



Craccum



AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE STUDENTS' PAPER

Vol. XXVIII—No. 5

Auckland, N.Z., Thursday, June 11th, 1953

Gratis

Something Rotten in the State . .

"I believe that Western Civilisation is in mortal danger — not so much from the enemy without, but from corrosion within."

So thinks Anthony Quayle, famed director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. A central problem is that "we are thinking along old, dead, fossilised lines."

In this "age of crisis" Mr. Quayle sees "a hugely important role for the theatre to play."

Here is the complete text of Mr. Quayle's recent address to Otago University students. It includes personal reminiscences and some sound advice to the young actor, as well as the noted Shakespearean's pertinent reflection on the flowing "tide in the affairs of men."

When I was invited to speak to you my first thoughts were to discuss some aspect of the theatre. In the middle of a rather busy day this would have been easy for me, for I've actually several lectures with me that I've given at previous times, and I could simply have trotted one of them out. But in the end I decided against it. It was too easy, and it was too specialised. What I should have much preferred—since we have only this one meeting, and I have come 12,000 miles or so for it—would be to talk to you about what Shakespeare calls "this wide and universal theatre," the World. The trouble here is that you know nothing of me, except perhaps as Othello, and a few of you maybe, as that refugee from living, Jaques. And it is impossible to estimate whether a man's views are worth listening to till you know something of the man himself.

Very well then. I was born 39½ years ago in Lancashire, in the North of England. Neither of my parents had anything to do with the stage professionally, though my father was a martyr to amateur acting. I was brought up and educated very happily, and more or less conventionally. My mother being by far the greatest influence in my young days—a wise woman of great humanity and an enormous zest for living. She had a positive genius for domestic life, and could make even the eating up of old scraps seem an adventure.

It must have been she who imparted this sense of adventure to me. For as I look back I suppose I must have been about 12 or 13 when I began consciously to think that the world was a very mysterious and wonderful place. I could not tell wherein its mystery lay, but a mysterious and unpredictable adventure I felt it to be.

WHAT MAKES AN ACTOR?

What I wanted to do was well expressed the other day by a small boy of nine or ten that I know. When asked, very stupidly, by some grown-up what he wanted to do when he was a man, he replied, "I want to do living." And that was exactly my feeling.

I had two bents—one towards writing; the other towards the stage. I chose the latter. A famous old actor, A. E. Matthews, when asked once what drew him originally to the stage, said: "The attraction of easy money and beautiful women." I could say the same. But though the women have

certainly been beautiful, the easy money has proved a life-long mirage. In 1930 I entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. By 1939 I was a moderately successful, but by no means famous, young actor playing good and sometimes leading parts at the Old Vic and other London theatres. I had also acted in New York, and for what it is worth in Lisbon, Cairo, Athens, Milan and Rome.

A LITTLE ABOUT ACTING

What had I learnt of acting in those nine years? To answer that question I must first tell you a little about acting. It is a difficult subject to condense, for it is so vast that it could easily run into a whole course of lectures. The first thing an actor must do is to forget the basic tools of his trade — technique. Natural technique is something few are born with, and none can buy.

By natural technique, I mean the following:—The absolute pre-requisite is a telling, flexible voice. Then there is a body which is disciplined, reasonably athletic, and able to carry out all that is demanded of it. The third necessity is a knowledge of history and a sense of period, so as to assume the clothes, appearance, speech, and mannerisms of any period and any nation without looking like something strayed in from a fancy dress dance. Also needed is a sixth sense to know one's proper place and value in the composition of the whole. To engross the attention of the audience neither more nor less than the part demands. These are the rudiments in which a kind of rough probationary stage can be reached in, say, four or five years. So far our would-be actor has become only a craftsman. He has patiently, and painfully, forged the tools of his trade. I say painfully, because his vanity has had to undergo and survive more slashing attacks than are levelled at any other apprentice. It is not pleasant to be told, as an art student, that your paint brushes clumsily, but you can always manage to put the blame on the brushes themselves—or the canvas. But the actor's brushes and canvas are himself, and the instrument which he handles clumsily is himself, his own dear personality to which he has grown so attached! Painfully, then, he has acquired a subtle instrument; his own, outer, visible and audible self, an instrument which is equipped to convey to an audience the thoughts, passions, and very character of his inner and essential self.

PITFALL AHEAD

In the process of understanding and revealing the nature and workings of other men, and the nature and workings of himself, a thousand contradictory pitfalls lie in wait for him. The bitter course of self-discovery is bound to make him a little introspective and selfish. Yet he must not be-



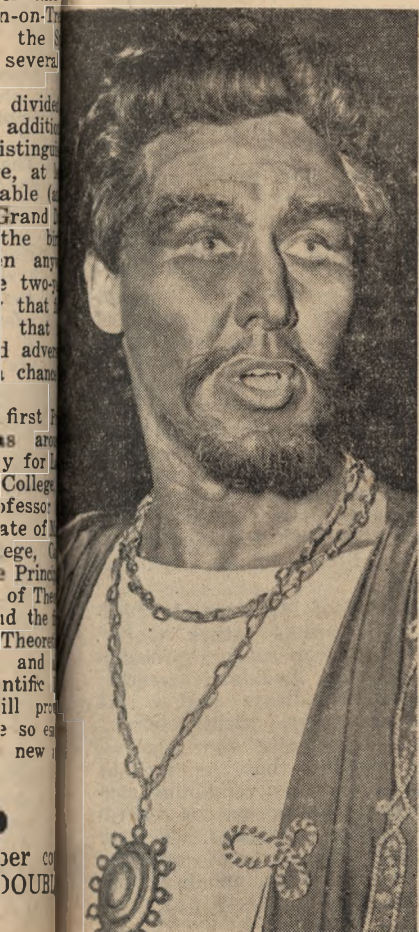
"Lecherous, treacherous villain!"

come too egotistical, or he will be intolerable to audience and fellow-actors alike. He must have arrogance, or how else could he dare to go on the stage and play Hamlet or Othello. Yet he must have humility, to accept the advice and criticism of others, and to administer it to himself. He needs isolation, to develop his concentration and individuality. Yet he needs companionship so as to keep his feet on the earth, and not lose the "common touch." He must meet with failure, lest he grow into a settled good opinion of himself. Yet he must have his measure of success, and that not too late in life, or the poor flickering flame in him will be blown out. And all these conflicting opposites he must embrace in his own nature, not emulating any model, for then he will only be imitative and second-hand.

LIFE THE MOULDER

What of all this had I learnt in the nine years before war broke out? Something of the craft. Precious little of the art. At the outbreak of war I was just 26, barely old enough to be an integrated person myself, and with very little understanding of the world or my fellow-men. (I say that

(Continued on page 8)



...at a piece of work is man!"



Craccum



Auckland University College Students' Paper

The Editors accept as little responsibility as possible for the contents of this paper, and the opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Editors or of the A.U.C.S.A. Executive.

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Editors: BRIAN SMART and PETER BOAG.
Sub-Editor: GARTH EVERSON.
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THIS HAPPY BREED OF MEN

The shouting and the tumult dies; the captains and the kings depart; and the world settles back to survey the position now that the time of coronation is already receding into the mists of memory. For behind the pageant and the gaudy colour surrounding the spiritual and secular confirmations of the proclamation made 16 months previously, there does reside something concrete, something worthy of consideration. What significance has this mighty occasion for Great Britain, primarily, then for that scattered bloc of countries called the "Commonwealth and Empire," and ultimately for the whole world?

For many (and I would venture to say, for the majority) of peoples who acknowledge Elizabeth, this has been a culminating point in the restoration of their faith in Britain's destiny. To quote "Time," when choosing Elizabeth as Woman of the Year for 1952, "The British, as weary and discouraged as the rest of the world in 1952, saw in their new young Queen a reminder of a great past when they had carved out empires under Elizabeth I. and Victoria, and dared to hope that she might be an omen of a great future."

