CRACCUM

THE JOURNAL OF AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

Vol. 20, No. 2—Price Threepence. Friday, March 22nd, 1946.

CONGRATULATIONS
SCHOLARS

We extend our congratulations to the following scholarship and prize-winners for 1946:—

Senior Scholarships:

Law: Property and Contract, B. A. Kennedy.

Engineering, A. T. Polglase.

Architecture, J. A. Beard and E. A. Lawry.

Special Senior Scholarships to Servicemen:

English, M. J. Murphy.
Philosophy, S. W. Campbell.
Sir Julius von Haast Prize, H. M. Battey.
Robert Horton Scholarship in Engineering, A. S. Bradley.
Lissie Rathbone Scholarship, Anne J. Dare.
Onehunga Borough Council Scholarship, E. B. Drumm.
Shirtcliffe Research Scholarship, H. A. Whale.
Shirtcliffe Graduate Bursary, Barbara M. Bell.

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LIBRARY ADDITIONS

The following new additions may be of interest to students who yet have a spare moment for leisure reading:—

Arts in New Zealand, 1945. First annual review of painting, printmaking, drama and other arts in New Zealand.

Beyond the Chindwin, by Bernard Fergusson. An account of the adventures of number five column of the Wingate expediton into Burma, 1943.

Hazzle-Dazzle, the Human Opera, Ballet and Circus, by William Saroyan. A book of new plays, with prefaces.

Books, Children and Men, by Paul Hazard. Discusses national traits of children's literature.

The Dawn of Liberation, by Winston Churchill. War speeches, 1944.

Speaking Candidly, by Gordon Mirams, About the cinema in New Zealand, by the film critic "G.M." of the "New Zealand Listener."

God and Evil, by C. E. M. Joad. A discussion of the profoundest problems of religious thought.

By Air to Battle. The official account of the British airborne divisions.

Augustus John, Paintings and Drawings. A representative selection of the English artist's work.

Flowering Judas and Other Stories, by Katherine Anne Porter. Short stories.

Ronsard, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis. Biography of the greatest French poet of the Renaissance.

Ocean Odyssey. A record of the fighting Merchant Navy.

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CLUB MEETINGS
NOTICE TO SECRETARIES

All intended club meetings must be booked with the Assistant Registrar of Societies, W. R. Haresnape. In addition, if the club wishes to have the use of the Women's Common Room, this must be arranged at the same time. Booking of the Common Room is by written application to the Secretary, Betty O'Dowd. Secretaries should confirm both bookings before advertising the meetings.

THEFTS CULMINATE
£50 DISAPPEAR

The latest and most grave of a series of thefts occurred recently when £53 were stolen from a locker in Exec. Room. The sum in question, the proceeds of the sale of books in the Bookstall, had been placed by Miss Laidlaw for safe-keeping in a locked cupboard in the Executive Room, to which there were only nine keys in existence, all of which were held by responsible persons. The only others who had access to the room were a number of men students assisting Miss Laidlaw to transfer books from the Bookstall to make room for a coffee evening. A further party was noticed to have been present throughout these operations, remaining alone in the room after Miss Laidlaw's departure.

As soon as the theft was discovered the above facts were immediately communicated to the police. Further incriminating details have since come to light, the nature of which we are not at present permitted to divulge.

This theft is only one of many which have occurred at the College during the last year. The majority of objects stolen previously were of a less substantial nature, comprising mainly books, notes, scientific instruments and briefcases with their contents. The cumulative nature of the evidence collected over this period makes it probable that further developments are to be expected before long.

FRESHERS' BALL

After my first year I decided that one Freshers' Ball was enough for anyone; hence I did not grace it in my second year, and did not intend to this year. However, while satiating my thirst in one of Newmarket's three with bars on Saturday, a friend breezed in, and the following conversation ensued:

"Have a drink?"

"Thanks—a chocolate malted."

"Watcher doing to-night."

"Swatting—it's Saturday."

"Not going to the Freshers' Ball?"

"No—why should I?"

"There'll be dancing."

"I don't like to have my feet trodden on."

"There'll be music."

"I hate music."

"There'll be women."

"I'm an Aesthetic."

"But these'll be Fresher women."

"That so? I'll be at your place at eight."

So I went home, and at 7.45 p.m. sallied forth suitably attired for the enormity of the occasion. My friend was still wondering what shirt to put on, so I amused myself with some more soft drinks while he made up his mind; he took an awfully long time.

We finally made 'Varsity about nine, and entered the hall in search of music and romance. A solid throng packed the floor; it was like the Black Hole of Calcutta, only worse. We listened for the music, but couldn't hear anything, but assumed the orchestra was playing, as everyone was oscillating in their own square foot of floor space. Curious about this phenomenon, I grabbed the nearest unattached female, and by judicious elbowing worked my way to the bandstand; they really were playing something. Incidentally, why is it that at any 'Varsity function, however formal, the band always turns up with the members indiscriminately wearing anything from floral sports shirts and zoot-suits to dinner clothes?

I held out for the next few dances, but when I found that the uppers of my shoes were getting noticeably thin, decided to take in some night air and cool off. Being a gregarious animal, I decided to take something with me.

The M.C. throughout the evening was diffident, and seemed to be very shy about using his voice to announce the dances and supper. However, people must have found their way to the supper room, and enjoyed it. When we arrived on Sunday morning to help clean up, the Women's Common Room was three inches deep in water melon pips. Cuspidors should be provided in future.

A novel, and welcome, arrangement was the use of Room 37 as an auxiliary dance hall, music being provided through a pickup and amplifier. This was considerably more pleasant to dance to than the stuff served in the hall.

To sum up, the main aspect that struck me was that it was not a Freshers' ball. Only about one person in five seemed to be a Fresher, and three in five 'Varsity students. The band was completely unsuitable as a dance band, and the success of the evening for anyone depended mainly on their initiative in providing some other form of entertainment.

I struck a most accommodating taxi driver on the way home. Sighting a fire in the distance, he insisted on taking us to see it. Later on we called in at a hamburger bar for supper, and struck a local band having a jam session after playing at some other dance. It was a pleasure to listen to decent dance music; I wished I'd been hearing them all evening.

—P.K.L.A.

Music Recitals

TUESDAY, March 19:
1. Capriol Suite ..... Warlock
2. "Eroica" Symphony III in E flat ..... Beethoven

THURSDAY, March 21:
1. String Quartet in Csharp minor ..... Beethoven
2. Siegfried Idyll ..... Wagner

TUESDAY, March 26:
Symphony VII in C major Schubert

THURSDAY, March 28:
1. Overture to Hansel and Gretel ..... Humperdinck
2. Symphony II in D major .. Sibelius
3. Symphonic Variations César Franck

TUESDAY, April 2:
1. Double piano concerto in E flat major ..... Mozart
2. Dichterliebe. Song Cycle Schumann
3. Concerto III for piano in C major ..... Prokofieff

THURSDAY, April 4:
1. Symphony II ..... Elgar
2. "Facade" Suite ..... Walton

TUESDAY, April 9:
1. Piano Concerto in A minor Schumann
2. Der erste kuss / Mädchen kam vom Stelldichein Sibelius
3. "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" Suite ..... Falla

THURSDAY, April 11:
(A Shakespearian Recital)
1. Two songs from "As You Like It" ..... Arne
2. Romeo and Juliet Overture ..... Berlioz
3. "It was a lover and his lass" / "Come away death" Quilter
4. Six songs from "Twelfth Night."
5. Overture, Scherzo and Nocturne from incidental music to "Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn
6. Serenade to Music from "The Merchant of Venice" Vaughan Williams

TUESDAY, April 16:
Belshazzar's Feast William Walton

THURSDAY, April 18:
1. Passacaglia in C minor for Organ ..... Bach
2. Clarinet Concerto ..... Mozart
3. Violin Concerto ..... Walton

TUESDAY, April 30:
1. Concerto in A minor for harpsichord, flute, violin and orchestra ..... Bach
2. "Emperor" Quartet Op. 76, 3 ..... Haydn
3. Violin Sonata in A major César Franck

THURSDAY, May 2:
(A Delius Programme)
1. Paris, the song of a great city
2. To the queen of my heart, / Love's Philosophy
3. Eventyr
4. Last act of Koanga
5. Incidental music to "Hassan," J. E. Flecker
6. On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring

TUESDAY, May 7:
(A Brahms Programme)
1. Academic Festival Overture
2. Four German Folk Songs, accompaniments by Brahms
3. Symphony IV in E minor

THURSDAY, April 9:
1. Overture to the Bartered Bride ..... Smetana
2. Vltava
3. "New World Symphony" in E minor ..... Dvorak

STUDENT RELIEF
1946 ACTIVITIES

The Student Relief Committee once again appeals to the students of the College to raise the funds necessary to enable their fellow-students in devastated Europe and China to resume their University studies. Last year the sum of £525 was raised with the assistance of the graduates.

