

CRACCUM



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SIXPENCE

SANITY OR SUICIDE

A Survey by J. F. EWEN, B.A.

Peacetime conscription for military service must be strongly opposed by the University student body. The evasion of the question at the recent A.G.M. only makes more urgent the need for us to express our strenuous rejection of any sort of compulsory training for war. Its introduction would be severely injurious to all New Zealanders and particularly to ourselves as students.

What are the Government's proposals? A statement by the Minister of Defence is suggestive:

"It has been suggested that we should recruit or call up 8000 men each year from the 18-year-old group for 14 weeks' training . . . No decision has yet been reached about the recruitment of this force, but if we are going to call up 8000 young men each year, I do not think there is any possibility of getting that number unless by some system of national service . . . Lord Montgomery thought it would be necessary to introduce a system of compulsory military training to obtain the personnel required." (N.Z. Herald, 15/7/48.) Other statements have hinted at the inclusion of the 19-21-year-old group in this scheme.

It is barely three years since VJ Day—that alone should convince us that we require action for peace, not war. Despite the hysteria of various groups and their propagandists, there is no danger of hostilities in the predictable future. But if we acquiesce in legislation for conscription, we accept the inevitability of atomic warfare and its attendant horrors—surely a suicidal choice. Rather must we fight against any and every sign of submission to such defeatist views. We own the future—we must ensure that it is a peaceful one. As New Zealanders, that is our plain and simple duty.

As students, too, we have special reason to oppose compulsory military service. The age groups whom it is proposed to conscript comprise a very large proportion of our University population. Even the suggested 14 weeks' training would seriously interrupt their studies—those of us who had wartime service know that. But then it was necessary—now it is not. As a University we aim to improve the quantity and quality of academic study—not selfishly, but as a contribution to Society. For instance, the A.G.M. unanimously endorsed the N.Z. Student

Labour Federation campaign for an increased number of full-time bursaries. All such efforts merit more than passive adherence. Logically we must reject conscription.

Let no one smugly imagine that students will be exempt—to quote Major-General H. E. Barrowclough: "Everyone will welcome the new proposals for the territorial army. It must be obvious, however, that they can be achieved only by the adoption of universal and compulsory training. I have officially learned that an institution in this city (Auckland) has already expressed the view that students will naturally be exempt. If that fallacious idea is not immediately extinguished, all sorts of groups will be talking themselves out of their obligations." (Herald, 15/7/48).

We must not expect, and never should ask for, preferential treatment for students. Compulsory service would injure the apprentice and the undergraduate equally, and we must fight against it on behalf of all young people. This is an issue on which the University can give a lead to Youth. Victoria College has set us an excellent example and we must follow it.

Further, conscription would have important effects on N.Z. economy. At a time when the editorial call is for increased production, surely we cannot endorse the wholesale diversion of any workers into non-productive military training. Remember too, that uniforms, weapons and other equipment for a territorial force would be a further strain on our production. The Otago Trades Council and other Trade Union bodies have already recognised conscription as disruptive to our economic life. One wonders at the motives of those who scream for longer hours and harder work, and yet support compulsory military training in peacetime. Do they foresee a slump in which a territorial army would usurp the

J. F. Ewen, whose defence of current affairs comment in a recent copy of *Craccum* will be remembered, here steps into the breach with some pregnant remarks upon the Government's present trend towards conscription.

functions of special police, or are they trying to "take up the slack" while there is yet time? We cannot conscientiously support conscription and at the same time talk glibly of helping the hungry millions of Europe and Asia. If we accept the latter aim, we must reject conscription for military purposes in peace-time. Passive acceptance of the Government's schemes for any reason whatsoever is a step to World War and a mockery of the humanitarian goal of World Student Relief. Adherence to such a cause demands more than an annual 10s note. For consistency's sake we must be clear on this point and fight conscription.

Some will say that the Territorial Army provides moral and physical training. Yes, of a type, and the obvious analogy is the Hitler Jugend. But the primary purpose is development of a military force, and any by-product is incidental. By all means let us have a wider Youth Movement, but it would be folly to expect the Army to provide one. To do so would be to equate the best interests of Youth with the darkest menace to mankind—atomic warfare.

We must be clear, too, that our protest is against conscription for military service in peacetime. Under war conditions, conscription may be justified, but its introduction today when we have barely emerged from the most frightful conflict in history cannot be defended on any grounds. I deny that this is a controversial question—the issues are starkly clear. Only a handful of militarists and bureaucrats are backing the Government's proposals, but all too few among Auckland's student body are yet conscious of the immediate need for action. Ex-service-men's organisations, trade unions and other University colleges have already expressed their hostility to compulsory military service, but preparations to introduce conscriptive legislation and to re-open war-time military camps are well under way. We, too, must act quickly if we are to preserve the peace.

A NEW VISION

OR LITERARY HUMBUG?

With the publication of KIWI coming in the near future, this seems an opportunity for one or two things to be said with regard to contemporary New Zealand literature. It has been stated "ad nauseum" that there is little or no scope in this country for people who wish to make a career in literature. This is obviously true. What is equally true but not so obvious is that this state of affairs can (if it has not already done so) lead to an end where writing will have no connection whatever with reality. We do not mean the "reality" that is gushed over by the modernists, but the reality of the bread and butter that the professional author hopes to eat. Saleability of work is an excellent standard for judgment, and without it we are in danger of reaching a state where we are merely making cultural noises in a vacuum. Without risking the contumely that always falls upon the makers of definitions, we might say of literature that it has something to give, something that the writer wants to pass outwards to the reader. A poem or a story has no value if, after it is written, it is scented with lavender and stored in the bottom drawer.

Now, in the case of the writer who wants to say something to Mrs. Higgins of Vincent Street, and who has the opportunity of saying it, he must prepare his message in language such as Mrs. Higgins will understand; then the Editor who reads his work and knows Mrs. Higgins' tastes, will accept it as conforming to those tastes, and will publish it. Unfortunately for us, we cannot reach Mrs. Higgins. And because we cannot reach her we stop thinking about our ideas as things to be expressed because of the effect they might have on other people. We begin to treat them as playthings, as obliging dolls that may be dressed in a variety of wordy garments, each more elaborate than the last.

We have come to worship obscurity. Perhaps it is the result of too much study, of searching for subterranean meaning in writers ranging from Shakespeare to James Joyce, or perhaps it is the double

allegory of the "Faerie Queene" that has warped something in our minds. We have become disinterested with surface meaning, and must play the detective with everything we read. And so in writing. We must conceal our ideas, cover them with layer upon layer of implication and suggestion until the result is a shapeless, meaningless, lump. The story that has a plot, a beginning and an end and the poem that says something clearly, these are despised. Instead, we are asked to accept, in place of the story, the formless episode, the dreary slice of poor description which shows the meagreness of the writer's imagination; and in place of poetry we are given imitations (in form only) of the works of Eliot, imitations that fail dismally because they are written without experience and without the practice in the conventional verse-forms that makes a man a master of the whole medium.

Such is New Zealand's new vision of literature. A literature which appears to be heading towards a time when it will not have even its big toe, let alone both its feet, firmly planted on the ground. Dadaism was better, for at least the Dadaists admitted the fruitlessness of what they were doing, while we piously sanctify our nonsense under the name of "transcendental implication". The remedy is simple, although, like all good remedies, a little hard to take. As we cannot at the moment use the criterion of saleability, we must apply the "mathematical plainness" of the Royal Society not only to our language, but also to our meaning. A reversion to simplicity and sincerity in our literature is the only way in which we save it from becoming nothing but a worthless mass of affectation.

Peter I. Cape

IMPORTANT NOTICE

All Club Secretaries are reminded that the first issue of CRACCUM next year will include date previously included in the S.A. Handbook. The first issue will be on sale on enrolment days, thus ensuring that your information will reach the greatest number of students possible. Material required will be (a) a list of Club officers, (b) aims and activities, (c) date, etc., of first meeting. Copy will close on February 1st, and is to be sent to The Editor, P.I. Cape, 37 Milford Road, Milford, N.2. The risk of forgetting will be minimised if all Club Secretaries leave their vacation addresses in Craccum box. All who do so will be circularised in January.

Articles, verse, short stories and reports of club activities during vacation will be welcomed. The Editor particularly appeals for material of special interest to Freshers, in keeping with the proposed Orientation Week.

REMEMBER — COPY CLOSES FEBRUARY 1st

Would all members who will be remaining on the staff next year, please leave Vacation addresses in CRACCUM Box

CRACCUM STAFF

Editor: Peter I. Cape (30.302 Exchange Room).

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KIWI, 1948

On the surface, the 1948 "Kiwi" is different from the "Kiwis" of earlier years. The photographs of graduates and the Students' Association Executive have gone, as have the University notes and the personal quotations (although I am sure that nearly as many quotations have not crept back, unacknowledged, in the fiction section). There is much more literary material than in any previous "Kiwi" and almost half of the contributors are writers not connected with Auckland University College.

We were prepared for this change of policy by an article in *Craccum* some months ago which so self-consciously argued the case that I, for one, feared the worst this year. "Kiwi" turns out to be not nearly so bad as might have been expected, but is, I feel, hardly good enough to warrant enthusiasm.

There are arguments for and against such changes of form, as this year's issue shows. As I see it, the chief argument for opening up the pages to outside writers are that the work of such will inspire students to emulation, that such action provides "a point of contact" between University writers and writers in general, and that it is justified on the grounds that justify the printing of any good work. The arguments against it are that, as most of the other writers can be published elsewhere, the students may be unnecessarily crowded out of their sole medium; that, as the first issue seems to me to illustrate, the outside writers will not necessarily give of their best for a paper "looking for" contributors "with names"; that the presence of non-University writers is more likely to exhibit than to stimulate students; and, finally, that a University has a right to publish a wholly domestic literary annual.

The example of "Phoenix" was cited, but "Phoenix"—which, significantly, did not last—was the organ of the Literary Club, quite independent of "Kiwi." I cannot escape the conviction that, despite all argument, the "new Kiwi" is just an excuse (with no suggestion of deception implied) to

start another literary paper, and provide space for New Zealand writers of all kinds—which may be a good thing, of course, but did the promoters need to try so hard to fit the University into their arguments? Certainly, if one aim was to eliminate inferior material, this has not been achieved; 1948 "Kiwi" contains roughly the same proportions of good, bad and mediocre as previous "Kiwis." What has largely disappeared is the distinctively University quality, and in its place we have a somewhat inferior version of "Penguin New Writing" of about the middle 'thirties.

However, this collection of New Zealand writing is sufficiently full to thrust upon the reader in a more obvious form than usual certain characteristics of a large amount of contemporary prose work in this country. First, there is the dead, flat level of the prose, a sort of de-energised Hemingwayese (or perhaps sub-Sargesonese) in which ten low words oft creep in one dull sentence, a prose monotonously staccato, lacking rhythm and variety, striving for significant understatement and producing only laconic obviousness. The dread of the relative clause, of the complex sentence or idea—this is a legacy of the 'thirties, and is beginning to constitute a new tyranny in New Zealand prose, an orthodoxy as lifeless as the manner against which Gertrude Stein revolted. Let the reader read aloud a couple of paragraphs from almost any story in the 1948 "Kiwi," and judge the effect for himself.

This is not merely a matter of taste or pedantry, for questions of style go to the heart of the matter. I feel that this "reportage" technique reflects a lack of creative imagination in most of the "Kiwi" contributors. The material of the writers is limited to a reporting of their own experiences. The longer vision, detachment, the fusing process, that imagination which must express itself in its own way or strike a conventional style aflame—these things are lacking. What is offered instead is a species of romantic journalism.

This leads to the second point—the nature of the themes. The reader of the "Kiwi" stories must be struck by the persistence of two themes—neurosis connected with sex and nostalgia for childhood. This is surely not accidental, but is related to the point made above. Sexual "agony" themes are, I submit, produced less by the "temper of the age" than by immaturity of feeling. In the case of the nostalgia motif, it seems to me to persist because many New Zealand writers have no other body of experience which they can examine with some attempt at detachment. But the writers are in practice deeply involved in this material; it is sentimentalised, the vision is blurred, there is an incongruity between style and theme.

In the case of John Reece Cole's "Return," I believe that the writer has got outside his material, and thus is able to dilute his feeling with a certain irony. Partly for this reason, his story is the best in the issue. It establishes mood, and, through mood, character; it implies a set of positive values. And the style is varied, the rhythms fluid.

On the other hand, "The Outcast," by David Ballantyne, seems to me to be a thoroughly bad story, partly because the human situation it seeks to establish has not been deeply felt, partly because it is far too long, riddled with irrelevancies, but, above all, because of the style. Though written in the third person, it mixes slang, cliché and colloquialism with "literary" English. When Frank Sargeon (the too obvious model for much of this "Kiwi") uses such a style, he does so "in the first person" and with

(Continued on page 21.)

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UNREST IN CHINA

"Semper Floreat" publishes some disturbing extracts from a Bulletin of the National Student Federation of China, which throw a revealing light on the internal turmoil which torments China and the part students play therein. For example—

"In Chengtu, when students from three universities petitioned for rationed rice, the Government suppressed the crowd by opening fire on them. Two were killed, many seriously injured and 130 were arrested."

"On March 29th the Nanking Government announced that the North China Student Federation was an illegal body and would be suppressed."

"On April 7th Peiping Garrison Headquarters demanded that twelve student leaders should be handed over for arrest and questioning. Peiping University authorities refused."

"On April 9th, at midnight, some hundreds of police were despatched to the University. Students were beaten with clubs, whips, and swords. Many students were wounded, eight of them seriously wounded and arrested."

"Many other examples of repressive brutal action on the part of the authorities are given—beatings, shootings, arrests, imprisonment. The students, to gain their demands of more food, better facilities for study and accommodation, and less persecution, resort to hunger strikes, demonstrations and other activities to enlist the support of the people."

"One outstanding feature in the struggle of Chinese students is their organisation of 'self-help' campaigns. Students (and staff, all of whom are poorly paid and subjected to political discrimination) work anywhere where they can earn money. Their jobs include pulling rickshas, shining shoes, and other kinds of manual labour. The proceeds from these campaigns are used mainly to buy food, medicine, and text books."

"The thirty years' history of the Students' Federation of China is an

object lesson in courage and the will to hold their meagre opportunities for learning."