Although the temptation has proved too much at times for sentimentalists and fond believers in the repetition of history to spend their time comparing the present day with the former era (and always favourably), even the most cynical must admit that similarities do exist and, coincidence or not, they are worthy of note. The most recent of course is that between Drake's daring of the unknown and surmounting of nature's barriers in successfully sailing round the world, and man's latest conquest over nature—Everest.

Whether or not such comparisons are significant, and it would be a rash man to say yea or nay, they do play a significant part in the restoration of a people's faith in the future without which no new undertaking would be likely nor expansion possible. And in whom could that faith rest better than in Elizabeth II., by God's grace Queen, Defender of the Faith, the most recent possessor of that "magical power of kings to represent, express and effect the aspirations of the collective subconscious."—P.W.B.

Bryan Green Is Coming

Next month! This is not just an idle statement, but a fact. For four days next month, Canon Bryan Green, B.D., Rector of Birmingham, will be visiting A.U.C. to conduct a mission to the University.

Third year students, and even more intelligent types, if such exist, will remember Canon Green's visit in 1951 when he addressed the College on two occasions, while in New Zealand to conduct Missions in southern centres and Colleges.

He will be speaking in the College Hall at 1 p.m. on Monday, 27th, Tuesday, 28th, Wednesday, 29th, and Thursday, 30th July, and will be addressing public meetings in the Town Hall during the same week.

Those who heard him in 1951 will remember that in speaking on *Religion in the Modern Mind*, Canon Green assumed that we all had mod-

ANY OFFERS?

Dear Sir,—I am a student at the University of Adelaide—I would like to correspond with some students of your University. Therefore I beg you to help me by publishing this request in the students' magazine.

My hobbies are: good music and art, to collect stamps; among sports: tennis and football.

Thanking you in advance, I remain,
Your faithfully,

N. Mascolo.

N. Mascolo,
Aquiuss College,
North Adelaide, S.A.
(Australia).

ern minds—if yours is still modern and you are keeping it up to date, you will want to hear him again this year. His theme:

"The Faith that can Change a World."

—Frank Gaze, for the Bryan Green Mission Committee.

THANKS . . .

The Editors wish to extend their grateful thanks to Sub-Editor Garth Everson for the excellent work he did during their enforced absence. Without Garth the last two issues could not have appeared and we congratulate him on a job well done.

The Liaison Officer

1. Entries (with fees) close with Registrar, U.N.Z., for the November Examinations (see calendar). Entries close with Registrar, A.U.C., for Engineering Associateship and Diploma in Urban Valuation. Applications for senior scholarships must be made to the Registrar, A.U.C.

2. M.Sc. candidates must advise Registrar, A.U.C., of intention to sit Foreign Language reading test by 30th June.

3. Entries due 10th June received till July 1st with £2/2/- late fee.

4. July 1st—the latest date for applications to have Terms carried forward.—K. T. SHEEN.

Recreation

Physical Recreation Classes for students are still in progress at the Y.M.C.A. Students who cannot attend club practices or who do not take part in any organised sport are especially invited to attend.

Men:

Keep Fit Classes: Monday 11-12; Wednesday, 11-12.

Gymnastics: Wednesday, 10-11; Friday, 11-12.

Games: Tuesday, 11-12.

Women:

Keep Fit: Monday, 10-11; Friday, 10-11.

Gymnastics: Tuesday, 2-3; Friday, 2-3.

Games: Tuesday, 11-12.

Note.—Keep Fit Class times for Women have been changed. The Friday Keep Fit Class for men has been changed to Wednesday.

Interdepartmental Basketball

Matches will continue to be held in the lunch hour (1-2 p.m.) as in past year. Each department will be invited to enter at least one team in the competition. Teams traditionally consist of three lecturers, three men students and three women students.

Games are played on the court behind the Education Board Office in Wellesley Street.

—S. R. BROWN.

TOURNAMENT IS COMING

Winter Tournament, 1953, will be held in Auckland from August 16th-21st. Those of you who have been to a Varsity Tournament should by now have some idea of the work involved in its organisation. Those of you who haven't will have plenty of opportunities to find out in the next few months. To all A.U.C. students this Tournament presents a challenge—a challenge to make it a successful show, and all of you can help—even by finding just one billet. If you are prepared to help in any way please leave your name for the Tournament Delegates at the Exec. Room.

As an after effect from Easter Tournament the Senior Tournament Delegates is offering for sale a rail ticket from Wellington to Auckland for £1/9/- available up to the end of June. If you want to avail yourself of this amazing reduction, please see the Senior Tournament Delegate.

COMING EVENTS

(We ask Clubs to make use of this column and to submit well in advance details of future attractions).

Thursday, 11th June:

Oriental Society, W.C.R.

Monday, 15th June:

Federation of University Women, W.C.R.

Tuesday, 16th June:

Debating Society, W.C.R.

Monday, 22nd June:

Debating Society, W.C.R.

Friday, 26th June:

Catholic Club, Coffee Evening.

"Madam Chairman . . ."

Exec Meeting, 27/5/53, 6 p.m.

Miss Spence in the chair and everybody comparatively awake and taking an interest in proceedings.

Mr. McGowan, the new Chairman of Men's House Committee, was welcomed and formally introduced around, even to the "Craccum" reporter sitting in the corner.

Resignation.—The resignation of the Carnival Controller, Mr. Dixon Reilly, was received with regret and appreciation of his services to the Association was expressed.

Carnival.—Mr. Reilly commented on the success of Revue which, he said, was one of the best for years. Mr. Zambucka, who was in attendance, was cordially thanked by the Exec. for the prominent part he had played in ensuring the success of the production. Mr. Zambucka then stressed the fact that an early start on Revue was necessary in future years, and also gave credit to the members of the Carnival Committee for the work they did, and also to Messrs. Dick Messenger and Chris Ball, who are to be thanked accordingly by the Association.

Carnival Book.—Mr. Utting was congratulated on his production and thanked for his work. It was decided to establish a portfolio of the Executive to be known as "Chairman of Carnival Book Committee," and to call for applications for next year's editor before 30th June. The Exec. now has power to award prizes to successful contributors to the book.

Joynt Scroll.—Mr. Smith appeared worried that nothing had been heard about Joynt Scroll, and it was accordingly decided to write to N.Z. U.S.A. to see if they were still alive.

Tournament.—Miss Solly tore herself away from her tatting long enough to move the adoption of her Tournament committee. So now Tournament has at least a committee.

Thanks were expressed to the E.U. for their help at enrolment time.

Mr. Piper was now in attendance and reported that the Department of Health was offering BCG vaccination to all persons between 12 and 35—presumably the majority of students! Over to Mr. Brown for his expert organisation.

The position of Mr. Brown's floodlit area still seems rather murky. The possibility (or rather, probability) of rain in Auckland weather would seem to indicate that a roof would be necessary. Still being investigated—especially the proposal from one member that the roof be built first so that the remaining construction could be carried out regardless of weather conditions. Feeling pleased with the amount of work and/or talking done, members finally dispersed about 10.15 p.m.



BOOK

GIVE ear, my wise leadeth over trail of the in pitfalls.