This year it is proposed to organise a regular work bureau. Many students have already offered their services on specified days during the term, and further names are still required. Will those willing to help apply at the office for enrolment forms? The work scheme will begin to function on Monday, April 18, and from that date onwards Student Relief Committee requires all the help possible from fellow-students.

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REGULAR WORK DAYS

Students! Does your mother want her floors polished? Is father complaining of the gardening? Would you like some help mowing the lawn? Does your family want somebody to mind the children on Saturday evening? The answer is yes! So ring the College Registrar right away and arrange for Student Relief Committee to send you some students to ease your burdens. Help yourself and swell the funds of Student Relief!

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REVUE BOOK

With the advent of Revue, it will be necessary to have a Revue Book. For this purpose students are urged to start writing humorous drivel. This may take the form of limericks, short stories, light verse, entertaining pen drawings or cartoons, political satire, etc., etc.

Prizes will be offered for the most suitable items.

Haste is essential, as is a neat sheet of paper with the submitted piece clearly inscribed with typewriter or ink on one side.

Put your lectures to some use, but don't submit notes, however suitable.

Place in the **Craccum** Box, addressed to the Editor, Revue Book.

* * *

S.C.M.
YEAR'S PROGRAMME

The Executive has now arranged activities for 1946 which, we hope, will suit both full and part-time students.

(1) **Studies:** The study this year is on St. Luke's gospel. Our aim is to apply sound, intellectual study to the Gospel and so be better able to understand the tremendous implications for us of the life and teachings of Jesus Christ.

Three groups are meeting at the following times:

Tuesday, 1-2 p.m., Room 4.
Wednesday, 2-3 p.m., Room will be posted later.
Thursday, 8-9 p.m., Room 4.

(2) **Devotionals** are held regularly on Mondays ,Wednesdays and Fridays in Room 4 at 1.30 p.m.; on Wednesday at 6.30 p.m. in Room 4; and on Thursday at 3.30 p.m. the mid-week liturgical service is held in the Lady Chapel of St. Paul's, Symonds Street. Everyone is especially invited to this service.

(3) **Sunday Tea:** The next Sunday Tea will be held on Sunday, March 31, at 4.30 p.m. in the Women's Common Room.

The S.C.M. Executive has planned a year of concentrated study and devoted service in 1946. and everyone is invited to attend our functions. We urge all students to apply themselves to the study of the Christian faith, which has been and is such a tremendous force in world history. We invite you to join with us in our search for truth and to share with us the fruits of surer knowledge and firmer understanding.

—M.H.J.

Craccum

Editor: J. A. NATHAN

Vol 20, No. 2. March 22nd, 1946.

THEFT

The serious theft from the executive room reported in this issue must be considered a matter for grave concern by all the college. The evidence tends to show that thieves are among us, not unwilling to steal large sums from fellow-students. Whether this is so or not, it is as well to bring under examination what has long been a suppurating sore on the college body. During the latter half of the academic year 1945 a spate of articles disappeared. It appears that this year is to be worse.

These matters have both their practical and their ethical aspect. It is more than disconcerting to feel that anything left about runs the risk of being stolen. We live in a community where opportunities for dishonesty are always present. A student placed a valuable pen and pencil on the desk during a lecture; both disappeared when the student was absent for a minute or so from the desk. All students should adopt a concerted policy of vigilance to stamp out this menacing pestilence, which must undermine all normal relations if it continues.

Ethically, these recurring thefts create a poor picture. Many have been extremely mean. The theft of notes shortly before an examination is incaluculably damaging to any student; certainly out of all proportion to the benefit derived by the thief. We claim to be intellectuals with an understanding of the basic necessities of an orderly society. One might have hoped that, as a result of educational policy, people might find better problems to occupy their minds at a university than how to defraud their fellows. No one would suggest that the overwhelming majority of students is dishonest, but this evil of theft should not be allowed to grow further. It is a duty to all parties to combine against it, lest even the guilty cry out against our system, like the son who at his execution bit off his mother's ear for not discouraging the petty crimes of his youth.

" ROSTRUM "

The following sections will be represented in "Rostrum":—

Short Stories, Essays, Translations, Light Essays, Light Verse, Articles, Poems, Photos, Woodcuts.

This is an opportunity to see your writings published. Send copy before June 10 to R. I. F. Pattison A.U.C., or Iris Park, 120 Shackleton Road, Mount Eden.

The highest possible stage in moral culture is when we recognise that we ought to control our thoughts.—Darwin.

KIWI

The closing date for "Kiwi" contributions will be earlier this year—July 11, the Mid-Term Break—so aspiring students are asked to keep this in mind and hand in their work as early as possible to The Editor, "Kiwi," c/o Exec. Room, A.U.C. Literary and scientific articles, serious and light prose and verse, photographs, linocuts—all will be welcomed to help produce a truly representative magazine.

* * *

There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave; there are no voices, O Rhodope, that are not soon mute, however tuneful; there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last.—Landor.

A yearning curiosity to meet and know Death, for so many years the preoccupation of the living world, is at times an overpowering temptation to suicide: and it is the irrevocability of an irretrievable life, rather than the formidable aspect of an unfathomable death, which restrains impatience and stays the hand. Thus, like the beasts of the field, we live on till the fatal hour overtakes us; but the omnipresent longing for death remains with us to give perspective to our thoughts and to our lives.

A little sincerity is a dangerous thing, and a great deal of it is absolutely fatal.—Oscar Wilde.

Evergreens are said to be associated with Death as emblems of immortality, and this is true. But there is another and perhaps deeper symbol: that all seasons are alike to him, as to them.—Garnett.

DRAMATIC CLUB
PLAY-READING

On Thursday, March 7, the Dramatic Club met to present a reading of Noel Coward's play "Private Lives." This, the first meeting of the year, attracted a large audience, who obviously enjoyed the evening as much as the readers. Although few Freshers were present, it was evident from the number of second years that last year's Freshers have realised the value of these evenings, so, Freshers, watch for the date of the next evening.

Considering that there was only one copy of the play available, the reading was most successful. The readers of the play were Maureen Ross-Smith, Mary Scarlett, Marshall Hobson and Ray Parkes. Enunciation and interpretation were very good, especially in the cases of Maureen Ross-Smith and Marshall Hobson, in the parts of Amanda Prynne and Elliot Chase. Ray Parkes showed promising ability as Victor Prynne.

All in all, if this was an example of the fare to be provided during the year, it augurs well for future evenings of thoroughly acceptable entertainment.

* * *

COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

As I went downstairs the other evening I was struck by a poster which proclaimed that the College Orchestra needed ME! So, although I play no orchestral instrument, I went along to the Hall at 8 p.m. on Wednesday to find out why I was needed. And I did find out.

Here at A.U.C., in your very midst, is the nucleus of what can be, and will be, with your co-operation, a good orchestra. Yet its size is inversely proportionate to the number of students enrolled this year at the College. Why should it be so? In the answer perhaps lies the justification for my presence at the rehearsal, and for the appearance of this article. Students must be unaware of the existence of this orchestra.

Let me tell you something about it.

In Mr. Rive, the music lecturer, the orchestra has a quiet and competent conductor.

Numerically speaking, the woodwind section is strong, the brass moderately so, and the string section weak, but as I have said, the nucleus is there, and an enthusiastic nucleus it is. There is no slackening of effort during the 75-minute practice, and this says much for the conductor and for these people who come along to play after a long day of lectures.

Do not stay away because you feel that you will be out of your depth. Playing with other people is the best and most enjoyable way of making music, and once you can play reasonably in tune. The best way to find this out is to go along to see and hear for yourself. You will not find the music too difficult; a start has been made with a "Kentish Suite," by a modern English composer, Henry Clifford, simple and attractive to play (ask the trumpeter, he was enjoying himself) and interesting to listen to. I understand that the parts of the Minuet and Trio from the Mozart G Minor Symphony have also been copied out and are ready for use.

One of the ambitions of the orchestra is to play for the annual performance of Bach cantatas by the Singing Section of the Music Club. A courageous start has been made, material is promising, but good balance between all sections is very necessary, and this orchestra needs more strings, particularly violins and violas.

Thing about this; ask yourself whether or not a University College should be able to produce a tolerable orchestra; and if you think it should, give it your support by taking your own instrument along, or, if you are a non-player, by encouraging others to do so.

—J.

OPEN FORUM

NOTICE-BOARDS

Sir,—

Almost every notice-board in the College is at present liberally coated with odd pieces of paper advertising books "for sale" or books "wanted to buy," cluttering up space urgently needed for Society, Club, Sports and Official notices alike.

Out of the kindness of their hearts, Exec. has gone to the trouble of cleaning the Board beside the men's telephone to enable these to be grouped together for the general convenience of students, and to brighten up a dark corner of the College.