Have we done all we can to help them?

STUDENT STRUGGLE IN S.E. ASIA

The struggles of student organisations of countries in the Far East are inextricably bound up with the general life of the people, and with the struggle for national independence. Therefore it is inevitable that they should come in for a good deal of repressive action. The history of such organisations is one of intense activity. They have provided leadership for national liberation movements because they represent the very small proportion of the people with sufficient education to appreciate what could be gained.

The problem of life and reconstruction in these countries cannot be divorced from the policy of education, which has been to provide administrative clerks in preference to scientists and technicians. Real cause of dissatisfaction on the part of the people is that education is carried on in foreign languages, in countries in which very few people are literate in their own language. The cost of education is prohibitive, and the accommodation for students is generally poor. In Dietsnam there is one school for every 300,000 children. However, there is one school for every 1000 people.

One of the greatest problems facing the people is that of health, the general standard being very poor. The finest physical specimen in India does not nearly approach the average Australian in stature. Most people there can eat only twice a day four days a week. The only sanitary systems in working-

class areas are huge open drains, which filthy, undernourished children fall while playing.

TOO VIOLENT?

Honi Soit reiterates some of the points and continues: "In many places University education is just not known. It was only last year that the British Government began to consider setting up the first University in the West Indies. Of the five Universities of South Africa three—to their disgrace—admittance to all non-European students. India is relatively at a low level, yet opportunities for graduates are sadly limited or were under the British regime. One slightly cheering fact is that since the republican movements in Indonesia and Indo-China have gained real positions, they have made all-out attacks on the illiteracy imposed by the former government powers. It is small wonder that students and student organisations in these countries are much more active and more 'violent' than we might consider 'right'."

M.P.A.

BOOKSTALL 1949

A Bookstall will be in operation during the first fortnight of next year to which students may forward books. A commission of 3d per book sold will be charged, and all books unsold must be collected by 1st May, 1949.

For the convenience of those who know this term which books they wish to dispose of, books may be handed in at the Exec. room during the first week in October at the lunch hour (1 p.m. to 2 p.m.). Otherwise they may be handed in during the first week of vacation (including enrolling days). Any books must be accompanied by a list of the following:

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Cold Water

The Editor,
"Craccum."

Sir,

The Labour Club argument that Socialism and Christianity can be considered together is unconvincing. Messrs. McLaren and Ramage can say that Christianity can only be fully realised under Socialism, whereas the nature of Christianity is to accept followers, not dictators. The Labour Club can suggest that Christianity is in the same wild and woolly state as itself, yet it seeks public recognition of an alliance with Christianity. Just why? It is, of course, true to the pattern of working-class representatives to claim the right to define themselves, and then ask a lawyer to do the job—but Christianity and God cannot do their "job" with a raging Socialist at their door. They may as well refuse the brief, and it seems to me that that is just what they have done. The Labour Club appears shocked that some people should take their creed seriously. Only the Roman Catholic Church has done that, and the Leftist intellectuals have attacked that church consistently and continuously.

Socialism is perhaps a world-wide brotherhood with tears for dependent peoples and the poor, but the Socialist clans in each country have absolutely no responsibility for what their colleagues have done elsewhere. So it is misleading to regard the Labour Club's Christianity as important. While an academic world is continually forced to regard mere recognition as important, the earthy Socialist world can stand on its own feet.

And the Socialists are proud of standing on their own feet. So proud, in fact, that they approach a creed which exists because ordinary human beings cannot stand on their own feet all the time, and request that creed to realise itself under the Socialist State. Such generosity! Such magnanimity! But whereas the Socialists can be materialists and agree, perhaps, to allow the Christian churches to operate

F. P. WORLEY: PROFESSOR EMERITUS

Very many men and women throughout New Zealand will feel a keen sense of personal loss with Professor Worley's retirement. He is known as a man of brilliant academic attainments; a man of high integrity and as a good friend to staff and student alike

PREPARATION

Professor Worley has been associated with this college as Professor of Chemistry for over 27 years. After graduating M.A., M.Sc., from the University of New Zealand, he went to London University, where he performed much research and gained his Doctorate of Science. His principal work at London was on Acid Catalysed Muterotation of Glucose. He did, too, much work on Electrolytic Solutions; work concerning acids and bases in solution. It is worthy of note that, although his theories have been

in their State, the Christians are not materialists and cannot agree to allow Socialism to operate in their State. In this case it is the Christians who are determined and the Socialists who live on free-will.

But there is one saving clause. If Christianity is permitted in the Socialist State, those who are not Socialists—if there be any such in the Socialist State—can be set on their feet by Christianity. Of course, this speculation seems a little premature. The Socialists claim their State is not yet achieved anywhere, but are already themselves asking for the support of Christianity. I think one can only understand such morals by noting the Marxian-Leninist gospel: Ignore the means, they are means to an end. Socialism will never become a civilised and decent political doctrine. It is probably the most evil thing that ever existed. For it is insincere, and whether it saves starving children and gives security for working-classes is quite beside the point. Capitalism did as much and more with, I think, a great deal more cause.

P. O. C. CORBETT.

advanced, his experimental work stands today. Soon after Professor Worley arrived at the College the Professor of Physics left to do some war work, and Professor Worley, in addition to his task as Head of the Department of Chemistry, acted as Head of the Physics Department. A truly herculean task for any man.

DESIGN

When the Choral Hall was made available to the Science Faculty, Professor Worley was entrusted with the designing of the alterations and additions necessary. In this he showed great wisdom. Fully appreciating the needs of the embryo and graduate scientist, he designed a building which has been of excellent use. In this connection special mention may be made of the lecture theatres.

HUMOUR

Many former students will remember with delight Professor Worley's great sense of humour. His lecture-demonstrations were well known for their added touch of good humour. Probably most chemistry students at some stage remember seeing the Professor lighting, or trying to, ascending bubbles filled with hydrogen.

As Chairman of the Professorial Board he contributed much to the College. His great understanding of human nature and his organising ability made him an admirable chairman.

INTERESTS

Academic interests were not Professor Worley's only ones. His water colour paintings are well known and have been hung at many exhibitions in

(Continued on page 6.)

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Peace and the University

AN EXHORTATION

War is born of unreason. Such unreason may spring from many causes, from patriotism, from lust for power, or from fear. There can be little doubt that of these three fear has been the most powerful agent in the final precipitation of war. It is fear that drives a country's leaders to take those precautions against (which are really preparations for) war. Nothing is more tragic to watch, either in the pages of history or in the present day, than two nations, neither of which actively desires to fight, slowly edging towards international conflict simply because they dare not stop re-arming, fortifying, mobilising for fear of their opponent's gaining some advantage over them. But how much more stupid is it when there is no war actively threatened and a country begins to take these "precautions". It is quite plainly asking for trouble. Yet there are people in this country who are so obsessed by what, as yet, exists only in the trumpety fears of their own minds that they are willing to take a step that would bring us closer to a war that need never come into existence. This step has not been taken, but if it is another step will follow, and another, and another, until the nation, like a man running downhill, is unable to stop and pitches headlong into a war from which there can be no recovery.

The step that can start this mad career to oblivion is peacetime conscription. The prevention of that step lies with us. The question is whether the University will lead or follow. If we, through our own slackness and preoccupation with mere degree-getting, acquiesce in this, if we blindly take the lead the Government gives us and do as we are told, if we dress ourselves obediently in khaki and learn to handle a rifle, then those degrees which we have been at such pains to earn will, in a little while, be hardly worth the paper they are written on—in fact it may be doubted if the paper they are written on will exist. But if, on the other hand, we are prepared to make a firm stand, if we have the guts to say "No" to the Government's demands, what may we not do? Christ, with twelve apostles, turned the world upside down; we, two thousand five hundred strong, can keep it on its feet. Neither the comparison nor the statement is so far-fetched as it may seem. If the students of this College stood together against the Government's demands what would happen? One or two might suffer, but the rest would remain to set the

the City. Country scenes and scenes from the West Coast were favourite subjects. Those well qualified to judge consider his painting to be of a very high standard.

LAW

In Professor Worley's earlier days here he was well known for his Court work. His evidence was the deciding factor in many cases. The Professor liked to tell stories of these cases, and they lost little in the telling.

Professor Worley is now farming with his son, and we wish him success and happiness in this new occupation.

—D.B.J.

example. Such an example would not be ignored. Nobody who is young and sane wants war. We who are studying now are not preparing ourselves to be seared and blasted by atomic bombs. We have lives to live, services to render to the community. So have the thousands of other students both in this country and in the world, and so, in a different way, have all the young men and women outside the University. If we were to lead against, oppose and denounce conscription, we would not be long alone. The other Colleges throughout the country would join us, and then those throughout the world. Students in the devastated areas do not want war—they have seen it once, and at close quarters—they would support us. Again, the example of the Universities would be followed by the rest of the world's youth. Deny a Government its youth, its fighting power, and it is helpless; deny the world its armies and its most bloody-minded generals, its most patriotic politicians, are impotent. Only one thing can be, and that is peace. For us, however, the time of trial is to come. It will come. And when it does come, will we have the courage to set the example that the world so badly needs?

EDITORIAL EMENDATION

Mr. Tizard tells us, we,
In our last Editorable
Made misrepresentations he
Considered were deplorable;
Because, in writing of the rent,
We should have said the costel
Be two-pounds-ten, and not three

For staying at the hostel.

PIC

Correction

The Editor,
"Craccum."
Sir,

In your last issue, a manifestly incorrect statement is attributed to me in your report of a discussion on Palestine. An Anglo-American survey of D.P. camps in their occupation zones showed that 95% of the Jews wanted to go to Palestine. To my knowledge there is no figure available regarding the desire of the eleven million Jews outside Palestine to go there. I would not like it to be thought that what you printed was typical of my opinions on the subject.

Also in recent years it has become fashionable for the press to suppress or distort the realities of the Palestine situation. By failing to draw your attention to an error attributed to me, I might seem to condone the practice of misleading the public. This may be all right for the great dailies, but "Craccum", as a university publication, should aim higher.

As I am only concerned to clear myself on the above two counts, I will not advert to the errors which appear elsewhere in the report.

I am, etc.,

J. A. NATHAN.

For—

NOTES

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—an outcast reports to Civilisation, from Chas Salmon, CRACCUM rep. at Ardmore.

I sit making a pretence at being civilised listening to Peter Farrell making quite good work of the Tchaikovski Piano Concerto. My mind is in two parts: the Concerto and your Editor's strict instructions on sending, for your especial consumption—For Export Only—an unbiassed report on Ardmore. The main feature about Ardmore is that you just cannot be unbiassed, you either like the place or hate it like Hell. It entirely depends on whether the Training College girls are to your liking or not. (I am given to understand that my actions are such that might indicate that I like it.)

I think a lot can be learned from the troubles we have experienced in our first term here, and I hope that when the Council sets up a Hostel Committee, as I suppose they will do, the Engineering Society and the Staff will be asked to give their suggestions. Even after a mild winter the main point that I can offer in this line is to ensure that some kind of heating is in each room. As I have never been in Stonehurst this may be an unnecessary point to bring up, but many "boarding house students" will bear me out here. After tasting residential life, I think the Council is to be commended on their move to establish residential quarters, and it is just unfortunate that only a hundred students or so can share it—but then the Chambers of Comics would surely rise up as one man and cry "Nationalisation!" if endeavours were made to secure larger or more space.

What price Tamaki now?

May I use these columns to express my deepest sorrow to the Music Department on the recent selection of their habitat for the next "n" years. I trust that the Department can raise sufficient fees in the next few years to cover the £500 surety the Council has given to the City Fathers, for temporary buildings at A.U.C. have the habit of being temporary for up to 40 years, and with due respect to age should be allowed to reach the half-century. I note, though, that some new plumbing is being put in to keep the place together—er—a sprinkler system; shades of Ballantynes! The old school has much in its favour here, five exits and as many entrances.

Ardmore Training College are at present in the midst of their sports tournament with Wellington. The teams arrived here yesterday and it is gladdening to see that Engineers were their usual selves, several lamp-posts were decorated with articles of ablutionative origin in addition to the usual tricks at the T.C. Ball. Indeed, we have made ourselves so popular that next year we shall have a dormitory block of our own down at the Engineering Compound end. At present, our dormitory block is in the same area as the Mess Block and the T.C. living quarters, quite a satisfactory arrangement, but next year another hundred or more T.C. people will be here and our present quarters are wanted for them. I expect the die-hards will turn several shades of red when I say that our relationship with the Training College is good. In the beginning there were

mistakes, as always, mainly due to each other lacking appreciation of the other's problems.

Today the two United Kingdom aviation experts at present in New Zealand paid us a visit, and paid us compliments, too! Mr. Nathan will be glad to hear that our wind tunnels are up to Cambridge and London standard, and our prize piece, "Crayfish" tunnel, is so good that there is only one other of the same design in the world—in Japan. An ex-A.U.C. student, Graeme Currie, B.E., now with a research group in Queensland, was responsible for its construction. Next year will see the start of a major research programme here in Aeronautics. Design work has already begun on a high-speed wind tunnel that will be suitable for jet and supersonic work, and with luck it may be in operation by the end of next year. A new member of the staff, Mr. B. P. de Bray, on his way out from England, has had wartime experience on jet engines, and next year will be at work here as Aeronautics Senior Lecturer. Within a few years the School should gain high place in the list of Aero-Research establishments if the present rate of progress is kept up. My own view is that this site will become so well set up that it may become the settled home of the School of Engineering, Tamaki or not. Before that time, however, much will have to be done to make it totally acceptable to all. I have already mentioned the residential point slightly. Two other topics occur: transport and sports. At present the timetables of the public utility services are not altogether satisfactory, and for most of us it means that we are here from 9 to 5, and for those resident here (all but ten or so) an evening trip into Auckland means a walk from the train or bus of three miles at about 11.30 p.m. However, we have only been here three months, and it is better to learn to walk before running. The sports question is bound up pretty much with that of transport. Next year it should be possible for our sportsmen to travel into town to train with A.U.C. or v.v. A.U.C. come out here and use the grounds on the premises. When the fields are set up at Tamaki both will have to travel, so there will be no odds.

The School is again printing its Annual Proceedings, this time under the hand of Peter Hicks, and take note Mr. Editor!—a profit of £30 is planned. At present its committee is deliberating on the truth of the story about the

(Continued on page 9.)