2. Lo, the but men fu and in elusi beside them.

3. I charge fashion-plat giveth war game. Ver home man desired than maketh the dream!

4. Costly shall make mouth excee And it is be kissable.

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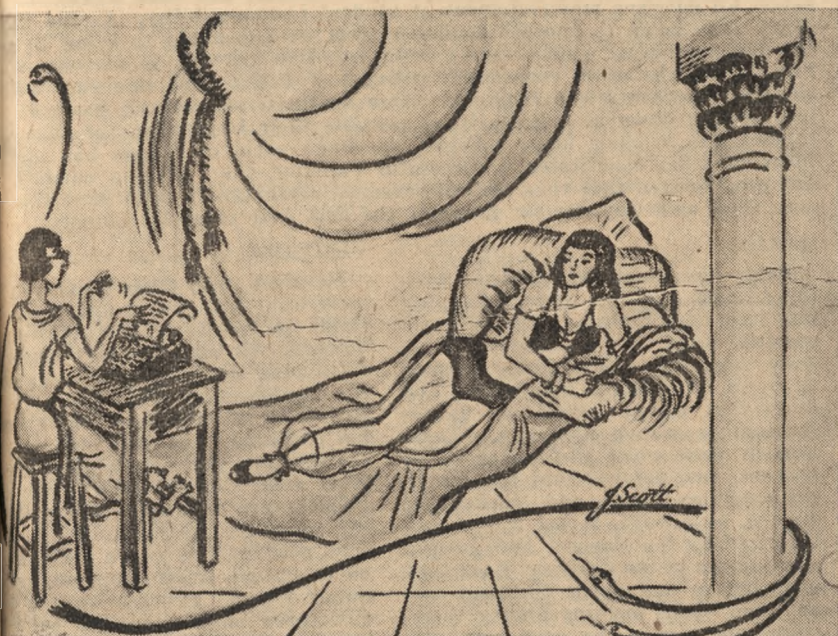
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BOOK OF DAMSELS CHAPTER ONE

GIVE ear, my daughter, and receive my wisdom, for the husband-hunt leadeth over many hurdles and the trail of the Eligible Thing aboundeth in pitfalls.

2. Lo, the woods are full of men, but men full of strange suspicions; and in elusiveness the fox is simple beside them.

3. I charge thee, seek not to be a fashion-plate; for a human "shriek" giveth warning and afrighteth the game. Verily a becoming frock of home manufacture is more to be desired than a French creation which maketh thee to resemble a bad dream!

4. Costly thy smile as thy dentist shall make it; for a pearl in the mouth exceedeth two on the finger. And it is better to be dead than un-kissable.

5. Cheap thy gloves, if need be, but expensive thy sachet; for a man knoweth not scent from sentiment.

6. Few thy rings, but many thy bangles; for a musical jingle fascinath him even as the sound of a rattle fascinath a babe. Yea, manicured nails and perfectly clean cuffs are more to be desired in the world of business than a knowledge of stenography. Modest thy hats, yet chic withal; and thy hair glorious. For a cheap coiffure is an abomination, but a made-to-order switch is a woman's crown of beauty."

7. Look not upon the rouge-pot when it is too red, but delicate thy blushes and thy complexion put on with a fine brush and self-restraint.

8. Plain thy coat, but frilly thy petticoat and all of silk; for a feminine "swish" is as poetry to the masculine ear.

9. Then, I say unto thee, waste not thy substance upon style. For a man knoweth not last year's left-over from this year's fad, but he knoweth a "vision" when he seeth her.

10. Verily, a wise virgin hideth her light under a bushel of simplicity, but a foolish damsel goeth forth resembling a human snare. She painteth her cheek as with house paint, and gildeth her hair with much gold. She adorneth herself with feathers and weareth dangling earrings. And at the sight of her, men fly on wings of fear.

CHAPTER TWO

NOW little, O, my daughter, how exceedingly little shall satisfy

the heart of a woman!

2. For a man's love is like unto an orchid, which requireth tender persuasion and constant cultivation. But a woman's love is like unto an air palm, which flourish continually upon imagination.

3. Now, I knew a damsel of Babylon, and she was exceedingly fair, having dove's eyes and curling locks, and much money, and a motor car.

4. Wherefore the youths of the land flocked unto her house, and her parlour was always full, and her piazza running over.

5. And one of these was a medal winner called Clod, who possessed a football figure and the profile of a Clark Gable. But the least among them all was Wisenheimer, who was abbreviated and whose hair was thin upon the top.

6. And Clod came unto the damsel, bringing his medals and his loving cups and divers' trophies. And when he had shown them all and had told of his deeds of prowess, he sat afar off in a corner and conversed of generalities and of himself.

7. For he said in his heart, "When she hath seen what great works I am destined to accomplish, then will she gladly share them with me and shine in my reflected glory."

8. But Wisenheimer concentrated all his conversation upon one topic, saying:

9. "Haw marvellous are thine eyes tonight, O star of Beauty! And they lips have a curve like unto the smile of Mona Lisa. Thy hair is of a wonderful softness. Lo, many damsels have I known, but thou excellest them all."

10. And the damsel was interested and she said, "Go on!"

11. Then Wisenheimer cast himself before her crying: "Lo, what am I, a worm and a parasite, that I should aspire to thy love?"

12. "Behold, I am a sinner and full of evil, yet I need the love of a noble woman to save! I am as nothing, and have accomplished nothing, yet I yearn for the inspiration of an angel to guide me and sustain me and spur me on to higher things!"

13. And lo, the maiden fell upon his neck and comforted him with kisses and with promises. And the wedding was set for October.

14. Yet all her friends said: "What doth she see in him!"

15. But I say unto thee, the maiden was wise. For verily, verily, in the comedy of matrimony there is more joy in being a star than in being an understudy!

WE BEG TO DITHER

or (A' ROUND THE CORNER)

The progress of film: "Movies" to "talkies" to "crudies."

The Miracle of Fatima: Its revolutionary! I could almost believe the miracle but not the film.

"A lion in your lap!" "A spear at your throat!"

It appears that you get out of 3D what you get put into you.

House of Wax: Just a 3D adaptation of a two-dimensional house of cards.

"Fear Stalks in Kenya"—White is Right.

National boundaries should not be removed, they should be forgotten.

Odd Ode:

Autumn leaves . . .
Much to be desired.

Prisons cover a multitude of sins, or may be the sins of the multitude.

The Phoenix:

The Phoenix
Gets dry-cleaned
For nix.

A Coronation Thought Occasioned by Learning that Queen Elizabeth is a Descendant of George Washington:

Could it be . . .
O bliss!

That this
Could be?

He who gave a new conception
To our last election. . .

Could it be that He
Was descended from she?

That lovely lady
Victoria, Queen of Sovereigns,

Sovereign Queen!
Gave that new conception
Made monarchy supreme,

And as mother of the people,
Made the sovereign go farther.

Self Criticism:

. . . and may his first-born be like a splendid bull.—Deuteronomy 33: 17.

P.J.M., J.E.T.

Addressed to a Physics Lecturer, Composed by a distraught student, who after seeing the

Terms Test marks, now wonders what the future holds

Other than Stage I. Physics.

I do not love thee, Doctor—

The reason why I'll now recite, Although in some ways I'm a skite, I don't claim to be erudite.

My term's marks though were none too bright,

And gave my parents quite a fright; They did not greet me with delight. But with remarks most impolite,

And sternly did they both indict Me. What a ghastly plight!

For days on blackboards you did write

Odd hieroglyphics, but despite My copying at speed of light,

I didn't get them all down right. The meaning of your questions quite bamboozled me. My prospects bright

Dwindled, and in their fading light All I could see was "That's not right."

On top of that, no doubt in spite, You made us sit the test at night.

My Physics knowledge, always slight, Completely vanishes from sight

If I examine it at night. And now you know why I do write

Again—at risk of seeming trite, I do not love thee, Doctor —.



UNIVERSITIES OF THE WORLD

Mimi and the P.M.

Trouble began at Reading University, England, when the men students there got ideas and set out to import three French student lovelies to head their carnival procession, claiming that the local product lacked glamour and oomph. The local product complained about this unrestricted importation of foreign goods, as it threatened the stability of local industry. The protests reached a high diplomatic level, one girl standing outside No. 10 Downing Street dressed in a bathing suit. The French beauties, with visions of vitriol before them, declined the offered honour, and a compromise was arrived at. Twenty-five-year-old Mimi Gerard, a French girl from a Folies Bergere Revue in the West End, led the procession.