In both Arts and Science students would take advantage of this, buyers and sellers alike would benefit, and much unnecessary crowding of other Boards would be avoided.

Yours, etc.,

D. J. Hooton
B. R. Morton

* * *

COFFEE POTS

Sir,—

We regret, on grounds both aesthetic and practical, the disappearance of the coffee pots. By the time we reach the coffee stage the coffee has assumed the temperature of its surroundings (Stefan's Law). The coffee pot electro-plated symbol of solidarity and continuity has vanished; we miss it.

—Julius.

* * *

FRESHERS' BALL

Sir,—

I wish to protest against a certain aspect of the recent Freshers' Ball. That the Ball was, generally speaking, not all that could be desired can quite fairly be put down to the incompatability of the accommodation of the hall and the number of students. Such was to be expected. This excuse cannot be put forward, however, with regard to the band engaged. At a formal dance where long dresses and dark suits or dinner jackets are the rule, it should not be unreasonable to expect that the band is at least uniformly dressed, even if in open collars or sports garb. The spectacle provided by the members would have disgraced a coffee evening. Their clothes were not even clean. In addition, the music left a great deal to be desired indeed; and there appeared to be no set programme. Let us hope that a combination worthy of a University Ball is engaged in future. I leave it to those responsible to act, for they must know the above feeling is general throughout the College. To conclude, I should, nevertheless, like to thank those responsible for the organising which in other respects was excellent.

Yours, etc,
Law Student.

* * *

FRESH AIR

Sir,—

May I draw to the attention of your readers a matter which must be of concern to every person who has the good name and repute of the College at heart. No visitor, not to mention the members of this College from students up (and down), can fail to be struck on entering the spacious circular hall and stepping on the glorious mosaic floor (both so dear to us all) by a nauseous odour emanating from a room devoted—so the lettering on the door suggests—to the use of "Men." Whether the overcrowding of the College has put on these facilities a burden beyond their capacity is no more for me to judge than any and every visitor—to whose verdict I am content to leave the matter. I can only state that, in my view, this state of affairs warrants remedial interference by authority.

It hardly seems right to me that the only drinking facilities for men other than in the students' block should be in such close proximity to those very conveniences to which I have had occasion to refer. Both facilities are, in fact, available only in the same room. I cannot say that I feel that this is seemly. The male student has sensibilities, I am sure: some of us, indeed, are even sensitive. I am proud to count myself among the latter, and to object as forcibly as I am able against what I consider to be an unnecessary and insulting indelicacy in architecture. Let us put our own house in order before we support U.N.O.

Yours, etc.,
Pro Puritate Aeris.

PEN-FRIENDS?

Vaksalagatar 36 BI,
Upsala, Sweden.
Feb. 27., 1946.

* * *

Sir,—

To Auckland University
College, Auckland.

I am 27 years old, student of the University of Upsala, who wants to come in touch with a Zealandish boy or girl. I am a totaller and vegetarian and have grown up in a family with religious and ideal interests, but I like to speak of any subjects. I am studying English just now. I should be very glad if one of the students at your College were willing to give me letter as soon as possible. My pen-friend to be may be a stamp collector. My brother wants to start barters with him.

With greetings from a student in the northern hemisphere.

Yours, etc.,
Kjell Nordqvist.

* * *

Sir,—

I have with disgust noticed, during the last fortnight or so, a tendency on the part of several male undergraduates to wear bow ties.

Upon questioning one of this number I elicited the information that it denoted membership of a society known as the Aesthetics. Interested, I questioned him further, and found that it is obligatory for members to take an aesthetic as opposed to a sensual interest in anything appertaining to the physical side of life. Physical exercise of any kind is completely debarred—members must utilise the time so saved in watching and considering the beauties of other people working. Food may be looked upon, and gloated over, providing that it is arranged in such a way as would appeal to those of epicurean tastes, as in the Caf.; but only enough to sustain life may be eaten. An interesting comparison is made in the case of alcohol—which has no beauties whatsoever—so Aesthetics, in the interests of the community, are urged to destroy as much of it as possible, hence the name of one of the member's moustache, "Forever Amber." No Aesthetic is allowed to have anything to do with women—a sensual animal—except to gaze at them from a distance. Should one of the creatures approach an Aesthetic, it is his duty to keep a minimum distance of ten feet from her.

Hence it seems strange that a society, so highly principled, and with such taste in the majority of matters, should affect such unbecoming neckwear.

A tie of the orthodox type serves a purpose in hiding the shirt buttons lost in the laundry, but wrong ties are neither useful nor artistic. I hope we shall see no more of them.

Yours, etc.,
Nip.

"PEER GYNT"

Sir,—

The year 1946 is important in the life of the A.U.C.D.E.

1. In June we are presenting Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" as our annual production.

2. We have, in Dr. Frank Birkinshaw, a vice-president who is much more than a name suggested, accepted and duly recorded at the Society's A.G.M.

3. The Society has had as many offers of help in its main production as the committee could wish for. I mention these last two points because after four years' connection with the Society they are to me entirely new circumstances. In the past the committee has during the first term hunted for "something to produce," until, too often hampered by lack of funds and/or leadership, it has chosen a play which does not reflect credit on the Society as a part of the A.U.C. Further, appeals for help from students have been met with the old, old story, "No time." This last will not obtain in 1946, for production in June will not clash with Degree Examinations in October.

In November of last year Dr. Birkinshaw offered us his scheme for "Peer Gynt," complete in every detail; at the moment we are ready to go into rehearsal, and there have been no setbacks so far.

Briefly the plan of production is as follows: For all but four or five scenes only a portion of the stage is to be used. Instead of conventional scenery, painted scenes designed by Helen Hoffmann will be thrown by means of a cinema projector on to a screen set behind the Proscenium, and surrounding a box-shaped space for acting in the centre of the stage. In the crowd scenes, i.e., the Wedding scene and the Hall of the Troll King, the screen will be rolled up to reveal the whole stage. Third-year Architects are busily plucking a camel to weave a tent for Anitra's seduction and collecting petrified lotus blossoms for the Troll Maidens' ease.

At the first meeting of the Dramatic Club for 1946 I asked those present for help, and so far the response has been far more than merely enthusiastic. On behalf of the committee may I offer very sincere thanks to those who have offered. However, since my explaining the nature of the various parts we have noticed a decided enthusiasm for Troll maidenhood and—manhood among those interested. Could one expect similar enthusiasm if the College should produce "The Messiah" and ask for extra angels?

"Peer Gynt" has not to our knowledge been produced previously in New Zealand. We intend that its first appearance shall be a success despite the corrosive pessimism of all those with whom I have so far discussed the project.

I wish particularly to make the College aware of the part played in the undertaking by Dr. Birkinshaw. The scheme is entirely his and his should therefore be the credit for a production which will change the status of the activities of the A.U.C.D.C. from something to be mentioned incidentally in the annual Review of the Arts in N.Z. to an appreciable quantity in N.Z.'s stage life.

—Marshall Hobson.

In poetry there is always fallacy, and sometimes fiction.—Scott.

Do you know what a pessimist is? A man who thinks everybody as nasty as he is, and hates them for it.—George Bernard Shaw.

PETE'S PARADISE

The other day several people commented to me on the lack of a scandal column in **Craccum**, and suggested that I try and rectify the matter. There are three main objections to this:—

(1) **Craccum's** Policy, which is governed by the Editor's extreme modesty and the Legal Adviser's acute sense of the Laws of Libel.

(2) The fact that I am one of the naive types who believes only the best about anybody, and therefore would hate to hurt anyone's feelings. Besides, I'm too young.

(3) The Aesthetics, who most certainly would ostracise me if I were to dabble in anything so worldly.

However, if there are those who do not consider these objections insuperable, I would be very glad if they hand any interesting information they may have acquired to me, and I will do my best to utilise it.

* * *

It was a sad day for Johnny when the bookstall closed; he used to spend fully six hours a day there. I don't know what the attraction was, neither does Miss Laidlaw; she knows how he hates American accents. Possibly he really does enjoy reading books. Incidentally, have you heard John's views on those nasty men in blue who frighten little boys when they're drinking?

* * *

The lack of spirit shown at the Swimming Carnival was disheartening. Even during an all-'Varsity race such as the Inter-faculty relay, no one condescended to cheer, while Hakas were noticeably absent. The fault lay not in the organisers, but in those who said they'd come along, and then forgot. This non-co-operation is all too frequent at A.U.C., and I hope matters will have improved by the time Winter Tournament arrives.

* * *

As is my usual wont, I would like to write about the Caf., but apart from the fact that the floor is fast wearing out under the extra mileage tramped by those who return to the slide for a second cup of coffee since the pots have been dispensed with, I can't think of anything new to mention. As a result, Mrs. Odd should recognise a true friend in me; I hope she remembers it when her next shipment of cigarettes arrives.

