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GRACCUM

THE JOURNAL OF AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE



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SIXPENCE

STEREOSCOPE

A Dialectic for To-day

"The Auckland University College Council yesterday announced its intention to purchase the Hotel Stonehurst for the purpose of converting it into a College Hostel."—Herald, 23/8/48.

"Don't you think they're being rather rash in involving themselves in a scheme which will cause the College considerable loss for a number of years, and which the students don't seem likely to support?"

"Maybe. As a country student I filled in a questionnaire form. I believe that I was one of the few strongly in favour of the scheme. I think the three pounds a week board deterred most of the others."

"Yes, I hear that eighty per cent said they couldn't support the proposal on that ground. It won't be much use opening the Hostel if nobody's going to live in it."

"Perhaps, but I read recently of a College in Kaikohe that asked students if they would support a hostel scheme. Of the many asked, few would commit themselves to a definite "yes." When the hostel was opened, however, it was fairly occupied in a week and even had a waiting list."

"Yes, but that was in a country district where there was little chance of alternative accommodation. In the city fairly adequate accommodation may be had at cheaper rates. What can a hostel offer that lodgings cannot?"

"Saying in fares through proximity to the University."

"A minor point."

"There are other advantages, but another point about proximity to the College is that in the hostel you would have the nucleus of a genuine University community."

"Don't bring vague optimism into the argument. Are you trying to persuade me that this hostel is going to turn the University into anything more than a mere degree-factory?"

"I grant you that the College has been little more than that for its eighty years, but this hostel should at begin to transform it into something nearer a real University."

"What do you mean by that?"

"An institution devoted to the discovery and dissemination of truth and true values. Our present means of doing this one by lectures, text-books and a little discussion. Yet discussion, by far the most important of these, receives the least encouragement, and has the slightest opportunity, in our present state."

"That is certainly so—discussion is very limited at present, but are you sure it deserves the importance you attach to it?"

"Quite sure. You should get most of your ideas from books and lectures, but discussion and debate is necessary to crystallise them to help you to express them readily, and to show you their weaknesses."

"I see, but how will the hostel help?"

"There will be virtually unlimited opportunities for discussion with many others variously informed upon different subjects. You will be living with people who will be willing to debate any problem with you—problems upon which you parents or your landlady would not, or could not, express an opinion."

"I grant you that. I frequently find that there is no one in my family with whom I can discuss things that interest me—but the advantages of discussion

hardly seem to justify the foundation of a possible white elephant."

"Leaving out, for the time being, the question of whether the hostel will pay, it seems obvious, as anyone who has been to boarding school will tell you, that having to live with a number of people has a broadening effect upon your character."

"Nobody can deny that. But would you say that having a number of students living in a hostel attached to the University would abolish student apathy?"

"Still riding your old hobby-horse! The hostel would at least increase interest in the College and its activities, for the simple reason that, for all who live in it, the University would inevitably become the main thing in their lives."

"That's what I want. After all, it is only by living the life of the college as the centre of your life that you can reap the full benefit of your sojourn there."

"True. I see you coming around to my point of view."

"Almost. There is one thing that troubles me, however. Do you think it will be possible to fill the hostel? Some of the students from places away from the city have board already."

"The point there is that the boarding facilities are not satisfactory. In fact, knowledge that they are so unsatisfactory may have the effect of deterring students from the country, or from the Islands, from coming to the University at all."

"I quite see that. You think, then, that the knowledge that suitable accommodation is available will be a deciding factor in whether a man comes to the University or not?"

"I certainly do. For one thing, the effect of that knowledge upon his parents is sure to be a favourable factor."

"Yes, I see. But before I give you the satisfaction of having convinced me of the benefit of the hostel scheme, I shall wait to see what the results of its founding are. . . ."

STONEHENGE

THE PRACTICAL POINT OF VIEW

IN these coming weeks, until the College hostel is either a reality or a pipe-dream of the past, we may confidently expect to hear more frothy eulogies, and more fiery condemnations, than this College has heard on any subject since its inception. This is only natural, for with the exception of the Tamaki scheme this is the biggest thing that has as yet appeared on the the College's horizon. And it is because it is so big, because it involves not only the purchase of a few buildings, but also a complete change in status, that we must attempt to view and assess the hostel scheme impartially before it becomes obscured behind the spume of student expostulation.

These are the facts: The Council has an option upon the largest private hotel in Auckland—Stonehurst, in Symonds Street—and the purchase price is £45,000. Of this sum the Government will grant £20,000, and the Council will attempt to raise the remaining £25,000 by public subscription. The hotel, when transformed into a hostel, will house 120 students at the cost of £3 per week per student. If we examine these facts from a purely practical point of view, we are immediately struck by the question "is it worth it?" The 120 students who, it is hoped, will reside in the hostel are in the city already. They are living in a variety of lodgings from private homes to boarding houses, and in many cases are paying less than £3 a week. Would it be worthwhile, then, to leave these cheaper lodgings for a more expensive hostel? Remember that we are not at the moment concerned with the idealistic aspect of hostel life, with the advantages of being part of a closely-knit community, or with the building up of University spirit. Our question, we repeat, is practical. And we are convinced that the practical reply to that question is that the hostel would be worthwhile at twice the cost. There is little virtue in a student's saving on the cost of his board when the room he occupies is half below ground, and a pool of water forms on the floor when it rains, or when he is expected to study with the distraction of a radio or a squaling child close at hand or again, if he is forced

to share a room with two labourers who have little toleration for education of any sort. These are not isolated instances; similar cases are not difficult to find. No student could, or should, be expected to do his best under such conditions. The College hostel, we feel, will have amply justified itself if it makes it possible for the student from the obscure boarding-house to live in a degree of comfort comparable to that of his fellows, and to be able to concentrate more on his work than on where the next drip from the ceiling is going to fall.

So much for the first point; there is unfortunately a second. The hostel, as we have shown, is necessary and can be justified on practical grounds. However, it is not sufficient merely to fulfil a need. The need and the means of fulfilment may exist side by side and yet be of no benefit to each other. Such is likely to be the situation with regard to the hostel. We are well aware that, while there are some students in unsuitable lodgings who will be able to take up residence in the hostel when it opens, there are others who will be forced by financial circumstances to remain where they are. It is for the sake of the latter group that the Council and the citizens of Auckland must be made to see that to provide the College with a hostel is not enough. There must be further subsidies and endowments to enable these poorer students to become residents. As we have seen, the existence of the hostel will depend upon the generosity of the people of Auckland. If their interest in the College can be aroused sufficiently so that the required subscription for the purchase of the buildings is filled, then there is no reason why that interest should not be maintained, and the necessary bequests and endowments made so that the hostel may be run as an economical unit.

Peter I. Cape

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NOTICE

Copy for the final issue will be received up to Friday, 17th September. Contributions are invited—letters, articles, verse and prose. In future Craccum will publish one short story of length not exceeding 1500 words in each issue, and contributions of such will be

welcomed. Copy must be written clearly or typed, double spacing, on one side of the paper only, with at least one blank line left between paragraphs for the insertion of sub-headings. Pen-names may be used, but the writer's own name should be included as a sign of good faith. Post copy to the Editor, c/o the University, or leave in Craccum box.

"Dr. Faustus"

MAGNIFICENT WAS THE WORD

LET us begin with the opening remark of most feeble critics, and say that Dr. Faustus is an extremely difficult play. Difficult, of course, not only technically, but in the fundamental interpretation. I doubt whether any of us, at a first hearing or reading, would easily grasp the implications that must have been immediately evident to the Elizabethan mind. Nowadays, even those of us who go so far as to believe in a Hell do not, for the most part, seriously envisage going there ourselves; and despite Lewis and "The Screwtape Letters," belief in the Devil is rather out of fashion.

THE credit for this brilliant production must, of course, go to Professor Musgrove, not only for the credibility and general finish of the whole thing, but, presumably, for the admirable cutting and re-arrangement of the text. At the same time, some most efficient backstage work, and very hard work on the part of the whole cast were evident.

MARSHALL HOBSON handled the character of Faustus, even the difficult formal elements in it, with the rapidly alternating moods involved, very creditably. His stage movement was excellent; I think the chief reproach against him was his occasional inaudibility—not always the fault of the trams. In addition there was a certain monotony in his delivery, an insufficient range of tone, due possibly to his youth, and he did rather tend to introduce too much anguish into his voice in the early scenes. But, in any case, much could be forgiven him for that last act. I, for one, had read it almost ad nauseam, and was determined to be cool and critical about it, but I found myself literally on the edge of my chair throughout the act. The sheer physical excitement was tremendous from the entry of the two friends, through the slow chiming of the clock and the struggle with invisible demons, until the final indescribable moan.

MEPHISTOPHILIS (Jack Woods, who will be remembered as that useful gentleman, the Thane of Ross, by those

who saw Ngaio Marsh's "Macbeth") was as near perfection as one could well hope for. I would have gone a second time to watch his facial expression alone. In his friar's habit he was as unlike the traditional devil in red tights as could be imagined, and yet while his sufferings were very real,

("Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God . . .