Cheaper Books

The National Union of Australian University Students runs a Book Service with branches at all the Varsities, through which students can get their books at wholesale prices. The books are ordered by the students, and are then obtained by the Book Service through an importing firm. The service is student-run, for the benefit of students. Prices of books obtained this way are about one-third cheaper than those obtained at retail prices.

Drink and the Elector

The number of would-be voters in student government elections at Stanford University, U.S.A., was unprecedentedly large. The number of ballot papers available proved to be insufficient, and the elections had to be re-held. The main reason for this unusually strong participation in the election is, that at the same time the students were to vote on the question of lowering the age limit for drinking.

COPY
for the next
"CRACCUM"
closes on
Wednesday, June 17
at 12 noon

"THE VOICE OF AMERICA"

Our Prime Minister has been authorised by President Eisenhower to represent the United States at the oncoming Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. Can we accept this as a compliment, or a recognition of our servitude? A compliment it may be, but to many it represents an unconscious acknowledgment of our true position as a nation—a small fragment in the kaleidoscope of U.S. foreign policy, a nation divided in allegiance between our Mother country and our guardian in the Pacific.

The United States is the only nation that can offer us adequate military protection, and because of this we must, of necessity, bind ourselves to her and recognize this fact. But we must deplore the near servitude to which we have sunk. In England Mr. Holland said, "We like the word Empire in New Zealand." Apparently he meant "Empire" in the old imperialistic sense, an Empire bound by ties of social structure, economic policy and intellectual outlook to the Mother country, and owing her the type of allegiance which was so automatically given in the 19th century. Mr. Holland may be correct when he says that some New Zealanders like the word "Empire" and the ideas it implies, but his own actions and policies do not endorse the concept.



In their own humble way, Mr. Holland and his colleagues are apparently overawed by the prestige and power of the U.S. While realizing our military dependence on the U.S., Mr. Holland has forsaken the traditional practice of co-operation with the United Kingdom in international policy. New Zealand has only comparatively recently reached the status of a free and independent member of the Commonwealth, absolutely unfettered in her diplomatic decisions. In one foul swoop, our government has squandered this independence in a disgustingly frenzied scramble for security in the Pacific. Great Britain was not invited to the treaty table; her unequalled experience in diplomacy was disregarded, and New Zealand cast her independence into the murky whirlpool of American political intrigue. Together with our trans-Tasman neighbours, we in this country are now bound (through the Anzus Pact) to the absolutely unpredictable vagaries of U.S. public opinion—to its hysteria and bellicosity; to its boastful arrogance and its reason-stifling fears. New Zealand could be asked to supply a division or two whenever the blundering course of U.S. foreign policy precipitated armed conflict involving American troops in the Pacific area. Formosa is no longer neutralised by the U.S. 7th Fleet. When President Truman ordered the Navy there, it was to protect

the island from a Communist invasion, yet when Eisenhower withdrew the ships, it was because he thought it was no longer necessary to protect Communist China from invasion! This is the sort of paradoxical reasoning which governs our destinies. We, who are of military age, face the prospect of having to participate in a conflict caused by the policies of the present Republican administration. Here in New Zealand our people are solemnly and irrevocably bound to the results of American public opinion on the deliberations of the Republican cabinet.

But "we like the word Empire in New Zealand," says Mr. Holland. Is this hypocrisy, or misrepresentation? Perhaps he meant we like the word Empire and like to feel safe in an organization which can protect us, regardless of its nature. Many well-fed and industrious New Zealanders may endorse this feeling. We are precariously vulnerable—the fact has been vividly demonstrated. Thus many may like to see our Prime Minister appointed to represent the U.S. at a Commonwealth conference; but it is small compensation for our dependence on American wisdom, and the opinions of men like Joe McCarthy, Robert Taft, and the leaders of the American political pressure-groups.

Communism threatens world Democracy and freedom, yet our own freedom in Pacific diplomacy has virtually disappeared, sold completely to American military power. This is not something we can view with gratification or satisfaction. The situation has existed since the Anzus Pact was signed in September, 1951, but now we are faced with the sobering realization that after the Coronation celebrations our Prime Minister will sit down with other Commonwealth Premiers as the representative of the U.S. as well as New Zealand. This is not extraordinary, nor is it incongruous. It is a striking recognition of the divided loyalties of our country.

The Commonwealth as a unit is aiming at economic solvency—the individual economic policies of the Dominions are being integrated to this end. It is indeed unfortunate that our international policies have not received the same consideration.

—H.R.C.

Mallus Scotorum

Our Scottish blood has, for some time, been growing warm within us at the news of the deeds of the Scottish Nationalists in their endeavours to alter the Queen's title. So enthusiastic have we become, in fact, that we hereby state our intention of forming a New Zealand Nationalists' Association whose prime aim will be to have recognised legally the fact that, since British sovereignty over our country dates back no further than 1840, and since there have been, accordingly, no more than six sovereigns over us, instead of calling them Victoria, Edward VII., George V., Edward VIII., George VI., and Elizabeth II., as at present, they should henceforth be known as Victoria, Edward I., George I., Edward II., George II., and Elizabeth I., respectively.

CAPPING, CAPPICADE

All is quiet. All is still. Capping has passed, and with it, for the time being, all outward manifestations of student irresponsibility. As the University settles down to another academic term we endeavour to bring to you a few impressions of what Capping, 1953, was like, not only in our own college but also in the other constituent colleges of U.N.Z. To this end, we have waylaid representatives from our three southern sisters and pressed them into setting down as coherently as possible their impressions of this year's celebrations in their home colleges. Although each, of course, has his own ideas of what constitutes a successful Capping, they have in common one qualification that they are all seasoned campaigners, who have this year seen their own Capping for probably the first time from the outside.

OTAGO

From the point of view of both the student and the citizen, Capping this year at O.U. was extremely successful. As far as the students were concerned, the majority seemed to enjoy themselves immensely and fears that things would be rather flat coming so soon after Easter Tournament were quite ill-founded. The citizens, too, entered into the carnival spirit as usual, and packed the streets, as always, to see Procession, thronged to the Concert and bought more copies of the Capping Book than ever before and spent the next two or three weeks arguing among themselves about it in the correspondence columns of the daily newspapers.

Procession, in my opinion, was a good one, for although there was not quite as much this year as usual, there were more floats of a uniformly higher standard and the humour was on a higher level than it has been for some years. After leading the rest of New Zealand by such large amounts, this year's collection of £1,000 came as rather a surprise. The reason for it being so much less than it has been of late was not because the public lost interest but because there were just not enough students there to take their money. Although this may have been because more students than usual went home for the vacation (Capping at O.U. is held in the first week of the holidays), another probable reason advanced was that Capping is now such a big business concern and therefore, perhaps, rather commercialised, that this may have been symptomatic of student reaction against this trend.

The Concert this year was one of the best for years. Otago concerts are quite different from any others; they consist of a collection of farces and ballets welded together with the traditional Sextette and Chorus. The Sextette was, as usual, good; the Chorus was one of the best there has been; the farces, etc., were no better and no worse than usual, and the concert as a whole hung together much better than it usually does.

The Capping Book was well up to the usual standard which is astonishingly far ahead of anything the other colleges can produce. I thought it was, moreover, one of the cleanest for years and it is refreshing to find there are some students who can produce humour that is universally appreciated and is clean at the same time.

All in all, a good Capping Week which, as usual, started with the concert on the Friday night took in the Graduation Ceremony, Grads' Ball, Grads' night at the concert, Procession, Capping Ball and finished with the last night of the concert on the following Thursday—a week to be remembered and looked forward to each year.

Head-line of the Week . . .

1,900 NURSES NEEDED FOR ALL THE BEDS

—"Auckland Star," 28/5/53.