* * *

One thing about this cigarette shortage; it is a lot cheaper to bludge them rather than buy them but one seems to lose one's credit rather rapidly. Still, there are probably fifteen hundred nicotine addicts around the College, and they can't all know that I smoke.

* * *

Spud tells me that he knows of only one type of Student Relief. It is to be found behind a door marked Men.

* * *

Piper seems to be proving that there's life in the old dog yet. Observe him in the Caf. any night at tea time; is he a wolf in sheep's clothing, or just a wolf? But perhaps I should temper my remarks with prudence.

* * *

Have you seen the new M.H.C. Room, cum Revue Room? It's wizard to hold meetings in. There are about 14 club lockers in there, amongst other things. If everyone sits on the floor, four people can attend meetings at a time. There was even a suggestion that **Craccum** meetings be held there as well. Now I know what writer's cramp is.

AT THE CROSS-ROADS

By PROFESSOR IAN A. GORDON,
Dean of the Faculty of Arts, Victoria University College.

A few weeks ago the Chancellor of the University of New Zealand, after delivering one of the best addresses ever given before the University Senate, gloomily remarked that that body was administering a third-rate University and called fora five-year plan to improve this state of affairs. This startling statement from such an authority has come as something of a shock to a community which has been more accustomed to being told that its educational system is one of the best in the world. The truth is that university education in this country is rapidly breaking down. Unless some immediate and substantial financial aid is found for the colleges, university education, as it is understood all over the world, will disappear in New Zealand.

"On the Cheap"

This Dominion has always run a University on the cheap," and in the last few years the position has grown progressively worse. More and more young men and women are turning to the University as the proper place in which to equip themselves for professional and for public life. Unfortunately in our present plight each additional student, instead of bringing a new accession of strength to the University, reduces the chances both for himself and for others of their receiving a proper university training. Staffing, buildings, equipment, which were inadequate ten and twenty years ago, are to-day quite unequal to the task. Classes are enormous. Roomfuls of two and three hundred are so common now that they have ceased even to be a grim joke. In my own college the largest classroom has had to be fitted with a microphone and a couple of loud-speakers to carry the voice of the professor to the farthermost corners. Laboratories are packed morning, afternoon and evening with relays of students queuing up for the available apparatus. The pressure on the library is so great that students face examinations without having had a chance of getting near some of the important books. In most departments, apart from some junior assistance, there has been no addition to the staff for years. In a typical department the number of students has grown in 15 years from one to three hundred. The staff is still two teachers of full status. The only change is that a part-time assistant has been replaced by a full-time assistant. No institution with these conditions can claim to be offering real university education to the students of this country.

More and More Students

The rise in the last few years in student numbers has been one of the most remarkable social changes in the Dominion. I quote the figures for my own college because they are most available, but they can be paralleled in every other university institution in the country except for the medical school, which has placed a severe limitation on the number of entries. Until the last war the college roll was round about the 400 mark. From 1920 to 1936 the figure was stabilised at something over 700. Just before the recent war numbers began to rise. In 1937 the numbers first rose over 900. In 1938 and 1939 they were over 1000. The mid years of the war, when the men students were largely in the forces, saw numbers drop to about 800. As the Dominion settled to war conditions numbers rose once more. In 1943 they were over the 1000 again. In 1944 they were 1200. In 1945 they were 1450. In 1946, with the full return of men from overseas, the generous granting of rehabilitation bursaries, and the release of many young men and women from man-power restrictions, the numbers must be considerably larger—1600 is a conservative estimate and they may well be near 1700 or 1800. But whatever the numbers for the coming session there is the certainty that they cannot at their lowest be less than double the average numbers for the years 1920-1936. There has been absolutely no attempt to provide equipment or staff for a college which has doubled itself in ten years.

The Dominion must give up the idea that its University is a small affair. The total number of students in the University of New Zealand was, in 1943, 5440; in 1944, 7320; in 1945 (the exact figures are not yet available), well over 8000. If we compare this with the enrolments for British Universities (the figures are for 1939, the last figures available for a non-wartime year) the results are staggering. If we reckon by enrolment figures alone, the only British university which is larger than the University of New Zealand is London. Cambridge is smaller in size (6000); Oxford is smaller (5600); Manchester with its 2800, Leeds with its 2150, Edinburgh with its 3700, and Glasgow with its 4500, are comparatively lesser affairs; while "smaller" universities like Aberdeen (1200), St. Andrews (1100), Birmingham (1600), and Bristol (1200) are almost insignificant. On this basis there are from a dozen to 20 British universities or university colleges which are each smaller than any one of the university colleges of the New Zealand University.

"We Ought to be Proud . . ."

On these figures we ought to be proud of our University, proud of the opportunity it is affording the young men and women of the Dominion to equip themselves in the scholarship, in the liberal arts and in the technical skills which are so essential for the life of the community. Instead we read our Chancellor's comments on our third-rate standing with an unpleasant feeling that he is in some ways near the truth. The reason is not far to seek. The generosity of the Government and of some private individuals has made it possible for almost any competent student, whatever his or her financial position, to come to university and read for a degree. But no authority, governmental, municipal or private, has ensured that once the student reaches university he will meet conditions that are comparable with even one of the lesser British universities.

How much attention can the New Zealand student expect from his teacher? In 1944 the roll at Victoria University College was 1200. In that year there were on the staff 33 full-time members and 11 part-time assistants and part-time lecturers, the latter doing roughly one quarter of the work of a full-time teacher. This gives a total of 37. In Aberdeen (which is not accounted a well-staffed university) during the year 1939 there were almost the same number of students—1250. The teaching staff, however, totalled 126 full-time members and 60 part-time members—on the same basis (four part-time lecturers as the equivalent of one full-time lecturer), a total of 141, or four times the staff of Victoria University College.

The critic may reply, "But this is Scottish education, which has a tradition." Let us take an example from England. I will avoid Oxford and Cambridge and the major northern Universities and choose the smaller regional University of Bristol. Its enrolment in 1939 was also 1000. Its staffing in that year was 215, or more than five times the staff of my college with the same number of students. A university can give just about as good value as the community is prepared to pay for. If this Dominion is content with a university with a staff less than one quarter of that of a British provincial university of the same size, then it has only itself to blame if the university begins to feel the strain. If, after the British Treasury has recently increased for post-war work the block grant to the British universities from £2.3 million to £5.9 million, New Zealand is content to sit back and watch its university struggle with the increasing pressure of numbers till suffocation is reached, then the community has only itself to blame if the lamp of university learning becomes extinguished in this country.

The Lamp Still Burns

The extraordinary thing is that the lamp still burns. In spite of a third-rate staffing ration, both staff and students have done some really first-rate work. The quality of the work is excellent; the quantity is an index of the poor conditions under which it is carried out. But our good graduates can be outstanding.

The newspaper reader sees in his daily paper references to "The University." It may be eagerly-awaited lists of University Entrance Examination passes, or a note of some newly-appointed university professor, or a report of discussions that take place on the University Senate. To the reader "The University" is the same place in each report. And so it would be in any other country. The student, the matriculation candidate, the professor, the Senate would all be members of the one institution. But the university structure of New Zealand is such a ridiculously complex affair that few people even concerned with it really understand all its ramifications; and its complexity, no less than the apathy of the country, is a reason for our impoverishment.

The University of New Zealand is made up of four University colleges, and to it are attached the two agricultural colleges. These colleges are each (except in their method of control and the fact that they do not individually grant degrees) precisely what in Britain, America or elsewhere are regarded as "universities," i.e., they have the teaching staff, libraries, laboratories and a body of students which make up the corporate university. The colleges are governed by college councils, each of which administer such funds as they possess, whether from endowments or from Government grants. The University of New Zealand (which is essentially an examining body), though it is made up of the colleges, has an existence independent of them. Its governing body is the Senate. Officially the Senate can be concerned only with the conditions under which degrees may be examined and granted and not with internal affairs in the colleges. Until the recent speech of the Chancellor, the Senate has shown no interest (partly because it has no official jurisdiction) in such vitally-important matters as the equipment of laboratories and libraries and the staffing of its component colleges. We are thus in the odd situation that the supreme authority in the University is unable to make a direct approach to the Government for extra funds for component colleges, even when individual members of Senate know that the situation in the colleges is desperate.

It is to the College Council and not to the Senate that a college must look if funds are required. Here a real difficulty arises. None of the College Councils carries enough weight with the Government and none of them has been able to meet the rapidly-worsening situation in the colleges. They have secured in the past few years only a trickle of extra moneys for the work of the colleges. The Senate has the necessary weight of authority, but it has no jurisdiction. The Council have the right to ask for finance, but they have neither the influence nor the initiative that, amid the clamour of Government departments all demanding further funds, alone can secure a hearing for university education.

"We Have Been Let Down . . ."

