mr. Luxford seconded Miss Johnston. He commenced with great éclat, un(?)blushingly compromising himself in a most peculiar manner with a salvo of "lapsi linguae" which raised bedlam. He extricated himself from his verbal morass by conceding to the Hongis that they were gentlemen, and then declared that he would elaborate upon their particular vices, despite admonitions from shocked members of the audience. The vices were categorised (1) Beer (2) Gambling (3) Women. With truly Biblical inspiration he took the last first. Therafter he showed a slight tendency to take undue notice of the audience, the front-row members of which were

and rapidly reassuming the primitive barbarism from which they had been so long separated. However, he struggled manfully against this rising tide of nihilism, and finally regained his seat below in safety.

The debate was now declared open for general discussion. A Fresher's impressions of the Hongis at a College function ("they kick up a ghastly row and spoil the whole jolly lot") were treated with great derision. Mr. Spragg then vilified the Hongis in his own inimitable fashion, two pertinent remarks being (1) that the memorable "Queen of Spain" procession by the Hongis had in fact been the result of the labours of students who were largely non-Hongis (2) that Hongi activities would be considerably improved by a "spot of intellect". The word "spot" was appreciated.

Mr. Banks (of Banks, Banks and Banks - this wit from the Chair) rose to "brae" and wasted the sweetness of his breath upon the constitutional infirmities of the Hongi Club. Provoked by this, Mr. Alexander stood up in wrath and raved about bars, hakas and pianos. Mr. Hackett was vaguely muttering about something from the back of the hall. Mr. Collister was very tired and could only with difficulty be made to "stretch his listless length" while he spoke, which was with extreme hauteur.

The leaders of the two sides then replied. Miss Johnston graciously apologised to a member of the audience who had complained about her polysyllabic vocabulary as in "vegetative organisms," saying that she found it hard to restrict herself to the level required by Hongi intelligence. After paying a few more compliments, she yielded the floor to Mr. Holland, who replied with a very good speech indeed, wherein he eulogised the Hongi speakers and poured the vials of his sarcasm and irony upon everyone else, especially mercilessly slating the presumptuous Fresher who had dared to thrust his half-baked opinions into such a momentous discussion.

The matter was put to the vote. These totalled 19 for each side, but the Chairman diplomatically declined to exercise his casting vote. Although discussion was now officially closed one member of the audience felt constrained to say how impressed he had been with the singular futility of the Hongi showing. The debate was continued in the Dining Hall.

INTER-FACULTY DEBATE.

The first of the Inter-Faculty Debates took place on Wednesday, June 5th, in Room 37. The subject was "That examinations should be abolished from our educational system." The affirmative was taken by the Arts faculty, the negative by Training College. For Arts, Miss Harvey and Mr. Wrigley secured a victory by four points over Miss May and Mr. Martin.

The audience, such as it was, heard speeches which were of a reasonably high standard. The judge was Mr. M. K. Joseph.

RESULTS OF PREVIOUS DEBATES.

Freshers' Debate: Mr. Matthews, first; Mr. Wrigley, second.

Eledisloe Medal: Miss Cahill, first; Mr. Braybrooke, second; Miss Johnston, third.

Athenaeum Cup Debate v. Training College: Varsity team: (Miss Johnston, Messrs. Richmond and Wrigley) won easily.

Students wishing to speak for their faculties in the Inter-Faculty debates, or for the College in the Athenaeum Cup Contest, please communicate with the Secretary.

- NEW BOOKS WORTH READING. -

THE EPIC-MAKERS. by PAUL MORAND.
GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA by UPTON SINCLAIR.
RIPENESS IS ALL by ERIC LINKLATER.

The inherent French characteristic of politeness is nowhere more patent, paradoxically enough, than in their most bitter satires. The impression one gathers after reading "The Epic-Makers" by Paul Morand, famous French critic, is that he is saying "My dear film producers, it hurts me more than it hurts you, but you are pernicious nuisances, and, for God's sake, simply must be removed." This sub-conscious courtesy, however, does not prevent "The Epic-Makers" from being perhaps the most smashing indictment ever penned of corruption in the French film industry. A wild collection of the scum of unscrupulous Armenian, Jewish and German big game hunters decide to make an "All French" film of the great national epic of the Gauls. Their coarseness, stupidity, vulgarity, ignorance and pandering to the lowest public tastes; the blatant garishness of modern cinematic technique, and the success of their insane mutilation of the beautiful tale painted with slashing invective and brilliant wit by this penetrating Frenchman. A stimulating book which makes one realise more potently than ever the subtly corrupting influence of the Lubitsch - de Mille type upon the "seventh art".

"Governor of California" is the election pamphlet issued by Upton Sinclair in his 1934 campaign for the Governorship of California. It is what he describes as "a true story of the future" (1934-1938.) - now as we know, a prophecy fulfilled; but one cannot help contrasting it favourably with the muddled conservatism of his adversaries. His plan, which invites all to support, irrespective of creed, is to put California's million of unemployed into industry and to allow them to support themselves.