Am not tormented with ten thousand hells?")

he somehow brought with him an atmosphere of other worldliness and spiritual evil. The early scenes tended to be his rather than Faustus's; even when remaining motionless in the background he contrived to dominate the stage with his presence, and to select one incident, his handing of the dagger to Faustus in III 2 was masterly.

IN the Second Act, despite the rather uncertain reaction of the first night audience, the Papal feast unexpectedly turned out to be a piece of the utmost hilarity. James Chamley as the Pope was excellent; I know not whether his delivery was a parody of any particular person, or just of clerical enunciation in general, but it was very neat. The three friars, especially John Scott, were delicious. Bits of particularly exquisite comedy were John Ellis frenziedly crossing himself, and the agonised glances exchanged between Faustus and Mephistophilis during the exorcising dirge. The scene with the Emperor of Germany was on a much lower level,

although Benvolie's attitudes were a thing of joy.

WAGNER was rather disappointing.

Warren Beasley gave a very individual performance, but he failed to extract the full effect from many of his lines. Dick Dennant as the broad-spoken clown was excellent. If we must distinguish between the deadly sins, Covetousness (Joan McCarroll) and Sloth (James Chamley) were especially good. June Connor made a very seductive "devil dressed as woman." In the last act Douglas Drury as the Old Man, the Mediaeval Eld, did his best with what must have been an uninspiring part. The Chorus (Rob McKenzie) started things off auspiciously and made good use of a fine voice.

TECHNICALLY, the production was extremely interesting. There was an admirable simplicity in the setting and lighting of the first and third acts, and that use of the dimmer at the end was particularly effective after the immediate blackouts that were the rule before. The masks of the Seven Deadly Sins relieved an otherwise dreary scene, perhaps the flattest in the 1604 text. Lucifer, however, didn't quite seem to fit in. Not that, like Etateeta, he was not a striking figure in his own way (and mask and costume were very good), but he was on a lower plane from Faustus and Mephistophilis, in a play where formal and representational already tend to become confused. The recent fate of a far more illustrious reviewer in these pages. I hesitate to blame the author in any way, but, fortunately, I am told that Mephistophilis has been dead for some years.)

IT was a pity that Helen, at her first appearance, stood in the red glow of the doorway. Later the mask turned out quite attractive, but at first, well, "was this the face that launched a thousand ships?" It didn't look capable of launching more than a diplomatic note of mild Greek protest. The skull beneath her mask provided an extremely striking piece of business, and I think this use of the sort of technique of

(Cont. on page 6.)

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HAMILTON

FAUSTUS

The Elections, And The University

IN the last copy of Craccum the inevitable space was given to Executive candidates—given in good measure, five dull pages of petty achievements and frothy promises. And, should anything be lacking, candidates were further invited to discuss their policies before interested students (and at least half a hall of empty chairs), reiterate their promises, make their unwitting jokes; and sing big generally about the University that could be—if only the eleven best men and women were returned at the polls. A wise electorate and a hostel scheme (God or Council-granted) would transform a night school into our University dream.

WE go through this nonsense every August, and it is time one or two things were said very loud and clear. The first has been implied. Eleven angels could not legislate this College into a pukka university. The move must come from us, the "commoners," who may live with third-rate landlords instead of in first-class hostels, but who can put something into the Clubs and Societies, the institutions which record the wish of University people to follow knowledge beyond a degree. Were I a member of the Executive and knew that only twenty-five students attended a programme of poetry and music in the Hall—as fine a programme as has been given at the College for years—and application were made by those clubs for a large grant, I would consider their committees were rating student culture above its value.

THE activities of the cultural clubs, necessarily confined through want of numbers, confess the intellectual poverty of this University. The outlook that knowledge may be defined by a degree distinguishes us as a race of intellectual shopkeepers, retailers of the rarer facts which are worth only as much as we are paid in esteem—or hard cash. I do not suggest (though there could be only good in it) that we place urbanity on a pedestal in an age when the civilised virtues are not much in evidence, but merely this mundane and practical fact: if we are to realise our

University ideal it could only be through giving something ourselves to the clubs and societies—never by taking pledges from election candidates. In this connection I refer you, with pride, to the recently concluded Faustus season given by the Drama Society to the University and the public. There was work in that production (in conception and treatment) which came nearer the function of a University college than anything that has been done in my three years here.

LEST this article appear a writing down with nothing to offer, I would make the following suggestions. There could be far closer liaison between the faculties. The Arts student should know something of architecture, an art complementary to those which he studies and having an organic relation with poetry and music. He should attend—and be expected to attend—meetings of the Mathematical Society, where he will observe the rigid consistency of a science which may not satisfy him after the "movement" in art (the fluctuations between the ideal and the real), but which will certainly interest him. He will not find the synthesis which he should be striving to reach as long as he confines his knowledge to the particular facts of his course. For he can only arrive at some philosophy when he reaches beyond these details and learns to place them in as wide a field as possible, extending his knowledge and learning to see one thing in terms of another.

Slap

The Editor,
Craccum.
Dear Sir,—

A Craccum truly representative of all interests in the College would be welcomed by every student here, but if "Egg for Breakfast?" is your idea of the way to achieve this, I suggest you go back to your post-mortems on the activities of the Literary and Debating Societies. An article such as this is only a feeble patronising gesture which makes the insularity of the paper more obvious than ever. Written by an Arts student for Arts students, it contains nothing to interest or attract "the human inhabitants . . . who really do frequent the so-called Science Block." For this matter, your reporter reveals nothing that any intelligent student of any faculty would not have guessed for himself.

On the other hand, informative articles on recent research in Zoology or items of general interest, written in not-too-technical language by a member of the department would appeal to Zoo students as well as the rest of us; the Geology Department runs field trips which are never reported—and what do the architects think of the Wellington city planning scheme and its applications here? This is the sort of copy to boost Craccum's news value—and (who knows) perhaps its finances.

Anyway, the "Egg for Breakfast" smells a trifle rotten. Don't crack another—try a different dish instead!

Yours, etc.,
W.D.G.

THIS would bring the Science student to a midday Lit. Club lecture, the Arts student to a talk on the atom. Until we have some such attempt to co-ordinate our activities and our thinking, we must acknowledge that only the Drama Society and, on a lesser plane, several of our sporting clubs, deserve the prestige of the University title.



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Clap

The Editor,
Craccum.
Dear Sir,—

As an Arts student I would like to congratulate you on your article on the Biology Block entitled "An Egg for Breakfast." Articles such as this have long been needed in Craccum, which has for far too great a period left us in the dark as to the activities of the other parts of the College. "An Egg for Breakfast," written in non-technical language, was both amusing and stimulating. C.J.P. is to be congratulated upon refraining from filling his article with dry details of the aims and objects of the Zoology Department—these things are obvious to even the least intelligent Arts student—and in succeeding in rousing interest in the Department itself. I must confess that, although this is by no means my first year at A.U.C., I never knew that there was, and had certainly never explored, the museum in the Biology Block. I ask you, then, sir, to continue to enlighten the Arts block—we need it.

Yours, etc.,
C.D.B.

[What Abraham Lincoln said about fooling the people seems to be equally applicable to pleasing them.—Ed.]

DB
LAGER
The
Great Favourite
from the
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BREWERY



Poetry and Music

Here I am, an old man in a dry month,
Being read to by a boy —"

A very select audience was treated to one of the best club evenings I can remember the other night, when Mr. Fairburn and Professor Musgrove read poetry and played records in a combined Literary Club and Music Club evening for Student Relief. It was planned originally that Music Club's contribution should include chamber music and madrigals in the flesh—not just "canned" as Professor Musgrove remarked bitterly—but with their annual concert the following week, the musicians could not manage it.

The atmosphere was most informal, the poetry being read by small lamps on the stage, so that the hall could be in darkness. This at first suggested Elsinore battlements with two blue spots, but the reading was restrained and untheatrical. The poetry read covered a very wide field, and obviously both had chosen their own favourites, though Mr. Fairburn's choice, especially in the first half, frequently dealt with death, and Professor Musgrove's with love.

The programme opened with two madrigals (canned), followed by a reading from Elizabethan and 17th century poets, including three Shakespeare sonnets; poems by Sir Thomas Wyatt, Ben Jonson and John Dowland; Marvell's charming *To His Coy Mistress*; Shirley's *Death, The Leveller*, the only really hackneyed anthology piece of the evening; two of Donne's Holy Sonnets and *A Hymn to God the Father*; and an excerpt from *Paradise Lost*. Donne is full of what seems to me buried treasure, and the poems chosen were all gems, as was the Wyatt. These were followed by Purcell's *Chaconne for Strings*.

Then came some of the records of T. S. Eliot's reading of the *Four Quartets*. Eliot's voice, though tired and old and dry, is somehow very satisfying, though it is surprising that he does not by his intonation make the *Quartets* any easier. Handel's *Alla Siciliana* from the Royal Fireworks Music rounded off this part of the programme.

The second half began with Holst's setting of a traditional massail song, followed by the Professor's reading with great gusto of the *Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens*. Mr. Fairburn read two un-Romantic Shelley poems ("refreshingly different!"), *Similes for Two Political Characters of 1819* and *Lines to a Critic*. Then came the big moment for the Musgrove fans in the Professor's reading of Burns' *Holy Willie's Prayer*, for me at least, the comedy classic.