That is one part of the story. We have, quite frankly, been let down by our governing bodies, and, behind them, by the Government, who will have to rise speedily to a sense of their responsibilities if the institutions which they administer are to remain much longer worthy of the name of university colleges. The other part is the curious lack of interest which the community at large shows towards the University. I suppose in a newer country it is understandable. After all, New Zealand was founded without the help of a University. It is a commonplace to say that only in Dunedin is the University regarded by the public with anything approaching respect and affection. Yet this country needs its University, just as the University needs the backing of the whole community. We need the University not only for skilled practitioners in the different professions, but for that width of interest and balanced grasp of principles which are essential for men and women who must face the world of the coming years, things which they are unlikely ever to acquire if they must be educated by droves with minimal supervision as if they were components on an assembly belt and not the youth of the country and the citizens of tomorrow. University education, it must never be forgotten, is not just the responsibility of a handful of university teachers. It is the responsibility of the whole community, a debt they owe to their young people and to their own future development.

Help is required—quickly—to save university education in New Zealand. What happens to the wealth of this small country with the highest standard of living in the world? It certainly doesn't come our way. We could allay the Chancellor's fears and have a first-rate university in this country within a few years. But it will have to be paid for.

(REPRINTED FROM THE "NEW ZEALAND LISTENER")

NEW STAFF

ECONOMICS, BOTANY, GEOGRAPHY

PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS

Craccum approached Professor Simkin with definite trepidation, as the job of bearding new professors in their lair was foreign to our reporter, but the ice was broken when Professor Simkin, on being asked for a photograph, enthusiastically produced a snapshot of himself seated on a rock surveying the rustic beauties of nature. Asked tentatively whether he could spare the time for an interview, Professor Simkin looked long and hard at **Craccum**, then said he would prefer to write it himself. Thereupon our reporter beamed joyfully and glided from the room. We print the result of Professor Simkin's "interview" as a separate article.

Professor of Botany

Dr. Chapman welcomed our reporter with enthusiasm, but refused unconditionally the honour of having his photograph printed in **Craccum**. "You see," he explained with a significant gleam in the eye, "I've just arrived by air, and my luggage is not unpacked. Of course, there is my passport photograph, but . . . " **Craccum** here thought it expedient to shake its head sagely and emit noises of agreement.

Dr. Chapman confessed that this is his first visit to the southern hemisphere, and that he anticipates interesting years ahead of him. On his way to New Zealand he spent some days in Sydney and was favourably impressed, but he agreed, though somewhat doubtfully, with our reporter that Australia is simply not comparable with New Zealand. Questioned on his impression of Auckland, Dr. Chapman said that so far he knows very little of the city except Albert Park and Anzac Avenue, but if his opinion could be based on this slender knowledge, he is sure he is going to like it. He added that his opinion will probably rise even further when he has had a bath. "You know," he confessed disarmingly, "I even quite like the clock tower of the College." **Craccum** was here forced to agree that his appreciation of Auckland must indeed be genuine.

Asked about conditions at Cambridge University as compared with A.U.C., Dr. Chapman was emphatic in his statement that problems of rehabilitation, over-crowding and student apathy exist there just as much as here. He pointed out that all three problems are necessarily bound together, and the only solution possible is one of time and constant readjustment to changing circumstances.

Dr. Chapman was delighted with the botany block of the College and anticipates much useful work ahead. Questioned about his students, he admitted that he had received one or two shocks this week, but added with enviable broadmindedness that it probably wasn't nearly as bad as the shock his students had had. "Anyway," he finished optimistically, "I expect we'll all shake down together quite happily sooner or later."

Lecturer in Geography

Dr. Cumberland proved a most elusive gentleman, and it was only after knocking on his door for the umpteenth time that **Craccum** was bidden to come in. The interview began auspiciously with Dr. Cumberland presenting **Craccum** with a studio photograph of himself. **Craccum** accepted it gratefully, emitting an audible sigh of relief. Questioned on his opinion of Auckland, Dr. Cumberland admitted that the city occupied an enviable position and had admirable cultural advantages. He ended by saying plaintively that he liked Christchurch better. At this point the interview developed into a comfortable chat, and Dr. Cumberland's next remarks concerned the Caf. He was explicit on this point, and our reporter nodded her head in sympathetic agreement.

Questioned on library facilities and lab. equipment, Dr. Cumberland shook his head sadly. The College Council is in the act of spending £250 on library books, this to form the beginnings of a geography section. As for lab. equipment, the department is being entirely reorganised owing to the fact that nearly two hundred students have enrolled, when it was calculated that not more than seventy or eighty would take geography this year. Dr. Cumberland waved his cane to indicate the piles of maps and graphs lying on the floor, over which our reporter had tripped when entering the room. "That's about as far as I've got in arranging my equipment yet," he said. He expressed surprise at the number of full-time students in his class. Over 50 per cent of Geography I are full-time, many of them probably rehabilitated servicemen or teachers taking a year off from their work. Most of these people, Dr. Cumberland said, are in their late twenties. "Which is all for the good," he added hopefully, "as they will probably be more intelligent."

DR. CUMBERLAND

In time Dr. Cumberland hopes to make the geography department an exclusively full-time one. There is urgent need for this, he said, for geography, especially in stages two and three, demands a great deal of laboratory and field work.

Geography is at the moment in an anomalous position, Dr. Cumberland proceeded meditatively. Although it is at present part of the Arts faculty, in reality it is more of a scientific subject. At Cambridge, geography may be taken in conjunction either with a B.A. or B.Sc. degree, and in time Dr. Cumberland hopes to make that the position at Auckland. It is a wide subject, he went on, touching many things, and having contact with most other College departments.

At this moment, Dr. Cumberland discovered that he should be beginning a lecture in Room 19, so, throwing over his shoulder some terse remarks concerning the inadequacy of the College buildings to house 2500 students, he opened his door and was engulfed in a surging mass of perspiring humanity, while **Craccum** wearily closed its notebook and eased its cramped fingers.

* * *

When two people are under the influence of the most violent, most insane, most delusive and most transient of passions, they are required to swear that they will remain in that excited, abnormal and exhausting condition continuously until death do them part.—Shaw.

* * *

Peace itself is war in masquerade. —Dryden.

NOT BOUQUETS FOR ALL

THREE MUSICAL COMEDIES

It is now some years since New Zealand audiences have been able to see an overseas company produce an opera or a musical comedy. The days of the "White Horse Inn" and regular Gilbert and Sullivan tours are very far off. Therefore musical comedy fans were very pleased to know that four shows were coming to New Zealand. Three were well known, perhaps too well known, the fourth was known only to a few, although selections had often been played over the air. The presence of Gladys Moncrieff in the company raised hopes in some who had never seen her, but those who had seen and praised her a long time ago, felt rather chary of renewing an acquaintance after such a long absence. Nearly everyone was disappointed, for whatever she may have been twenty or thirty yeas ago (and I am quite prepared to believe that she was the "Queen of Musical Comedy"), to-day Gladys Moncrieff is no longer a leading lady for musical comedy. Her singing is by no means what it used to be, and the songs loved by so many did not thrill the same as they had done in the past. Her low notes and speaking voice were sometimes excessively harsh: this was especially noticeable in "Rio Rita," when the Australian twang was much in evidence. Her charm of manner, the way she carried herself, her wisely-chosen and beautiful frocking, the songs she sang (not necessarily the way she sang them)—it was these that won audiences' hearts, and perhaps they were applauding the courage of yet another great artist who insists on appearing in public several years too late.

The Merry Widow

The three productions here dealt with represent the lowest and highest forms of excellence. "The Merry Widow" was a big draw, but those seeing it for the first time can hardly realise why it has been so popular for so many years. In the present company's production it was often dull and pedestrian, relieved—one could almost say redeemed—by a few excellent moments, notably Bobby Mack's Nisch and the songs "Silly Horseman" and "Oh, the Women." Of the rest, very little has remained fixed in the memory. "The Merry Widow Waltz" was given no prominence and did not deserve any, and "Vilia" retained its charm but very little else. The choice of this mediocre production for the opening of a season probably deterred many from seeing the other productions.

Viktoria and Her Hussar

If they were kept away from "Viktoria and Her Hussar" it was a pity, for this production was excellent in many ways. Almost from the word go this unusual, witty and beautiful musical comedy went with a swing, which was lacking in both "The Merry Widow" and "Rio Rita." Nearly every song was worth an encore, the comedy was hilarious if slightly risqué, and the story and dramatic scenes were believable. Once again the comedy was the best part. Fred Murray (horribly miscast in "The Merry Widow") showed considerable ability as Ferri, even if he was a little too exuberant at times. Miriam Lester was also more at home as O Lia San, a part which suited her rather harsh voice. As a soubrette, Betty Sparks is as good as anything Hollywood can produce, and, with Bobby Mack, was responsible for most of the success of this production. Herbert Browne sang well, and it was not his fault for arriving immaculate after several weeks spent in eluding the Bolsheviks. Gladys Moncrieff was much more satisfying as Viktoria than as Sonia, and all the songs that she sang alone and in association with her two leading men were good. In this production, chorus and ballet were bigger and better, but the "Nocturne" in Act 2 was successful only in raising nostalgic yearnings for the real thing of "Les Sylphides." Classical ballet is right out of place in musical comedy. National dances are more suitable and don't make audiences bored.