Three bodies are to control this movement - the California Authority for Land (C.A.L.), for Production (C.A.P.), and for Money (C.A.M.); the first, he suggests, can finance the scheme by a bond issue of 300,000,000 dollars, instead of the present annual expenditure of 100,000,000 dollars. The book also contains interesting indications of the methods by which Sinclair's opponents ultimately defeated him.

Shakespeare's "King Lear" provides Eric Linklater (of "Magnus Merriman") with the title of his new book, "Ripeness is All" (Cape). Apparently the idea for the yarn has been derived from the eccentric practice of leaving a fortune to those of your relations whose marriage produces the most children in a limited time. But the testator is a most remarkable person, for though he is a bachelor himself, his father, Jonathan Gander, has been the progenitor of the Vicar of his parish, the lawyer who acts as executor in his will (and his sister) and a family of seven, besides others. Jonathan's son, Major Gander, leaves £70,000 to that member of his father's progeny (i.e. official or unofficial) who have the largest family five years from the writing of the will. Who should become entitled to the fortune but the Vicar! But the drama of the story centres round the efforts of the legitimates to speed up reproduction.

"Excitement" an impudent autobiography by Sydney Horler.
story of literary life -- super. (Hutchinson).

"General Besserley's Puzzle Box" by E. Phillips Oppenheim.
published by Hodder and Stoughton.

"The Poacher" by H. E. Bates (author of the "The Fallow Land")
Nathan Cape.

"The Little Country" by John Guthrie. Said by many to be the
best New Zealand work of its kind yet. Published by Nelson Novels. This
advance information. Supplies shortly.

Mary Kelaher's "The Green Years" selected for publication by
A. G. Strong, is another Nelson publication.

"The Secret of Father Brown" by G. K. Chesterton.

Letters to the Philistines, No.2.

ROY CAMPBELL
or
Whips and Scorpions.

Mrades,

Perhaps a few of you were present at a literature lecture last year
in which Professor Sewell happened to mention the name of Roy Campbell
and recommended that students should read his works. Most of those
present had never heard the name before and asked afterwards about it.

However I claim to be no longer a Philistine regarding Roy Campbell
and his works. Perhaps the best introduction to him as a man is obtained
from his autobiographical work, "Broken Record" (Boriswood). Here this
is of a remarkable South African Scot and medical man describes the land
of his upbringing, the surroundings of his early life, which was spent
close to nature. His battle to make good in literature is a story in
itself. To-day he is recognised as a force in the virile modern movement
in poetry.

His prose is very intriguing and lively, but to read his poetry gives
one the greatest thrill. Just so that you may watch out for them, here is
a list of some of his titles: "The Flaming Terrapin" (Cape); "The Wayzgoose"
(Cape); "Adamastor" (Faber and Faber); "The Georgiad" (Boriswood);
"Pomegranates"; and "Flowering Reads" (Boriswood).

I think that if I give you some idea of the contents of these six
volumes and a few quotations as an appetiser my duty will have been per-
formed. Now when you read this, don't be like a friend of mine who tells
me that modern poets are not worthy of attention. Read some and ascertain
the truth for yourself. This short letter might just as well have been

any modern poet. The idea behind this labour of love is that you should pay attention to modern poetry AS WELL AS the poetry of past ages.

Now, let's go. "The Flaming Terrapin" is almost as startling a finding in poetry as one could expect from anyone.

Just what is this Terrapin?

"This sudden strength that catches up men's souls
And rears them up like giants in the sky,
Giving them fins where the dark ocean rolls,
And wings of eagles when the whirlwinds fly,
Stands visible to me in its true self
(No spiritual essence or winged elf
Like Ariel on the empty winds to spin).
I see him as a mighty Terrapin,
Rafting whole islands on his stormy back,
Built of strong metals molten from the black
Roots of the inmost earth: a great machine,
Thoughtless and fearless, governing the clean
System of active things: the winds and currents
Are his primeval thoughts: the raging torrents
Are moods of his, and men who do great deeds
Are but the germs his fancy breeds."

"The Wayzgoose" is a brave rattle of stinging epigram and mirth-provoking wit, possessing amazing virility. It is this quality of virility and full-bloodedness that pervades the whole of Campbell's work.

"Adamastor" and "Flowering Reeds" are collections of shorter poems, only a few of which I can give as recommendation. In "The Theology of Bongwi the Baboon" we see the God Who Is a Great Baboon to whom the heavens are a trapeze as "he swings with tail divinely bent around those azure bars and munches to his Soul's content the kernels of the stars". "The Zebras" too, is outstanding.

"The Georgiad" is a modern "Dunciad". Rather earthy and even vulgar. But alive.