Next came a group from the moderns, nearly all unfamiliar—W. B. Yeats, *The Circus Animals' Revolt* (rather peculiar), *A Song, Drinking Song, To a Child Dancing in the Wind*, and *The Scholars*, a classic motto for an English department:

Bald heads forgetful of their sins,
Old, learned, respectable bald heads
Edit and annotate the lines
That young men, tossing on their beds,
Rhymed out in love's despair
To flatter beauty's ignorant ear.

Then two beautifully flowing poems of W. H. Auden, *Lay Your Sleeping Head* and *Fish in the Untroubled Lake*.

The evening concluded with Professor Musgrove's reading of what seemed a rather commonplace poem by Lionel Johnson, *By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross*, and Mr. Fairburn's, in his best Hector style, of Blake's *Jerusalem*, followed by a record of the Parry setting.

—E.K.

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UNIVERSITIES AROUND THE WORLD

British Students' Congress At Leicester

(Condensed from an article by John Ziman in Salient, June 3, 1948.)

"The National Union of Students has for the past twenty years held an annual congress at Easter time. It is not an executive body but a gathering of primary members of the N.U.S., and exists solely to bring students together to discuss questions of common interest, although naturally the Executive take heed of the general feelings expressed. We were paid four guineas apiece for everything except beer, and they put 700 of us all up for a week in a city the size of Wellington.

"The most important items in the Congress were four plenary sessions at which some national figure, e.g., Dr. Joad, Mr. Arthur Horner, spoke and introduced the subjects, 'The Student and the State,' 'The Student and the Unions,' and so on. In the afternoon we split alphabetically into 'commissions,' where we discussed the subject more closely. The decisions or opinions of the commissions were reported back to the chairman, and the whole summed up briefly in the final plenary session. All the discussions were planned around a study outline 'The Status of the Student' which we had received before Congress and which we were expected to have thought about.

"There were two sessions on I.U.S. and Czechoslovakia, and in the evenings various student organisations, Student Labour Federation, S.C.M., Association of Scientific Workers, etc., arranged meetings and speakers. One afternoon we divided into faculties and discussed common needs and interests.

"Finally, and probably most important, I must mention the social life. Think of Tournament lasting a whole week and think of having no responsibilities, like jumping, running, debating or swimming!

"What sort of people were these students?" They were not very representative of student opinion as a whole. The vocal energetic people were there, a high proportion of communists, many active liberals and labourites, and an amorphous mass of silent people who had come for the fun. For me, the weakness was a feeling of discursiveness; we had too little time and never got beyond the preliminary statement of the problem. We would have done better if the subject had been briefer in scope, if we had had a series of lectures instead of one from each visitor, if the group had been smaller and better controlled"

A NEW ZEALANDER AT OXFORD

In a lighter vein is R. O. Davies' account of his impressions of Oxford published in "Critic," March 24. He writes, "All meals except 4 p.m. tea and biscuits are taken in the dining hall. It is obligatory to wear a gown at dinner, at which the typical student custom of 'sconcing' is still carried on mainly by the 'bloods' of the college, of whom the rowing men are most prominent. If any member of the College offends by word, act or dress, the sconcers write notice of their complaint in Latin and hand it to a Fellow at the High Table. If he considers the injury sufficient a two-pint tankard of beer is served to the offender. If he now fails to consume this in one

draught he must pay for drinks all round.

"Each New Year's Day at Queens College the bursar of the College presents to each Fellow a needle threaded with coloured silk, saying as he does, 'Take this and be thrifty.' The origin of the custom can be traced back to the founder, Robert de Eglesfield, chaplain to the wife of Edward III. He ordained the ceremony in his own memory, the connection being provided by the French pun on his name arguille et fil. Eglesfield was a Cumberland man, the college was for many years attended by men from the North of England. In the days when southerners regarded northerners as barbarians, the University College had a special suffrage inserted in their litany,

"From the gentlemen in the back quad at Queens, good Lord deliver us."

Returning from the legendary past the writer notes the establishment of a research group working in nuclear physics. "The proximity to Harwell of the British Atomic Energy Headquarters places Oxford physicists in a position favourable for frequent conferences with some of the best atom technicians in Britain. . . This makes it clear that Oxford is not the unworldly home of fossils which some would have believed."

DR. FAUSTUS—Cont.

"Johnson over Jordan" was on the whole legitimate. So I suppose was the lantern slide of Alexander and Spouse, although I could wish they had chosen something a little less obviously borrowed from the Classics Dept. In Elizabethan play one should avoid, on the one hand this extreme historical accuracy, and on the other the modernity even without the cigarette, of Lechery's costume. Here, and with Lucifer, I thought more could have been done with lighting and sound effects. The Supernatural Manifestation in the window was ingenious, but the idea of ingenuity was I think, almost all it did suggest to the audience; it needed to be far more terrible, and the features were only distinguishable from the very front. The recording of the angels' voices through an echoing chamber was a most felicitous device.

THAT criticism is driven to seize on such small details only goes to show the quality of the production. Perhaps it would not be too great an exaggeration to say that here again at last was drama worthy to be compared with the productions of such masters as George Rylands at Cambridge . . . part of our heritage as a University restored to us.

—A.H.F.

The Situation in India — Starvation in Bulgaria — Poverty in Greece — Apathy in Auckland.

WORLD STUDENT RELIEF

In India, International Student Service started its work in 1947, providing food and shelter for homeless students, and advancing blankets, clothes, and in some cases loans for fees. But it was also found that thousands upon thousands of primary and intermediate refugee pupils were roaming the streets and without educational facilities. Nothing had been done to provide them with education. The I.S.S.—themselves refugee students—took the lead in organising schools for these children. They collected them from streets and houses, managed to interest them in the schools, set up schools necessarily in the open air, and managed to teach the children the rudiments of knowledge. Parents co-operated eagerly, and in a month the number of pupils increased from one hundred to fifteen hundred, the number of schools to four, with two adult education centres for women and two literary centres. Funds were small; equipment—texts, blackboards, maps, even tables and chairs—was non-existent; the number of teachers is 80.

LIVING IN BULGARIA

Living conditions for Bulgarian students are now the worst in the Balkans. After two years of poor harvests, there was a drought this year which dried up the harvest. For a decent minimum standard the urban population needs 850 million tons of wheat each year. This year they had 250 millions. On the average, students get about 1300 calories. In the canteen at University of Sofia the lunch provided consists of thin cucumber or macaroni soup and mashed potatoes; dinner is the same soup with boiled cabbages instead of potatoes. Until recently there were only cabbages, before the W.S.R. committee in Rumania sent potatoes to vary the diet. The same committee has sent three waggon loads of maize, but there are no fats, milk or sugar in the students' diet.

POVERTY OF GREEK STUDENTS

Applications for aid to the W.S.R. office are increasingly for food first, and then for clothing. But prices are rising daily, and when the food can be procured it is usually beyond the student's means. Even the well-managed canteen at the University of Salonika, supported mainly by contributions from private citizens, was almost forced to close from lack of funds. A special grant from the already burdened Ministry of Wel-

fare kept it open. About 400 of the 500 students fed there are indigent, about 100 being completely cut off from their families in the fighting area. W.S.R., besides grants of food, distributed about 250 gallons of cod-liver oil and supplied women students with clothing. To help meet the expense and shortage of texts, W.S.R. is importing a mimeograph machine and paper with which to start a co-operative book enterprise.

WHAT NEW ZEALAND IS DOING

Otago University College raised over £100 for student relief by a work-day. Its present activities are penny-a-week campaigns, and a possible concert in view. Victoria College raised over £90 by a work-day. Massey Agricultural College, with only 300 permanent students (most students at Massey take short courses) raised £65 for student relief at a work-day. Auckland University College, which has ten times this number of students, with characteristic open-handedness and generosity, raised the princely sum of £55. Possibly students at A.U.C. are too busy complaining about the food in Mrs. Odd's caf.—which seems to be the done thing—and holding stop-work meetings about the pressure of work to bother with helping to provide food and education for less fortunately situated students.

We asked G. A. Nicholls about

THE RESEARCH OUTLOOK

As a research student the most frequent questions that I am asked are, "What is the point in your work? Does it do anyone any good?" The answer to such questions cannot very easily be given in a few words. Few people realise this. During normal peacetime conditions research in a university is designed to give the student a fundamental training in, how to go about new problems, how to seek out known related facts, and how to apply knowledge already gained.

Any research which is of economic or strategic importance generally proceeds at a comparatively fast rate. University research, because the student workers are only in the initial stages of their training, has a much slower pace. If, then, a student is to do original work, apart from any other consideration, it would be unwise to enter into a field where results were likely to be forecast from another centre. These remarks also apply in regard to competing with other universities where research facilities are much better and numbers of research students much larger. In spite

of such considerations it is indeed unfortunate that on more than one occasion the results of original research carried out in this College have been published, almost at the time of going to print, by other authors.