STORM IN A WINEGLASS

Denis McMahon

Leaving the camp on the hill he took a tram down to the Piazza Goldoni. The barber in the little shop on the corner greeted him with deference and shaved him in silence. At ten he breakfasted on bread rolls, sweet buns, pastry and tea, served by laconic Italian girls. The Naafi was crowded. Here and there another New Zealander could be seen—the black and white shoulder tabs standing out in clean relief from the scarlet bars of the South Africans and the various insignia of the British. Opposite him a British sergeant with the patient familiarity of long acquaintance criticised the service and jerked a thumb at the neat pattern of plaster swastikas on the ceiling. The place had been the property of the German Embassy. Large Nazi emblems at each end of the ceiling had been clumsily erased but the removal of the swastikas had apparently presented too burdensome a task.

After eating he stood for a time on the Naafi steps, smoking and watching the passing populace. The black-coated, drably-dressed men with their leather satchels hurried past, furtively intent on the incessant search for cigarettes and food. He tossed the butt of his cigarette before a well-dressed man who unhesitatingly retrieved it and carefully placed it in a small tin. Shawled women with hollow cheeks and hungry eyes made a revealing contrast with the comely girls and the cheerful vigorous children as they passed on the way to the queues of the market. Glancing at his watch he walked slowly down the Corso, past the cafes and gardens to the statue of Verdi. As always, he was on time, but as he was anticipating a long wait he moved across the strada and sat at one of the outdoor cafe's tables. In his pocket he felt his wallet stuffed with thousand-lire notes, and he remembered that it also held the photo which the Venetian had insisted he should take with him. He smiled at the memory, savouring the incredulity of his own experiences.

He glanced again at his watch and scowled, for this was by no means the first time she had kept him waiting. Balanced on the cafe stool he swung his leg and moodily contemplated his suede desert boot and pinched the creases of his drill trousers. After a week's absence she might have known how he would wish to see her. He made up his mind that he would put an end to her habit of lateness for an assignment. It was calculated, he felt; a Latin wile to test and prove his constancy and her means of showing him her independence of him and his dependence on her. On other occasions he had too readily forgiven her.

"Ah, my impatient one," she would say, "I could not come before. The reason does not matter. Always I am late, but always I come. The day when I do not come, then you should be disturbed. To be late is not important."

Inevitably he would be melted by her pleading, bantering tone. Fascinated anew by the fresh miracle of her beauty, he would agree.

"Yes, my sweet one. Only it is important, to be with thee for a time." Then for a while it would be sufficient merely to feast his eyes.

Now surely this was her. How

strange that he could watch her with no critical faculty. When a friend asked in the manner of soldiers for a description of her, he could not reply. From the first meeting he had been aware only of her beauty, her power over him and his desire for her.

"Come!" He took her arm. "I have come half the length of Italy and I have waited an hour and a half. My patience is finished. Why have you not arrived before?"

"I was busy," she said, as though to dismiss the subject. Before he could reply, a tram for Barcola drew up and they boarded it. On the short journey he kept his anger under control and thought of their first meeting at Barcola. While bathing she had lost her cap and he had dived for it. He recalled how her black hair had swept sleekly back from her face, accentuating the faultless line of her features.

Alighting at the sea-front they strolled to a little wine shop above the road, where a few people lounged at small tables beneath a trellis. It was cool beneath the wisteria, and the marble balustrade was like silk beneath his fingers. The waiter, slight and white-coated, with a lined, wise face, placed on the table the wicker-cased wine flask, the long glasses and the half-litre bottle of iced water. In the hot afternoon blaze the bubbles hung to the cold glass as he poured the cloudy bianca.

Jeeps and trucks moved along the road below. Soldiers in light khaki, singly and in groups, most with girls in bright summer frocks, strolled languidly into the Barcola pavilion for sea bathing. They amused themselves by distinguishing the various nationalities.

"See! There is a Polack—and another; there an Inghlese—see, with the red cap. Those brown ones, what of them?"

"You know them. I have shown you before. They are brother Kiwi soldiers—Maoris."

"Ah, look—an Americano!"

"In the minority here, eh? In my home town it is different. . . ."

"See the Indiani."

"Yes, the small one with the sabre is a Ghurka. The others? Oh, I don't know. Non importa. Why do you dislike them so?"

"Because they look at me—so."

"Stupid. A cat may look at—a

queen. Cara, how can I be angry with you? I wait so long. Always make me wait. But then when I see you my anger is gone. For seven days I have not seen thee. Four days I spent in Venice and all the time I thought of thee."

"La Bella Venezia." She smiled. "It is two years since I was there. Where saw thou in Venice?"

"Oh, San Marco, the Campanile, stayed at Danielli's and rode in a dolo, and—a curious thing—I saw many women with red hair."

She seemed piqued. "These women were they beautiful—no?"

"Yes"—he fell into the trap, then "beautiful enough."

"And Venice," she went on, "is beautiful—no?"

"I shall return to Venice and stay there some time. A man can rest in Venice. There was a certain perfume shop in the Via Roma where I saw a blanket," he smiled at the recollection "to a beautiful woman."

"Another blanket!" she cried. It was a joke between them. He had complained the tendency of soldiers to be short of money to dispose of an article of equipment.

"You will be cold at nights."

"Ah, no. Summer is here, and I need only a sheet these nights."

She laughed softly. "Thou Kiwi, a gipsy. You shall return to New Zealand. One day I shall visit thee. Will be a surprise to find thee domesticated with many children."

He reached into his pocket for loose notes to pay the waiter.

"Hold this a moment please," he requested, passing his wallet to the girl, while he rummaged in his pocket. Looking up he saw her with the wallet opened, gazing curiously at the photo loosely thrust under the flap. Checking his first movement of restraint as he glanced up at him, he paid and dismissed the waiter.

"Oh, Lord," he thought in English. "There'll be some explanations now."

Her voice was deceptively sweet. "Perhaps I should not have seen the photo. Perhaps I was not meant to see it. However, now that I have seen my curiosity is aroused. Will you tell me who is the beautiful woman?"

To gain time he gulped the astringent wine and felt the unaccommodated liquid swirl in the pit of his stomach. He grimaced and coughed as it caught his throat.

"Thou, Kiwi," she taunted him. "You want tea, tea. What good is tea to you? Drink slowly."

"I am not a bambino," he scowled. "Your wine is nothing but acid. Lead to me! Why were you late?"

There was no smile on her face. "I come when I please," she said, "I am displeased with you. What of the red-haired one in Venice? Tell me of her."

WINTER MORNING

I be ang
g. Always
en when I
For seven
ur days I
time I thou
The hood of sleeping buds upreared on
slender stem—
Quiet presence, not unfriendly but
withdrawn—
That watched the night away.
And suddenly, outside,
A blackbird makes one call—
Three notes that fill the room
As though the weatherboards, the
paper and the scrim,
Were nothing. One thrilling call
That leaps the heart. I see them,
Those three notes
Pined in the dark air. Three gold
jewels
That hang like lights—two large and
round,
A little one below. They stay long
after:
They tell of the clear stars, the thin sky
And the new day.

This jealousy again, he thought.
How it flashes and weaves in her
nature.
"A foolish joke," he hazarded.
There was no red-haired girl. I spoke
only in jest."
She raised her voice sharply. "I do
not like your jokes!" Her eyes blazed.
There!" She flung the contents of her
wine glass in his eyes. "So much for
your jokes!"
The other people present glanced up
and away disinterestedly. Seemingly it
was not an event of any great
moment.
For a moment he gazed at her fool-
ishly, shocked by the cold draught,
tasting the sour wine on his lips and
letting it burn in his eyes. A fire ran
through his veins and he reached sud-
denly for the flask of iced water. She
sat motionless. He swept the contents
across her face. Across the table they
glared each other, his eyes narrowed in
anger—hers wide and blazing—gaze
locked in gaze in an oblivion of fury.
He tried to speak. Some recollection
startled him. "Your hair shines with the
water," he said, "like the fur of a
seal—as on the day when I found thee,
a mermaid of the sea, at Barcola."
He laughed, and she was laughing,

AT THE OLD VIC

RICHARD III, OR "AUDACITY UNLIMITED"

Richard III, read in the ordinary unimaginative fashion, is what Sellar and Yeatman would call a singularly unmemorable play. Trying to recall it afterwards, one might remember the last scenes (chiefly because of the business of the two tents and the ghosts rising between them) and perhaps Clarence (because of the Malmsey butt). Those of us who saw it performed by the Old Vic are likely to forget very little. Apart from that, what can one say about near-perfection?

The play, despite Shakespeare's usual brilliant handling of minor characters, is Richard, and no actor in the part need be much afraid of stealing the show, because the show is his already. Sir Laurence's performance by no means imposed itself on the memory by virtue of any tremendous "theatrical" energy, as one suspects Kean's might have, but by its amazing quiet subtlety, "a rare and un-in-one-breath-utterable skill, sir." Once or twice he raised his voice to a shout, and one rather expected the walls of Harfleur to fall again, but the most characteristic moments of his Richard, like Shakespeare's lay in the touches of cynical humour which make him and Edmund so attractive. In his occasional delicious remarks in the early part: "I am too childish—foolish for this world", or "I thank my God for my humility," he avoided the obvious line of gleeful hypocrisy, and spoke them in a quick mater-of-fact voice, with the merest twinkle of enjoyment. Again, the way in which, while Margaret warned Buckingham against him, he stood motionless and apparently incurious round the corner, to break in suddenly with "What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?" was masterly, illustrating the way in which Olivier gained perfect dramatic illusion by refusing to play to the audience. Other particular highlights were the scene beginning with the promising direction "Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured," where Hasting's head is delivered to him—with what exquisite delicacy he tok the bag and peered briefly in! The tension following York's reference to his uncle's deformity, his cruel mockery of Buckingham at the latter's request for his promised duchy; and the business with Tyrrell and the cushion. Best of all the comedy was, of course the scene where Richard is offered the crown; from Buckingham's description of his unsuccessful attempts as a propagandist. Then the delightful crowd, with the Lord Mayor's frantic promptings, and Richard between his two bishops, in a positive reek of sanctity, until the moment has come to give in gracefully, and the crowd is conducted out. Whereupon "farewell my book and my devocioun," and the breviary is tossed lightly over one shoulder.

Further memorable scenes of the production as a whole were I.3 (the squabbles between the Queen and the rival factions, and Queen Margaret's cheerful conversation-pieces) where the movements especially were beautifully done, and, of course, Clarence's murder. The early morning scene between Hastings and Stanley, and the exit of Mistress Shore with its precise timing, showed excellent lighting and generally imaginative production. Chief example of this was the movement of the ghosts upstage, when, as each stepped forward to say his piece, the rest moved round, their shapes dimly visible in the mist. It was a pity that the fight between the King and Richmond had to be temporarily cut, although Richard's death was more grimly dog-like with just the finishing stroke administered on the stage. His death agony was magnificent.

The sets were simple and extremely attractive, and Doris Zinkeisen's costumes were lovely, particularly in the crowd scenes, where there was a most effective harmony of colour. The use made of Richmond's standard to add colour to the brief scene V.2. might be mentioned.

What can one say about near-perfection? Above all, the Old Vic was an experience in the deepest sense of the word. Whether or not one agrees with them about the proper scope of amateur productions, we needed the reminder that these can never take the place of professional ones, and the Old Vic should be a great influence for the early formation of a National Theatre in New Zealand.

FROM THE LEPER COLONY

(Continued from page 7.)

Professor who lost his trousers on the evening of the Graduation ceremony and rang a member of the Council re this matter, who offered a loan of a pair of his. True to type, the Professor also forgot the whereabouts of his (only?) pair of black shoes. We have it on reputable authority that he will make up for his lapse by appearing next year in sandshoes and the New Look.

When complaining to the Cook about having to pay 1s 6d for a hot three-course meal, I was told that vacancies exist for odd-bodies in the kitchen here.

Back to the cave.



ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS

It's been an exciting month in Auckland in everything but films. We have a Rugby trial and Carmen, the Avondale Cup and the National Symphony Orchestra, the Pamir and Richard Farrell, the allocation of the Empire Games and the Old Vic. Everybody seems delighted with everything that Auckland has to offer, except the citizens of Christchurch and the film critic who has had nothing to do in weeks. The town has been full of swordsmen, redmen, men from Colorado and men from Sherwood Forest. Cinemas have been choked with revivals of almost every film in which the Oliviers have appeared—except that in which each appeared, "21 Days Together." But, in nearly six weeks, not a film over which to enthuse.

Not that it has not been a month equally as exciting for the film critic as for the opera-lover, the concert-goer and the follower of sport. It certainly has. Were something like the Old Vic theatre to be established in New Zealand there would be one correspondent with little enough money and even less inclination to become an addict of the cinema.

Much as I have enjoyed the Old Vic, it is outside my province to tell you about it. So with no films to dissect, I have had time behind the lawnmower to ponder what 20 years of cinema-going have done to us as audiences of the theatre. You know the sort of behaviour to which I refer—like me, you have probably been guilty yourself, on occasions—the upsurge of chatter as the house lights go down, the expectant opening of paper bags, breaking of chocolate, sucking of ice cream, the late arrivals and early departures (alarums and excursions Shakespeare would have called it). It's all carelessness, you know, carelessness on the part of those of us old enough to remember what good theatre manners used to be, unthinking enough not to have taught those of us too young to have seen real actors and actresses in front of us.

If only the screen Laurence Olivier could have fixed his eye on that man thrusting his way into the centre of the row in the second reel of "Henry V." ("I can't have missed much, anyway"); if only the screen Vivien Leigh could patiently and pointedly have waited in the shore-scenes of "Caesar and Cleopatra" till those two young ladies in the gallery had stopped their mutual admiring of Stewart Granger's torso; if only the screen Terence Morgan could have withheld the poisoned blade from Hamlet's breast while the woman in the stalls finished telling her friend that there were still a couple of deaths to come. We are nice people at heart. With nice manners. It's just that years of careless picture-going have made us very, very forgetful of the common forms of courtesy.

Now that I come to think on it, though, I did not see anyone leave the theatre before the curtain-line. Why, I wonder? I suppose it is because we know that when we see "The End" appear before us, our evening is done (if, indeed, we are not already half-

way down the foyer); this time we know we shall see all the cast bowing before us, three or four times even, Laurence Olivier will take off his wig and his false nose and make a little speech; Vivien Leigh will curtsy and blow us a kiss. "Lovely, simply lovely, and they're just like they are in the pictures."

"THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

It has been estimated that more people have seen "The Birth of a Nation" than have seen any other motion picture. Some hundred Aucklanders recently helped swell that number when they attended an Auckland Film Society screening of D. W. Griffith's 33-year-old film of the American civil war.

"The Birth of a Nation" is considered the first real box-office success in the film business, largely because of the controversy that attended its first showings. Called in some quarters a "dirty nigger picture," it caused race-feeling to run so high in some parts of America that in Boston a riot actually broke out. It has been described as both anti-negro and pro-negro, though Griffith himself intended it (or so he said) purely as a work of art.

Although the film runs for just over three hours, few who have seen it appear to have found that the time passes slowly. Most of us, remembering that it is 33 years old, will, I feel sure, carry vivid impressions of "The Birth of a Nation" for many years. We shall remember the excellence of the crowd scenes (Eisenstein and De Mille had much to learn from Griffith), the "abominable sub-titling" ("the opal gates of death"), the sack of Atlanta ("Gone With the Wind" minus technicolour), patches of crude acting (the registering of love, hate and anguish by numbers), a skilful use of close-up photography, and, not least, that complete break in film production of the time, the roving camera.

"BRIGHTON ROCK"

The censor has decreed that "Brighton Rock," the screen adaptation of Greene's book, is not to be shown in New Zealand. Among other things, Mr. Von Keisenberg says "it is one of the worst types of gangster films, featuring brutality, crime and

vice, and may have a tendency incite to crime." In brief, "it is not the interests of the public to screen the film." A Court of Appeal has upheld the censor's ruling, in the face of a strong protest from John and Paul Boulting, the makers of the film. Must we now content ourselves reading overseas praise of "Brighton Rock" which one critic goes so far as to call "the most encouraging English film for many months?"

Those of us who deplore censorship of any kind will long since have taken up the cudgels of street-corner argument with others not entirely unconvinced that there may be, after all, something to be said in favour of withholding scenes of sadism and brutality from the eyes of the average citizen, especially the young. I, for one, am keenly disappointed that I shall not, at the moment, have the chance to see a film that I have awaited eagerly. My light burned far into the evening when I read "Brighton Rock," for the sort of story that, once begun, must be finished before the book is laid aside. I thought what perfect screen material it would make, even if it were not going to be easy to treat of Greene's constant preoccupation with hell, sin, and punishment. Mr. Von Keisenberg feels that retribution is too long delayed, that the police make their entry only in the nick of time, and that, for the most part, the dialogue is "very suggestive." That may well be. If it is, then heaven be praised, for it's that rare type of motion picture—the one that sticks close to the source from which it is lifted. After all, you know as you read "Brighton Rock" that death is as inevitable for Pinkie, the boy-murderer, as it is for those whom he kills, be it early or late.

You probably know the late James Agate's delicious broadcast attack on the inconsistencies of film censorship. Agate favoured censorship for one reason alone. "Without it," he said, "any play or film would be at the mercy of some old woman of either sex marching down the gangway, brandishing an umbrella and protesting that she had been outraged and insulted, or at the mercies of ignorant policemen or assinine watch-committees." A super-censor was what he wanted, "a man who knows a work of art when he sees one and not someone who might just as well be in the post office." In the rush of headlines of the last few weeks, a small paragraph about the banning of a film may appear relatively unimportant news. Is it? Take it to its logical conclusion, and does it not become very much a part of what we are supposed to have fought two wars in 30 years to preserve?

I hope that the last has not been said on the subject of the banning of this film. I hope that the film societies, the drama leagues and writers' guilds will press for restricted screenings at least of a film that we may be reasonably certain is a work of art. We must be sure, too, that whoever says that we

SPORTS AND TOURNAMENT

SUMMING UP

By the Sports Editor

There is that change in weather at the University which makes a sports editorial out of season. A side-step no longer means the scoring of three points, but is used rather to avoid the importunate talker or to carry one first to the Library copy of **Grant and Temperley** or **Liddell and Scott**. This week the winter glory of a winning margin 25 points wide is forgotten, 25 becomes a student's nightmare, painfully associated with Paper B and the work that should have been done. Yet there are one or two things related to that side-step which should be considered. We have seen Tournaments at Dunedin and Canterbury, a much feted 'Varsity football XV. and a brilliant Hockley XI; they pass, the exams come on, and—"don't we make too much of these things?" you say. But—before you answer—"concept you me": there is a case to be put.

You have read Spinoza on a Saturday morning, perhaps the opening passage to **The Improvement of the Understanding**, and you close your book uncomfortably aware of the "soft cake" in your system—the mental slackness that hinders you in the long and serious contemplations every man must make. Then you go out to football and play very hard. The game is fast and you are down 3—6 soon after the interval. Feeling done, too. A special effort is needed. This is a team game and you have to lose yourself as surely as you do in a consideration of "a thing eternal and infinite." Can you make the effort—or is that soft cake troubling you again? Then you will know in yourself how far you have learned to serve.

This, by the way, is a true story. We played and felt like this last Saturday. When we were asked to give in the second half, not many could do it, never having grown up in our sport to discipline ourselves to the needs of a team. One forward (who happened to be the captain) showed again and again how far character comes into football. Another player, one of our backs, spent the week-end in a pleasure trip to Tauranga; the team could rot for all it mattered to him.

What we have found is not that football, hockey and harriers have an undreamt of significance, ranking them with the mysteries of the earth. Rather I have tried to take you into the mind of one footballer—who may perhaps be both a distinguished full-back and an honours student in mathematics—and to show you the meaning a sport may have for him. It comes a very bad second to a number of things, but it does expect certain qualities of him, and the answer he gives has a tremendous (and private) importance

shall or shall not see, hear or read anything shall be a man of culture, not "someone who might just as well be in the post office." I suppose that until we do band together and decide to do something about it, we shall surreptitiously have to read our Eugene O'Neill's and James Cain's in the library's darkest corners and torture ourselves with the knowledge that "this is the most encouraging English film for many months."

for him (which has nothing to do with 50,000 wildly cheering New Zealanders who have stupidly lost their heads over a game).

Earlier in the year, inspired by the character of the inter-island University match, I gave what may have been fulsome praise to University sport. That game showed that it is good on the surface, but how can it be sound beneath when men leave their teams at their pleasure, using them only for their rights of exercise, forgetful of the duties which go with those rights? Over and again in the junior teams—where sport has not the same "gallery appeal"—one comes up against examples of selfishness, with their reminder of "soft cake" in the University system—which will appear ("concept you me") just as much in our thinking as in our playing.

To apply a phrase of Sir Richard Livingstone's: "You cannot be a king of a sportsman and a stableboy of a man."

* * *

SOCCER

A.U.C. Successful

Displaying a very marked superiority over the other colleges, Auckland played out four games without dropping any. An unpleasant factor crept into the Soccer competition when Otago and Victoria behaved with uncharacteristic bad sportsmanship with regard to rough play by the Auckland team. In order to defend our side your correspondent made many inquiries from the referees. All were in agreement that Auckland played hard but never unfairly—and that our boys had more "Soccer" in them. Of the players themselves it would indeed be hard to single out anyone as being markedly superior. **Peter Iles**, **Jim Gale**, "**Gus**" **Quaservatekini**, **Don Laws** and **R. Readdy** all played brilliantly. In the Canterbury match, "**Gus**" at inside-right was quite irresistible, and played vigorous, accurate football. Our halves were good. "**The beard**" alias **Walt Brown** at centre half improved with every game, and at times did some stout defensive work. **Jim Gale** and **Don Laws** played beautiful football, saving from impossible situations and saving the brilliant **Peter Iles** in goal

much work. Of the forwards not much can be said except that they played with good co-ordination and invariably understood each other.

Morrie Smith and **Garth Ward** on the wings centred nicely. **Ron Naidu** and "**Sleepy**" **Williams** combined effectively and often had the opposition guessing.

Peter Iles, **Don Laws**, **Naidu**, and **Jim Gale** made the N.Z.U. team with "**Gus**" **Quaservatekini** as reserve. The results speak for themselves:

v. Otago	2—0
v. Victoria	3—1
v. Canterbury	4—1
v. Massey	9—0

* * *

HARRIERS

A.U.C. Wins Team Race

Throughout the season the A.U.C. Harriers have been showing consistent and first-class form. **R. Rawnsley** and **Quen. Thompson** ran second and third to **Clem. Hawke**, of Victoria, who turned in an amazing performance to win easily and effortlessly.

Ross Rawnsley followed him in about one minute behind with **Quen. Thompson** chasing him hard. The other four Auckland men, **Ross Murray**, **Bruce Murray**, **Charlie Naylor** and **Rory Gordon** finished 9th, 12th, 13th and 19th respectively out of a field of 39 competitors.

The first five men home were:

1. **C. Hawke**, Victoria.
2. **R. Rawnsley**, Auckland.
3. **Q. Thompson**, Auckland.
4. **Wright**, Lincoln.
5. **Lawrence**, Otago.

The points were:

Auckland	26	1
Otago	30	2
Victoria	32	3

The competition, as seen from the immediately preceding figures, was very close, and Auckland had to fight to win. Had **Len Goddard** be able to make the trip the issue would have been without doubt. As it is, we won and heartiest congratulations to the A.U.C. team who did a fine job. **Ross Rawnsley** and **Quentin Thompson** received N.Z. Blues and our congratulations go to two very popular and college-spirited athletes.

* * *

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

The Otago team carried too much power for the other women's teams and won the tournament without much trouble.

The Auckland girls won three and lost two, which was quite creditable. Main fault was lack of timing of passes and accuracy in same. In team work their success was only moderate—too often the full-backs or halves would hang on too long or with feminine inconsistency "bash" in some impos-

sible direction. **Angela Wilson** at centre half was an exception. She has a nice stick control and knows hockey. **Maureen Lamb** at full-back has a nice wallop, but must take her opponent sooner. The insides played quite well, but at times played too individually and **Bev. Rudd**, fast and capable at centre forward, was ignored. At their best the forward line, **Gwen Hookings**, **Rae Gribble**, **Beverley Rudd**, **Anne Simmonds** and **Betty Luscombe** combined well. **Gwen Hookings** at left wing deservedly made the N.Z.U. team. She played a mobile game throughout. **Margery Lowe** in goal played excellently and fully deserved her place in the team along with **Maureen Lamb** at full-back.

v. Otago	Lost 0—6
v. Canterbury "A"	Won 6—1
v. Canterbury "B"	Won 4—0
v. Massey	Won 4—2
v. Victoria	Lost 1—0

* * *

FENCING

The men's team finished second to Otago with Victoria third. On style and general presentation Canterbury people were quite ready to give Auckland top honours. For this, Mr. L. N. Nathan, who coaches the team, must be given credit. The team consisted of:

C. G. West (Captain)
W. H. West (N.Z.U. Team)
H. Naylor
C. Cameron

Christine Hayne and **Joy Chappell** made up our women's team. They did not meet with success, but **Miss Hayne's** style was not surpassed by any competitor in the women's section.

* * *

DRAMA

Auckland Second to Canterbury

The play Auckland chose lacked the colour of caricature, the players were not in portraiture but posed. At times the language was limp and the audience showed a not too innocent contempt for the verbosity of the lines. To win an audience a theme such as suicide must be clarified—a muddled repetition of words, ideas, and events in spoken form can only lead to boredom and a dwindling of emphasis on

any climax aimed at. In "Everything's Just the Same" Sylvaine wrote with a turgid pen and wearisome sense. Nothing could quite redeem the drag of the middle portion. Praise must be given to the cast for its concerted attempt. Stage-movement was good—and stage presence personal. It was the ability of the cast which secured for Auckland second place. It was their strength no less than their weakness that the cast tried—but one must judge from a practical standpoint, by their words and works and not by their intentions.

Ivo Joyce was good as man. He certainly made something of his part. **Judith Lintott** as "His Secretary" was most adequate, and did much towards enlivening a wallowing play. **Beverley Bateman**, **David Norwood**, **Charlie Simmonds**, all carried their responsibilities with credit. Most credit, of course must go to **Richard Dennant**, who produced the play. An unhappy choice of play could have been a tragic choice unless some order was transfused into what was supposed to be "Man's perplexed and disordered world."

Canterbury, who won, chose **Bernard Shaw**. Deservedly, Mr. **Frederick Farley** gave to them 1st honours. "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" was well handled, well produced, excellently acted, of shrewd length, and Shaw's own style was fully appreciated by the cast.

Victoria and Otago were not convincing. **Eugene O'Neill** needs guts and the Otago acting lacked guts. The atmosphere of "Ile" required fear as the predominant emotion.

Victoria gained points for doing a play by a N.Z. author, **H. C. Lerrison's** "Though Storms May Break." Here the main fault was confusion of stage arrangement. The play possibly had a message—probably sincere—but the actors were unable to perform well enough to entice the audience to an acceptance of the principle involved.

FOOTNOTE

Tardiness in the handling of two or three necessary lighting effects hampered Auckland's play, but since Christchurch had been given no warning of our needs, we cannot complain about this. A more valid cause for criticism, and one which the Christchurch committee was the first to deplore was the presence among the audience of a noisy minority which, determined to see the home side win at any cost to good taste, witlessly barracked all three of the visiting teams.

The more credit, then, goes to **Ivo Joyce**, who sustained his long and difficult main part outwardly unruffled, to **Judith Lintott**, who as second lead staunchly backed him throughout, and to **Beverley Bateman**, who faced, during the short time she was on-stage, the groundlings' worst efforts—and overcome them. The courage and ability of these three members of the team can scarcely be over-emphasised.

David Norwood and **Charles Simmonds** convincingly portrayed their

smaller parts. The former, in addition to the role he played on-stage, acted as property-man and prompter, and it is due to him that the necessary light-changes occurred at all. The whole was a satisfying performance which has added not a little to Auckland Varsity's reputation in the South.

* * *

TENNIS NEWS

Election of Officers.

President: Professor Rodwell.

Vice-Presidents: Professor Bartrum,
 Professor Briggs
 Dr. Cumberland
 Mr. A. K. Turner

Club Captain: Jack Blyth.