Rio Rita

"Rio Rita" was slightly better than "The Merry Widow," but I have seen amateurs make just as good a job of it. It was very spectacular, and the frocking was more striking in this show than in any other. Ormonde Douglas was Gladys Moncrieff's leading man and was more satisfactory than either of her other two. The comedy again was good, though once or twice a little overdone, and once again Fred Murray, Betty Sparks and Bobby Mack gave a lift to the show whenever they entered. Ballets were more frequent but not as pleasant as in "Viktoria." In fact, there were too many, and they tended to hold up the action. One or two special acts were included, designed to show off prodigies child and adult, both, however, being infantile. They succeeded only in being nauseating and slightly embarrassing. The March of the Rangers was nearly ruined by vocal gymnastics, and Colleen Tangye, I hope, was introduced so that the scene behind the drop curtain could be changed. A short interval would have been better.

The most shameful thing in all three productions was the song "Sweet Love's Dream" in "Viktoria." The verse was to the tune of Chopin's Funeral Prelude and the chorus to that of Liszt's Liebestraum. Whether Paul Abraham, the composer, was responsible for this sacrilege and mutilation I cannot say, but the musical director ought to have deleted it as it was offensive and quite unnecessary to the story.

In this company's offerings there are one or two things worthy of sincere congratulation. One is the incorporation of New Zealanders in the chorus, ballets and orchestra, and the other is the excellenec of the two chief comedians, Betty Sparks and Bobby Mack. Without these two people all three productions would have lagged. As it is, they overshadow the rest of the company, and it is to them that most of the bouquets should be offered.

—R.P.

* * *

Keep well thy tongue and keep thy friend.—Chaucer.

THE COLLEGE TO-DAY

BY PROFESSOR SIMKIN

I have hardly had time to form a real opinion of the College, especially as I have come to it when it is facing such abnormally difficult conditions. It has the advantage of fairly modern buildings, which are reasonably designed for university needs, if we ignore the unimportant but unfortunate exception of the wedding-cake relief of the clock tower. The students seem to be a well-balanced crowd, rather more well-behaved than I remember them at Canterbury and Otago, but this may be the spiritual product of years of standing in queues for everything. The staff, I think, is less fortunate than at Canterbury or Otago in not having staff rooms to get together in. Compared with the position at Canterbury particularly, this seems to lead to more isolation and less free and easy relations.

At present the College is working under exceptional difficulties in regard to buildings and staffs. These difficulties it shares with the other colleges, and they make it difficult to maintain customary standards of training at a time when we should be improving them along the lines so admirably set out in the Chancellor's recent speech. It is a matter of real surprise to me that the students, who are the real sufferers from the present impossible solution, and especially those of them who are returned men, should have remained so quiet at being handed educational slice instead of educational bread. If they had any real appreciation of what is due to them, and if they have any spirit to improve their deplorable conditions, they should be trying to enlist public support and political interest in improving University facilities—especially as there is an election this year.

Ideas About Future

I believe that the University will become more important to the community in the year immediately ahead, not merely because of the obvious importance of scientific technicians in the age of the atomic bomb, but for the more fundamental reason that it is a powerful citadel for the real forces of liberty, at a time when the perennial revolt against freedom is making such alarming progress. Powerful and complex forces are endangering democracy and independent thought, the twin institution upon which social decency and progress ultimately depend. The universities will face greatly increased responsibilities in keeping independent thought alive, and in maintaining the exchange and criticism of ideas and knowledge. This exchange and criticism of ideas and knowledge is the basic function of a university and is always important to society, for, as Lord Keynes has pointed out, in the long run we are ruled by little more than ideas. But its importance to society is greatly magnified now that the world is facing the confusion of major social readjustments and the conflict of antagonistic social philosophies.

SERIAL

He was looking out of the window watching the rain falling. It had only just started, and he had run in from playing outside to avoid it. He had always loved playing on his favourite patch and he liked rain too, if he were under shelter. He loved to see the rain falling in thick, heavy sheets, splashing in its own puddles and driving against the window-panes and making them blurred and streaky. There was a flower-bed under the window. It was quite muddy now and there were tiny puddles in the hollows of the mud. The cups formed by the petals of the flowers were filled with rain and the flowers were bent under the impact of the water. He watched intently. The rain was heavier now and the small flowers were buried under a thin coating of mud, their puny strength giving out. He noticed what looked to be small beads falling on the flowers and earth. He thought that they must be hailstones, for although he had heard of hail, he had never seen any. Perhaps he had always watched rain in the hope of seeing some hail. He could see some now, anyway, if this were hail. There were large drops, forming themselves into larger piles. He watched one of these piles forming in the corners of the front-door steps. He was fascinated and wished some larger drops would fall, and he thought how exciting it would be to feel some. He saw the rain turning to crystal in the leaves of the flowers, and he looked up. The rain-cloud had passed and now there was a rainbow across the sky and the sun came out again. The air was still damp, and he gave a little shiver as he opened the door and ran outside. He had to go carefully as the steps were wet and slippery. The hailstones looked like diamonds in the sunlight, and he gathered a handful of them. It was lovely to feel his hands cooling as the hail lay in his palm. He examined his handful more closely and soon he saw the pieces becoming gradually smaller, until they merged into each other and he did not understand why. He had never seen hail before. Soon it was all gone. He was sorry it had melted, and now only the water that remained ran through his fingers and dripped on to the steps below.

(Continued next issue)

REGRETTED DEPARTURE

PROFESSOR SEWELL

A familiar figure, swathed in black overcoat, and wreaths of tobacco smoke, is missing from our cluttered corridors this year. You may have thought he was established as Professor of Poetry and Drama at Swansea, but you must now accustom yourself to remember he is in Greece—Byron Professor (equivalent to Professor of English Literature) at the University of Athens. Not only University circles will feel the loss of Arthur Sewell as a professor, but also the country, as a man with a deep understanding of the needs and problems of modern society and provocative proposals for their remedy. His concern was not with the purely intellectual refinements of scholarship, but to make literature a vital and living force in the community as a whole.

All Professor Sewell's literary activities within the College, and outside, were coloured by his conception of society, understood in terms of its relationship to past civilisation and the universe as a whole. His pamphlet "What of the New Order?" is stamped with this realisation of the continuity of society: the present chaos is not due to the "fitful and groundless whims of the Time Spirit," but to the "cataclysmic movements in the resettlement of man's relations with his fellows." The basic impulse of man is not self-interest or power, but the desire to be "members of one another," a social impulse "more important, more pervasive and more formative." Our life to-day is a "civilisation of gadgets," our learning is "compartmented" and lacking the "deeper poise and settlement of spirit"; we are frustrated in our fundamental longing for unity.

In "No Man Stands Apart," a play, written and produced by Professor Sewell, and acted by students, he endeavours to show the nucleus of a more harmonious relationship between man and man, in the incidents in the life of a typical working-class family set against a kaleidoscopic background, symbolising the present "world picture." The play is interesting from the point of view of the dramatic and technical experiments. Though the symbolic machinery may be weighty, the dialogue is masterly.

This consummate handling of dialogue is displayed by Professor Sewell in lighter vein in "A Yank in Remuera," or "Don't Get Us Wrong," which had the honour of being banned for reasons, it seems, of New Zealand-American friendship. This cocktail lounge comedy will probably be released when there is a demand for documentary evidence of the American invasion.

Professor Sewell's interest in literature and drama on the stage, radio and films was reflected in W.E.A. conferences, and his talks on English poetry on the radio. He was frequently consulted on literary problems, including the question of whether Boccaccio should be banned from New Zealand as sullying our morals. Characteristically he replied that it was literature, and as such acceptable.

A recent feature of his activity was his "Open Letter to the Editor of 'Truth'" inveighing against the paper's method of attacking the aliens and conscientious objectors in New Zealand. His Miltonic eruption against their obscene clamour, hysterical recklessness and the "wanton irresponsibility of the gutter press" reached a magnificent conclusion—an example of the "art of getting there." "You have done this Dominion no service by your writing. You could do it one service now; you could be silent."

The penetrating criticism which Professor Sewell turned against community affairs, he used in the University world. He maintained that we lacked the intensely "local" patriotism of the olden English 'Varsities, and that Craccum lacked the element of student satire which makes a University paper live. His views on the planting of a College Chapel on the future Tamaki site were unequivocal—"a piece of public humbug, . . . committing the mind and spirit of the institution to a certain visible orthodoxy." Professor Sewell's interest in Student Relief activities was very great, though his efforts were spasmodic, but a Sewell programme was a certain attraction. Whether he thundered the orthodoxies of a public prosecutor, breathed the torments of a Macbeth, or introduced New Zealand poetry to New Zealanders, the profits were always considerable.