To answer the question as to whether or not university research has any significance other than academic, it is only necessary to consider, for example, the use of vaccines, X-rays, penicillin and so on. The initial fundamental work on all these was carried out in universities purely from the point of view of interest.

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THE WOMAN IN THE REEDS

Michael Coates

Winter. The icy westerly swept across the marshes from the sea. It flattened the reeds on the shores of Lake Carrowmore and flecked its peat-brown waters with a greyish foam. The low, dark clouds hurrying across the sky made the noonday twilight dim and shrouded the top of Nephin Beg so that it appeared, in the half-light, as a mere blurred mass of blackness. By the chalk road that wound around the side of the lake, the sod-walled cottage with its one lighted window was the only visible sign of human life.

The postman from Ballycastle wheeled his bicycle off the road and propped it against the wall of the cottage. He patted his breast pocket. The crackle of paper under his fingers assured him that the letter was still there. He smiled and knocked on the door.

A chain had appeared between the door and the jamb. It was broken as the person inside looked out at the postman. The chain rattled and the door swung back.

"Come in, Sean, before the wind blows the lamp out. Hurry, man." The postman stepped over the high threshold. As the chain clattered behind him he made an unhurried survey of the room. A peat fire smouldered on the hearth, and there was a fair quantity of turves stacked beside it. By the window was a table, bare except for a kerosene lamp with a painted china bowl and a portable typewriter. Drawn up to the typewriter was an old red plush-covered armchair. Another such armchair stood in solitude against the wall. "Well, what have we this week?" The question was spoken lightly, but there was an undercurrent of strain in the speaker's voice.

The postman turned, his hand on his breast pocket.

"'Tis but one letter I've come this way to bring you, I fear."

"One's better than nothing. Let me have it, let me have it."

The postman fumbled with the flap of his pocket. The man before him watched his fingers hungrily. The button had become entangled with a loose thread. It would not come through the buttonhole. The owner of the cottage swore softly.

"Let me—here I'll do it." He knocked the postman's hand down, and with nervous fingers pulled at the button. It came away in his hand.

"Dan," he said. "Oh, damn. I'm sorry Sean, but the letter—where's the letter?"

"Don't you be worrying about my uniform, now," said the postman with a smile. "I know how you feel. Here."

The other took the envelope in hands that were not quite steady. He turned it over and studied the printed return address.

"The Dublin Tribune," he whispered. "Then this is it. My best. Oh, God, have mercy. Not rejected—not this." He slid his thumb under the flap. The postman watched him sympathetically. He had seen scenes like this before. The man raised his head. He laughed self-consciously.

"It's silly, I know," he said, "but I daren't open it. It's so damnably im-

portant. Sean, would you mind—?"

The postman took the letter. He glanced at it and ripped open the flap. His fingers explored the inside of the envelope. They drew out two slips of paper. The man stood before him with bent head. His knuckles were white.

"Well?" he asked.

"A letter—and a cheque."

The other gave a shuddering sigh.

"Oh God, oh thank God." He raised his head and took the two proffered pieces of paper. "You don't know what this means to me. After all this time. I'll show them, though. I'll show them that—but, damn it all, Sean, I forgot. Sit down, man. You'll be needing something to drink after coming here on a day like this. Forgive me. I'm a trifle overwrought."

He waved the postman to a chair and disappeared into the other room. He returned a few seconds later with a bottle and two glasses.

"Sorry it's not the potheen, but it's good Irish whisky all the same."

The postman was handed a glass. His host set his own down on the table and took the letter and the cheque out of his pocket. There was silence while he read. Eventually the crackling of paper roused the postman from the contemplation of his glass. The other smiled. He walked to the fireplace and leaned against the mantel.

"This is a wonderful day for me, Sean," he said. "The Dublin Tribune's going to publish my greatest work. Lord, what a work, what a poem! Airn na Grach. Have I told you about it before?"

"It's not in my mind that you have."

"Probably I haven't. It's my best, I'm sure of that. You know, Sean, how I've been putting Irish legends into verse. Beautiful stuff, despite the fact that nobody would publish them. You know that. You know how you've been bringing the damned things back to me month after month. It nearly broke my heart. There were times, Sean, when I hated the sight of you." He chuckled. "That's gone now, praise be. Now I'm on the road. Anyway, two months ago I got this idea. A lovely thing. This is the story. There's a faery woman called Airn na Grach who sings in the reeds whenever the west wind blows. She's a sort of siren, terribly beautiful, and she lures ordinary men to her by her singing. She's got eyes that shine over the bogs like Will-o'-the-Wisps, with a greenish light. When the poor beggar who hears her singing gets near enough, she strangles him with her bare hands. But—and this is the point of the whole

[It is hoped that, in the future, Craccum will be able to publish one short story in each issue. Contributions of such, up to 1500 words in length, will be welcomed. Contributions will be governed by the same rules applying to general copy, and in the case of any dispute the Editor's decision will be final.]

tale—if the captive pretends to welcome death from her hands, she lets him go. Lovely story, isn't it?"

"That it is, and just like a woman, Sean. But it's in my mind that I've not heard this legend before." The poet laughed. "That's the joke of the thing," he said. "There isn't any such legend. It's my own idea. Look, when the publishers would have nothing to do with the genuine legends I put into verse, I thought I'd give them something of my own. And they've accepted it. Lord, what a joke."

The postman raised his head and stared at the poet.

"I don't like it," he said. "I don't like it. And I'm thinking that if there are any faeries they'll not be liking it either."

The other looked at him in amazement. "Surely, man, you don't believe there are such things?"

"I don't know," said the postman obstinately. "I was at school at Castlebar, and dear knows that knocked a lot of nonsense out of my head. But I'm not sure. They do say people have seen the leprechauns."

"You can't be serious, Sean. Good heavens, you— Anyway, what is there to worry about?" The poet smiled. "You do meet this wench you know what to do. Just pretend you would welcome death at her hands and you're free."

The postman drank the last of his whisky and stood up. He shook his head at his host's gesture toward the bottle.

"I'd best be on my way back to Ballycastle. Thanks for the drink and the talk." He walked to the door and paused, his hand on the chain. "God knows I wish you hadn't done it, though."

"Done what? Airn na Grach? Oh, come, man, be sensible."

The postman shrugged. "Perhaps it's the whisky that's gone to my head, but—oh, well, I must go." He shut the door, leaving the poet standing in amazement by the fire.

Half an hour later the poet, dressed in a grubby mackintosh, shut the door of the cottage behind him and walked down the road into the teeth of the gale.

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ARE MIRACLES POSSIBLE?

Mr. Laird's paper was given to a group of about twenty people in the Catholic Youth Centre. Before Mr. Laird commenced his paper, club officers were elected: Mr. Spencer, Treasurer; Mr. Becroft, Student Chairman; and Mr. Irvine, Secretary.

CONTRADICTION IN TERMS

Mr. Laird proceeded to give his paper in face of much opposition from a band of bagpipes stationed outside. In his introductory remarks Mr. Laird pointed out that the question of whether or not miracles were possible could not be decided until we had defined a miracle. As a starting point, Hume's definition was suggested: A miracle is a violation of the laws of Nature. In connection with Hume's definition, Mr. Laird maintained that everything was dependent on the way in which we conceive of the laws of Nature. If we take them as descriptions on the way in which reality works, if we regard them as fixed and unalterable, then, of course, miracles are impossible. A violation would be a contradiction in terms. Now, Mr. Laird went on to argue that if we do regard the laws of Nature as immutable, then such a position involves the assumption that we can know reality sufficiently well to enable us to formulate such principles. Such a view was held by Newton, who combined deism with a mechanistic approach to science, but according to Mr. Laird it is no longer universally supported. God has gone, the mechanistic conception is no longer popular, and the scientist is much more humble.

THE MODERN VIEW

What then, we might ask, is the modern view? It is certainly not the sceptical view that everything is due to chance. If it was, then everything would be a miracle. Four attitudes were outlined by Mr. Laird. They were: (a) That our minds reduce the chaos of phenomena to certain forms; (b) that the laws of Nature are statistical enumerations sufficiently uniform to allow a generalisation; (c) that all we are concerned about is control. We do not know what these laws really are. They are useful devices, and (d) that all our hypotheses are incomplete, that we partly understand reality.

NO VIOLATION

Mr. Laird convincingly argued that all these four attitudes left open the possibility for miracles, i.e., if we accept Hume's definition of a miracle as a violation of the laws of Nature. The types of violation which we find occurring could probably be placed in three categories. Firstly, those which are due to a lack of consistency in our hypotheses. We find exceptions to hypotheses but we feel that there is some explanation for these exceptions. Secondly, we have

of peaty water. There were faint, unexplainable bluish marks on his neck, but the coroner's jury saw no reason for any verdict other than accidental death.

There is, however, a postman who wonders. . .

that kind of violation due to unknown powers of man, bringing about some event which cannot be accounted for by any known scientific principles. In this connection Mr. Laird gave some interesting examples of psychic phenomena, telepathy, foreseeing the future, faith healing, etc. Although these may be called miracles, Mr. Laird felt that there must be some explanation for such events. Such events do not really violate certain laws. Rather they are events occurring in a field in which no laws have yet been formulated. Thirdly, we have that type of violation which is due to some supernatural agency. This latter is the second suggested definition of a miracle, and it raises many interesting questions. There is the question of the existence and nature of the supernatural agency. The speaker pointed out that in such a definition the fact of uniformity does not mean anything. We have only observed the world for a short time. Again, in assuming the existence of a Christian God, the possibility of miracles is still there. All that we can ask is that He act rationally, not that He acts according to what we all laws of Nature.