Secretary and Treasurer: Hilary Rodwell.

Committee: Margaret Blyth
 Frances Spence
 Alex Aitken
 Hugh Thomson
 Bob Wright

This season we are endeavouring to raise the standard of play at the University Tennis Club.

We know that there are numerous good tennis players attending the College, unfortunately not all of them belong to our club but elect to play for outside clubs. This is to be regretted, and we appeal to those players to join up with us, and make the A.U.C. Tennis Club a force to be reckoned in the tennis world.

Our membership fee of 12s 6d is indeed extremely moderate for grass courts. We enter a first and second-grade team in the Auckland grass court competition, which enables members to benefit by match-play. Also regular players of the club are eligible for selection in the Tournament team.

We are certain that no other club can offer such outstanding conditions for play as we have outlined. Players of the calibre of **Jean MacGibbon** and **Jeff Robson** have represented their Colleges, so it would be but a fitting gesture if some of our students who play for outside clubs were to return the benefits they derive from University education by joining our A.U.C. Tennis Club.

The official opening of the club courts will take place on Saturday, November 6th, at 2 p.m. when it is hoped that all those who are interested in tennis will be present.

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WOMEN'S CRICKET CLUB

The season opens on the first Saturday in November, and practices will be held each Wednesday at 5 p.m. Mr. Thompson has been coaching the team, which shows great improvement. All members are urged to attend regularly, even if only for an hour.

New members are very welcome, and should get in touch with Beverley Reid or Marjorie Lowe.

We look forward to a successful season.

* * *

SWIMMING CLUB

The Annual Meeting of the Club was held on the 4th August. Dr. Anshutz was elected to the position of President, and Mick Shanahan was again elected Club Captain and senior delegate to the Auckland Swimming Centre. Mick has been the Club Captain since 1940 except for a period of four years during the war, and much of the Club's success has in no small measure been due to his efforts.

Jim Ferguson was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer and the election for Committee Members resulted as follows:

WOMEN:

Ladies' Club Captain: Miss Joan Hastings.

Committee: Miss Pat Hastings.

Miss Val Gardner.

Miss Norma Croot.

Jim Tain.

Owen Jaine.

George Wynne.

MEN: To ensure that Varsity Students at Ardmore will have Club representation the Committee was empowered to co-opt John Bolt as Ardmore Representative.

The Club is at present in a very strong position and in the Auckland Provincial Championships held last season secured second place for the Bridson Trophy awarded to the Club gaining the greatest number of placings in Senior Championship events. It can be expected that the Club will offer a strong challenge to Otago for the Swimming Shield at the next Easter Tournament.

Club nights will start on the first Monday following the Degree examination and will be held at the Tepid Baths at 5 p.m. Freshers are particularly invited to attend, and any women swimmers keen to secure a place in the Tournament Team should attend these Club nights for training.

The Inter-Australian University Championships will be held in Melbourne in January, 1949, and it is intended that a team be sent over. As this will be the first University Sporting Team to tour outside of the country since prior to the war the support of all students is urged, particularly in the sale of raffle tickets in the Art Union being held to raise funds for the trip.

Auckland has several swimmers who are eligible for inclusion, amongst them Peter Blomfield, Auckland Long Distance Swimming Champion.

ARCHERY CLUB

A. G. Stewart says . . .

It has occurred to me, since I am keen on archery, that it would be a good idea to start a club at Varsity and hence save myself £2 a year membership fees in an outside club. I think it could be quite a popular sport up here if it once got started. I realise that there are probably very few students who have ever handled a bow, but don't let that deter you. All archers had to learn, and you will have the advantage of having tuition from the Auckland Archery Club, who have been very good to young clubs in the past. They have assured me that they will do anything they can to help us get started. When we can drag up a team that won't disgrace us, we can compete, by post, with clubs all over the world, and in particular with American Universities.

It is proposed to sock Stud. Ass. for a grant to buy a few bows and arrows and so on to get things moving, but I am sure that later on many members will want to buy their own, and if we affiliate with the N.Z. Association gear can be had very cheaply indeed.

I realise that this is a bad time of the year to try to get anyone to give up any of their time to organising a new club, so I suggest that that be left until the beginning of next year. In the meantime, though, ring 16-884 or leave me a note on the letter-rack so that I will get an idea of whether or not the response is going to be any good.

* * *

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

During the term the A.U.C. Photographic Society enjoyed the pleasure of having Mr. Beck, of the Auckland Camera Club deliver a lecture to its members on "Photographic Composition." It was of extreme benefit to all of us to hear an authority on the most elementary artistic function of photography.

A sensibility of treatment combined with a firm assuredness of manner enabled the hearers to appreciate, but more importantly to believe in, Mr. Beck's analysis of the subject. He was at all times sincere in the advanced simplicity of his beliefs—in the main orthodox, but with a personal approach inescapable in an artistic thesis. This personal regard, basically substantiated by experience, made his talk believable and acceptable. He warned his hearers against even and scientifically balanced, i.e., mathematically equal, composition unless such was needed to substantiate a powerful repetitive notion or idea of some preconceived emphasis. Central placing of the objective principal is to be avoided unless very especial conditions are present, and may be only done with controlled taste, and complete knowledge of photography. Composition is aesthetic. It is therefore subjective. Therefore personal ideas must be allowed a pass

mark even when not in strict concord with standard compositional dogma. However, basic laws must be adhered to by the amateur.

He also made reference to the "thirds rule". By dividing one's picture into thirds, the main centre of interest should be on one of the intersecting lines. This opposes the central effect so pathetically amateurish in result. It is, of course, a rule of thumb and must be used as such. Mr. Beck was very severe on the "fierce diagonal."

On seeing some of the prints produced by club members, Mr. Beck congratulated its members on their technical skill.

* * *

TRAMPING CLUB

AFTER-DEGREE CAMP

This year, the After-Degree Camp is to be turned loose on Great Barrier Island. For those who were at National Park last year or in the Coromandel Ranges the year before, the word will be enough—50 of them will be coming anyway. But there is a multitude of students who, because they don't know about the biggest, gayest, and longest party of the year, or because they "haven't really thought about it", will be sitting around waiting for degree results, acquiring stomach ulcers and sour tempers in the process. This article is for them.

In the first place, it's not a camp but a tramp. Don't let that scare you—plenty of folks will be going who have never worn boots before, and anyway the main idea is to have a good time, not to burn up the miles. It will last a fortnight, beginning straight after the last exam. The total cost will be very moderate. Packs and sleeping-bag covers can be hired from the Tramping Club or in town, and apart from them, all you will need is a pair of boots, a couple of light blankets or a sleeping-bag, some "old look" clothes and a toothbrush. Information on sundry other items (e.g. FOOD) will appear on the notice boards in due course. Thus equipped, you have the chance of a lifetime to explore country that most New Zealanders would pay quids and travel hundreds of miles to see... if they knew it existed.

If you like the idea, hunt out some lad or lass who has been at a bygone camp. You will probably be told that "Our's was the best party, we saw more than any of the others, and Doreen cooked a wizard line of flap-jacks". Well, maybe, but if you quiz diligently you should get one or two priceless clues (e.g., don't be seen with a razor—or a powder puff).

Such is the burden of our tale. We should add that the chances are you will like this sort of holiday so much that the family won't get you inside a boarding-house again. But believe us, the risk is worth it!

W.D.G.

DRAMA SOCIETY'S A.G.M.

Things started on a high note; the numbers usually present at such meetings had doubled. The Secretary's reading of the minutes of the last A.G.M. and report were soon behind. The Chairman, Mr. Beasley, vacated the chair and moved that the office of Student Chairman should be done away with, substituted by the office of President and the former office of President transferred to that of Patron. This all left the audience rather out of touch, but upon receiving information that it would entail city firms less confusion as to who was responsible for bills, the members present agreed it would be a good idea, and then cheerfully voted it out of existence.

Election of officers and committee followed:

President: Prof. Musgrove.

Vice-Presidents: Prof. Chapman, Mr. Joseph, Mr. Maslen, Mr. J. C. Reid, Mr. A. Fisher.

Chairman: Mike Scott.

Secretary: Miss Jill Purdie.

Treasurer: Clyde McLaren.

Committee: Miss Margaret Bigelow, Mr. Dick Dennant, Mr. Peter Cape.

The real meat of the evening then began. A special performance of Tournament Play, "Everything's Just the Same." The choice of this play as a Tournament entry is open to criticism, and in future avoidance of hackneyed psychological subjects would be advisable.

At the first meeting of the new committee Mrs. Connor was co-opted as Wardrobe Mistress for the coming year.

Notices are up around the College advising members of the 1949 first-term production of Clemence Dane's "Will Shakespeare". This play offers a score

of roles, of which six or seven are distinctly ambitious, and none is unrewarding. Students wishing to take part must be in Auckland for the last two or three weeks of the vacation, and for at least a month at some other time between Christmas and the Varsity re-opening. The play will be rehearsed piecemeal during January and February so as not to interfere with holidays, the whole cast assembling for final rehearsals in the weeks before presentation.

Many of the true-and-tried are leaving us this year. Let us hear from those who wish to take their places.

* * *

EXTRA CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

The Extra-Curricular Committee, which this year sponsored the course of lectures on drama and art in the second term, has started planning for 1949. The newly-elected chairman of the committee is Professor Musgrove, the secretary is Charles Salmon, and the committee includes Mr. P. Martin-Smith of the W.E.A., Lorna Sheil, Elizabeth Knight, Peter Dawe, and Sainsbury Strack.

1949 will open with the customary Sex and Health lectures by well-known doctors, the first lecture to segregated classes, the second to a mixed class. These will be followed by a panel discussion for which the suggested topic is: **Is Psychology Bunk?** or alternatively: **How Bunkful is Psychology?** Knowing the expressed views of some of the A.U.C. Philosophy department, it should be interesting to see them pitted against a practising psychiatrist.

After this we hope to have a lecture by Dr. Naldon, or one of the other comparatively new members of the staff. The last activity of the term will probably be a film evening, with films from the National Film Library.

Plans for Term II include another panel, a brains trust, and more lectures. Suggestions for activities and topics for discussion will be welcomed.

PANTO BOOK

Light-hearted banter
Is needed for Panter-
Mime book:
So look
To the state of your laurels,
Be slightly immaurel,
And send it to Roderick
Smiff:
Giff!

FLAT WANTED

Would any student vacating a flat or a house at the end of this year or at the beginning of the next, please leave a note on the noticeboard for C. A. MacLAREN.

THIS JAZZ

There is, surprising though it may seem, a considerable difference in the value of various types of jazz. Not all jazz records are very good—or very bad if you do not like jazz—but standards of criticism vary, and there is little unanimous judgment by the various critics on any given record. Generally speaking, certain things have to be taken into account which differ slightly according to the size and style of the band.

1. The actual playing. This is generally satisfactory or the recording company would not—or should not—pass the performance.

2. Arrangement. Has the arrangement been consistent throughout or has it "got lost" or strung together a patchwork of worn-out riffs or resorted to a screaming last chorus to cover up his lack of ideas. (This is quite common and produces what are known as "flag-wares" which are guaranteed to appeal to the bobby-soxers. Examples—Tommy Dorsey's *Well, Get It*, Benny Goodman's *Sing, Sing, Sing*.) The arrangers' section writing may not be up to standard, but in appropriate.

3. Solo work. Sometimes a player gets stuck for ideas and merely doodles, or resorts to riffing to tide him over an awkward change in the harmony. A good solo gives one the impression of cohesion, sometimes of having been thought out in advance, or at any rate of growing out of what has come before it. Excellent examples of this are Jerry Jerome's tenor sax solo on Shaw's *Cover the Waterfront* (HMV EA 285), Teddy Wilson's piano solo on the Goodman Trio's *Sweet Lorraine* (HMV EA 3567), and Art Tatum's piano on his record of *Wee Baby Blues* (Decca 5892).

4. Other factors, such as the tune itself, not an "original," the vocalist, if any, though there is not so likely to be one in a jazz performance.

These are, of course, for a big band. With small groups the worth of the improvisations replaces that of the arranger.

When these are added up, the verdict can be pronounced. But there is always the comforting thought that at least one major overseas critic can be found to agree or disagree entirely.

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A perfect gift for man to win;
It lets him think that he can sing,
It makes his golf drive hit the pin.
Or else it lets him think that he
Is dining, wining, sumptuously
On truffles, paté-de-foie-gras,
Champagne, hock and caviare.
It's all a ghastly mirage since
Truthfully it's "savoury mince."

—M.B.

FOR ALL . . .

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WHY LEARN GERMAN?

Is there any justification for the remarkable increase in the popularity of German since the beginning of the last war? Has the once-vaunted German Kultur brought anything more to the world than wars and general destruction? The cultured world of nearly all countries has given to these questions an unhesitating "yes." I shall never forget attending German lectures given at the College de France by Ernest Tonnelat. Lectures at the College de France are free, and for the benefit of the general public at large, and though this was Paris in 1948, where one might reasonably expect all things German to be spurned, the crowd of Parisians of all ages that attended his lectures to glean something more of German Kultur was at that time among the largest in the whole College. Though immediately after the war German lost favour in one or two countries such as Czechoslovakia, one finds in France, Switzerland, Scandinavian countries and the British Empire as many students as before the war (often more) devoting their academic lives to the study of German.

In New Zealand the number of people studying German has shot up. Even in the schools there is a slight swing towards German as an extra subject—perhaps associated with the new curriculum recommendations, where we read:

"We strongly recommend that where local conditions favour it German should be taught in place of French. . ."

The greater interest in German in our own country may also be explained simply by the fact that N.Z. is simply coming into line with most other civilised countries, where German has been in the past, still is, and should remain a good second to French. German has, by the way, the big advantage that, on the Continent of Europe proper, it is understood and spoken by more people than any other language, and it is at least of as much value as French to the traveller, probably more. German is, after all, the national language of Germany, Austria and most of Switzerland—also the language of a small part of Eastern France.

For the civilised world it is therefore hardly necessary to answer the question "Why learn German?" Rather, perhaps, it should be formulated in the negative: "Why not learn German?" Has not Germany given us the incomparable music of Mozart, Brahms, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven and Schubert? He who condemns German Kultur condemns such names in the same breath. And who can dispute the supremacy of German philosophy, or ignore the "Critique of Pure Reason"? Can a physicist go far in his subject, and know no German? (And members of the Physics Department at A.U.C. could answer this question!) And from what country did the basis of the modern science of philology emanate, if not from Germany?