Inadequately as I have dealt with the subject, I hope that this induces you to take an interest in Roy Campbell, and through him in modern poets.

Yours sincerely,

IUVENIS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART EXHIBITION.

There is a special exhibition of photographic art open at the Auckland Society of Arts' rooms on the second floor of Victoria Arcade. Good work from all parts of New Zealand and dealing with many subjects, including a commercial section.

SPOOKS AND SPIRITS.

Plautus Popular Playwright.

Should there be anyone in A.U.C. who is such a barbarian as to consider that Latin literature is merely an unending series of dull accounts of wars and duller speeches, the last meeting of the Classical Society was admirably calculated to change this hypothetical barbarian's views.

However, all those present were classics students, who presumably would not entertain such views. The purpose of the meeting was to read, in a form specially prepared by Professor Cooper, a play of Plautus, "The Stellaria" or Haunted House. The scenes selected for reading gave a clear idea of the whole play and contained abundance of humorous material capable of being appreciated by minds other than those strictly classical. The plot centres around the efforts of a cunning slave, Tranio, to save his master's son, Philolaches, who has bought a slave girl during his father's absence, from parental punishment. High lights of humour are provided by Tranio's wiles and by the scene in which Philenatium, the slave girl, performs her toilet in the street while Philolaches looks on in admiration from a place of concealment.

The translation was, in most cases, quite well done and maintained the pace of the ordinary dialogue.

WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM NOTES.

Free Discussions Club Meets.

On Friday, 14th June a very bright Coffee evening in the Women's Common Room. Charades - interspersed with community singing - from each of the faculties and from T.C. A very realistic representation of a corpse by Miss Marie Best.

First Meeting of the Women's Free Discussions Club on Friday, 28th June. Dr. Buckley Turkington gave an address on "Continuing one's education after Terminating one's University Career" - and on Australia, New Zealand, Europe, the Great War and the World in General. Very interesting. Dr. Buckley Turkington is extraordinarily broad-minded. She assured the Club that she does not mind men - "Poor dears, they are very useful to bring in the coal on wet nights."

- FLASHES ON THE FILMS. -

This year's song-and-dance shows are conspicuous for two things - the gradual reappearance of clothing, and increasing ingenuity of setting; three of them were shown here in one recent week, all reaching a fairly high standard. "GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS" won chiefly on its comedy team, headed by Ned Sparks and Cliff Edwards. "FOLIES BERGERES" owed its success to Maurice himself, more than twice as funny in a double part as in a straight one.

ishes on the Films: (contd.)

"GOLD DIGGERS, 1935" like its predecessors, attracted chiefly by the cleverness of its settings, and the technical dexterity of the production. Its picture showed that the Warner Brothers are still working their special line - the development of a musical comedy technique adapted entirely to the needs of the cinema.

A fourth, "BREWSTER'S MILLIONS" combines spectacle with a scenario from which Jack Buchanan gets ample opportunities.

In contrast to the musicals, the thrill picture also remains with us. The latest "horror" "WEREWOLF OF LONDON", is moderately spine-chilling; it differs chiefly by comparison with "JEKYLL AND HYDE", possibly the greatest "horror" talkies. Nevertheless, Henry Hull gives a sound performance sympathetic as the man, repulsive as the werewolf - and exploits to the full his ability in make-up. On the same programme, the half-length mystery, "MR. DYNAMITE", deftly handles a well-devised murder story.

Samuel Lowe is entertaining as the detective, and brings out the distinctive flavour of the Hammett wise-crack.

Another picture that suffers by comparison is "THE PRESIDENT VANISHES" released inconspicuously as "STRANGE CONSPIRACY"). Compared with its predecessor, "GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE", it is lacking both in power and scope, and is less imaginatively handled. The male cast, however, is particularly sound, including Paul Kelly, Arthur Byron, Edwin Arnold, and Edward ("Thin-Man") Ellis. "CAR 99" is a crook-picture of very orthodox type - thrills and chills for the unsophisticated.

The director and the star of "HENRY VIII" make their reappearances in two of this week's pictures. Laughton, in "RUGGLES OF RED GAP", deserves all the praise he has received; by his subtlety of look and gesture, his attention to characteristic detail, and his wide range of mood, he has turned a good, straight farce into an outstanding picture. The scene where he gets drunk in a Paris cafe must be seen to be believed; while the Gettysburg-speech scene has real dramatic power.

The other spell-binder, Korda, is seen at work in "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL". Baroness Orczy's plot, in itself a good melodrama, is enriched by Korda with imaginative pictorial effects, with engrossing movement, which makes it satisfying to see and hear. Leslie Howard gives an excellent and somewhat unusual performance; Merle Oberon and Raymond Massey are outstanding in their respective places among a strong supporting cast.

Worth watching for among next week's programmes are:-

"NAUGHTY MARIETTA" - Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

"BORDERTOWN" - Paul Muni and Bette Davis.

-- MovieManiac.