REMARKABLE EVENT

In conclusion Mr. Laird gave another definition of a miracle. It is a remarkable event which cannot be explained in terms of any known scientific principle. On this definition miracles of the first order are not only possible, but do occur. On the other hand, miracles of the second order, such as the creation of this world are possible, but the likelihood of our witnessing such miracles is not very probable. Mr. Laird did not wish to create the impression that he was explaining miracles away. He allowed for events which most people call miracles. It was advisable, he thought, to keep an open mind on the subject, to refrain from mystery-mongering and, above all, to seek for an explanation.

Mr. Laird's paper was followed by supper and a most lively discussion.

FOR GRADUATION
PHOTOGRAPHS.

ALAN BLAKEY
STUDIO

NEXT TO WOOLWORTHS
QUEEN STREET

The wind was stronger now. It flattened the reeds before it in sweeping curves. Overhead the grey scud seemed lower. There was less light.

The poet did not notice the clouds or the bending reeds. Since the departure of the postman he had been restless. He had told himself that this was merely the result of the news he had had, the result of the easing of the nervous tension. Yet as time had passed he had found himself listening more and more intently to the buffeting of the wind against the walls of the cottage. It had seemed to constitute a challenge to him. A call for him to come out and try his strength against the elements. But the challenge was not only physical, there was something spiritual about it too. Some primitive desire to go out and face the unknown, to do battle with soul as well as body.

As he strode along, his body bent forward against the wind. He thought of the postman's last remarks. It was ludicrous, of course, to think that the supernatural beings of Irish legend could have existence. He laughed aloud at the thought. And how much more foolish to believe that a figure of his own imagination—of his own creation—could exist. It was utter insanity. The whisky must have been too much for Sean. What had he said? Something about the faeries not liking it. Well, if the faeries did not like it, they would just have to put up with it. The poem wasn't going to be withdrawn because it annoyed an odd leprechaun or two. Sean believing in the supernatural, how his leg would be pulled next week!

The poet stopped. The moaning of the wind had seemed louder, and seemed to hold a musical note. He shook his head angrily. Too much imagination, infected by the ramblings of a drunken postman. Yet he stood and listened, and the sound came again.

It was a high-pitched note, infinitely sweet, that sounded above the low howling of the wind. A note that took hold of the heart of a man and filled him with an inexpressible desire. It was pure music, such as combined joy and sadness, weeping and laughter. Under its spell there could be no fear, no hate, no thought even. It could not be resisted. There was no power on earth that could prevent it from robbing a man of his will, even the will to live, and filling his whole self with a nameless yearning.

The sound became stronger in the ears of the poet. Like a blind man he stumbled off the road and through the reeds. They bent before him, making his way clear, as if something more powerful than the wind caused them to lie beneath his feet. He did not see them. His eyes were fixed on a faint flicker of light in the centre of the marsh—perhaps a reflection from a glossy reed—perhaps not. He did not feel the wind on his face. He knew nothing except desire. Remembered nothing.

They found his body a week later. It was lying, face down, in a shallow pool

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AUSTRALIAN ORIENTATION

During Orientation Week, Sydney University is "on show" for her new graduates, who are welcomed and made to feel at home in this their first year of the 'Varsity year. Timid and aimless wandering down corridors is a thing of the past for Sydney Freshers, yet they are not forced into a discipline and irksome routine so sadly reminiscent of the schoolroom. The keynote, strange enough, is "Have fun."

Nor is the Orientation time-table such a tiresome thing as its name might suggest. The programme for the week is published in the first issue of the 'Varsity paper, and the initiation begins with the Official University and Students' Representative Council Welcome, but whether this is more inspiring than ours I am unfortunately in no position to say. However, after the Official Welcome, Freshers are taken on conducted tours of the Faculty Buildings and grounds by second and third-year students, who stoop from their lofty heights of wisdom and prove that they are comparatively human.

During the rest of the week Freshers are further assisted by lectures on "The University," "The Arts Course" and "How to Use the Library." Various discussions are held, the topics discussed ranging from "Is a Third War Inevitable?" to "Sex and Morality." At each

symposium the speakers are not limited to the University staff, but are usually prominent citizens and professional men.

Until 1948, when it was decided that the cost was too high, a handbook was issued. This year the time-table and descriptions of the many clubs were printed in the 'Varsity paper "Honi Soit." Each club and society extended an open and encouraging invitation to Freshers who were tentative about committing themselves. One feature of this was the "Freshers' Handy Catechism," which contained valuable information as to the nature of a Buttery—a scientific institution where butter is placed upon slices of bread and immediately removed at the utmost speed, the object being to allow as little as possible to penetrate the bread. In a similar way, Auckland Freshers could be warned about the campus and the whims of Mrs. Odd.

AT THE THEATRE

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

The Children's Theatre performance of the above on July 24 was a very enjoyable one, and the actors, except for an occasional tendency to speak too quickly, tackled their Shakespeare very well. Of the gentlemen, Tranio and Lucentio were very good. Petruchio had some bright moments, but he was not really well suited to the part, relying too much on bluster to carry him through. Nadine Drake (to be seen at times around 'Varsity) contributed an excellent study of Baptista, driven to despair by his tyrannical daughter, or keeping a shrewd eye to business in the matter of dowries. Germio, the aged rival suitor to Bianca, was also well played by a girl; Hortensio was an attractive youth, but sometimes rather too feminine. Of the two sisters, Bianca was played by Leteia Murdoch with abundant charm and just the right amount of archness, while Alison Fyfe as Katharina flung herself about in temper with admirable vigour, and no loss of beauty. Petruchio's servants (average age, I should say, about seven) deserve particular mention.

I can't resist unkindly mentioning one lovely moment when Petruchio picked up an obvious bundle of brown paper and exclaimed: "What? Is this mutton?; but, O friends!," what caused me intense pleasure was that, when under the painful necessity of kissing one another, the actors really did kiss—none of these perfunctory near-misses as of moths that brush past in the night, but a satisfying smack.

The costumes were very attractive, especially the ladies' dresses. Hortensio's suits and Baptista's gown in the last act, and the single unvaried setting proved once again how well it can suit Shakespeare, and this play in particular.

This Jazz

Arrangers have played a very important part in jazz. Often the ballroom was too large for a small improvisation group to be heard sufficiently well. This meant that, with more players having to be used, improvising was no longer possible, and arrangers were called upon. At first they merely transferred the clarinet-trumpet-trombone improvising to the similar large groups—the reed section taking the clarinet's part, for instance—but this was soon discarded, and more use was made of harmony within each section, so that each man had a different part. This style was brought into prominence by Benny Goodman's band when it became the first popular swing band in 1935. Duke Ellington went further, and in his band, as with many of the coloured orchestras, each player kept his individual tone even in ensemble playing as well as in solo work. This was mainly responsible for the obvious blend of differing intonations in the sections of the band. White bands generally employed a lead-man in each section who was not generally a noted soloist, but was more of a "straight" as opposed to "swing" player. The other men in his section altered their tone to conform to that of the lead-man, and kept to it except for solo work.

In 1935 Goodman's band comprised: clarinet, four saxophones, five brass, four rhythm. Strings were employed in swing by Artie Shaw in 1936, oboe and French horn by Glen Gray in 1936, and now an "extreme" band might have a line-up like this—six saxophones with players doubling clarinet, oboe, horn, etc.,

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FRANK SARGESON = DON QUIXOTE

LITERARY CLUB AND A LEAN AND HUNGRY KNIGHT

On the 11th of August, Mr. Frank Sargeson addressed Literary Club—aptly enough, on "Some Aspects of Don Quixote." Aptly, because Mr. Sargeson is something of a Quixote himself, being apart from his fellows and having clearer perceptions.

Our reporter, who was a quarter of an hour late, arrived in time to hear Mr. Sargeson discoursing, with seeming irrelevance, on heresies in Europe. This proved, however, to be pertinent to his theme, for Cervantes lived in a country where heresy had flourished for centuries, first the Cathars, since then the Protestants. Mr. Sargeson pointed out that Cervantes made heresy very attractive in "Don Quixote." He added that he approved of heresy in so far as it showed an awareness of a lack in the present state of affairs.

A Chosen Vessel

Mr. Sargeson said that he thought that "Don Quixote" was one of the greater works of fiction. Discussing the book itself, he outlined the main narrative. In the first part, the Don had set out alone, his head turned by his readings in the chronicles of wasted time, and seeing himself as a chosen vessel to put the world right. On his return, the priest and the barber tried to talk him into sanity, burnt his books and sealed his library. However, the Don sneaked off again, this time with Sancho Panza, who now made his first appearance. It was while they were on this expedition that Cervantes worked in the beautiful inset tales that occur in the book, and whose full implications were not at first seen.