But even if one could dismiss such names as Bach, Kant and Grimm, surely German literature is before all else the great incentive to the study of German. Meredith has said: "The Germans were kings in music, princes in poetry," and German literature is something no



DR. ASHER

Nazidom can take from us. Has not Germany produced in Goethe the greatest creative genius since Shakespeare? The famous Danish critic George Brandes has succinctly summed up the issue: "A people's culture may be gauged by its appreciation of Goethe." And what of the anonymous poet of the Nibelungenlied, or Walter von der Vogelweide, or Lessing, Schiller, Hebbel, Hauptmann and Rilke, not to mention such great names as Grillparzer, of whom Byron rightly said: "I know him not, but ages will. . ." One should never forget that one of Goethe's newest claims to greatness is the persistence with which the Nazis attacked his name—even going to the length of spreading the legend that he poisoned Schiller out of jealousy!!—surely an additional justification for his title as the greatest (and perhaps the first!) "citizen of the world." Were it only the language of Goethe—the founder of the whole modern conception of "world literature"—German would still repay study; for a real knowledge of European literature cannot be gained without German and without Goethe.

Dr. Asher

Well known to old boys of Mt. Albert and Takapuna Grammar Schools, Dr. Asher arrived here from Switzerland with a Ph.D. at the beginning of last term to lecture in Modern Languages. In an interview, he drew us some interesting comparisons between University life here and in Switzerland. People who attack our lack of "university spirit" will hear with surprise that in Switzerland, which has a very good name for Education, there is little community spirit among students, who are there purely for educational purposes. There are no University hostels, and the cost of living is high, although the standard is also higher than in N.Z.

NON-EXISTENCE

To enter the country, Dr. Asher had to obtain a visa to study for two years but, having arrived, he found that he had to get a further permit to draw rations, and generally have his existence recognised. This took four months to obtain, and in the interval he said that he got his rations by playing the bewildered Englishman, "Me no savvez, me English," so to speak, the authorities concluding that he had a permit but had mislaid it. The permit, when granted, had to be renewed every three months—at a cost of 52 francs, or about £3/10/- a year.

STUDY

Part of the course for a doctorate at Basle included the writing of a number of papers embodying pieces of original research, which would be read to a class of advanced students and the professor, who then proceeded to tear it to pieces. Dr. Asher modestly attributed his success in one of these to the fact that it attacked the corresponding professor in the rival university. University teachers' pay was to a certain extent governed by the number of students in the department, as students' fees were paid to the professor. (Perhaps such a system would reconcile Prof. Musgrove to the size of his stage I classes!).

GOETHE

One of Dr. Asher's interests at present is the foundation of an Auckland Goethe Society. The Police Superintendent has had its objects explained to him, so that members need fear no raids from inquisitive policemen who suspect that Goethe is German for "Down With Democracy."

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THE GOODFELLOW CHAPEL

Robert C. Cotterall

No small stir was first occasioned by the announcement that Mr. William Goodfellow, an Auckland citizen, was willing to donate £30,000 to the Auckland University College Council, upon conditions, to provide funds for the erection of a memorial chapel upon the campus of the new University at Tamaki.

At the outset, let me say that I do not doubt the sincerity of Mr. Goodfellow's motives, nor do I wish to be thought to offer, by this criticism of the chapel project, any discourtesy to the memory of those whose lives and service he wishes to record in this memorial chapel. But the setting-up of a place for the worship of God is a matter of some moment, as was pointed out to Moses on Mount Horeb, and in a community in which the sacrifice of Calvary is still a matter of general interest some discussion of the matters involved in the offer and acceptance of the chapel scheme is long overdue.

In the first place, the manner in which the scheme was announced left much to be desired. The first public intimation of the theologic zeal of Mr. Goodfellow's board and its deep desire to cure the deficiencies of our educational system was the "Star" announcement that a board of management existed, complete with architect and counsel, trust deed and trust funds, and a delegation ready to wait upon the College Council. The delegation was armed with a statement of trust objects, and also a short time-limit for acceptance or rejection of the project. Even without explicit reference to a dotted line there is a cut-and-dried flavour about the whole business more suited to a shotgun wedding than the erection of a place of worship.

At the first meeting between the College Council and the delegation from the trust board of management, Mr. Cocker very properly raised several obvious matters requiring elucidation. He desired to know whether the support of most of the Churches was assured, who would appoint the chaplain, and the degree of control (if any) to be exercised by the Council over the "Protestant non-denominational chapel" proposed to be erected. He also said that this was likely to be the only college chapel, though it is not clear whether this remark depended upon knowledge of University policy regarding the Tamaki scheme or upon an unsuspected prophetic quality. To Mr. Cocker's queries the board's spokesman, Mr. N. B. Spencer, naively replied that these matters had not yet come before the board, which felt, however, that the administration of the chapel "at present could be better done by business men than by leaders of the Churches."

What is a "Protestant non-denominational chapel"? Assuredly not Anglican, not Presbyterian, not Methodist,

nor of any other faith certain of its doctrinal basis. The chapel, said the egregious Mr. Spencer, would "help the students and be a sign and symbol of the Christian faith." How can it help the Anglican students, or the Presbyterians, or the Methodists, when it is professedly non-denominational? Nonsense remains nonsense, even when consecrated by 30,000 pieces of silver. As constituted, this creedless chapel is a sign and symbol of what happens to the Christian faith when it is expounded, not by its trained and recognised leaders, but by an ad hoc committee of the more theologically-inclined of the city's merchant princes. It is a ghastly memorial to the woolly-minded British talent for compromise, a 20th century temple to the unknown god.

Grim amusement is provided by the problem of finding a pastor for the chapel. The predominantly British character of the board may ruin the chances of the present incumbent at Bray. But were a pastor to be provided, what influence could he exert, the salaried dispenser of a creedless humanitarianism, some bland expositor of an amorphous Protestant eclecticism? The defects of the educational system which the board seeks to remedy could not have been more painfully demonstrated than by the board's inability to recognise or respect first principles. Their present project is a continuing insult to a rational Diety, a mockery of any intellectual standard in Auckland's prime institution of learning, and a refreshingly public confession of intellectual ineptitude. The board must think again—and harder. The chapel, if it is to be built, must be Anglican, or Presbyterian, or Methodist, or of whatever faith the board should decide to favour. But not, not "non-denominational."

In parenthesis, it may be remarked that the due recognition of the Christian religion in the new University would spring most naturally from a series of residential colleges operated and controlled by the various Christian denominations, with chapels either separately constructed or incorporated in the fabric of the colleges, the whole to be planned into and harmonised with the general architectural lay-out. The Churches are the only bodies likely to be able and willing to assist in this matter, as has been demonstrated already by the generous offer of residential colleges made by the authorities of the Presbyterian Church in this city. By exploiting the genial

ROBERT'S WIFE

IN THE COLLEGE HALL

From the literary point of view, "Robert's Wife" was a bit disappointing. Anyone who has been concerned in Amateur production will agree with Sir Laurence Olivier about the lack of good modern dramatists, and when we see so much talent thrown away on poor plays, the problem in criticism is constantly recurring of how far the form of a production may be separated from its matter. English drama especially seems to lack concentration; as here, too many points are glanced over, and no particular unity of impression results. Besides the well-known problem of whether a woman's career is more important than her wifely duties, we had the interesting story of Mrs. Jones and the unsuitable daughter-in-law, with the resultant poser for Clerical ethics; the problem, completely unsolved and finally forgotten, of the pacifist son; the unsuspected love of Miss Orley for the Rev. Robert, and finally the difficult Father Jefferson, almost any of which could have served as the theme for at least a one-acter. The closing remark, that by the time the light from a star reaches us, the star itself may be extinct, whose meaning and application are certainly not obvious, rather typified the play.

I don't wish to suggest by that, that it wasn't worth doing. It served at any rate to reveal ability that augurs well for Drama Society. Judith Lintott in the title role displayed an attractive personality and a dramatic capacity that should develop with experience. Christine Hayne as the vacillating Mrs. Armitage (haven't we all met her?) and Iris Park as Mrs. Jones were outstanding among the smaller parts, and Peter Dawe contributed a solid performance as the Bishop, although his manner was not always convincingly episcopal, and surely no English Bishop, however unconventional, would pronounce "bastard" to rhyme with "blasted"! Beatrice Mossman and Beverley Bateman did their best with what the author allowed them, while Charles Naylor as Dick Jones had a brief but effective scene, and

Walt Brown made an impressive entrance as the Inspector. The vicar's son (Ron Thrush) was good on the whole, but tended to be unnecessarily wooden. Why was John Buttle (Robert) a little unsatisfactory? Possibly partly because he looked too young, and partly because of a tendency to under-act; in the scene where Bob was arrested, for instance.

I don't feel the play really gave enough scope to the producer, Peter Cape. The chief points of criticism here are that some of the movements were insufficiently rehearsed, and that the cast seemed to forget their parts at the most promising places. The verdict on the play as a whole might be, to quite Eeyore, "gratifying, if a little lacking in smack."

A.H.F.

odium theologicum existing between the contending creeds of our city the Council could provide a series of residential colleges, largely free of cost, and administered by a governing authority possessing an additional moral sanction, a valuable adjunct in dealings with healthy undergraduates. And residential colleges are, as Newman insists, the really essential feature of any University.

But to return to the chapel project. The Council members themselves are deserving of the severest censure. The persons proposing this chapel project were men more at home in the marketplace and saleroom than in a University forum. All the more reason why the Council members should have lucidly and patiently explained that a University exists for the discovery and dissemination of truth, that religious truth is the most fundamental of all truths, and that in this matter the solution of meeting all claims by compromise is neither rational nor decent. The Council members, as educated men, should have pointed out that what the board offered, and still offers, is not a Christian chapel, but a temple of doubt, a sort of undertaker's parlour which can have no place on a University campus. The Council members, in making much of the question

of control of the chapel, have shown a notable lack of Christian culture, and entirely missed the point. What does it matter who controls this agnostic hall? If the board have been fools in setting up their own religion, surely the Council members do not also pine for the fulness of the priesthood?

The parties concerned would be well advised to consult their various religious leaders and settle the question of the doctrinal basis of the chapel. In founding a new religion there is nothing like getting away to a good start, and, while I do not suggest that any board member should rise from the dead, board members would do well to remember that Christ preferred to found His Church upon the rock of Peter, and not upon the Jerusalem Merchants' Association. The student body, both graduate and undergraduate, might well consider whether any insult is offered to the intellectual integrity of the University in the proposal to erect the undertaker's parlour on the campus. If the bourgeois of the board and the Council decide to proceed with this project, the civilised world outside this wretched country laughing at us, and my protest unavailing, might I suggest that the motto of the new chapel be: "Goodfellow illuminatio mea."

Bettina

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N. Z. U. S. A.

Perhaps the most important subject of discussion at N.Z.U.S.A. was the bursaries scheme sponsored by Vic. It was suggested that the running of Winter Tournament be reformed, and that a Pacific Bureau of I.U.S. be formed. The question of Blues again came up. The bombshell came when Dave Symon moved that C.U.C. disaffiliate from I.U.S. (defeated, by the way).

The first day of the conference really got things done. After minor formalities, reports were given on the activities of all the colleges. Victoria are busy trying to raise £80,000 for a Students' Association building, of which they have so far raised £14,000. As usual, they have been active in the affairs of New Zealand, and have held a general meeting which has formally opposed military service in New Zealand. Massey have been considering the possibility of being the host college at Tournament, the objections being mainly financial. The chairman agreed that Massey is an ideal site for a Tournament. Otago have at last got a Students' Association representative on their College Council. Canterbury reported on the Health Scheme and the gymnasium, and mentioned the coming of the new Rector and the approaching loss of the Students' Union. Auckland is feeling the loss of the Engineering School to Ardmore. With the removal of the Engineering School a definite force in the social life of the college is missing. Plans for getting a hostel are under way. Lincoln has not yet been able to get a representative on their College Council.

A minor bombshell was let off by Dave Symon, who moved, on behalf of C.U.C., that N.Z.U.S.A. disaffiliate from I.U.S. Auckland, Massey, Victoria, Lincoln and Otago opposed the motion. Against this the still small voices of Messrs. Symon and Johnson had no effect. The best point made was that the activities of I.U.S. are by no means all political, so that there may yet be benefit gained from affiliation.

The chairman expressed disappointment at the failure to take effect of the recommendations made by a special sub-committee set up to cut down the cost of Winter Tournament. The main changes made were:—

1. Miniature shooting teams are reduced to three members.
2. The Tournament competitors may stipulate the entertainments in which they wish to take part, and pay levies accordingly.
3. No further sports are to be admitted to either Tournament before 1952.
4. N.Z.U.S.A. conferences are to be held at times which do not conflict with either Tournament.
5. And it was recommended that the Drama Festival might be repeated on two nights if this is agreeable to people concerned.

The Curious Cove Congress Commit-

tee chairman reported on progress made. He stressed the fact that the Congress will be more than subsidised picnic. News to us was the fact that the charge of 12/6 per person per day is a reduction by the generosity of the Curious Cove holiday resort, and that early morning swims will not be compulsory. Despite this leniency, so far there have not been many applications.

SECOND DAY

The second day of the conference was a good deal tamer than the first day. Nevertheless, quite a large amount of minor business was concluded. The date of the next N.Z.U.S.A. conference was fixed at April 23-25, 1949. It was decided that the Joynt Scroll competition should be held at Massey in 1948, and a rota drawn up for the following years.

The question of an N.Z.U.S.A. representative on the University Senate was raised, and progress reports were given by the various colleges. Nothing has been settled yet in regard to this matter.

The formation of a Pacific Bureau was discussed. Briefly, the Pacific Bureau is to be a subdivision of I.U.S. for the benefit of the Universities of New Zealand, Australia and ultimately of China and other countries of the Pacific. The suggestion that a Pacific Bureau be formed came originally from I.U.S. itself. N.Z.U.S.A. agreed that the general idea is a good one, and that the first steps in the Bureau's formation should be taken by New Zealand and Australia. In the meantime, however, due to its preoccupation with internal affairs, Australia has not been able to give the subject much of its attention.