In the lecture room you felt that Sewell was at his best. He lacked the usual embarrassed awkwardness in talking about the more serious relationships of man to the universe, and a certain rich humanity made literature live for the least inspired. His style was stamped by his swift transitions from abstract conceptions of that "which is in time and out of time," to colloquial equivalents—"There's no jam on Donne," or "Restoration Drama wears silk underclothes." His grand marshalling of words, on the heels of a preliminary stutter, were punctuated often by the remark, "It's nice, isn't it—I'll read it again," which he did with infectious relish. The Sewell manner was famous, and as he himself suggested, very easy to burlesque. His introductions of modern life were always vivid—the analogies between the climaxes in Macbeth and Wild West movies, the comparison between the robustness of Elizabethan actors, and the "suburban refinement" of ours, the advantages of the production of King Lear on the screen. He antagonised female worshippers by the causticism of his comment on Laurence Olivier as Heathcliffe—"a Gipsy, yet almost a gentleman."

His lectures were an adventure in language. His artistic ingenuity reached exhilarating heights when he explained in a student staff debate why he would rather be a satisfied pig than a dissatisfied philosopher. He never, however, sacrificed underlying seriousness to mere cleverness. He condemned over-solemnity and over-levity as the causes of unsophistication and the attributes of undergrads.

Professor Sewell's personality was such to inspire remarkable enthusiasm in students. His class was the exception, where absence of a roll did not mean decrease in numbers.

In Athens there will be opportunities to study the old and new which Arthur Sewell will most assuredly welcome. Our best wishes go forth to him in his new work. We have little doubt that the Byronic cult ("Byron was a wit, but not civilised") will soon be replaced by the Miltonic in Athens.

MUSIC AND THE RADIO

INTERRUPTIONS

The Time has come, the listener said,
To talk of Station-Kings,
Of Programmes lopp'd and pealing chimes
And silent prayers and things . . .

It is, in fact, high time another Catalogue Aria was written for the benefit of the N.B.S., and I am willing to supply any up-and-coming composer with the libretto thereof. It is a trifle difficult to think off-hand of the "thousand and three" indiscretions that Mozart, da Ponte and Leporello credit to the amorous Don and of which he was so proud (I am beginning to think that the last epithet applies to the N.B.S., too), but it should not require much sustained listening to rustle up the necessary total. In the meantime here are five recent atrocities to go on with.

Two of them concern Mr. Luscombe's recent broadcasts on Chopin in his series "The Pageant of Music" from 1YA each week. It is grim enough for him to be allotted a mere quarter of an hour for his most instructive talks; but when even this is rudely interrupted for what the American Commentators have to Say (Heaven spare us), then the limit of ill-manners has been reached. Both an Ecossaise and the F Minor Ballade met an untimely fate on these occasions, the latter most unhappily so, since upon the playing of its last few bars depended the whole point of Mr. Luscombe's previous remarks.

Even the delightful presentations of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas we have been hearing lately have been unable to escape 1YA's attentions. This time the Finale of the Gondoliers was brutally cut off for a ministerial harangue on Stabilisation in the Post-War World — a Gilbertian enough situation I grant, but possibly 1YA wasn't able to see it quite that way. In any case it was the wrong Sullivan on the air.

The N.B.S. are not afraid of Mozart either. The "Jupiter" had managed to get half-way through its last movement the other Saturday night by the grace of 2YB, when came the crash of Westminster. I'm afraid my silent prayer that night was a fortissimo commination complete with bell, book and candle upon Evil Doers of the Radio.

The dismal list concludes with another example of the same treatment—this time meted out to Frank Hutchens and Lindley Evans on Saturday, March 9, at the Auckland Town Hall. No need for details. The horrible procedure is known to most listeners ere this I imagine. And all this talk no doubt is so much baying at the moon as far as any improvement in the situation is concerned—but the more hounds in the chorus the better, and if they set up a great enough clamour, perhaps the householders of the N.B.S. will be disposed to satisfy their wishes, if only for the sake of peace.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear C,—

I just had to write and tell you all about the simply marvellous symphony programme we had the other night from 1YX. It was a lovely guessing competition, and I was so pleased because I got top marks. At least I think so. The man didn't tell us who won. Anyway, this is what happened. We started off with the overture to the "Royal Fireworks Music," which was the first nasty trap because the "Listener" said we were to hear the whole lot. The man told us they were H.M.V. records, but I knew they were Columbia because I've got them. I wonder whether that was cheating? I wasn't a bit disappointed not hearing all the "Fireworks" because we had a suite of Rameau instead, which was a lovely surprise, coming all unexpected so to speak. Then the man announced Mozart's F Major Concerto and played nearly all the first side of the "Fireworks" again, which was jolly good of him, don't you think? Then we had the concerto—you know, the one with the piano in it. After that came Beethoven's "Eleven Viennese Dances," conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham—at least that's what the man said. I always thought it was Felix Weingartner, but he's dead, so I suppose it's silly still having him conducting. The last dance seemed a bit out of time and funny. I wondered whether it was a slow fox-trot, but I discovered it was an entr'acte to "Egmont," which was pretty clever, I thought, because the man didn't tell me.

The last thing I heard was Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. The man told us a lot about it—it was so interesting. "Apotheosis of the dance," I think he said, though I'm sure I don't know what that means. Then he played the records and I DID have an exciting time working it all out. The first movement was all right—just a trick to create a sense of false security. Then we had part one of the slow movement, then part one of the scherzo. I was just feeling glad that it wouldn't take as long as usual, when we went back to part two of the slow movement. But the man played only a little of this and faded it into part three, which wasn't so bad really. We didn't hear any more of the third movement, though. I was so disappointed because the man said there was an Austrian folk song in it—yodelling, I suppose. Then we had both sides of the last movement, but that was easy. After that the man said we had been listening to Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Wasn't it all just too exciting? I do wish they would have more of those competitions over the air.

Yours,
Hollyhock.

COMPARISONS

The other day, after hearing Artur Schnabel play Beethoven's First Piano Concerto, somebody said, "It's just like a miniature Emperor, isn't it?"

Now one's immediate reaction to that is most probably a flat denial, accompanied by a withering glare. But on reflection perhaps there is something in the comparison, at least superficially. Certainly it is more valid than a similar comparison of, say, the First and Fifth Symphonies. The elaborate and massive cadenza Schnabel inserts in the first movement possibly enhances the illusion. Throughout this movement, too, there is a sort of pompous virtuosity which is, of course, the very essence of the "Emperor's" first movement.

The decorative fancy of Beethoven's first period slow movements is nowhere better shown than in the second movement of the first concerto. It became something vastly different in the last pianoforte sonatas, but when the slow movement of the "Emperor" was written Beethoven's idiom had not changed so profoundly as to exclude comparison with the earlier work. There is in both a languid play with that ornamental filigree so beloved by Chopin, and which is indeed the only musical characteristic I can find common to both composers.

The similarity of the subjects of the final Rondos is obvious. I do not mean in mere theme, but in the gusto and almost Handelian relish of their tonic-dominant chording (it may be worthwhile noting that Handel was Beethoven's favourite composer).

But again the comparison may be all so much moonshine. Anyway, it should prove a fruitful subject for a savage debate.

—C.

TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE

"Then I shall abdicate!" cries Hedy Lamarr in a near-curtain line in the season's silliest, dullest, most sentimental piece of Regal tomfoolery, "Her Highness and the Bell Boy."

For the sake of her career, it would have been a far, far better thing had she carried her threat into effect just two hours earlier and spared us the spectacle of her second "flop" in two successive films. Never has Beauty been so wooden, plot so threadbare, laughs so hard to raise. Even oafish "Rags" Ragland cannot carry the show and page-bobbed June Allyson, the greatest thing since Betty Boop, becomes in the long run just a little too appealing.

Still, Her Highness seems to be attracting her loyal adoring subjects in their thousands, and as long as the romantic escapades of mythical runaway princesses hold more interest than the matter-of-fact ups and downs of the lives of "Wilson" or "The Young Mr. Pitt," who then am I to say that the Age of Monarchy is past?

If, like me, you feel that you must give Miss Lamarr one last chance to demonstrate some latent acting ability, then you had better pop into the cinema at some rainy Friday shoppers' session, after you've drawn blanks at every store you've visited. I shall be very surprised if you don't consider that it's here you draw the biggest. Not that you'll find the majority of the audience feeling the same way, of course. Hedy may be "The Heavenly Body" and normal men and women may pay to go and see good-lookers, because it is pleasant to see as much as you can of good-looking women, but an actress, no!