VICTORIA

Heralded in by those weirdly attired bobs who, with heart and voice, claim the merits of the repository, Victoria wit and humour—Capping descends once again to the unsuspecting Wellington citizen. But never let it be said that they were not prepared. On their only day off from John Citizen, even if the Fathers are frowning darkly, bring upon the forthcoming hilarity. And, readers, this year's Capping was no exception, apart from one or two minor events. Procession went with customary bang, being no better or worse than is usual. The usual capers, jests and pranks were in evidence, but some bright boys got things really cracking early which they are to be commended. Evidenced by a geothermal bore on the side of a well-known hotel, the faint prints of the "Abominable Snowman" splattered upon various buildings, and a very useful and thorough pedestrian crossing between Wellington hotels. A new innovation was the "Prayer Meeting" staged at the Taj Mahal, a place held in the underground, which the Law regarded with marked disfavour, as you would not doubt heard. But, nevertheless, Procession in Wellington this year definitely showed signs of promise, if only sadly lacking.

Cappcade had a great sale—always does, for obvious reasons. The standard in this department was not improved much although it was in its favour that it was not the worst effort by any means. Some of the subtleties used in other Capping Mags, could be profitably used to turn Cappcade into something worthwhile.

Capping Ball went over in a way, for this is one aspect of Capping wherein ALL the students take a hand, probably because at least work is involved. Victoria is handicapped by having such a small percentage of part-timers, so it is the Ball that they presumably put out to do their stuff, and to their presence felt. Capping Ball is one aspect of Capping that is not done well, and credit must be where credit is due.

Extrav. has not yet put in its appearance, owing to non-co-operation on the part of outside bobs, but comment is available. Judging from rumour, this year's Extrav. promises to be a good show, as always.

One point never fails to emerge from Capping, however, and that is the inability of the students to let their fun without running foul of local authorities. It remains for students to get themselves out of a rut and to get some new ideas of a job which will not have that irritating effect on the local authorities. A move in this direction would be V.U.C. a greater measure of sympathy and well-wishing which all students will know, is necessary not only for a healthy relationship between student and local community but for the acceptance of the student as an integral part of everyday life.

CARNIVAL . . .

for the Canterbury Capping Week as started with a thirst and ended with a hang-over. The weather and public were kind to us and the week as a whole was well up to the standard.

Review rehearsals were under way many weeks beforehand, but despite the first night was not a great success. Slow scene changes, deficiencies in the call boy system all contributed to giving Review one of its poorest starts for many years. However, from this night on the show improved until by the middle of the week Review was sparking on all sides and being acclaimed as one of the best shows for some years. The songs were not perhaps as good as usual, but the dialogue and the excellent acting of the leading characters together with excellent ballets, simply made up for any lyrical deficiencies. In contrast to other college C.U.C. Review shows the advantages to be gained by having a professional producer, ballet mistress and musical director. The extra finish added by these people makes the extra expense well worth it.

Capping week was ushered in by the sale of Capping Mag., about which the less said the better. Last year was an attempt to be clean but various bits (it failed). This year was an attempt to be dirty and witty (it also failed).

On the Sunday a better note was struck when the graduation service was held in the Cathedral. This function was first tried last year and was an outstanding success. The Cathedral has been packed on both occasions to listen to excellent sermons by the Dean. Roman Catholic graduates attended an early morning mass at Rosary House, the Catholic Girls' Hostel.

Monday at lunch-time saw a further Avon cycle race. Contestants have to ride, carry or push their bicycles about half a mile down the bed of the Avon river. They must ride over the starting line and the finishing line. This is rather awkward as there is a five-foot deep hole at the finish. This year about twenty starters got under way and were followed by thousands of enthusiastic supporters. As they swept round the last bend and headed for the finish, three girls in St. Trinian's costumes appeared from behind an island and pushed their bikes over the finishing line well in the lead. They were, however, disqualified on a small technicality. They hadn't covered the whole course. This race is excellent publicity for Capping Week as photos are published in the daily papers.

Tuesday saw the Capping Ceremony in the Civic Theatre. The graduates and staff walk in a procession from the College to the Theatre. Dr. Curry, the Vice-Chancellor, awarded the degrees, taking care to pinch the mike meant for the heckling party. This subdued proceedings a little. In the evening the graduates were the guests of the College Council at a Ball held in the Winter Gardens. This was an excellent evening from all points of view.

Wednesday was Process day. Hic! Hic! Very good it was, too. The floats were numerous and more humour was displayed than usual. For a clean Process it was really very funny. After the process and the speeches from the balcony of the United Services' Hotel, free lunch at Stud. Assoc. was the order. Collecting

or drinking for an hour or two followed. After this we assembled in the Square and went to Hay's Ltd. for a free afternoon tea.

A tea dance which was absolutely packed followed and the day wound up with a hop in the Scottish Hall until 2 a.m. On the whole a very enjoyable day from what I can remember of it.

Thursday evening was the date of Capping Ball held in the Caledonian Hall. This function was almost deserted till about 11 p.m. and then in typical southern style became rapidly packed. For the next three hours this Ball was really excellent.

The only other items of interest were the Cast parties. There are two of these. The first is for all Review cast, stage crew, front of house, makeup, Haka party, and all committees connected with Capping Week. Held at the Mayfair Lounge this party takes the form of a combination booze up and dance. Most enjoyable. Then on the last night a smaller party is held in some back-woods hall for the cast only, plus a few make-up girls of course! This is extremely hard to get into if you haven't a ticket, but I made it. A very good institution, these parties.

Taken over all, the Capping Week at Canterbury College was well up to the usual standard, a standard which, of course, makes C.U.C. Capping New Zealand's best.

AUCKLAND

For the majority of people Capping this year seemed to be "as usual"; whether it was as good as usual, or as bad as usual depended on the individual. On the whole, however, it was good from the students' point of view and from the citizens' as well. One of the main features to come out of this year's festivities was that it is no use bemoaning the fact that the University does not get all the support it might from the town. It is true that Auckland is not as fortunate as Otago and Canterbury, especially in the degree to which it is accepted by the town and the degree to which the citizens are behind the University in its activities, but we would suggest that we have all the support we can reasonably expect under present conditions and that we cannot hope for any more until we get fuller Student participation in Student activities. Until that happy day arrives we have no right to delude ourselves that the University has reached its ultimate stage of development as a responsible body in the City of Auckland. Whether we like it or not, Carnival is one of the very few occasions on which we are on show to our fellow citizens, and if, as at present, we are willing to sit back and leave all the work (and enjoyment, as well) to a few of our contemporaries, we cannot expect things to be otherwise.

Procession this year was well up to the usual standard, and in many facts, it was a good one. It was, of course, the largest ever, with about 25 truck floats and many others self-propelled. One disappointing feature was that only two made any attempt to disguise the truck with a covered-in float. These naturally entail quite a bit more work on the part of the individual organisers, but the results amply compensate for the trouble involved. On the whole, however, there was a general improvement and the lettering, in particular, was much better than it has been. The band,



too, was the biggest there has been and are to be congratulated on their distinctive dress and on a job well done.

The public seemed to appreciate the show and generally thought that it was better than usual. But here a word of admonition must be inserted. The public turned out in their customary crowds and generally appreciated what they saw, but there were not enough students energetic enough to collect their money and the result was a pretty disappointing collection. The money was obviously there to be taken, but the fact was that the majority of students were just not keen enough to really get among the bystanders and empty their pockets. One solution might be to follow the lead of other Universities and sell the Capping Book on a different day.

Of the Revue little need be said apart from what has already been said and written. Everyone has universally agreed that this was the best for years and that it was good to have a Zambucka production on the stage once more. It has been some time since Charles Zambucka produced a Varsity revue, and it is to be hoped that now he has been active once more he might carry on from where he left off. The houses were generally very good, and it would be hard to single out any individual aspect of a universally high-class show, but special mention should be made of the Men's Ballet. Such parts are generally appreciated and this year's was no exception.