After the publication of the first part of "Don Quixote," Cervantes' public clamoured for a sequel. At last a spurious second part was issued, which spurred Cervantes on to publish his own sequel. In this, the true sequel, the Don and Sancho continually met characters from the spurious second part.

Samson Corasco

In the second part of "Don Quixote" appeared the sinister Samson Corasco, a university student of repulsive appearance, whom Mr. Sargeson described as knowing all the answers, and whom he evidently considered as typical of the species. Samson joined the curate and the barber in their attempt to bring Don Quixote to his senses.

It was in this book, too, that the question rises whether Dulcinea, Don Quixote's mistress, was real or not. For Dulcinea never appeared. When the Don wished to see her, Sancho showed him a peasant girl, and answered the Don's indignant protests with the assurance that Dulcinea was under an enchantment which made her appear a peasant—the only argument that would convince the knight. Incidentally, this statement later brought Sancho into considerable trouble later, when he had to release Dulcinea from her enchantment by giving himself two thousand lashes. He managed to avoid this by giving the trees in a wood two thousand lashes in

the knight's hearing but not in his sight, and hustling him past the wood before daybreak, when he could have seen the trunks stripped of their bark.

Sancho and Don Quixote

This brought Mr. Sargeson to the trans-magnification of Sancho Panza. At first a simple squire and servant, he later became, in Mr. Sargeson's words, "uppish," and learnt much more, growing more cunning, more able to control the Don, whom, though he loves him, he does not believe. His use of the Don's own argument, enchantment, to convince the knight shows his increased cunning and control of him.

And yet, when Sancho described his flight through the heavens—in most beautiful and imaginative language, coming surprisingly from the practical Sancho—Don Quixote refused to credit this story, unless Sancho would first believe his, the Don's, stories. Did the knight, then, asked Mr. Sargeson, know that he was mad, did he guess Sancho's true opinion of him? Mr. Sargeson was momentarily side-tracked, too, to dally with the question of how mad Don Quixote actually was.

The End of the Don

Returning to the narrative, Mr. Sargeson described the evil Samson's attempts to defeat Don Quixote. At first Samson was unsuccessful. Disguised as a knight, he was unseated in combat by the Don, and exposed. But the gentle and unsuspecting Don was not as surprised as might have been expected, and put the whole incident down to an enchantment. The second time, Samson challenged the Don to single combat at Barcelona, the terms of defeat being that the Don should promise to obey Samson, and to admit that Dulcinea was not the fairest woman in the world. The Don was defeated, and promised to renounce his ideals.

He journeyed home with the faithful and gentle Sancho Panza, and the journey was enlivened with their conversations, on time, space and eternity, God, love and philosophy. Mr. Sargeson quoted an extract from their conversation, showing a resemblance to the philosophy of Hamlet and Jacques. Finally the Don arrived home, made his recantation, and died.

Heretical Implications

The recantation was, said Mr. Sargeson, true to type, and strictly orthodox according to the Church, for the Don had tried to separate the soul and the body. This was why he had called the book heretical, for its main interest lay in the earlier events, the recantation was not its climax; moreover, it meant the end of the Don's life, for he could not live without his ideals.

Finally, Mr. Sargeson indicated the need for more Don Quixotes in our present world, and the meeting was thrown open.

Mr. Robert Chapman: The University is quixotic: it's remote from power but affected by it.

Mr. E. H. McCormick: Yes, I feel there is a definite place for poetry in the world. It's the writer's business to suffer, to be a Don Quixote.

Mr. Sargeson: Of course it's out of fashion nowadays to think of things in terms of orthodoxy and heresy. In Cervantes' time there was an implied relation to religion. Don Quixote is really in opposition to the authority of the Church, but that is not overt. If many poets wrote to-day they would be tilting at the University and at society. Despite the formlessness of the problem to-day there is a tendency for authority to crystallise in the Totalitarian State. That can be tilted at by the poets, the Don Quixotes.

R.M.C.: Yes, authority was buttressed by institutions. No wit's dispersed. It's divided into prostrate, incoherent fragments. One is stricken before the complexity of altering the state of society. Don Quixote was fortunate in having a strong authority to tilt at. But his problems are irrelevant to our present state. The problem now is to make a simple statement that the human spirit still exists, that it will continue and will survive despite all the problems: that you should pursue an end of ideal despite the punishment that will fall on your head.

F.S.: But should a human being suffer, risk his life in pursuit of a heresy?—some end that he thinks good, but which others, or few others, do? I don't know.

E. H. McC.: So the writer is the Don Quixote in Auckland?

F.S.: Yes. The writer has attractive, noble ideas within himself that the world is good. He should objectify them—he should be so constituted that, like Cervantes, he would have the power of projecting from himself the beliefs that he held.

Miss Alison Forester: Do you suggest that Cervantes is in sympathy with Don Quixote?

F.S.: Yes. I'm afraid I missed that point. As a writer myself, I feel the problem of the writer's identification with the opinions of his characters very keenly. I think that the Don's profound sentiments on those matters that I listed were also very much Cervantes'.

Mr. A. A. Irvine: So a writer must have an integrating philosophy before he starts? And, consciously or unconsciously, it emerges.

F.S.: I assume that's a very important point. Only by being a very good Catholic himself could Cervantes create a character like Don Quixote with his own authority.

R.M.C.: Why do you think the critic Pritchard, in *The New Statesman*, makes him mad?

(Continued on page 15.)

HELEN KELLER

On August 11th, Miss Helen Keller, with her companion, Miss Polly Thompson, gave an address to a very large audience in the College Hall. This attracted considerable public attention and consequently comparatively few students were able to obtain seats.

There were two distinct sides to the evening. The first and most striking was the appeal of Helen Keller herself and her achievements; the second was her own message of faith and peace.

I had been afraid that there might be something rather horrible and embarrassing, something of a spectacle, a peep-show, but this feeling was dispelled on first sight of Miss Keller. She is very upright, well dressed, with grey hair and blue eyes and a lively smile. She is pretty and she giggles. It is very hard to believe that she is 68.

Miss Thompson, who seemed also to be full of fun and tremendously proud of her friend (she has been with her for 34 years), outlined the fascinating story of Helen's life. She became blind and deaf as the result of an illness at 19 months. Mute because of her deafness, she could only talk by crude signs until she was 6½, when Miss Sullivan came to teach her. She started with the manual alphabet, which Helen learned by imitation as a sort of game. For example, Miss Sullivan would not give her her doll until she had spelled it out. But, and this is so difficult for us to imagine, she did not realise that every thing and action has a name. This realisation came suddenly one day when Miss Sullivan, almost despairing of explaining the difference between a "cup" and the "water" in it, took Helen outside to the pump and spelled "water" into her hand as the water gushed over it. Thrilled with her new discovery, Helen learned about 40 new words that day.

Her progress after that was rapid and she learned to read, write and type. Then came the tremendous hurdle of learning to speak. Miss Keller was not the first deaf mute to speak. The experience of a little Norwegian girl, probably the first in the world, was helpful to her teacher. With the thumbs of her left hand on the throat, her index finger on the lips, and her second finger on the nose of her teacher, she learned to hear the guttural, labial and nasal sounds respectively. Then, by feeling with her fingers the position of Miss Sullivan's tongue, she learned to reproduce the sounds. Every word she uses has been learned thus, letter by letter. Her voice is the toneless one of the deaf; she speaks carefully, sounding every letter, but it is a slow, mechanical way of speaking and rather difficult for us to follow. Besides feeling, she has another way of hearing in the manual alphabet which Miss Thompson spells into her hand with astonishing speed.

Continuing with Helen's story, Miss Thompson, followed by Helen's fingers, told of her going to college in 1904, Radcliff and then Harvard, and graduating B.A. with honours. Her subjects were literature, philosophy, which par-

ticularly interested her, history, economics, Greek, Latin, French and German. Greek she considers richer in poetry than Latin and more modern in spirit.

She was at a great disadvantage at college because of the lack of Brailled texts, and used to send to London for books to be Brailled for her. Among the first she remembers with a smile was Karl Marx. At lectures her typewriter would have disturbed the other students, so she had to carry the lectures that had been spelled into her hand in her head until she got home. "Some job!" Helen interpolated.

Miss Keller demonstrated the great pleasure she gets from music, feeling the rhythm and spirit in the vibrations. When a blind girl played for her, she stood with one hand on the piano and beat time with the other.

She is, of course, best known as an authoress. Her books include: *The Story of My Life*, *Optimism*, *The World I Live In*, *The Song of the Stone Wall*, *My Religion*, *Midstream*, and several others. When writing a book she writes first in Braille, then mulls over what

she has written and corrects; then she puts out her work and has it read back. It is spelled back, by Miss Thompson, revises again and then usually has it Brailled before it is published.

Miss Keller spoke about world peace. She described peace as "an order on law," and said that the well-being of each land is rooted in the well-being of all. Peace to-day, therefore, is the concern of every man and woman on earth as it never was in history. She thinks that it is not enough for an organisation like U.N.O., although it does embody the one great hope of mankind, to work for peace; the peoples of the world must draw closer together. Co-operation is the watchword of her ideas for world peace. She feels very strongly, too, about the importance of freedom of information.