But if I seem to dismiss "Her Highness and the Bell Boy" so abruptly, as being unworthy of further attention, the film has at least been the means of setting me thinking—this picture and a very fine publication, "Film," by Roger Manvell. Stars or stories? People or plot? Which is it to be? Hedy Lamarr in goodness-only-knows-what, or a movie such as "The Ox Bow Incident," where to pick a star is almost an impossibility? Manvell has this to say on the subject: " . . . Film acting is fortunately a controversial subject . . . the problem of whether the star is acting in the film or whether the film is merely a vehicle for the star's peculiar and limited talent . . . the colossal salaries earned by people without special acting talent but with an ability to look well and dress well in all situations . . . these people are asked to parade through certain situations before making their bow and collecting their contract money, and they are sold by their publicity allocation as actors and actresses, instead of highly-paid exponents of beauty and clothes-wear."

Who, then, is responsible for such a state of affairs? Who makes the stars? Surely not the Hollywood magnates, whose chief aim is, after all, the acquisition of wealth in what is a legitimate business undertaking. It is we, the picture-going public, who make or break the darlings of the silver screen. We do it through our flocking to fill in Popularity Polls (you know the sort of thing—"Name your 10 favourite film stars of the year in order." Never, you'll notice, "Whom do you consider the 10 best directors, the 10 best producers, or even what the 10 best films and why"), following our favourites through their careers by means of Fan Clubs we form in their honour, by plugging this or that film star right or wrong, whatever the picture, overlooking what might on closer examination prove to be a worthless performance in an equally worthless show, believing implicitly that after all it wasn't the star's fault. In relatively few cases can the blame be attributed to bad casting, for more often than not the producer is merely submitting to the wish of the film-goer, the star-worshipper. Greer Garson is one of the few fortunate people on the top rung of the ladder in that thus far every role she has been called upon to fill has been fashioned to her particular brand of talent, and the stories around which the film has been woven, credible. Contrast Betty Grable and her never-ending parade of bilious sugar-plum musicals.

I suppose the reason for our preferring stars above all is built out of the fundamental question, "Why do we go to the pictures?" To be amused, to be mentally uplifted, to learn something, to escape? And probably you will agree, it is for the latter reason that most of us do go. Escape from the drudgery of chasing the clock from nine to five Monday to Friday, worrying over that suite we're trying to pay off the "easy way," the new costume we're so badly in need of. With a shilling, a comfortable seat and two hours of spare time, we may live ourselves into the parts Hollywood parades before us, the parts that we have demanded be paraded before us, our dreamed-up selves. Whether we are any better off when the lights go up and we fight our way to the trams and the night-shift is another thing altogether. Six out of every ten film-goers choose their shows by looking up the columns of the daily papers to see "Who's in it," three in ten will go along to anything that's on, never knowing the players, let alone the title, and one person in ten might notice that direction is by Hitchcock, Welles, Duvivier or Clair, and ignoring all else, consider the cinema worth a visit on that score alone.

It seems established, then, that screen names largely assure the success of films and ultimately, under the existing system, determine the type of film that we shall see.

Along the highway that is the record of the progress of motion pictures are milestones that denote "Flops"; where names have been terrific drawcards and films as such barely tolerable.

We remember Bergman and Cooper in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" (curtly dismissed by "Time" with four words —"Let sleeping bags lie") Gable, Lamarr, Tracy and Colbert, a Big Four with a vengeance, this, in "Boom Town," Colman and Rogers in "Lucky Partners," Lamarr and Powell in "The Heavenly Body." There are more, many, many more; every studio has its quota; the more important the studio, the greater the number, the greater the fall; pictures that even the principals couldn't redeem, and but few of these leading players were really only clothes-horses. Most of these pictures were successful, of course, even classed as outstanding by star-doped film fans and producers had the green light. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, having probably more high-ranking favourites on its payroll than any other major corporation in Hollywood, has through the years pursued a policy such that by now the famous lion has ceased entirely to forecast a film of some considerable merit. The war years have meant a constant spate of "quota quickies" and wretched full-length movies bolstered only by name players and name dance bands, a succession of "super star-studded spectacles of gals, gobs and gags" released by every company and lumping into some 10,000 feet of celluloid all the most handsomely rewarded entertainers of the modern screen.

Occasionally, however, the position is reversed, and we have the pleasant recollection of a really satisfying performance occurring in a film of little or no intrinsic value, the material given lustre by the stars. One such which springs to mind is "Saratoga Trunk," a splendid romantic comedy yet to reach New Zealand, a film made memorable by the efforts of the Bergman-Cooper, this time scoring a resounding victory; another that little gem of a few years back, "Shop

(Continued next page)

Around the Corner," outstanding as a result of the life breathed into it by Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart and Frank Morgan; yet another, the more recent and slick "Without Love," where Tracy and Hepburn give polish to a rather dull plot.

And ever so rarely do we stumble upon the veritable masterpiece that must have slipped through the studio and out on to the market unnoticed—the adult film, so foreign to Hollywood, the one that sticks within the realms of possibility, stays on this earth and concerns normal human beings. A film that has no stars, no dream sequences in flaming technicolour, no flags, no medals, that is great of itself and because of the work of players who seem to realise that here at last is something worth doing well. And such a film is "The Ox Bow Incident."

You'll see "The Ox Bow" only as number two on a double-feature programme, but if you've had the almost uncontrollable desire at one time or another to see all conventional touches swept to the four winds, see it if only for that reason. Here is the seeming simple tale of a lynching posse, in what might to many people pass as just another Western, the place Nevada, the date about 1885.

I think, though, that you will here find an atmosphere as emotionally tense as Hitchcock ever devised and, like "Othello," an overpowering sense of on-rushing tragedy and ultimate repentance. We know all the time that for once things just aren't going to finish in the glow of a red sunset with everyone living happily ever after. Briefly, the film concerns the course of justice meted out to the supposed murderers of a supposedly murdered man, the refusal of simple, impulsive settlers to allow the law to pursue its rightful course, their complete avoidance of the fact that perhaps the men whom they hold are innocent of any crime, since no one has actually seen the dead man. Greater than the subject itself, which becomes so because it marks a brief but bold departure from routine film stories, is each man's part in this tragic business, each man's and one woman's.

Our task is to decide just who was the star of the picture. Is it Henry Fonda, whose stock had prior to this slumped considerably, in his role of stranger in town, convinced of the innocence of the victims of the posse, and yet unable by sheer weight of numbers to do anything to help them; Dana Andrews, the boss of the convicted trio; Henry Davenport, the old storekeeper who attempts to reason with the men and allow the captives a fair trial; "Sparks," the lanky Negro "reverend," whose portrayal throughout is superb; Tetley, the sadistic major and self-appointed head of the band; Smith, the hothead forever twirling the noose in his hand; or is it in reality Director William Wellman? Perhaps it is best if we refrain from looking for stars in "The Ox Bow Incident" and acclaim the film as a triumph of teamwork and direction. No stars, but a magnificent piece of work and an example of what we, the movie-mad public, could be treated to in many more of our films.

Some day concerted action and cooperation of producer and public, helped by screen folk themselves, may lead to an all-round improvement in motion picture entertainment, even if it be only by such elementary moves as mentioned previously, Popularity Polls for stories, directors and producers. Anything to replace the out-dated Star System. It will be long and difficult. People ever attracted more followers than ideals.

—K.

WOMEN'S CRICKET

Last year a University Women's Cricket Club was formed to play in the competitions held by the Auckland Ladies' Cricket Association. Our team was placed in the Senior Grade together with four other teams. At present we are third on the Championship ladder, and we feel this is quite encouraging for a new team. We found, as we expected, that it is quite a problem to field a full team each week through the summer vacation, and we hope, having successfully weathered one season, that the position will improve next year. In this respect we are particularly keen to contact any Freshers in the College who are interested in cricket and would like to play for the club next season.

We started off quite badly, but, happily, our play has improved out of sight, and lately we have narrowly missed beating the two leading teams, A.L.H.A. and North Shore. Last week we had a substantial win in our match with the Akarana team. We hope this upward trend will continue into next season. We have some very promising players in the team. Two of our members, Win Penman and Lynsie Jones, were chosen to try for the Rep. team. Jean McLachlin has proved an excellent, if lazy, batsman, and a reliable wicket-keeper. Win Penman's fielding is a model for the other players, as is that of Beverly Rudd, a very promising Fresher. The other stalwarts, Lynsie Jones, Maureen Lamb, Joan Winter, Judy Greville, have their on and off days, but are useful all-rounders. No one has made a century this season or performed the hat-trick. The credit for the highest scores in batting go to Jean McLachlin (52 not out), Beverly Rudd (42 not out), Lynsie Jones (40).

We feel that the next season will bring forth many new and keen players to strengthen the club. Freshers and others desiring information may contact the Club Captain (Win Penman) or Secretary (Maureen Lamb).

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Copy for the next isue of "Craccum" will close on Wednesday, April 3, at 6 p.m. "Craccum" needs articles by students.

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