Carnival Book was very popular, as evidenced by the record sales. As well as possessing one of the most striking covers for years, it was an excellent parody of "Time." To a regular reader of that publication it was a delight to read this year's book, and it must rank high among student publications, but at the same time one feels that as a Capping Book it was not quite successful. The Capping Book is designed to reach a large public (as it did this year), but for this one to be fully appreciated as it deserved, the reader should also know his way round its progenitor, which would be the case in but a few instances. But nevertheless it was a good effort and certainly started Carnival off on a very high note.

ROUND THE CAMP:

Skin-side Inside

One way vision windows in the five new women's dormitories at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute were accidentally installed backwards so that the co-eds could not see out but anyone could see in. The girls bathed, dressed, and gossiped behind the fancy frosted windows, thinking that no one could see them.

Strike

Students at the Brussels University Libre went on strike on December 22, 1952, after the President of the General Student Committee of the University had been excluded from study for one month on the grounds that he had communicated to the student body a confidential decision by the University Senatus, in whose deliberations he had taken part. The decision referred to measures taken by the University Administration against students who had engaged in nocturnal brawls in the Cite Universitaire. The students went on strike because they consider it to be the duty of the Student Committee President to inform them on the decisions of the Senatus.

Winter Games

The Tenth University Winter Games of the International Union of Students (Communist organised and controlled propaganda machine) will be held at Vienna and Semmering (Austria) from February 18 to March 2, 1953. The Austrian National Union of Students would like to point out in this context that it is not connected with this event, which will take place in that section of Austria which is held by Russia, and that it also will not accept any invitation to take part.

Lethal

In Argentine all full-time students between the ages of 16 and 19 are compelled to take shooting lessons. For part-time students this section of the curriculum is optional.

Soaks

Free cocktails are served to students at the beginning of psychology lectures at Bristol University. Behind the bar is the professor who is observing the "dexterity and reaction aptitude" of his students after an intake of "the odd pint."



Future editor of Literary Page, beetle-browed J. Lasenby brushes aside Student affairs to come to aid of ailing "Craccum."

SECOND THOUGHTS

CAMPION v. JEFFORD

Coronation events have sent many minds back into history and facts have come forth about our first Elizabeth that the majority did not know existed. The most fruitful and most vivid means of delving, though not necessarily the most accurate, has been per media of stage and screen. There has been a blaze of events overseas, a blaze of lights in Auckland. Of good old bonny, albeit bitchy, Bess, I have learnt much — from a blaze of deeds and misdeeds.

I put stage before screen for a reason. Of Elizabeth I. there has been an American version, Elizabeth and Essex, followed by another, Young Bess—one an abortion, the latter an improvement. Both had a spate of love, a misrepresentation of fact and a paucity of drama. In its portioning of all three, *The Young Elizabeth*, New Zealand's offering, proved its salt as a play and as a performance. That hearty applause was truly earned by our own company of players is realised when one is reminded who their predecessors were on the boards of His Majesty's stage.

A good play needs less urging than one composed of a dozen curtains. An episodic affair like *The Young Elizabeth* needs thrust and movement as well as a leading lady with sufficient range of emotion to impress the stamp of Elizabeth's personality. All this and more the N.Z. Players, Edith Campion in particular, brought forth; all this and less the Hollywood hashishes did not and could not. They focussed the camera on love, we, the spotlight on a woman's daredevil and duty. Then, and in correct mixture, came love. Bette Davis and Jean Simmons solved their respective producers' problem, but, to be frank, I saw in both films promise of better things. I enjoyed Dandy Dick but was not optimistic about the young Elizabethan prospect. Of course, it is always the way — you enter glum and exit gleeful. So it was with Mr. Campion's last production.

I will not dwell on Edith Campion's performance which I think would carry over any footlights in the world, but to answer one charge: that of over-playing. In such a part, con-

ceding that Elizabeth was young, only a gushing, gesticulating female version of Irving could over-play. Though Edith Campion was boisterous, dramatic, emotional, subtlety prevented excess.

Much praise was penned when Anthony Quayle was here, but, I wonder was it all justified? Did Barbara Jefford really move with Rosalind, trailing her love like a man in the blind, or was it another of those weepy passions, so romantic and seemingly real at the time, but afterwards...? It lessens in reality every time I look back. Edith Campion's fervour and intensity of portrayal, if anything, grows stronger in the memory.

Let it not be thought that I aim to belittle the English actress. An attempt would be but a feeble protest against a mighty following and an ungrateful one at that. But as I look first at Bette Davis (Elizabeth and Essex) and then at Edith Campion, I am aware of an innate dramatic quality that Miss Jefford has not at her command. At least, it did not appear in the three Shakespearean productions here.

What I mean to say, if it has not been inferred already, is that Barbara Jefford's ability would need a vast storehouse to give her the sweep of power brought to *The Young Elizabeth* by Edith Campion. Miss Jefford can act, but her facets at present are only two-dimensional, so to speak. She can arouse pity, but whether, of her own volition, she can arouse tears, we were not to experience. Versatility is a prerequisite if an actress is to be called "great" and, fed on paeans of praise, a certain section of the public find themselves placing a person in that category. Something similar to the "emotive prose" situation. Others with me, I am sure, will place Barbara Jefford in the "distinctive" category but I do not think higher laurels have been yet earned. That Edith Campion did not unduly flatter Pinero as Salome in "Dandy Dick" is of small account. She would add a touch of witchery to Orlando's fair Rosalind. Tom Seymour's "sweet Bess" may have gained a thing or two with a Jefford in the part—but, "I hae me doots."—Jacques.

buckets of blood

ROMEO AND JULIET

At the end of the first term, Training College made a very vivid attempt to play Shakespeare as played in Elizabethan times. By use of an apron stage, together with inner and balcony stages, they were able to present their play in a way seldom seen in modern theatre and to take advantage of points in the play especially intended for performance on such a stage.

However, this meant limited use of scenery and properties, making a greater demand on the ability of the players. *Romeo and Juliet*, with its quick scene changes from levity to tragedy, demands a great building up of response from an audience and the idea that it is a tragedy of love and equally of hate must be realised to be successful.

The Training College players had some difficulty with this. Their voices did not have the volume and clarity necessary to fill the hall and outwit the pouring rain, and they had become so familiar with their lines that they raced them, perhaps in an attempt to keep up the pace. However, by well-planned movements and plenty of action, their meaning was by no means lost although some of the enjoyment was killed.

One big advantage over 17th century performances is through lighting, and especially in this play where the scene is constantly changing from dawn to dark, from brilliant ballroom to sombre tomb; an apron stage is very difficult to light to avoid glare, and in this case the lighting was very agreeable, enhancing the costumes and on only a few occasions casting weird shadows on the actors' faces.

With some very able performances, especially by the nurse, *Romeo and Juliet*, the cast worked together well, with competent stage managing and experienced producing to lead the way. To see this performance was an evening well spent and more attempts to present Shakespeare in this style should be well received.

The meaning of history is significant. It is a continuous effort To keep the rats out.

The rats Are the Goths and Huns, The goddam English, The gum-chewing Yanks; The milk-bar cowboys, The hard-eyed City men With interesting private lives And the bullet-headed com With interesting public lives They stand on the hawesers of tion.

Steadily gnawing; Until at times the ship slips And, being always rotten at Sinks.

The rats are atavistic, They swarm in from darkness Take charge for a riot, a millennium,

Or so, while they rip picture Proscribe books, Deface sculptures with dirty and pierced hearts, And then take their leave.

Sometimes they drop A-bomb But these are the larger kind Equipped with white coats.

The smaller ones Merely tinker with cars; What a pity they can't put together again!

Otherwise these smaller ones Smugly stand on the topmost Taking anthropological notes

And waiting for the ship to The rats embody most mid virtues,

Upper-class vices, and low desires; All these being one.