After some discussion, a motion was put that N.Z.U.S.A. send two delegates to the next N.U.A.U.S. conference. N.U.A.U.S. is the Australian equivalent of our N.Z.U.S.A. Mr. K. O'Brien and Mr. R. J. Tizard were appointed as delegates. Their expenses are to be paid by N.Z.U.S.A.

It was announced that no Australian universities' debating team would tour New Zealand this year, but that there would be a tour early in 1949.

Massey announced that they will adopt a Chinese university. This is not merely an I.S.S. affair. It was moved that the other colleges should try to follow Massey's example in adopting universities in the Pacific area in need of relief.

OTAGO WINS

Auckland took the affirmative on the subject: "That it is in the best interests of any community to be ruled by its philosophers." **Warwick Olphert** opened by establishing the relevance of the subject to present world affairs. After quoting Pericles' funeral oration, the American Declaration of Independence, and Karl Marx, he defined the best interests of any community as the freedom and opportunity for happiness of all its members, within a social setting. This could be achieved only through rule by philosophers. Philosophy was the attempt to understand the significance of human experience. Implicit in this aim, however, was the purpose of applying what was discovered to enable people to live better lives. This was done through the formulation of ideals, of general plans for action. Because an ideal was a plan for action, a philosopher was a practical person, concerned with the ends of real actions in this real world, and eminently suited for ruling either a national or an international community. Woodrow Wilson was cited as an example of a philosopher who made a practical contribution to world affairs, a contribution vitiated by the non-competence of statesmen to achieve a clear aim within a consistent morality.

For Otago, **Mr. C. I. Patterson** rose to negate this prosaic attempt to render substantial the insubstantial. He thanked Mr. Olphert for so clearly stating the groundwork for the negative. He denied that philosophers were at all concerned with practical affairs; he quoted Bertrand Russell as stating that philosophers were only remotely concerned with the affairs of this world. Professor Joad, it seemed, also supported this attitude. A philosopher would be quite incapable of ruling, and furthermore was not even interested in ruling. Mr. Patterson asked the affirmative to clearly state ("in words of one syllable"—an impossibility for the leader of the affirmative) on what basis philosophers were to be selected, who was to do the selection, and what guarantees were there against abuse of powers? There followed a highly emotive sixty seconds on traditions of equality, freedom, democracy.

Kevin O'Sullivan, with that happy combination of sound matter and impelling delivery which has twice won him the senior oratory cup, mentioned Plato's astonishment that men went to a skilled physician when they were ill, and a skilled tradesman when their shoes needed mending, but assumed that whoever could get votes was suited to rule. Denying Mr. Patterson's assertion that philosophers were impractical, he remarked upon two outstanding men of our time, General Smuts and Jan Masaryk. Smuts had written a philosophical treatise on holism, while Masaryk was formerly Professor of Philosophy at Prague. In a powerful peroration he quoted Berkeley: "A man who has not thought much of the summum bonum may make a thriving earthworm but he will make a sorry statesman."

In a most excellent speech, **Mr. P. S. O'Connor** concluded Otago's negation of the proposition. He emphasised that the subject specifically stated **any** community, and that the affirmative would have to prove that rule by philosophers was best for, inter alia, the Hottentots of Africa and the Trobriand Islanders. Mr. O'Sullivan had extolled Plato, but was not Plato's whole philosophy anathema to modern minds? The affirmative apparently envisaged a

wholesale application of Plato's conception of a State to modern conditions: the incompatibility was glaring. Far more serious, however, was the fact that no Government of philosophers could ever get anything done because philosophers would never be able to agree. An impressive list of contemporary schools of philosophy was given by Mr. O'Connor, who finished by pointing out that on those occasions when philosophers had ruled, the results had been disastrous and much misery caused (e.g. Locke and the N. Carolina Constitution, Robespierre and the Reign of Terror). Knowledge and the ability to administer were two different functions, and best kept separate.

Mr. Patterson summed up for Otago. He emphasised that knowledge was not action. He referred scathingly to the history of philosopher rule. In the best tub-thumping tradition, he thanked God that we were not ruled by philosophers, and with fervour, but no great originality, intimated that philosophers would rule only over his dead body.

Reply for Auckland, **Mr. Olphert** attacked blatant mendacity, vagueness, and appeal to sentiment. He asserted that because the philosopher studies the totality of human experience, he is fit to rule any community. The negative had confused the detail of Plato's philosophy with its significance. Although isolated cases of philosopher misrule could be given, they were as nothing compared with the amount of human suffering caused through the centuries by incompetent non-philosophic rulers.

Verily, the ideal is ever in the distance in human affairs. Otago won by 706 points to Auckland's 664. Mr. O'Connor was congratulated by the judges on giving the best speech (253 points), while Mr. O'Sullivan was second (239). The senior judge, Mr. M. H. Oram, M.P., criticised Mr. Olphert for handling his subject more as a dialectical discussion than as a debate. This was no new criticism for this speaker, whose excursions into debating are always unpleasantly reminiscent of carefully-prepared deliberative essays.

In the other debates marks were: VUC 641; MAC 622; CUC 604; CAC 592. W.B.O.

A motion was passed that a letter be sent to the Senate immediately asking for the recontinuance of special March examinations and concession passes for ex-servicemen.

N.Z.U.S.A. was stated that the Pacific Bureau The bombshell from I.U.S.

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The first subject of the evening was the Australian Vocational Employment Scheme. It is very likely that about 100 Australian students will be visiting New Zealand during the next Christmas vacation. After some discussion as to how these students should be entertained and employed, it was decided to refer the matter to the N.Z.U.S.A. resident executive, who will make decisions after they have met Mr. N. Ebbels, the N.U.A.U.S. secretary. They are also to approach the National Employment Service.

A letter from the president of the Canadian Students' Association suggesting, among other things, that I.U.S. quarters might be removed from Prague, led to much discussion on the subject, followed by a resolution "that I.U.S. headquarters be moved to Paris, if that is not feasible to some other place in France, Belgium or Netherlands, provided that due attention be paid to the maximum cohesion and unity in I.U.S."

The chairman announced that I.U.S. Identity Cards are now available. These identity cards are of very great aid to travel, particularly in Europe.

THIRD DAY

Those of the delegates who managed to turn up to the conference on the third day discussed the position of the New Zealand Hockey Association with the secretary of the association, Mr. Nash. There seemed to have been a good deal of misunderstanding regarding the right of Lincoln to play a hockey team in the 1949 Winter Tournament. Some of the difficulties were removed, and others (of a highly technical nature) were referred to a sub-committee of competent people drawn N.Z.U.S.A. and the Hockey Council.

Out of the hockey biznai arose the more important question of awarding blues in general. Mr. Hunt, of Otago, and Mr. Symon framed a motion providing for the setting up of a sub-committee to investigate the entire question of awarding of blues. It was felt that the system of awarding N.Z.U. blues to every member of each N.Z.U. team is not satisfactory, since the standard varies greatly from year to year.

FRESHER IMPRESSIONS

This March, 'Varsity was repopulated with its annual influx of Freshers. Speaking as one of them, to whom the mental picture comes easily, let me describe the event, lest the passing of the years renders you indifferent. The opportunity of showing Freshers the superiority of their elders was unfortunately lost. On that first day a few of the afore-mentioned elders appeared, but more in the light of watch-dogs over the form-ridden, tape-entangled, soul-burdened newcomers. At this energetic scene—reminiscent of the shearing-shed—the Fresher is a prey to the confidence trickster. He is fleeced of his money at every turn. He is invited to join various societies, who rely on support thus gained, because they would never ensnare the more knowledgeable. When at last he staggers home he wonders what on earth made him decide to become a doctor instead of a wharfie.

At the end of the week 'Varsity officialdom's conscience stirred and decided it ought to do something for the moral uplift of misguided youth. It did—5-6 p.m., 'Varsity Hall. The more conscientious—including myself at that stage—accepted the invitation. After five minutes I was no longer a conscientious student.

I pass quickly over the second form of welcome for the Fresher (also free)—the Coffee Evening—knowing that it was merely an excuse for the ancients of the place, arriving resplendent in Representative blazers, to take advantage of the innocence of awe-struck Freshers, and help themselves to the best of everything. The third entertainment—the Freshers' Ball—represents, if I may coin a metaphor, the thin edge of the wedge. I have it, from a reliable source, that Freshers were herded together, paired off and told to run away and dance. Now we must realise that the University sets a precedent in the community, and if this sort continues we may very well have more herdings—together, more pairings-off, and instructions, this time, to run away and marry!!

Apart from these earnest endeavours to uplift us and then to drag us down into the miry morass of 'Varsity social life (what there is of it), we were left to our own devices. Admittedly there was a page in Revue Book—probably

on the principle of better late than never—but by that stage Freshers had acquired the characteristic hang-dog look of the place.

What is the cause of this? No doubt—Student Apathy (which phrase is fast becoming a cliché), and we are all agreed—judging by the platforms of this year's Exec. candidates—that this is a Bad Thing.

The need then is for a better welcome for Freshers at the College. What you fail to realise is that the sharp change from school to University comes as a shock to us. We have spent sheltered lives at the Auckland Grammar School (rah! rah! rah!) and we are naive. Innocence is like a rare exotic flower—touch it and the bloom is gone.

A little Handbook could be printed and distributed (for a purely nominal sum). This could contain useful information about the Caf., lecturers' biographies and their pet foibles, how to gag that pretty blonde who will quote the Remuera Round over your Maths. problem, the Library, that the Tower is an awful long way from the basement but that all History tutors seem to live there, and so on.

The fact is that Auckland should show the way in N.Z. by introducing an Orientation Week, similar to that of the Australian Universities (q.v.). Not only would Freshers have time to find their way about, but instead of regarding the inhabitants of the Botany block as a kind of troglodite, they would find out as much as is humanly possible about the scientific outlook, and instead of developing complexes which result in his joining the Labour Club, the Fresher would become a fully-fledged student with a modicum of sanity.

PRE-ELECTION MIASMA

Mr. Hanham announced to a sceptical audience that he was a believer in personal contacts and a mindedness. His policy as stated was to consist chiefly of removing crevices in the Men's Common floor, and of speeding the departure of the adornments which, he alleged, present disfigure its walls.

Mr. Ellis expressed a wish that body would take the meeting seriously as what was required was administrators rather than platform orators. sugary promises, he declared, were given by him, and he requested the candidates to state what portfolios they would wish to hold, assigning the portfolios portfolio to himself. In answer to a question, "What do you think Craccum?" he replied unblushingly, "dull as the College."

Miss Holland, after a short criticism of Craccum's reports of Exec. meetings as too frivolous (Craccum replied rather a slating but will probably revive) approached something nearer a usual election address with a promise to do her best to represent the section of the students of which she was a member and the interests of the College as a whole.

Mr. Strack, after bestowing a gratuitous praise on last year's Exec. stated that he wished to keep the running smoothly and efficiently as in past years. Interjector: "What do you think of Revue?" Speaker: "Should be more homely." Interjector (interrupted): "Home brew?"

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ounced to a meeting that he was a contacts and policy as stated in the of removing en's Common Room. The speaker, taking aback for a few seconds, replied with "I couldn't care less."

Mr. Mike Scott asked for improvements in Carnival Week and increased grants to clubs which brought the College before the public eye. He also held that the hostel prices were too high and asked for closer contact with N.Z.U.S.A. and I.S.S.

Miss Spence mentioned demurely that, though only a second-year student, she had acquired a certain knowledge of affairs by attending Tournament and Revue (which provoked no little mirth). She held that inter-faculty sports should be encouraged, and in answer to an enthusiastic if irrelevant questioner, "Do you want men in your Common Room?" returned a rather frosty answer.

Mr. Hancock announced himself as the representative of A.U.C.'s only resident

tial College—Trinity—which should, he said, secure some recognition on Exec. He stated, "I am quite prepared—" Interjector: "To go into the W.C.R.?" The speaker, taken aback for a few seconds, replied with "I couldn't care less."

Mr. Vickridge.. deplored what he termed the "social paralysis" of A.U.C. life," and with devastating frankness said that he made no claim to open-mindedness and was in some ways narrow and bigoted.

Miss Vickridge came to light with the suggestion that Exec. should be really representative of student opinion, while the laughter caused by her remark, "I am standing under my own steam," reflected the perverse humour of the audience.

Mr. O. S. Robinson wished for more co-operation between the I.S.S. and the Student Body (which, judging by the attendance, must have been just about a corpse) and announced to a mildly somnolent audience that he, too, would

do his best to serve the College as a whole.

Miss Wilshire stressed the importance of the work of the Exec., appealed for better staff-student co-operation, and wished to see student representation, for all affairs, on the College council. The speaker revived the spirits of the now scanty and drooping audience with the rather ambiguous remark that "the women on Exec. have merely played the part of sleeping partners. . ."

The majority of the listeners now having been roused to consciousness, Mr. Foy as chairman declared this uninspiring meeting closed.

KIWI, 1948—(Cont. from page 3.)

taste, skill and subtlety, for with him it is a literary device, a deliberate stylisation. To use a debased version of this style for a third person narrative is not only to risk the charge of partial illiteracy, but to ignore the whole question of literary stylisation, to which Joyce and Henry Miller pay tribute equally with Fielding, Thackeray and Jane Austen.

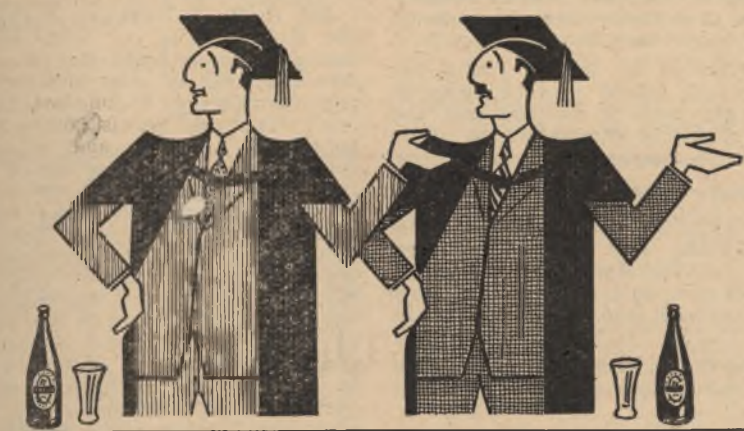
"Front Seat," by J. B. Raphael, begins (almost inevitably) "The other day I bumped into Bill." Still, this unpretentious story, although not so expert as "Return," and suffering from a staccato rhythm, has the mark of sincerity and shows a real delicacy of feeling.