An illustration of the atmosphere of the meeting is the story they told of Miss Keller piloting a C54 for 15 minutes over the Mediterranean. She described how she felt, what a sense of space and power it gave her. "It filled me with awe," she said.

"It filled me with more than awe," remarked Miss Thompson meanningly, and Helen laughed delightedly.

Towards the end someone in the audience asked if Miss Keller realised how much everyone admires her.

"I thank you for saying it," she said. "It always surprises me, because I can't imagine what I have done." And that meant it.

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Future Perfect?

The Editor,
Craccum.

At a time like this in the life of Craccum, when it is being slowly strangled by lack of space, it is unfair to give so much space to club reports. Kivi has taken a strong stand in getting rid of the childish cracks at Grads, so now it is up to Craccum to clean up its pages.

Of course the main difficulty in making such a move is to point the finger at the offending clubs. Probably the worst are those which fill pages with names which are of interest only to a small group within the club. Running these a close second are the ones that give a detailed account of what they are thinking of doing and what they will do. Clubs should remember that Craccum is a paper for everyone in the College, and is not there to cater for a few small cliques. Wherever possible clubs should start their own magazines, for only in that way would they ensure a full coverage of their activities.

One last thing. If we must have club reports (and I would not like to see them disappear altogether), let them be written well. Start them straight off with the news and not "At a meeting of the X— Club with seven people present, an interesting talk was given by, etc."

Yours, etc.,

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For—

NOTES

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A draca ungemlice of Spanum
Tried goring a couple of Danum,
But they crumpled his horn
With their efforts ge-orn,
And of slog him with their sharp flannum.

—P.T.

PALESTINE

Is There A Solution?

The International Relations Club held a well-attended meeting, at which questions relating to this topic were submitted to a panel composed of Father Allerton, Mr. Ian Fraser and Mr. John Nathan.

In reply to the first question, "Would security for Jewish development in Palestine help or hinder the development of the Arab people?" Father Allerton held that Jewish Zionism has no right in Palestine at all. He claimed that the Zionists look for an almost complete dispossession of the Arab elements and that he had yet to meet a Zionist who did not profess a profound contempt for the Arabs. He referred to the horrible "incidents" which frequently occurred and gave it as his opinion that whoever asked the question must have either no sense of humour or a grim one.

Mr. Nathan asked whether it was desirable for Palestine to be left as an arid waste as it had been for the past 1000 years. Two commissions set up, one by U.N.O., the other by U.S.A., both recognised that the Jews had a right in Palestine. The majority of Jews had nothing to gain in war, and they knew it. War was forced on them by the policy of the British Government. The speaker held it was quite incorrect to say that the Jewish State will not give full equality to all its subjects. He concluded with a summary of the economic benefits which the Jews had conferred on Palestine.

Mr. Frazer said the questions were: Have the Arabs already done good to the Arabs? Will they consider to do so? Arab population, he remarked, has doubled since 1922, and yet the Jews still want to continue immigration. Can it go on without harming the Arabs? The Jews cannot be criticised as personally antagonistic to the Arabs, but the land is limited and the population will outrun it.

The second question was, "Would Jewish development in Palestine depend permanently on outside financial support?" Mr. Nathan held there was no reason to suppose so. After 10 years Palestine would become relatively self-sufficient. Father Allerton remarked that it did not interest him at all.

Mr. Fraser held that, because of the growing population, Palestine would have to become a manufacturing area, and that for this the Jews must have friendship with the Arabs in order to obtain raw materials. Chemicals and limestone were just about all the raw materials which Palestine possessed.

The third question, "Does Partition provide the greatest hope for the present problem?" evoked lively discussion. Father Allerton said it provided no hope at all. The plan was unworkable and the idea was the equivalent of another "Munich." It would embitter Jew-Arab relations for years to come. It was based solely on racial discrimination, not on religious or spiritual factors—a kind

of Hitler "herrenvolk."

Mr. Nathan asserted that the alternative to partition was war, and asked Father Allerton if the indigenous population of a country has a right to it explicitly.

Mr. Fraser gave his opinion that the Jews would not be satisfied with partition and would regard it as a purely temporary move. The biggest objection of the Zionists to Britain was that Britain took Trans-Jordan out of the mandate and gave it to the Arabs. As long as free immigration is permitted by the Jews the solution could only be a temporary and a limited one.

The final question was, "Can the Jewish problem be solved apart from Palestine?"

Mr. Nathan asserted that there was no other area suitable or practicable as a home land for the Jews. They must have a land of their own to escape persecution. An Anglo/U.S. survey showed that 95 per cent of the Jews wanted to go to Palestine because they wanted security from anti-Semitism. No country wants them; they must have a refuge of their own.

Father Allerton held that the Jewish problem was settling itself before the Zionists arrived. The Jews, he said, are men with queer ideas about religion, like other non-conformists! If they have a nation of their own it will settle nothing and will only make things difficult in the other countries. If Jews are to have Palestine they should give us back Herne Bay.

Mr. Fraser said that he could not see Palestine as the solution to the problem. 20,000,000 Jews cannot all go to Palestine—they must live in other countries. Anti-Semitism is at the root of the problem, and already it is spreading in countries where there has been little before such as Britain and New Zealand. It is the Zionists who have done this.

Following a short discussion, the chairman, Mr. Airey, declared the meeting closed.

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NAME PLATES

The Editor wishes to thank those who sent entries to Craccum's nameplate competition. The winner, whose design will appear next issue, was Mr. R. W. Lowry.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIALISM

Christianity involves a social outlook which can only be fully realised under Socialism: this was the general conclusion reached at the recent joint Labor Club-S.C.M. meeting on "Christianity and Socialism." The subject was introduced by Clyde McLaren and Ian Ramage who, in spite of striking agreement on general lines, differed sufficiently in approach to produce stimulating discussion.

For Mr. McLaren, both Socialism and Christianity postulate equality of man, and, in his view, Socialism can be derived from Christian doctrine. Capitalism fosters selfishness and exacerbates human inequalities—therefore the system must be changed if the goodness of man is to be encouraged. In this effort, Marxian and Christian Socialists can co-operate, so long as mutual tolerance is exercised. But the organised Church as such should not intervene—in the past, as Mr. McLaren pointed out, such intervention has consistently favoured the status quo. To that extent, the criticisms of Marx and others were a service to the Church in exposing corruption. He could not see how any real Christian could be a capitalist, though that did not prevent capitalists from becoming members of the Church. The speaker gave Biblical confirmation for the compatibility of Socialism and Christianity, stating also that no Socialist, Christian or otherwise could reject the concept of the class struggle and its implications.

Mr. Ramage, too, deduced his socialist beliefs from Christian doctrine. While not defending the Church against the charge of supporting reaction and privilege against the working class in the past, he maintained that the Church, "when it has been true to its message," has taken a real concern in social organisation. In the Christian community to-day a fundamental cleavage existed between those who would carry on this work and those who were "so

heavenly minded that they were of no earthly use." The ideal Christian society he believed, rested on communal peace and love for others. The present system did not accord with this, and he quoted several statements by bodies of Churchmen to illustrate this criticism and give suggested solutions. Redistribution of property was essential. Equally necessary was the need for property owners to view their ownership as a trust exercised for the good of society. To achieve this, we might ideally conceive all, but this was not possible. Nor was the Marxian view, in his opinion, wholly acceptable. With little time to elaborate, he pointed out that revolution and conversion were at bottom the same. He did not agree with Mr. McLaren that the official Church should not intervene.

The all too brief discussion showed that most were satisfied with the critical aspects of both speeches, but that the method of attaining Socialism was not sufficiently clear. That statements were possible, however, showed the increasing recognition of Christians everywhere of their social and political obligations.

Retort

The Editor,
Craccum.

Dear Sir,—

Most clubs and societies should be grateful to B.F. (unfortunate initials) those for one who essays invective for raising the question of the aim of club reports; it is one to which apparently little thought has been given. However, his criterion of a good club report is "livelier sports gossip," we may be thankful that he does not edit Craccum.

Such a style no doubt livens up Craccum and tickles the naive fancy of apathetic students, but is hardly suitable for the reporting of most S.C.M. activities which are in tone very far from the innocuous "tea and games," but are the activities of a "sane and thriving" club, and as such call for serious reporting rather than flippant nonsense.

The style needed is one which will stir the fancy of the average student, while retaining the essential facts of interest to thinking students. Such a style was attempted in the article on the Zoology Department in last Craccum, and failed lamentably.

The S.C.M. is, however, pleased to receive CONSTRUCTIVE criticism and invites B.F. to report any of the coming activities advertised on College notice boards so that we can be sure of having no more of it.

I am yours faithfully,
RUTH E. VICKRIDGE.