They possess high-brow knowledge details, Low-brow skulls and middle don't give-a-damn.

The rats Are the belly creeping up on the To-day they suffocate the system,

At the same time as they ex To keep them at bay— This is the whole effort of his

Take it or leave it. But before you do either, ask self;

How are my Incisors this morning?



T.B. VACCINATION OFFERED

pt. of Health is now offering service to all University students. This is on a voluntary basis and is free of charge. It is preliminary tubercular test read three days later, when reactions are then vaccinated with a positive reaction. X-rayed at the University Mass Radiography Unit. Be done rapidly as it is not to undress. Normal results reported, but in some cases will be recalled for a second (large film). This does not mean that that there is a lesion in the chest, as the repeat for technical reasons. It is that any abnormal result is confidentially to the student.

Following is an explanation of procedure for vaccination:

After everyone may come in contact with the germ which tuberculosis. A Tuberculin test to show if a person has been previously infected with Tuberculin. It is a simple and test which is carried out injection of a small quantity of material into the surface of the forearm. The development of a red, slightly swollen area of skin surrounding the injection within 2-4 days. If the test is positive and the person has previously been infected, they may then prove or disprove the presence of active lung tuberculosis, and if it is normal they may be considered to have a resistance to further infection. There is no change in the skin after the test, the test is negative.

Persons negative to the test have come into contact with the germ and may possibly become susceptible to tuberculosis if their resistance is unable to cope with subsequent infection. In New York the majority in the younger groups are negative reactors to Tuberculin Test and are thus at a greater risk of contracting tuberculosis from any contact with infectious cases of the disease. There are any means by which natural resistance can be increased is desirable.

Vaccination with B.C.G. Vaccine is done by which this can be done. Successful vaccination and resistance to tuberculosis. This resistance is never so a few cases may still require vaccination. The vaccine cannot be blamed for any tuberculosis that may occur in persons previously vaccinated. Cases result from natural infection. However, they seem to have a chance of recovery than unvaccinated persons who contract the

Vaccination is performed by injecting a small quantity of vaccine into the skin. Usually no temperature, other symptom is experienced after vaccination. At the site a tiny sore or discharging sore will develop which heals completely within a few weeks without inconvenience. The healing no dressing or application need be applied after discharge makes a light dressing necessary. In a few cases there may be slight glandular

swelling which soon disappears.

Vaccination is usually considered to give protection for about five years and re-vaccination may accordingly be necessary in the future.

A consent form must be signed by each student before he can be vaccinated, and then will be distributed on or about June 15th (forms are also available at the office). Arrangements will be made for forms to be returned on or before June 25th to the Physical Education Officer.

The vaccine must be ordered from Australia, one month in advance, so that it is proposed to carry out the Tuberculin tests on Monday and Tuesday, July 27th and 28th, and B.C.G. Vaccination on Thursday and Friday, July 30th and 31st. The Vaccination site is then inspected about six weeks later.

In conclusion, remember that the procedure is harmless (many millions have already been vaccinated), and that it is well worth while being protected against Tuberculosis, or knowing that your lungs are clear.

BLUES ... 1953

Women's Cricket: Miss de Clive Lowe.

Swimming: Miss J. Twigg, G. Gardner, T. Eagle.

Rowing: R. Stanich, A. Anderson, V. Blaskovich, I. Mercep, R. Shell.

Boxing: R. Caughey, F. Davis.

Shooting: R. Larsen, N. Blackburn.

Athletics: Miss F. Spence, H. Hilliam, G. Swift, E. Ashby, T. Lipscombe.

Tennis: Miss R. Dickson, M. Ellis.

Cricket: B. Norman, D. Hunt.

AIR TRAVEL

"For travel from a student's home country to take up a full time academic course abroad; from an educational establishment abroad to a student's home country or from the country in which a student is studying full time to visit his parents' residence in another country, air travel is available on the services of TEAL and its international associates at a reduction of 50% of the normal fare. There is an age limitation; students must have reached their 12th birthday and not be over 26 at the date of commencement of travel.

To qualify for this concession it is customary for students to secure a certificate from the Educational authorities concerned establishing that they do comply with the terms.

"Craccum" needs copy.

"Craccum" is your forum.

"Craccum" wants news.

"Craccum" is YOUR newspaper.

"Craccum" needs articles.

"Craccum" is your articulator, etc.



See here, Mr. Utting . . . !

TIME
The Weekly Newspaper

Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Centre,

NEW YORK 20.

Publishers Office.

May 26, 1953.

Dear Mr. Utting,

This is in reply to your letter of May 12th addressed to Mr. Linen, enclosing a copy of your school publication, "Slime."

While we usually do give permission to college and high school publications to parody "Time," there are certain restrictions which we must impose in line with copyright regulations. Therefore, the next time you wish to parody "Time," we must ask that you write to us before doing so and send us a layout sketch. If your project does not violate copyright regulations, we will be glad to give you the necessary permission.

Sincerely yours,
Irina Bagration,
Permission Editor.

The Editor, "Craccum."

Dear Sir,—I wish to make a protest about the late, but unlamented Capping Book. I feel that it was detrimental to the public reputation of this College, and of its students in general, for so much piffle to be foisted on to the public at such an exorbitant price, in the name of the students of the College.

While some might suggest that the editor of "Slime" is "beetle-browed," I think the term beetle-brained much more appropriate. At the very pinnacle of modern humorous writing, I would place a certain epic involving the Finkelsteins, Jun., of Hollywood—this is really out of this world, but unfortunately, not far enough.

I realize that Exec. has not recovered from its fismal dahlia as the editor of the previous Capping Book, and badly wanted to get "out from under"; but surely it was unwise to entrust this year's "effort" so much to one person, especially considering the most successful "mess," sparkling with wet and humor that said person had made of "Craccum" over the last few years.

CENSORED

The Editor, "Craccum."

Dear Sir,—I wish to commend your article "Censorship and Responsibility," and give my own opinion on two of the subjects involved, pornography and nakedness.

I believe the question of indecent literature is wholly artificial. Pornography is not a quality but a subjective interpretation. Any indecency exists in the mind of the person concerned, as is demonstrated by the fact that the idea of pornography varies from person to person, and from one period to another. It is impossible to distinguish between the acceptable and obscene because no line of demarcation exists.

It is impossible to ban publications designed to excite lust, without undesirable consequences. Frivolous plays which are purely salacious are readily accepted, while serious works of artistic merit such as "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "Ulysses" often take years to pass the censor.

A further objection to censorship is that it shrouds the frankly pornographic in mystery, thereby arousing interest in what it is designed to suppress. Bertrand Russell states, "In spite of the law, nearly every fairly well-to-do man has in adolescence seen indecent photographs, and has been proud of obtaining possession of them because they were difficult to procure. Conventional men are of the opinion that such things are extraordinarily injurious to others, although hardly one of them will admit that they have been injurious to himself."

Nudity is conventionally associated with indecency, but there are many besides Eric Gill who state unequivocally that "Nudity calms the wanton"—Bertrand Russell and Havelock Ellis to name two. Indecency is a concomitant of mystery, clothes enhance the mystery. Nakedness, far from being erotic, dissipates all secrecy and prurency. I have yet to see any evidence of the "bad influence" of nudity. In fact existing nudist clubs in this country and most others, show indisputably that there are no harmful effects. Also the salubrious results of nudity make it highly desirable, especially in the sunshine and water. Is it not ridiculous to dress up for a swim? While the benefits are too numerous to be discussed here, I point out that the Greeks recognised that nakedness is healthy and practicable.

Even though it may be accepted that nudity is not necessarily immoral, publications which expound this way of living are frequently confused with those whose object is to produce lust, and those which remain publicly displayed are continually subject to charges of indecency. It is time, all laws relating to pornography were revoked, since they are merely harmful.—N.A.F.