Maurice Duggan's post-Laurentian piece, "Sun-brown," has some force, and a rather hairy-chested maturity, but appears to me to be almost entirely without depth. The question it prompts is—so what? Mr. Duggan's trick of forming pseudo-Joycean compound adjectives by leaving out hyphens and commas adds little, if anything, to his style. Joyce's compound words are justified by the revelation of several new meanings. Keats' are potted images, but what does "harshflat," "metalmelody" and "globelit" give us that "harsh, flat," "metallic melody" and "globe-lit" doesn't, except a kind of shorthand or a crudely drawn butterfly—the corner of the sketch?

Mr. John Ellis' "episode," "The School," in its tenderness contrasts with most of the other stories. The exactness of the observation and the neatness of the reporting strongly suggest the autobiographical approach. Presumably this is part of a longer work, which may help to explain its inconclusiveness, and makes it difficult to assess. With John Kelly's "Tangi," we are once more in the children's hour. The mood of this story and the humanity of it resemble the same aspects of "Return," but Mr. Kelly appears to be too close to his subject for complete success. Again, the style is over-staccato, but the sense of pity is there, and the world of values is not far away. On the whole, this is one of the better efforts.

Of the "lighter" prose, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," by N.H., is filleted Wodehouse, amusing, but very light-

(Continued on page 22.)



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.

Glowing
Timaru

THE STUDENTS' SOOTHING SYRUP

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A POOR SHOW

It was a pity that so many other functions were arranged for the same night as the A.G.M. Among these were a performance of Drama Society's "Dr. Faustus," Prof. Chapman's *Conversazione* for his students and Music Club Orchestra's practice.

WANTED A QUORUM

There seemed to be as many people on the stage as off it. The audience consisted of candidates for the new Exec. and members of the Labour Club with grim determination engraved on their faces. Anybody else seemed to be engaged in counting votes.

The Library and Common Rooms, however, yielded enough to make up a quorum.

REPORTS AND ACCOUNTS

Mr. Foy gallantly saved Miss Montague the trouble of reading the lengthy annual report and statement of accounts by proposing that they should be taken as read. The report and accounts were then adopted after one or two questions had been answered or placed on the agenda.

The two Tournament reports—Winter 1947 and Easter 1948—were then presented and adopted. Mr. Rykers suggested that the Carnival Report of 1948 should be taken as read and adopted, as it consisted mainly of a list of "who did what and why." The meeting, however, decided that it wanted to hear the section dealing with Revue party. Its wants satisfied, it adopted the report.

A MATTER OF OPINION

In Mr. Ellis's absence at "Dr. Faustus" the Publications Report was read by Miss Bayly, former editor of *Craccum*.

Mr. Rod Smith's gallant proposal to take the report as read was not supported by the meeting, there being no printed copies of this report. When Miss Bayly had finished she moved the adoption of the report.

Mr. Walt Brown, however, was not satisfied with the passage in the report which spoke of *Craccum's* new cover (the one which has just been superseded) as "less pretentious and more artistic" than the previous cover. The "more" and "less" he suggested should be interchanged. In this he was supported by Mr. Robert Owens. *Craccum* spoke in its own defence and the amendment to the report was lost. But this was not a total victory; the meeting decided in favour of a further amendment of Mr. Rod Smith's which deleted "less pretentious and more artistic" and substituted simply "new."

AMENDMENT

Mr. P. F. Robinson then moved a constitutional amendment to settle the Engineering Students' position. The proposition was to provide an additional voting member of the Exec. to be appointed by the Engineering Students' Committee, and to preclude engineering students from holding, standing for, or voting for candidates for office on the Exec. The amendment was limited by its terms

to the time the Engineering School remains at Ardmore. This proposal was the result of long negotiation, said Mr. Robinson, and had the support of the Engineering Students. The amendment was carried.

AUDITOR AND BUSINESS MANAGER

Messrs. Gorrie and Biss and Hyland were the appointed honorary auditors to the Association, and Mr. Postlewaite was voted an honorarium for his services as Business Manager.

REVUE PARTY

Miss Montague proposed that the meeting should consider the question of providing entertainment for the cast and other workers in Revue and similar productions.

Mr. Rykers, with Mr. Tizard's support, suggested that Revue Committee should be given a free hand in the matter.

Mr. McLaren, at greater length but equal warmth, moved as an amendment that 5/- per head of certified cast and workers should be allowed, except where a loss had been made or was anticipated.

SOMETIMES RELEVANT

The discussion was long and sometimes relevant, and in order to allow members of the Association to speak more than once on the motion the meeting was resolved into "committee of the whole."

Mr. Rod Smith, supported by Mr. Walt Brown, moved that 10/- should be the figure.

The result of the consequent voting was that 5/- per head is to be allowed

WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM BOOKINGS

Mr. Smith moved that clubs failing to notify the secretary of W.C.R. that they would not need the room on nights they had booked should forfeit 5/-. This was carried.

"KIWI" PHOTO

Mr. Sutton expressed his sorrow at the omission from "Kiwi" of quotations on and photographs of the year's graduates. He suggested that the photo at least might be included without interfering with the publishing committee's plans. The committee were directed accordingly, but too late. The copy was already with the printer.

THE GLORIOUS QUEST

The moment for which Labour Club had been waiting had arrived. Mr. Foy, seconded by Mr. Ewen, proposed that the meeting should support the N.Z. Student Labour Federation in the quest for more bursaries. The support was accorded.

KIWI, 1948—(Cont. from page 21.)

weight. G. R. Gilbert contributes what I take to be a nasty little parody of William Faulkner, "Two Stories About a Friend." It is a pity that so aggressively new a "Kiwi" should have printed this sample of what people expect to find in undergraduate papers but rarely do.

The general prose is, on the whole, better. The editorial talks sense about relating the University to "the full context of life," but the editor takes far too much for granted. Just what are the "common assumptions" which he speaks of? Who is to define what "keeping the context in order" and "a true context" mean? What is "true"? Are the people of whom he speaks going anywhere, or is it a journey without maps? Is the movement to be horizontal or vertical (which is probably the most important question)? What are the things University people are "interested in"? The fact that the editorial prompts such questions may be a Good Thing; yet can one be sure that that was the author's intention?

Mr. A. R. D. Fairburn, in "Grasping the Nettle," sets out with his usual energy to help build the "frame" the editor speaks of. His article is lucid and stimulating. I wonder, however, does it not also evade the point? He speaks of "certain human values" and later of "certain social ideals" which the University should protect, but doesn't let us know what they are. Is it not all too vague? Does it not include the unjustified assumption that we all agree on those "values" and "ideals"? Isn't it of the essence that we don't? Here, as with his emphasis on "pure" research, and "disinterested" study, Mr. Fairburn appears to creep in the back door of the American University whose campus he has a few moments before so spectacularly quitted. Still, he makes you want to argue with him about things that (in my view!) matter, and this is a Good Thing.

To "A University Primer," by Tom Wells, is shown a real enthusiasm for ideas and a determined scaling of heights. This thoughtful approach to the function of the artist and the nature of art skirts round problems

(Continued on page 23.)

Mr. Butcher then asked for the meeting's opinion as to the distribution of free copies of Revue Book. This was left to the discretion of the Revue Book Committee.

NO CLUES

Mr. Foy then moved that the meeting should oppose the institution of compulsory military training in N.Z. in peacetime. The meeting, however, did not feel competent to express an opinion, and at Mr. Smith's suggestion the meeting proceeded to the next business.

There was none, and the meeting was declared closed.

THREE MODERN PROPHETS

"Family honour consists solely and completely in evading the clutches of the police."

This sentence was quoted by Mr. J. C. Reid in his address to the Literary Club on Wednesday last. The author was the first of the three prophets Mr. Reid was discussing—the French writer Boileau. His life as revealed by Mr. Reid was a strange one.

In the early part of his life he lived in the depths of abysmal destitution without the consolation of religion of any sort and engaged in a perpetual struggle against sensuality. Later he became converted, in a kind of mystical experience, to Roman Catholicism. His work shows a refusal to compromise with truth. His books are distinguished by violence, egotism, the burning clarity and a hateful attack on the French people as a whole, whom he saw as a nation of bourgeoisie. The vehemence of his writing became apparent in extracts read by Mr. Reid. This was a result of his personal suffering and his willingness to sacrifice everything in the interests of the Absolute.

The second writer, the dramatist and poet Peguy, was, said Mr. Reid, the greatest and wisest of 20th century Frenchmen. He was the son of a

peasant and felt that France manifested itself best in the peasant. In youth he was something of a "mild man" and failed his exams steadily. He set up a Socialist bookshop and remained there until he was killed in the Great War. He published a drama on Joan of Arc. The book contained some 750 pages, most of which were half blank. The reason was that he intended to complete the work at a later date. One thousand copies were printed, and in three months' time the little bookshop was the scene of a sensation—a customer had bought a copy! History was for him the workings of a divine plan. Mr. Reid concluded with a quotation: "One word is not the same for one writer as another. One tears it from his heart with a curse, the other takes it from his pocket."

Bernanos, the third writer, was of Spanish descent. He died a month ago.

He was an ardent Roman Catholic bitterly opposed to the war in Spain and all forms of totalitarianism. His attitude to France was summed up by Mr. Reid in a quotation: "In France there are no more privileges, only duties." He believed in the integrity of human society. There were for him no two sides on a question in which truth is involved—a strong negation of the modern idea of compromise. He, too, attacked the bourgeoisie, not as a class of society, but as a type of outlook.

The chief marks of these writers, said Mr. Reid, were a burning conviction of truth and justice, a belief that man is born free and the necessity for the extermination of the bourgeoisie.

Prior to Mr. Reid's talk, the election of officers for the coming year had resulted in the following being elected:

President: Mr. J. C. Reid.

Vice-presidents: Mr. Rex Fairburn, Mr. Joseph, Mr. McCormick, Prof. Musgrove, Dr. Sheppard, Prof. Ardern.

Student Chairman: T. U. Wells.

Secretary - Treasurer: Miss C. A. Perry.

Committee: Miss Forester, Miss Knight, Miss Dane, Mr. Cape.

KIWI, 1948—(Continued)

raised and discussed by Montaigne, Brimond, Collingwood and Croce, and I feel that somewhere in these writers are answers to Mr. Wells' questions. He claims, it would appear, too much for the poet; when he speaks of the poetic function, he is really, I think, speaking of that of the mystic. Perhaps, if Mr. Wells would permit himself to use the word "God" occasionally, he could avoid some periphrases.

The architectural article, "The Small House," is so earnestly concerned with good houses and a philosophy of architecture that it may seem ungenerous to point out that the style is Le Corbusier and coco-cola. Le Corbusier in English is a little overpowering, and when his dogmatism is mixed with slangy vulgarities the effect is somewhat to distrust us from the views expressed. Why should good sense be presented in a style as hybrid and as shoddy as the type of house the author condemns?

In the poetry sections, James Baxter's work carries most authority. His four poems are uneven in quality; the last two carry rather too much Auden and Spender. "To My Father" is wholly successful, one of his best pieces to date. "To Ward Off Demons" takes Donne to Minsky's Burlesque theatre, where I fear the learned divine becomes violently ill. But Mr. Baxter is a real poet, his images like broken glass, his moods whole and rich.

I am not sure whether there is something important struggling for expres-

sion in Mr. Smithyman's four poems, or whether it has all been done by Luna Park mirrors. Dissolution of syntax can be justified in poetry, but can the same be said of dissolution of imagery? A poem must "mean" something through the weight of its imagery. In most of Dylan Thomas' poems we get a particular and specific experience from the profusion of images. Mr. Smithyman's first two poems almost "get there"; the last two don't.

Three of Miss Lily Trowern's poems are not, in my opinion, good poems. "Drought," a "picture-poem," is the most successful. But in the others there are many weak lines, some of which might have come from a D. B. Wyndham Lewis' parody, for example.

Ooze and slime and the naked things crawling?

Deathscents miasma over the mudflats.

But the most striking thing about this group of poems is the fact that they provide a short course in anatomy. Out of the four, I collect the following words—ear, lip, arms, ribs, muscles, feet, hands, skin, shoulders, breast, chin, hair, eyes, flesh, body (3), breath, muscles (4), thighs (3), diaphragm, face, trunk, waist, sockets, bone and skeletons, sweat. I do not claim that the list is exhaustive.

One brief poem by A. R. D. Fairburn, "For An Amulet," appeals to me, with its crisp statement and wit con-

tent, more than any other piece in the book. The epigrams of Denis Glover, S. M. and A. R. D. Fairburn give an indispensable dash of salt to the entire mixture.

The sketches by Kathleen Olds which illustrate some of the stories have a pleasing delicacy, rhythm and (if I may be permitted the word) charm.

What does it all add up to? Some good prose, one or two good stories and poems, some pleasant pictures. In all honesty, I do not feel that, in this first issue, the new "Kiwi" has justified itself. Had it been reduced to half its size, which could have been done by cutting down on the non-University contributors, the general impression would have been more satisfying and the book would have appeared more substantial than it is in its present form. As it is, the University contributions are not overshadowed by those of the other writers. And here is suggested the possible dangers of the future unless a firmer editorial policy is adopted—that "Kiwi" will become a grave for second-bests, or a publication helping to build bogus reputations or inflate minute ones.

This has been a very crabby review, and crammed with fault-finding. Yet "Kiwi" has challenged comparison with the best literary periodicals, and must surely be judged by the standards that would be applied to these. "Kiwi 1938" appears to me to be a fizzer; but this opinion shouldn't prevent you from buying a copy and seeing what you think.

£1,300 REWARD

for Saturday's Labour

The house-to-house collection on Saturday morning realized the sum of £1,300 for the College Hostel. The president of the Executive, Mr. R. Tizard, thanks all district organizers, collectors and helpers for their grand effort.

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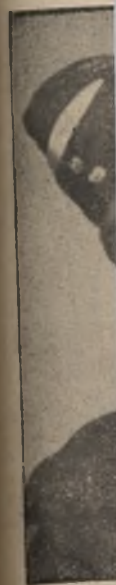
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