MR. TIZARD'S DIZZY DOZEN

The following were the portfolios allotted at the first meeting of the new Executive:—

- R. J. TIZARD: President, External Affairs, Ex-servicemen's Representative.
- P. F. ROBINSON: Secretary.
- P. R. BUTCHER: Social Committee.
- J. C. ELLIS, Publications.
- K. M. GATFIELD: Men's Vice-President, Senior Tournament Delegate.
- Miss O. J. HOLLAND: Women's Vice-President, Chairwoman W.H.C.
- B. PENMAN: Carnival Committee.
- Miss D. SAVAGE: Cafeteria Committee.
- Miss F. D. SPENCE, Records, Scrapbook.
- S. L. STRACK, Bookstall, W.S.R. Committee, Registrar of Societies, Legal Affairs.
- T. U. WELLS: Chairman M.H.C.
- Miss D. WILSHIRE: Assistant Secretary, Corresponding member N.Z.-U.S.A.

WINTER TOURNAMENT

OTAGO WINS

(A full report of Tournament activities will follow in the next issue.)

Scoring 21 2-3 points to Canterbury University College's 10 2-3 on the final day. Otago University won the New Zealand University winter tournament which concluded to-day by one point. A win in the women's hockey competition, a tie for first place with two other teams in the men's basketball, a second in the table tennis and a third in the soccer were secured by Otago teams to-day. This is the second year in succession that Otago has won the shield. Canterbury last year won the wooden spoon.

Points scored by each college in the tournament were: Otago 33 2-3, Canterbury 32 2-3, Auckland 29, Victoria 19 2-3, Massey 6, Lincoln O. First, second and third teams in each of the sports were: cross-country running, Auckland 1, Otago 2, Victoria 3; fencing, Otago 1, Auckland 2, Canterbury 3; miniature rifle shooting, Canterbury 1, Victoria 2, Otago 3. Otago Soccer, Auckland 1, Victoria 2, Otago 1, men's indoor basketball, Victoria, Otago and Canterbury, dead-heat, 1; women's hockey, Canterbury 1, Massey 2, Auckland 3; women's hockey, Otago 1, Auckland, Victoria and Canterbury, dead-heat, 2; table tennis, Canterbury 1, Otago 2, Victoria 3.

The Auckland Soccer team was unbeaten in the series. Victoria won three games, Otago two, Canterbury one and Massey none. In the men's basketball, out of four games, Auckland won one and Massey none. Victoria, Otago and Canterbury each won three. To-day Victoria beat Massey 56-10, Canterbury A beat Auckland 63-27, and Otago beat Canterbury B 23-18.

PANTOMIME BOOK

Contributions are needed for Pantomime Book, which will appear (D.V.) about the time of Pantomime.

A prize is offered for the best limerick about a staff member. Both sorts (printable and unprintable) are eligible for the prize.

A business manager, sales manager and contributions with a Christmas flavour are needed. Cartoons, short articles, poetry and the like characterised by exuberant humour would be most acceptable.

See the Editor (Rod Smith).

NOTE

No person, in or out of the College, was referred to in the poem by M.B. on p. 19 of *Craccum*, 26th July. We apologise for using a certain name, which was chosen merely because it rhymed with the concluding word of the couplet.—J.E.

For the second year in succession the women's hockey was won by Otago. Otago won four, Auckland, Victoria and Canterbury each won two, and Massey did not win. Auckland was unexpectedly beaten to-day by Victoria by 1 goal to 0. Canterbury beat a weak Massey side 3-2.

By winning eight matches to Otago's four in the final of the table tennis teams' knock-out competition to-day, Canterbury won the shield from the holders, Otago. Winners of other finals were: Men's singles, Canterbury; men's doubles, Otago; women's singles, Victoria; women's doubles, Canterbury; combined doubles, Canterbury.

Drama: Christchurch, Auckland, Victoria, Dunedin.

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SARGESON = QUIXOTE (Continued from page 11.)

F.S.: I couldn't understand why Pritchard was making him so mad. You've probably seen Dali's drawings of the Don and his mind—people with sheep's brains and so on. Do they see palaces and have wonderful visions? Dali should have some understanding. Perhaps he's right.

E. H. McC.: That's the conventional view, the vulgar interpretation of the book.

F.S.: But how does that fit in with his profound conversations? For instance, Don Quixote's always saying there's a remedy for everything but death. It doesn't matter whether it's original or quoted: it doesn't sound like a madman to me. Mad? But what sort of a madman? Perhaps his are the unnaturally clear perceptions made by people a bit short of a pound. His visions are startlingly clear because he misses the whole truth, sees only some of the facets of reality? I don't know.

But if I could persuade you that you could have as much pleasure and enjoyment from the book as I have I wouldn't have wasted my time. It's not really my job, but one can recognise it as a book finer, even in translation, than *Tom Jones*. See! It's terrific!

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Appreciation

The Editor,
Craccum.
Sir,—

The Drama Society are to be congratulated on giving us "Dr. Faustus." Many hold this play in particular affection, and it is one of the best of the Elizabethan plays. Their production was, on the whole, a very creditable and enjoyable one. The nature of the play makes it difficult to produce satisfactorily, but Professor Musgrove did a good job of work.

The acting honours must go to Jack Woods' Mephistophilis. He brought to the part a valuable experience and a deep understanding which made a memorable sinister and evil Prince of Hell. Marshall Hobson made a very good attempt at the part of Faustus, which failed because he was for most of the time completely inaudible. I do not

underestimate the difficulty of the part nor the very poor acoustics of the hall, but such difficulties are not excuses. Some of the blame must lie with the producer, for inaudibility was the fault of a number of the other players. The sepulchral voices of the Good and Evil Angels were also completely lost. Of the minor characters, James Chamley as the Pope and Ivo Joyce as Benvolio were superb, and the Deadly Sins achieved a memorable tableau.

The pure fun of the scene in the Vatican was delightful. Another notable piece was the pleading of the old man. But the final tragic scene failed most lamentably to impress the audience. However, all defects aside, the show was a well worthwhile effort, for which we should be grateful to the Drama Society.

I am, etc.,
MACBETH.

Protest

The Editor,
Craccum.
Sir,—

We are fully aware that, whilst we accept gratefully our liberation from the pomps and vanities of the world, we must concede that there is little we now do to influence the actions of men. There are many things in this present century which would not have been tolerated when we were alive, and these are gestures made to our memory which would not have been directed to the person.

During our lifetime the loyal citizens of Auckland, with our permission, came to be made in our honour and erected in the public gardens a statue of a distinguished by splendid likeness of excellent taste. Notwithstanding our deep pleasure and appreciation, we have come to doubt the wisdom of the considerations which prompted us to give our consent to this course. Too often have the pleasant walks become a scene of bacchanalian riot; too often have we been forced to lend our august countenance to proceedings of unbearable vulgarity. Constantly we must endure the unspeakable indignity of admitting a seabird to stand on our crest.

For many years we have borne our trials with patience, but we have now been offered a final humiliation which even our long-suffering spirit will not accept in silence. Our affronted feelings have prompted us to appeal to you as a representative of an institution which is the last repository of all that is fine and cultured.

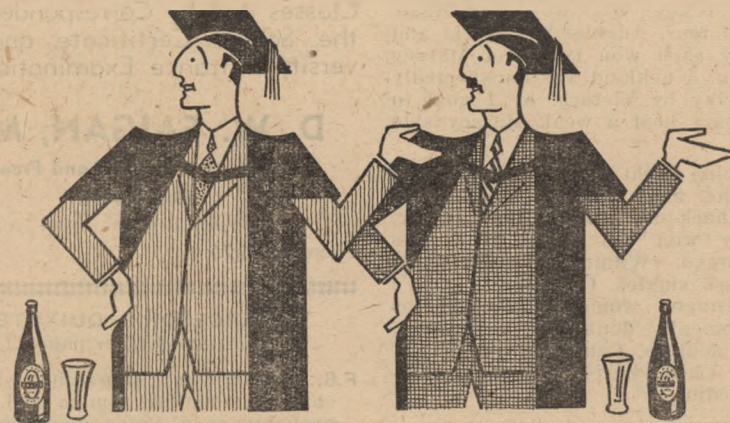
We have for a long period been offended in our highest sensibilities by the spectacle of a partially draped female form which is placed, in complete violation of all considerations of modesty, on the topmost elevation of the fountain which stands directly in front of us. When this figure was broken during its renovation we permitted ourselves some emotion of satisfaction. To our indignation, the object has now been repaired and has been replaced, not in its former position, but with the unclothed rear upper portion of its lower limbs facing squarely towards us. This article is now painted a bright orange colour. We refuse to continue our long battle to screen the women from the lascivious glance of the War veteran at our rear. We refuse to contemplate for the next fifty years this anatomical abomination. **WE ARE NOT AMUSED.**

—VICTORIA

NO ESCAPE

A voice in the Caf. heard to mutter
"I got off with two bits of butter,"
Overheard by an odd
Old irascible bod,
Was quickly reduced to a stutter.

—A.M.



LET'S CRACCUM

OR SOME VARSITY TERMS EXPLAINED

DIPLOMA: Something you'll never get if you drink home brew.

CAPS: We lift 'em to Timaru.

LABOUR CLUB: Public spirited students who assist the wharfies to unload shipments of Timaru.

DEGREE: Symbol of attainment, honours for Timaru.

STUDENTS' COMMITTEE: A body which keeps minutes and wastes hours.

TRAMPING CLUB: Walks from pint to pint.

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