If it is not possible to produce a capping book worthy of the College I suggest that the publication be suspended, for the public looks upon the few aspects of the University it sees as being representative of University life and education.

"Slime" was not "bad," just rather weak, and the impression gained by a casual reader is that we students are a pack of beetle-brained morons, incapable of originality or humour.

Perhaps that's correct!

—N.F.C.

(No relation of Pro bonus public liquor).

... of Denmark

in retrospect. At the time I thought I was the reincarnation of Garrick, Kean and Kemble rolled into one).

In September, '39, I put professional acting away and for six years I became an amateur soldier. My war experiences were such as were common to most soldiers with two uncommon exceptions. The first was a period of a year when I was military assistant to the C-in-C, Gibraltar, a period which covered Operation Torch, the landings and subsequent operations in North Africa. The second was a short but intense period during which I was in enemy-occupied Albania. The first was a high-level staff job; the second a low-level field—or rather, mountain—job. Both were impressive experiences, and I learnt a good deal from them.

The war over, I was demobbed, and I returned to the theatre. But I found that I had greatly changed. Not that I was any less devoted to acting, quite the contrary. I had raised such a head of steam that I was ready to lift the roof off. But the conventional pursuit of personal success was no longer enough. It bored me. Throughout the war I had been envious of men who had been able to use their professional skill for the common good. Now that the war was over, I believed that there was a hugely important role for the theatre to play. Though peace had come, it was perfectly apparent that we had only passed through one crisis to find ourselves facing another, that of Russian and Communist Imperialism. Yet instead of binding closer together to face and deal with the new enemy, men and nations simply fell apart again and started their old grabbing and their old aimless living. In view of these things, I believed that a working federation of nations, such as we had seen in the war, was the only way to preserve peace, and therefore our Western Civilisation. And I wished to do all I could in my limited sphere to bring that about.

CORROSION FROM WITHIN

In 1947 I received two offers. The first was from Hollywood, at a fabulous salary. The second was from Stratford, also at a fabulous salary, but at the reverse end of the scale. I chose Stratford. The reasons were artistic and political. The chance of having a theatre of one's own and of being able to have an influence in the cultural life of the country and the world, to encourage good artistic work and, I think above all, of being able to live in the company of a man whom I revere more than anyone else in the world—Shakespeare, a man who could understand the court and the farmyard, who had a living philosophy, that of a man who takes the middle course, decided me. The other reason was a political one, because I believed that in the theatre there is a wonderful instrument which could contribute to the integration which must and should come out of the world.

Since becoming a director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre I had a two-fold policy, domestic and foreign. I have aimed to make the theatre the best in England and therefore in the world, to get the best of our work out overseas, particularly to the other countries of the Commonwealth and, if possible, to the continent of Europe. Domestically we have achieved the goal, but as far as foreign policy is concerned, it is more difficult. Tours have, however, been sent to Germany.

That, in potted version, is my story. My beliefs you will have gathered, but I will try to summarise them. I

believe that Western Civilisation is in mortal danger—not so much from the enemy without, but from corrosion within. We are thinking and living along old, dead, fossilised lines. We have absolutely forgotten that every society, to maintain health, must continually transcend and transform itself by increasing acts of growth. I believe we could have an aim and a purpose in our generation; that is, to bring about a working federation of nations, a practical brotherhood. Let me be more explicit. World Government is out of reach as yet, and a United Europe is not enough. What could function, what did function in war, and could again in peace, is a working federation of Britain, the Commonwealth, the U.S.A. and the free countries of Western Europe—400 million people. They could set up an authoritative body to work out common economic arrangements, both for defence and welfare. This, I am glad to say, is not just a pipe dream—a powerful organisation. The Atlantic Union is already launched in America, Canada, France and England to promote this idea and make it effective.

A TIME OF CRISIS

We are living in a time of crisis. And crisis means two things—danger and opportunity. Certainly the danger is great, but so is the opportunity. For, for the first time, hard common sense as well as ethics is urging us to achieve unity. History is unlikely to give us a second chance. And the opportunity? It is to form a working federation of nations based upon the importance and freedom of the individual. The opportunity is greater than it has ever been because economic and military necessity are pressing us towards it, could we but see. The final goal is World Government—but that end, however desirable, is for the present unattainable. A World Government with adequate sovereignty, and armed with adequate sanction to preserve the peace of the world, is capable of realisation only by stages. To anticipate the process would be highly dangerous, but one of the preliminary stages is attainable now.

Now let me take my argument from the level of international planning to a personal and individual one. This is the essential level on which the world's history is built, for leaders can only lead where people are prepared to go; actively want to go. It is private individuals themselves in their own personal lives who must think things out for themselves—and then live their thoughts. The great philosopher, Patrick Geddes, said, "It is only by thinking things out as one lives them, and living things out as one thinks them, that a man or a society can really be said to think or even live at all. One of the political evils of our time is that people have almost lost the desire or capacity to think for themselves—they prefer to cast their burdens on to the shoulders of some saviour—a Pope, a President, a Dictator, and hope superstitiously that he will make it all come right."

LIFE IN THE WHOLE . . .

Let me finish now with a word about William Shakespeare, for here is a man with whose work I am closely involved, and who seems to me to be a wonderful example of the individual who saw life in the whole. The whole of Shakespeare's writing is based on the importance of the individual and an intense awareness of his many-sidedness. The tragedies which befall his characters are not the work of outside and malign influences—they are the results of defects within the personalities them-



Stop Press: The Editors of "Craccum" have now returned to this culture after their enforced absence in the South Island at Her Majesty's pleasure.

selves—Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Coriolanus are all of them betrayed by their own personalities.

Shakespeare is always holding up before our eyes a picture of what an individual man could be. "What a piece of work is man! How noble is reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving. How express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" And then he shows us the "lecherous, treacherous, kindless villain" that man too often is. No aspect of human existence escapes his attention or his compassionate interest—the poor hunted hare, and King Lear in his cosmic madness. He writes with passion of sexual passion—but with no less fire of the need for order in life. Shakespeare indeed saw life single and saw it whole.

THE MIDDLE COURSE

Then, the middle course, the avoidance of dogmatic extremes. Shakespeare dared to take the middle course! It is often a deserved term of disapprobation—meaning a man who takes the easy way and compromises. But the middle is not always the easiest and compromise can be extremely painful. Between the extreme poles of the world's conduct Shakespeare takes a middle course, and his was no easy one.

And finally I would like to quote you a few lines—hackneyed but goddam pertinent:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries. On such a full sea are we now afloat; And we must take the current when it serves, Or lose our ventures."

—From "Julius Caesar." I believe that tide is now. We must take it. Shakespeare—350 years after his death—is no mean pilot in that tide.

MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY

The A.G.M. of the Mathematical Society was held on Monday, 27th, in the Physics theatre, 27th. After some delay in getting everybody in the same room at the same time, the formal business was disposed of in short order. Elected officers resulted: President, A. Hookings, Mr. F. A. Haigh, C. M. Segedin, Mr. M. G. Seaton and Mr. M. Nicholls. Student members, D. W. Lang; Secretary, I. H. McKenzie. Commendation, W. G. Warren, M. W. Faithfull, Butcher and M. A. Thompson.

Following the business, Professor Forder delivered an extremely interesting lecture on some aspects of Non-Euclidean Geometry, dealing particularly with the introduction of co-ordination into Projective Geometry. His address was a preview of the first chapter of a pamphlet he hopes to have published in the future, in which he apparently hopes as much as possible by assuming as little as possible. The third of this pamphlet deals with Euclidean Trigonometry, which was suggested by Professor Busemann in Southern California, during his visit to Auckland last year, and was mentioned in passing by Professor Forder. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Professor for his interesting address.

It is pleasing to note the increasing interest of students of this college in higher Mathematics, as shown by the fact that the satchel containing Honours notes was missing before Easter, is still missing.

—I.H.M.

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